Thursday, 19 November 1992

Dear, Mimmy,

Nothing new on the political front. They are adopting some resolutions, the ‘kids’ are negotiating, and we are dying, freezing, starving, crying, parting with our friends, leaving our loved ones.

I keep wanting to explain these stupid politics to myself, because it seems to me that politics caused this war, making it our everyday reality. War has crossed out the day and replaced it with horror, and now horrors are unfolding instead of days. It looks to me as though these politics mean Serbs, Croats and Muslims. But they are all people. They are all the same. They all look like people, there’s no difference. They all have arms, legs, and heads, they walk and talk, but now there’s ‘something’ that wants to make them different.

Among my girlfriends, among our friends, in our family, there are Serbs and Croats, and Muslims. It’s a mixed group and I never knew who was a Serb, a Croat or a Muslim. Now politics has started meddling around. It has put an ‘S’ on Serbs, an ‘M’ on Muslims and a ‘C’ on Croats, it wants to separate them. And to do so it has chosen the worst, blackest pencil of all ―the pencil of war which spells only misery and death.

Why is politics making us unhappy, separating us, when we ourselves know who is good and who isn’t? We mix with the good, not with the bad. And among the good there are Serbs and Croats and Muslims, just as there are among the bad. I simply don’t understand it. Of course, I’m ‘young’, and politics are conducted by ‘grown-ups’. But I think we ‘young’ would do it better. We certainly wouldn’t have chosen war.

The ‘kids’ really are playing, which is why us kids are not playing, we are living in fear, we are suffering, we are not enjoying the sun and flowers, we are not enjoying our childhood. WE ARE CRYING.

A bit of philosophizing on my part, but I was alone and felt I could write this to you, Mimmy. You understand me. Fortunately, I’ve got you to talk to. And now,

Love,

Zlata

Wednesday, 25 November 1992

Dear Mimmy,

The shooting really has died down.

I can hear the whine of the electric saws. The winter and the power cuts have condemned the old trees, arboured walks and parks that made Sarajevo so pretty.

I was sad today. I couldn’t bear the thought of the trees disappearing from my park. They’ve been condemned. God, all the things my park has had to go through! The children have left it, Nina for ever, and now the linden, birch, and plane trees are leaving it for ever, too. Sad. I couldn’t watch, and I can’t write any more.

Zlata

EXERCISES 6

1. 29ページから31ページまで読んで，次の問いに答えなさい.
2. 毎日が戦争の日々であることをズラータはどのように表現しているか. 該当する部分の英文を和訳しなさい. [p.29~30]

( )

1. 三つの民族に対し政治(politics)のやっていることについて，ズラータはどう思っているか. [p.29~30]

( )

1. 民族によってSとかMとかCとかの文字を服につけることについて，ズラータはある悲惨な過去を連想している. それはどんなことだと思うか. [p.29~30]

( )

1. 「おとな」にまかせた政治のために今，子供たちはどうなっていると述べているか. [p.29~30]

( )

1. 冬になり公園はどのように変わってきたか. [p.31]

( )

1. 次の各文を日本語に直しなさい.
2. I stayed in bed all day instead of going to work. [p.29~30]

( )

1. It looks as though some of you aren’t studying as hard as you should. [p.29~30]

( )

1. Rats ran about the attic all night, which kept her awake. [p.29~30]

( )

1. There is no objection on my part. [p.29~30]

( )

1. No one knows what I’ve had to go through. [p.31]

( )