



The Punchline



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Front Cover: Veracha Ari, Based on Leonardo Da Vinci

Back Cover: Papachristopoulou Filippa, Based on Johannes Vermeer

Thank you to all the students whose writings and artworks appear in this publication. Congratulations on a great school year.



By Psatha Silia

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WITH SPECIAL THANKS TO:

Our art teachers, Lea Petrou and Dimitris Michalaros, for providing the artwork which our students produced in class.

Poetry can change the world

My world

I remember there was a time when I was young

I used to draw a place where humans sang

I remember sitting in my mom's front yard

Thinking the world was fun, not hard

I remember that everything was new

My mind was like a sponge

Like a flower sipping morning dew

Then came that day when I was forced to wear a new set of eyes

And I saw something I despise

A world filled with hypocrisy, violence, inequality and lies

And wondered, wouldn't it be terrible, wouldn't it be sad

If everything was black or white or green or blue

And one single color was all we ever had?

I realized that people instead of getting in their car, upon a mid-spring day

They need to take a look at nature's way

Breathe the scent of nice fresh air

Feel the breeze within their hair

I still sometimes dream of a world where

All will know sweet freedom's way

Where dominance no longer controls our souls

Nor violence blights our days

I dream of a world where black or white

whatever color you may be

Will share the beauties of the earth

And everyone is free

By Danae Tavlaridi

Empire of Stones

Does it take a lot to be kind?

To try, to fail, to live your life?

Actually; it does.

Cause what happens when the world
is inhuman to us?

You go on.

Yes; you live. You try. You move on.

The world is not a falsehood any
more.

To be honest, it's worth a shot.

When others are dusk, you'll be dawn.

People won't always be kind.

Which is why you should help them
find

That light inside

That will escort their life.

People will throw stones at you.

Don't throw them back.

Collect them, and build an empire.

Where everyone is welcomed in.

By Demetra Kapellari



By Mouzouki Nikoleta

The Mirror

Why do I look at the mirror?
If all it does is tear me down
Cause I can't live up to society's ex-
pectations...

Too fat, too thin, too short, too tall
Too this, too that

It's hard

It is...

When all you are surrounded by is
this

Perfect girls, perfect sizes,
Perfect looks, perfect lives

When will you ever understand?
That this is really wrong

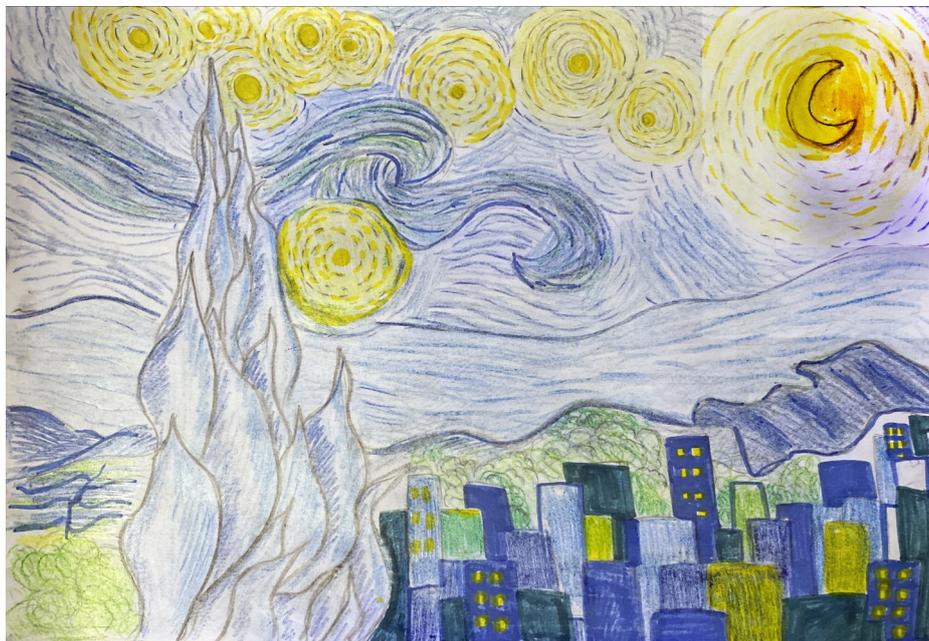
What you are is more than enough
You are beautiful, and strong

Here I stand
In this land
Hoping that one day
I'll love myself again

I won't cry myself to sleep
Cause I will have finally understood
That it's not worth my time or tears

There I'll stand
Face to face with the mirror
And say
I'm beautiful this way

By Marianna Madianos

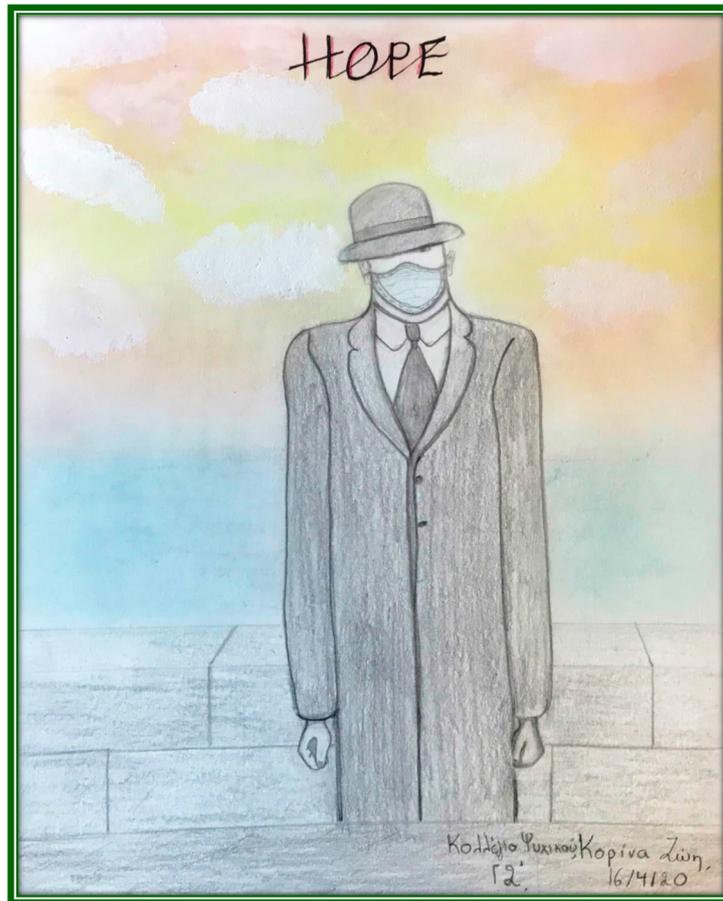


By Kotsogiannidi Anna

Poverty's Ode

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
I stand on life's highway, and beg my soul's meat,
With maddening brain and with staggering feet.
The wind caresses my torn, dirty dress,
My eyes look in the mirror of this dreadful mess.
I approach my skinny hand to the unknown world,
And wave as if I was no more.
My body breaks in pieces like glass,
But my heart still pounds, my breathing is ragged.
Tears dripping down my skin with no stopping.
Souls lying naked and starved at my feet.
These cry out unheard, and must die on the street.
The night's coming in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet beating upon my bare head.
Poverty nests like a bug on my shoulder,
But I cannot blow it away.
I missed the dance of wild birds,
I forgot to dream and fell asleep.
The mournful bells are scratching my ears,
And death offers me the dance of the years.

By Marina Kouvari



By Zoi Kiriaki

The Importance of Being Hopeful

Earlier we were strangers seized
in this breathtaking and mind-
blowing world,
Every day when we opened our eyes
we grasped the light that was uncurl-
ing
We felt warmth with the generosity
that was held into the air
And fused with the freedom dancing
around the astonishing infinite realm.

Currently we are sealed into this
plastic bag
feeling trapped and incapable of
getting unwrapped
We are infected by this bug
that bans us from witnessing
through the dazzling nature's eyes
One day we will restart
even if we are miserably apart
because we are not prevented from
being optimistic.

By Martina Kontopoulou

Now for the future

What happened to the flowers,
The insects, the bees?

What happened to the animals
And the fish in the seas?

What happened to the colors,
The lights, the rays, the sun?
What happened to the long days
We spent out having fun?

Why wonder what happened when
We know the answer? Why
Avoid the inevitable
When it is written everywhere?

We know we caused it. We
Have to face it.
We have to stop. What's
Left is to change it.

Stop consuming too much. Stop
Buying too much, spending
Too much, throwing too much. Stop
Wasting, polluting. STOP!

Why should we be the ones to decide
for our children?

Why should they be deprived of the
beauties of nature?

Why should they grow up under a
grey stinky cloud instead of a sunny
blue sky?

Why should they have to face torna-
does, floods, hurricanes three times
as often?

Why should whole species disap-
pear?

Why should animals have trouble
surviving?

Why should Earth be destroyed when
it's not ours to damage?

Why should we focus on abandoning
Earth?

Why should we not try to save it?

This planet is a gift given to us.

So far, we mistreated it.

So far, we have failed.

But one day, poof, it will be gone.

If we run away from the radix, we'll
regret it.

It's not too late but it will be soon.

Act now! Act now for the future!

By Clio Tzoannos

Cell Hell

I may have one pseudopod
Or I may have two
Why does it matter to you?

I think it's okay that I just have one single cell
We're all protected by our membrane gel
Please don't make fun of my contractile vacu-
ole
We all have nuclei after all

I can hear the others coming near
They spread nothing but fear
With their steep and steady steps
I look nothing like the rest

I can't think or feel like you
There is really nothing I can do
You think I'm just trying to attack
When I'm really keeping up in track

You engulf me in a really tight space
You leave me with nothing but disgrace
No one is against this ferocious violence
Except for the unshaken sound of silence

By Rallou Nicolopoulou

One Race

In the world of today
Where everything seems gray,
People are running away
As if they're the prey.

No matter the age
They feel trapped in a cage.
Since the color of their skin
Is the reason they don't fit in.

Black or white, there's no differ-
ence to me
When all they want is to be free
In the end we are all one race
A blessing we have to embrace.

By Cecilia Sarantopoulou

Stop looking at us

Why are you looking at us like that?

I suggest you move away while you can

If you do not I will stand under the demonizing sun until you understand

That color does not matter

It is something we cannot cover

And is certainly not a big matter

So let us live with peace and laughter

We are all equal

And we live in the same sequel

So please stop looking at us

And maybe we can coexist

In total peace

By Jason Vylliotis

Woman's World

Have you ever been told

how you have to be,

what you have to wear

how you have to speak?

Have you ever been told

that you can't achieve

that you can't succeed

in what you dream?

If that's not true

You haven't lived in a woman's world.

By Myrto Iosifidou



By Betsikos Achilleas

The Choice

Choose they say, grow up they say,
It's important they say.

But how can you demand from half-
fledged birds

to choose the nest they are going to
fly to next?

It affects everything.

Your future, family, freedom,

Happiness, success

It all comes down to this.

But how can you expect me
to choose from the apple of life
if I haven't tasted the rest of the
fruits?

It feels as if you are letting me fly
But still holding my wings.

Choose anything, everything

Except this or that.

But what you don't understand is that
you are leading me into a lightless
path.

The nest that I will choose

I will have to rest into forever.

But what if I don't find success, happi-
ness,

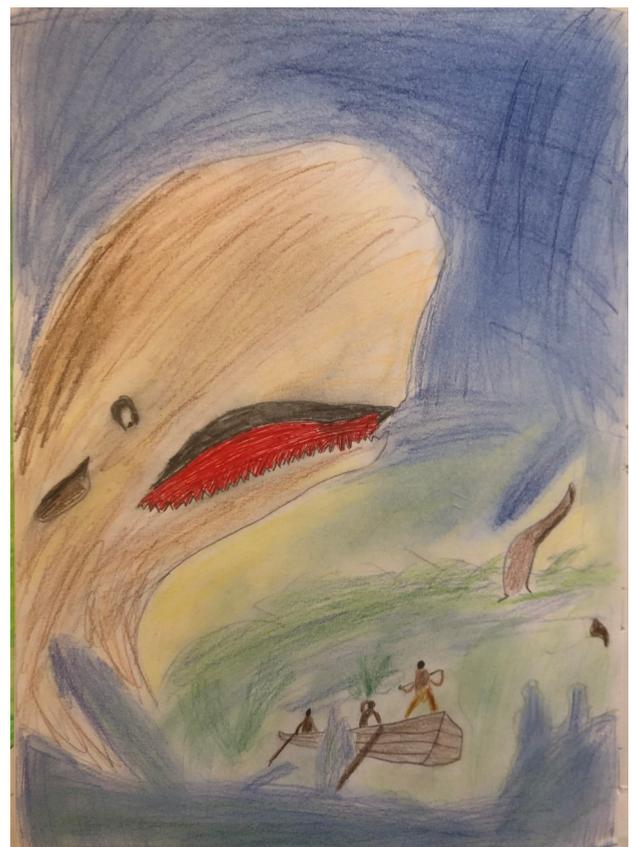
Family, freedom? What then?

It won't happen they say,

Choose they say.

So now I must trust your instinct?

By Voulgari Eva



By Papaioannidis Maximos

October

“I can’t breathe”

“Please stop”

“What have I done?”

“Why me?”

Then follows the sound

similar to that of a rock hitting the ground.

Silence has taken over

That miserable feeling of October

When everything is back to normal.

There is a war going on that many don’t know about

But without guns and knives and people that shout.

This war is silent,

But still violent.

Anger, disgust, exhaustion and fear

Slowly sliding down their cheeks are tears.

Protesting to gain rights

And trying to win these one-sided fights.

This war must end

There is no more time left to spend.

By Stratou Atalanti

The Turning Point

The cloud is dark,
No way out.
All we can hear is the bark
From our people.

Like a drug in the water-
A punch in the stomach,
Just when we think we have it im-
pounded safe
It breaks away in some new kind of
slaughter.

At last the turning point arrived
And changed our rigid minds,
who dare not to lose earth's burning
sight.

By Evita Psatha



By Spyropoulou Lydia

Blood-stained floors

Tightly shut doors

Blood-stained floors
and tightly shut doors.

Fake smiles
directed at an array of reptiles

Black eyes and cut ties
hidden behind a veil of secrecy and
lies

An alarm blares
in a chasm filled with blank stares

Repellence and Regrets

consoled only by a ring and a long,
dark dress

An empty rose vase
once overflowing with that you can't
replace

Among the violence and the gore
Lie that blood-stained floor and tightly
shut door.

By Eftychia Christodoulou



By Soutos Nikolaos

Dear Humans

Thousands, millions, billions of people
Yet no one heeds
Thousands, millions, billions of people
Yet no one cares.

We all need to
reduce our waste,
Let's do it now,
with ample of haste.

Icebergs are sniveling
and trees are perishing,
the sea is rising
and the snow is vanishing.

