


An aerial photograph of a large, multi-story residential building complex, likely an apartment block, captured during the golden hour of sunset. The building features numerous windows, some of which are illuminated from within, and several balconies. The roof is dark, and several satellite dishes are visible. The surrounding area includes trees and other buildings in the background, all bathed in the warm, orange light of the setting sun.


# VOICES


MAGAZINE FOR ALL YOUNG PEOPLE AROUND THE WORLD


february 2026




**Lea:**  Life in Skopje is so different. It is unpredictable. It is surprising. Sometimes taking all my willpower and strength. Still, so beautiful. The people, the cultures, the different ways of living. All the new things I get to do and see. It is changing me in ways I never expected, and I enjoy this process so very much.

**Luna:**  My three months as a volunteer here are coming to the end, and with them, a rich and emotional experience. Skopje is a city that has introduced me to different cultures, creative and ambitious people, the Cyrillic alphabet, and the innate generosity of everyone I have met.

**Arthur:**  I came several times to Macedonia before volunteering, as a tourist. Clearly the two experiences are very different, but I like both. Life is peaceful here, I made friends.

**Nelli:**  Since coming here I feel like living in a city full of contradictions, never knowing what awaits me when I open the door. Every new day being filled with a new experience and for me that is where the beauty of the city lies.

**Cass:**  Now that my adventure comes to an end, I can say that I've encountered people who will stay in my heart for a lifetime. The warmth of Skopjani energized me every day; it's the kind of city that makes me want to live life to the fullest. I feel like this city is timeless; these nine months have flown by in the blink of an eye. So thank you Skopje, and I want to say see you soon!

**Lea:** Животот во Скопје е толку различен. Непредвидлив. Изненадувачки. Понекогаш ми ја одзема целата волја и сила. Сепак, толку е убаво. Луѓето, културите, различните начини на живот. Сите нови работи што ги правам и гледам ме менуваат на начини што никогаш не сум ги очекувала, па затоа и толку многу уживам во овој процес.

**Luna:** Моите три месеци тука како волонтер се ближат кон крајот, а со нив и едно богато и емотивно искуство. Скопје е град кој ме запозна со различни култури, креативни и амбициозни луѓе, кирилицата и вродената великодушност на сите што ги сретнав.

**Arthur:** И пред да дојдам како волонтер, во Македонија бев неколку пати како турист. Секако дека двете искуства се различни, но ми се допаѓаат обете. Животот е мирен, лесно се спријателуваш.

**Nelli:** Откако дојдов тука, се чувствувам како да живеам во град полн со противречности, никогаш не знам што ме чека кога ќе ја отворам вратата. Секој нов ден е исполнет со ново искуство и за мене токму таму лежи убавината на градот.

**Cass:** Сега кога мојата авантура завршува, можам да кажам дека сретнав луѓе кои ќе останат цел живот во моето срце. Топлината на Скопјани ме полнесе секојдневно со енергија; тоа е град кој те предизвикува да живеаш до максимум. Чувствувам дека овој град е безвременски; деветте месеци овде поминаа додека трепнеш. Затоа, ти благодарам, Скопје, и сакам да се видиме наскоро!

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# LIVING under BOMBS

So today, the 25th of November, is my birthday! It's 00:53, I'm 21 now, and as I type this, I feel extremely loved, thanks to my wonderful friends, and I hear the air alert. But honestly? I'm not scared nor care now, I'm happy at the moment, I'm loved and seen, so war can be silenced for just a moment.



"I'm sorry if we get disconnected. In one hour, there will be a power shutdown again."

Words leaving the mouth of Sofia at the beginning of our call casually.

Sofia, a 21-year-old book illustration student and my interview partner.

Even though 1.900 km away, her voice rings clear and content through the speaker of my phone. Nobody understands what it's like to live in a war zone, not even she did, till the first air strike hit her hometown.

What do you do when the war starts?



You're just sitting in the shelter, like, 24 hours for a month, right? Well, at the beginning, Sofia had to stay in the shelters a lot because the town was close to the front. The nights were particularly rough, but during noon she used to meet with her friends.

Being just 17 at the beginning of the war, she met to smoke with them as often as possible before they left the country; nobody cared to check an ID anymore. "We thought, oh, we're so cool!"

But Sofia isn't 17 anymore, the war went on, and so did life. Leading her to move away to Kyiv for her studies.

Therefore, she not only had to tackle the usual hurdles of the newly won independence that comes with moving out, but also faced power cuts and missile strikes.

Especially the first power cuts were exhausting because no one was prepared, particularly if it's your first months of living alone. Even though it might seem romantic to sit by candlelight, not only wasn't work possible without proper light or electricity to charge your computer, but the food went bad in the fridge as well.

Now, people adjust with power banks and flashlights,



while the government tries to plan power cuts as short as possible.

Going to university, partying and celebrating with friends might sound unimaginable in Kyiv from an outside perspective.

“Yeah, the first time when the war just started, the city was quiet, almost empty. No one was on the street.

## **I think, who would walk around at first days of the war, like, what?”**

But Kyiv changed, people gradually started to go out again and after four years, the city has adjusted, living the best life it can. Lots of places closed, lots of new places opened.

Many people moved from other cities that are currently occupied to Kyiv and started their businesses there. The youth especially became more engaged in the city’s life, organizing different events, meetings or fairs.

A lot of people became more politically aware as well, giving hope to each other by not blindly agreeing with everything but standing up for their rights.

But the city did not change by itself; the people changed themselves.

It comes naturally to adapt and form new habits for people. “I think it’s just hard to spot them. There’s a lot of change, all my routine changed. But one of the cute habits: I used to say just good night, and that’s all, but now I say good night, wish you a quiet and peaceful night. My friends and family also wish me a quiet and peaceful night all the time, because of the night bombing.”

A change forced by war is the curfew from 12 p.m. to 5 a.m., especially for young people like Sofia, it was tough. “I remember I was dreaming that I will move to Kyiv, and I will spend nights with my friends, going out, like, just going around the city. You cannot do this right now, but still, there’s a lot of interesting cultural life here.”

Instead of the buzzing nightlife, they got the buzzing of drones. Still, nightlife adapted to day life fluently.

“It’s already the fourth year of the war, it’s starting to become a habit that you are planning everything around your time that you can spend. You know the time limitations in these parties, when are they closing, how long do you need to go from point A to point B, at what time the metro stations are closed [...] I was almost angry that I need to do all this, like, it’s not fair. I thought it’s not fair. I want to party all night, I want to go and spend time with my friends all night, but time passed, and I understood that, yeah, it’s not fair, but what can I do, I can sit here and just ruminate on this, or I can pick myself up and plan something with my friends that will end before the curfew.”

Even though it might seem like a huge restriction to us, Sofia explains, “when you are living like this, you don’t have a problem with that, because it’s not only me that is changing my routines.

It’s also places that are hosting these events are changing their routines [...] like, sometimes I just think, oh, thank God, we have a curfew, so I need to be home at some time, because sometimes I’m really tired and I don’t have an excuse to leave.”

A habit takes approximately 21 days to form, and a lifestyle around 90 days. Therefore, coming to another country and being outside at night might even feel weird.

Sofia experienced this herself on a trip to the Czech Republic, where she asked her friend when they had to get back, who just reacted in confusion.



How are humans supposed to survive a war without letting the bombs crash their minds and hope?

The first few months, in particular, showed the new social cohesion within the community.

“When the worst only started, everyone was so close to each other. Everyone was so welcoming”, Sofia remembers, explaining that people from safer areas offered shelter in their homes for others from the dangerous areas. When the water pipes in her hometown got destroyed and with that the drinking water supply for two months, other cities brought water to them.

