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# The Gherkin

Independent Monthly of Youth at any Age

**SPECIAL NUMBER DEDICATED TO JANUSZ KORCZAK AND THE CELEBRATION OF THE YEAR OF KORCZAK**

Issued with the support of the Ministry of National Education of the capital city of Warsaw and the Polish Society for the Prevention of Drug Addiction

You mustn't leave the world as it is  
This isn't what we all come here for,

To sleep on the side,  
One hand under the head,  
On the grass,  
In the sun,  
Listening to a birdsong  
And croaking frogs,  
If the pond is near...

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
This is not what we all come here for,

To turn the blind eye,  
When bad people  
Tease,  
Not only me,  
Anyone  
Before my very eyes  
- I disagree on this.

You mustn't leave the world as it is,

The Old Doctor said,  
and went to a place of no return  
He left the world different from how  
he found it,  
For others.

Mikołaj Małek, 13lat  
ZS 69 w Warszawie

Lead teacher: Renata Tankielun  
Translated by  
Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles



The Bum-Drum King-Special Award  
In the contest "MY TOY"  
Dominika Gawel 10 years  
Primary School no. 3 in Marki Town  
MORE about the contest on page no. 5

## SPIRIT OF KORCZAK LIVES IN EDITORIAL OFFICE

THAT IS

# MALY PRZEGLAD

## AND SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO "KORNISZON"'S ARCHIVES

During the work on the celebrations of Korczak's Year in "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre we realized that our magazine "Korniszon" has got a lot in common with "Maly Przegląd" - magazine funded by Janusz Korczak. "Maly Przegląd" was published in Warsaw between 1926 and 1939 as a Friday supplement to "Nasz Przegląd" - Jewish daily newspaper. Korczak was an editor of "Maly Przegląd" until autumn 1930, when he passed it over to his younger colleague Jerzy Abramov (Igor Newerly).

Revolutionary, at the time, aspect of "Maly Przegląd" (as many others Korczak's ideas) was based on the fact that it was not a magazine issued for children by adults. It was an authentic children's magazine fully created by children only with adult's help.

All the articles, projects, competitions were written by young artists.

(continued on page 15)

## LET'S TAKE MATTERS INTO OUR OWN HANDS

The world keeps on changing from one day to the next, advancing, developing all the time. There comes a time when you should think about what to do next in your life. How to live? How to change your life? We ask ourselves these questions very often, when we have troubles, problems or feel bad and sad. These are the questions we put to ourselves when we finish school and start a new phase of our life.

Let's start changing the world from ourselves. We shall tell our parents, grandparents, brothers and sisters what we want, talk about our feelings, dreams and plans. They certainly will understand us and support our efforts. Let's go through life with our friends and family.

Together it will be easier, simpler and more enjoyable. Together we work better, more quickly and efficiently, we can achieve more, of course, as long as we support each other in these activities.

So let's start changing the world from changing our own life, the world we live in. It seems to me that it is not that difficult, we just need a willingness. We need to take the first step, like a child that learns to walk, set tasks and goals, slowly, but steadily pursuing them. If everyone comes up now with an idea for what he or she wants to be and an action plan for the future, the world will definitely change for the better. So let's take matters into our own hands! We are enthusiastic teenag-

ers, it depends on us how the world will look, how it will change. Each new day brings about a change in our life, new experiences and thoughts. We need to shape our future, so that it is better for us and our loved ones. The world we live in needs some changes to be more beautiful, better and nicer.

Let's try not to hurt others. Sometimes just a kind word, a smile to a friend or a colleague, shaking a neighbour's hand is enough. Why not appreciate someone else's work and say thank you? Or help someone when he or she has troubles and problems? Use in everyday life "magic words" - 'please', 'thank you', 'I'm sorry'. It's not that difficult, is it?

So do not be afraid to create, shape, change. Let's not wait until something new comes to us just like that, it is impossible. Everyone can and should shape and improve his environment, make it better and more beautiful. You can not just live and do nothing for it. When we work on it, it will certainly develop. The world is not perfect, that's for sure, but I believe that in such one we all would like to live. Therefore, let's do everything in our power to get it. We can really achieve success, the only thing we need is to wish, to dare, to take the most important first step!

Natalia Rytel lat 11  
SP Nr 289 w Warszawie  
Lead teacher: Anna Kowalska  
Translated by Katarzyna Białas



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*The Number  
Golden though  
Any book,  
Any doctor,  
Can't replace  
Our own wide  
-awake mind  
Our own careful perceive*

*O'guru sage*





means...

# FOX HOUND HUNT FOR DEMOCRACY!

On Korczak's literary competition „We Can't leave the Word the way it is" we got over 100 works. Some of them are poetry revelation – that is why our all-points bulletin is following in literary fiction direction – but, is it really only a fiction? see how things go!

## „YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE THE WORLD AS IT IS!"

INTERVIEW WITH LEADER/MAYOR OF DZIEKANÓW LEŚNY

**Who is a sołtys- a village leader? What is this function? Probably very few people have heard about it. More often we hear: president, mayor. The Village head is a representative of the local community, mostly in rural areas. It is a social function. How it looks in reality? Let's hear about it from the leader of the Dziekanów Leśny village – Mr Marcin Etienne.**

### FAIRY-TALE NAME BUT THE REAL HEAD VILLAGE

Dziekanów Leśny (Forest Deans) really is called Dziekanów Bajkowy (Fairy-tale Deans). Why this name? In our village there are many streets that have fairy-tale names such as Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, the Good Fairy and many others.

When I started the conversation with Marcin Etienne, my first question was: "What function do you serve and what are the problems of village inhabitants?". Here is what I received in reply:

**Marcin Etienne:** I perform the social function of village head since 2009, and the term of office is four years. I set up assemblies, meetings with local residents about their problems. I try to integrate people by organising special events. The major problem is the lack of water and sewage systems, a terrible condition of roads and the lack of street lighting. This is a serious problem because 90% of the village roads are private, which makes it impossible to invest public money in modernization of the infrastructure.

**Weronika Etienne:** What problems did you manage to solve so far?

**M.E.:** Most importantly I managed to illuminate a large part of our road. This is a major achievement, as the case lasted three years. The second thing was a public information campaign. As a result residents donated about 1,200 m of land towards the road. Another issue was the modernization of the

playground (on the Waligóra street) and getting thirty thousand Polish zlotys from the resources of the European Union for the promotion of Dziekanów Bajkowy.

In addition, I was able to create a site for residents and newspaper "Goniec Bajkowy". An important achievement was the flattening of all roads in the village 2 times a year, and removing from them snow in the winter time. In addition, three times a year we organize events for residents. An example is the Easter event "Looking for Easter Eggs". What's more the village head runs the website and a newspaper "Goniec Bajkowy" to keep residents informed about events, parties and meetings.

Marcin Etienne founded a volleyball team and together they won the Cup of the Mayor of Lomianki Town.

### LOOKING FOR EASTER EGGS

On 14th April 2012 at our playground took place an Easter event called "Looking for Easter eggs". It was organized primarily for children. The party/fun began at 4 p.m. and my task was to take pictures.

Children had to find hidden balls for table tennis, which could be exchanged for chocolate eggs and bunnies. Children could also have fun on the playground, build with Lego blocks and take part in variety of competitions.

The greatest joy made a small road town with streets and little cars. Thanks to the presence of police officers, many of them learned to

traffic rules and road safety rules. During this time, parents could talk; eat grilled pork neck or sausages. All these activities were financed from the resources of the village fund. During the picnic, an art contest was adjudicated.

Each child received a reward for participation. It was nice to see the smiles on the children's faces.

### BEING THE DAUGHTER OF A VILLAGE LEADER

Why do I describe in detail the role of sołtys? I believe that this is an exciting and interesting function that requires hard work and dedication. I actively participate in various events, picnics and help my dad with organising and conducting them.

Each such event brings me great satisfaction because I can socially integrate people and give joy to children, for example by distributing Christmas packages.

I get experience, gain knowledge of politics and about specific social functions (mayor, councillor). In addition, I learn about important events which take place in Dziekanów Bajkowy. This is what village head does for the residents; he tries to make their village the best place to live. And because I'm his daughter, I can observe his daily struggles and how he works for the local community. Because "You mustn't leave the world as it is".

**Weronika Etienne, 14 lat,  
SG Nr 14 STO w Warszawie; Lead teacher:  
Magdalena Sadowska-Maciejewska  
Translated by Wioletta Siwek**

## Dear Mr Mayor

My name is Magda and I go to primary school.

I live in Ochota district, Warsaw. I am writing to you to ask a favor, but first I will tell you all the story.

Recently, more and more often I can see through my window children playing with trash. People passing them by are looking at them with contempt. I feel sorry for them, but on the other hand, I am angry because they leave such a mess in front of my window. I told my parents about it and they asked the children to clean up when they are done playing. The next day it was cleaned. In the evening we discussed this at home again. The children were creating lots of interesting buildings and objects made of trash taken out of the bin. They even built a room with a chair, a Christmas tree and a cabinet. Sometimes they climbed on the roof. Sitting on old chairs they were pretending to drink tea. We thought with my parents that if they had some toys to play with, they would create unusual things. Maybe they would learn better too and have more opportunities to develop their interests.

A few days later some students from junior high school played ball under our window. An old lady leaned out of a window and yelled that they were not allowed to play there. Then my mom came down to them and asked why they didn't play on the schoolyard. They told her that it is forbid-

den and that they already have no place to play, and the park is too far. Parents learned that under the new regulations students are not allowed to stay on a pitch without supervision.

I asked my mom what it was like when she had been a child. She replied that children could play in the backyards, ride a bike, play football. On her yard there always were a lot of kids and a lot of things has happened.

Unfortunately I have to say that nowadays adults do not even allow children to draw with chalk on the sidewalk. What can children do when they are not allowed to move away from home and their parents do not care about them, their education and interests. What can they do outdoors? They do not have anyone who could take them to extra-curricular activities. No one will show them how they can spend time actively, now for this purpose there are specifically designated areas, but they are too far away for those children.

Dear Mr. Mayor, I am writing to ask for help for my colleagues, who are not bad, but they perceive the world differently, because no one showed them that education and good manners can be "cool". They are nice young people who just do not know how to behave properly and speak in a cultural way, because no one ever spoke with them about it. Maybe if some volunteers, that would know how to talk to these children, came to the yard, it would



# outsider



## THERE WILL BE NO END OF THE WORLD

In the world there are about 6 billion people, every day someone is born and someone dies. Some even don't have time to understand what the life is before meeting their death. And a sad truth is, that regardless of our character or our place in the society, we are not as original as we think. We are all the same, just like everyone even without changing anything, absolutely anything. Every morning I wake up and I think about things most people around the world do. What to put on? Have I taken everything with me? Have I packed my lunch? Funny, because somewhere someone I don't know wonders if his

while others are passive. Face the hardship and tragedy and think about what to do when everybody else is turning the blind eye. Why does everyone know how to live environmentally friendly, but not everyone is obeying the rules? Why do all teenagers have excellent advice they can't follow themselves and in the end they only sit in front of the computer and do nothing? Why do popular among peers kids that listen to rap music, written by people who know what poverty is, simultaneously tease poorer children? Why only once in a while you have a moment of reflection, but then you just shrug your shoulders and go your way.

I live just like everybody else, worrying about homework and forgetting about starving children and wars all over the world. So is my life worth more than the one that ends before it even began? If I have a chance, why not to grab it?

So many people we've learnt about at school have had changed the world, not all of it but some part. People like Janusz Korczak are born one-in-a-million and so are you. Why don't you change the world? Why don't you turn off the tap not to waste water? If you don't like the government, become a politician. Give your money for WOŚP (polish charity action). You say you're lonely. Become friends with other lonely people. Not everything is complicated. Anyone can have a great ambition, but not everyone is able to fulfil it. What about you? Can you change the world? Will your name be in a history book?

