



ATHENS COLLEGE

Hellenic-American Educational Foundation

Kindergarten • Elementary • Junior High • High

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

1925

Athens College Junior High School

English Magazine

2021-2022



1. Non Fiction

Essays.
Speeches.
Interviews.
Art Connections.

.Art Connections

.Bar & Grill, Jacob Lawrence, 1941

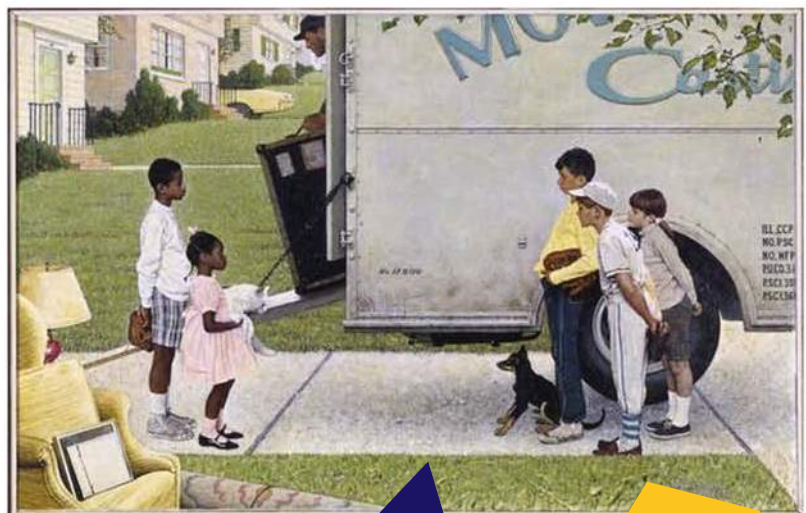
I can't understand why our side of the bar is smaller than the part where the white people are hanging out. There are not so many of us on our side, but I think we should have some more room to relax. It's also annoying that the barman ignores us most of the time and it's unfair that the white people have a bigger selection of refreshments than us. I often just lean on the bar, hoping that the barman will serve me a cool drink eventually because it is so hot in here. On the other side of the wall, there is a fan to keep the white customers cool while they are enjoying their refreshments. But we are left hoping that a cool breeze will blow through the doorway. All of this unfairness doesn't stop us from dancing and having fun. I am sure that the white people are jealous of how much we enjoy ourselves despite the conditions.



Filipp Struecker.E4

.New Kids in the Neighborhood, Norman Rockwell, 1967

Who are these people ? This is the first time I have met them. Although I have never seen these kids in my entire life, they are really rude to me and my friend. How can someone be so impolite and cruel to someone they don't know ? They haven't even tried to get to know me, but they can already judge me because of my appearance. I haven't done something wrong; I didn't deprive them of anything. I didn't insult them. I didn't even speak to them. But they keep staring frantically at me and my friend. Why is that ? Is it because of my skin color ? I am a human just like them. They are staring at us like we belong to another race. Like we are unreal. Yes, I know I am black, but I still have the right to go out and play just like they do, I have the right to walk in the same street as they, I have the right to go to school. One's skin color does not make them different from the others. I don't understand their way of thinking. Can I not enjoy my childhood because I am black? We're just kids, why can't we play all together ?



Catherine Metalidi.E11

.Art Connections

.Racism/Incident at Little Rock, Domingo Ulloa, 1957

I was so excited about today; it was going to be the greatest day of my life. Today I had the chance to attend for the first time an integrated school. I woke up with a huge smile on my face. I wore my beautiful white dress that my mum had prepared for me on the previous day. I grabbed my backpack and I rushed out of the door to catch the bus.



Nikoleta Argyri.E11

I had been preparing myself for this day for many weeks. I was aware that not many people from my new school would accept me for who I am, it's truly a big change for all Americans and I kind of expected a different treatment from others but I was oblivious to what I would face on my first day of school there. As soon as I stepped onto the school bus, I felt people coldly staring. I saw how they looked at me, their eyes were filled with anger, they seemed furious! At that moment I felt so unsafe I just wanted to go back home. Luckily, I noticed a group of other black kids sitting at the back of the bus. Without any hesitation I quickly ran to sit beside them. I later found out that we had plenty of things in common, we also shared the same worries and concerns about our first day in a mixed school. By the time we arrived everything felt normal, apart from some mean comments that were heard during the bus ride. Nothing that I hadn't prepared myself for... Immediately after we stepped off the schoolbus everything begun to go downhill. A group of kids surrounded us and started to threaten us that if we didn't leave their school, they would harm us. Another group of girls came up to me and started picking on my hair. They were all laughing and making fun of my appearance. I received plenty of hateful comments throughout the day some of them even made me tear up. How could they be so ruthless and cold-blooded? Weren't they aware of the cruelty and brutality of their words? Couldn't they understand the impact those bitter words had on us? At that moment everything blacked out and the only thing I could see in front of me was a bunch of heartless monsters attacking me. I felt so overwhelmed that I left school, I went straight back to my house and locked myself in my room to get lost in my thoughts. I don't think I have the courage to go back there. I don't think school is such a wonderful thing after all.

Grandma

Interviewing

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ME: Yaya, can you think of an object that best characterizes your generation?

YAYA: Well, I can tell you of something that you might find silly now but back then it was very revolutionary.

ME: What?

YAYA: Miniskirts!

ME: What do you mean miniskirts and why was wearing a mini skirt revolutionary?

YAYA: The era we are talking about is the 60s. Until then girls dressed in long skirts below the knee. Anything above that was considered improper and indecent. When pictures of girls in miniskirts started appearing, older generations were appalled whereas we, the young girls, were thrilled. We couldn't wait to wear a miniskirt!

ME: So, did you wear them? Did your parents allow you?

YAYA: Of course, my parents were not thrilled with the idea of their daughter showing off her legs! We considered our parents old fashioned and there was obviously a generation gap between us. However, this did not stop us and one day when my parents were away for the weekend, with 4 of my closest girlfriends, we arranged to have a miniskirt party. All the girls wore miniskirts. We listened to the Beatles and didn't stop dancing. This was the first mini skirt party organized in Athens and it was a huge success! So much so, that the next morning there were pictures of the party all over the newspapers. Of course, it was unavoidable for my parents to find out and when they did, I was punished for a month!

ME: And what happened next? Were you allowed to wear a miniskirt again?

YAYA: Well, they said that I was not punished because of the miniskirt but because I organized the party behind their back. Miniskirts became a fashion that everyone accepted. Girls became crazy over miniskirts, and they all wanted to look like Twiggy, the supermodel of the time. Even Jackie Kennedy wore a short dress when she married Onassis!

ME: It sounds a bit strange that you consider wearing a mini skirt revolutionary!

YAYA: It is difficult for you to understand because nowadays there are no limitations as to what one can wear. Thank God society has progressed, and people are accepted for what they are and not for what they wear. However, this was not always the case, and you must take into consideration that this freedom today has been achieved with the sacrifices and small revolutions of previous generations.

ME: Thank you Yaya, I am proud to have "the miniskirt rebel" as my grandmother!

Grandma

Interviewing

QUESTION: Grandma, what object do you believe characterizes your generation and why?

ANSWER: I cannot really think of an object that characterizes our generation but if I had to choose one it would be a bomb. Now, you will ask: why did I chose a bomb? Let me tell you a story... When I was around 13 years old my sisters and I were playing in our garden. I had challenged them to climb up a tree and just when we were about to start, we heard the sirens. Our father came running towards us and took us to our basement which we used as a shelter. When the bombing finally ended, we got out to check what was damaged and we were shocked to see that the tree I had challenged my sisters to climb was completely destroyed because of a bomb. Sadly, we also found out my father's shop was targeted by the Nazis. We also had to move to another location till the war was over because the Nazis came to our house looking for your great grandpa.

QUESTION: How did you react when you heard the sirens? Did you have a plan you had to follow every time, or did you just seek shelter?

ANSWER: Every time was different. Depending on our location we had several shelters throughout the town. One was our house; one was my grandfather's house and one was my father's shop. Usually, we were in our house, so we just followed a plan my father had created. Everyone had prepared a bag with clothes and canned food in case we had to stay in the shelter for a long time. I actually remember a funny story about that preparation. I always loved sweets so when I was younger and didn't know what was happening I would sometimes leave some canned food behind in order to fill my bag with sweet milk. When my father caught me, I expected that I would be punished but despite my expectations my father only laughed and started leaving some of his stuff behind in order to carry my milk. My father was a really patient and caring man who despite his generation's standards regarding education and punishment, never punished us and always let us do whatever we wanted. Your great grandpa represented a different generation to mine and even yours, but he treated us as if he were raised in a modern society. He taught me how to drive and I was one of the first women that knew how to drive on Crete.

George Voloudakis .E13

Supernatural Phenomena

Nowadays, people wonder whether supernatural phenomena should be explained. In my opinion, supernatural phenomena should be explained by those who have experienced them. If there is any basis and evidence where supernatural phenomena are concerned, those who have had the experience can be proven sane, rather than being thought of as having gone "mad".

Firstly, these explanations help psychologists understand the mental and emotional state of a person. For example, many children claim to have imaginary friends. They have conversations with them, they play with them and even just hang out with them. However, is the imaginary friend a "supernatural phenomenon", or is it an indicator of a child's mental and emotional state of mind at a particular age? By allowing a child to express his/her experience, scientists can use this information as a reference point towards figuring out why some children have imaginary friends and others do not. This knowledge can help the field of child psychology when it comes to explaining certain types of behaviour and this can be a tool for both doctors and parents.

Secondly, studies show that there is a high correlation between belief in paranormal activity and faulty brain activity. For instance, there have been reports of poltergeists moving objects in a room. This can be easily explained by studies that show damage to certain regions of the right hemisphere of the brain which is responsible for visual processing. By sharing this "poltergeist" experience, additional information about the brain will be helpful to professionals when it comes to diagnosing any types of brain damage from injury or other causes.

opinion essays

Lastly, out of body experiences are now accepted neurological phenomena, while certain visual illusions could confound the healthy brain and create mythical beings. Experiments confirmed that the illusion is surprisingly common, when you look at your reflection in the half light, perhaps because the brain struggles to construct the contours of your face, so it begins to fill in the missing information.

In conclusion, I believe that people should explain supernatural phenomena for numerous reasons. Unfortunately, evidence suggests that they cannot always be scientifically proven and without proof, there can be no conclusive scientific facts.

Georgia Karastathi.E13

It is widely believed that supernatural phenomena nowadays should always have an “obligatory” interpretation. Personally, I am of the opinion of not providing a fully justified explanation for everything, let alone for a rather controversial topic such as supernatural phenomena.

The supernatural is a concept that juxtaposes logic and fantasy. So, why do we have the need to explain something, that has already overcome the rationale of human nature? Why, do we have to interpret things that we cannot naturally perceive? Human logic cannot be limitless. That is why no one can be sure that they have found an explanation, a stated explanation about what they have seen or experienced!

Even the most “intelligent” people cannot interpret something that logic is not able to justify. The question is not why our minds cannot explain, but why we are under this pressure of finding an explanation. Science and technology are here to stay but a big part of our society is not greatly used to it. They believe that because scientists have studied well, everything they say is so trustworthy. Society has been convinced that we should follow everything scientists believe and apply all their findings, especially about the supernatural, to our everyday life. With all the advances in sciences, they think that there are always answers based on scientific facts about unexplained events and that leads to the belief of a non-existence of the supernatural. However, we should not restrict our opinion and believe that the rationale of human nature is able to justify something that logic has surpassed. Moreover, based on the etymology of the word “supernatural” the word “super” means “over” and the word “natural” means “logical”. So, it is not only a matter of opinion and beliefs, but also of the words we use daily!

