



literarni natečaj

Nagrajena dela literarnega natečaja

BODI PISATELJ/ PISATELJICA 2025

pionirski
dom CENTER ZA
KULTURO MLADIH

Cobiss ID
234029059

Kataložni zapis o publikaciji (CIP) pripravili
v Narodni in univerzitetni knjižnici v Ljubljani
COBISS.SI-ID 234029059
ISBN 978-961-96680-5-4 (PDF)



Mestna občina
Ljubljana



SANDOZ





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Drage mlade ustvarjalke in ustvarjalci,

dvanajst let literarnega natečaja pomeni dvanajst pomladi, dvanajst priložnosti, da besede vzniknejo kot drobna seme, se razrastejo v zgodbe in pesmi ter poženejo korenine v nas vseh, ki jih beremo. Tudi letos ste dokazali, da ima mladost neizmerno moč izražanja – poguma, nežnosti, drznosti in resnice. Tema *Dekle, obljubljeno Soncu* je odprla vrata mnogim interpretacijam: kdo je dekle? Kaj pomeni obljuba? Kaj je sonce? Vsak izmed vas je v teh podobah našel svoj pomen – in s tem ustvaril nekaj edinstvenega.

Tako kot se narava nenehno spreminja, tudi vi rastete – kot ustvarjalci, kot ljudje. V naravi ni nič dokončnega: vse pride, cveti, odcveti in se znova rodi. Prav tako tudi besede – pridejo, zorijo, se preoblikujejo, včasih jih zavržemo, včasih pa postanejo svetilniki, ki osvetlijo pot.

Zato je literatura tako pomembna. Omogoča nam, da se ustavimo, da prisluhnemo, da si upamo izreči tisto, česar morda sicer ne bi. Je prostor, kjer ni napačnih vprašanj, kjer lahko ustvarimo svetove, kakršne si želimo – in ob tem bolje razumemo sebe in druge.

Posebna hvala pa gre tudi mentoricam in mentorjem – vaš vpliv je večji, kot se morda zdi. Ste tisti, ki mlade spodbudite, jih usmerjate, verjamete vanje, še preden znajo morda sami verjeti vase. Včasih ena iskrena beseda podpore, en namig ali potrpežljiv pogovor lahko pusti pečat za vse življenje. Vi ste zvezde v njihovem ustvarjalnem vesolju – hvala, da svetite.

Literarni natečaj ni le tekmovanje. Je prostor povezovanja, navdiha, pogovora. Je skupnost, ki spodbuja ustvarjanje in odpira srce besedam. V času, ko se zdi, da se vse odvija

hitro in površno, ima pisanje posebno vrednost – ker zahteva pozornost, iskrenost in potrpežljivost.

Hvala, da pišete. Hvala, da berete. Hvala, da vztrajate – včasih tudi proti toku. Naj vam literatura ostane sopotnica, zatočišče in igrišče domišljije. In naj vsaka vaša zgodba, vsaka pesem, vsak verz prinese novo sonce – vam in svetu.

Mojca Čampa
vodja natečaja

ONATEČAJU

Pri pripravi natečaja smo se v Pionirskem domu zopet povezali z založbo Mladinska knjiga, pri kateri je v lanskem letu izšla knjiga z naslovom Dekle, obljubljeno Soncu, ki je navdihnila letošnjo edicijo. Gre za zbirko pravljic iz držav nekdanje Jugoslavije, ki v središče postavljajo ženske kot osrednje, a ne nujno vedno prijazne in dobre junakinje, ki vsaka po svoje iščejo pot do preživetja v izrazito patriarhalnem okolju.

Iztočnica je nagovorila tako dekleta kot fante in jim ponudila neomejene možnosti izražanja, bodisi v obliki proze, poezije ali dramskih besedil. Ljudske pravljice so namreč že stoletja neizčrpen vir modrosti in navdiha, ki se prenaša iz roda v rod. Na natečaj smo prejeli dela, ki razodevajo razmišljanja mladih, njihove stiske in radosti. Pisali so v slovenskem, angleškem in tudi nemškem jeziku, ter ustvarili navdihujoče kratke zgodbe, eseje, poezijo in dramska besedila.

Naš cilj je bil spodbuditi ustvarjalno žilico mladih ne glede na izbrano literarno zvrst. Verjamemo, da je letošnji razpis sodelujočim mentorjem ponudil široke možnosti za usmeritev pri ustvarjanju in odpiranju tem, mladim avtorjem pa omogočil, da skozi pisanje izrazijo svojo edinstvenost, hkrati pa prek ustvarjalnega procesa razvijajo kritično mišljenje in širijo svoja obzorja.

KATEGORIJE

Slovenski jezik

- osnovnošolke in osnovnošolci 2. in 3. triade osnovnih šol,
 - dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol v naslednjih kategorijah:
- A dijaki in dijakinje gimnazijskih oddelkov in srednjih strokovnih šol
- B dijaki in dijakinje nižjih in srednjih poklicnih šol.

Tuji jeziki

- osnovnošolci in osnovnošolke 2. triade (s prispevki v angleščini);
 - osnovnošolci in osnovnošolke 3. triade (s prispevki v angleščini in nemščini);
 - dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol (s prispevki v angleščini, nemščini, francoščini, italijanščini in španščini), in sicer v naslednjih kategorijah (glede na predznanje tujega jezika):
- A dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol, ki se učijo angleščino/nemščino kot prvi tuji jezik in obiskujejo katerokoli gimnazijo, ki se zaključi s splošno maturo, ter evropski oddelki
- B dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol, ki se učijo angleščino/nemščino kot prvi tuji jezik in obiskujejo katerokoli 4-letno strokovno šolo, ki se zaključi s poklicno maturo ter dijaki in dijakinje triletnih poklicnih šol
- C dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol, ki so več kot eno leto bivali na angleško/nemško govorečem področju in tisti, ki so v oddelkih mednarodne mature
- D dijaki in dijakinje srednjih šol, ki se učijo angleščino/nemščino kot drugi tuji jezik in obiskujejo katerokoli gimnazijo, ki se

zaključí s splošno maturo oz. 4-letno strokovno šolo, ki se zaključí s poklicno maturo.

- * *Natečaj za dramsko besedilo je bil razpisan zgolj za dela v slovenskem in angleškem jeziku.*

LITERARNE ZVRSTI

Na natečaj smo sprejeli:

- prozna dela (eseji in kratke zgodbe),
- dramska besedila (besedilo je moralo po tematiki in vsebini ustrezati otroški in mladinski gledališki publiki žanrskih omejitev) in
- poezijo.

TEMATIKA NATEČAJA

Prispevki vseh literarnih zvrsti so se morali nanašati na podano tematiko: *Dekle, obljubljeno Soncu.*

Za dela v tujih jezikih so mladi literati uporabili sledeče:

angleški jezik: The girl, promised to the Sun

nemški jezik: Das Mädchen, das der Sonne gelobt war

italijanski jezik: La ragazza, promessa al Sole

španski jezik: Niña prometida al Sol

francoski jezik: La fille, promise au Soleil

TEHNIČNE ZAHTEVE

Mladi so lahko sodelovali s svojimi še neobjavljenimi proznimi in dramskimi besedili ter poezijo. Obseg del je bil lahko največ 8.000 znakov s presledki, za dramska besedila ni bilo omejitev. Pri dramskih besedilih je bilo potrebno upoštevati dramski trikotnik.

Dramsko besedilo je moralo po tematiki in vsebini ustrezati otroški in mladinski gledališki publiki žanrskih omejitev.

KRITERIJI IZBORA

Prozna besedila: Vsebinska izvirnost, jezikovna raba, besedišče, vezljivost in zgradbeni učinki, inovativnost v slogu.

Poezija: izvirnost, doživetost, poetičnost, univerzalnost, življenjska resnica, zgradbena oblika, vsebina.

Dramska besedila: vsebinska izvirnost upoštevanje značilnosti dramskega besedila in uprizoritvenih možnosti.

ŽIRIJA NATEČAJA BODI PISATELJ/PISATELJICA 2025

SLOVENSKI JEZIK (literarna besedila):

- dr. Aljoša Harlamov, samozaposlen v kulturi,
- Alenka Veler, urednica za mladinsko leposlovje pri založbi Mladinska knjiga.

SLOVENSKI IN ANGLEŠKI JEZIK (poezija):

- Barbara Korun, pesnica, pisateljica in esejistka,
- Stanka Hrastelj, pesnica in pisateljica.

ANGLEŠKI JEZIK (literarna besedila):

- Tatjana Cestnik, prevajalka in urednica,
- Renata Zamida, strokovnjakinja za mednarodno književnost, članica komisije za Evropsko knjižno nagrado.

NEMŠKI JEZIK:

- Renata Zamida, strokovnjakinja za mednarodno književnost, članica komisije za Evropsko knjižno nagrado.

DRAMSKA BESEDILA:

- Maša Pfeifer, kritičarka.

