



The Punchline



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Front Cover by Eugenia Antonopoulou

Back Cover by Jason Voutsas

Many thanks to all the students whose texts and artworks appear in this publication. Congratulations to you all!



By Leonora Varla-Levi



By Danae Kontovazainiti

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Poetry Friendship

What is a friend?

A friend is somebody that sticks by
your side,
A person with whom you never want
to hide.
When you are together you can be
yourself,
You can tell them secrets, they'll keep
to themselves.
You both end up laughing whenever
you talk
And when you feel down, you just go
on a walk.
A friend helps you cope with the bad
days at school,
They'll never try to make you look
like a fool.
A friend makes you happy and helps
you have fun,
And during hard times they can be
like your sun.

A friendship is something that never
will perish,
Because a good friend is a treasure to
cherish.



https://miro.medium.com/max/550/1*vYUBqml6Q8rR_vO4BgUXOQ.jpeg

By Elena Dimtsa

FRIENDSHIP POEM

I will talk about my problems with my
friends

And share my every worry

Then help them when they ask me to

Without seeking any glory

I will be stronger with my friends

We'll always make a great team

Because spending time with friends

Is sweeter than a dream

They don't just know my every story

They have lived most of them with me

We understand each other perfectly

When I'm unhappy

They can see

True friends are always there for each
other

Even when distance keeps them apart

They are one of the most precious
treasures

One can hold in their heart

By Marina Katsamba



Friends enjoying a sunset

<https://aesthetically-astrology.tumblr.com/post/147608206445/scorpio-f-and-a-leo-f-friendship-aesthetic>

A Friend

A friend is someone who will be there,
When the times are hard and you're in despair.

Having a true friend is kind of rare,
But I promise you they will always care.

Through the ups and downs, you're going to laugh and cry,
But at the end of the day, you're going to be alright,
Because you've got a friend by your side,
Who will stand for you even if you're not right.

So, take your time and make a friend,
You're going to be benefited at the end.
And you don't have to play pretend
With a friend you're just yourself.

By Yolanda Tryfonopoulou

Friendship Poem

By Ioanna Kontaxi

Friendship is the hardest thing to clarify

it cannot be learned in school

but if you don't know the meaning of it

you really haven't learned anything

A true friend is the sunshine of life

A true friend is someone that will never leave your side

True friends are never apart

maybe in distance

but never in heart

Friendship is the purest love



Cultivating Friendship When Life is Crazy | by Tracy Gerhardt-Cooper | Change Your Mind Change Your Life | Medium

My friend

My friend is kind
Kinder than Harry Potter
My friend is interesting
more interesting than Bill Gates
My friend is clever
Cleverer than Mark Zuckerberg
My friend is strong
Stronger than Superman
My friend is humorous
More humorous than Mr. Bean
My friend is generous
More generous than Antetokoumpo
My friend is loyal
More loyal than Frodo Baggins
I'm grateful for my friend

By Anthony Gaitanis



<https://medium.com/thrive-global/the-power-of-friendship-41fec1c7fc46>

Friends

My friend is special
and means a lot to me
he cares for me and
I care for him.

When we are together
we laugh and play a lot
and when we are apart
we find a way to talk.

We both know we can be
ourselves and free
to say what we think
and we can disagree.

But we respect each other
and know we'll always be
two people who are different
but always there, indeed!

By John Veronis

True Friendship

True friendship may seem so hard to find
once you conquer it, you gain peace of mind,
you share emotions good and bad
get rid of the stress you may have had

A constant source of positivity and light
gives you the strength to stand up and fight,
a sense of joy, happiness and harmony
from now on unknown remains the word agony

A friend helps you keep your self- esteem
no matter how difficult life may seem,
even when you feel you want to scream
a friend will encourage you only to dream

Friendship should be protected like treasure
friends never fill you with pressure,
they embrace each other with love and affection
and lead one another to the right direction

By Danae Kontovazainiti



[www://dailylife.com/article/how-to-manifest-healthy-friendships-let-go-of-negative-people](http://www.dailylife.com/article/how-to-manifest-healthy-friendships-let-go-of-negative-people)



By Maria Dalakoura

YOU ARE MY FRIEND

You are my friend
when you make me laugh
at my saddest moments

You are my friend
when you know my secrets
and I *know yours*

You are my friend
when you support me
no matter what

You are my friend
when you're always by my side

You are my friend
when I lose my path
and you remind me who I truly am

You are my friend
when you understand me
like no one ever did

You are my friend
when even miles apart
you remain one of my dearest mates

But most of all
you are my friend
when you love me in ways
I never knew were possible

Sonnets

Below the Moonlight

Beneath the moon of the black dreaded night
Anxiety, fear, masked in darkness
A glimpse of hope, a fragment of bright light
It sits still, seeming completely harmless

Coming home, from my job, a commander
A black figure emerges from the dark
A being of hatred, fear, and anger
I shout, I scream, I run to a near park

The police arrive, not a single trace
The thing disappears, into the shadows
Like an elegant princess, full of grace
Fearing the daylight, like an old, dried rose

Although it is not real, it made me weep
For emotions cannot be sealed deep

By Harry Valsamis

What and for whom

When you're asked who you are what do you say?

Many people say they want to be great

Others might answer on a later day

For all they know, who they are is just fate.

The palm trees and roses, the green grass, and pines,

They do not stop growing until they are trimmed,

But at night when the sun no longer shines,

It can still not get hurt or be dimmed.

To be a star and never fade,

Is different from going unnoticed,

For the first can't provide any shade,

While the second one shines the lowest.

The rose or the sun, you may choose to be,

But do not forget that only you, yourself can see.

By Alkmini Panagopoulou

Summer

It is approaching slowly every day
Summertime and the endless summer days.

Going to see the vast ocean waves sway
And a pleasant break from all the essays.

Sandy beaches are stretching before me
Leaving my worries and troubles behind.

Island breezes trying to seduce me
Setting my anger and weariness aside.

Joyful moments and beautiful smiles,
Dreams and reality finally meet.
Playful moments and breathtaking isles
Wishes are granted, this is so sweet

Let us now all embrace what is coming
The summer will show what we're becoming.

By Emmanuel Zacharakis

Family Love

Like a circle that
Never ever ends,
Like the diamond that
Never ever bends,

Like the gold sun
That shines light and bright,
The kid that has fun
All day and all night

Like the old toolbox
Kept in the garage,
That fixed the mailbox,
Worked as a collage.

As long as man lives, as long as man dies,
Family love is the ultimate prize.

By Artemis Papastavrou

Model United Nations Club

2020-2021



The Platon Schools MUN Conference

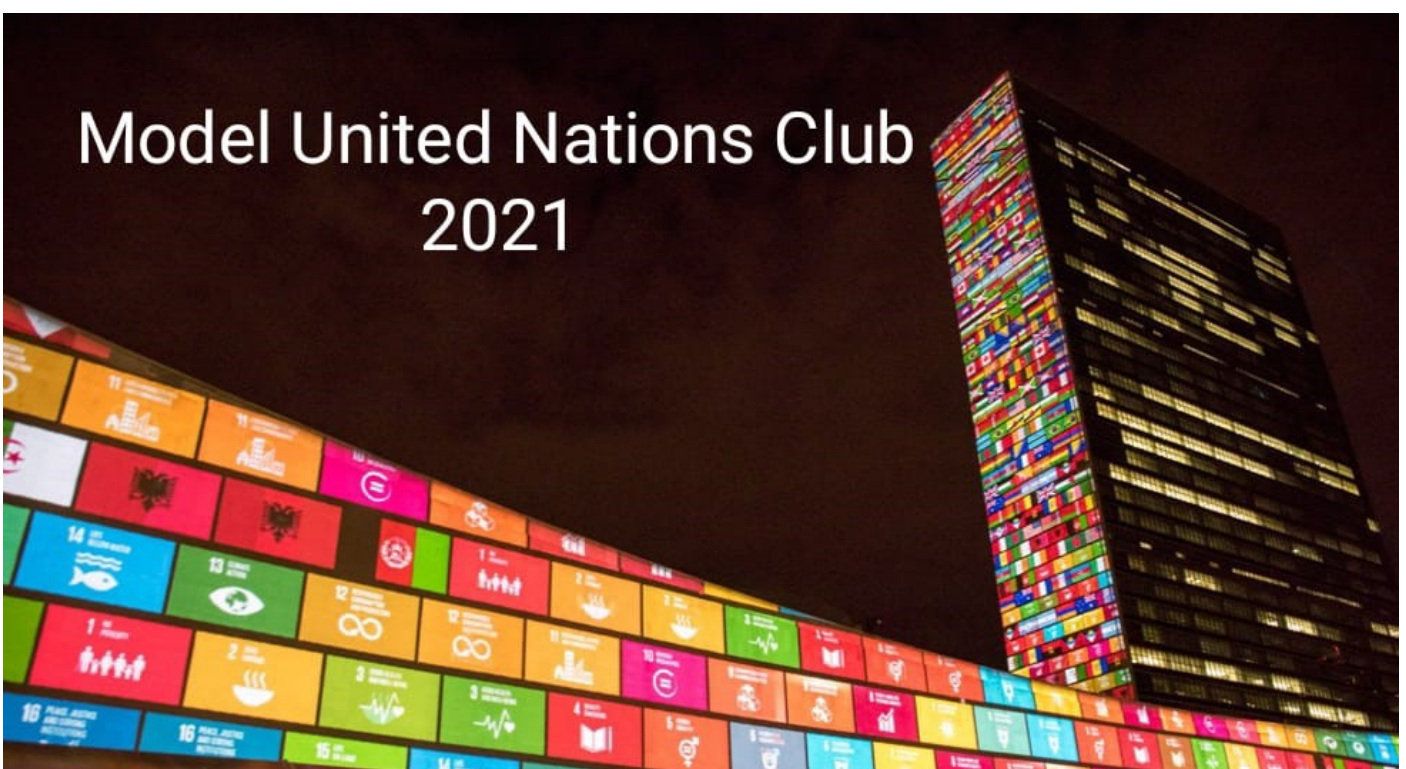
The Platon Schools Model United Nations Conference was certainly a most fascinating experience. The conference lasted for three entire days, filled with participatory lobbying, fruitful debates, and numerous discus-

sions. Every delegate acted as a diplomat in the United Nations, representing a country in a General Assembly Committee or in a Specialized Agency. Personally, I was the delegate of Egypt in the Legal Committee. During the conference, we focused on three main topics of interest: "Preventing environmental

damage through criminal justice”, “Post-conflict reconstruction of the legal system”, and “Measures towards expanding access to justice”. Then, we prepared a common resolution, filled with clauses related to past action towards the issues, as well as feasible solutions that should be promptly enacted. Various alliances between countries were formed in each committee and after preparing, debating and voting on the common resolutions formed, we all moved to the General Assembly, to follow the same procedure with the rest of the committees. Being my first ever exposure to an MUN conference, I can certainly confirm that the PSMUN has in-

spired me to attend many more conferences in the future.

By Manos Alevras



Opinion Page

How free are we to make choices for our own lives?

From my point of view humans are naturally against freedom and free will and will always seek to control or be controlled. As people's actions are mostly driven by their unconscious mind, it is our nature to compete against ourselves but also the people around us. In the context of our society with its laws and all sorts of limitations, someone is on top of all those things and has the power to manage laws and alter society. That person one day was the same person as the average person being restricted by laws, until he put in ten times the effort of another individual to surpass them and become stronger and more powerful. In a nutshell, control is always going to be there, whether we want it or not, but if we want some sort of freedom, we have to stop complaining and start working for it, as the aforementioned person did.

By George Stavroulas

Modern Society is like an illusion. For some people free will doesn't exist at all, while others take full advantage of it. Even though people believe we have our own will, sometimes this is not the case. To begin with, regarding those who enjoy free will, most of the time when they have to choose between two options, one of the two may result in terrible consequences. This leaves them with a single choice which isn't necessarily what they desire but it is the correct, moral and socially acceptable one. With regards to religion, gender, our parents' expectations and the law, there are many standards that our community has set. These standards we have to follow in order to be considered successful, because that's the only thing people want but they might lose the essence. I believe it is crystal clear that humans always follow the latest trends, try to keep up with the expected standards and simultaneously exercise free will.

However, a small number of people use their free will the wrong way, going against all rules and restrictions that help us keep a balance and peace around the globe. Unfortunately, those people have a negative impact on society as they take advantage of their free will in order to harm instead of appreciating the fact that they are free to choose. For instance, someone chooses evil over good when he freely buys a gun and shoots someone. On the other hand, some religions, and cultures force people into doing things that they may dislike, regardless of their choices or preferences. They are not allowed to exercise their free will and they are not even informed of its existence. For example, some extremist military forces dedicated to different gods are led to believe they have freedom of choice but in reality it is the exact opposite. In a nutshell, free will is like a "coin" with two sides.

