

# THE MYSTERIOUS JOURNEY OF THE ORIENT EXPRESS





### ***The teacher`s inspiration***

*This experimental Vocational English Booklet is created with the purpose to demonstrate how interesting and useful it would be, for everyone who is involved in the process of learning the English language, together with certain aspects of Catering, Hotel Keeping or Tourism, not to narrow their perspective, but to broaden their specter of research and study. This would mean not only achieving better understanding of these separate fields of studying, but it would provide a connection between vocational subjects and the English language, merging them with broader and powerful realms of human innovativeness and creativity – Art, Revolutionary Ideas, Poetry, Dancing, Virtue and Virtuosity.*

*The author of this original Vocational English Booklet is Snezana Petrovic, an English teacher at The Hospitality and Tourism School (Ugostiteljsko-turistička škola), in Belgrade. Under her guidance, many students were involved in creating this material – in writing poems and stories and illustrating them. A part of the work concept was prepared and presented during the mobility phase of the Erasmus mobility project, in Slovenian secondary school for catering and tourism - Grm Novo Mesto.*

*The booklet was prepared within the Erasmus + project named Mobility to improving vocational subjects teaching.*

*The mysterious journey type of textbook is an example and an innovative role model of teaching catering and tourism as a part of the English language learning.*

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# There is Something Shiny in my Soup

## Mr Poirot and the Waiter – a parody

“Excuse me, young lad!”, said Mr Poirot, summoning the waiter. “Right away, Sir! Is there anything I can do for you, kind Sir?”, the waiter promptly replied.

“Yes, you can, indeed! Could you please explain to me why this soup tastes highly suspicious and very odd to me. Can you tell me a quick list of ingredients and the method of preparation?”- asked Poirot with apparent seriousness.

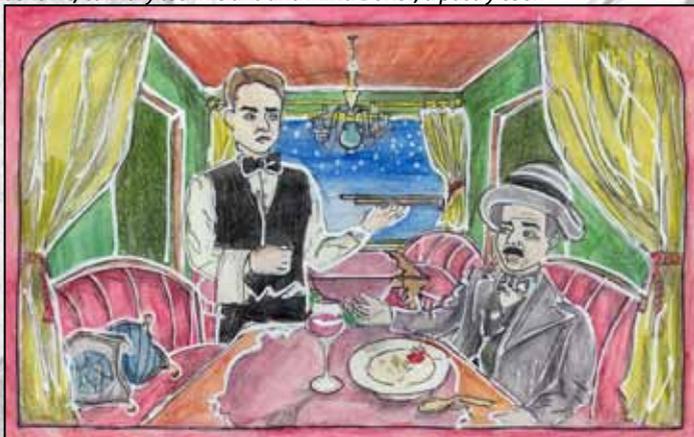
“Why, yes of course, sir! The ingredients are grown and harvested at the best farm in England and under the best conditions.”, replied the waiter, demonstrating his finest food connoisseur skills. “The meat is of the highest quality from the best butcher’s shop in London. We boiled water with the meat, removing the foam. We turned the heat down and added carrots, onions, pepper, salt, celery and parsley. Next, we strained the ingredients, and served it warm to you, dear Sir.”

Poirot soon stopped paying attention to the waiter’s elaborate explanations and murmured, while brooding over his plate : “I can see something strange and shiny in my soup.”

The waiter snapped rather agitated: “Oh sir! Can I take your plate to see what it is? Perhaps, it’s a button.”

“I’ve heard a story of some rubies having been stolen on this train.”, Poirot continued quietly, talking more to himself than addressing the waiter. Leaving the waiter almost visibly dismayed, Poirot took the soup plate to his compartment for the thorough examination. That was the explanation the waiter received after one more attempt to take the plate to the kitchen.

*Snežana Petrović, the author of the brochure, together with Bogdan Arnaut, Vanja Beader and Aleksandar Rasković, culinary technicians and Mina Bokor, a pastry cook*



*Marija Despić*

# A cherry on top like a ruby pressed into a medallion

## Princess Dragomiroff and the Waiter – parody

“Excuse me, waiter, could you come here, please?“, Princess Dragomiroff summoned the waiter.

“Certainly , Your Highness! What can I do for you, lovely ladies? Would you like to order something special?“ He asked, while glancing at her golden necklace with a big ruby carved on a platinum plate.”

