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As You Like It



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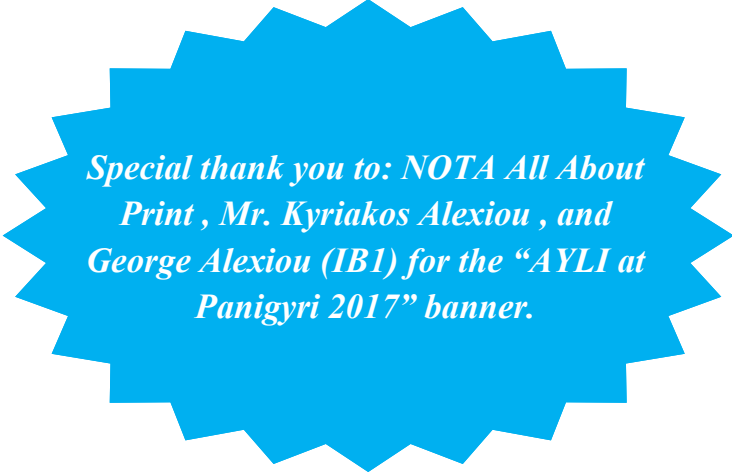
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magazine in the interest of maintaining the authenticity of the student
authors' work.*

EDITORIAL

By Hector Melissinos

If I said to you that the theme of this year's issue of *As You Like It* was Fair Play, you'd most probably think that it would only be of value to athletes. What you might not see is the connection between fair play and our everyday lives. Fair play is evident everywhere you look: from following school rules to applying to university. Therefore, this year's *As You Like It* team had the task of unravelling fair play to show how a term associated with sports is, in fact, significant to all aspects of our lives.

Most dictionaries define fair play as "equitable or impartial treatment." In other words, they associate fair play with justice. However, fair play is much more than this. It is a highly complex concept that embodies moral principles and values. Fair play entails honor, responsibility, and cooperation. It means recognizing the worth of your opponents. It means setting an example for the generations to come by putting the value of fair play before yourself.

Taking on such a broad notion wasn't easy for our team. We did, however, have one advantage: the longstanding tradition of Athens College. Our school teaches us to be team players, not just on the court but also in the classroom. We understand that the value of sport is nothing without the struggle, the perseverance, and the desire to play fair in every facet of our lives.

In this year's magazine, we continue this tradition and invite you to ask yourself what fair play means to you. Don't worry if your answers aren't the same as ours. This is exactly the goal of this magazine: to encourage you to form your own ideas.

Enjoy!

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Part I - Fiction

Short Stories

*Enjoy our IMAGINATION at play as we explore the theme of
“Fair Play” !*

THE MOST SURPRISING GAME



By Celia Karvouni

It was a freezing Friday morning in December. I was walking down Beacon Street in Boston, shivering despite the thermal layer I wore under my clothes as the snow struck my face. Everything around me -the trees, the road, the frosted cars- looked perfect, covered in white snow, and the shop windows were festively decorated, reminding me that it was the best time of the year: Christmas. How-

ever, I couldn't enjoy myself. My mind was on Sunday. On Sunday, my team and I from the Boston Conference were going to play the final basketball game against the best team from the New York Conference. Competition was intense, so we had been practicing for weeks. Now, all we had to do was beat our opponents to win first place in the Eastern Conference.

I was shopping for new basketball shoes for the game. And then, it happened. As I was

The Most Surprising Game

crossing the road, my phone rang, and I looked distractedly at its screen. That's when it happened; a car hit me. The last things I heard were people shouting and my heart beating loudly. Then, silent blackness closed in over the pain.

The next day, when I opened my eyes, I saw a white, cold room. I tried to get up from the bed that I was lying in only to realize that I couldn't move my legs. I couldn't figure out what was happening. Then, it all started coming back to me...

My thoughts were interrupted by the doctor's words.

'You were really lucky to survive. A lot of heedless teenagers like you are brought here because of similar accidents, getting distracted by their cell phone. But their ending is not always as auspicious as yours.'

'From now on, I will be more careful, doctor. No way I want to risk having an accident and stop playing basketball.'

'About basketball...There is something you need to know,' he said hesitantly. 'Both of your legs are broken. You will be in casts up to your hips, and you will need to use a wheelchair for the next six months so that they heal properly.'

In panic, I felt my legs. 'Six months? In a wheelchair?' I started to cry.

I couldn't believe my ears. Six months in a wheelchair meant that I could not play basketball. I had practiced so hard, and I wanted to prove to the other team – which was constantly underestimating us – that we could do it. We could beat them. But sitting in a wheelchair, I couldn't do anything. I felt broken inside as tears streamed down my face. The doctor left the room, I was alone.

Deep inside,
I felt
broken into
tiny pieces.

Without thinking, I gathered all my strength and threw my legs over the side of the bed. The Doctor didn't know the first thing about me. I could beat this. My mind could will my body to walk, I knew it. But the second I stood on my legs, I collapsed into a heap on the

The Most Surprising Game

floor. The doctor ran to help me get back into bed.

‘You need to be careful. You will get better, but you have to be patient. Six months isn’t that long, and you will be able to play basketball again,’ he said in a calm voice.

I didn’t answer. If he knew how much I had practiced for this game and how indispensable basketball was for me, he wouldn’t be that calm. How could I be patient for six months, six months without playing basketball? Life would lose its meaning.

On Sunday morning, my teammates visited me at the hospital. Not only did they bring me flowers, but they also brought happiness into the hospital room. They filled me with hope and optimism. They told me that they were not going to play if I didn’t come with them to the big game. So they persuaded the doctor to let me go watch the game from the sidelines in my wheelchair. Deep inside, I felt broken into tiny pieces. I couldn’t cope with the picture of myself sitting in the wheelchair on the sidelines instead of doing what I loved the most—playing basketball. However, I really wanted to encourage my team and be by their side.

As soon as we arrived at the basketball

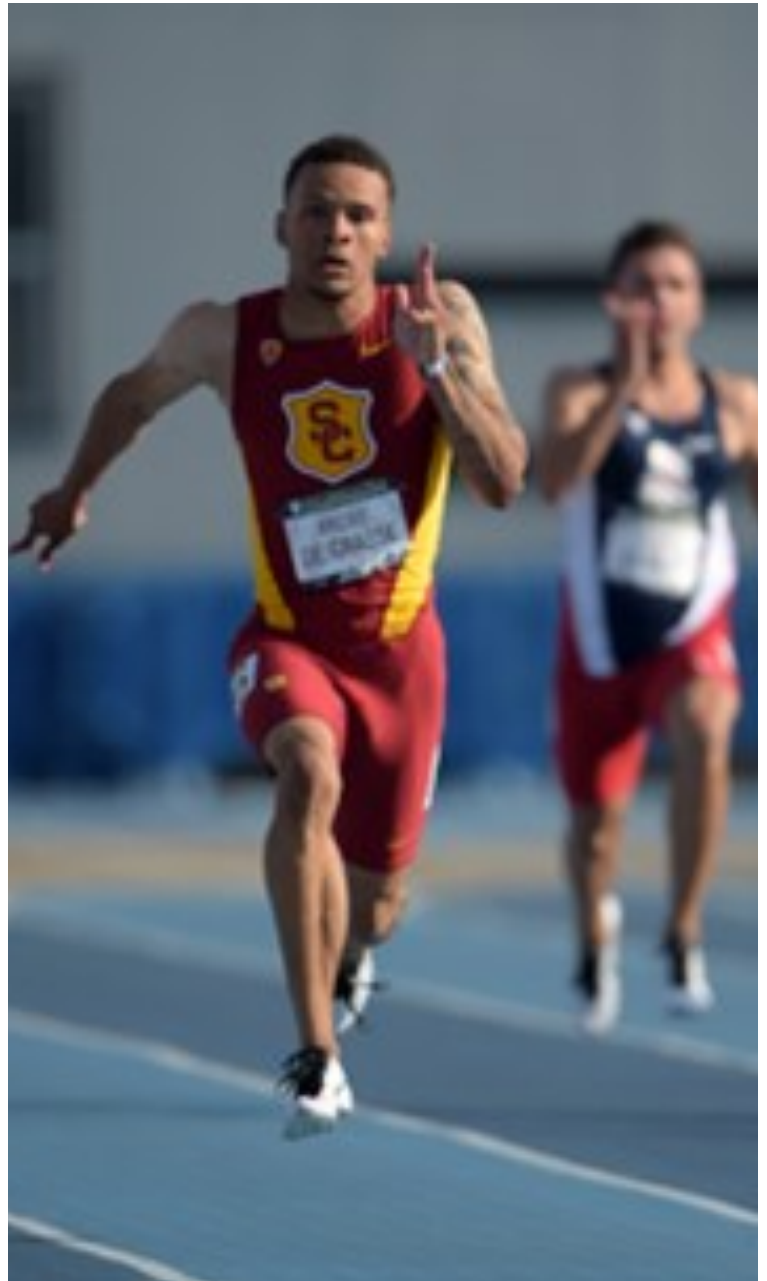
court, the players went into the changing rooms. Several minutes later, I saw each and every player, both from my team and the opponent’s team, enter the court...in a wheelchair. Happiness and gratefulness flooded my soul. My face broke into a huge smile. We didn’t say much; it was not necessary. I think my eyes told them everything. I was so thankful. We played the whole game in the wheelchairs.

Which team won? That doesn’t matter at all. The important thing is that we played together, a fair game. And to be honest, it was the best game I have ever played.



DO YOU DARE TO PLAY FAIR?

By Vasiliki Efraimoglou



Mr. Dordell, the president of Oxford University, was enjoying Oxford's unusually sunny

weather in his imposing office when suddenly the phone rang.

Do you Dare to Play Fair?

“Hello, Mr. Dordell! It’s Robert. I wanted to inform you that Matt Lorin and Carl Derris, the two candidates for the last scholarship position, will be arriving tomorrow afternoon at our Athletic Facilities, where they will compete.”

“Thank you, Robert. I thought that this had already been settled,” said the president in a stern voice. He hung up and started reexamining the two boys’ applications. Matt was a distinguished sprinter, who had excellent grades and remarkable leadership skills. The letters of recommendation from his teachers and coaches described him as a well-rounded, young man who was hard-working and set on achieving his goals. As for Carl, he had won several titles in National Youth Track Championships, yet he was portrayed as being overly competitive and ambitious.

Carl looked at Matt and thought of the next day’s race. His eyes flashed with a dangerous desire.

The two boys had been classmates and teammates for years, but they never got close. Carl was the one who had put distance between himself and Matt as he couldn’t come to terms with the fact that Matt was so annoyingly good at

balancing track, his schoolwork, and his social life. He couldn’t help but feel envious not only of Matt’s charismatic personality but also of his athletic prowess and his good looks. Matt was tall, and fair-haired, with warm, blue eyes and a bright smile. Although he was the most popular boy in school and his track achievements were always greeted with enthusiasm by both students and teachers, Matt remained modest. Carl, on the other hand, was of medium height and had dark eyes and hair. Even though he had been sprinting for years, his body wasn’t as athletic as Matt’s. Carl’s main characteristic was that he always tried to impose himself on others in his desperate effort to become popular. Much as both boys were high-level sprinters, Carl’s athletic achievements always went unnoticed by his teachers and classmates due to his egocentric behavior.

As Carl was warming up for his afternoon workout at Abbey Stadium, he noticed Matt speeding around the track. Once again, he felt that sharp sting of jealousy as he watched Matt run like the wind with effortless ease and confidence. While Carl was lost in his thoughts, he heard Matt’s cheerful voice, “Hey man, I just wanted to wish you good luck for tomorrow!”

Carl looked at Matt and thought of the next day’s race. His eyes flashed with a dangerous desire.

“Let the best man win,” he replied in a fierce tone. Matt smiled gently since Carl’s hostile

disposition came as no surprise to him. The moment Matt turned his back and left, Carl realized that he would do anything to get Oxford's coveted athletic scholarship. He had a dream, and no one would prevent him from realizing it. Not even Matt.

He waited for night to fall. A heavy and ominous darkness had settled over the streets of Perry Barr, and Carl was walking at a fast, determined pace.

The president's voice echoed in his ears, "If either of the candidates fails to turn up on the day of the competition, the other one will automatically be awarded the scholarship."

He slowed down as he approached Matt's house. His black, hardtail mountain bike was parked right outside. Carl knew that Matt would use it to go to the competition the next morning. Carl looked anxiously around. The street was silent. Pulling a knife out of his pocket, he bent over Matt's bicycle and cut the breaks. Absorbed by his sly intentions, he failed to notice Matt, who was enjoying the vastness of the sky from his terrace. Although Carl had a reputation for being a fiercely competitive athlete, Matt never expected him to resort to devious means that showed such a wanton disregard for the rules of fair play. Disappointment struck Matt like a bullet. He looked at the clouds, searching for a silver lining.

The big day arrived. Carl was warming up for the competition at Oxford's Sports Facilities, his eyes sparkling with triumph. As he was visualizing himself an Oxford University student, his face went completely white. He felt a wave of panic and despair course through his body like an electric shock. Matt was there, talking to Mr. Dordell in his usual calm and courteous way. Carl could do nothing but drag his trembling feet to the starting line. Matt looked at him meaningfully while taking his position at the starting blocks.

"Let the best man win," Matt said in a sarcastic tone. Carl, who was still shocked, tried to reply, but no words came out. The signal was given, "Ready, Set, Go!" Matt ran with great zeal and crossed the finish line comfortably ahead of Carl, whose lack of concentration resulted in an utterly disappointing performance.

After being congratulated by the president, Matt only used a few words to appeal to Carl's conscience, "When you learn to play fair, you'll understand that nothing can stop a true fighter from winning - not even cutting break lines."

Carl bowed his head shamefully as he realized that each one of them had got what he truly deserved.

Sword Play

By Sergios Gavriilidis



A long time ago in a galaxy far, far away...

The Empire was defeated, its followers had shrunk in number, and the Emperor, Reigner of Terror and cruelty, was feared even in *Coruscant*. There lay the Jedi Temple, where young Padawan learners would learn to master combat by hand, to wield a lightsaber, and to master the Force. Here is where our little adventure starts. Somewhere in the over-populated City of Coruscant, a small squad of officers, dressed in the colors of the Republic's flag, red, light grey, and white, could be seen cautiously circling a tall

humanoid figure dressed in a dark-colored cloak.