By Konstantinos Chatzinikolaou

Today, in a world where free-will and freedom of speech are human rights, you would expect that we are actually free, right? Well, unfortunately, that's not exactly the case. While we do have some sort of freedom, there are many restrictions. Society and parents which are also members of society expect us to live a life that is predetermined. We might get to make the choice of what profession we're going to follow, where we are going to live and if we are going to start a family but, the truth is, we are still going to end up working all day to make a living. Many people even feel obliged to have kids because some members of society think that it's the only right thing to do. These are just some examples but it actually goes much deeper than that, if we include factors like religion and our parents. There are some good restrictions that help the world have peace, however, are we really free? No, not completely. The freedom we have is minimal and just enough to make us believe we are making choices for ourselves, however we were never really free and never will be.

By Agapi Tsakalou

In this modern era, even though we are taught to believe life is completely in the mercy of our actions, this notion is simply mistaken. Even though we may have partial control of our decisions, we don't possess free will in its raw form, since we are limited by societal standards, laws, loved ones, education, and much more. Just like in a sonnet, we are given the form, but have the choice to do what we want. When one chooses to take on life in the way he pleases, he is often judged, either by society, or by his close friends and family. We have created standards, social constructs, ways that life should be lived in order to "succeed", exactly like when writing a sonnet. But success is subjective, and no one has the right to interfere with the way one chooses to spend his time on this planet. Even from a young age, we are being put into "molds", that wish to make us all the same, to make us easy to control, just like IT does in the book. However, people who truly succeed are the ones who manage to break those molds and lead a happy life the way they and only they please. A man once said: "Just because we can't see the cage, doesn't mean we aren't prisoners".

By John Tzenos

Is constant texting good or bad for our relationships?

Social media and its influence on our everyday lives has become crucial nowadays. Of course, everyone wants to be able to communicate with someone in mere seconds. It is unacceptable however to do that at the dinner table because this can ruin relationships due to the effect it has on other people. Moreover, texting becomes a bad habit and can very quickly lead to addiction, to the point where people want others to text them so they can keep communicating with them. This has all caused people's lifestyle to change to a great extent. It is arguable that we are becoming less human, while also being foolhardy by not taking severe dangers into account, such as having personal infor-

mation on us published and pinpointed on the internet forever. To sum up, social media services are changing our lives in an unsafe and irreversible way, someone can ask himself/herself "what will become of us?"

By George Stavroulas

The behaviors and relationships of people have been negatively affected, ever since social media applications were created. More specifically, constant texting is common these days and is bad for relationships since you do not focus on the other person but on what texts say. In addition, I believe that it is rude to text when other people are around because you don't pay attention to them.

Instead, you are ignoring them whilst trying to answer an insignificant text message which is not kind. The only exception is when the text is urgent. Moreover, the reason that people tend to text all the time is because they like to stay undercover and texting has greater accessibility than talking on the phone. Also, I believe that people can easily get addicted when being connected a lot due to the fact that they like the attention they get on social media and their brains are hungry for new information. Some potential dangers associated with texting are talking to strangers and giving out important personal information. All the above show that we are becoming less human and that our lives are changing rapidly, everyday social media exist.

By Themis Stamoulis

Constant texting distances people and can even ruin relationships. When continuously texting, interactions with people from your environment aren't being

made resulting in not getting to know your friends. Even if you think that you know everything about someone, people constantly change and there will always be a new thing to discover or talk about. Moreover, texting while being with friends or relatives can be extremely rude especially if it is constant. It shows that you are more interested in talking to the person behind the screen even if it is not true. However, if the situation is urgent you can ask to be excused and text. The reason behind continuous texting is the curiosity of seeing the responses to your messages. While in real life someone's facial expression indicates their emotions, when being online you don't have any clues to figure out a person's response. Being connected can't lead to addiction. However, being hyper-connected is very probable to lead to addiction. Hyper-connected users are becoming less human day by day which is very dangerous for their mental and physical health. They might stop socializing and even stop doing every day activities like sports or even frequently drinking water. In addition, during texting you don't pay attention to the actions in your environment and this can lead to personal accidents. In conclusion constant texting is very dangerous for a person's life and well-being.

By Stella Hiskaki

One great dilemma of modern age is whether texting is negative or positive for us, humans. From our relationships to our everyday habits, texting can truly affect most aspects of our lives. Sitting at the dinner table and having a genuinely nice conversation as a family without any urgent phone calls or texts from friends, has now become the kind of fantasy we see in movies. It's now hard to feel like the person you're finally talking to face-to-face is paying attention to your thoughts and ideas, when they open their phone to check a text they just received from another friend. That kind of behavior makes people next to you feel neglected and not important since you obviously care more about that other person behind the screen. We think we're getting social interaction in real life, when the only thing we're doing is destroying our relationships. That notification sound from Instagram has now become the only thing that gives us serotonin and dopamine in this world and sadly, we don't even realize it. We distance ourselves from people sitting next to us while falling into the deep, dark hole of addiction. We are becoming emotionless robots that not only don't have empathy, but also don't have the free will to understand that we're in almost just as bad of a condition, as a drug addict, sacrificing relationships with people

important to us so that we can text that someone we're going to lose in a few years. It now sounds very dark and dramatic, doesn't it? That is the sad reality. All these things just happen in a more subtle way, so we don't realize what we're getting ourselves into: losing ourselves and people we care about for that one notification. We have forgotten how to talk without typing our answer up and hitting "send". Texting can almost only do us harm but the only way we can stop it, is using this as a wake-up call to change our habits and mindset.

By Agapi Tsakalou

Texting has undoubtedly become an asset of our every-day life, which helps us communicate with people all around the globe in a matter of seconds. One could argue that the ability to stay in touch at all times is beneficial for every type of relationship, I believe that it is the exact opposite. To be specific, constant texting can be the cause of ruining a "real world" relationship. Engaging in a different conversation while being around friends or family can not only be considered

rude, but also could be interpreted as a way of showing that they aren' t as interesting. Moreover, it could also lead to severe addiction and losing some main personality traits, such as the ability to form an emotional bond or communicate properly, making us less human. Lastly, texting can also be dangerous, since there are people out there who tend to pretend to be someone they are not, in order to fulfill their, most of the time inhumane, goals. In conclusion, texting, even though it is projected as something completely innocent, can lead to many unfortunate situations that require massive amounts of effort to get out of.

By John Tzenos

By Lydia Chrisou



I'm grateful for...

Observing the world, especially through this pandemic, makes me wonder what I would do if I were in the place of all the people who are not healthy, don't have a family to count on, or are unable to perform other actions that make me, the happiest girl in the world. First and foremost, I am grateful for being healthy. This is really important to me given that health is the foundation of our lives. If it falls apart, almost nothing else matters. Therefore, I am very grateful for being physically and mentally healthy and strong. Speaking of mental health, I have to acknowledge the support and confidence I receive from my biological family and my other family, in other words my friends. They help me stay emotionally strong and happy during a time in which we have to isolate ourselves from all people. That being said, I am thankful for the people without whom my life would be different; my wonderful sister, my two brilliant parents, and my friends. But the people I love are not the only factor that contributes to my well being. Art, in all sorts of forms has always been there for me. Sketching helps me reflect things I see on a daily basis and make sense of them. Painting according to what I feel helps me add color to life. Playing the

violin and listening to music calms my soul and helps me cope with everything that is happening in the world; racism, violence, global warming. Furthermore, writing stories and other texts is my favorite kind of art since it is



so creative and expressive that its absence would be very devastating for me. In fact, according to my favorite fictional character, "words are our most inexhaustible form of magic;

capable of both reflecting injury and remedying it". Last but definitely not least, I am grateful for books and of course their authors. More specifically, people such as Susan Collins, J.K. Rowling and Rick Riordan offer me a world to get lost in and escape reality when normal life gets too... normal. To conclude, we should be grateful for the struggles we go through every day. They make us stronger, wiser and humble. We should not let them break us. We should let them make us.

By Eugenia Antonopoulou

Thanksgiving is a holiday that commonly brings people together with the typical customs like the thanksgiving turkey, the pumpkin pies, the stories about how the pilgrims fought through the wilderness and managed to overcome the ferocious winter, carefully crafted to create overwhelming national pride and consumerism. However, even outside the land of the freedom-loving patriots, everybody out there takes a minute to think what THEY are thankful for. So, I am going to use this opportunity to mention all the things I am thankful for.

Firstly, I am thankful I live in a land of

peace, that has no war. All around the world the greed of man has stimulated conflict and wars between all types of contesting nations, defecting, killing and wounding millions. So, I am obliged to thank the Lord I am safe in my bed writing this article. Moreover, I am also thankful I live in a developed and beautiful country. I am thankful that all things are provided generously to me, and everyday I have water, electricity and all other basic needs everyone must be entitled to, but unfortunately, some are short of these privileges and are even sinking in poverty. Also, I can go to school without fear. I should be thankful for my school that provides me with everything I need in order to open my wings and conquer the world when I reach adulthood. Every time I eat a plate full of food, I say a silent "thank you" to the Lord for providing this food on my plate. I am thankful to pursue my interests with the help of my parents, open minded people that understand the value of being supportive and of a well-rounded education. I am thankful for my swimming, that fulfils me as a person and made me who I am, a person with discipline, confidence and determination (to be hon-

est, I am still working on that). Finally, I am thankful for my friends, that always accept me as I am and are there for me when I need them.

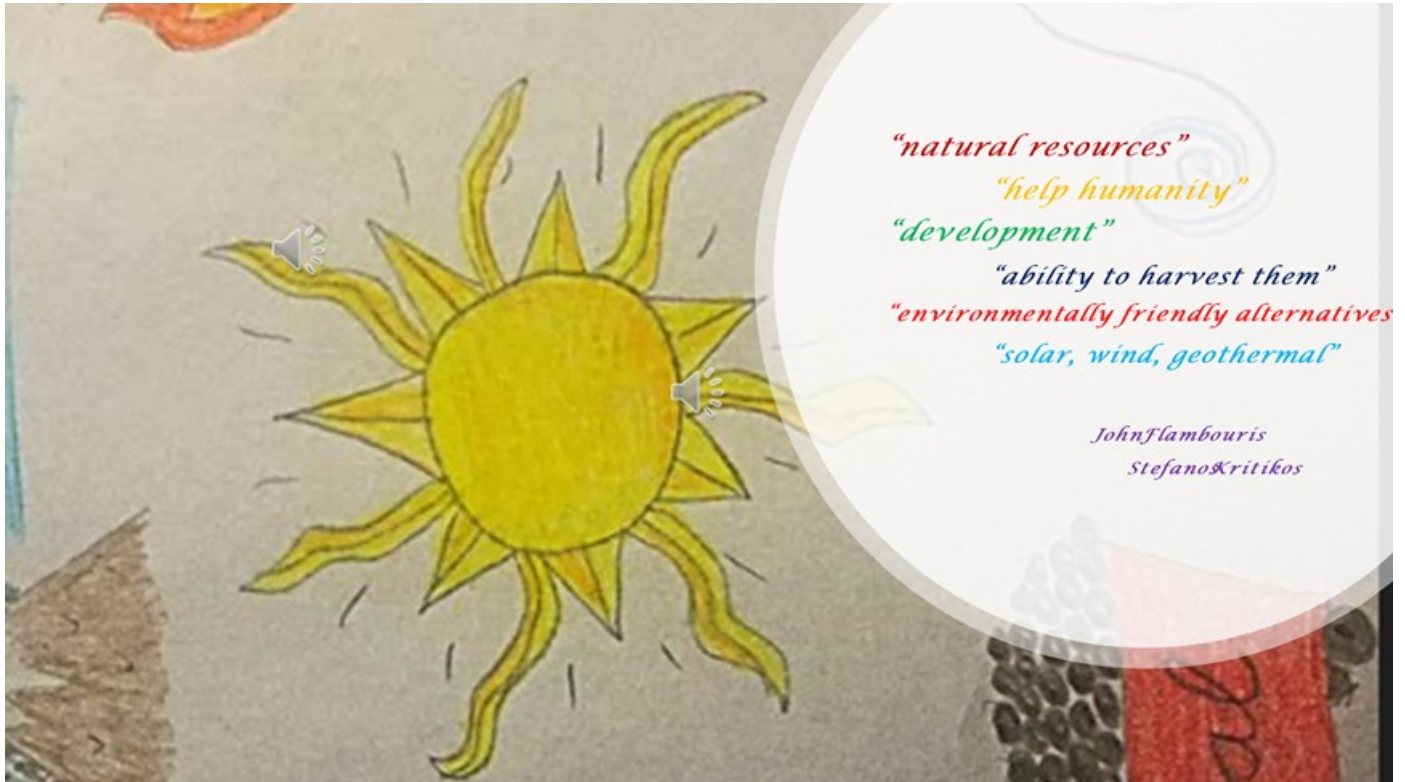
To conclude, the Lord loves everyone equally. From wealthy men to hungry children in a third world country to the forgotten in the underground. It is no wonder that all human suffering, all human misery is man-made. This Thanksgiving, however, let's pause to think about the pandemic. How people are scared and shut in their houses. So, one last thanks that the world, or at least most of it, has its health. So, everybody, regardless of who and what they are, regardless of their socioeconomic background, should contribute to the common, gigantic effort to push the virus out of our everyday lives. Instead of cursing 2020 for how bad it is, let's be grateful once more for what we already have. So, this Thanksgiving, let's all sit together at least virtually and say our thanks and prayers.