“A cup of green tea would be nice and would you be kind enough to recommend us some biscuits that would go well?“

The waiter`s eyes glistened while he tried to divert his thoughts from the calculations of value to the less precious items he had to evaluate at the Princess` request. “ I would gladly recommend scones. My humble suggestion to the pastry chef would be to put miniature, bite sized, red cherries on the top of a crunchy biscuit, just like rubies pressed into a medallion. The scones are traditional English tea treats prepared from flour, sugar, baking powder, butter, an egg and milk, and of course delicious strawberry jam.”

“Oh, that sounds delicious. I would like to try them, please!“, the Princess has been pleased to hear such inspired description of the meal she has ordered.

*Snežana Petrović, the author of the broushure together with Bogdan Arnaut, Vanja Beader and Anđelija Stojiljković, culinary technicians and Mina Bokor, a pasty cook*



Tijana Despić

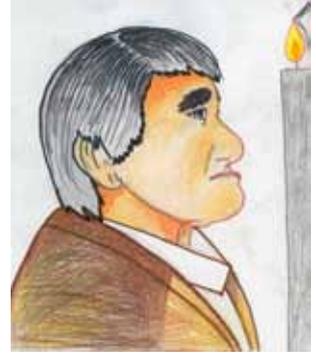
# A Lit Candle in the Heart of the Nation

## The Golubac Fortress

Golubac is a medieval fortress that lies in the national park "Djerdap". It is on the right side of our most famous river, the Danube. It is placed on the highest cliff, just where the river narrows.

Golubac had a turbulent history. A ferocious battle was drawn near the beautiful fortress. One of the biggest empires in Europe, the Ottoman Empire battled against the powerful Kingdom of Hungary.

An old Serbian man couldn't stop watching the city and the fortress being destroyed. There was sorrow in his heart, as he tried to remember Golubac when it was peacetime; such a beautiful and strong fortress is now crushed to pieces. He started remembering his childhood. He remembers his dear mother, who used to dress him in white shirt, *čakšire*, the traditional pants and leather shoes, which were called *opanci*. It made him feel safe, far away from any danger. The strain of thoughts led him to the days when he celebrated *Slava*. That was the time when his family gathered to glorify their patron saint. His mother used to bake the *Slavski kolač*, the traditional Serbian bread and lots of sweets with raisins and nuts. His father used to prepare the meat and host the guests. On ordinary days, a small, peaceful home, was now filled with loud laughs and stories. As the night was ending, the lit *Slavska* candle was also slowly melting away.



*Zorana Ruman*

Battle cries woke him up from his daydreaming. He suddenly felt like his candle of life was slowly burning away, just like the beauty of this city.

Nowadays, Golubac is just what was left of the strong medieval fortress. Not much has changed, except the fact that the fortress is crushed and developed a new, unique look to it. The fortress has a great touristic value to it nowadays. Half of it is protected by durable rocks and the other parts remain exposed; that's what was caused by the big war.

*Milica Stojanović, a tourist technician*

# Food for the body, ego and soul

## Food for the body

I know of men who do not have enough.  
Lacking in food and drink, their life is rough.  
Day in, day out, they struggle for food.  
There is no time for any other good.

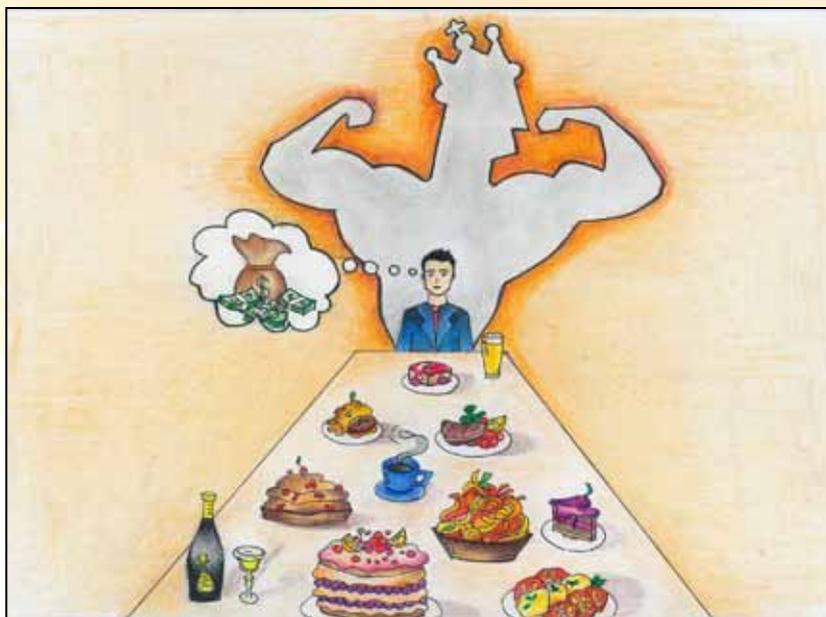
## Food for the ego

I know of men who have enough food and drink.  
So they have time for something else to think.  
Their egos are hungry for more money, power, fame.  
Getting more, being restless, an endless game.