Culture is crucial during the war as a source of resilience, giving a sense of existing as a group amidst chaos. Therefore, music and warfare have always been intertwined, music serving practical military functions like coordinating movements but also giving comfort.

It can also maintain an identity, building a connection between the people, which is why it was of such importance that theaters, cinemas, or clubs reopened.

Especially clubs like **А** cultural institution in Kyiv which became a shelter for up to 200 persons at the beginning of the war. Since its post-invasion reopening, **А** runs entirely as a non-profit to support the war effort through the K41 Community Fund, which aims to provide financial, humanitarian support to the community during the war. Having raised over €900.000 in general, they donated the earned money to organisations like Livyj Bereh, where volunteers build metal roofs to repair destroyed rooftops. The people are giving each other hope again.

“Why are we still standing? It’s that people are thinking about other people”. Still living in a war zone is challenging, from constantly checking the power cutting schedule to see if you can take the elevator, to evaluating whether I should seek shelter or is the bombing not that bad.

“At first I was scared. I remember the first time we heard a siren with my mom. [...] It was really scary.” Nobody knew how to act; everybody just acted instinctively, but now sheltering looks different for everybody; some are chatting, some playing on the phone or reading a book in the shelters.

One time in a shelter, Sofia met a little, very bored girl, so she lent her her sketchbook and pencil. But the little girl just scolded her for not having coloured pencils with her.

The next time, she remembered to bring them.

“Now it’s not scary. It’s irritating and to be honest, sometimes it’s almost calming to hear the air alarm. Being so used to the alarm, it gives a feeling of comfort and familiarity.

So, what’s going on with us, watching the shining videos of “Cabaret” on TikTok, wishing to be able to watch it in real life. A musical set in 1930s Berlin, depicting the hedonistic, decadent nightlife of the Kit Kat Club inside, while outside, fascism grows, but no one thinks to stop dancing. That is what “Cabaret” is about, it is about us, showing how blissfully unaware we fall in love with the trap of distraction.

The musical has seen many different versions throughout the years, the most famous one being the 1972 Bob Fosse movie. But now the version of the Molodyy Theatre, located in Kyiv, went viral on social media with its extravagant costumes and makeup.

The themes of political unrest linger unmistakably under the twirling dresses of the dancers while watching these clips of the Molodyy Theatre production of “Cabaret”. Noticing the parallels between Weimar Germany and present-day Ukraine adds another layer for the viewer to contemplate.

Of course, it is important to keep the theatres open for the people but what is going on with us posting thirst traps of the characters on TikTok, wishing to be able to see a musical in a war zone.

Ignoring the traces of grief and torture

that war leaves behind under the thick mask of stage makeup, the shards and bomb remnants buried under the confetti of destruction.

“It was so diabolical to see, but it was so funny. [...] Some part of me was really proud that our theatre is that good, that people want to go to a war country just to see a theatre play. What time are we living in?!”

While we crave the absurd wish to fly to Kyiv only to watch “Cabaret”, Sofia watches the war destroy her motherland. Either way she keeps going on with her life, supported by her community.

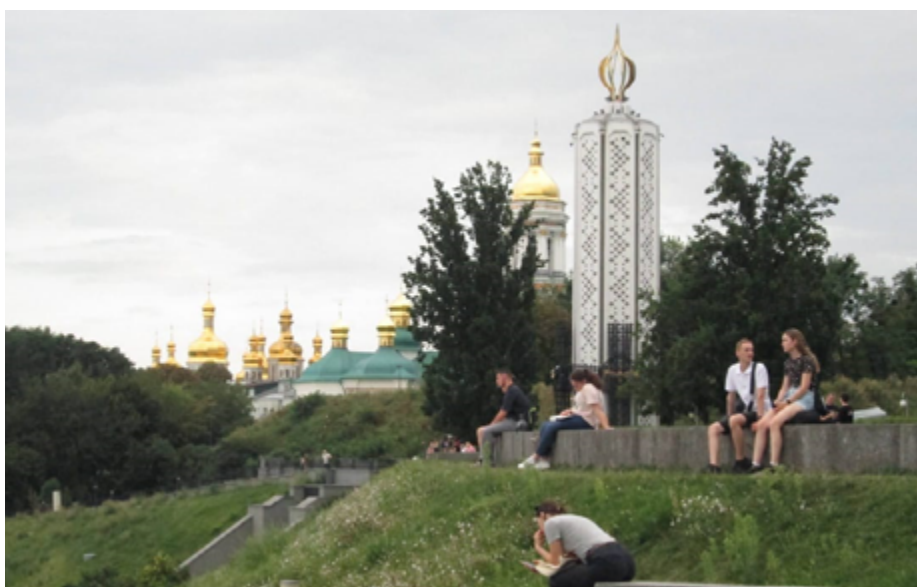
“I wanted to say that I don’t know what keeps me going, but it’s not true. It’s the people that keep me going. It’s my friends, my family, the Ukrainian community in general [...] I wasn’t so patriotic before the war but now I love this country.

I love my town. I love living in my hometown and the people here are great.”

**“Now, I’m writing this, the power is shut down, and I’m at a loss for words about how good this day was. Despite everything, it was just how I imagined. Sometimes it’s hard to manage everything with the circumstances that we’re living in, but it will never be the reason to stop living your best life, as best as you can.**

**And I refuse to be sad or scared on this day, because it’s my day.”**

Nelli Winzer



# To the Sun

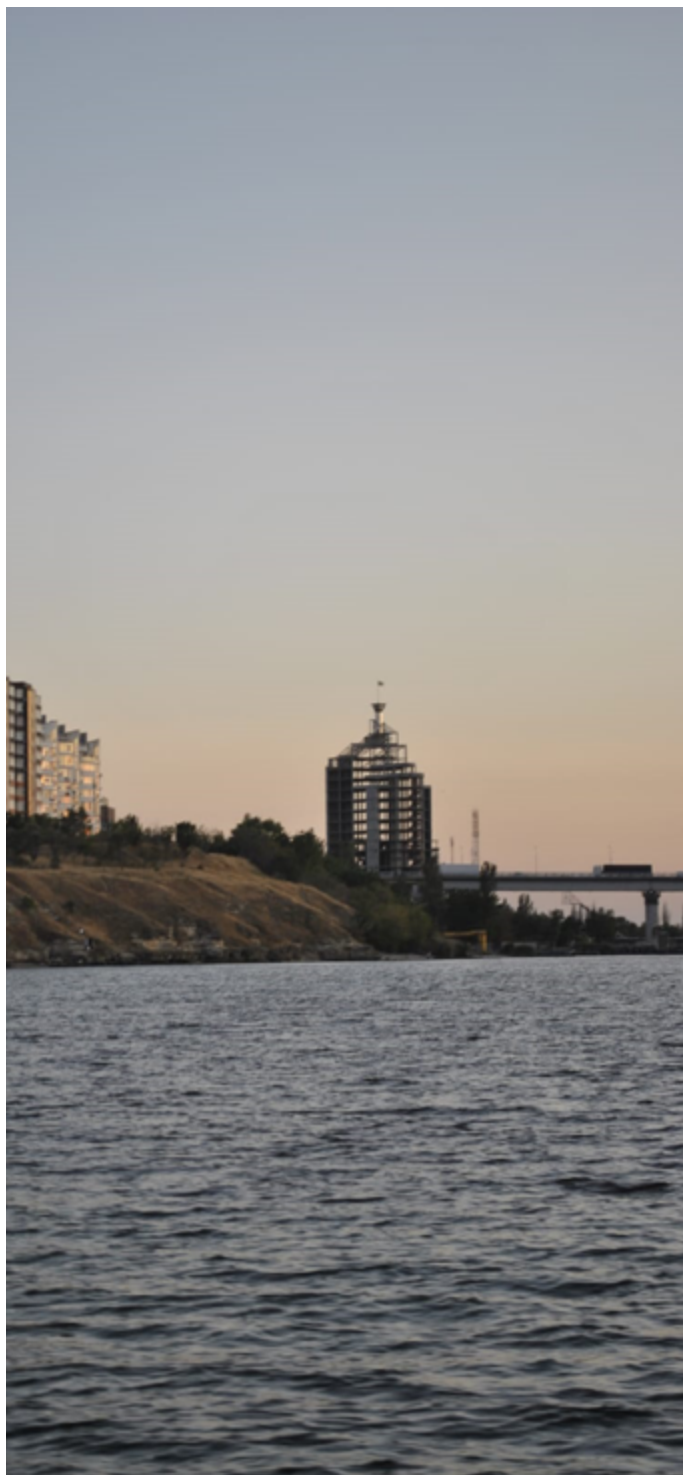
Today the sun forgot farewell —  
It shines to greet you, can you tell?  
My heart is caged in silent pain —  
Oh, what have I done to earn this chain?