SPREMNE BESEDE

Letošnji natečaj Pionirskega doma je žirijo znova navdušil, zato lahko enkrat več zapiševa: najino delo ni bilo lahko. Seveda so med besedili v posameznih kategorijah razlike v kakovosti, na katere vplivajo bralna kilometrina, nadarjenost za pripovedovanje in jezikovna spretnost učenk in učencev ter seveda dobro vodenje in spodbuda njihovih mentoric in mentorjev. A žanr pravljice je večini dobro znan, s pripovedovanjem pravljic imajo žive izkušnje in besedila so tako lahko že intuitivno dobro sestavili. Še več, nekateri so obliko ljudskih pravljic celo odlično prenovili in domišljjsko preoblikovali v nekaj povsem samosvojega. Pravljica je namreč preprosta samo na prvi pogled, v resnici pa omogoča veliko poigravanja in preizkušanja. Vesela sva, da se to kaže tudi v številnih zelo dobrih besedilih, ki sva jih lahko brala letos.

Mentorice in mentorje bi pa vseeno opozorila, da naj pri pripravi učenk in učencev pazijo na temo natečaja, saj nekaj odličnih, celo izstopajočih besedil ni ustrezalo navodilom. Posebno omembo so si sicer zaslužili še: *Matematična pravljica* **Anje Polenšek** (OŠ Slivnica pri Celju), ki bi lahko z nekaj več dela in pozornosti pri razvoju zgodbe navdušila; esej **Tjaše Sofie Zakrajšek** (OŠ Danile Kumar Ljubljana) *Pa saj smo vsi enaki!*, ki razkriva razgledano učenko, čudovito jezo nad neenakopravnostjo spolov; pa tudi obe zgodbi **Tare Ugrinovič** (OŠ Koseze), *Še zadnji šprint* in *Uff*, ki izkazuje izjemen pripovedni in literarni talent, žal pa se avtorica ni držala izhodiščne teme natečaja; podobno inovativnost, zlasti na ravni strukture, s prvoosebnim pripovedovalcem, ki opazuje dogajanje, pa kaže tudi pravljica **Sare Merčnik** (Srednja šola Slovenska Bistrica).

Hvala vsem in se beremo naslednje leto!

dr. Aljoša Harlamov in Alenka Veler
člana žirije

Pot do pisanja dramskega besedila je zagotovo za vsakega otroka in mladostnika svojevrsten proces. Z besedami, ki so bile zapisane, da bi bile uprizorjene, se prvič skoraj nikoli ne srečamo med branjem – najprej jih slišimo in vidimo. Kot otroka nas prevzamejo odrske luči in scenografija, igralci, ki so postali eno z likom, ter glasba, ki čustveno podpira dogajanje. Dramsko besedilo se tako mlademu pisatelju izmika, saj je hkrati popolnoma nevidno in polno vidno skozi vsak premik in glas na odru. Kljub temu se v vsaki generaciji zgodi, da nekatere učence premaga radovednost, kako bi bilo napisati nekaj, kar bi kasneje lahko oživel kot predstava. Z branjem in pisanjem dramskih besedil se ob podpori učiteljev in mentorjev pri učencih krepí ne samo zanimanje za gledališče kot umetnost, temveč se skozi dialoško naravo dramskega teksta razvija tudi njihov pogled na svet in odnose. Dramsko besedilo otroku ponuja priložnost, da spozna množico raznolikih likov, ki so se znašli v določeni situaciji ter jih poskuša razumeti. Tako se pri učencih razvijajo empatija, razumevanje širše slike in nenazadnje pri samem pisanju tudi občutek za smiselno povezovanje celote.

Na letošnji natečaj Bodi pisatelj so prispela štiri besedila, ki pričajo prav o tem – mladim dramatikom je uspelo ustvariti lastne svetove. V drugi triadi sta nastali dve besedili pod z razpisom določenim naslovom *Deklica, obljubljena soncu*, a nikakor ne z isto vsebino. Nami Gabrijelčič (OŠV Ankarán) v dramsko besedilo prelije bajko o deklici, ki se rodi kralju Marku in kraljici Mojci ter zraste v tisto Luno, ki jo vsak dan gledamo na nebu. Lorena Tosetto in Neža Kovačič (OŠ Vič) pa sta zapisali zgodbo o mladih dekletih, ki se iščejo, preizkušajo meje, se znajo pogovarjati z živalmi in nazadnje le uspejo najti srečen konec. Na natečaj sta prispeli tudi dve besedili dveh gimnazijskih avtoric. Evelina

Novak z dramskim besedilom *Sanctus* polnovredno zagriže v antične mite in biblijske zgodbe, jih premeša in osmisli po svoje ter jih z uporabo slenga uspešno pripenja v sedanjost. V angleščini, pod naslovom *Children, Promised to the Sun*, pa Nana Novak prevprašuje družbene norme, ki se jih priučimo skozi odrasčanje, in hkrati opominja na dejstvo, da je otrok nepopisan list, s katerim je treba pazljivo ravnati.

Maša Pfeifer
kritičarka in članica žirije

PROZNA DELA



PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, osnovna šola, II. triada)

AVTORICA: Manja Merhar (6. razred)

OŠ Riharda Jakopiča, *Ljubljana*

MENTORICA: Saša Jerele

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Pravljica o bogatem, priljubljenem, a vase neznosno zagledanem kralju, se bere kot sodobna pripoved o kakšnem predsedniku, ki več časa preživi na Instagramu kot pri delu za svoje državljane. Manja Merhar kaže ne le odlično poznavanje žanra pravljice in razvoja zgodbe, ampak tudi izredno domišljijo, saj vanjo elegantno vnese nove, sveže in povsem (samo)svoje elemente. Poleg samovšečnega kralja sta tu tako še »ne preveč bistra« princeska in »pohlepni in zlobni« princ. Pravljica je sijajna tudi zaradi nekoliko netipičnega konca, ki sicer pojasni nastanek vesti – kako se v nas neprestano spopadata »dobra vila« in »hudiček«, kadar se odločamo, ali bi storili nekaj, kar je ali ni prav.

Dekle, objavljeno Soncu

Predavnimi časi je živel bogat kralj. Ljudje so ga imeli radi, saj je bil pošten in radodaren. A kmalu si je začel domišljati, da je še boljši, kot je, in postal prevzeten. Ko ga je to že čisto zaslepilo, je začel razmišljati o svojem imenu. Ime mu je bilo Artur. Kralj Artur. »Tako je danes ime že skoraj vsakemu kralju,« je premišljeval.

Zato je bil odločen, da se bo preimenoval. A ni vedel, v kaj. Najprej je razmišljal o navadnih imenih za kralje, kot so Sergej, Ludvik, Friderik in tako dalje, a tudi to so bila prepogosta imena. Ne, on je nekaj posebnega. Kaj je sploh tako dobro kot on? Kmalu se je spomnil na srečo, a si je hitro premislil, saj vendar ne more imeti ženskega imena. Nato je pomislil na hlače, s katerimi je imel skupno to, da moški ne morejo brez. Nato pa se je spomnil še nečesa boljšega. Sonce, ja, brez sonca bi bil cel svet v temi in seveda bi bilo brez njega enako. Ime mu bo torej kralj Sonce. Marsikdo je imel na njegovo novo ime ogromno pripomb. Saj razmišlja le še o sebi! Ime Sonce je torej norost!

Nekaj časa je bil kralj s tem zadovoljen. Potem pa mu je postalo dolgčas. Prirejal je vse možne predstave, pojedine in prireditve. A ni nič pomagalo. Kraljevi zdravniki so bili že v skrbeh za njegovo duševno zdravje. Zato so šli služabniki k starešini in ga vprašali, kaj je narobe.

Starešina jim je povedal, da kralj potrebuje resnično ljubezen, pa bo to pomagalo njemu in njegovi kraljevini. Služabniki so se zadovoljno odpravili domov in kralju povedali dobro novico. Kralj se je razveselil in že spet je postal ves prevzeten. Najprej si je zaželel najlepšo mladenko v kraljevini, a ko se je spomnil svoje veličastne dobrote, se je takoj zavedel, da bi bila zanj prava le najlepša mladenka na svetu. Spet je poslal svoje služabnike na pot.

Starešina jim je povedal, da je vse odvisno od kraljevega okusa. Če ima rad rjavolaske, bo to zagotovo Nataša Rumbaja, ki ima prelepe rjave oči, ki te kar uročijo, in bujne kodre. Če ima raje črnoolaske, bo to Singa Činčong. Ni bolj rdečih ustnic, kot jih ima ona, in ni bolj bele polti, kot je njena. Če pa ima rad rdečelaske, potem je odgovor Rina Vulfina. Ta ima tako ljubek obrazek, da ti postane všeč že prvič, ko jo vidiš. Je pa tudi zelo postavna. In

končno, če ima rad zlatolaske, je tu kraljična Zlatica. Ta je na moč prijazna, lepa kot jutranja zarja in lasje ji segajo do tal. Služabniki so se zahvalili za odgovore in se napotili h kralju. Ko so mu poročali o vseh možnostih, se je odločil za kraljično Zlatico.

Še isti večer je kralj služabnike že spet nagnal na pot k starešini, da ga vprašajo, kje bi lahko našli Zlatico. Starešina jim je odgovoril, da mora na pot kralj Sonce in ne oni. Ko je za njegovo zahtevo izvedel kralj, se je močno razhudil, saj vendar kot vladar ne more kar tako oditi! Služabnikom je zagrozil, da če se slučajno vrnejo nazaj brez Zlatice, jih bo dal vse obesiti. A ko so se služabniki s to grožnjo vrnili k starešini, je tega prevzela jeza in naročil jim je, naj pobegnejo v sosednji grad, kjer delajo s služabniki veliko lepše.