The world is my home. My children and grandchildren will see it different than I do. But will the world change for the better or for the worse? Re-

gardless of what happens next, what wars will begin and what disasters occur, do not leave the world as it is. I will certainly add to it an element of myself tomorrow, and I'll start doing it today.

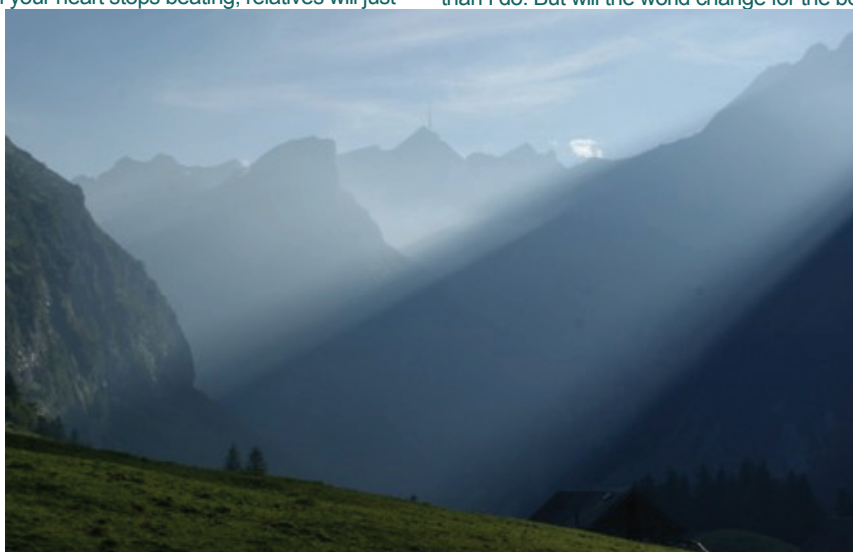
Janusz Korczak said, "Do not leave the world as it is". Robert Baden - Powell said "Try to leave this world a little better than it is." And I say that: there will be no end of the world unless we will end it.

Katarzyna Stankiewicz,  
14 lat, MDK Ochota  
Translated by  
Wioletta Siwek

mother would return home this night. Will he or she have enough food to eat? Or maybe just this morning, when I was running to school worrying for I will be late, a child who didn't even finish kindergarten died. It is sad, isn't it?

Everyone has one life only. There are no vampires that live forever, no elixirs of life or wizards who can resurrect you. Or maybe you think that you can change the world after death? I don't mean to question nobody's beliefs nor religion, but when your heart stops beating, relatives will just say the prayer and bury you in the ground.

So you have only one chance to leave something behind and instead you follow dull routine for generations. Maybe you're waiting to have an epic adventure worth describing in books. But there's no such thing like free lunch. Somewhere, someone is starving, fighting for liberty, commits suicide, finds out that he or she is deadly ill. And you? You sit in front of your computer in your warm house watching time passing by. The point is not to change the whole world, but to act



change their lives. I know that when we are kind to them, they are able to repay the same.

I know that with your help they lives can change. Although it is a small thing, please do understand my request, because all little things belong to the world and by improving them we are slowly changing the world for the better.

Sincerely,  
Magdalena Waszkiewicz

Edyta Lewaskiewicz kl 5  
Szkoła Podstawowa Nr 175  
w Warszawie,  
Lead teacher: Katarzyna  
Nowak; Translated by  
Wioletta Siwek

## WE CANNOT LEAVE THE WORLD THE WAY IT IS

The world as I see it is colorful, cheerful, carefree. I'm 12 years old, I skateboard and meet my friends. I've got wonderful parents and grandparents and marvelous house. And I would not like it to be changed.

Sometimes I hear from TV, radio or people whom I meet in the tram while going to school or coming back home, that the world isn't that good and beautiful. There is a lot of violence, intolerance and not enough sensitivity for others people's pain. In the world there are many wars

in which kids are often innocent victims. Janusz Korczak during his life also experienced a lot of harm and often worried about his dependants. It can be said that since then, little has changed.

War is war!

Harm is Harm!

We can't accept it!

People, Governments, politicians should come to an agreement because due to their conflicts innocent people suffer. We do not need war, without it there is a lot of violence as well, even in school among children and ado-

lescence. Stronger exploit weaker, terrorize them.

We can't accept it!

Stronger should support them, give them a helping hand. World can't be left like this! Wars and violence should be stopped now. People should be friendly and good-hearted. I thought to myself why people do people despite all these horrible things happen don't say ENOUGH!

After all, it can also happen to them and their close family. It's such a pity that Janusz Korczak is no longer with us. In my

opinion he would be a wonderful Ambassador to the United Nations for children and all the suffering people. Thanks to his personality he could have done so much good for our world. And who knows, maybe thanks to him there would be less wars and violence in this world? And the world could remain colourful and beautiful – exactly as my 12 year old eyes can see it.

Hubert Kalisz, 12 lat;  
Zespól Szkół nr 62  
w Warszawie  
Lead teacher:  
Renata Tankielun



**ROK  
JANUSZA  
KORCZAKA**

**2012**

**Nie ma  
dzieci  
- są ludzie**

**NEWS  
AND FLASHBACKS**

## LITERARY COMPETITION "DO NOT LEAVE THE WORLD AS IT IS"

The final ceremony of the literary competition "Do Not Leave the World As It Is" published by "Korniszon" magazine, organised by "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre under the patronage of Ombudsman for Children and the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak, took place on 19th June 2012 at "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre.

The idea of the contest was inspired by one of the most popular quote of Janusz Korczak "Do Not Leave the World As It Is" and the 70th anniversary of his death at the Treblinka extermination camp. The story of his life was filmed by Andrzej Wajda in 1990 movie "Korczak", showing him as a symbol of heroic sacrifice, loyalty and responsibility.

We wanted to show Janusz Korczak not only as a mythical hero, but also as an ordinary teacher who fought against evil and violence, who treated each child with respect, and as a writer whose books are still very popular and whose ideas are still alive in modern pedagogic.

The participants were aged between 10-19 years. Their task was to create anything from an essay, letter, diary to poem or even a song in any way inspired by a contest subject "Do Not Leave the World As It Is" The project did not have to refer directly to the work or the life of Janusz Korczak. The most important was original approach to the subject and creativity.

**P. Jadwiga Wieczorek wręcza nagrody laureatom**



We received over a hundred projects, which were extremely diverse, but all very original, beautiful and emotional, evidence of fascinating intellectual adventure. The

awards were granted unanimously by the completion board led by: Anna Szwed – chief editor of "Korniszon" philologist and literary scholar, director of "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre; Jadwiga Wieczorek – representative of the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak; Anna Gryglewicz – journalist, editor of "Korniszon", teacher/instructor in Youth Centre and Aleksandra

Szwed – co-founder of "Korniszon", winner of many literary contents and a cultural studies graduate.

Laureates received diplomas and symbolic gifts, awarded projects will also be published in "Korniszon" magazine from September to December 2012. Winner's names are posted on Youth Centre website:

[www.mdkochota.com](http://www.mdkochota.com) where you can also find next edition of "Korniszon".

The best projects are published in this special issue of "Korniszon" dedicated to Janusz Korczak.

**Editor-in-Chief: Anna Szwed  
Translated by Gosia Sawicka**

## "IF YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD, START WITH YOURSELF" Anna Szwed

Like every year for the last five years, this year's drug prevention and development camp for Youth Voluntary Peer Emergency Service (MOPR)(Krag village, 24.07.-7.08.2012) organised by Warsaw Department of Polish Society for Prevention of Drug Abuse in collaboration with Youth Community Centre in Ochota district with the financial support of the Capital City of Warsaw and local authorities of Nowy Dwór Mazowiecki town, Marki town and Radzymin town, brought together youth leaders from various environments. These young people wanted not only to relax during holidays, but also to have inspiring meetings with peers, to discover new truths about the world, people and about themselves while working together. The main purpose, distinctive feature and nature of MOPR camps are



intensive workshops, in which participants can develop their creativity and shape positive attitudes towards life. The thought of Old Doctor "We mustn't leave the world as it is" that has been accompanying us this year, the Year of Janusz Korczak, not only formed the character of the camp, but also is identical to the fundamental message of MOPR. The youth wish to improve their environment, to have an influence on their own lives and the world around them, helping peers effectively solve their problems. MOPR members have already found out that the essential thing is to improve one's performance and to consciously form one's identity, that is to build one's own value system, to shape personality and attitudes towards various subjects. One of the workshops organised in Krag for the third time covered issues and methodology of the preventive theatre in terms of peers prevention and education. In two groups we explored the preventive potential of two well-known fairytales "Hansel and Gretel" and Little Red Riding Hood. The participants were exploring new meanings of the stories, identifying witches and wolves existing in today's world,

creating narratives of today's young people based on fates of fairy-tales' characters and trying to find effective and practical solutions to their problems that would bring a new message to the story as well. Four dramas, that were created, illustrated the youth concepts about how to change the world. They were staged, watched by camp community and received warm applause.

The workshops of the third and the oldest group of MOPR veterans, which by virtue of their seniority took the humorous name of Old Gingerbreads (polish expression for what we call Old Fogeys - translator's annotation), took on the character of an interpersonal skills training. These activities weren't easy, but both participants and coaches were very satisfied. The young people had to face sometimes uncomfortable and shocking truths about their functioning in the society and relations with others, important things they sometimes failed to realize. With great effort and determination they were trying to earn mutual trust, discover hidden treasures of the other man's heart and uncover their own. On the Desert Island they were seek-

ing not only the way to survive, but also and above all their place and role in the group. It released strong emotions and showed them how other participants perceive them. It wasn't our aim to create a play, but on the last meeting of the series we performed an experiment on something that could give the other campers a sense of what we were doing during the workshop and would be it's summary and crowning achievement.

We started with defining the complex feelings that accompanied members of the group in relations with peers during the camp. Everyone has written down his/her own experience on small pieces of paper which were put into the hat and mixed together. Then they were picked at random out of the hat and read aloud. This guaranteed a sense of security and participants didn't focus on their own sensations, the emphasis was placed on a group experience. We have chosen the most often mentioned negative, even destructive emotional states: loneliness, sense of being rejected, disappointment, anger and rage, anxiety and fear.

**Continued on page 16...**



## THE 21<sup>st</sup> FINALS OF THE "MY TOY" CONTEST



The finals of the 21st "My Toy" contest, under the patronage of Ombudsman for Children and the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak, took place on 16th May 2012 at "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre. The aim of the competition was to develop sensibility and creativ-

ity amongst young people, by asking them to create their own toys, as way of proving how unimaginative the toy market actually is.

In conjunction with the Year of Janusz Korczak a special category of the competition was to create a toy representing a se-

lected character from Korczak's book "King Matt the First". A special award in this category for the creator of the most interesting toy and for the teacher, under whose direction the work was performed, was granted by the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak represented by its chairwoman Mrs Barbara Sochal.

Thirty eight children took part in this special category, and prize winner was Dominika Gawel (10 years old) of Primary School No.3 in Marki.

The award was also granted to her teacher Mrs Maria Dolewska.

Association of Janusz Korczak also recognised toys made in the annual category of the contest – therapeutic toy. The task

here was to design and create a toy which could help the sick child cope with stress, pain or help him/her in dealing with problems. In this way apart from the creativity, imagination and artistic skills young people can also develop their empathy. Forty seven contestants took

part in this category, and the winner was Szymon Gajda (12 years old) of Primary School No. 14 in Ursus, together with his teacher Mrs Lidia Rusak. During the final event special awards on behalf of the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak was given by Mrs Iwona Brzewska.