About our home,
we need to feel a concern.
It's the only thing we retain,
and we have to share.

The Earth craves us
to revolutionize our ways.
Year by year,
and day by day.

Why don't you lend a hand?
to assemble a better life.
For you and me
and everyone.

Why don't you desire
to endeavor and witness
the heaven's eyes
in your small tree?

Thousands, millions, billions of people
Yet no one heeds
Thousands, millions, billions of people
Yet no one cares.

By Anastasis Moraitis



By Aggelidi Melina

Deafening Sound

Glimmering, green trees,
and buzzing bees.
Like a child,
they make me smile.

The soothing sea
is calling me.
I start to walk.
Help! I can't stop.

And as I walk,
I reach the sea and stop.
A voice so strong you can't ignore.
I'll never reach the shore.

The voice is deafening.
I'm drowning.
I look up to the sky,
and hope to fly.

Desperately I try and try.
I can't and I don't know why.

By Julia Kandalepa

Model United Nations Club

2019-2020

Active Youngsters, Future Leaders

Model United Nations. A new club. A group of aspirational young people willing to learn, work hard, make a difference through active engagement with issues of global significance. A daunting task for our students but one which they gladly undertook. Even when we kept pushing them to meet deadlines or asking them to research topics like 'the impact of OPEC and oil producing countries on climate change' (too many unknown concepts in one sentence!) and provide sustainable solutions. Or when they were instructed to assume the roles of diplomats and UN officials. Sounds challenging? Well, maybe because it is.

Consistent with our school's Middle Year Programme, the MUN club aimed at enhancing students' inquisitiveness, communication and thinking skills, while simultaneously pushing them to relinquish their comfort zone, view the world from a perspective that was slightly or, at times, largely different from theirs and take risks. More specifically, it familiarized our students with the procedures the organs of the United Nations follow to ensure peace, advocate for human rights, and oversee international law enforcement across the globe. Students gained an insight into the history of the UN and conducted thorough research which enriched their resolutions. One of the highlights of the club was the workshop on leadership which was conducted in cooperation with the High School MUN Club and acquainted participants with the attributes of effective leaders in the 21st Century. Having honed their leadership skills, MUNers were preparing thoroughly for the PS MUN at Platon School and for Harvard Modal Congress Europe which was bound to take place in Madrid. Despite the fact that our attendance at the conferences did not materialize due to unforeseen circumstances, we are confident that the

students will remain active participants in global affairs, and who knows, even future leaders.

The MUN Club was a daring new venture which would not have succeeded had it not been for our students' eagerness and resilience. But it was also a project that would have been impossible to execute without the emotional and practical support of Mr. Giannoulatos, Mr. Kessarlis and Ms. Kanelli.

MUN Club Members

Afentouli Christina

Alevras Emmanouil

Anastasopoulos Dimitris

Antonatou Kalliopi

Arnokourou Vanessa

Mavrantonaki Ariadni – Anna

Mouriki Ioanna – Viola

Pagkoutsou Theodora

MUN Advisors

Eleni Gkolemi

Emma Skalidi



Short Stories

The Third Wish

ADAPTED VERSION OF THIRD WISH

Mr. Marston was driving home from his work in the afternoon, as he did every day. But this afternoon was about to change his life. As he crossed the bridge, he heard a faint cry. He pulled over, got off his car and there on the side of the road encountered an injured puppy. Since he was a doctor, he always had a med kit on him for emergency situations. He stitched up the doggy as it was dying from bleeding.

Suddenly an immense glow almost blinded him, and the canine transformed into a magical creature he had never seen before.

-I am forever indebted to you as you saved my life. My name is Chant. I will grant you three wishes. You can request whatever your heart craves...

-I am dumbfounded...I do not know what to say...

-I understand...this is what I will do. I

will give you a USB stick with three files. Each time you execute one, you will be granted a wish...be prudent!

Immediately after Chant handed over the USB stick, he vanished.

The doctor was left there astonished. He does not remember how he got home. He was certain he was hallucinating. He went about with his life as usual.

One day he reached something in his pocket. It was the USB stick. Terrified, he inserted it in his laptop. A folder appeared in his screen with three files inside. He executed the first program and asked for fame.

The next minute paparazzi photographers were hanging outside his office window trying to get a good shot of him! On his screen several articles popped up portraying him as the best doctor in the world with the capability to cure almost every disease. Simultaneously both his land phone

and his mobile started going off like crazy!!! It was then he realized that his wish was actually granted.

For a few weeks he enjoyed this new life. People were always greeting him, giving him presents, asking for an autograph. He was given the best seats wherever he went and treated like a king. He even had a trophy wife.

As months passed, he felt people were stalking him, whispering behind his back. He felt trapped as he had no privacy and no real friends. His best friends could not keep up with his new lifestyle. His wife only seemed to care about money and fame. She was pressuring him to work even more. To top all these up he was receiving death threats and multiple attempts against his life probably from his competitors -many of whom- were left with no job. He was entangled in a web of deceit.

One night, frustrated, he inserted the USB stick in his computer. He was very hesitant. He did not know what to do. Should he abandon all the fame and riches that came with it, his trophy wife to get to his past life where he had real friends and all his relationships were based on true and

pure emotions? He ran the second program, typed "Reverse last wish" reluctantly and pressed enter.

Poof! He was back to his old office, exactly when he executed the first program. He went outside and no one was noticing him. His phone rang and his best friends asked him to go out to dinner. He was so relieved. For the first time after a long period he felt like a huge weight was lifted off his shoulders. He felt free.

As years passed, he kept his good friends close. He actually married one of his best friends, Alice, and they had children and then grandchildren. He led a simple life. When he was 97, in his birthday celebration, he happily passed away in his living room surrounded by his family and dear friends. Minutes before, reflecting upon his life, he was really content to have made the right choice that day and return back to his normal but very meaningful life.

THE END

By Emmanuel Zacharakis

The Third Wish – Adapted Fairy Tale

“Don’t judge a book by its cover”

I was never considered to be amongst the pretty ones in my class. Boys never took interest in me. My mother always told me that the inside, the essence of a human is what defines them, but that contradicted with what I saw at school. Guys went after the pretty girls, the girls played “hard to get”, the guys impressed them, and then magically they were in a relationship. As a female, I was not as envious as people expected me to be. I’d accepted myself, and I’d tolerated the fact that I couldn’t simply wish to become more beautiful, and then turn into Kylie Jenner. I’m Mairy by the way, Mairy Humble.

One dark, stormy night, I was driving downtown. I was heading to the hair salon, where I was going to get my nails painted deep vermilion and my hair dyed blonde. It was a usual day, and I was casually trying out new looks to see if anything made me look better. I had read online that red and yellow was a good combination, so I had decided to give it a shot. However, while I was driving, I heard a faint crow, and I pulled up to investigate the sound. I noticed a dirt

path, leading to something. I dashed along the pathway, to find something that heavily surprised me. It was a small, injured, black, crow.

I hastily picked it up, after I ensured it was breathing, and rushed back to my car, where I carefully wrapped it with a warm blanket. I was no crow expert, but I could tell it was shivering. After that, I drove back home and cancelled my hair and nail appointment. I searched how to help a hurt crow, but when I finished gathering the necessary information, I couldn’t find the bird. I looked everywhere. Underneath the sofa, on top of every bookcase, below the bed, in the kitchen, in the sinks, and in the bathroom. I even went as far as checking the toilet! I just couldn’t find it, as if it had magically disappeared. However, when I returned to my room, filled with guilt, I saw the crow standing on my bed. At that moment, it transformed into a person, or better yet a creature that I had never seen before. It began mocking me about how I must be expecting a handsome reward, but I decided to request three wishes. Three seemed like an appropriate number, not too much, not too little.

Three should be fine.

The creature gave me three make-up brushes, which I figured represented the wishes, and then disappeared. After questioning my very own sanity for a brief moment, I decided to immediately use my first wish to become more beautiful, so males would take interest in me, but I made sure to also mention that people wouldn't question my change of appearance. I didn't know what to do with the brush, so I left it on the table, but nothing happened. I tried to pick it up, but it slipped and broke. Then, I turned into the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. With blonde, curly hair, deep, red nails, and sparkling turquoise eyes. I felt like my self-esteem shot up from ten to a hundred. The next day at work, my boss proceeded to promote me, and then explained to me how I had always deserved it, which I figured was a complete lie. Why had he promoted me? Only time would tell. After introducing me to many popular and rich people, I noticed that he began holding hands with me, and talking to his peers about us being "together". I was about to confront him about it, but he asked me out on

a date, and I couldn't say no.

This went on for a long period of time, and eventually, we decided to get married. He treated me very well, and at work he never behaved differently towards others than he did to me. Our wedding was a blast and I had so much fun! My friends helped me pick out my wedding dress, and I looked stunning wearing it. My parents were also incredibly happy, and for once I felt like I had someone who truly cared for me. Once per month we went shopping for clothes, and I tried out many different dresses. We even visited stores like Channel, Victoria's Secret, Dior, Gucci and so much more! I loved the increase of self-esteem from our relationship and gifts that my husband bought me. However, my parents told me that I was beginning to get arrogant. Sadly, since they didn't know that I had wished to become prettier, they didn't know why I was getting big-headed. Only I knew about the wishes; it was between me and that strange fantastic creature. I could continue living my present great life, with my loving husband, or I could wish to transform into my old self. They both had risks though, which is

why this was really hard for me. On the one hand, my husband might only be married to and in love with me because of my appearance, but on the other hand, if I turn back into the old me, he might leave me. This was an extremely tough decision, so I decided to talk to my parents. I was going to explain to them about the wishes, the crow, everything. However, when I arrived at my parents' house and prepared to talk to them, the creature appeared, and he told me that I couldn't tell anyone about this, and that the choice had to be made by me, without any advice. I made up an excuse and left the house. I drove as fast as possible to reach my house before my husband arrived as well.

I picked up another make-up brush, and broke it on the bed frame. The creature appeared, and began laughing sarcastically. As I anticipated, he started making fun of me once more. I wished to become my old self again, and once again I also asked for people not to inquire information about my transformation. To add to that, I asked to be able to talk to my parents about what was going on. I nervously sat on the bed and scrolled

through my phone. I was astounded to see that my Instagram and Twitter posts and photos were also changed! I went from being "ugly" to looking like a model, and now I was back to being my old self! The moment I heard a door open, I got off my phone and went to greet my husband. I could tell he had a different reaction than when I was pretty, but I decided to ignore it. As usual, he headed to the kitchen to grab some instant coffee, and then drank it while watching Netflix on his laptop. I started thinking that he wouldn't mind it much, but time proved me wrong. About two months later, I noticed he started not coming back home from "work", so I decided to look into it. After some time, I came to the sad conclusion that he was seeing another woman...

Disappointed and heartbroken I asked for a divorce. I also left my job, because it would've been extremely awkward seeing him every day. What was worse was his reaction when I requested a divorce. He attempted to look naïve, but I could see his joy and happiness behind his pathetic mask. He didn't even try to hide his feelings so as not to offend me! Unbelievable.

I called an Uber to take me to my parents' house, and started telling them everything. About the bird, the creature, my appearance, the wishes and of course, my cheating husband. They looked calmer than I thought, but hesitated before saying anything. I started getting nervous, but they told me that what happened was for the better, and I deserved more than a man who promotes the employees who appeal to him and seem powerful, and only cares about the appearance of people. They managed to increase my self-esteem once more, and soon after that, I got a job as a psychologist, since that was what I had originally studied. My clients always said kind words about me, and I felt accomplished. One day, after a pleasant session with a client, he asked me on a date, and I agreed. He was actually very kind-hearted, gentle and supportive, and I really did think he cared for me. For the second time in my life, I got married, and together with him we invested in a brand new, beautiful house. I feel like he appreciates me, and I do too. At that moment in my life, I understood the quote "Don't Judge a Book by Its Cover".

By Harry Valsamis



By Sarantopoulou Cecilia

THE THREE WISHES

It was a dark and stormy night. Late September but blistering cold. It was very late and the only car left on the road was Mr. Peters' who was coming back from work. All of a sudden he heard a faint sound. He stopped the car. A silent whimper was heard from the forest. This time he got out of the car. After a while he was able to locate the sound. Then he saw a young rabbit trapped in a fence almost frozen to death. Mr. Peters decided to call animal services, but he had no connection. He rushed to his car and then took the little animal to his house to nurture it to health. But soon it was time for him to be left back in the wild.

When the cold winter days were over Mr. Peters decided to take the bunny back to the forest. He said goodbye and let him go. Though once it was out of sight, a peculiar thing happened. A gust of wind blew past him sending chills to the back of his neck. A weird creature appeared. A goblin. It was short round and was dressed in orange. It looked innocent but once it spoke, Mr. Peters trembled in fear as his deep voice echoed through the forest. "you are hu-

man?" the creature demanded "yes-s-s" he stammered. "And you saved this young rabbit?" asked the goblin "I did" he replied. "Then you must ask something you truly desire and I will grant it". At first Mr. Peters thought he was dreaming but after he pinched himself a few times he realized that all of this was actually going on. He sat down on a large log. Why would he want to miss out on this life-changing experience? He thought about it for a while and then he said "I want three wishes". "Very well", the goblin responded, he snapped his fingers and 3 pennies appeared on Mr. Peters' hand. Each penny corresponded to a wish. Feeling very confused, he headed home.

Mr. Peters was not a wealthy man, he never was. As a child he didn't have the newest toys and gadgets and didn't own expensive clothes. He wore hand-me-downs from his older siblings or his cousins. He did not have a well-paying job as he did not have enough money to pay for college. He worked as a janitor in a nearby school where he saw all these kids that he always wanted to be like when he was younger with expensive phones, clothes and money from

their parents so they didn't have to work from a young age. His poor salary barely provided money for food. Some days he would even have to work two jobs just to get some extra money to pay for his rent and taxes.

The first wish was not something that needed too much consideration. As soon as he got home he opened his wallet and took out one of the special pennies. He closed his eyes and threw one in the air and said "I wish for a successful company. But when he opened his eyes nothing had changed. He went to sleep drowning in disappointment.

The next morning, he woke up in an unfamiliar room. He jumped up confused. "Where am I?" he thought to himself. He was in a huge room. The ceiling was embedded with rose gold petals, and a glistening chandelier lit up all the room. In the corner of his eye he noticed an antique desk with paperwork scattered all around it. He looked down at the king-sized bed with silk pillows he had been sleeping on. He was amazed. "my wish came true" he murmured in excitement. Before he had time to act, four maids came in with large silver plates. They laid them in front of him

and a delicious meal was presented. A platter of exotic fruits, eggs, pancakes and a delicious iced coffee. As Mr. Peters devoured his meal, the room was cleaned by the maids.