As I have already mentioned, the supernatural is a huge concept, an idea I can say, that people try to discover. There are two “paths” which someone will follow. It is a dilemma! Heart or Mind, Emotion or Logic? I personally believe that we

.Supernatural Phenomena

live in a century which can be easily interpreted as “wooden”. People have stopped using their emotions, thoughts, and opinions. They act like they are manipulated. This is a mistake. But who is able in today’s society to understand and correct it by going against society itself? We should make the difference and use our emotions to explain. Listen to our hearts and support our points of view. Only feelings can fully interpret an illogical or maybe supernatural situation. Logic is not capable at all to do so. Brains cannot only be used to think logically but also critically and many times, they help us develop our fantasy. Fantasy is almost the best way to figure out or create visually all that we see and experience. We are human beings and our minds “work” in several ways on condition of our actions and thoughts. There are many aspects in our lives that emotions can approach much, much better than logic can!

In conclusion, I would like to underline that everyone has his/her own opinion about what is “supernatural” and whether or not it’s obligatory to always explain what we experience. But this is not the most significant message that this whole idea conveys to us. My message? We should trust only our heart and soul!

Supernatural Phenomena

Laura Mata.El13

Supernatural phenomena is a taboo topic, as nobody knows what causes them. Some people try to explain them using logic, and some others leave them unexplained. Personally, I believe that they should be explained scientifically for plenty of reasons.

To start with, as a person, I do not believe in superstitions and such stuff, and I think that everything that happens has an explanation. In my opinion, even way too unnatural or abnormal things have a logical explanation, and that we should try to find it. Superstitions do not exist in my personal opinion. I think that black cats, the evil eye, broken mirrors etc. do exist, obviously, but they are not things that cause bad luck, etc. When something unexpected happens, the brain searches for meaning in the chaos this topic causes. Superstitions work as a shield, to protect people from bad situations. When someone feels like losing control, he/she blames the supernatural. However, we have to face the real world, and develop our critical thinking. Superstitions are extremely irrational and explaining the supernatural helps us reduce them.

Besides that, superstitions (they are considered as something supernatural) lead to prejudice, in a bad way, and a kind of 'paranoia'. For example, the anxiety the fear of the evil eye or black cats prevent us from doing what we want to do and ought to do. The 'paranoia' and prejudice caused by superstitions might make us appear as if we lack common sense or basic logic. Not wanting to see black cats, not wanting to hear compliments, and cancelling every plan when it is Friday 13, we can humiliate ourselves against our will. Using logic to explain such things can help us.

Furthermore, according to observations I have made from people of my close environment, using logic to explain certain supernatural phenomena fits more with today's society. We live in a developed world and science does not leave space for supernatural effects to look real. In my family, when older generations talk about superstitions and such stuff, the younger generations give them strange looks, as they have explanations for everything. People these days try to justify most, if not all of the things that happen, by using every kind of scientific proof they have. So, leaving the supernatural phenomena unexplained seems a little weird, especially to extremely rational people. Explaining the supernatural phenomena can make you "fit in".

In conclusion, logic can explain the supernatural, and since it can, we should explain it scientifically. Explaining it can lead to new conclusions, possibilities and discoveries, which might help with certain psychological studies.

.Limit the HW

Dear Professors, Students, Friends,

We gathered here today to discuss the main issue that concerns us, the students nowadays. There are a lot of responsibilities we have to deal with as students. Homework is one of them... But what if it wasn't? What if we had homework only once per week?... I speak on behalf of all my classmates who are struggling doing all this homework especially during quarantine, when we can only work with a computer. We have been facing a lot of difficulties, but here we stand...

Dealing with homework makes us better students, but it deprives us of a lot of things. Wouldn't it be better to hang out with our families and friends, instead of being in a room for more than three hours doing homework? Wouldn't it be better to go out and have fun? To discuss and converse with our parents? To relax or sleep?, something we really need. Personally, I'd prefer to hang out with my family rather than study all day long, and I don't think I am the only one. So, I speak not only for myself, but for all those students who can't raise their voices...

The conditions we are living in now make it even harder to focus and work with the sole means of a computer. With all that homework and the online classes, we are forced to spend over 15 hours in front of a screen. 15 HOURS!! ... So let me ask you something, dear teachers: You, as kids, did you have so much homework?, did you have to spend all day in front of a computer?, didn't you have time to see your friends even on week-days?

So professors, let the kids live their lives in peace, happiness and not pressure... Let us be kids!... Therefore, I request your sympathy and understanding, so that homework is given only once per week. Thank you for your attention,

Aigli Chatzidaki.E4

.Speeches

Dear Teacher and Fellow Students,

As you all know we are gathered here today to discuss schoolwork. Should we, students, be forced everyday to spend a significant amount of time doing homework? Because in fact homework can do more harm than good...

Lack of sleep, increased stress and boredom are only a few drawbacks to this problem. Daily we are overloaded with assignments, expanding our lack of free time. We have less time for family, friends, and other extracurricular activities. By only having homework once per week, we will have more time for peer socialization, establish essential connections with family members and we will avoid experiencing problems such as isolation and loneliness.

Furthermore, daily homework assignments should be immediately banned. The stress and pressure forced upon us is significant. No wonder most of us feel burned out by academic material. We, as students, are forced into a sedentary lifestyle, working long hours without any certain guarantee of improvement. By the time most of us are out in career fields we will feel burnout, mental and physical tiredness, and exhaustion.

Therefore, I suggest to you, dear teachers, to only assign homework once per week so we can be better rested and focused but also encouraged and motivated to learn.

Apollonia Tzalokosta.E4

.Speeches

.Kindness .Justice .Role Models

Triantafyllia Papavasileiou.E14

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Honorable teachers, beloved parents, and dear classmates,

For those who do not know me, I am Faye Papavasileiou, a student of this educational institution, and I came here today, in our school's theatre, in order to talk to you about the importance of role models in people's lives. Generally, we can say that our role model is someone that we look up to and admire. But how is this even important?

To start with, having a role model is something super important especially for kids, and more specifically teenagers, because they have not finished the process of creating their personalities and individual differences. Moreover, some people even consider that having a role model is a necessity. I agree with that opinion! When we look up to someone and admire them, or simply put, when we have a role model, we get motivated to start new activities, to try new things, not to give up and continue fighting for what we want to achieve. Furthermore, following a role model is sometimes relevant to admiring a parent figure. In other words, it helps youngsters acquire knowledge and experience about society. Last but definitely not least, I consider having a role model as a must, because sometimes they can even "drag" us out of bad choices and actions for example professional athletes could lead teenagers to a healthier lifestyle!

But can only adults be considered as role models? The answer to that question is "no." Kids can become role models too and sometimes they become better choices than adults, since they are closer to our age and share a variety of common interests. As a result, the influence of their inspiration is stronger. Besides that, by setting youths as an example to the younger generations, what they can achieve becomes obvious.

But why do only famous people, like celebrities and influencers usually tend to become role models? Unfortunately, it is more common for people to admire such famous personalities instead of more intellectual personas. I personally follow a member of my family. This person is my grandmother, from my mother's side. Her name is Kiki, and she is the person from whom all of my inspiration comes from. She has been through so much in her life, but she never gave up. She kept fighting. She is so kind and a wonderful person. Her heart is full of love, and she never stops showing that. Because of my grandmother, I work hard and try to achieve my goals. Grandma thank you for teaching me how to appreciate life and be thankful every single day.

Considering all the above, I want to say once again how important admiring a role model is! It can be someone from your family your friend or even a celebrity no matter what their age is. I truly hope that all of us have learned a valuable lesson today!

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR YOUR ATTENTION!!!!

Honorable teachers, beloved parents and dear students,

For those who don't know me, my name is Maya Bourtzou and I'm a graduate student at this unique school. I know what it is like from where you're sitting. I've been there, done that, counted the endless hours to graduate. But I promise you today will be different. Take a minute and imagine what it would be like if we lived in a world where fairness and justice didn't matter. What it would be like if we didn't have role models to inspire us, to help us find the path of our own journey to begin. Today, I'm here to talk to you about the importance of role models in people's lives.

Who qualifies to be a role model? Who is the right role model for an individual? These are questions often asked in our daily life. I'm telling you with certainty, anyone can be a role model. Apart from parents and teachers, children should also be considered potential role models. Ask yourself! Can you relate to your role model? Do you see yourself in him/her? If the answer is yes, then you are on the right path. However, someone that has a huge social media exposure but hasn't achieved anything important in their life, is not a good role model. Take for example the Kardashians whose biggest accomplishment is being famous. Charles Barkley once said "I am not a role model. I am not paid to be a role model. Parents should be role models. Just because I dunk a basketball, doesn't mean I should raise your kids." Role models should be respectable, determined and encouraging. They are people who have put hard work into accomplishing something, haven't given up when it felt like the world was falling apart, and overcame every obstacle they found in their way. These are the greatest role models of all.

Role models have a vital role in children's lives. Without them they wouldn't have any guidance in life, they wouldn't have the courage to go do what they are interested in, what they are passionate about. They are the people who motivate them and inspire them most in life, who set great examples for them to follow. On the other hand, some people believe that they shouldn't be influenced by a specific person in their life, but they should be seen as individuals and need to accomplish everything on their own. But how could they be in such a position at such an age? Children of 5 to 8 for example are not mature enough and capable of distinguishing what is right and what is wrong.

After giving you all these arguments, let me end with a few questions. Have you chosen the right role model? Does he/she guide, encourage, and inspire you in your life? Thank you very much for your attention!

Honourable teachers, beloved parents and dear fellow students, Please take a minute to ask yourselves; What is fairness? Do we need it in our lives? The answer is YES! What would we be without fairness and justice? Our society would certainly be chaotic! Can you imagine? People stealing and acting according to their will, the strong suppressing the weak, chaos everywhere... But how can one learn about fairness? The answer is by having role models. Have you ever considered just how important role models are in our lives? That is exactly what I will be talking about today.

First of all, what is a role model? The answer differs for each individual. I believe that a role model is a person who inspires and motivates others, just by being themselves! Public figures, teachers, parents, siblings or even friends can be role models we look up to! However, the most important thing is to have a role model that fits you! Since role models inspire, motivate and guide us, it is essential for them to have certain qualities, the most important being fairness. How are people supposed to be principled if their role models are not?

Recently, I read a short story. There was a girl who shoplifted daily. She, from a young age, had her sister as a role model. Her sister was the one who taught her shoplifting. Years later, a saleswoman spotted her and her friend shoplifting. Her friend swiftly emptied the bag with the stolen items. The saleswoman, certain that they did steal, followed them to school and the matter was taken to the principal's office. Although there wasn't any evidence of the girls' implication and the principal let them off, another teacher that had known the truth by their reactions, said to the girl; "I'm just saying that since you're a smart kid, why don't you consider putting your energy to some use, other than stealing...". The girl really admired that teacher and after that she never stole again!

Aren't the fair and principled role models saviors to us all? Why not have such people as our role models? Or even better let's be them! For fairness! For happiness! For us!



2.

Fiction

Diary Entries.

Short Stories.

Sequel.

Alternate End.

.Emojis

Emoji Stories

Ariadne Chrysochoides & Marina Tsomlechtsoglou.E11

Nick took his 🧑🏻 Karen to the 🚁 every 17, and every ⌚ he would 🗣️ to her, "Karen, you know that I'd ❤️ to go for a ride in that 🚁." Karen would always reply, "I know that Nick, but that 🚁 ride is 200 💵 and 200 💵 is 200 💵."