Apart from the first prize winners additional prizes and awards were funded by Department of Education for the District Ochota together with Reduta Shopping Centre and Council of Parents in "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre.

All toys are displayed on the post-competition exhibition at the "MDK Ochota" Youth Centre until the end of the year.

Translated by Gosia Sawicka



## THE MUSICAL „KING MATT THE FIRST” ALREADY ON THE STAGE!

Every year musical group Dream Team of MDK Ochota makes a music show, of preventive and educational character, often based on well-known stories, which these young artists always transform creatively into something new.

In the Year of Janusz Korczak the basis was, naturally, his book "King Matt the first". The performance was created on a camp organised in cooperation with the division of Polish Society for Prevention of Drug Abuse in Warsaw, thanks to the financial support of the Department of education and upbringing of Ochota district of the capital city of Warsaw. The final artistic shape gained a lot due to interdisciplinary artistic workshops conducted in MDK

under creative peer education programme for schools "On the OTHER SIDE of the MIRROR- live with passion and change the World", implemented by the Ministry of National Education. The thematic basis for both Project were works and thoughts of Janusz Korczak. The plot of the musical is only in general outline a reflection of the book story of King Matt. In fact, in this independently created scenario the young artists modified and updated it. They changed event the meaning of the story of the king- child, who in the Korczak's story bear the total failure in all attempts to materialise his beautiful dreams. The meaning of the musical is much more optimistic – here King Matt really changes the world and people

around him, the good wins the evil showing that the real wealth of man is not tangible, but his spiritual qualities, the ability to see beauty, his dreams and friendships. The musical characters often use the words of Korczak himself, literally quoted, or processed in the phrases of the songs sung by the children. The premiere of the musical, which was held on 18 October, filled to the brim and overflowed the hall of MDK, and spontaneous applause of the audience after the performance was the crowning of the efforts of young creators.

It will be presented again repeatedly until the end of the year, not only for children and youth audience, but for everyone interested.

**NEWS  
AND FLASHBACKS**



**ROK  
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**Nie ma  
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## ..... LET KORCZAK THE INTERVIEW WITH BARBARA SOCHAL, PRESIDENT

**2012, year of Janusz Korczak, led us to a meeting with Ms. Barbara Sochal - President of the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak - a conversation which threw a new light on our understanding of the author's books on the childhood of several generations of Poles. We hope that after reading the interview everyone will find a moment to reflect and feel the need to get to know a man, for whom the most important goal of his life was the child welfare.**

**K.: For what reason is Janusz Korczak particularly close to you?**

**B. S.:** I graduated as a teacher. Over the years, I have been dealing with child and human rights, international youth cooperation and collaboration with Israel. Janusz Korczak - Henryk Goldsmith - is the first Polish Ombudsman for children, so his ideas are close to my professional interests. He is an extraordinary person to me, I find him fascinating time and again and I admire him. Some of his pupils survived the Second World War, and they are scattered all over the world. They remember him, which is of constant fascination, and is something extraordinary. Korczak's achievements need to be re-read, if only because the language has changed, as the one used some years ago is already outdated at times, and his thoughts should be given a new dimension - modern. Research into the works and achievements of the Old Doctor is still going on, and you can refer to the sources, although it is believed that the publishing market should bring out more items - renewals. Despite this, Korczak's garments are known in the world. I was surprised so much that, for example, in Japan - Korczak is almost on a par with Chopin. It is the same in Ethiopia. When a group of journalists came from the country to the association to learn more about Janusz Korczak, we were all impressed with their knowledge.

**K.: Is Janusz Korczak as well-known in Israel as he is in Poland?**

**B. S.:** He is very well-known. He was a Jew, and took care of orphans, who were Jewish and Polish. His biography is not only about caring for children in Warsaw, but also his travel to Palestine, where perhaps in other circumstances he is to remain. On the other hand - his beloved city: Warsaw, where he was born, grew up and spent virtually all his life. Here, he experienced different situations, even anti-Semitic campaigns of the thirties in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It was not a simple biography; it imprinted in him all the problems that were associated with the coexistence of two nations: Polish and Jewish. And his youth - in addition to life still under tsarist annexation.

**K.: What are the objectives of the Association?**

**B. S.:** The Polish Association of Janusz Korczak is a little unusual, because it operates in a network of international associations. Janusz Korczak - the international community, is growing not only in Poland. And goals are generally related to the promotion of creativity, activities and the character of Janusz Korczak. He was a very colorful character, because as you know he was also a doctor, teacher, columnist and social activist. He ran his own broadcast on the radio and wrote a wonderful book for children, which is still read today. Janusz Korczak's work is huge and one of the main aims of the Association is popularisation and research. And because he was very much involved with the youth, our goals are associated with creating wide-ranging education and working with children and young people, including the disabled.

**K.: How long have you been in the Association?**

**B. S.:** I was elected President in October last year. The presi-

dent before me was Professor Jadwiga Bińczycka, but due to health reasons had to opt out of this position, but remained Honorary President. I have known the professor for several years, whom I have collaborated with, when I worked in the Ministry of National Education.

My relationship with Korczak is largely due to Mrs Bińczycka, who included me in a variety of events, such as the creation of the monument of the Old Doctor and Children near the Palace of Culture and Science in Warsaw.

**K.: Who works within the organisation and what is involved?**

**B. S.:** Our association is based solely on voluntary and seconded work. Today, you rarely meet an organisation which is run in this way, and it was new to me. The Polish Association of Janusz Korczak not only include schools and educational institutions which bear his name. There is also cooperation with others, as well as individuals. Last year was "Warsaw Salon", where people came together: scientists, artists, writers, educators, volunteers - people who are interested in different contexts of the work and achievements of Janusz Korczak. On the other hand a Group from Mazowsze mainly focuses on institutions such as schools, educational organisations and NGOs. Thus, our association is a colorful and, I think, unusual.

**K.: How long is the history of the Association?**

**B. S.:** Right after the war, the survivors began to assemble documents relating to the life and work of Janusz Korczak/Henryka Goldszmit. All of the collected memorabilia transferred to the Historical Museum of Warsaw, which as an institution took over the care of the state process remains the legacy of documenting the scientific, creative and publicist achievements of Korczak. The Association went their own way - the social organization - which is highly developed in Poland, mainly due to the schools and institutions bearing the name of Janusz Korczak. In Poland approximately 400 institutions and organizations bear his name, but not all belong to the Association, but all are more or less looking for in their own way, a relationship with this great character. Some schools celebrate a day of their patron once a year, but there are those who work in the spirit of Korczak every day. But it is not easy. Here we can ask the question: if each school is open to Korczak, to respect the rights of pupils, the "children's court" to evaluate teachers? Now we recognize that the school is prepared for the fact that the teachers' council has been assessed by the pupils every day, because the Old Doctor used this form constantly. This is an important question: how today we are able to accept the school in the democratic process to apply these methods, which he invented many years ago.

**K.: Yeah, that sometimes does not warp the thoughts of Janusz Korczak? Sometimes, pupils have more rights than teachers.**

**B. S.:** Any educational institution respects Polish law and all kinds of internal regulation, including Statute of the school or the Rules of the pupils government. The problem is not only the implementation of these provisions by the whole school community, but also the culture of mutual relations. Creating a culture of schools and institutions can't be described as the only language of the law. However, Korczak lived by the same rule and had actually been brought before a court of wards, at the same level as orphaned children and was sentenced to a couple of times and had the honor to receive it. This ensured that the balance was maintained. I think that today this could prove to be too difficult in all Polish schools.

**K.: So you would go for the idea of Janusz Korczak, the estimate should be on both sides: adults respect children, children respect adults.**

**B. S.:** Respect and the subjectivity of the child are the basis for the teaching of the Old Doctor's mind, hence the slogan of the Year of Janusz Korczak 2012, set up by the Polish Parliament: In the Year of Janusz Korczak the initiator of the establishment Marek Michalak the Ombudsman for Children chose the phrase "There are no



# BE REINVENTED

## POLISH ASSOCIATION IM. JANUSZ KORCZAK

children, only people". We are all human beings, regardless of age and we must take ourselves seriously, with dignity. I do not believe that children have smaller or greater rights on the ground that he is a child, and not in the future when a child becomes an adult. But he also talked about other rights that children deserve. He wrote about it in his books. He wrote and dreamed he would be a writer, he was also a doctor, but he wrote for children and about children. This creed, we are talking about, formulated in the book "How to Love a Child", created in the trenches, when, as a new doctor in 1905 was sent to the Russian-Japanese front. Lying in mud in the trenches, in the roar of cannon fire he wrote his masterpiece. The fact that, in these circumstances, he thought about the children proves how much he loved them and how he was as a man.

**K.: What are your expectations for the Year of Janusz Korczak?**

**B. S.:** I would like that Janusz Korczak was re-discovered once again. To not have been shelved, as the "senior teaching thinking" that something had come up, but now we come up with something more modern, more intelligent, and Korczak's ideas will remain at best a source of inspiration. I think that the work of the Old Doctor still has enormous potential, both intellectually and sensitively – he had a particular way of thinking about children, about people and about society. I would not like a false time. I hope that it will be a year of difficult deliberation, solving problems and asking questions. It is basic, yet difficult, that today Korczak can tell us about how the world destroyed the value of the human condition and will rebuild this world, a place in it for a child, the weak and disabled, nobody is excluded. I hope that this will be the year that not only we can't forget, but we will think about and we will take him from the pedestal. Polish Korczak sees awareness as a martyr, who was a lifelong giver to children and went with them to death. But it was obvious, he could not do otherwise. At that time he was already very ill. As a doctor, he was aware that the conditions of the ghetto held unimaginable poverty, hunger, vermin (as he wrote in his diary), he had little chance of survival and refused to leave the orphanage to go to the Aryan side to save himself, it would have been a renunciation of everything that he loved most - children. I hope that Korczak is portrayed "as a whole" since the days of his childhood and youth, when he was not only a doctor but also a soldier, a writer, a man of flesh and blood, that this was his goal in life and he pursued it to the end.

**K.: But the fact is that this death really influenced our thinking about the Old Doctor, and somehow it's hard to break away from that.**

**B. S.:** Yes, there was a time when we had a huge demand for the creation of a monument for the martyrs. The question is whether it is time to recognize normal people who were great, and Korczak was certainly one of them. His portrait made his own life, his work, not monumental. When you read Korczak's "Diary", you will read about his moments of weakness, doubt and educational failures. He smoked cigarettes ... he was simply an ordinary man and in his stubbornness insisted on love and respect for children. Janusz Korczak is often perceived by his death, and not by his life and death. He could not do otherwise than to support his colleagues and the children of the orphanage 'til the end.

**B. S.:** And now I ask you. What rights do you think are the most important to children? We'll see if it covers the concept of Korczak. I recall that in the Polish legislation a child is a person under 18 years old, you

probably don't exceed that age?

**K.: Yes.**

**B. S.:** So for you, what is most important? What is right? What do you expect from adults, from parents, from other people? What is your fundamental right?

**K.: The right to life.**

**B. S.:** What else?

**K.: The right to education.**

**B. S.:** Korczak wrote about it, not directly, but he believed that children have the right to develop, to make mistakes. Also the right to education, assuming that one learns by one's mistakes. He believed that the child is both a poet and a philosopher, with skills of perception of the world and creation is not yet developed, as in adult poets and philosophers. Children ask basic questions as if a philosopher with full sensitivity and takes the world as a poet does. And at the same time makes mistakes which is probably obvious. Adults allow themselves the right to make mistakes, and do not ask if it belongs to them or not. And in the case of young people - as they make a mistake, it is not automatically their right. What other rights do you have or something else?

