

MLA- DOST. DOBRO

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NOVA ERA VOLONTERA

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 Mreža udruga Zagor

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Bilješka glavnog urednika

Dragi čitatelji,

Ovo je Daniele. Čini se da sam unaprijeđen na poziciju „glavnog urednika“ za časopis Mla-dost.dobro. I čini se da zadržat ću ovu poziciju za slijedećih 8 mjeseci. Takve su pogodnosti biti volonter za Mrežu udruga Zagor. Odlučili smo nazvati ovaj broj „nova era volontera“ (zapravo je bila Marijina ideja: više o tome kasnije) zato što ovo je prvi put u kojem Zagor ima volontere koji mogu već „govoriti“ (recimo) hrvatski i koji već su, do određene mjere, navikli na hrvatsku kulturu. To nam otvara nove mogućnosti. Naprimjer, bilo bi dobro ako možemo koristiti hrvatski kao glavni jezik komunikacije na ovom prostoru. Do sad, za mene je još teško pisati isključivo na hrvatskom, zato neki će članci i dalje biti na engleskom. Ali biti glavni urednik takog prestižnog časopisa mi je odlična prilika da stvarno naučim (ništa nije nemoguće uz riječnik!). Priznajem da nije mi još jasno kako se sve ovo radi (biti glavni urednik), ali u moju obranu mogu reći da ovo izdanje je bilo pripremljeno u žurbi (zato što Hugo i ja nismo dugo ovdje, moramo se još smjestiti, itd). Zato, za ovo izdanje mi smo odlučili se za ironičniji ton, tako da ovo izdanje bude svejedno zanimljivo unatoč nedostatku materijalnog vremena za realizaciju. Želio bih se zahvaliti Mariji na pomoći oko redakcije ovog izdanja, koje ne bi moglo izaći bez njezinog doprinosa. Cijela grafička strana je još njezina: da nije ona dizajnirala stranice imali biste samo 3/4 Word dokumenta i par desetaka slika. Osim toga, za buduća izdanja ja bih htio uključiti doprinose od drugih autora, jer se sad malo osjećam kao da sam monopolizirao časopis.

Zato: ako imate komentara, prijedloga, feedback, potičemo vas da se slobodno javite. Uživajte u novom broju Mla-dost.dobro!

Vaš dragi,

Daniele S., Glavni Urednik



Upoznajte ESS volontera - Hugo iz Španjolske

My name is Hugo, I am 22 years old, although I will turn 23 in a few days. I was born in 2003 in Zaragoza, Spain. My roots are Croatian from my parents' side, and thanks to that and having some knowledge of the language, I decided to join this volunteering program since my main goal is to master and improve my English as much as possible.

Since I was very young, I have liked everything related to audiovisual media. However, it was not easy because I spent many years not knowing what I liked or what motivated me to study. To be honest, I was not very good at school. Over the years I improved, but it was after finishing my social sciences and humanities high school diploma when I discovered the Audiovisual Production and Events degree. Thanks to it, I was able to train and learn how to work as a good technician.

I have written scripts, organized and created a car event with more than 300 attendees, recorded music videos, short films, and photo sessions, and I have worked at festivals. But not everything has been audiovisual, I have also worked in different places to gain experience: in hospitality, at Popeyes (a fast-food restaurant), at "El Rincón" bakery, and in several other restaurants. My last job was at an escape room.