1 ⌚ the 🚁 🧑🏻 overheard the 🧑🏻 conversation and 🗣️, "💡, I'll 🤝 with you. I'll take 🔄 of you for a ride and if you can 🔄 stay silent for the entire ride and not ❌ 🗣️ a word you ❌ pay it! But if you say just 1 word, it's 200 💵." Nick and Karen ✓👍 and they went in the 🚁.

When they finally 🛫, the 🧑🏻 turned to Nick and said, "Wow! I have to 🎉 you. I did everything I could to get you to 🍷 or 🗣️, but you ❌. Nick replied, "Well to be ✓ I almost 🗣️ something when Karen fell out but, you know, 200 💵 is 200 💵!"

Ellie Diakaki.E2

One day I was at the 🏖️ and I was walking and suddenly I 👀 two little cute 🐢.

But the 🏖️ had a lot of trash and the house of the 🐢 was surrounded by trash. So

I had an 💡. I went to my 🧑🏻 to tell her that we should clean all the trash. I

went to a 🏪 to get some bags. I was so 😊 that I was cleaning the 🏖️ and helping

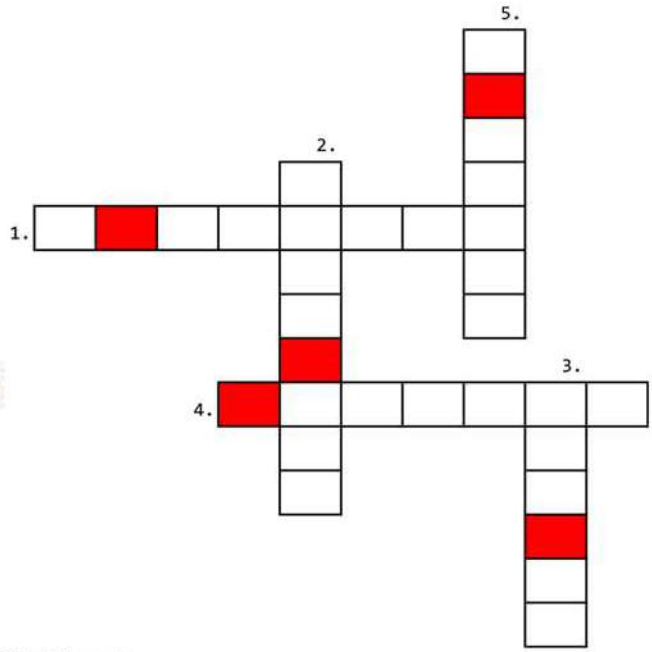
the 🐢. I put all the trash in the 🗑️. We watched the 🌅 and then we went

back to our 🏠. I ate a 🍔, I showered and I slept in my 🛏️.

Emojis

Crossword

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2.  
3.  
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Word in red: _ _ _ _ _

1. Seahorse
2. Bookmark
3. Oxford
4. Jackpot
5. Discover

Quiz

Elias Georgopoulos.E2

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1. Football
2. Wheelchair
3. Hourglass
4. Sunglasses
5. Butterfly
6. Fire flower
7. Hotdog
8. Ukraine
9. Bahrain
10. Ghana
11. Oman

Entries

Diary

22 November 2021

Dear Diary,
Today is a happy day even if outside it is raining. I went to school by car. When I opened the window in the car, I couldn't hear anything else except the rain. I closed my eyes and I just breathed in the clean air that smelled like soaked soil. I arrived at school and my dream stopped. I then realized that I had to experience, again, the same boring Monday. The good thing is that I sit next to the window so I watched the rain falling on the trees and flowers all day. It was a feeling of happiness and relief.

Love,
Niki Poulantza.E9

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Dear Diary,

Finally, I managed to calm down a bit after my argument with Dad in his office, which in my opinion is so dark and dull that I don't want to go in there ever again. I'm so angry! I want to scream and shout but the only place I can do it is in my rough pillow.

Nobody understands! Is it so difficult? No, it's not, just take our things out of this awful house and return to Berlin. There's nobody here, only Gretel, that makes me much angrier since she's always talking to that Kotler. What kind of person is he? I don't trust him at all, he's not reliable!

Dad is in his office all the time. Yesterday, it was midnight but I couldn't sleep, so I went downstairs and heard mum crying alone in the living room. I know it; she is not happy with this kind of life. Why can't we shout together to get out of this cage that restrains us and doesn't let us live free?! If I only could speak, then I would have taken mum and returned to our lovely house in Berlin!

Oh my diary, I won't stay silent for a long time, one day I will revolt and then nobody will be able to stop me. And trust me, I'm waiting for this day patiently.

Bruno Sophie Koukou.E6

..students write
diary entries as Bruno,
the protagonist from the
novel The Boy in The Striped
Pyjamas, who has just moved
into a house overlooking a
concentration camp, loneli-
ness and estrangement
are prevalent

Ph
ase
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Dear Diary,

How are you? I'm not doing well, I hate it here, do you like the new house? I miss our old house in Berlin, my room, and that window in which I had to stand tiptoe to see across the city, my three best friends Daniel, Martin, and Karl, even Gretel misses her creepy friends, missing Berlin is something on which we agreed for once. When exploring every room, I looked out of the window of Gretel's room and felt confused. "Who are all those people?" "What sort of place is this?" "Where are all the girls?" I wish you could answer all my questions. They live inside a huge wire fence that runs along the length of the house. I felt cold and unsafe whilst looking at such a place. I tried to tell Mother how I feel about this mysterious new house and how much I want to go back to Berlin, but instead she told me that Father's job was important. I even tried to convince Father too, but no, he wouldn't answer any of my questions in a way that I could understand. I guess I'll just have to adjust to this new environment, right?

Yours,
Bruno Aphrodite Orbizo.E13

.Personification of a Mirror

Rallou Georgopoulou.E8

Dear Rebelliously Reasonable Rallou,
How are you? I'm not at my best, and that is the reason I am writing to you. Do you remember when I told you that I'm fed up with being carried all around the country, without a moment to alight and catch my breath? Do you remember when I told you that I wanted to settle down and start a new, family life? I tried and tried! But nothing. My last stop was a household of peasants. Do you remember when I told you that one day, I would have a place in high society and even the queen's quarters? But nothing! That is how fair life is. You would guess that in a low-income household, I would live a tranquil life. Guess what? The daughters of the family look every day at me with disgust dripping from their faces and blame ME for all their flaws. The cat and the dog, which as far as I had understood had an excellent relationship so far, started to fight bloodily. They nearly killed one another! And they blamed ME! What have I done to deserve this? And if all that wasn't enough everyone has started to become even more violent toward me! The other day one of the girls came, glared and spat at me! That is first-level disrespect!

Yours truthfully,
Macho Mirror

Dimitra Pistoli.E15

Dear Dimitra,
I was recently taken in by the Skiba family. But I seem to have caused commotion. I don't know what I did wrong! Every time they look at me, they get frustrated. A girl with one of the most beautiful sharp chins I have ever seen started crying in front of me the other day. Another one with gorgeous freckles started yelling "so ugly!" Why was she calling me ugly? I was trying to be clean and shiny. One day the family's cat and dog stood in front of me and were shocked. As they stared at me with their eyes and mouths wide open, I was wondering if there was a stain on me. But then they started fighting with each other like crazy. What did I do? That family was starting to mess with my head. All the other families my boss had sent me to were very loving and welcoming. These people were nothing but disrespectful. I want to leave this family. I am telling you it is crazy here. Every now and then one of them comes in front of me, stares and then runs away disturbed. Am I that awful of a presence? I do not get it. Has this ever happened to you? Please write back with some advice.

Your friend,
The Mistreated Mirror

Chrysevgeni Manolaraki.E15

Can you imagine that people hate me so much! You are the only calm, careful person I have ever met from this family. First, when your dad saw himself, he started spitting on me and honestly it was the most disgusting, disrespectful thing anyone has ever done to me. Next, your mom was bedazzled at first by her amazing and awesome appearance, but after some minutes she spotted a pink, pesky, pimple and tried to pop it right in front of me. Ah! I can still remember that it took me hours to clean myself after that. Then, one of your sisters came to see herself. She tried to break me a few times and tried to shatter me. She also shouted at me that she did not like that her nose was too snub. How rude! Later, your second sister came and I could see she was happy, but suddenly she started crying in a high-pitched voice. How do you stand her! After all this mess you finally came. I thought that you would also be mean but, to my surprise, you were truly kind. I mean I know you dislike your freckles, but I think they are cute. I wanted to thank you for all your kindness, but I also must tell you my place is not here. I always lived with families that live with luxuries and clearly these families treated me better, so as you can understand I also want to be happy. To conclude, I wanted to inform you that I have messaged my peddler and asked him if he can take me back. I am sincerely sorry, and I hope you can forgive me.

Your friend,
Magical, Mirror Mary

Diary Entry of one who has just emigrated

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Last night, I had quite a pleasant dream. There I was, lying comfortably, on my warm king-sized bed. The blinding sunlight that burst through my wide-open window signaled that it was time to head to work. As I rolled out of bed, a gentle breeze touched the warmth of my cheeks. As I looked out the window, I observed the great Statue of Liberty standing and courageous, reminding me of how far I'd come. As I got dressed, I wore my new expensive suit along with my blue striped tie and my high-top hat. I walked into the kitchen where I saw my beautiful wife sitting at the dining table, looking as elegant as always while enjoying her breakfast along with our little princess.

"Daddy, Daddy!" Kira shouted. "Come join me and Mama!" After we said our morning prayers and thanked Yahweh for all our blessings, we finally enjoyed our splendid breakfast.

Suddenly we heard banging on our front door and that's when I shifted back to reality. As I opened my eyes and realization hit me, I witnessed the horrific image of a hundred people one on top of the other. Some were sick from starvation; others were feeling completely exhausted from our long journey from Russia. You see, back in our country a war between the Russians and the Japanese had broken out and they are forcing Jews to conscript into the army. So, in search of a better future, my family and I had left our home.

My two beautiful girls were still sleeping, and I didn't want to wake them up until we arrived at Ellis Island. I knew that the journey on from here wouldn't get any better. That's when we heard the irritating sound of the steamship's chimney announcing our arrival to America. Without any hesitation, I stood up and ran to the only window of that crowded little room just so I could have a small glimpse of freedom. The land of new opportunities, unfolded right in front of my eyes. The things I felt at that very moment were just indescribable. A million thoughts were running through my head. Tears of happiness were running down my face. I was finally able to provide a safe and healthy future for myself and my family, but most importantly, ensure that my beloved daughter could receive a decent education without having to face the same religious discrimination I did.

I woke them up and happily told them the great news. We quickly packed our few belongings and got in line with the rest of the passengers. As we waited in line to exit the ship, it caught my attention that some of the upper-class people were giving us degrading looks and making harsh comments. Me and Naomi made sure our daughter wouldn't notice these hateful looks and so we tried to put on a happy face for her. We didn't want to expose her to the bitterness and hatred of this world just yet.

I had forgotten the feeling of grass beneath my feet. After 2 months of wandering on the open sea, the image of land seemed so odd in my mind. Seeing the great statue of Liberty greeting us from far away filled me up with hope and excitement. We had finally made it to America! We could now start our lives from scratch. A new life. A new beginning.

As the authorities arrived all immigrants were guided to the immigration processing center of the island. That's when I witnessed this shocking image. The living conditions in the center were beyond horrendous. People were kept in cells as if they were animals. That's what crossed the line for many immigrants, and they started to yell and complain to the authorities with the last bits of strength that were left in their bodies. We were then told that in the morning when the doctors arrived on the island the medical exams would begin. That must have been the longest night of my life.