**K.: Obligations.**

**B. S.:** This should not be combined. These are two completely separate things. You cannot deprive human rights just because it does not fulfill its obligations - whether a child or an adult. Unfortunately, as sometimes happens in school. For example, contrary to the Constitution, no one can take away your right to education. But can reduce your privileges for non-fulfillment of obligations: the privilege of watching television, playing on the computer or going to the disco.

**K.: In what form can the association help?**

**B. S.:** I invite the youth to work together. What is important, is a good idea and enthusiasm for the project.

**K.: So really anyone can, independent of age and for what he was doing.**

**B. S.:** As a member of the Articles of Association can be any person who has completed 16 years. But as the association's facility or school, the whole school community naturally belongs to him. You are welcome to cooperate with a student, university and other institution which follow the ways of the Old Doctor. Those of you who would like to learn more about the Polish Association of Janusz Korczak we welcome you to our website: [www.pskorzak.org.pl](http://www.pskorzak.org.pl).

**K.: We wish to make it all complete.**

**B. S.:** Do you have any other questions?

**K.: Usually we end the interview with some "golden thoughts" to send to young people.**

**B. S.:** This makes me feel uncomfortable, to be put on the spot and come up with an instant "golden thought..." (*laughs*). I think the most important thing is that we respect each other. Know your

rights and respect them. I'd like to think our society has matured to the fact that every child has the right to live, to grow, to educate without violence, both physical and mental. Which is what the Old Doctor wanted.

**K.: Thank you very much.**

Interview conducted  
young journalists from  
Zespól Szkól Nr 26





# Tame the Winged Horse:

In our special edition we are giving you, lovers of sky run, lots of different texts, with different art forms, different topics, but similar with speech and envoy. Common denominator of all those

works is award and distinction In

Korczak's literary competition of Gherkin "We can not leave the world the way it is". They all are also perfect for autumn-winter's evening lecture, they will bring warm and sunshine into your life.

Do not leave the world as it is,  
Change along with it and change it.

Do not leave the world as it is,  
Love it and be loved.

Do not leave the world as it is,  
Make a new plan every day.

Do not leave the world as it is,  
It is waiting for you and your changes.

Laura Moroz kl. IVa, SP 264, Warszawa  
Lead teacher: Katarzyna Glinka; Translated  
by: Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles

## Kinga Osowska, Szkoła Podstawowa nr. 10 w Warszawie

- I can't stand it. When it'll finally finish? - I said nervously in my friend's ear.  
- I don't know. It's so boring. Do you listen anything?  
- I'm not interested in topic.  
- Quiet! Focus on assembly! - yeah, you can't say even a word without a claim.  
I consider appeal's decoration. I didn't actually know what is this appeal about. I saw writing overhead: "We cannot leave the world the way it is."  
- Do you know, what's going on with this quotation?  
- More or less - my friend answered. She was nervous, if the teacher see us talking she will get annotation. I knew it also, but I wanted to continue our talk.  
- So...?

- I think, it's about one man... Janusz... yyy... Korczak. Yes! It's Janusz Korczak!  
- Shhhh! - This time it was trainer who pointed our bad behaviour out, but we knew that he would prefer to go out with his friends eat something to stay here. In fact, I'm not sure, but he just want to be retired. It's not the point so I will back to the main topic. To be honest, I was interested in this banner overheads, over those pupils - actors - who were trying to be interesting, creative and funny. Those 'party' was boring, but those motto... interested me. I read something about Janusz Korczak and I was really impressed of what he did for mankind. The next day I went into situation when some words quickly came to my mind. The words: "We cannot leave the world

the way it is."

\*

- Good morning! Wake up! It's seven am! - my mum was standing over my bed, poking me and shouting at me at the same time.  
- Ok mum! Just a minute!  
- No minutes left! Breakfast's waiting!  
- Ok, ok! - I got up reluctantly. I wasn't in the mood to go to school or even eat breakfast.  
When I had washed myself, more or less had myself up, I put my shoes on and left home.  
I get to school ten minutes before the bell. I wanted to stay far away to my class as long as I could, so I went on school field. I sat on a bench, found a book and opened it. Hardly I did it, the bell rang and I had to back to class.

## DO NOT LEAVE

In the class there was no teacher so general chaos fulfilled the room.

- Skunk! Jerk! - my beloved rank whose always knew how to 'get behind somebody and never annoy anyone', was just annoying one of our friend. I think I was the one, who didn't start talking with him from the words: 'you're abnormal' or 'you're psychiatric'.  
I remember the times when everyone liked him. The truth is that a friend in need is a friend in deed. When people was thinking that Marcin is a friend of famous actor he was the most popular guy at school. But when it turned out to be a gossip, Marcin fell to the bottom of the pile and was hated by the kids.

## JOANNA BARANOWSKA, 18 LAT, MDK OCHOTA DIARY FROM

18 September 1994, 10:00 PM

What's going on? Turn the lights off! Leave me alone! Who are you? I don't want to go anywhere! What's going on? Who is crying so much? Ach... it's me... and everything around me belong to those world, which I knew from the stories. But why it's looking so strange? I imagined it in completely different way... Au! Why? Why I got slap? Only because I'm staying here? Maybe... maybe not... maybe they want to prepare me to those world where you're getting slaps from the fate everyday... I want to get back from what I came from.

18 September 2011, 3 PM

I have quarrel with my mum, again, she doesn't understand me, no one does! I'm almost adult, why I can't go for a weekend with my friends? What can happen? Why she is worried so much, I can crack it...! And those story about girls, it'll never be like it used to be. Why world can't be better?

18 September 2012, 6 PM

I'm talking with Kate. I told her which shoes she should choose, we are laughing. We are so young, we've got whole life ahead of us... I'm going through the street, I can see the light again. It's brighter and I can feel sudden pain, terrible, sharp pain. There is lots of people around, someone is screaming, one kid is crying and me... But where am I? I think, I'm laying on the street, I feel clear pain. I'm in the middle of everything. There is so many people over me, and ambulance's sound become louder and louder... darkness.

18 September 2012, 8PM

Where am I? What happened? Why here is so bright? I can see those terrible light again. I hear someone's steps. It's nurse, she is coming to me, giving me a jab and telling something about dream. I don't want to sleep, I was hurry somewhere, but where...? Dream. I feel so light, I don't even feel the pain. My dream is about walking to the light, yes, the same light, it's always with me. Suddenly a man appears ahead of me, he is giving me a paper and walking away. Light is disappearing as same as he is, I'm waking up. What a strange dream. So unreal and real at the same time. Wait a second, what is it? I'm holding something in my hand. It's a paper from my dream, how it is possible? I'm taking it close to my eyes and making it open. There are hand wrote words inside: "We cannot leave the world the way it is." What's going on? Someone is walking again. It's my mum, she's crying, but why? Everything is ok now, I'm here. She's coming to me, taking me by my hand, we are talking. She told me everything, where I had been hurry up, why I had been. It turned out that I would have had my 18th birthday party at evening. I went home too late, as I always did, everyone would have probably been well-timed... Right! What's with the guests? I've to tell them everything, they can't wait and worry about me! I'm glad my mum is here, she'll handle everything. I couldn't have had better present for myself. I suddenly remember about paper in my hand. I'm asking myself where does it come from... I'm asking my mum did she saw anyone here but she knows nothing. Doctor asked her to

leave my room and let me take a little rest. But how can I fall asleep when I can't forget those man with a beard, glasses, and old-fashionable clothes... Who is it? And what's going on with those sentence: "We cannot leave the world the way it is." I can't stop thinking about it even for a while. Maybe it's a coincidence? Maybe it's high time to stop and think for a while about life, about world. Maybe someone decided that I can't die before I do something for the mankind. Maybe I have a mission...oh Good! I'm freaking out! I have to go for a walk. But, au! I can't move! The doors are so close, there are so many people, they are walking and they have no idea about the mess in my head. But maybe they're also thinking about changing the world? Maybe they are doing something to that end. What I can do by myself? I'm little, I'm no one for the world. And what if everyone think that nothing can change? That they can't do anything what will make a difference? Yeah, I can be irrational but if we have one million people and one person can change one thing, there will be one million things changed, am I right? It seems to me that I'm here because somehow, that those accident wasn't without a purpose... I can see little boy standing at my door with a gown, he's holding a book. I say hello, he's coming to me asking what happened and why I'm looking for reasons and purposes of everything. He's listening me very carefully, he's curious like he knows what I can fell, weird. Then he claim, he had to go, he's giving me his book and leaving my room. I took it, it's "King Matt the first" - I remember this story



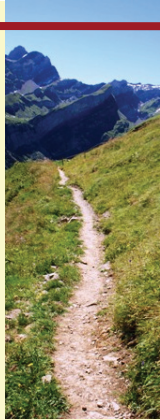
# „YOU MUSTN'T LEAVE THE WORLD AS IT IS”

## A future different from today

A future different from today  
Today, different from yesterday  
We don't know what will be  
But we know, what is today

Listen to your heart,  
Go forward.  
The world is changing.  
Who knows?  
Maybe one of us  
has already begun to change it today?

Jan Wagner, IVa, SP 264 Warszawa; Lead teacher: Katarzyna Glinka; Translated by: Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles



MY, YOURS, AND OUR WORLD

It would be a sin if a man left the world the way he found it.  
After all the world is a creator and a treasury.  
A Treasury of pieces.  
Every man leaves a piece of himself in the world.  
All these pieces combine and create further history.  
They gather together like sea gulls over the sea of the future  
and deliberate on the world's fate.  
But the most important task of man is to ensure his piece was the best.  
Thus man lives to change the world,  
and when he's gone,  
he can observe his own world from above.

Bruno Pawlak lat 13;  
SP 289, Warszawa  
Lead teacher: Anna Kowalska  
Translated by: Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles

## THE WORLD AS IT IS...

I tried to do something with it, but I only make it worst. Guys annoyed him more and more. Told him: you are a girl, you can't do anything on your own. Lesson passed calmly. Teacher was grim so no one wanted to mess with her.

Next was PE lesson. I hated PE. In our locker rooms was more violence then on a boxing ring. Especially at boy's locker room.

I had changed my clothes and went on a hallway to look on a posters.

- Ha ha ha! Look at him! He can't even fight!

- Stop!  
- You wish...! You're so funny when you're trying to fight with us.

I knew those voices. Few of

them belonged to guys from other class and one was Marcin's voice. I used to hear them together, but I was afraid to do something. But those day I changed it. I thought about yesterday's appeal, about Korczak... who would have never left anyone alone. And that's why I couldn't left Marcin.

In my opinion, Marcin was able to fight but he was too tired to do anything.

New, self-confident me, went to the place from which I could hear the voices. It seemed that the voices issue from the field. I had to heard them from the open door.

- Hey! Left him! What he did you? - I came closer to one guy and pushed him away

from Marcin. Everyone was shocked. No one expected I'm so strong. I was surprised also...

I take Marcin arm in arm and usher him to the hall.

- Are you ok?  
- Yes... wow... How did you do that?

- I'm not sure...  
- But, why? They couldn't did anything wrong to me at all.

- Appeal strength  
- What?  
- "We cannot leave the world the way it is."

- WHAT?  
- No, nothing. Check this on the Internet.

I don't under....- he couldn't finish because I toddle off in girl's locked room.

## PEN

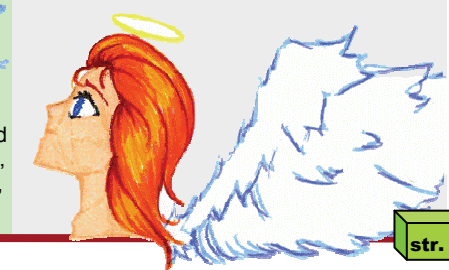
Sara Respekta, 17 lat  
XXIV LO im Cypriana Norwida w Warszawie

I'm dying ... white snowflakes gently fall on my face, melt, mix with my tears streaming down my cold cheeks. I lay on the snow and look at the gray sky. I can not move, I can not even breathe. With the last ounce of strength I look at the horizon. I see trees and fields shrouded in a thick down. I was so close ... I've run short by so little ...