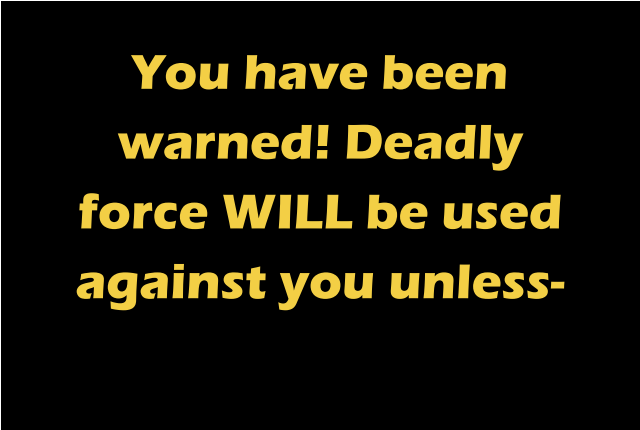
“This is a restricted area! Identify yourself or you will be shot immediately!” shouted the officer who was nearest to the figure. The fear was tangible in his voice; he was trembling from terror and ready to flee. The cloaked shadow remained silent as the red sun was setting in the distance.

“You have been warned! Deadly force WILL be used against you unless-” said another as the last beams of light were beginning to fade, but he was cut off. The intruder had already made the first move; the officer was on the ground in a blink of an eye. His torso and a part of his arm revealed a glowing-orange scar, all whilst the others watched. After a brief second, all eyes were set upon the *Twi’lek* and her red blade. She sprang ten feet into the air, and with a gesture of her hand, disoriented the authorities.

No one was around to witness the slaughter of the Republic’s troops, no one except a female *Rodian* youngling, who happened to be nearby, playing with a toy speeder. Not a thing to be heard of the crashing defeat of the squad. The Twi’lek moved swiftly across the road and managed to catch a glimpse of Ghadey, the young Rodian girl. The Twi’lek moved towards the girl and remained in the anonymity of her hoodie. She ignited the blade and swung it in the direction of the Rodian girl. But suddenly something pushed the Twi’lek with great force into the concrete wall of the adjacent building. The Twi’lek fell on the

hard ground, speechless and helpless, and looked up only to see a human dressed in a light grey uniform with a brown cape and hoodie covering his face. He held in one hand the young Rodian girl, who was safe and sound. In the other, he grasped a lightsaber, still ignited.

The Twi’lek regained its strength, stood up, took off its hoodie, and said calmly, “You will regret this.” She was an orange colored Twi’lek. Her eyes were enraged, like two endless pits of red lava. Her face was beautiful but scarred. She stood seven feet, righteously and proud.



**You have been
warned! Deadly
force WILL be used
against you unless-**

The man with the lightsaber looked down at the Rodian girl in his arms and addressed the Twi’lek, “I’ve regretted many things in my life, but saving a Queen like this one won’t be one of those things.”

Then the man directed his gaze toward the Twi’lek and continued, “You just assaulted Ghadey, Queen of Rhodia. You will be brought in to be judged by her father. I’d suggest you surrender immediately or face the consequences.”

Igniting her blade and dropping her cloak, the Twi'lek replied, "You fool, you are blinded by the lies your so called kings tell you. Give me the girl or face my fury." She was dressed in a dark brown uniform, but a silver augment could be seen reflecting the light off her red blade beneath the stitches of the dark fabric.

Immediately, the man recognized the disrobed Twi'lek and demanded, "Where is your pride Zwien?" He set down the Rodian Queen and ignited his blue blade.

"Didn't Master Windu teach you that the dark side was corrupt, as well as fueled by anger and hatred? Where is your honor? Where is the Zwien of *Tatooine* I grew to respect?" The blue light from the saber lit up his face, previously shrouded in darkness.

The Twi'lek recognized him at once and replied, "Your tricks have no effect on me Kenobi. You are nothing like your father! Obi-One would have done something when someone was being treated as a slave-"

He interrupted, "What are you saying? You had as many chances of becoming a Jedi as I did... but *you* threw it all away by betraying the Rebellion when you handed over the plans of the Rebel Base to the *Mandalorians*!" He took a deep breath and continued, "Don't talk of honor because you have none."

These words were enough to make Zwien scream with anger and charge towards her

opposing foe. There was a series of quick slashes, but she stood no chance against the Jedi, who

The Jedi collapsed on the ground.

He tried to regain his strength but fell down once more, twitching in agony.

calmly parried each of her blows. With every strike of their blades a white spark illuminated the surrounding road, and a swift 'woosh' or 'tzinngg' was heard.

All of a sudden another figure appeared, who was previously hiding in the shadows. He ignited a red-colored, double-sided blade and proceeded to charge towards the battling duo. The figure swung its blade horizontally, which meant that if the Jedi or the Twi'lek were killed first, the other would fall as well. Zwien's glimpsed her charging ally and kicked Kenobi away, managing to give herself a boost off his torso. Both were flung away like they were small rocks fired from a sling-shot.

The Sith passed them and came to a halt. He turned around slowly, his gold plated mask glowing red from the blinding light of his saber. All three stopped and looked at one another for a brief moment. The Sith slowly paced back and

forth, his intense stare directed solely on the younger Kenobi. Seconds later all three exchanged blows, but neither side could gain the advantage.

All of a sudden the Jedi was pushed away with the help of the force which was wielded by his opponents. An array of small lightning bolts followed, frying his skin with each direct hit.

The Force was a powerful weapon but one hard to master. According to those who came before, the Force runs through every part of the galaxy, through objects, living things, and thin air. Whoever wielded the force was gifted, but the Empire and the Siths used its power to bend the world and assert dominance over all living things; this is how the Sith could generate lightning, through hatred.

The Jedi collapsed on the ground. He tried to regain his strength but fell down once more, twitching in agony. Seeing the Jedi rendered incapacitated on the ground, the Sith presently turned his attention to the little Rodian Queen. Meanwhile, Zwien placed a small metallic plate on the ground, over which a blue holograph of a cloaked man appeared.

The figure in the holograph began to speak, "Finally, the Rodians will follow their true leader, ME!"

"Not if I've got anything to do with it," said someone in the background.

The Sith and the Twi'lek turned around

and were surprised to see the Jedi had recuperated and was ready to fight. He was wielding two lightsabers now, a light green one and his previous blue one.

"Remember this, Zwien? Your blade... I kept it just in case you came to your senses one day; today could be that day," he pointed out holding out the green blade.

"Don't listen to him, Zwien. Finish him," added the man in the hologram. Zwien was surprised her old friend still had faith in her, "Push the feeling of regret aside; you're insignificant to him. He's trying to manipulate you through your weak feelings," finished the man. "Finish the job!" The call ended.

The Jedi replied, "If you truly are made to be a Jedi, prove it. I challenge you to a duel!"

"Agreed." replied Zwen in a cold, distant voice while gesturing her ally aside.

The two engaged in man-to-man combat, or should I say man-to-Twi'lek. They were both very skilled fighters, but the Jedi showed his true power and cut the Bronze plated silver handle of the Twi'lek's saber in half, disarming her; she fell to the ground.

"Looks like I won," he said, powering off his blades. "Join me, old friend; the Republic forgives you," he added offering his hand to Zwen. She grasped his hand, and the other Sith,

who was unnoticed before, lit his double sided blade and cut his wrist clean from the rest of his arm.

The Jedi fell to the ground, speechless, terrorized. But when the Sith was about to swing his blade to end the Jedi's life, the Sith stopped, frozen, holding up his blade. Suddenly a glowing green light showed under the fabric that was covering the Sith's torso. Zwiien had killed him! "This was a duel. And he won fair and square. I didn't ask for help," the Jedi said as she powered off her blade, letting the Sith's lifeless body fall to the ground.

"I knew you would come to your senses," said Kenobi, holding on to his arm.

"Well, I didn't," she replied.

Years passed, and the duo remained united 'till their last, not looking back to this dark day. The Queen grew to rule the Rodians fairly and equally, helping the Republic rebuild its great nation.

So this is how it all ends, with a fair amount of needless backstory and a sword-play between two old friends. This story wasn't about Jedis or Siths or the breathtaking duels between the characters that I pictured in my head while writing this; this was about the differences of two friends which were resolved after a small battle, a fair one, in which both sides of the story were heard, were measured fairly, and the better side won, just like a football match, in which fair play is a key factor.

Glossary:

Coruscant: A city-covered planet, Coruscant is the vibrant heart and capital of the galaxy, featuring a diverse mix of citizens and culture.

Twilek: a species of tall humanoids, with a pair of prehensile tentacles that sprouted from base of their skull.

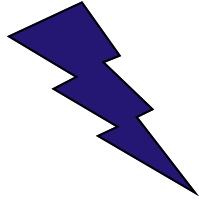
Rodian: a species of reptilian humanoids, who usually served as smugglers or mercenaries for the Empire.

Tatooine: A harsh desert world orbiting twin suns in the galaxy's Outer Rim, Tatooine is a lawless place ruled by Hutt gangsters.

Mandalorians: refers to the people of the planet Mandalore, who are sworn enemies of the Republic.

All definitions provided by Works Cited

ELOISE



JOHNNY

By Argyro
Hadzieleftheriadou



... it all started
one day at the
park. Can you
keep a secret?

Eloise

Oh but you see, officers, I don't know what you are talking about. *MY* Johnny would never do that. No sir, my Johnny loves me; he loves me. Yes, and he must be very upset right now that he can't find me. I demand you bring me to him right away; he did nothing wrong. He didn't wrong me once. He has always been nice to me. And fair, yes, fair. Anything that happened was *my* fault; he was just trying to help. Please, take me back to him, I beg of you. Officers, no, I swear it wasn't his fault. We-we agreed on it. It was a relationship based on mutual understanding.

I am sorry what? I don't see why I need to tell you how we met! What? Do the police just go around asking different couples how they met? And ours is just that, a simple uneventful story, no different than any other couple's. No I am not telling you anything!

Wait who is that? Is that? Is that my Johnny? What did you do to him? You monsters! How dare you! What did you do to his pretty face? Oh, my love, what have they done to you? No, no, no, no, don't! Don't hurt him any more I- I'll tell you anything you want to know, just please don't hurt him!

Okay fine... it all started one day at the park. Can you keep a secret? It didn't actually start

then. No, it didn't! I had seen him before. I thought he lived in the neighborhood because he was often in that park near my house. He also liked to run a lot, especially at night. I always saw him running on the very street I lived on. Isn't it exciting? As if we were meant to be. Anyway, so I remember I used to go out of my way just to see him in that park. He would go to this spot, you see, and I would try and sit as close to him as possible without his noticing.

At first, I wasn't sure about him. I couldn't vouch for his not being some kind of psycho; most men these days are. Even the kindest looking ones can surprise you. And on top of the years of societal pressure brainwashing me about the dangers of meeting strangers, there was a certain air of mystery surrounding him. He never spoke to anyone; he just sat there with his cigarette and looked out at the lake. He seemed like a bad boy. You know, the ones with the leather jackets and messy hair, and haunted eyes with big dark circles, the ones you saw walking down the street and would always wonder what their story was and where were they going, but for some reason, you would never talk to them because, well, they were *bad* boys. And to imagine that he was mine. All that troubled-past, those hidden scars, that reckless behavior belonged to me. And I truly and wholeheartedly belonged to him. I loved my Johnny with every ounce of my being. I never cared about what other people would

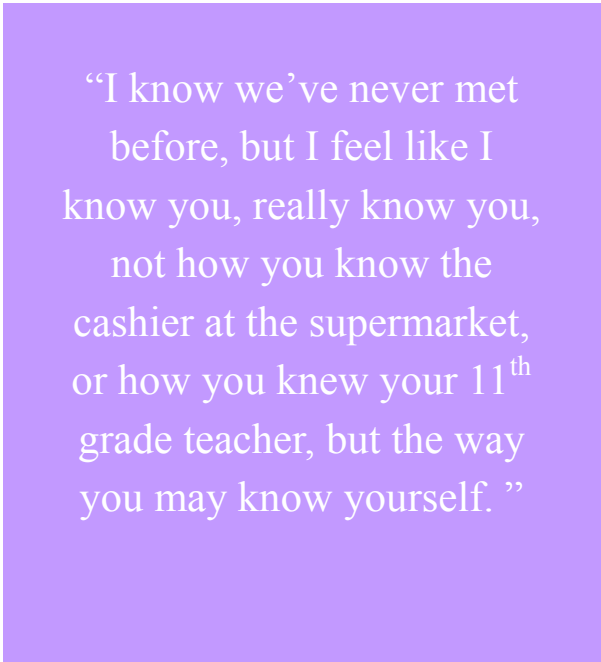
say when they saw him. And I know for a fact that their judgement would be neither kind nor fair. Ah, he truly is a man of wonder. Oh, sorry, I am getting lost in my own story.

So, one day, he came up to me and started talking. Everything he said to me that day has been burned into my memory. So, he came close, so very close I could touch him had I wanted to, and if it weren't for the rules of this nation, I would have. I did do my best to conceal the overpowering, unforgiving need to touch him; but regardless, I think he noticed, for he gave me a smirk I would later on become accustomed to. Such an intelligent man is he. But like any gentleman trying to court a lady, he didn't make me suffer any embarrassment, ignoring my obviously frazzled disposition.

He said, "I know we've never met before, but I feel like I know you, really know you, not how you know the cashier at the supermarket, or how you knew your 11th grade teacher, but the way you may know yourself. The way you know your taste, your aspirations, and dreams, I feel like I know you like that. Is that crazy? Probably, but I am a pretty straightforward guy, and I think it would be a shame to let such a pretty face go to waste. You don't have a boyfriend, do you? Fabulous! In that case I would like to take you out on a date."

By this point, officers, he was looking into my eyes so intensely it was impossible to break his stare. The complexity of emotions I saw there

hypnotized me. It rendered my tongue incapable of speech, and to this day, I have no idea how I



"I know we've never met before, but I feel like I know you, really know you, not how you know the cashier at the supermarket, or how you knew your 11th grade teacher, but the way you may know yourself. "

was able to keep my cool. His hand touched my shoulder, and I remember I was surprised to find it cold since the rest of him emitted this kind of welcoming warmth...haha, now that I think about it, it was probably because I was burning with this newfound intimacy. That thought brought me back to reality, and I realized that this beautiful and strange man crouching over the bench I was sitting on was waiting for an answer. I remember I tried to play hard to get, you know, to make sure he really liked me. You know how men are these days, thinking girls are disposable and replaceable, but in the end, he cajoled me into it.

