Monday, 29 June 1992

Dear Mimmy,

BOREDOM!! SHOOTING!!! SHELLING!!! PEOPLE BEING KILLED!!! DESPAIR!!! HUNGER!!! MISERY!!! FEAR!!!

That’s my life! The life of an innocent eleven-year-old schoolgirl!! A schoolgirl without a school, without the fun and excitement of school. A child without games, without friends, without the sun, without birds, without nature, without fruit, without chocolate or sweets, with just a little powdered milk. In short, a child without a childhood. A wartime child. I now realize that I am really living through a war, I am witnessing an ugly, disgusting war. I and thousands of other children in this town that is being destroyed, that is crying, weeping, seeking help, but getting none. God, will this ever stop, will I ever be a schoolgirl again, will I ever enjoy my childhood again? I once heard that childhood is the most wonderful time of your life. And it is. I loved it, and now an ugly war is taking it all away from me. Why? I feel sad. I feel like crying. I am crying.

Your Zlata

Sunday, 5 July 1992

Dear Mimmy,

I don’t remember when I last left the house. It must be almost two months ago now. I really miss Grandma and Grandad. I used to go there every day, and now I haven’t seen them for such a long time.

I spend my days in the house and in the cellar. That’s my wartime childhood. And it’s summer. Other children are holidaying at the seaside, in the mountains, swimming, sunbathing, enjoying themselves. God, what did I do to deserve being in a war, spending my days in a way that no child should? I feel caged. All I can see through the broken windows is the park in front of my house. Empty, deserted, no children, no joy. I hear the sound of shells, and everything around me smells of war. War is now my life. OOHHH, I can’t stand it any more! I want to scream and cry. I wish I could play the piano at least, but I can’t even do that because it’s in ‘the dangerous room’, where I’m not allowed. How long is this going to go on???

Zlata

Monday, 20 July 1992

Dear Mimmy,

Since I’m in the house all the time, I watched the world through the window. Just a piece of the world.

There are lots of beautiful pedigree dogs roaming the streets. Their owners probably had to let them go because they couldn’t feed them any more. Sad. Yesterday I watched a cocker spaniel cross the bridge, not knowing which way to go. He was lost. He wanted to go forward, but then he stopped, turned around and looked back. He was probably looking for his master. Who knows whether his master is still alive? Even animals suffer here. Even they aren’t spared by the war.

Ciao!

Zlata

EXERCISES 3

1. 15ページから17ページまで読んで，次の問いに答えなさい.
2. ズラータは，今の生活はどんな生活であると言っているか. [p.15]

( )

1. ズラータは神様に何をたずねているか. [p.15]

( )

1. ズラータはこの夏，ほかの子供たちは何をしていると思っているか. [p.16]

( )

1. ズラータは，公園の様子はどうであると述べているか. [p.16]

( )

1. コッカースパニエル(犬)は誰をさがし，何をしていると述べているか. [p.17]

( )

1. 次の各文を日本語に直しなさい.
2. The man, in short, is not to be trusted. [p.15]

( )

1. I don’t feel like going out right now. [p.15]

( )

1. A person who steals deserves punishing. [p.16]

(= …deserves to be punished.)

( )

1. I wish you could come with me. [p.16]

( )

1. Who would have thought it? [p.17]

( )