I am an angel. I have white wings, long, red hair and blue eyes. My appearance is relevant to my work - protection. Here, at the top, our tasks are divided. Some help, others teach, and still others, like me, keep an eye on anyone not to be hurt. In my life, or rather existence, because there live people, not angels, I had a lot more or less responsible missions. The fact that I'm here, and I can tell you this, confirms I managed them well. We are very powerful, much stronger than human beings. Owing to that it is easier to us to fulfill our tasks.

On the other hand, if someone fails ...they die. No, it's a bad word. We do not exist anymore. For centuries, I am a security guard, as we are commonly called. But I have to change profession, a recommendation from the top. However, before the time off - I have the last command. Very strange. I admit that I did not understand it at all. This time I was not just to protect someone. First I had to find this person ... I got 3 tips - the first - my object is a girl. The second - she lives in a little town by the sea, and the third - the strangest, she is not in real danger. Broadly speaking I could not understand it. I wanted to get more information, but Akir - my boss - could not tell me anything more than what I had been told. Well, I had to deal with it by myself. Time was passing. I flew to look for her.

Continued on page 10....



## THE WORD

from my childhood. I open it and to my amazement I see those man from my dream. Janusz Korczak, the author... and on the next page I can see exactly the same words as those on my paper... Now I know for sure that it can't be an accident. We should change the world every day, but how? In what way? Do I have to write a letter to the President of the USA and tell him that he have to send food for African children? Do I have to stop the process of melting glacier? Or do I have to take to Queen's Schilling and take part in a war? Or maybe I have to do small things like telling 'good morning' to the neighbours and make them day better by this fact, maybe I should help my sister with homework and don't let her get bad marks? And another example: If I let to mother with children stand in the queue before me she will be able to come back home before her husband and prepare him surprise. We can change the world also by turning of the water or the light. I'm going to give some money for each charity foundation, it won't be enough for sure, but I want to show to people that it's worth to share what they've got. I'm going to listen others and answer them every time, I won't be unconcerned any more...! O! I'll be first to apologize after the quarrel. I have to think more how I can change the world, it's not an easy process. Hmm... it seems to me that not every change is visible immediately... Talking with those boy was like changing his world, he also changed mine by giving me his book, he solved my mystery, I have to thank him... Woow, what time is it? 10PM! I'm 18 years old, 18 years ago was a zero hour, I came into the world, now is zero hour again, I'm starting with

a clean slate. I'm adult, I'm changing my points of view, I decided to change the world! Maybe, someday I'll save someone, maybe I'll make someone's world more beautiful, maybe I'll be able to open somebody's eyes for something... I know, I know what should I do! I've got a plan!

18 September 2064, 1 PM

I'm going for a walk with my grandchild. He's asking about everything, what?, why?, how?... I'm answering with a patience, I'm changing his world by making his horizons wider. I often talk with people about the world, how they change them. Certain are like kids, make their eyes wide open ask lots of questions: How we have to change the world? What for we have to do that? What're you exactly talking about? I used tell them my story then. It's 52 years for those affairs. More than a half of age I changed my life, about half of age I changed the world. I don't know if I'm efficacious, if I do everything correctly, I don't know if I do everything what I should... Maybe someday I'll answer my questions, no.... I know it now. I've changed the world, my world and I've changed myself. I can feel fulfilled, my dreams came true, I left part of me on this world, my brick. I think there is only few people at my age, who can say what I can. Now I feel that I'm ready to stand eye in eye to those light which stands by me whole my life. I'm not going to ask more questions, I'll take it with humility... We're in the park, Filip is playing on the playground and I, invariably, for 52 years, I'm doing my job. I used to hang little papers with drawn smiles on a trees, benches, walls. I hope they'll do somebody good, they'll change the world, our world.

The town resembled a musty hole. The division into castes was clearly visible. In one part huge villas with pools, in others almost crumbling houses. Surprisingly - one school, one pitch! Several shops, a small creek, and a run-down fishing vessel bobbing in the water - more or less it was the picture I saw. What was I doing here? I did a few rounds of the houses. Once it was close for some man almost to fall directly off the stern on sharp rocks. I was about to fly up there but Teor stopped me. I guess I forgot to mention that there are not exactly, how to say, nice angels only. This one was for teaching lessons. This man repeated the same case a dozen times. He could not learn that the rotten boards needed to be replaced, so someone requested to finally teach him a lesson. Teor was perfect in that. Silver hair, black eyes ... Resigned I flew from there. By the end it was not my mission. The clock was ticking and I still could not find the target. I had to hurry up.

I paced back and forth the whole day. I saw hundreds of people, who I could be protecting, but every time either another angel pushed me away, or somebody did not match my description. However, when I watched these people, their rhythm of life, classes, I noticed a strange thing - most of the hearts were gray or black. I also I have to mention that as non-material beings we have many abilities and one of them is the ability to look through people. We are not mind reader, but we can see some emotions, motivations, and attitudes. Here the whole city is literally covered with sticky, gray glow. A horrible feeling. Each one locks themselves out in their own world of a little illusion that could fall like a house of cards. Something was wrong, and I did not know what.

I sat resigned on a tree branch next to school and watched kids going out. They laughed merrily, ran and played with snowballs. They were full of energy and joy, like children are. But there was something wrong ... Their hearts similarly to other people living in this town, were dark. Something like that I haven't seen for a long time. And then a girl drew my attention. Beautiful blond girl with brown eyes. She did not join any group; she lagged behind. She went straight and turned into the woods. My curiosity got the better of me and I lightly glided behind her. After an hour, when we were already deep in the woods, little girl came up to a tree and began to dig under it. I squatted intrigued by her. I squatted behind her. Suddenly the girl turned to me and I could swear that she looked straight into my eyes. I was waiting for her response without saying a word, any shout but nothing happened. She just looked around and went back to digging. A few moments later a wooden box appeared in front of our eyes. The girl opened it. Inside was a notebook. She opened it on a blank page, leaned against the tree and began to write. Paradoxically I knew that curiosity killed the cat... but I was so intrigued. I started reading ...

December the 6th

*As I woke up this morning, my mom was crying again. I did not know if she ever stops. Since Johnny died, she did not know how get herself together. I believe that one day she will succeed. She is strong, raised us, so I'm sure she can do it. But we're still hungry. Ms.*

*Hanna does not have as much food to feed us. Whenever I come, she looks at me reproachfully. I can understand her, as she does not have too much food. She has such a big house, so she must pay a lot for heating. The pool probably also requires special cleaning agents, especially in Winter ... We have are better off, because we have a small house with no heating, so we do not have to pay for electricity. Just gather some coal and it heats. But it is heavy. If only Daddy did not drink so much, he would probably bring it. But he either seats on his armchair or he goes to the bar. The liquid there is probably cheaper. I understand it; after all, he has a family, so he must save money. If only he took us somewhere sometimes or changed Matthew it would be easier. I am not so good in doing it. Last time when I tried to wake up my dad, he called me a whore and slapped me on the face. I did not know what the word meant but it must have been very bad, because no one beats without a reason. When I walked to school yesterday this lady was lying on the street again. She had blue feet and looked somewhere ahead. I walked over her and asked if I could help. She whispered that it was cold.*

*I was wearing two sweaters, so I took off one and gave it to her. She looked at me strangely and smiled, but she didn't even move. She only closed her eyes. I thought maybe she fell asleep, so I covered her feet with my*



*sweater. When I was coming back the same way, she was gone. I asked a man in the shop if he knew where she had gone but he only shook his head and said she had gone. I was a bit sorry, because she took my sweater, but then I thought that if it made her warm where she had gone, it's good. It is only a sweater! It's so wonderful to support others. My teacher at school often says so.. When her cat died last year, I went to the garbage dump, because there were often "wild" cats that I fed when I could I took the prettiest, the ginger one, and brought it to school after lessons. I knocked on the door and quickly ran around the corner. The lady came out, looked at the cat with disgust and kicked hard so that it reached me. Then I started crying. I took him in my arms and quietly went down the stairs. She really had to miss her old cat. All the time it lived in her heart. There was no room for another. Maybe in a while? I guess I have to go back. Ms. Alice promised to give me some potatoes, so I can cook the soup. Matthew and Carolina haven't eaten anything warm since yesterday. I do not know what happened next. I sat in the snow and I could not move. The girl hid her diary into a box, buried it and walked away. It was already night when I was able to move and flew to her home. I saw her mother lying in a dirty bed, there was a bottle with some drugs on the cupboard, lying next to a family*

portrait. There was a little boy on the picture, but I could not feel his presence. I wonder how he died ... Father was sleeping on the chair in the living room. He was unshaved and unwashed. He was snoring loudly, there were plenty empty bottles wallowing on the floor. I heard some whispers and flew to the floor. The light was on in one room. A blond little girl was reading a story to small boy. He looked at her with sleepy eyes. A few seconds were enough for him to fall asleep. The little girl wrapped the blanket tighter around him and she went to the crib in the back of the room. She neatened the quilt, turned off the light and left the room. She closed the door to her mother's bedroom, covered her father with a blanket, and went out on the porch and gave a little dog a large bone. It was the first time in my life when I started to cry.

How could I do my job? The girl was not threaten. My work was not to provide her food or help with scrolling. So I thought that it is not her. But one detail clearly dispelled my doubts - her heart was the only red. Gleamed like a ruby, was alive and real. That was she. But how could I help her? ...

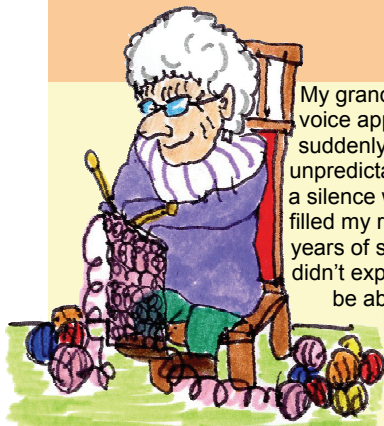
Flying over the city, I heard various conversations and noises. Someone was crying, someone yelled ... Conversations were empty and selfish. That's what hurts me most - you, people see only yourself. Just me, me, me ... If it goes on like that, there would be not enough angels "teacher" ... Suddenly I saw some red light in one window. Curiously I came over there and saw a young woman. She knelt by the bed and prayed. "Lord, forgive me I kicked the cat. He was so helpless, and I hurt him so! I miss my Mika so much that I cannot stand

other animals ... "That hit me! That was her! That's why I did not literally protect this girl! I had to help her to keep love she had inside and to protect her from the gray and indifference. She was like a diamond in the whole city, was its hope and salvation! Ah, why I haven't seen it before! Over the next days I did not leave a girl for a while. I used all my strength to I give her the energy to continue doing what she did - sharing her warmth, do not leave everything as it was, recovered from all her problems. But for me it was too late...

One girl was not enough. We were able to help a few people during this week a few red dots began to flicker merrily among the gray houses. This little girl began to "infect" everyone who she helped with love. And although she did not change her parents, she was not discouraged. However, over time I began to notice that the red slowly fades. Alone against the whole world? Who knows what will happen with her heart within a few years! Without help of other people, the girl will not survive - such is the world! And we cannot forget it! I did not manage to help. But that was probably the plan. I had only help to start something. My red hair now is almost white. I lay on the snow. These spots are so beautiful ... Snowflakes are glittering. I close my eyes. When the angel disappears, only the feather stays after her. I can give it to anyone, and this person will never forget me. Otherwise, the memory about us would have disappeared forever. I close my eyes. My feather I will give to a small, golden-haired girl. As only she deserves it...



