



**POWER OF WORDS**

*beauty*



SREDNJA  
VZGOJITELJSKA  
ŠOLA IN GIMNAZIJA  
LJUBLJANA

## **THE POWER OF WORDS 2016/2017**

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# Beauty

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Beauty is like rain: after a dry season you just start crying with happiness when the first drops falls on the ground, but after a long rainy season you just get enough of it and don't appreciate it anymore.

It can be seen everywhere, even in the darkest places, full of sadness, fear and blood... People usually create their own idea of beauty based on their life experiences. Many think about it too much, some of them don't even care while others simply enjoy living in the world full of beauty, which fades or lasts forever. It only depends on whether you can notice it and enjoy the moments of it's breathtaking grandeur..

However, beautiful art works, pieces of clothing, unique sculptures, ancient traditions, crafty hand-made objects become worthless when people start to use them as a means of showing their superiority. There used to be a wise man who said: "While something is getting bigger something else is getting smaller because life is just a big repeating circle". One can use all the water one needs to clean his body or face on the outside, but his/her inner beauty might be fading.

Each of us has a little light inside, which we sometimes try to hide and sometimes forget about it. That light is like a little fire that keeps us warm in winter; it is called love. I heard many people say love is the most beautiful thing in the world. It connects us. Usually it is referred as being the most powerful feeling in the world. But if love turns to nothing, like beauty can, it can be self-destructive. Fire will always be fire... a spark too many and you get disastrous flames. Beauty and love are like wood and fire. If you play with it you can burn your or someone else's heart down into just a tiny pieces.

To conclude, I think, no one can provide a precise definition of beauty. And that's what makes it so special. Beauty lies in the eye of the beholder, that is why you just need to admire it and enjoy the moment: the excitement, life and all the BEAUTY there is! What every person should be aware of is the fact that it does not matter who you are, what your sexuality or religion is, you will always be beautiful, so you should never forget that!

By: a little man's thoughts about a huge world... (FAIL)

**Anže**

# Beauty

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*Photo by Nika Suhadolnik*

Beauty is all around us, we just have to see it.

To me beauty represents the moment when the sunlight filters through the leaves of the trees. Under the sunrays I become a happier and more positive person.

In nature, nothing is perfect but at the same time everything is perfect. The fact is that trees can be contorted, bent in weird ways, different and they are still beautiful. We are like trees - all different but beautiful in our own way.

***Nika Suhadolnik, 3. B***

# Beauty

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Even as a little girl, I was not like the rest of girls. They liked girly things like Barbies, Snow White, Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, Bratz etc... This cartoon characters were always shown as »perfect« characters. Their appearance was adapted in the unreal world, which is very sad, because of them kids want to be »perfect«. We all know that nobody is perfect, but kids do not understand that. It was always shown that you get happy ending only if you are beautiful on the outside and that is the biggest mistake. Nobody is perfect, the end of story!

My favourite hero is definitely Shrek! You know why Shrek is the best fairy tale? Cause in some fairy tales, the prince and the princesses are »perfect« and live happily ever after. But in Shrek it teaches us that imperfect people who have so called inner beauty and a really good heart can still have their own happy endings. He proved that everyone can find the love of his/her life. No matter what you look like, or what others think about you, there is always someone for everybody! When we least expect, someone will come in our life and make it perfect, this person will show us how beautiful we are for them and this kind of love is the best! Shrek really shows us that even an »ugly« person everyone is afraid of can find true love of his life, even if he/she is not »perfect« like everyone in this world!

Everyone can have happy life, no matter how he/she looks like or what others talk about him/her! We have to find and build our happy ending and it does not depend on how we look like! Beauty is not just how we look on the outside, what really matters is our inner beauty!

*Patricija Kešpert, 3. B*

## PERFECTION? NO, THANKS!

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Ever since we were children, we have been taught that there is a perfect type of human. We probably didn't realize at that time, but as I got older, I started thinking about that secret perfection.

It's Barbie.

When we were children, we didn't care so much about our body construction, at least I didn't, but as I looked at Barbie, I always wanted to be just like her. And this is wrong! This is so wrong because Barbie is perfect just the way she is, but we aren't perfect. None of us. And as we watched Barbie, we all wanted to be.

*Tea Podboj, 1.h*

# If I Asked You To Name All The Things That You Love, How Long Would It Take For You To Name Yourself?

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It's a tough question, isn't it? Because you just realized, that maybe it could never even have occurred to you to name yourself. Most of the people I asked the question to would just start naming objects, feelings, pets and people. But they would name every person they love before (and if) naming themselves. Some say they don't do it because to them it's obvious to love yourself, even though to some, unfortunately it's not. But it should be. A lot of people wouldn't list themselves because they don't think they



fit in the interpretation of beauty and the norms society has set for us. But trust me, just like we all see ordinary people on the street or in the mall, and we think how beautiful they are, that is the way some people look at us and think the same thing. Beauty isn't about having a nice figure or a pretty face; it's about all the pretty things that lie inside of us: our hearts, our minds and our souls. If only our eyes saw all that instead of bodies how very different our ideals of beauty would be.

*Suzana Stojinović, 3.f*

# Bee Dance

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SGGOŠ began researching the theme of bees last year. Throughout the year the students collected information about them, focusing on their everyday life, behaviour, reproduction, and their eating and sleeping habits, their importance for the mankind and so on.



Our mentor Mrs. Sinja Ožbolt liked their research so she decided to teach us about it. As a result, we imitated bees' lives in class and an artistic choreography was created. We performed our work when students of SGGOŠ organized an event to present their research to primary schools.

Participating student dancers: Avbreht Tjaša, Božič Tjaša, Justin Lucija, Kaker Zala, Koprivnik Zoya, Košir Neja, Kunič Klara, Lavrinšek Karmen, Mačerol Pia, Mesec Urška, Novak Pina Manica, Razpet Tjaša, Remec Špela, Sterle Maja, Stubelj Kristina, Špenko Maj Luka, Štupar Anastazija, Zuljan Lia.





# Intervju z m(Ano) /The Interview

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Every year SVŠGL artistic classes create a dance production that is represented in February or March. Last year our class then 1.H) participated at Živa Festival, a contemporary dance competition and achieved a golden recognition for the dance Intervju z m(Ano) which had been mentored by Mrs. Petra Pikalo.



Participating student dancers: Avbreht Tjaša, Božič Tjaša, Gorjup Eva, Justin Lucija, Kaker Zala, Koprivnik Zoya, Košir Neja, Kunič Klara, Lavrinšek Karmen, Mačerol Pia, Novak Pina Manica, Razpet Tjaša, Remec Špela, Sterle Maja, Stubelj Kristina, Špenko Maj Luka, Štupar Anastazija, Zuljan Lia.



# Beauty Of Love

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"His short manly hair, which smells just like the beginning of spring.

Her long neck, where your lips would feel the neck like it is soft silk.

His hands, which wonder through your hair and land on your warm cheeks.

Her not too skinny waist, which touches yours just like in movies.

His muscles, that make him a man that he is; the man strong enough to save you from reality.

Her bones, which are placed almost as perfect as the stars in the darkest nights for which you seek in the morning.

His smile, which reminds you of all the good that's left in this world.

Her eyes, which shine like the thousand suns when she looks at you.

What is beauty?"

you ask yourself one last time before you drop on the soft bed you share with your cat. You think once again and whisper your last thoughts ...

"I am the definition of the word beauty."

You must learn to love yourself, only then you can love others.

*by Maja Kunaver, 2.g*

# Beauty Never

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**Eurosong 2015 in Vienna was full of very good songs. One of them was a Serbian song with the title: Beauty Never Lies. The performer was Bojana Stamenov, a famous singer in Serbia. Now I want to find out what she wanted to tell us with her song.**

The song tells us a story about a pretty girl, who was looking for beauty in the mirror for a long time, but she couldn't find it. She made a lot of mistakes in her way to find beauty, but at last, she found out that beauty is not in the mirror.



*Beauty is not just about beautiful flowers.  
Because they can also be poisoned. You need to  
see through that beauty and what you usually  
see on the surface. The real beauty is inside,  
when you finally get to know someone better.*

*(Bojana Stamenov)*

When we think about the word 'beauty' we usually think about a person's appearance. We think about her or his hair-cut, outfit or body. We think that beauty is just a reflection in the mirror but this is just a small piece of the meaning of the word beauty. The real beauty lies within us. It is the reflection of our actions, our thinking, it is in our hearts. People need to start looking for the inner beauty because the beauty in the mirror will disappear, if not sooner, when we are old. But the beauty inside will always stay young and will never disappear.

And finally, the song tells us that we just need to be what we are and don't have to care about opinions of other people. If we are honest and if we are ourselves, people will recognise this and we will stay beautiful because of that. And this kind of beauty never lies!

In a shadowy world lived a dazzling girl unaware of the light she'd imprisoned inside. Took a million mistakes to lead

her to daybreak, but she made it through, now I know the truth

Beauty never lies, never hides, never gives a damn! Beauty never lies, no, it cries "Here I am!"  
"Finally I can say, yes, I'm different, and it's okay! Here I am!"

Had to shatter the fears laughing in the mirror undermining me, now at last I see!

Beauty never lies, never hides, never gives a damn! Beauty never lies, no, it cries "Here I am!"

Finally I can say, yes, I'm different, and it's okay! Here I am! Beneath the veil of skin the heart's entangled in, beauty's embodied! Beneath the mask of shame, my soul is set aflame! Beauty never lies, never hides, never gives a damn! Beauty never lies, no, it cries "Here I am!"  
"Finally I can say, yes, I'm different, and it's okay! Here I am! Here I am!"

**Nejc Lovšin**

# Sumairu

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The story starts like any other and rather simply – there was once an average boy in his twenties. He was raised peacefully into the world with no one trying to oppress him down. His hands were free to try anything new he desired and quickly he found joy in smiling and even more than that – singing. It sounds overexaggerated to say his voice was soft and unique yet it was true. Surely, he had a voice like no other and it was the only source of beauty he knew at the time. So, he tried his best to cherish his gift. Among the group of his closest friends, he was considered the least good looking, however he often shrugged it off with a simple smile. Unlike most people, the beauty of one person's features and looks didn't hold much meaning to him. He surely did not intend to lose his mind over such a fragile thing. While people were discussing the beauty of ones' features, the boy longed for his voice to extend further from a lousy rooftop where he'd been practising for all those years. He often wondered if his voice will ever reach the clouds and how beautiful would it be to succeed.

However, then came the day when the boy's throat horribly ached. It was a mere annoying feeling at first, but later developed in a serious problem since the boy could not sing comfortably anymore. Eventually, he underwent surgery: polyp removal and mucous membrane reconstruction. Luckily, the surgery was a success, yet it took him three full months to recover. For the boy, it was like having a nightmare throughout the day – he spent most of his days in bed since he couldn't talk nor he could sing.

