

THE LITTLE REVIEW

CHILDREN'S AND YOUTH PAPER

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING

CORRESPONDENCE AND MATERIALS SHOULD BE SENT TO THE LITTLE REVIEW NEWSROOM

WARSAW, NO. 7 NOWOLIPKI STREET

JONATAN BURAK (Równe Wołyńskie – 12 years old) – contest submission

JANUARY 1, 1950

I was 16 back then, it was January 1, 1942. Some strange commotion and excitement could be felt in the city.

We had just got the news that after a general assembly of the presidents and kings of Europe, after signing the treaties and swearing the oath, the border posts were torn down and all the people of all nations and all races shook hands, as everyone wanted peace, brotherhood and love.

“Enough wars, bloodshed and hatred! We want peace!”

It had only been a month since all the gatherings, demonstrations and fervent manifestations of youth. On that day, everything seemed to be new, fresh and lively, like a spring day. People danced and hugged on the streets. Older people, who still remembered the resurrection of the nations on November 14, 1918 thought about those times and were overjoyed like children.

The happiness could be felt everywhere.

Right now, we are entering the new year – 1950. Years have passed. I grew up and matured, now I work as the director of the Department of Education of the 26th District of Europe.

Older people still use to say things like “Here’s where Germany used to be, and that was France,” but we consider ourselves to be a single great nation, one big family and every human being is our brother.

I often smile when I’m remembering those times, where I had to walk around hunched down, giving other people panicked glances.

Back then I would often think “Why? Why can’t I just walk down the street in peace? Why do they bully me and call me names? Why?”

Recently, just two weeks ago, I visited a school in my district. I saw children – trusting, naïve and bold, so different from the children of 1938 – secretive, hateful and distrustful. They asked me to tell them a story, surrounded me and did not want to leave me alone.

So I told them the story of the times when I was just twelve – just their age. They did not want to believe me, they even could not believe a single word I was saying.

“How is it possible?” they asked. “How can one man hate another just because of dark hair, a bumpy nose or speaking a different language?”

“That’s true, dear children. However, you never experienced nor you will experience any hypocrisy or hatred.”

I woke up this morning and looked out of my window – the snow was falling. The ground was covered

with a thin and white layer of snow. I washed myself in the bathroom, dressed up and went to get breakfast with my colleague, who is the secretary of the Department of Education.

We were listening to the radio and right then, they were reading international news. The clear sounds of the radio were illustrated by three-dimensional images on television. How different the television set was, compared to 1938! They used to be giant and complicated devices, yet displayed murky, distorted images. Nowadays they are aesthetic and small and yet they can display everything in three dimensions!

I took a look at an electronic watch. It was 8 o’clock already. I dressed myself and went outside to my 1950 Chevrolet. I sat down comfortably and started driving to my destination. The car was very quiet, thanks to the special muffler, which kept the engine from making too much noise. I was driving for an hour or so, on a great highway, when suddenly I was taken aback by some terrible noise. I looked around and I saw a shiny rocket flying towards Mars. Since 1942, we have been able to travel to Mars and back. The rocket kept flying away, getting smaller and smaller, and after a while all I could see was just a small, bright, oval point in the sky. It was flying with tremendous speed, after being shot out of a special cannon.

I kept driving; after all, I was supposed to visit my home town, my parents and a school that was newly opened in town.

I got to the town of K., parked my car so as not to inconvenience other drivers and got out, deciding to walk to my destination. I did not worry about the car at all. I walked down wide and beautiful streets, with white houses in the gardens on both sides.

I went to a plane agency and ordered a single-seat plane for ten o’clock. In the meantime, I decided to visit my friends who lived in one of these houses. They welcomed me with open arms and showed me their garage with a two-seat car. Then they invited me for a walk, and I decided to join them since I had time.

We were walking along an avenue with pine trees planted on both sides and figures of children installed between the trees. Behind the trees, there were playgrounds only for kids, where children could play and have fun to their hearts’ content under the watchful eye of their caretakers and doctors. A true paradise for children.

At the time of my visit, they had three ice rinks there and all of them were open, with instructors teaching

kids to skate. The occasional gusts of wind made the snowflakes swirl in the air.

We went back and the streets were already empty. I was not really worried about my car, I simply knew that the Road Guard would scoop it up, put it in a garage and then inform the owner about its whereabouts via radio.

Indeed, after returning I heard the description of the car, along with information that it could be found in garage no. 19. I said goodbye to my friends and went to the garage, signed for the car and went to the airport. The plane was ready to fly and waited for me on the runway, covered with a tarp. I removed it, got in and just after a moment I soared in the skies towards my home town – even despite the snowstorm, since these days planes are far more durable and can easily endure the worst of conditions.

It took me 15 minutes. It was 11 o’clock when I landed at the destination airport, left the plane in the hangar and went to my parents’ house.

I spent two hours there, after which I rushed back to the airport. The streets were crowded and full of small and large cars – red, yellow, black, navy blue and every other color. Once in a while, a school bus filled with happy children would pass with its horn blaring. “They’re probably going on a trip,” I thought.

No one was regulating the traffic, as everyone was supposed to observe the rules of the road. I took a look at a clock. It was 1 p.m. already. This time I flew twice as fast as before. After landing, I parked the plane in the hangar and jumped in my car, about to choose another route.