## GRANDMOTHER'S SECRET



My grandmother's voice appeared suddenly like an unpredictable force in a silence which fulfilled my room. After years of silence I didn't expect her to be able to bring back memories of those days and tell the most dramatic

family story. She has never told us about her traumatic childhood survival which had influenced her personality. As far as I remember she was focused on 'here and now', wishing she would forget someday what had happened in her past. And I didn't push her under pressure, I didn't insist. I had been waiting...

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- When I arrived to the 'Orphan's house' close to 92 Krochmalna Street, it seemed to me that I was the most unfortunate and unhappy girl in the world. My parents died when I was very young and I was living on my own. I used to avoid peers, cried often, I was really withdrawn. I still remembered previous children's home where cruel and ruthless caretakers often beaten us and made us look small. No wonder that everyone in the Orphanage perceived me as a weird person. Everyone, except 'Mr. Doctor'. When I saw him for the first time, while walking through the gate of my new home, I knew subconsciously that he is different from others I had met through my whole life. He had worm eyes with cheerful look from behind his glasses and characteristic, dark beard. I was surprised when he gave me the most beautiful smile I had ever seen. He exuded good. When I saw him in that gate, bathed in sunshine, I thought he was an angel... - my grandmother burst into laughter. 'Mr. Doctor' and Mrs. Stefa Wilczyńska led this Orphanage. They were to take my parents place soon.

- Since then my life changed completely. I found friends in my room. We were laughing hard or trembling with fear. Especially when Mrs. Stefa was coming to us and was telling us various stories which she had heard somewhere. I don't remember any details of these stories, but I had always been waiting for those evenings. In turn, 'Mr. Doctor', wasn't only our dad, but a teacher as well. He used to treat us with respect, like adults. He taught us responsibility by giving us special duties and prizes when we made our first jobs well. He didn't shout at us at all. His method of bringing up children wasn't based only on hard punishment for all, even the smallest one, demerits.

- Of course there were some punishments, but no one suffered receiving them. But, after all, everyone loved 'Mr. Doctor' and no one wanted to disappoint him in any way. He understood kids like nobody else, he knew how to talk with them. One discussion I still have in my mind. More unusual than other I had with

him.

- Tell me about it, please.

Grandma was thinking for a while, she was trying to bring back the memory of the talk.

- I remember he asked me, if I knew why he loved kids so much. Because I didn't know the answer he told me his story: "Kids are the most innocent, purest beings on the earth.

They don't have any conformed value system when they are born. It's all up to us, adults, how we bring up the child and who they become in the future. Kids have the right to expect it from us. We can't dismiss them. If we don't show them what is good and what is wrong, we cannot expect them to know it and obey it in the future. Then parents shouldn't be but are surprised by the fact that their kid is a monster, that they are surrounded by evil.

- 'Mr. Doctor' stopped talking for a while, then said words I will never forget: "I know, in time of traditional bringing-up I can be alone with my theory. I also know, that I can't fix the world at all, but if I can make it works better, I'm ready to do my best.

I realized, that the time for the worst moment of the whole story came, the moment that terrified me, but at the same time made me curious. I felt that my grandmother, despite of visible sadness, was ready to talk about it. Without any intro she came to the point.

- I remember, when the second World War broke out, Orphanage was to face very difficult times. Warsaw was being bombed, then completely destroyed. It was more and more difficult to get food and clothes. We lived in constant fear of German's soldiers attack.

- "Mr. Doctor" was doing everything to protect us, but he wasn't able protect us from moving out to... ghetto.

- We stayed there for a long time, condemned on beggary, famine and illnesses. The time was going by so slowly, long hours in a crowded place were fulfilled with a boredom. Our teeth were chattering from cold and fright. 'Mr. Doctor' war in the worst condition, he probably got pneumonia. He was feeling worse and worse, we were worrying about him.

When ghetto was overcrowded, I watched more and more people going on a train transport and never coming back. Expecting the worst I asked Mrs. Stefa what it meant. I found out that it would also happen to us. I didn't believe it.

When we were getting on a train it was a hot, beautiful summer day. We were sitting crowded together in a carriage and 'Mr. Doctor' told us that we were going on a trip. That we would soon escape from the nightmare of war and we would be happy again. But kids knew. They cried, hug to 'Mr. Doctor' and Mrs. Stefa, and I, snuggled to 'Mr. Doctor's' hand, despaired the most. I curled up, I didn't want to see those high brickwork and barbed wire fence.

I remember those brickwork and crowd of soldiers, as it was yesterday. Our group went through the gate, me and 'Mr. Doctor' were to come at the very end. I held him because he wasn't even able to walk. And then one soldier held us for a second, told to wait and disappeared behind the wall.

We were left alone. And suddenly I got an idea! It was our chance to escape, but unfortunately my caretaker was too weak to do this.

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- Run! - He whispered and pushed me lightly as he was able to read my mind. I clung to his arm and broke into tears again.

- No dad! - I cried - I won't leave you! I will never leave you alone!

- You have to - He dropped his voice. - You have great future ahead of you! You can do lots of good for the world. I know you will not waste your chance. But remember! We will meet soon again! - a smile appeared on his face.

I couldn't listened to it anymore. Although I really wanted to stay with him my legs run as fast as they could to the tracks. I hid behind the carriage. I heard the soldiers coming back. I couldn't even look there. The most important people in my life were to die while my destiny was to stay alive, like 'Mr. Doctor' wanted. But this decision made me suffer, I couldn't get used to it.

It's not fair! - My soul screamed - Not fair!

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Now I'm sitting, holding my grandmother's hand and feeling petrified, fear is coming to my heart. My mind is fulfilled with thousands of thoughts, which I can't change into words. But there is one questions which doesn't leave me in peace:

- Grandma, if you had to choose again, would have you run again?

- It's difficult question, darling - grandma said lost in thought. - I faced the biggest dilemma, the biggest, I think, you could ever face - a choice between life and death. Sometimes I think, I made a mistake by leaving 'Mr. Doctor', Mrs. Stefa, my friends, maybe I should have stayed with them. But on the other had I was always more grown up and more serious than others, I understood Janusz Korczak thoughts and knew how to follow his plans and make his dreams come true.

I don't know if I succeeded, but I tried, for sure, to live my life according to the rules I learned from him. Besides, if I hadn't run away, you wouldn't have been born! - said my grandmother and stroked my head.

While I am thinking about her words, deeply moved by her story, I can sum up:

'Mr. Doctor' was right for sure. After all he was kid's friend and he sacrificed his life for protecting their rights.

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im. Marszałka Józefa Piłsudskiego  
w Warszawie;  
Lead teacher: Małgorzata Brzózka;  
Translated by Małgorzata Bartecka**

*Tame the Winged Horse:*



# Towards the Value

## WE CANNOT LEAVE THE WORLD THE WAY IT IS

I think people should not leave the world the way it is. It is obvious that not everyone is able to influence the whole mankind, change the course of war or discover something really important. There are only few people who can do that. But it does not matter. Everyone can change the world in their own way.

We often hear about fights, robbery and other similar acts. I saw an experiment, when one man had decided to check how people would react when a bike is stolen in front of their eyes. In a crowded place, in broad daylight. He approached the bike and started to clip the chain. A lot of people passed him by. No one stopped him. No one considered it. Everyone went by.

Assault and fights during which witnesses did nothing are also known. It happens very often. It's all because of indifference, which has become scourge of our times. I am sure that everyone could help. When someone is beaten we should take a few people with us, then it would be easy to drive a vandal off. We cannot leave the world the way it is. We should do our bests to change the statistics.

Albert Einstein's theory of relativity is important for sure but does not change anything in our day-to-day life. We do not think nor talk about it. The most important are people around us. We could for example start with nice gestures and words. They can bring happiness to our life. It makes us smile every time we hear and see them. This is not going to happen with the theory of Big Bang. It means that we care not only about those big people who we are taught at school about. Our friends and family are more important, they bring happiness. I think everyone could start changing the world with little things, day by day. In my opinion people like Mikołaj Kopernik should do their job but in a second order.

However, not only acts influence our world. There are other factors that play a big role too. I've heard about an interesting experiment, which everyone can do on their own. It's about putting rice to water in three identical glasses. The first glass is a control sample. About the second one, the researcher has to think in a bad way, every day, for one minute. You have to curse it in your mind. And with the third one, for a change, the explorer should think only good things. It's important not to say anything, you only have to think intensely. After fifteen days first and third glass will be almost the same. But the second one will look the worst. Rice will be mouldy. There should be strange, brown ugly glop.

The conclusion of the experience is that our imagination can change the world around us. How often do we think badly about someone? How often do we think this way about ourselves? Is it really worth the effort?

Changing the world is not as difficult as it seems. It is enough to do small things, help or think positively. We cannot and should not leave the world the way it is, especially because making a change is not a difficult process.

**Cezary Turski, Lat 16**  
Gimnazjum nr 47

im. Marszałka J. Piłsudskiego w Warszawie

Lead teacher: Ewa Skoczek

Translated by Małgorzata Bartecka

### You mustn't leave the world as it is

indifferently pass  
by the poor  
express your contempt

Don't turn your back  
don't go away  
don't hurt  
help

Stop  
Chat for a while  
Give them a ray of light,  
a glimmer of hope...

Help with little steps  
Don't miss  
The Little Match Girl  
Open your doors to her

You mustn't leave the world as it is  
You are changing along with it

**Bruno Biernacki ZS 69**  
w Warszawie

Lead teacher: Renata Tankielun

Translated by:

**Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles**

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
Without the values of humanity,  
Without Life for life

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
With fierce anxiety when rape - Father  
violence - Mother, death - Life.  
World - carrying the echo of crime,  
Without the tiniest existence of LOVE.

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
With the window of fear, with the hazy image of an uncertain  
future,  
With a low, fading voice crying: 'HELP'.

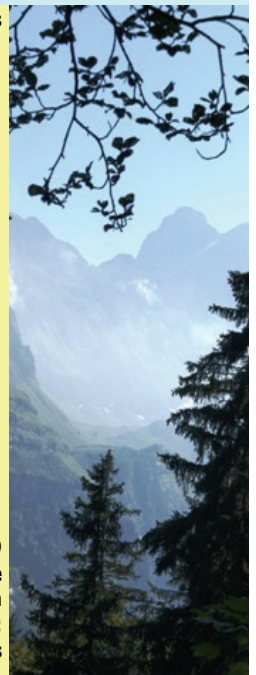
You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
Where denial permits the cruelty of slaughterer mankind  
Where a man is following THAT path,  
The dark, sinful path into the light of freedom,  
Without chiaroscuro.

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
Where everything is for sale,  
Where life passes from hand to hand.

You mustn't leave the world as it is,  
With a false groan of Existence without Heroes...  
Without moral courage, with no simple, „I forgive you...”

