

Indi
nary
Baltic

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Preface

Thanks to the Youth Dialogue organized by the Council of the Baltic Sea States, three young people with distant backgrounds from different countries on the Baltic Sea shores had the opportunity to share their visions of security issues in the region. In this publication, we reflected our attitude to the security situation in the region with poetry and proses, expressing our emotions and thoughts through imaginary scenes or addressing the reader directly.

Mommy's Smile pictures the interaction of a Swedish family during the 2018 Sweden wildfires, whereas *The Colorful Birds* depicts the storytelling between two Hazel trees in Sweden of the European joint battle against the wildfires.

When pondering... is an ode to the sea, which is dangerous and safe at the same time, and *Baltica* is a short reminder of the freedom we have. *Three's* poetic sketch is a reminder of how unpredictable the sea is.

Unity's Deed tells us the story of a fire that was managed to be tamed and reminds us that fighting natural disasters is our common goal. *One Letter* and *Secure Your Word* are pointing out that Rome wasn't built in a day. Every single step of us nurtures changes in our society.

For us, safety, in short, is the resistance to natural disasters, the respect for nature, and the ability to defend our values. Although we are from three different Baltic states, we share the same passion - a desire to contribute to our regional safety and security. We hope that our pieces of writing will inspire you to gain your own understanding of security and encourage you to take part in the journey of promoting and defending a more secure Baltic Sea Region.

Thank you, danke, paldies, and tack!

Lok Hang Abraham Chan, Silva Laure & Daria Larionov



Mommy's Smile

Wanting to go out,
But mommy shouts stop,
'Out there as it soughs,
Will stroke you like a boiling pot.'

Oh no, Wait, What?
Tick tock, tick tock, it's four o'clock,
Mommy please not,
I'll study with Bob.

Clicked, cracked, the lollipop,
Baby Maja's looking shocked,
Staring at the north,
In red are our neighbour's crops.

Pitter-patter, is it the rain that drops?
Mommy smiles and nods,
'Pouring off the top,
Friends of our blue with the cross.'

