



**ATHENS COLLEGE**

Hellenic-American Educational Foundation

Kindergarten • Elementary • Junior High • High • I.B.

ATHENS COLLEGE • PSYCHICO COLLEGE • KINDERGARTEN J. M. CARRAS

1925

## Athens College JuniorHighSchool

June 2021 ISSUE 35

**A YEAR LIKE NO OTHER**

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# Grade 7

**Athens College**

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**Junior High School**

**2020-21**



## **MARIE CURIE**

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*Magnificent*

*Ambitious*

*Radiant*

*Insistent*

*Eager*

*Curious*

*Unique*

*Recognized*

*Intelligent*

*Excellent*

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*By Alexandra Kitsopanou  
LA5,6-AE7*

## **MARTIN LUTHER KING**

**Martin**

**Dreamer, determined, caring, self- sacrificing**

**Brother of African Americans**

**Who loved justice, equality and standing up for people,  
whose voice was not loud enough to be heard**

**Who was frustrated because African Americans were  
treated with disrespect, proud that he touched the  
entire world and devastated that his brothers and  
sisters couldn't live the life they deserved**

**Who feared that his children would be judged by their  
race, feared that he wouldn't be able to create a  
brighter future for all American citizens, feared that  
people would lose their hope and smile**

**Who managed to bring justice and peace into the lives  
of all African Americans**

**Who wanted to see a world where all the people were  
united and wanted to end racism**

**Born in Georgia and lived in Atlanta**

**King**

*by Melina Assimaki LA5,6-A E7*

## NELSON MANDELA

### Nelson

Caring, thinker, self-sacrificing, principled, determined,

Husband of Evelyn Ntoko Mase, Winnie Madikizela-Mandela, Graça Machel, son of Gadla Henry Mphakanyiswa and father of 6 kids

Who loved his family, his country and equality between black and white people

Who experienced love, disappointment and proudness

Who feared that he would stay in prison forever, that racism would continue and South Africa would stay in apartheid

First black president of South Africa, honored with the Nobel Prize for Peace

Who wanted his country to thrive in democracy and black and white be equal

Born in Mzeno, South Africa

Mandela

*By Apostolos Vasilikos*

*LA5,6-A E7*

### GRETA THUNBERG

Generous

Respectful

Educated

Talented

Altruistic

Thoughtful

Honest

Unafraid

Noble

Balanced

Eager

Resourceful

Grateful

Elena Kokotou

LA5,6-AE7

## **STEPHEN WILLIAM HAWKING**

**Stephen William**

**Intelligent, Critical Thinker, Communicator**

**The daughter of his mother-in-law (Stephen's wife)**

**The idea that the entire universe could have sprung from a singularity, the nature of the black holes,**

**Who experienced satisfaction, disappointment and uncompleted love**

**Whose career would end at that early and that there was no hope for him.**

**Who discovered what the origin of the universe was and expanded the way we see relativity.**

**Who wanted to see himself stand again and move freely.**

**At Cambridge**

**Hawking**

**Ulysses, Eleftherios Grammatikas  
LA5,6-AE7**



## **ALEXANDER THE GREAT**

**Alexander**

**Caring, determined, courageous,  
brave**

**Son of Philipos and Olympiada**

**Who loved his empire, his people  
and Homer**

**Who experienced pain, glory and  
betrayal**

**Who feared only of death**

**Who conquered many lands**

**Who wanted to conquer the entire  
world**

**Born in Macedonia, Greece**

**The 3<sup>rd</sup>**

**Stratos Maris**

**LA5,6-AE7**

## **ELEANOR ROOSEVELT**

**Eleanor**

**Hero, influential, activist**

**Wife of Franklin D. Roosevelt**

**Who loved equality and freedom**

**Who went through discrimination, stood up to common belief and made the world a better place for women**

**Who feared that the world would ignore her opinion, feared that segregation between her and her friends will separate them, feared people won't have equal opportunities as others**

**Who made a difference for African Americans**

**Who wanted to see a world full of free individuals who respect each other**

**Born in New York**

**Roosevelt**

**Constantine Kyrkilis  
LA5,6-AE7**

## **HELEN KELLER**

**Helen**

**Altruistic, communicator, determined**

**Daughter of Arthur and Kate, sister of 4 siblings**

**Who loved learning, and helping other people**

**Who experienced happiness, and pride**

**Who feared about everything around her that was unknown**

**Who was the first blind and deaf person to speak and to graduate**

**Who wanted disabled people to have the same rights as "normal" people**

**Born and lived in Alabama**

**Keller**

**Thalia Kokotou  
LA5,6-AE7**

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## ALAN TURING

Alan

Who is an inquirer, knowledgeable, astute

Son of a civil servant

Known as the father of Computer Science, who created the first computer, The Turing Test

Who felt disappointed, pressured, passionate

The fear of rejection, the unknown and limitations

Wanted to see the humanity making progress, reaching their limits

Who lived in London

Turing

*By Aggelos Gkoritsas  
LA5,6-AE7*

## HARRIET TUBMAN

**Harriet,**

**empathetic, strong, fearless,**

**with a husband but no kids,**

**fighting for equality and freedom,**

**experienced love and fear but never let back,**

**fear for her race, life, and many more,**

**she saved thousands of lives in risk of her own,**

**she wanted to see a world equal in which never any race will stand out,**

**born in the slavery of the South,**

**Tubman**

**Dimitris Vlastos  
LA5,6-AE7**



# Personal Narratives & more GRADE 7

# A Birthday Party Disaster

My birthday party last year didn't go as well as planned. Unfortunately, it was a disaster! The day before the party I was very excited. We had ordered the cake, cleaned the house and everything was prepared.

The next day, I woke up full of energy and went to the kitchen, where my mom was. She was preparing the rest of the food while my classmates had already started coming.

Almost everyone had arrived when the disaster struck! Suddenly, smoke started coming out the kitchen, my mom had burnt the cookies. I ran to the kitchen, panicked! My mom had accidently dropped the burnt cookies and the pizza on the floor. There wasn't anything left to eat! I got even more panicked. What do I do now? How am I going to fix this? What are we going to eat? Should I order more pizza? No, the delivery would take more than half an hour to arrive. Then I remembered, there was still the cake!

Immediately, I called the bakery, and as if things couldn't have gotten any worse, they told me it wasn't ready yet. I remember my friend asking me. "Is the cake ready?", he said. I needed a lifesaver, fast!

I got panicked again. "There will be no cake.", I said, "My party will be unique.". I started trembling, all the kids were looking at me disappointed. After some time though, they all started laughing and I laughed along. It seems like they realized the situation and tried to make me feel better.

By Phillipou Lydia – AE12

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# 'Masks'



There are many different types of masks used around the world for numerous reasons. Firstly, masks were used by the ancient Greeks to help the wearer's voice reach the farthest parts of the theatre, while they were acting! In fact, Italians also carried that tradition only then they were used only for aesthetic purposes. Moreover, masks are used in the industrial space as well! People like welders use masks to protect their eyes from the light, which is produced while welding. Lastly, many athletes wear mask! Champions in fencing, baseball and American football all wear masks in order to protect themselves from swords, balls or an another person. In conclusion, masks are used for a number of reasons that are drastically different from each other, however whenever they are used their importance is crucial.

*Orpheas Diamantopoulos aE2*

Kallia Giantzoglou  
aE2

## A Birthday Party Disaster

Last summer, more specific in August, I had invited some of my friends to celebrate my birthday. Everyone accepted the invitation and agreed to meet at my house. Fortunately, they came on time, so the party started with smiles and wishes from my friends.

We were dancing and singing, all of us were having a great time. Without realizing it, a fire started at the house next to us. The neighbors were ringing our bell, but we couldn't hear it because of the music. One of my friends told me that the bell was ringing, so I went to see who it was. I saw the person who lives next to me, but he wasn't smiling, he was worried. I asked him what had happened, and when he described the situation, I was shocked! Quickly, I told to my friends to leave the house and go outside because we were in danger. We called the fire station and they told us that they're on their way. When they arrived, they threw a lot of water to the place where the fire was and slowly the fire was getting smaller and smaller, as it completely disappeared. My neighbor was so pleased for the firemen. I thanked him for telling us about the fire and I said sorry for the loud music.

"I'm sorry for destroying your party. Oh, and happy birthday!" he said to me with an anxious but then happy face.

This day left to all of us mixed emotions, happy and scared. I think that my friends are going to have an unforgettable party in their minds and leave all the negative parts away. This was a unique party!

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# **A Birthday Party Disaster**

by Polyxeni Tsiplakidi  
aE12

*Last summer, my best friend Vasia had her birthday party, but it was a pool party. Unfortunately, I didn't know that we had to bring our swimsuit, so I went at the party with regular clothes.*

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So, I went to the party and Vasia informed me that it was a pool party and since I did not have a swimsuit I decided not to go into the pool. So, she asked me “Do you want my other swimsuit? I have three”. Should I take her swimsuit, although she is much taller than me? No. Should I go in my underwear? Of course Not! Should I just stay out the pool? I guess, yes. So, I answered with disappointed smile at my face “No thanks, I just I won’t go into the pool”.

Then, the party started, and I was just sitting there near the pool and watching. After that, my friend Marilia went out the pool to drink some water and she said to me “Do you want to borrow my swimsuit?” But she also a bit taller than me and I answered, “No thanks, If I take yours then you won’t have swimsuit” but she said, “I have two, if you want you can get the one.” Should I just stay there and do not accept it? No. Should I take it? Yes, although, she is not too taller than me. I answered” thanks, I take it”. So, I took it and wore it. “If fits perfect on me! Thanks” I said with enthusiasm”. I know. Come on let’s go to the pool” Marilia answered.

Finally, I swam into the pool but something unexpected happened! While I was swimming, I got thirsty, so I went out and drank some water. Then, I decided to jump into the pool just for fun – but this was so stupid. So, I jumped and did a flip. All of a sudden, Vasia started laughing a bit and showing at me. Then I realized that the top of the swimsuit was FLOATING IN THE POOL!!! I grabbed it as quick as I could and put it on! Fortunately, there were no boys in the party!

I started laughing nervously and my friends start laughing too. Although it was a hard situation, I did not feel clumsy and we were all laughing like we’re never laugh before. This was a party disaster that turned me into the life of the party!!! After that day I would always make sure at the theme of each party and am well prepared!

- THE END -

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# **SOMETHING BAD CAN BE GOOD TOO**

**By Maria Papantoniou**

*It must have been some months ago when I was urgently transferred to a surgery room because of my appendicitis. Unfortunately, that was the beginning for lots of things to me. First time to have a surgery, first time to wear the appropriate clothes for it and the first time to feel so much fear...*

I had literally panicked and I wanted the whole thing to come to an end. Sometimes I was catching myself wondering about my life in the future

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before the operation: “Is my life going to be the same?”. Yes, I was thinking with the little optimism I had left. “Am I going to be in pain? Who knows! I was telling myself, because I had heard that the removal of the appendix doesn’t hurt at all, but at the same time I had my own little doubts. The time of the surgery came and I had to lay on something like a single bed, dyed in light blue color. I only had some seconds to look at the pink room I was in, until I closed my eyes and couldn’t see that pink room anymore...everything went black. It was like when you are in despair, when your mind is frozen and your brain can’t operate.

40 minutes later, as I was later informed, I opened my eyes. My belly was in pain and I couldn’t move. I touched my belly. There was a little hole on my belly button and some stitches around it. My parents hugged me and they were constantly telling me: “Be brave, you are going to get over it soon”. Also, people were constantly calling them to find out how I was doing. This really touched me a lot. This was the day when I truly realized who cared about me.

This unexpected experience changed me a lot. I realized that we can’t take our health for granted, since it is unpredictable. So, every single day I am thankful for being healthy. Also, I realized who truly cared about me and wanted me to do well. This experience is always going to be carved in my mind, even though it was a little sad, and, is going to follow me through the rest of my life. **THE END**

# A Totally Justified Reaction

Three years ago, I was gifted a puppy by my parents on my tenth birthday. At the time I already had another pet ,an adult cat. We called her: Nausika . Unfortunately, I wasn't prepared for what was going to happen... For a week I was almost exclusively taking care of the puppy. Should I have known better? Maybe! Should I have acted differently? Obviously!

For the second week I kept dealing with my puppy's needs literally ignoring my first pet. I was very absorbed by my new friend and justified myself, thinking that Nausika was an adult and thus mature enough to understand my behavior.

In the beginning of week three an unexpected disaster struck. Nausika, obviously feeling abandoned and neglected, jumped from the balcony and left the house. The morning after when I discovered the fact I felt really desperate and guilty. I printed several pictures of Nausika and stuck them on buildings, store windows, even electricity pillars, all over the neighborhood. I kept accusing myself for my behavior and I couldn't sleep well.

Five days later, I heard a quiet cry on the alley right outside my house. I rushed out the door and I found Nausika dirty, hungry an obviously injured on her front leg.

“Where were you Nausika? Are you okay? I missed you so much! I'm so sorry!” I yelled.

From that day on I realized that in any new entry in my life I should never neglect my previous, steady ,loving relationships.

By: Dorianna Konidari  
AE2

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## The Best Day of My Life

When I was young it must have been seven years ago, I was actually five years old, the school that I was going to, invited me to a school party. But suddenly it was a costume party. I wanted to be Iron Man but because that costume was too big for me I went in my pajamas!

On the day of the party when I woke up I didn't change. Instead I went to the party in my pajamas and my flip flops. All my friends were laughing but I didn't get embarrassed because I knew they were laughing for fun.

Then one girl said to me "Where did you come from? Your bedroom?"

Well I calmly said "Yes, I just woke up", and my friend are hyping me up." This girl was too embarrassed because all the kids were against her, so she started running crying to her mom.

From that night I realized how much my friends loved me and that they would always support me in difficult times.



*by Georgiadis George AE*

**November 26**

**Dear diary,**

So far, the month we are going through has been difficult. Firstly, one day my daughter Doris, was shoveling the first steps of the cinderblock, because her school closed due to the heavy snow that had fallen and as he told me, she noticed something moving. She obviously went to check it out, as her curiosity got the best of her. It was a puppy. Sadly for me it was stray one.

She grabbed it and then sprinted in the house, to the kitchen, to show it to me. I asked her "Where did it came from". I knew that she didn't know, but I hopped that she had seen it coming from any nearby house, because I had explained her that we do not have money to afford it. But she didn't know. Because of her begging and mostly the love I had for her made me to promise her until the snow melted. She jumped with joy and then I felt very proud of myself. It wasn't that bad after all. The puppy wasn't noisy. It didn't complain, cry and tear up the basement. I started to like it because it kept her company when I was working, so it helped me a lot.

The nineth day I noticed that the snow had melted. I want into her room and I found her sitting alone. Then my wife passed by with the puppy to go. I lost all my proudness I had gain. When I arrived there, I immediately got out of there. The picture of that place has stuck in my mind till now. Ten dogs in cell waiting to get adopted, or else they will die. At dinner, Doris finally came downstairs to eat dinner. I had a surprise for her.

I told her "You'd better feed that mutt before it dies of starvation,".

Doris turned around and asked "What?"

"I said, you'd better feed your dog. I figure it's looking for you."

Doris put her hand to her mouth.

**"You didn't take her?" she asked.**

**I told her the whole story. She hugged me. I felt my happiness rising inside me. I muttered, "I'm the best".**

29/11/2020

Dear diary,

Today it was such a weird day. First of all, it was freezing cold and I couldn't leave the house and on top of that my daughter Doris, "adopted" a stray dog out of nowhere. Honestly, as I am writing this I feel confused, would the dog stay or leave? Either way, I let the puppy sleep in the basement and for 4 days it was behaving properly, it never cried, it never complained or it never broke the rules. It was such a good puppy, but everyone knew that we wouldn't keep it, that's the reason we didn't name it. We were just keeping the dog because there was snow and we couldn't leave the house in order to return it to the dog shelter. After a few days Doris was constantly asking if the dog could have a dinner with us, and we kept avoiding her question. Ah finally the weather is clear again, that stupid snow had made us dog owners, incredible right!? Anyway, as I am leaving for the shelter to return the dog I see Doris my beautiful daughter begging my wife to let it stay. Suddenly I find myself returning home from the dog shelter but not alone! Doris was surprised and extremely happy. I sat on my sofa drunk some coffee and asked "are you going to feed it or not"?