His wish was granted. He was rich and famous. He would go to luxurious parties and even host his own in his glamorous mansion. He soon made friends that were rich and famous just like him. He even met a girl, Claire whom he truly adored. He was so happy with his new lifestyle that he soon forgot about his old life as well as the three wishes. Everything was going great until one day everything changed...

It was an important day for Mr. Peters because after a 7-month relationship he had decided to propose to Claire! He went over to her house but was surprised to see his best friend's car there. He walked inside but she was nowhere to be seen. He decided to wait for her. All of a sudden as he looked outside he saw Claire and Jeremy kissing! His heart throbbed as it broke into a million pieces. He was heartbroken and angry but before he had time to react he heard keys jiggling in the front door. He leapt into Claire's closet.

Even though he was upset he was also angry and wanted revenge. He waited for them to leave the house before he crept off hoping they hadn't seen his car in the corner. He didn't want them to know he saw them together.

That night he couldn't sleep. He kept thinking about how his own best friend and girlfriend had done this to him. He wanted revenge, and by the morning he had made a plan. He called his most trusted servant to his office and gave him two small mics. When Claire and Jeremy came to the mansion for dinner George (the servant) placed the two chips onto their coats. That way, everything they said would be sent to Mr. Peters and that way he could expose them to the Press. He heard everything...

Apparently, Jeremy and Claire had been together before his relationship with her and were planning to get close to him to steal the company. Even though he leaked the information to the Press he was still devastated. Suddenly, all this new fancy life did not seem so nice at all. He hated his life, missed all his real friends and family and wanted to go

back to his old life. He decided to search for the pennies once again. It was not an easy task but, in the end, he was able to track them down. Once again, he threw them in the air and said "I wish my life would go back to normal". By now he knew the drill. He took one last glance at his fancy room, enjoyed one last fancy meal at the mansion and went to bed.

When he woke up a familiar image was presented. A beam of light coming through the old curtains. He put on his headphones and blasted his favorite tunes while enjoying a bowl of fruit loops. Then he headed to work. Of course, the magic had done its job so it was like he was never gone. That night he enjoyed his evening by getting drinks with his friends and family, whom he had never appreciated more!

This experience taught Mr. Peters that money does not buy happiness or joy. It is the people around you that do. Even with his financial struggle he was happy and satisfied with his life. He might not own the newest iPhone and might not live in a mansion but he was happy and that is what really matters.

By Eleana Dalacouras



By Alivizatou Nikoleta based on Van Gogh

The Turning Point

Charles or Connor, not sure

Charles rose through the perils of the blankets; he crusaded through the kitchen and dunked a biscuit in his drink. His beard is botched, growing to the sides of his chin and for him that's a great feat. His belly is hanging above his head and terrorizing the image of his legs. His arms are bloated and swollen, his legs are too. His hair is let to run astray along his face, his eyes are close together separated only by his nose. It's lanky and throbbled but it does a job, his cheeks though are fire red, the only obstacle to letting blood spill out. His clothes are green and grey with diagonal lines clashing, and colors making the bleakest of fashion.

He has strolled through the door, but we will catch up to him don't worry, its not like his speed is to be reckoned with. He fits in the car like a kid forcing the wrong puzzle piece in a jigsaw. In the car he would intentionally turn the radio on, just to make the effort to drown it out, to show to

himself that he could, his victim of this indifference was a silly safety announcement, "In the news today, we have this thing from China, they say this virus will have to force them into safety measures, I mean, what a joke, lockdown, for a Virus."

His place of work is not information I have the right to reveal, but he sits himself in his cubicle and looks at the figures on the screen like a hypnotism ritual. I forgot to mention that he has been working here since the first dawn of this planet. We are very lucky to be able to perceive Charles. See, he is a fine specimen, not that he is anything amazing, but he is purely apathetic, something we don't really see anymore. He is one of the only left in this jungle of offices. His appearance is strictly circumstantial, he is there at work, there to pick up his paycheck and no more. At home, he lies across the television lights and drowns beneath the unimportant content served to him, as he dominates his array of fast foods.

So, let's get on with it, shall we, this

hideously self-cruel ritual is one in perpetual continuation not ever being able to stop like a train going full steam towards a ninety-degree turn. He is feeling dizzy but he has to get to work, he needs to stop and relax but he is going to work, he is going to work, and there is no reason to stop and potentially hinder your work. Moreover, he is going to work and one does not make a reroute with no visible consequence. The background noise for this tragic display of stubbornness is a radio commentator, one we met before, he says, " Again the death column is exponentially rising, they say it has spread out of China. I made a joke about this a couple days ago, should I have taken it more seriously?. You can call and comment at 44 1234567890. That it is for the news." His hairy white palms are sweating and feel numb. His eyes are rolling up to his head like that hypnotism finally went through, his body has slumbered onto the passenger seat with no request which infuriated Connor. His belly is sweating through his shirt and his red cheeks are ready to burst and his forehead is slowly cracking his bones and forcing his brain.

He is lying on the seats with drool and blood covering his face. He woke up in a stiff bed, which Connor found annoying, but nevertheless not quite deceased. He had a unique interest in the color flowing through the room so he meticulously examined the stock paintings by which he was surrounded. He wore an extensively inappropriate white robe, but in a way he was more vibrant than he ever was. He had to sign a paper or two to be freed by the clutches of boredom but nonetheless, was truly physically and mentally free. We are walking with him now, down the road, up the hill, it all had its special touch to it, he was fascinated by the intriguing conflicts of the children playing and the adults arguing, the flowers and walls clashing, and the green spreading through the neighborhood.

He approached the oak door which was acquired by his countless riches. He entered like a messiah with arms wide open waiting for something to approach him, the awkwardness had to rest till his realization had occurred. He looked in front of him and saw a mirror depicting him in a size of which he was not fond, so the mirror was shattered. He approached his

living room, he saw of clothes and leftovers. They were let astray through the room in an almost caring manner, making sure all spots are equally trashed. They were in front of him like stray islands of treasure parted by his presence and he was the king of this kingdom.

He walked down the corridor and up the stairs and then saw a picture. Her eyes were brighter than the morning sun and her smile more infectious than what got him into this mess. He would slowly create a kind of smile like an ogre being accepted by a family. He would then see the next picture, one surprisingly of himself, he was young and thin, and happy, with smart clothes and a shaved face. He slowly lifted the picture, like a king's crown jewel, and carelessly threw it down the stairs with force. He wasn't happy for himself, he was envious. He got to the mountain peak in fashion.

He entered his bedroom, he sat on the bedside and confronted the view, he opened the blinds and let the fading sun and mist enter his thoughts. He hadn't thought in a while, he inhaled his words and crunched till they were nonsense, he slowly stood

up and immediately fell back on the bed in fetal position, he cried and cried, till his eyes got dry.

He was left in his cage or his kingdom, it has to do with perspective, he would gather all his thoughts and drop them on his heart, not like an executioner, but like a torturer. He would keep scraping on his problems slowly, and every few days he would crumble and restart like a Sisyphean nightmare. He started writing, he would pile the words like cargo, they would continue piling till they collapsed and spread to the darkest corners of his minds.

He slowly started jumbling up sentences, but someday he would get stuck on a word or a letter, writing all over his notebook, and his walls, making it only logical to a crazy man. He had this crazy obsession with the word egg. I noticed it, because he was making great progress writing about his perspective and his troubles, using commas and periods, he wasn't writing gibberish anymore. The next day he must have hit a snag, because he spent all of his sunlight writing "egg", all over the books and the mattresses, the walls and the stairs. I must say there is an aesthetic

pleasing to it, but not to this extent. He would relapse into his nonsensical rants, piling up the letters and spreading them through his room like a baby throwing a tantrum. They would camp on the ceiling taunting him, he would reach for his broom and they would scatter like mice, the a's had found a secret hideout in a worn out pipe. The capitals would never waver, broom, or no broom, like proud bullies, the Z's and the S's would never stop, they were never lethal in their psychological barrages, like bees buzzing around his ears, they were just a distraction. Charles's real problem, is that sometimes he wouldn't see one letter, he would have to draw them himself, and make conversation, they would never answer though. Charles never understood why they were so busy, maybe for a second he would see a "d" flicker in his drink's reflection but they never stayed.

He would continue chasing those damn letters, he would write a new set in his notebook for him to talk to, and by dawn they would be gone. He would start crying every time a letter would leave mid conversation, he would go through circles of maniacal

bursts of laughter and devastating crying. He would slump down on his bed, afraid of dreaming, cause of the nightmare he is living, he would reluctantly close his eyes. He entered a world of fog, there were always lights brightly flashing through, he would always try to reach but he could never. There were always whispers which rang in his ears like sirens, angelic women summoning him, but every time he would trust and close his eyes he would be back. "Is this the purgatory or the destination?" was the summary of his drunken thoughts.

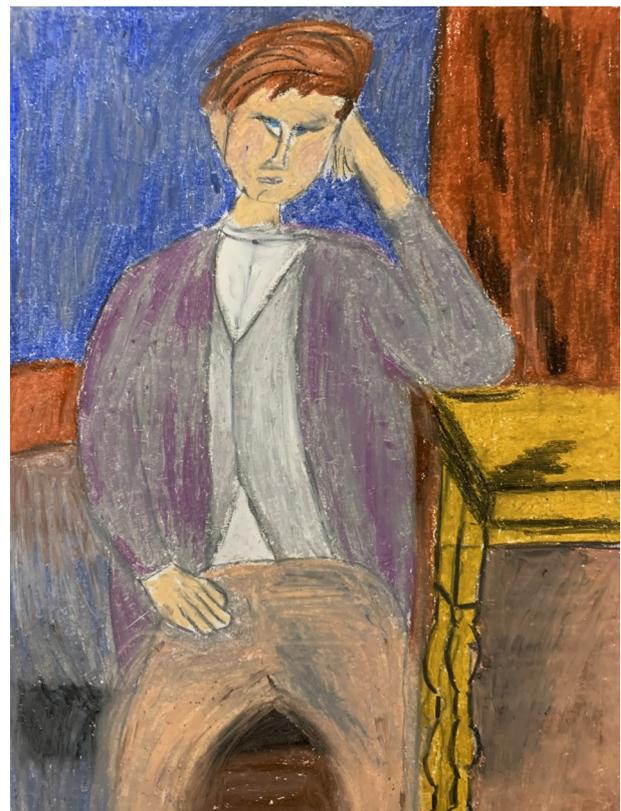
Was this the destination? He is free, free to feel, to see, to think, but is this the destination? What is this freedom, which we find so desirable, is it worth, our sanity, our ignorance, our bliss? Freedom is the right to make unanswerable questions, and have to feel the consequences. Charles, welcomes insanity by his thoughts, and sobers himself by drinking.

I truly can't be bothered anymore. I made two existential observations, and guess what he is doing, just guess. He is riding a horse, for the intellectuals, who might ask how he

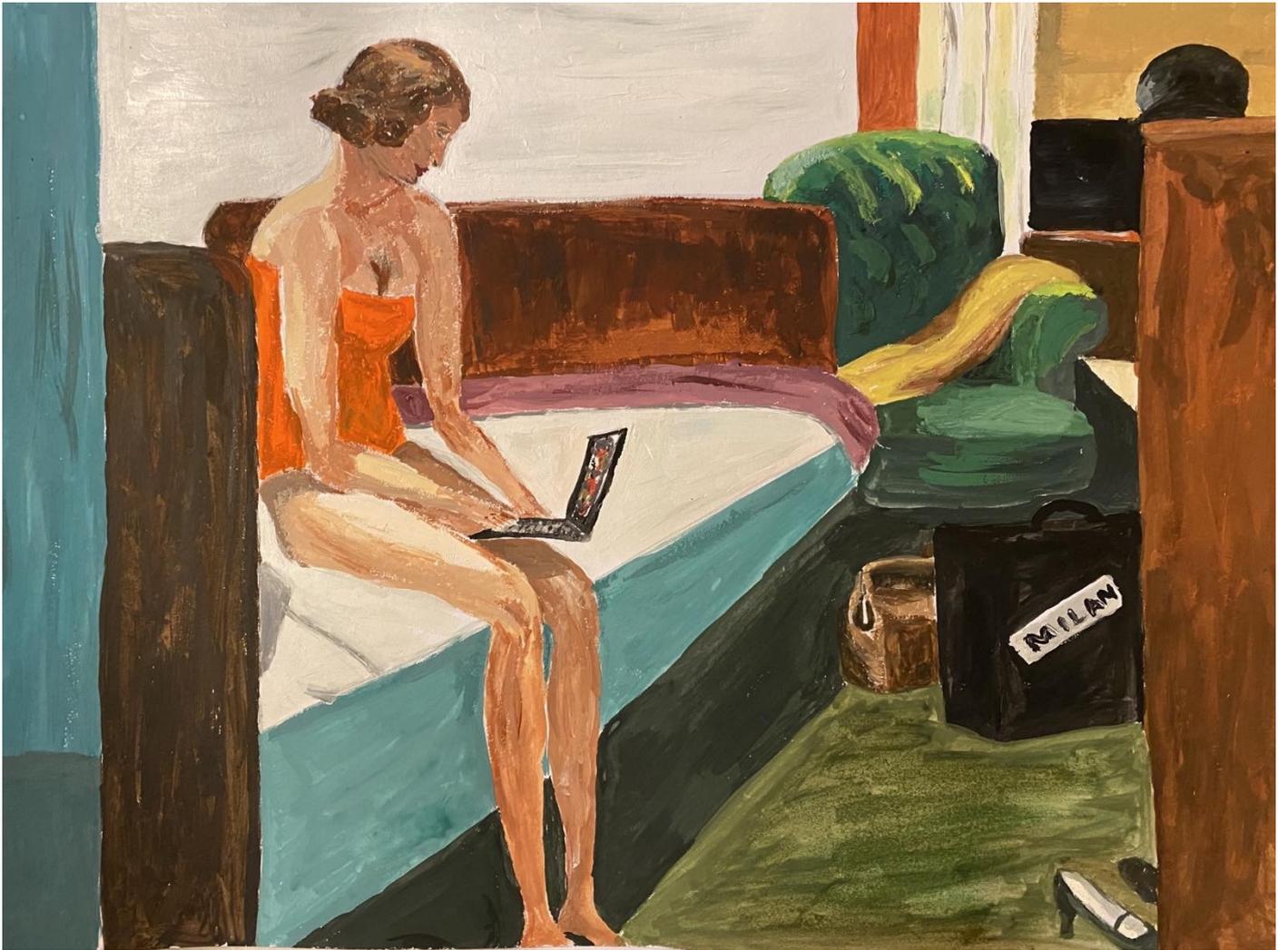
acquired a horse. Well he hasn't, I am watching a 53 year old man prancing through his living room making horse noises with two pots. I – I don't even know anymore. Go on then, well he is happy at least, he doesn't see sentient letters anymore. He has risen through the perils of the blankets, he makes two ballerina spins and prances toward his Closet. "For today, we will be choosing, eh, the Monocle, oh yes, (he is giddy with excitement), we will also wear a nice suit, velvet red, three pockets, rainbow undershirt. We will not be wearing underwear, but some skinny jeans will mask any suspicion. Well for a finishing touch, we will, wear an, eh, Top Hat, yes, yes, yes. The letters nod in submission. For breakfast we shall eat some, what are these, eh, Dinosaur fossils, that will do great. Just pop some milk in that. For luck we will pat the dog thrice (A doodle he did on his wall) what, what was that, Connor is not a doodle. Anyway, let's finally go outside." He is free, what can I say, but he wasn't free of charge, we waffle about the importance of freedom, but this is what happens. The structure makes us productive, it makes us feel

safe in our ignorance. Most blind people don't want to be able to see, not because they want to be blind, but because they are afraid of what they will have to see. Is this what you want, prancing on a fake horse with a top hat and a monocle? You'll be happy, but you will fully distort your view of happiness.