"Come on, get up," he said.

"What, now?" I asked, and I must admit I found that a bit peculiar because, like, I didn't know the guy.

“Yes now. Love should be seized; you can’t wait around forever. No one likes an old woman.” So, a bit hesitantly, I got up and followed him to his car. We went to his house, he made me dinner, we ate, and, well, the rest is history. What can I say? He had this special kind of charm that made you do whatever he asked you to. So, when he asked me to stay, I simply couldn’t say no.

We were very close, my Johnny and I. He would tell me all sorts of things. I remember, he told me that he knew who I was before he had asked to meet up with me. Come on, how sweet is that? Isn’t he just the sweetest? He told me he had singled me out because of the way I acted, the way I treated others. He said I had been a very bad girl and that I needed to redeem myself, and that he would help me. He told me that that’s what’s fair, that he was doing justice, and I believed him. He said he would fix me. He said he was able to, that he had plenty of experience fixing people. And that’s what he did. Whenever I did something bad, something out of line, he would punish me. In the beginning, it was very strange. Let me tell you, officers, I have been in a lot of relationships, and no man ever wanted to punish me. So, together we came to a compromise, and in the end, it worked pretty well. I’m sorry, what? No, I won’t go into detail. This is very personal. The only thing I am willing to say is that... as long as we were together, and as long as I did what he said, he was very kind to me. He was sweet and caring and fair. Oh, but please, don’t tell him I said that, he won’t like to

have his image spoiled by one of my stupid outbursts of love. He would punish me again. It is fine, officers; I know we haven’t done anything wrong and that you won’t keep me here forever. I know I will go back to him and that I will be able to hold him again.

Oh, was that all you wanted? Could have said it a bit sooner! It took you so long to try and decipher this situation! My hair is coming undone. Anyway, ciao, loves.

Johnny

Hah. Aaaaahahaha.

Wait, wait, hold up. You mean to tell me that she told you-aahahahaha! Oh, that is rich. Oh, she is crazy. Hah, no, officers, that is not how things were. I am not even sure that you can call what we had a relationship. Well...I guess she could misunderstand the situation since I repeatedly told her I loved her.

Yes, it did all start in that park, and yes, I did have my eye on her for a while, and yes, I wanted her to be punished for all the bad she had done, and I may or may not have decided that the best way to get her to listen to me was to conceal my intentions and present them as fondness. You see, I am a man on a mission; I have decided to rid the world of all evil, including her.

I knew she had been following me, and based on her past boyfriends, I knew she liked the whole bad-boy pretentious character, so that's what I presented myself as. And I let her stare, and stare, and let her imagination go wild. Until, one day, I approached her, giving her that much deserved attention she had patiently been longing for. I lured her into my car, and that's about where the story ends... Did you notice how pale she was? Yeah, she wasn't pale when she entered my house. It never ceases to amaze me that, in this day and age, it is incredibly easy for a person to never be seen again.

Some days, officers, I had to leave her alone to go check on stuff. I trusted her, and I trusted my ability to entice women and keep them bound to me. And I knew that when I came back, I would have her eagerly waiting for me in the exact same spot I had left her, like a dog. I knew that when she saw me, her eyes would fall on my face as if nothing but I mattered in this world. No, as if I were her world. I knew that she would touch my

I trusted her, and I
trusted my ability to
entice women and keep
them bound to me.

face, check if I were okay, and tell me that she loved me. And I would repeat it and promise her

that I would never leave her again. She knew the truth though, and her eyes would fill with tears, but she understood that I had other business to attend to.

That's what I liked about her, she never complained much, only that sometimes she was hungry, but nobody is perfect. Girls in the past used to complain a great deal, and it made me so irritated; I hated them, but this one, ah, she was my prize, a token to show that my hard work had finally paid off I knew she was happy with me, and I knew she worshipped me.

Powerful thing, love; it made my job a whole lot easier. Usually, when I suggested the punishment and eventual redemption, the women started realizing that something was up and started doing all sorts of crazy things. Some tried to phone the police; others tried to escape on their own; others even tried to kill me. Those ungrateful creatures! I had given them everything, I had given them a chance to restore themselves, and they were throwing it away. Anyway, that's no reason to get upset; they weren't deserving of my time. But she was. She was worth all the trouble. Even though she too tried to escape in the beginning. It was obvious, and somewhat reasonable. You could see it in the way she stared, trying to find a chink in my armor, some kind of flaw that she could use against me, but, officers, let me tell you, it is no surprise that she found nothing because there are no flaws! Everything I do is calculated. You could

see it in the way her eyes followed me around, trying to track my every movement. It was hilarious to know that she was trying to find a way back to...society...

Oh, pardon me! A little bile rose up in my throat at the sound of this word. Thankfully for her, she realized quite quickly that she only needed me. That I could give her safety and family, all the things she deserved and those that she should be held accountable for.

You know what I have noticed, officers, after all this time? Women are very peculiar beings. It takes so little of your attention, and they are under your spell. Oh, and it makes you feel powerful. Yes, so very powerful. It is a glorious feeling. Is that a smile, officer? Do you know what I am talking about? The knowledge that you have complete power over another human being? No? You know I have always been good at noticing when a lesser human being than I is lying. Anyways, I think I always liked my female victims more; the male ones are never the same fun. They are too strong and their voices too deep.

Well anyway, I will wrap this up because you seem to be getting a bit restless. That day you came for us, I knew you would be coming. I had everything planned out. We would sneak out the window in my room and into that alley behind my house. We would run down that road and take a left. That's where dear old Miss Hartman used to live, but you couldn't possibly know she had died. So unfortunate, poor miss Hartman. We were to go into her house and wait there until you got into my

house, and then we would run again, and there was nothing stopping us. Just the two of us for all eternity. It was the perfect plan, and so simple. But something went wrong. Or, maybe not a specific something, but the sum of many little errors that seem meaningless at first, but in the grand scheme of things, are, but only too late do you realize it.

Ah, she was my prize, a token to show that my hard work had finally paid off... I knew she worshipped me.

So, at first it was the fact that the dumpster that usually sits outside my window wasn't there, so the ground received the entirety of our weight. Treacherous ground, leaving footprints, not helping out fellow dirt escape from the police alongside the woman he loves. But, regardless, I kept running hand in hand with my very own Persephone. And then, there was the fact that one policeman saw us trying to get into miss Hartman's house; that same policeman approached us and asked us a few questions. Were it only me, I would have been able to handle the situation with ease, distract him in some way, and make him leave us alone because we were already very late, and the rest of the family had started eating. But my Persephone was acting so strange that even your stupid police officer was able to realize something was not quite right. He left, thankfully, but I knew he wasn't

convinced. I had to conjure up a plan and fast. I had been in Miss Hartman's house plenty a time before, so I knew that she had an attic with a skylight. Here comes the third problem; my dear, apparently, was very scared of heights, so when we got up there, she froze completely making us lose precious time. And, well, the rest you know, officers. You burst into the house and saw us trying to climb out, and very forcefully dragged us into your cars and, if I am not mistaken, handled my dear with not so much care; incriminating, one may say... And here we are, gentlemen, crazy isn't it?

Oh no, thank *YOU*, officers, I haven't been in a courtroom in ages, and I had started to miss it; see you there?



Is that a smile,
officer? Do you know what I
am talking about? The
knowledge that you have
complete power over another
human being? No?

The Speeding Game



By Niki Iliopoulou

The clouds let the rain fall incessantly against the window as I stand looking out at the gloomy view of the city from the 40th floor. The dreariness makes me even more melancholic than I already am over this difficult case, reminding me of my father and that fatal day.

I still remember every detail. It was a Monday, and the weather was just as dismal as today's. The clouds were ominous, and the rain was pelting the classroom window. The teacher had just given us back our history tests, and I had got a C-. I felt overwhelmed with guilt since the test had been on the Civil Rights Movement. I knew my father would be *so* disappointed to know that I had done badly on a test related to the history of my ancestors. I could already picture his face.

He would look me in the eyes and say, "This is how you repay your forefathers who sacrificed their lives for you?" I looked at the clock. He would pick me up in four hours, and I didn't want to face him.

The Speeding Game

Eventually, the hours did pass, and I had no other choice but to confront him. I walked across the road, opened the door of our Jeep. As I was trying to break the news about the test to him, my father interrupted me and said, “Honey, do you want to go buy some cupcakes?”

“Absolutely, daddy,” I replied, not able to bring myself to tell him. He turned the car around and started driving north up Main Street. He was wearing that beautiful carefree smile of his, which contrasted with his dark complexion. I thought about what my father’s reaction would be as soon as I told him my grade.

My dad and I had a little game; we called it the speeding game. My father would start speeding, and then he would hit the breaks, and I had to guess how many miles per hour he had been going. This game, though, like every game, had one strict rule: he had to stay within the speeding limit. As we were playing the game, I suddenly heard wailing; it was a police siren.

My father pulled the car over, and we quietly awaited the police officer who had gotten out of the police car and was walking towards us. A tall, middle-aged policeman with a white beard knocked on the driver’s window.

As soon as my father rolled down the car window, the police officer asked sternly, “Do you know how fast you were driving?”

“It couldn’t have been more than 60 miles an hour, which, as the law states, is the speed

limit,” replied my bewildered father.

“I’m well aware of the law, and I am sure you were driving over the limit as my radar proves, so don’t you dare contradict me.”

“With all due respect, I was driving 50 miles an hour and that is 10 miles under the speed limit,” my father said.

“I know math; you don’t have to tell me what 60 minus 50 is. Do you think you are a bigger man than me? If you are such a man, why don’t you just step out of the car?”

“Officer, I was being totally respectful.”

“Get out of the car now!” he commanded.

My father then turned and said to me, “Tanya, honey, don’t be afraid. Everything’s going to be okay, I promise.”

The policeman grabbed my father by his jacket and dragged him out of the car as if he were rubbish.

“Hey, watch it!” said my father.

“Excuse me? Are you resisting arrest, sir?”

“What? Please don’t treat me like this in front of my daughter. If you have any dignity, I demand you show me the respect I deserve!”

“I assure you, I am well-aware of your legal rights, but it seems that you and your people are not.”

“And just *who* are *my* people?”

The Speeding Game

“You folks who think they can do whatever they want!”

“How dare you speak of any people this way?”

“I suggest you say no more. You are coming with me and my colleague to the police station.”

“I am not going anywhere with you!” my father exclaimed.

“I’ve had it with you! How dare you disobey a true American!”

“What makes *you* a true American?”

“Look at my face. I am America. Can’t you see?”

“You are so ignorant! If you call yourself an American, you should know the history of this country! It is the Native Americans who were and are the, as you put it, ‘true Americans’.”

“Well, it looks like you don’t know left from right.”

“Who do you think you are talking to?”

“I am a law enforcement officer and have the duty to protect my country.”

The sound of the gun shot was deafening. I looked at my father’s wounded body lying on the road, and I felt such emptiness. What had just happened? Was it real? A dream? My hands started shaking, and I felt like someone had sucked the air out of my lungs. As each second passed, the shock

subsided and my anger and fear grew.

“What did you do?” I screamed.

“You shut your mouth, young lady!”

“Dad!” I shouted, in a desperate attempt to bring him back.

What I remember most clearly and still carry with me every day is the unbelievable pain; this unbearable feeling that reached into my heart and ripped it apart.

“Shut your mouth, or you will share the same fate,” the officer screamed at me.

I could see his pulsing veins, as their blueish-green color showed through the red skin of his neck.

“Stay calm, help is coming,” I thought I heard a voice like my father’s whisper in my ear.

When reinforcements arrived, they allowed me to call my mother, and she came right away. When she arrived, I saw my mother’s world collapse. She started yelling and sobbing. She crouched on the ground and screamed at the top of her lungs even though the police officer told her to shut her mouth, or else.

My father’s murderer only ended up with a prison sentence of twelve months. In the face of the

The Speeding Game

law, he paid his dues, served his time for the injustice he had committed against father. But I could never let go of that moment, of the cruel crime that took him away. If it hadn't been for his partner's testimony, his murderer would have walked free.

What I remember most clearly and still carry with me every day, is the unbelievable pain; this unbearable feeling that reached into my heart and ripped it apart. It still haunts me sometimes, the picture of my father lying on the crimson-stained street.

Now, I've become a judge; not to take revenge, but to serve the law, to make sure that justice is served and that no racism, no sexism, or any other kind of *ism* will prevent people from living free and equal lives.

In determining the fate of the criminal in the case I've just heard, I have to decide whether the accused will get eight or ten years in jail, but how will ten years of the rapist's punishment remedy his victim's mangled heart and wounds? I know that whatever I do, that person will be left feeling the exact same way I did, and no punishment will heal his victim. Thus, not even justice can give you closure.

Sometimes, life slaps us right in the face, leaving us speechless. But we shouldn't feel anger; we must only seek the means to move on and make sure we play fair. That's what the leaders of the Civil Rights

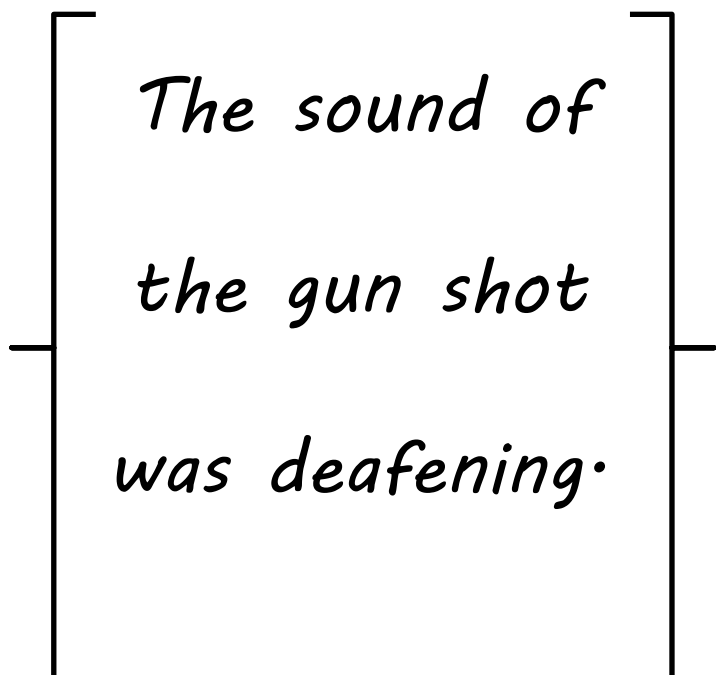
Movement taught us. I reach for a book on Martin Luther King, Jr. on my shelf and wipe the leather cover. Even though they consistently got doors slammed in their faces, people like him fought for their rights, and made sure that I, as a African-American woman today, have the right to live the American Dream.