*Paris Christakopoulos LAaE12*

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Dear Mrs. Tla,

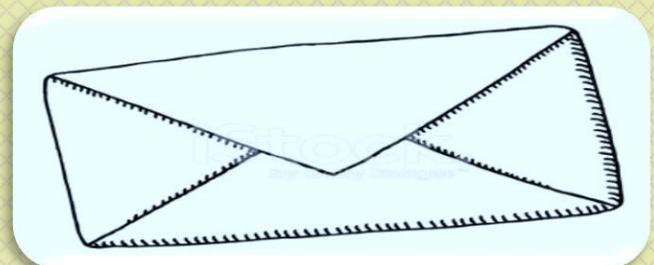
I decided to write and express my opinion for a serious issue. I would like to ask you to have fewer tests.

Nowadays, we write a lot of test, something that is really tiring for us. One of the main reasons that I ask you to schedule less tests is simply because we are going through the learning material too fast that we do not have the opportunity to see the creative side of our lessons. Furthermore, it is something that makes us tired of studying every day for another test.

Believe it or not this situation of tests is something that most students hate since it make them anxiety. Besides, when students come back home they are studying for a new test and they do not have time to have fun with their siblings and family.

To sum up, I hope that you would get my opinion under consideration and you would like to make the students of our school very happy.

Best regards,



Marianina Kefalogianni - AE2

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## LATOYA'S ROOM DRAWINGS

After having read the short story *My First Year in Junior High* by Latoya Hunter, grade 7, phases 4 students were asked to imagine what Latoya's room at home might look like and then draw or paint a picture of it. Here are some of the things they created:

Mrs. Apostolakou

**Grade  
7**



Niki Bardi CLA4-E14



Anastasia Svolou CLA4-



**Kallia Gika CLA4-E14**

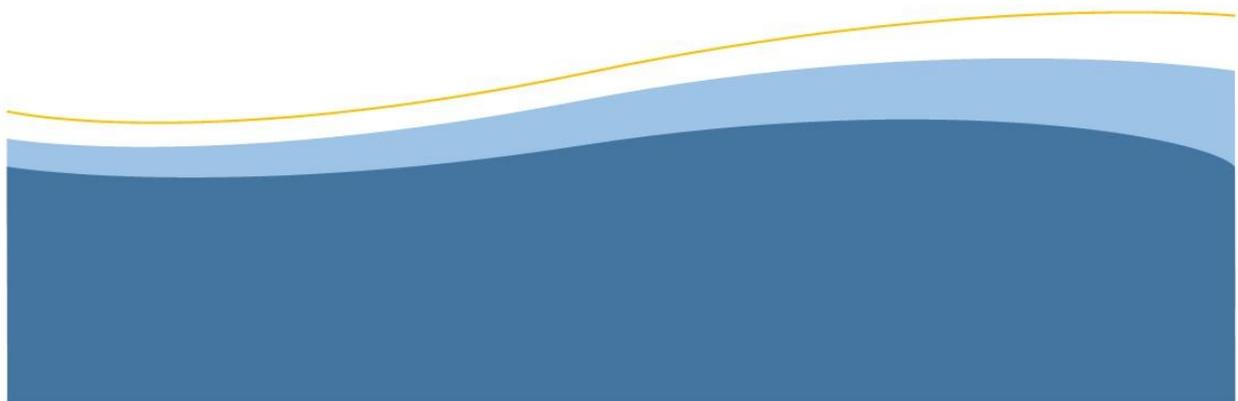


**Isidora Bizaki CLA4-**



Grade 8  
\*  
CREATIVE WRITING

Mrs. Motsiou





## CREATIVE WRITING - adding a 4TH ACT

### CHARACTERS

**MR. WHITE:** *A middle-class Englishman. About 60, he looks older than his years*

**MRS. WHITE:** *His wife. Her hair is nearly white*

**HERBERT:** *Their son, about 25. A clever and able youth*

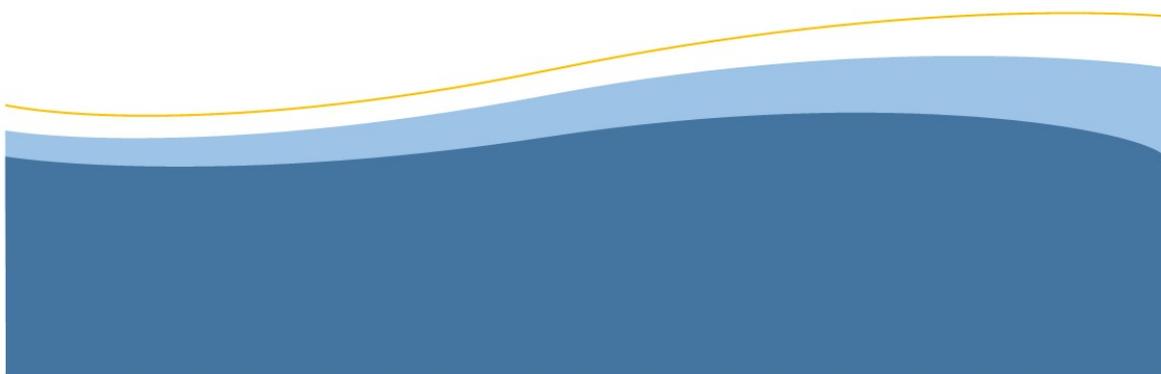
**SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS:** *A tall, red-faced retired army man.*



### ACT III

*Fade in: A close shot of Mr and Mrs White laying on the floor unconscious. Dark background. Silence.*

*Dissolve to: The living (and dining) room of English country house, about 1930. It is dark winter night, the room is shadowy, mysterious-whimsical quality. A loud bang was heard. Their adequate furniture is all over the place. Most of them are broken and others are full of scars, only a few managed to 'survive' the chaos, among them a calendar attached on the wall yet the Monkey's paw is nowhere to be found. Mr and Mrs White suddenly wake up.*





*Mrs. White (Looking around desperately trying to understand where they are):*

Bloody hell! Where are we? What happened to all of our stuff?

*Mr. White (fumbling in pocket):* Where is it? I remember putting it inside my pocket. Now it is gone *Mrs. White (In a daze, still trying to understand what is going on):*

What are you talking about? Where is what?

*Mr. White:* The monkey's paw, It disappeared!

*Mrs. White:* This is all your fault. If it wasn't for that idiotic Monkey's paw nothing would have happened



to us. You wanted something that could grant you power and control, look where it got us! *Mr. White (ignores her, starts taking a closer look of the room and notices the calendar. He stands there peering at it until he notices the date):* Oh this can't be good...

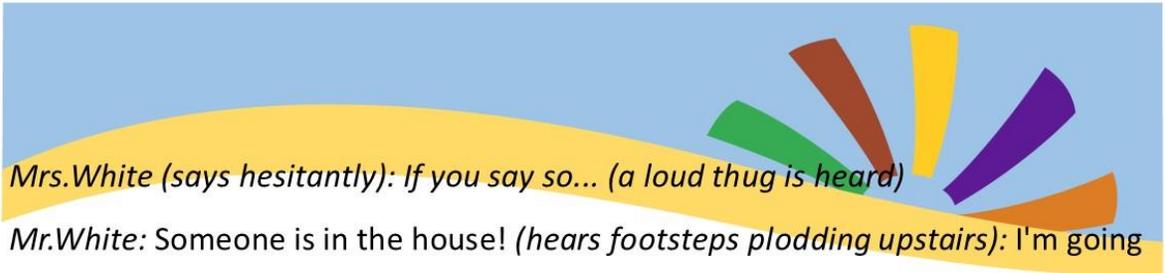
*Mrs. White (in a worried tone):* What is it dear? *(starts pacing slowly towards him)*

*Mr. White: (pointing with his index the left corner of the calendar):* The question we should be asking is when are we.

*Mrs. White (cries out and shudders):* b...but...the date yesterday was...and how are we even alive... 1930? I mean... this can't be true, it must be a hoax, someone is pranking us!

*Mr. White:* I don't know dear... We should visit Morris as soon as possible, he will surely know what to do.

*(Mrs. White's response is a resigned shrug of shoulders, there was something shady about her)*



*Mrs. White (says hesitantly): If you say so... (a loud thug is heard)*

*Mr. White: Someone is in the house! (hears footsteps plodding upstairs): I'm going to check upstairs, you should go hide in winery.*

*Mrs. White:(whispering) Please be careful!*

*Mr. White:I will. (he said and ran upstairs.He searched everywhere but there was no one.He started walking slowly towards the stairs to go check up on his wife but someone grabbed him from behind and pulled him in the closet.): Who is this? Show yourself you coward!*

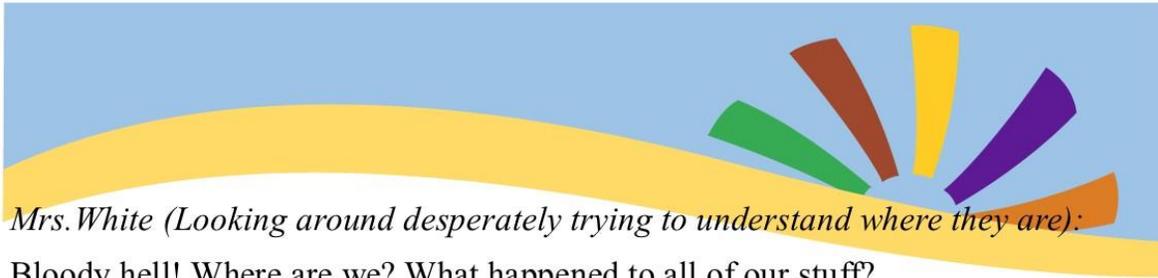
*Herbert (laughing sarcastically): AHAHAHAHA father, still the same man.You can't huddle being inferior, you never could.*

*Mr. White (in a trembling voice): Son, is that really you?*

*Herbert: In bones.You know I would say flesh too but you killed me didn't you*

*Mr. White: Oh you fool, it wasn't me that did this to you.It was this doomed paw.I never meant for any of this to happened.*

*Herbert: Oh please save your tears. After all these years you still claim this to be a simply oversight, but deep down you know that this is just something that you made up to feel less guilty.You can lie to whoever you want but you can't trick me.You monster, this cursed amulet was supposed to be superimposed by layers now.But you just can't deal with the fact that you couldn't control everything and everyone, you wanted to be superior.But what did we get?You got us involved in a world leery of supernatural violence ruining everything including this family.So now it is time that for once you pay the price. (opens the closet and gets him out)*



*Mrs. White (Looking around desperately trying to understand where they are):*

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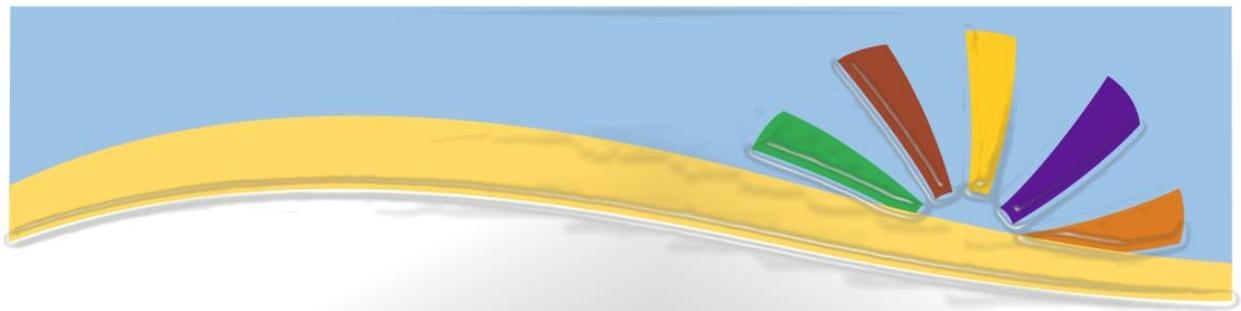
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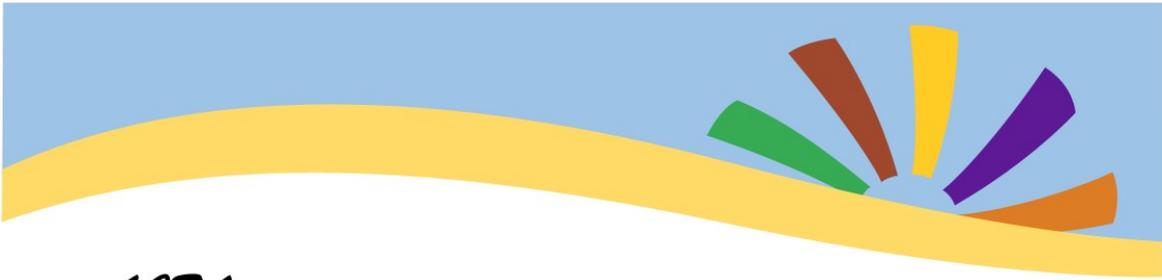
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Grade 8  
\*  
CREATIVE WRITING





## ACT 1:

**Fade In:** Shot the sky facing down the gigantic jungle and luxurious mansions of India. Then the shot gets lower and lower like falling and stops on a close shot of the monkey's paw, attached to a brass chain hanging on a man's chest. Suddenly Indian type of music is heard, and the camera zooms out presenting to us a young sergeant and an old fakir.

Welcome to my humble temple! (says the old fakir in a shaky voice) What brings you here... sir?

My name is Sergeant-Major Morris. I have come to learn from your wisdom. But I am particularly interested in your amulet... (pointing at the fakir's chest).

Oh! I can give it to you, but I must inform you about it before you decide whether you want it or not.

Please! You may begin...

This is my most precious item, but you cannot forget that anything precious is not only useful, but dangerous as well!

(Young sergeant looking even more interested) Intriguing!

Indeed! This amulet can grant you 3 wishes, you just have to hold it in your right fist, raise your hand and... wish.

How extraordinary! (sergeant filled with excitement!)

Wait and you'll see... I must warn you; the monkey's paw can only grant 3 wishes to only 3 people.

Are you interested to know what happened to the first one? *Humans are the most greedy, vicious, wicked and malicious creatures on the planet!* The very first owner of this paw... was myself!

(looking sad and angry). Because young man, I am the most *human* of all... I am the man who created this amulet. I am *the real monster!*

Fade Out.



**Fade In:** Close shot of a young man, well-dressed in the most gigantic mansion that a human eye can see...

First, greed and jealousy were the feelings which ruled me. My very first wish was for money; I wished for money and after 3 days... It came to me. My father had died from poison and my elder brother and I inherited all of his fortune, and it was a lot of money, as he was his majesty the emperor. Then, foolish as I was, I wanted to avenge for my father, and so I wished for power. 4 days later, my elder brother was dead, and I was the hire of the empire! Suddenly I came to realize that I did all these things! I had killed my own family! Desperate as I was, I raised my hand and wished for death! Sadly, God did not permit me to grant my last wish, as he was the one who blessed me to be the emperor... But you must put some thought into what would have happened if I was not blessed... You might be wondering how an emperor could end up to be an old fakir. I simply gave the throne to my younger brother and left the mansion in order to destroy the cursed amulet. I have tried every way I know but they all failed. So, if you want it, take it by all means! But do not forget about my warnings and my ending. This item is extremely dangerous, as we live in a world full of humans -mostly cunning-, greed, viciousness, wickedness and evil.

(Sergeant looking possessed) Give it to me! (expanding his hand to grab the amulet).

So it's true!

What?