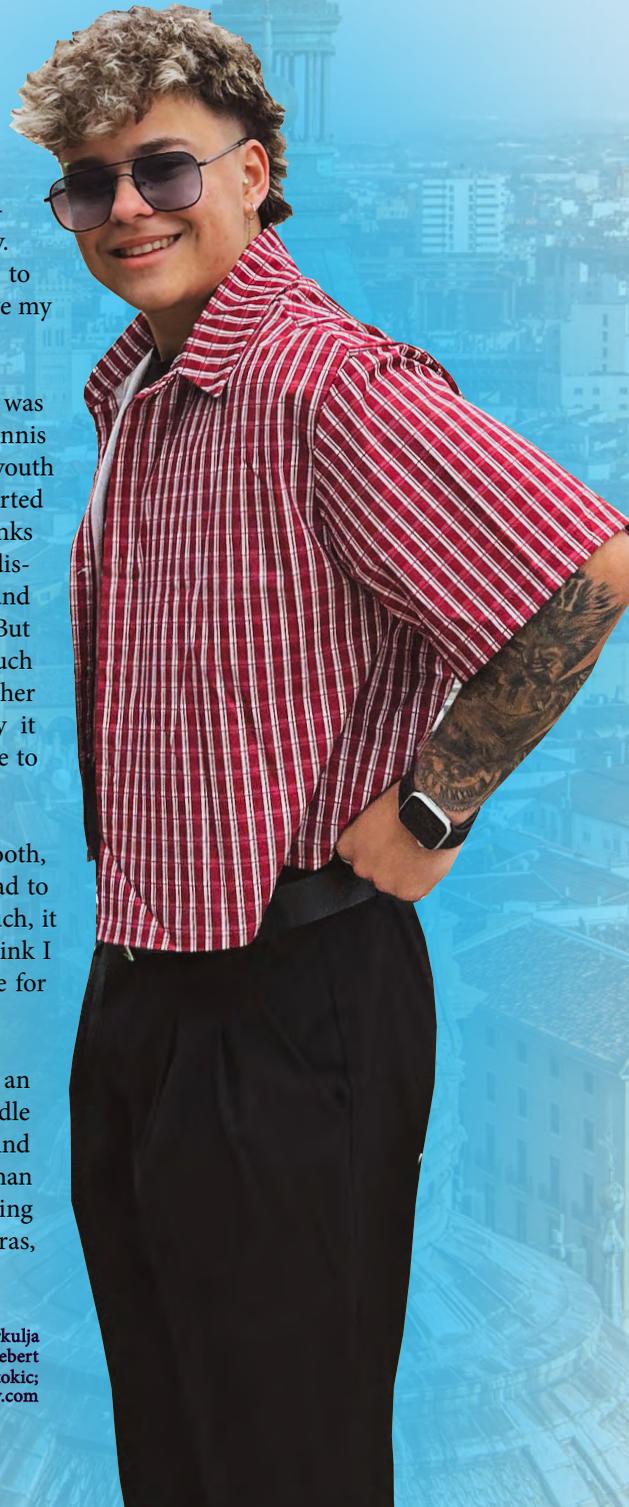
I consider myself an active and resourceful person with a dynamic and social lifestyle. That is why on this trip I want to make the most

out of myself. I won't deny that at the beginning there is always some fear, going alone to another country for the first time is a real challenge, especially when everyone speaks English fluently. But I will not give up. I want to learn English and also improve my mother tongue, Croatian.

I have liked sports since I was very young. I used to play tennis and even became the Aragón youth league champion. Later I started playing basketball, and thanks to that sport I improved and discovered what team sports are and how important teamwork is. But honestly, I like sports so much that if I start practicing another one, I would probably enjoy it too. In the future, I would like to return to tennis.

I have always had a sweet tooth, no doubt about it. And if I had to say something I don't like much, it would be reading books, I think I don't have that much patience for it.

My goal is not to become an expert, but to be able to handle myself in a conversation. And what better way to do that than by doing what I like most: being creative, working with cameras, and using social media.



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Upoznajte ESS volontera - Daniele iz Italije

Ja se zovem Daniele Stefanini. Ja sam iz Italije, iz općine Castiglione dei Pepoli, blizu (recimo: nalazi se oko 40 km. iz grada) Bologne, i imam 26 godina. Završio sam fakultet političkih znanosti na Sveučilištu u Bologni, i prije toga ja sam studirao na fakultetu stranih jezika kao prevoditelj i tumač. Meni zanimaju učenje stranih jezika, međunarodna glazba (posebno rock i svoji pod-žanrovi), fotografija, književnost, i putovanje. U slobodno vrijeme volim slušati glazbu na starim formatima (mislim o pločama i kasetama), (loše) svirati bas, ići u šetnje u prirodu ili kroz grad i u međuvremenu slikati fotoaparatom ono što vidim. Ono što meni ne se sviđa je gledati sportove (posebno tenis), masline, i se trenirati (ali to, nažalost, ponekad se mora).

Od ovih devet mjeseci s organizacijom Mreža Udruga Zagor očekujem puno : najprije, što se tiče naših aktivnosti u udruzi, želim dati doprinos radi organizacije i, u širem smislu, lokalnoj zajednici, i u procesu naučiti te vještine koje mogu meni dozvoliti doprinijeti nešto i kod sebe u Italiji : kao čovjek koji dolazi od zajednice slične veličine od Zaboka, znam koliko je važno za te gradove imati netko tko se trudi za razvoj kulturne i društvene inicijative, i zato ja bih volio proširiti svoj skillset.

