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Назарова Мария Послан Назарова Мария - 23.04.2013 18:59

Назарова Мария 10 класс МОУ "Гимназия г.Раменское" Московской области учитель Гусева Людмила Владимировна

It was in the forty-third, In the middle of the twentieth century. The bullet hit in the heart, It was a terrible injury.

He was a correspondent, He spoke with anger, no accent: "Behind our Mother Russia... Who will go against us, He may go away at once!

We are so strong because We can't withdraw. We weren't conquered by Finnish bayonets, And French, and Austrians. So, let's not lose the Germans!"

The bullet hit in the heart And stuck...

When the death learned, Who she picked up, The miracle happened, It was so adjourned.

The Earth rocked, striving to the sky, And his chest, pierced by lead, The layers of homeland breathed.

Streams, fields... everything was Talking with him As the memory would cause.

The combat ordered to carry him-He woke up. The death took a bloody cup To enter her kingdom And the spell dropped.

Doctors didn't tell him

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The whole truth...
The nine grams out the heart didn't take,
They performed their sacred oath,
And understood the situationNot in their power was to give him salvation.

Many years have passed since then,
The man lives
Among us,
Working as a correspondent,
Still alive is the voice with no accent,
And again,
As the stigma are his words
"Who will go against us,
He may go away at once!"