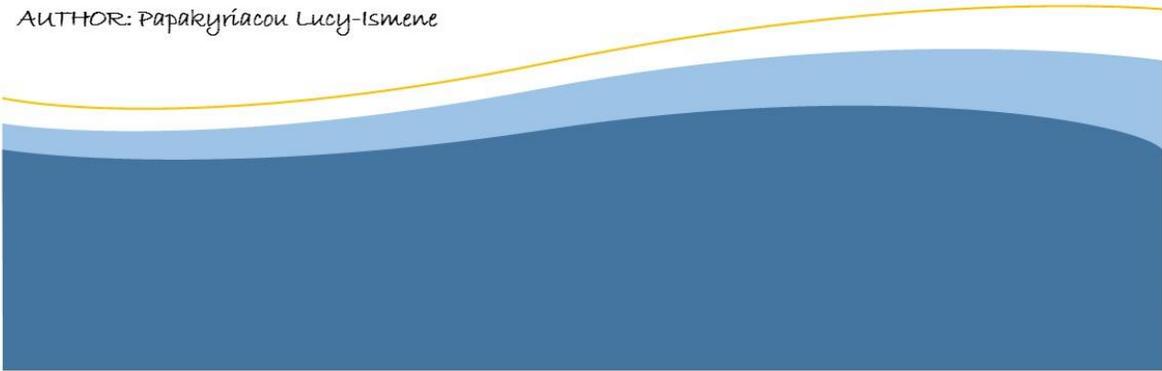
I saw the red flash in your eyes... From the moment I mentioned the 3 wishes..., your mind stuck, didn't it? You can only think good about it, you don't care about the dangers, even though I narrated my whole tragedy, all of my tortures, my own hell; my life!

(sergeant looking furious) I DON'T CARE! SHUT UP STUPID OLD MAN! JUST GIVE IT TO ME!!!

(fakir standing up, throwing the amulet to the sergeant, and observing him until he departs.)

God, what is done is done I have already given him the amulet. I finally got rid of it! I don't care what you'll do to me I already am in hell...

**AUTHOR:** Papakyriacou Lucy-Ismene

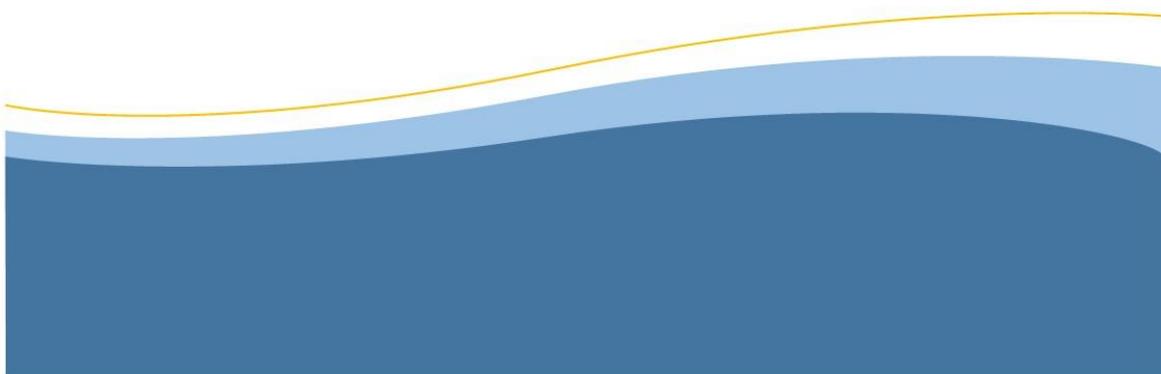




**AUTHOR: STRATIS RALLIS\_ GR. 8 PHASE 4**

*Fade in: Distant shot of a temple in the Indian jungle.*

*Dissolve to: The entrance of the temple in the Indian jungle, about 1880. The exterior of the temple is beautifully decorated with a variety of sculptures depicting gods and deities. The construction seems to be very old, from ancient times, as its walls are very mossy. On the top of the temple there are some astonishing turrets which give the building a uniqueness. All around the temple, there are enormous trees that hide it from being easily detected. Sargeant-Major Morris is heading inside to meet the fakir, to whom the temple belongs.*





**Sergeant-Major Morris** (Doffing his hat as he enters): Good morning! Is there anyone in this temple?

**Fakir**: Of course young soldier. (Gesturing) Come closer, don't be afraid.

**Sergeant-Major Morris**: Who are you, old man?

**Fakir**: I am the fakir of this temple. This masterpiece of Indian architecture, which was created by our ancestors, belongs to me and I am responsible for its protection.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (Seeing the object attached to the chain the fakir is wearing): May I ask you a question?

**Fakir**: What is that you want to know young soldier?

**Sergeant-Major Morris**: I wanted to ask you about the object that is hanging from your neck.

**Fakir**: Oh, you refer to this old amulet, don't you? (Takes off the chain from his neck)

**Sergeant-Major Morris**: Yes, exactly! May I have a closer look?

**Fakir** (Gives it to him): Here, take it.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (Examining the amulet): Is this a monkey's paw?

**Fakir**: Precisely, young soldier! It is said that an old fakir, just like me, put a spell on it so that three separate people could each have three wishes from it.

**Fakir** (Worried): But you should use them sensibly, young soldier.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (Enthusiastically): How do you make the spell work?

**Fakir**: In order to make a wish you should hold the paw up in your right hand and wish aloud.

**Sergeant-Major Morris**: May I keep it?

**Fakir**: Of course young soldier.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (Leaving the temple): Bye old man, have a nice day!

**Fakir**: You too young soldier. But remember, be careful when using the monkey's paw. You never know what are the consequences.

*Sergeant-Major Morris leaves the beautiful temple inside the Indian jungle full of excitement about the amulet the old fakir gave him.*

*Fade out*

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*As part of Unit 2,  
Exploring the  
Unexplained, the Grade 8  
LA 4 students of E13 were  
assigned to write a prequel  
to “The Monkey’s Paw”.  
Here, follow some of their  
submissions.*

MLA for picture:

Alexander, Chris, and Chris Alexander. “The Monkey's  
Paw Is Still the Scariest Story of All

Time.” *Why The Monkey's Paw Is Still the Scariest  
Story of All Time*, ComingSoon.net, 12 July 2017,  
[www.comingsoon.net/horror/features/866827-why-  
the-monkeys-paw-is-still-the-scariest-story-of-all-  
time](http://www.comingsoon.net/horror/features/866827-why-the-monkeys-paw-is-still-the-scariest-story-of-all-time). Accessed 27 February, 2021

**Mrs.  
Seitanidis**  
Grade 8



### W. W. Jacobs's "The Monkey's Paw" – a Prequel

#### CHARACTERS:

**SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS:** a tall, red-faced retired army man from England

**FAKIR:** an old, Indian man with a long, white beard, wearing a mantle and traditional jewellery

**ABDUL:** a young, clever-looking man dressed in old, simple clothes

**VILLAGERS:** similar to ABDUL in appearance

#### ACT I

*Fade in: A monkey jumping from one tree to another in the jungle. SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS walks through the bush using a long, sharp blade. He comes to a glade. There are some wooden houses and in the center of the village, stands an ancient stone temple. Some VILLAGERS discussing on the left; another VILLAGER carrying wood on the right. The sun starts to set. The rustle of leaves is heard. Then a mysterious musical piece is heard louder and louder as the temple is shown in front of a red sky.*

*Dissolve to: SERGANT-MAJOR MORRIS reaching the village. ABDUL walks towards him with a look of wonder on his face. He then smiles a big smile. The other villagers continue their work and discussion.*

**Morris (in torn clothes, exhausted with pauses):** Hello my dear man. I am soon leaving India and I am looking for something special to take with me when I go back to England. I bumped into some

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old friends who told me that a holy man lives in this village. Some people say that he is known for his magical powers.

Abdul (*stops smiling and in a serious tone, almost whispering*): Hmm.... Yes, he lives here. He is our religious leader. He has indeed some mighty powers and that makes most of us shudder even at the thought of him. Come with me.

*(The two men walk to the temple in silence. The VILLAGERS stare at them, clearly interested in Morris. Reaching the entrance of the temple, SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS stops)*

Morris: What is your name?

Abdul (*indifferently*): I am Abdul. In your language it means knowledge.

Morris: Well, that's interesting. I am...

*(ABDUL interrupts him as they are about to enter the temple)*

Abdul: Be careful when you talk to him and never look at him in the eye...

Morris: Who do you mean?

Abdul: The fakir...

*Dissolve to: The two men enter the temple. Everything is dark. The music in the fade in starts again. The heavy door closes behind them.*

*Fade out.*

*Fade in: The Fakir standing in the middle of a circular room with four villagers wearing mantles. There is no light except of the light from the torches on the walls. The walls are covered in plants and there are six enormous sculptures of a frightening aspect. Sergeant-Major Morris walks towards the FAKIR while ABDUL gets on his knees.*

Morris: Please, forgive me for showing up like this, but I am looking for a magic object which will have the power to grant a man's wish. I was told that you can help me.

Fakir (*with a deep voice*): I was waiting for you... (*Talking to the villagers*) Bring it to me.

*(The fakir gives Morris a shady look. Morris looks confused but intrigued)*

*Fade out.*

*Fade in: Abdul has left the temple and now Sergeant-Major Morris is sitting on the floor facing the Fakir and the villagers. They also are sitting on the floor. The same setting but the fire of the torches is less bright. The Fakir has a small wooden box in front of him.*

Fakir (*moving his head back and forth, his hands shaking*): All the spirits of the temple, come...come and offer us your powers... (*suddenly, there is a strong wind blowing in the room yet*

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*the torches' fire becomes brighter. The villagers mimic the fakir's movements, Sergeant-Major Morris peers at the box with fear)*

**Villagers and Fakir** (*almost whispering*): Come and offer us your powers... come and offer us your powers... come and offer us your powers...

*(Suddenly there is silence. The light of the torches becomes dimmer.)*

*(The Fakir opens the box and takes out a small monkey's paw. He offers it to Morris.*

**Fakir:** Take this and you will have anything you desire.

*He seems surprised but takes the paw and puts it in his pocket.)*

**Morris:** Thank you...*(takes some money out of his pocket and offers it to the Fakir)*

**FAKIR:** No, I wish nothing in exchange.

**MORRIS:** Thank you again. I'll be taking it with me when I return to England.

*Dissolve to: Sergeant-Major Morris gets out of the temple. He sees Abdul waving at him and he waves back. He goes back into the jungle fumbling in his pocket to ensure that the paw is still there then he smiles. A suspenseful music starts playing. Close up on Morris's trousers: the monkey's paw is moving inside the pocket. Suddenly, three fingers emerge from the pocket and grab at the fabric.*

*Fade out.*

*Michaela Loutska, Grade 8 LA4-E13*

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**CHARACTERS:**

**SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS:** *A tall, red-faced retired army man, who is keen on adventure.*

**THE LEADER OF A LOCAL TRIBE:** *A well-built, ugly man, with a number of scarves wrapped around his body, and symbols painted on his face. He wears a band around his head with an eagle's feather stuck in it. He bears rings on both his ears and nose and he is bare footed.)*

**FAKIR:** *An old spiritual Indian man, with a white long beard and a turban on his head, wearing traditional jewellery.*

**ACT I**

*Fade in:* Morris crosses the jungle, in order to meet a fakir a friend of his has talked to him about. It is very dark and the sounds from the jungle and its creatures are heard.

*Sergeant-Major Morris moves very slowly and carefully with obvious uncertainty, constantly looking about for danger. He trips and loses his balance. He holds onto a branch, so as not to fall and it breaks, making a cracking sound that startles him. He then hears a growl in the distance, which is followed by drum sounds)*

**Sergeant-Major Morris:** Oh my God, what's that?

*(The rhythm of the drums becomes faster and faster and the "Apatsi" appear. Sergeant-Major Morris throws all his equipment and gun on the ground.*

*The "Apatsi" spot him and aim their arrows at him. Their leader walks up to Morris, holding a spear in his right hand.*

**Leader:** *(looking at Morris in a threatening way)* What do you want in our lands? You know trespassers are punished here.

**Sergeant-Major Morris:** I want to visit the Fakir who lives here. I do not want to cause any trouble.

**Leader:** *(clearly still suspicious):* Hmmm. You want to see the master. I will bring you to him and hope that he will agree to see you. Otherwise... *(he pauses and turns his gaze to his army who shout in excitement).*

*Fade out*

*Fade in:* The leader and Morris enter the stone temple where the fakir lives. There are a lot of lit torches which light up the place. Ape howls are heard in the distance. The leader of the tribe bows to the fakir and talks to him in low voice. The leader leaves and the Fakir turns to Morris.

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Fakir: *(with a leery look)*: So... What made you come here?

Sergeant-Major Morris: Yesterday, I bumped into a friend of mine and explained to him how desperate I was for a change in my fortune. He proposed that I meet you, a holy man with mighty powers.

Fakir: What exactly would you like me to do?

Sergeant-Major Morris: I want you to put a spell on this object, a monkey's paw *(showing it to him)*.

Fakir: Alright, I will grant you your wish because you seem to be an honest man. Give me the paw.

*(The fakir peers into the fire. He looks like he is in a daze and moves back and forth whispering some prayers. His voice gets more and more intense. Suddenly, there is a lightning, causing a loud thunder, the paw starts moving and falls on the ground. Sergeant-Major Morris is apparently scared.)*

Fakir: *(exhausted)*: You can take it.

Sergeant-Major Morris: What can I do with it?

Fakir: You and another two people will each be able to have three wishes granted.

Sergeant-Major Morris: *(excited)*: And how does it work?

Fakir: You should hold it up in your right hand and wish aloud.

Sergeant-Major Morris: Ok, thank you very much. Now I can take this and return to my homeland, to see my family and friends again.

Fakir: Don't forget; be careful and prudent with it.

Sergeant-Major Morris: *(leaving cheerfully)*: Right, thank you.

*Fade Out*

*Stavros Mastorakis, Grade 8 LA-E13*

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**CHARACTERS:**

**SERGEANT-MAJOR-MORRIS:** *A tall, red-faced retired army man.*

**AN INDIAN FAKIR:** *An old, mysterious, and holy man*

**ACT I**

*Fade in: Shot of the dark jungle in the distance, then camera slowly moves towards a temple inside the jungle.*

*Dissolve to: Inside the temple of an Indian fakir. Only a small candle is lit. It is a dark winter night, and the chamber has a mysterious quality. There are many spider webs and strange, faded drawings on the walls. In the center of the room, a very curious box is on the floor. Morris and the fakir are sitting down facing each other, the box between them. Gusts of wind and the sound of crowing birds are heard.*

*Morris (Feeling scared and uneasy, words barely coming out of his mouth, looking at the walls and the box): What are we doing here and what is inside that box?*

*Fakir (In a strong and determined voice, slowly speaking): We are here for me to show you a magic object, a monkey's paw(a loud thunder is heard from the sky)*

*Morris (With a terrified and confused expression): And what exactly does this paw do?*

*Fakir: I put a spell on it, in order for three different people to each be granted three wishes.*

*Morris (in a keen voice): Can I see it?*

*The fakir opens the box and the dark room is suddenly filled with a strong light. The fakir takes the monkey's paw in his hand and stretches it out to MORRIS.*

*Morris (slightly scared): I am not sure if I want it anymore, I have a feeling there is something shady about it.*

*Fakir: Take it. Once you've asked for it, there is no way back. You must have it.*

*Morris (hesitates, clearly in a dilemma over what to do. In the end, MORRIS takes the paw from the Fakir.): Alright.*

*Fakir: I must warn you though, of its harmful consequences.*

*Morris (staring at the paw): Don't worry. I will wish for something sensible (looks at the Fakir, then puts the paw in his pocket and gets up to leave).*

*The Fakir closes the box and bids MORRIS goodbye. Then he laughs to himself an evil laugh.*

*Close-up of the FAKIR'S face and then shots of MORRIS' journey out of India and back to England and the Whites' house.*

*Fade out*

*Markella Papanikolaou, Grade 8 LA4-E13*

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## CHARACTERS

**SERGEANT MAJOR MORRIS:** A tall, red-faced retired army man.

**FAKIR:** An Indian holy man.

### ACT I

*Fade in: The Indian Jungle. Sergeant Major Morris is on his way to meet an old Fakir, who is considered to be able to grant men's wishes. It is very dark and cold. There is a lot of wind as well. Clouds have covered the sky and it is almost midnight.*

**Sergeant Major Morris:** *Are you the fakir that can grant one's wish? I heard from a friend I bumped into in the village yesterday that you are a holy man and that you have mighty powers.*

**Fakir:** *Yes, I am the man you are looking for. And yes, I have the power to make a wish come true. Please, sit down.*

**Sergeant Major Morris (Excited):** *Will this take a long time? I am not in a hurry, just curious.*

**Fakir:** *You will see...*

*A young man brings a wooden box and places it right in front of the Fakir. The Fakir chants upon dark forces in Indian, looking like he is in a daze. He peers into the fire, he moves his body back and forth, and whispers some magic words. After a while, he stops. He opens the box and takes a monkey's paw out of it.*

**Sergeant Major Morris (Shuddering but also intrigued):** *What did you do?*

**Fakir:** *I put a spell on this monkey's paw, so that three different people can each have three wishes granted. I will give it to you because you don't seem to be a shady man.*

*The Fakir gives SERGEANT MAJOR MORRIS the paw.*

**Sergeant Major Morris (Looking excited):** *And how am I going to use it? What do I do?*

**Fakir:** *You just have to hold it in your right hand and wish aloud. But you must be very careful about what you wish. Your wishes will be granted in a natural way.*

**Sergeant Major Morris:** *Okay, I will be careful. (Looking somewhat uncomfortable) Now, I have little money to give you. I am planning to return to my homeland and visit some old friends.*

**Fakir:** *I don't want any money. Go in peace.*

**Sergeant Major Morris:** *(Sounding most grateful) Thank you.*

*Sergeant Major Morris leaves and the old Fakir disappears in another part of the temple.*

*Fade out*

*Andrew Rallis, Grade 8 LA-E13*

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**CHARACTERS:**

**SERGEANT-MAJOR MORRIS:** A tall, red-faced man, a member of the Army of the British Empire.

**FAKIR:** a holy man who lives in India and it is rumored to have magic powers.

**ACT I**

*Fade in: Two people, Sergeant-Major Morris and a Fakir are sitting in a temple's chamber, in India. There is an open fire between them. There are no windows, and the room is almost dark. The FAKIR is holding a wooden box in his wrinkled hands. Sergeant-Major Morris shudders a little bit, but he is determined to get what he wants.*

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (*peering at the Fakir*): I am Sergeant Major Morris, member of the English Army. I came here to meet you because I have heard that you can grant people's wishes.