Around midnight I heard my daughter whisper to Naomi, "Mommy, I'm hungry and my tummy hurts." That's when my whole heart shattered. I felt as if I'd failed to protect my family. I had promised my daughter that no matter what I'd keep her safe and that I'd always be there for her. Here I was now, feeling helpless and devastated, hoping for a miracle to happen and save us all from this disaster.

In the morning the doctors had arrived. All immigrants lined up, waiting to get checked. We were waiting in line for two very stressful hours. The doctors started off with me, then my wife. We were both in good shape. We felt such a huge relief. We knew what a nightmare it would be for us to stay another day in this horror. But we spoke too soon...While the doctor was checking our daughter, we saw a frown forming on his face. We got anxious so we asked, "Is there anything wrong, doctor?"

He then replied, "Sir, your daughter must have been infected by some type of flu. We don't know how serious it might be so we will have to keep her here for some tests. Sadly, though, I have to inform you that according to the protocol you and your family will have to stay on the island till further notice." I couldn't quite comprehend what followed. I stopped hearing. My whole vision blurred and the next thing I knew I had passed out on the floor. It might have been from the exhaustion, it could also have been caused by my poor diet those past few months, but it surely had something to do with that awful news.

The same night, as I was lying on the floor of our cell, trapped inside like an animal unaware of what the future might hold, I started wondering, 'Was this all even worth it?' 'Perhaps if we never had left Russia and had suffered the consequences of a war, our life now wouldn't be such a nightmare.' These doubts haunted me for the rest of the night, making me unable to fall asleep. I couldn't decide whether I should keep fighting for a better future or just give up on this battle of mine. One thing was for sure though, that so-called "American dream" was simply an American nightmare.

23
April
1904

Ell

Elia
Andrikopoulou

1st March 1919

Mum looked anxious. I didn't know what was happening. Everyone was in a hurry and looked confused. I tried to ask her what was wrong. She didn't respond. I looked for Dad, but I didn't find him. I was so lost. Suddenly, mum grabbed my arm and dragged me out of the house. She told me: "We are leaving."

That was the last thing I heard from her. After a while, we got into a small, crowded boat. I didn't know the people there, but I recognized Xia Xieren. We were neighbors. She was crying. Why was everyone so upset? Where was Dad? I had so many questions. We were in that boat for over 2 hours. I was not sure.

Then I asked a very old man: "Why are you here?" He answered: "Don't you know? We are going to Angel Island. The island where real angels live!" I started getting excited. If only I'd known. I was curious and a bit excited to go to Angel Island, but I would for sure miss China. Life there was good, but Dad hated it, I knew that we didn't have lots of money, but I was fine with it. After a while, I asked Xia Xieren the same question I had asked the man, but she gave me a different answer. She said that we would go to Florida. I was confused. When I told her about Angel Island, she knew nothing about it. Had the man lied to me?

We were in that boat for many days. Mum was very tired, and she decided to take a nap. She never woke up. I felt like the "trip" to Angel Island or Florida took forever. It was night and I decided to sleep. When I woke up, we had almost reached land. I was excited, but everyone seemed sad. But why? We would see the angels. Mum was still sleeping. I hadn't realized she was dead. Three white men approached us. They didn't look friendly. I couldn't understand what they were saying, but I was sure it wasn't something good.

They took us to a place where hundreds of people were. I didn't know them, but I saw some kids my age. We could be friends and wait for the angels together. Weeks and even months had passed. No signs of Dad. I felt so alone. Xia Xieren didn't talk to me much. I felt like miserable. I still do. While I was sitting, I saw a man writing something on the walls. I asked him what it was, and he told me that it was poetry. I had never heard this word before, but it sounded amazing, like a melody. I wanted to learn more things about it. The only thing I was thinking about was poetry and I tried to understand the meaning of this word. Life was starting to get more difficult. I started losing weight and I felt very sick, but I didn't tell anyone. I didn't have anyone to tell. There was little food, and I was weak and scared. The only reason I kept myself alive was to see the angels.

2nd
May 1919
But yesterday she finally saw the angels and found out what poetry was. Then her eyes closed and never opened again.

Xia Xieren

Wang Mei

Ismini Michal

New York, 1955

In 1915, life in Greece was very difficult due to the economic crisis, the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 and World War I. As a result, many Greek people immigrated to the United States. I, a young boy from Peloponnesus, was one of those immigrants who traveled to the United States hoping to find better financial conditions so that someday I could return to my homeland.

Travelling to New York was challenging and full of dangers as it's so far away that it takes two months to arrive. I was a second-class passenger, since with the help of my parents, I managed to collect some money so that I could afford it. While I was in the middle of the Atlantic, I decided to visit the first-class floor. I was amazed to see all the luxurious facilities that the people with the expensive hats had access to. In contrast, when I visited the third-class floor, which was located below sea level, I was shocked to see the awful living conditions of the people there. There were few baths and only little space available, while the toilets were found in the same room as the beds.

After one and a half months, we finally arrived at Ellis Island. New mixed feelings were born in all immigrants. Feelings of hope for a better tomorrow were mixed with fear of what we were going to face in our new, completely different lives. Were we going to be welcomed in our new home? No one knew! Were they tears of joy or of regret that were running down people's cheeks?

Some days later I was finally able to cross to New York. In the first years of my life in New York I had to face people that held many stereotypes and so I was marginalized. However, I managed to earn some money, become a successful businessman and create my own family.

Today, forty years later, I am packing my luggage for tomorrow's travel. I am returning back to my one and only home, Greece. Now, I feel like the young boy I was when I left Peloponnesus to travel to New York, again having mixed feelings of joy and fear of what changes I will see. I hope to see my house, my friends but most of all my parents, even if it is for the last time.

Alexander

Adriana Pyrgioti.E4

.Meg ♥ Calvin

Dear Diary,

I have a hopeless crush on someone I can't be with. I wish I could tell Calvin how I feel but I'm just afraid of his response. I wish I could tell him how I dream about him every night and even during the day. When I see him smile, I can't stop myself from smiling too. He never fails to brighten my day even after dealing with the Black Thing. Truth is, I'm crazy for him and everyone can see that but him. Even Aunt Beast saw it right away and she doesn't even have eyes! I always avoided boys. My twin brothers made me realize that boys are immature, and they will never grow up. But Calvin is different. He makes my heart flutter and I feel butterflies in my stomach whenever our fingers touch. I can't bear the thought of losing him. I'm pretty sure that if the Black Thing gave us the "chance" to choose who it would take as a prisoner and it was between me and Calvin, I would sacrifice myself for him knowing he would do the same for me if I had let him. You can find love anywhere but the love I found with him is the most illogical thing I've ever seen, and I have seen A LOT of non-explainable things! He teases me, he challenges me, he drives me crazy and somehow, I can't even consider leaving him. the only thing I can do is love him. I guess that illogical can be good sometimes. I didn't choose Calvin, my heart did. Stupid heart...

Meg

.a student explores the feelings
of the protagonists of the novel
A Wrinkle in Time
by Madeleine L'Engle, 1962

Dear Diary,

I like Meg. I really do. Just... not in the way that she wants me to. She has told everyone that we are soulmates and how much she loves me. Her dad now looks at me with a suspicious look on his face. I don't understand where he gets that idea from. Like, okay, I held her hand one time. But, that was only because I was scared of "tesseracting" and I'd rather hold Meg's hand instead of her baby brother's who is a genius (this still creeps me out!). I was nice because I was obligated to. Like, what was I supposed to do, leave her crying on the porch? I keep catching her staring at me which is starting to make me feel uncomfortable. I don't want to hurt her though. She has been my truest friend and I can't bear the thought of destroying our strong bond AS FRIENDS. Either way, I like Anne from math class. She is so beautiful with her ginger hair and freckles. But that's not the point. I guess the Leo in me can't control itself and it keeps on giving the wrong impression to poor girls like Meg. (It's a real struggle for a stud like me!) Besides, she's a capricorn. We would have never worked out! (I studied astrology to impress Anne since that's one of her interests. She's a Libra so we're perfect for each other!!!) So dear Diary, what do you think I should do? Straight up tell her that I don't like her that way? Or go back to Earth and ghost her? Urgh, if only her mother's stew wasn't that damn good, I would do the second one, in order to protect both our hearts, of course. Hers from the heartbreak of knowing that I won't be hers, and mine because I'll lose my best friend. Until next time dear Diary.

Calvin

Fenia Gialouri.E16

Eleanor was sitting on her bed, on the side where her deceased husband used to sleep. In the scanty lighting of her house, her pensive look was fixed on the crib she had carved herself for the baby that was never meant to be born. Oh, so dire a fate she had merited! Her husband had perished, and the only thing left to remember him by had died during childbirth. At least, she had her sister, Ignis who, despite her not having experienced the anguish of losing an only child – for her little son was alive and healthy-, had mourned the unexpected death of two husbands.

However, there was no sympathy towards the sisters on the public's behalf. In their tiny colonial village, women who had come to such a situation were considered cursed, or worse... possessed by Satan himself. She was waiting silently, expecting to hear the doleful knock on the door and be arrested for witchcraft. She believed that Mrs. Beauchamp would have already turned her in by now, since she had been audacious enough to leave an unpaid debt to someone so rancorous. A minute passed, an hour, maybe two and the hinges hadn't creaked, the doorknob hadn't revolved.

She couldn't stand it anymore! That devious coquette was playing with her! She rushed outside and looked across the street. It was night and she couldn't see well but even those poor streetlights were bright enough for her to face a shocking scene; the most obnoxious sight she had yet laid eyes on. Ignis was being ferociously dragged out of her house by two policemen while trying in vain to persuade them that she was no witch. Little Ethan was crying and shrieking to "let mommy go". As the merciless hands of the officers clenched Ignis' ivory arms, Eleanor could already see her burning in the middle of the square, screaming, begging for an act of humanity, while the flames would devour her skin, forming big, fleshy blisters and while they would spread their heat and light upon her horrified brown eyes, that were not to remain open for long. Mrs. Beauchamp was standing a few meters away, with an imperious look on her face, stifling a malevolent smirk.

The next day, the whole village had gathered to witness Ignis' trial. Ignis was sitting in the defendant's seat petrified, not knowing what to expect. Eleanor, on the other hand, knew exactly what was going to happen. Her husband, being a police officer himself, had taught her the protocol. If a woman was accused of witchcraft, she had two options. Either to declare repentance and blame someone else, or to maintain her claim of being innocent and get burnt. Unless, of course, one of the witnesses voluntarily turned herself in, instead of corroborating the story.

At first, the decision was clear. No need for any painstaking deliberation. She had to save her, she couldn't be the one to sentence her to her death! It was her fault that she was being interrogated at that very moment. And she had a son, after all. A son that Eleanor so much craved! She had dreamt of becoming a mother since they were little girls! And how handsome was little Ethan, with his curly auburn hair and his blue eyes being just like two enormous sapphires – beautiful and precious. What was she thinking? She shouldn't even consider confirming the charges! Besides, how could she raise a son all alone. Ignis had a lot of money aside, as her two deceased husbands were descendants of wealthy houses, but she had nothing. However, provided she confirmed the accusation, she would inherit her sister's fortune, pay off the debt and lead a happy life with her nephew.

The choice was clear now. She knew what to do. Trembling but trying to maintain her composure, she stood up and, raising a shaking hand, she addressed the judge...