I have come to realize that there may be moments in life where you need to speed up or slow down, but you must always play by the rules and live within the limits of the law.

A knock on the door interrupts my thoughts. It is my assistant, Debby.

"Are you ready, your Honor?"

Well, the truth is that I was not ready. But now, looking at my father's face smiling up from the frame on my desk, I believe I have reached a verdict.



*The sound of
the gun shot
was deafening.*

THIS IS



NOT FAIR

By Aggeliki Dimopoulou

It was that time of the day again—just minutes after the bell had rung, signaling the end of another school day. People all around me were talking, laughing, glad that they were free for the day. But not me. I was sitting in a corner, terrified, practically willing myself invisible.

My eyes were moving frantically from left to right, and I was praying that they would not meet those that I was so desperately afraid of. But then I saw him. The bully. The person that had

me begging to skip school just for one day. Those dark, beady eyes, the eyes of a predator, seemed to be searching for something, his prey, and as they settled on me, they seemed to have found it. I watched as he smiled that cruel smile of his and as he motioned for his two cronies to follow him to where I was standing, frozen in place, paralyzed with fear.

This is not fair.

“Well, hello there. Miss me?” his deep taunting voice sent shivers down my spine.

I knew what was coming. The same thing had been occurring for a year now. I knew that I couldn’t stop it; he was stronger than I was. But I was still scared out of my mind each and every time. You would think I would have gotten used to it by now, but no, my whole body was trembling, and my eyes were filling with tears.

His two cronies—thing one and thing two, as I like to call them, you know, because everyone needs some comic relief—grabbed my forearms and forced me to walk with them. A whimper escaped my lips, but I followed them without protest. I knew the drill; we would go up the stairs where the hallways were vacant because no one wastes a second leaving school. And that was when the true nightmare began.

This is not fair.

“Look at me,” I could feel his breath, warm on my face.

I didn’t.

“I said LOOK AT ME!” he was yelling now, getting all riled up.

I still didn’t.

I heard the sound of skin connecting with skin before the pain spread across my cheek. I bit my lip, trying to swallow the tears. I would not cry today; I would not give him the pleasure of seeing

how much he affected me.

“You think you can disobey me? You are nothing! Even your parents didn’t want you!” he laughed cruelly. “They left you and went on with their lives.”

This is not fair.

His words stung. What if he was right? Did I deserve all this? Did I deserve to be bullied? But I had no say in the matter, did I? I didn’t choose this. I didn’t choose to be the weird, skinny, antisocial orphan. And I certainly didn’t choose to be bullied. This was just who I was.

This is not fair.

They pushed me and kicked me and mocked me, until something broke inside of me.

I started crying.

Because I was weak. Life was not fair for me. I didn’t want this, but I couldn’t change it. This was just who I was.

“Look at that. She’s crying. Oh, the poor little orphan has no mummy and no daddy,” he said in a mocking tone, and the three of them laughed.

“*This is not fair,*” my voice was barely a whisper, but they heard, and they laughed even more.

“Who ever said it is supposed to be fair?” he barked, and with a final kick, they were gone, laughing and high-fiving, like they had just won a prize.

* * *

That night, sitting on my bed, nursing a black eye and a bunch of bruises, I kept thinking back to what he said.

“Who ever said it is supposed to be fair?”

Maybe, just maybe, he was right. We say that life is unfair, but who said that life is supposed to be fair to begin with?

I mean, don't get me wrong; I am not saying we are powerless. We certainly shouldn't sit with our hands crossed and simply accept every injustice, but what if life is supposed to be unfair? What if it is a challenge, with a sole purpose of making you choose between being strong or weak? If you choose to sit around complaining that you are weak, thinking: 'This is just who I am,' that's okay, but you should know that it is taking the easy way out, so don't complain about life being unfair because you are doing nothing to fight it. On the other hand, being strong means giving happiness, not only to yourself, but to others too; it means to fight to make life just a little bit more fair.

Bullies. They might be perceived as strong, but they are not. You can't create something positive with a negative mind set. Bullies

take their problems out on everyone else, trying to make life more fair only for themselves.

But, what many don't really like to admit is that all those people thinking of themselves as being born 'unlucky,' the people that are moping and whining about the unfairness of their lives and their inability to change it 'because that's just how it's supposed to be,' they are weak, too. Everyone battles with some kind of hardship in his life. Some battles are won and others are lost, but the important thing is to fight. No one should think of injustice as something inevitable; on the contrary, people should try to overcome any obstacle in their way, however big, because change can only come from us, and it comes through continuous struggle.

So, this is why I decided that it was time for me to stray from the easy path. I would not allow anyone to treat me unfairly. I would not allow *him* to make me think I am weak. Because I choose to be strong. I am going to make the world just a little more fair.

BULLIES.

**They might be
perceived as strong, but
they are not.**

Wherever a **Dream** Lies,



a **Fire** Is Lurking

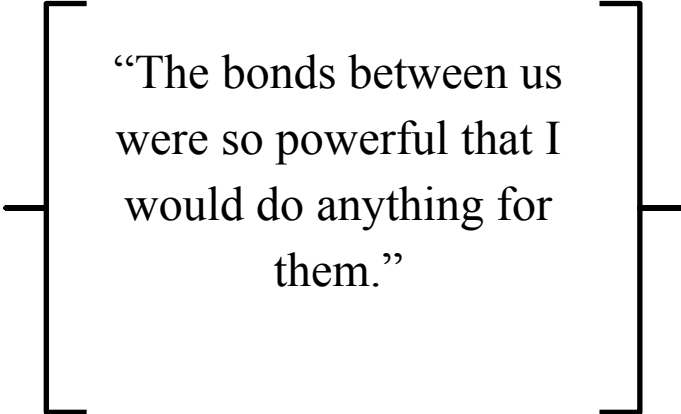
By Constantine Koussoulas

As I entered the tall building with the glass windows in downtown Los Angeles, I walked confidently across the lobby to the elevator. I knew that the interview would take place on the 8th floor. The elevator was empty, and I was all alone.

“You can do this,” I said to myself in a soft voice that delicately caressed my ear. I took a glance in the elevator mirror one last time. I was calm and ready to enter the company’s main lobby. The elevator doors opened, bringing me face-to-face with the reaction drawn like a painting on the faces of

the candidates who were already there, a painting of a disturbed painter which captured the hundreds of thoughts that overwhelmed them. I sat down on a comfortable couch and convinced myself that no one was better than I was. As time passed, my mind started to wander, bringing back all the dark

breath and time, reaching for the door handle to her room. The next thing I remember was waking up in the hospital after a ten-hour surgery, with a badly scarred body and face. Sadly, my sister had died; I had almost succumbed to the same fate. From that moment on, my life changed forever. I was



“The bonds between us were so powerful that I would do anything for them.”

memories of the day my life changed, and I would be treated differently forever.

Back then I was happy, living in a rural area just five miles outside of Phoenix, Arizona. I lived in a large, spacious house, with my beautiful mother, strict father, and two adorable, younger sisters. The bonds between us were so powerful that I would do anything for them. One day, a fire broke out, and the whole house went up in flames. I rushed out of the house just in time. When I reached the front yard, gasping for breath, I realized that one of my sisters was still inside. I knew that the firefighters would not get there in time, so I had one chance to do the right thing and save her. I bolted into the house, searching for my sister, shouting and screaming her name, but instead of her beautiful voice, I heard the roar of the fire. All of a sudden, I fell to my knees, out of

shunned by friends and strangers because of my deformed face. The bonds between my parents, my sister, and myself were somehow broken, and it was as if we were all strangers, were living under the same roof. It was clear. Phoenix was no longer the place for me. I had to go and build my life from the beginning.

My dark thoughts were interrupted by an encouraging female voice, “Mr. Johnson?” I stood up and entered the room confidently. From the cold expression on the interviewer’s face, I knew that, once again, I had no chance of being hired. It was then that I lost all my courage; I felt my soul bending on its knees as if struck by a powerful punch.

“Not again,” I thought to myself. What remained of my self-esteem melted away in an instant, and I felt like I wanted to cry, but I could

not. The muscles of my burnt face kept my feelings from being expressed; they remained hidden behind the melted façade that had once been my face. After the interview was over, I was led by the assistant to the elevator; I was told that they would contact me if they were interested in hiring me. I knew I would never hear from them.

I took a cab and asked the rude driver to take me to the Colorado Street Bridge. His eyes were constantly straying away from the road to observe my physiognomy through the reflection in the mirror. I could see the disgust in them. Along the way, I thought about my miserable life. I felt like the whole world had shrunk to nothing, and I was left all alone. I had no friends and no warm shoulder to rest my head upon. Finally, we reached our destination. I decided to give all the money that I had to the driver, and simply said a cold, “Goodbye.”

I paced back and forth across the five-hundred-yard bridge for hours until dawn, looking down and thinking that my life had ended the moment I entered the inferno of our house. Life was so unfair to me. All I did time and time again was try to reach out to people, but my deformity pushed them away. No, life was far from fair.

So here I am, standing on the bridge, looking at the gray cement below. In one quick movement, I climb onto the ledge and stand there. My life flashes before me as I look down. Will anyone even remember my name? I feel a soft

touch on my shoulder, and an even softer voice in my ears whispering, “You are not alone. Life is not fair; but is death?” The echoing voice of my sister gives me hope.

“You are
not alone.
Life is
not fair;
is death?”

Friendship



OR

Love?

By Aggeliki Michalopoulou

It was December, just a week before Christmas. Café “Mammas” down on 6th Street was crowded. Harvey Green was enjoying a hot chocolate with his best friend, Mike Williams. It was a habit of theirs to meet every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m. and talk for hours until “Mammas” closed. That day, however, was going to be different.

It was 7:45, and suddenly, the door opened and a beautiful, young woman came in. Her hands were red, and she was shivering from the cold. She was medium height, with long brown hair and big green eyes. She looked for a place to sit and feel the warmth of the café, but every single seat was

taken. The two men kept staring at this beautiful woman without saying a word. One could say they fell in love. Suddenly, the two friends stood up and went up to her.

“Are you looking for a seat?” asked Mike.

“Yes, it’s freezing outside, and a hot chocolate would be wonderful right now,” the woman replied.

“Well, you can sit with us if you don’t mind,” suggested Harvey, as he had always been the daring one.

“That is very sweet of you two,” said the

woman.

The three of them sat down at the table and started talking. The minutes turned to hours, and suddenly, it was closing time for the café. They had talked about everything; the weather, Christmas, movies, politics, and music.

**I think I am in love with
her....**

Harry confessed.

“Oh, it is time to go home,” the woman said with a worried look in her eyes.

“Unfortunately, it is,” Mike said with a sad tone in his voice.

“Will we see you again?” Harvey asked, hoping he would get a yes out of her.

“Sure, I’d love to. I’m Emma Henry by the way.”

“Mike Williams.”

“Harvey Green.”

“We have been talking for hours without having introduced ourselves. This is the first time this has ever happened to me,” Emma said smiling.

“We usually meet here on Wednesdays at 7:00 p.m., so why don’t you join us again some time?” Mike told her, slightly blushing.

“I’ll keep that in mind. Thank you for the chocolate, and most importantly, the company. Goodnight,” Emma said and stepped out.

Mike and Harvey parted, but neither could stop thinking about Emma: her beauty, her attitude, her words. They both knew they had fallen for her, but it would be up to her to choose between them.

The next day, Harvey and Mike met at “Mammas”. Both had dressed very smart, hoping that Emma would show up and that they would make a good impression.

“Why do you look like you’re... ready for a date?” Harvey asked Mike.

“Why do YOU look like you’re ready for a date?” Mike repeated the question.

“Well... the truth is, I’m hoping Emma will show. I think I am in love with her...” Harvey confessed.

“WHAT? Oh my God! I haven’t stopped thinking about her. She is the girl of my dreams!” Mike said with a desperate expression on his face.

The two friends stared at each other without saying a word. They had been friends for as long as they could remember, and now, they had fallen for the same woman. Would their friendship stand the test?

“There’s only one thing we can do...” Harvey broke the silence. “We will play fair in

She is the girl of my dreams!

Mike said.

order to win her heart. She will be the one who decides who the winner is. The loser will then have to accept his defeat and move on. But our friendship will always come first. Deal?”

“We’ll play fair and let Emma choose. Deal,” said Mike, and they shook hands.

The men then fell silent. All they could think about were ways to win Emma’s heart. They were worried about the ‘game’ they were going to play, but they thought Emma was worth it. She seemed to be smart, kind-hearted, and classy. It was 8:00 p.m. when Emma showed up. Beautiful as always and with a smile on her face, she came to their table. They all talked once again for hours, the two men trying to impress her with their wit and sensitivity.

Mike bought her a drink, and Harvey gave her flowers. Then, Mike got a musician to play a song for her, while Harvey proposed that he take her to the theatre. This ‘game’ went on for days. They both tried their best to win her over. Emma finally asked what was going on.

“Don’t freak out, but from the first time we saw you, we both couldn’t stop thinking about how amazing you are. We realized we had both fallen for you. It was hard to accept we would be adversaries, but we made a deal: we would play fair to win your heart,” Harvey finally explained one afternoon.

“So Emma, has one of us won your heart?” asked Mike.

Emma was taken aback. She had been flattered by the way Mike and Harvey were treating her, but she knew she had to put an end to this.

“Guys, I understand how you feel, and all the things you have done for me over the past few days were wonderful, but this must stop!” Emma pointed out.