By Kyriakos Gerogiannis



By Skouloudakis Charalambos



By Brouchoutas Konstantinos

See the world through my eyes

Stories told from animals' perspectives

Pickles the Collie dog

I am sitting at the cinema's lobby, waiting for the premiere of the movie "The spy with the cold nose" to start. I have to say that I don't like all these people so much, who are trying to take a photograph with me, but David doesn't let me go. He says that I must be outside with the actors, because I star in the movie.

My life was not always like that. You know... TV programs, cameras, noises and moving all the time. I was a normal pet dog. David is my best human friend. We were living together a quiet life in south London and we were going all the time for long walks. But one day, something strange happened. We hadn't done more than 2km and as I was sniffing, an unknown smell came into my nose. I started following it, because I was very curious to see what it was. Three minutes later, I was entangled

in a shrub trying to reach a newspaper. David helped me and picked up a ball wrapped in a paper. When he understood what it was, he started shouting and laughing. He told me that inside that ball there was the stolen trophy of the World Cup. Detectives had been trying to find it for 7 days but they couldn't. So, it was me who found the stolen trophy and I became famous. When England won the trophy, I was invited to the celebration and after this, I received a medal.

My life radically changed. I don't know if I prefer it like that, but surely it is very interesting, even when it is exhausting because of all those events that I have to attend. I'm hearing someone calling my name "Pickles!" So I guess I have to go now. Bye!!!

By Mari Bozona

Elsa the lioness

My name is Elsa and I am a lioness. I was born in 28 January 1956 and I was raised along with my sisters “Big One” and “Lustica” by a game warden named George Adamson and his wife Joy. We were orphaned on 1 February 1956 after George Adamson was forced to kill my mother when she charged at him, in defense of me and my sisters. George only later realized why she had acted so aggressively towards him. Then, he and his wife adopted us. My two sisters eventually went to the Netherlands Rotterdam Zoo. I lived like a domesticated pet and Joy was the human I trusted the most. Joy, after sending my two sisters to a zoo, was fiercely determined to give me the education I needed to hunt and live in the wild. Her efforts paid off and when they released me, they saw that I could survive. I survived for several years and gave birth to three cubs of my own. The two were male and the other one was female. The Adamsons named the one male “Jespah” and the other “Gop” and the female “Little Elsa”. I was surprised by myself. I never thought I could survive in the wild because I

had spent a long time in my life as a pet. I was free and my life was really nice. I never stopped thanking the Adamsons and mainly Joy who helped me be a real lioness and not a pet anymore.

By Panagopoulou Eleni

BALTO THE DOG

Hi, my name is Balto. I’m a black and white Siberian husky and I was the one who ran through a blizzard in the dead of the night to deliver the serum that was so needed to save many lives. It was the year 1925. Lots of doctors in Alaska faced a deadly dilemma. It was a terrible time! A diphtheria epidemic swept through Nome, Alaska, a city on the state’s far west coast, and the only serum that could save them was in Seattle. The storm was so bad that the doctors were unable to deliver the medicine by plane or by train, even the sea was frozen solid; so, the government officials came up with a different plan. They decided to use multiple dog sled teams to transport the antitoxin to the village. And guess what!? They assigned me to be the

leader of the final leg of the trip which was the most dangerous. It was a very difficult journey and I must admit that I was really afraid. The snow was coming down making snow drifts but that wasn't all. The ice from under my feet was not only slippery but it looked as if it was moving. Now I was really scared! Would I get there? I finally did. I reached the town in the early morning of February 2, 1925. I was exhausted! I looked at my owner, Gunter Kaasen, to see if he was proud of me. I could see it in his face that he was. When he announced to everyone that I was a "Darn fine dog," I was so proud! So proud that I was able to save people!

By Stasinopoulou Maria

By Grimbaviotis Laokratis



Smoky the Dog

A long time ago- I guess it must have been in 1944- I had a unique experience and I couldn't have imagined what fate had in store for me.

The Second World War was raging and my master, Corporal William A. Wynne of Cleveland, Ohio, USA, was fighting in the Philippines. We were under attack on an airfield in the Lingayen Gulf on Luzon, the largest of the Philippine Islands, and the only way my master and his fellow soldiers could communicate from the airfield was by running telephone lines through an underground pipe. Only by running such lines through an underground pipe could the situation be remedied and communication among soldiers be made feasible. So, the issue arose: who would place the wire? It would, no doubt, be challenging and dangerous for humans to place the lines so it was decided that the mission was on me!

Despite the fact that I had already experienced adverse circumstances, living in the New Guinea jungle and Rock Islands and suffering the primitive conditions of tents in equatorial heat and humidity, and had accom-

panied my master on combat flights in the Pacific, I was scared to death. This time it was me and myself. But my fellow soldiers' applause, when the decision was made and announced, scattered all my fears. "Mission possible" I thought to myself and patiently waited for Wynne to attach the wires to my collar. Afterwards, he helped me find my way through the pipe and patted me wishing me luck. He knew he could trust me, because, despite my small size, I had turned out to be very effective. Nevertheless, I needed to run a telegraph wire through a 21 m pipe long that was 200 mm in diameter in the middle of daily constant attacks by waves of Japanese planes.

When the mission was eventually accomplished, I took so much pride in myself that I almost cried. That day 250 men and 40 planes were saved that day thanks to my feat. In the years to come, however, I managed to achieve much greater acclaim for my healing effect on wounded soldiers. This is why I am still known as the Second World War therapy dog. Long title, don't you think? By Sioulas Aggelos

SNOWBALL THE CAT

My name is Snowball. Actually, this was my most recent name, what my most recent owners called me. I don't remember their names I remember only some events that happened while I was staying there. I remember that my owners were a woman and a man, the woman was nice to me the man not so. They used to fight every day.

One day the man got at the house with a bag full of paper; I think that they call that paper money. When the woman saw it she started yelling at him. I don't remember what happened, I only remember the sound of things breaking. Some days later I remember seeing the woman with a big swelling injury on her forehead. She said something to me but I didn't understand it. Then she started packing her things, and put me in the bag that they used to put me when we travel. After a while I understood that the woman was running.

We passed the street and headed toward the woods. The woman said something to me but I only understood the words "Snowball", "safe", "soon". I think she was running from something. Suddenly she fell on the

ground, I fell too, the bag opened and I got out. That was when I saw a man coming towards us. It was my other owner. The woman started screaming. The man walked towards her and held a big knife on his hand. She tried to stand up and run, but she couldn't because of her swollen ankle. The man said something to the woman, the woman answered. I only understood the word "kill". He was ready to attack her. I closed my eyes and heard a big scream.

Then I saw the man taking the body and then burying it in the woods. I couldn't believe what had happened. Then he put his sneakers and his jacket in the bag that the woman had put me in. I was so shocked that I forgot almost everything that happened before and after that.

The next thing I remember is being in a lab; I don't know how I got here. These people took some of my hair. And then they put me in a shelter. This is how I ended up here. Alone.

By Erietta Spanou

Reflections

An event that helped me grow

It was the 16th of January 2019, over a year ago. My English teacher suggested I sit for exams for Athens-Psychico College! At first, I wasn't sure if I would succeed and I was so scared I would disappoint my parents. They really wanted me to pass, since they say I'm a really good student. So, even though I was afraid, I never told them how I felt. Disappointing people who love me is one of my biggest fears! That's why I finally accepted the "offer" ...

Months passed by as I was studying a lot everyday (for the exams of course). I wanted to do well, but still I was anxious and worried! I remember that day as if it was yesterday... the 16th of March, two months after my parents' decision. The big day had finally come! I woke up early and got ready, but then... my heart started beating so fast, my vision was blurry, I was about to faint! The day hadn't started well. But NO!!! I said to myself: "You're brave and that's a chance you won't have again. You

need to overcome your fears and make your parents proud of you". That was all I needed. Self-confidence!!!

The next day was one of the happiest days in my entire life. I woke up just to see my mum crying... but tears of happiness! I had passed the exams with 90.5%! That's no joke... I'm not a genius after all, but I did it! Yes, I made my parents proud of me, and my teachers as well! Now, here I am. Sitting at my desk and writing this. In Psychico College...

These exams really gave me a hard time, but they also made me realise that I can do nothing if I don't believe in myself. I still lack confidence, but I'm working on it. And I think that when you finally believe in your strengths, you can do many more things than you can imagine. Definitely, this incident helped me grow!!!

By Aristeia Labraki



By Zafet Fey

Have you ever lost a pet but couldn't get over it? Well, I have. My old dog's death made me weak at the beginning but then stronger.

It all started on a Saturday morning. Me and my dog, Silla were eating breakfast. She was eating dogfood and I was eating eggs with bacon. I was 10 years old while Silla was 12. Silla was always my best friend, we used to do everything together. We would run, play, sleep together and much more. After breakfast I went out to play but without Silla because she was sick. I didn't want her to get worse. One and a half hour later, I came back and saw Silla lying on the couch with her eyes closed. I sat next to her and said, "Silla wake up, I am home". She didn't hear a thing. Then I shouted the same phrase in a much

louder voice. I called my parents; Silla wouldn't wake up, so we decided to take her to the vet.

When we got there, my dad said to me "Sit on this chair and wait for us to come out". I didn't know what was happening. I felt anxious, nervous, scared and horrified. If something bad happened to Silla I wouldn't have a best friend to run, play and sleep with. When my dad and my mom came out, I asked them if Silla was fine. They answered that Silla was dead... At that moment I couldn't believe what I had heard. I started crying and couldn't stop shouting. Two days of sadness later, I understood something. The fact that Silla was dead didn't mean that she wasn't alive in my soul. In other words all the memories that I had

with Silla will never die. That made me want another dog, not to replace Silla, but to create new experiences like the ones I had with Silla.

Silla was a great dog who taught me that death isn't the end of someone but a spiritual liberation. She made me stronger and helped me grow up. This terrible incident helped me get over the fact of someone dying. Without her, I wouldn't have realized things which made me stronger. In other words, losing Silla helped me grow.

By Philip Tavlarides

Me and my family have a dog named Bruno. We have had him for 10 years and he's 11 years old. He lives in our garden with some other cats that we have. The day before yesterday something unbelievable happened.

In the morning I went out to feed him, but I saw something terrible. I couldn't believe my eyes! His neck was full of blood! I didn't know what to do but at the same time I couldn't call my parents either, because they were at work and they wouldn't be here in time. So, I had to think of

something to do; I had to save him. After some research on the internet, I decided to clean his wound and then give him some antibiotics. However, when I went outside he was gone. I ran outside the house searching for him but I wasn't lucky enough to find him. Surprisingly, about an hour later I saw him lying outside our door and ran towards him. He looked much more horrible than before. His left eye was white! I cleaned the wound and after trying for a long time I gave him the medicine. I was hoping for the best. I didn't want to see him dead. I hadn't spent enough time with him so I wanted one more chance. I stayed by his side for hours hoping and waiting patiently. At some point he slowly stood up! His eye got back to the normal color. I was so happy, I felt I could fly! I wanted to scream. Then my parents showed up. They knew what had happened because I had called them but I told them all the details. They were concerned about Bruno but endlessly proud of me!

I felt I really grew from this experience. I saved someone's life and that really helped me realize how much I can do even when I'm on my own! I

also realized that I hadn't spent as much time as I should have with my dog and from that moment and on I decided to share more experiences with him.

By Salma Iliana

It was 2016, on a very rainy day. It was the day of my theatre performance 'Three Little Wolves' at school. I was very excited, and my dad was charging our camera like he does for all performances.

We were all ready, except for me. I had a headache and a pain in my stomach. I told my mom and she put a thermometer under my armpit; I had 39 degrees of fever. I was very sad because my mom told me that I couldn't participate in the play. I started crying and crying. I got in my bedroom and started thinking about what I could do. At last, I thought that I had to stand up for myself. So, I told my mom, that they needed me on the play, they relied on me and I needed to go. There was only one hour left for the play to start. I went to my mom and told her that I could-

n't just sit home while all of my friends were waiting for me to show up. My mom was very skeptical, but I told her that if I got sicker it would be my fault and that I wouldn't blame her. Lastly, she understood how much I loved acting and she let me go. During the time that I was on stage my mom and dad were very proud of me that I had stood up for myself and they realized I was right. The play was fabulous. My mom said that the costumes were amazing and the kids acted very realistically.

I felt that I really grew up mentally throughout that experience because I did the right thing and I was proud of myself that I acted responsibly. I was part of a team and I had to fulfill my role in it. I risked getting sicker, but the play was not cancelled. My decision was definitely worth it.

By Anastasia Pepanides

Two years ago, when I was eleven years old, I was really scared of the dark. Every night when the lights at home went off, I didn't want to enter any room because of the darkness. I remember one night that I was very afraid to go to the kitchen, because of the dark, so I decided not to eat dinner!

But one day, I really had to go to the dark living room in order to take some books I had left there. I needed the books because I had to bring them to class the following day. That night, I had to make one of the most difficult decisions I had ever made. It may sound a bit silly, but I had to overcome my fear, which was very difficult for me.

After a while, I nervously walked towards the room. Although nothing seemed so scary, I still was terrified. My heart was beating so fast I thought it would break. I felt butterflies in my stomach. By the time I entered the room, I felt a little more confident but my heart was still beating really fast. I quickly grabbed my books and ran out of the room as fast as I could. At that moment I felt calm and relieved as I had finally overcome my biggest fear.

In conclusion, I believe that the decision I made was the best, as from that day I realized that I shouldn't be afraid anymore about something that will not happen. From that decision of mine, I think that I have grown mentally.

By Ioanna Kontaxi



By Phaedra Panagiotaki

Playing chess is an exciting experience, giving you the opportunity to learn more about strategy. Apart from the participation in competitions at the chess club, I also made a wide circle of friends and improved my thinking skills. I learned how to deal with my problems and I learned that you do not have to give up but move forward. If I hadn't met my dear friend Kathrine, all of this wouldn't have happen.