Služabniki so ga rade volje poslušali. Ko se po letu in pol niso vrnili h kralju, je ta poslal na pot nove. Ko je minilo še leto in pol, in tudi teh ni bilo nazaj, kralj ni mogel več čakati.

Kar sam se je odpravil na pot, s sabo je vzel le konja.

Dolgo je potoval. Nekega dne se je znašel pred velikim tolmuonom, ki mu ni bilo videti dna. Kralj je konja nerad odgnal v divjino, sam pa je začel plavati, dokler ni prišel do drugega brega. In tako je hodil in hodil, nazadnje pa prispel do velikega pragozda, za katerega se je zdelo, da vodi v neskončnost. A ni imel izbire. Hodil je dolga tri leta in končno je le našel izhod. Nato je ves truden prispel v mesto, kjer naj bi živel kraljična Zlatica.

Ko je potrkal na grajska vrata, mu je odprl bivši služabnik, ki ga je nenadni obisk zelo prestrašil. Kralj ga ni prepoznal, a služabnik je šel vseeno posvariti prijatelje, kralj Sonce pa se je odpravil do očeta mlade kraljične, dobrohotnega kralja, znanega kot kralj Ludvik. Zaprošil ga je za hčerino roko, kralj Ludvik pa ga je začuden pogledal. Le kako si lahko ta klošar domišlja, da bo dobil za

ženo njegovo hčer, ko pa že raztrgana oblačila dokazujejo, da ni prav bogat? Tedaj je v dvorano vstopilo nekaj služabnikov, ki bi se radi na lastne oči prepričali, ali je res tukaj njihov prejšnji kralj. Zdaj jih je ta prepoznal in jih prosil, naj kralju Ludviku pojasnijo, da je tudi sam kralj. Prestrašeni služabniki so ga takoj ubogali, saj so se še spominjali njegove grožnje.

Ko so kralja Ludvika prepričali, je ta poklical svojo lepo hčer Zlatico, da ji pokaže novega zaročenca. Kraljični pa ni bil kralj Sonce prav nič všeč. Takoj je vedela, da z njim ne bo srečna. A tega seveda ni smela povedati očetu, saj jo je ta že obljubil kralju Soncu. Sama je bila namreč zaljubljena v prikupnega princa z gradu. Princ je bil na pogled res prikupen, v srcu pa pohlepen in nevaren, a Zlatica tega še ni uganila, saj ni bila preveč bistra. Z njo se je želel poročiti le zaradi denarja, in ker bi tako dobil nadzor nad kraljestvom. In tako je tisti dan vsa žalostna odhitela k svoji ljubezni in mu poročala, kaj se je zgodilo.

Zlobnemu princu to seveda ni bilo všeč. Zato ji je naročil, naj pred poroko v čašo kralja Sonca zlije sedem kapljic strupa, da bo izgubil spomin – in niti kapljice več, sicer se bo pripetilo nekaj groznega. Na dan poroke Zlatica je to tudi res naredila. A ker je bila zelo napeta, je namesto sedmih zlila osem kapljic strupa. Ko je vsa prestrašena stekla o tem povedat princu, se je ta le zamišljeno zazrl v daljavo. In tako se je drama pripetila sredi poroke, takoj ko je kralj Sonce spil vino iz čaše – in namesto, da bi izgubil spomin, umrl.

Stara kraljica je omedlela, kralj je ves paničen odslovil povablence iz dvorane, kraljična pa se je zavedela, kaj je naredila, in strta stekla v svojo sobo. Tam je na postelji sedela vila. Najbolj prosojna in najbolj čista. Dekle se je pred vilo zjokalo, ta pa je počakala, da se umiri. Nato ji je rekla: »Deklica moja draga, zakaj si

to storila?« Dekle pa je le spet zajokalo in se jezilo samo nase. Vila ni potrebovala odgovora, saj je dobro vedela, zakaj. Zlatici je povedala, da je najhujše, kar jo je doletelo, ker je v čašo zlila osem kapljic, spoznanje. Če bi v čašo zlila le sedem kapljic, bi ji ob vsem dogajanju okamenelo srce in hladna bi ostala za vedno. Brez občutka za druge. Po teh besedah je vila izginila. Kraljična je nekaj časa premišljevala, potem pa je šla princu povedat, kaj se je zgodilo. Princ je le skomignil z rameni in rekel, da bo šel kralja prosit za njeno roko. Obupani kralj je takoj privolil. Že naslednji dan je bila poroka in vzdušje se je popravilo. Vsi so se veselili, a kraljična je začutila, da s princem nekaj ni v redu. In njeni občutki so se že naslednji dan utrdili. Princ je namreč starega kralja in kraljico na skrivaj ubil, da bi lahko sam zakraljeval. Zlatica je vse to videla, a ni smela nikomur povedati. In tako nesrečna je živela dan za dnem.

Nekega dne pa se je sama sprehajala po gozdu ob jezercu in zagledala skoraj ovenelo cvetlico. Sklonila se je k vodi, da bi jo zalila. Toda sklonila se je preveč, voda jo je vzela k sebi in kraljična je utonila. A v resnici je umrlo le njeno telo. Njena duša se je spremenila v vilo. In od tega dne pride vila k tebi vsakič, ko narediš kaj slabega. Takrat se oglasi tih glasek in te vpraša, zakaj si to storil. Pogosto ne poznamo odgovora, a začnemo o tem razmišljati in se s tem na nek način opravičimo.

Potem je tu še zlobni princ. Na isti dan je umrl tudi on. Zakaj, nisem čisto prepričana, a verjetno je spet počel kaj zlobnega. Tudi on ni čisto mrtev, njegova duša se je spremenila v hudička. Ta ti pomaga, da slabe zamisli o slabih rečeh sploh pridejo v tvojo glavo.

Pa samovšečni kralj Sonce? Ta se sploh ne zaveda, da je mrtev, tako ponosen je, da ima za ženo najlepšo na svetu. In gre že vsem tam zgoraj pošteno na živce.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, osnovna šola, III. triada)

AVTOR: Bor Hočevar (7. razred)

OŠ Frana Metelka Škocjan, Škocjan

MENTORICA: Irena Pleterski

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Nikakor ni treba, da je besedilo dolgo, da učinkuje. Pravljica Bora Hočevarja je dolga samo eno stran – in tako se je lahko brez težav naučimo na pamet in pripovedujemo pred spanjem. Ker ima kljub svoji kratkosti vse, kar mora imeti pravljica: uvod, v katerem se oče, ki želi ujeti nekaj hrane za svojo družino, zameri soncu; zvitega osla oziroma mesec, ki se družini zahvali za skrb tako, da pred soncem skriva najmlajšo hči; in zaključek s srečnim koncem. Predvsem pa izkaže veliko domišljije in inovativnosti v oslovi premetenosti, zgodbo pa zelo dobro stopnjuje, da bralci prav čutimo napetost, ko navijamo za deklico in osla in nas skrbi, da bi jo sonce odkrilo. Se vidi, da je Bor dober bralec in/ali poslušalec!

Dekle, obljubljeno Soncu

Nekoč, pred davnimi časi, ko je bila še revščina, so živele 3 deklice. Ena je bila lepša od druge. Nekega dne se je njihov oče odpravil na lov.

Poskušal je ujeti kaj za pod zob. Ko se je končno nekaj premaknilo, je hitro vstal in vrgel mrežo. Preveril je svoj plen.

Zagledal je velikega in močnega jelena. Že ga je hotel ubiti, ko je jelen spregovoril s prosečim glasom: »Izpusti me in bogato ti bo poplačano«. Lovec mu je verjel in ga izpustil. Tedaj pa je jelen spremenil podobo in postal velika bleščeča krogla. Spet je spregovoril: »Ti nesrečnež, izpustil si mene, ki sem vladar neba. Ker si se me drznil dotakniti, te bom izbrisal z obličja sveta.« Lovec se je prestrašil in mu obljubil karkoli. Sonce mu je velelo, naj ga odpelje domov. Ko je Sonce zagledalo najmlajšo deklico, je takoj spregovorilo: »Ko dopolni 18 let, jo pridem iskat.«

Čez točno 7 let je res prišel ponjo. Tisti čas pa so imeli doma osla, ki so ga skrbno hranili. Ko je slišal, da prihaja Sonce, je poklical deklico in jo spremenil v svečo. Ko je Sonce prišlo prvič, sveče sploh ni opazilo zaradi svoje ožarjenosti in veličastnosti. Zagrmel je: »Iščem, iščem, pa ne najdem! Še dvakrat pridem, če je ne najdem, se ne vrnem.« Minila je noč in prišel je naslednji dan. Deklica je jokala, oče je bil žalosten, osel pa si ni belil glave. Deklico je spremenil v podkev.

Ko je Sonce prišlo drugič, je vse preiskalo, samo pod osla ni pogledalo, ker ga ni moglo premakniti. Spet je zagrmelo: »Iščem, iščem, pa ne najdem! Še enkrat pridem, če ne najdem, se ne vrnem.« Spet je minila noč, prišel je dan in vsi so bili žalostni. Osel je spet poklical deklico in ji ukazal naj zapre vrata hleva. Tedaj se je osel spremenil v Mesec in jo odnesel na nebo.