In the past, that route would get me to the border, but these days it leads to the world. After turning, I got on a highway, heading north-west. The snow stopped falling and I kept pushing onwards. Sometimes I would pass other cars and we would exchange greetings, despite not knowing each other at all. At 2 o’clock I arrived in the town of Z.

Since I came in the middle of the semester break, the school was closed. It was truly a great and impressive building, with just a single floor and many windows. The school of education, formerly known as elementary school had eight grades, with first grade being somehow similar to a kindergarten. Children were taught languages – especially Esperanto, as the international language – old and classical languages, as well as their mother tongue. Every citizen had to graduate from such a school under the pain of forfeiting their citizen rights.

Then there are high schools (previously known as middle schools), as well as universities and academies for the most talented and intelligent students.

Attending school was free and all the books, notebooks, bags and so on were supplied as necessary by the district authorities.

Additionally, schools offered free breakfasts, recreation rooms and cinemas, open in the evening. The curriculum was accessible to everyone and the teachers were good, just and really loving their job. They all tried to take a look into the child’s soul, into every darkest corner and light it up with love and science.

I toured the school with its director, who explained everything to me as we went. He was not nervous at all. I remember our school during an inspection in 1938, the widespread panic, learning everything by heart, clean clothes and perfectly combed hair, girls screaming and lamenting and teachers with faces pale as snow. Even the janitor was dressed in his best clothes and everything was suddenly different.

I left the director and at 2:30 p.m., I left the school. Half an hour later I was at home, eating dinner with my colleague, the secretary of the Department of Education.

I turned on the radio, they were broadcasting scientific announcements. Just an hour before, a bathysphere sailed off into the sea and now was already near the island of St. Helena. A bathysphere is a large sphere, very resistant to high pressure, with scientists and their equipment inside. The interior is furnished like a room, even with windows in

the walls. In 1939, Professor Piccard used such a bathysphere to dive to the depth of 1 kilometer.

I heard a whistle, marking the beginning of its descent into the depths. I turned off the radio and grabbed the papers.

Among them was Maigranda Rewuo, also known as the Little Review, now published in Esperanto. Next year, we will be celebrating the 25th anniversary of the paper. The list of editors features D., a famous writer. The illustrated paper is published three times a week on glossy paper, it numbers 20 pages and costs only 5 moneroj, which corresponds to 5 groszy.

I am very interested in those papers. I have every single issue, organized chronologically and bound in leather. My father used to collect them for me ever since I was young and when I grew older I collected them myself. These days, the Little Review is not alone, as youth publish their own printed papers at schools, even in classes.

Reading the papers took me two hours. It was already five o’clock. My work took me an hour more and then my guests arrived. We took our cars and went on an amazing trip, which made us all very happy. At 8 o’clock we separated on the border of the city, exhausted but happy.

I did not turn on any lights at home. The streets were still busy, bustling with people, but at home it was all quiet and dark. I pressed a button and a wide, comfortable bed sprang out of the wall.

I lay down and grabbed a book, but put it down after a while. I just could not read. I kept thinking how good the world is right now. Everything is so clear and understandable... ■

RESULTS OF THE WINTER CONTEST

FIRST TOPIC

The participants of the winter contest submitted 267 works, including 103 works regarding the first topic (“January 1st, 1950”), 61 on the second (“I was so warm then...”) and also 103 on the third one (“My friend”). The main prize – 25 zloty – was divided between the authors of the two winning submissions and a third book was added to the two book prizes.

The cash prizes of 10 zloty each went to: Jonatan Burak, 12 years old from Równe Wołyńskie and Frania Rybińska, 14 years old from Warsaw.

Book prizes went to: Pepa Jakubowicz, 13 years old from Świder near Otwock, Jerzy Rozenberg, 14 years old from Łódź and Sabinka Ejzenberg, 14 years old from Płock.

HONORABLE MENTIONS

Dawid from Częstochowa, Edzia F. (Warsaw), Mira Fajngoldówna from Piortków, Lejzor Fanaberia (Warsaw), Fredzio from Łomża, H.B. (Warsaw), Leon Herszman (Warsaw), Jakub D. (Warsaw), Marysia Majerowicz (Warsaw), Maryla Minc (Warsaw), Natek from Poznań, S.F. (Warsaw), Buzia Szpilkówna from Łuck and Zocha from Lublin.

The following authors are asked to come to the newsroom:

Lejzor Fanaberia, Marysia Majerowicz, Maryla Minc and Frania Rybińska.

In the upcoming issue, we will print another submission regarding the first topic and announce the results for the second topic.

FAITHFUL ZAHAVIT

Every day at the same time, when the light of day quickly gave way to the shadows of the dusk, the shomer Uri appeared on the road leading to the young orchard he was guarding at night.

He rode his slender Arab horse, keeping his hands on the stock of the rifle, which was hanging by his side.

When he arrived at the orchard, he breathed in relief and lovingly observed everything around him. He loved the land, the life of adventure, the young orchard growing in front of his eyes, but among the things he loved the most in the world was Zahavit.

That was the name he had given to a golden orange, showing its rough dome from the cover of green leaves. It was hanging at the very end of a long, curved branch, so that when Uri started his watch and sat on the bench nearby, the fruit would be near his ear and affectionately stroke his face.

Zahavit had grown on him strangely and he was not sure why. Perhaps it was because he still remembered it being a tiny sphere at the bottom of a flower, or perhaps because it was his faithful companion during the long nights spent thinking? Regardless, he dreaded the time of Katif – fruit picking.