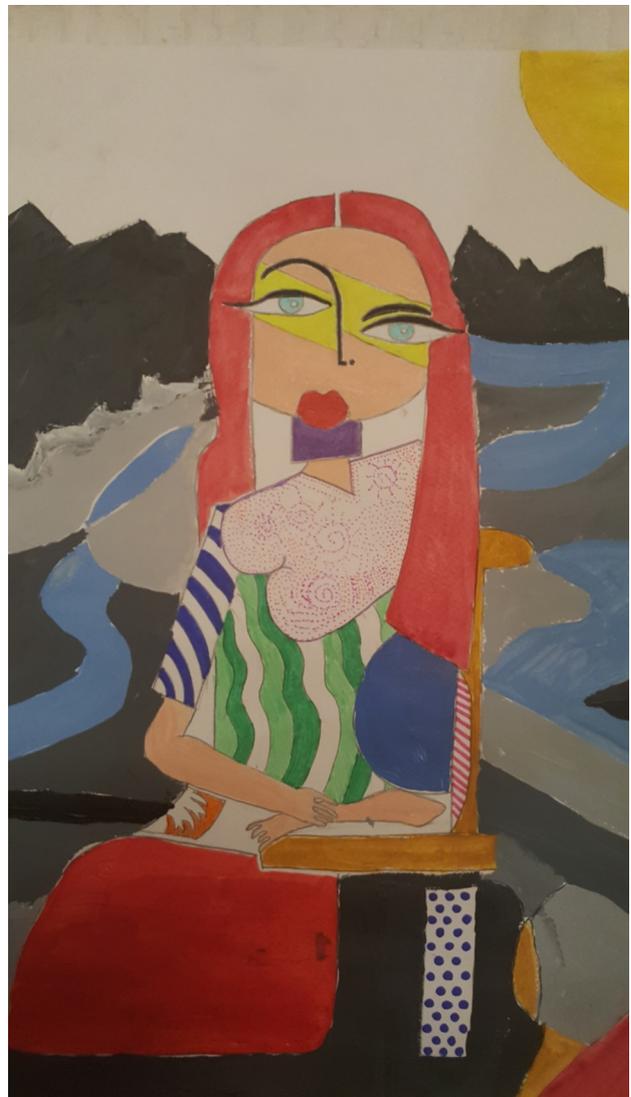
I started playing with my friends and I was actually good at it, so she told me to join the club. Although I already knew some important things quite well, when I first arrived I had a trouble understanding some moves and the words that were used. But with some help from Kathrine and my teacher, who is really good and kind, I got used to it and started enjoying the game.

When I play chess I feel free and ready to do everything. Problems cannot stop you from dreaming and some day those dreams may come true. When my friend helped me I understood the meaning of friendship and that is very important. Having self-confidence and helping each other is what matters the most. One

of my dreams came true and Kathrine became one of my best friends.

My time playing chess helped me grow as a person, and I feel I could cope with any problem. Now I am calm and I have confidence.

By Danae Giourga



By Vlachou Theano

It all started on a beautiful, sunny morning. I was about 9 years old in fourth grade. Schools were closed and happiness filled my heart.

Suddenly, my mom told me that she was going to run some chores and she only had a small amount of time. "What ?", I thought. It was the first time that I would stay home alone. The feelings I had, came out after being filtered. I just said "OK mom I will be fine". Mom went upstairs to put on her beautiful clean clothes. I tried to think positively. Being home alone isn't that bad.

In a few minutes mom was ready to leave. I felt confident and told her "Leave mom, I will be a brave boy". She gave me a kiss and filled me with love and courage. I was playing and laughing and minding my own business. Unexpectedly, fear came and I felt anxious. I rapidly went under the table and thought: "What if a scary terrible monster came out of the basement? What if some thieves and criminals showed up at the front door? Oh Lord, what would I do?".

I decided to keep my promise and be a brave young son. I came out of the table and stopped thinking of monsters and criminals. I started playing

again and the happy innocent side of myself came back.

If you read this, you will think that it was a silly little story. However, it changed me and I felt mature and a little bit older. I acted correctly and I didn't make my mom worry. Nowadays, I can stay home easily if something happens. This experience made me feel great. Without anyone knowing, I did something important for myself. Dimitris-Monsters 1-0!

By Dimitris Palasantzas

It all started three months ago. One night I had a terrible stomachache. We went to the hospital and the doctors informed us that I had a gallstone. I had to have surgery or have a gallstone for the rest of my life. My parents decided for me that I would have the surgery. Time passed and it was time for me to be operated on.

When I first entered the hospital I was terrified, but I felt better when I saw the doctor. He calmed me down. After that, my dad and I went to have my blood tested and my mom checked my room. My parents had told me that I would be in a room by myself but, unfortunately, at the hospital there weren't any such rooms available. Later, my dad changed his mind and told me that, in his opinion, I shouldn't have the surgery. My mom told me to decide for myself and to do what I thought was right.

I FROZE! Up until that day, I never had the chance to make an important decision like this, so I was very nervous. Time passed and I still hadn't decided. Then, I told my dad to approach me and told him: "I will

have the surgery. I will not stay another day worrying about it."

So my dad informed the doctor and my mom. When I went into my room, I was informed that the girl I was going to be a "roommate" with, was going to leave in the afternoon, so everything turned out my way.

This incident helped me grow in a lot of ways. Firstly, it was the first time I made an important decision on my own and my confidence grew. Secondly, after this decision, I had some really tough decisions to make. For example I had to decide, if I will go to the US alone without my parents to study and if I would go to the doctor when my leg hurts. Gradually, I became better and more relaxed going through this procedure. So, this was the first time I acted as a mature kid.

By John Patronis



By Voudouris Marily

Covid-19



By Antonopoulou eugenia

Heart failure

Boom- boom -stop

My heart is going to go.

If they don't take action,
my soul will eventually blow.

Victim's held in suspense with un-
ending fear,

Am I going to be ok?

I shouldn't be here.

The disease is killing me

But they

Won't nurture me.

I am sick and ignored,
My health can't be restored.

They focus on others,

On their fathers,
Grandmothers.

My pain is all I see,

I need treatment,

Unconditionally.

I need someone to share,
Hold my hand
and tell me they care!

Covid-19 has taken my treatment
away,
I have a tumor that tries to find its
way.
Cancer is my life,
and covid-19 the knife.

Boom- boom -stop
My heart is going to go.
If they don't take action,
my soul will eventually blow.

By Evita Psatha

Covid Times

We stop when charts
hit the top
school stops,
travelling stops,
the world stops.

Society is in a standstill,
but even then, we cannot stand still

We stay at home hoping for more
Hoping that someone will walk up to
our door
and say
you may travel
you may move
you may fool around like you should

because charts have dropped
and they are no longer on top

By Melina Salaka



By Pandi Giolanda Anastasia

Covid-19 Time Capsule

I am Artemis Tsitsiraki and I am 13 years old. The infamous coronavirus has spread in my country, too. It has been one month of quarantine and we are all in lockdown. The last time I saw my friends was on February 27th, the last day of school. The streets are empty, people are upset, the news is depressing and until a few days ago, there was uncertainty about the near future.

Pharmaceutical companies and worldwide governments are working hard to create a vaccine and reliable testing kits for this virus. The Greek government has taken strict measures to protect the public from spreading the virus even more and has been recognized as one of the best responded governments globally dealing with this crisis.

Restaurants and shops have closed, together with cinemas and theaters. Big gatherings and sport events or concerts are not allowed and therefore have been cancelled.

The Great Empty

Trump Weighs A Quarantine, Then Retreats

Ambulance Calls Inundate America's Epicenter

New York's Paramedics Have to Decide Who Gets Left Behind

Chief Scientist Draws Venom From the Right

Hard Decisions For Americans As Bills Roll In

Driving the Long Haul, and Sensing a Stagnation

Greece's first female president assumes her post

Greece keeping close tabs on Turkey's moves

School owners ignore ban

Archbishop asks faithful to display responsibility

Intensified coast guard tactics bearing results

Compassion and strength

Outdoor activities in big groups are avoided, since the government has decided to not allow it for public health safety reasons. There will be a fine for whoever goes to public outdoor areas aimlessly. However, every individual has the right to go outside for a specific purpose such as going to a pharmacy, buying food supplies, going to work, exercising and visiting elderly people when it is necessary. The curve for COVID 19 cases has flattened and has even begun bending after people abided by the government's new rules.

During these difficult times my family and I try our best to be happy and keep ourselves busy with different kinds of activities.

Luckily, my family and I have the ability to go for long walks or bicycle rides by the seaside every day so we're not locked in our house all day and also get in touch with nature. Furthermore, we get to enjoy the splendid weather and colors of spring. When we stay indoors, we also try to stay active by cooking, doing arts and crafts, making fun videos and watching a film. I personally have

watched many films during quarantine but my favorite one was "The Theory of Everything". It is a biographical romantic drama based on Stephen Hawking's life that I certainly recommend watching. Now, I am watching "The Vampire Diaries", a supernatural teen drama series on Netflix. Lastly, I read the book "Wonder" that was really moving.

When I first found out about the virus, I never thought it would become such a serious and dangerous sickness, nevertheless a pandemic. I was on my Christmas holidays in Paris when the virus had just been exposed to the public, specifically in Wuhan, China.



What I miss the most during this crisis is spending time with my friends. The fact that I haven't had a laugh attack with my best friends for over three weeks makes me sad. However, I still communicate with them through social media and FaceTime, but it's not the same. I also miss a lot my grandparents since I haven't had the chance to see them for safety reasons.

The object in my time capsule is a hand sanitizer that can be used any-time we aren't able to wash our hands. It kills all germs and is something that these days is hard to get.

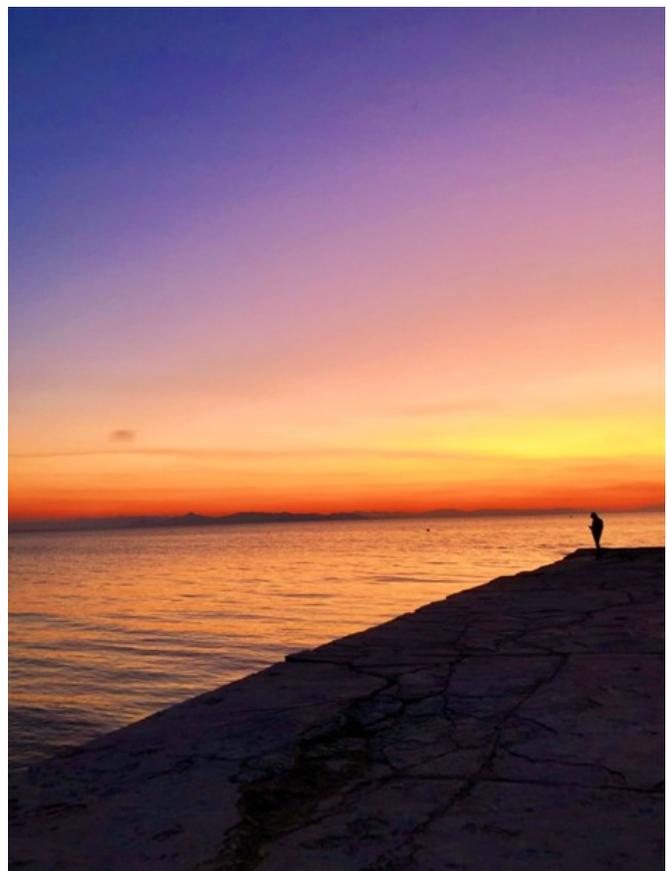
The pictures I recently took during my daily walks by the sea, remind me of the beauty of our country and the moments we must not take for granted. Besides, sunsets are proof that no matter what happens, every day



can end beautifully.

The message that I would like to give to whoever finds this capsule is that you shouldn't take anything for granted. The trips, the food, the gatherings, the playdates, our health, our planet's climate, our family (grandparents) and special moments. All these can be lost very easily. That's why we should appreciate the fact that we are still breathing and experiencing happy moments every day. Live your life to the fullest and be grateful for everything you have!

By Artemis Tsitsiraki





By Sopiolti Frideriki

Lockdown Articles

The effects of the lockdown on our personal lives

Over the course of the past few months we have been experiencing an unprecedented event. More specifically, there is a total, universal global lockdown. Everyone seems to be panicked. Some more than others. Every day we hear in the news the impact of the lockdown in the economy; all the headlines are about economics and politics. But what are the effects on our personal lives? Drawing from my personal experience, it seems to be clear that the effects are both positive and negative.

Everyone is locked in their home. The streets are empty because everyone tries to avoid a possible infection. That includes my friends. I miss the times when I could go to the movies and the theatre with them; or at least invite them to my home.

Such things are dangerous now. On the bright side, this will not last forever and it is for our own safety.

The lockdown does not come without its advantages of course. More specifically, it gave me lots of free time. I am using that time to relax but also be productive, study and even develop my drawing skills. Hopefully by the end of it I will come out as a better version of myself.

This time is critical and if you focus too much on its negative aspect you can become sad and depressed. Numerous psychologists advise us to focus on the positive and keep ourselves busy. If we follow that, not only will the quarantine end faster but we will also have used it as an opportunity to become more informed and skilled at what we like.

By Christine Glou

The Lockdown from a Teenager's Perspective

COVID-19, the virus that has changed humanity's life in just three months, the one that has forced us to close everything, the one that has stolen our lives. Due to this virus, infected cases and deaths are announced every day all around the world. This pandemic probably started in a Chinese County, Wuhan. The virus spread all around the world. Out of the blue the Greek Government closes everything and asks us to "Stay Home". This is where everything starts.

When the lockdown was announced I could not believe it. It was like playing a role in a horror movie, but unfortunately it wasn't part of my imagination; it was true. In the beginning of this lockdown, my friends and I were really worried about school. We thought that it would never open again. The first week was really hard due to the fact that everything had suddenly changed. I wasn't able to see my friends, my teachers and my relatives. I had really missed my grandparents whom I had not seen for months. When I was younger, I used to spend a lot of time with

them and even when I wasn't able to do so, I always found a way to just hear them on the phone. But I know that I am staying away from them to protect them. After a week or so we got informed that we were starting online sessions with our teachers. We had the ability to contact our teachers through Managebac and ask questions, but it wasn't the same. While I was doing lessons my mother and my father were working so I was alone for endless hours. Lucky me, I had the companionship of my grandmother on the phone.

This lockdown though gave me the opportunity to spend some more time with my family at the weekends by playing board games and watching videos from when I was a cute, little girl and made my parents laugh. Also, I wrote much more on my diary and improved my drawing skills. In addition, I read an abundance of Greek and English books and redecorated my room. But, I continued to dance and exercise on a daily basis so that I could stay fit. Likewise, I studied hard which helped me improve more. In the last weeks of the quarantine, the corona virus curve started flattening which made me really happy. On the

4th of May, the lockdown ended and we started an even more difficult phase, the one that we had to take our lives back.