Sonce je pristalo na Zemljo, da je vse zabobnelo. Reklo je: »Iščem, iščem, pa ne najdem! Nikoli več se ne vrnem.«

Mesec je pristal in odložil deklico na Zemljo, sam pa se vrnil na nebo. Ker ji je osel pomagal, je morala vsako noč oditi na nebo in pomagati Mesecu orientirati pomorščake. Samo podnevi se je prelevila v človeško podobo. Od takrat je v sencah dneva živela brez večjih zapletov.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, srednja šola, A kategorija)

AVTORICA: Živa Ema Brigadir (3. letnik)

Srednja šola za farmacijo, kozmetiko in zdravstvo, *Ljubljana*

MENTORICA: Vesna Lavrič

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Srednješolska besedila so seveda že bolj pozorna tudi na slog. Ampak med njimi pravljica Luža Žive Eme Brigadir kljub temu izstopa. Ne le, da v žanr vnaša samosvoje, inovativne in nestereotipne elemente (npr. osrednji motiv luže, ki ljudem krade duše; pa dekleta, ki jih zbira), ampak je tudi napisana v tekočem, poetičnem, na trenutke sijajnem metaforičnem jeziku, ki bralcu predloči številne detajle, zaradi česar pravljica deluje izredno živo in zapomnljivo (npr. »Pa je pomlad po mirnih nedolžnih sapicah pritihotapila ljubezen do njegovega srca.«). Poleg tega avtorica pokaže, da obvladuje stopnjevanje in zgradbo zgodbe, ki jo preplete z univerzalnim sporočilom: biti zaljubljen ni enako ljubiti.

Luža

Na prisojni strani gozda je stala jasa. Sredi te jase pa je počivala mogočna luža. Nihče ni vedel, od kdaj je tam, ampak bila je res nekaj posebnega. Ko so srne bežale mimo, so se pri njej ustavile in se odžejale. Na njenem dnu so ležali najlepši kamenčki in bogata razmočena prst. Že od daleč je bilo moč videti srebrne lise,

ki so se lesketale in odsevale ples krošenj in premike oblakov na gladini. Luža se ni nikoli posušila, vedno je stala tam. Bila je napolnjena s čisto vodo in dobro energijo, ki je tolažila drevesna debla, ko so bila otožna. Bila je prijateljica s sosednjo mlako, dobra znanka s potokom, ljubimkala je z dežjem. Luža je bila življenje gozda.

Nedaleč stran od jase je stala kočica, kjer je stanovala gozdarjeva hči. Bila je zelo lepo in marljivo dekle. Imela je pronicljiv, prodoren pogled.

Ko je ob potoku prala perilo, je njen mir zmotil mlad poglavar sosednje vasi po imenu Bron. Na temnih laseh je stala krona iz brona, v njegovih očeh je tičala neka skrivnostna predrznost in nema samovšečnost. Ni bil dober poglavar. Bil je ukazovalen in neusmiljen do svojih ljudi, ni premogel sočutja ali prijaznosti. Že celo življenje se mu je godilo tako, kot je želel on. Imel je vse, kar si je poželet. Tako sta tu in tam poklepetala, ko je vreme bilo dovolj znosno, da sta oba pripešala do potoka.

Pa je pomlad po mirnih nedolžnih sapicah pritihotapila ljubezen do njegovega srca. Bron se je zaljubil v skromno dekle. Njegovo hladno srce se je malce ogrelo in kot oglje zažarelo v plamenih njene prisotnosti. Večkrat jo je povabil v svojo vas. Ponujal ji je vse kar je imel v lasti, ampak ona je bila za te besede gluha. Ni ji bilo mar za njegovo imetje, rada je imela svojo kočico v gozdu in tam je želela ostati. Bron je prvič v življenju občutil, da ga je nekdo tako neposredno zavrnil. Pa je vztrajal. Nazadnje jo je ponižno prosil, če lahko pride on živeti v njeno skromno kočico. Bil je pripravljen zapustiti vse, kar je poznal in se odpovedati razkošju, samo da bo njegova. Ona pa je najbolj na svetu cenila svoj mir. Dala mu je pogoj, naj majhno stekleničko napolni s svojimi solzami. Če bodo te dovolj čiste, mu bo dovolila, kar jo je prosil.

Bron je korakal po svojem dvorcu in ni vedel, kako naj se prisilil do tega, da bi jokal. Tega ni počel že zelo dolgo, saj po tem ni bilo potrebe. Domislil se je, da bi rezal čebulo. Prvič v času svojega vladanja je stopil v dvorno kuhinjo in ukazal, naj mu takoj prinesejo najostrejši nož in najbolj sočno in mesnato čebulo. Kuharice so ga osuple gledale in mu brez besed ustregle. Začel je rezati, nekako nerodno in vse povprek. Ko je začutil pekočo bolečino v zrklih, si je pod kotiček oči prislonil stekleničko in lovil solze. Ko ji je prinesel naročeno, je stekleničko s priprtimi očmi opazovala, potem pa solze na dušek izpila. »Me imaš za norko?« je vprašala. »To niso solze iz srca, nisi jih jokal z bolečino in iz žalosti. Veš, kaj moraš!«

Bron je bil jezen kot še nikoli, ampak dekle je bilo prelepo in njena družba preveč prijetna, da bi odnehal. Tokrat je pisarju naročil, naj mu napiše knjigo, tako žalostno, da ne bo mogel nehati jokati. Ko jo je prebral, je jokal celo noč. Znova ji je poklonil, kar je zahtevala. Dekle je stekleničko odprlo in si dlan polilo z njegovimi solzami. Zrla je v mokro dlan, potem pa ga z razočaranjem pogledala. »Želim si tvojih solz, ki pritečejo zaradi lastne bolečine.«

Dala mu je še zadnjo priložnost. Mladi poglavar je zdaj postal obupan in pustil je, da so ga noge same nesle po gozdu. Nankrat je s kotičkom očesa nekaj opazil. Kodrasto glavo je obrnil, da je njegov mladosten obraz obsijalo sonce. V temnih očeh se je prižgala neka jasnost in uzrl je svetlikajočo se liso sredi obsijane jase. Približal se je luži in iz žepa vzel prazno stekleničko. Sklonil se je nad lužo. Tako kristalno čiste vode še nikoli ni videl. Že se mu je mudilo zajeti blaginjo majhnega izvira. Takrat pa je iz blata ob luži prilezel deževnik in ga nagovoril:

»Ja, kaj pa počneš?«

»Kaj pa tebe to briga,« mu je zabrusil Bron.

»Nisi del tega gozda, a ne? Če bi bil, bi vedel, kdo si. Ti pa nisi od tu, da tako predrzno posegaš po največjem zakladu nase dežele,« se je namuznil deževnik.

»Samo vodo iz te luže potrebujem. Sploh pa, kdo si ti, da mi boš govoril, kaj smem in česa ne?«

»No, pa poskusi in si postreži, nepovabljeni gost,« je odvrnil deževnik.

Bron je zajemal vodo, polnil stekleničko, a vedno ko jo je vzel iz luže, je bila prazna.

»Ne bo šlo tako zlahka, se je oglasil deževnik. Ta luža je največji dar tega gozda. Kar ji daš, to ti vrača. Neznancu že ne bo delila zastonj.«

Bron je zmedeno vprašal: »Kaj pa naj bi luža zahtevala od mene?«

Deževnik je izginil v lužo in prej mirna gladina je zdaj komaj vidno trepetala. Prilezel je ven in z neprijaznim glasom dejal:

»Tvojo dušo zahteva.«

»Mojo dušo?«

»Tvojo dušo.«

Bron je nekaj časa razmišljal, potem pa odvrnil: »Kaj mi bo duša, lahko jo ima!«

»Pomoči konice prstov v vodo pred seboj, pa boš brez duše!« mu je velel deževnik.

Bron je to res storil. Njegovo telo se je v trenutku čutilo bolj lahkotno, prazno, votlo, steklenička pa se je hipoma napolnila s prozornim zlatom. Brez zahvale je poglavar naglo pobegnil, ne meneč se za deževnika, ko mu je ta v daljavo zavpil:

»Pa ne vračaj se več!«

Hitel je do nje, potrkal in ji zadihano pred oči pomolil stekleničko polno tega, kar naj bi bile solze njegovega srca. Dekle je vzelo

dar. Prislonilo si je stekleničko k ušesu in z dolgimi nohti, pobarvanimi z jelenovo krvjo, potrkalo po tankem steklu. Komaj opazno so se njene ustnice zavihale v izraz zadovoljstva. Brez besed je stopila do okenske police in s tekočino zalila temno prst male lončnice. »Oglasi se, ko kaj zraste!« se mu je nasmehnila. Kot po čudežu je že naslednji dan vzknila rastlina najbolj zdravega videza, zelišče ljubezni, jo je poimenovala gozdarjeva hči.

