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## TRI NAJBOLJE KRATKE PRIČE „ZAŠTO ŽELIM DA SE MOJ GLAS ČUJE“

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## UVOD

U sklopu projekta *Take action! Because, who if not you? (Pokreni se! Jer tko, ako ne ti)*, kroz javni poziv za kratku priču „*Zašto želim da se moj glas čuje*“ mladima je pružen prostor da na autentičan, iskren i kreativan način progovore o važnosti sudjelovanja u društvu, aktivnog građanstva i ulozi vlastitog glasa u oblikovanju zajednice u kojoj žive. Pristigle priče pokazale su koliko mladi promišljaju o izazovima s kojima se svakodnevno susreću, ali i koliko snažno prepoznaju vlastitu ulogu u stvaranju promjena.

Među pristiglim radovima odabrane su **tri najbolje napisane priče**, koje su se posebno izdvojile svojom autentičnošću, jasnoćom poruke, kvalitetom izražavanja i snažnim osobnim doživljajem stvarnosti. Svaka od njih na poseban način progovara o važnim temama – od socijalne osjetljivosti i potrebe za većom uključenošću mladih u procese donošenja odluka, do pitanja jednakih prilika, pripadnosti zajednici i stvaranja prostora u kojem mladi mogu rasti, razvijati se i biti aktivni sudionici društva.

Posebnu vrijednost ovih priča čini njihova iskrenost i sposobnost da kroz osobna iskustva i promišljanja prikažu stvarne potrebe, izazove i potencijale mladih, osobito onih koji dolaze iz ruralnih i manje razvijenih sredina. U njima se prepoznaju empatija, hrabrost, kritičko promišljanje i snažna želja za pravednijim i kvalitetnijim društvom.

Ove priče nisu odabrane samo zbog kvalitete pisanja, već i zbog poruke koju nose – da mladi nisu samo promatrači, već važni sudionici društva te da promjene započinju onda kada se njihov glas čuje, uvažava i pretvara u priliku za dijalog, razumijevanje i djelovanje. Upravo zato one predstavljaju vrijedan doprinos razumijevanju potreba i očekivanja mladih te snažan podsjetnik da svaki glas može biti pokretač pozitivnih promjena.



## Imam i ja pravo glasa

U školi učimo što je demokracija. Učimo da izbori postoje zato da bi se čuo glas građana i da svatko ima pravo sudjelovati u odlučivanju. Učimo kako bi sustav trebao funkcionirati. U stvarnom životu često imam osjećaj da se neki glasovi ne čuju – posebno glasovi mladih. Imam uskoro šesnaest godina. Nemam pravo glasati, ali imam pravo vidjeti, razmišljati i pitati. Znam što se događa u mjestu u kojem živim. Vidim stvari koje možda lokalna samouprava ne vidi ili ne želi vidjeti. Vidim napuštene životinje koje lutaju selom. One nemaju glas, ali mi ga imamo. Ako nitko ne govori o njima, problem ostaje isti. Vidim rupe na cestama koje svi zaobilazimo i na koje smo se već navikli, kao da su normalne. A nisu. Vidim i stare ljude. Same. Bez pomoći. Bez drva za zimu. Oni se često neće javiti, jer imaju ponosa. To je ponosna sirotinja – ljudi koji ne traže, ne kukaju i ne mole. To su moji susjedi. Upravo zato netko mora govoriti umjesto njih. Ako šute oni, ne smijemo šutjeti mi. Vidim i svoju baku. Živi od minimalne mirovine. Za mene uvijek ima nešto, ali često se pitam kako. Odriče se od sebe da bi meni dala. I nije jedina. Većina starijih ljudi ima isti problem, samo su ga prihvatili i naučili živjeti s tim. A upravo za njih se trebamo boriti. Moje kolegice od dvadeset godina imaju druge brige. Neke nisu u školi, ne studiraju, nemaju posao. Nitko ih ne pita kako dalje, kome se mogu obratiti i tko im može pomoći. Kao da su ispale iz sustava. Mladi se ne pozivaju na sastanke sa lokalnom samoupravom. Ne razgovara se s nama. Lokalna vlast ne obilazi škole, ne sluša vijeće učenika. A mi bismo imali što reći. Mi primjećujemo. Mi živimo ovdje. Prečesto sve staje na teoriji. Sve znamo, sve prihvaćamo i kažemo: “Tako nam je kako nam je“, ali ne možemo i ne smijemo to dopustiti. Treba nam naš kutak. Prostor u kojem ćemo reći što vidimo i osjećamo. Prostor u kojem će se naš glas čuti prije nego što postanemo odrasli koji su odustali. Promjene ne počinju kad dobiješ pravo glasa na izborima. Promjene počinju kad te netko napokon poslušaju.