By Dimitris Papadakis

I am grateful for many different things in my life and this is clear to me when I listen to other people's stories and the difficulties that other children my age have in their life. Firstly, I am thankful for being healthy because, especially the past year due to the coronavirus pandemic, I understood the importance of health and that I am very lucky that I haven't become sick. In addition, I am grateful to my parents for my very good education. I am grateful for having a home, plenty of food, and a warm bed where I can sleep. Furthermore, I am thankful for the close relationship I have with my parents, my brother, and my friends as well as the good times we have together especially on weekends and on holidays. Lastly, I am grateful for living in a peaceful country which isn't at war and has a democracy that allows our voices to be heard. To conclude I would say that I am a very fortunate person, and I am grateful to be able to have all these important things in my life which make me happy and content.

By Apostolos Anastasopoulos





"natural resources"

"help humanity"

"development"

"ability to harvest them"

"environmentally friendly alternatives"

"solar, wind, geothermal"

Johnflambouris

StefanoKritikos

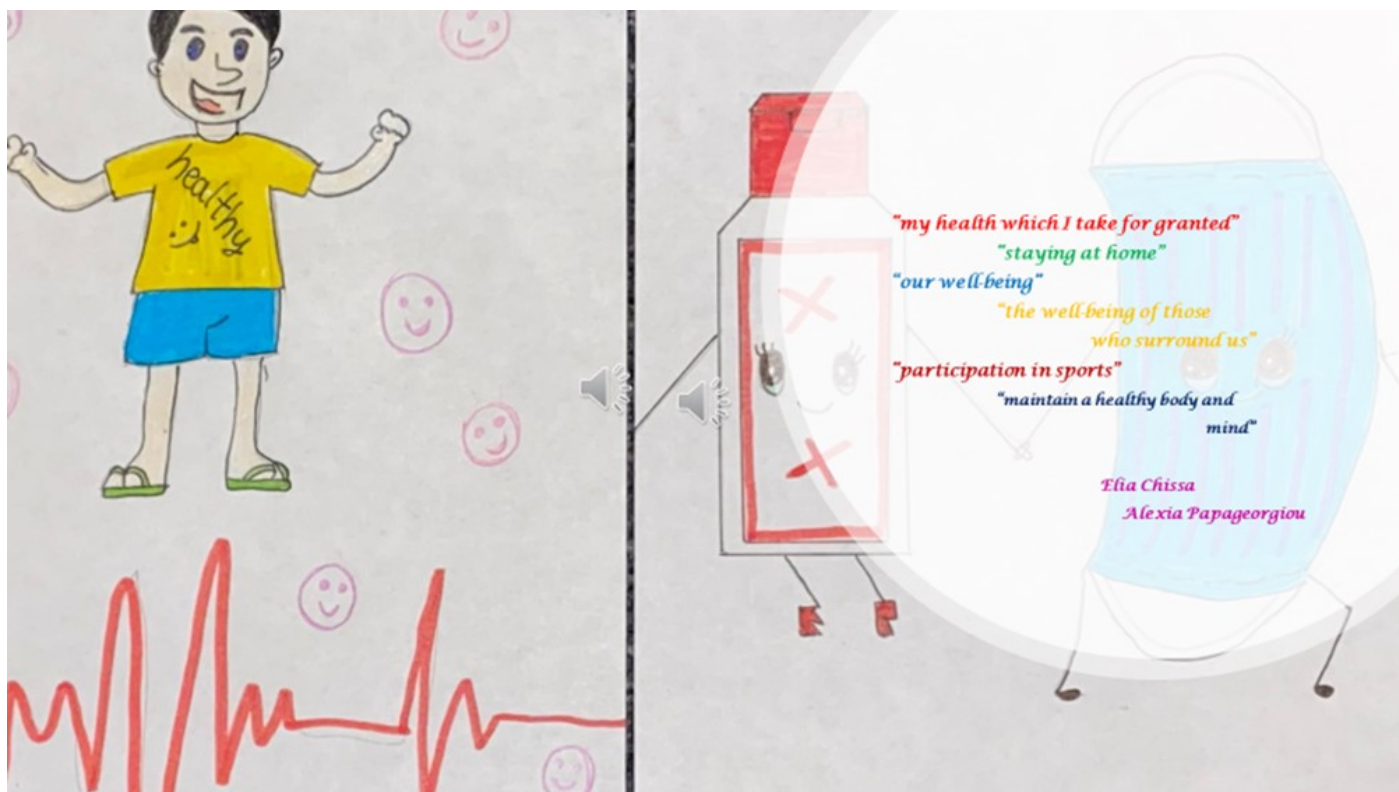


*"waking up to the beautiful
sunrise"*

*"going to sleep to
the sunset"*

Nicola Papachristopoulou





See the world through my eyes

Stories told from animals' perspectives

BALTO

One night in 1925 I was sitting near the fire of my owner's hut. He seemed really worried, considering there was a deadly disease, which caused the death of many citizens. He wanted to help people in need, but the only thing that was able to cure them was some sort of medicine that wasn't available at that moment.

He used to talk to me, even though I couldn't understand half of the things he said. "The medicine can't be delivered by plane" he said disturbingly. I stared at him in confusion, when a sled dragged by five dogs which look exactly like me passed by the hut. He examined it for a while, then his face brightened. He turned to face me while grinning. "That's it!" he said in excitement, "I'm going to borrow other huskies and we will deliver the medicine to

Nome".

The next morning, I woke up to see Gunter Kaasen surrounded by four other dogs. He managed to feed all of us while packing his stuff, I wasn't sure why he did that, maybe he was leaving and brought the rest of the huskies to keep me company, but who knew? After he finished, he headed to the door, but surprisingly awaited us. We followed him to the back of the building, where we saw a sled, just like the one that passed by our house the previous night. There were many bags loaded on it, bags filled with serums. Gunter Kaasen loaded his luggage and hitched us up with a rope. I was the leader. Standing there, in the front, not knowing which direction to follow, while my feet mired in the snow. I suddenly heard my owner yelling "go" as he was holding the rope. I started moving forwards, being followed by the

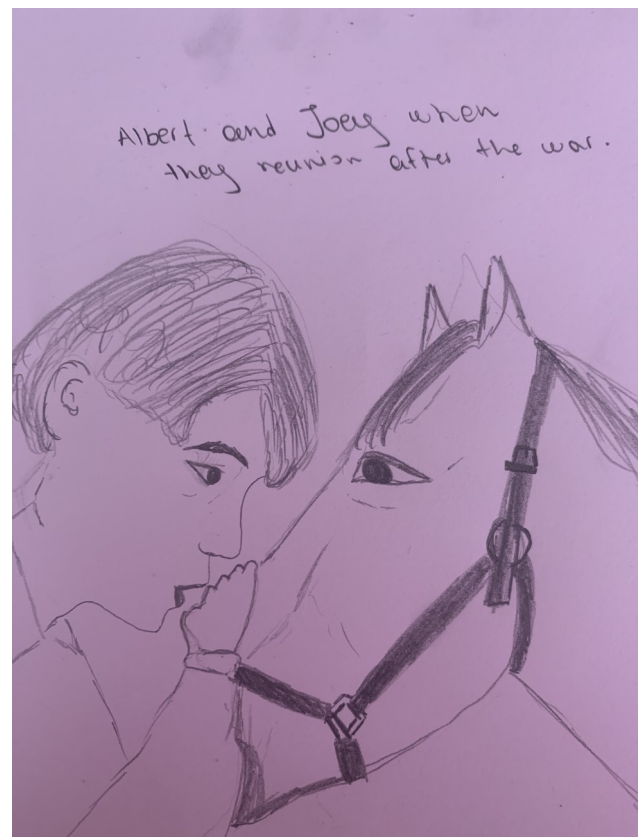
other huskies and slowly increasing my speed.

It had been almost six hours dragging the sled, when it started to get dark. I was exhausted but I knew that if I stopped many people would lose their lives. I had to hurry. "Come on Balto, you got this" he shouted at me, motivating me to go even faster. Without realizing it I was moving at full gallop. Even though running was really tiring, it prevented me from freezing due to the bitterly cold night. I kept running and panting when I caught a glimpse of the sun rising behind the frozen mountains. It wasn't long until the sun had fully risen, and I could clearly see the small town ahead of us.

As we headed to the town, we slowed down. "Here we are" I heard my owner exhale. My team and I walked proudly to the hospital, knowing we had succeeded in our mission. Gunter Kaasen tied us outside of the building and entered it, holding the bags filled with medicine. I wasn't in there, but I could still see the smile on people's faces when they realized they would be cured. Gunter Kaasen walked out of the hospital, approached me and petted me on the head and behind my ear,

just where I liked. "Darn fine dog" he stated with a grin.

By Daphne Delli





[https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smoky_\(dog\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Smoky_(dog))

SMOKY

My name is Smoky and I'm a Yorkie. People say a lot of things about my breed, but I don't really care. They say we are toy-sized and ugly and call us "blankets with feet" because of our long, silky hair that covers everything. But when it comes to our personality, we are the best. And if you don't believe me, listen to my story and then draw your own conclusions.

When WWII broke out, my owner William Wynne was a corporal so I spent my days with him in the South Pacific with the 5th Air Force. I had so many hours of flight that I could have been the pilot in one of those planes! I will never forget the day when William sent me on an important mission. We were in Luzon and the engineers were trying to run a telegraph wire through a 70 feet long pipe that was narrow. The only way they could do it was by having the soldiers dig for three days in a battlefield that was bombarded all the time. Everyone seemed worried and they were walking nervously up and down, but they needed to solve this problem of communication. They were going

in and out of the tents, talking and I didn't know what was going on.

All of a sudden, my boss looked at me. "Why don't we tie the string to Smoky?" Some soldiers started laughing and said that this trick could never work. I got really angry listening to their nasty comments. So, the only thing I was good at was keeping them company? William looked at me in my eyes. "Smoky, you can do it! You'll see!" He tied the string with the wire to my collar and told me "Come on Smoky". I started running without thinking about the bombs or the danger. After 15 feet, the string got caught up a bit but I didn't give up. I only wanted to take the wire to its destination. On my way back, I was running so fast that the dust was raised from the ground. When William and the soldiers saw me, they couldn't believe their eyes! I had made it and saved 250 men from danger and trouble.

By John Veronis

Elsa's story

One of the first things I remember was the feeling of sheer loneliness. Until that day, I had always felt the protection of my mother and father and then suddenly it was snatched away. I gazed around the grasslands hoping to see a friendly face but there was none. It had started to grow dark, and the feeling of hunger began to overwhelm me. It was then that I heard unfamiliar footsteps coming closer. The light disappeared and all I could see was black darkness.

Sometime later, I found myself back in the light, but it wasn't the savannah that I knew so well. This was a new place that I had never seen before. Some delicious, warm, creamy milk had been placed before me to feed my hunger. And from that evening I had a new home.

My new family looked after me and taught me the ways of a lion. They were different from me, but they maintained that I kept the ways of my kind. They insisted that I learned to hunt and become strong so that I could look after myself.

Eventually, the day came when my adoptive parents decided that it was time for me to return to the wild. The scent of the grasslands filled my nostrils, and I felt the urge to run free. For the last time, I turned my head to say thank you and goodbye to the people and then I ran.....