Sometimes, on the bright summer nights when the moon slowly went down towards the sleepy valleys and the fragrant silence was ever-so-slightly disturbed by the sound of the waves of Lake Kinneret crashing or the muffled call of a jackal, Uri expressed his emotions through his songs, which echoed around him, Zahavit swaying lightly, as if dancing to the rhythm.

Sometimes, he would turn on an

electric light and read some letters, and Zahavit would learn about the lives of Uri's father, mother and siblings, who lived in a far-away land, where it snows in winter and one can smell the pines in spring.

On those nights, Uri would turn his face towards the fruit and ask, half-jokingly, "Who knows, dear Zahavit, maybe one day you will journey past the great sea and end up on their table? Will you pass them greetings from their son, shomer Uri?"

Zahavit rocked lightly, as if promising to fulfil the promise given to a friend.

Soon, however, the calm and quiet nights ended and the ominous and dangerous ones started. Uri did not sing carelessly, did not talk to his faithful companion, which was already ripe and juicy. Instead, he would be aware, waiting with a finger on the trigger – ready, focused and wary.

Only when the darkness of the night quickly disappeared under the rays of the rising sun and when first workers appeared in the orchard, Uri would hold his face near the fruit and inhale its wonderful aroma.

"And the thieves were afraid of Uri once again, weren't they, my dear Zahavit?"

And Zahavit, as always, would rock in confirmation.

This went on until the last night, which brutally severed this beautiful and pure friendship. The angry khamsin wind was blowing, pushing dark sheets of clouds through the sky, bending even the tallest of the trees and howling. The grains of sand carried by the storm were everywhere. Uri hugged the trunk of

the tree. "Let this night just end..." he thought, ashamed of the fear that was slowly overtaking him.

He looked with compassion on Zahavit, rocked wildly by the wind. "Don't give up, Zahavit!" he tried to encourage the fruit.

Suddenly, he became alarmed. For a moment, he thought that his mind was playing tricks on him, as he saw some shadows moving silently through the orchard. Uri grabbed his gun and asked in Arabic: "Min hada, min hada? (Who's there?) Endak, endak! (Stop!)" But all he heard in response was a gunshot.

Uri pulled the trigger of his automatic rifle. He felt that he was hit, that something was burning in his side and that he was growing weaker and weaker, so he put everything he had into firing the gun. In the dark, he heard only loud cries.

Silence. With weak hands, Uri pulled Zahavit to himself and whispered with his last breaths:

"Zahavit, promise me you will end up on the table of my loved ones, somewhere... Tell them that their son died... For a good cause..." Dying, he made the final effort to kiss the fruit with bloody lips. "For them..." he whispered, falling down to the ground.

Did the fruit keep the promise? Who knows? But when you go with your parents on Hamisha Asar BiShvat to buy some fruits from Palestine, the effort of your brothers, sisters and loved ones in the far-away homeland, look closely – maybe you will find faithful Zahavit among them.

Izrael SOKOŁOWSKI

KATIF

The time of Katif (picking oranges) was approaching. We called a secret assembly, during which we established that we would go to Kfar-Saba (with Kfar standing for a village and Saba – for grandfather) and live together. Only Ester, a newcomer from Poland, stated that hell would freeze over before she agreed to live together with boys because they were wild and liked to prank others.

Of course, we took offense to that because she acted as if she was some lady or something, even though she had only been in the country for two weeks and she reacted with dismay to literally everything, always saying that "it used to be different in Poland." We decided to just exclude her.

We chose and sent some delegates to our parents. At first, they laughed at our plans, but when they saw that we were not going to just give up, they finally took us seriously.

We organized a second assembly, where we decided to go on Tuesday, since Tuesday is a lucky day. We could not wait for this Tuesday and then it finally came. We marched in the middle of the street, singing various songs. Soon, we were joined by passers-by, who marched and sang with us and after a while a spontaneous parade formed in the streets – with girls, boys, elderly and even small children.

After getting to Kfar-Saba, we rented four rooms and went to bed immediately. I turned off the lights. Suddenly, I heard Alkan's voice. "B... But I don't want to sleep beside a window, I'm going to get cold!"

I let him sleep on the honorary bed in the middle of the room.

I was woken up by the clock striking five in the morning. I jumped right out of my bed and ran to the window, it was still dark and the moon was slowly disappearing. I woke up the others.

We got dressed up quickly and went to work, three of the girls stayed to clean up and make dinner. We rushed to get to the cars. Riding past the orchards, we saw the Arabs sitting where they used to work before, waiting for someone to hire them. They might be waiting for a long time, as no one trusts them anymore.

The manager assigns work to everyone and gives us scissors. Some cut the oranges, others put them into boxes. I was told to oversee the workers.

"Hey, Izak! Don't throw them, treat them like eggs! Ester, don't cut ten oranges at once! Brothers, stop working, time for lunch!"

The lunch break lasts for 30 minutes. The manager told us to "just take the oranges and eat to our hearts' content." Then, we keep working until four o'clock and the work ends. The car comes and takes us back to our place. On the way, we reconnect with our friends and happily walk back home.