He hated it. It was the hardest period of his life and if it weren't for the support he received from his friends, he would have quit singing and let the cruel faith take his dreams. The condition made a hole in his dreams, causing him to fear for his future. All of his little dreams to succeed in singing could slip away in a moment and he had no idea how to grasp reality. Therefore, he was among grateful to have people who encouraged him along his journey and to receive so much love from them – without the support he wasn't sure if he'd made it.

However, when the dark period was over and the boy could use his voice again. Usually, it would be the time to start breathing normally again and let go of all the worries that clutch onto him. However, life isn't that simple since it has given the boy the final stage he had to overcome – training his voice all over again. As if he was learning how to talk for the first time, the boy had to train his voice to do long notes, high notes, etc. Furthermore, he had to go through all the basics of singing to reach the point, where he could sing just like before the surgery.

It's not easy to go through such hardships and struggles in order to gain what you lost in a blink of an eye, but eventually he made it. After all that training, his voice got even better than it was before.

It was as if a miracle happened. There aren't that many points in a person's life that made us look back and suddenly leave us with a feeling we should cherish everything we have more.

With such a horrendous experience finally being over, the boy decided to hold on to what he almost lost not so long ago. He finally decided to leave the rooftop as a distant memory and open with his voice to the world. The difficult experience was something he never wished would have happened, yet he moved on and started looking back on it as a source of motivation. It helped him expand further and observe the world around him with opened eyes, so he finally realized, that beauty is hidden in the smallest and weirdest of things. It isn't necessary for a thing to be beautiful in everyone's eyes, it should only hold a special meaning for someone so he can call it beautiful.

At first, that beautiful thing for him was his voice, which he could develop and control. However, as he recovered, he realized that all the support he gained from his friends has helped him move further. The boy was a positive and cheerful person even before the surgery but after it, he promised himself to always appreciate and give out as much as he could to others. So the second beauty he knew was hidden in his actions and goal to make people laugh around him. He motivated himself into sharing his voice with the world, yet he never forgot to always put a smile on his face as he encountered with others. Soon, people around him started calling him 'a boy, who always smiles' since the boy tried his best to live up to the promises he made to himself. He would be mistreated at some points, being seen as a boy who smiles too much or a weird person, who never looks sad – such person can't exist. At some points, people should break down and feel some sort of agony, that fact is surely unescapable. Even the boy had gone through such hardships where he simply wanted to give up, but he learned how to control himself and not drag others down along with his own sadness.

With years passing just like that and him gaining more opportunities to sing, more times to laugh, he often recalled the days, where he'd spent hours training on the rooftop and how he longed for his voice to reach the clouds. Well it finally did. After all this time, the struggles, the hardships, it all led him to where he was now – he succeeded.

And once, when the boy was already an aged man, someone asked him: "What is your favourite word?"

The boy smiled and went silent for a few seconds before answering. He might have thought of his trainee days, his surgery days or even when he trained his voice all over again. Or he might've thought of nothing in particular, yet the boy still said:

"Smile. Because a smiling face is the most beautiful one."

***Dubu Anonymous***

# The End

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»Tom has been looking out of the window for over an hour, sweetheart,« said Melanie, who was a very youthful and not very mother-like persona. That might be the exact reason why she and Tom got along so well. He was in love with his freedom, she was in love with her job. Melanie worked in her own bar, a tiny place in the centre of our town.

That's where we first met, and me and Tom immediately knew we'd become friends. We had the same sense of humour, same taste in food, we shared stories and thoughts, and in very little time we were amazingly close. Everyone thought we were dating. I admit it, it looked a bit like a romantic relationship. We often went for a walk in our forest and we held hands when it was cold. But Melanie and I knew the truth.

Namely, Tom has had a crush on a guy from my school for about a year already. When Tom told me about his feelings I accepted them like a normal human being would, I suppose. He was relieved and later told Melanie about it. She didn't care who's Tom into and he was happy like a child on a rainy day.

However, Tom has had many troubles in school and he was trying to overcome them so he didn't have much time for his crush, but last month he finally got out of difficulties so he decided to talk to his crush.

Tom and Adrian quickly became friends and luckily, Adrian was as in love with Tom as Tom was with him. They started dating and Tom asked Adrian whether he wanted to meet me. He was delighted. We arranged our meeting as soon as we could (because of exams) and we agreed on third week in December. We were all so excited and happy for we'll make more friends and enjoy each other's company. So I came to pick up Tom. When I got to his room he was standing on his usual spot and doing the most Tom thing to do – staring out the window.

»What do you see?« I asked him.

»I see snowflakes, falling and swirling down their way to the ground where they merge together into something even more beautiful. I see cars driving slowly and they look sleepy as if they were just woken up. I see trees with no leaves and they look so vulnerable as if there was a single thrust of wind they would collapse and never grow again. I also see couples and families and people in a hurry and they are like ants, so small and quick, they move incredibly fast. And look how all the lights are shining and if you squint your eyes it's like a picture of some impressionist – blurry but somehow terrific. That's the beauty of it.



And if you...« he continued his monologue. He was adorable when he was in his own world but we were already late, so we had to hurry up.

»That's great, Tom, but we have to leave... I'll drive and you can look out of the window, okay?« I asked.

He agreed. When we both took our almost identical coats we giggled. What a pleasant evening we had ahead of us. We waved goodbye to Melanie and she smiled and waved back.

»You can pick the music,« I offered as we jumped into my old Peugeot 207.

He nodded and searched for The End from The Doors.

We started singing the moment I drove off. I had to drive, so I just sang but Tom was in the mood and he started dancing and performing for me. We laughed and I enjoyed our ride despite the snow on the road and my old car trying to fight the weather. We were so lucky.

She didn't know that a bit drunk man had just left his friends in a bar. She couldn't possibly see that he started to drive on the road that they were on. She couldn't conclude that he didn't quite know when he changed the lines and accidentally drove in the wrong direction. But she felt when she saw two lights shining directly in her eyes and she didn't have to scream or to stop the car, the only thing she had time for was to look at Tom. And he looked at her with joy in his eyes because he didn't know and didn't see.

Melanie and Adrian arrived at the same moment. They didn't know each other very well but they hugged anyway. They didn't know how bad it was, or if there were any survivors. They weren't sure if they wanted to know.

Meanwhile, they were fighting for their own lives and doctors were fighting too. It was bloody and messy and not at all satisfactorily to look at. Moments later it was over.

Sigh.

A teenager and a not much older woman.

Eyes wide open.

»Sorry.«

Shattered worlds in their eyes.

Shock.

Tears.

Nevertheless that somehow became a magnificent moment. Nobody could explain the odds of it and neither can I. But in a single second there was a bond formed in their lives. It was like Tom would describe it. Two snowflakes with not many things in common, except they

were both beautiful souls, had fallen down. And when they touched the ground, they connected as they were so close together that nothing else could have happened.

Adrian and Melanie have gotten a family again.

*Živa Kadunc, 4.h*



# WHEN MENTIONING THE WORD BEAUTY

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"When mentioning the word beauty, my thoughts are always directed into thinking about the Alpine country, Switzerland.

Beauty is all around Switzerland - in the mountains, lakes, rivers, parks, cities, villages, but most of all, in my childhood memories spent in Switzerland. For me, this pictures captures it all - the beauty of Switzerland."

*Ivona Mitrova, 3.e*

# BEAUTY

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*It is not about her looks,  
It is not about her style,  
If I had to I would walk a mile,  
Just to see her smile.*

*She is not my mistake,  
Because she ain't acting all fake,  
I would rather go bald,  
Then change her for gold.*

*She is so beautiful,  
That is almost painful,  
And she is not mine,  
So I must die.*

**Luka Fendre, 3.b**

# BEAUTY

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*It's you who must define what is beautiful for your eyes.*

*It can be the light,*

*it can be the skies,*

*it can be the darkness and how slowly the tear dries.*

*If I get the chance to define beauty*

*I'd say romance,*

*I'd say your face,*

*I'd say your hair,*

*I'd say the way your lips taste,*

*I'd say your long stare,*

*I'd say YOU.*

*YOU are the a real beauty.*

**By Maja Kunaver, 2.g**

# Beauty: A Concept

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*Why do we judge,  
When looking at others?  
But sometimes we find  
Nothing that bothers.*

*Because they're all so perfect,  
But we're not the same.  
Though we're all stuck  
Playing this game.*

*We don't love with our hearts,  
We love with our eyes,  
But they can't detect  
The biggest of lies.*

*But just look inside,  
Search for the soul.  
It's the only thing that stays  
And never gets old.*

*So don't judge for cute,  
Don't judge for ugly.  
What they are like,  
That's where the point is.*

# **Beauty Lies In The Eyes Of The Beholder ... And In Haikus.**

## **Beauty Lies In The Eyes Of 1.G ... And In Haikus.**

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*Rain slowly falling.*

*Beautifully lost in time.*

*Stop hiding your soul.*

*Haikus are easy*

*But sometimes they don't make sense – beautiful fence*

*Beauty likes to cry.*

*Nobody bats an eye since...*

*We live in a lie.*

*Colour of your eyes,*

*makes me hide sad feelings away*

*that's what I can say!*

*Where does beauty hide?*

*Beauty is on the inside,*

*you can not see it*

*Beauty is a word.*

*It matters not how you look.*

*Nobody's perfect.*

*Beauty is hidden,  
it is something very true  
that lies within you.*

*I am listening.*

*I can't hear you, are you here?*

*No one can see you.*

*Beauty is kindness,*

*All colours are beautiful*

*Let's paint the rainbow.*

*Eyes reflect beauty*

*Even if yours are old now*

*There is still a spark.*

*Beauty is nature.*

*Beauty is when you love her.*

*But is it for real?*

*The snow is melting.*

*Leaves are falling from the trees.*

*Beauty stays in us.*



*Limitless options.*

*There's beauty all around us.*

*And there's endless time.*

*You find beauty here*

*Don't worry how to find it*

*It's all you can see*

*The flowers just grow*

*And you're beautiful like snow,*

*It's all about beauty.*

*Beauty is in every*

*person. It has no colour,*

*no shape, it is in our minds.*

*Look at the grey clouds*

*Rain is falling from the sky*

*My mind is in peace*

*It is what eyes see*

*I hope you do not mean it*

*that you call beauty.*

*Life is beautiful.*

*Love is also beautiful.*

*And you are beauty.*

*P.S.*

*Beauty spends so much time on making itself wonderful.*

*What is beautiful?*

*Is it a tree?*

*Or a mountain, where wolves sleep; is it a bee?*

*Are you?*

*It might be even me.*

*Math is beautiful. It consists of facts which are true.*

*And the fact is that I love you.*

*Music is marvelous. It consists of notes. And notes are heard or seen and then played. Notes are never played the same.*

*But I am foolish and you are too... a note has died down.*

*So have we.*

*And it makes us beautiful.*

***by Brita Bautin, 2.g***

# HEADline to J

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*Dear head, dear head on the wall,  
who's the worst of them all?*

*Is it me having spilt your blood  
or is it you – the gutless lover of my heart?*