But I'll reply — it's no disgrace,  
Just joy that hides behind its face.  
I'm so happy that you are mine,  
I lose my name in love's design.

It seems no borders can divide,  
We're children born of the same side.  
So keep me close, don't set me free,  
For without you, there's naught of me.

You are the one my story's set,  
The one with whom my song's duet.

**Elisa Ryschkow**



A photograph of a snowy forest at night. The trees are covered in snow, and the ground is a mix of snow and a dirt path. In the distance, a group of people is walking away from the camera, illuminated by a bright light source, possibly a street lamp or a fire. The sky is dark with some light clouds.

# I didn't return - I continued...

There's something unusual about the ability to stand in the same place again and realize that what has changed most isn't the space itself, but the way you inhabit it. Bukowina Tatrzńska offered me exactly that experience - not as a return, but as a continuity that has finally become visible.

Last year, I arrived there with the kind of attentiveness that comes from unfamiliarity. It was my first Erasmus+ project, my first encounter with a process that demands complete presence and a willingness to let go of control. The house where we stayed and the host organization at the time were merely a framework for something still taking shape. Today, those same walls and the same rhythm of daily life carry a different weight, a quiet proof that some beginnings continue even when we are unaware of it.

This year, returning did not require grand emotions. Instead of uncertainty, it brought clarity. To find yourself once more in the same place, with the same people with whom you shared only a single week a year ago, and yet feel a closeness that has not weakened but deepened, is a rare confirmation that time is not the only measure of connection. These meetings were not an attempt to relive the past, but a natural continuation of something that was never interrupted. In those moments, it was clear how much these people, with whom I once lived briefly, have shaped who I am today.

This year, the project brought together participants from Macedonia, Romania, Georgia, Poland, and Spain. Differences did not impose themselves, but flowed naturally into the shared experience without resistance. The expectations with which we arrived slowly dissolved, leaving space for genuine contact and mutual support. It became strikingly clear how often our skepticism toward the unknown prevents us from truly being present.

"Art and Outdoor" did not function as a concept, but as a state of being. Long, high-altitude hikes through snow and natural challenges demanded perseverance, patience, and trust in ourselves and in others. Nature there offers no shortcuts, but it offers enjoyment. The views from the heights were not an illusion, but a quiet

confirmation that effort has meaning, even when it seeks no recognition. Days began with walking, a movement that leaves space for inner dialogue. Those morning steps were meant for personal reflection, for the feelings we carry, for the goals that matter to us, for the expectations we are slowly learning to leave behind. In that silence, the day was not planned, but accepted.

From there, the artistic process unfolded naturally. Working with glass painting, clay, and jewelry-making was not directed toward the outcome, but toward the inner movement accompanying creation. The materials became extensions of states that required no explanation. In those moments, art was not just a form of expression, but a way of being present.

The entire process was supported by the people with whom I shared this experience. Last year's team Stefan, Ewelina, Selina, and Nikita was my first point of security in the unknown. This year, with Stefan, Ewelina, Mila, and Enes, that security manifested differently: as trust that does not need to be proven, but simply exists. A team dynamic that is felt.

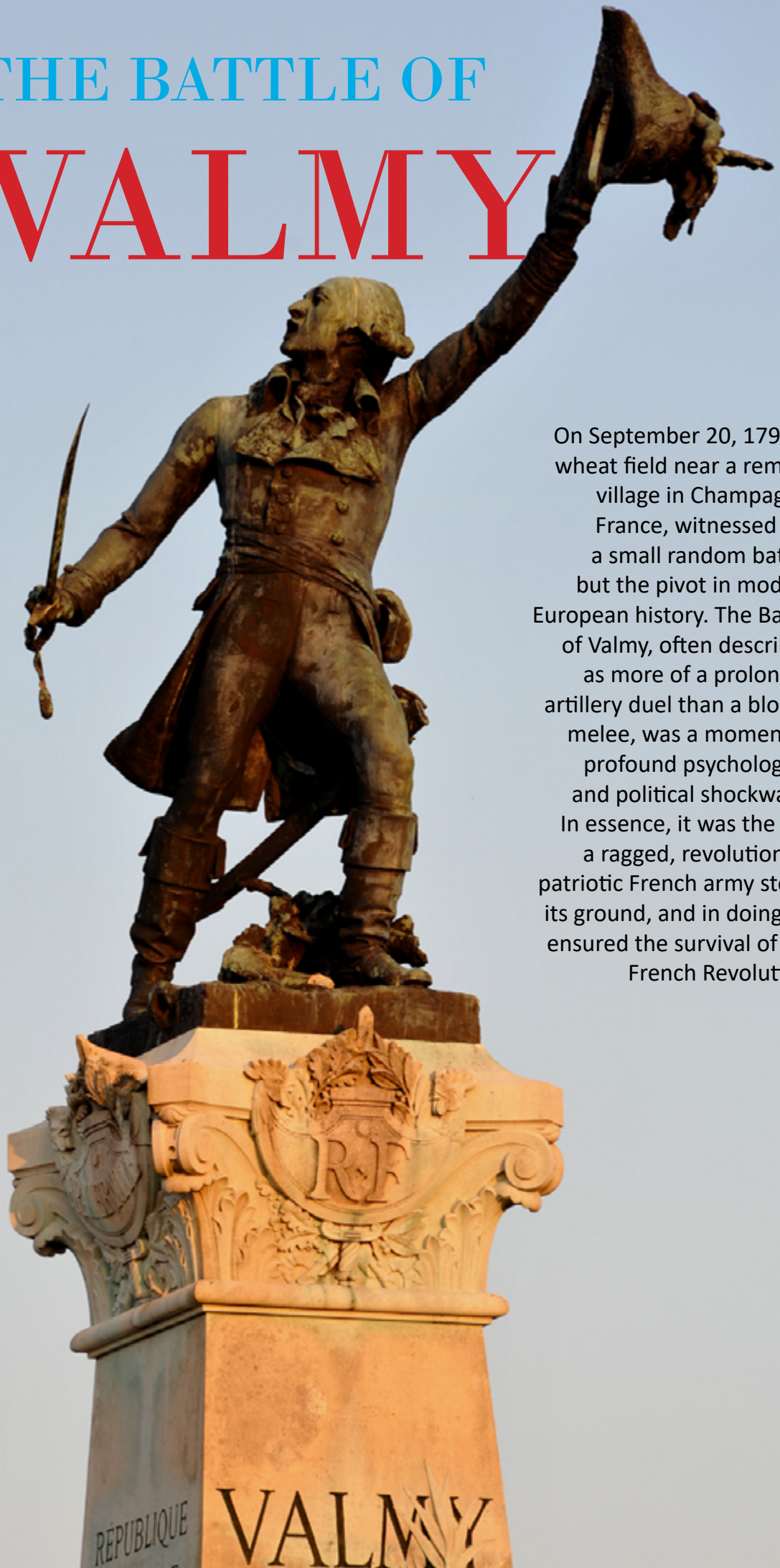
Bukowina Tatrzńska once again showed me that expectations rarely capture the full picture. That the unknown challenges us not because it is dangerous, but because it moves us. And that sometimes the most important thing we can do is allow the experience to shape us, without resistance.