Na drugom mjestu, ja očekujem da tijekom mog boravka u Zaboku ja

ću vrlo dobro naučiti hrvatski jezik i hrvatsku kulturu. Ovo nije za mene prvi put u Hrvatskoj : ja sam već bio u Zagrebu prije nekoliko godina na Erazmusu i, od tada, ja sam uvijek htio se vratiti. Ja sad imam veliku ljubav prema Hrvatskoj i njezinoj kulturi (posebno glazbenoj !), I ja sam stvarno sretan da za sljedeći 9 mjeseci ja ću moći provoditi svoje vrijeme u ovoj republici (i naročito u Zagorju J). Kroz moje akademske studije (kao student fakulteta političkih znanosti), ja sam imao priliku učiti hrvatsku povijest u širem kontekstu povijesti Balkanskog poluotok, i ja želim nastaviti to studirati. Volontiranje za Mrežu Udruga Zagor je za mene veliku priliku da nastavim na tom putu na koji ja sam krenuo u Zagrebu.

Napokon, mislim da moj „servis“ u Europskim Snagama Solidarnosti će dati meni priliku otkriti nešto i o sebi. „Bolje je da odete, pri-like su nove“ nekad je rekao Darko Rundek iz Haustora, i otišao sam. Znam ono što mogu raditi, a još ne znam ono što bi mogao: mislim

da kroz raznolike aktivnosti koje nudi organizacija mogu poboljšavati ono što već znam uraditi, ili otkriti da ja mogu učiniti, s zadovoljstvom, još nešto. Pitanje je: hoće li me ovo životno iskustvo učiniti novom osobom, ili samo ojačati ono što već sam? Ali to ne mogu znati i možda nije važno. Ono što znam je... da ništa ne znam... ne dobro možda nisam Sokrat ali znam da je ekipa u udruzi super i ja sam siguran da ovi devet mjeseci bit će isto super :)

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darekovi jukebox

top 6-7 pjesama iz Caffè bara Regenerator



SKENIRAJ I SLUŠAJ



1. "Arabian Knights" by Siouxsie and the Banshees



2. "Mmm Mmm Mmm Mmm" by Crash Test Dummies



3. "Moon Rocks - 2005 Remastered" by Talking Heads



4. "Dreams Never End - 2015 Remastered" by New Order



5. "Love Me Two Times" by The Doors



6. "Everybody Wants To Rule The World" by Tears For Fears

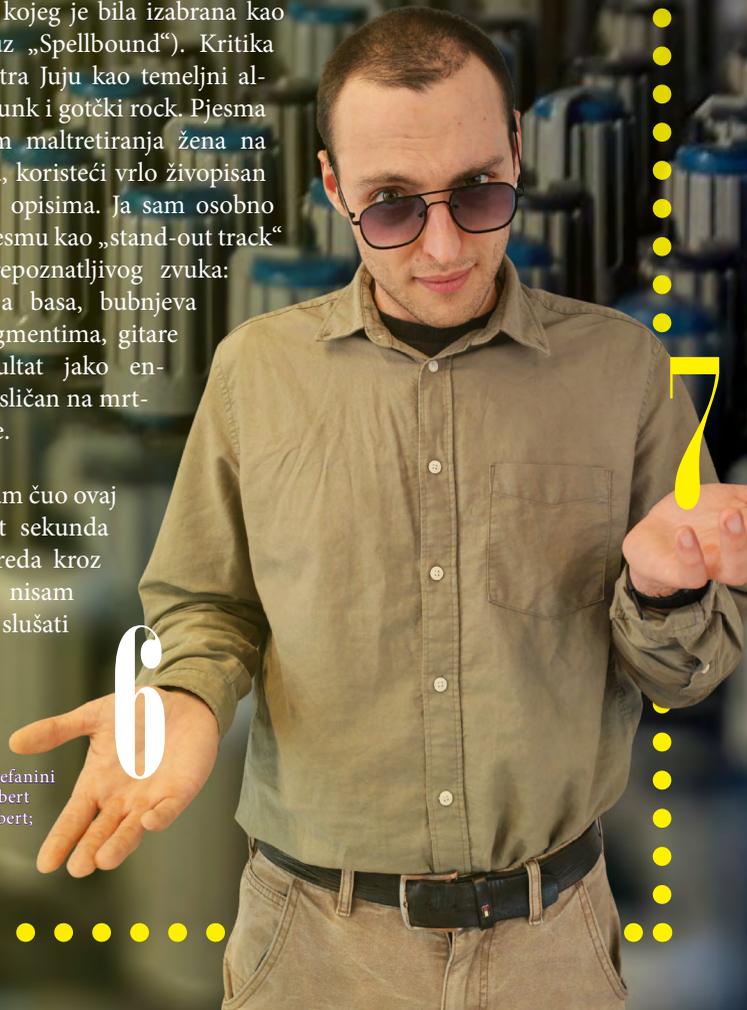
7. Dođi u Regenerator i saznaj...