“But why? Are we not good enough for you?” Mike asked.

“No. It’s not that, Mike. You two are friends. Best friends. A woman should not come between friends. Someday, I might break up with my boyfriend, and this will be hard on both of us, but if you two have to end your friendship, that will be so much harder. So, do not let anyone ever come between you two. Your agreement to play fair is proof to how strong your bond is. You let the other make his move and waited for your turn. You cared and did not try to sabotage each other. What you have is rare and precious, so I am not going to be the one to jeopardize it. You are both great, but this ends here,” Emma said and got up.

She was right. They knew it. Nothing could ever replace their friendship. Not even Emma. They looked at each other and smiled. Emma left the café without looking back. She was happy she had done the right thing. She might have lost a boyfriend, but she had saved a real friendship, and that was more important. The two friends and their friendship were treated fairly.

ORPHIC: AN UNFAIR FUTURE

By Maria-Elisavet Papavasileiou



Is justice something we earn, something we should fight for, or will it eventually come to us if we obey society's rules? Does it even exist?

Thoughts were racing through my mind, preventing me from going to sleep. I tried to rest my mind, but anything I had not thought about during the day came to me at night. With my eyes closed, I breathed in the air and exhaled, trying to free the negative energy and thoughts from my mind and into my room.

My brain, though, insisted on working like worker bees in a hive. I was aware of a constant humming as my mind strove to come to a conclusion.

“There is no right or wrong answer to this one,” I said to myself.

Today is the year 2231, but I still feel that my world could be part of the year 2016 in my history mind-book. Even though I never lived on Earth, I realize that some of our behaviors have not changed much since then; in fact, if anything, they have become worse.

Now, we have ‘progressed’: we only use our minds and not our bodies or our hearts. Since ‘The Change’ in 2150, we communicate through mind-readers. We mind-teleport to any location we want. Our planet is, ironically, named Orphic, representing our ability to prove anything that is mysterious or beyond the ordinary.

In my life, everything has a logical explanation; for me, science is the key to everything. There is no room for philosophical questions or the need to explain human behavior. For example, if some-

*There is no room for
philosophical
questions or the need
to explain human
behavior.*

one mind-cheats on an exam at school, or if a classmate of mine gets mind-bullied, it does not concern me because I have created a mind-shield that protects me from uncomfortable feelings. These events are simply part of the ‘greater picture.’ There is no good or evil, fair or unfair; there are only biological needs. But lately, my mind-shield does not seem to be working, and news from the world hums in my brain and keeps me from sleeping.

Long before Earth was destroyed, our race had already found a new home. Therefore, we abandoned the planet that had been our home for billions of years. The place we now call home was created primarily by us. We have used parts of other planets to re-create an Earth-like environment; our achievement is not even half as good as the original because we have not been able to re-create *life*. We have experimented so much with the heart as an organ that it no longer connects with our minds; it is simply another organ in the existence that we call ‘human.’ Basically, our lives depend on metal and stone and machines which help us maintain minimal life-support. Memories of the past have been installed in our minds, meaning that

Orphic: An Unfair Future

making mistakes is 98,9999% impossible. But something within me is changing me; perhaps the humming that consumes me now originates from this change. I have newly discovered ideas that people back in 2016 called ‘injustice’; Orphicans are what humans would have called ‘savages.’

On Orphic, we have no ‘money’ to separate us into social strata, the haves vs. the have-nots. As a result, we have no need to fight for what people in previous decades called ‘equal rights.’ The only conflicts that exist on Orphic are mind-wars. If one Orphican is a better mind-reader than all the others, he becomes leader. As a result, we mind-war all the time to prove our worth, trying to get what we want, taking without feeling, without having a guilty conscience or showing concern for others.

On one of my recent travels, however, I encountered the mind of a person in 2016. I ask myself, “Is that when the humming started? Could that have been the catalyst for the changes that I am aware of inside myself now?”

I decided to travel back in time again to listen to this person’s thoughts about fairness:

Is justice something we earn, something we should fight for, or will it eventually come to us if we obey society’s rules? Does it even exist?

Our minds connect.

I have traveled through seas and oceans of

space and time. I have come across a thousand worm holes and have seen a million stars because your thoughts haunt me. I come from a world that consists of coldness and science. There is no room for music, magic, love, or emotion. There, we have no sun, so its warmth cannot affect our hearts or minds. There, whatever crimes are committed, stay in darkness. There, nobody in my mind-class is curious about the emotions people felt in the past. But your thoughts have strangely awakened something inside me. They do not let me sleep, and they have brought me here out of interest in them and in you.

After many fitful nights, I must tell you one very important thing: never give in. You should resist any temptation to survive using inhumane means. Your heart is very valuable; I do not know how to use mine. Bring justice to your world now that you can, and don’t let other people take that away from you. Don’t let science and technology make you a ‘savage’ who fights only for himself and not for the common good, for equality and justice. I am sure that this is not what you want your future to be like.

When you wake up tomorrow, remember me. From now on, you should live your life everyday like you’re never going to see tomorrow. Remember how nice it is to actually have laws that bring justice to criminals, and when you think the whole world is unfair, think of me; think that nothing in your world is as bad as in mine. Listen to the buzzing that I hear now.

Orphic: An Unfair Future

I decided to teleport this dream to you because any minute now, our leader may cut these connections to the past. He says that, “the past reminds us of unnecessary values we do not need anymore” Please, don’t be afraid and always stand up for yourself. When the day that you and the rest of humanity have to choose whether you should save yourselves and leave most of the people behind because life is unfair comes, say no. Do not follow, do not create an Orphic. Die with the others, die with the Earth that sustained you for billions of years and taught you the most important lessons about life itself, die still knowing how to use your heart and how to have emotions. I beg you, become a better human being. It doesn’t matter how life treats you. In the end, the only thing that matters is how you have treated life. That should be enough for anyone.

The next day, the lawyer called his client.

“Good morning Clark. Hmm... Look, I don’t know how to tell you this, but I’m not going to represent you in court anymore.”

“But wait!! What do you mean?! I mean, are you serious?!! It’s your job! I’ll make sure that you’re fired immediately!”

“Yeah, well I don’t like representing criminals anymore. Why can’t you just respect the people around you and obey the laws?”

“Are you kidding me? Lots of people are corrupt these...” The lawyer hung up.

“That felt so right. It’s like I feel peaceful on the inside. Is that even possible? And what about that dream I had last night? It was so strange. It’s like somehow I have an answer to all my questions now.”





THE BOY AND THE PRINCE

By Thanasis Petridis

A long, long time ago, there was a large, rich kingdom ruled by a powerful and intelligent king. The king had a daughter, a beautiful young girl. She was tall with stunning, blue eyes and long, shiny, blonde hair. Time had come for the young girl to marry. The king loved his daughter so much and wanted to find a man who would make her happy. On a plain near the palace, there lived farmer boy. The boy was poor, but he was kind, intelligent, and handsome. He had gone to school and was good with numbers, so he was

often sent to the square to sell the harvest. He was so good at his job that sometimes other farmers would give him their harvest to sell too. One day the king's daughter went to the market. She saw the young farmer selling his crops and decided to approach him as she was instantly attracted to him.

"How much for a basket?" she asked pointing to the crops.

"Eight pennies, my Lady," the boy answered shyly.

"Thank you! I will have it," she said

The Boy and the Prince

smiling warmly.

From that day, the princess would visit the young man's market stall every time she was out for a walk. The two of them started to have feelings for each other, but at the same time, the boy was skeptical. He wasn't sure if the two of them had any future together. What was a poor farmer like he was doing, getting involved with the king's daughter? However, it was clear. Even if they had only met a few times, they had feelings for each other. One day, the king had a meeting with the lord of the neighboring kingdom. The lord had a son, a strong and handsome prince who wanted to marry the young princess. The king agreed as the two kingdoms united would gain great power. When the king announced his decision to his daughter, he could tell she was devastated.

"He will be a good husband to you, and our two kingdoms, once united, will be invincible," the king said, trying to persuade his daughter.

The princess decided to tell the truth. She was in love with the young farmer. She said he was the only who could make her happy. The girl knew that the king would grant her every wish. But in this case, it would be impossible for him to do so. The two lords had already agreed on the marriage between the princess and the prince.

So, the king came up with an idea that would solve the problem. The two men would compete in a chariot horse race. The winner would marry the princess. It was clear that the prince had

an advantage over the farmer as he was highly experienced. Therefore, to make it fairer, the king gave the farmer one month to train. The days passed, and the news spread throughout the kingdom. Cart racing was a very popular form of entertainment, so everyone was looking forward to attending the race. In the meantime, the young boy trained every day, and he had actually become very confident. On the day of the race, the stadium was full. Thousands of people from both kingdoms were there to watch the race. The two kings and the princess sat in the royal box. She looked confused as if she didn't know what to expect.

The two men mounted their chariots and prepared for the race. The crowd fell silent, and the race began. For the first few laps, the two chariots were very close, and it was difficult to see who was in the lead. Later, however, the prince, as expected, began to go faster, leaving the farmer behind. The princess watched in agony. She believed in the young boy. He was trying to make the horses go faster, but he couldn't. It seemed he prince would beat the young boy as his royal cart approached. There was great excitement in the audience as the prince headed for the finish line when suddenly the right wheel of his cart fell off.

Although he was two laps behind, the farmer quickly realized what had just happened. As he was approaching the prince's cart, many thoughts passed through his mind. Should he just continue

The Boy and the Prince

and finish first? Would that be fair? The farmer could feel the princess's eyes on him, watching, trying to guess what his next move would be. And then, he decided! He stopped behind the prince's chariot, waiting for him to start the race again. Before long, the prince fixed the cart and finished the race first, but as the farmer crossed the finish line, everyone could see he was smiling proudly as if savoring a victory. The king was deeply impressed by the young man's behavior, but at the same time, he knew that the prince had won the princess's hand. The young man, however, didn't regret his decision. After all, he knew that the king would never let his daughter marry an unkind man. Lost deep in his thoughts, the farmer was impressed when the prince looked him in the eyes, grabbed his hand, and raised it up high, as a sign of gratitude; the crowd cheered enthusiastically.

The farmer did not stay to hear the king's decision. He had fought for the princess's love, but playing fair was who he was. He knew that he would not get to marry the princess, but he had treated the prince fairly, and that's what mattered the most.



The Things I Didn't See

By Nafsika Philippou



The Things I Didn't See

My parents have always loved my brother more. They always treat him better. It's just not fair...

I was quite young when we moved out of our old apartment in the city. Now my parents, my older brother, and I live in an old house in the country, near a small town. Some of our friends still think it's weird that we moved here. Despite what people say though, I consider myself lucky to wake up every morning to the sound of birds chirping in the forest.

However, my life is far from perfect as money is pretty tight for us. My mother isn't currently working. That's because a couple of months ago, she got really sick, and the doctors insisted on her staying at home so that she wouldn't get any worse. On the other hand, my father works as hard as he can, but the money he earns from his job is barely enough for all four of us. You see, when he was young, he quit college to marry my mother. At first, things were going smoothly, as he was working at his father's shoe company. As it seems though, it wasn't meant to be. Not long after I was born, the company went bankrupt. So, after having to move to the family's old country house, he found work in a butcher shop in the center of town.

My brother, however, has things pretty easy. He is now in his first year of college, and people like him as he is a very kind and out-going person. But I don't see it that way. To be honest, I don't get to see him much lately. Usually, he is

either not at home or is locked in his room studying. Nevertheless, that doesn't stop him from being the center of attention.

"I know that you love my brother more than anyone else in the world, but could you not make it so obvious, just for today?"

I've always had a feeling that my parents like my brother more than they like me, and lately, it has been made very clear that they do. Whenever we sit at the table and eat together, they make sure that his appetite is satisfied. Most of the time, there is just enough food for everyone. However, every once in a while, we may have an extra helping. On these days, my mother always insists on giving my brother most of the remaining food. I usually try to fill my plate with my fair share, but whenever my mother thinks I've overdone it, she gives me this look, and suddenly, I'm not hungry anymore.

During the week, I wake up quite early in order to be on time for my first period class. That is why I really enjoy sleeping in on the weekends. However, my parents don't really like it when I oversleep. In their opinion, I shouldn't 'waste my day in bed.' I don't particularly disagree with them, but it is really hard for me not to resent the fact that they are okay with my brother's sleeping

The Things I Didn't See

until noon or returning home very late at night, which I'm strictly forbidden from doing.

Today is my birthday, and I couldn't be in a worse mood. This year, I was planning on celebrating with my friends; however, there was a snowstorm last night, so now none of them are able to get here. After getting a call from each of them wishing me happy birthday and apologizing for not being able to make it, I slump on my bed and decide to doze off for a little while.

When I get up, I change clothes, put on the first thing I see in my drawer and walk down the stairs with a sullen face. As I head towards the living room, I see my brother dashing out of the house with some money in his hand and a smile on his face. I freeze.

Just a few days ago, while walking in town with my father, I saw a pair of sneakers in a shop window. The ones I am now wearing are torn and faded. So, I thought that a new pair of shoes would be a great idea, and, as my birthday was coming up, I asked my father if I could have them as a present. However, when he saw the price tag, he looked at me with an apologetic expression and said that we couldn't afford them.

"Oh, are you awake, dear? Happy birthday!" My mother's voice pulls me out of my memories. Three words echo inside my head as I enter the living room: *It's not fair...*

"Since today is your birthday we thought

we'd let you sleep—" She starts coughing, covering her mouth with her bony hand. Then, she smiles again, and the wrinkles on her pale face become more visible than usual.

It's not fair...

My father walks casually into the room. "Good morning!" he says with a smile. Then he sits in his chair by the fireplace, like he always does, takes the newspaper, and starts reading.

It's not fair...

My mother takes a step towards me as she opens her hands to give me a hug.

"IT'S NOT FAIR!"

Everyone stands still. The only things I hear are my heartbeat and my heavy breathing. I look at my parents and see their puzzled faces.

"I know that you love my brother more than anyone else in the world, but could you not make it so obvious, just for today?"

Silence falls again.

It feels like an eternity before my mother asks, "Sweetie, what are you talking about?"

"I just saw him running out of the house with money in his hand! You have enough money to give *him* but not enough to buy me a birthday present?!"

