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**CUM SĂ SCRII O COMPUNERE ÎN  
LIMBA ENGLEZĂ**

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## **The Fountain of Knowledge**

Learning seems to be a treasure which is full of golden knowledge and valuable things which will accompany and guide our steps in life like a flickering candle. It becomes brighter or less bright, but it never goes off. That golden treasure is priceless because it always shows us the right way in life.

To start with, I view learning as a journey, and our experiences are different parts of a journey. It never ends, despite the fact that we keep looking forward to reaching the final stage. We see the light of the candle at the end of the tunnel, but the more we are trying to approach it, the further and more powerful the light seems to be.

What is more, the things that we have been learning throughout our lifetime are carefully treasured in the priceless golden chest of spiritual assets which will surely help us. Provided that you got mistakenly trapped in a tunnel and everything were as dark as night, would you find the way out? You could feel some bats, flapping their wings, trying to escape out of that terrible place. All of a sudden, you start feeling warmer and warmer due to vivid knowledge that fills your soul and mind. Otherwise you could die, trapped in that tunnel.

The flickering candle of knowledge will show us the right way through the cave till we see the light at the end

of the tunnel better and better. There is no doubt in my mind that we would be helpless without knowledge and our life would be deprived of its inner meaning and value. We need it to guide our steps in life and make us truly happy.

## An Unforgettable Adventure

*It was a sunny afternoon. Mark and his friends were sailing along the coast.* The weather was warm and mild, perfect for an unforgettable adventure. A light breeze was blowing gently, pushing the boat against the foamy waves of the sea. The teenagers could feel the sudden rush of adrenaline running all over their bodies as they hoped they would have the experience of their life time.

As soon as they reached their favourite quiet spot, they stopped the boat and got ready for a swim in the crystal-clear sea. They were all very close friends, fond of scuba diving and that was the moment they had been looking forward to for weeks. They were eager to explore the mysterious underwater world, well-hidden in the ribbons of seaweed and brightly-coloured fish.

No sooner had Mark and Jane sunk into the sea than an enormous white shark could be seen advancing threateningly towards the girl. Mark's eyes grew wide with fear when he saw the huge creature getting closer and closer. "Oh, no! A shark", he shouted desperately. The girl glanced back over her shoulder, saw the danger and quickly swam towards the boat. There was no time to waste. Fearlessly Mark dashed after Jane, grabbed her hand and pulled her to safety onto the boat. He quickly threw himself over the board and collapsed heavily onto



the deck. The shark opened its huge jaws and took a large bite out of the boat, without causing any major damage, though.

Mark and Jane looked at each other as warm tears were falling down their pale faces. They were scared, exhausted and relieved, all at the same time. They had been so close to death and now they were just grateful for being alive.

## Seize the Moment

*Mike had the letter in his hand. Time was running out and he had to get to the post office in double quick time- this was his last chance.*

It had all started a day before as he was reading the local newspaper when suddenly a column written in bold letters caught his attention. It was about a creative writing competition taking place the following day. He had always had the feeling that the best way to express himself was in writing. As a child, he used to dream of the day when the bookstores would be full of his novels. Not only could he open his heart and let everybody discover his innermost thoughts and feelings, but he could also lead a fulfilling life.

Soon he started writing the composition frenetically. His hands were trembling with excitement as the words were covering the immense white ocean of the page like thousands of glittering diamonds. He felt increasingly happy as he could release the relentless butterflies trapped in his stomach. When the composition was finally over, he took a last glance at it. He felt his head throbbing and his heart pounding wildly out of his chest.

Mike hurriedly folded the paper, put it in the envelope and dashed out in the street, heading for the bus stop. For the hundredth time in the last hour Mike checked

his wristwatch. It was very late and he was worried about not having enough time. He knew that the postman would collect the letters from the post-box in one hour. Time was running out and Mike started walking faster and faster. Within seconds he arrived at the bus stop. His eyes moved quickly up and down the street but there was no bus coming. He felt desperate as he couldn't wait at all. Fortunately a taxi was coming and Mike's eyes started to shine again. He simply jumped into it and uttered the address, barely catching his breath.

Twenty minutes later, they got to the destination just in time. A wide smile lit Mike's face. He breathed a sigh of relief when he saw the postman collecting the letters in the post-box. Full of hope, Mike rushed out of the taxi and handed him the envelope. In spite of the postman's grumbling, Mike was happier than ever. That moment he looked as if he had just won the prize of the best writer.