Na pragu je pričakujoč stal Bron brez bronaste krone na glavi. »Dala sem ti zahtevo in izpolnil si jo, zato moram držati obljubo in se nimam kaj jeziti. Lahko prideš živeti k meni. Lepo bom skrbela zate. Kuhala ti bom, prala tvoja oblačila, in ko boš zbolel, ti bom skuhala zdravilni čaj iz zelišč mojega vrta. Ko bo zapadel sneg, bodo v peči plesali plameni. Pomagal mi boš sekati drva in zalival boš moj zeliščni vrt. Prijazen boš do gozdnih živali, ker so to sedaj tvoji sosede in najbolj cenjeni zaupniki. Ampak opozarjam te! Ko enkrat prestopiš prag moje koče, ti bo srce bilo samo tako dolgo, dokler me boš imel rad!«

Brez posebnega zanimanja za njene besede se je Bron naseлил v njen skromni dom. Rad jo je opazoval, ko se je sukala po lesenem podu. Dnevi so minevali, sonce je sijalo vedno močnejše in vedno bolj sililo v pretople večere. Poleti se je zaljubljenost udomačila v njegovi krvi. Kot vse, kar mu je kadarkoli pripadalo, je tudi to sladko čustvo jemal bolj in bolj za samoumevno. Ni opazil, kako občudovanje do nje počasi izhlapeva iz njegove kože. Biti zaljubljen in ljubiti je drugače.

Zato se NEKE jesenske noči Bron ni več zbudil. Gozdarjeva hči ga je pokopala na zeliščni vrt kot vse obiskovalce poprej. Na njegov grob je namesto imena napisala: ZELIŠČA ZA ZVARKE SEBIČNOSTI. Opazovala je, kako rastejo z njegovim podzemnim razkrojem.

Nekega zimskega večera se je ogrnila v medvedov kožuh in se sprehodila do jase. S spoštovanjem je počepnila do luže in ji v pozdrav potrkala po tankem ledu. Previdno je razbila ledeno plast in segla dol do njenega dna in med kamenčki zatipala to, po kar je prišla. Z Bronovo dušo v rokah se je luži zahvalila in ji z nasmehom prijateljsko pripomnila: »Dobiš kmalu novo!" Njegova duša je bila hrapava na otip in bila je jedkega, ostrega vonja. Če bi jo kdo imel voljo poizkusiti, bi se mu od grenkobe skrčil jezik. Odprla je vitrino in jo položila v svojo cenjeno zbirko.

Pred vitrino je za nekaj časa obstala, potem pa razočarano sama pri sebi zašepetala: »Kdaj se bodo naučili, da se brez duše ne da ljubiti?«

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, osnovna šola, II. triada)

AVTORICA: Neli Tovornik (6. razred)

OŠ Planina pri Sevnici, *Planina pri Sevnici*

MENTORICA: mag. Polonca Volavšek

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Zmagovalna zgodba nas popelje na napeto potovanje deklice Sončice, ki mora odrešiti svet, tako da znova prižge sonce. Avtorica je izbrala obliko klasične junaške pravljice in povezala vse ključne prvine – ob rojstvu izbrano junakinjo, zvestega pomočnika, nevarne preizkušnje, in srečen konec – v besedilo s trdno zgradbo, dinamično pripovedjo ter tekočim in bogatim jezikom. Pravljичno gradnjo in simbolično nadgrajuje sporočilo o moči nesebičnega prijateljstva. Zgodba, ki prepriča tako s sporočilom kot z izvedbo.

On the Way to the Sun

A long time ago, there lived a girl named Sončica. Her parents chose this name for her because she was born with a special sign on her hand in the shape of the Sun. In the same year, the Sun began to go out. When the villagers saw Sončica's sign, they threw a big party because they believed that this child would make the Sun shine again.

When Sončica asked her parents about the sign, they didn't answer her. They knew she had a tough way to the Sun to turn

it on, so they didn't want to scare her in advance. Sončica met a very good friend Miha. They hung out a lot and became good friends. She also became smarter and smarter. She was the smartest person in the village. Everyone wondered how she could be so smart, because no one taught her. She gained knowledge from books and learned to read at the age of four. As she grew up, the villagers discovered that she was connected to the Sun. She never got sunburned and she was never hot or cold.

Soon the Sun was shining very little which affected the plants and the entire crop. Nevertheless, it gave off enough light so that they could live. The day before World Sun Day, Sončica's parents decided to tell her what fate had befallen her. They told her about her birth and she felt a little scared, but at the same time she felt confident as well. They thought something would happen on World Sun Day. She was old enough to do this task.

The day went by very quickly. She was nervous like never before. The next morning, she woke up late. She was quietly eating breakfast and thinking about what could have happened that day, when she heard loud voices. She went outside and saw people staring into the air. She looked up at the sky too and saw that the Sun was giving off just one more ray. That ray shone to the place on the ground that glowed interestingly. She dug up some soil and saw in it a jewel in the shape of the Sun. See knew it was her turn. She took a backpack in which she put water, some food and the most important thing – the Sun jewel. When she came out of the house, she saw that the ray started to move. She said goodbye to all the villagers and her parents. But when she wanted to say goodbye to her best friend Miha, he didn't agree. He wanted to be by her side on this journey. At first, Sončica didn't want to listen to him, but in the end, he could

go with her. It made her feel better when someone accompanied her. Sončica knew that the whole world was in her hands and she had to prove herself.

They walked and walked, through hills and valleys, through deserts and forests, and came to the first difficult obstacle. There was a chasm in front of them and there was a deep river in it. There was no bridge. They thought how to cross the river and saw a ray that led them to the Sun. It revolved around a fat and tall tree that grew next to the river. They looked at it and saw that the roots were barely holding to the ground. They immediately figured out what they had to do to make it to the other side.

With all their strength, they leaned against the large tree, so that the roots began to break. They leaned even more, and the roots gave up. The tree fell to the other side of the river. They climbed onto the log. Miha began to move along the log to the other side. When he got to the other side, Sončica followed him. At the end of the log, she stepped a little to the right and almost fell. The log began to move. She jumped forward in fear and nearly fell into the valley when Miha grabbed her hand. He pulled her back up. She thanked him for saving her life. She was scared and confused. The ray that was guiding them had already moved on.

They continued to follow the ray. After a long journey, they came to another obstacle. They were walking through a beautiful bright forest behind the ray and singing loudly, when suddenly Miha's feet began to sink. He was dragged deeper and deeper, and they realized that there was quicksand under their feet. Miha tried to step outside, but when he tried to do so, he only went deeper. He started to panic. Sončica was looking for

a solution. She looked around and saw the ray, which showed her the solution. Now it was revolving around the canopy of the tree. Sončica looked up and saw a thick rope. She got the idea and climbed up to rope. The sand was almost up to Miha's chest. She took the rope and went with it to the ground. When she was on the ground, she gave to Miha one part of the rope, and she held the other end. He grabbed it. Sončica was pulling it hard at the other end as well. She pulled it so much that the sand only reached his knees, but because she couldn't go any more, she wrapped her part of the rope around a large rock and flipped it so that it started rolling down the hill. Luckily, Miha was pulled out of quicksand. They completed another task successfully and they lay down to the ground. They were exhausted. The ray reappeared, they had to stand up and follow it again.

They walked over the hills and valleys, over the rivers and lakes. They began to climb the highest mountain in the world, which reached through the clouds and whose top has almost touched the sun.

On their way the atmosphere suddenly changed. The sky darkened, the wind began to blow very strongly, and the leaves began to rustle. When they stepped onto the narrow path, they heard a pop – as if something moved deep inside the mountain. Suddenly, a small rock began to roll towards them. They thought nothing special would happen, but they felt a landslide. Dust rose into the air and the path in front of them turned into a trap. They found a shelter, but around them there were only rocks. Miha wanted to give up when Sončica spotted a ray that helped them again. She grabbed his hand and cried: »There!« he said. They quickly went to where Sončica was pointing. They hid in a

small opening in the rocks, which was just big enough for both to climb in. As soon as they sneaked in, the landslide struck with maximum force. The opening through which they came in was closed. They were relieved because they escaped danger and death. They came to the part of the cave that was very small. But it was special because the walls were made of diamonds. They didn't see much because it was very dark inside. They saw some cracks from which a faint light shone through. These rays were all directed towards the middle of the cave and in the middle all the rays met together. Where the rays met, a small hollow was made. Sončica remembered that she had jewels in her backpack, which she carried on her shoulders all the time. Suddenly, one of the walls began to move, so they turned in fear. When the wall stopped, they picked up the jewel in the shape of the sun and walked towards newly made opening. This was their only option because the entrance of the cave was covered with stones. When they got to the other side, they saw the ray that led them all the way. They followed it again to the top of the mountain. After a while they were above the clouds and only a few more steps were left to the top. Completely breathless, they arrived at their destination – the top of the highest mountain. It was very hot for them, because they were very close to the Sun. The ray that guided them and saved them many times was gone. The Sun was shining very weakly and they couldn't see each other. Sončica noticed that she was sitting on a piece of paper that said: "Welcome! You managed to solve the task by reaching your destination. Now you have only a few seconds left to save the Sun and the whole world. Take the jewel and throw it as far as possible towards the Sun. If you don't succeed, you are doomed. Good luck!" When Sončica read

the message, she took the jewel and gave the diamond to Miha. He was stronger and he threw the jewel with such power that it touched the Sun. At that moment, the light flashed that made their eyes hurt. When they opened their eyes again, they saw the sky as it had been in the beginning. The whole world was bright again.