At home, the table is already set, so we sit down and eat everything, as if we hadn't eaten for weeks. After the dinner, we tell each other about our day at work and play various games. That's the first day of Katif... Samek FUKS (Tel-Aviv)

HENRYK DAJCZER (Lublin)

THE DICTATOR

(conclusion)

Obviously, this incident only strengthened the authority of the dictator and showed the class the true meaning of a strong leadership. On the other hand, it created an opposition hostile to the dictator, which was – unsurprisingly – led by Kuba, the sceptic in our class.

Together with Maniek, who was well-known for his defiance, they established the Committee Against Dictators, or CAD for short, during a meeting after the classes.

Meanwhile, after the period of flourishing, the dictatorship started turning towards a grotesque, operetta-like character, just like its bigger counterparts.

The dictator selected his staff, made up of four of the most faithful people – or peons, as they were called by the opposition. The main roles of the staff, except of course hanging and taking down the net, maintaining order during games and many other duties, was complimenting the dictator and making his words and decisions seem legitimate.

Kuba's beating was called "the necessary repressions against a rotten anarchist." When the dictator, who was not the best student at that point, decided to skip his classes, it was called a "forced absence of the leader as a result of adverse circumstances." When the students were playing during recess, throwing a wet sponge around

and the dictator himself was hit, the "staff" immediately beat the one who threw the sponge, calling it an "ad-hoc punishment for the terrorist." And thus, the dictatorship started taking on the cloud of words and phrases taken from some papers.

It got to the point that the aide and the "right hand" of the dictator announced a resolution from the pulpit: "Let us greet our leader with the Roman salute!" he exclaimed. "Holding out our arms forward straight, with palm down and the exclamation 'salve imperator' – this is what is going to demonstrate our veneration and love to our leader."

The "Leader" listened to this pompous speech with his arms crossed on his chest like Napoleon, squinting his eyes and smiling.

On the very next day, the entire staff greeted the dictator with the fascist salute and loud "salve!" On the same day, the dictator announced that he was going to demand others to demonstrate their veneration and worship towards him.

So, when on the next day the dictator beat some random boy from the class for not obeying – or maybe even forgetting about – the order, the opposition decided to act. During the recess, when the dictator and seven chosen ones enjoyed a volleyball match, the CAD gathered on a bench for an important discussion.

On the same day, in the afternoon, the rule of the dictator – which lasted the whole two weeks – suddenly came to an end.

It happened during a volleyball match between our class team against the 3rd grade. It was obvious that we were going to be represented by the dictator's staff with their glorious leader. The match was really "important," so all five of them did everything they could to win. Of course, the game was going as always, the dictator was standing in his honorary spot near the net, directing the entire game. The third, decisive touch was always his and he was the one to spike, distract their opponents and score points.

Everything was going swimmingly, until one of the boys from the staff got hit in the face with the ball trying to block another player from scoring and started bleeding as a result and had to leave the pitch.

The dictator panicked and started to look for another player worthy of such an important game. Thankfully, the class was almost complete. The dictator started thinking and after a short while decided to pick... Kuba, who promptly took the free spot near the net, on the opposite from the dictator and the game was resumed.

The ball, served by the opponents went high above the net and got picked up by the libero, who sent it flying

towards Kuba, who as the setter was supposed to pass it towards the dictator, who was already waiting for it. The opponents retracted their arms, waiting for that terrifying spike... But Kuba just slowly returned the ball over the net and the distracted third-graders did not even manage to start running towards it.

This gave the possession of the ball to our team, but the dictator, whose pride was slighted at the very moment, looked at Kuba with a murderous gaze. At this point, all the players and the audience realized that something was about to go down.

Meanwhile, a strong ball sent by the server went over the net and after three contacts on the other side it returned to the libero, who once again bumped it towards Kuba.

Again, everyone was waiting for the masterful spike of the dictator and... Surprise! Kuba yet again decided against setting the ball, returned it to the other side and scored!

The atmosphere was electrifying. The dictator growled "You morrrrrron!" at Kuba, who just smiled and shrugged.

The game went on. Another serve, this time bumped towards the left setter, who promptly passed it towards the dictator. The ball soared vertically over the left side of the net, the dictator was getting ready to jump, already clenching his fist, when suddenly Kuba ran towards him, brutally pushed him away and sent the ball on the opponents' side of the court. The ball soon returned, but no one bothered to receive it and it fell to the ground. Who would care about it at that point?

All the players and the audience were now a crowd, eager to see the

inevitable fight between the dictator and the dissenter. It was obvious that this was going to happen right there, right now.

The dictator stood up and walked slowly towards Kuba, who was still smiling a pale smile. The first punch erased that smile from his face, like a wet sponge on a blackboard. His arms flailed uncontrollably in the air, while the dictator's fists started hitting the left side of his chest and he fell down to the ground.

The fall was strangely funny, as his long legs shot up. Soon everyone realized it was done on purpose, when his heavy boots fell on the knees of the dictator, who was standing above him – and just a second later he was going to the ground, moaning. Moments later – far shorter than the time it took you to read this sentence – Kuba crawled on the body of the dictator and for a good minute the dictator simply disappeared. The crowd could only see Kuba and his arms flailing wildly and hitting something that was definitely under him – and moaning.

Then, after freeing himself from the weight of his opponent, the dictator stood up, knees weak, all dusty from the fight. Seeing the laughing faces of the whole class and uncertainty on the faces of his staff, next to whom three members of the CAD were now standing, he realized that he'd lost.

* * *

The next day, the general assembly concluded the election to the new student council. The name of the dictator was nowhere to be found among the ballots.

