Monday, 28 December 1992

Dear Mimmy,

I’ve been walking my feet off these past few days.

I’m at home today. I had my first piano lesson. My teacher and I kissed and hugged, we hadn’t seen each other since March. Then we moved on to Czerny, Bach, Mozart and Chopin, to the étude, the invention, the sonata and the ‘piece’. It’s not going to be easy. But I’m not going to school now and I’ll give it my all. It makes me happy. Mimmy, I’m now in my fifth year of music school.

You know, Mimmy, we’ve had no water or electricity for ages. When I go out and when there’s no shooting it’s as if the war were over, but this business with the electricity and water, this darkness, this winter, the shortage of wood and food, brings me back to earth and then I realize that the war is still on. Why? Why on earth don’t those ‘kids’ come to some agreement? They really are playing games. And it’s us they’re playing with.

As I sit writing to you, my dear Mimmy, I look over at Mummy and Daddy. They are reading. They lift their eyes from the page and think about something. What are they thinking about? About the book they are reading or are they trying to put together the scattered pieces of this war puzzle? I think it must be the latter. Somehow they look even sadder to me in the light of the oil lamp (we have no more wax candles, so we make our own oil lamps). I look at Daddy. He really has lost a lot of weight. The scales say twenty-five kilos, but looking at him I think it must be more. I think even his glasses are too big for him. Mummy has lost weight too. She’s shrunk somehow, the war has given her wrinkles. God, what is this war doing to my parents? They don’t look like my old Mummy and Daddy any more. Will this ever stop? Will our suffering stop so that my parents can be what they used to be－cheerful, smiling, nice-looking?

This stupid war is destroying my childhood, it’s destroying my parents’ lives. WHY? STOP THE WAR! PEACE! I NEED PEACE!

I’m going to play a game of cards with them!

Love from your Zlata

Wednesday, 6 January 1993

Dear Mimmy,

It’s freezing. Winter has definitely come to town. I used to love and enjoy it so much, but now it’s a very disagreeable guest in Sarajevo.

Our flowers have frozen. They were in the rooms we didn’t heat. We live in the kitchen now. That’s the only room we heat and we manage to get the temperature up to 17℃. Cicko is with us. I’m afraid he might get sick, because birds are sensitive to winter.

We moved the mattresses into the kitchen and now we sleep here. (Don’t make me tell you how many sweaters and pullovers we wear over our pyjamas.) The kitchen is now our kitchen and our sitting room and our bedroom and even our bathroom. We have an unusual way of bathing. We spread out the sheets of plastic and then－the basin becomes our bathtub, the jug our shower, and so on.

Daddy’s got frostbite on his fingers from cutting the wood in the cold cellar. They look awful. His fingers are swollen and now they’re putting some cream on them, but they itch badly. Poor Daddy.

Tomorrow I’m probably going to Grandma’s and Grandad’s. They have gas heating.

Zlata

EXERCISES 7

1. 33ページから36ページまで読んで，次の問いに答えなさい.
2. ズラータは久しぶりにピアノのレッスンを終えたあと，今後どうしようと思っているか. [p.33~34]

( )

1. ズラータが外から戻って見る現実はどんなか. [p.33~34]

( )

1. 父母は以前に比べてどのように変わったと述べているか. [p.33~34]

( )

1. 冬になり，キッチンはどんなことに使われているか. [p.33~34]

( )

1. 彼らは入浴をどうしているか. [p.35~36]

( )

1. 次の各文を日本語に直しなさい.
2. Why on earth didn’t you say so before? [p.33~34]

( )

1. It is classical music (that) Miss Williams enjoys listening to. [p.33~34]

( )

1. The clock said five-thirty. [p.33~34]

( )

1. He hid in the cave so that no one would find him. [p.33~34]

( )

1. Her eyes were red from crying. [p.35~36]

( )