*I would raise your soul above the earth,  
I'd rather kiss your lips of mighty dirt  
but you had fooled my vulnerable side,  
oh, my dear Johanaan, why have you denied?*

*Side by side walks deadly bride,  
sadly crying over night.*

*Looking at your lonely eyes,  
empty sorrow, sweaty thighs.*

*As I hold your head here in my arms  
I can see now, Johanaan, your weakness.*

*But you can't see mine.*

**by Tina Resman, 4.g**

*Some people want their work to inspire what's right,  
Poetry can bring together nations tonight,  
Read the words together, it'll shine a new light,  
Ending poverty and wars that forced us to fight,  
Above the hate there is love, which comes with your life,  
Destroy the hate that is left, take a rose not a knife.*

*Living together since the creation of Earth,  
Or destroying the nature that has given you birth?  
Verify your love, spread your uniqueness and beauty,  
Ending violence is our right and our duty.*

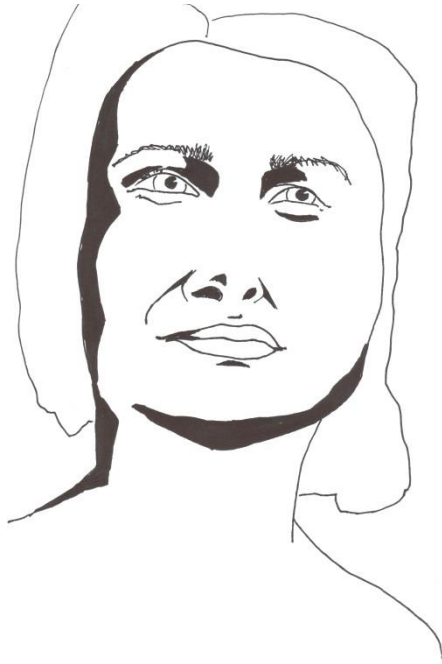
**Maj, 3.e**



# Soul Food

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*It's a captivating state  
To possess this body  
While all my existence  
Ascends to where you are  
I use words  
But I would prefer to use my tongue  
I water up your orchid  
- your coral drapes flit wrong  
The peaches-coated syrup  
Lingers throughout my face  
Delinquescing density  
The guiding star to peace.  
These nectar waves of fever  
Undulates inside my harbor  
Waves always  
Come back  
To the ocean  
Like I  
Will always  
Come back to you.  
Every day is one day longer  
Since you wafted in my arms  
But every day is one day closer*



*When your lascivious body will be mine  
To exude the reassuring stillness  
-of breathing same air under the same stars  
Sharing same heart  
While your body is absent  
24 hours, seem like 24 hours  
1440 minutes  
86400 seconds  
Craving your salty skin  
Lavish lake of tears  
Heartache, yes, a little  
-remorse and doubt and repentance-  
Absolutely none  
There's no distance on this earth  
Only aisle to my beloved one.*

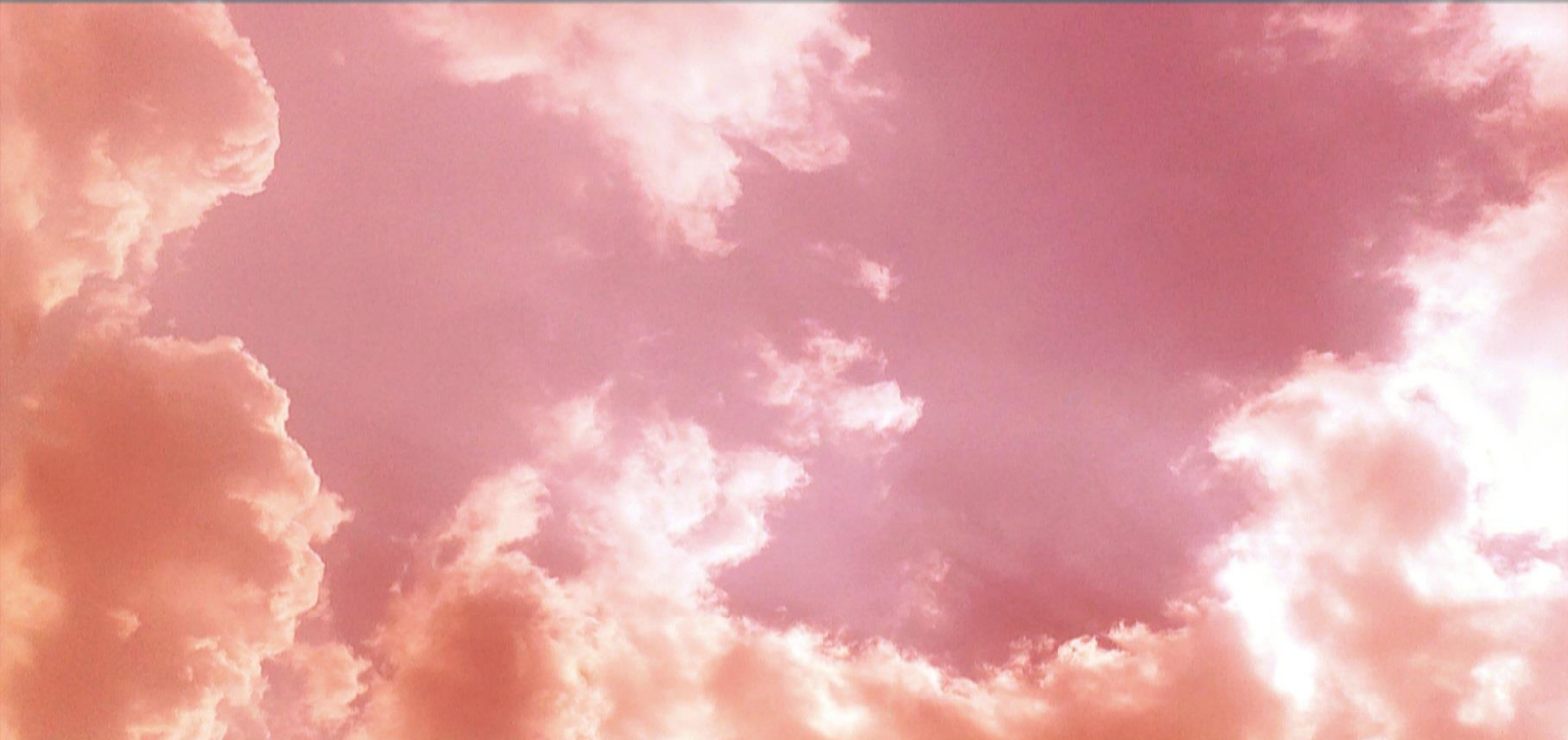
***Katja Kunej, 4.f***

# Winter Fairy Tale

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*Balmy heated  
Blazing lips  
Deep orange  
Twilight in your mouth  
Trees , snow walls  
Beneath the ice  
Burn the sunset off the sky  
Ghost town  
Frozen  
Hibernating in vice  
Stones of walls  
Transparent marble  
Dying grass  
Is it me you dream about?  
Streets  
Desolating  
Paving  
Aspire  
To feel the weight  
Of blood vessels  
Winding through your body.  
++How much do you miss me?++  
Do you know how the Russian winter feels?*

**Katja Kunej, 4.f**





# Das Leben ist schön

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Für mich sind schön: die Natur, Das Aussehen und der Ton.

Das schöne Aussehen bedenlet, dass jemand ordentlich ist. Kleidung kann farbig sein und muss welttergeeigent sein. Es ist nicht schön, dass man ein T-shirt hat, wenn es schneit.

Für mich ist Natur schön, weil die Natur Farben hat. Besonders im Herbst. Im Sommer sind Sonnenuntergänge und sonnenaufgänge schön. Aber die Insekten sind nicht schön.

In der Natur sind schöne Farbender Tiere, weil Farben verschieden sind.

Für mich ist der Ton schön. Es ist schön, wenn man Musik hät. Es ist auch schön, wenn Musik beruhigend ist.

Das Leben ist schön.

**Anabela Mišeljić 3.g**

# Schönheit

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Warum sagt man, dass unsere Augen einer eigener Maler haben? Weil die Schönheit von viele Dingen abhängig ist. Zum Beispiel: wenn wir einen grünen Stein finden, denken wir, es ist sehr schön. Wenn wir viele grüne Staine finden, denken wir, die Steine sind nicht mehr schön. Nächtes Beispiel: eine Person ist sehr schön für uns, möglicherweise, weil sie unzugänglich für uns ist. Wenn wie sie kriegen, ist sie nicht mehr so schön. Also Schönheit ist nicht an sich schön. Eine Ironie: Wenn wir die Schönheit für uns gewinnen, finden wir sie nicht mehr so schön.

**Andraž**

# Die Ästhetik Der Schönheit

---

Ist die Schönheit schön?

Schönheit ist nicht unbedingt Schön.

Schönheit ist relativ.

Was wenn die Schönheit bloß Ästhetik des Hässlichen ist?

Mir ist es hässlich, dir ist es schön.

„Wie schön ist die Welt.“ – ist sie wirklich?

Kosmetische Chirurgie wegen Schönheit – vielen Dank.

Wo ist das Kriterium?

Ändere dich, du bist nicht schön, du bist hässlich.

1 – 2 – 3 – 4 – 5 (kreuze an, wie schön du bist).

Schönheitsikone.

Wie schön bist du von innen?

Das Wesentliche ist bleib den  
Aufen verborgen.

*Lucija Žerovnik*



# Schöne Erinnerungen

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... Brief vom künstlerischen Gymnasium, April 2013

... das Schwimmen. Das Gefühl der Schwerelosigkeit. Jedes Mal auf's Neue unverbesserlich...