How painfully fickle is the fate of a dictator... ■

FREE TRIBUNE

A BUCKET OF COLD WATER FOR DYCJA FROM ZAMOŚĆ

Once upon a time (when I was just a humble first-grader), the proverbial bucket of cold water was poured on Aneri. Years have passed, the old guard has moved on and the new guard has taken their place – including you. And recently, I came to the conclusion that you could use some cold water yourself.

I don't deny that you are a talented writer and I could not deny that even if I wanted to. I loved your novels and I too feel pain over the failure of "Stach's Well;" however, even the greatest of writers aren't exempt from criticism, especially you, since I think you actually deserve some.

You did not challenge me to a discussion, but I feel the obligation to take up the glove anyway and express everything I have in mind. Quite frankly, I do not really have to write a lot, I could simply remind you of the story of a preening brush, wishing to marry the daughter of a cedar, who instead got trampled by a doe before he could achieve his dream, yet I do not want to plagiarize the words of Rabbi Akiba. So I will say as follows:

As I already noted, you are undoubtedly a talented writer; however, this only makes the matter worse. With

abilities such as yours, you simply should not have written an article such as your "My heroes." The editors did not award you the first prize – even though they offered you some consolation due to the fact that you are a regular contributor. Yet, I think – as well as probably every other reader who thinks objectively about the matter – that the contest submission by Wat was much better, even due to the simple fact that the editors were not involved in this subject.

I think you go too far. I admit and I agree with you that Janusz Korczak is a truly outstanding man and I am not the one to tell you who should be your personal hero. However, your own conscience should prevent you from sending praise of a man who created and served as editor-in-chief of a paper to the same paper as a contest submission! It's not only about the editors, but what does that make you look like in the eyes of other readers?

I don't want to blame you or point my fingers at your obvious fault. I only call upon your conscience to address the issue and I am looking forward to reading its answer.

Zygmunt Bauman (Poznań)

ON STORIES, NAÏVE CRITICS AND NITPICKING

(An answer of the author of "Stories on the Wonders of Engineering" to Paweł Lapidus)

It all took place between 4 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon in the office of the Little Review's editor-in-chief. I was sitting in the chair, while the editor was standing and watching me carefully. I suspected that something important was about to happen there and then. Indeed... He flashed his glasses, looked at me in a way that made me freeze in terror and told me to "write, respond, defend yourself because you just got knocked out."

I have to admit, at the very first moment I was terrified. However, after reading the "Stories on stories," I calmed down just as quickly. It was not really that bad.

Your accusations, my dear friend, are invalid and your criticism is naïve at best. I did not even want to respond in the first place and let the editor do it instead, but I'm used to writing at this point. It is just my second nature right now, so I simply cannot pass up this opportunity.

However, let's move on and discuss the matter at hand. I – the author of "Stories on the wonders of engineering" – was accused of the strange similarity of my article to Fournier's book. In other words, you said that I simply copied it.

I feel compelled to respond to that accusation: I think that you did not read books by any other author than Fournier, otherwise you would find similarities with other works as well. The same information about electricity and magnetism can be found, among others, in W. Kaempffert's "Inventions for the Ages," "Physics in Everyday Life" by Prof. Zahorski, "The History

of Electricity" by Jewold, "Physics" by Prof. Khvolson, "Great Authors of Science" by Porebski, Muro's "Stories of Electricity" and many other works.

Here we are faced with a very difficult dilemma. Either every single one of the aforementioned authors copied from Fournier, or – God forbid – Fournier himself copied from them! Indeed, this is a very difficult dilemma to solve and perhaps you will be able to offer us an explanation?

Taking advantage of this opportunity, I would like to discuss the specifics of the work of anyone who is promoting technology.

Someone writing an article like that is not an inventor. They don't discover anything. Their job is to present lesser-known information and explain – in the most accessible way possible – the most complex and difficult aspects to the general audience. Therefore, I would like to ask you to remember and keep in mind that a promoter does not discover or invent.

The second accusation was a revelation, which brought me down from the pedestal into a dark abyss. Apparently, some of my remarks "demonstrate insufficient scientific knowledge and poor understanding of the phenomena discussed." Oh, woe is me! This is why I learnt physics and other technical sciences – so I could not understand what I'm writing?

No, my friend, you are sorely wrong. Probably because you just skim through my stories, instead of reading them thoroughly.

A JUDGMENT IN THE TRIAL OF N.D. AND S.Z. ACCUSED OF HORRIBLE MANUSCRIPTS

I.

My first reaction after reading this horrible submission was laughing until my stomach hurt and showing this "piece" to my friends.

N.D. was surely not expecting such a reaction. He wrote his... "Novel" in good faith. Here's a short summary: a dusky evening, a book about medieval heroes, Wacek – a close friend, his characteristics and his attitude towards school. This outline could be filled with fine content, thus creating an interesting and proper short story, evoking actual feelings; however, it would have nothing in common with the piece that is discussed here.

The description of Wacek, apart from the "charm and innocent liveliness," is like something taken out of police records about a lost boy. "He's thirteen years old, lives on Wapienna Street, dresses in blue trousers, black shirt and leather cap." Any identifying features? Of course: "Unkempt hair covering his forehead," which at the same time "sticks out of the cap" – it's physically impossible!