Miha and Sončica returned home and everyone welcomed them warmly. They were heroes. The villagers were happy that it was bright again and they lived happily ever after.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, osnovna šola, III. triada)

AVTORICA: Marja Jakac (7. razred)

OŠ Ivana Babiča-Jagra Marezige, *Marezige*

MENTORICA: Lara Pečar

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

V tej kratki klasični pravljici avtorica učinkovito preplete različne dobro znane like in motive iz evropske pravljичne zakladnice (lepa in dobra glavna junakinja, zlobna mačeha, starka v gozdni koči, dobra vila, tri želje, grajski ples za izbiro neveste) in jih poveže v novo celoto, ki je sicer preprosta, a smiselna in pripovedno lepo zaokrožena. Zgradba je jasna, tempo tekoč, prehodi sledijo pravljичni (ne)logiki, vse skupaj pa preveva značilna naivna toplina.

The Girl With Three Wishes

Once upon a time, there was a girl that lived in a castle. She was a princess. She had a father – the king, and a stepmother – the queen.

But the queen didn't like the girl, so she threw her out of the castle:

"You will never show up on my doorstep again!" she yelled. So, the wicked queen told the king that the princess had been stolen. The king was very sad, and the grief was so big, that he died.

When the girl was outside the castle, she went for a walk in a creepy forest, because she had nowhere to go. There she found a small cottage with an old woman living inside. The woman was friendly, and she let the girl stay with her.

Years passed by, and the girl had become very beautiful. But one day, the woman, who cared for the girl, died. The princess was sad, so she sat by a creek, where she cried. When one of her tears fell into the water, she heard a soft voice.

"Why are you crying, young girl?" the voice asked.

"The woman, who was like a mother to me, has died," the girl replied. The voice was a fairy. The fairy kept talking:

"Don't be sad. That woman is in a better place now. Listen," she said. "I will grant you three wishes, but you must choose what you wish wisely."

"Thank you," replied the princess, then she started walking on a path, although she did not know where it led.

After three days and three nights of walking, she came to a village. There she heard people talking about the prince preparing a royal ball, where he will pick his bride. The girl wanted to go, but she had nothing to wear. Therefore, she used up her first wish:

"I wish for the most beautiful dress in the world."

And a wonderful dress appeared in her arms. It was blue like the sky, blue like the sea. The girl also had no shoes to wear, so she used up her second wish:

"I wish for the most beautiful shoes in the world," and the shoes appeared.

The girl got dressed and went to the ball. At first, the prince didn't even see her, because of all the other girls standing around him. But then she used up her last wish:

"I wish that the prince would see me."

The crowd of girls walked away, the prince saw the girl and fell in love with her immediately. Then he chose her for his bride.

The pair got married and lived happily ever after.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, osnovna šola, III. triada)

AVTOR: Teo Šparakl (9. razred)

OŠ Gustava Šiliha Laporje, *Laporje*

MENTORICA: Darja Pipuš

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Avtor izpiše živo domišljjsko zgodbo, postavljeno v čas bogov, templjev in s tem žrtvovanja. Ter seveda mladostne ljubezni, ta je tista, ki ob nekaj inventivnosti gotove smrti na oltarju reši deklico, ki ji je bil tak konec namenjen že od rojstva. Napeto stopnjevanje s posrečenim zasukom, tekoča in jezikovno popolnoma suverena pisava in trden pripovedni lok so glavni attribute te nagrajene zgodbe.

The Girl promised to the Sun

»The Chosen One,« a man murmured as he passed her.

Lora lowered her gaze. She had been called that since the day she was born.

In the land of the Sun, to be chosen was not a blessing, but a promise—a promise made by the first settlers when the land was shrouded in shadow. They had sworn that, during every eclipse, when the sun was covered by the moon that the solar ritual would take place and they would offer a girl to the Sun God. In return, the sun would shine upon them, and their harvests would thrive.

Lora had always known her fate.

She was the only one with light blue eyes, as clear as the sky. The rest of the villagers had deep brown eyes, as if they carried the sun itself in their gaze. Her sun-kissed skin shimmered like gold, and from the moment she could walk, she had been taught to accept her destiny.

But today on her last day acceptance felt impossible.

And as she walked through the village, as the sun was setting behind the mountains, the only thought in her mind was Deto.

Deto had always been different. Where Lora was calm and quiet, Deto was a storm in human form. His black hair was wild, his hands always building, always inventing. Many of his creations failed—a fishing rod that snapped, a wooden wheel that wouldn't turn—but when they worked, he beamed like the sun itself. He was the also the only one in the village that questioned the ritual.

»Why you?« he had asked her once, when they were younger.

»Because I was born for it,« Lora had replied. That answer was enough for her then. But not him.

When Deto returned home that evening, he found his grandmother, Thera, preparing herbs.

»Something is wrong. She—she wasn't herself today.«

Thera sighed. She didn't look up. »It's tomorrow.«

Deto went still. Tomorrow. The ritual. The moment he had dreaded since childhood. Something inside him snapped. He ran. He didn't know where, only that he had to get away. Away from the village, away from the blind devotion to the Sun God. He ran until his legs ached, until the trees and giant ficus leaves swallowed him whole, until... He stopped. And suddenly, he knew.

At dawn, the villagers carried Lora toward the Temple of the Sun.

Her wrists were bound in golden silk, her bare feet walking on the still cold stone path. The temple stood at the peak of the mountain, overlooking a drop so deep, it was said the gods themselves lived in its shadows.

She didn't fight them. She didn't cry. But she longed for Deto. And that, more than anything, made her feel alone.

The ceremony began. The chanting began, and became louder. The high priest stood before her, arms raised, his voice a melody of devotion. The sun burned overhead. As the moon began to slide over its surface, the light faded.

The chanting stopped.

»It is time.«

Lora stepped forward. The ledge was before her now. The wind blew through her dark hair. Suddenly, she heard a voice. "Jump!"

Deto.

She couldn't see him, but she knew he was there.

She jumped.

Terror ripped through her and the air swallowed her scream.

She braced for the fall, hitting the ground, but it never came. Instead, she felt something beneath her. Something lifting her up. When she opened her eyes, she was floating.

A massive triangular structure made from wood and giant leaves flew through the air. Deto smiled like never before. It worked.

»You?« she asked in shock. »How?«

»Let's just say,« Deto laughed, »one of my inventions actually worked.«

The wind blew past them. Below, the temple and the village all became smaller and smaller until they disappeared. The people, the chanting, the fate she had been born into—all of it disappeared. For the first time in her life, Lora felt free.

»Where are we going?« she whispered.

»Wherever you want,« Deto replied.

Together, they vanished into the horizon, two teenagers who had defied a god.

And won.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, srednja šola, A kategorija)

AVTORICA: Lea Moltara (4. letnik)

Biotehniški izobraževalni center Ljubljana,
Gimnazija in veterinarska šola, *Ljubljana*

MENTORICA: Maja Kuhar

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Zgodba je odličen primerek okoljske ali ekoliterature v distopični maniri. Prinaša vpogled v čas, ko otroci ne morejo dihati brez mask, ko zeleni gozdovi živijo samo v oddaljenih spominih njihovih staršev in ko je na sivem nebu le še slutnja sonca. Prav slednjega, četudi en samcat žarek, si želi na svoji koži začititi protagonistka. A vzpon k soncu nakazuje tragični konec. Občutek za dramaturgijo poskrbi za odlično bralsko izkušnjo.

My Ray of Light

She was woken up by the ruthless calls of her alarm clock. It took her way too long to pull on some clothes and eat her breakfast. Her father was standing near the front door nervously looking at his wristwatch, they were running late. She put on her mask and... »Lucy! You forgot your inhaler,« her mother rushed over and handed her a small blue object. She thanked her and hurried outside. Immediately a cloud of smoke filled the air around her and every breath became a struggle. Air

pollution has become an enormous problem in the last few decades. While they were driving, she observed the thick mass of grey clouds that was crawling over everything like a disease. She shook her head only to realize they had arrived.

Her school was one of the best in the city, it even had its own air purifiers. The other kids in her class were even more energetic and excited than usual and soon after she found herself being dragged across the classroom.

»What was that for? » She asked Suzie but her friend was focused on something else.

»We are getting a new teacher,« she replied. »And I heard she is even older than your grandpa.«

Lucy was shocked. » No way! He just turned 63.«

All of a sudden, the doors opened and two of her classmates burst in.

»She is coming.«

Everyone immediately rushed to their seats and for a few seconds their class was filled with silent anticipation. The doors opened yet again, and they were met by an elderly woman with silver hair. She moved slowly but with such certainty you could only see in people who spent years mastering their profession. She smiled warmly before introducing herself as Iris Greene. Her teaching was amazing, she was almost dancing in front of that board and it felt like she was stronger and brighter than the sun she was lecturing about. No one dared make a sound. After the class had been dismissed Lucy stepped over to the teacher.

»Ms. Green? »

»Yes,« she turned around and smiled. »How can I help you darling?«

» I uh...I wanted to ask a question.« Ms. Green nodded slightly.