This is not a story about returning. This is a testimony to continuity. About how the same place can become proof that something within you has continued to grow.

Finally, if one thing should remain after reading this text, let it be this greeting. To all participants from Poland and to the host organization, Europa Iuvenis, to Magda, Margaret, Julia, Anna, Marian, and all the others not mentioned here but who will always remain in my heart. Thank you for once again turning the space into a place, and the place into a lasting memory.

Until next time,  
Anastasija Gjorgjievska

# THE BATTLE OF VALMY



On September 20, 1792, a wheat field near a remote village in Champagne, France, witnessed not a small random battle, but the pivot in modern European history. The Battle of Valmy, often described as more of a prolonged artillery duel than a bloody melee, was a moment of profound psychological and political shockwave. In essence, it was the day a ragged, revolutionary patriotic French army stood its ground, and in doing so, ensured the survival of the French Revolution.

By the summer of 1792, the Revolution was in peril. Following the dramatic overthrow of the monarchy in August, the new French Republic found itself encircled. From the east, a huge coalition of professional armies, primarily Prussian under the veteran Duke of Brunswick and accompanied by Austrian allies and French royalist émigrés, advanced into France. Their stated aim, in the Brunswick Manifesto, was to restore King Louis XVI to his full powers, threatening Paris with "exemplary vengeance" if the royal family was harmed. Morale in the French ranks was low, supplies were short, and the revolutionary government itself was riven by factionalism. Many, including the invaders, expected a swift collapse.

The invading force, around 35,000 soldiers, represented the ancien régime: disciplined, professional, led by aristocratic officers, and steeped in the linear tactics of Frederick the Great. They were confident of an easy victory over what they saw as a disorganised rabble.

Facing them were two French armies, under Generals Charles Dumouriez and François Kellermann, who had managed to combine forces, totalling around 50,000 men. This force was a chaotic embodiment of the Revolution itself. It mixed remaining units of the old royal line army with fresh battalions of National Guardsmen and untested volunteers—the famous fédérés. Their officers were often elected; their loyalty was to the Nation, not a king. Crucially, their artillery arm, under the reformed system of Jean-Baptiste de Gribeauval, was excellent, manned by highly trained professionals who had remained largely loyal to the new regime.

Brunswick's Prussians manoeuvred to cut off the French from Paris. Kellermann, taking a defensive position on the low hills around the Valmy windmill, drew his lines to block them. As the morning fog lifted, the Prussians advanced in perfect, intimidating order. What happened next was anticlimactic in terms of carnage but electric in tension.

Instead of ordering a bayonet charge, Kellermann held his ground. He raised his hat on his sword and sparked a scream that would echo through history: "Vive la Nation!" The shout was taken up by the entire French

line, a powerful declaration of their new political identity. The battle then devolved into a massive, long-range artillery duel. The French gunners, well-positioned on the slopes, held their own against the



Prussian batteries. The famed Prussian infantry, waiting for the French lines to break under the bombardment, began a hesitant advance, but were halted by the sustained and effective French cannon fire and the impassable mud churned up by the shells.

For hours, the two armies exchanged artillery fire with relatively few casualties. The critical moment came when Brunswick, after a private council with his officers, called off the infantry assault. The professional soldier had assessed the terrain, the enemy's resolve, and the lengthening supply lines behind him, and decided the cost of a direct attack was too high. The French line, bolstered by revolutionary fervour and good cannon, had not flinched.

The immediate casualty figures were minuscule (fewer than 500 total). But the strategic and symbolic consequences were colossal. The Prussian-Austrian advance stalled and then, plagued by dysentery and foul weather, began a humiliating retreat out of France. The invasion intended to snuff out the Revolution had been decisively halted.

Politically, Valmy was a thunderclap. In Paris, the newly convened National Convention, emboldened by the victory, formally abolished the monarchy and proclaimed the French Republic on September 21. The battle had created the political space for the radical next phase of the Revolution to unfold.

More broadly, Valmy announced the arrival of a new kind of warfare and a new kind of nation. It demonstrated that citizen soldiers, motivated by patriotic ideology, could stand against and defeat the mercenary armies of kings. As the German poet Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, who witnessed the battle with the Prussian camp, famously remarked to his dejected comrades that evening: From this place and from this day forth commences a new era in the history of the world.

He was right. Valmy did not decide the fate of the Revolution, the Terror, the rise of Napoleon, and decades of war still lay ahead but it guaranteed that the Revolution would have a future. It was the moment the "Nation in Arms" was born, a concept that would redefine European politics, warfare, and national identity for centuries to come. The cannonade at Valmy was the defiant answer to the monarchs of Europe: the Revolution would not be extinguished.

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Arthur Bonhoure–Tolfo

Sources:

Text: Antoine Léaument

Images:

wikimedia commons: Хрюша, Monument\_Kellermann (p.10)

wikimedia commons: Édouard Detaille, French dragoon with captured Prussian flag at the Battle of Jena-Auerstedt, the background has been erased (p.11, left down corner)



# GENDER equality



## WHY IT STILL MATTERS TODAY

**Did you know that women earn on average around 20% less than men worldwide? Or that one in three women experiences physical or sexual violence at least once in her lifetime?**

These facts are not just numbers – they represent real people, real stories, and real injustice. Even in the 21st century, gender equality is still something many societies are trying to achieve.

From 24 to 29 November 2025, we had the opportunity to participate in the international project “F.E.V.E.R – Fostering Equality, Visibility and Empowerment for Rights”, held in France. The project focused on gender equality, women’s rights, and the role of young people in creating a more equal and inclusive society.

During the project, we took part in lectures, workshops, and interactive activities that encouraged discussion, teamwork, and critical thinking. We explored topics such as gender stereotypes, physical and sexual violence against women, discrimination in everyday life, and different ways to support and protect women’s rights. Through practical examples and group work, we gained a deeper understanding of how these issues affect individuals and communities.

One of the most important messages of the project was that gender equality is not only a women’s issue. It is a shared responsibility. We learned how young people can take action by supporting victims, raising awareness, and challenging harmful attitudes and behaviors in their surroundings. The project showed us that change does not always start with big actions, but with small steps taken by many people.

The atmosphere throughout the project was open, respectful, and motivating. Participants from different countries shared experiences and perspectives, which helped us understand that, although cultures and traditions may differ, the challenges women face are often very similar. This exchange made the project even more meaningful and inspiring.

The “F.E.V.E.R” project showed us that knowledge, empathy, and action go hand in hand. Gender equality is not a privilege, but a fundamental human right. By staying informed, supporting one another, and speaking up against injustice, young people can help build a fairer and safer future for everyone.

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Andrej Bozinovski



# РОДОВАТА ЕДНАКВОСТ

## ГЛАС ШТО МОРА ДА СЕ СЛУШНЕ

Дали знаевте дека, според податоци на Обединетите Нации, жените и денес заработуваат во просек 20 проценти помалку од мажите за иста или слична работа? Или дека една од три жени во светот барем еднаш во животот доживеала физичко или сексуално насилство? Овие бројки не се само статистика – тие претставуваат реални животи, реални приказни и реални неправди. Иако општеството напредува, борбата за родова еднаквост сè уште трае.

