

Confessions of a Pljevljak*

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The black clouds are hovering over my hometown. Black clouds, black sky, both literally and metaphorically. Only that we, the citizens of Pljevlja, can not see until we get out of town because often the thick fog does not allow to see beyond 20 meters in front of us. Metaphorically, not only we see but also we feel. With every breath; each time we drink water.



And we are thinking how to get out of trouble and not run away from the city we are connected to by many things.

We think and many ideas come to our mind. But none, absolutely none idea cannot be realized without the assistance of the Ministry and the Directorate for Environmental Protection.

Any attempt at dialogue with the authorities that live outside

of Pljevlja is almost unnecessary and hopeless. Because most of them (I say most, not all) with every their action show everything but understanding; with every word they show everything except compassion.

Generic words of comfort and serenity are not going to help us. The statements of some people at very responsible positions really hurt and disappointed us: "The air that children breathe while going to school and coming back from school cannot have a significant impact on health."

Is it enough the fact that the concentration of PM 10 particles on January 27 was 896.2 mg / m³ - which is 19 times more than the permissible limit (allowed is 50). 11 months in 2015 PM 158 particles were above the prescribed value. Is it enough fact that more and more children are suffering from bronchitis and asthma, and more adult of cancer of respiratory organs?

The authorities are informed in detail about the extent of the problem, not only of the city but also of the "ecological" state. I have to write "ecological" because isn't it contradictory to be an ecological state and having a city that has been declared for the black hole of Europe?

I believe that the pollution should be one of the main topics in the country, before many other topics that are discussed for months. But I persistently keep forgetting.

We are from the north; it is our task to contribute to the country, to selflessly share and do not complain when we have problems.

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Because for our cries for help, and begging for help most of them are deaf and blind on one eye. And some are blind completely.

However, I am hoping that someone, watching photos and videos, truly understand our a more than alarming. situation and come to the rescue.

After all, what else is there for us but to hope?