Wacek's nature is made up of contradictions. He is "a young boy full of innocence," as well as a "healthy and lively man," all at the same time. Like our forefathers, he "loves his neighbors as himself," but just four lines below he "constantly argues with others, sometimes gets angry." Then he is "laconic and his words are precious like crystals," but at the same time, "he constantly argues and always says what he has in mind." Additionally, this interesting young man "has a very kind heart, always helps everyone, even if they don't ask" (just look at that selflessness!)

Throughout the whole text, we can pick out small and not-so-small stylistic errors, the best among which are "the heats of the day," "crowds of peoples" (Romans, Germans, Gauls or Scythians, I presume?), "pouring down from their homes," "a book about heroes in the Middle Ages" and many others. At the very end, we have a short dialogue, or rather a question asked by Wacek and the author's response. The author "first thought for a second and then responded in the form of a definition: Learning is somewhat of a pleasure for the mind." As far as I'm concerned, if anyone asked me for the definition of the novel in question, I would not have to think for a second and I would simply respond, "It is somewhat of a mental hodgepodge and an insult to logic, orthography, punctuation and the good name of poetry..."

II.

The three long sentences with numerous subordinate clauses branching out of them strangely remind me of Latin; however, what they don't have is Latin's clarity and

order, as well as lacking – not necessarily Latin – common sense. From the first sentence, we learn that "Sometimes... an accident... decides the fate of a human being," while the next one claims that "due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be." What is the deciding factor then? Accidents or outside influence?

"Outside influence" is mentioned twice in the span of two crucial parts of the second sentence, which – I don't know why – start with "however" and "although." The usual (and rational) use of both words, the second part of the sentence starting with "however," should contradict the first one, starting with "although," meanwhile in this case the second part of the sentence not only does not contradict the first part but also repeats the same idea, just in a slightly different form. First, we have "Although we know that the environment influences the character of a human being," followed by "however, whether due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be." To rephrase it, "Although the environment influences a human being; however, the outside influence may change them." This is just as absurd as saying something like "Although it is daytime now; however, it's not night." It is hard to notice at the first glance due to the sheer number of subordinate clauses, which are frankly unnecessary and just cloud the general sense.

The third sentence brings yet another nonsense: "The young man changes his ways and regains a new outlook on life." One cannot regain something new, as one can regain only something that they used to own, something that they had already lost.

This was just the form. The substance is not really much better. The author wanted to discuss the moment in life, in which "due to one's own convictions or outside influence, a human being may become... different than they used to be" – in a word, something that was already discussed in multiple books, something that the scientific world is already occupied with, something that everybody already knows based on one's own example.

To make matters worse, the approach to this issue was neither original, scientific, interesting, humorous nor even serious... There was no approach at all, only three long, complex, "Latin-like" sentences, a forest of terms, definitions and some worn-out clichés.

In other words, a waste of space in print, as it would be better suited for the bin.

Henryk Dajczer

I'm willing to give anybody who finds at least one thing that is inconsistent with the fundamental laws of physics or anything that is not explained clearly enough a free ticket to the circus or a fresh bunch of figs (excuse me, Mr. Editor, for plagiarizing that idea), so... Get to work, young friends!

As far as the legend of Muhammad's iron coffin is concerned... This is a baseless accusation. Since when do we seek

truth in legends and fairy tales? Are you actually willing to explain and verify all the stories about the Boogeyman or the Greek mythology? I was simply discussing magnets – so I mentioned a Muslim legend. That's all.

I'd like to advise you to be more careful with hurling baseless accusations towards others and – the most important thing of all – try to be a bit less nitpicky!

J. Gold

THE FORGOTTEN BOOK

Recently, discussions about people's favorite books have become more and more popular. I was also often asked about my favorite books and I simply could not answer honestly. Perhaps I'm simply not brave enough to admit that I don't know, but now, when I'm trying to describe the impression that one of the books I read left on me, I'm not saying that it was "the greatest" or "the most beautiful," just "great" and "beautiful" instead.

I'm writing about Żuławski's "Trilogy." It cannot be found everywhere, even the largest libraries don't have it sometimes. I did not know about its existence until suddenly I found it at my friend's house, when I was waiting for him to come back home.

After getting bored with thinking about school, learning, my friends and family, I started looking around. Beside me, there was an inconspicuous book with a tattered cover. I looked at the title. The letters, some of which were covered with ink, told me that I was holding "On the Silver Globe" by an unknown author – since a part of the page was torn, the only thing I could make out of the name was "-awski." I shrugged and started reading.

The beginning was boring, but as I was progressing through the book, my interest slowly grew. The book was written as the diary of one of the humans who went to the Moon. At the beginning, it mostly consisted of adventures, then spiritual experiences. In the end, the diary turned into a seismograph of the author's mind.

One passage left quite an impression on me. When the members of the expedition wandered through the lunar desert towards the dark side of the Moon, where they were supposed to find suitable living conditions, it quickly became apparent that the oxygen that they carried in balloons wouldn't be able to sustain them all, it would only be enough for two of them. When the choice about who lives and who dies immediately was about to be made, the author's description perfectly reflects the human soul, without any sugarcoating. The friends were ready to jump to each other's throats just to get some oxygen.

Then, after getting to the place that could sustain life, they started a small, tiny civilization. There was a single woman, who calmed down relations between all of them. As time passes, all of them died and the only person who remained alive was the author of the diary – along with an entire generation of people who don't know the life on Earth.