Jeste ikad imali osjećaj da jedno mjesto pušta glazbu iz vaše Spotify playliste?

Ni ja, dok nisam bio u Caffè Baru Regenerator! Od prvog dana iznenadilo me kako ovaj kafić pokraj ureda Zagora ima taj post-punk/new wave glazbeni ukus koji meni tako pripada. Ovo su moje 6-7 (zapravo 6: no pun intended) najdraže pjesme koje sam čuo u Caffè Baru Regenerator. Stand-out track: Arabian Knights – Siouxsie and the Banshees

„Arabian Knights“ je pjesma grupe Siouxsie and the Banshees iz 1981. godina, s četvrtog studijskog albuma Juju s kojeg je bila izabrana kao drugi singl (uz „Spellbound“). Kritika odavno razmatra Juju kao temeljni album za post-punk i gotički rock. Pjesma se bavi temom maltretiranja žena na bliskom istoku, koristeći vrlo živopisan jezik u svojim opisima. Ja sam osobno izabrao ovu pjesmu kao „stand-out track“ zbog svog prepoznatljivog zvuka: međudjelovanja basa, bubnjeva i, u nekim segmentima, gitare čini kao rezultat jako energičan ritam, sličan na mrtvo zakucavanje.

Žao mi je da sam čuo ovaj hit možda pet sekunda na putu do ureda kroz kafić, i da nisam mogao ostati slušati duže :(



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The Orahovica Express:

A Slavonian ESC training between emptiness, friendly-frolicking, and Joy Division.

On the morning of Monday, 9th of February, I and Hugo (my fellow ESC volunteer for Mreža Udruga Zagor) boarded a train to Zagreb, in what was supposed to be the first part our two-leg journey to Orahovica in central Slavonia. I could spend the rest of the article talking about how we overall had a very good time: From the organization by the Croatian National Agency and the activities proposed by our trainers, to the facilities we were provided with for the execution of our duties as volunteers on a training and those we could use in our free time to enjoy ourselves, as well as

the treatment received by the wonderful staff of the Osijek Red Cross Centre in Orahovica, it would be a lie for me to say that our Orahovica Experience was anything but good. This, however, would be just one part of the story, and would arguably not make for a very interesting article. Truth is, while in Orahovica I felt a strong feeling of dissonance between the merry and playful atmosphere of our “European Solidarity Corps bubble” and the abandonment and desertedness of the Slavonian countryside. But first, let’s get back to the start of our journey.

The Orahovica Express (that is, HŽPP train no. 985, headed to Osijek) departed from Zagreb’s Glavni Kolodvor at 1:20 PM, with me and Hugo on board. As it slowly inched towards its destination, I tried every possible remedy against the boredom which inevitably accompanies every four-hour train journey (as Hugo appeared to have fallen asleep as soon as he touched his seat): reading a book, scrolling through social media, listening to music. And, every once in a while, I would glance out of the window. First glance: high-rise residential buildings, wide streets and tall lamp-

Orahovica

posts (Zagreb's outskirts, most likely). Second glance: more residential buildings, but nature starts to show through (probably outside of Zagreb, at this point). Third glance: flat fields, interspersed with woods and cute countryside houses (definitely outside of Zagreb). And so on. At every proper train station (the ones listed as kolodvor, and not stajalište) a man in a HŽPP uniform and a red hat came out of his dimly-lit office to greet the Orahovica Express: a scene I had never seen before, which I found oddly cute.

