



15/06/2011

Dear diary,

Imagine Earth: wet and very populous, for all that, after the dictionary, means life. Looking to the sky, every pair of eyes sees something different. For me, the sky was just this little lid which closes the box called Earth, and the clouds seemed monotonous sheets stickers that

covered the blue background. I watched a cloud in 2D, but now I can say that once you learn to catch flying wings, everything so far seemed limited, turns into something fascinating.

But to return to reality. The Earth is the Earth (in dreams and in reality), and life can not be defined otherwise ... But now I know that heaven is not just a cover, and clouds are not just paper stickers. Right now, I bathe in the sky, when viewed from here, no longer has the same definition as seen from down. Now, I look at clouds as my brothers which splash around in the blue tinted air.

However, my wings are not white and fluffy, but they are long, heavy and rusty in some places, and are designed to maintain the balanced elongated body, like of a bird: the plane of domestic flights TAROM, which is flying between Satu Mare and Bucharest.

Now we are descending and the steward's voice heard through the speakers is asking us to fasten the seatbelts, put upright the seats and tray tables. So we have to listen ... I will return soon with news and get ready because this is just the beginning!



06/16/2011

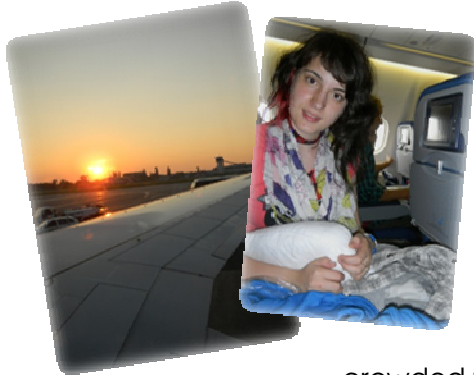
Dear diary,

Last night, after we reached the airport in Bucharest, me and my companions (my mother and miss teacher) met

Andreea, her father and mister Popescu. Together we spent a terrible night, sitting in Henri Coanda's room, on some uncomfortable chairs where was running the same movie about the life and career of the Romanian Aeronautical Coanda, over and over again. In the mid of the film in the soundtrack, sounded vaguely the beginning of the Einsamer Hirte's pan-pipe song, sung by Gheorghe Zamfir, which gave more "colour" to the monotony ... I managed with difficulty to stay awake until one o'clock, walking with

Andreea in the endless corridors of the airport, embellished with paintings and photos of airplanes.

During the night I fell asleep from time to time, resting head on a suitcase, trying to ignore the hardness and uncomfortable seat, hearing the same song every five minutes, the same pan, which, after a long silence, coming to announce that time flows, but slower than ever. I had no time to dream, but I lived a living nightmare. The only thing I thought was also given hope that at 4 in the morning we will go to check-in, the security check and then, finally, we board the plane that will take us closer to fulfilment of the American dream. "



06/16/2011

Dear diary,



It seems that these days, to reach the clouds it doesn't happen only in dreams. I am in the clouds for the third time in the last 24 hours. After that sleepless night, we boarded a plane to Amsterdam, where we made a stop for four hours. Time finally runs out of its normal speed. The airport was bigger and more

crowded than I expected. Planes were arriving and leaving one after another incessantly, and people of all races and nations swirled through the airport looking after their own terminal, like us. It was fascinating for me. A new world

...

Now I am stuck in a comfortable chair, place in the far left of the middle row of the KLM plane, which is flying food, juices and the small distracted my attention thing: I am in the air, and

to Washington DC. The screen in front of me, from the most important below me is the Atlantic Ocean ...



17/06/2011

Dear diary,

Yesterday seems so far removed from today... But I vaguely remember looking at the small screen and seeing, that the plane is fast approaching the destination. We were eagerly waiting to start landing. After an eight-hour journey across the ocean,

landing came as peaceful as the ocean breeze, or more directly like a little action after 8 hours of pure monotony.

Soon I walked sleepy out of the plane, with small steps in disorganized lines of people moving slowly and slowly, while we were hearing from the speakers a voice of an enthusiastic young woman saying: 'Welcome to America! Citizens of America, welcome home. ' Then I realized I stepped on American soil, breathe the air again and the here sun shines, although, at home was full night. Things and places have changed, but people remain the same. Mother and miss teacher were amazed by the enthusiasm in the speakers voice. Andreea walked beside me, her father was taking us pictures, and mister Popescu guided us every step.



After we passed all checks and we spent about half an hour looking for our luggage among hundreds of other bags that were coming streaming on each of the three conveyors. Leaving the airport we looked after Mr. Graff, a friend of Mr. Popescu's who was waiting for us. He would lead us to the hotel.

The air smelled different, and was a higher humidity, which causes a very high

temperature. The hotel, Holliday Inn Capitol, was very nice. The hall was full of children, and the people relaxed attitude and their smiles made me to feel very comfortable.

Today we woke up early and at 8 AM and we went all three of us (me, mother and miss teacher) to The National Mall (the festival site).

We soon reached the green space where were located several white tents and a stage. Also we met there Andreea and her father, which were hosted by an American family.