"What money?"

"Son, we didn't give your brother any money."

The Things I Didn't See

“Stop lying to me!”

My parents exchange looks. They don't answer directly. They seem to be hesitating.

“I'm sorry, dear,” sighs my mother. “We would have told you right away, but for some reason, your brother insisted on keeping it a secret.”

She pauses. “You see, your brother has been working a part-time job since he started college.”

Wait, what?

“You probably didn't notice it because he works nights. A lot of times he even works until sunrise, and we worry about him. At first, he wanted to give all the money he earned to us, but your father refused, so he ended up keeping some for himself.

So, my brother has been working all this time to support our family?

“What you saw your brother holding must have been his money. And as for the reason he left, I'm not entirely sure myself. Your father was just going on about how bad he felt that he didn't buy you those new sneakers when your brother jumped out of his seat and ran out of the room.”

I don't say anything. It takes a while for it all to sink in. Could it be that I was wrong about my brother from the start? That there was nothing unfair about my parents' treatment of him?

Suddenly, the door opens. My brother comes in, gasping, trying to catch his breath. He is holding a box in his hands, a box like all the other boxes made for shoes. He turns towards me.

“Happy birthday, little brother,” he says with a broad smile on his face.



THE



HORRIBLE DILEMMA

By John Riskakis

Devastated, angry, and torn-apart, the man strolled down a dark, deserted road yet feared nothing. The rain was pouring down, but one could still see the tears running down his miserable-looking face. He moved forward with no destination. His quick pace suggested he was trying to escape from something or someone.

The horrible words echoed in his mind, driving him nearly insane, “Her condition has taken a turn for the worse, sir. I am afraid we only have one option.” He had tried to make them stop, to avoid the pain, but the doctor’s voice continued in his mind, “She must have surgery immediately. It’s only a matter of time ...”

But what could the man do? He had no money or job, he only had her. He had to find a way to pay for that surgery, but he didn't know how.

Walking with an empty heart down the slippery road, he felt more powerless than ever. He prayed and prayed for a miracle to happen. While lost in his own deep thoughts, he thought he heard a trembling voice calling for help. At first, he thought that he was really losing it when the voice was heard once more, "Help, please."

He ran here and there trying to figure out where the voice was coming from. He was soaking wet by the time he finally found himself standing before an unforgettable sight: a middle-aged man was lying on the ground severely wounded, holding a briefcase in his bloody hand. The injured man had his eyes closed; he was moaning in pain and was having difficulty breathing. The young man saw a gun on the ground just a few meters away.

He grabbed the briefcase and opened it. He couldn't believe his eyes; an enormous amount of money was inside. He believed his prayers had been answered. He would finally be able to pay for the treatment for his beloved wife. All he needed to do was to put this man out of his misery and run away with the cash.

At first, he hesitated, but then, he remembered his helpless wife. Determined at last, he aimed the gun at the dying man. The once dark

and dense clouds had started breaking up, the heavy rain had stopped. Under the dim light of the moon, he could only see the face of the other man struggling to in pain. He tried to push his feelings of pity aside. Nothing would keep him from accomplishing his goal. His eyes were full of anger, yet his hands trembled. After all, he had never killed anyone before. His mind told him to pull the trigger, but his heart held him back. Why was he hesitating? What kept him from saving his wife's life? He could not understand why he couldn't fire.

He broke into tears and fell to his knees next to the dying man. Half-heartedly, he dialed 911 on his cell phone, while whispering kindly and reassuringly to the wounded man, "Help is on the way. Hang in there."

His opportunity was gone. What would he do now? He went home and tried to sleep, but he was tortured by his thoughts. Suddenly, the phone rang. He heard that haunting voice again, "This is Dr. Snow. Your wife's latest test results have shown great improvement. She won't be needing surgery after all." The voice that once tormented his life now brought joy back to his heart.

He sat back on his bed and thought of the choice he had made earlier that night. Why, though, was he endowed with such a gift? The answer was one: he had played fair, and fair play must be rewarded.



THE GREAT RACE

By Andrew Sarantopoulos

The stadium was now full. At least fifty thousand people were standing there, their eyes fixed on the new athlete, ‘the surprise of the year,’ as the newspapers had described him. For him, all the fame and glory meant nothing. He was just a boy who was living his dream, running in the Olympic Games.

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He was tall, with legs thinner than sticks, and a never-fading smile on his face. In fact, he was so thin that when strong winds blew, his friends used to tease him, saying that if he didn't hold onto something, he would be swept away. But those thin legs were a gift from God because they gave him a place in that stadium, at that very moment.

He felt the wind strike his face, his adrenaline levels reaching their peak. He was leading the race, just a hundred meters more, and he was going to advance to the finals. His heart was beating stronger than the screams of the people watching the race. Every move delivered pain, every breath burned through his chest, but he still fought on.

Fifty meters, forty meters, thirty meters, and he was going to make it. Finally, he crossed the finish line. The world started spiraling around him out of control, but he did not care. He had made it. He would run in the finals. And with these thoughts, the young athlete's smile seemed much brighter, as if it reflected the light of hope that was burning inside him.

Five days later, we find our young friend sitting at a café with his best friend, Leo. In contrast, Leo is short and muscular. If anyone saw these two, he would say that they had nothing in common. Leo, always a realist, rarely smiles, while our young friend is a dreamer with the ability to be optimistic and grateful, no matter how

difficult a situation he may find himself in is. Despite their differences, their great efforts and shared experience of agonizing moments that made them world-class runners, forging a bond so strong that they believe nothing could destroy or weaken it.

Nevertheless, there is an emotion that, in some cases, can strengthen a bond while in others, can cause strain that can ruin even the strongest of relationships. And that feeling is love. Love of any kind: love for gold, love for another, love for victory, love for fame. Ah, love, is a wonderful yet simultaneously horrible thing. And so it remains for us to see if the love for victory that is burning in both Leo and the young athlete is greater than the 'love' that they have for each other. Here, it is important to mention that Leo has also advanced to the finals. And their relationship and loyalty to each other is about to be tested on the track, where they have lived their best moments, the place where they bonded as friends.

And so, here we are today, at the finals. The athletes are taking their positions. Hundreds of pairs of eyes are watching them, like vultures waiting for their prey. Their mouths scream out the name of an athlete in an effort to push him to victory, not because they really care about him personally, but because they want to feel a little bit of glory themselves. For them, these people are just the objects which will

satisfy their desires. A great victory is more important for them than an act of sheer bravery and love.

...there is an emotion that, in some cases, can strengthen a bond while in others, can cause strain that can ruin even the strongest of relationships.

The race begins. Two friends, running next to each other, their minds on the track. They are leading the race. If someone could get between them, he would feel the energy being emitted from their bodies. They are fighting a silent battle. Their yearning for victory battles with the friendship they have. Will they sacrifice everything they have experienced together on the altar of victory?

And while the two friends fight against both themselves and each other, Leo suddenly trips and falls. Silence spreads through the stadium. The on-lookers remain frozen in their seats, a spark of sympathy for the fallen athlete slowly ignites but is soon extinguished as they begin screaming again, cheering on the remaining athletes.

Standing over his fallen friend, our young athlete is divided. Should he help Leo or continue the race? He can see the other athletes catching up to him. And then, he remembers; he remembers that rainy day when he had fallen and the feeling of agony and despair that he felt as the cold rain mixed with his tears. And then, he recalls the figure

above him, shielding his body from the rain, pulling him up. *This was how you met him*, he tells himself. *This is why we became athletes; not for the victory, but to show the world that we should always play fair. That the true meaning of sports is not the money or the glory that someone can earn, but the bonding of men and the cultivation of sympathy for your friend, your neighbor, and your fellow human being.*

With these thoughts, the young athlete turns towards his fallen friend, Leo. Consuming all the power that is left in him, he carries Leo on his shoulders and starts walking toward the finish line. With just a hundred meters left, he begins to laugh. He laughs in a way that he has never done before, as he feels both his face and his soul smiling. And then, something unique happens. All the other athletes stop running and wait for them to finish first. With tears streaming from the young athlete's eyes and with the exhaustion consuming him in its dark and cozy embrace, our hero and his fallen friend break the finish line and then drop to the ground.

"We made it," he whispers to Leo as the world begins to close in around him. "Not only did we finish first, but most importantly, we showed the world what sportsmanship really is. We put a spore in their hearts that will bloom and make them better people. People who will play fair in their lives."

These are our young friend's last words as he finally welcomes the warm embrace of exhaus-

The Great Race

tion, losing consciousness as he falls into a deep and serene sleep. During the three days that he will be in this condition, he will dream of a world in which people value friendship, love, bravery, and other virtues more than victory and the attainment of tangible goods. He will dream of a world in which playing fair is more valuable than all the precious stones and gold on earth, and he will know that although he will be dreaming of a utopia, through his actions, he's brought the world one step closer to that ideal condition.

This is how our story will end. Three days later, our young friend will wake up from his 'sleep' and will be back in the real world. But he will know that he is not alone there. He'll know that the friendship between himself and Leo survived the greatest challenge and will become stronger and more powerful. It is a bond which resulted not only in their shared experiences but which also will come to symbolize how moral values and fair play can contribute to the creation of a better society. And in the end, what will matter the most will not be the glory and fame the two friends received from winning the race, but the lesson that they've taught the world.



And in the end, what will matter the most will not be the glory and fame the two friends received from winning the race, but the lesson that they've taught the world.

Do the ENDS justify the MEANS?



By Kallia Siempou

Jane was a 19-year-old student from downtown New York and an aspiring lawyer. Every morning, she would wake up early to take a glimpse at the sun rise from behind the imposing skyscrapers and then set out for her daily walk to college.

One gloomy day, she noticed commotion across the street. A group of people was staring at someone, shouting, but Jane couldn't really tell what they were saying. They reminded her of a primitive tribe enclosing its potential pray. She came closer and jostled her way through the faceless crowd.

The little boy was standing still in the middle of the screaming circle, holding a loaf of bread in one hand and a dirty teddy bear in the other. He was looking at every person who surrounded him in terror, lost in his thoughts, overwhelmed by an imposing feeling of guilt.

"Thief! Call 911!"

"Don't let him escape! He is a thief!"

The boy burst into tears.

Jane came closer and looked the boy straight in the eye. She kneeled next to him and placed her hand gently on his shoulder.

"What's your name?" she asked him in a soft voice.

"Thomas..." he answered hesitantly.

"I'm Jane. Do you want to tell me what is going on here? Why are all these people accusing you of being a thief?"

Do the Ends Justify the Means?

“I . . . I am not a thief!” he shouted, as if he was no longer able to contain his indignation.

“I was going to give him the money tomorrow!”

The crowd was now closing in on Thomas and Jane, reaching a point where the girl was finding it difficult to breathe. She felt a blackness clouding her head, and she almost fainted, but the thought of the helpless boy kept her alert. A dark man in his mid-sixties came forward.

“Oh, not only are you a thief but also a liar! Sorry to break the news, we accept neither in our neighborhood,” he shouted in a threatening voice.

“Thomas, don’t pay attention to them, just tell me what really happened,” said Jane in obvious bewilderment.

But instead of the boy speaking, the dark man responded again.

“I’ll tell you what happened. This little thief came into my bakery and stole my bread!”

“Is that true, Thomas?” asked Jane, finally starting to realize what was going on.

“I didn’t mean to steal it. I just... I wanted to find some food for me and my mum because we haven’t eaten anything for two days. So, as I was walking by the bakery, I saw the steaming freshly-baked bread on the trays and... and it smelled so

good... and I was so hungry...”

He started crying once again, his tears running fast, staining his grey shirt.

“Why didn’t you ask him for some bread? I am sure if you’d explained to him, he would have given you some!” said Jane, as she thought of what she would have done if she were in the boy’s shoes.

“I asked for something to eat last week, but he kicked me out of the shop, saying that his bakery wasn’t a charity,” answered the boy, clearly hurt by the cruelty of human kind.

Jane stood up and turned to the baker. “How much does the bread cost?” she said with confidence.

“A dollar,” answered the old man flatly.

The girl opened her schoolbag, took out two one-dollar bills, and handed them to the man.

“Take two, and let him come again tomorrow for another loaf of bread. That should be enough, right?”

The dark man didn’t answer. Instead, he grabbed the money, turned his back and walked into his bakery, whispering something about the disappointing standards of the new generations.

“Now, all of you, don’t you have anything more important to do? Leave the boy alone! Justice has been served,” said Jane, almost shocked by the harshness of the crowd, who hadn’t moved and kept staring critically at the little boy.

She took Thomas by the hand and walked away from the circle, whose members were now starting to scatter.

“Thank you! My mum will be very happy to find out that we are going to have food for today and tomorrow,” Thomas said with evident relief and gratitude.

“You don’t have to thank me. That was the right thing to do... It’s only sad that some people cannot comprehend this,” was Jane’s answer, and then, she was lost in her thoughts.

They walked together in silence for a few more minutes until each one of them followed a different path.

On the rest of her way to college, Jane was troubled by myriad thoughts, like a thousand little insects buzzing inside her head.

Why isn’t playing fair in life deeply engrained in every human being? Who defines what is fair or not? Is there something that can be considered right or wrong universally? And finally, do the ends justify the means?

Maybe it wasn’t engrained in everyone, but she knew what was right and wrong. Maybe her small act of kindness had not only helped Thomas to eat but others to see that we need to be fair, to help those in need.

Maybe her
small act of
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Thomas to eat
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By Panos Tsimpos

Tom was dead. The sight of his body lying clumsily on the wooden floor sent shivers down my spine. It was terrifying. It was also a Friday night; the clock audaciously displayed 10:03 p.m. I never trusted clocks, really. They were an agent of the generic human imperfection, always set to the current time *approximately* but never

precisely. They were worshiped as a deity, one on which we build our lives.

It was snowing outside. The table was topped with a collection of deliciously looking platters if one could ignore the wine spilled all over them. Frank Sinatra sang boldly from the speakers, a slow and melancholic tune from who

knows when. Dim lights were spilling lazy, yellowish rays of pure life all over the room.

Poor fella. He went to the balcony to get some air. He took a long time, so John got worried and went to check on him. After he shouted in terror and called us all in panic, we found Tom, lying on the floor with a knife stuck in the middle of his back.