The Loan

He woke up from a fever dream, his sheets soaked in sweat. Streams of light pierced through the countless holes in the curtain. The alarm turned over. Clusters of rubbish piled in the corners of the apartment room. He flicked some water on his face to freshen up. Marked on the calendar, circled by thick red highlighter was today's date. "LOAN," it said, with flat careless letters. Suspended from the wooden door were a brown greasy suit, a white shirt, and a worn-out pair of trousers. He quickly dressed up, smeared some toothpaste on his finger, and rubbed it against his teeth.

Closing the door behind him, he mounted his very dated bicycle, cracking a smile and singing along the lyrics of an old song, while avoiding the pedestrians on the footpath. The rising sun brought a pleasant warmth. And he kept singing cheerfully.

"Welcome to the Bank, please be patient while we continue to set up", the uniformed woman opened the door and returned to her desk. He stood against the wall, straightening his suit and adjusting his tie. The muffled ticking of the watch filled the air for five whole minutes of dead silence.

"My apologies for the inconvenience, how can I help you, sir?"

"I'd like a loan today", he cracked a toothy smile again, "The account name is Christopher Nicholson."

"Christopher... Nichols...", she whispered while typing the name loudly. "And the loan amount?" she inquired without looking at him but continuing to read the account information.

"Eleven-hundred dollars, Ma'am."

"For the time being, until your previous loan has been paid off, we are unable to give a loan of that amount, Mr. Nicholson."

"Can I get a smaller amount, if possible?" the weak grin persisted.

"The highest amount would be two hundred dollars, are you happy to continue with that?"

"Yes."

A few moments later Christopher left the building with less than he intended, but somehow, he would have to manage with the bills piling up and rent due at the end of the week. For now, he'll go to the grocery store he is currently working at to earn a little more if he can get extra hours. And then he will go to that place again, gamble it all and win big, possibly even more...

Dealing with Dilemmas

Angelos Goritsas.E8

Mama always said: "Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves." She said that her mama would say it every day, in between prayers, that she only saw her cry when she recited those 11 words.

Grandmama Rachel was my mama's mama, and she loved her dearly. She missed her every day, until her very last. Mama said she was the bravest woman she knew, which always had me puzzled because she was related to great-aunt Harriet. Mama Anger had lived in both worlds - one of slavery and freedom.

She and Uncle Benji had managed to escape with Harriet Tubman's last rescue party. And so, to honor my mama and hers in turn, I wrote this story based on her life as a slave.

.....
September 18, 1849.

I woke up to three white men investigating the room, looking for my sister Minty. Master Brodas said she had fled last night, and disappeared in the darkness of the woods. When Master Brodas Junior saw me, he hurried over, stomping his feet, put his hand around my neck and squeezed viciously. "WHERE IS MY SLAVE?" he growled tightening his grip on my neck, his knuckles white with anger.

"I don't know sir, I swear" I replied gasping for air. Mama always said, we should be grateful to God for master Brodas, for he's kind and forgiving. But I like to think the opposite. Master Brodas Junior always went after me. Blamed me for everything. Hurt me the most. He never did so for Minty though. He slacked her off. Reverting the blame on me. Of course, Minty had fled she always had a mind of her own. Never obeying rules, always creating chaos. I on the other hand, had reserved myself a role as a house slave, and was Mrs. Brodas' right hand. Minty loathed me for it, she said I was a traitor, being so close to white people, that I was a coward and always sought attention from others. She and my brothers had formed a team, always whispering things, they always talked in huddles, their words barely audible. Every time I wanted to join, Minty said I would betray them, and they would run along whispering again. I spent my evenings with mama, and daddy. And when all of them were asleep I sneaked out to find Nolan.

Nolan was my rock. The one person that would never exclude or tease me. I loved him, and we always talked about how we would get married in the future. He was free and worked in the barn a quarter mile away, we could be free together.

When I told my family my wish to marry most were thrilled except of course for Minty and my older brothers. They didn't like him, they said he was weird and goofy, but I liked that about him. No wonder my brothers didn't like him, if Minty didn't, then no one else did. And she left now, I can't seem to understand how they didn't choose to leave with her. I guess they finally have a mind of their own.

.....
A year later, 1850.

"Go down, Moses Way down in Egypt's land Tell old Pharaoh Let my people go"

A voice was heard across the farm, a familiar one, but I paid it no mind. I had to work until sunset and then I could see my baby again. Benji was only 2 months old and being so far away from his mama couldn't be good for him. Nolan had left for business issues, and I left him with daddy.

That very same night, my brothers were acting strangely. Peering through the window and weirdly left their leftover ashcakes and a handful of salt in an old bandanna tied into a bundle. They couldn't sit still, and their manner was hasty and fastidious. They were whispering again, hesitant whines coming from William while James and Robert were shushing him. I didn't think of it much and went back to sleep.

Only to find out that the next morning they were gone. But why didn't they approach me? Did they hate me this much? But Minty was gone, why would they do this, to find her? And if so, why not take me with? I want to be free, I want my baby to be free, why leave me behind?

Dealing with Dilemmas

Rachel Ross: A slave but foremost a mother

PART II

Three years later, 1853.

My babies are gone. Mrs. Brodas sold my children.

They left back Angerine and Benji, but they took my baby twins.

They had warned me, and I had tried, oh how I had tried to change their mind.

But because Moses had run off with so many slaves, they couldn't afford to buy new ones, so they sold my babies. My babies are gone.

And when it happened, the pain, I felt a pain no mother should ever endure.

My cries and screams weren't enough, my blood and sweat still did not satisfy this cruel and vile family.

I could not leave without my babies.

My family had abandoned me, mama and daddy were free, my brothers and sisters had fled. I was alone. Left to soak in my despair, my sorrow.

And God wouldn't listen, no, he only heard others. He spoke to Minty, Robert, William, John and forgot me.

Of course, no one remembered me, even God left me out.

And Moses, "the savior" had excluded me, forgotten, alone, miserable.

Why deny me my freedom?

I am a woman like all others, why exclude me?

I fell to my knees and mumbled incoherently a phrase that I remembered:

"Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves."

.....

October 1859.

A pebble knocked on the Bordas' window, and a shadow was visible in the distance, it seemed familiar as if I had seen it years ago.

I stepped out and ran as quickly as my legs let me.

"Minty."

"Rachel, I missed you so much" she said and hugged me tight.

"After all these years you come for me now?" I scoffed, pain in my voice, tears threatening to fall.

She looked stunned but continued.

"Come with me, you can be free, in Pennsylvania with all of us."

"Now?"

"Ten years ago, I would have said yes, in a blink of an eye, but I can't go now."

"Why not-" she started but I cut her off quickly.

"I don't need you, I've been fine on my own, I can't leave now I have responsibilities. I can't afford to be reckless like you."

She gaped as I continued.

"My family is gone, my children were sold, I can't leave without them. I won't."

Suddenly, with tears in her eyes she lifted a gun, aimed it at me.

She said, "Come with me or die, I am not leaving you behind."

"I am willing to sacrifice myself for my children's wellbeing. I won't leave them behind alone and scared, my family did the same to me and I am willing to break the pattern." "So, point the gun, shoot if you must, but I will protect my family the way mine was unable to do."

My grandmama died a couple of months later. She was never reunited with her babies. Moses returned a few days after she had passed. Great Auntie Harriet is said to have never recovered from Rachel's death. Rumor has it Rachel was the last word she uttered on her deathbed. Guilt and remorse haunted her till the very end. Rachel's 11 words "Those who deny freedom to others, deserve it not for themselves" haunted her. She had helped so many people and yet not her next of kin.

The Lady, or the Tiger?

.An Alternate Ending

He turned and with a firm and rapid step he walked across the empty space. Every heart stopped beating, every breath was held, every eye was fixed immovably upon that man. Without the slightest hesitation he went to the door on the right and opened it. But no, behind that door the lovely lady he had expected was not hiding, behind that door emerged a tiger with all its fierce beauty, approaching him with precise, quiet steps. It bared its fangs and growled furiously at him, but he did not run, he did not start begging, he did not scream for help like others did. Instead, he stood perfectly still, eyes wide open with a confused expression painted on his face. "How could she", "I would die a million times for her and she...", "Why?", all those thoughts ran through his mind in a second, one of his last. All color had drained out of him when he pressed his eyes together preparing for the unbearable pain that was to come. There was nothing to be done, nothing that would change the situation he was in, this was his destiny and he did not try to escape it. He could feel the tiger surrounding him, the warmth of its breath on his legs and when its delicate soft tail touched him, he knew it was over. But the seconds kept passing, soon they turned into minutes and nothing had happened. "I must be dead" the young man thought although he knew that this was not possible. After what felt like hours the lover reluctantly opened his eyes, his heart pounding furiously in his ears. Before him sat the tiger completely calm licking its paws and showing absolutely no interest in him or in the sea of anxious faces looking at them in agony. That was when he realized, the tiger had no intention of attacking him. His eyes were immediately fixed upon the princess, who was looking anywhere but at him. Her skin was white like paper her lips pressing together tightly in her effort to ignore his stare which burned right through her, asking the only question she was unable to answer, "Why?". She refused to return the stare. After a few minutes of exhausting anticipation, the king stood up. He wanted to see that man suffer, he wanted to see him get devoured by the tiger but even he could not break the rules of his own game. So, he announced "Fate has decided, this man is innocent, he must be married at once."

Efthimiou Milena.E8

.inspired by
The Lady, or the Tiger?
Frank R. Stockton
1882

The Lady, or the Tiger?

.A Sequel

After internal conflict between her emotions and debate about which door to pick, she finally came to the conclusion. Almost refraining herself from telling him, the princess reluctantly pointed at the door on the right. She gulped in terror, dying on the inside, already regretting her choice. The princess second-guessed herself, over and over again until the door opened.

She pictured her lover's dismembered corpse; head, arms and legs cut off, bleeding. Such an inhuman image shouldn't be the youth's fate. It hurt her so much that she'd rather him be married to her worst enemy yet. But, a life without him would mean an eternity of loneliness and vehemence. The love of her life and her lifetime enemy walking down the aisle and sharing vows, eyes watering, kissing in front of the sunset, having beautiful kids and growing old together. Oh, the happy life they could share so romantically, it made the princess shriek in disgust and jealousy. Her imaginations eased up the atmosphere, just for a split second, but that was enough to keep her head from exploding.

She closed her eyes, as she couldn't watch what was about to happen in that very arena. Each moment felt like a thousand years. The silence was unbearably loud and the lull tormented the princess and audience equally, building up such tension, that everyone was at the edge of their seat, motionless. Suddenly, all she could hear was the loud gasp that emanated from the audience, as they followed along his so dire fate. The deed was done. A ferocious tiger sprung out of the door and attacked the youth. Her lover, screamed in anguish as the tiger tore him apart. Every scratch of the tiger's claws spilled more pints of the innocent man's blood. Each one of them pounding on the floor, joining the rest. The beat of the drops replaced the youth's now non-beating heart. The tiger had drained him of his blood so mercilessly, enjoying every part of it, and so was the king. In the end, all there was left to see was an unidentifiable corpse laying at the center of the arena, in a pool of fresh dark red blood. The sickening, yet sweet smell of the blood enhanced the arena.

Days go by and the princess doesn't even look, let alone speak to her father. The day of her lover's funeral was just a reminder of the unforgivable sin the king had committed. She was wearing a black long dress with a golden belt and a black, semi-transparent veil. Her hair was styled in a bun with black dahlias around it. During her obituary speech, the princess could only hear her lover's screams of agony and see his blood scattered all over the floor, everywhere. The king looked at her beauty and tried to show her his remorse and dolefulness. At that very moment, she thought of the way to get rid of him, once and for all. A few days later, her preconceived plan succeeded and the king's reign finally ended with his untimely death.