**Fakir** (*calmly, almost whispering*): Indeed, I can. (pauses for a second) But very few people have managed to find me.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (*excited*): I want your help. I want my life to change. I have some money to give you.

**Fakir**: I don't want anything in return. But you seem a very sensible man. I must warn you, the wishes will be granted in ways that will seem normal, but they will come at a price. You must be prepared.

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (*with determination*): Alright, alright, now work your magic please.

**Fakir** (*resignedly*): As you wish. (*now concentrating on the box*). Spiders...and monsters... (stops for a moment) give this paw the ability to grant wishes. (*invoking the dark forces*) give... this... paw (*a green light from inside the box suddenly illuminates the room*).

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (*afraid*): What's in there?

**Fakir** (*opens the box*): In this box is a monkey's paw. Three people can use it, and each will be granted three wishes. But be careful. The wishes will be granted in natural but sometimes unpleasant ways. (*gives the paw to Sergeant-Major Morris*)

**Sergeant-Major Morris** (*gets up and turns to leave*): Thank you and... goodbye

**Fakir** (*talking to himself after Morris's departure*): This will be interesting... (*looking into the future, speaking in a mysterious tone*) In less than a month he will understand the evil hidden in that paw. But it will be too late. He will try to destroy it, but another man will get hold of it, in his homeland...

*The Fakir continues to whisper things the audience can't hear. The fire flames become bigger and from yellow, they turn green. A leering monkey is superimposed on the green fire.*

*Fade out*

*Nicholas Skevis, Grade 8 LA4-E13*

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*In Unit 2 “Bad Behaviours”, Grade 8 Phase 5 students read the book Holes. They assume the role of Stanley’s mother-the main character of the story who has been sent to a juvenile detention- and write a letter to him with the family news and her motherly concerns.*

**Mrs. Ioannou**

**Grade  
8**

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*Dear Stanley,*

*Hearing from you and reading your letter made me very happy. I know it's been hard for you to make friends in the past, so I'm very glad to hear that you made new friends at the camp. It sounds like you are having a lot of fun there with all the different activities.*

*Your father is still working on his sneaker project; he's made some improvements to the models. Still, the odor of the shoes is unbearable and disgusting. The landlord, Mr. Thomson, came a couple of days ago to warn us that if we don't get rid of the odor we will get evicted by the end of the month. I really hope we get it under control. On top of that, he started a new side project to recycle old clothes, more trouble if you ask me. On the other hand, I started a new hobby, drawing, to keep my mind busy. I enjoy it quite a lot and we make more money since I sell most of the drawings. We are using that extra money to hire a lawyer. But how about you? Are you having fun with your friends? Tell me more about Camp Green Lake. How is it there?*

*We both miss you a lot and worry about you every day. We are doing our best to find a way to get you out.*

*P.S. Did you pass your swimming test?*

*Love from both of us,*

*Mom and Dad*

*Stella Doumanoglou -LA5-BE15*

**Dear Stanley,**

**I'm glad to hear that you are having such a great time. It's wonderful to hear you are staying so positive and optimistic and that you are getting along with the other kids as well. Your happiness is the greatest gift I could ever receive. It makes me feel less guilty for sending you there.**

**Things are not so good here. Your dad hasn't figured out a way to recycle old sneakers yet even though he has promised he was very close to a breakthrough. The**

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experiments are getting even more painful day by day. The whole building smells like burning sneakers, which is not good. I'm starting to get worried that we might be evicted, since all the neighbors are complaining about the bad smell. The landlord is already threatening us. Other than that, things are pretty normal. Your dad has been working for 5 days in a row. I am getting worried about him. He doesn't sleep, he doesn't eat, I don't know what to do. Anyway, I really hope you are doing better than us. Are you eating enough? I hope you are not starving. If I only I could send you some food with my letters. How many hours are you sleeping? It is important that you sleep enough. And make sure you don't get too tired.

I hope to hear from you soon. I miss you very much. I would love to hear about your new friends in your next letter.

Love you tons, Mom

Sophia Zalokosta  
LA5-BE15

*Dear Stanley,*

*How are you my dear Stan? Your father and I have missed you so much! We hope you're ok. You haven't sent us a letter for a long time and were starting to worry! Please reply to this letter. We love you so much and every time we get a letter from you, we get so excited to read it! I know you're going to be again with us soon and we can't wait! We will have an awesome time together again!*

*Your father is moving on with his invention. I believe that he'll soon find a way to recycle those old sneakers. (I hope!). Grandma and grandpa are waiting for you to come back! Grandma got a new pickup, and she can't use it... she really needs your help! She won't let anyone help her. She claims that she will be waiting for you to return. Antie and Uncle miss you so much! They can't wait for you to come back and meet baby Joe. We all miss you SO much. Don't worry, everything is going to be ok and you will return home very soon. Stay strong! I am happy, though, that you're*

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*having fun swimming! How's everything there at camp? What other activities do you do? And what's your favorite? How are the kids there? Have you made any new friends?*

*We miss you, love you and care about you very much! We can't wait to see you again!*

*Love you!,*

*Mommy*



*Thania Theofilopoulou  
LA5-BE15*

*Tuesday, July 26, 2005*

*My precious boy,*

*Your father is progressing in his sneaker project although I must put a clothespin on my nose in order to avoid the awful odor. My nose really hurts after a while but that is not that big of a deal!*

*Anyway, let us talk about you. How is it there at the Camp Green Lake? Do they treat you well and respect you, honey? Is the food good? Is your room clean and tidy? I hope you have made some friends there but be careful who you talk to! Do not hang out with weird kids. They may influence you negatively! Your father and I really miss you! If only your dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-grandfather had not cursed every single one of his ancestors, you would not be there, and the shoes would not have fallen on your head!*

*Back here not much has changed since you left. Mrs. Taylor moved away from the neighborhood. Your father and I went to Hawaii to meet Uncle Johnny and Aunt Linda in their new modern apartment. Uncle John recently started water-skiing. He won the lottery and was given a water motorbike!!!*

*I almost forgot to tell you that your teacher, Ms. Johnson came over and asked us about you yesterday. She sends you her greetings. By the way, what do you do all day out there in the camp? Do you have any friends yet? I hope you are doing great and having fun!*

*I love you sweetheart! I miss you so much!*

*Love,*

*Your mum*

*Alexandros Lianas-LA5-BE15*

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Dear Stanley,

*I have been reading your letters for the past months and from what you have told me, I must say I am impressed by this camp! There are so many activities to choose from and I am so glad that they have sent you there instead of prison. I know you are innocent. But tell me, how are you doing? I'm sure you are having a great time sitting and playing near the lake all day and that you have made lots of new friends.*

*Your dad and I are doing just fine, but we miss you a lot. Your dad is experimenting on his recyclable shoes invention all day – we both know that it is his passion- and I have been working double shifts because we need more money to buy equipment for your dad. Actually, he finally made a breakthrough! He figured out that the best way to recycle the shoes is by burning them. I fully support him and his dreams, but I have to admit that the smell that comes out of them is HORRIBLE. At first, I could just open the window and the smell would go away, but now, it's almost like the odor has stayed in our apartment permanently. It has gone to the point where we have gotten many complains from the neighbors and the landlord demanded that we leave if we don't stop. But at this point, I can't do anything. Your father is refusing to stop burning those shoes and says that we can find a new place to live. Can you imagine that? We might get evicted and he doesn't even care about what is right for the family. Why can't he have a normal job after all? A lawyer maybe? Actually, it was his research that convinced the judge that you had a motive. Those old shoes! But what can I do? Anyway, I don't want to make you feel sad with all my "grown-up" problems. You should just make sure that you are having a great time in the nature while doing all those fun activities that you have told me about. And remember to eat! I am sure the camp provides you with delicious food.*

*Miss you and hope to see you soon.*

Love,

Mom

Olivia Telidi  
LA5-BE15

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Dear Stanley,

I hope you are doing well. Thank you for your letter. These letters really mean a lot to me.

I have a lot to tell you. The landlord has concluded that the only solution to the sneakers' smell problem is eviction. I am very sad about leaving our home, but it was expected. The smell has become horrible in here. However, don't see this as a bad thing but as a new change, in which you can explore something new and different. There is some more sad news. Uncle Robbing passed away on Monday. You know he meant a lot to your father, as he was his mentor. I think your father would appreciate a letter from you, saying that you are sorry about his loss.

Please tell me some things about the camp. I would love to know what you've been up to recently. Are you still doing rock climbing? Did you climb the mountain nearby (yes, I searched the place in google maps)? Also tell me about the food they are feeding you. Are you eating properly? Is the food tasty and healthy? I tried contacting the camp director for these questions, but I couldn't find any phone number to call them... Stanley, I miss you soooooo much! I wish you were here. It's been almost two months since we last saw each other. I want to hug you and squeeze you in my arms.

Hope you are doing ok and that you will come back soon. Don't forget to ask for a phone number so I can talk to the director. Can't wait for your reply.

Love,

Your mum

George Chainis  
LA5-BE15

*San Francisco, 15-6-2005*

*Dear Stanley,*

*I hope you're doing well. I haven't received any letter lately and I'm very concerned about you.*

*Your father can't stop spending time trying to find out how he can recycle old sneakers. I can't stand it anymore! The whole house smells bad and sometimes it makes me want to leave for good. At some point, I even thought of getting a divorce. The worst is, that he can't admit that he spends almost the whole day doing absolutely nothing. Anyway, enough with us. I hope*

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*that you have already found friends and that you like it there. I'm sure that you passed your swimming test and now you're acing your water-ski lessons! I also wanted to ask you some questions as I'm very curious about life in camps. What do you eat? What other activities do you do there? Do you wake up early and do you get enough sleep? What kind of things do you do with your friends when you are alone? Is it fun being at a camp or do you feel lonely? Stanley, we all miss you so much...especially me. I think of you every day and night. I can't wait for us to get together again, all under the same roof.*

*Sorry for all these questions, I'm just hoping you're having a great time there. If you manage to get a chance to write me back, please do. We will all appreciate it.*

*Love,*

*Mum*

*Sophia Maria Adoniadou*

*LA5-BE7*

*My dear Stanley,*

*It was wonderful to hear from you. It made me feel like a mother who has taken good care of her son. I am very proud of you that you have been managing to make the best out of this awful situation.*

*Your father is working hard on the sneakers project and believes that he is almost done with it. The only problem is that the landlord has threatened to evict us multiple times and the lady next door has been complaining to us about the foul odor. We may have to move out.*

*Thankfully, your grandma has informed us that if all goes wrong, we can stay with her and just to be safe we hired a lawyer to help us with this issue, so you don't have to worry. I have been wanting to ask you about the camp, ever since you left. Do you have any friends there? Are you eating well? Are the clothes that I have packed for you enough? Have you learned anything new? Are you sleeping well? Are you having fun? Whatever*

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*the answer if you ever need anything something feel free to call me, I will come as soon as I can.*

*Just so you know I am worried about you and I miss you very much. I really hope that you are fine, and I hope you will be coming back soon.*

*Much love,  
Your mum*

**Thanassis Gargalianos Kakolyris-LA5-BE7**



**San Francisco, 29.5.1998**

**Dear Stanley,**

**It was great to hear from you last week! Your father and I are so happy to learn that you are having such a wonderful time! I'm so proud of you trying to see the positive side of this situation. I can't wait to hear all about your new friends.**

**Back home your father is still working on his recycling sneaker project, but we are starting to lose hope. I'm worried that the landlord is going to evict us, because of the foul odor that has driven the neighbors up the wall. I'm sure Mrs. Harlow is the one making the complaints, she never liked us. Unfortunately, your father is cursing his dirty-rotten-pig-stealing-great-grandfather more and more every day. I just wish we had a little bit of luck for once, because I don't know what we are going to do if we get kicked out. But don't want you to worry about us, tell me everything about Camp Green Lake! What is your favorite thing about it so far? In your last letter you mentioned swimming and water-skiing, which sound fun. Being out on the lake all day, doing all these outdoor activities must be exhausting, but I think that getting used to harsh conditions will be good for you. However, I hope you are taking care of yourself. Is the food there nearly as good as mine? Let me know if you want me to send you anything. Are you sleeping okay in those tents? Have you lost any weight? Remember that I love you just the way you are. How are the other kids? I hope they aren't giving you a hard time like back at school.**

**I worry about you and I miss you. We all send our love and can't wait for your next letter!**

**Love you pumpkin!**

**Mum**

**Adelina Georgiadi-LA5-BE7**

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San Diego, California,  
13 August 2005

Dear Stanley,

I hope you are doing well in that camp. We miss you very much here! If you could only write us a letter to tell us how you are doing... It seems that everything is going okay there. It's been a long time since I have sent you a letter so I thought maybe I would try to get in contact with you again.

I want to know all about Camp Green Lake and your living situation now that you are gone. I wish you could fill me in on what's going on because we are worried about you. Do you sleep well? Do you eat well? Are you having trouble with any of the kids? Have you made any friends? Well, since you cannot respond back, I might as well fill you in on our news. Do you remember in my last letter where I talked to you about the eviction? Well, it's not going so well and I'm afraid we might get kicked out of the house. Your dad is working on recycling old sneakers as you know and that leads to the apartment always having an awful smell. All of our neighbors are constantly complaining, and it seems like we are not gonna be able to live in that house for much longer. Anyways, I'm sorry to burden you with all this but I just had to let you know. Besides that, the family's doing great so there's nothing to worry about. We all love you.

Everyone sends their warmest wishes for the hard time you are going through and wishes to see you soon. Hope you have missed us too!