Од 24 до 29 ноември 2025 година, имавме чест да учествуваме на меѓународниот проект „F.E.V.E.R – Fostering Equality, Visibility and Empowerment for Rights“, кој се одржа во Франција. Проектот беше посветен на зајакнување на свеста за родовата рамноправност, видливоста на жените во општеството и заштитата на нивните основни човекови права.

Во текот на проектот учествувавме во предавања, работилници и интерактивни игри, кои беа осмислени на начин што овозможуваше активно учество, дискусија и критичко размислување. Преку конкретни примери и реални ситуации, се запознавме со теми како:

- Родова еднаквост и влијанието на родовите стереотипи
- Физичко и сексуално насилство врз жените и неговите последици
- Препознавање на дискриминација во секојдневниот живот
- Улогата на младите во борбата за еднакви права

Особено значајно беше тоа што проектот не се задржа само на теорија. Преку интерактивните активности научивме како да реагираме, како да поддржиме жртва, но и како да бидеме активни граѓани кои не молчат пред неправдата. Сфативме дека родовата еднаквост не е „женско прашање“, туку општествено прашање кое ги засега сите.

Атмосферата на проектот беше позитивна, отворена и мотивирачка, што создаде простор за искрени разговори, споделување лични искуства и учење од различни култури и перспективи. Работејќи со млади од различни земји, сфативме дека проблемите со кои се соочуваат жените се слични насекаде, но и дека решенијата започнуваат со едукација, солидарност и активизам.

Проектот „F.E.V.E.R“ нè потсети дека промената започнува од нас – младите луѓе кои имаат глас, став и одговорност. Родовата еднаквост не е привилегија, туку основно човеково право. Само преку информираност, емпатија и заедничка акција можеме да изградиме поправедно и побезбедно општество за сите.

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Андреј Божиновски

# OMA, HOW WERE THE GOOD OLD TIMES?

*In the last years of the Second World War, my grandmother was born in a small village in Northern Germany. After training to become a professional housekeeper, she married my grandfather. Together, they maintained and lived off of my grandfather's farm, where my grandmother moved.*

*Growing up on this farm together with my grandparents, I heard many stories about their life back then. It was ruled by the needs of the animals and the farm, as well as their very strong catholic belief. Living was not filled with trips to other continents, full of parties or experiencing new cultures every day. It was slower, calmer. Routines shaped the course of every day. Still, these offered a great possibility of finding contentment and happiness.*

*Growing older, I am realizing that even though I always listened to all these stories, I never really made the connections to be able to actually understand how my grandparents lived their lives.*

*So, why not take the chance of writing for this magazine at the moment, and interview my grandmother? Regardless of the outcome of this research, I am extremely grateful to have had these conversations with her. They have given me a better understanding of my own family history and an insight into a completely different lifestyle.*

*So, welcome to a day in my grandmother's life. Lean back in your chair and enjoy the ride.*



**5:59.** Time to wake up. The singing birds and slow breeze of wind are telling us that a new day dawns.

Hush, out of bed. A quick clean of the face, one view in the mirror above. No time to dwell on your own reflection in the mirror.

Schhhh. The water is boiling. A cup of tea and a plain cookie should suffice for now, so the first tasks of the day can be fulfilled.

Riing, the children will wake up soon. Breakfast needs to be prepared, and oh what a breakfast it will be. The food is all prepared on the table, some small portions already cut with love and accuracy.

Whoosh, the door is opening, good morning, good morning. Let's sit down and eat, but I can't find my Maths paper, please sit and let's check later.

One more prayer, off you go, school awaits.

Quiet. The first step out the door can finally be taken.

The typical grunting and startled scurrying can be heard as soon as the barn door finally opens. Food! The pigs crowd around the trough, each engrossed in its own battle to devour the largest portion, the best bite. The husband is just as engrossed in his

work, wanting the pigs to grow as big and fat as possible.

Clonk. The stable door is closing behind oneself. Very good, the first step is already done.

Back inside, time to eat another real breakfast, and bring the milk cans to the street. They need to be picked up, brought to the next village and come back refilled. One does not feed himself, right?

Some more things outside are maintained and taken care of, and soon it's already time again.

**12:00.** Lunch. Let's all gather inside, take our place, and eat. The men had some problems on the field. As always, food is delicious and plentiful. Aah, the newspaper was just brought in. What is wrong with the world, at least there's no rain tomorrow.

But, let's not rest for too long. The farm does not tend itself, and money will not fly through the window.

Back to work. While the husband returns to the field, the garden needs some attendance and care. And oh, how the windows are looking again! This can not be shown to anybody next Sunday. The port could also use some

fresh paint, and the grass is growing faster and faster.

Cling. **3:30.** Time for a coffee. How was it outside? Oh nice, did you hear about the new bride?

Back to work. The animals are calling as well. The two sick pigs need some extra medicine, come you want to eat this. Oh, and the lack of new food for them, a call to order more is desperately needed. Let's feed them quickly, humans get hungry as well.

Dinner time. Another sitting together, another time for talking and company. How was the kids' day, what did they do? Sitting and talking, you want to eat some more?

Then, moving to another room, discussions are starting. Did you hear about the new priest? Oh, and the new law to farm the crops. What a life to be a politician!

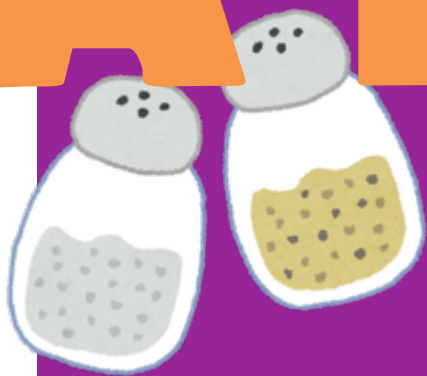
The kids are awaiting their good night story, a quick prayer, time to go to bed.

**22:00.** Puhh. Time to sleep. Give the body some rest, strengthen it for a new day.

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Lea Schwegmann

# MORE THAN A MEAL



At the start of December, six young people from Macedonia bundled in thick winter coats and a list of their favorite traditional recipes and headed to KulturHaus, a cozy house on the outskirts of Bremen, Germany. Joined by 39 other participants from Italy, Lithuania, Serbia, Spain, and Germany for the Erasmus+ youth exchange “C.O.O.K.”, where they spent ten days cooking meals from each country.

## COOKING CULTURE AT ERASMUS+ C.O.O.K.

From the moment they arrived, they began to turn the house into a home. Icebreakers quickly turned strangers into friends, from speed-friending, to Mission Impossible, and most notably a walk through the surrounding forest. Walking in pairs along the trail, participants answered questions with a partner and switched at every turn, discovering not only the stunning winter landscape but also the stories behind each person, from favorite movies and books to family traditions and the experiences that made them who they are today.

Back at KulturHaus, the kitchen became the heart of the exchange, overflowing with people, flavors, and spices. Every day was devoted to the cuisine of a different country. Participants were divided into “family groups” through an interactive game, with each group containing one person from each nationality. These families became small teams tasked with cooking a full-course meal for the featured country, preparing intercultural nights, or contributing to a digital cookbook noting each recipe that was prepared through the youth exchange.

The day before the final celebration, the Macedonian team took the stage and prepared a six-course meal. The menu featured musaka as the main dish, a traditional seasonal salad, mekici served with an assortment of spreads including ajvar, and, of course, cheese brought all the way from home. Alongside the meal, the team presented 35 facts celebrating 35 years of independence, blending history, humor, and unexpected details that made everyone feel as if they had taken a day trip to the country. The exchange was full of surprises: the Lithuanian cuisine filled the entire house with the strong aroma of garlic; the diverse German team prepared not only traditional German dishes but also Indian and Turkish food to honor each member’s background; and the Italian intercultural night transformed into a lively recreation of the Sanremo Festival, meanwhile the Serbians recreated a traditional wedding celebration.