## Food for the soul

I know of men who are contented with the way they live.  
They focus on soul and never cease to give.  
To give love and support, perform acts randomly kind.

*Bogdan Arnaut, a culinary technician*



*Georgije Lazić*

# The Strength of the Ancient Customs

## The First Mummy

Ancient Egypt was one of the most advanced civilizations in their time. They were one of the first civilizations to invent writing. They had many strange customs, they believed make up had healing powers, which is why both women and men wore it. They also believed that the only way to reach the afterlife was to be mummified.

It was a day like any other in Egypt, nothing extraordinary about it, until people started noticing a strange man walking the streets. He was unnaturally pale and covered in bandages and strange scars. People were too afraid to approach the man that looked dead. One second he was there, practically dragging himself through the streets, but when they looked again he was gone. That continued to happen day after day until someone finally found the courage to ask the man who he was and if he was alright. The zombie-look-alike stared at the man strangely and said something that confused everyone. He said his name was Khafra and asked how nobody recognized him, but didn't wait for an answer and continued walking ever so slowly until he disappeared once more. The reason why everyone was so confused was because the name he mentioned belonged only to a pharaoh that had been dead for decades. There was a myth going around the town, saying that Khafra had accidentally let the common people see his hair, even though the tradition was that a Pharaoh hair must never be seen. That was the reason why they wore the strange crowns on their heads. Since then it was said Khafra was cursed. He was unable to go to the afterlife, and so he would walk through the cities of Egypt forever.

Of course nobody believed in those rumours because nobody understands that some legends are true. Most people that hear of traditions and the consequences they bear if not followed dismiss them as stories and urban legends. But that is not always the case. Some traditions and cultures should not be made fun of and should always be respected.

*Aleksandra Janjić, a tourist technician*

*Milica Ćirić*

# The Food for the Ego

## The Alchemist

One day I went to a museum. There was an exhibition of relics from Ancient Egypt. While I was looking at the relics I thought to myself that all of these relics look familiar to me even though I have never even seen them before. One relic in particular caught my eye, the alchemy set.

That night I had a very realistic dream, or I could say it was more some kind of a flashback rather than a dream. It was like I had been teleported to Ancient Egypt. The room was filled with gold accessories, necklaces and the whole room shined in a gold color. The walls painted with pictures and hieroglyphs that told a story of first recorded battle in history. The background and the sand in the story were painted with a gold-like colour. The room was dazzling. In front of me stood the alchemy set made out of gold and yet it looked quite modest. I looked across the room and saw a door. I opened them and found a room filled with all kinds of materials from raw gold, silver and bronze to all kinds of different herbs, some poisonous some with medical purposes, bottles filled with potions and the most treasured object in that room, a red tincture. It was a blood colored tincture. It had many shapes and names, from Philosopher's stone to elixir of immortality. I looked at it in awe and with a pride. Before I continue, let me tell you my story. I was a head alchemist in pharaoh's court. I had many disciples under my wing. Together, we created potions to kill his enemies on the field and in the court. We made herbs with various purposes, we created tinctures, colors, ink, all the things an ordinary alchemist would create. One day his worship wanted to gain immortality and he gave us a task of creating a Philosophers stone, a task at the time we thought was impossible. After years and years of studying, trying and experimenting we finally found a way to create the stone.

What we found out was horrible. The Philosophers stone is made out of live humans. Life energy from humans in that stone prolonged your own life. His worship ordered me to sacrifice the lives of all of his alchemists, scribes and slaves that numbered more than 10000 lives. Of course, I obeyed him. It was a long process but when I achieved it, what I created was not a stone, it was a blood red tincture.

By the time when I had to give it to the pharaoh, I had been consumed with greed and thirst for power and instead of giving it to the pharaoh I drank the tincture myself. I didn't feel like anything changed within me and before I was able to do anything pharaoh found me and sentenced me to death. I was killed and thrown in a river. But I didn't stay dead for long.