We all went back inside, sealed the door behind us, and sat around the table once again. The air was filled with the foul smell of terror, the essence of Death himself. Bob spoke first.

“What now?” Silence followed.

Robert answered, “We should call the police.”

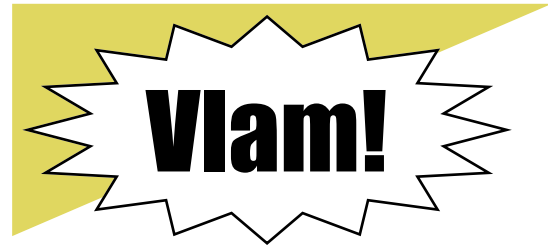
“Impossible,” I replied. “The storm has taken down the telephone lines within a ten-mile radius.”

“Let’s get the hell out of here!” John shouted abruptly rising from his seat.

“We can’t,” I said. It is too dangerous. The closest house is five miles from here, and, with that storm raging outside, you’ll get lost before you cover half that distance.

“That means we’re stuck here, at least until tomorrow morning,” Robert said.

Silence reigned. It was the unmentionable that needed to be mentioned, the unthinkable that needed to be thought. The truth that ought to be spoken. Tom couldn’t have killed himself. The rest



of us were eating at the same table, a fact that gave us a pretty solid alibi.

“It seems as if the head-count remains the same whatsoever,” I said; I was thinking about the counter-effect that the addition of our killer had to the reduction of our fellowship’s headcount caused by Tom’s death.

Everyone understood. There was no reply. An instant passed in what seemed an eternity. Or was it eternity? Time is relative, after all, a man-made construct to map one’s existence through reality.

“I can’t just sit here waiting,” John said, as he nervously drummed his fingers on the table.

“He is right,” Robert replied.

“Bob, you go to the kitchen, and bring the flashlights while we check the bedrooms.”

I nodded in agreement.

With great effort, I lifted myself from the seat, and as our little fellowship separated, I couldn’t help but notice the similarities that our little drama had with the exposition of your stereotypical, murder-themed short story.

I approached the kitchen door and, as if trying not to wake up a baby, gently turned the

The Storm

door knob. I opened the door just a tiny crack and slid inside. It was dark. I groped about in the dark when...

“Oh my god!”

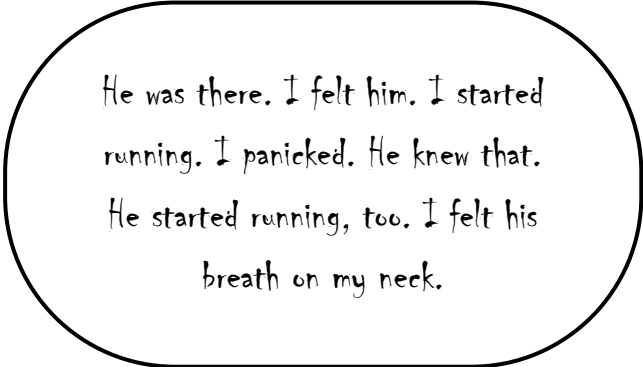
“It’s you. Man, you freaked me out. Yes, I know I should have gone for the lights first. Oh man, I am so freaked out with Tom and everything and...and... Oh, the flashlights. Yes, thank you for reminding me. No, don’t stand up, you’ll lose the page you are on. Here, take my pen and mark it first... Yeah, it’s the second drawer to the left. Yeah, there. Okay, thanks. Wait, what? You know? Who told you? Who the hell told you? Wait... Wait, what are you doing?! Wait step back! Wait, I’ll explain, wait!”

When I heard the gunshot, I froze... Robert was now entering the bedroom across the hall, and he froze too. I immediately wanted to run and help, but the impenetrable, invincible, and immense force-field fueled by raw fear held me back. Robert approached me.

“Inside, quick!” he spat.

“Vlam!” the door closed behind us, separating us from the rest of the house and taking us to an alternate micro-reality. We were alone, away, separated from the cosmos by a gazillion miles of pure emptiness... But the blackness that surrounded us found its way into the room, pouring inside from cracks in the ceiling, the windows the door. An instant, later the room was

flooding with the void, the bizarre fluid rising and leaving nothing but a crack between us and the ceiling. I struggled to breathe. The darkness was rising. My chest was pounding. Faster, faster! My breath seemed a tornado. Higher, higher! the darkness was now everywhere. His silhouette appeared. Tall and thin, just how I remembered it. I panicked. It’s the end...



He was there. I felt him. I started running. I panicked. He knew that. He started running, too. I felt his breath on my neck.

“John!” Robert shouted, staring into my face.

“Pull yourself together!”

He managed to pull me out of my delirious day-dream. He calmed me down. He was slightly taller, so he lowered himself down to my level.

“Remember what we have discussed. You didn’t do anything wrong. It was his fault. He tried to take your life savings and run away. He knew about your panic attacks. He was selfish.”

“But he was only a kid!” I said, with my voice breaking.

“That wasn’t you. The conscious part of your brain gave up. A chemical instability in your brain took control, another person was in charge.

The Storm

How can you be blamed for something that you didn't do? Your body was but a vessel to another man's will."

I lifted myself up. I was better. There was solid logic in the way that Robert viewed the world. Logic that came in handy whenever one's mind was being overwhelmed by feelings such as remorse or sorrow. The only thing he didn't know is that the victim had been my nephew.

"I would rather get frostbite than get stabbed by a maniac," Robert said, in a surprisingly calm and wise tone.

He was looking out the window. The storm was worse now. Between the white snowflakes, falling in a frenzy, and the thick grey fog, I could barely see the outline of the forest that surrounded the cabin.

"In the right corner of the ceiling of the room, there is a trapdoor. It leads to small compartment in the attic that is used to store hiking gear. It is only connected to this room through that trapdoor. Here, take the key. It has been locked since we came here, so it must be safe. I have two backpacks. They are packed with everything we will need. We will go through that window that will lead us straight to the forest. Go up, and, in the meantime, I will check if the drop is safe."

I walked to the corner and prepared for my ascent. I felt like someone was watching me, effortlessly and mechanically observing and recording my every move. I used a stool to reach the ceiling and dragged myself into the attic. I slammed and locked the trapdoor behind me.

It was a dusty attic, with nothing but empty wine bottles scattered here and there. I realized how low the ceiling was when I bumped my head on the triangular roof, after a brave attempt to straighten my body. A circular window allowed the silverish rays of a full moon to fill the attic, giving an unworldly feeling to the room. I could barely see the switch for the lights, located at the other end of the room, about twenty feet away.

As I started walking, I realized how, conveniently enough, I was separated from my only other companion. Also, I realized the oddness of being forced to walk through a dark attic to toggle a switch that was somehow located far away from the only entrance to the room.

As I continued walking, I got the same weird feeling of being watched. As if someone had been following me all along, observing my every move, knowing my every thought, I started accelerating. He accelerated, too. He was there, just at the edge of my line of sight, but whenever I turned, he disappeared, constantly remaining a

A bright flash unleashed its fury and filled the room!...

The Storm

figment of my imagination.

But not this time. He was real. He was there. I felt him. I started running. I panicked. He knew that. He started running, too. I felt his breath on my neck. His eyes penetrating mine. I leapt for the lights and...

A bright flash unleashed its fury and filled the room!... The lights were on, and my back was pushed against the window, slightly in pain. I was still blinded by the light so I keep my eyes shut also, fearful of what I might see, should I open them. Eventually, I gathered all the strength inside me, and in a bold moment, I opened them.

I saw you.

"Don't ever do that again, okay?" I shouted, aggravated. "You scared me to death. I exhaled, trying to calm myself down."

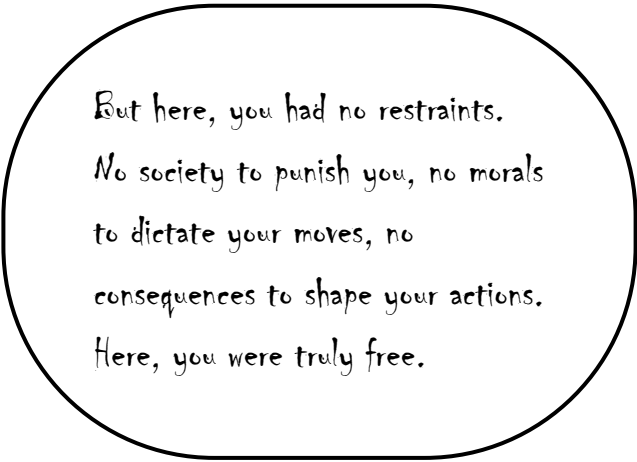
I then lifted myself up. Cleaned the dust from my shoulders.

"Can't you just keep sitting in your chair and read quietly? Why do you have to mess things up constantly?" I said, showing how annoyed I was.

"Oh yes, thank you for handing the backpacks over. Wait, what? What does he have to do with anything? What? No, it wasn't my fault; it wasn't me! I would never harm my nephew! You can't accuse me of that! No, back-off! Wait!"

When I heard the gunshot, I had already covered half the distance from the cabin to the

forest. How did I end up here like that? How did I, the respected psychiatrist Robert McManus, end up in a forest, being hunted by a madman? All I wanted was to help mentally ill people with a criminal record. But how could society treat them like that? People who had done horrible things but not of their own accord! They were not only tormented by long-lasting feelings of regret and shame but were also hunted by a vicious and bloodthirsty justice system. Worse yet, a justice system whose fundamental value is ironically considered barbaric and inhumane by the same people that created it: revenge through punishment.



But here, you had no restraints.
No society to punish you, no morals
to dictate your moves, no
consequences to shape your actions.
Here, you were truly free.

John Johnson, an underpaid banker with a grave form of OCD. He was fed up with his life, so he decided to rob the bank that he felt had been robbing him his whole life. The plan went sour when a piece of his equipment was left behind. Despite the fact that there was no chance that it could be traced back to him, he couldn't stand the imperfection of his plan. It drove him insane. Eventually, he returned and murdered the two

night guards who had witnessed the imperfection. Bob Black was a construction worker with a decent number of panic crises on file. When some kid attempted to rob him as he was going to the bank with his life savings, he murdered the boy. Tom White was a farmer who had served as a firearm specialist. He was suffering from PTSD. One night, when drinking at the pub, he thought that he was back on the battlefield. Seven men were gravely injured.

Each and every one committed a horrible crime but not under the influence of their own conscious selves. Bob, John, and Tom hadn't done anything. That's what I strove to make them realize. That's why I helped them escape to get here, in the middle of nowhere, in the first place. I wanted to help them realize, help them comprehend that they could all be functional members of society again.

I continued running through the forest; random branches were hitting my face and the cold was biting my exposed skin. I hadn't eaten in hours and slept in eons. I was exhausted. But I could not stop. I knew he was running after me. There was no escape...

No. There had to be. I ran faster and faster. Despair was running with me, an enduring

competitor who was only powered by my futile hope. My chest was burning. My breath was rough. But I could not stop.

No... Wait.... What is the point? *He* was running with me. *He* was always running with me. *You* have been always running with me.

"*You* found me. No... I realized that you have been here all along. *You*. Yes, *you*. No, stop wondering, stop looking away from the pages trying to figure out what is happening. Stop speaking through the pages as if they have no meaning. Stop denying the truth. You did it. You have been doing it all along.

You have been following them all along. You knew their every move, their every thought. You gave them what they wanted before they even asked. You were one step ahead. You were the only one who was constantly with them, even when the conditions made it impossible for someone to keep following them. Who else knew their entire combined criminal record?... You had access to their every thought. They even talked to you directly, before you killed them; hell, you marked your page with his pen! Why were you too blind to see?

Keep persuading yourself that this is an 'eye for an eye,' that this is the natural order of things.

Well yes, adjust yourself in your chair. Realize that you have been sitting uncomfortably all along. Turn your pages frantically, and validate my statements. Now, realize that it is not your seat that is making you feel uneasy, but the fact the truth has been spoken.

You thought of them as parasites on society. You thought they were incurable diseases, people...no, not people, you deprived them this privilege... things that unbalance your equation, your utopian dream for society, for the world.

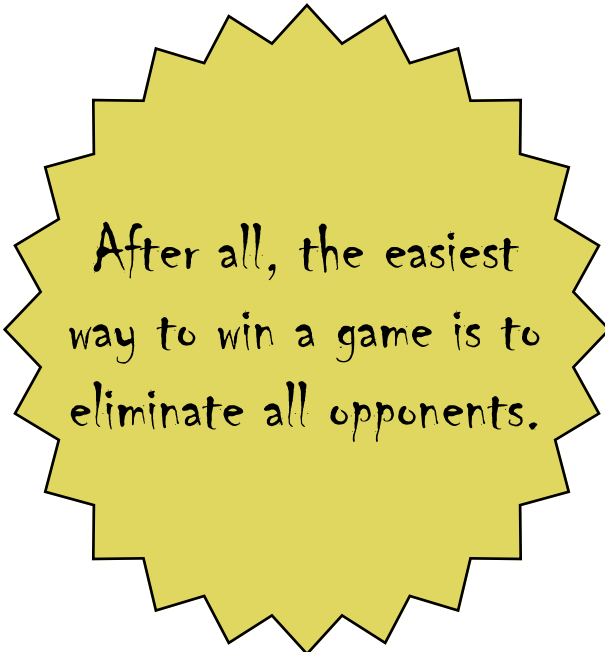
But here, you had no restraints. No society to punish you, no morals to dictate your moves, no consequences to shape your actions. Here, you were truly free. So what do you do? Which course of action do you choose? The easiest and most effective one. The one that deleted the 'anomaly.' The one that brought you back to your naive utopian dream. You killed them. You killed all of them.

You see, it is not a matter of whether they acted upon life and society within the framework of what you define as 'fair play.' It is matter of, whether life, whether society acted within the framework of fair play when judging them, when condemning them. It is a matter of whether you considered the other point of view, the one that is not distorted by your egoistical, false, utopian dreams for society and includes a touch of empathy and forgiveness.