I believe that this lockdown has changed us all inside and made us all understand the meaning of life. Even though now we have to wear masks the matter is that we will do everything it takes to live better than before. All I want to say is that we have to appreciate every second, every minute that we experience. To sum up, we may feel sad sometimes but there are things from which we have benefited due to this experience.

By Patmanidi Angeliki Maria

The Lockdown

During the lockdown we had to stay home because of the coronavirus pandemic. To be honest I was stunned by the news. I couldn't believe that I had to stay home for over a month. I was feeling lonely due to the fact that I couldn't hang out with my friends. However, I had the opportunity to spend more time with

my family. During this particular period all the students couldn't go to school. Therefore, teachers decided to do online classes. In my school the online courses were compulsory and very well-organized. Doing online classes is an exciting experience because you get to see your teacher from the safety of your bedroom and at the same time you are able to communicate with your classmates.

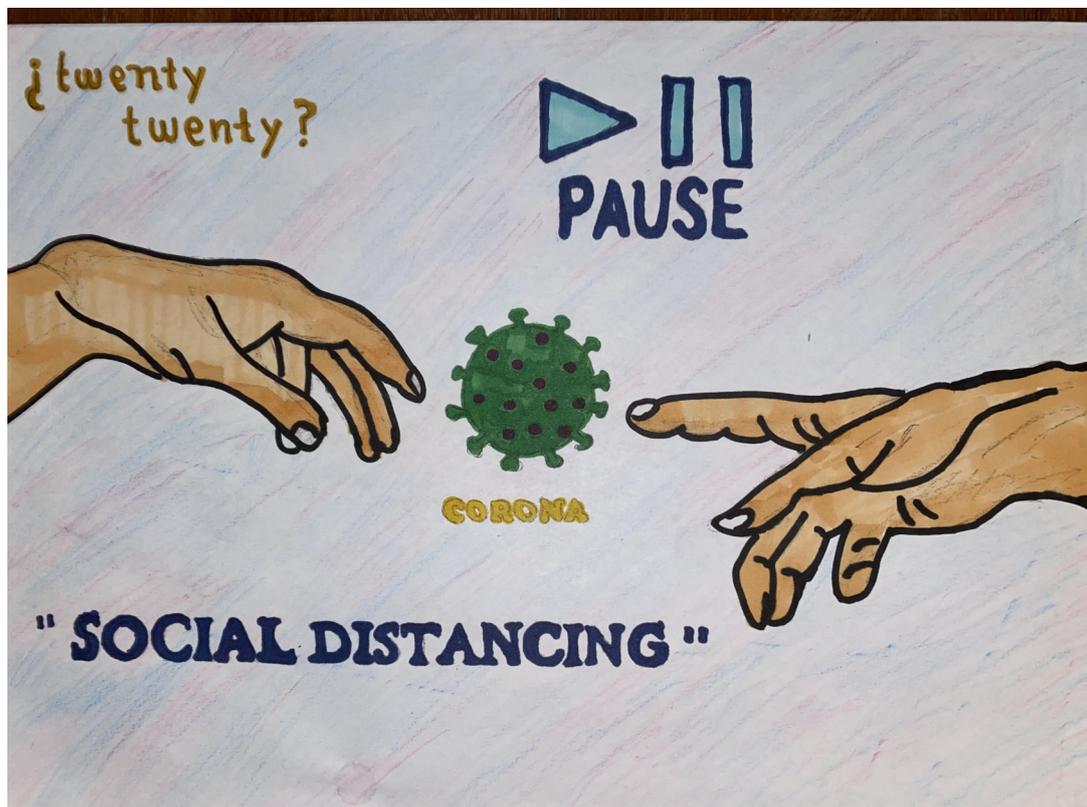
Moreover, online school helped us become more focused on our work. I had the opportunity to do other activities that I didn't have the time to do before the lockdown because of my busy schedule. Such activities were drawing colorful paintings so I could feel productive. Additionally, my mother persuaded me to play the piano in order to develop my skills. Furthermore, I enjoyed cooking with my brother and playing board games.

However, someday I discovered that the weather described my feelings. In the sense that when it was pouring outside, I was feeling lonely and desperate as I was isolated and deprived from my best friends' company. On the other hand, when the

weather was pleasant and the sun was bright I was optimistic that the situation would get better soon. The only thing we had to do is to be patient.

Finally, I am grateful I found the strength to encourage myself to overcome this difficult period and keep dreaming of a better future. We should always keep in our minds that during a difficult situation we test our resistance and strength and we cope with our weaknesses.

By Olia Polymenakou



By Aleuras Manos

Positive Effects of Covid-19

A persuasive speech

Dear ladies and gentlemen,

Have you ever heard of the commonly used phrase, “Every cloud has a silver lining”? This phrase implies that one can derive some benefit from every bad thing that happens to him. Even though this quote was written in the 17th century by the famous poet John Milton, it applies to one of the major challenges that today’s society is facing: the Covid-19 pandemic. Okay, let’s be honest here, this pandemic hasn’t exactly been a piece of cake for many of us. We were forced to develop a new lifestyle and act under restrictive measures of our movement. The health and economic impact of the virus have been nothing but catastrophic. It has had a negative effect on the mental well-being of most citizens. However, even in these difficult times there is a “silver lining”. The covid-19 pandemic has had a very positive environmental impact, on a worldwide scale.

Don’t you believe me? See for yourself. The lockdown has forced people

into a more energy-friendly quarantine lifestyle. This lifestyle consists of working at home, the reduction of travelling and choosing cycling and walking over driving, which cuts traffic to the bare minimum. Many factories and airlines have shut down, due to the pandemic, which means that they don’t release harmful gases in the air, like CO₂ and NO₂ emissions. Notwithstanding the adverse effect on economy and globalization that this shutting down has caused, admittedly social distancing in general, has decreased air pollution globally, even if these effects are temporary.

It seems as if the planet was given the chance to breathe. Many environmentalists see it as an opportunity to make significant strides to prevent serious outcomes of climate change. But, how can we sustain this state in the future?

Personally I believe that there are a few ways that companies and the government can help people sustain

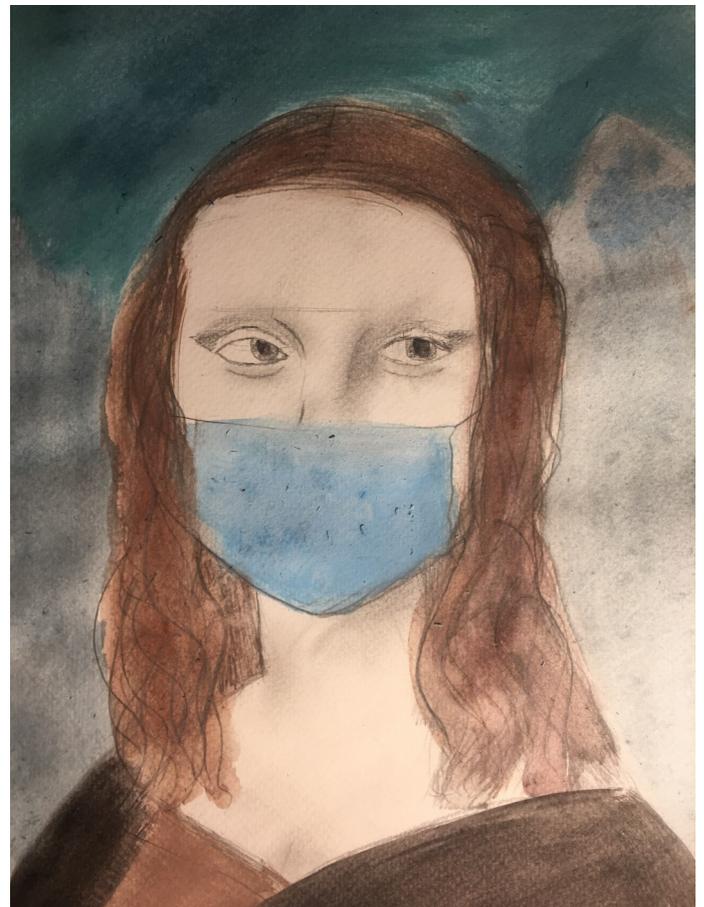
this lifestyle and not go back to their former habits. Companies should encourage teleworking, which means that their employees will get part of their work done, without having to use their car which pollutes the atmosphere. Also, the company's operations should be adapted so that they will combine work from home with reduction of office space (through open-space working environment solutions) and so use less electricity and water, since the number of users of the buildings per day and the office space required, will decrease. The government could give small awards to the people who use a bicycle to move around and encourage the creation of the necessary conditions (e.g. special cycling lanes) or own an electric car of any kind. It will encourage people to move around more eco-friendly. Lastly, I believe that travel agencies should encourage their customers to take the greener way for travelling. Sites like TripAdvisor should advertise and have the option for a greener travel, so that customers can choose or even consider this option.

Small changes like this in our everyday life, could have a massive im-

pact on the environment. At the end of the day, if there is a chance that this silver lining could have a long-lasting positive impact, why shouldn't we try? Small adjustments in our daily habits can have a massive impact on the environment. It's up to us to have a long-lasting change for the better. If we did it once for the lockdown what is stopping us now?

Thank you.

By Melina Salaka



By Karvouni Rania

Articles

What are Blue Zones?

There is no shortcut you can take, to achieve longevity. Some people might say that living longer depends on genes. That is partially true since 10%-25% of living longer depends on genes. But the other percent depends entirely on lifestyle, physical and mental health. In order to find this ideal lifestyle, we are going to look at three different Blue zones and at the people who live there. Blue zones are small areas, scattered around the world, where the inhabitants frequently live for over a hundred years. These are the three examples:

Silanus

Silanus is located in the edge of a mountain region, in central Sardinia, Italy. People there have an interesting lifestyle. They have a plant-based diet, and they also drink a special, very strong type of wine. All of these are homegrown/

homemade. Furthermore, elders are celebrated for their wisdom, something that helps them develop closer relationships with their grandchildren, giving them four to six more years to live. Also, Sardinians exercise naturally, in their daily lives. For example, they milk cows, chop wood, slaughter animals (certainly don't recommend that), and have long walks with their sheep, since most of them are shepherds.

Okinawa

Okinawa is a group of islands, located near Japan. People there are amongst the world's longest-lived people. They enjoy years free of disabilities, have exceptionally low rates of cancer and heart disease, and are less likely to enjoy heart disease and dementia. The main reasons for this are, that they eat food grown on the island, and that they have an "80% philosophy", meaning they eat until

their stomach is 80% full. Other than that, older Okinawans belong to a moai, which is a mutual support network, providing financial, social, and emotional support, helping their mental health, instead of physical. Moreover, something else helping the Okinawan's mental health, thus helping longevity, is "Ikigai", which translates roughly to "that which makes one's life worth living", basically its one's purpose on life.

Loma-Linda

Loma-Linda is a city in USA, California, where a lot of Adventists (members of the Adventist church) live. Adventists have a longer lifespan than other people. The Adventist Church has always practiced a healthy lifestyle. It does not allow smoking, alcohol consumption, and foods forbidden in the Bible (like pork). Furthermore, it discourages the consumption of other kinds of red meat or drinks with caffeine. Additionally, the Adventists have a habit of eating beans, soymilk, tomatoes and fruit, whole wheat bread, four servings of nuts, and drinking at least 5-waters per day. This habit actually reduces risk of cancer and heart dis-

ease. Moreover, they exercise and walk a lot when doing everyday activity (such as walking long distances) also, every Saturday, they assemble and socialize with other Adventists (thus helping their mental health).

In conclusion, to live longer you need to do these things. Firstly, you need to try and eat a lot of homegrown vegetables, fruit, nuts, and legumes. Furthermore, you need to implement exercise in your daily lives, without doing a sport etc. Moreover, you need to eat whatever you eat in moderation, and be careful not to overeat. Finally, you also need to take care of mental health too. You need to socialize, spend time with friends and loved ones (whenever you want to, don't let anyone force you into it), and also when you have time you should try to think of the reason you live for.

By Kofinakos Michael

IMPACT OF ADVERTISEMENTS ON CHILDREN

Children experience advertising in many forms, such as, on TV, YouTube, apps, radio, billboards, magazines, newspapers, movies, the internet, text messages, social media and more. Advertisers spend 12 billion dollars per year to reach the youth market and each child views around 40,000 commercials during this time period. In fact, research has shown that 20 to 40 per cent of all purchases wouldn't have occurred if children hadn't watched commercials and persuaded their parents into buying the advertised products.

However, if someone encourages children and teenagers to think about how advertisements work, they can limit the negative influence of advertising on them. Parents should talk with their children and explain that advertisements are trying to make them buy something they don't really need and influence the way people think or even change

a child's mind about something. Moreover, they should tell their kids that advertisers always aim to make their products look good, perhaps even better than what they really are.

By Andromachi Papakiriakopoulou



By Kekerri Kiara

The increasing role of advertising on television and the internet should raise a lot of questions regarding its negative effects on children. Various studies have shown that the intense advertising on television and in recent years the internet, has been teaching kids how to nag in order to convince their parents to buy them the advertised products. The result is that nagging convinces parents to give in to their children's demands and turns them into consumers instead of teaching them to only buy what is necessary. But the worst effect is that advertising helps rewire children's brains and manipulates them into desiring and having to buy the advertised products which are often neither healthy nor necessary.

Often the question raised is whether these advertisements are moral. Everybody believes that the answer is always negative because rewiring kids brains has a dramatic impact on their future. Almost certainly these kids will grow up into unhealthy and unhappy adults. Another issue is that they learn from a very young age that collecting products will make them happy. Instead of teach-

ing kids that friendship, kindness and generosity or helping others is important, these ads misplace the important meaning of life.

By Androniki Mistakidou Brown

Advertisements bombard us everywhere. Marketing does not aim to create products that are beneficial for kids, but instead has as a goal to earn higher profits. Unfortunately, commercials usually promote certain stereotypes that affect children. Teenagers come across advertisements about their appearance and body shape leading them to become self-conscious and even depressed because they can't have that ideal image. The large number of advertisements that children see on a daily basis makes them materialistic as they believe that buying more and more products will lead them to happiness. Of course, children's minds have not developed yet making them easy to manipulate and seriously affecting their future. Children that become materialistic have bad academic performance, don't care about the environment and are not able to

form healthy relationships. Advertisements affect also children's health as they usually promote unhealthy foods and fast food restaurants. Growing up I have been tricked by advertisements and I have bought many toys that ended up being different from what I saw on TV. I think that when I was little, I was influenced by commercials but not to the same extent now that I am older. I am able to differentiate between what product I need and what product is not useful. I am not affected by the stereotypes that I see in most commercials because the knowledge from school and the advice from my family have helped me to understand that everyone is beautiful in his own way. Lastly, I think that it may be hard for one family to go against advertising for kids but there is a chance that this effect can be reversed through knowledge and education.