Želim da netko poslušaju što ja želim. Želim promjene!

Želim Općinu bez napuštenih i ostavljenih životinja, želim noću sigurno cestom hodati, želim starima lijepe mirovine, želim pomoć za poljoprivrednike, želim siguran promet, želim lokalnu samoupravu na kavi s Vijećem učenika....Želim da se moj glas čuje!

Autor: T.J. (Bijelo Brdo, HR)



## Mjesto koje volim, ali u kojem želim više

Volim svoje mjesto. Volim mir, prirodu, Dunav i osjećaj da se svi poznajemo. Ali voljeti mjesto ne znači zatvarati oči pred onim što mu nedostaje. A nama, mladima, nedostaje prostor i doslovno i simbolično. Prvo, nedostaje nam prijevoz. Ako želimo otići u Osijek ili Vukovar, moramo ovisiti o roditeljima ili rijetkim linijama koje ne odgovaraju stvarnim potrebama mladih. Pogotovo ljeti, kada imamo vremena, ali nemamo kako otići negdje. Kako da budemo aktivni ako nemamo prijevoz? Kako da sudjelujemo u radionicama, koncertima, događajima, ako do njih ne možemo doći? Pričamo o ostanku mladih, ali mobilnost je osnovna stvar. Bez prijevoza nema slobode. A bez slobode nema ni sudjelovanja. Drugo, nedostaje nam ljeto. Ne ono kalendarsko, nego ljeto koje se pamti. Ljeto u kojem se okupljamo, smijemo, plešemo, upoznajemo nove ljude. Postoje tradicionalne manifestacije i to je lijepo. Ali gdje su sadržaji za mlade? Gdje su koncerti barem jednom mjesečno? Zašto ne bismo imali pozornicu na kojoj će nastupati poznati izvođači, gdje ćemo moći ludovati, pjevati i dokazati da se znamo zabaviti? Često slušamo kako stariji govore da se mladi danas “ne znaju zabaviti”. A jesu li nam dali priliku? Jesu li nam dali prostor? Možda nam nedostaje i pravi trg mjesto okupljanja. Ne samo klupa ili park, nego prostor koji je namijenjen susretima, događanjima, koncertima, projekcijama filmova, plesnim večerima. Mjesto gdje ćemo se osjećati kao dio zajednice, a ne kao da smetamo. Nedostaju nam i plesni klubovi, radionice, aktivnosti kroz koje možemo izraziti energiju i kreativnost. Neki mladi žele plesati, neki svirati, neki organizirati događaje. Ali ako nema prostora i podrške, ideje ostaju samo ideje. I onda se pitamo zašto mladi odlaze. Možda ne odlazimo zato što ne volimo svoje mjesto. Možda odlazimo jer nemamo gdje rasti. Ne želim otići jer nemam autobus. Ne želim otići jer nemam gdje provesti ljeto. Ne želim otići jer nemam gdje plesati, pjevati i biti mlada. Želim ostati. Ali želim i živjeti. Ne govorim ovo iz ljutnje. Govorim iz brige. Jer ako mi mladi ne kažemo što nam nedostaje tko će? Ako ne predložimo koncerte, trg, plesne klubove i bolji prijevoz hoće li itko drugi znati da nam to znači? Možda su to “male stvari”. Ali male stvari čine razliku između mjesta u kojem samo živiš i mjesta u kojem stvarno pripadaš. A ja želim pripadati.

Autor: M.R. (Dalj, HR)



## Glas sa kraja grada

Živim na periferiji grada, u naselju gdje mladi često nemaju gdje da se okupe ili provedu vrijeme. Nema sportskih terena koji bi bili sigurni, nema prostora za kulturne ili kreativne aktivnosti, a domovi kulture i omladinski klubovi su daleko ili ne funkcionišu. Često nam odrasli ne daju priliku da učestvujemo u odlukama koje se tiču naše zajednice, i osjećam kao da naši problemi i želje nisu važni.

Ponekad mi nedostaje prostor gdje bih mogla da osjetim da sam važna i da moje mišljenje ima težinu. Često se sjećam kako smo moje prijateljice i ja kao djevojčice sjedile na klupama, pričale o budućnosti i sanjale o tome šta bismo mogle da postanemo. Danas vidim koliko je tih snova ostalo zanemareno i koliko bi prostora i prilika ovdje trebalo da mladi zaista mogu da se izraze i učestvuju u promjenama.

Ponekad me boli kada čujem da mladi „nisu zainteresovani“. Istina je da jesmo, ali smo umorni od toga da nas niko ne sluša. Kada predložimo da se sredi igralište ili otvori omladinski klub, odgovor je najčešće: „Nema sredstava“ ili „Nije prioritet“. A ako mi nismo prioritet sada, kada ćemo biti?