By Marios Christoforidis

Pickles the intelligent dog

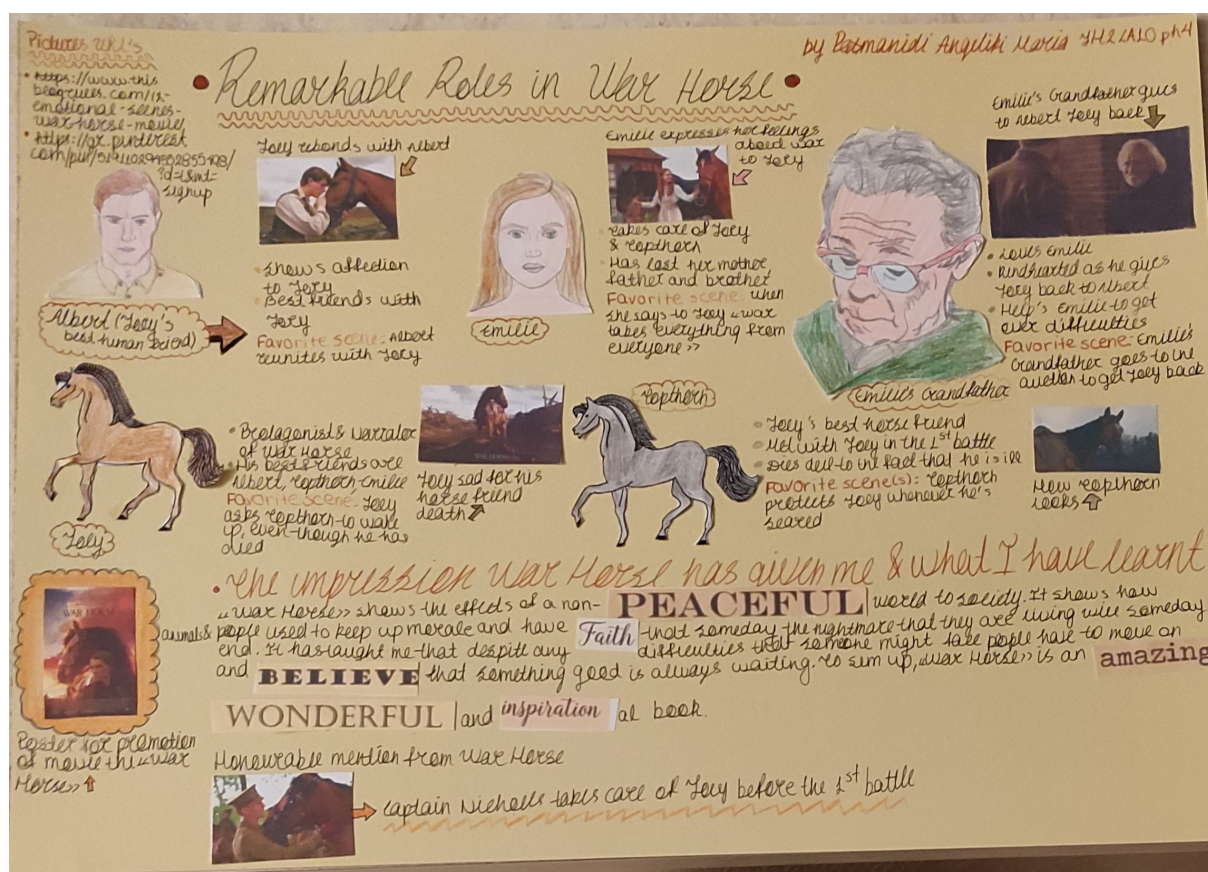
Hello! I am Pickles, a regular pet dog which everyone loves. My owner's name is David Corbett and we have created many precious memories together. We have made nicknames for each other, I call him DC and he calls me Picky sometimes, as I am really picky with my food. Every day we take a big walk around the block but on the weekends, we walk for hours and leave our neighborhood. A week or two ago, my owner saw an article in the newspaper, which said that the Jules Rimet trophy or the FIFA trophy had been stolen from London's Central Hall, which was a supposedly safe place to keep it. Everyone has been talking about that ever since, even the news has bombarded us with useless photos and information about its loss. This trophy is so important for humans that even high-profile companies offered big rewards to whoever found it and famous British detectives, tried to solve the case, but with no result. Well, I could not understand its significance but now I got the message. This Saturday we had our usual long walk with David and I suddenly smelled something strange from far away. It smelled like wet wood and as we were walking the smell became stronger and stronger so I could not resist and started to run. DC tried to

chase me and understand what had happened. On my way, I found a bush, and I realized that this was where the smell came from, so I started digging to find what was hidden underneath. I got exhausted as I was trying to spot the exact place the smell was coming from but I could not find anything. Out of the blue, I found something heavy and big wrapped in newspaper and I realized that this was the lost trophy that the news and our neighbors were talking about throughout the whole week. It had the same size and same shape that the news had described. The last thing left to confirm that this was for sure the lost trophy, was to unwrap it and see if it was similar to the one that the TV had shown. I started unwrapping it and I found out that this was it! It was indeed the FIFA trophy. Then my owner found me and saw me with this big trophy. I was trying to explain to him, but he would not listen. However, five minutes or so later he gasped, as he combined the TV information for the trophy and its appearance. He was so proud of me! I still could not understand why he suddenly changed the way he talked to me. When we talk, he usually makes a funny voice but now it was tender and gentle and expressed the pride that he had for me. David tried to memorize the place that I found it

and rushed to the closest police station. He explained what had happened and all the police officers in there started treating me like a hero. They gave me hundreds of treats that I think that I might have put on some weight since then. The following Monday, I received a silver medal from somewhere that I think is called National Canine Defense League. It is said that I was given this prize, in order to reward my high intelligence, as I am not specially trained as a police dog and such an accomplishment is really uncommon for a regular dog. This is where I was given even more treats and I could not reject their offer, so as a kind puppy that I am I accepted all of them. Well, it would be much better if I had not eaten all of

them since I am now facing self-esteem issues about the weight I have gained. Some months later, my owner, received a call from a film company that asked him to let me appear in a spy film, called "The Spy with a Cold Nose" and he agreed. The filming process was amusing, as everyone described me as cute and smart, and they were hugging me all the time as they said I smelled good and brought good luck to the actors for each take. This is my story, and I believe that it is really peculiar and fun that it would be a good idea to make it a book.

By Angeliki Maria Patmanidi





By Aristomenis Pantelopoulos



By Danae Kontovazainiti

A series of inspiring stories

‘Father?’

‘Hey, my name is Leo and this, is the story of my life, or more specifically how my life is going...

It all started a cold Christmas night, same as all the others. Snowflakes were falling from the sky, trees were covered in snow and yet, I was once again beat up in my home... I was feeling hopeless, powerless even emotionless. It was not the fact that I wasn’t feeling anything, I didn’t want to, I was tired of being hopeless, of wanting to do something but never have the chance, of watching me and my mom, Amelia, experience the constant wrath of my father, Atticus, without being able to avoid it. I was clueless, I had never been surrounded by people other than my family, I had never been to the city, so I had no idea how to

escape or where me and my mother would go even if we escaped. All my thoughts were driving me crazy so I suddenly felt the urge to go out in the breathtaking nature and do one of the things I loved the most, running. I remember getting dressed quickly, putting my running shoes on and sneaking out of the house on my tiptoes.

Unexpectedly, while I was running a stranger stopped me, addressed me by name, and told me,

“Be in the woods, behind your house at midnight.”

Unfortunately, before I could ask any questions, the stranger had already hurried away...

In that moment, I was filled with

confusion, impatience, but fear as well. I didn't know what to do, whether I should go or not, I just wanted to calm down for a little and enjoy the view from my favorite spot, my secret spot. Without even realizing it, it was just seconds before the clock stroke midnight, so I knew that I needed to make a decision and I did. I decided to go since I had nothing to lose.

I was walking along, waiting, searching, but nothing, the mystery man was nowhere to be found. Finally, a black figure appeared and an old man, dressed in rags approached me, introducing himself. He started by saying:

"Hello, my son. Surely, you are wondering why I asked you here tonight. Well, I have some important information for you regarding your family's history."

Surely, I replied by saying:

"And why should I trust you, mister, mister...?"

"Victor, you can call me Victor."

"Well Victor, why should I trust you?"

"You have every right not to, but I have known your family for years, along with what you and your mother have been experiencing, and I believe I know how to help you."

That's when my life flashed before my eyes. It was the first time someone had ever offered me a solution, a way out of this horribleness, it was the first time I was rushing to go home to tell the awesome news to my mom, but that's when he told me...

"Sadly, you cannot talk to anyone about this, not even your mother! If we want to succeed, it must stay between us."

I was devastated but deep down I knew it was the right thing to do. I could not bring her into this mess, not if I wasn't sure it was going to work.

"You go home tonight, Leo, take a good night sleep because to-

morrow is a big day, we are going to the city.” he said.

I had never been happier in my life! I rushed home, tucked myself into bed and started dreaming about what THE CITY looked like and why I was never taken there. These thoughts continued for a while, until I finally fell asleep.

The next morning had finally arrived, I got dressed quickly and silently went to kiss my mom goodbye, trying not to get my father’s attention. It was a beautiful morning, one of the few I had ever calmly experienced. That beautiful morning was what reminded me that every day can be a new beginning, and I was prepared to start a new one of my own.

I rushed to the woods, my heart leaped for joy, but fear as well. Then it occurred to me, I had never been to a CITY, I didn’t know how it looked or how to behave since the truth was that interacting with other people wasn’t something I was used to do. That’s, when fear flooded my

soul. All of this went away for a second when I saw Victor coming from the distance. “Victor, hey” I shouted. He casually greeted me and without saying anything else, we started approaching his car. It was the first time I had ever been in a car, so as you can imagine, I was amazed.

Time passed, and we had almost arrived at the CITY. I looked out of my window and what I saw was fabulous, breathtaking, amazing, beautiful... I couldn’t even describe it, it was wonderful.

The city spread below me, and I suddenly felt a blast of freedom. Lights glittered everywhere just like the stars do when falling from the sky, huge and small buildings collided in a mixture of color and uniqueness, tiny vehicles were rushing along the streets and people were walking on the sidelines. Others were singing Christmas carols, baking and above all making everyone around them filled with joy. I saw snowy parks where children had built snowmen. Children’s laugh-

ter filled the place with life. It was like I had dreamed, but even better. It was one of the best experiences of my life.

When we parked and got out of the car Victor seemed scared...So I continued by saying:

"It's amazing right? Victor, what's wrong" He replied to me:

"Nothing, Leo it's been a minute since I was back here. I forgot to tell you that no one can identify me here, because if they do we are going to be in danger, you understand NO ONE."

"I understand, but may I ask why?"

"You will find out later, but now we have work to do."

We started walking towards the side of the town, searching for an abandoned house, or that's what I thought. After, walking for about an hour we finally arrived, not to a house, but to an abandoned palace.

I was confused but didn't really

ask anything, I just waited to see how that palace was going to help us... While walking around the yard, I saw a tombstone, with a name that seemed really familiar to me, at first, I didn't get why, but then it occurred to me. It had my surname, more specifically my grandfathers. I stopped for a bit and started staring at it, I didn't know what to feel, I didn't remember him but my instant thought was how my life would have been different if he was here. I turned to Victor and asked him.

"Did you know him, did you know my grandfather? Was this his palace? How did you have the keys for it? Who are you?"

"Yes, I knew him, he was a great friend of mine and I know he would be proud to see the protective young man you have become. He gifted me the keys, when he stepped down as king, since this was his legacy and he didn't want it to go to waste." Victor replied.

My eyes were misty, I was sad,

because losing a family member is the worst pain anyone can ever experience, even if you have never met that person. It's like a part of you missing. They could have told you stories that now you might never hear, experiences they have been through, feelings they have felt and above all their love, a hug or even a touch, something nothing and no one can replace.

Victor saw me standing there and approached me, giving me a hug, I immediately ran away from him, since the only time a *man* tried to hug me, was when my father abused me.

"I'm sorry!" I said anxiously.

"Not a problem, my son! You take your time, while I grab something from back here." he replied.

That's when I saw him digging something off the ground, I didn't understand what it was, but didn't really pay attention. I was focused on my grandfather's

grave. Suddenly, I heard Victor jumping for joy, he was holding a dusty box, with something engraved on it, I believe it said "Butterfly", but I can't remember.

"This was one of your grandfathers greatest love, butterflies. It symbolized freedom and beauty for him, it was something special. Do you want to do the honors and open it?" Victor asked with a big smile on his face.

Surely, I didn't resist, so I immediately opened the box. What I saw inside was fabulous. There were countless butterflies, each of them had a different color, shape and design.

"Why are they all different? Why was he collecting them?" I asked.

"For your grandfather butterflies represented the human soul and its immortality. Every color symbolized something unique. Yellow symbolized grace and faith, pink symbolized beauty, green symbolized the power of nature,

blue symbolized the world and its eternity, while white symbolized life and hope. Their flickering flight, their colorful wings and the way that they looked like the flowers of the sky were what reminded him that every life had meaning, even when you think it doesn't" Victor narrated.

I started crying, I was amazed, I never thought my grandfather was such wise man. But I was angry too by the fact that I never got the chance to meet him, to see life through his eyes, but that's what gave me faith. Faith that my life was worth something, that I could be a change, that I always needed to be myself. However, I wondered how that wonderful collection would help us.

"We are going back to your house, and we are going to give it to your father. It is going to remind him, the wise words his father had told him. Even when a tunnel seems to have no end, FAITH is what will guide you through it. And trust me, he is never going to hurt you again."

Victor explained.

I didn't agree with him. Actually, I didn't understand how that simple thing would change him, but it was my only hope. We started walking back to the car, while I admired the city that my grandfather lived in, the city that he loved, his home. Our way back seemed like a journey, a way out of a dream.

It was finally the time, the time that my life would change. I remember me and Victor driving across the yard of my house. I remember my heart skipping some beats, my stomach strengthening, my soul getting ready to experience something new. We entered the house and went straight to my father's office. We walked in while he turned to look at us, his eyes started flooding with tears. He approached me, giving me a kiss on the forehead, it was the first time he had kissed me since I was born. I was shocked. He looked at Victor.

"Father?" he said. "Father?"

And that's when I realized who Victor was. An amazing man, a wise father, a wonderful friend and above all...

...my grandfather!"

Well, this is the story of my life. Today we mark exactly two years after my grandfather saved me, I know you have got a lot of questions, but they will have to wait. I AM FINALLY HAPPY. We go to the city almost every day, me, my mom, my grandpa even my dad. We even renovated the palace. And all of this happened because of HOPE, a few more days and I wouldn't have been here to tell you all this.