By Mary Panagiotidi

By Spanou Maria



The Merchant of Venice

Alternative Endings

When Shylock heard the request, he got furious!

“Why would I show mercy to a man that has disrespected me? He is the reason I am not enjoying my life and I want him dead!”

This harsh speech shocked everyone in the courtroom. Bassanio couldn't believe how cruel this man was.

Suddenly, a man entered the courtroom. He wasn't a doctor and he wasn't a lawyer. He was... Antonio's older brother Fabricio, who was living in Palermo! Antonio didn't know that he had a brother. Another surprising fact is that he was also Shylock's older brother!

“So that means that we are brothers?” Shylock screamed in shock.

Fabricio explained that when they were born and he was 11 years old, their parents got divorced. Their mother kept Fabricio and Antonio

and their father Shylock.

“I came here to ask Shylock to show mercy to Antonio, because he is your brother”, Fabricio said.

Shylock finally showed mercy and the trial was cancelled. Everyone started celebrating!

After that day, it turned out that Portia's plan did not work. Bassanio lived with Portia, Shylock and Antonio stopped hating each other, Fabricio started living with Antonio and they lived a merry life.

By John Karadontis

At this moment, Shylock was sure that sooner or later he would take Antonio's pound of flesh. Portia was thinking that everything was happening because of her and the ring Bassanio had bought to ask her to marry him. She was very upset and decided to take another look at the contract Antonio and Shylock had made. As she was reading out loud, everyone was very stressed out.

Then, she was done reading. The only part she skipped was saying that if he did not return the money on time, he would take his pound of flesh. Portia finally decided to read this part, and everyone found it reasonable. However, Portia saw something in the contract no one had noticed. Where it said "Antonio would take Shylock's flesh", known as the main condition, something sounded wrong! And then everyone realized that they had made a mistake! The person who had written the conditions down, messed up the names, and now Antonio should take Shylock's flesh.

When they found out, they were all happy, but Antonio was feeling guilty because he knew that wasn't what they had agreed to. But, he couldn't

do anything. The only thing he could do was to decide not to take Shylock's flesh and that's what he did.

When everything was finally over, Bassanio, Portia and Antonio got rid of the contract and lived happily ever after. But what happened to Shylock? Well, Shylock finally found someone to spend his life with, even though she was not Jewish.

By Katerina Boni



By Antonatou Kalliopi

The courtroom was full of people because both Antonio and Shylock were well-known. The duke of Venice then said "Today we are here to examine the unusual contract of three thousand ducats that the merchant Antonio and the Jew Shylock signed about 4 months ago. The conditions of the contract were that if Antonio didn't repay the debt Shylock will take a pound of flesh near his heart from him." then he turned to Antonio "I am sorry there's not much I can do" Antonio replied "It's ok sir, I didn't repay the debt in time and I will accept my fate." Then the duke of Venice turned to Shylock "I know that you don't have to, but please show to this merchant some mercy" Shylock answered "Why do I have to show him mercy when he didn't in the past?"

The duke of Venice was ready to play his last card "I wrote to a very famous judge doctor Bellario to ask for his help" he said "he told me that he can't come here so he sent a lawyer called doctor Balthazar." "Doctor Balthazar can you stand up and come here please?" At that time a young man came in the front "So you are Antonio and you are Shylock" Bas-

sanio then noticed that the lawyers voice was familiar "Portia?" he said. Afterwards, he went near her and was then sure it was her. The people in the courtroom were shocked. Then Shylock asked Portia "Are you Portia from Belmont?" "Yes", she replied. The Jew was thinking, and he finally said "I knew your father, he was the only Christian that used to be my friend before he died. If his daughter doesn't want Antonio to die then I will let him go free but I need the 3 thousand ducats back." "I will take care of that" ,Bassanio said and gave him the money.

The next days two of Antonio's ships returned with valuable cargo so he continued business. Portia, and Bassanio came back at Belmont and lived a wonderful life. Jessica and Lorenzo went to Venice and Lorenzo started working with Antonio and Shylock. From that day on, he started helping other people with his money, was more friendly with Christians because he remembered his old friend Portia's dad and he decided that when he dies, he will give all his money to Jessica.

By Efi Kofinakou



Pound of flesh or nothing else

Everything started on a windy day of December, when Antonio, a famous merchant in Venice was accused of not repaying a debt which he owed Shylock, another famous Jewish merchant. They had made a deal, Antonio would borrow some of Shylock's money to help his friend Bassanio on the condition that he would repay him on a specific date, otherwise Shylock would cut a pound of Antonio's flesh. But, Antonio's ships which carried valuable cargo had sunk and he was living in poverty. As a result, Antonio and Shylock were asked to go on a trial to discuss the situation.

During the trial, almost all the

citizens of Venice had made the way all over to the courtroom. The duke of Venice, who was on Antonio's side, had come to judge the trial and wanted Shylock to show mercy and forgive the merchant and not take his pound of flesh. But Shylock had no intention to do so and wanted to do this harsh and hellish act as he was being mocked from Antonio and lived in a ghetto doing a certain profession to earn a living because he was a Jew. The duke tried to prevent Shylock from doing that but he wouldn't listen.

A young and wise lawyer, called Balthazar, had arrived from Padua to defend Antonio and was trying his best to make Shylock show mercy but it wasn't possible to make Shylock change his mind and care about

Antonio. Instead of that, he tried to follow the rules and made it difficult for Shylock to cut a pound of Antonio's flesh without spilling a single drop of blood. He acted according to the Venetian laws and made Shylock lose his money which was the only thing the latter cared about. Antonio forgave Shylock and let him live by giving all his possessions to his son-in-law, Lorenzo. Shylock had no other choice and did so.

This was one of the weirdest trials we have ever seen in Venice and Shylock had almost won, and turned out to be the only famous Jewish merchant in Venice but Balthazar had the wisdom to stop him.

By Angelos Zagoreos

Rivalry between Jewish and Christian merchant on an unpaid loan?

Yesterday, a trial took place at the courthouse. A Christian merchant signed a contract to a Jewish merchant saying that if he didn't pay back the loan of 3000 ducats he

owed, the Jew would cut off a pound of flesh from his chest. The Christian didn't manage to pay back the loan so they went to court.

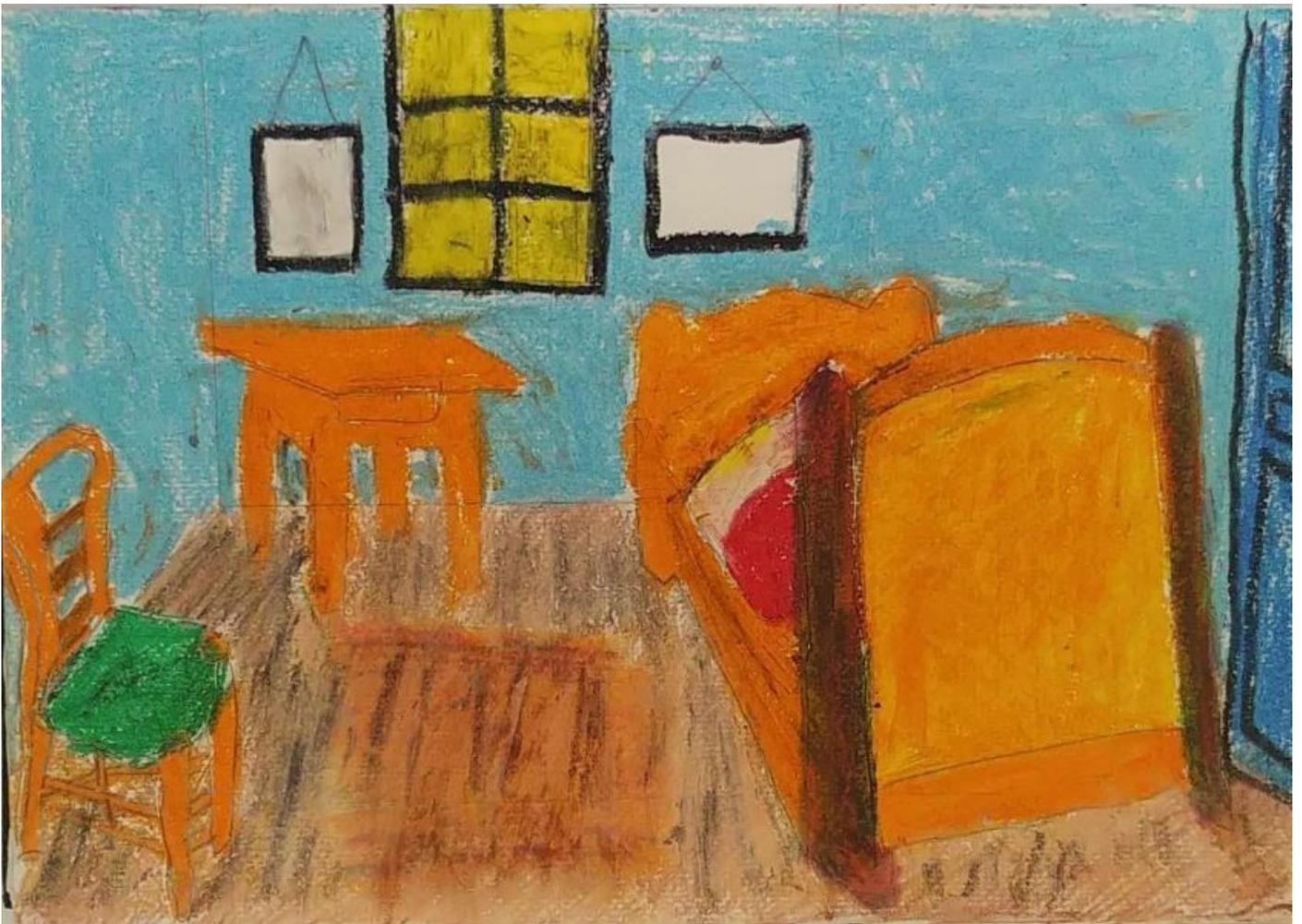
In the courthouse, the judge told Antonio that if Shylock didn't show mercy, they would have no other choice but to take a pound of flesh from him. A young lawyer then came to give his opinion on what should be done. At first, he agreed with the judge saying that Shylock had to show mercy. Shylock didn't want to show mercy because he claimed that Antonio had been mocking him for years because he was a Jew. That was going to be his revenge.

The young lawyer then read the contract more carefully and said that if Shylock didn't take exactly a pound of Antonio's flesh and if blood was spilled, all his wealth would go to the state of Venice. Shylock then said that he wouldn't take a pound of flesh from him. Antonio then insisted that Shylock give all his wealth to his daughter Jessica when he died. Shylock agreed and let Antonio go.

Shylock at first did not want to show mercy because he felt that Antonio needed to "pay" for how he had treated him. After he heard of the

possibility that he might lose his fortune that he had worked so hard for, he changed his mind.

By Agapi Tsakalou

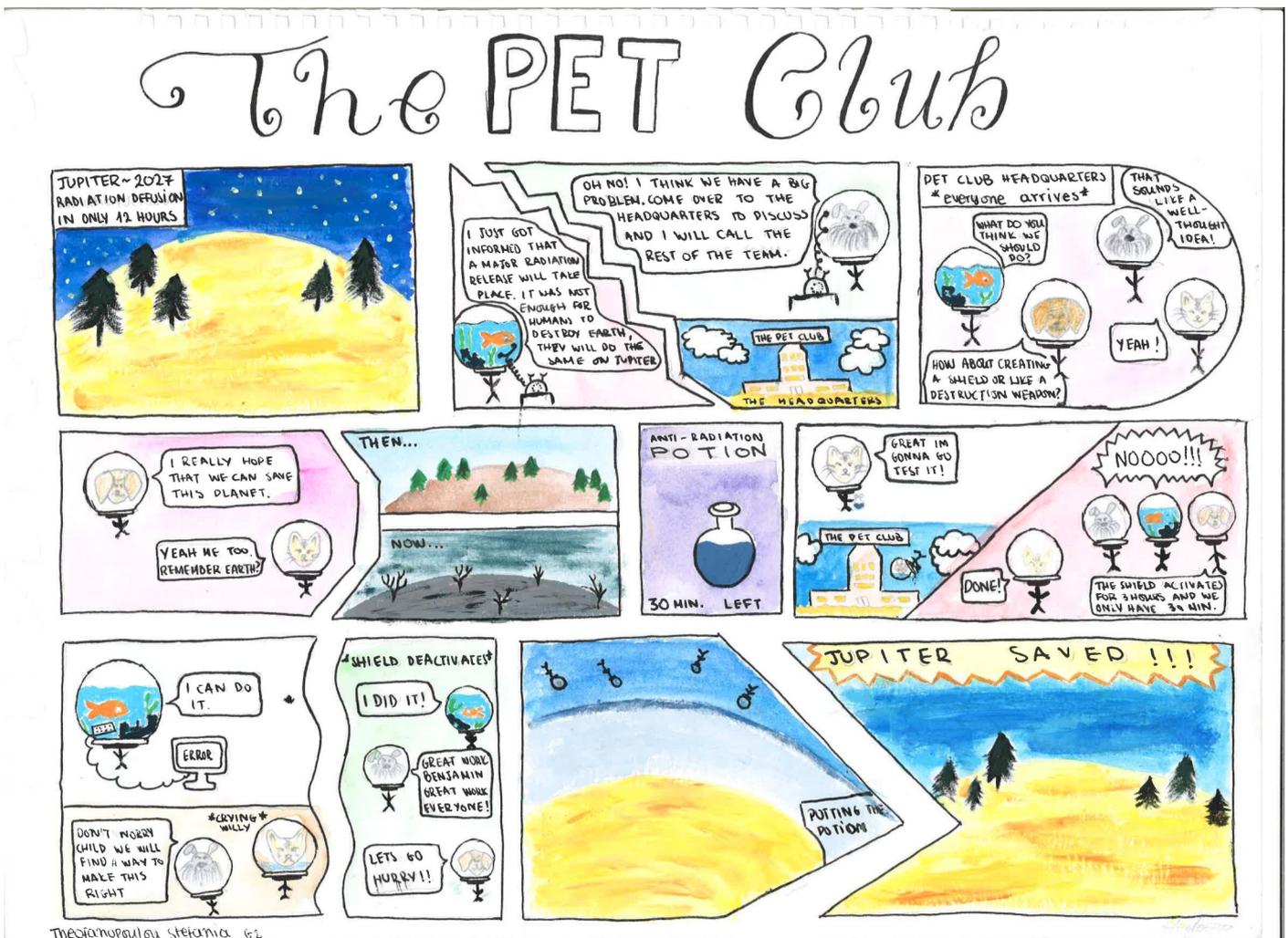


By Veronis Ioannis

Interdisciplinary Unit

Illustrating the Problem:

Human Impact on the Environment



By Theofanopoulou Stefania

It's been a long, long time since the Earth was completely destroyed and the last surviving humans fled to a lunar colony. Belinda Barnabee, a teenage witch, decides to go visit it and see what's left...