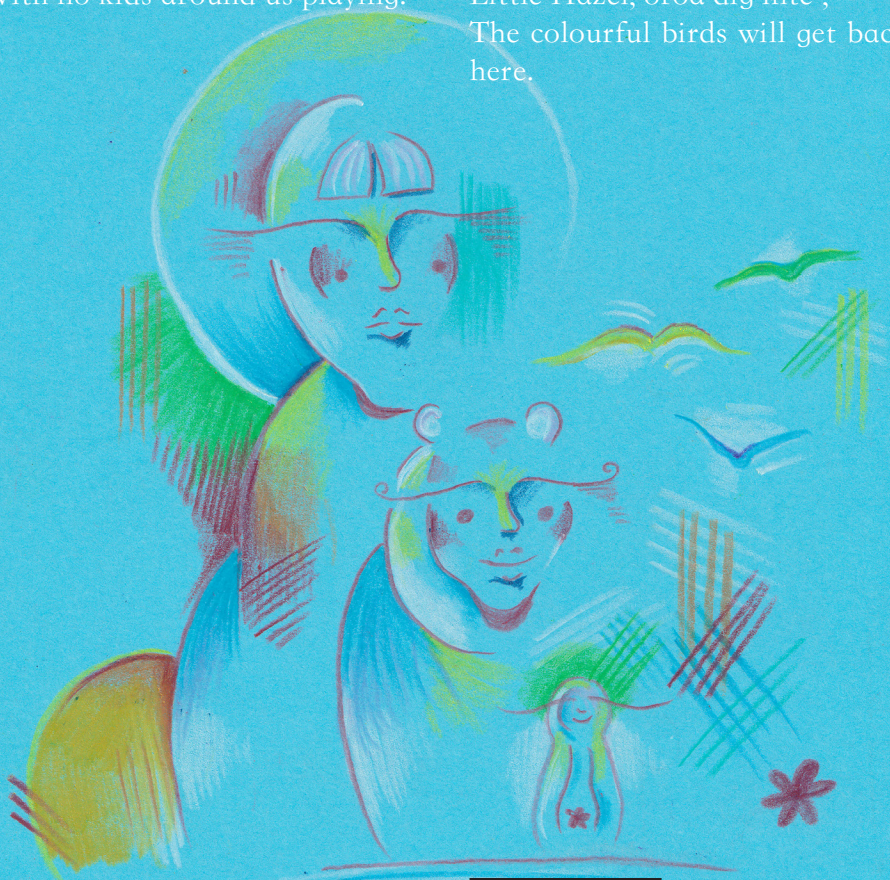
The Colourful Birds

That was a sunny day,
When my parents were
brought to the bay,
I begged them to stay,
Yet it's not up to us to say.

Ages after in a summer,
My brothers screamed in horror,
We couldn't stop sweating,
With no kids around us playing.

Flakes were falling off my hair,
Alongside my brothers' floating
in the air.
Everyone's eyes with fear,
Seeing what we had to bear.

Before I lost my consciousness,
There were birds heading towards
us.
Little Hazel, oroa dig inte¹,
The colourful birds will get back
here.



¹ Oroa dig inte means don't worry in Swedish

B
✿

Three

Shastly seeing something as
shallow
as the trench of yesterday's
sorrow.



So while I'm going to the sea, please,
kindly
watch me close so that nothing happens
abruptly.
dearly

✿
B



hen pondering, thinking of
what beauty can be
It's natural - we turn our gaze
to the sea

With the elegance and grace of a pine
tree
Watching what it makes - yet another
devotee

And a devotee comes in all shapes and
forms
Warning, it can include blistering thun-
derstorms

It can ravage and devastate all in its way
Leave everything hanging out by the bay

It can make you work for it day and night
Almost laughing when you get a frostbite

It can come up seeming quite wild
Screaming and crying like a child

It can make them disappear, never seen
again
Is quite bad for an "every now and then"

But it seems to blossom out of nowhere
With nothing of its kind to compare

A connection here and there
A sense of unfaulty and natural care

Breezing and blowing through the minds
And of a peaceful, tranquil time it re-
minds
That a mere product of mankind's
Has a limited assortment of what it finds

A happy, safe and secure ending
Or an answer to that always pending

But I have a feeling that the sea is trying
to tell us
To help her envision a better world, thus