So If can get through it, you can too. Remember! You can't get a rainbow without a little bit of rain...

By Christina Politou

Joey's Unexpected Adventure

Chapter One: The suspicion, the meeting and the revelation

In a small neighborhood in California, Joey, a 15-year-old High School student, lived in a small and plain house with his mother. His father was absent some years now and his mother would often leave him alone, so he pretty much took care of himself. Their house lacked any decoration, except for some of the paintings his father collected. The furniture was very little and most of the times a bit dusty. That's because Joey had to take care of the house on his own, which he neither really ever learned how to properly do, nor had enough time for, considering the difficulty he had to understand the school curriculum leading to the extra time he put in his studies. The garden was not in the best condition either, but Joey did his best when mowing and watering the lawn.

Joey had a pet lizard, Ned. Ned was a gift from his father when Joey turned 9. Joey also loved reading crime novels, which is one of the main reasons he was

so clever. He also rode his bicycle every day to school and sometimes in the afternoons. It really helped him clear his thoughts.

It was another warm September Saturday afternoon. Joey was at home with his mother. Surprisingly, she had decided to return from one of her “job-hunting trips”. That’s what she used to tell him when he was little, but now he knew that his mother could not remain in the same workplace for over a month. There would *always* be a problem with her behavior... She had just finished talking on the phone. Apparently, it was more like screaming. Joey never really understood whom his mother was yelling at. It was tiring just to listen to her talking on the phone.

The only thing he knew is that he needed some fresh air, so he went to the front yard. Then, he saw a well-groomed man stopping in front of his house. He was in the back of a Mercedes, wearing a suit and a fancy pair of sunglasses. He looked at Joey and told him: “Joey. Be in the lobby of the Palace Hotel at midnight.” Before Joey could even ask any

questions, the man hurried away. He was so confused. Why would some wealthy man want to meet *him*? And why at midnight? This whole thing seemed dangerous, but as he thought he did not have anything to lose, he decided to meet the man.

He went back inside. His mother rushed to him and asked him if he knew that man. “I don’t know who he is.”, he replied. “Did he speak to you?”, she anxiously asked. He felt that it wasn’t a good idea to tell her about his upcoming meeting, so he lied to her. “She sounded like she knew something about that”, he thought, as he was going up the stairs. She could be heard breathing heavily.

Times like this he really missed his father. Seeing his collection of paintings on their hallway wall kept reminding him of his dad. He had left Joey and his mother very suddenly, a few years ago. Joey could not stop asking himself why his dad had not taken him with him. After all, he was always the “good guy” among the two parents. And it’s not like his mother was more responsible. His father was the careful, caring,

and pleasant one. Sometimes Joey felt guilt, because even though his dad was absent, he was still choosing *him*. Maybe it was because he only had happy memories with his dad and thinking of his mother just brought him the constant feelings of anxiety and disappointment... It was always as if his father took care of him and he took care of his mother.

Joey was too overwhelmed. He had to clear his thoughts. The only way to calm down was to go up to the attic and read his crime novels. His classmates had seen him do so from outside. "Nice way to spend your weekend, you dork!", they kept mocking, but he did not care anymore. The phone rang. "I told you, I will contact you when the plan is confirmed. Stop calling and be patient!", yelled his mother on the phone. Joey was not visible to her anymore, so she did not use any weird terms this time. She usually used some words that sounded like code names that made little sense with the rest of the sentence. "The bagman is ready, "I will inform the button man", that was some of

what Joey could remember.

When he went to the attic, he saw Rob waving to him from outside. He was his only friend. Joey didn't really understand why Rob was friends with him, as he used to be friends with the popular kids who bullied him. The only difference between Rob and those kids is that Rob was never rude to Joey. Maybe realizing that his former friends were that cruel is the reason why he left them. When he saw him, Joey ran downstairs. "I am going to meet Rob mom". No response. She had heard him. She just did not respond. That was his mother and he had accepted it. He was used to it, so he just continued walking to the door.

"Hey Joe, what's wrong?" Rob could always tell when Joey wasn't feeling well. He didn't know how he did that, but it was quite impressive. "My mom's back." responded Joey. "Oh... Is it the same as before?" "Well yeah, and maybe worse. The phone calls have been occurring more often than ever. But I need to talk to you about something else." "Okay... And what's that?" asked Rob curiously. It was 19.30

at that time. As they were walking down the sidewalk, the only thing that could be heard was their footsteps. They had gone to another neighborhood, so that their parents didn't hear them. "You see, some guy in a fancy car stopped by my house today. He didn't come inside, he just talked to me in the yard. He literally told me to meet him in the lobby of the Palace Hotel at *midnight*! "Wait a minute. So you're telling me that a complete stranger told you to meet him at midnight? This is very weird and messed up... And it seems really sketchy and dangerous! I recommend you don't buy it. It's probably a prank." Said Rob. "First of all, we will be in a hotel lobby, there are cameras there! How dangerous could it be? Secondly, what kind of a serious adult who owns a Mercedes would waste his time to prank *me*?" "Well, you *do* have a point... You just need to be careful! I gotta run. I promised my parents to have dinner together. Tell me how it goes!" "I will and do not worry, see you!" "I need to get some sleep before I go to the hotel" thought Joey. He went back to his bedroom

and set an alarm for 23.30. His mother had fallen asleep, so she wouldn't realize him leaving. He was very tired and needed to get some rest.

It was time. Joey heard his alarm clock ring and quickly turned it off. He smoothly, slowly, silently went down the stairs, grabbed his jacket and put on his shoes. As he was walking out the door, he started to feel anxious. Maybe this was too dangerous, as Rob had assumed, but he had already made his decision. One of Joey's aims after his father left was to always be sure about his decisions and change his mind about them as rarely as possible. He was not sure whether this was clever or not, but he had already decided to do it. He took his bicycle and started riding until he reached the hotel. There were very few cars in the parking space, including the Mercedes he had seen. He went into the lobby and waited for a few seconds. The place was gigantic! There was a lot of elegant leather furniture, the floor was shiny, and the walls were full of paintings. There was no one in the reception. No wonder why

the man told him to meet there. Joey decided to sit in one of the chairs. Even though the place was beautiful, he felt a bit scared. Suddenly, the man arrived, wearing the exact same suit as he was earlier that day. He was in the middle between two other men in suits. They were much taller and in great shape. Joey could see their muscles through the suits. They were probably his bodyguards.

"Hello Joey, nice to see you again.", said the man, then immediately continued "You're probably wondering who I am, but that doesn't really matter, does it?" "Well-", Joey tried to participate in the conversation, but realized that this was a rhetorical question, as he got interrupted. "So, I don't think that the two of us have a lot to say to each other, but since you are the one closest to her, you should be the one to transfer this message because she won't take a word from us." It was then that Joey noticed the man's Italian accent, just like his mother's. "Who and what are you talking about?", he asked, as he was confused. "Tell your mother that the deal is off

and that if we don't receive our share, someone's gonna get hurt. And I don't think she wants that, does she?" "Wait, what is this all ab-" The men left before Joey could even finish his question. "Oh, and if you tell anyone else about this, you will be very sorry" said the man in the middle, when he turned his head back while heading to the stairs.

Chapter Two: The butterfly collection

Joey was shocked. He stayed in that seat for two minutes without moving, trying to process what he had just heard. After a while, he decided to go home. He did not think that he was in the best condition to ride his bike, so he walked and held it from the steering wheel instead. When he went back to his house, he wasn't sure about what to do, but, as he was exhausted, he decided to go to bed and confront his mother the next morning. He went up to his bedroom, fed Ned and immediately fell asleep.

The next morning, he woke up to hear the engine of his mother's car. She was leaving again. Joey ran down as fast as he could to

see his mother in her car, ready to leave the house. He went outside and started screaming "Mom, wait!! Wait!!" She got out of the car, ran towards him and kissed him on the forehead. Honestly, he couldn't remember his mother having kissed him before. "I have to go, for long time this time", she told him. "Mom, what in God's name is going on? Yesterday that man in the Mercedes told me to meet him at the lobby of the Palace Hotel at midnight and when I went there, he told me that some deal is off and that if they don't receive their share, someone's gonna get hurt! What is going on and why did he tell me to tell you that? Are we in danger?" She wouldn't respond. "Answer me now!!" She slapped him in the face. He did not move. She started crying and hugged him. "As long as I can remember, I have been involved in some deals of the mafia and-" "THE MAFIA?" asked Joey as he went a step away from her. "Yes." She replied. "I was young and stupid, and I desperately needed money and my parents were already connected, so they pushed me

into the "business". Joey was speechless. "Everything was fine, until a few months ago." "What happened?", asked Joey with a calm, but at the same time angry tone. "I don't want to get into details, but I was involved in a trading deal, that went wrong." "What was traded?" asked Joey. "4000 guns and a butterfly collection.", said his mother. "And I was responsible for the butterfly collection. It was a collection of some rare species, I don't know why they wanted it, but it was hard for me to trace it. That's why I was gone for so long. But after we traded the collection and the guns with the money we were promised, the collection got stolen." "And how is this your fault? As you said, it was stolen after the trade", replied Joey. "I know, but this is what the mafia does. They demand that you pay for things that you are not responsible for. And now, I either pay them 300,000 dollars that I do not have, or I turn myself in and go to prison." Joey hugged his mother. "You cannot run forever.", he told her. "I have to, if I want to protect you. The less contact we have, the less

danger you are in", she said. "You need to turn yourself in" he continued. "At least, that way, you will be protected after this thing is over, since everyone else will go to prison too. You didn't participate in any activity or trade guns, or illegal substances, did you?" Joey asked. "Well, no. But I viewed many of them." She replied. "Then I believe that everything is going to be okay".

She parked the car and hugged him again. "We need to go somewhere before we do this", she told him with a sad tone. They walked to a little graveyard. Joey had been to a few funerals, but he had never seen that place. "I want you to know that I was only trying to protect you.", his mother told him. They walked to the back of the graveyard and saw a little tombstone with his father's name on it. He started crying silently and hugged his mom as tightly as he could. "Why would you not tell me this? And why would he not have a funeral?", yelled Joey. He was right. According to the tombstone, his father had died a few months ago. "We were going through difficult times. We

barely spoke, you and I. You were always in your room and wouldn't open up to me, which I understood. I had to leave again for "business" and everything was a mess", she tried to explain to him. "Your father was an amazing person and he left us to protect you. He had many issues, one of which was his mental difficulties. We went to many different doctors, but no one could find out what was wrong. The only common conclusion they all came to was that he was becoming more and more violent. So, he left for your own good. A few years later, he got into a car accident", she continued. His loss increased our need for money, so, at that time, my involvement in the mafia was more needed than ever. She actually answered every question Joey could possibly have.

Surprisingly, his reaction did not change a lot. He just looked at her for a few seconds, continued crying silently and hugged her even more tightly. They went back home, sat on the living room couch and for the first time in a long time, they actually talked. The next day, they went

to the police station. They knew that the procedure was going to be long, but they both needed closure. Joey's mother talked to the police about everything that she had witnessed and participated in.

Chapter Three: Closure

A month passed, a lot more slowly than expected. The final court decisions had been made. All mafia members arrested would spend more than a decade in prison. Joey's mother, however, thanks to the help that she offered to the police and the fact that in all those years working for the mafia, she mostly participated in minor felonies, would only spend one month in prison. She was a tough nut, so that would not be something really challenging for her.

For that month, Joey was going to stay at Rob's house. His parents thankfully belonged to the very few understanding people in their neighborhood. That month would be very different for both Joey and his mother. However, they were also both

sure that after that, they would continue living.

By Irene Gritzali

'An Unusually Usual Day'

It was another usual Saturday morning; the weather was cold, and there was no sunlight whatsoever. The house smelled as though freshly baked chocolate chip cookies had just been taken out of the oven as usual and a feeling of laziness and cosiness had prevailed in the house. It seemed that every single person in South Kensington was feeling the same thing. But Jade... Jade was sitting in front of the living room window looking sadder than ever.

-Why did I ever choose to live in London? She thought.

- Marie, why did I agree on living here in London? asked Jade.

-Well for your career of course! Why are you so sad anyway? You were perfectly fine yesterday.

-it's that everything is dull when it's really cold in London. Not even children are outside. I'm so bored. I can't believe that I'm saying this but I would rather go to work. It's better than staying at home all day anyway... Replied Jade.

Marie did not respond. She just nodded her head and went back into her room.

Jade was desperate. She just wanted to do something. Anything. Anything at all. And then, out of the blue, Jade heard a message notification from her cell phone. She rushed into her messy bedroom and started digging and searching through the endless stacks of clothes she promised to clean just a few weeks ago. It was as though her life depended on that particular message. After minutes of searching in the clutter, she finally found it.

-Aha! Found you. Said jade with excitement.

Her whole mood changed after hearing this notification. The simple thought of being kept busy brought her so much joy! She glimpsed at her lock screen and she noticed that the number that sent her the message was unknown.

-Well that's weird isn't it? She thought.

You see, it's not every day that an unknown person sends you a message. She prepared herself a little bit; she started thinking of what this mysterious message could be about. Could it be from a stalker? A serial killer? Who knows? It was up to her to discover it.