First, my heart started beating again, and then I felt like all the wounds, where I had been stabbed, and all the organs, that had been damaged, started

repairing themselves. Even the wound in my head started healing itself. But the aftermath was that I lost all of my memories. I have lived through the ages thinking of hundreds of thousands of reasons about why I cannot die or why I do not age.

*Saša Milošević, a tourist technician*



Ana Kalinić

## The Bantu People

It was a burning hot and an especially dry day. We thought we were somewhere on the southern part of the African continent but we were not sure of it. Benjamin and I were on an expedition to find the fountain of youth because of Benjamin's terrible illness.

It was the sixth day of our journey through the vast African wilderness. We had a car but it broke down in the unbearable heat, a few days ago. We were dehydrated and disoriented. I noticed a few vultures circling around us for the last couple of hours. They were anxious to see us dead. Benjamin said he saw a skeleton, which I attributed to hallucination caused by sleep deprivation. Soon after, I saw the skeleton as well. We were frightened but there was no point in turning back now.

Not too long after that, we even saw a shade in the distance. That assured us that we were both losing our minds, and the shade just kept on getting bigger and bigger. Eventually it turned into a humanly form, so we started screaming so they would notice us.

It turned out to be a black man. He spoke some English and said that he can take us to a village near an oasis not far from where we were. We agreed to follow him and after a half an hour walk we saw an oasis and many wooden huts, surrounding it.

The villagers came to greet us, and satisfy their immense curiosity. Hearing about our arrival from a far away land called Serbia located on the Balkans, just left them perplexed, and without any idea what we had talked about. They were also confused because of our fair complexion, which provoked the children to touch us out of curiosity and admiration. We roamed around the village while looked upon as gods. Everyone wanted to come and meet us.

That was their way how they presented themselves to us. We were asked to stay for as long as we want. We let them know about Benjamin's condition and we were offered help. We heard stories about a ritual that can cure any disease, and they were willing to perform it on that night as the planets were perfectly aligned.

The atmosphere in the village was very uplifting and exciting. They gave us a hut to sleep in and food and water. After the well deserved rest we were woken up for the ritual. The ritual itself lasts for about an hour. During that time Bantu people were dancing around a big bonfire sing and sacrificed animals for healing powers. Happiness and amusement were noticeable on their faces.

The flash on our cameras scared them. They were fascinated by our technology. Somewhere mid ritual the tribe chief came and started speaking in their native language. Circle of fire rose up from the ground and Benjamin was asked to stand in it.

Minutes flew by as Benjamin`s facial expression got more and more terrified and worried. The tribe chief pointed at me. Two Bantu warriors came to me and lifted me up. They carried me to the fire and asked me to jump through the huge bonfire. I was confused about their sudden and dangerous request, but it seemed as the only way to save Benjamin`s life because as they further explained some pain had to be inflicted in order for pain to be relieved. So I gathered all the courage that I had and prepared for the agony of the burning wounds I was about to create on my body. The only thing I thought about while I was jumping trough was Benjamin`s wellbeing. Strangely, as I landed on the other side, I felt no pain what so ever. Seems like the gods were on my side, because it seemed if you really care about someone you don`t feel the fire. I saw Benjamin getting better by the moment, which was the true magic of the ritual. He glanced at me with a hopeful smile. We just stood there not believing the sorcery we just witnessed.

The next day we thanked them for the miracle they had performed and gave them some gifts from our homeland, a pack of kajmak and some chevapi leftovers that we had. They said that they had never tasted anything better. After we had eaten they pointed us to a city nearby from where we could get home and packed some gifts for us to bring to Serbia.

*Vuk Milosević and Benjamin Hasanagić, tourist technicians*



*Nađa Valjarević*

# Old Customs, Fresh New Ideas

## A Revolutionary Discovery

In Ancient China, people lived happy lives, far away from other ancient civilisations. They were selling spices and fabrics, as well as doing field work. There was a woman named Shu, who was a part of the staff who worked for the royal family. One day she was walking with the king through his garden, holding his cup of water. They were just chatting and enjoying the nice weather. After some time, the king went to take a sip of water, not knowing that a leaf fell in. He was surprised with slightly bitter but pleasant taste. Shu suggested that they probably should take the cup back and show it to the rest of royal family. The king agreed and she went off running to the palace. But, she fell over because she stepped on her kimono. Kimonos were traditional women's clothes. It was a robe that tied in the back and they came in different colours. She, of course, spilled the tea. The king was disappointed, but not mad. He sent her off to a trip around the country with the task of collecting different herbs.