Fast forward to the third hour into the trip: we were already deep into Slavonia, and I had already gone through my book. Hugo was still sleeping. I was in no mood to scroll through social media (too much of that already), so I decided to let fate (that is, Spotify's shuffle mode) decide what I would listen to, as I glanced out of the window in silence. That's when I realised that something felt off. As the whole train crew took a "cig break" at Kloštar train station (another scene I had never seen before), I realised: the Slavonian coun-

tryside felt even emptier than the already-empty countryside I was used to, overgrown vegetation was even more overgrown, and cracked walls were even more cracked. It didn't feel just empty, it felt abandoned. As this thought was reaching its maturity in my head, Spotify decided I should listen to Passover by Joy Division, as if its algorithm could peer into my own thoughts and decide that it would be the "perfect" soundtrack to what I was witnessing.

*This is a crisis I knew had to come
 Destroying the balance I'd kept
 Doubting, unsettling, and turning
 around
 Wondering what will come next
 Is this the role that you wanted to
 live?
 I was foolish to ask for so much
 Without the protection and infancy's
 guard
 It all falls apart at first touch
 (...)*

With Ian Curtis' bleak lyrics still echoing in my head, the train marched on. By now, the day had almost given way to the night: as

the dusky light blurred the details of overgrown, lifeless vegetation, cracked windows bare, red bricks under peeling paint, we approached Suhopolje train station. Had it not been for the man in the HŽPP uniform and a red hat coming to greet the Orahovica express, I could have sworn that the station had been abandoned for years, as if frozen in the 1990s. Eventually, Hugo woke up, but was not up for conversation.

We arrived at Zdenci-Orahovica train station at around 17:40, just a few minutes behind schedule. At this point, light was no more. Waiting for us came a man in his fifties, who turned out to be the bus driver. As he found out that the both of us (me and Hugo) spoke some Croatian, we were immediately granted VIP access to front-row seats, probably because he had had enough of driving around people whose languages he could not understand. The driver (we will call him that from now on, as I regrettably didn't ask his name) was very talkative, and eager to share his views on a variety of topics: I, regrettably, didn't listen to most of the



←IZLAZ

←ULAZ

ZABRANJENO PUŠENJE

ATVORENO

exchanges, as by chance I was sat right next to and in front of two Italian girls (Chiara and Syria) with whom I got acquainted (turns out: no matter how far you go, there is no way to escape the Italians!). At some point, the bus driver took a rather lengthy detour through Orahovica (I reckon it added at least 5 minutes to our journey) just to show us where “the youth of Orahovica hangs out “.



That’s where our story resumes, some three hours later (because nobody cares about the part in which we received the keys to our rooms and had dinner). All of a sudden, the otherwise empty Caffe Bar Sokol finds itself with a big table of 12 foreign nationals, doing what every group of people in their twenties wishing to get to know each other would do: play drinking games. During the night, I got a chance to make the first, real acquaintances: I found myself dans le coin francophone (in the French-speaking corner), mainly because the three French volunteers (Dohan, Sonia and Marine) found it amazing that I could actually speak some French beyond “la baguette” and “sacrebleu!”. The bar played an awesome selection of Yugoslav rock music. I particularly enjoyed listening to Da mi je biti morski pas by the band Metak (which I had not heard since

I was in Zagreb on my Erasmus), so much so that I told the lady at the counter (whose name I, regrettably, did not ask) when I was tipsy. She was so nice that she put it on again after a few songs, without me even asking. Then, the night was over, and we made our way back tour accomodation, a bit more friends than when we walked into the bar, through the deserted streets.

The following days, we mostly spent at the Osijek Red Cross Centre in Orahovica, where we were lodged and had our daytime formative activities. The ESC trainers, Igor and Domagoj, and National Agency Representative, Matija, took great interest in us, well beyond what could be considered as “strictly necessary” or “professional”. They took great care in preparing our activities, and through them they did a wonderful job of informing us on our duties and responsibilities as volunteers, as well as being particularly effective at team building. I suspect, though, that the main goal of the activities was more about team building than formation: they were planned out in such a way that at the end of the training I can confidently say that through them I got to know other volunteers just as much as I did while having fun in the building’s “auditorium” (for lack of a better word for the room in which we spent most of our time), which was kindly left at our disposal in our free time even at night.

The catering staff was super kind and even organised a “Slavonian cuisine night”, in which they served kulen, sarme, and a local dessert whose name I, regrettably, don’t remember. In general, they prepared solid food for us the whole week through. One of the waitresses in particular was extremely lovely: a woman in her fifties—she was always all smiles and laughter, and never missed a chance to talk to us volunteers. It’s a shame that, once again regrettably, I did not ask for her name (I am starting to notice a pattern here).