-I am not like the others am I? She thought. I mean, who stresses this much over a simple, harmless message?

Ready now, she unlocked her phone, opened the messages app and waited. This was it. Just one move left, and then she could finally see what all the fuss

was about.

She tapped the screen determined to read this message and get it over with. *"Greetings Ms..."*

-*"DING"*

-Ughhhhhh it's the doorbell! Marie can you get it? She yelled.

But there was no response. So she had to go open the door herself.

-Who could this be? No one in this studio has friends in Kensington... She thought to herself.

She opened the door and... the Smith siblings from 014 were pranking her again. She immediately got frustrated!

-What's wrong with them? Can't their parents teach them some manners for God's sake?!?

She rushed back into her room and finally read the whole message without being interrupted. *"Greetings Ms. Miller, there's something really important to talk to you about. Meet me at the Apollo Theatre, Shaftesbury*

Aven. M.C P.S, don't be late".

-Who's this M.C mystery man anyway? She thought. But then again should I go meet him?

She lied down in the clutter that covered every single inch of her bed and started introspecting. *"Should I meet him?" "Is it a bad idea?" "Am I going to get killed?"* These were the only questions she could think of. But as dangerous as this message sounded, she could not avoid a good dose of adventure on a lazy Saturday. So she decided to go meet M.C at the Apollo Theatre hoping that nothing bad was going to happen.

-I should get ready... I certainly can't walk around in my jammies.

There wasn't a big change in her outfit. She wore her casual and most usual blue jeans with her favourite blue hoodie. As tempting staying at home seemed, she wouldn't last in her apartment any more. She had to go out otherwise she would be

turned into a lazy Londoner. Walking out of the building, she finally felt free and excited. It looked like she had forgotten that she could possibly get killed. It seems that staying in messes with your head. But then again, it was nice staying positive after reading such an inviting and intriguing message from a complete stranger.

-I should take a cab. She said.

So she threw herself into a cab and elated she was to say "Shaftesbury Avenue please". It was indeed her favourite place in London. She just got thrilled seeing all those excited tourists after seeing the plays and musicals of the West End. The lights, the excitement and the smiles of Shaftesbury Avenue could always cure an unhappy person anytime. *"Ma'am, I believe that we have*

arrived" said the cab driver. Jade paid and stood out of the Theatre. "Long time no see my friend" she said and then entered.

-How come there's no security today? That's weird she said.



Jade Miller

Seeing the red carpet all over the theatre's floors and the unique white and golden walls made her feel like home. On her way to the seats she found a sign saying: *"Welcome Ms. Miller. Take a seat I'll be right with you M.C".*

"Well for what is worth, this M.C man sounds kinder now" she thought. Following the mysterious man's instructions she took a seat and waited. Then, someone turned the stage lights on as if they were stalking Jade. And then, a tall figure emerged from the stage.

-Welcome Ms. Miller. I've been waiting for you. He said.

-Who are you?

-Clarke's the name. Malcom Clarke.

-Wait... why does this this name sound so familiar?

-Ms. Miller, it seems that you are dating my nephew.

-Matthew? But he told me that his mom is the only person alive in the family.

-Really? Well, I am his uncle. Enough with the small talk now. I asked you to come here becau...

-How did you know I liked Shaftesbury Avenue?

-Ms. Miller, there is an amazing invention in this world; money. And I am *filthy* rich. I can buy everything. Houses, books, buildings... and even someone's silence if I must. I asked my men to

spy on you. See what kind of a person you are. Learn *everything* about your past. Tragic. But I'm here to kindly ask you to stop seeing Matthew. It's unhealthy. He is rich and you are poor. It would be a scandal if the newspapers wrote about you and him. It's simply forbidden. Now, I'm sure that you'll agree. After all, I can be really persuasive.



Mathew Clarke

-I'm sorry but I'll refuse. I don't care if he's richer than me. He told me himself. All he wants is to find someone who doesn't care about his riches and fame. And we are happy. I'm sorry but I'm going to leave now.

-Keep in mind that if you walk out of this room, you are going to regret this. And trust me, I'm a powerful man. You will live to regret it.

By Philippa Papachristopoulos

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet

Similes and Metaphors

"A rose can have any name. It always smells sweet".

It doesn't matter who you are, you can still be lovable. No matter if you are sad, happy, dark, crazy, poor, rich, wealthy, young, old.

And it doesn't matter what color you are: the love inside you will always be red!

Pavlos Dalakouras

You can have any name, but it is not who you really are. What really matters is your character, not the name that you carry. Juliet loves Romeo but he is a Montague. Their families hate each other. However, she doesn't care if he is a Montague; he loves her, and she loves him.

Vasílios Devetzoglou

"Love Gave me Wings"

Love can help somebody do the impossible, that is to fly with his wings. This is exactly how I feel about my parents' love. I know how much they love me and their love gives me wings to be strong, to fight , to try, to get over any disappointments, to love my family , my relatives and my friends. Their love makes me feel free to fly and to follow my dreams!!!!

Vassiliki Zisopoulou

Romeo is deeply in love; he feels that this is the reason why he is alive. He feels nothing can stop him as long as he has Juliet by his side. Like birds that can fly high above, so does Romeo feel that he can overcome all the problems that his love for Juliet has created.

Maria-Zoe Droserou

“It is sad and sweet to say goodbye”

Romeo jumped into Juliet’s garden trying to be near her. It was very sad that they could not spend more time together and had to be apart. It was very sad that their families were in a feud. The love they felt for each other was very sweet. It was very sweet that they met and revealed their feelings before they said good night...

Vassilis Orfanos

“Your families must be friends. Love will change the world.”

This is the last phrase of the play “Romeo and Juliet” by Shakespeare, and it is a very strong one. The Prince tells Lord Capulet and Lord Montague that it’s time that the hatred between the two families stopped. He begs them to think how many people have died because of the hate between the members of the two families. He believes that if these feelings get replaced by respect and love, society will be better.

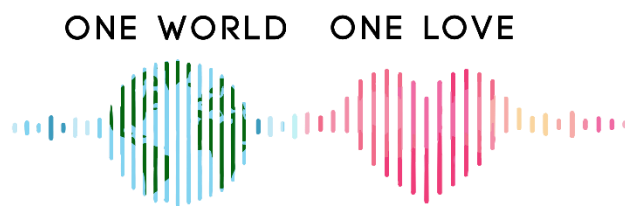
Alex Perdikaris

The Montagues and the Capulets must have peace. There should be no more fights. Hatred has only caused tragedies so far!

George Dimopoulos

Only love can make things work. Hate will bring no results, only sadness, like it did to Romeo and Juliet. Love is the key to happiness. The Montagues and the Capulets were enemies and always fought. They hated each other. Hate can destroy relationships. If the two families tried to be friends and if they forgot everything that had happened between them, then everything would be nice and peaceful. Loving one another means not to be selfish and to care about others. We all must care for each other, try to be nice, kind and loving. All families should protect one another and cooperate. Love can really change the world and if we believe in it, we can all live in peace and harmony.

Nenia Nikolakopoulou



<https://oneworldonelovenj.org/>

"His love is blind"

Love is a tricky feeling that can cause some trouble. When you love someone, you become blind and you do not care if the other person is poor or rich, what he or she looks like or what his or her faults are. Your emotions can prevent you from seeing things clearly, as they really are, since you only see what you want to see.

Vasiliki Zisopoulou

Romeo can't "see" anyone else. The only one he cares about is Juliet. He saw beautiful Juliet at the party and completely forgot about Rosaline. He also doesn't care if she is a Capulet. He can't get her out of his mind!

Sofia Kefala

Romeo's love was blind: he fell in love with the enemy family's daughter. He knew that his love was blind, but he couldn't let it go away.

Aristidis Pappas

When you are so much in love with someone, you can't think or see straight. You see him or her as the perfect person. You can't see the faults of your loved one, you only see the qualities!

Georgia Roxani

Human history is full of examples of people falling in love with the "wrong person". But what might be wrong for others could be the choice we feel good about, regardless of any problems that may arise from that choice. Others might see a mismatching while we can't. We love with our heart, not with our logic. Romeo loves Juliet unconditionally. He doesn't care about their families' relationship. He turns a blind eye to whatever goes against his love.

Maria-Zoe Droserou

My fantasy world

My Fantasy WORLD – ELENA DIMITSA

It was a rainy Monday afternoon, and I wasn't feeling very happy. School was particularly boring today, and I had a ton of homework. I couldn't focus on the English book in front of me, because my brother, who had already finished with his school work, was playing video games and shouting. My head was hurting so bad I felt like it would break. I decided to go on a walk around the neighborhood, so I could clear my mind a bit, hoping my headache would go away. I said goodbye to my mother and I walked out of the house in a yellow raincoat.

I decided to go a little further than just my neighborhood, so I walked to a small park that I knew was nearby. I sat on a bench and just scrolled on my phone, not realizing how the time passed. At some point, a squirrel approached me, looking at me

with pleading eyes, as if wanting me to feed him something. I was confused, because I haven't seen any squirrels at this park before, and even when I encountered one in the past, they had never approached me, because they were scared. So where did this squirrel come from, and why was he acting in such a weird way? It started running away from me, and I was very curious, so I decided to follow it.

It led me to a part of the park I didn't usually approach, because I preferred sitting closer to where my house was. On the other side of the park, there were a lot of trees, but I hadn't ever tried to explore them. I followed the squirrel into the small forest, and as we went further into the trees, the light started fading. The tree branches above us were getting thicker, so the light couldn't reach the ground. It was raining a lot more now, and the cold air was piercing my skin. We had been walk-

ing for about fifteen minutes, when we reached a clearing.

The heavy rain had ceased, the sun was shining through the trees, and the ground was covered with leaves. There was an old wooden swing in the middle of the clearing, and I walked up to it and sat there. It truly was a beautiful place, it had a magical aura. I looked back to the squirrel that had led me here. I felt as if it knew what it was doing and lead me to this beautiful part of the park on purpose, like it wanted me to find this old swing. It acted like it could understand me!

“What are you trying to show me?” I asked the squirrel, clearly not expecting an answer.

The small animal made a motion with its hand that looked like it was pointing to a certain tree in the clearing. It looked like a thing only a human would do, and it was so unexpected, that I almost thought I had imagined it. Then it repeated the same motion, and I was sure that it actually happened. I then slowly walked towards the tree, looking for anything unusual. That was when you spotted a word carved on the tree: *Sylvadion*

“Sylvadion?” I said in confusion. I

looked at the tree for a few minutes, until I hear a sound.

Tap, tap, tap. Tap, tap, tap. It was quick, like small feet running on the wood of the trees.

I turned around to investigate the noise, trying to find the source. What I saw was very unexpected. Many squirrels were running down the tree branches, gathering in the small clearing. They were looking at me, probably wondering what I was doing there. I felt as if they were bowing down to me, like I was the Queen of this magical kingdom and this clearing was my throne room. I thought, maybe this was some sort of kingdom, maybe the squirrel led me here for a reason.

I started thinking of myself as this great monarch, and I decided that this could be my own place, my own little kingdom, where I could go to escape from the world. A location only I know of, some sort of place only for me to rule, where I could relax without having to worry about any other thing. But every kingdom needs a name, so what would this one's be?

“Sylvadion”, I decided. “My name is Elena, and I am now the Queen of the Kingdom of Sylvadion”. At that moment, the sun was setting, and

the sky held all of the colors of the rainbow. It was then, on a rainy Monday afternoon, wearing my bright yellow raincoat, that I discovered a magical place that would mean so much to me in the future. It was on that evening, in a small clearing and surrounded by squirrels, that I became the ruler of a kingdom in the woods, something that would help me get through many hard parts of my life.

Sylvadion became a place where I would go in order to forget my worries and have fun. My magical kingdom was a place I went to whenever I was feeling down, that would always cheer me up a bit. I spent many afternoons sitting on the swing there, reading a book or feeding a squirrel, imagining all sorts of wonderful adventures. Over the years, I created many memories there, on my own or with my family and friends, memories that I would always cherish. Sylvadion came to be a very important place for me, and it always remained in my heart, because for me, it was the place where anything could happen and all the dreams came true.

The end

My Fantasy WORLD – PENNY DOURIDA

Today, I visited Avalon with my best friend, Mary. Avalon is a place that only Mary and I know about and it's our secret. We first discovered Avalon when we were trying to find a place to hang out. We were searching in the woods when we stumbled across a glade. We knew it was perfect for us the moment we first saw it. The glade was surrounded by towering trees and small bushes that had little white blossoms. In the middle there was a large tree trunk that was placed on a small hill. The grass tickled our knees while we explored around, and the smell of all kinds of flowers was overwhelmingly refreshing. When we entered Avalon today, we stopped for a minute to enjoy the perfect sound of the birds singing before we greeted the little elves that lived on the trees.

- "I am so glad that we came here today," Mary told me "I was fed up at home." She continued.

- "Yeah, me too." I answered offering her a kind smile.

