**Sabahudin Hadžialić**

**Bosnia and Herzegovina and XXI century:**

**Fatigue of waiting -** *Creacia Daytonica uber alles*

I'm tired, Professor! - lowering my head into open hands I briefly responded to queries about the health since our last meeting.

**What is it? What is it about?** – with harsh and piercing sound continued *inner voice* of our own battle.

I do not know from where to start because, simply I'm tired of *chameleon people*, dear friend! People for whom I thought that they are the pastors of possible changes, those who can make a difference, suddenly began to "deteriorate" into a darkness of their own intentions**. You know, my dear student, that whoever does not change his/her opinion is either crazy or he/she is the one that creates the opinions of others. I do not think that there are many in heart-shaped country of Bosnia (and Herzegovina) that makes up the second mentioned characteristic.**

Well, I will try to be a little more specific. At the time I thought, well, we have got the Central Election Commision Bosnia and Herzegovina as an institution that will prepare, conduct and properly *implement*(I love this magical word) forthcoming, who knows the number of that, historical elections in this region without interference of chaplain of the worldly-provenance, "suddenly it blinked at me." **You're really funny. How can you just blink?** - interfered the echo of my own dreams. Looks like you're tired also, my dear professor! Please, let me finish. Anyway, here and now, is still in force the Form, while the Essence remains aside.

The Form of party shaping as possible assumptions of better life in the next four years re-emerged as a chameleon enshrined way in new- old exclusions facing the nation as a chimera of someone's visions. Deliberately I am saying SOMEONE'S because suddenly and "unexpectedly" we are again facing towards the nation as a savior of our own aspirations. We will be fed up with the story of how "the others" are always to blame for our own sufferings. Pedestal of our own success we will build on the vulnerability of the name that we consider as our own. The survival of the creature that is called: the nation, will again handle, on this occasion, shock waves from the opposing camps (tribes?). Indeed, where is the substance/essence here? Who will feed the economically demolished country which we call ours? Who will awaken the hope for the light at the end of the tunnel? Who will ....?

**Wait, wait, wait ... You talk and talk again and again, as grandmothers talk about donuts**- again I felt the bitterness of my own echoe. I'm tired, Professor! What else I should talk about. I still hope that one day I will succeed ... I even do not know what ... No longer feel anything ... just blackness in front of the eyes and spirit of my own. Leave me alone, please! Do not speak! Do not speak! One day you will wake up from the darkness of this crazy dream imposed to the being of the local ethnicities. I guess I'll finally then become a HUMAN.

Simply - human.

**You are goin to wait for a long time** - calmly lighting a cigarette, said to me, my dear professor.

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Signature under the photo:

## Wining cartoon from Husejin Hule Hanušić (Wienn, Austria) at the  [Maxminusijada & Satirical stage” International Aphorism, Story, Comic and Cartoon Contest*Grand Prix “MaxMinus”, Sarajevo, Bosnia and Herzegovina, 28.6.2014.*](http://www.maxminus.com/sarajevo-1914_2014.html) (on the cartoon are the members of all three „constitutive people“ of BiH: Bosniaks, Serbs and Croats):