»If the sun is so bright, how come I have never seen it? »

A flash of sadness took over her face. »Come here,« she said pointing at a space next to her.

»The sun is up there,« she looked at the thick grey mass covering the sky. »I can still remember my childhood, we could walk outside without our masks, ran around under the green trees and the sun... we took it for granted you know? We never thought it could just disappear.« A sudden burst of cough took over her and only then did Lucy realize how frail Iris actually was.

»I should be going,« she turned around and headed towards the door. Before leaving, she looked back at the teacher, a previously lively person was now sitting in front of the window with her eyes closed. Lucy wondered if she was trying to remember how sunlight felt.

The thought just wouldn't leave her mind. What if she went »up there«? Could she climb out of those heavy clouds? They had to end somewhere, right?

They got home late so her parents were not surprised when she went straight to her room. What they didn't know was that she spent the next few hours researching surrounding mountains. She will need a bus ticket, a spare inhaler, some water... Everything was falling into place, now she just had to find a way to slip away from her parents without them noticing. It was getting late and her bed was a complete mess, but it didn't matter, she dug herself into the blankets and drifted into sleep.

Getting away from her father was easier than she expected, she just had to walk towards the school until his car disappeared around the corner. After that it took her ten minutes to get to the station and buy a ticket, fifteen to find the bus and get on it

and around sixty to finally arrive at her destination. An old road leading away from the bus stop took her through a withered forest and continued uphill. The road got smaller and smaller, and she was soon following a narrow forest path. It was so cold and as she got higher it was getting almost impossible to breathe which meant her mask was failing and the inhaler didn't help much either. She managed to make it to a clearing and then the coughing started again. She had to sit down. It felt as if one of those dead trees had fallen on her chest. She remembered what her parents told her long ago. They said that you couldn't miss something you never had, but she did, she missed green trees and she missed the birds but above all, she missed the sun. She looked at the grey clouds and as if the sky wanted to say sorry for a mistake it did not make, a single blinding ray of light shined on her hands. It was only hers, only her ray of light, her last ray of light.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, srednja šola, B kategorija)

AVTORICA: Sara Topolnik Slatinek (4. letnik)

Srednja šola za farmacijo, kozmetiko in zdravstvo, *Ljubljana*

MENTORICA: Helena Doberšek

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Nagrajena zgodba je pretresljiv notranji monolog, ki skozi podobe ognja in sonca spregovori o trpljenju, jezi, odraščanju in iskanju lastne poti. Avtorica ustvari gosto, skoraj poetično vzdušje, v katerem pripoved o odraščanju v disfunkcionalni družini razvije do ganljivega zaključka, ko obljuba izgorenja v soncu postane zaobljuba gorenju v življenju. Strukturna, pripovedna in slogovna trdnost pripovedi skupaj z visoko idiomatičnostjo besedila vzbujajo občudovanje – in tudi rahlo začudenje. A naj bo zgodba navdih, saj premore moč povedati tisto, kar je sicer težko izreči.

The Girl promised to the Sun

I was the girl promised to the Sun, but I have never understood what that meant. Was I meant to shine, or was I only there to burn?

I was born into a house made of fire, but I was the only one burning. We had a pretty big house, with a white door, big windows, a red couch, a wooden kitchen, the kind of house that was so beautiful that no one would ever question what went on inside it. A distraction, a diversion, hiding the fact that it was

always filled with smoke. Mom quit cigarettes, and Dad put down the bottle, but their presence was enough for it to go up in flames. It was like we didn't need the sun to light the rooms because the fire was enough to see the darkness of the night. I was the burned victim. Every swear word, every broken glass, every slammed door burned in the back of my brain, burned like it burns when you stare at the sun for a little too long. And then, when you look away, there is now a circle of the past burned in from the sun, on the inside of your eyelids.

A house so quiet from the outside, but just behind the door there was anger so loud and fiery. I swear it could wake up cities, like the sun when it shines over us. Most nights, I shut the bedroom door to try and block out the smoke, but it found its way in through the cracks. The smoke swallowing me whole. I try to cough it up, all this fiery anger, all this light, all the pain, but it found its home and nested inside me. I wanted to be soft, I wanted to be kind, but the apple doesn't fall far from the tree, they say. We will see, I say.

Is it possible that when I left that house, I found myself in a new one with the stuff that still smelled of ash? Or was I the one who set the new one on fire? I promised the Sun, when I was having drinks with my best friend, that I would never burn again, that I would not even burn the pancakes that I love so much. But even so, the first pancake always burns. It is quite sad, isn't it? Like being the kid in the house that was only there to burn. Being promised to the Sun was not enough to put the fire out.

I met my younger self for coffee today. She wore oversized jeans, a hoodie, gold hoops. Her dark eyebrows were drawn on, but that was not as bad as her yellow concealer on olive pale skin, which was exploding in pimples because her hormonal

balance had been broken from stress at home. I wore basic jeans, a shirt, now silver rings (not gold), because maybe I am the moon, not the sun. I didn't do my makeup. I'm happy now without it, or not happy really, not even confident, but free. She ordered caramel ice cream coffee with two sugars; I ordered tea (not fruity tea), not even with sweet honey, just hot boiling water, like my emotions when seeing her sitting in front of me. And when the drinks came, she offered me hers to try. I declined. Need to stay in my calorie deficit. She looked at me in awe, surprised that I declined. Asked me what had happened to my coffee. I told her I had stopped drinking it when I realized suppressing my appetite wouldn't make me happier. Ha, ha, that was a lie that I told her, me, and myself. She rolled her eyes and told me how annoying her brother was. I smiled and told her mine was the best; we now talk all the time, study, and laugh together. She told me about her boyfriend and how much she loved him, more than herself, as if it was something to be proud of. I laughed. Not at her, but at the memory of that feeling. I told her I was fine being alone, that I never could love someone more than myself again. We talked about our insecurities, friends, lives, and we laughed at how similar our fears were and how they hadn't really changed. She asked if we were now successfully making our first pancakes. I told her no, but we were learning. She asked if we would ever make it. Not sure if we were still talking about the dessert, I smiled, reached across the table, and squeezed her hand. It was burning, like the house where she came from. I said to her, we were making it. She looked at the Sun and said: "Remember what she has just promised me." I exhaled, staring at the girl I used to be, the same promise I gave to the Sun, the girl who made it here, despite everything. "Yeah," I whispered. "The

Sun, I promise you that." But then she reminded me, "You were promised to the Sun", while stirring the melting caramel in her coffee. "That's why you have to survive." I blinked. "And what if I have never wanted to be?"

Me to her, me to myself. When I tell you that you are the Sun to me, I don't mean the sun in mid-July, when everything feels warm, but in reality, it's burning so you have to squint your eyes to see bits of it, but all you can see is the fiery red. I mean the Sun in the dead of winter when I haven't seen clouds part in weeks, when I have felt cold for so long that I can't remember how it feels to be warm. Suddenly, a thought (you) shines through, which reminds me how it is to feel warm, not burning or suffocating in the fire.

In a few years, I will meet myself again. Maybe I will be able to tell her I can now teach our brother how to make pancakes. Maybe not. Have been thinking about settling down with someone new. But how, when my ex-boyfriend still hasn't left my mind? Thinking about sitting down with my parents, chatting with them. Maybe even asking if they have finally let the warm sun in, so there will be no need for their flames to light the rooms.

But I am scared. I think I am more scared to live than I am to die. Death is inevitable. It happens whether we like it or not. One day, the sun goes out, but then we won't be able to turn it back on. Death is a statement, it has an ending. But life is a question of how we choose to live it. It's a creepy question. What if I mess it up? What if I never become who I swore I would be? Will the Sun be disappointed in me? It's like I am standing in a burning house yet again. Knowing I should run, but not knowing where to. To my new place that I have burned? But what if I was supposed to

burn? Because now, I am scared of love, the feeling of it. Because there were days when I wanted to scream at my mother, my father, the world, the Sun, because everything was burning. The Sun expects me to shine. To be the girl who survived, who made it. But what if I don't? What if I fail?

There is a voice that lingers in the back of my mind that keeps telling me it won't get better. But then, I take a step back, look around, ignoring the messy clothes on my desk covering my laptop, and at that moment, I remember. I am writing my story. I alone am looking up at the sky and making promises. I am the girl who promised the Sun not to burn. I am not the girl promised to the Sun. Not anymore.

PESNIŠKA DELA



PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, osnovna šola, II. triada)

AVTORICA: Tinkara Doles (4. razred)

OŠ Komen, *Komen*

MENTORICA: Tanja Spačal

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Prisrčen in igriv zapis o noni, ki se zdi zares zanimiva in posebna. V pesmi so besede položene v usta soncu – njegovi žarki pojejo noni hvalnico. Tako vnukinja skupaj z bližnjimi in s tako rekoč celotnim vesoljem deli navdušenje in občudovanje. Beseda ljubezen sicer ni izrečena, a je pesem nabita s tem čustvom.

Moja nona

Prvi žarek pravi:

Ona na stroj punčke šiva
in na kavču počiva.

Drugi žarek pravi:

Ona zanimive knjige bere
in nikoli se ne dere.

Tretji žarek pravi:

Ona v skupini balina
in vseh ji je malina.

Četrty žarek pravi:
Ona rada prešerno se smeji,
ko rdeče jagode dobi.