After sitting on the trunk and talking with the elves for a while, we decided to go on an adventure

with them to find mushrooms. These mushrooms aren't ordinary ones though, they have blue flames on them, that can't burn anyone of course, but they are dangerous if one consumes them. These can only be found in Avalon and are used just like money. We set off to find them as it wasn't such an easy task. They were really rare to find however we returned with a half-full basket of them. Afterwards, we played and talked with the little squirrels. They are everywhere! They love to play hide and go seek so we did that for what felt like 5 minutes but was really 2 hours! We lost track of time and before we knew it, it was night. At nightfall, Avalon was very different. The shadows and the moonlight danced around the trees and the little lights that came from the elves' homes were like fireflies. We decided to stay for a few more minutes as the sky grew darker.

We were both very tired so we decided it was time to go back to our houses and get some rest. Every time we leave Avalon, we are both sad because we love that place so much. This place means the world to me as it is the only place where I can go and

just forget about the worries and problems I have in my life. It is my secret passion. I used my imagination not to escape reality but to create it the way I like. When I visit Avalon either alone or with Mary, it mesmerizes me every time. It is my way to look at the world without being broken by it.

My Fantasy World – KONSTANTINOS DRETAKIS

Have you ever wondered what is the best world and the best place that you can be in? Well, time to explore this magical, outstanding world! Welcome to Dragonland. It all started when I and my best friend John, found a magical staircase. We were very brave and we decided to climb all the way up. Then we realized that we were located in the most gorgeous and beautiful world!

This world was not a world that you could imagine, it was a special world. It is located up in the clouds. There are small wooden houses where all of the dragons and people were having fun. They were eating, dancing, listening to music and enjoying life. We were so excited that we went to

discover the place and we separated with John. Now the weird part but the most fun part was that we could literally walk on clouds, but not just walk on clouds, we could bounce on them and go very high. But there was something very strange. There were dragons... Every species of dragons. The owners of the dragons were either giants or either dwarfs. What a surprise! I went to the giant castle, a beautiful blue and red castle. It was a royal castle where rich people and dragons lived. At first, I was very scared but simultaneously I was very curious and excited to meet a new world! I had mixed feelings.

The most exciting and favorite place was to ride the dragon! Yes, you heard that right. We went partying and bouncing in the clouds like a magical trampoline. We even drank dragon beer, with 4 elements in it!! Firoxious, watercious, ground and airolios. Dragon elements. After all of these little adventures, I climbed up to the royal castle with John after we got back together again!

Me: "John, John! Here! Let's ride dragons together, it will be a once in a lifetime adventure.

John: " Oh my god, how did you think of that, that is a crazy but great idea. I love to try new things out.

Especially something that is so rare like that!

After a small conversation, we climbed the colossal castle. It was very hard, we gasped and we were exhausted. But it was worth it. I quickly ran into the yard with the dragons. I started shouting like crazy!! I could not believe what I was seeing with my eyes. I hopped on a dragon named Mikey. He was a fire dragon, my favorite! John got his favorite dragon, his name was Frozey, we can already tell the species of the dragon by the name. He was an ice dragon.

Me: " Ready, Mikey? 3...2....1.. Take-off!!"

John: " Come on Frozey, show us what you can do! Follow Mikey!"

The dragons could comprehend us. They were well trained and smart. We started flying crazy fast! It was faster than a jet! We had to wear a helmet, and glasses of course! Safety comes first, always.

Dragons started doing stunts and we were spinning around. We could ride the dragons and fly through clouds. It was like living a dream. This was the best adventure by far! The most memorable and craziest day in my life! I will never forget that moment!

My Fantasy World – Eleni Theohari

Can you imagine spending an entire day in a magical kingdom, where you are the ruler? It was a sunny Sunday morning when my best friend Maria and I decided to start an adventure. While we were exploring the area near my tiny, old house we suddenly heard a horrifying noise behind the bushes. We were terrified, but also really curious so we rushed and took the muddy path, as some tiny foot-steps had been formed on the ground.

Some minutes later we surprisingly found out where we had been led. It was a wonderful place deep inside the woods far away from the centre of Athens. The birds were softly singing, the air was blowing in our faces, and everything was quiet. We stood still. Although it was not an extraordinary area, we both thought there was something special about it.

- "Maria? " I anxiously asked.

- "What happened?" she replied.

- "I have a weird question," I hesitated. " Do you believe in magic?" I eventually said.

" Do I believe in magic?" she repeated.

- " Yes," I responded while I was looking at the ground. " I recently read a touching story that has influenced me a lot. " I continued. " It is about two friends, just as we are, that created an imaginary land called Terabithia.

- " Interesting," she replied tentatively.

I was not sure if I should express my thoughts, but my decision turned out to be really smart eventually. Sweat poured from my forehead, as I quickly asked her.

- " Would you like to be the ruler of our own magical world?"

- " Sure, I would love to," she said with a big smile on her face.

I felt relieved and excitingly started planning what our kingdom would be like. A while later, we both found ourselves running back home and gathering all the necessary materials for the construction of our huge castle. We had colourful ropes, special strings, a hammer, and some wooden sticks, so we started creating our stronghold.

We raced against time, in order to finish everything but it was worth it. We could not believe our eyes. The dark and muddy place we had visited three hours before, had surprisingly

become a bright and gorgeous park, with an attractive palace rising majestically in the middle.

Once we took a break, we started exploring and playing around. We had so much fun that the time passed like a flash. We made a tour around the castle and discussed about the name of our wonderful land.

"It is amazing here!" Maria said pleasingly.

" Oh yes, I know," I replied while staring at the bright moon that had just appeared.

" But I was thinking..." she added " that we ought to find an interesting name for our kingdom" she continued.

" You are right. I believe it should be something that reminds us of our friendship," I responded.

After thinking creatively, we finally came up with the most appropriate and suitable solution. "Blue Moon," which as Maria mentioned, was the road where we first met each other.

It got darker, but we still had energy so we chose to have a last game. We pretended there was a group of disgusting giants that chased us around, while we were quickly hanging around the trees, protecting our-

selves from the foes.

It was almost 21.00 o'clock when we took our bags and dashed through the scary woods, until we approached Maria's pretty garden.

Our journey had unfortunately come to an end and we both agreed that this was the most exciting afternoon of our entire life. It was our way to escape from reality and our tiring routine. Blue moon was the place where we could express ourselves, without being criticized by anyone. It helped us deal easier with the physical world and the every-day problems that occurred. Which is the reason why it is so important for us.

My fantasy world – XENIA KARAN-TONI

On a windy autumn Friday, as we were walking towards the school bus, my friend Anne told me that she wanted to show me a secret place that meant a lot to her. I was ecstatic as that wasn't a usual phrase I'd hear from her; Anne never had any free time. "Where could that be?" I remember thinking to myself, but since I would find out soon enough, I let go of the thought while my attention slipped to the moving buildings.

As we got off the bus, Anne grabbed my hand tightly and in the sweetest most innocent voice she whispered into my ear, "Follow me". I trusted her blindly and followed her into a narrow road that seemed to be endless. After about ten minutes of walking, we got to a dense forest but I would later find out that it was much more than that. As we got deeper and deeper in that forest I started to notice a river running right beside us. Although the forest was beautiful on its own I couldn't seem to get what was so special about it. Then, Anne said "Look up." in a calm but mysterious tone. When I tilted my head upwards, I saw the most breathtaking treehouse and I was speechless.

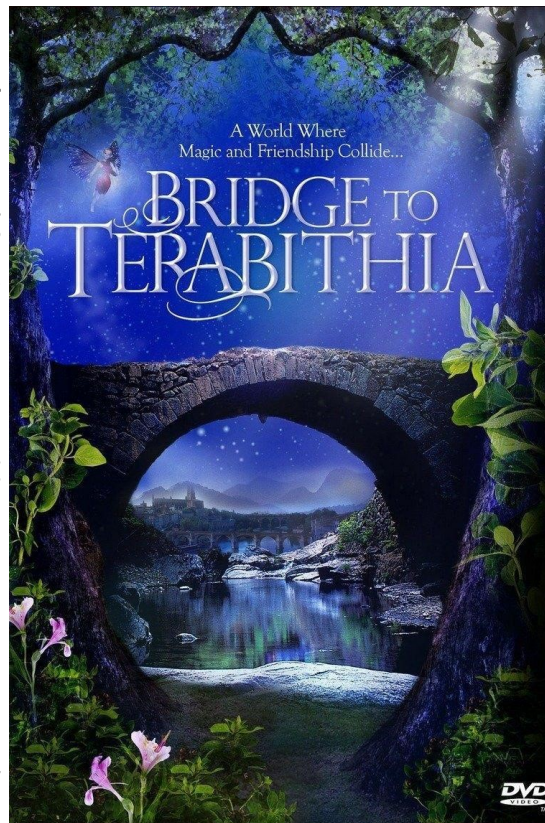
Anne guided me to the top of the staircase, and I met a beautiful black door with golden details and once Anne opened it I saw the interior of that glorious treehouse. It was as gorgeous as I had imagined it would

be. At that moment, it seemed too good to be true. I pinched myself on the wrist, in order to see if I was dreaming. Anne then revealed that we were standing inside her own castle and the land below us was her own kingdom. That was when I realized that that forest truly was special.

When we were kids, Anne had told me countless stories of her fairy friends and her fighting all types of evil monsters and spirits and now I knew, that they weren't just stories. All of the tales she had told me were true. Anne wasn't just a little girl with a wild imagination but she was that brave and powerful queen that she would always talk about in school. I was left there tongue-tied, I

had never experienced such a thing.

Up until that moment, I never believed in fairies, spirits or evil monsters that might lurk in the woods and that was because I had never seen one. Little did I know that I'd never come across one because my



<https://www.filmaffinity.com/us/film698462.html>

friend Anne would fight them off before they reached any human civilization so that they stay there, buried down in the depths of that magical forest. Everything finally made sense. Now I know the reason why I'd never see Anne walking around town and why she never had any free time to see her friends.

Even though many years have passed since the day I visited Anne's kingdom, its memory holds a very special place in my heart to this day. Anne was one of my best friends and role models. I will always look up to her and her courageous actions. In all my dark times I remember her and all of the sacrifices she had made to be the amazing queen that her kingdom

needed, and it gives me strength to continue my hard work and never give up.



<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b00pk698>

Folk tales

Kira and the Toad

Once upon a time, there was a young girl named Kira. She lived in a rainforest along with the rest of her tribe. She was always very fond of nature and animals.

One day, Kira was walking along the forest to find some berries for dinner, when she spotted a pond nearby. She was easily distracted by it and chose to explore it. When she got closer, she noticed it was crowded with toads, one of her favorite animals to watch. Kira had always found them interesting to observe. She found a large rock and rolled it beside the pond. She sat there and watched toads of all different kinds, sizes and colors splashing about. One of the younger toads noticed her and decided to approach her. It was a small brown frog with red spots on its back. Just like Kira was curious about the animals it was curious to find out who she was. The puny am-

phibian hopped onto the rock.

"Are you lost?" it asked. "No, just taking a break. I was picking berries." The girl replied remembering the reason she was there.

Surprised by the fact that a strange girl could understand what it was saying, the young toad thought out loud "So you're the child the Toad Sage dreamt about! Interesting." Kira was puzzled by this.

"Who is this Toad Sage? I have never heard of him. What did he dream about? How do you know he dreamt of me?"

"The Toad Sage is the eldest in the pond. He often has dreams and they always come true." It explained.

"Kind of like a prophecy?" Kira asked.

"Yes, one could call it a prophecy. One of his older dreams said that a human child who understands the toad tongue will come to our pond. Exactly ten days after the child's visit

a cataclysm will occur. Heavy rain will fall, flooding the river that goes all along the forest and leaving only those who can survive under water alive. Few remember this prediction since it happened so long ago.”

Noticing that it had said too much the toad decided to warn Kira about what fate would fall upon her if she chose to tell anyone about the Sage’s dream. It explained to her how she would become a toad herself and serve the Toad Sage until she takes her last breath. It told her how these dreams are only supposed to be known by toads and how it could be very dangerous for others to know about them. Kira looked at the amphibian with disbelief. Was she really supposed to believe all of that? She decided to leave the pond telling the toad that she had to get going.

Walking home, she was thinking and reflecting on what she had just learned.

“I don’t believe it. First, I can speak to a toad. Then, it tells me that in ten days the forest will flood and I’m not allowed to tell my family either.” She thought to herself. “How will I choose between my life and my family’s?” She chose to make a compromise

and wait a couple more days. The weather was exceptionally warm lately and for all she knew the toad could have been lying to her.

A few days passed and clouds started to gather in the sky. The seventh day, Kira was convinced that the storm would actually happen. So, she had to make the decision. Whether or not she was willing to sacrifice her life for the rest of her family and friends. She knew what she had to do. She asked for everyone to gather and told them about her encounter with the toad. All eyes were on Kira. Some believed her, while others didn’t. She closed her eyes and waited to be transformed but then, suddenly, the little brown toad with the red spots on its back appeared instead. It told everyone that what the girl was saying was true and then turned to the young child. “You have chosen to tell your people about the fate that awaits them, even when I warned you what would happen to you and for that you will be rewarded. You put the rest of your tribe’s needs before yours and, even though you did break the rules, you will not be punished”. Kira’s eyes lit up with joy and, in the end, it was her bravery and

selflessness that saved her.