She travelled all over the country and visited many families. Some of them were so busy with their field work that they couldn't keep her company. However, Shu helped them with work and collected interesting herbs.

Sometimes, she would stumble upon families where only wife and children were present, and husband was away fighting in war. In such families, Shu would stay as long as possible and teach children reading and writing.

But of course, her trip had to come to an end. Shu came back to the palace with a collection of dry leaves and they tasted them all. Some were awfully bitter, some were spicy, but their favorite was mint tea.

It was a revolutionary discovery. After that, they started selling tea on the market. Naturally, people were scared of the unknown and they wouldn't buy the leaves. The King knew he had to demonstrate that tea was not poisonous. He organized an event, inviting the whole population of China and showed them how pleasant a drink the tea was. When people saw the king drinking tea, they started running to the nearest market to buy as much tea leaves as possible.

As you can imagine, selling tea brought more money to the country and it meant higher employment rate. People could afford better clothes and warriors could afford better shields and weapons.

The king made a decision to reward Shu. He decided that he would give a red silk kimono with pink roses as a gift. Shu was, of course, surprised because she didn't expect that. She felt her heart warming up with happiness and gratitude.

*Milica Mirić, a tourist technician*

# Humble and Royal Sweets

## A Humble Cake

They put me in the oven to bake,  
Me, a deprived and miserable cake!  
Feeling the heat I start to bubble,  
Watching the others, I knew I was in trouble.

They opened the door, and I started my life,  
Frosting me with a silver knife,  
Decorating me with candy jewels  
The rest of my batch looked like fools.

Lifting me up, she took my wrapper.  
Feeling the breeze, I wanted to slap her,  
Opening her mouth with shiny teeth inside.  
This was the day that this cake died.

*Matija Šabanović, a pastry cook*



*Ana-Marija Lazarević*

# The Royal Gateau

## The Cake Romanoff

As I was finishing up the sweet, creamy dessert I was making, I started thinking of what unique name would suit it the best. Finally happy with the decoration, I sat down and looked at the cake I made. With their natural sour sweet taste and bright red color, the raspberries were definitely a nice touch, making a perfect contrast with both chocolate cream and soft, spongy crust with walnuts. My thoughts got interrupted by the documentary that was playing on TV. It was about the execution of the Romanov family. "Most of the family were still alive, wounded, crying and terrified, their suffering was made worse by the fact that they were in fact wearing bulletproof vests. It was one of the seminal events of the 20th century a massacre that shocked the world and still insp-..." I remember learning about this in history, how the family stood together as if they were having their family portrait taken. A 300-year-old imperial dynasty was swiftly brought to an end. Under the impression of the documentary, the more I looked at the raspberries the more they reminded me of blood, the blood of the Romanov family.

At this point I doubt there is anything that could stop me from naming my cake after the family, as ridiculously morbid my reason might be.

*Teodora Poljić, a pastry cook*



Ana Mičić



# The Royal Ballet and the Royal Sweet

## Anna Pavlova Cake

It was an incredible evening at the theatre and a magnificent soul of the Russian ballerina, transgressing the body during virtuous performance in my city, that inspired me to make a `masterpiece` in my pastry cooking artistry.

It is the virtue of a great artist to give a divine inspiration to the spectators, so they feel immensely lighter, closer to the heavenly beings, and capable of creative achievements of extraordinary quality in their own field.

I have named my cake after my angelic inspiration – Ana Pavlova, which creation would remind the whole world of her. The sponge made out of egg whites and crystal sugar is wavy and white as snow, just like her costume. The whipped cream on top would beautifully depict the fine layers and movements of her skirt. Red fruit, like cherries or strawberries are there to remind us of the blush of her cheeks. Peaches and oranges are like her eye shadow. The taste would be so light, gentle and fresh like the angelic breeze of her pirouettes.

*Snežana Petrović, the author of this mysterious textbook journey, inspired by a student`s (Mina Bokor, a pastry cook) perception of Anna Pavlova Cake creation*



*Marija Despić, Tijana Despić, Georgije Lazić*

# The Dreams Passed on through Generation

## Anna Pavlova`s dream

As a little girl I had a dream, that dream I dreamt almost every night. I freely fly with them, the gods of love and freedom, with those who obey the sky. Every night I asked for my wings, stronger, faster and better than any other. One night was different. For the first time in my life, I dreamt a different dream, but it was just reminiscence of the days long gone.