Love,

Your mom

Lida Diamantakou  
LA5-BE7

26.01.2021

Santa Cruz, California

Dear Stanley,

*How are you? I hope you got the previous letter that I sent you. I haven't sent you a letter for a long time, so I thought it was a good idea to write to you.*

*As you know, your father is working on discovering a way to recycle old sneakers. His project isn't going so well. You may remember, in the last letter I wrote you, I mentioned that we may be evicted from our apartment. Things haven't gotten any better. The smell of the burning sneakers is getting worse and worse. All of our neighbors are constantly complaining. I am worried that we will not find another apartment if*

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*the landlord throws us out. Other than that, everything is going great here. Don't worry about us. We miss you a lot and we are very proud of you. We hope you are doing well, considering the conditions there. Have you adjusted in the environment? Have you lost any weight? It's not like I want you to, I am just curious. Have you made any new friends, or are you having any trouble with the people there? Are they feeding you properly and are you sleeping well? I hope the people are nice and are treating my sweet son well. I know that Camp Green Lake was not what you expected it to be, but I wish that something good will come out of this experience.*

*We hope you stay healthy and take good care of yourself. We will manage to sort out our problems and have you back with us as soon as possible, as we miss you very much.*

*Lots of love,*

*Your mum*

*Estella Broutzou-LA5 - BE*

Dear Stanley,

I have not heard from you in a while and as a mother I am really worried. I do not want to pressure you but I would just love to be informed on how your adaptation is evolving.

Your father and I have been facing some serious problems with the landlord. As I have mentioned before I am deeply upset, because of the particular matter. Your beloved father is persistent and is not willing to quit his "foot odor project". Despite the landlord's numerous attempts to persuade Dad, he still remains stubborn. The odor these actions produced brought the landlord to a crucial decision, which was to kick us out of the apartment. I have been trying to discover another cheap apartment but the specific task is quite difficult. Please try to come up with a brilliant idea or else we will be forced to live on the streets. In general, I have not been emotionally stable but I am sure everything will brighten again once you return. I have been reading one of Gandhi's books and he states that stress and depression leads to divorce, which is something that I am currently thinking about. I don't want you to worry about my personal problems, all I want you to do is to make new friends, experiences and hopefully learn something from the camp's formality. As a matter of fact, who is your best friend and are you all treated equally and with respect?

In my opinion, we will reunite shortly and all of our problems will be forgotten. I want you to know that I am thinking of you, supporting you and always encouraging you.

Love you my cupcake,

Mom

**Stelios Papanikolaou**  
**LA5-BE**

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# Raise the Issue

Mrs. Tsoulogiannis

**Grade  
9**

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# Humanity's Scariest Encounter

*Time is an extremely complex  
concept.*

*Sometimes we benefit from it, occasionally we don't. Individuals, perceptions, theories, morals, ideals, material objects and much more have stood before the test of time. Time equals evolvement, for the better or the worse, either with the outcome being a 'success', a 'failure', an 'uncertainty', depending on the aspect. The one thing that is found common in all scenarios, is the 'challenge' against time that needs to be faced. This is purely the result of human nature, that demands growth.*

*One of the most important fights humanity has been faced with is racism, in all kinds of forms. The world hasn't won its battle with it yet, nevertheless society has managed to make its people believe that there has been a drastic change for the better. However, gathering all the facts and paralleling them with the time of their occurrence, there are way too many similarities between today and the past. Some examples can be shown from racism regarding one's skin color. In 1619, more than four centuries ago, slavery marked its start. It took time for things to change, for things to take their correct form. Not until 1865, more than two hundred years later, was slavery officially abolished thanks to President Abraham Lincoln. Still, that did not mean racism had simply disappeared. The*

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world continued and continues to be a scary, wicked and unpredictable place and racism is one of the most significant reasons as to why. It has and still is struggling against the test of time, having individuals wait impatiently for their dreams to become a reality.

A very important individual, Martin Luther King Jr. (MLK), did a plethora of things in order to free the world from racism. He played 'the long game', doing everything he could in order to make his ambitions and daydreams come true, concerning freedom and equality. A specific action of his, has been tested by time and it has beaten it. This was his speech, 'I Have a Dream'. MLK, put into action what human nature demanded, a change for the better and additional step to what's right. His speech empowered, compelled, moved and amazed a countless amount of people. That is the reason why even after so many years, activists listen to his speech in order to be inspired and be reminded of their purpose. Time didn't manage to take away its value.

Clearly, there are a number of things that have stood the test of time, in the end what matters is which ones come through. Why go through all this trouble? Well, because that is what human nature, our nature, longs for. It is undeniable that this loop will continue existing, only with different types of complications and different kinds of battles needing to be fought.

**Ariadne Mihalou**

**cE16**

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# DON'T PRETEND TO CARE, CARE!

**I**sn't it interesting how everyone pretends to care about the environment and our planet but when the opportunity to take action presents itself, everyone almost immediately passes? Well, one thing that has become crystal clear to me over the years is that one's words mean nothing if not proven by one's actions.

Throughout my whole life, I have been sitting in classes at school listening to the same thing repeatedly: how essential it is to preserve our environment and try to undo the damage that has already been done to our planet. Unsurprisingly, during those classes the majority of students raise their hand and participate in order to find suitable solutions to this problem because as the generation that will have to deal with climate change, it is our duty to ensure that our children will live in a healthy planet. However, outside of the school environment, these same young adults pollute the environment intentionally, simply because they are too bored to find a garbage can. This type of behavior particularly irritates me because these children do not respect nature and fail to comprehend how crucial it is to our survival. I remember the look on my friend's face when I had asked her to recycle her trash. "Why should I go to so much trouble, what difference does it make?" was her response. It hurts my feelings to see children and people in general litter since that proves their selfishness and how little they care.

The logic behind most people's negligence is that they believe that they will not make a difference. In other words they think that their contribution will be so small that it is not even worth to start caring. Nevertheless, they are wrong. Our planet need us now more than ever before and if we want the next generations to have the chance to live their lives as we have then starting to take care of our environment is the way to go. As far as I am concerned, every single person should at least make the effort to hold on to their garbage when they are out on walks instead of throwing it out in the street or start recycling because eventually our planet will not be able to take it anymore. It is like keep doing the same thing to someone even when you know that it bothers him or her until finally they explode.

It is known that scientists strongly suggest that we recycle more, use our cars less and stop polluting our cities. Why is no one listening? Why are we waiting until the

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last minute to save ourselves? I notice people not having a care in the world. They use their cars when it suits them, they joke about climate change and they seem trapped in another world, which might be because they are too afraid to deal with the consequences of their actions.

Ultimately, what I have come to understand is that people always try to put the blame on someone else, which is not only incorrect but also pointless. People better stop being hypocritical and start taking action and they better start now because no one will do it for them.

Alice Varela



<https://www.voicesofyouth.org/blog/what-about-e>

# Sources of Inspiration

**I**nspiration! A notion that can be hardly explained, but is everywhere around us. Most people think it's a rare state that only creative people know, and they don't even want to believe that we can live an inspired life every single day just by changing our attitude and starting to see things from another point of view. We just need to open our hearts and souls in order to notice it.

First and foremost, our major everyday source of inspiration is our loving family. When we wake up we know that our family will always be there for us and support us in whatever we do. However, in my case, my brother is my biggest inspiration having set a great example for me to follow. He has been a wonderful friend as well as sharing a resemblance of that of a parental figure. I cherish my brother, greatly because he has taught me many things in life as well as lessons, all of which I have come to realize that I have used. He is guiding me to the right road, making sure I do not fall victim to any bad intentions, try my best in everything I take part in, and always strive for the better things in life.

Another source of inspiration are speeches. In fact, the purpose of motivational speeches is to get you to do something differently, because the speaker got you to think uniquely. Not only are there deep messages to contemplate, but one can feel the force and weight of a

speaker's passion and conviction. For example in one of J. K. Rowling's speeches, one of the topics discussed are the benefits of failure. In her own saying, failure is inevitable, it is impossible to live without failing at something, unless you live so cautiously that you might as well not have lived at all, in which case, you fail by default.

Books are also a way of getting stimulated. Powerful stories and insightful ideas open people's eyes to unimagined possibilities. They contain so much wisdom in each word which can persuade the readers to make bold choices and enact change in their own lives. Similarly, a book that has inspired me from a young age is "*Wonder*" by R. J. Palacio. The main message conveyed through this book is "don't judge a book by its cover". This phrase by itself can give you the momentum you need to realize certain things about your life and make some serious decisions. Specifically, this metaphorical phrase means that one shouldn't prejudge the worth or value of something by its outward appearance alone.

So, what is your source inspiration? What or who inspires you to live and prove productive? Is your source of inspiration a person, a place or thing? Take a second to sit down, look around, observe and reflect!

# “Inspiration and a Vision”

Amaryllis Tsochantaris (LLEc8)

What is inspiration? Why do we need it? And many more questions on the matter. Where are we supposed to find it? We do not know how to find it and most importantly how we will stay inspired. We encounter many manmade masterpieces but what do we think of them? All we see is the result. However, in order to get that result there's a process. A long process for that matter.

Getting inspired is part of that long process. Inspiration can come easier to some and with more difficulty to others. If, however the person is observant enough, they'll find inspiration at anyplace at any time. Anything can be a muse. Music, nature, books, dreams, personal experience, trauma, history and other people too. But how do we keep that muse alive? That is a question that's been asked for thousands of years.

Walt Disney had a vision. Rosa Parks had a vision. They and a countless number of other people had a vision. That vision is that kept them going. Getting inspired wouldn't be enough. They visualized a different future, different outcomes and they had completely different aspects and goals. Other than having a vision they had one more thing in common. They were constantly surrounded by their muses. But these muses weren't always the same.

People must learn to evolve. Evolving is what will keep both the vision and the muse flourishing. Inspiration is needed to help us evolve and thrive as people. Hence, inspiration is not just needed to create something physical and material but it might be used for something psychological like formulating the blueprint so we can become our best selves. Visualizing will indeed help us in the non-material improvement too.

A result will always come with an inspiration and a vision that shaped it. The why is a question for the lot to ask themselves but what matters is that we always find a good influence and we envision what we want to achieve. Only then will we have a good result. Hard work is without hesitation an important part of the process but there is no work without inspiration and a vision.

## Discussing Pete Hamill's Persuasive article

By Alkistis Manou

Pete Hamill's article "Libraries Face a Sad Chapter" is a perfect example of the kind of persuasive writing our community requires in order to prosper. To begin with, Hamill cleverly uses ethos, by referencing a plethora of books titles, establishing him as an avid reader. Additionally, throughout the article he maintains a respectful tone, even when referring to Mayor Bloomberg who has clearly made some budget cuts Hamill disagrees with. When referring to the budget cuts, Hamill uses the rhetoric device logos to present the logic behind his opinion that libraries must survive. He remarks that he understands that there must be sacrifices, but that it should not be libraries since in times of trouble, people need books as an escape medium. He also clarifies that one can't just buy the books since they are incredibly expensive, so being to borrow them is vital. The use of libraries to immigrants who need to learn the language, is another valid point he makes using logos. Finally, Hamill uses pathos to drive his point home. He mentions the struggles that immigrants experience to garner sympathy for his cause. He then connects this to a personal experience to make the piece appear more genuine, by mentioning his father's struggles with the language. Ultimately, this is an incredibly well-written and persuasive article that I believe we should all study in order to improve our own writing.

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## Disturbing Habits: Dogs Barking and Babies Crying



Imagine being under the blue sky, on your way to your dream island destination, the sun is shining, the waves are rhythmically hitting the side of the ship, you are relaxing on the top deck reading your favorite book when suddenly, everything turns dark. Have you ever wondered what it is like when your mood turns upside down in a split second?

I had just finished school and was headed towards the extraordinary Greek Islands to celebrate my Middle school graduation. I was set to have the best time of my life, starting from the moment I stepped foot onto the ship. However, as many things often go south, as soon as the ship started its journey, I heard dogs barking from every possible direction and babies screaming. I have travelled countless times on ships, but there was no such time when the barking of the dogs and the screaming of the babies had such an impact on my emotions. I remember this particular family, they had two little dogs, a baby and a five-year-old girl and were sitting right next to me. No one can imagine how annoying it was to listen to them. It was like they never had had a moment of silence in their lives. In the beginning I tried to ignore and neglect the noise they made, but that was only up to a point, as there came the time that I couldn't resist talking to them:

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“Could you please try to calm the dogs down a little bit, they are making too much noise.”, I asked in a polite manner.

“It is their natural habit, they bark a lot, but as time goes by, you get used to it!”, the lady replied in a way which made it clear she could not understand my complaints.

“It is really annoying ma’am and holidays are moments where silence and calmness should prevail. Could you please do something about the barking?”, I was beginning to get furious and upset by her reaction.

“Young man, she said, how come you are so disturbed by the dogs, haven’t you heard such species bark before? You can’t complain about natural habits of animals...”.

I had now realized how noisy this lady’s life was, she couldn’t understand how disturbing her dogs were, it was like she was never a teenager and hadn’t experienced that part of her life. I got really frustrated, but as I saw that none of my complaints made any difference, I decided to switch seats, in order to try to find the peace and silence I had been looking for.

Since then, I have developed a strong dislike about noises in the various means of transportation especially ships and airplanes, which are the ones more commonly used for going on vacations. Although I understand that you cannot leave your baby or your dog behind when travelling and also that you may have got used to their crying or barking, I believe that you need to respect people that travel next to you and find a way to make their journey bearable if not enjoyable. The lady next to me on that ship clearly made no such effort. Unfortunately, there is an abundance of such people nowadays, thus, causing a wider area of disturbing actions and habits.

George Bakoulas 9LL\_CE16

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# Why are there so many gatekeeping Garys all of a sudden?

A few years ago, I started to encounter the gatekeeping culture. These individuals are called gatekeeping Garys and I happen to have discovered that their gatekeeping Gary ways consist of one of my biggest pet peeves. For the uninformed, a Gatekeeping Gary is someone who tells you that you don't fulfill the criteria required to be able to like something like a genre of music, a sport, a tv series or video game when you mention that you have an interest in something new, (for example you saying that you like a basketball team and them requiring you to name 87 players that have played there before the conversation can go any further) It's not like gatekeeping either makes or breaks a person's entire personality, it is just an unpleasant trait that a rare minority of people possess.

You should always steer clear of a gatekeeping Gary, for if you mention a singers name or an album you like, the gatekeeping Gary will get extremely aggravated. Garys usually just want to be recognized as being more knowledgeable than yourself, which is in bad taste, especially if you are just recently getting acquainted. This questioning does not have a function other than making people dislike you.

Gatekeeping attacks are all the more devastating in real life, where no one has the benefit of searching everything on google. It has even happened to me once, and from personal experience I can confidently say that it is significantly annoying, especially because the questions the Garys make don't offer anything new to the conversation, or interaction, but instead shorten the conversations life span considerably and make me at least, want to stop talking to you.

I understand that people are passionate about things, and that sometimes this passion can lead them to be protective of their interests, however its inconsiderate to try to stop a person from entering a fanbase or community and ruin their

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experience of it by having their first taste of the group be so negative. Gatekeepers also leave a smudge on the reputation of other people that enjoy the same things as them. The other fans may be fine, but the gatekeeping Garys can ruin the perception that people have of a community, musical group and genre, thus making it more inaccessible and unable to grow.

The Garys are basically a nuisance to everyone but themselves and fellow Garys. Instead of trying to prove themselves more knowledgeable than the other person, as this is extremely annoying, while also estranging themselves from the person they are talking to, they could focus that energy on just conversing with the other person about their interests, and try to grow the community of the thing that they are driven to defend by including everyone interested in it. In this way, not only will they be able to share their passions with others, they will always have a talking point that is of common interest on which they will be able to rely on, should a conversation ever get dry.



Visualizing a gatekeeper overhearing two girls talking about music they like  
[https://www.stockunlimited.com/vector-image/?word=man%20hiding&ori\\_search=looking%20down&category=photos](https://www.stockunlimited.com/vector-image/?word=man%20hiding&ori_search=looking%20down&category=photos)

by AndreasNikolopoulos

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## Invading Personal Space and Ruining People's Days

**I** believe we all know that there are always going to be people who lack empathy to a point where they make our everyday lives slightly less tolerable. Of course, everyone clearly has that *one* little thing that bothers them particularly more than others and that can almost drive them insane, while another person could simply remain oblivious to the situation. To me, that thing has always been people who invade my personal space; whether they do it on purpose or not and whether it's from someone I know or from a stranger, it makes me livid.