**Dominika Szejko, 18 lat, Technikum nr 9**

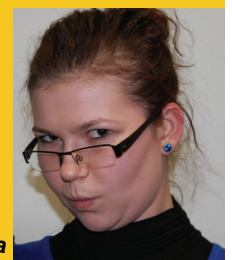
Lotnicze im. Bohaterów Narwiku; Lead teacher: Katarzyna Kwiatkowska; Translated by: Aleksandra Nawalany & Iain Coles



### Good Words Dictionary:

## THE TEACHER

In this special issue of "Korniszon", dedicated to Janusz Korczak, we are going to explain what the word teacher, that conjures up the memory of Korczak himself, means. There are a lot of stereotypes, myths and stories about teachers and pedagogues. Everybody has bitter-sweet memories of them. You all know very well that in the course of our life we meet various teachers; some of them always give us a lot of homework and responsibilities, some take tender care of and guide us on the educational path. The teacher is a person we associate with schooldays and who plays significant role in educating and bringing up children. To perform this job you definitely need a vocation and a patience of a saint. A good educator always tries to understand and to help, shares his or her knowledge and experience. He or she has to be nice and funny, but demanding as well. In each child he/she can recognize and appreciate abilities, potential and talent and knows how to make most of them. Sometimes he/she turns a blind eye on falling behind in or absence from school. With the years Teacher gains authority of his students and becomes a shining and inspiring example that shapes their character. He/she always wants to help, truly, honestly and wholeheartedly and becomes deeply involved, dedicates a lot of time to his/her foster children, shapes their perception of the world, of other people and develops children's cultural and civic consciousness. As a token of gratitude for the work they particularly welcome happiness, smiles and successes of the children. I think that Janusz Korczak's thought "An educator who does not enforce but sets free, does not drag but uplifts, does not mould but shapes, does not dictate but instructs, does not demand but requests, will experience inspired moments with the child." seems to be a valuable supplement to our definition. I wish you all to meet only the Teachers and that you cherish deep in your heart warm memories of them forever.



Translated by Marlena Perczyńska Doktor Zrehabilitowana Kornisława Kisze-Zieleńska



## „Adult thought, kid watched”

“Child is an understanding being, who knows his needs, difficulties, traps of his life” as Janusz Korczak said.

Unfortunately a lot of adults forget about I or do not want to accept those truths, which had been announced since the II World War by eminent buff of kid’s psychology. Adults by the fact of being older accredit themselves a privilege to cross their opinion without taking what a child has to say about it, as if they are unable to think and understand. Because of it, from the early stage of our lives, we are taught that there are equal and more equal.

Long time ago there had been only one right bringing up method: ‘beaten mind by belt’. Later, people thought it is inhuman and changed it into talk trials. But those methods also seemed to be imperfect, especially when communication was going together with demonstration of strength position and condescending attitude of adult. Sometimes adults carry over their ambitions on kids and try to pressure them to make the dreams they once had come true. It’s not only their desires but also their points of view, opinions, assurances and beliefs, as if children’s thoughts are unimportant. It is said that if you are younger you cannot have your own rights, if you are younger, you know nothing and you cannot decide on your own, if you’re younger you must be pliable... Meanwhile young person looks on the world in a totally different way, estimates his chances by different point, because he or she doesn’t have so many worldliness. He feels brave, is curious about life, he wants to make his own mistakes because he understand that he has got only one chance to learn how to live. It does not mean that he wants to dismiss advices from older people, but he wants to have a choice and be able to estimate and take consequences of decisions he made.

For many years the top belief was that kids should be obedient to his parents to learn what is wrong and what is right from them. But too many adults take it too seriously. Obedient is different than inferior. Parents, as adults, often think that they know what is the best for their kid. They use their position and treat children as a puppet, at the same time destroying a sense of his value.

We can create an emotional ghetto for our kids, even if we do not want nor know about it. A prison without a chance to

escape. By muffling their wishes we do not give them a chance to develop their passions which are important or just interesting for them. It creates perfect conditions to be withdrawn, unable to make friends. Who would have thought that “help” in creating life goals can be harmful for our relationships?

Practically, every child was touched by a word aggression from an adult: at home, at school, on the street. Worse day? You think you can yell at children, because they are not going to answer frightened of the volley. So you can shout at wall, but it won’t show you emotions. By the way how it will look like? Exactly the same as shouting at children. Difference between wall and kids is huge. Kid will remember it. Kid is going to think about it and experience it. Why do we forget about it? Why somewhere deep in us there is a need to take it out on someone small, fragile and innocent?

Janusz Korczak in one of his poem wrote: “no one is going to tell adults: ‘get out!’, kids often hear it. Always when adults bustle, kids entangle, when adults joke, kids antic, adults cry, kids bleat, adults move on, kids wriggler, adult said, kid moody, adult absentminded, kid rook and ninny. Adult thought, kid watched. Adult do something slow, kid dawdle. Playful language, but ungentle. Rug-rat, tot, half-pint – even when they aren’t angry, when they want to be nice. Ok, we used to it, but sometimes it’s nuisance, those flippancy makes angry.” This quotation is the best to mirror our reality. Reality which escort us even now. Being older doesn’t mean being better, more important. It only means that we are getting older and we are closer to death. Kid is younger than we are, have more life before him, more mistakes to make, more world to know. He is going to feel emotions like happiness, sadness, sorrow, euphoria... More happy and joyful he will be in his childhood, more satisfied and exhilarate he will feel as adult person. So let the children laugh, cry. Let them be brave, not fearful. Let them grow, not wither...

Children are like birds. You have to take care of them, but not protect against everything. They have wings to fly away someday and live on their own.

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Translated by Malgorzata Bartecka**

## A DUMP SITE

I will tell the story of a boy who wanted to change the world. He lived with his parents in the old St. Mary’s Street in Gdańsk. His name was Bart. He went to the 3rd class and was 10 years old.

In the summer he went to the village of his grandfather. There was a lot of beautiful woods and lakes in the area. One day, Bart with his grandfather went into the forest. When they reached a sunny and small glade, grandfather told him the story from the World War II. At that time his grandfather was the same age as Bart now. This happened in the summer of 1941. There were many Jews hidden in the forests surrounding the village of grandfather. They lived in huts and dug-outs. Germans searched the forest. They took all the Jews into the glade. They were shot there. Body loaded into trucks and transported to unknown destination. The day after the tragedy, his grandfather and a few friends went to see what happened there. When they came to a glade, they saw a lot of blood. There were scales of guns and bullets all over the glade.

There were also traces of truck wheels. My grandfather, when he spoke about this was very sad and had tears in his eyes. Bart, although it was very interesting, he was afraid to ask his grandfather about what was going on. So he began to look at the glade. There were no signs of any information about that incidents. It was littered. There were bottles, newspapers, plastic and old rusty household. You can say that people have done with the glade a dump site.

And yet, on that glade the Germans killed the Jews. Bart really did not like it at all. At the place where people had died, now it is a dump site. He decided to change that. When he returned to school after the holidays, told about the glade to the whole class. A history teacher, as she found out, announced it in the whole school. All collected waste paper and bottles. They went to the woods on weekends and rubbish that had gathered, were sorted and put into containers.

Bart thought that this forest should be very old, some of the trees have dried up, so it would be good to take care of it.

What was sorted it was exchanged for seedlings of trees, shrubs and flowers. They planted a lot of plants in a glade, and in the middle an oak sapling. This idea was Bart. They hoped that in a few years time this will be the largest oak tree in the forest. Together with the technique teacher they did a wooden board with information about what happened in this place. They put it next to a tree, where was the trace of a bullet.

Since then, the whole school took care of the glade. No more, no one threw garbage on it.

Bart is now a grown man. He became a forester of the area, where this forest is located. Together with his family he still takes care of the glade. Now, except bushes, flowers and oak there is also a monument, founded by Jews from Israel. People who come here for a walk can learn the history and respect for the victims who died there.

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Translated by: Katarzyna Białas**

# THE OLD DOCTOR

I think everyone knows the story of “King Matt the first”. Matt is a little boy, who had to assumed the mantle of power after his father’s death. Early, he is not treated seriously – he’s surrounded by ministers and courtly etiquette. However he is not going to give up and bravely protect his country. This one story can teach us responsibility, tolerance, self – reliance and partnership. Author shows also, how often adult forget they also had been kids and how, sometimes, this is difficult for them to understand their younger friends.

This famous book is actually fabulous author’s biography. His father died. His death had been precluded by psychiatric illness. Korczak as a young boy had to help to his mother in holding their house. He had to assume father’s role. He gave tutorial to earn money. He became responsible for home as King Matt is responsible for the kingdom, isn’t he? Korczak as adult wanted to be close with children, like Matt. Matt – dreamed about playing with peers, he created kids parliament. Korczak – became a pediatrician, he often treated for free, became Director of Orphans House. He was also a protector of children’s rights. During his stay in ghetto he used to fight for right to worthy death for kids who had to die in those place.

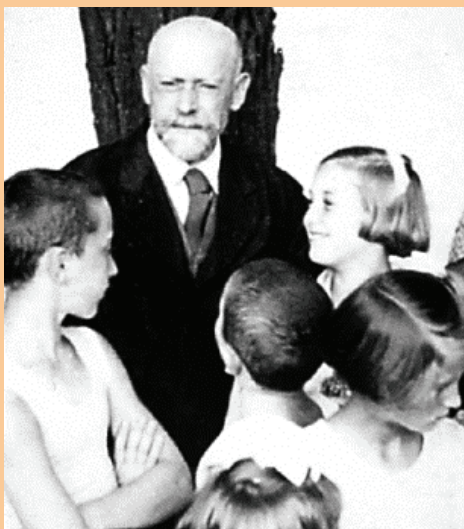
I wondered, how to describe in the shortest way how much good Janusz Korczak did for kids. I think if I say he gave them his life it will be the best ascertainment. He did it literally, he lost his life in ghetto with them. But he could escape, he could have been save. But he brushed off his friend’s proposition to help him in retreat. He didn’t want to leave those kids and Orphans house’s workers, and he took the smallest one on his arm and got in train to extermination camp In Treblinka.

Korczak decided in early age that he want to devote his life for kids. He served them all his life. As a young boy he used to give tutorials for free for the poorest ones. He also worked as a camp’s attendant, was pediatrician, set up Orphan’s House, fight for kids rights, wrote lots of books about bringing up, love to kids and youngest rights. Those are only few examples of what he did for kids, but helping youngest was his sense of life.

Korczak didn’t have easy childhood. That’s why he wanted to do what he could to make life easier for other child. He didn’t know what does family love mean. He was bringing up in rich home, there were lots of money not love. He wasn’t in good relations with his parents. He was brought up by a nanny. Father used to work hard and long hours, at the same time being at home very rarely. Mother was focused on her own but she wasn’t happy. Then he went to private school with strong discipline. After years, Korczak said, he was fulfilled with fear, force and loneliness then. At the same time his father became ill and died soon. After that, he knew also poverty.

So, who is an author of this words: “ I’m not here to be loved and admired, but to love and do my bests. Surrounding doesn’t have to help me, this is my duty to care about world, about other man” ?

He is or should be our authority. We often forget that being admired or loved isn’t the most important thing. There are things more important for sure. I should make others have what I couldn’t have in my childhood. If I gave love, maybe someday someone will love me. We can’t expect that someone will help us just because, we should help pitch in firsts. There is only one thing which we can be sure. It’s fact that e are trying to do our bests to leave the world even a bit better. “We can’t leave the world the way It is” Korczak said.



So, again, who is an author of “King Matt the First” – known and unknown at the same time. He seems to be shy person, who doesn’t look for the fame or recognition. He prefers doing than talking. He doesn’t want to be inert. He doesn’t expect somebody to do something. He want to help, he feels inside coercion. Korczak shows us his ambitions, active character and idealistic nature.

This new bringing up method propagator, who cared the most about kids is still admired and remembered. This year we have got 70-th anniversary of his death but we still carry him in our minds. His views stay actual in our times. The world appreciate him. Even UNESCO put day of his birth to important dates for social history.

Korczak brought home that kids are human from their firsts moments of live. They deserve respect as each of us. He wanted to point out on kinds void of their rights and dignity. He wanted to make world better, nicer, especially for kids.