... eine Hand, die die Haare vom Gesicht wegmacht

... das müde Lächeln an Sonntagabenden im Haus

... Gelächter in der Adoleszentenpsychiatrie, bis in die Unendlichkeit

... die Umarmung

... weiches Licht, das durch die hellen Buchenblätter sickert, wird gebrochen und entblößt die Schönheit von allem, was darunter liegt

... die Landschaft, an welcher wir vorbeieilen, während ich aus dem Fenster der Buses schaue, und mit Klara in Ruhe schlafe

... der Anblick der intelligenten, herzlichen, sanften und braunen Augen, für die man meint, dass sie in die Seele der Landschaft schauen würden

... das erste Vogelzwitschern nach dem Winter

... dumme Witze, die niemand versteht

... der beschleunigte Herzschlag

... das Rascheln des weichen Grases

... unvergessliches Lächeln

*Živa Kadunc, 4.h*

# Die schöne Liebe

---

*Ich liebe dich nicht.*

*Der Stern liebet den Himmel.*

*Der Regen liebet den Wind.*

*Liebe ist hässlich.*

*Und du?*

*Du bist hässlich wie der Stern.*

*Du bist hässlich wie der Himmel*

*Du bist hässlich wie der Regen,  
wie der Wind.*

*Du bist hässlich wie die Welt.*

*Stern, Himmel, Regen, Wind und Welt  
sind nich hässlich.*

*Und du?*

*Du bist weineger hässlich.*

*Ich liebe dich.*

# Die Schönheit

---

*Die Schönheit ist alles um uns herum,  
verändert sich fortwährend durch die Zeit.*

*Die Schönheit ist in der Natur, aber ist alles schon um  
sie versteckt sich in jedem Menschen, der geboren ist.*



*Sie zeigt sich ganz einfach als hübsches Gesicht  
vielleicht auch als Güte, die in uns lebt.*

*Weie jeder und alles auf dieser Welt schön ist,  
wenn nur dein Auge das Böse nicht weckt.*

**Maruša Mlakar Otolani, 3.g**

# Die Schönheit

---

*Die Schönheit ist in den Blumen,  
wenn sie im Frühling blühen.  
Die Schönheit ist in der Sonne,  
wenn sie auf die Blumen scheint.*

*Die Schönheit ist im Wald,  
wo es ein Leben gibt.  
Die Schönheit ist im Meer,  
wenn die Wellen gegen die  
Felsen prallen.*

*Die schönste Schönheit ist in dir,  
wenn du mit mir bist,  
und wenn ich allein bin.*

**Ana Ule**

# Die Schönheit der Welt

---

*Wir können die Schönheit der Welt in der Natur,  
der Tierwelt, aber auch in Menschen finden,  
welche uns umgeben.*

*Ich suche die Schönheit der Welt in den Menschen,  
die sich gegenseitig helfen, sich respektieren  
und ihre Liebe zeigen.*

*Wir sollten die Natur schützen, so dass sie  
lebt und ewig wächst.*

*Wir sollten die Tiere lieben und ihnen  
so ein Heim geben, dass ihnen zusteht.*

*Mit vereinten Kräften, können wir das Ziel  
erreichen und den Hass besiegen,  
welcher auf unserem  
schönen Planeten herrscht.*

*Deshalb sollten wir die Telefone, Computer  
und andere Sachen bei Seite legen,  
welche uns eingrenzen  
und mit dieser Aktion die Welt retten.*

*Nur so können wir die Schönheit der Welt auch sehen.*

# Die Schönheit

---

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verändert sich fortwährend durch die Zeit.*

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*Weie jeder und alles auf dieser Welt schön ist,  
wenn nur dein Auge das Böse nicht weckt.*

**Maruša Mlakar Otolani, 3.g**





# Die Schönheit des Tanzes

---

*Die schönen Momente in unserem  
alltäglichen Leben  
sind die, die dem Menschen die Energie  
zum Tanzen geben.*

*Die gefangene Seele zeigt sich nun  
ganz offen und frei.*

*Ach so schön, es grenzt an Zauberei!*

*Und wenn der Körper sich mit der  
Melodie bewegt,  
ein Wohlgefühl die Seele langsam  
umgibt,  
so zeigen die Menschen ihre wahren  
Emotionen,*

*Ach so schön, wie Sterne zu  
hundert-millionen.*

*Die Harmonie zwischen der Melodie  
und dem Körper als Ganzes,  
die ist für mich die Schönheit  
des Tanzes.*

**Nikita Omerzu, 4.h**

# Schönheit

---

*Schön, schöner, am schönsten.*

*Schau in der Himmel,  
betachte ihn von allen Seiten.*

*Du wirst etwas bemerken,  
was andere nicht sehen.*

*Das ist die Schönheit.*

**Hana Drofenik, 3.g**

# Schönheit

---

*Schönheit ist eine Zigarette im Abenddämmerung,*

*Schönheit ist der Nebel im späten Herbst,*

*Schönheit ist die Geburt des Morgens*

*und der Zerfall der Welt.*

*Schönheit ist das Lächeln in den Augen eines Fremden*

*Und die grenzlose Blutdurst der Menschheit.*

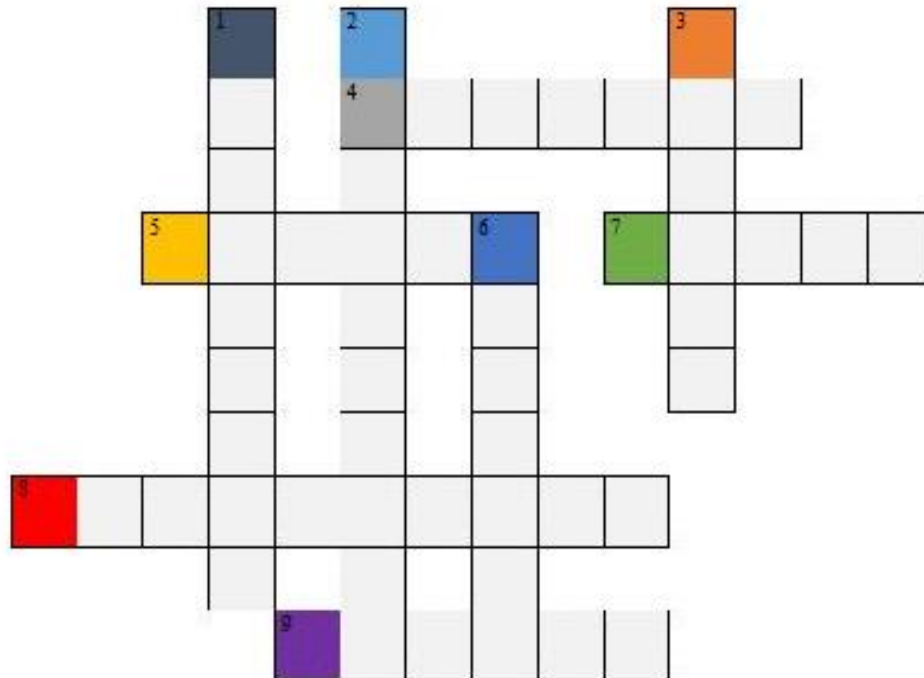
*Schönheit bin ich und bist du,*

*und die Tatsache, dass wir alle sterben.*

**Živa Bizovičar, 4.g**

# das Kreuzworträtsel

---



## Nach

1. Straße für Züge.
2. Unser nördlicher Nachbar.
3. Slowenien ist für ins \_\_\_\_\_.
6. Meine Nichte ist die \_\_\_\_\_ meines Bruders.

## Über

4. Mann, der über Schafe wacht.
5. Sommermonat.
7. Neimals, manchmal, \_\_\_\_\_.
8. Nach dem Mittag.
9. Arzt, der Herztrousploutisnen mocht.

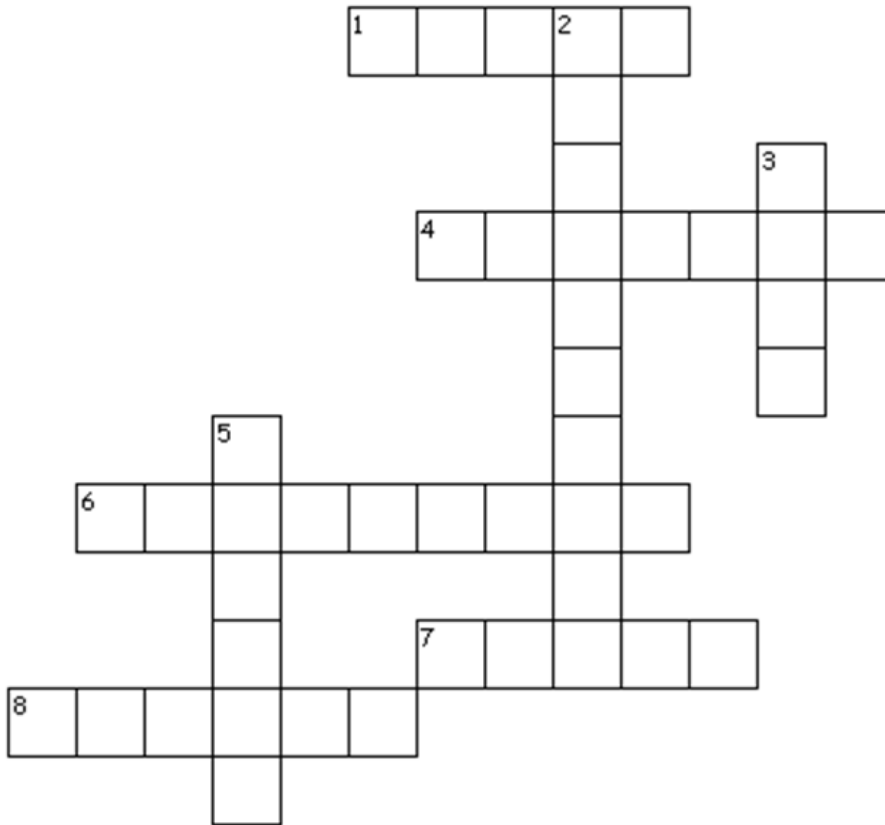


**Lösung: Schönheit**

# In Kleinen Sachen Ist Verborgen...

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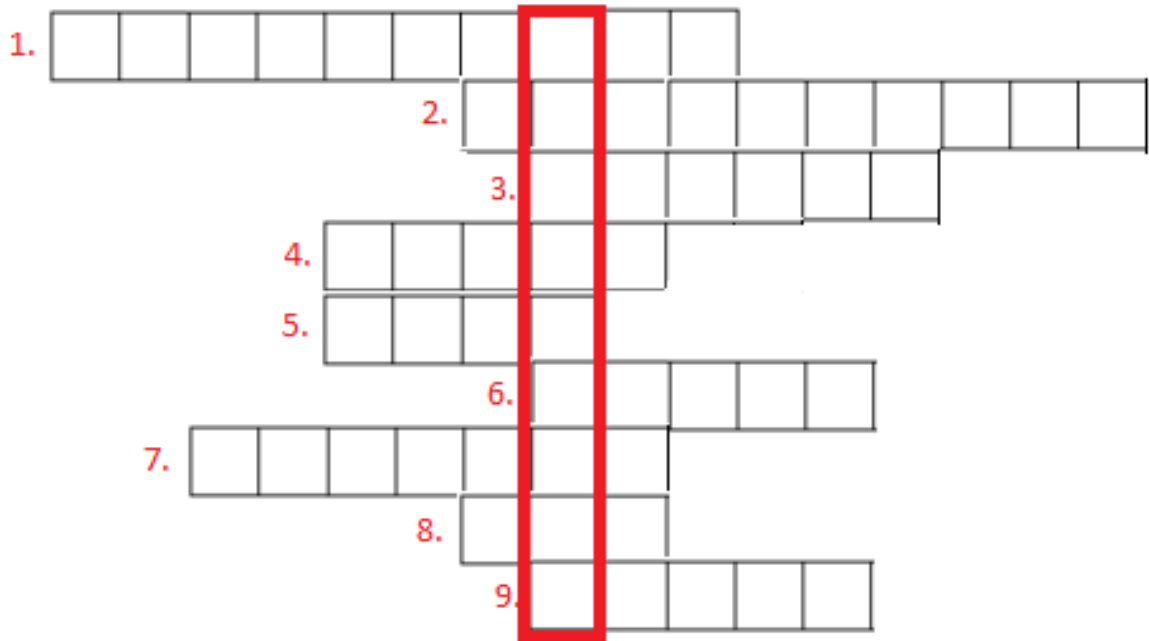
5.)\_\_\_\_ 6.)\_\_\_\_ 2.)\_\_\_\_ \_ Ö\_ 8.)\_\_\_\_ \_H\_ 3.)\_\_\_\_ 1.)\_\_\_\_ 7.)\_\_\_\_



- Die Wüste macht der 4.)\_\_\_\_\_ schön, in der Wüste versteckt ist.
- Schönheit ist um uns herum nur sehen müssen wir sie. Schönheit ist 7.)\_\_\_\_T\_\_\_\_, Familie, Arbeit...
- Schönheit ist ähnlich wie 8.)\_\_\_\_N\_\_\_\_. Jeder Mensch hat nur einmal Masern und dann nie wieder im Leben.
- Nächstes Mal wenn du schöne 1.)\_\_\_\_I\_\_\_\_ suchst, schaue auch dich selbst an.
- 6.)\_\_\_\_C\_\_\_\_ macht eine Person am schönsten.
- 2.)\_\_\_\_H\_\_\_\_ ist der Schlüssel zur Schönheit.
- Schönheit in uns, ist ein 3.)\_\_\_\_E\_\_\_\_, den einige Leute einfach nicht haben.
- 5.)\_\_\_\_S\_\_\_\_ zu trinken ist wichtig für unser Aussehen.