Years passed, and the only living member of the expedition, known to the Moon people as the Old Man kept thinking about Earth, the memory of which was growing more clouded and distorted. The entries cut off abruptly and what he wrote was filled with longing and nostalgia, which did not allow him to live or die.

Eventually, he decided to set off to the place where they once landed and where they left the cannon with messages to Earth. He ended the diary with "Oh Earth, my beloved Earth!" and fired it, so that it flew where his mind wandered every waking hour.

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READER UPDATES

IS IT WINTER?

I'm sitting beside a window and look at the bright sky, lit up by hundreds of tiny stars. What is that? Often in the summer the sky is not as beautiful as now and it is only January, the middle of winter! Despite that, it feels like spring, especially when the sun is shining.

You simply cannot call this season "winter," and I long for a real winter.

When I go to sleep every night, I hope that I will wake up to a layer of snow covering every street and the unemployed will shovel the snow away, piling it up in one place. But every day I wake up disappointed.

It is really hard to believe that it is winter now.

Bronia from Nowolipki Street

I'M SICK

I have the flu since Friday. Mum told me that the flu is highly contagious, so my friends cannot even visit me.

I'm alone and I'm sad, to make things worse, I'm also bored out of my mind.

Suddenly I had this thought to write to the Little Review and become a regular submitter. And so I did.

Rena from Katowice

LOOKING FOR A FRIEND

I'm attending a new school. I'm nine years old and I'm in the 3rd grade. I have some bad classmates, they are not so eager to learn and they keep playing around all the time.

I would like to make friends with someone. Please, dear Little Review, give me some of the names of good boys or at least a single good and friendly boy so I can become his friend.

I think that every boy should have a friend to do homework, walk and

play together. I don't have anyone and I feel very lonely.

Gutek from Pawia Street

OUR P.E. CLASS

"Are we going to have P.E. class today?"

"Sure, get dressed!" she responds.

"Ruta! Close the door, I'm embarrassed and Olek is peeking!" Fela shouts.

I'm the first one to get ready and other girls run out after me. The second bell rings and the "red light" turns on.

"Line up!" I shouted, as I was responsible for keeping everyone in order. "Olek, stop running around, I'll tell the teacher, you'll see!"

The teacher enters the hall.

"Hello, class!"

"Hello," we responded.

"Turn right, forward march! One, two, three, four, left, right, left, right! Ruta, calm down. Olek, you too! Tusia, switch the leg, one, two, three, four. Get in pairs, make way in the middle! Turn towards me. Now jump three times, on four, jump up and land in a squat position! Come on! One, two, three, four. That's enough! Now move to the window!"

We jumped in excitement. The last command meant that we're going to play some game now.

"Edzia is the hunter, the rest of you are rabbits!"

The game brought us a lot of joy and happiness. Suddenly, the teacher announced once again:

"Sarenka and Tusia, please bring the bench. Yes, turn it around. Go over it, now you, and another..."

We walked on the bench, carefully so as not to lose our balance. With some

difficulty, we managed to complete the task. Now it was time for another game.

"Prison ball! Lilka, Ruta – two teams."

It took us a while to choose our teams. Then she asked:

"Everyone's got a number? The first one – throw!"

"Fela, Fania – go to prison!"

We played for quite some time and our team finally won.

"Line up!" the teacher shouts. "Goodbye, class!"

"Goodbye!"

We went to the dressing room to change.

Sulamita R.

INSULTING THE KING

All of a sudden, a war broke out between Olek and Artek versus Leszek and Jurek. Without thinking much, I joined Artek's side and became their advisor.

After a long war, Artek and Olek defeated Jurek and Leszek, but this was not a real war because Jurek invited everyone over for a tea, chess and dominoes just a second later.

We went to his house, where we played for three hours. At the very beginning, I was elected the king of the united kingdom. The fun was so great that I did not even notice when it got dark. Suddenly, my mum arrived and – without any second thought that I was not an ordinary boy, but a king at that moment – she boxed my ears, which insulted me. Since she never beats me, I was terrified. At home, I also heard some words that I didn't like. As a punishment for staying at my friend's house for so long without permission, I would not get chocolate for three days. Maurycy from Długa Street

himself and mentions the fact that due to a gas attack drill he was forced to stay for longer at her place. Let's just imagine him, writing that report. Do you see his sly expression, when he wrote about the despair when he realized that he could not end the visit there and then? Writing "And now I'm stuck," he certainly thought "Oh, how lucky I was! They had some great cookies and... figs!" And you, dear Editor, could not see right through it!

I could end my discussion with you right here, if I didn't have to – begrudgingly – explain the title.

When you receive this submission, you will certainly talk to your colleagues about it, saying something along the lines of "Why would that dumb boy write all of that, there's nothing about figs in there! What does he think, that this is some kind of a French test, so that he added the entire cheat sheet written by some smarter friend to the title?"

Don't worry, dear Editor – I don't steal anything, per principle. Regarding the article, I also thought about the reasons for writing it in the first place, but then I "first thought for a second and then responded":

"You should simply know that I know some tricks too!"

And the figs? I think I will get some anyway, one way or another.

ARIA (Lublin)

IN A PROVINCIAL TOWN

I went to Wieluń with my mom for the first time to visit my grandma. Of course, the closer and remote family all gathered at the train station and said their goodbyes, as if we were going to America.

