30.11.2016

Christmas is coming.

It’s easy to see as all the streets and shops have been decorated with various types of ornaments. There are Christmas trees, baubles, stars, Santa Clauses, gifts and it’s almost hard to believe that today is only the 30th of November. I don’t know why the decorations are hanged up so much earlier. Are people scared that time will flow by faster than usually and in the blink of an eye the Christmas Eve will be already gone?

That’s not the way it works.

I wonder how much power is used to light up all of these sparkling chains. And who pays for it? Except the environment...

But it looks nice at the night, when its shapes take the forms and it shines through the darkness. Especially in the center of the city. And I like the idea of my favourite café’s workers. They are going to add a gingerbread to every ordered hot drink. I already had a possibility to eat one with my hot chocolate( I like it the most, after that goes a cappuccino with chocolate).

02.12.2016

Some super-smart genius has decided on third-years’ mock exam’s date to be the 6th of December. The best gift ever… That sadist couldn’t think it up better. Now we’re going to stress on a day that usually had been whole spared on chatting, eating sweets and chilling out even during the lessons with the strictest teachers (last year I missed it because of some competition I had to take part in- what a pity…).

Give me back my best time at school!

6.12.2016

I’m tired. I used up all my strength on writing my essay in the polish exam. Good it was the last task(after a history test and reading comprehension) or I wouldn’t have made it.

After the worse part of the day the better one came. In a classroom we exchanged gifts. I got a long-dreamed book. I’m going to read it tonight. I’d eaten so much chocolate I felt sick. It wasn’t only me. The majority of my classmates had the same symptoms after swallowing a pile of Santa Claus shaped chocolates mixed with cheese crisps.

It’s the beginning of the Christmas gluttony! Fight, my stomach!

I already can tell I will gain some kilos. Like everyone else for who Christmas means food at the first place. How not to love the gingerbreads, grandmother’s dumplings with mushrooms and cabbage, aunt’s croquettes and red borsch? And the table is full of so many tasty dishes! But the afterchristmas (such neologism created by my person) reality is cruel. Always. You can’t avoid your fate. The eaten calories won’t just disappear.

I envy people with ultrafast metabolism whose weight doesn’t go up even after long weeks of eating and lazing. But I also know for some of them it’s like a curse. They want to gain some fat just to hide the seenable ribs and there it is just impossible. A half of my boy classmates has such problem. I can describe a picture of what they present themselves in a one word: skeletons. BMI so low it’s almost an illness( we counted Body Mass Index at the biology; mine is normal). And there another problem arises. They would like to build some muscles to look more manly, but the results never come. Life is not just. Even in such small cases.

8.12.2016

Here the marathon of tests starts! I don’t know why all the teachers always seem to finish the material at the same time. And the fights for empty days for tests are funny. They “book” them in our e-register not to have it taken by someone else.

Unfortunately, we have five tests this week, not counting the other possible ways of checking our knowledge. It’s always like this before the holidays. Pretty annoying, as I would like to take care of Christmas preparations at home, baking cakes, making a carp. And so I will end up with my head in the notes.

The Week of Languages at my school is soon starting. I’m taking a part in it as a member of a red team in a “Battle of knowledge”. Last year I was a blue team, if I remember correctly. The competition is not actually a real competition, as we more like have fun together, not fight with each other. Eight people in one team and there we get some tasks connected with foreign culture of Germany, the UK, New Zealand, Switzerland, Austria and Australia. By the way, Austria and Australia are so often mistaken with each other it’s making me laugh. Different continents, languages… But it’s nothing strange when we take to mind the geographical knowledge of both youth and grown-ups, sometimes it’s terrifying. Let’s take such situation in the school canteen- during my dinner I got to know that Barack Obama is the president of Ukraine, which is the country full of black people. No comment.

It reminded me about my friend talk, when she said her aunt lived in New York, the district of London. And it wasn’t a joke. For her Kazakhstan was a part of Russia…

17.12.2016

Today I spent on cooking and baking. Right after the school was over, I clothed my checkered apron, took a rolling pin and began working. I decided to make the honey gingerbreads. When I was looking for the flour in the cupboard, I found a package of milk powder. It reminded me of my childhood, when I used to eat it at my grandmother’s place. I couldn’t stop myself from testing the flavor. My brother came back home at the time I was almost choking with my mouth full of white sweetness. Soon he got to the same state. We were competing who will make a bigger cloud of powder. While we were at it, mum went in to the kitchen. She got angry. No surprise. The kitchen looked like a huge dump. The explanations didn’t help. Maybe because of my brother showering her with the milk during his “don’t-get-mad” speech… We just had to clean up that mess and mum’s going berserk was gone.

So, after some problems, I finally got to make my gingerbreads. Their scent was beautiful. Hot honey with the carnations. Aromatic combination. I decorated them with raisins, almonds and chocolate (hot water, milk and cocoa mix), as I can’t make frosting at all. I wanted to wait with eating the gingerbreads to the Christmas but my love for sweets won.

When my baking skills presentation ended, my brother didn’t want to be worse, so he started frying the pancakes to make some croquettes. He couldn’t hold himself back from testing some frying pan tricks. And so I had half-made pancakes flying in the air over my head and spinning around. As he is not a professionalist, a few of them was faster than his hand and fell down on the floor. He was the one at fault, so I didn’t have to clean up after him. I made stuffing with the sauerkraut and mushrooms. Together we wrapped the pancakes, put them on a plate with an beaten egg, rolled them in the bread crumbs and finally fried.

Our mum was proud of us. She forgave us for before.

23.12.2016

How is it possible that days pass by so fast? The answer is: critical point at school right before the holidays. Tests. Fortunately they are already over and the students could have small Christmas Eve dinners, organised by themselves in their classrooms. Everyone had to bring something. I chose the herrings. The table(actually the desks under the plastic red tablecloths) was full of everything. The dumplings with fried onion were the best ones, I ate about ten of them.

I read the Bible before starting eating. From someone’s smartphone. No one remembered to take a book from home. But the resources of Internet are huge…

Tonight I have to wrap the gifts for my family. I bought a CD for my mum, the bath salt for dad and a T-shirt for my brother( with logo of his favourite computer game). I hope they will like what I’ve chosen for them.

Today my grandad brought a cut spruce. While decorating it I injured almost every finger of my hands. Stupid needles. But now our home looks like it should!

24.12.2016

Christmas has come.

We went to my grandmother’s place to spent the Christmas together, with the rest of the family. And the rest means a lot of little kids-laughing, shouting, crying and running. Every year I have to deal with them. It’s awful. But I got through it. Under the Christmas tree I found: beauty products, beauty products and more beauty products. All think alike. And I haven’t used up the ones from last year yet…

I’m in a good mood. Now I have some free days. And the gingerbreads to eat.