Želim da se moj glas čuje jer ne želim da odrastem sa osjećajem da sam manje vrijedna samo zato što živim na periferiji. Želim jednake šanse, jednaku pažnju i jednako poštovanje. Želim da se moje mišljenje računa kada se planiraju promjene u našem naselju.

Aktivno građanstvo za mene znači hrabrost da podignem ruku i kažem: „I mi postojimo.“ Znači da se pojavim na javnoj raspravi iako mislim da me niko neće čuti. Znači da vjerujem da moja riječ ima težinu, čak i ako dolazi sa kraja grada.

Sanjam o tome da jednog dana mladi sa periferije neće morati da se bore da budu primećeni. Da ćemo imati mjesta gdje možemo da se okupljamo, družimo i razvijamo naše talente. Da ćemo biti dio grada, a ne njegova sjena.

Zato želim da se moj glas čuje — jer svaki put kada progovorim, osjećam da vraćam dio dostojanstva sebi i svom naselju. I vjerujem da promjena počinje onda kada neko odluči da više ne čuti.

Autor: M.B. (Berane, ME)



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## **PROJEKT: TAKE ACTION! BECAUSE, WHO IF NOT YOU?**

Cilj projekta je jačanje sudjelovanja mladih u demokratskim procesima i uključivanje u donošenje odluka na lokalnoj razini u Hrvatskoj i Crnoj Gori, kroz razvoj participativne demokracije i savjeta mladih.

Ciljana skupina: mladi

Trajanje projekta: 18 mjeseci

Ukupna vrijednost projekta: 340.775,00 €

Nositelj projekta:

Udruga Centar za mlade Dalj

Partneri na projektu:

Općina Erdut (HR)

Općina Berane (ME)

NVO Crnogorska Iskra Berane (ME)

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## TOP 3 SHORT STORIES

### “WHY I WANT MY VOICE TO BE HEARD”

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## INTRODUCTION

As part of the project *Take action! Because, who if not you?*, the public call for short stories on the topic “*Why I Want My Voice to Be Heard*” provided young people with an opportunity to speak in an authentic, honest, and creative way about the importance of participation in society, active citizenship, and the role of their own voice in shaping the communities in which they live. The submitted stories demonstrated how deeply young people reflect on the challenges they face in their everyday lives, as well as how strongly they recognize their own role in creating positive change.

Among all submitted works, **three best-written stories** were selected for their authenticity, clarity of message, quality of expression, and strong personal perspective on reality. Each of them addresses important themes in its own unique way – from social sensitivity and the need for greater youth involvement in decision-making processes, to issues of equal opportunities, community belonging, and the creation of spaces where young people can grow, develop, and actively participate in society.

The special value of these stories lies in their sincerity and their ability to present the real needs, challenges, and potential of young people, particularly those coming from rural and less developed areas, through personal experiences and reflections. They reflect empathy, courage, critical thinking, and a strong desire for a fairer and better society.

These stories were not selected solely for the quality of writing, but also for the message they carry – that young people are not merely observers, but important participants in society, and that change begins when their voices are heard, acknowledged, and transformed into opportunities for dialogue, understanding, and action. For this reason, they represent a valuable contribution to understanding the needs and expectations of young people, while also serving as a strong reminder that every voice can be a driving force for positive change.



## I Have the Right to a Voice Too

At school we learn what democracy is. We learn that elections exist so that the voice of citizens can be heard and that everyone has the right to participate in decision-making. We learn how the system should function. In real life, I often feel that some voices are not heard – especially the voices of young people. I will soon be sixteen. I do not have the right to vote, but I have the right to see, to think, and to ask. I know what is happening in the place where I live. I see things that the local government maybe does not see or does not want to see. I see abandoned animals wandering through the village. They do not have a voice, but we do. If no one speaks about them, the problem remains the same. I see holes in the roads that we all avoid and have already gotten used to, as if they are normal. But they are not. I see elderly people. Alone. Without help. Without firewood for winter. They often will not ask for help because they have pride. It is proud poverty – people who do not ask, do not complain, and do not beg. They are my neighbors. That is exactly why someone must speak instead of them. If they are silent, we must not be. I see my grandmother. She lives on a minimal pension. She always has something for me, but I often wonder how. She gives up things for herself so she can give to me. And she is not the only one. Most elderly people have the same problem, they have just accepted it and learned to live with it. And it is precisely for them that we should fight. My twenty-year-old friends have different worries. Some are not in school, not studying, and do not have a job. No one asks them what comes next, who they can turn to, and who can help them. It is as if they have fallen out of the system. Young people are not invited to meetings with the local government. No one talks to us. The local authorities do not visit schools, they do not listen to the student council. And we would have something to say. We notice things. We live here. Too often everything remains at theory. We know everything, we accept everything and say: “It is what it is,” but we cannot and must not allow that. We need our own corner. A space where we can say what we see and feel. A space where our voice will be heard before we become adults who have given up. Changes do not begin when you gain the right to vote in elections. Changes begin when someone finally listens to you.