Peti žarek pravi:
Ona rada kuha kosilo
in v trgovini si kupi perilo.

Šesti žarek pravi:
Ona za nas skrbi
in dober krompirček nam naredi.

Sedmi žarek pravi:
Ona opere novo perilo
in nono ji kupi lepo darilo.

Osmi žarek pravi:
Ona se po gozdu sprehaja
in psička Kiri ji nagaja.

To je moja nona,
draga nonica,
ki pod soncem se smehlja.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, osnovna šola, III. triada)

AVTORICA: Zarja Breznik (9. razred)

OŠ Hinka Smrekarja, *Ljubljana*

MENTORICA: Maja Miklič Premrl

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Avtorica upesnjuje dileme in zadrege mladih glede izbire študijske smeri. Govorka niha med različnimi možnostmi in željami, v nadaljevanju pesmi z na videz nostalgичnim vračanjem v otroštvo izraža negotovost, izpostavljenost, nezaščitenost pred težo te življenjske odločitve, ki jo primerja z varnostjo in veselostjo znotraj zavetja družine. Sklene s hudomušno pripombo, ki sicer potrdi – a tudi razelektri – napetost ob sprejemanju odločitve za poklic oziroma za delo.

Naprej ali nazaj

»Že veš, kam želiš naprej?«
vpraša me odrasel skoraj vsak,
in ker odgovora na vprašanje ne poznam,
počutim se kot pravi bedak.

»Mogoče na psihologijo,«
jim odgovorim,
čeprav vem, da bi mesec nazaj rekla:

»Na pravo si želim.«

Kaj vem, če bom naslednji mesec rekla:

»Pecivo bi pekla.«

In čez dve leti:

»Želim si leteti!«

Resnica pa je v tem,
da le eno vem –
ne želim naprej, želim nazaj,
ko mi babi kuhala je čaj,
ko mi dedek pravlјice je bral,
bratec se z mano je igral,
mami mi pesmice je pela,
očku v naročju sem sedela,
in čeprav telefona nisem imela,
bila sem zares vesela.

»Le izberi si nekaj, kar te veseli.«

Lepo vas prosim,
kdo si delati želi?

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(slovenski jezik, srednja šola, A kategorija)

AVTORICA: Ela Retelj (4. letnik)

Šolski center Novo mesto, Srednja zdravstvena in kemijska šola,
Novo mesto

MENTOR: Denis Škofič

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Pesem Ele Retelj *Prednosti sušenja oblačil na soncu* je pravljični motiv dekleta in sonca mojstrsko spremenila v realističen prizor obešanja opranega, a prej okrvavljenega perila deklice, ki je žrtev nasilnega skrbniškega odnosa s strani očeta ali očima. Sonce v tem prizoru postane skoraj pravljični tolažnik, ki s svojo toploto in svetlobo tako preusmerja deklíčine misli, da pozablja na svoje modrice.

Prednosti sušenja oblačil na soncu

Ko je njegova volja večja od njenega telesa
in njegov glas težji od bremena, ki ga prinese beseda ne,
se njeno telo spremeni v pogodbo.
S krvjo podpisana, z modrico ožigosana.

Ko so njena kolena objeta, lica mokra in hrbtenica zvita,
se njene nogavice zopet perejo v belilu.
Madež krivde ostaja, vonj po železu duši.

Ko ugotovi, da je vrv za obešanje perila
zavezana previsoko za otroško telo,
se postavi na prste, hrbtenica se raztegne
in za trenutek je dovolj visoka, da jo doseže sonce.
S spačenim pogledom se s hrbtom steguje po še.

Ko se oči privadijo na sonce,
krvavi madeži zbledijo,
krivda hlapi in spomine ovija v meglo.
Bleščanje sonca odvrača pozornost
od modric na tople reči.

PRIZNANJE ZA NAJBOLJŠE LITERARNO DELO PO IZBORU ŽIRIJE

(angleški jezik, osnovna šola, III. triada)

AVTORICA: Zarja Razložnik (7. razred)

OŠ Tabor Logatec, Logatec

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Pesem *Perfect Girl* Zarje Razložnik naslovni motiv deklice, obljubljen soncu, spremeni v motiv deklice, ki je »zaobljubljena« popolnosti in ki se napreza v naporu, da bi v očeh drugih postala dekle brez napak, v vseh pogledih vsečna vsem. Ob tem trpi, ker zaradi svoje želje po ljubezni in sprejetosti pozablja nase, na svojo resnico - to pa se na koncu odloči spremeniti, kar učinkovito izrazi v zaključnih vrsticah.

Perfect Girl

Mirror, mirror, show me who I should be,
Cut my edges, smooth my seams.
Tie my worth to every smile,
Fake it good, make it worthwhile.

Every glance, every word, it's a test,
I'll break my heart just to fit the rest.
Playing roles, but I'm losing me,
Who's the girl they want to see?

I wanna be the perfect girl,
Flawless face in a flawless world.

Say the right things, act the right way,
Hide my truth, keep it all at bay.
Perfect girl, living for their dreams,
But who's gonna save me from me?

Eyes wide open, but I can't breathe,
Under pressure, I'm on my knees.
Cut my hair, change my style,
Walk a line that's a thousand miles.

Count the likes, do they see me now?
Give them everything, but I don't know how.
Every step feels like a crime,
Chasing perfect, wasting time.

Erase my doubts, but they leave a trace,
A painted mask on a tired face.
Tried to love me, but it's not enough,
Why's perfect gotta hurt this much?

I tried to be the perfect girl,
Flawless face in a broken world.
Said the right things, lost my own way,
Left my heart on display.
Perfect girl, I don't need their dreams,
This time I'll save me from me.

Perfect girl, no more chasing lies,
I'll be perfect in my own eyes.

**PREJEMNICE IN PREJEMNIKI NAGRAD
ZA NAJBOLJŠE PESNIŠKO DELO
(angleški jezik, srednja šola, A kategorija)**

AVTORICA: Lara Godina (2. letnik)
Prva gimnazija Maribor, *Maribor*
MENTORICA: Nataša Ferš

OBRAZLOŽITEV ŽIRIJE:

Pesem je spisana z epskim zamahom in v baladni atmosferi, v sebi nosi pridih romantike in tragičnosti. Med vrsticami prepoznamo fascinantno moč govorke – kljub temu, da je bila obljubljena in prodana s strani drugih, je »usodo« sprejela, ponotranjila in osmisllila. Ker jo je tako naredila na nek način tudi za lastno odločitev, je v brezizhodnosti našla svobodo in ponos (namesto jadikovanja).

Lepa, tekoča pesniška naracija z izpiljenim ritmom in rimo.

Never meant to run

Signed my life away in ink and blood,
Didn't even cry, didn't say a word,
They told me, "*Girls like you don't get to choose,*"
And I suppose that was the final truth.

He stood at the edge of the amber shore,
Said, "*Run with me, love, don't be theirs anymore.*"
But dawn was calling, gold and bright,
And truth be told, I was never meant for night.

I was promised, I was bought and sold,
Like a story rewritten a thousandfold,
No hands could hold me, no lips could keep
I belonged to the scorching heat.

If I had stayed, would the sky fall down?
Would the waves pull me under, spin me around?
Would he still be waiting back on the shore?
Would I even want him there anymore?

They say he still waits where the sea birds cry,
Where the salt wind carries my last goodbye,
I burned away when the morning came,
All that's left are the whispers of my name.

Yet his power with me remains,
Wraps my hands in golden chains.
I was never meant to run,
I was promised to the sun.

OLETOŠNJEM NATEČAJU

- Razpis je bil pripravljen v sodelovanju z založbo Mladinska knjiga, ob izidu zbirke ljudskih pravljic Dekle, obljubljeno Soncu avtorice Špele Frlic.
- Na letošnji literarni natečaj smo prejeli skupno 221 prispevkov. Mladi so bili najpogumnejši pri pisanju /ustvarjanju zgodb v slovenskem jeziku.
- S prozo, poezijo in dramskim besedilom so se spoprijele učenke in učenci iz 68 osnovnih in srednjih šol iz vse Slovenije.
- Mladi literati so dela pripravili pod budnim očesom 73 mentorjev in mentoric, nekateri pa so izziv opravili kar samostojno.
- Odlomke nagrajenih besedil in proznih del sta na zaključni podelitvi brala: Špela Frlic, pripovedovalka in avtorica knjige naslovne tematike in pesnik Pino Pograjc, dogodek pa je povezoval Toni Cahunek.
- Delavnice, ki so sledile podelitvi, so pripravili: Doroteja Jemec (improvizatorica), Pino Pograjc (pesnik), dr. Aljoša Harlamov (samozaposlen v kulturi) ter Stanka Hrastelj (pesnica).



Nagrajena dela Literarnega natečaja Bodi pisatelj/pisateljica 2025

Izdal: Pionirski dom – Center za kulturo mladih

Zanj: Barbara Murn Vrviščar, direktorica

Ustanoviteljica: Mestna občina Ljubljana

Zasnovala in uredila: Mojca Čampa

Jezikovni pregled: Tatjana Cestnik

Oblikovanje: Grafoblika

Brezplačen izvod

Ljubljana, 2025



Mestna občina
Ljubljana



SANDOZ