3. Poetry

Sonnets. Rhyme.
Free Verse.

Friend

Whatever you need, whatever you do
He's going to be there waiting for you
He's a swimmer
A total winner
He's so wise
He helps people improvise

He's so agile
He's not fragile
While he's a dancer
He always knows the answer
He has a nice style
He makes all the girls smile
Told you he'll smash you
His name is Mathew

About a

Panos Kliafas.E6

THE STREETS.Steven Papakyriakou.E8

I march down the street with a painted grin,
Smiling, laughing, dancing but still,
Even through everything I do not to stand out,
I still feel the cold gaze of the world on me.

I see the masks, they are hiding something too,
What, I cannot tell, but there is something hidden,
They might not want to share,
they might not want to show,
I know the street's judgement is harsh,
But I cannot help but feel my heart drowning,
In sorrow and sonder.

I've heard of people who live in alleys and straits,
Who live freely, without masks,
rules nor restrictions,
People who live a happy, carefree life,
But such people are outcasts,
They dare not come close to the streets,
For they too fear the street's judgement.

Oh, the streets, the judgements they make,
Why should they inflict such pain?
Why do they force lies, deception,
and trickery?
Do they like the masquerade?

WAIT A MINUTE.....WHO IS HE?
Constantine Vernikos.E8

He was so generous and kind
Never mad nor aggressive
He was insecure
He felt lonely
Wanted to fit in forever
One look at the popular kids
and he was perplexed,
and his purpose vanished
Whatever he did he couldn't fit in
So he stopped doing anything.
And cried

THE MASK.Angelos Petropoulos Botsios.E15

Why shall we always smile
While running through life's endless mile?
Forever hiding our truest self
To be part of another's wealth.
Believing we are nothing great
So, a different identity we create.

We bare our claws
But hide our flaws
To show that we are the best,
Hiding in our tiny little nest.

Giving other people compliments,
While we forget our own accomplishments.
Wearing these masks all the time
Is one of humanity's biggest crimes.

Masks

.students explore
identity, pretense,
self confidence &
esteem inspired
by poetry they
have studied

Masks

Grade 5 / 6

WE WEAR THE MASK. Michaela Resti. E16

Lies. It's all lies.
Forget the twinkling smiling eyes you see,
It's all fake, we're all actors.
You learn to smile through the pain eventually,
stares like knives piercing your numb cold body.
You learn the art of staying still, quiet, unheard.
Your mouth stitched from the inside; no one able to see,
But the scars left on your smile still hurt, a little too much.
The feeling of fear is overwhelming,
yet the tidal wave it brought left nothing behind.
Not a tear left to shed, those are too expensive.

MY TRUE SELF. Despina Filosidi. E16

I am sensitive and hard working.
I pretend I'm okay
but I feel weak in front of war.
I worry about what the future brings
so I dream about better days for everyone

I am sensitive and hard working.
I wonder why people treat others with such bad behavior.
I hear people's feelings without them speaking
and see what they mean without saying a word.
I hope one day everyone will be equal.

THE NIGHT SKY. Mary Chatziandreou. E16

When I look into the night sky
It seems like it's my only ally
He can truly see
Deep into my soul and set me free

When I look into the stars
I forget all of my scars
And when the crickets start to sing
All the good memories they bring

But then I feel the tears
Rolling down my cheeks like spears
Hitting the ground,
Making gentle sounds

"The trouble with
a mask is it
never changes."
Charles Bukowski

Chronicles

.The Dantes

When I was in prison I was full of rage,
14 years in a room darker than space.
I didn't lose hope even though I was depressed
Cause I knew I could get out.
I met a man, Faria
He helped me get out
Full of joy I was
When I heard him say he had a map
That lead me to some treasure that lay
On the island of Monte Cristo
I found the treasure
Then took revenge
And married Mercedes

.inspired by
the Count of
Monte Cristo
by A. Dumas

Sotiris Salapatas.El

Adriana Pyrgioti.E4

That was me then; this is me now
Last year I was a football player
Now I am a volleyball player
I used to enjoy studying math
Now I love chemistry as well
I used to believe homework was hard
Now it's even harder
I used to be confused by modern Greek
Now I excel and I am a king
Last year I felt like such a failure
Now I am the representation of happiness
Last year I hoped to get a 20
Now I am sure I will get a 21
Last year I wanted to be a pilot so I could fly
Now I want to be an architect so I will try
This year I am perfect and I will be better
That was me then; this is me now

Alexandra Alexandratou.El1

That was me then, this is me now
Last year I was a confused little girl
Now I am a confident little girl
I used to enjoy dancing
Now I think it is a boring hobby
I used to be confused by the world
Now I still am
Last year I fell in love with music
Now it is part of my life
Last year I hoped I would have an amazing year
Now I am still hoping
Last year I wanted to be someone else
Now I realize I don't
This year I am me!

Joanna Vyza.El1

That was me then; this is me now
Last year I was afraid
Now I am strong and brave
I used to enjoy school
Now I'm too busy to even read a book
I used to believe Santa's real
Now I know the truth
and Christmas has no appeal
I used to be confused by everyone's critique
Now I know that I'm just unique
Last year I said I had found myself
Now I know I'm just a half-full bookshelf
Last year I hoped to go back to school
Now I understand I was a fool
Last year I wanted to be whatever
others wanted to be
Now I want to study biology
'cause this is me
This year I am free, I am me
and these are all the steps I took
so I could be
That was me then; this is me now

.students write frame poems
about how they have changed
within a year

.Frame Poems

I choose to fight

.Every day

every day feels the same
you wake up
you get ready
you go to school
so exhausted
so alone

your parents ask you
what's wrong
but the only thing
you can answer is
I'm just tired
because they don't understand

they don't understand
the teenager they gave life to
wants to throw it away
they don't understand
that you'll do anything
in order to feel

they don't understand
the sleepless nights
the painful mornings
the boring afternoons
but most of all
they don't understand you

you suddenly feel trapped
in a loop hole
no start
no end
just constantly doing circles

you want to free yourself
from the pain
from this world
from your own thoughts

the thoughts that will
haunt you till you fall asleep
the thoughts that are
slowly consuming any idea
any hope
any last words

as you're sitting in the bathtub
looking down at the blade
ready to let go
ready to say goodbye
you picture the relief
the satisfaction
as you place the blade on your wrists
you know
you're ready

you can almost reach it
but you don't

the fear
the disappointment
the hopelessness you feel
waking up on that hospital bed
knowing that you need to
keep living
living this painful reality

knowing the fake looks
on people's faces
once you return
knowing the acts
everyone will put up
because they're sorry for you

but still you choose to fight
to battle your own thoughts
to beat your own brain
and finally live
because all you've done so far
is survive.

Christiana Vasilara.E16

In Time

.A Wrinkle

Puzzled she gazed at her father, one thing only on her mind,
She had to solve this riddle quick,
But t'was the hardest of the kind.
She pushed back her doubt and fear and brought forth her power and wit

She had to put all this in order,
Take it one step at a time.
How would he be excluded from this horror?
She was determined to end this crime.

Calvin complained and sighed defeated,
Meg was ready to accept her fate,
When a bright idea was soon greeted,
At the very moment she thought she was too late.

The solution to her riddle was now crystal clear,
And scoffing in disbelief she cried "Who would have known it was so near".

Erica Dritsa.E16

And suddenly her distress seemed to fade
She would save Charles; in fate it had been written
She would not let the horrid mind invade
Yes, her private thoughts would remain hidden

She gathered the courage she could muster
Still, she was unsure, but what could she do?
Her only choice was to hide her fluster
Face those she couldn't bear to say goodbye to

Curtsy and hug, the time to go is nigh
She endured father's heart-breaking protest
A parting kiss and then a lover's sigh
The suffocating ache in her pained chest

Tessering, it was replaced with tingling
To fight the evil that was lingering

Daphne Nikolopoulos.E16

.sonnets
inspired
by the novel
A Wrinkle in Time
written by Madeleine
L' Engle & published
in 1962

A Poem

Human Rights

My name is Dioni,
I can eat pepperoni with macaroni.

I go to school,
I am not a fool.

My friend is Mary,
and she has the right to marry.

I am always brave,
and never a slave.

I am equal to all the others,
black, white or Asian, nobody bothers.

I feel free day and night,
nobody can judge my private life.

If someone hits me down low,
he will be punished by the law.

I have the right to free association,
without any interrogation.

I have a house, a car and a bar,
and nobody has made me feel bad about that so far.

No one can change my body and my heart,
as that will tear me apart.

My right to life,
will not be taken by a knife.

Am I tortured? Am I torturer?
I have the right to a fair trial.

I love Jesus or Allah,
Indira or Buddha.


Sometimes I eat gouda,
I am free to act or to react.

I have the impression,
that I have free expression.

If my rights are breached,
effective remedy can be reached.

Free and fair elections,
end my poem about human rights reflection!

Oikonomidi Dioni.Ell



4.

Visuals

Posters. Comics.
Digital Content.

. The Whistlers

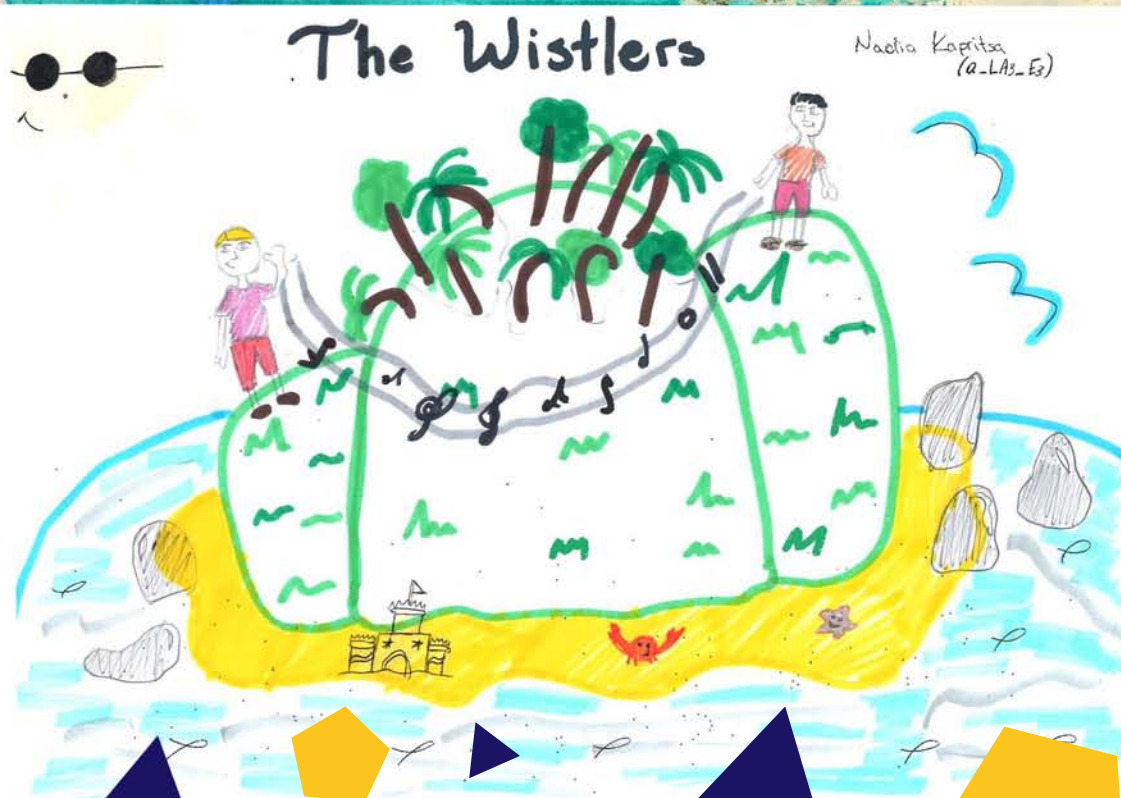
. students
imagine the
setting of a
short story