As the week went on, cooking became more than just a routine; it evolved into another key aspect of the project: storytelling. Each day began with activities designed to develop participants’ storytelling skills, from exercises where

pairs communicated while wearing headphones and standing back-to-back, highlighting how much interpretation storytelling requires, to creative group tasks. These tasks brought to life the creation of short plays in different genres, imagining how families might have shared meals across various eras. The results ranged from a Stone Age musical dinner party to a futuristic food drama, along with many other Erasmus+ theatrical masterpieces.

The final day was the highlight of the exchange: participants prepared the six favorite meals from the week, representing every country involved. For one last time, the kitchen buzzed with the familiar rhythm of preparing a feast that captured the spirit of the entire project. As final touches were added, photos snapped for the cookbook, and plates carefully arranged, the group shared their last meal together before a night filled with bittersweet goodbyes. By the end of the week, the December chill outside felt far less noticeable. The warmth came from shared experiences both in and beyond the kitchen, new friendships, and a deeper understanding of culture, transforming a simple house in the German countryside into a home for everyone, from professional cooks to rookie beginners.

Emilija Krstevska





# Aromë Dimri

A mund ta nuhasësh dimrin?  
 Sepse unë mundem  
 Në të njëjtën mënyrë  
 Siç ndjej zemrën tënde  
 Ditë pas dite  
 Dalëngadalë... vajtueshëm  
 T'më fanepset  
 Ndërsa moti ftohet  
 Dhe dielli thotë paçim, paçim  
 Shpirti im sëmbon  
 Sëmbon duke t'menduar  
 ...TY  
 nga mungesa jote  
 nga fakti  
 Se nxitimthi  
 Do t'më fshihesh  
 Si gjethet  
 Nën dëborën e acartë dimrake  
 Dhe unë nuk do t'arrij në kohë  
 Për tët' nxjerrë nga gjithë kjo  
 Shtresë e rrëmujsjme, e rëndë, bardhake, jorganore...  
 Dhimbjeje, vetmie, çmendurie, urrejtjeje, trishtimi, zhgënjimi e plot të tjerave  
 \*  
 Por e di çfarë  
 Një ditë  
 I gjithë ky akull do të shkrij  
 Bashkë me meritë tona  
 Dhe së fundmi...  
 Pranvera do të vijë sërisht  
 Për t'i vënë kazmën ajsbergëve  
 Të hatërmbetjeve, hidhërimeve dhe pakënaqësive midis nesh  
 Por... kam frikë  
 Sepse nuk e di  
 Nëse pranvera  
 Do tët' sjell me vete?!...

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Jona Cenameri



# Anthropology of a representation



**In 1976, Belgian anthropologist and filmmaker Jean-Pierre Dutilleux went to meet the Toulambi community in Papua New Guinea.**

**During his stay, the anthropologist brought a mirror and showed it to the men he met.**

**When they saw their reflection, each man was shocked. This discovery of their own faces, which they were seeing clearly for the first time, frightened them.**

The invention of the mirror, first made from polished stones thousands of years ago, followed by metals in Mesopotamia and Egypt, radically changed the way humans related to the world and their awareness of themselves.

If, in nature, we could originally only perceive our physical appearance through the blurred effect of water, to what extent then did the invention of the mirror change our relationship with our bodies and the world?

In a world where selfies reign supreme, where we can completely alter our appearance or know every detail about it, it is likely that our connection to others and to ourselves is distorted, if not completely skewed.

The first disruption we can see is that today, comparison dominates, even unconsciously, and clouds the image we have of ourselves.

We look at ourselves in the mirror or through the camera, then look at others, not out of curiosity but out of a desire to observe them precisely and see how they differ from us, constantly feeding the ego and superficiality. The "I" is objectified; the mirror is no longer just a reflection of ourselves but creates a subject that looks at itself as an object.

This dual perception of ourselves, which could be linked to an over-awareness of the "self," distorts our relationship with the world.

Whereas humans once looked at the world to find their place in it, they now look at themselves to adjust to it.

In this context, the mirror is no longer a simple reflection, but a space for negotiating identity. What we see is no longer just our face, but the set of social, aesthetic, and cultural norms that we have internalized.

The majority of men therefore have a distorted relationship with their world, either because they do not consider themselves attractive enough for society, or because they are drowning in their own reflection.

The aesthetic and social movement of dandyism, which emerged in England in the early 19th century, highlights this special relationship between men and their image.

Indeed, the origin of this movement, used by the aristocracy to assert its superiority, allowed men to emancipate themselves through image, controlling their actions and gestures in order to master the reflection perceived by others and society.

This movement is the apogee of this over-perception of oneself, creating a bridge between nature and culture, while representing the very precise distinction between social classes and their hold on societal strata.

When interacting with others, we not only have our eyes on them, but also on ourselves: we know what they see and project onto them the idea we have of ourselves.

The gaze, initially directed outward, turns inward to the self. It is no longer just a matter of seeing, but of seeing oneself being seen. This reversal of the gaze profoundly changes our relationship to otherness: we no longer encounter others for who they are, but for what they reflect about ourselves.

In this way, full knowledge of ourselves also involves an understanding of our external and subjective self, and fully influences the way we establish our position in society.

This is what Jean-Paul Sartre evokes in his work "Huis Clos" when he says "Hell is other people" to explain this particular relationship with others and with ourselves, explaining that others are both indispensable to self-awareness but also make us prisoners of their perspective.

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Luna Serrano

Sources:

"*Du dandysme et de l'élégance*", article by John Slamson



# КНИГА ШТО РАСТЕ ЗАЕДНО СО ДЕТЕТО

„Тими и Ци Даб – авантурите“ не е само детска книга – таа е тивок, но силен водич за родителите и за сите што секојдневно чекорат низ светот на децата. Ова е книга што не се чита набрзина, туку се доживува — со насмевка, со препознавање и со пронаоѓање во сопственото секојдневие.

Ова не е приказна создадена од дистанца, туку од живо родителско искуство. Авторката отворено споделува дека пред мајчинството не пишувала толку многу, ниту размислувала толку длабоко на оваа тема. Но со доаѓањето на нејзиното дете, фокусот ѝ се менува целосно — сè што создава отсега има една јасна намера: да биде убаво, добро и корисно за нејзиното дете. Токму од таа искреност започнува и оваа книга.

Создадена од лични, секојдневни родителски моменти, книгата прераснува во дело со подлабока смисла и јасни вредности. Главниот лик го носи името на нејзиното синче, а секоја страница е создадена со љубов, внимание и желба тие вредности да му бидат пренесени — ненаметливо, преку игра и доживување.

Преку кратки, живи приказни инспирирани од реални разговори, дружења и семејни ситуации, Тими станува главен лик во еден имагинарен, но многу препознатлив свет. Неговите авантури, водени од љубопитност и детска логика, го носат низ различни предели со помош на едно уникатно превозно средство — изум на неговиот татко, кој симболизира поддршка, семејна поврзаност и креативност.

Запишувана, обмислувана и градена чекор по чекор, книгата природно прераснува во четиво кое не е наменето само за едно дете, туку станува корисно и препознатливо за многу други деца и родители. Токму затоа авторката одлучува да ја сподели — да биде достапна за сите.

Тими е лик во кој лесно се препознава секое љубопитно дете. Без наметнати поуки „од горе“, тој учи, истражува и расте преку игра, искуство и авантура. Книгата ненаметливо спојува забава и едукација — пишувана на литературен македонски јазик, со јасно вградени вредности и приказни што се читаат не само на децата, туку и со нив.