By growing, learning and doing good
deeds
We are seeing what it actually needs

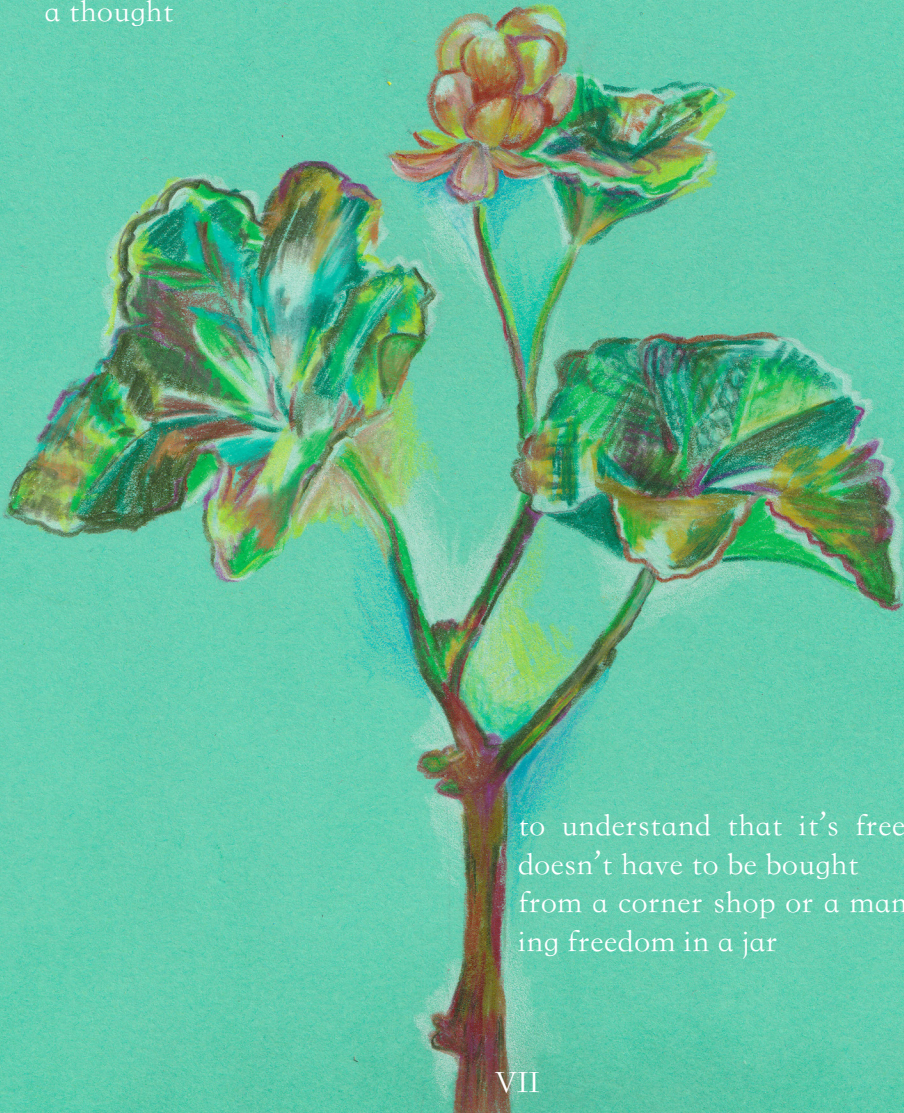
A family together, safe and sound
A country secure, intact and bound

And who are we to tell it wrong
When its waves and currents are so
strong
that maybe,
really,
they were made to do that all along



Baltica

How great is it?
to feel, squeal and cry like a seal
to be small, petite and pushing through it all
to be strong, independent and ready to go
to love, sing, dance and propose
an idea
a marriage, referendum
a thought



to understand that it's free and
doesn't have to be bought
from a corner shop or a man sell-
ing freedom in a jar

Unity's deed

About seven years ago, my house burned down. This event taught me many lessons. Seemingly, most of them I could have lived without. Somewhat simple and, perhaps, even trite. But oh, did it make me re-realize something as primitive as the importance of our neighbours.

I remember sitting in my room, entirely focused on a video game, when my brother came into the house yelling - Everybody, get out, the roof is burning!

And throughout my best efforts to stay calm, I was not. For the first moments, at least.

Our garage with two cars in it had started burning first. I had watched enough Alarm für Cobra 11 to know that when one explodes, it takes everything in its wake. As an eleven-year-old, I thought that that would be the end of everybody around me, so I advised them to back away and run as soon as possible. Of course, my imagination was slightly off. But while I was thinking of such scenarios, my other family members were as stunned and pumped

with adrenaline as they could have ever been. The danger was not as urgent, but it definitely would have been if it was not for our calm and steady neighbours.

As soon as they noticed that something was burning, they came rushing to the house. People that I didn't even recognize started carrying electronics, clothes, and even my plushies out of the house, trying to get everything out as quickly as they could. Some madmen even drove the cars out of the garage. They were risking their health and safety for someone that they barely knew. But they were well aware of the fact that we desperately needed it.

The fire brigade came to do their work. But even when it seemed like all that could've been done by our neighbours had been done - a new task came along. The firemen needed to re-fill their water tanks. The neighbours hurriedly told them how to get to the ponds next to their houses. Just so they would have enough water.