By Silvia Tsilika

“The princess and the grey wolf, a modern story dressed with an old gown”

Once upon a time, in a faraway kingdom lived a beautiful young princess who wanted to change the world. She was well educated and smart, brave and fierce and knew that the earth was in trouble. Humans had destroyed the environment and temperatures had risen everywhere... Her mother the queen and her father the king didn't want to hear a word of it because they thought she was too young and the world such a dangerous place! The young princess didn't know what to do to convince them. She was terribly sad and clueless!

One night, during a walk in the garden, a grey wolf appeared. He seemed lost and confused. The princess made sure he was alone and then tried to approach the wild animal to see what was the matter. The princess realized that the animal was wounded so she decided to take care

of it and treat its wounds. The animal was scared at the beginning but the princess looked determined and kind, so he decided to allow her to approach him.

The girl treated the wounds carefully and, in a few weeks, the grey wolf was well and ready to go back to the forest. But before leaving, the wolf talked with a human voice and said:

“I am the spirit of nature, the heart of the forest and not only a wild carnivore! You took such good care of me and saved my life. You were not afraid! Now I will help you in return. What may I do for you?” The girl couldn't believe her ears! The beast was a magical creature and was offering its help! The princess explained to the wolf that all humans were not the same. Many were greedy and didn't care about nature, but many others were suffering because of the situation and were ready to live in harmony with nature, whatever the cost.

The wolf agreed to help the princess and used his power to convince her parents that her place was not at home, but out there preaching for a better world. The king and the queen were immensely touched and decided to do something as well. They could change some laws in their kingdom and teach their subjects the

importance of a healthy and balanced life with nature. They understood that young people cared differently about things and promised that they would change their old-fashioned ways of thinking.

A new adventure had begun, with all forces united: the old, the new and the wild! Hope shone into the world for the first time!

THE END

By Eleni Mela

The Purple Flower

Once upon a time, in a land full of rivers, mountains, lakes and wild beasts, lived a young Native American boy named Calian. His name meant warrior of life. Calian was a tall, strong boy, with deep brown eyes, and long black hair, and he had a heart full of love and kindness. He lived with his mother and younger brother in a small hut in the forest. Calian hunted all day long and provided food for his mother and his brother.

One year winter came early. The thick snow covered the mountains and the ice moved slowly from the rivers. Cold winds were blowing and the forest was filled with beautiful,

white snow, that covered all the paths. During this time of bad weather Calian's mother got sick. Calian had to work even harder to provide her with nourishing food, but his mother's health deteriorated. Calian knew that the only thing that could save his mother was the root of a magical purple flower which grew next to a trail tree deep inside the forest.

So, one morning he set off on his quest for the magical root. He was walking in the freezing snow, that kept getting thicker and thicker, making it hard to see. He was becoming more exhausted and wanted to give up, when he finally saw it. A frail, beautiful, little purple flower blossoming on the roots of a big trail tree, covered in snow. He was ready to cut it, when suddenly he heard an owl calling him from the top of the tree.

"Young boy, I must warn you. You should think before you cut this flower. If you cut it, you will never be able to be with the woman you love."

Calian cut the flower without giving it a second thought as love was the last thing on his mind. His only wish was to make his mother well... He took the flower and headed back home.

A few years had passed and Calian was now a handsome, brave and strong young man, one of the finest hunters in his tribe. One day he met

Aiyana, whose name meant “eternal blossom”. She was so beautiful, lovelier than any other girl in the whole tribe. She was tall, with long black hair, and she had the most wonderful big, green eyes. Many of the young men sought her for marriage, but Aiyana had eyes only for Calian. They decided to get married and looked forward to a long life of happiness together. Unfortunately for them, fate had other plans...

The night before the wedding the trail tree owl came to Calian in a dream.

“Remember,” he said, “you took the purple flower”.

When Calian woke up, he thought it was just a dream, as he had forgotten all about the owl’s warning.

The day of the wedding was a warm, sunny day. Birds were tweeting and beautiful, colourful flowers covered the forest. When Calian kissed his beautiful bride something really unexpected happened. The sky turned black, the flowers withered, the beasts started roaming, and the birds flew away. A mighty storm hit. Rain fell and lightning struck. When the sun finally came out, Aiyana had disappeared. In her place, a beautiful purple flower had blossomed.

Calian distraught and ridden with guilt for what he had done to Aiyana, started crying and begged the gods

to turn him into a flower as well, so that he could never be without her love. The gods felt sorry for him, and when his tears touched the ground, they turned him into a tall trail tree, right next to the purple flower.

To this day, if you pick a purple flower on a trail tree, the gods will send Calian’s tears in heavy rainstorms...

THE END

By Zoe Hatzigianni

THE TWO SLAVES AND THE WISHING TREE

Once upon a time there lived two men, two slaves. They were two among hundreds. They would get up every day and work, work a lot. Work for the king. They had been working for the king for 5 years now, unwillingly. The famous king that everyone knew about. You could either love him or hate him, nowhere in between. Most would hate him, especially his slaves.

One day, a day like any other, the two slaves woke up, got ready and entered the east wing garden. Their job

was to take care of all the plants and animals living there.

“As if the king doesn’t have enough slaves,” they thought while walking through the endless garden.

They did that every day, waking up, walking to the garden, chopping some flowers, feeding some animals and going back to the tiny room the king let them sleep in.

But this day felt different, lighter or maybe easier. So the two men walked and walked some more through the tall trees and colorful flowers. And then they saw it. The tree. It was huge with its branches slapping all around, birds sitting proudly on them. It stood out and the two men could not keep their eyes off of it.

And then they heard the voice. A strange voice.

“You are now looking at the wishing tree,” the voice said.

“You are the chosen ones,” the voice continued. “We have seen you suffer a lot and you deserve some happiness.”

The two men looked strangely at each other not knowing what was going on.

“You may make a wish of your own each time you cut a leaf off the tree. It is the gift from nature to you because you work hard looking after the plants, animals, and soil, but remember, be careful what you wish for.”

The one slave began laughing and then yelled, “Stop teasing us, we know it’s not true!”

The second slave though, took a step forward, cut a leaf off the tree and said “I wish for endless food for myself and my partner,” looking at his partner who had stopped laughing.

They waited, and waited for something to happen. For food to appear. But nothing did.

“Ha, I told you someone’s playing with us! Let’s just go, the king is going to punish us if we’re late.”

The next day, the slaves woke up to find a huge amount of food such as meat, pasta, fruit, vegetables and many more all around their small room.

“I can’t believe it!” the one slave said. “My wish did come true.”

The men quickly got ready and rushed back to the wishing tree.

"I wish for a bed."

"I wish for nice shoes."

"I wish for clothes." And on and on they wished.

Every day, when visiting the magic tree, the voice would tell them: "Be careful what you wish for, and make the right choices." But they never listened.

They did that for days. They would skip work in order to spend time wishing for more, until the king found out. He banned them from visiting the garden anymore and told them that it is important to do all the work given to them, without distractions. The two slaves were furious but did not have the courage to disobey his orders.

And so they worked more than before. Without stopping, without being able to make wishes. They worked in misery.

One night, one of the two slaves secretly left his room and walked all the way to the wishing tree, trying to not get caught by the guards. When he reached the big tree, he sat under it, took a deep breath, chopped off a leaf and said. "I wish for my master to live an awful life, full of misery and

failure. And even better, if possible," he kept going, "I wish for him to die."

The next day, the two men woke up. One of them had a big smile on his face after his adventure the night before.

"Today is going to be a good day" he told his fellow partner. "Today we will be free again."

But that was not the case; a huge storm struck ruining all the supplies and food the two slaves had gotten from the wishing tree. Their clothes got ruined and their shiny shoes got lost. The slaves' only hope was that the next morning the king would not be there.

The next morning, on their way to the garden, the two slaves saw the king riding his horse around the castle, alive and well.

The one slave looked at his partner anxiously and said, "Come with me, we need to see what is wrong with the wishing tree, why my wish did not come true."

Once they reached the usual place of the beautiful tree, it was gone. Nowhere to be seen. Just plain, old, boring grass.

"It is gone," the familiar but still

strange voice said. “The tree has moved on, to another garden, to a different place.”

“Why?” the slave asked worriedly. “It has not made my wish come true yet.”

“You cannot wish for the misery of another in order to have happiness,” the voice replied. “It is not right and the tree knows that. We shall never know where it has gone.”

By Fenareti Hasapi

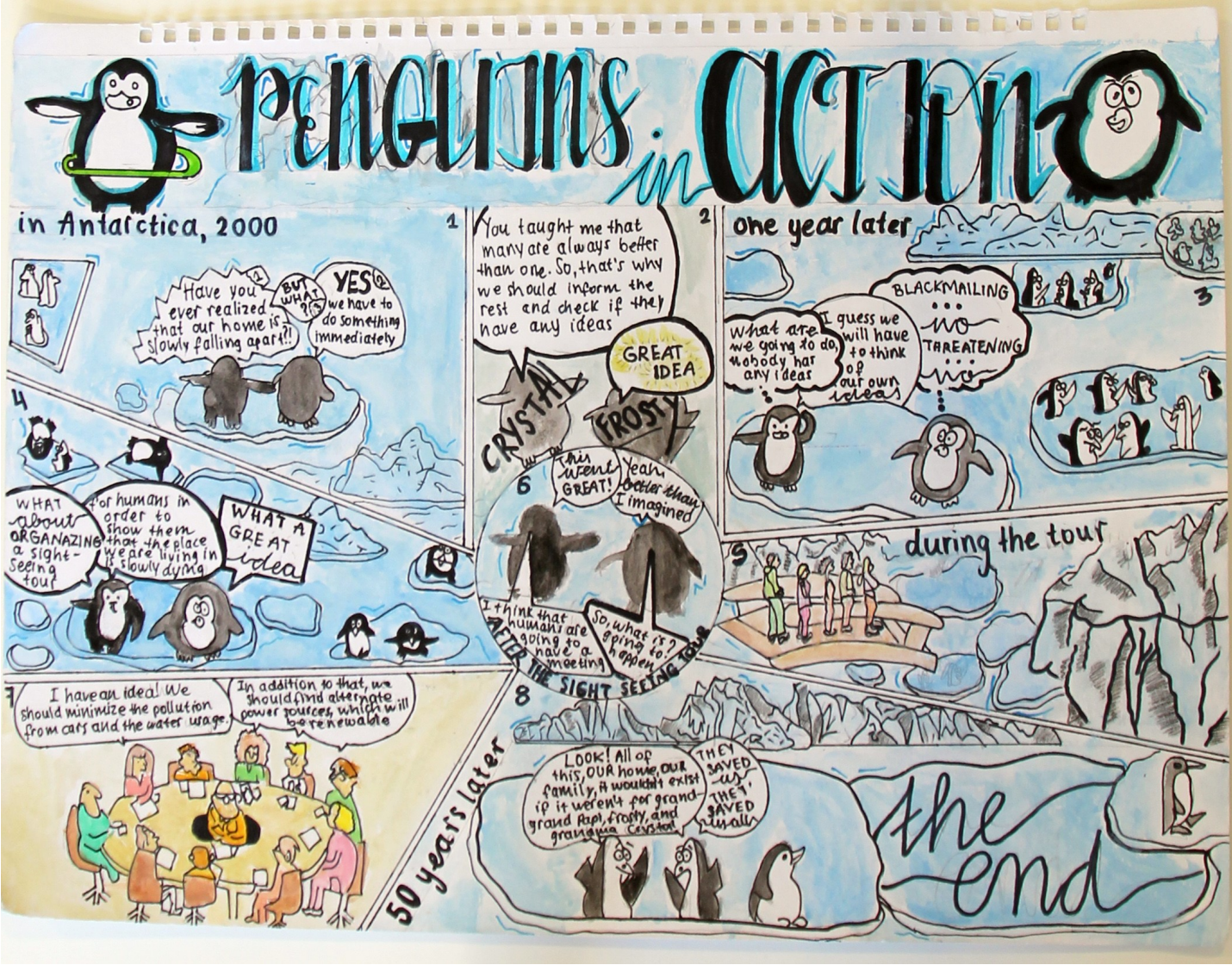


By Tryfonopoulou Aggeliki

Interdisciplinary Unit

Illustrating the Problem:

Human Impact on the Environment



By Anastasia Michali



By Virginia Vakirtzi



By Yolanda Trifonopoulou



If Trees Could Speak

IRENE
GRITZALI

A TREE IS PEACEFULLY ENJOYING THE DAY, IN THE COUNTRYSIDE OF AMERICA, IN THE BEGINNING OF THE 21ST CENTURY. WHEN BOB, COMPLETELY CARELESS ABOUT THE ENVIRONMENT, ARRIVES, SOMETHING HAPPENS...



BOB SUDDENLY WAKES UP AND REALIZES THAT IT WAS ALL A DREAM.



MAKE YOUR BED