I want someone to listen to what I want. I want changes!

I want a Municipality without abandoned animals, I want to walk safely on the road at night, I want good pensions for the elderly, I want help for farmers, I want safe traffic, I want the local government to have coffee with the Student Council... I want my voice to be heard!

Author: T.J. (Bijelo Brdo, CRO)



## A place I love, but where I want more

I love my place. I love peace, nature, the Danube and the feeling that we all know each other. But loving a place does not mean turning a blind eye to what it lacks. And we, young people, lack space both literally and symbolically. First, we lack transportation. If we want to go to Osijek or Vukovar, we have to depend on our parents or infrequent lines that do not meet the real needs of young people. Especially in the summer, when we have time, but have no way to go somewhere. How can we be active if we do not have transportation? How can we participate in workshops, concerts, events, if we cannot get to them? We talk about young people staying, but mobility is the basic thing. Without transportation, there is no freedom. And without freedom, there is no participation. Second, we miss summer. Not the calendar one, but the summer that is memorable. The summer in which we gather, laugh, dance, meet new people. There are traditional events and that is nice. But where are the facilities for young people? Where are the concerts at least once a month? Why don't we have a stage where famous performers will perform, where we can go crazy, sing and prove that we know how to have fun? We often hear older people say that young people today "don't know how to have fun". And have they given us a chance? Have they given us space? Maybe we are also missing a real square, a gathering place. Not just a bench or a park, but a space intended for meetings, events, concerts, film screenings, dance evenings. A place where we will feel like part of the community, not like we are in the way. We also miss dance clubs, workshops, activities through which we can express our energy and creativity. Some young people want to dance, some want to play music, some want to organize events. But if there is no space and support, ideas remain just ideas. And then we wonder why young people leave. Maybe we don't leave because we don't like our place. Maybe we leave because we have nowhere to grow. I don't want to leave because I don't have a bus. I don't want to leave because I have nowhere to spend the summer. I don't want to leave because I have nowhere to dance, sing and be young. I want to stay. But I also want to live. I am not saying this out of anger. I speak out of concern. Because if we young people don't say what we miss, who will? If we don't suggest concerts, a square, dance clubs and better transportation, will anyone else know that it means something to us? Maybe these are "little things". But little things make the difference between a place where you just live and a place where you really belong. And I want to belong.

Author: M.R. (Dalj, CRO)



## Voice from the Edge of the City

I live on the outskirts of the city, in a neighborhood where young people often have nowhere to gather or spend time. There are no safe sports fields, no space for cultural or creative activities, and cultural centers and youth clubs are far away or not functioning. Adults often do not give us the opportunity to participate in decisions that affect our community, and I feel as if our problems and desires are not important.

Sometimes I miss a space where I could feel that I matter and that my opinion has weight. I often remember how my friends and I sat on benches as girls, talking about the future and dreaming about what we could become. Today, I see how many of those dreams have been neglected and how much space and opportunities are needed here for young people to truly express themselves and participate in change.

Sometimes it hurts me to hear that young people are “not interested”. It is true that we are, but we are tired of no one listening to us. When we suggest fixing a playground or opening a youth club, the answer is most often: “There are no funds” or “It is not a priority”. And if we are not a priority now, when will we be?

I want my voice to be heard because I don't want to grow up feeling like I'm less valuable just because I live on the outskirts. I want equal opportunities, equal attention, and equal respect. I want my opinion to count when changes are planned in our neighborhood.

Active citizenship for me means having the courage to raise my hand and say, “We exist too.” It means showing up for a public debate even though I think no one will hear me. It means believing that my word has weight, even if it comes from the edge of town.

I dream that one day young people from the outskirts won't have to fight to be noticed. That we will have places where we can gather, socialize, and develop our talents. That we will be a part of the city, not its shadow.

That's why I want my voice to be heard — because every time I speak up, I feel like I'm restoring a bit of dignity to myself and my neighborhood. And I believe that change begins when someone decides to stop being silent.

Author: M.B. (Berane, MNE)



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## **PROJECT: TAKE ACTION! BECAUSE, WHO IF NOT YOU?**

The project aims to strengthen youth participation in democratic processes and local decision-making in Croatia and Montenegro, by promoting participatory democracy and youth councils.

Target group: young people

Project duration: 18 months

Total project budget: €340,775.00

Project Lead:

Youth Center Dalj Association (CRO)

Project Partners:

Municipality of Erdut (CRO)

Municipality of Berane (MNE)

NGO Crnogorska Iskra Berane (MNE)

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