Yet once again, I couldn’t help but notice that the Red Cross Centre, despite being for all intents and purposes, a beautiful and neat complex, felt so empty: long white corridors with locked doors, an immaculate yet inaccessible swimming pool, a huge game room, with table tennis, badminton rackets, etc., a basketball field: all facilities used by nobody except us. One of the buildings in the centre was actually rented by a group of students of the local faculty of dental medicine. Still, we never interacted with them, and rarely even saw them - except for that one night in which they quickly but loudly used the BBQ while listening to Bijelo Dugme, to then swiftly retreat to their quarters -. It was as if



we lived in two parallel dimensions, which would come into each other's peripheral view just momentarily every once in a while, to then part ways again.

Trying to break away from our ESC bubble, during one lunch break I decided to take a lonesome walk through the centre of Orahovica. As I approached the city "centre" from the deserted main road, coasted on both sides by a neat line of well-kept Slavonian houses, interspersed every hundred meters or so, with an obviously-abandoned one, I found myself again listening to Joy Division. After the latter part of my ride on the Orahovica Express, something made me want to go back to listening to that band: was it the atmosphere around me that drew me in, that made that specific sound seem so fitting for the situation?

*To the centre of the city where all roads meet, waiting for you
To the depths of the ocean where all hopes sank, searching for you
I was moving through the silence without motion, waiting for you
(...)*

As I approached the centre of the city (Orahovica is, in fact, classified as grad, i.e. city, despite having a population of less than four thousand), I truly found myself in silence without motion: where were the people of Orahovica? The sun was out, birds were chirping, yet the only forms of human lives I could observe around me appeared to be confined by four walls, behind counters of stores which served no customers. Was it the people of Orahovica I was waiting/searching for? At some point, I realised I should stop overthinking the lyrics of the songs I listen to, and went on with my business.

On Thursday we had a „free afternoon“. Following warm recommendations from the staff, we decided to go on a walk to Lake Orahovica. In an almost spring-like weather, I got a chance to get acquainted with Marika, from Georgia, with whom I played „finding parallels between the political situation in Georgia and Italy“, and Milica, from Serbia, with whom I talked about how peculiar the Croatian language can get (Šlapice? Because they go šlap-šlap? And what even is a listopad? „The month in which the leaves fall“? Couldn't they just call it Oktobar like everyone else in the world? Especially because, in the end, they don't even remember and end up calling it „the tenth month“). For some reason, I expected Lake Orahovica to be a natural lake in the middle of the forest, with nothing else other than the lake itself. However, as we got there after a walk through a nice path that went through the fields and the woods, I found myself in front of an empty, artificial lake, which looked more like a big empty swimming pool than an actual empty lake. A huge platform, intended for diving, stood at one extremity of the lake, unguarded, some 15 metres above its artificial, tiled bottom. Around it, a complex of playgrounds for children, basketball fields, and bungalows for summer vacationing, all

financed through European Union Cohesion Funds. Once again, I felt a weird sense of sadness thinking that it would have been a nice scene to behold, had there been water in the lake and some trace of human presence. Something made want to isolate myself from the rest of the group, pull out my headphones and listen to „New Dawn Fades“ by Joy Division as I gazed into the empty swimming pool-lake.

*A change of speed, a change of style
A change of scene with no regrets
A chance to watch, admire the distance
(...)*

I then decided it was a very stupid idea, since I was actually enjoying the company of the other volunteers and listening to Joy Division is the best shortcut known to mankind to no longer having a good time. My decision rewarded me, as on the way back I, Milica and Marika saw a guy driving a small tractor with a very cute dog by his side.

As time went on, and a result of our shared, perceived impossibility of interacting with what lies outside of our small, European Commission-funded bubble, we, the volunteers, indeed started getting Closer (Joy Division reference): whether during a



dead moment during our training activities, during our coffee, lunch/dinner breaks, or in the late evening, as we took advantage of „our room“ (the „auditorium“) to drink, talk, and play „the impostor“ together, we shared our insights on Croatia; cracked a few jokes; exchanged our struggles and frustrations about being in a country we don't know well enough and whose language is to us, to varied extents, still a mystery; made plans for future meetups (which, surprisingly, actually materialised). I was surprised by the kind of bond we were able to create in just less than a week: my expectations of sitting awkwardly among people I didn't know and that I didn't want to know either, perhaps too lost in their microcosmos (me too) to develop a connection with more than a couple of other volunteers at best, quickly evaporated, as I realised that if we all decided to embark on such a volunteering journey, there must be a solid base of mutual understanding and shared life experiences to draw from.