The show opening WCF (World Children's Festival) began with the American hymn and continued with speeches and a show. Meanwhile, we started to look at what was happening at the stands located in the park. At first glance, the fact that you could choose what activities to take part on was for me a little confusing, because seem disorganized, freedom, compared with the system we're used to. After that, me and Andreea stopped at a stand where we had to draw or write on the balloons a secret, a thought or answer to one question on a card, without knowing what question we responded. It made no sense to us, but I soon learned through this simple 'game' ,that to express through art what you want to say is the easiest beautiful way to create.

After this first activity, I went to the Japanese booth (I was irresistibly drawn to Japan ...), where I made origami cranes and I wrote in a message or an opinion about the



disaster occurred in Japan; the crane will be put on a plate, then exposed in Japan.

And finally, I went to another stand where there were only 2 children and their drawing teacher. Then I met Marijn, which taught us how we can express by symbols. Then we made a work-symbol illustrating theme about "Sun, house, Earth." Although Marijn was Dutch, she used to express the American enthusiasm for our creations, as sign that she liked it very much. And I liked very much Marijn and I hope to keep in touch with her...

At 3 PM the festival was over for us, as we were to go to the Romanian Embassy and to meet the Ambassador of Romania to Washington and to visit the embassy.

After the lunch, Mr. Graff led us to the Embassy where we met with the ambassador, with Andreea and her father, who had come with all their host family. It's been a great pleasure to know the ambassador, and to hear talking in Romanian outside of our small group.

Then, seeing that it is 5:30, together with my mother and miss teacher, we visited in a hurry (it was closing time) an art museum from the Smithsonian museums chain. Time was very short, but what I saw was great. Miss teacher showed me the works of

famous painters (Van Gogh, Durer, Picasso, etc.) and we could not believe that we have on front of us so beautiful masterpieces ...

We ended our first day at the World Children's Festival. It was a busy and interesting day and we were happy and we waiting forward the next day.

18/06/2011

Dear diary,

Today we had another beautiful day. At 9 o'clock in the morning, we started walking towards, The White House. It was a warm morning and the sun was high and hot, burning our

unprotected skin. Our way was running through the park that housed the festival, after that through the town, and finishes to the big black gate behind which lies the White House. We passed the security check and entered the famous residence of President Obama.

At first we entered in a hallway with white walls, on which were strung photos from the American Presidents mandate. Then we entered in different rooms, simply furnished and decorated (different of our royal Peles). Personally, I liked the Red Room because they acquired the charm of history.

leaving the building, we made some pictures and rush

On to festival, because we were late. The path was the same, but different destination: World Children's Festival.





Me and Andreea got there first. Once arrived, I noticed that all the children had already found their right booth. I was disoriented because the activities were new ones. We went to the booth which promoted ecology and we

printed leaves using solar energy. Then we decorated the printed cards by putting leaves in the interior. We used a strange technique, but I liked it...

From there, we went to the nearby stand waiting to participate. I painted shirts in a strange and interesting manner. But both came out excellent. Then I went to look



for Rose, a teacher with whom I corresponded, and who had a stand there. I found her easily, and she invited us to paint a huge canvas for small artists. Together with miss teacher, Andreea and me we did a beautiful job on that, then I wrote with big letters ROMANIA. We painted also with our hands, so I was dirty from head to toe and the acrylic colours stains will remain permanent on my black pants. That was not a problem because I'm sure I will always remember this day.

We went to visit Air and Space Museum because it was nearby. At the hotel, exhausted, I fell asleep quickly, being sad that tomorrow will be the last day of the festival ...



20/06/2011

Dear diary,

I certainly will remember yesterday, the end of three days, now part of my history. It was the last day at the World Children's Festival.

In the morning we went to the festival, as in every day, and we shyly approached a new stand, where they used an interesting technique: we put pigments in water, making some forms and then print the result on a sheet. It came some beautiful works.



At the miss teacher's proposal, we went to the Oman's bench, where I painted pottery, decorating it with colored beads. I made something beautiful and ornate bowl which I got it as a gift. I will go home and have a beautiful memory, a living witness to the "My American Dream". In the afternoon, me and Andreea, we dressed in national costumes and went to L'Enfant Plaza, for the festive dinner. Once there, I made friends with Sarah, seeing that we have much in common, especially music and literature. Accompanied by mother, miss teacher and mister Popescu, we sat at a round table in a huge room. It did not take long and already we were doing photos with other children participants, who were fascinated by our national costumes. On the little stage in the room were having place speeches and singing, while we were serving dinner. Rose sat down with us and we understood perfectly. Also a Japanese family with two children was seated at our table. I communicated with them and I noticed the large differences which exist between people, culture and education. This was in fact the festival's goal: to become friends with different people who share the same passion with us.

At the end, all the children were called on stage to be awarded. We were lots of children and the hostess had difficulty in pronunciation of names. Andreea's name was pronounced with a heavy American accent, but we understood enough to realize that it was about our Andreea When it was my turn, the hostess asked me how to pronounce my name and the result was good, considering the fact that my name is not common in USA.

All the approximately 100 awarded children from the U.S. and other 75 countries, we did a lot of pictures and we had a wonderful evening ... And three exceptional days.