When I was seven, I remember seeing a large picture in a canvas on the attic. It did not seem strange to me, because my mother dealt with the renovation of old paintings, but at that time I did not know that the image of the Russian ballet dancer was recorded in the picture. On the day of the audition I went through a gallery in which there were pictures of all the best ballerinas who attended the school.

One painting attracted my attention. It was the picture of the Russian ballerina Ana Pavlova. Only then did I realise why it had always been my wish to become a ballet dancer. I remembered the painting my mother was working on, years ago. It was a painting of her grandmother – Ana!

The next day I searched the whole attic and found an old, tattered original picture of Ana Pavlova. There was even left something more behind. It was a letter Ana wrote to her mother after her first ballet performance.

‘I never believed in fate, but after understanding that we can choose our destiny, I have seen a world in which I want to live. I wanted to see the world with my own eyes and use every moment this life can offer me. I think that in this world we need to show to the world what we really are, because it makes us original and capable of big things.’

When the curtain rose on the audition the next day and the lights were on me, I realized it was my destiny to be here. For the first time, I have decided to take risk of choosing my own destiny. I have never been alone after that, knowing that the dreams of my ancestors live in me and through me.

*Ana Mičić and Kristina Janković, pastry cooks*

## Kitchen Master Chords

Slipping into my apron  
Hungry in body and soul  
I grab my knife and a chop-board  
Unsure of what to cook,  
Suddenly,  
A strange inspiration fills me like opium.

My kitchen becomes a stage  
In my hands a pick and guitar  
Silver utensils – my live audience  
As I play divine recipes,  
Strumming master acoustic chords.  
While I'm chopping fresh colorful vegetables,  
I hear a thunder of applause.

As I ignite the cooker,  
Butter sizzling in the hot pan.  
A staccato of sharp notes,  
Ready to modulate innocent vegetables,  
Through spicy aromatic crescendos.

I stand for a moment,  
Salivating, awed at my bravura,  
Wishing I could hang it on my wall.  
This beautiful piece of art.

No time for ceremonies.  
I munch from pan to mouth,  
Pausing for what may pass for a prayer.  
I relish every bite.  
Not that I'm a foodie or something.

Music is indeed food for the soul.

*Vanja Beader, a culinary technician*

# Honey, Bread and Salt for the Soul

## Students' Impressions

I often feel very excited when I get a topic that I can write about for an essay on my English class. Writing essays is a huge part of my education and my further improvement in a language and in this case it's English. Sometimes students need to feel free and use their imagination and their ability to express themselves as well as to see how far they can go when it comes to their range in their language knowledge. Essays improve a person's way of thinking in a certain language. I feel enjoyment when I get to use it and talk freely about a topic I'm interested in. Schools have to teach children to use that ability so they can see what the student is capable of. It is also a great way to have more fun in classes rather than just by learning grammar rules. Students feel free to write about their thoughts, imagination and feelings in a class, and they don't get that very often. A lot of students prefer that way of studying, in comparison to grammar. I like learning about tenses while writing an essay because it helps me understand when and why is a certain tense used. It is definitely a great way of learning and it helps and goes perfectly along with grammar lessons.

*Milica Stojanović, a tourist technician*

I really enjoyed working on this paper. It was a fun experience for me and a chance to challenge myself in writing narrative essays in English, which I have never had an opportunity to do before. I never really thought I could write a story of this size and quality, but now I know, and I look forward to more assignments like this one.

*Vuk Milošević, a tourist technician*

This was the first time I didn't actually struggle to do some schoolwork. On the contrary, it was much fun and I also got to learn many new foreign words and phrases.

*Benjamin Hasanagić, a tourist technician*

My role model for starting writing poetry were the poets who were inspired by their sweethearts, not knowing that one day they will be famous for those poems. Sometimes the love was given back to them, but the most beautiful poems to me, are the ones that are written on the topic of unrequited love.

*Matija Šabanović, a pastry cook*

My biggest passion in life is music. I've been playing the guitar for 2 years now and I've been in love ever since. Other than that I love dancing and drawing. I dance tango. We can say that I'm a pretty artsy person. I've only recently got into writing and I'm pretty proud of the poem I wrote, and I hope I'll write many more.

*Vanja Beder, a culinary technician*







Erasmus+

*Naslovna ilustracija Milica Ćirić*