# Kreuzworträtsel

---



1. Das Ding das du benutzt um deine Haare zu kämmen.
2. Was ist Milka?
3. Die Zeit in der Blätter von den Bäumen fallen.
4. Gegenteil von hässlich.
5. Welche Farbe habet Brokkoli?
6. Was schneidet Hexe von Rapunzel?
7. Wo kannst du dein Spiegelbild sehen?
8. Was isst du im Sommer (Es ust eine Süßigkeit)
9. Das Gegenteil von billig.

Odgovori : 1.Haarbürste, 2.Schokolade, 3. Herbst, 4. Schön, 5.Grün, 6. Haare, 7.Spiegel, 8. Eis, 9. teuer, **SCHÖNHEIT**

*Helena Fajfar 3.g*

# Schönheitspflege Kreuzworträtsel

---

## **VERTIKAL:**

1. Fließige Seife für die Haare
2. Farbe oder Glanz für den Mund
3. Verwendet, um Nägel zu formen
4. Kosmetik für Wimpern
8. Make-up für die Augenlider
11. Basis für das gesamte Make-up

## **HORIZONTAL:**

3. Duft
5. Nährt die Haut
7. Hält Haar an der richtigen Stelle
9. Verwendet, um Augenbrauen trimmen
10. Um das Auge herum
12. Farbe für Finger und Zehen
13. Entfernt Make-up

Lösungen:

*Nika Vajnhandl, 3.g*

# Rebus

<p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7</p> 	<p>1 2 3 4 5 6</p> 	<p>B = T</p> 	
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<p>-----</p>			
<p>1 2 3 4 5 6</p> 			<p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9</p> 
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<p>1 2 3 4</p> <p>Eng → <u>Deu</u></p> <p>Mr. → <u>?</u></p>	<p>1 2 3, H = N</p> 		
<p>-----</p>			

Lösungen:



Schönheit ist überall um uns herum.

Doroteja Juričan, 3.g

# Natur im Frühling

---

Ich sitze außerhalb und trinke meinen . Ich schaue herum und bemerke wie

wunderbar die Natur ist.  blühen, Gras grünet,  an denn



und




blühen. Die Szene ist zu schön. Ich schlicße die



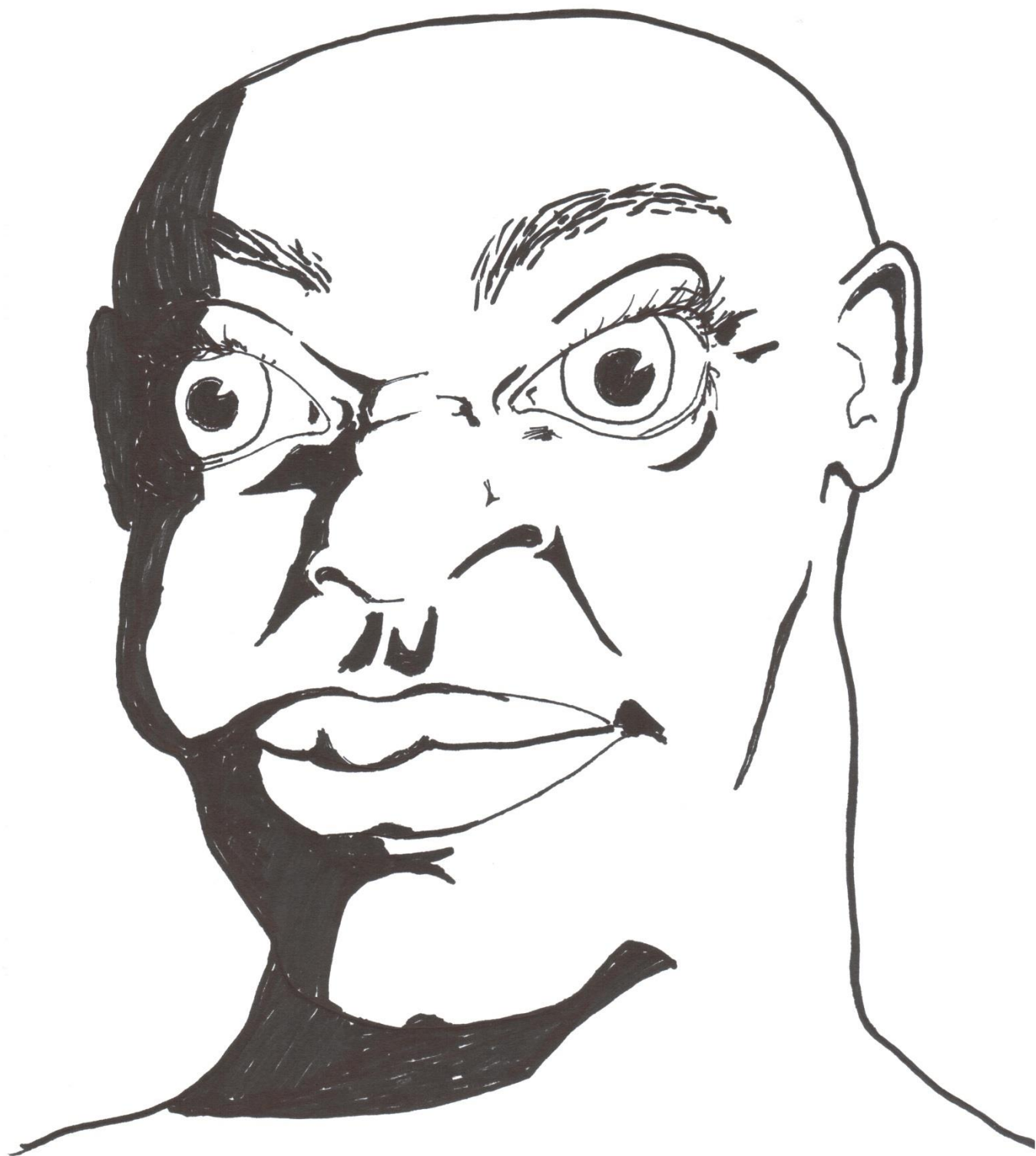
undhöre der Natur zu. Der Klang ist auch wundervoll.

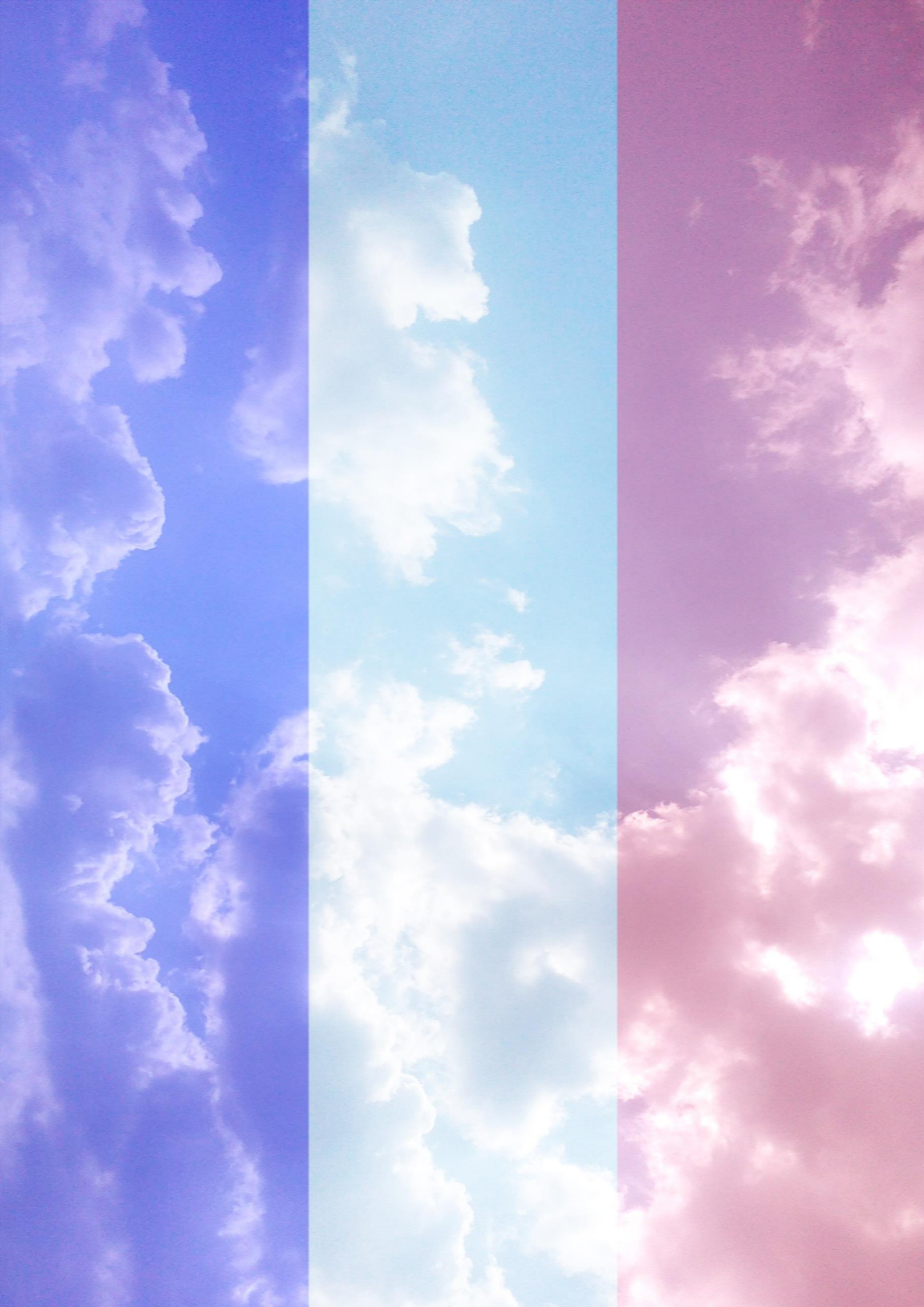


singet und  rauschet. Den ganzen Tag ich kann ich die Natur bewunderen.