Grade 3
Phase 3

Irene Kolaiti.E3



Nadia Kapritsa.E3



The Whistlers

Iris Iliopoulou.E3

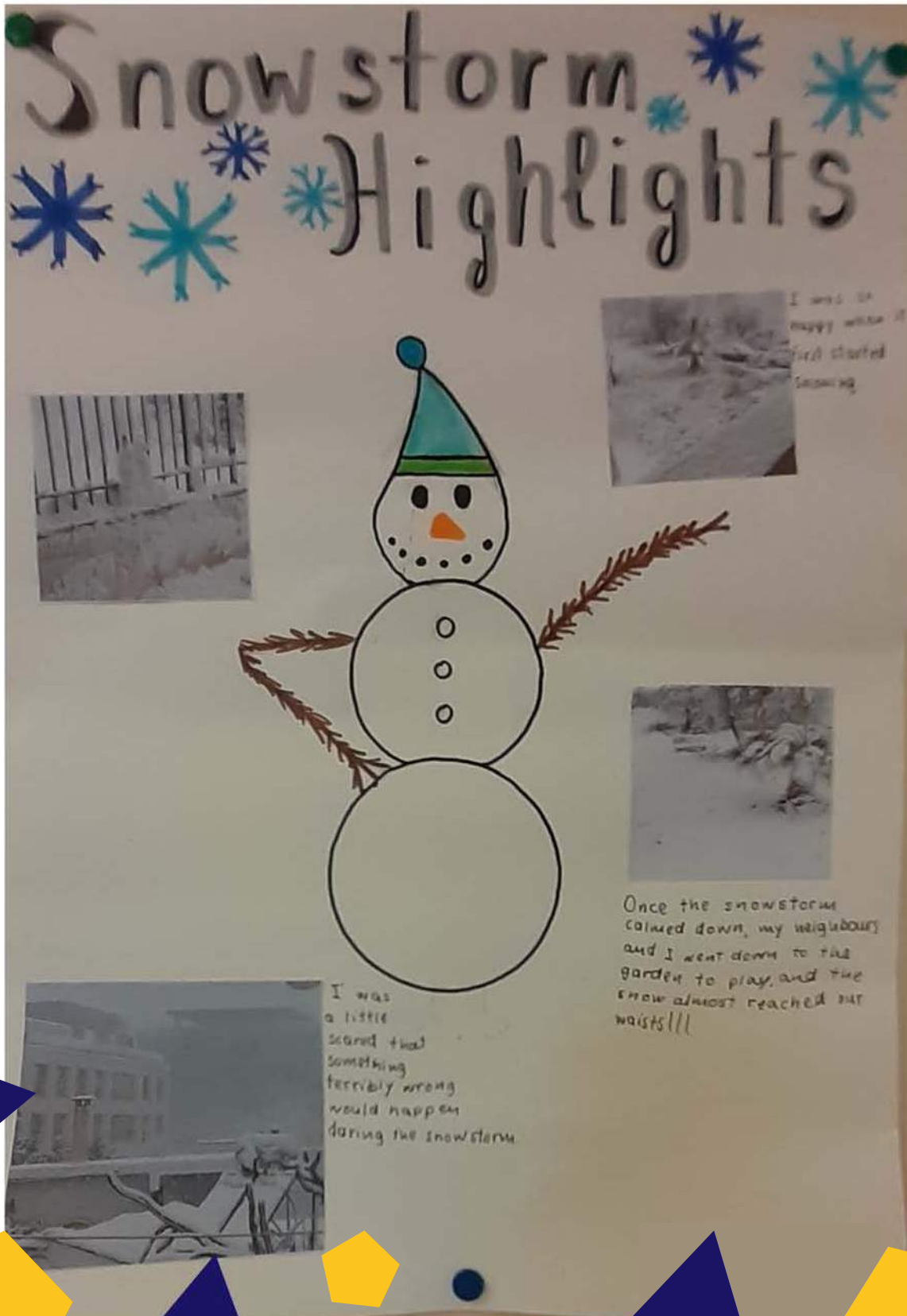


Elentini Koukou.E3



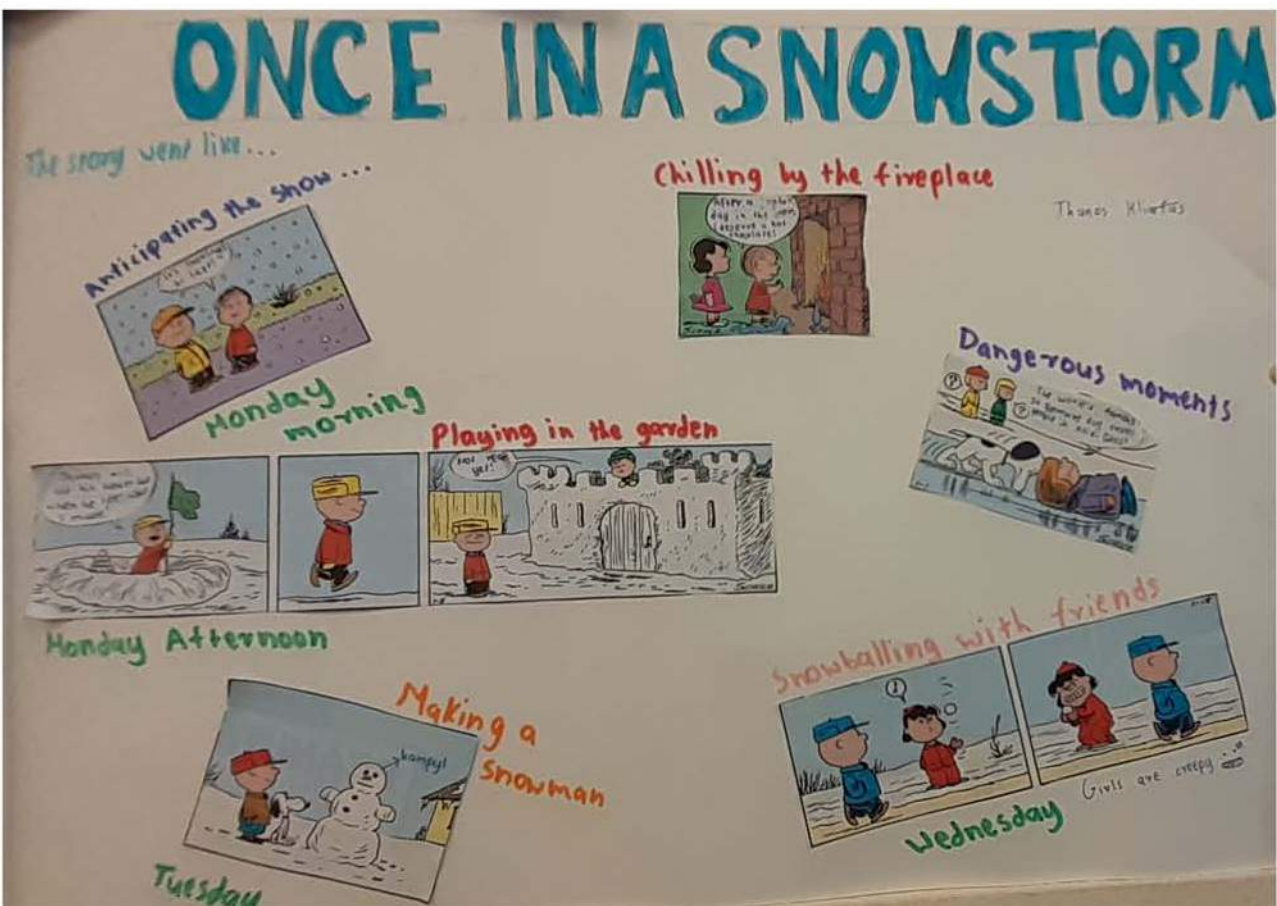
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. students describe their adventures & fun times in the • Snow



Aphrodite Orbizo.E13

· Snow ·



Thanos Kliafas.E6

- anticipating
- chilling
- playing
- making
- snowballing

. students
create
inspired
by their

Friendships

Personal Impact

- My friend has been there for me since we were 4
- She makes me feel happy
- Increases my self-esteem
- Accepts and loves me for who I am
- Helps me overcome my fears
- Helps me reach my goals

A quote for my best friend!

"What is a friend? A single soul dwelling in two bodies."
-Aristotle

Dimitra Georgakopoulou LA4E6

Letter to a Friend



Danae Nakou &
Maria Rota.E13

Dear caring, loyal friend,
You give my life a meaning
Our friendship won't ever end
If close to me you're sitting.

It's great to have a side kick,
Somebody by your side,
Who makes your days sick,
Whose heart is open wide.

An ally filled with kindness
Who always remains true
To whom you show gratefulness
A person sweet like you

To my dear dear friend,
Promise you'll stay here
'Cause on you I depend
And with you I have no fear.

Friendships

MY FRIEND'S PERSONALITY

- Kate is a very authentic person who isn't afraid to express her opinion, even if she doesn't like something
- Her smartness is what attracts people to get to know her and her intriguing personality better
- Whenever things get difficult, she always faces them with positive thinking and power, always remaining strong and steady
- People can easily trust her because she is loyal and devoted to the ones she trusts and loves

Chara Kamarinopoulou.E6

MY FRIEND'S HELP

- Kate has always helped me when things get tough. We have gone through thick and thin together.
- Her devotion and loyalty makes me trust her with secrets I don't tell to anyone else
- She always gives me good advice since she has more experience in some things, but never forces me to follow it
- Since we have been best friends from the day we remember ourselves, we are comfortable around each other and only show our true selves

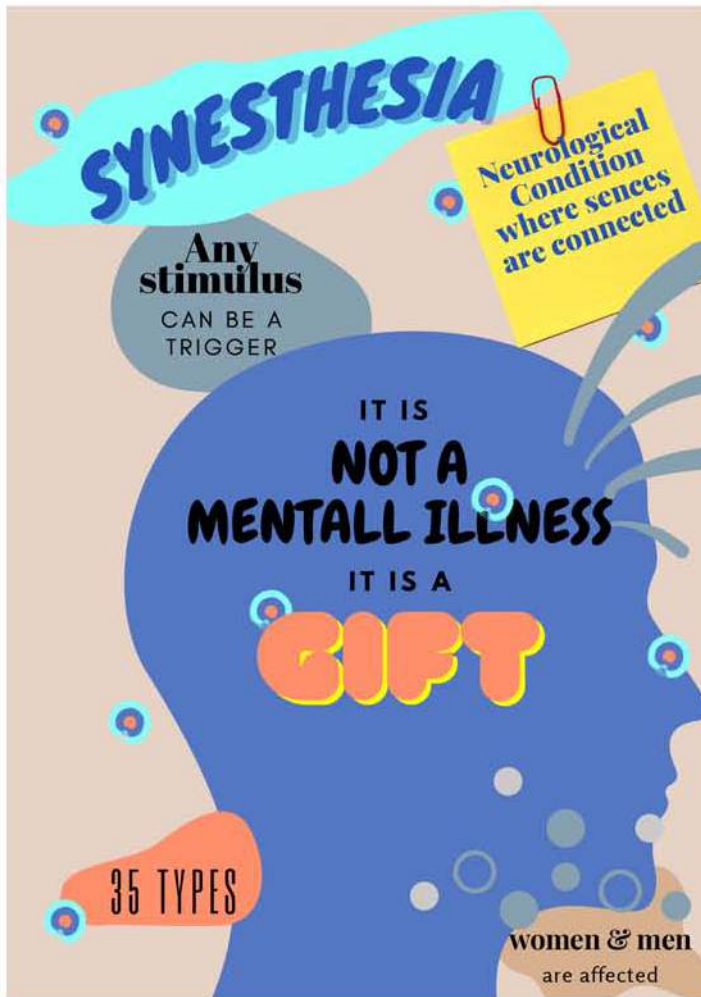
QUOTE

"Many people will walk in and out your life, but only true friends will leave footprints in your heart"

-Eleanor Roosevelt

- This quote shows that real friendships leave a scar on us.
- We might meet lots of people who either stay or leave, but the real ones are the ones with the most value.