Recently, with the whole pandemic going on, I've started to look less crazy when I talk about how I demand from others not to approach me closely. More and more people are gradually realizing how disgusting we really used to be, standing just centimeters from each other in a packed hallway and not seeing anything wrong with that. So, yes, one of the main and most reasonable points I have revolve around hygiene and health. Studies have shown that we breathe a few hundred thousand microorganisms per minute. Why do some people like to increase that percentage by standing annoyingly close to others, especially when there's clearly much space to stand in nearby? Something I often hear about, as a rebuttal to my complaints, that has nothing to do with numbers, is that many humans use touch as a love language in order to show affection. As a person who also would say that touch is their love language, I completely agree, only I see this as another argument in favor of me. It is especially why touch is a way of indicating affection, that I despise being exposed to it from anyone, without agreeing to it. When they've abused the concept of physical touch so much, it is natural to feel disturbed when it happens constantly. This is exactly the reason why it makes me so uncomfortable to have someone unnecessarily touch my face, or my arm, or keep their face very close to mine.

The last argument I will present to attempt to persuade you to agree with me is that, in most cases, the invasion of personal space is done without any particular motive, and could have been easily avoided if the person doing it showed some empathy. I see no reason as to why I should almost be able to sense the spit coming out of their mouths when they're talking to my face, while standing five centimeters away from it. Also, I don't consider it absolutely necessary for them to be tugging onto my shirt when they're having a conversation with me. And I simply cannot comprehend what goes through people's heads that makes them think that I want to feel their disgusting breath inside my ear. They might as well use my shoulder as an armrest; at this point, why not? Oh wait, they do!

At the end of the day, I will probably still be labeled as rude by some, or be accused of not understanding human relationships very well, something I admit to being guilty of. I really don't want to be that person who claims that they have sensitive ears or whatever, but sometimes it can get very triggering. I will still attempt to drop subtle hints at people to stop invading my personal space, and by that I mean writing entire 600 word essays about it. I do not expect everyone to immediately stop doing this one little thing that bothers me, only because I said so, but I do feel obliged to do my part in trying to decrease the amount of times it happens.

Daphne Papapoliti\

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## Bikers

***“Cycling, also called bicycling or biking, is the use of bicycles for transport, recreation or sport”***

Bikers are a menace to society. While I find this statement to be both self-explanatory and true, I ought to elaborate. Unfortunately, we have all probably found ourselves in this situation: being extremely late to a particularly important event, and having a flock of cycling enthusiasts monopolize on the entirety of Kifissia's Avenue, not letting any cars pass their herd, and being completely oblivious to the dozens of angry businessmen, desperately trying to get to their offices, honking at them.

This type of behavior would not be tolerated if it was coming from a pedestrian or from a driver or from an electric scooter owner. After all, there are rules put in place to confirm the safety of people using roads. Given this information, why are we, as a civilization, being socialized to believe that the behavior bikers portray should be considered acceptable? No one should be forced to wait in traffic for 30 minutes because a group of 20-somethings decided that today's the day they recreate the Tour De France in the center of Athens.

The behavior most of these spandex-wearing individuals portray totally disregards any form of empathy towards other human beings. Fueled by entitlement, thinking the road belongs to them, and, as some may say foolishness, as they can often be spotted not wearing a helmet or not taking other basic safety measures appropriate for their sport.

While I can understand that biking is probably fun and a great way to get into sport while also being a suitable exercise for your heart and muscles, I cannot comprehend the amount of sheer stupidity it takes for a person to even consider cycling at a major highway on rush hour. It's just not safe, and research from several road-safety groups backs this up. For instance, according to statistics by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration, 846 people were killed in accidents linked thru bicycles. Additionally, the Consumer Product Safety

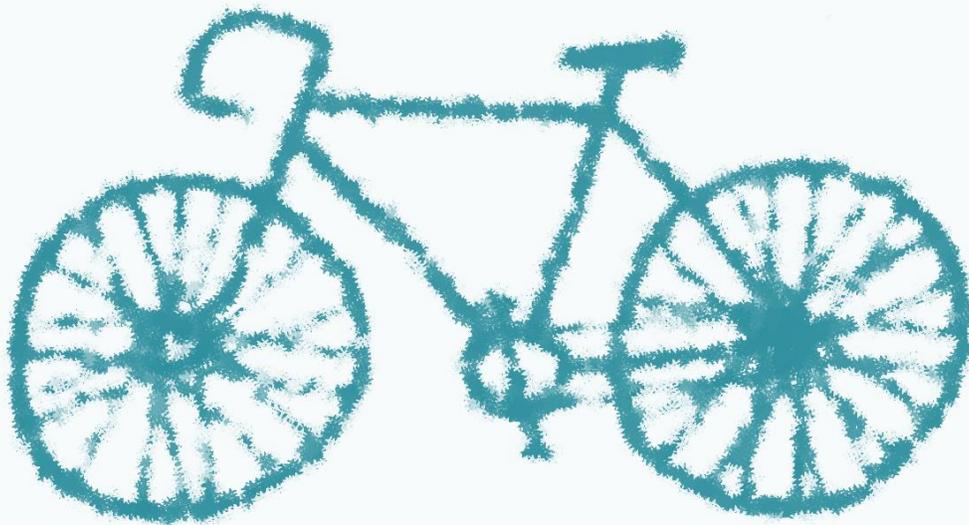
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Commission has affirmed 417,485 visits to the emergency room associated with bicycles or bicycle accessories. Both of these statistics are from 2019 alone.

But really, what should we, as citizens, do to get away from the obnoxiousness of cyclists? Start a new life in a bicycle-free world? Get rid of people that can ride bicycles all together? The answer is far less complicated. The district could just invest in building and maintaining already existing bicycle lanes, by doing so bikers and people that prefer taking the car can co-exist harmoniously. With maintaining bicycle lanes more people would be encouraged to start using their bikes more often, destigmatizing bike usage and bettering the environment.

until then, cyclists, please try to not be insufferable fools.

**Georgia Papaioannou**



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## SURVIVING TIME *by Nicole Makri*

There are various things, which have stood the test of time. Discuss why you feel this happens making sure, you provide specific examples to support your arguments.

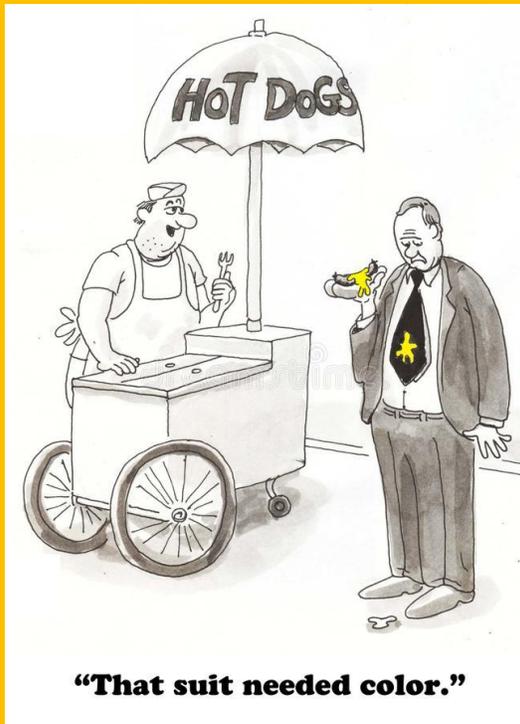


It is true that a plethora of things have stood the test of time and are still being recognized as “artifacts” of great importance or timeless ideas. These things can either be material, for example a landmark or an heirloom, or even non-material an example of which is an idea, a quote and many others. However, to answer the question why this happens, one has to look at some examples of things who have survived time.

A very characteristic example of a material thing which has stood the test of time is a landmark and more specifically, the Statue of Liberty. It was built in 1886 and still stands and graces the world with its beauty. It has become the trademark of New York and is globally recognized. Besides its phenomenal height, considering it was built in the 19<sup>th</sup> century, when the means were not as great as they are today, and besides its very characteristic aqua blue color, the statue is widely recognized for the meaning and the ideals it represents. It symbolizes unity as the French bestowed it upon the Americans, after the Civil War and the statue also has the date of the American Declaration of Independence carved on it. Furthermore, the statue tells the story of the millions of immigrants who tried to pass Ellis Island in the late 19<sup>th</sup> and early 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. Maybe these are the reasons why it has stood the test of time?

Another example is the “I Have A Dream” speech, which was delivered in the Lincoln Memorial by Martin Luther King in the summer of 1963. This example is a non-material thing which has survived time, because of the symbols, the way it was delivered, the importance of what is expressed through the speech and the references made by the author to famous other sources like the Bible and the Declaration of Independence. Martin Luther King delivers through the speech the great wanting he has, the dream he shares with hundreds of other people, the dream for unity and the dream of the human being looking through and surpassing the boundaries that religion, race, ethnicity may set. He delivered it in a way which also showed the passion and the significance of freedom and unity.

All in all, looking at both examples together, it is only fair to reach the conclusion that one thing both material and non-material, survives time, only if it carries significant, timeless meanings underneath its surface. Thus, these ideals have helped and will help humanity remember what has happened in the past and make a better future.



## COMPLAINT BOX - MESSY EATING

BY NIREAS AVLONAS

9LL\_CE16

*Picture this : after a long day of work you go to your favorite restaurant to eat. You have endured a busy day for 8 long hours and you cannot wait to sit back, relax and eat your favorite dish. But then,*

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the moment you were looking forward to is ruined by the monstrous sounds coming from the booth next to yours. You look to see what is happening. There's a person eating the very same meal you ordered, chewing with his mouth open, the front of his shirt splattered with sauce, stopping only to loudly slurp his fizzy drink and make loud burps right after. Just like that the lack of table manners ruins your entire day. Have you ever experienced anything similar?

The moment you notice the messy eater you cannot ignore it any more. It has always been a pet peeve of mine and it is one I share with many others. We feel envious of the time when children learnt proper table manners from a very young age and could even choose the appropriate fork for each dish. We may not have such high expectations today but is it too much to ask for you to eat quietly and not make a mess of yourself, the table and those around you?

It might be acceptable for a baby to make a mess of the table and themselves, but you are not a baby. You know who I am talking about. The teenager who is talking to his friends while eating, the employee whose tie has mustard stains from his hot dog lunch, the man who cannot drink beer without burping loudly. The rest of us suffer, try to disregard you even though you consistently destroy our meals. I can still remember when, to name but one time, I had the misfortune of encountering one of you. Very politely I asked the offending person if he could possibly try to eat more quietly. "This is the way I enjoy eating my meal. Who are you to boss me around?", he responded, leaving me shocked.

Apparently for some people eating just the way you like is more important than eating properly. I have repeatedly encouraged the repeat offenders in my life to improve their table manners but have had little success. Reactions ranged from ignoring my suggestions or looking at me in a funny way to being even more rude and loud. I can understand why being admonished by a complete stranger at a restaurant might be annoying to you but try stepping into my shoes for a minute. Wouldn't you be annoyed if I sat across the table from you and started munching loudly as you were enjoying dinner with your family and friends? Wouldn't you want me to stop so you could eat in peace?

So, next time you are in a restaurant pays us the minimum respect of keeping your mouth shut as you chew, use your napkin and then we can all enjoy our meal.



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After having read an extract from Malala's speech to the United Nations, grade 9, phase 4 students were asked to write their own speeches in order to complain about a lack of freedom at school. Here are some of the speeches they created:

**Mrs. Apostolakou**

**Grade  
9**

# No More Homework

Dear teachers,

*If you were given a privilege at school what would you choose? As a student I would choose to have nothing for homework because I think this is the only privilege we could request from our school. I have chosen having no extra work at school because in my opinion, homework has harmful effects on students and mainly teenagers (14-18 years old).*

*Assigning so much homework on a daily basis has a negative impact on our school progress and our health. All children and mostly teens spend hours and hours completing endless assignments and they miss many vital experiences that occur in their lives. In addition, homework causes kids to get very stressed out; it causes stress in their families, and studies have shown that it does not improve test scores either. Stress can cause many serious health problems to anyone but in school, unfortunately, it can happen much more often because of these excessive and endless tasks that we are assigned to complete. I know people who are struggling with homework and cannot afford this type of pressure, so they become very very anxious. Doctors say that stress can cause serious damage to students' health. It can also cause death at an older age so we must not push our bodies to the limit. Furthermore, spending so much time completing exercises at home harms family life as well. Research has shown that most kids spend more time doing homework than spending time with family and friends. Lastly, I strongly believe that this teaching method is wrong because students don't benefit from it. I think it would be a great privilege for us not to have extra work at home.*

*Now, I ask you, my teachers, isn't it fair to stop giving us so much work to do? I think we totally deserve such a privilege. I propose to students and teachers to discuss this issue together and find the perfect solution. This must be, firstly educational, but also entertaining. I want you to know that I speak not for myself, but for all students who struggle with homework on a daily basis. I believe I have persuaded you with my speech and now you can understand how students feel.*

Thank you for your time!  
Dimitris Georgousis CLA4-E1

# Speech about Allowing Students to Use their Imagination

Dear teachers, dear friends,

We all wonder sometimes how our everyday lives can become better. What are the little things that we miss and have the power to turn a boring day into an exciting experience? In many cases the answer is in front of our eyes but unfortunately, we cannot see it.

Why?

I guess the answer is simple again. Our obligations, our schedule, our program makes us suppress the one and only characteristic that can make our days joyful.

What is it?

**Imagination!!!**

By using a tiny bit of imagination, very common things can obtain a completely different meaning and become a source of inspiration. It only takes someone to decide to think and act outside the box. That is exactly what Mrs. Karas, our Home Economics teacher, did during 7th grade in high school! Apart from being an excellent teacher, she always used tricks and techniques that sound simple but are simply brilliant! She was the only one who invited us to bring fruit to class and eat it during the lesson! Did this cause chaos? Did this disturb the class? Not at all! We all learned the value of including fruit in our diet, we had fun and enjoyed sharing a unique experience in class. All this by a simple fruit ... and a lot of imagination. The examples are endless. Breathing exercises, relaxing techniques, sharing opinions, expressing feelings and so many others techniques made the lesson a really enjoyable experience.

Therefore, I challenge you to rethink simplicity and use your imagination to give us the privilege of challenging, joyful and inspiring lessons.

Jason Karakousis CLA4-E2

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# Homework Rights by Nelly Vlachou CLA4-E10

Dear teachers, friends and parents,

My name is Nelly Vlachou and today I will talk to you about whether homework should be banned in my school or not.

I am a typical teenager and my week consists of 40 hours of school, 7 hours of physical activities, 6 hours of socializing, 10 hours of family time, 70 hours of sleep and 10 hours of lessons out of school. Add to this the daily homework given to us and the things we do for ourselves just to relax and you can understand that a week doesn't really have so many hours. Because of all these things, there is actually not enough time to do everything. All these things are essential to developing a well-rounded individual with a healthy lifestyle. The added stress of homework does not allow us to give our full attention to all the things that will help us become well-rounded adults. In my opinion, homework is more of a hindrance than it is help. It causes stress within families, cuts back the hours for extracurricular activities and has a negative effect on children's growth and development.

Undoubtedly, homework is such a controversial topic. Teachers apparently love to give it and students hate to receive it. There is no point in assigning homework, especially in large amounts. I say this because the things we as students learn in class, we just have to review at home. I had to stop doing many different extra-curricular activities just to be able to do all the homework that each of our teachers gives us. Some of them think that they are the only ones we have to study for. This is why it sometimes takes us more than two hours for each subject. Just calculate how much time we spend doing all subjects if we take two hours to do only one. They have to respect us a bit. I know that they want the best for us, but this is not the right way to show it. We have more things to do than spend our hours doing something we have already been taught at school. Nowadays, with the corona virus pandemic, some of our teachers think that we have so much free time that not only do they give us homework, but they also put great pressure on us, so much that this really stresses us. However, the truth is that not only do we not have any time to do the work, but we don't even have time to rest. Our eyes and head hurt because of the endless hours spent in front of a computer doing homework in addition to doing online lessons. If we take that into consideration, then we should be considered heroes.