## A Terrifying Experience

And there he was naked and barefoot, waiting for a miracle to spare his life. It had all started on a chilly summer morning, which turned into scorching heat as the sun rose higher and higher. Mark was in the taxi, on the way to the airport, for two weeks in the sun.

As he arrived at the airport, he got on the plane impatiently. Mark had been flying for about half an hour, when the disaster struck. The huge plane started to shake violently as it was falling down to nowhere. A chill ran down his spine and he felt increasingly helpless. The boy's head was spinning and his heart was pounding out of his chest, then everything went black.

Mark woke up later, in an eerie place, kind of a meadow, in the mountains."Oh no!"he murmured terrified at the thought he could be all by himself. Mark looked around and saw pieces of the plane everywhere around him. He was naked and barefoot as the violent landing had torn his clothes and shoes. Mark swallowed hard and looked up. A thick layer of threatening black clouds was covering the sky. The network of tiny narrow paths was almost obscured from view while a blanket of mist was starting to form. Suddenly, a flash of lightning tore across the sky, and then the deafening thunder boomed. Cold raindrops started to fall heavily over the rough ground.



Mark finally realized that he was the only survivor of the crash. He was weak from his ordeal, but he stood up, plucked up courage and walked forward to meet his fate.

## The Mysterious Forest

It was a moonless night. Everything was strangely quiet in the forest. No animal sounds, no rustling of leaves. All we could hear was the noise of our footsteps and the rough streams flowing by. Jack and I were walking silently through the misty forest in search of a strange flying object which the local people claimed to have seen appearing and disappearing at midnight.

It was such a mysterious atmosphere that my heart was pounding wildly out of my chest. All of a sudden, our attention was caught by something glittering above the deep lake. "Let's follow it!" cried Jack. Although a chill shiver ran down my spine, we plucked up courage and approached it silently. Right then, the object flew higher and higher. At the same time flashes of lightning seemed to tear open the darkness of the forest. To our surprise, we could see the flying saucer landing behind an old tree. Immediately we decided to follow the light, but as soon as we got near the tree, the flying plate took off and disappeared somewhere behind us. That moment it seemed to me that the strange object was mocking at us and that really annoyed me. We tried to find its hiding, but it was simply useless.

Suddenly, the reddish light circled over the lake. I couldn't believe my eyes. *I stared in amazement as the strange object disappeared beneath the surface of the lake.*

It was a cold winter morning. The snow was falling silently as Tom, David, Roger and Alan made their way up the snow-capped mountains. A few days before, David had suggested going on a walking trip into the mountains. He managed to persuade his friends to join him.

As they were walking excitedly, they noticed a sign warning them of the danger of avalanches. They didn't think that would be a problem, they ignored it and kept walking. The mountain path seemed to get narrower as they climbed higher and higher. While they were admiring the breathtaking view, Tom started sneezing. Within seconds they heard a rumbling noise.

"Avalanche!" shouted Roger, pushing the others inside a nearby cave. Snow was falling threateningly towards them. They waited frozen in shock, until the snow stopped falling.

They got out of the cave safe and sound and sighed with relief, feeling lucky to have survived.

## Lucky to Be Alive

*Barbara soon felt confident enough to cope with anything, although she was still shaking with fear.*

It had been snowing heavily all night. The snow was laying like a soft fluffy blanket. It was still snowing and frozen crystals were falling gently from the grey sky. It was early in the morning when Barbara and her husband went climbing up a dangerous steep mountain.

As Barbara and Bob were climbing higher and higher, they could enjoy the marvellous landscape and breathe the fresh cold air. At noon, they got tired, so that they stopped to have a break. Bob was about to light a stove, when he heard a rumbling noise. "Avalanche!" he shouted desperately. "Quick! Let's get shelter there!" he said, pointing to a nearby cave. They ran as quickly as they could into the cave. Within seconds, a wall of heavy snow crashed down outside, blocking the entrance. They waited, frozen in shock, until the snow stopped falling. "We are trapped in the cave! What are we going to do?" mumbled Barbara in a terrified voice. "We'll radio for help" answered Bob as he was looking nervously for the radio station in his backpack. Luckily he found it and quickly radioed for help.

The time was running slowly and they spent the longest six hours in their entire life. The night was bitterly cold and Bob lit a fire to warm themselves a little. Later