Ja!!!! Heute ist schön Tag.







# Le Jour D'automne

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Ljubljana, le 22 Octobre 2016



Je regarde par les fenêtres. Les feuillages sur les arbres sont jaunes, l'air froid. Tous les jours, toutes les semaines, tous les mois... et c'est jamais le même. De temps en temps vous vous arrêtez et vous regardez autour de vous et vous réfléchissez sur vous-mêmes, sur le monde. Ce qui vous fait la personne que vous êtes ? Ce qui vous rend différents des autres ? Votre unicité qui vous rend spéciaux... beaux.

En arrière-plan j'entends des voix du téléphone. Je me souviens des entrevues. Il y a

tant de réponses différentes qui forment la personnalité individuelle.

Qu'est-ce que la beauté pour vous ? A propos de cela que pensez-vous quand vous entendez ce mot ? ... Quelqu'un qui est beau, attractif, apprécié. La première impression, la nature, le voyage ...

Je pense à la montagne, une couverture douce dans les soirées d'hiver, une plage avec une eau cristalline...

Le meilleur sentiment que vous avez jamais ressenti? ... Quand Selena Gomez a sauté sur scène et je me suis dit qu'elle est la plus belle personne que j'ai jamais vue. Quand je suis avec une amie à la mer et quand nous avons fait entièrement confiance. Quelqu'un qui va rester avec vous quand les autres vont partir. La tranquillité sur la plage en été quand vous *êtes* complètement détendu(s) en lisant un livre, en écoutant de la musique ...

La meilleure chose que vous avez jamais vue? ... Une peinture. Le coucher de soleil à la fin d'automne, lorsque le brouillard de la ville se lève et j'étais sur le jardin avec une vue merveilleuse. Lorsque vous êtes à la mer et vous avez une vue sur la plage, les arbres, les vagues turquoises...

Le meilleur souvenir? ... Les vacances, je les passe chaque année en Suisse, entourée par la nature. J'y suis allée, c'est où mes parents ont grandi et d'où ma famille est originaire. Quand j'ai *fêté* l'anniversaire avec mon petit ami et nous sommes allés en bateau sur un îlot et nous avons passé la journée ensemble. Nous avons bu du champagne en regardant les sites et nous sommes allés dîner. C'était une journée parfaite.

Étant donné que le thème de l'article est la beauté, j'ai compté en quelque sorte du mot 'le bonheur' en écrivant cet article. Par conséquent, il n'y a pas d'explication particulière, et ce qui est bien parce que chacun est différent et chacun a des souvenirs et des idées différentes à ce sujet. Vivez la vie et ne désespérez pas, parce qu'on peut trouver quelque chose de beau chaque jour.



Et encore une fois, quand je regarde à travers de la fenêtre on aperçoit la beauté et l'automne partant. Peut-être vous ne la voyez pas immédiatement, mais si vous regardez de plus près et plus précis, elle est toujours là.

**Anonyme**

# Une histoire brève du maquillage et des méthodes extraordinaires pour atteindre les normes de beauté

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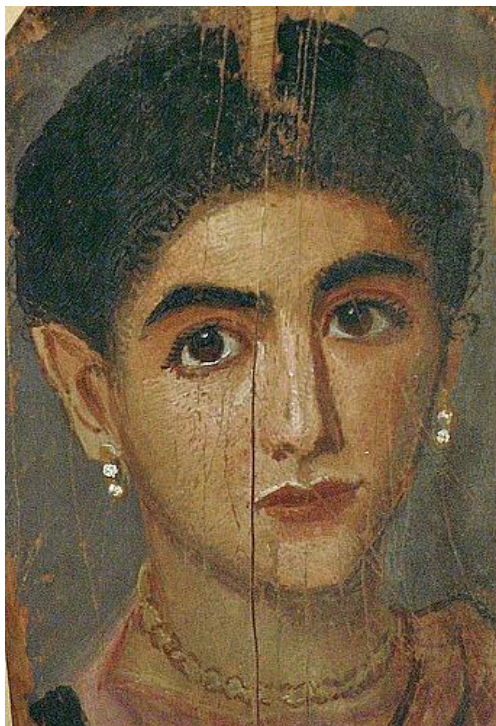
Le maquillage comme les cosmétiques sont très anciens, probablement utilisés dès la Préhistoire pour pratiquer des rites chamaniques, des cultes funéraires ou de la fertilité.

## Les Égyptiens:



Les femmes égyptiennes déjà utilisaient des outils et divers produits cosmétiques. Ils utilisaient aussi le masque de blancs d'œufs, les baumes pour le visage et les huiles parfumées. Les femmes ont teint leurs visages avec un mélange de plomb et de l'eau qui est en fait mortel. Les ongles

étaient colorés avec henné. L'utilisation de la couleur rouge a été interdite parce qu'elle était associée à la magie. Elles ont bordé leurs yeux avec du khôl ou des œufs de fourmi. L'ombre pour les paupières a été faite des tiges de plantes. Les égyptiens croyaient qu'un masque fait d'un mélange d'encens, de l'huile d'olive et de cire, qui a été laissé sur le visage pendant six jours servait pour se débarrasser des rides sur le visage. Les constructeurs des pyramides utilisaient aussi le maquillage pour protéger leurs yeux du soleil. Ils n'avaient pas peur d'expérimenter avec le maquillage.



**Les Romains:** Le safran ou des cendres ont été utilisés comme un fard à paupières, et l'antimoine pour assombrir les paupières, les cils et les sourcils. Les sourcils très audacieux étaient populaires. On a utilisé le fucus, le pigment violet mélangé à la salive comme rouge à lèvres et fard à joues. Le bleu a été utilisé pour dessiner sur les veines ou souligner parce qu'il était un signe de beauté.

**Les années 1400:** Le maquillage a été considéré comme un péché, c'est pourquoi les femmes utilisaient des remèdes faits à la maison.

**Le XVII<sup>ème</sup> siècle:**



Porter du maquillage est devenu une norme avec la reine Elisabeth. Lorsque la reine Elisabeth meurt, on dit qu'elle avait plus de 4 cm de maquillage sur son visage qui n'était pas rare. Il a été utilisé pour couvrir les cicatrices de la varicelle. Les poudres pour le visage étaient toxiques et ils endommageaient la peau.

L'aspect rappelle d'une poupée avec un visage blanc et un fard à joues très fort rouge ou rose. C'est utilisé en particulier entre l'élite française pour se distinguer de la classe moyenne.

Pour couvrir les taches ou les cicatrices de la maladie les femmes portaient aussi les pièces de cuir sur leurs visages sous différentes formes.

Ils n'ont pas connu le lavage, c'est pourquoi ils ont utilisé beaucoup de parfum pour masquer l'odeur. En raison de l'absence d'hygiène, ils portaient également des perruques longues.

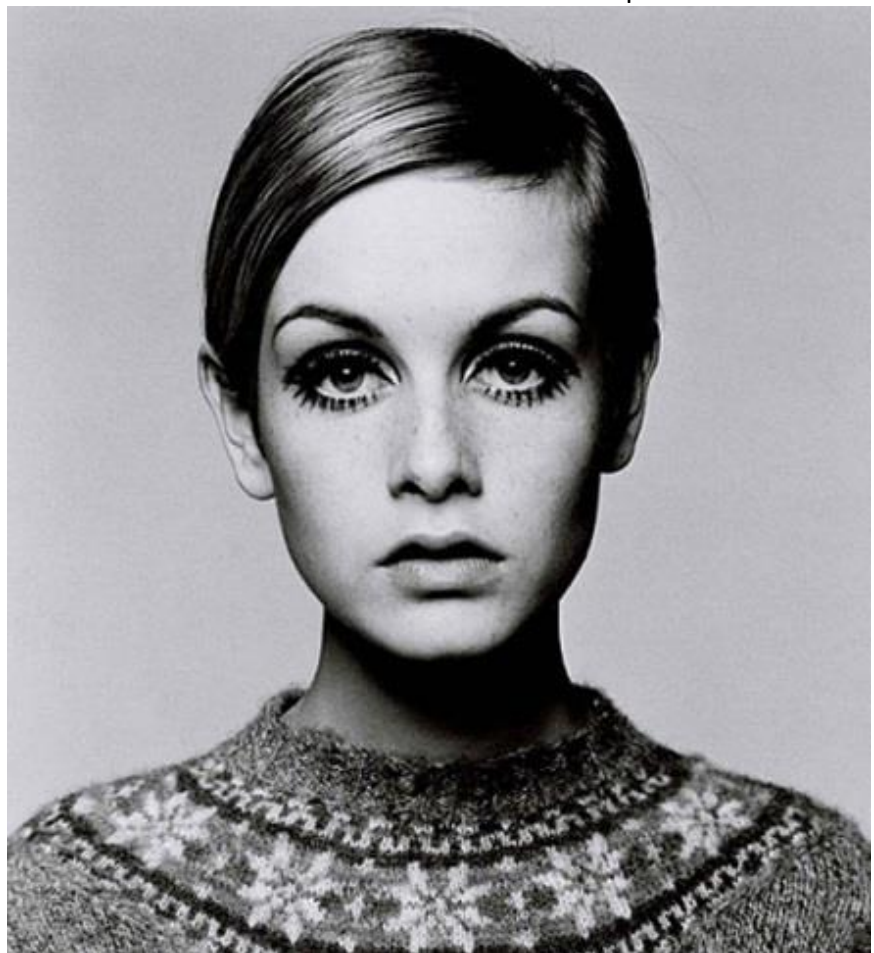
**Les années 1830:** La femme utilise les gouttes de belladone pour agrandir les pupilles. Le belladone est toxique. La reine Victoria prononce que porter du maquillage est vulgaire et inapproprié.

**Les années 1920:** Le maquillage devient une industrie. Le maquillage est d'abord utilisé exclusivement pour la scène. Les traits sont très fins, longs et retombent légèrement vers le coin externe de l'oeil. Les lèvres sont en forme de rose. Les particularités du visage sont très fortes en raison de l'écran du film. Coco Chanel rend populaire le bronzage et donne de l'importance aux accessoires.

**Les années 1939-1945:** La Seconde Guerre mondiale limite la production de maquillage. Puisque le naphte et l'alcool sont deux ingrédients principaux de maquillage, ils sont nécessaires pour les fournitures de guerre.

**Les années 1952:** Il est courant d'augmenter le volume des lèvres avec le rouge à lèvres rose ou rouge vif.

**Les années 1967:** Twiggy a popularisé les yeux dramatiques. Les cils extra longs à la Twiggy font sensations. Le trait d'eye liner s'applique jusqu'au coin externe de l'oeil. Les faux-cils donnent au regard un air sensuelle.