It was clear - everybody had the same goal. And all that was driv-

ing such actions was pure. A sense of responsibility for the community. A necessity for everybody to feel safe and secure - an underlying sense of love for those around, no matter the situation.

It seems so logical and profound, yet simple.

So what could be more rational, than to also do this on a bigger scale, when necessary?

Why wouldn't somebody run to their neighbouring house to help out?

What is the price of an already occurring disaster?

There are situations in life where such disasters happen on a larger, even international scale. Wildfires, floods, heatwaves, disasters at sea, to name a few.

A family that has just seen their house burn down, even though shocked and baffled, can be easily contained. A village, city, or even country facing such conditions and chaos - not so much. In these moments, I think somebody with a fresh outlook and a chance to help must come and at least assess the situation. To see what they could do, better yet - do it. Once something goes out of the realm of being local, it becomes

global. In this day and age, when we are more connected than ever, we have the chance to minimize the results of such catastrophes by addressing and acting on them faster than ever before.

Nevertheless, I am thrilled that the Baltic Sea region has such a system of protection amongst countries. Because, as cheesy as it might sound, countries of the Baltic Sea region are neighbours, siblings and friends simultaneously - bickering, loving, fighting and doing everything in between. But when it comes down to it, if at any point needed - help will be provided. Everything shall be put aside as a future of safety and security is thoroughly established. Starting from local occurrences, hoping that they won't escalate much further and will be banished. But if they aren't - we can work it out together.

I am thankful for my neighbours and their deeds. Willing to do whatever it takes to ensure that we are healthy, happy - safe & secure. Are you?