So, please listen! We aren't asking you for many things. This is something important and you need to understand us. So do us this favor! Stop giving us so much homework!

Thank you for liste

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**SPEECH WRITING**

**Mrs. Motsiou**

**Grade  
9**

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## *The truth about role models*

My name is Marilena and I am a ninth grader. A little too young for a Ted-Ed speaker, aren't I? Well, when it comes to human rights, human development and human behavior, age becomes just a number and maturity prevails.

A lot of times I find myself thinking about the people that we are being influenced by. I mean... who are they? What makes them good enough, so as for us to look up to them, observe their every move and imitate them? What are their qualifications, their achievements? Money? Fame? Power?

So, I am here today to talk to you about the importance of role models in our lives'. The reality that so many of you are not ready to face. So, dear HAEF students, sit down and hear me out.

Kim Kardashian, Charli D'Amelio, Nicki Minaj, Kanye West, Justin Bieber. You all know who they are, right? Nowadays, many celebrities like them, are considered role models. Why though? Okay, they may have a great voice, or they may be amazing dancers, or have another talent that makes them stand out from the rest, but role models are something more than that. Let me ask you something. Throughout your life until now, you may have had some role models, but how did you choose them? Based on what criteria? What is your definition of a good role model?

The other day, as I was scrolling down my Pinterest page, I came across a quote that said: "How important it is for us to recognize and celebrate our heroes and she-roes!" by Maya Angelou. Immediately I was like "She is so right!". We must celebrate the people that work hard and dedicate themselves to making the world a better place and to creating a better environment for all of us to live in. These

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humans are the ones that motivate us to do the same and to become the best version of ourselves.

“Be the flame of fate, that torch of truth to guide young people toward a better future for themselves and for their country”. Michelle Obama said what she said and we heard her. Everyone can be a role model. No matter their gender, age or race. Everyone who models civic behavior and demonstrates humility is considered a role model. Everyone who engages people on a personal and human level is considered a role model. Everyone who depends on others and works as a team with them is considered a role model.

Respect and value. Two words with such a powerful meaning that can surpass money, fame and power. Real role models not only own these principles, but also instill them into us and influence us in ways that the human eye can not detect. The human brain and the human heart can though and that’s the most important thing, right? We must be able to realize the purpose behind what we do and not care if others don’t. It is our life. Our choices. Our actions.

2020 hasn’t been the best year, with covid19 held responsible. Every day passes by so fast. The coronavirus cases rise rapidly. Our world has insert a new era. Smiles have vanished. Tears are falling. Eyes are closing. Hearts are aching. But hope is still alive. What is it that keeps us hoping? Well, believe it or not, we keep each other alive. Doctors, nurses, teachers, students. Everyone, who is conscious about what is going on in our planet, is a fighter, a hero, a role model. To be honest, all we need right now is to stick together and stay like that till the end. We must work together and think as a “we” and not as an “I”. Let’s change perspective. Let’s look at it like mother nature is trying to open our eyes and tell us that we need to cooperate to get out of this mess, because as a team we are so much stronger than as each one of us individually.

Humans can achieve things that surpass our imagination. Role models are those humans. You are one of those humans. I am too. We all are. It is just sad that some

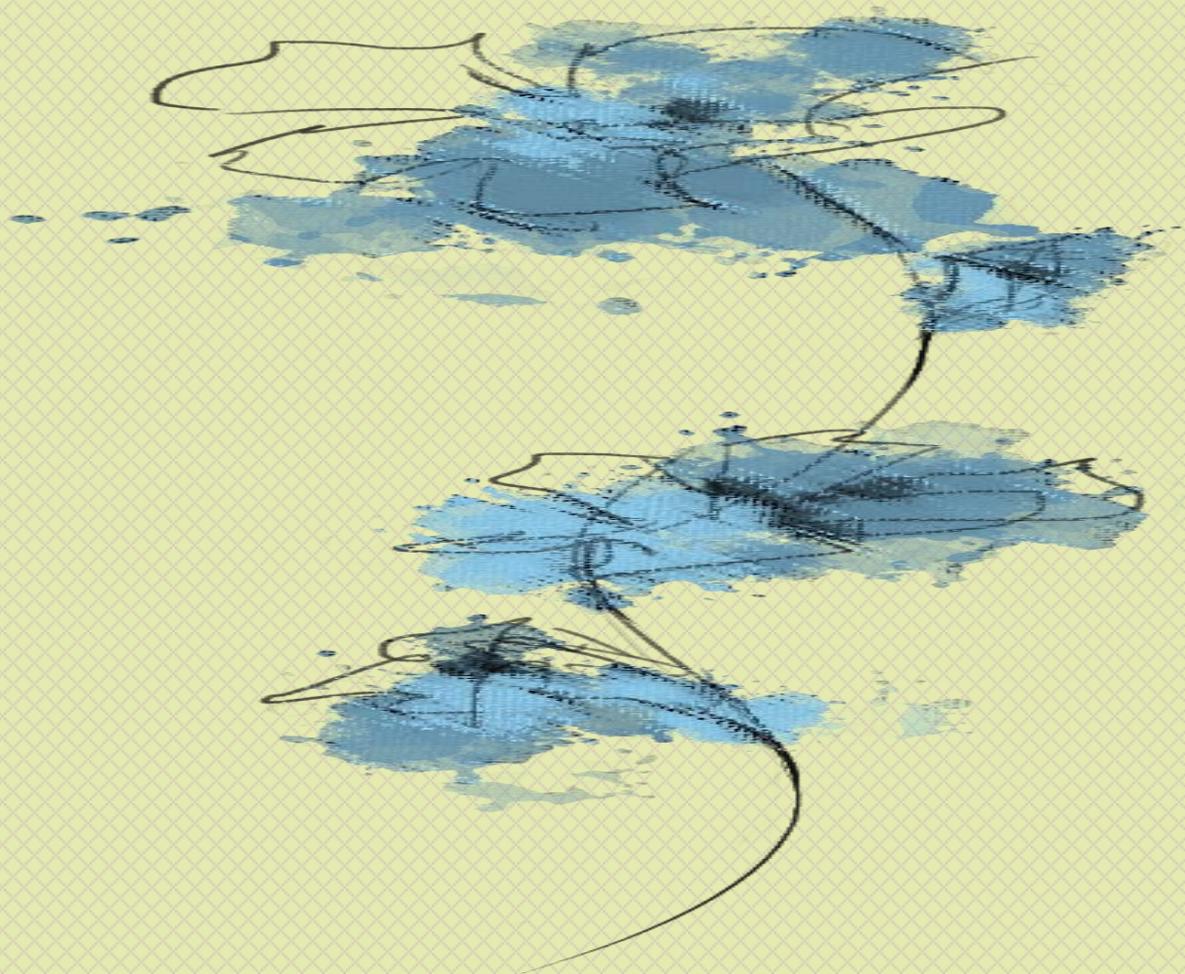
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people are blinded by the lights of money and fame and can not see the meaningful aspects of life. It is just a pity that their perception of life is based exclusively on what they see. And what they see is most likely to be fake and not real. Thus they live in a never-ending illusion, with negative role models by their side.

Remember! Life is a gift. Don't forget to live it. Make the right choices. Surround yourself with positive people. Make the most out of it.

Thank you very much!

Author: Marilena Vitalioti c\_LA5\_E12



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## The importance of role models in people's lives

Dear HAEF students,

I feel honored to be standing here, in front of all of you. Some years ago, I was seating where you are. It never crossed my mind that I could be doing what I am doing someday. My name is Marina Alexandratou, a senior in college and I am a TED-Ed speaker on today's conference that our school hosts.

Have you ever heard of role models? Well, I am sure you have. I remember like it was yesterday discussing about this topic on 7<sup>th</sup> grade. I think it was in home economics, right? Back then I thought that I did not have a role model, I thought that it was something silly with no importance. When I was in your age, everything concerning my future was blurry. I did not even know what I wanted to do in the future. That is when I realized that I needed help.

It was during the 9<sup>th</sup> and 10<sup>th</sup> grade when I had a teacher that helped me to change that. She really became my role model. She guided me, she exposed to me what I could do and most importantly she instilled some very important values in me. I looked up to her, she set a good example for me and engendered hope in me when I was feeling lost.

You are in the period of your life in which you are trying to find who you are and who you want to be. It is something very difficult to do, I am aware of that. You need to have someone to inspire you, a mentor, a role model. By having a role model, an inspiration, your life will become easier. A role model can make you a better person, a better version of yourself. They instill feelings, ideas, principals and values in you. They are the ones you look up to, your good example in life.

They are so important! You might not realize it now, but as you grow up you will. The sooner you realize it, the better. I never thought that I would become who I am now. It has always been a dream, but because of my role model it has now become reality. Everyone wants that, right?

If someday you can become a role model for someone, do it. Think about it. You will not regret it. For sure.

Thank you!

Author: Marina Alexandratou

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*Having completed the Unit 2 of the MYP Book about Human rights, the students want to express their own opinion. During the unit, they had the opportunity to watch videos, read texts and make fundamental discussion on the importance of human rights. Finally, they have obtained a complete knowledge on the topic and they feel the need to express their own thoughts and points of view, to raise their voice and encourage their*

Grade 9  
phase 4  
E3

**Mrs. Katsiyiannis**

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What do the human rights mean to me?

When I hear about human rights the first thing that comes to my mind is being able to go to school free without anyone trying to stop me.

Antonis Dimitriadis

For me, human rights are considered the views of students on issues related to school and their education. To be able to have free time after school, and especially in this situation not to write tests. Lastly, I think that we must be able to say our opinion and not stick with older people's views on some things.

Melpo Douka

The phrase 'human right' has a different meaning for anyone. Every person has a different opinion. For me human right is that I can be educated without feeling that other teenagers do not have the same opportunities as I do have.

Eftychia Karagianni

For me, the most important human right is that of access to education without any obstacle, because this ensures what is going to happen in the rest of our lives. It is one of the fundamentals for the development of somebody's character and the way to follow, in their life, the path that they wish. Through education you can reach your targets, no matter how difficult these may be.

Eleanna Katsadourou

The right to protest is an essential right, that has been a hot potato for some time now, especially since the Black Lives Matter movement.

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Protesting exists so that versatile opinions are heard and as a result equality and pluralism is achieved. Allowing protesting, reduces injustice. Everyone needs to be heard and just because someone feels threatened of what protesting could lead to doesn't mean it should stop. REMEMBER WE ARE EQUAL AND WE NEED TO BE TREATED LIKEWISE, CLAIMING THE RIGHT TO PROTEST MEANS WE ARE ONE STEP CLOSER TO ACHIVING THAT.

Eva Konstantoulaki

Human rights for me is to be able to do something you like without getting criticized about it. Also, human rights are to be free to live and follow your dreams. In addition, human rights are something really important for every individual while every human has different goals and dreams.

George Lagadianos

For me human rights are the ability for people to feel free to express themselves and do whatever they want in condition that it is legal. It is disappointing that human rights are violated in some countries but I think that we together, all the people of all nations, can make sure that all people receive the same equal treatment.

Dimitris Ladakakos

For me, human rights are the ability to express my feelings and thoughts freely, without being afraid to be judged by the society. In other words, I believe that freedom is something that no one can take away from you, irrespective one's ethnicity, religion, age or sexuality.

Ingrid Leon

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For me human rights are something that must be applied to all humans from birth. Human rights must be respected all around the world and not being abused or ignored. Human rights means that you can be educated and gain a lot more benefits in your life.

Evripidis Loumidis

Human rights as we all know are very important and all people have to respect them as all humans are equal. I think that human rights are a way to stop terrorism and stereotypes about colored people. A common phenomenon is the prejudice that many people have for other people because of their skin color and of their various beliefs. We have to stop this because every person of all ages doesn't deserve to be harassed and abused.

Jenny Lykiardopoulou

Human rights are the rights that every human being has in life.

Human right is to have a better life every day.

Human right is to be free.

Human right is to do anything you like and you desire without being criticized.

Athan Makris



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We all should keep in mind that all individuals are equal as we are all human beings with the same rights. Many humans are being abused because of their different skin color, beliefs and religion. A human right for me is to stop terrorism and stop discriminating and prejudicing black people. At my school NO student should be bullied or made fun of. Nobody should stay quiet due to fear of being picked on for expressing his/her opinion.

Elia Micha

Human Rights for me: Firstly, I believe that human rights are very important for our life and it has to be definitely respected by all the countries.

Human rights for me are a way to be a polite and a respectful human being by not discriminating the people around me. I want to make them happy and feel equal with all of us.

Last but not least, the key to make our world and our community better is to respect our human rights and not have this cruel attitude to the people around us by discriminating and prejudicing them. We SHOULD help them by showing love and happiness. Thank you:)

Filip Mousamas

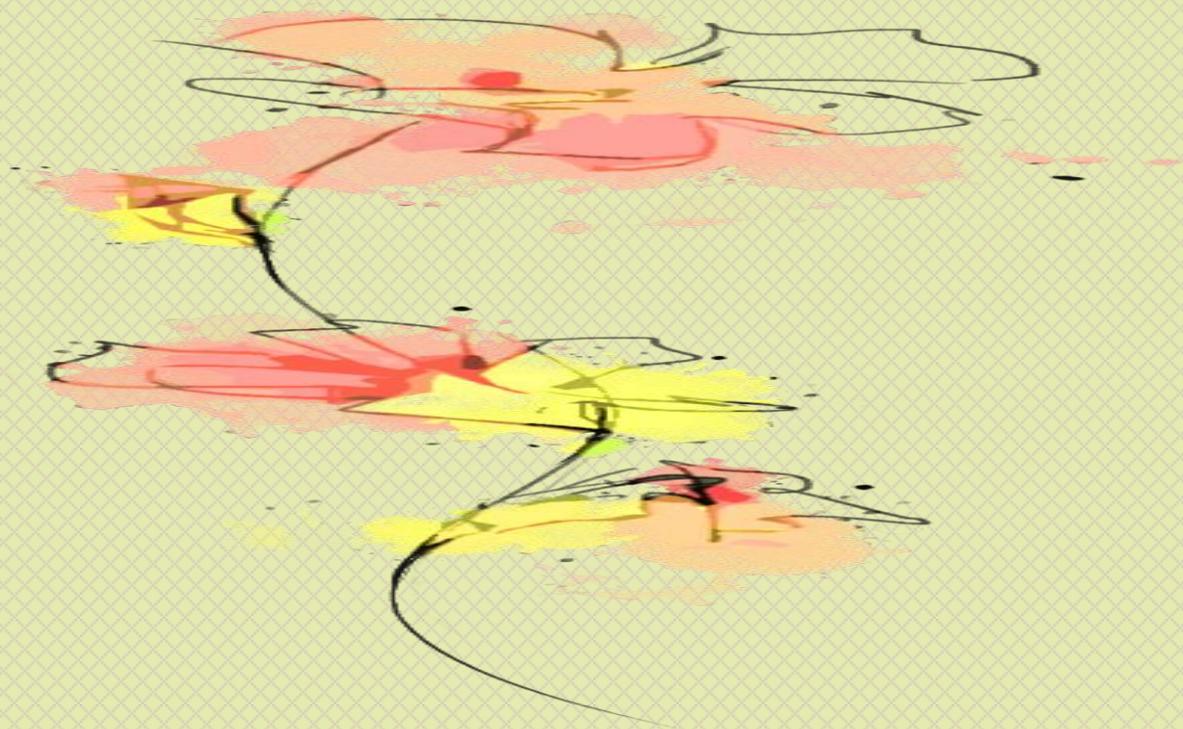
For me human rights are basic rights and freedoms that belong to everyone in the world. These basic rights are based on shared values like equality, dignity, fairness, respect and independence. These rights give us power and enable us to speak up and challenge poor treatment from public authority.

Sergios Bairaktaris

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For me the human rights are meant to give people freedom, they help us make our world a better place to live in which no one is treated unfairly

**Aris Stravelakis**



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Grade 9 phase 4

E3

What do the human rights mean to me?

In my opinion human rights are the ability to be who you are and make your own decisions without being criticized and discriminated. Also, human rights are the ability to speak freely and express your opinion to the world.