„Тими и Ци Даб – авантурите“ е прекрасно четиво за родители, воспитувачи и сите што веруваат дека најважните лекции се учат преку секојдневието, љубовта и играта. Книга што не само што ги води најмалите низ светот, туку нè потсетува и нас, возрасните, да учиме заедно со нив.

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Симона Ристеска  
авторка на детска литература

Овој текст е личен осврт по читањето на книгата



# Gröwing thröügh giving in Bülgāriā



When I first arrived in Bulgaria, I carried more than just a suitcase with me. I carried a clutter of expectations, quiet uncertainty and deep emotions about my following short-term volunteering experience in the city of Sofia. What I wasn't aware of at the time was that this experience will leave a significant imprint on me, through the tasks we accomplished, the moments of self-reflection and the countless cozy nights spent with my fellow volunteers.

From the beginning of my volunteering experience there was a strong sense of connection and trust within our group. We had each other's backs and created a wonderful supportive atmosphere where we could learn from each other and create a space that promotes growth and warmth. This strong group dynamic gave me personal and professional life skills through working with such a diverse group of people from differing backgrounds and life experiences.

A part of my experience that impacted me deeply was working with primary and secondary school students. Engaging with them wasn't a walk in the park as it took a lot of patience and adaptability, yet it was highly rewarding. Through workshops and activities that my hosting organization VVI Foundation arranged, I managed to develop my public speaking and facilitation skills. These experiences gave me skills that will remain with me long after this journey, a sense of confidence and certainty as well as abilities to further express my ideas and lead groups.

An important part of my work was providing students with information about opportunities that they never imagined they could become a part of. I was happy to present them with the benefits and possible unforgettable experiences they could have with volunteering or mobility programs. It reminded me that information can open doors, and knowing that I contributed to young people's view of volunteering gave me a sense of purpose.

Another part that shaped my experience is developing a sense of care within a community. We helped with clean up actions, assisted at festivals and helped spread awareness about ecological issues in our neighbourhood. This showed that volunteering is not only about planned activities but responding to immediate needs of the community and taking responsibility for the spaces we share.

Outside of the volunteering work, travelling with my co-volunteers was a truly life-changing part of the experience. I learned how to slow down, self-reflect and reconnect with my values in life. By hiking the Rila Seven Lakes, walking through the old streets of Plovdiv, relaxing in thermal baths and traveling to sunny Burgas I had a chance to learn through shared experiences.

Looking back, I realize that volunteering in Bulgaria didn't just give me memories, it helped me understand who I am and who I want to become.

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Rita Stojcheska



# What if a game asked you to *slow down?*



Photos: Olga - Episode 1 | Press Kit

## In a gaming world obsessed with speedruns, kill counts, and endless notifications, **Workbench Entertainment** is choosing to **press pause**.

The small independent studio from Skopje makes games for players who want to wander instead of rush, listen instead of react, and feel instead of win. Their work is somewhere between memory and place, turning quiet moments into playable stories, and game *Olga* is where that philosophy comes alive.

“Workbench Entertainment was founded as a natural extension of our creative work across design, storytelling and interactive media, with *Olga* becoming the project through which we defined our identity most clearly”, the team at Workbench explains.

They don’t have rigid job titles or separated departments. “We are a small team... we lean into each person’s strengths and adapt to the evolving stages of development.” This flexibility shapes not only how the studio functions, but also how its games are made.

Their philosophy is especially evident in how creative and technical work intersect. For the team “narrative, visual atmosphere, sound design and programming all influence each other”, particularly in a game like *Olga*, where meaning emerges through subtle details rather than complex mechanics.

Learning to collaborate at that level didn’t happen overnight. In the early days, the team experienced some challenges. “Communicating abstract emotions and translating them into systems, environments and interactions took time. Over time, this process became one of our strengths and today collaboration is central to how we work”, the team notes.

At the same time, the realities of being a young independent studio are impossible to ignore. “The biggest challenges are resources, time and

visibility”, the team explains. Developing games in Macedonia means working with limited support, which forces the team to be deliberate with every creative and technical decision they make.

What keeps the team motivated is not commercial success or technical spectacle, but emotional connection. “What fulfils us most is creating games that allow players to slow down and observe.” The studio is drawn to quiet, intimate moments, things often overlooked both in games and in everyday life. The idea for *Olga* itself didn’t begin with a plot or a single defining event. Instead, “It started from a shared emotional space, mainly childhood memories of rural life, time spent with grandparents and places where time seems to stand still.” From there, the team focused on small sensory experiences: the sound of footsteps on dirt paths, the texture of old wooden houses, and the silence broken only by nature.

Those memories eventually found a home in Belovodica, a real village in Macedonia where *Olga* is set. While the game doesn’t aim to recreate the village exactly, the team says the location gives the experience authenticity and emotional weight. “The village becomes a character”, they explain, shaped by its architecture, silence, and the feeling that time has slowed down.

Setting the game in a real place also carries a deeper intention. *Olga* allows younger players to connect with ideas of place, memory, and cultural roots without explicitly explaining them. Instead, the game lets those meanings emerge naturally through exploration. “We intentionally chose a slow approach.” “*Olga* isn’t about action or urgency, it’s about presence.” The tension in the game doesn’t come from combat, but from atmosphere: light,

sound, distance, and subtle interactions. “Slowness is a design decision”, they add. For the team, games don’t always need to deliver constant dopamine hits. Sometimes, enjoyment comes from simply walking through a quiet forest or watching the sun dip below the horizon. “We have to stop treating our downtime like another race to the next checkpoint”, the team reflects.

This belief also shapes how Workbench views games as a storytelling medium. Compared to film or literature, games allow players to participate in meaning-making. “Games create meaning through interaction, movement, waiting, and observation”, they explain. In *Olga*, even the smallest actions can carry emotional weight.

When asked what advice the Workbench team would give to young people interested in game development, they keep it grounded. “Start small, learn to finish projects, and don’t rush to imitate trends.” They also encourage aspiring developers to look beyond games for inspiration: toward art, literature, film, and real life.

Asked how they see the company in the future, the team hopes the studio will still be creating emotional, story-driven games. Stories that feel personal but resonate universally. “We want to make games that stay with players long after they finish them.”

In an industry that constantly demands more speed and more noise, Workbench Entertainment is quietly building something different: games that ask players to slow down, listen, and remember.

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Lea Schwegmann & Jolanta Ciopcinska

About studio:



# Intuïta: Algoritmi Sekret i Trurit që Punon Para Mendimit

**S**a herë të ka ndodhur kur futesh në një dhomë dhe menjëherë të duket: “Ky vend... diçka nuk shkon”? Apo kur takohet dikë për herë të parë dhe mendon: “Hmm... nuk duket shumë i besueshëm”? Nuk është imagjinatë e cmendur.. Është intuita, algoritmi sekret i trurit që punon para se të flasësh apo të mendosh logjikisht.

Shumë njerëz mendojnë se intuita është thjesht ndjesi ose një ndjesi magjike. Por e vërteta është se truri është si një Google super i fshehur, që përpunon të gjithë informacionin që nuk e kemi vënë re: shprehjet e tona, lëvizjet e trupit, tonin e zërit, madje edhe ritmin e ecjes. Dhe pastaj na thotë: “ke shumë kujdes nga ajo!” — për një sekondë.

Interesante është se intuita shpesh na bën të dukemi si dikush me superfuqi. P.sh., je duke ecur në rrugë dhe papritmas ndjen se diçka nuk shkon; ndalon dhe... voilà! Një qese plastike fluturon drejt teje ose një mace vogël del nga askund. Truri e ka parashikuar gjithçka, por ti dukesh si dikush që “po e sheh te ardhmen”.