**Les années 1970:** au début du siècle, le maquillage populaire c'est très naturel, vers la fin, le maquillage devient beaucoup plus dramatique. La mode de ces années est aussi connue pour les cheveux mi-longs ou longs, des coiffures très vaporeuses.



**Les années 1980 :** Le maquillage est fort et extrême. Les couleurs sont très fortes et dynamiques comme bleu et rose.

**Les années 1990:** Le rouge à lèvres de couleur nude ou baie et les cheveux courts sont très populaires.

**Aujourd'hui :** La meilleure chose de la mode actuelle, c'est que vous pouvez choisir de porter ce que vous voulez: un rouge à lèvres noir ou une ombre à paupières pourpre ou vous vous décidez de ne plus porter de maquillage.



*Tjaša Molek, 3.e*





*Ma belle petite pois*

*Elle était ma belle petite pois*

*Elle est ma brûlante petite pois*

*Elle sera ma petite pois avec*

*Un peu de Tabasco.*

***Ula in Mija, 3H***

---

J'adore le rayon de soleil,  
qui du matin caresse mes yeux.  
Feuilles effervescentes, qui dansent  
en vent d'automne.  
Gouttes de la pluie frappant  
sur la fenêtre.  
Je suis assis à côté de la cheminée.  
Je bois du thé chaud et je lis un livre.

***Klara Peček, 3H***

***Ivana Kristina Mohar, 3G***

# La beauté

*Beauté*

*Est toi*

*Amour*

*Un coeur*

*Tu l'as donné*

*Et je l'ai gardé...*

---

*je suis beau,*

*tu es belle,*

*il est beau,*

*tout le monde est beau*

---

*Je regarde ... la mer*

*Je sens ... le sel*

*Je me sens ... la pluie*

*Je pense ... à toi*

C'est quoi la beauté ?

La mer, l'arc en ciel, les fleurs ?

Printemps, marguerites, oiseaux ?

Tout est agréable et de voir ce que vous avez...

---

## *La beauté...*

*est une chose compliqué. Parfois ça fait mal et parfois je ris. La beauté peut être différente. Une de plus belles beautés est la beauté intérieure. Alors notre beauté fait mal que rarement et nous sourit souvent. La beauté, chacun a pour elle une interprétation différente et estime que la beauté est unique et tout ce qui est spécial en une personne.*

*Les racines de la beauté s'étendent tout autour de nous. Nous faisons partie de la beauté qui nous entoure. Le soleil, l'air, les arbres, les rivières. Chacun parmi nous s'efface, alors que la beauté de la nature demeure éternelle.*

*Sarah Al Saleh, 3H*

# La beauté

*La beauté de l'intérieur,*

*la personnalité,*

*ce qui fait un homme,*

*Cette beauté propre est cachée*

*par conséquent, l'humanité est corrompue.*

*La différence est unique*

*tandis que ceux avec de la beauté intérieure,*

*donnent.*

---

# La Beauté

*La beauté est majorité.*

*La majorité est inexistante.*

*La beauté est inexistante.*

***Liza Ramoveš, 3G***

# Deux gouffres d'eau profonde

*Je suis tombée dans l'eau marron et profonde,*

*Je me noie dans les arbres verdoyants*

*Qui poussent dans les ténèbres.*

*(Ton) noir me libère.*

*Je nage à travers la profondeur de tes gouffres,*

*Et je vois mon âme,*

*Qui reste dans tes yeux.*

*À travers cette obscurité, je me suis trouvé,*

*Je me suis retrouvée dans tes yeux.*

*Et ton reflet dans le mien.*

**Loredana Hana Vegelj, 3G**

---

# L'été est beau

*Le beau est ciel sur la mer.*

*Et beau est nuage sur la plage.*

*La belle est une île ou une presqu'île.*

*Et le soleil est très beau.*

**Tjaša Stubelj, 3H**

## *Un arbre*

*Nous plantons un arbre dans la forêt. Il commence à pousser rapidement. Les racines, les branches et les feuilles poussent et le tronc grossit. Chaque automne les feuilles tombent. Un arbre combat le froid glacial, mais il survit et chaque printemps germe les boutons qui développent donc de belles feuilles vertes. Après un mois poussent les boutons qui s'épanouissent et alors l'arbre est le plus gracieux.*



***Tinkara in Diana, 3H***



Mais je vous assure.

Il ya.

Mais le fond est noir  
aussi.

La recette pour

# Beauté



Tu as besoin de:

une tasse de gentillesse

→ une cuillère de humour

une tablette de SINCÉRITÉ

Verres de:

~ arc-en-ciel

~ sommeil

~ étoilé

MELANGER TOUT

ET CONSERVER

DANS L'ÂME

UNE PINCEÉE DE RESPECT

Savoir™



Cheveux dans le vent

Les lèvres de

L'aube, la rosée sur l'herbe,

de la mousse dans la forêt, c'est la

la beauté

sont les grands yeux verts.

sont pleines et rouges.

L'amour est beau.

---

## Beauté intérieure

*Je suis quelque chose de pur  
et lumineux.*

*Je viens dans de différentes  
couleurs, formes et tailles.*

*Je suis partout. Dans tout.*

*Mais pour vous de me voir,  
vous devez négliger chaque  
chose banale.*

*Je peux venir à la vie avec  
un rire d'un enfant, ou une  
cicatrice de bataille.*

*Je peux me cacher derrière un  
visage laid, ou une belle.*

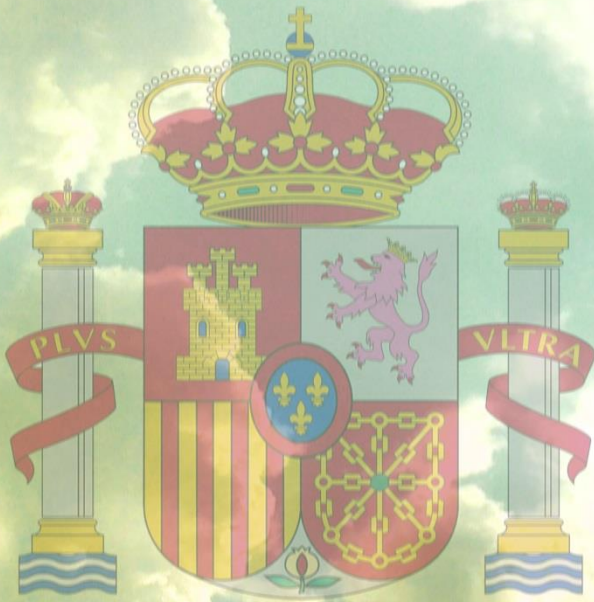
*Je suis très souvent négligé  
mais ceux qui me voient, voient  
que je suis un cadeau et un  
privilège d'avoir*

*Ceux qui me connaissent sont bons  
et gentils, aimants et brillants. Ceux  
qui ne sont pas vides et solitaires  
et dans la douleur si forte, il les  
fait mourir à l'intérieur.*

*Certains me considèrent comme cruels  
les autres me considèrent aveugle,  
mais la vérité de la matière est je  
suis gentil, et ceux qui ne me possèdent  
pas, peuvent, dans le temps.*

*Mon nom est la beauté intérieure et je me cache dans tout le monde. Tout ce que vous avez à  
faire pour me trouver, c'est regarder à l'intérieur.*

**- inconnu**



# En la búsqueda de la belleza

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*Una noche lluviosa estuve caminando,  
por mucho tiempo buscando  
el valor de mi camino cuando  
una persona empezaba a cruzando.*

*Escuchó sobre mi búsqueda  
y así me dijo su monólogo sobre la belleza que la llamaba:*

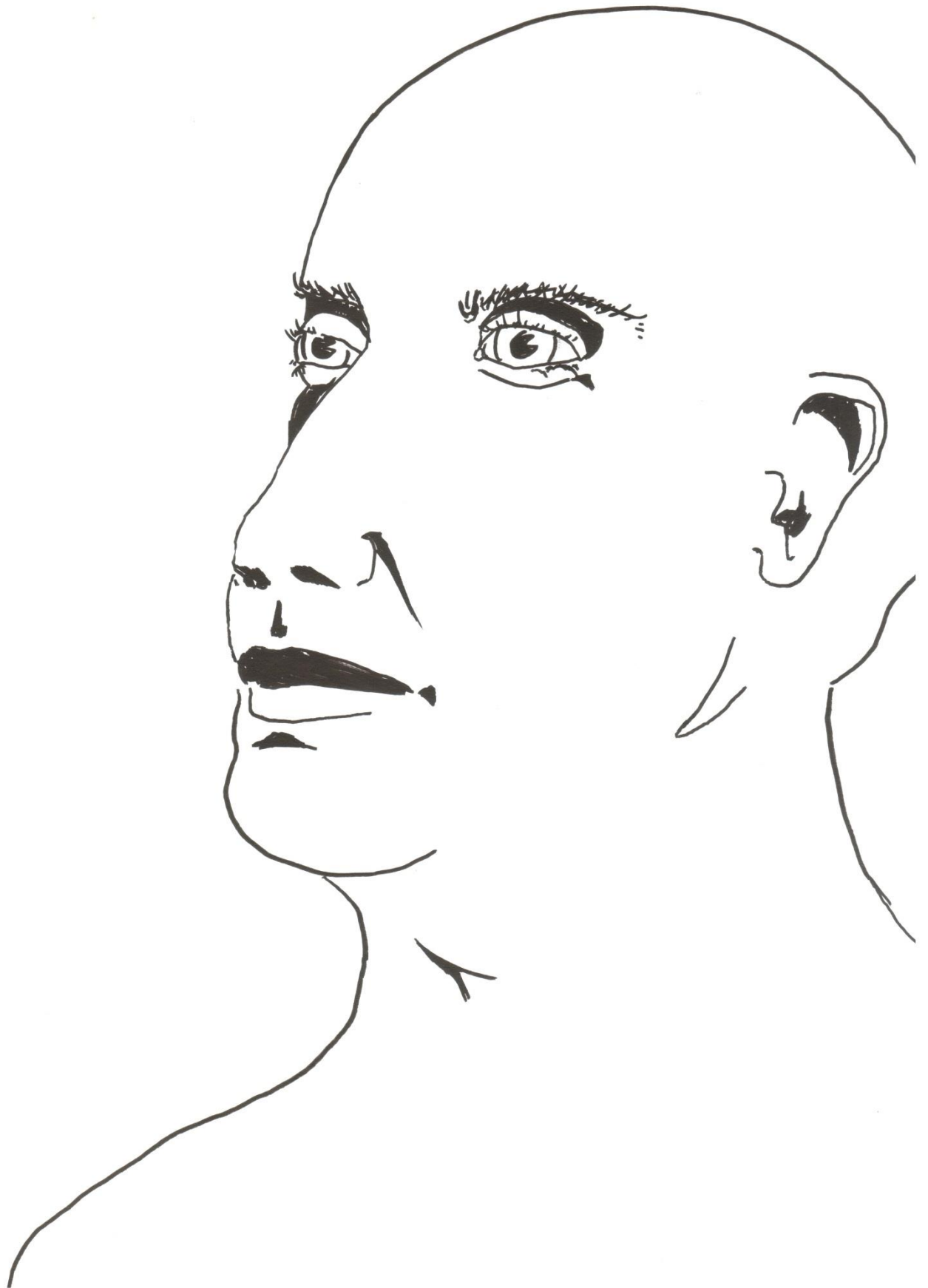
*De repente brilla el sol*

*“Sólo hay un tiempo  
cuando todo el cerebro funciona a la vez –  
cuando se escucha a música.*