To further emphasise this sense of closeness which developed in such

a short time, I can tell you the story of how me and the volunteers organised a surprise birthday party for Hugo - his birthday was indeed on Valentine's day, which was coincidentally the last day of the training - . We even managed to get Matija, the representative of the Croatian National Agency, on board: he offered to drive us to the supermarket to get the birthday cake, which we then furtively kept in the kitchen's fridge until it was needed with cooperation from the catering staff. It was a fun night: we played a lot of „impostor“, we ate many „flips s kikirikijem“ (or just „kikiriki“, as Dohan funnily started calling them), we took a lot of pictures and, in general, we had a lot of fun. I think this evening was both materially and figuratively the culmination of the training: it was not just the actual last day in Orahovica, but it was also the day in which the last remainders of that sense of awkwardness which result from being thrown in a place with ten complete strangers finally evaporated.

The next day, it was time to say goodbye to Orahovica. The bus driv-

er (the same from the first day) came to pick us up from the Red Cross Centre. Once again, I and Hugo were designates as his VIP passengers. This time, though, Hugo was not much up for talks, so I gladly took the burden (was it even a burden? More like „the pleasure“) of the conversation. He asked for my impressions on Orahovica. I told him that the town was cute, and that we had a very good time. I had no intention of bringing up my mixed feelings regarding the sense of abandonment and neglect which I perceived, as I deemed more important to give credit to the place where credit was due. However, the bus driver then proceeded to ask me whether we had been to the lake. At that point, I felt compelled to give my unbiased opinion: that is, that yes, we had been there, and that yes, the place was cute, but that it was a shame that the lake was empty and that those modern and interesting facilities around it saw no trace of human life. At this point, the bus driver started talking about how life in Orahovica and, more generally, in the whole of Slavonia has been going „through a rough phase“. „We used



A black bicycle is leaning against a wall with peeling blue paint. The background shows a building with two windows. The scene is lit with a soft, golden light, suggesting dusk or dawn.

to have a great music festival by the lake (Ferragosto JAM festival) by the lake until a few years ago. At some point, even Bajaga i Instruktori (very famous former-Yugoslav rock band from Serbia) came to play. But since the pandemic, they stopped organizing it“, he said in a somewhat sombre voice. „In general, everyone is leaving Slavonia. You said you come from Zagorje, right? Well, once upon a time people used to come all the way from Zagorje to Slavonia. Now, it’s the other way around. Since then, it has been a steady decline“. At this point, it was clear to me that his then referred to the war: once considered the „breadbasket“ of Yugoslavia and a rather prosperous region, Slavonia has since then experienced steady de-population trends. The exodus started when people fled en masse as the region became the theatre of the bloodiest fronts of the Croatian War of Independence: Orahovica itself is just less than 100km away from Vukovar - which saw what could be considered as the worst siege of the Yugoslav conflicts after that of Sarajevo – and, despite having never been at the frontlines itself, the city

was targeted by Yugoslav People’s Army aerial bombing campaigns in the early days of the conflict.

This time, the bus driver deemed unnecessary to make any detours, and our linear path to the Zdenci-Orahovica train station was over in just less than ten minutes. In front of us, exposed by the fading 5:00 PM sun, the peeling light-blue paint of the train station’s main hub, surrounded by several other accessory buildings practically lying in ruins. A scene we couldn’t behold for our arrival, due to the lack of sunlight and the hurry in which we boarded the bus. The bus driver momentarily disappeared in the office of the train station’s chief, to have lights turned on for us in the waiting room. He told us goodbye, we thanked him, then we parted ways, as we sat on the now lit wooden benches of the vintage waiting room.

The return trip of the Orahovica Express was characterised mostly by interaction: the presence of the other volunteers left no room for depressing thoughts about the current state

of Slavonia, and as I played games and ate our beloved kikiriki with Milica and Dohan – my companions for the whole return trip – I could only feel a profound sense of appreciation for the experience I had just had. Needless to say, the four-hour return journey on the Orahovica Express went by much quicker than the first one.