Eurydice Benaki

For me, human rights are to be equally treated and be able to express myself freely whether it is by my clothes, by protesting or by talking to other people about an event that worries me and interests me. In my opinion, it is not acceptable, in the 21<sup>st</sup> century, to be harassed for supporting your opinion and expressing yourself. In addition, concerning the clothes we wear, some schools have created dress codes that are unfair for females, referring to the fact that various clothes are distracting for boys, but when it comes to them, these schools do not talk about their clothing and their inappropriate behavior. Moreover, a variety of countries do not respect the protests for our rights and try to reinforce their opinion by using the police and violence, in order to keep them silent, while in others, police protect the protestors, such as Germany. Lastly, people must not be unfairly treated because of their ethnicity, gender or sexuality. It is not tolerable to let people suffer and fear for their lives, because others can't overcome their discriminating beliefs. People die and are being punished for actions they never did, while the killers get away very easily and their only punishment is losing their jobs. This is my perspective of the human rights and I support that they must not be violated.

Marsa Nomikou



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From where I stand, human rights are something every single human being has. All lives matter no matter the skin color, the nationality, the ways of life and more. Everyone is the same and must be treated according so. And that for me is what human rights stands for.

Nick Panagiotou

For me, one of the human rights is that people can relax and have some time to enjoy themselves and escape from their routine and everyday lifestyle. Being able to enjoy the summer is very important for me and without it, I wouldn't have the same perspectives about life.

Polivia Panagopoulou

The Human Rights for me means that I have the right to express my opinion freely without being afraid. I want to express my thoughts without being afraid that someone might pick on me and make me feel annoyed. It is not acceptable that other people discriminate me for my beliefs and my points of view making me feel uncomfortable and unable to express my opinion.

Foteini Kalliopi Pantou

In my personal opinion, human rights is the fact of being able to do whatever you want without being judged and criticized. Everyone should act knowing that no-one will judge them for what they want and what they like.

Dimitris Papageorgiou - Gonatas

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For me human right is not to have a lot of homework because homework was invented as a punishment and there is no reason to be punished every day.

Dimitris Papadakis

Each person defines human rights very differently. For me they are the rights that allow us to live freely. Meaning that, I believe they are the ones that allow us, among others, to have the vital freedom to express our opinions without getting punished for it. For example, to be able to go to a protest or publish a song with your opinions, which may be different from the government's decisions.

Pappa Areti

Human rights are very important to everyone. So as, they are vital for the children because they need to have rights and express opinions. They don't have to be enslaved and it is significant for them to raise their voice and support their opinion.

Alexandra Peponi

Human rights are very important for me, especially the right to family and private life since most of us live in big cities with a lot of people. It is very important that we all feel safe in our homes.

Aiantas Perantzakis

Human rights have a different meaning to each of us. In my opinion, a human right is the right to freedom for everyone. Everyone is equal and is entitled to the same values. There is no difference among us.

Nick Pitsakis

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Human rights for me is not something that you earn, is something that none can take away from you. People are born free and able to express themselves in any kind of way without being judged. No one can take that away from you, no one can trample your rights.

Lydia Prassa

**H**uman rights for me are to be able to spend time with my friends and do things that we like, without being judged by others. Human rights offer peace and respect to our world, so it is really important to support and fight for them.

Natassa Saradakou



Determined to trick-or-treat the COVID\_19 pandemic failed to completely crush our spirits. No wild parties or apple bobbing BUT the day was saved through regulated trick-or-treating and an extensive artistic bustle.

The English Department Junior High School ran a competition, there were plenty puzzles riddles and spooky story writing events and there was much fun in the air!

There was a balancing of risk and reward, so the traditional Halloween was celebrated at a modest degree by all who happily helped.

Let us wish that we should never again celebrate a haunted by the coronavirus Halloween.

**Halloween:  
different but  
fun!**



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# A SCARY STORY

It was a dark scary night. The boy was alone in the forest. There was silence everywhere. Suddenly, he heard a noise. A moment later, a shadow passed next to him. Everything as silent again. Then, a wolf came up from the leaves. The boy realized that the noise wasn't coming from the wolf. At that moment, the wolf stopped walking and ran away. It was the noise again. The noise was coming from somewhere behind him. He turned around slowly and he saw it. The definition of scary! A huge monster with white eyes and big, sharp teeth was standing in front of him looking at him straight in the eyes. The boy was frightened. He ran away as quickly, as he could. The monster was still standing there. Frightening as it was, it was staring at him. Some time later, he reached the city. He turned around and saw nothing. Then, he bumped into something and fell down. The monster was standing right above him. The boy screamed, but then, he woke up! "It was a stupid dream" he said and he remembered. It was Halloween.

Written by: Apostolos Lazaridis a\_LA3\_E3



## The spooky surprise

**H**ello guys, it's Anna. Today it's my birthday but I think my friends had forgotten it and I am really sad.

But maybe they didn't forget it, I will wait for them they are my friends. "BOO!". Did you hear that it was really scary, I think it comes from the window, but I am really scared to go over there. Ok, I am going to go over there. It has a small paper on the floor, that say "follow the rocks and you will be very happy" So now what are we going to do? Follow them? Maybe it's a trick. Maybe I will be really happy like the paper say. Ok, let's go I am tired to always to say Maybe, maybe..."HA HA HA HA" Did you hear it again? I am going towards over the kitchen. Is this blood?!!!?(and suddenly she heard) HAPPY BIRTHDAY! My friends! All this was just a prank for my birthday. They didn't forget me!! I knew it...



*Written by: Kyriaki Konstantakou a\_LA3\_E3*

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# A SCARY STORY

**J**ohn and Mary are two friends at the age of 10. They love going on walks in the forest in the afternoon.

One day, John and Mary went for a walk. It was six o'clock. By the time they got inside the forest, they hadn't noticed the small label: HAUNTED FOREST

They started walking past the trees until it got darker. When they realized that they had to leave they went back to the entrance. It wasn't there. They started walking to the other side but there wasn't there either. It was a full-moon night, and they were scared because the shadows of the trees were forming ghosts and they heard screams in the forest.

Suddenly, they saw a light in the forest. They walked towards it and saw that it was a pumpkin glowing like the sun. As they were getting closer, they started to see ghosts and spiders gathering around the pumpkin. They got closer...closer...closer...and they both woke up in their beds, with the sun shining in their eyes. It was all a dream...

THE END

Michael Megalooikonomos a\_LA3\_E3





## A SPOOKY STORY FOR HALLOWEEN

**I**t was Halloween and all the children were having fun going from house to house and saying "Trick or treat" but there was a man called Smith who hated the Halloween and everything about it.

So, he was watching a film when the bell rang. He opened the door and he saw two ten-year-old children. They were standing there, and they were waiting from him to give them sweets. But he just closed the door. The children got mad, and they decided to do a trick to him. They made a plan; first, while the one child was keeping him busy the other got into the house. Then, Smith went back home, and he kept watching the movie. All of a sudden, the TV turned off and then it turned on again. This happened a couple of times. He was so scared, so he made up his mind and he went to bed. But while he was trying to sleep, he heard a whisper "Why you did that to me? Why you hate Halloween?" "Maybe I am crazy" he thought. But he heard the whispers again, so he decided to go downstairs. The noises were louder in every step. Finally, he realized from where the noises were coming from his wardrobe. He opened it and the child fell up to him and he started screaming. "Oh my god, I am dead ". The kid started laughing at him. It was the funniest Halloween ever. Since then Smith loved Halloween and he lived happily ever after.

Alexopoulou Elena a\_LA3\_E3

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**O**nce upon a time, there was a little boy named Jack. He was going to his friend's house to make some Halloween costumes. As he was going further and further, it was getting darker and darker. He was very scared. He was almost there, but when he was taking an other step forward, there were louder and creepier noises from the bouses and the trees. He didnt know what to do. He just wanted to cry and run away, back to his house and family. But from nowhere while he was very scared his friend jumped in fron of him scaring him. It tourned out that his friend was pranking him the wholw time. They both laughed and have enjoyed that moment. Actually his friend had more fun than Jack. After that, they made some amazing costumes and they had a great time together that night.

Livanou Charoula a\_LA3\_E3

## A Spooky Story

*It was Halloween, the scariest day of the year. John had an exhausting day. He returned home late at night. The trick or treat event in his neighborhood had finally ended .So he didn't have this annoying kids with the silly costumes asking for candies.*

*When he returned home, he made a sandwich, he went upstairs, he wore his Halloween PJ and lay on his bed. He just wanted to relax, poor John! He turned the lights off and some minutes later he heard a*

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strange noise. At first he ignored it. After some minutes he heard it again, then he turned the lights on and looked around. There was nothing there. When he heard it again, he started to worry, he took his flashlight and went down the stairs. The sound was coming from the kitchen. When he entered the room, he saw a really scary shadow. He turned on the lights and .....

He saw two racoons trying to reach the bread that he had left when he made the sandwich. He gave them some bread and then they disappeared in the dark streets. John will never forget that Halloween night!!

*Mastellos Konstantinos a\_LA3\_E3*

## The young boy and the haunted house.

It was a dark Friday night. The strong wind was blowing nervously creating an extremely loud noise around the dark and noisy neighborhood. It was raining heavily, thunders were lighting the dark sky. The moon had almost disappeared from the sky. The dark clouds had swallowed up the blue stary sky and had turned it into a black scenery .

Suddenly, "bammmm" a loud noise came from an old house . It sounded like a ginormous explosion. At once, the lights of one old abandoned house lit up. The whole neighborhood had come out of their houses to see what was happening in the strange house. They had always been suspicious of this house . They even considered it as "haunted". Everybody hated that house , even the dogs barked angrily when they passed along it. Suddently ,the windows of the old haunted house suddenly closed . The loud noise stopped. A strange silence had conquered the entire neighborhood . Everybody remained silent looking nervously at each other trying desperately to find the answer to what was happening then .. The neighbors

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just stood there looking at the house and deep down being genuinely scared of it. But nothing ,Nothing happened . Every thing stayed silent and quiet. After a lot of time the neighbors decided to give up on the house and continue with their lives. Just when they decided to leave and turn around ..." BAMM" the noise returns but now it is consistent . Every 3 minutes BAMMM the noise returned . Everyone had now panicked. Even the last trace of courage and strength they had, had disappeared in a matter of seconds. No one had the courage to even get closer to the house.

Years passed and still no one had the courage to go visit the haunted (as the neighbors called it) house. No one had visited it until ,some day a young courageous boy named Nick decided to finally visit it and see what all the fuss was about. His parents tried to prevent him from doing it but he was determined and sure that there wasn't a haunted house but only a misunderstanding

. As he got closer to the house , sudden feelings of terror vanquished him.He was now terrified. He wondered to himself, what if the house is actually haunted, what if there are ghosts in it, what if I'm killed by the ghosts , maybe I shouldn't go into it,maybe this is all a mistake , maybe I should just return to my safe home....

But he was so courageous and strong that he overcame every feeling of terror and didn't let it conquer him .He continued coming towards the house in slow steps.

When he finally got in he was surprised to find that everything that the house had done, the lights the noises ,every thing that happened was just prank that the owner of the house pulled to scare and get rid of his neighbors. As it turns out , this man was completely insane and wanted the neighborhood all for himself, so he decided to scare his neighbors away. Luckily , his plan didn't work and the neighborhood lived happily ever after for lots of years .And all that was saved due to the young courageous boy.

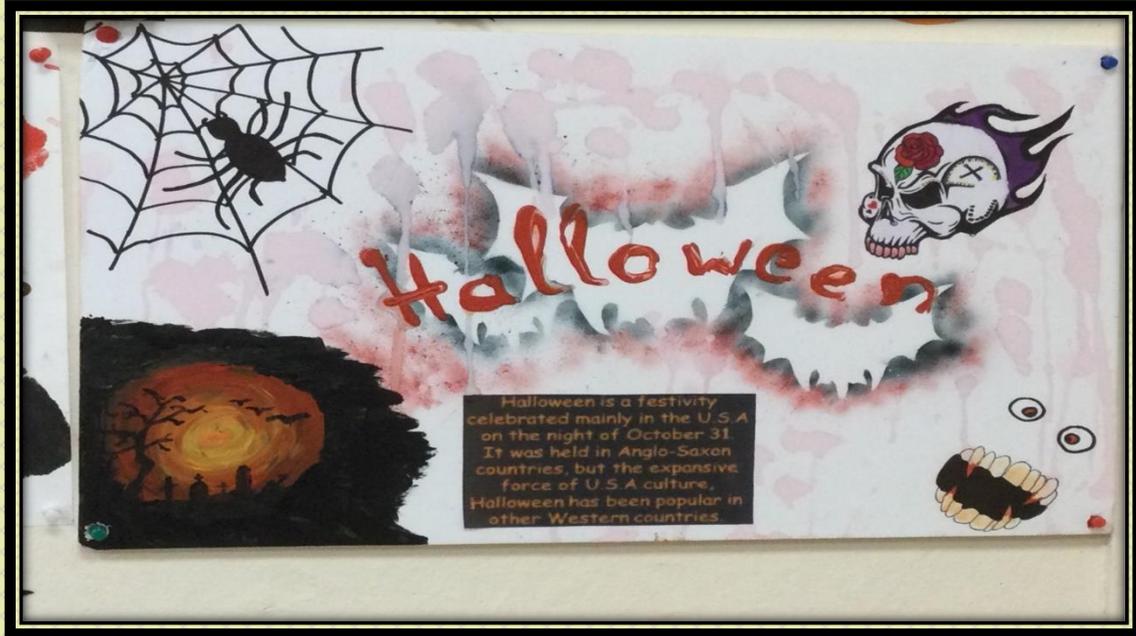
by

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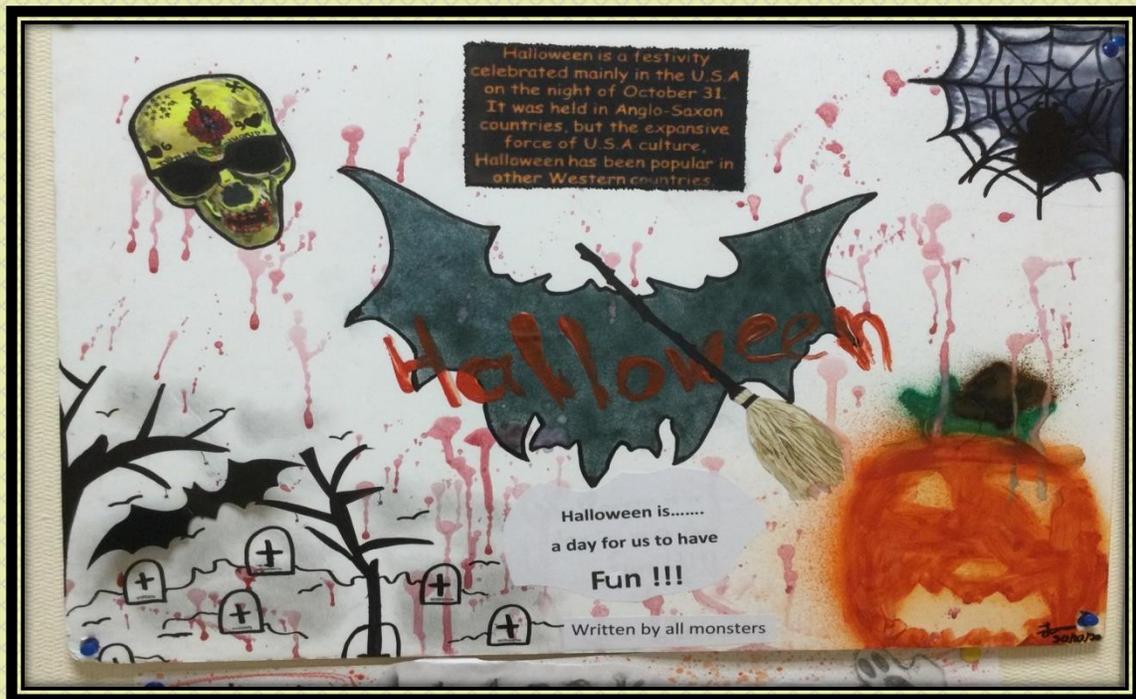




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