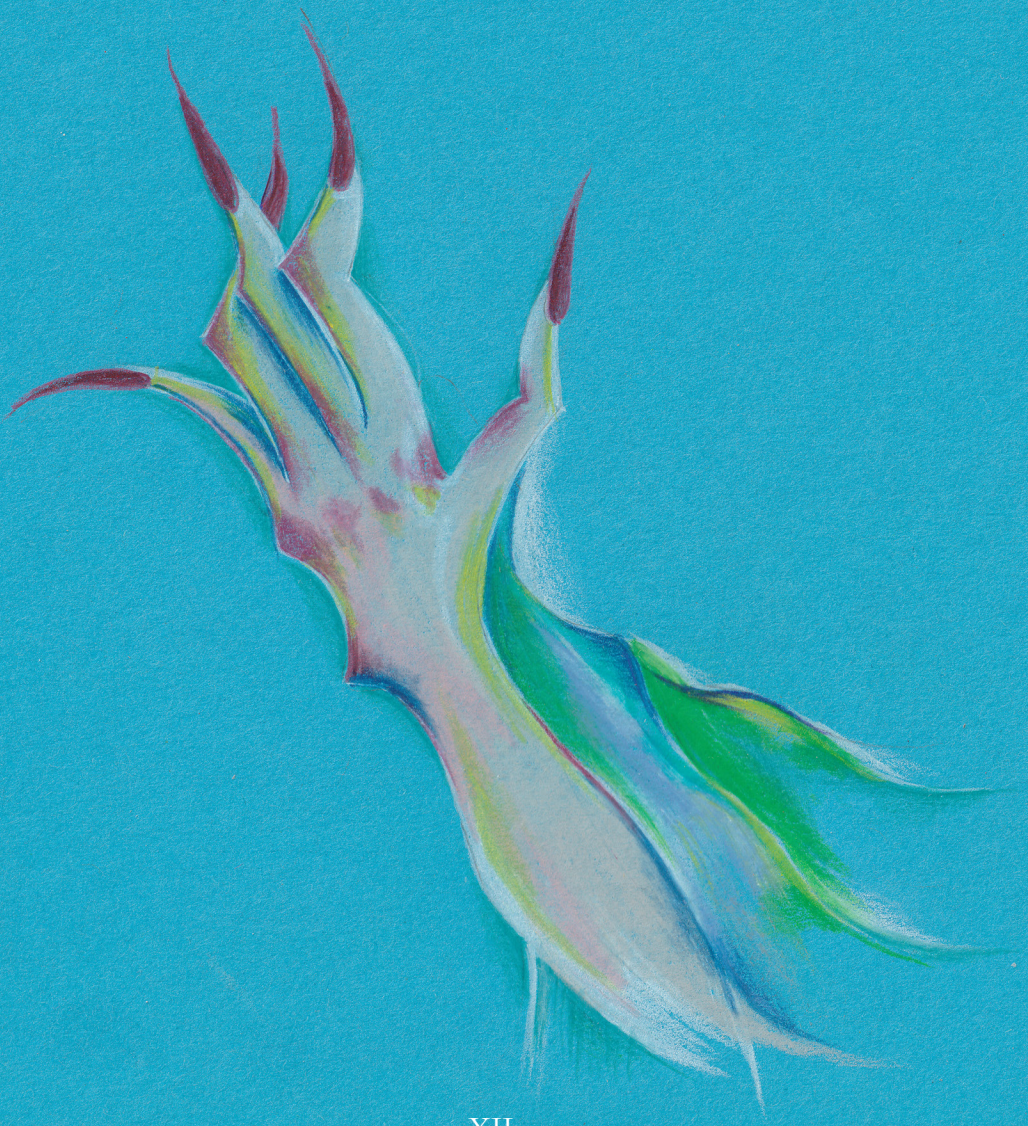
Secure Your Word

Freedom of speech and security do not contradict each other. On the contrary, they go hand in hand, they are a continuation of each other, elements of the puzzle of personality prosperity.

If you are happy with what is happening in your life - share it. If something worries you or does not suit you, you should be able to talk about it. If you have something to say - speak, write, sing. This is your right, which no one will ever take away from you.

The word has the power to change reality. Your word can change your city, inspire you to act, save an innocent from accusations. The most important thing that it can help you with is to express your opinion, to which you have the right by the very fact of your existence. And no one can legally silence you.

Here, on the shores of the Baltic Sea, your word is safe.



One Letter

Sometimes it seems to us that some of the things happening around us do not concern us. Every day we wake up, put ourselves in order, go to school, university or work, somewhere else. We meet with colleagues, friends; communicate, study, do our business, laugh, eat, and go home. We kiss our parents, go to bed, pick up the phone and scroll through the news feed.

Somewhere in the east there is a war, somewhere the government has changed, and on the next street, it turns out, there was a road accident, and we did not even notice. In principle, it is logical: there has always been a dangerous intersection, without road signs and traffic lights. It was always scary for us to cross there, it was unsafe.

We were glad that this situation did not affect our relatives, and now the thought came to mind that this could have been avoided. It was possible to collect signatures, post a post on a social network, drawing attention to the problem; contact some organization, write a letter to the local Ministry of Infrastructure. Yes, a lot of things, probably, could be done.

Our heart sank.

But this applies to each of us. Everyone uses this crossroads, this road, and lives in this city, this country, this region, the world. One letter and the situation could be different.

We cannot sleep for a long time, but, while falling asleep, we promise ourselves not to forget that we live in a society where our security depends not only on someone out there in the ministerial chair. It depends on ourselves.



Authors

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Silva Laure (Latvia) - School student, passionate about chemistry and biology. She aspires to work in the medical field, driven by the desire to help people. Silva loves poetry and is a talented painter - has received an award winning place at the World School Children's Art Exhibition. She decided to participate in the programme because she wants to learn as much as possible about the region around her. Silva has visited 4 of the CBSS member states and 3 of the observer states.

Daria Larionov (Sweden) - former Erasmus Student Network Chisinau vice-president, youth activist, who holds a Master degree in State, Society and Economic Development of Asian Countries studies. She loves Russian literature and billiards and believes that security and fairness are the core of a prosperous society. Daria has visited 5 of the CBSS member states and 4 of the observer states.



