

RESSNEWS

*Thank you and
goodbye!*



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Dear teachers, dear students

We would like to thank you for your contribution, interest and all feedback on our work.

As leaving students, we would like to motivate the upcoming third-graders to continue and keep the magazine alive. Creating the magazine will help you understand many topics while you create the articles, improve your language skills and expand your vocabulary knowledge.

As a reminder that it is worth continuing with the magazine, we enclose the photo of the diploma which we have won. Remember that hard work and dedication will create amazing things.

We are pleased to bring a new thing to our school and we hope that you enjoyed reading the magazine, solving our riddles and crosswords puzzles, contributing to our work and much more.

Thanks a lot again and see ya!

Your RESSNEWS

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Soutěž Školní časopis roku 2021 pořádají

ŠKOLNÍ ČASOPIS ROKU 2021

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Ceny do soutěže věnovali partneři



Hi everyone, we'd like to present you some pros and cons of writing a school magazine.

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|---|--|
| ✓ | We get to talk and write about interesting topics which can be fun |
| ✓ | We get to practise our English skills without learning grammar or doing typical exercises |
| ✓ | Working on the magazine can be a nice break from other stressful subjects |
| ✓ | We learn how to be a team players |
| ✓ | It is exciting to be part of something that is basically contributing to our schools history |
| ✗ | We don't always agree with each other |
| ✗ | After working on the magazine for a while you may feel burnt out |

YOUR STORIES



TWO BIRDS WITH ONE STONE

By Lucie Růžičková, 2.D

"That freak was always strange" said the neighbors as they led Charles away. An innocent man was arrested, but only I knew that. Well, if you can really call him innocent, anyway. I did it. I had achieved my perfect victory. Allow me to explain.

The name is Carole Miller. It had changed to Miller-Baker not too long ago, then changed back, all thanks to me.

You see, all my problems began when my harlot of a mother moved houses to be with her new husband. Actually, no, that was a lie. The troubles began when I first met the man. And it wasn't the way my mother thinks it was.

Back in my old town, I had started to receive strange letters and packages. At first it was tame. Chocolates, Valentine's Day cards (even though it wasn't Valentine's Day) ... I was beginning to think that I had a secret admirer, I was flattered, even. And then one day, it started getting weird. A skull of a bird. A pair of men's underwear. I quickly became alarmed. Looking back, I wish I hadn't been so high and mighty and just told my mother. But I was too proud to do that. Or maybe I was scared.

And one night, one fateful and frightful night, it happened. I saw my dear "secret admirer" in the window, trying to break in. I knew instantly he wasn't there to steal anything. He was there for me. I went to the kitchen and grabbed a knife. When I returned, he was still there, but became visibly frightened when he saw the knife. He

quickly stopped trying to get in and escaped before anyone could catch him. After that, shaking, I made a sketch. I'm very keen on drawing, you see. I then kept both the sketch and the knife in my room for safekeeping.

It's important to know that my mother was a widow. As such, she often slept around and wasn't home very often. After the incident, the letters and packages stopped, but my mother started behaving oddly. She boasted about this fine young gentleman who was unlike anyone she had ever met. And as soon as she brought him round, I knew. My secret admirer. That disgusting creep who tried to break through my window. Surely I must be mistaken, I thought, so I checked the sketch again. It was spot on. The two got married soon and moved in together, bringing me with them. The man's name was Charles Baker.

At my new school, I wasn't exactly popular. That title was reserved for a young maiden named Marlene. A true annoyance, she was. Always teasing me about this and that, I couldn't stand her. She simply had to go. A master plan began to hatch in my head.

All I needed for this master plan to work was to get to Marlene's house, which was quite difficult, considering we were far from friends. A school project, in which we had been paired together, came to my rescue. I was to arrive at her house on a beautiful Tuesday afternoon. I couldn't contain my excitement! In fact, I was so excited that I put my plan into action as soon as I walked through the door! I unsheathed my knife and went for the neck. A couple of stabs and she died instantly. I killed her.