On the train, I kept thinking about Wieluń. I imagined it as a picturesque town in the mountains. After several hours, we reached Sieradz. There was a car waiting for us there and it took us straight to Wieluń.

When I arrived in the town, I was disappointed. Instead of picturesque views and mountains, I saw a typical provincial town. My grandma came to meet us.

My time in Wieluń passed quite happily, with the greatest pleasure being the walks to the nearby farm, located just 2 kilometers away from Wieluń, owned by mom's friends. There is a barn on the farm with numerous wooden cages with beautiful white rabbits. Apart from them, there is also a lot of poultry there.

Despite the fact that Wieluń is just a small provincial town, I had a great time there.

Halina from Nowolipie Street

JOKES

A DILIGENT PATIENT

"Did you drink your medicine exactly as I prescribed, that is, an hour before eating?"

"No, doctor."

"Why?"

"I couldn't drink for longer than 5 minutes! And even after that I felt I was going to burst!"

A CITY TRAIN

"Sir, why is the train jumping today? Is something wrong?"

"No, you see... the driver has the hiccups..."

PHILANTHROPY

On the street, a lady collecting money for a cause approached a passer-by.

"Maybe you will donate to the blind?"

The man shook his head.

"You know, I could... But I'm afraid that the blind aren't going to see a dime!"

BRAIN TEASERS

RESULTS OF THE 13TH TEASER TOURNAMENT of the Little Review

As always, all participants of the Tournament were divided into two groups – "under 10," as well as "11 – 13 year olds." In the first group, the largest number of points was gathered by:

Josef Goldfarb (9 years old) 27 Nalewki Street, Apt. 38 – 43 pts

Adelcia Lichtensztejn (9 years old) 6A Franciszkańska Street, Apt. 25 – 34 pts

Musio Zinger (8 years old) 9 Solna Street, Apt. 24 – 33 pts.

In the second group, the largest number of points was gathered by:

Olek Ołtuski (12 years old), 37 Niska Street, Apt. 4 – 52 pts

Genia Rasskin (13 years old),

THE FORGOTTEN BOOK

CONTINUED FROM P. 3

The story left me shocked and amazed. After reading it whole, I walked for a long time, breathing the stuffy and sooty air in with pleasure. Instead of a small tree growing in a pot in front of some café, I saw a beautiful forest, smelling like freshness and resin. At that very moment, I loved everything that surrounded me...

Because just a moment earlier I had seen the image of a man who did not have any of it, painted with great precision by the author. All I wanted at that moment was to live, live to the fullest.

Shortly, but not before thinking for a while, I started to slowly discover the souls of the people described by Żuławski, as he left something fleeting in every single character, something that the reader had to find out on their own. This of course was really effective, as everyone saw what they wanted to see. This is why I often talk about the book and sometimes I open my eyes wide in amazement, when I realize that someone understands the same things in a totally different way – but that's what makes the author outstanding.

Not only that, but also the fact that he introduces the reader to the thoughts of the book's protagonist in such a way that it makes them think that they are the ones whose thoughts and feelings are put in words on paper by the genius writer. I used the word "genius" on purpose, as I consider the author of this masterpiece to be one of such people. I don't know whether it is one of the works which shape the soul of a human being, perhaps not. Reading it, however, sheds a new light on many things, which one did not notice before because the reader got used to them already.

Summing up, the book might interest everyone, but despite that, it is not very popular. When I was trying to get the second part of the "Trilogy" (I read the first part), no one knew what it was and could not find it. On the contrary, when people asked for some "Green Hand" or "Chinese Dagger," they got it immediately. This annoyed me to no end, so I just grabbed the first mystery story I could get and stormed out of the library.

JERZYK R. from Łódź

Great contest for a small prize

IF I GOT A FIG...

What a naïve question! If I got a fig, I'd obviously eat it – since (as you need to know) I love figs and I know their taste perfectly.

Well, if I got a fig, I would eat it and lie down on the couch, thinking that a single fig is not enough. Then I would turn on the other side, take the Little Review and start reading longer articles. I love criticizing, so almost immediately I would start a monologue with the editor-in-chief:

"What a sucker you are, my boy! In this thing, which you proudly call a paper, you are printing the worst letters and the best works written by the most talented authors go to the bin or furnace, depending on your decision. Yeah, yeah, admit it, don't make excuses, I already experienced it myself, don't you remember? I have a good memory, so I remember that you gave me zilch, which I could not see, mostly because of the distance between Lublin and Warsaw.

But let's drop the issues from the past and take a look at this pitiful pamphlet you call a paper.

Let us all hope (do not falter!) that the editor-in-chief is on the level of his naïve work. Why on Earth would he publish the "Horrible Manuscripts?" What horrible genius hinted him that N.D., who writes in the style of medieval heroic books, with a friend who "speaks words as important as glass crystals" should be facing the court of his peers?

So you see, Dear Editor – you made the two articles into a public laughingstock, but the other ones are a testament to your naïveté. For example, in the "Review of Young Press" it is clearly visible that Borensztejn is afraid that the young authors are going to get him if he dares criticize them too much. Why do you print such a dishonest review? Or why won't you tell "Jureczek from Komitetowa Street" that even if he did not have talent, his professor would praise his exceptional skills anyway?

And now let's take last week's issue of the Little Review. One of the most interesting (without sarcasm!) articles discussed the author's visit to a poet just as young – or even younger – than