However, being a week away from home - in a context in which you don’t get much time for yourself - seriously took a toll on my not-so-excellent social batteries. As soon as I opened the door to my room, I dropped almost dead on the bed, and with a swift moment of the hand I took my headphones to my ears for one last tune before letting myself drowse into nothingness.

*But if you could just see the beauty
These things I could never describe
These pleasures a wayward distraction
This is my one lucky prize*

©Author: Daniele Stefanini
©Design: Marija Gebert
©Photos: Daniele Stefanini;
Hugo Stokic





I decided to include a couple of pictures from my training in Orahovica in order to give you a visual representation of what I meant in the previous article. I hope that these pictures will convey to you not a sense of bleak, hopeless decay and disintegration, but rather a sense of „unkept, ageing beauty“, a potential once fully expressed and now slowly withering; because behind this façade still lies the heart of a region which, just with my very few interactions with its inhabitants, managed to convey a peculiar sense of warmth and which I hope one day will be able to flourish again.

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Napuštена Slavonija

“...a sense of „unkept, ageing beauty“, a potential once fully expressed and now slowly withering”
Daniele Stefanini

Orahovica







HOROSKOPSKA SATIRA

Zamjenski astrolog





Mreži udruga Zagor drago je objaviti da ćemo od ovog mjeseca objaviti horoskop. Nažalost, čovjek koji je studirao astrologiju je sada bolestan, zato ga nije mogao pripremiti. Nisam ekspert, ali svejedno ću probati dati vam odgovore za vaša astrološka pitanja. Ja sam uhhh gledao zvijezde i čuo njihov glas (ili nešto slično: istina je da mi smo već pripremili template za to i bilo bi šteta ako nismo to koristili). Bože pomozite zašto nema imena na ovome vodiču za horoskop kako se zovu znakovi na hrvatskom?



ŽIVOTINJA KOJA IDE „BEEEE“ (21. OŽUJKA – 19. TRAVNJA)

Susrest ćete barem jednu osobu na ulici i hoćete pričati o nečem



MUŠKA KRAVA (KAKO SE KAŽE TO NA HRVATSKOM NE SJEĆAM SE) (20. TRAVNJA – 20. SVIBNJA)

Prodavačica u trgovinu hoće vas spomenuti da trebate uzeti vrećicu sami



LJUDI KOJI IZGLEDAJU ISTI (21. SVIBNJA – 20. LIPNJA)

Jedan dan možda hoćete jesti burek s mesom u pekari (burek sa sirom ako ste vegetarijanci)



POSljedica pušenja (21. LIPNJA – 22. SRPNJA)

Vaš ujak će vam reći nešto izrazito rasističko



VELIKA DIVLJA MAČKA (23. SRPNJA – 22. KOLOVOZA)

Add your text here



LJUDI KOJI NE [REDACTED] (23. KOLOVOZA – 22. RUJNA)

Teško će vam biti birati između posjeta u Bedekovčini ili Stubičkim Toplicama

UREĐAJ KOJI KORISTIŠ KAD NE ZNAŠ KOLIKO JE TEŠKA STVAR (23. RUJNA – 22. LISTOPADA)

Vozit ćete se kroz Bedekovčinu



OPASNA OTROVNA ŽIVOTINJA U PUSTINJI (23. LISTOPADA – 21. STUDENOG)

Vas susjed će puštati „Prokleta Nedjelja” od Parnog Valjka vrlo glasno ova nedjelja oko 15:45. Krici se mogu čuti kroz zid: „Marina!!!! Zakaj si mene ostavila...”



POLA ČOVJEK POLA KONJ (22. STUDENOG – 21. PROSINCA)

Vjeruj mi stari ona nije bila tako posebna... Sve pet sad, sto posto sam to preboljel...



JOŠ JEDNA ŽIVOTINJA KOJA IDE „BEEE“ (?????) (22. PROSINCA – 19. SIJEČNJA)

Zakaj si me ostavila vrati se molim te još uvijek mirišem tvoju kosu



KUĆA ZA RIBE (20. SIJEČNJA – 18. VELJAČE)

Imat ćete jedan čudan san o Tadžikistanu



RIBE (EEEE KONAČNO OVO ZNAM LAKO JE) (19. VELJAČE – 20. OŽUJKA)

Pit ćete čokoladno mlijeko s nekom specijalnom osobom na trgu Kralja Petra Krešimira IV u Zagrebu