The funny thing about murder is that it's very much illegal, and where a murder happens, an investigation is bound to happen. Naturally, I didn't want to become a suspect, and so I got to work. When my stepfather was sleeping, I took some duct tape (a lot of it, actually) and carefully, oh so carefully, pressed his fingers against it, and then cautiously, oh so cautiously, stamped them in different places of the crime scene. The whole time I was inside Marlene's house, I made sure I was wearing gloves the entire time. Finally, I put a couple of fingerprints on the murder weapon.

Another thing that I've done was that I took the young girl's finger and wrote a dying message in blood. It took me a while to figure out what she'd might written, and since her knowledge of my stepfather was minimal, I decided on "Baker". Simple, yet functional.

The final action I've taken was that I made it look like Charles was stalking Marlene. I had prepared "gifts": Chocolates, Valentine's Day cards, a skull, a pair of men's underwear: you name it. And I drew a sketch: a portrait of Charles, my beloved step-papa, and placed it on her desk.

And thus, my plan was about to reach it's climax. There was, however, one last thing I had to do.

Marlene's body was discovered by her parents the same day, a bit later in the evening. I patiently waited until the news report. After it finally aired, I made my way to the police station. Perhaps I should become an actress, because I gave them a wonderful performance there. I cried on and on about the man in the portrait, and my relation to him. I told him the same story I told you. The same lie I told you. That's right, my sob story about an evil

stalker who married my mother was a big fat lie. Before my mother introduced him, I had never seen before in my life! And you ate it up like a piece of chocolate cake! And so did the cops! I have gotten rid of my crap-for-brain stepdad AND the thorn that kept my middle school popularity from flourishing! I have killed two birds with one stone!

THE INSPECTION

By Tereza Kazan, 1.K

My erstwhile partner and I are buzzing along the streets of Prague at above-average speed, when what should happen but a car passes us going faster than we are. But then I notice the flashing lights on the roof and the emphatically flashing STOP in the rear window. Yes, a police inspection.

"Step out of the car, sir!" is what naturally comes next, and I simply cast down my eyes and decide not to get involved, leaving my friend to resolve the matter. He is, after all, a garrulous lawyer and should be able to manage this all by himself. After about 5 minutes, however, I start to get a little worried and imperceptibly peer out at the police officer who is still standing there stone-faced. Hmm... well, it looks like this is going to be a slog. Then I suddenly remember a friend of mine who was stopped during one of those random alcohol checks. He greeted the police officer with the words, "Hey there, Mickey Mouse! You don't have an apparatus large enough to measure everything I've got inside of me, so you might as well let me go!" I'm afraid we won't be able to use this routine, however, since we were going a good 30 miles over the speed limit inside the city limits. And so another 5 minutes go by and the stone-faced police officer hasn't

budged. So I start to think up a plan B. Today I happen to be wearing a clingy dress with my hair tied up in a bun... Maybe it would work... Perhaps... Well, let's try it...

I resolutely open the car door, jump up out of the seat, and begin hysterically screeching: "You incompetent dawdling good-for-nothing! I should have known that if I let you drive me to the meeting, there would be no way we'd make it on time. Do you realize we should have been at there ages ago, and instead I'm stuck here watching cars pass with all those people who have gotten to where they were going a long time ago!!?" Thrashing about, I resemble nothing so much as a puppet hopping about on a spring. I rain curses down on his head, flail about, and now and then stop just to catch my breath only to launch another salvo of sophisticated curses along the lines of, "Starry-eyed kangaroos belong in a zoo, not in our office!" and so on. My partner catches on right away. Facing the physical cause of our theatrical performance, he begins, "Please don't be angry, sir, my boss is always like this, and I'm going to have to listen to this for at least a month!" Meanwhile I'm still flitting about them like a witch on a broomstick, flapping my arms above my head and threatening my partner with an ominous forefinger, bellowing everything imaginable, but now an octave higher and much more loudly, something I'd be locked up for at any other time for disturbing the peace. Then when I finally hear,

"Please be on your way!" I mutter something else so it's not so obvious, get in the car, slam the door, and once again we're off (fortunately without a ticket or having our license taken away), but this time more slowly and carefully—into the whirlwind of the city.