Alexandra Kitsopanou.E8

G
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. students explore
the workings of
the brain

.The Amazing Brain



Marios Thomas.E16

.Peanuts

. a student adapts
the wording of the
celebrated comic
strip



Adapted text by Aphrodite Vougiouka.E1

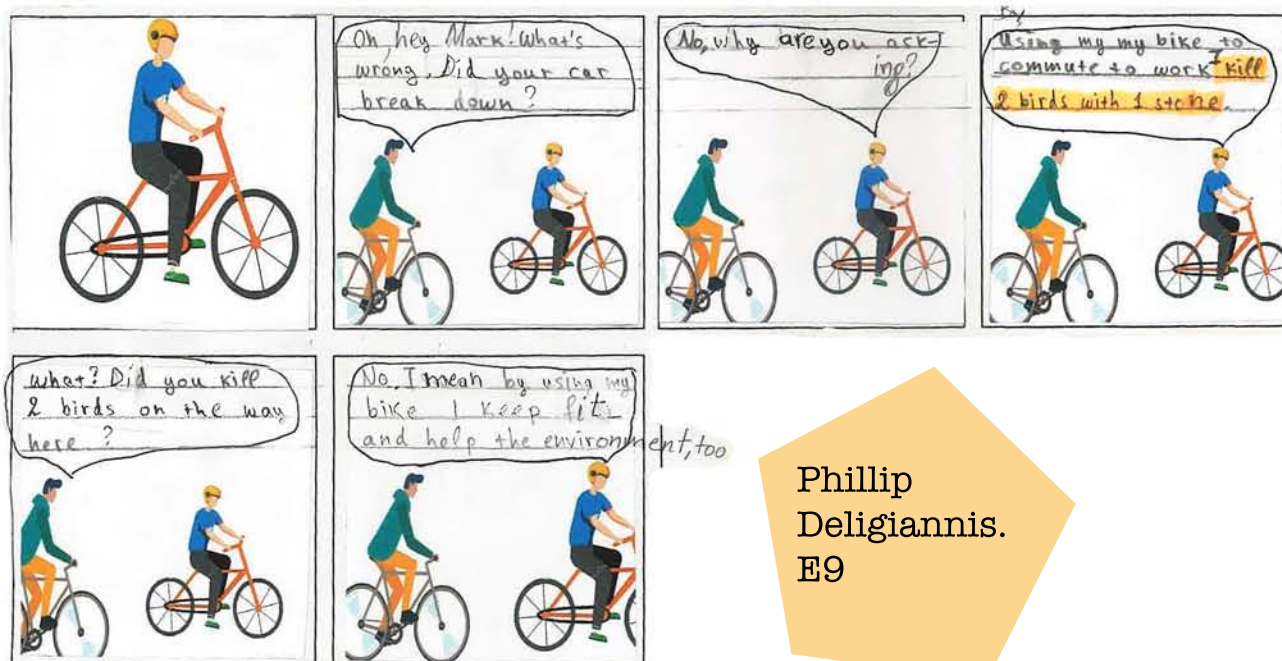


Original text by SCHULZ

Idiom Comic Strips

.students create comic strips using idioms learnt in class

Grade 9
Phase 4



Amelie Diamantidis. E9



Harry Dimopoulos. E9



Human Rights



Human Rights

.Global Citizenship

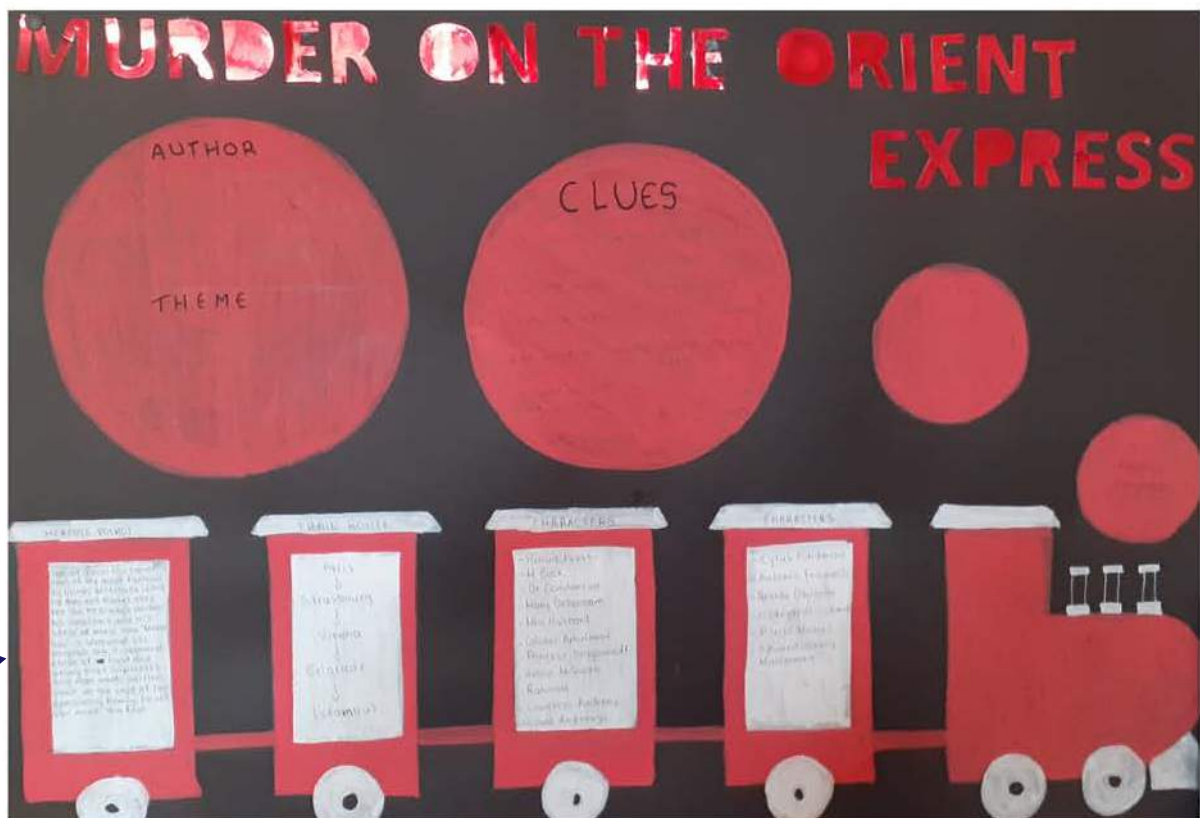


Grade 9
Phase 4

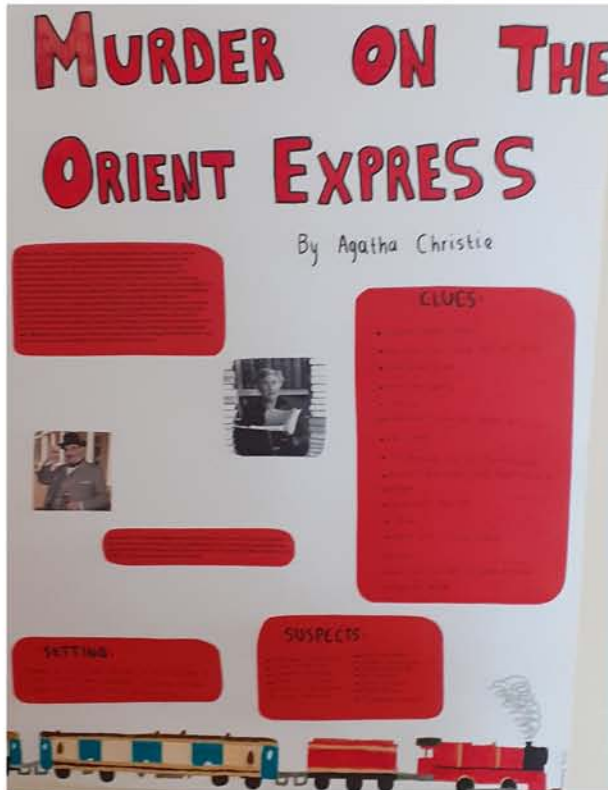


Murder on the Orient Express

As the students read the book, they kept a log of the clues, suspects and their alibis; they traced the famous Orient Express train route, describing the snowy setting and contemplated the themes as they surfaced. The posters are the product of their research throughout the reading of the book.



Murder on the Orient Express



"The impossible could not have happened, therefore the impossible must be possible in spite of appearances."

Hercule Poirot

AGATHA CHRISTIE

Agatha Christie was an English writer known for her sixty-six detective novels and fourteen short story collections, particularly those revolving around fictional detectives Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple.

MURDER ON THE ORIENT EXPRESS

CLUES

- A guest is found in the night
- A woman in a nightgown is seen going towards the hall
- Mr. Ratchett asks to have the left hand before the conductor comes a short distance. "It's nothing, I was mistaken."
- Eighteen numbered aluminium letters which had been written by more than two people
- There are no fingerprints on the window
- Handkerchief was washed inside out
- Mr. Ratchett had been about the same time before being murdered
- The guest is fully awake

THEMES

- NATIONALITIES
- CLASSES
- INGENIOUS CRIME

SETTING

Poirot's investigating technique

Poirot's technique is after examining the place of the murder and the body, he interviews all of the passengers, he tries to ask them questions which may make them change behavior or show emotions. As on chapter 32, while interviewing the Princess's maid and asking her about the handkerchief with the letter H on it. "Of the three only Poirot caught the vague hesitation in the reply". Also, he never leaves out of the suspects list anyone, until he finds out who the real murder is. Lastly, he tries to find connections between the passengers such as Mary Debenham and Arbuthnot, or important connections like passengers have with people who were somewhere connected to the victim such as the Princess with the Armstrong family.

Characters:

- Hercule Poirot
- Princess Dragomiroff
- Mary Debenham
- Countess Andromy
- Arbuthnot
- Dr. Constantine
- Mr. Ratchett
- Hector MacQueen
- U. Harris
- Colonel Arbuthnot
- U. Bosc
- Lieutenant Dubosc

Orient Express Route Map (1883 - 1963)

Agatha Christie drew on her own travels through Europe, including World War I to prove the character of Poirot. Poirot, Marple and the Great Eastern specifically investigated from 1913, and had time in Turkey and the Middle East. She wrote the novel placed mostly in France at the First-Peace World in Istanbul. The kidnapping and murder of Daisy Armstrong by the

.Thanksgiving



.Students worked together in order to promote a sense of solidarity, gratitude and hope. They created the **Thanksgiving Tree** which they adorned with notes of gratitude from Athens College Middle School students. The notes expressed gratitude for enjoying good health, having a family and friends as well as being back in school due to the advances in science and medicine which helped combat the pandemic.