It's not much. This is terrible! It's just as bad as I've heard. There's nothing left! And the air is filthy! Oh, what did we do!

Goodness me! A giant cockroach! Who are you? Finally, a human!

Well, I have no name. What is your name? I am Belinda Barnabee. I am from the Lunar Colony.

Yes. It actually all started back when my grandfather lead the Armageddon survivors safely to a newly-built colony, back when the earth died. Let me tell you. A lunar colony? So that is where humans live now?

"The sky fell and the ground shook. Fire turned everything into ashes, cities are collapsing, millions are dying. An atmosphere of radiation covers the air. Nature had surrendered."



"My grandfather quickly ensured that the remaining citizens & his baby son Marvin, my father, had safely boarded the last escape pod. Then, before he left, he implored my great-grandfather to join."

Come hurry, before we all perish!

Leave son. Save our species. The rest of us shall stay behind. We shall face the consequences of our error actions. There were many warnings in the past, so many, son, but we did not listen. This is the end of this era. We humans you see, are the worst creatures of all. We did not appreciate what was given to us and we ruined our planet. This colony is our last chance. Do. Better.

"My granfather was forced to flee his home weeping. But, he gathered himself to lead his people on the new planet"

My friends. What we must do is not easy. But there is a difference between what is easy and what is right. And what is right, is to go to this new planet, and do better. We shall honor the ones gone. We shall build a future.



"And now many years later, my father rules in his stead, until Earth is ready again..."

THE GALACTIC adventures of Belinda Barnabee THE FALL OF THE "GREAT PLANET"



By Julia Kandalepa

ANGIE

Earth's Savior

There's a place about which everyone has wondered, but no one has seen. You know what that place is: HEAVEN!



Everything there is in order, spirits and angels cooperate and each has a role... Except-

What have I told you about visiting the living world? It's forbidden!

I was... I was just trying to help humans! They have many problems! Ice melts, and more!

Well, except for Angie, the not-so-angel. Messy, clumsy and kind-hearted, Angie wants to help humans at all costs!



I will become a guardian!

The next day, she visited God's palace, to ask his permission to help humans, protecting the environment.



I salute you! I know that you forbade angel interference in humans' life due to their ungratefulness...

...but I promise you that if you let me talk to them, I will convince them to protect the Earth.

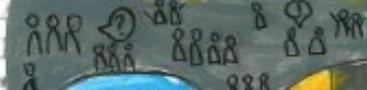
LATER...



Listen HUMAN! This is a serious warning! You are God's best creation, don't let him down! Nature SHOULD NOT be damaged!

To damage the Earth is to damage your children. You inherited a beautiful planet from your ancestors and it's your duty to sustain it. Besides, what's the use of a tree if you don't have a decent planet to put it on?

You can sit down and do nothing... You can watch your home be destroyed! Or you can be active, become activists and start making lifestyle choices to protect the environment. And others!



2 MONTHS LATER



Look!



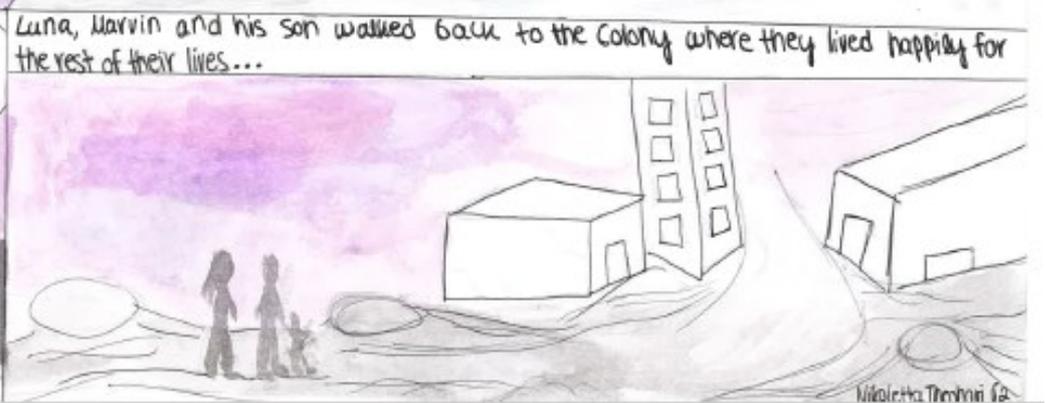
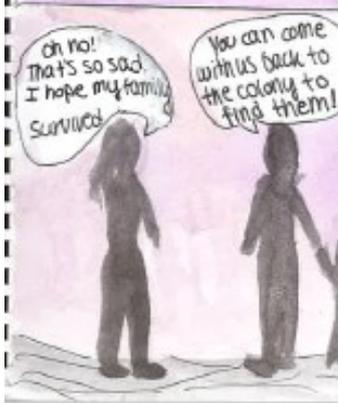
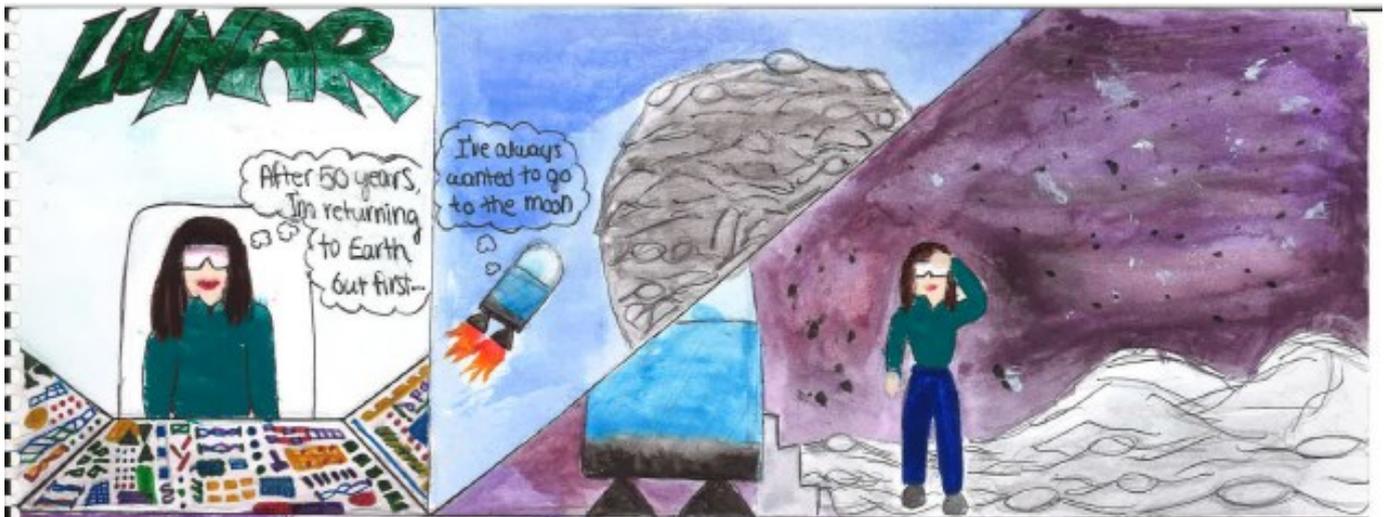
Later on, in God's palace...



And I present to you, ANGIE, EARTH'S SAVIOR!

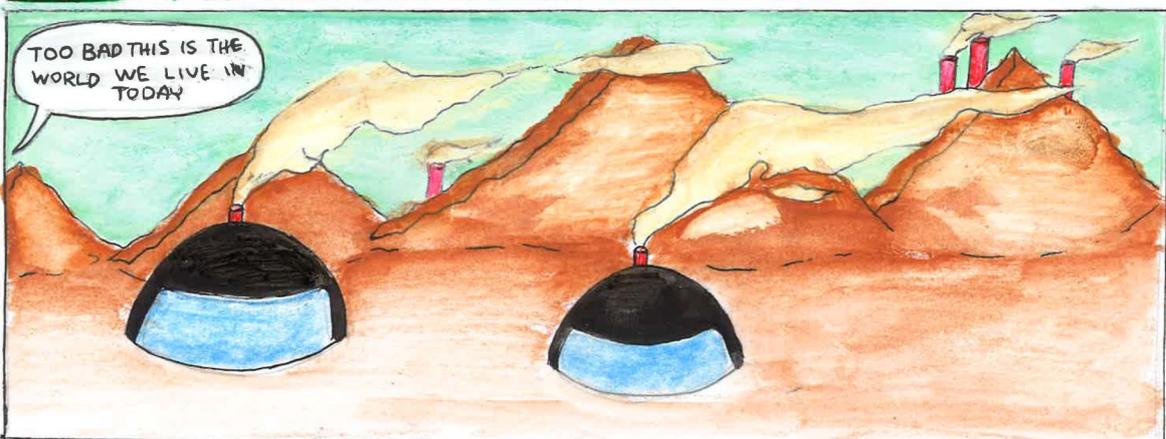


THE END!!!



ENVIRONMENTAL MYTHOLOGY 101

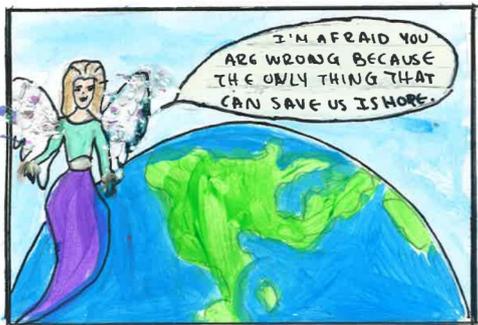
created by: Lydia Spyropoulou
2020



HOW CAN I FORGET?

MARVIN, A TEENAGE BOY IN SPAIN, WANTS TO MAKE A CHANGE. HE IS SO LOST IN HIS DEEP THOUGHTS, AND SUDDENLY HERMIONE APPEARS.

PREVIOUSLY ON EARTH...



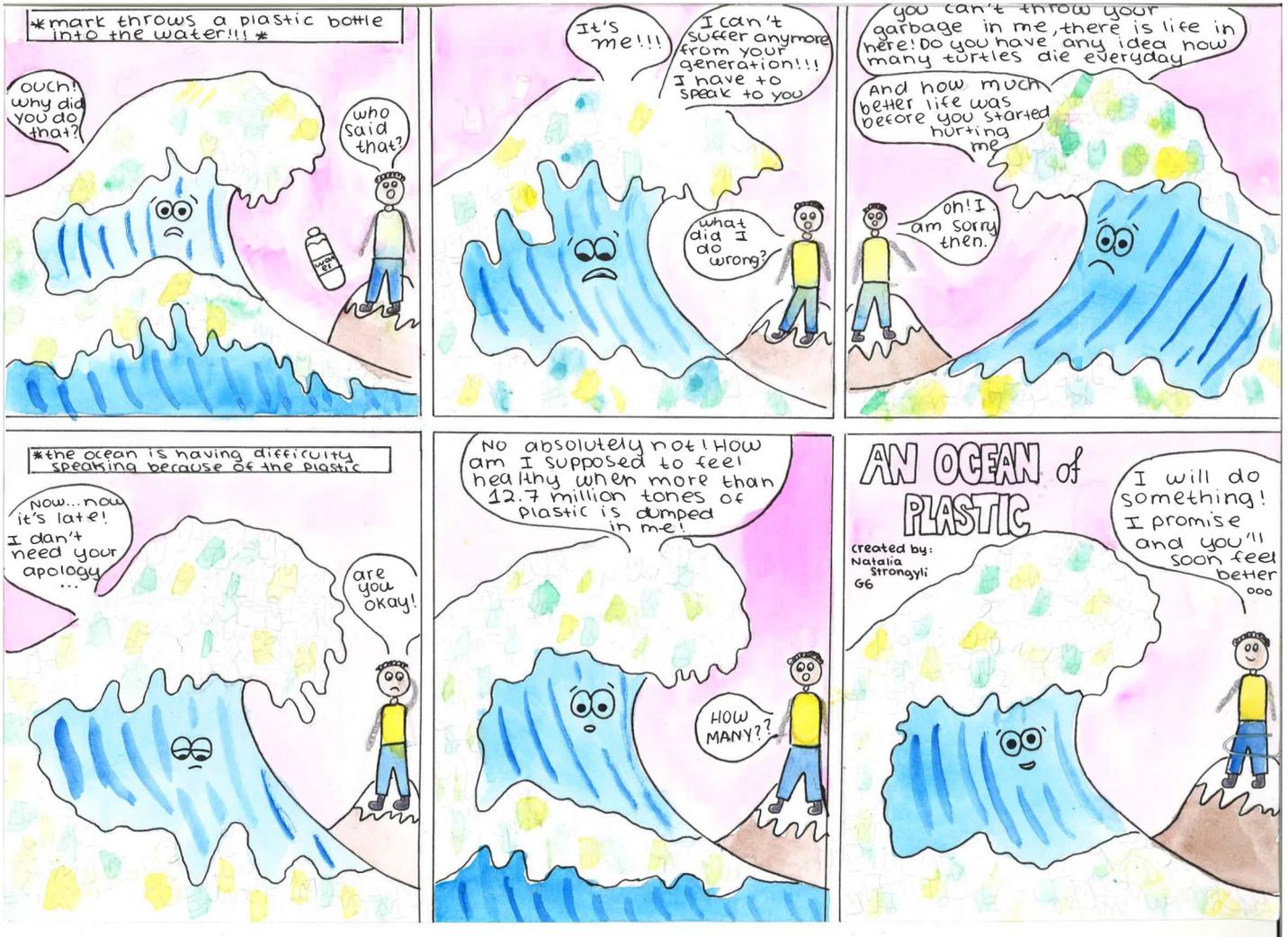
* Mermaid's home *

How did we get here so quickly? It feels like yesterday when I was swimming peacefully with the dolphins feeling healthy and completely free.



To be continued
...

ΕΥΡΩΠΗΙ ΑΝΑΓΝΩΣΤΟΥ Ε



By Natalia Stroglyi

Save the environment NOW!!



What's this!!!



I have no idea lets go and check



That's what you thought Pollution gives rise to ecological imbalances and brings about natural disasters.



Plants and animals are likely to be extinct because of increasing temperatures. Besides the ice is melting and the water level of the sea is rising because of the pollution.



I dont understand everthing was normal one week ago

We need to find a way in order to stop this terrible situation

Its time to act if nobody does, we will !!!



By Kougia M.