*Con estos tonos inusuales fácilmente diseñados  
por los amantes de música llevan en sus cuerdas vocales,  
creando recuerdos que nunca dejé. Esto es la belleza”,*

*y me enseñó  
que es muy simple lo que estaba buscando  
y aún que ya la he encontrando  
Así supe que no tenía que buscar nunca más  
y las curvas del camino me han dejado detrás.*

**Maja Bernot, Tara Sepe, 4.f**





# LA BELLEZA DEL AÑO

*En cada estación del año hay un poco de belleza.*

*La belleza del invierno son los días que pasan  
cerca de las personas que adoramos.*

*La belleza de la primavera son las flores  
en cada paso de nuestro camino.*

*La belleza del verano es el calor del sol  
y del tiempo libre bajo de las palmas.*

*La belleza del otoño es la caída de las hojas  
y la boca llena de las castañas.*

**Anónimo**



# LA BELLEZA INTERIOR

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Respiro y te exhalo como un pitillo, a ti y a cada parte de tu cuerpo que aún conservo sin saber muy bien por qué en los adentros de mi ser. Devoro libros y billetes. Y todo sigue igual. ¿Qué me está pasando? ¿He cambiado?

No quiero un teléfono nuevo. Tampoco unos zapatos mejores. Quiero disfrutar de mi vida sin tonterías y problemas, contigo. Para tí.



Espero y dejo de esperar. Siempre busqué algo más que una simple figura al otro lado de la cama. Busco algo de calor entre tanto invierno artificial. Eso es lo que todos queremos. Un fuego que nunca se apaga. Siempre me decías que habías buscado a alguien como yo. Que así estarías más feliz. Lo confirmo. Estoy feliz. Conmigo. Ojalá pudieras decir lo mismo.

***Katja Kunej, 4.f***

# La belleza

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La belleza es felicidad. Los estándares para la belleza han cambiado durante años. Sube la gente constantemente con nuevos estándares de la belleza para forzar a gente que gusto tener. Pero como la mayoría de las cosas en la vida la belleza es muy simple. La belleza es cuando usted disfruta algo de las profundidades de su alma y lo muestra, cuando usted no duda sin la preocupación. La belleza es felicidad.

Pero quisimos ver lo que sentían otras personas sobre la belleza, así que pedimos a la gente alrededor de nosotros qué significa la belleza para ellas.

***Hana, 17, Ljubljana***

La belleza puede ser dos cosas.

Puede ser una cierta imagen forzada en nosotros por la sociedad como un asno grande o pechos falsos, o puede ser algo que usted personalmente encuentra muy atractivo como pequeñas imperfecciones en una cara de las personas.

***Metod, 85, Ljubljana***

Belleza es mucho. Se encuentra aquí, allí, hasta el cielo, lejos al horizonte y más allá. Es algo que podemos ver pero que no podemos tocar. Esto es porque la belleza está en su interior. ¿Cómo podemos verla? La vemos en la ayuda de otros, amando uno a otro, cuidando sin perjuicio. Es una cosa enorme.

***Kacper, 18 Sweden***

La belleza es todo. Es la sensación que usted consigue cuando usted está triste o feliz. Es la primera brisa fría en otoño o las primeras flores en primavera. La belleza no está apenas en los seres humanos. La belleza está en todos. La belleza es la vida.

***Vida, 45 Celje***



La belleza es cuando usted ve a su familia feliz. La belleza se está despertando al lado de alguien que usted ama. La belleza es la creación de una nueva vida. La belleza sabe que usted ayudó. La belleza es la felicidad de un niño.

***Felipe, 17 Bohinjska Bistrica***

La belleza es cuando usted gana y cuando usted está estimado. Puedo ver la belleza real cuando ayudo a una persona. La necesitamos en nuestra vida. Las muchachas son la belleza.

***Gregor, 17, Brezovica***

La belleza es cuando usted ve consecuencias de un buen trabajo de la caridad. Es la belleza que nos ayuda a pasar la vida más fácil. La belleza es cuando la gente se ayuda. La belleza es cuando no hay ninguna guerra.

***Lenart Gaša, Nikola Krajnović, Janez Vuga, 3.f***



# MI BELLEZA

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*La belleza para mí  
es cuando él me mira  
con sus ojos  
llenos de esperanza,  
cuando mi papá  
me abraza y me dice  
que todo va a estar bien,  
cuando mi mamá  
me protege de dolor  
que me dan sus ojos,  
cuando mis amigos  
me sorprenden  
con gestos cariñosos  
que demuestran  
que les importo.  
Todo eso es mi belleza  
que me forma.*

**Anónimo**

# La península de Samaná en la República Dominicana

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Samaná es una península maravillosa que se encuentra en la parte noreste de la República Dominicana. Es conocida por su belleza natural, sus extensas playas de arena blanca y un mar de agua verde esmeralda. Cada año entre inicios del mes de febrero hasta fines de marzo se acercan ballenas jorobadas creando un espectáculo singular. Sobre el mar se encuentra también muchas cuevas naturales en las cuales es común encontrar arañas tarántulas.



Cristóbal Colón visitó este lugar durante uno de sus viajes y quedó impresionado por su belleza. Por esto decidió establecerse en este país en el cual ahora descansan sus restos.

*Talija Kosec Filipčič, 2.f*

# **SI TE PREGUNTO QUE ME DIGAS TODAS LAS COSAS QUE AMAS, ¿CUÁNTO TIEMPO HUBIERAS NECESITADO PARA NOMBRARTE A TI MISMO?**

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Es una pregunta bastante difícil. ¿O me equivoco? Yo diría que cuando lo leíste te diste cuenta de que a lo mejor nunca te hubiera cruzado por la mente nombrarse a ti mismo. Como respuesta a la pregunta la mayoría de la gente me nombró objetos, sentimientos, animales y la gente. Pero siempre nombran todas las personas que aman antes de nombrarse a ellos mismos. Algunas personas me dicen que no se nombran porque a ellos se les parece lógico que se amen, aunque a otros tal vez no. Pero deberían amarse a sí mismos. Mucha gente no se nombra porque cree que no cabe en la interpretación de la belleza que la sociedad nos da. Pero tomen mi palabra, así como todos nosotros vemos a la gente normal en las calles o en un centro comercial y pensamos qué bellos que son, así otra gente piensa de nosotros cuando nos ve. No sólo se trata de tener un cuerpo flaco o la cara bonita, sino también se trata de tener algo bonito adentro; como el Corazón, la mente y el alma. Si solo nuestros ojos vieran todo lo que hay adentro en lugar de todo lo exterior, qué diferentes nuestros ideales de la belleza serían.

**Suzana Stojinović, 3.f**

# **SOBRE LA BELLEZA**

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La belleza es un término bastante amplio y está ligado a numerosos aspectos de la existencia humana. Podemos decir que es una noción abstracta y es principalmente estudiada por la disciplina filosófica que se llama la estética. No es solo estudiada por esta ciencia sino es abordada por otras disciplinas, como por ejemplo la historia, la sociología y la psicología social. La belleza se puede definir como la característica de una cosa que se puede observar a través de una experiencia sensorial. Por un lado provoca una sensación de placer o un sentimiento de satisfacción. De acuerdo con este sentido proviene de diferentes manifestaciones tales como la forma, el aspecto físico, el movimiento, el sonido, los sabores y los olores. Por otro lado la percepción de la belleza contiene la interpretación subjetiva de alguna entidad y puede provocar sentimientos de atracción y bienestar emocional. Es común decir que “la belleza está en el ojo de observador”. Debido a eso la belleza se asocia a la hermosura. Estamos hablando de una apreciación subjetiva: lo que es bello para una persona, puede no serlo para otra. La concepción de belleza puede variar entre numerosas culturas y también puede cambiar durante las épocas. Por ejemplo en la edad media las mujeres gordas se consideraban como el símbolo de la belleza, lo que cambió hasta la época moderna.



Generalmente la belleza se ha asociado con el bien. Ya Platón consideró la belleza como una idea y según su concepción la belleza puede ser visible por todos. Según su teoría la belleza está basada en el alma y es la materialización del concepto abstracto.

Desde el otro punto de vista, la belleza no es solo la manifestación sensorial sino es posible considerar algunas cosas abstractas y conceptuales como bellas.

También una reflexión moral puede ser entendida como un texto bello. Otro de los aspectos de belleza se relaciona con la armonía. Esto quiere decir que una entidad está en balance y armonía con la naturaleza.

Los seres humanos tenemos la habilidad para percibir la belleza lo que todavía es un misterio. Hoy en día existe la excesiva importancia de la belleza física. Últimamente las sociedades modernas bajo la influencia de la industria de la moda y los medios de comunicación tienden a centrarse en el aspecto físico. Debido a eso mucha gente considera que el aspecto físico es la única cosa valiosa. Esta importancia del aspecto físico se relaciona con el énfasis excesivo que se da a la sexualidad, sobre todo de la mujer. Basta ojear las revistas de moda para hombres y mujeres, donde podemos encontrar numerosos artículos llenos de consejos cómo mantenerse en forma y qué hacer para tener un aspecto atractivo.

Por el contrario la belleza no se puede considerar solamente como la manifestación física sino también tiene aspectos relacionados con el modo de pensar o con la moralidad. La belleza moral consiste en la unidad del ser, la verdad, la bondad, etc. Desde el punto de vista de Kant la belleza es un símbolo que combina el ámbito de la estética y la moralidad.

*Sara Kupec, 4.f*

## La belleza

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Casi todo el mundo piensa que la belleza significa una cara bonita y un cuerpo bonito. Estamos capturados por el tiempo cuando las personas piensan que significas más si eres rico y si tienes muchos "amigos", que solo hay personas que quieren algo de ti o solo hay personas que te siguen en Instagram y te dan a "me gusta" en tus fotos. Pero si me preguntas a mí, la belleza está escondida detrás de estas cosas. Pienso que hay una verdadera belleza en todo lo natural, en naturaleza y en personas sencillas. Creo que la belleza de una persona significa la personalidad cariñosa y el amor. Una persona bonita es sincera que respeta a todos y valora los momentos pequeños que al final significan más. Estas personas ven la belleza en todas las cosas, en bien y mal, y por eso están muy felices. Quieren ayudar a todos, quieren repartir positividad y amor entre todos, si les conocen o no. Así es la gente que hace el mundo más bello y vive menos complicado.

*Lara Pak, 2.f*