Por çfarë ndodh brenda trurit? Biologjikisht, intuita funksionon falë një rrjeti sekret në tru, që neurologët e quajnë Default Mode Network, dhe disa lidhjeve të shpejta midis korteksit frontal dhe amigdales. Në thelb: truri përpunon informacion që nuk e vëm re, krijon hipoteza të shpejta dhe të jep ndjesinë intuitive para se logjika të futet në lojë. Pra, ajo ndjesi e parë nuk është magji është një llogaritje biologjike sekrete që ndodh shumë shpejt.

Intuita punon më mirë kur nuk e detyrojmë mendjen. Ndodh shpesh gjatë dushit, kur shkon të bësh një shëtitje ose kur ulesh në krevat me telefonin larg. Kur mendja relaksohet, algoritmi i trurit krijon lidhje të shpejta dhe zgjidhje që logjika e ngadaltë nuk i arrin dot. Për këtë arsye, shpesh thonë: “Idetë më të mira na vijnë kur nuk po mendojmë as edhe një gjë”

Sigurisht, intuita nuk është gjithmonë e sakt. Si çdo algoritëm, ajo funksionon më mirë kur ka informacion të mjaftueshëm. Por edhe gabimi është pjesë e bukurisë: truri eksperimenton, korrigjon dhe ne mësojmë nga “oops”-at e vogla.

Pra, intuita është mik që nuk flet shumë, por di diçka para nesh. Kur ndjen atë ndjesinë e çuditshme, mos e injoro. Besoji instiktit, sepse ndonjëherë truri yt është më i zgjuar se sa vetë ti e kupton. Dhe në botën ku gjithçka ndodh shpejt, të kesh këtë aleat është luks që shumë njerëz nuk e vërejnë dot.

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Ezana Shabani

# Не се вратив - прогонскив...

Постои нешто необично во можноста повторно да застанеш на исто место и да сфатиш дека она што најмногу се променило не е просторот, туку начинот на кој го населувааш. Буковина Татжанска ми го понуди токму тоа искуство – не како враќање, туку како континуитет што конечно станал видлив.

Минатата година таму пристигнав со внимателност што доаѓа од непознавање. Тоа беше мојот прв Еразмус+ проект, првата средба со еден процес што бара целосно присуство и подготвеност да се пушти контролата. Куќата во која бевме сместени и организацијата домаќин тогаш ми беа само рамка за нешто што допрва се оформуваше. Денес, тие исти сидови и истиот ритам на секојдневието носат поинаква тежина како тивок доказ дека некои почетоци продолжуваат и кога не сме свесни за тоа.

Оваа година, враќањето немаше потреба од големи емоции. Наместо несигурност, донесе јасност. Да се најдеш повторно на исто место, со истите луѓе со кои пред една година си делел само една недела, а да почувствувааш блискост што не ослабнала, туку се продлабочила, е ретка потврда дека времето не е единствената мерка за поврзаност. Тие средби не беа обид да се оживее минатото, туку природно продолжување на нешто што никогаш не било прекинато. Во нив јасно се чувствувааше колку тие луѓе, со кои некогаш накратко сум живеела, учествувале во обликувањето на тоа каква сум денес.

Проектот годинава ги обедини учесниците од Македонија, Романија, Грузија, Полска и Шпанија. Различностите не се наметнуваа, туку се влеваа во заедничкото искуство без отпор. Очекувањата со кои пристигнавме полека се распаѓаа, оставајќи простор за искрен контакт и меѓусебна поддршка. Токму таму станува очигледно колку често скепсата кон непознатото нè лишува од можноста вистински да бидеме присутни.

„Art and Outdoor“ не функционираше како концепт, туку како состојба. Долгите и високи планинарења, низ снег и природни предизвици, бараа истрајност, трпение и доверба во себе и во другите. Природата таму не нуди олеснувања, но нуди уживања. Погледите од височините не беа илузија, туку тивка потврда дека напорот има смисла,

дури и кога не бара признание. Деновите започнуваа со пешачење, со движење што остава простор за внатрешен дијалог. Тие утрински чекори беа наменети за лична рефлексивност, за чувствата што ги носиме, за целите што ни се важни, за очекувањата што полека учиме да ги оставаме зад себе. Во таа тишина, денот не се планираше, туку се прифаќаше.

Од таму, сосема природно, се развиваше уметничкиот процес. Работата со цртање на стакло, глина и изработка на накит не беше насочена кон резултатот, туку кон внатрешното движење што го придружува создавањето. Материјалите стануваа продолжение на состојбите што не бараа објаснување. Во тие моменти, уметноста беше форма на изразување, како начин на присуство.

Целиот процес беше поддржан од луѓето со кои го делев ова искуство. Ланскиот тим Стефан, Евелина, Селина и Никита беше мојата прва точка на сигурност во непознатото. Годинава, со Стефан, Евелина, Мила и Енес, таа сигурност се манифестираше поинаку: како доверба што не се докажува, туку постои. Тимска динамика што се чувствува.

Буковина Татжанска уште еднаш ми покажа дека очекувањата ретко ја опфаќаат целата слика. Дека непознатото не нè предизвикува затоа што е опасно, туку затоа што нè поместува. И дека понекогаш најважното што можеме да го направиме е да му дозволиме на искуството да нè обликува, без отпор.

Ова не е приказна за повторување.

Ова е сведоштво за траење.

За тоа како истото место може да стане доказ дека нешто во тебе продолжило да расте.

За крај ако нешто треба да остане по овој текст, нека биде овој поздрав. До сите учесници од Полска и до организацијата домаќин „Europa Iuvenis“, до Магда, Маргарет, Јулија, Ана, Маријан, и сите други кои ги нема тука но секогаш ќе останат во моето срце! – благодарам што повторно го направивте просторот место, а местото спомен што трае.

До следно видување,  
Анастасија Ѓорѓиевска

# HOW TO WRITE ARTICLES FOR VOICES



## TOPIC

Anything, except politics or hate speech

Think of topics that would interest **our audience** (youth)

Maybe a **current event or trend** that you could write about?

## RESEARCH

Use **credible sources** when researching your topic

**Double-check** any information you include in your article to ensure **accuracy**

**Don't plagiarize**

**Link the sources** at the end of your article

## STRUCTURE

Use **short, attention-grabbing headline**

Write an **introduction** at the beginning (what, who, when, why, how)

Include **body** and **conclusion** in your article, maintain a logical flow

Write your **full name** at the end

## WRITING

Use **clear and concise language** that your audience will understand

**Avoid** too technical terms and **hard language** unless necessary

**Be engaging** and try to make your article interesting to read

## FEW RULES

The article should be around 500 - 1000 words

**Don't** include images or illustrations in the document

Send possible **photos separately** (with sources and assured they're **free of copyrights**)

**Edit and revise** (clarity, grammar, and spelling error)

## WHAT ELSE?

You can write in **English, Macedonian and Albanian**

You don't need to be pro, **VOICES is open for everyone!**

Writing to the magazine is **voluntary**

We can provide you with a **certificate** if you become a writer for VOICES magazine





Our monthly magazine has a very simple, yet powerful, mission - to be the voice of youth. And how do we do that?

We encourage young people to take an active part in today's society through journalism and designing by giving them a platform to express themselves. VOICES is produced in Skopje, Macedonia, and published online every month and four times per year as a printed edition.

## Join VOICES team!

Contact us in our social media pages or write us an e-mail. What would you be interested in doing?



### Writing articles

VOICES accepts articles about anything, except politics or hate speech. Brainstorm your ideas with us and write articles once, twice, or every month!



### Translating articles

VOICES is published in three languages: English, Macedonian and Albanian. If you are a native speaker or fluent in these languages, join our translation team!



### Featuring your work

If you are an artist, photographer, designer or other, your work can be presented in the magazine. Send us your method of art and a short bio of yourself!




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