“Kids have future and also the pasts: memorable experiences, memories, hours of the most irrelevant, loneliness considerations. They think, remember and forget, value and disdain. They understand logically – make mistakes, when they don’t know what to do. They trust with discretion and doubt sometimes.” This quotation shows us how Janusz Korczak treated kids. We can see, that he

looked on them as they’re equal to adults. Kid remember, mention, think. We can’t shunt them on background, leave them alone. Adults should take care about them, should give them real chances to evolve, and last but not least they can’t treat kids as someone worse by giving them full respect, without thinking about his disadvantages and advantages. “Old Doctor” accented that it’s our role to give them chance to make choice, let them think and trust them.

Korczak wrote many poems. They picture kids as human being with rights, casuals, language, mind of their own, rich imagination. He underline also that adults should want to know kids and accept their personality. Despite of invest them with his love, he decided never start a family. Everything he had, he devoted to strange kids. He gave them material resources, medical knowledge, pedagogical skills, talent to write.

Another quotation, which I found curious is: “I don’t bear malice to anyone. I can’t. I don’t know, how to do that.“ It seems to me, they strike on interesting truth about their author. He just loved people. It doesn’t matter if we are talking about kids or adult, he just liked them all. He wanted to do his best to help them. He focused on kids because very much depend on them. When they’ll grow up, they will have to make important decisions, maybe some of them will become a politician, teacher, doctor... We can create kids. By treating them well they will be able to give respect to others what is very important in childhood and in adult life.

“We live fast, we don’t care, superficially, sloppily.” – Korczak claimed. There is much truth in this one simple sentence. Our lifes are often fulfilled with rushing for something what think we have to achieve. We don’t have time to stop for a while and think what we are doing about, we don’t have time to take a rain check on something. Our lives are like “would that be Friday!, Christmas!, Holidays!.. We don’t even try to slow down, to stop for someone who might be in need. We used to run, like we want to get day over. We run without thinking, without taking time only for us or others. While those run we don’t see all those beauty around us, beauty which we can create by treating our lives as a priority.

In my opinion, Janusz Korczak is a person who deserve for respect and appreciation. The man, who devoted his life for others is a hero. He showed us the truth about life, bringing up, love, respect, commitment. Is anyone here brave enough to stubbornly assert his own opinions? Who is going to devote one’s life to prove his point of view is right? You must be really brave to do something like he did. You also have to love someone so strong and believe it make sense. Korczak found sense in living for kids.

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Lead teacher: Krystyna Mazurek



**SPIRIT OF KORCZAK LIVES IN EDITORIAL OFFICE:) that is AND SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY TO "KORNISZON"'S ARCHIVES (continued from page 1)**

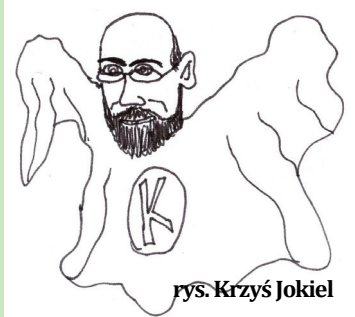
"Korniszon" has never been a supplement to any paper, it has always been an individual and stand-alone magazine, but its foundation and idea behind its existence, content, and design was exactly the same as of "Mały Przegląd". It was always supposed to be a magazine fully created by children, written by them and edited by them. We have done this subconsciously without being aware how close we are to Korczak's approach. The presence of Korczak's

spirit in our editorial office was even more visible during the literary contest "Do not leave the world as it is", which took place at the end of the last school year. While collecting and reading all submitted materials, we realized that our magazine since its very beginning preached the ideas of Janusz Korczak. In the very first number we were postulating that we should not "leave the world as it is". In this, inspired by Janusz Korczak edition, we would like to intro-

duce readers to those archive materials. We wrote *introduce* deliberately, because we are fully aware that when they were published current reader of "Korniszon" was still sitting in the stroller or was playing with other children in kindergarten – so clearly he / she could not be able to read those texts when they were published for the first time. We believe that all former, already adults, journalist of "Korniszon" are still loyal to our and Janusz Korczak's ideas,

and that certainly they will not leave the world as it is...

**Editor-in-Chief Anna Szwed  
Translated by Gosia Sawicka**



**DREAM IS A PROGRAMME OF LIFE**

The world is a mess, full of sophisticated materialists. And what about dreams?? Is dreaming a waste of time?? Time is money after all! Some people say: "It does not cost you anything to dream, so dream as much as you like", but you can hear an irony and derision in their voice. What they really mean is "fill your mind with an idea of unreal world, but when you fall down from your little clouds of sugar the reality will not have a taste of candies. And the world you created in a soap bubble fasten up with golden buttons, full of vanilla-scented sunrise and sunset of the scent of lilac and lily of the valley, will be lost in grey reality, among surrounding emptiness, among days without awareness, without even a spark of life in your heart. Your world will crash like wave against the rocky coast, all the bubbles will burst sprinkling gold buttons, and the lily of the valley and lilac will die on the top of broken dreams". And then you will hear the hardly audible voice of your consciousness...

Isn't it a steady drop that hollows a stone?? Why??? Why people take dreamers for wimps??? Why do they treat them like inferiors? Why society treat dreamers like people, who cannot manage, who are living in their own world, in their own invisible shell, cut off from the real world full of violence and brutality. How can we tell which world is the real one?? And how do we know that dreaming is a sign of weakness? Still so many questions.... Does anyone know the answer??? Weakness is a relative term. Is there anything wrong in having your own little world, beautiful, colourful and happy place full of simple or great joys, thrills... love... This place is our rock, a warm corner where you find shelter, your strength and faith. Dreaming allows us to set goals and have aspirations, so it is worth dreaming as much as it is worth to have goals, plans and ambitions. So keep on dreaming...

**Donna Kiszonna Aleksandra Szwed („Korniszon” nr 4, 2005)  
Translated by Gosia Sawicka**

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(from up right corner, counterclockwise)**

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**I TY MOŻESZ ZOSTAĆ KORNISZONEM!  
Zajęcia redakcyjne w MDK Ochota:  
wtorki i czwartki 17.30-19.00.  
Adres redakcji: korniszon007@wp.pl**

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## “IF YOU WANT TO CHANGE THE WORLD, START WITH YOURSELF” (continued from page 4)

Working in pairs they had to form them by using popular drama technique; one person was a sculptor, the other was clay that was used to form particular emotion. Then the sculptors had to modify the sculptures with their hands, gestures and facial expressions, so that instead of destructive sentiments they would demonstrate positive ones. And so the anger was changed into satisfaction and happiness, fear into trust, loneliness into sense of closeness, rejection into friendship, disappointment into hope... Observing the process (as if it were a picture of how human

relationships work) of changing painful feelings into positive ones by the other man's emotions was very touching, because participants were, unexpectedly for them, very moved too. And this made their mini dramas even more evocative. Adding a bit of music that underlined emotions made it a short but beautiful étude- created in less than half an hour! We gave it the title "The heart made of gingerbread" which refers to the Polish name of the group (mentioned before- translators annotation) and is simultaneously a message for each workshop participant.

The second étude "To bugger off the evil" (the verb in the title in Polish also refers to the gingerbread- translators annotation) came into existence in similar way and took the same amount of time. The basis for this play was a brainstorming session and a discussion about modern manifestations of evil and what can be done about them. Here famine, suffering, enslavement, drug addiction, violence, tyranny and materialism



were mentioned. This time people who earlier were "clay" played the role of sculptor and created sculptures depicting evil and then changed them into security, intimacy, love, support, compassion and help, putting in their efforts and passion. As a musical setting we used theme song from the movie "Requiem for a Dream" for the opening scenes and "Chi Mai" of Ennio Morricone for the positive change.

The force of this étude was very powerful and so was the impression it made. We confirmed it while staging both little études in front of

the community of our camp, which reacted not less enthusiastically than the performers. Most of them were very moved, some even wept with emotions. And the summary of the workshops given by the audience showed that they bear in their minds Korczak's slogan "If you want to change the world, start with yourself" and have already started the process of change. Which bodes well for the future.

Anna Szwed

Translated by Marlena Perczyńska



## We are the builders of the world... Which wolf will be sumptuous?

*"The world is a difficult place, which does not care. Although does not hate you and me, it does not love us too. The terrible things happen, that can not be explained. [...] The world does not love you. [...] Remember, though, to do your stuff. That is your job in this difficult world, you need to keep your love and do what you have to do no matter what."*

Stephen King

In my opinion, these words show that our world is not yet perfect and we should try to change it, to make it be. Surely, it is not easy, but when you strongly believe that you can change something, ideas come themselves, you just need to try a little bit. I believe that each of us can make his/her contribution to this world, as each person plays an exact role in the universe.

What the life would be if people did not have reason to live, if they lived without a purpose which they need to achieve... Then everything would not make sense.

We need to change the world for all people, ourselves, and the most importantly, our descendants, lived a better life...

Certainly, each of us often thought "It all makes no sense, I would prefer to go away and never to come back", but maybe this is the right moment to think that the change is possible, you only have to fight, you can not give up. Often you even don't have to look for the solution for a long time. Usually it is within the scope of our capabilities to find it, and you only have to reach out and grab it.

The point is not to be rich, to have all the goods of this world. The most important thing in life is love, family, friends who will help you in difficult times. Money, indeed, plays a big role. It is said: "Money is not everything", but really, without it would be very hard to live.

Young people, like me, often ask themselves a lot of questions which often lack any rational response: What is life?, Where did we come from, How was the universe created?, Will the world be eternal?, Is it worth trying to change, improve anything? After all, we know neither the day nor the hour. All our efforts and plans might just be reduced to a heap of rubble from one day to the next.

Life is like a dance in the rhythm of the dance macabre, it symbolises the equality of all people to the death, which leads procession of people of all states. And only the legacy, which we leave behind, distinguishes a man from the rest. And this is veritable "Exegi monumentum" meaning unique, unrepeatable and exact, entire and eternal truth about us.

According to Socrates, in lives we should emphasis and cultivate such virtues as courage, generosity, morality, and celebrate them, so that the world may become better each day.

Perhaps in past times people celebrated these values, but nowadays a man evaluates mainly such qualities as arrogance, intolerance and heartlessness, and when something bad happens, tries to turn the blind eye and avoid the problem. In my opinion, we should take inspiration from the previous generations, because they had greater respect for the

other person, trying to create a true, loving family, and they shared everything they had with others. Yes, I know, maybe they were not perfect, but thanks to them we can live as we do today.

As I mentioned before, in our times people only think how to achieve another success and possess material wealth, neglecting many significant aspects of their lives and therefore can not achieve true happiness. Such as love for another person, for whom you can do or leave everything just to be able to be with him/her...

We should never give up hope that tomorrow will be better. There is a saying: "hope dies last." We should remember that when something bad happens to us, for example, a close person goes to hospital and is seriously ill, even when we think that nothing will help her anymore, hope nonetheless keeps us sane. Never give up hope, because it is a part of our happiness.

Often walking down the street we can see poor people begging for a piece of bread or a few pounds. Usually we seem indifferent to their suffering. I wonder what we would do if the roles reversed. If it was us, who were there. We shouldn't act this way. We should sometimes think not only about ourselves, but also about others... We mustn't watch passively the other person's suffering, because in the future we can be in his/her shoes, no matter who we are or what kind of position we hold. We may be rich in material sense but poor in spiritual sense, have no knowledge and no love.

Everything I wrote about in my essay shows us that the world is not yet perfect, and people living in it often act in a different manner than they should. But the hope for a better tomorrow should always remain in our hearts.

We are the builders of the world and we should try to change it in all possible ways... Our hearts will be the best advisors on what we should do to live better, and some hint can be the words of an unknown author:

*"Once, an Indian boy asked his grandfather: - What do you think about the situation in the world? The grandfather replied: - I feel as two wolves took the fight in my heart. One is full of anger and hatred. The second is filled with love, forgiveness and peace. - Who will win? - wanted to know the boy. - The one I feed - said the grandfather"*

Michał Hancewicz, 16 lat

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