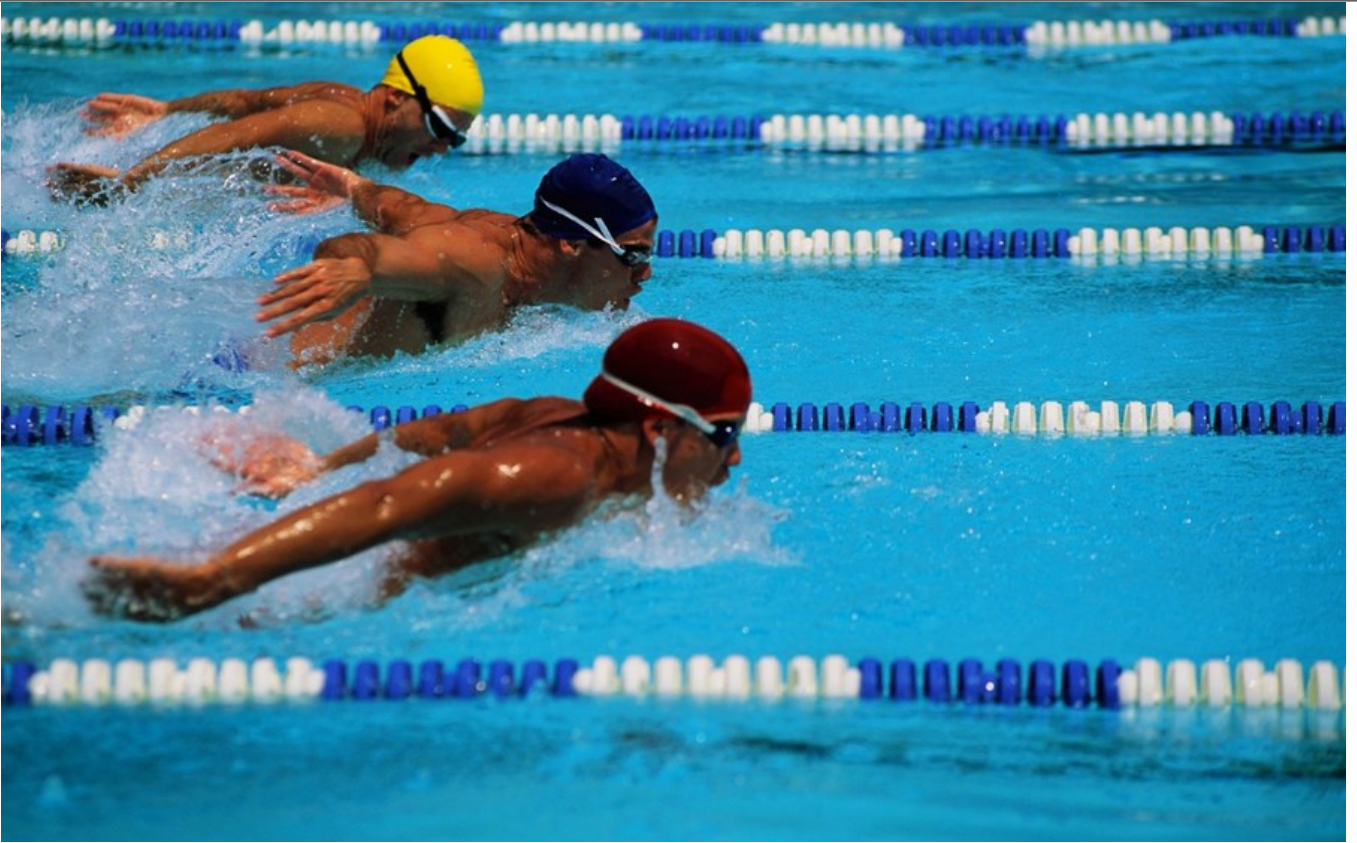
But no, it is not even that. It is a matter of whether the framework you defined as fair play was truly fair. Because in the end, the rules of a game are but a tool in the hands of the powerful. The ones that, through their self-appointed reign, have gained the ability to reshape, reform, and re make them in order for them to suit their needs. The ones who you call yourself a member of.

So keep exterminating all 'threats' with the excuse of reciprocity. Keep persuading yourself that this is an 'eye for an eye,' that this is the natural order of things. Then, exterminate your 'threat and praise yourself for 'making the world a better place.'

After all, the easiest way to win a game is to eliminate all opponents. Man is known to be a truant being. Life is the most important game of them all."



After all, the easiest way to win a game is to eliminate all opponents.



Pride or Friendship?

By Marina Vlaserou

Ryan and James have known each other forever, it seems. They have been best friends since kindergarten, up until now, in their teens. They are inseparable and do everything together...Swimming is one of those things.

They are the best on their team, and competing against one another only makes them better, faster, and stronger. Ryan however, always seems to have an edge over James,

“You can’t do that; don’t you understand?”

always swimming a little bit faster than his friend. He is the one who shows composure; the less antagonistic of the two, he values their relationship most of all. A sense of justice and what is right and wrong is what characterizes him.

Coming from a poor family and only having the bare necessities results in a deep rooted, underlying jealousy towards his friend. After all, James is competitive, spoiled, arrogant, the one who will do anything in his power to achieve his goals. He is very supportive of Ryan, and they are really close, but winning comes first. On the other hand, James is very rich with all the comforts in the world, but his father does not support his dreams.

The two teenagers are sitting on the grass at the park outside the sports complex one week before the big race, the winner of which gets a scholarship to a very prestigious university with the best swimming team in the country. They are talking about an argument that James had with his father.

“He said that swimming is not a career and that he is not going to spend even one more dollar on my stupid dream,” James said, staring at the ground.

“Don’t worry; he is going to come around.

You are his only child, and he loves you; he just needs some time to accept the fact that he can’t dictate what you do in your life.”

“You don’t know my father. He’ll stop at nothing! He is very strict and stubborn. He is never going to let me follow my dream,” James insisted, with resentment in his eyes.

“He will, trust me. Come on. It is getting late; we’ve got to head home,” Ryan answered, leaning over to grab his bag from the grass.

“I’ve got to win,” James mutters to himself.

They both head home. Ryan doesn’t say anything, but he can’t stop thinking about their conversation, and about how his friend appears willing to take any chance he has of having a future away from him.

The next morning, they meet up at practice. The coach whistles; they all dive into the pool. quickly gains a lead over everyone else; he seems to be flying. Ryan is struggling to bridge the gap, but all his effort comes to nothing. James comes in first. His coach cheers and jumps up and down, his face flushed with excitement.

“You did it! You broke your record 1:99:98 for 200 meters free style. It is unbelievable!”

Ryan gets out of the pool, upset. His friend's success that day seems to have a profound effect on him; there seems to be a distance between the two now. Ryan practices really hard day and night with overwhelming fear of failure. He is desperate but does everything in his power to hide it from his friend.

The big day is finally here, and Ryan feels ready to overcome his obstacles and finish first. They are both anxious, Ryan the more so, doesn't talk much, but he seems to have everything under control.

Minutes before the start, he realizes he has left his goggles at home, so he runs to the lockers and grabs James's bag to borrow his spare pair. While searching, a white box filled with pills with nothing written on it falls to the floor. He picks it up, petrified. Thoughts fill his head! James wants this so bad! Would he do anything to win? Would he do anything to break the record? He turns as white as a sheet! He doesn't want to believe that his friend would do something so stupid, so thoughtless, to take something so important from him, to destroy his only chance. His only hope. Then, James walks in and sees Ryan holding the

pills in his hand.

“What are you doing? Why are you searching my stuff? Nobody gave you permission to go into my locker!” James says, with horror in his eyes.

“What are these James?”

“You can't do that; don't you understand?”

“I asked you a question! What are these James?”

“None of your business,” James says, grabbing the box from Ryan's hand and walking out of the locker room.

Ryan does not know what to do. His friend lied to him, and he is about to do it again, by winning when he doesn't deserve to win. Ryan leaves the locker room at a loss. He finds himself standing beside the swimming pool, watching James getting ready; any minute now, the competition is going to start. All he can think of at that moment is that justice must be served, and it can happen only by telling on his friend. He knows that it is the right thing to do, but he can't. They start taking positions; he is walking towards the referee. This is the time to decide if he will tell on James, his best friend who has betrayed him, his competitor.

Will he?





Part II

Poetry

Cinquain

Cinquain (‘‘ sin-cane’’) is an American poetry form similar to a haiku created by Adelaide Crapsey over 100 years ago. Although cinquains are quite brief—only five lines long—they tend to tell a brief story and have a conclusion.



Fair Play

By Chris Zacharakis

Fair Play

Respect others

Enjoy, Pursue, Believe

Play your game right, accept defeat

Dream big

Winning Isn't Everything

By Daisy Stikas

Respect

yourself: no drugs,

commitment to the game;

winning isn't everything, so...

fair play!





Dazzling Soul

By Daphne Catsiapi

Darkness

Soporific

Dangerously imbibe

Yet so marvelously charming

Eerie

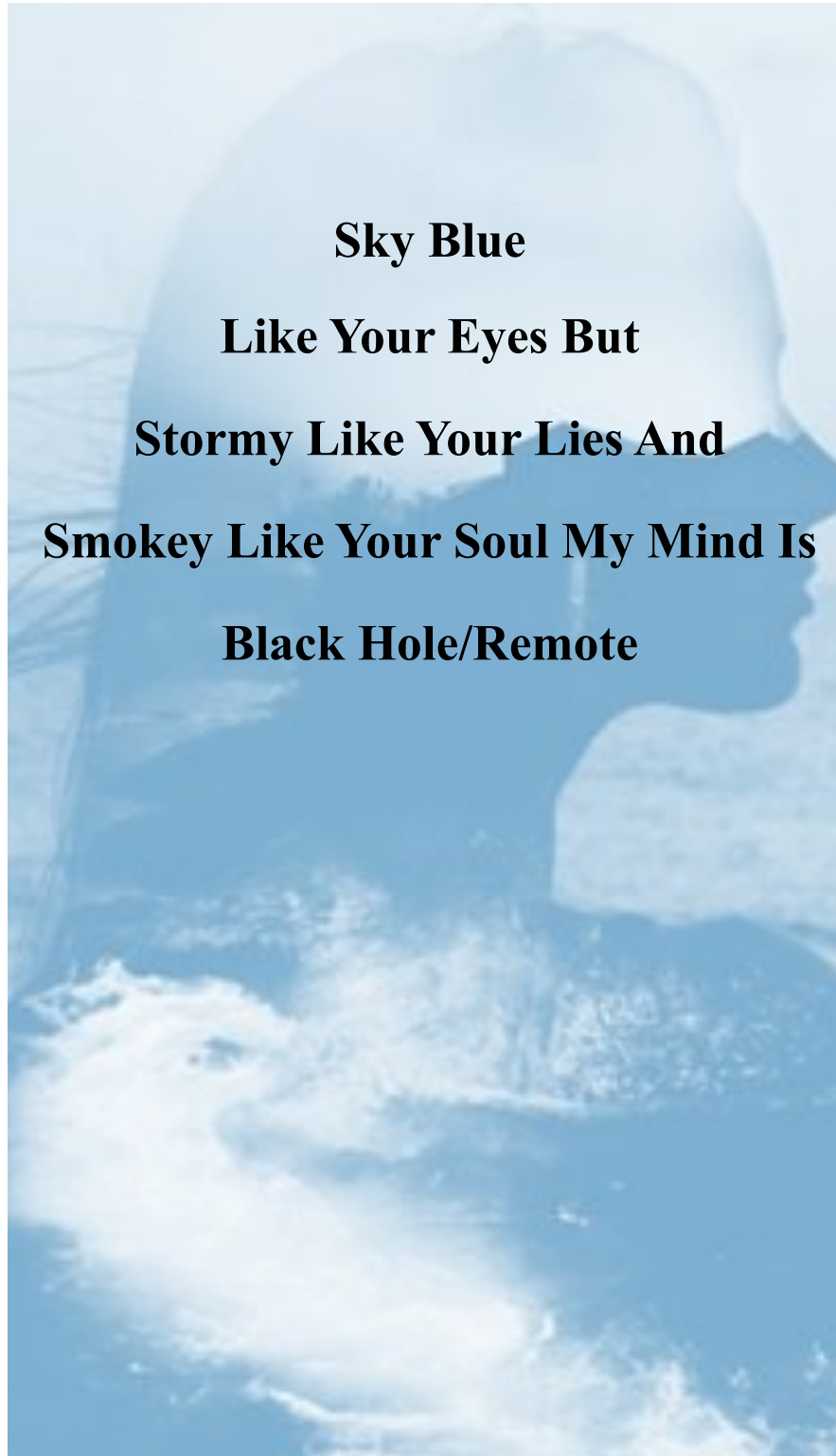
Hope

By Nick Vernardakis

The sky,
infinity,
gazing at the unknown,
waiting for a blazing comet,
for hope.

SOUL

By Artemis Crommida



**Sky Blue
Like Your Eyes But
Stormy Like Your Lies And
Smokey Like Your Soul My Mind Is
Black Hole/Remote**



By Anthony Kyriazis

Cruising
the endless road
without destination.
warm orange skies? bright city lights?
Future?

Verse 1:

Fair Play
You gain, I gain
No one lost, no one won
Play your game right little lion
We're one

Verse 2:

Time passed
Everyone failed
But we learned how to deal
Fairness was the charm in our lives
Lit minds



By Elena Kostoula

What People Need

By
Eleftheria Kouta



Respect

And team spirit

Following all the rules

Integrity without limit

Fair play.

Free Verse

Free verse is one of the simplest, and yet most difficult, types of poetry to write. While it doesn't constrict the poet with rules about form, it requires him or her to work hard at creating a piece that is beautiful and meaningful without any specific guidelines about rhyme and meter.



Fair Play

By Jerry Kazantzis

Fair play is a must
And the only thing you have to do is trust

The game and the team
And have fun whether you lose or win

Follow the rules and respect the other
As if it was your own mother

Fair play is a way of life
And you must live it like husband and wife

It's not about the triumph or the glory
But about pain and sweat in your story



FAIR PLAY IS VICTORY

Do Not Abuse, Only Enthuse

By Kostis Giatrakos

Always play hard
with all your strength
always play fair
be rare.

Give everything you've got
do all you were taught.
You don't want to lose
you want to amuse.
But, you need to choose:
Do not abuse,
only enthuse.

Dare to play
but only fair play
and seize the day.

Fair Play Is a MUST!

By Konstantinos Papathanasiou

Play fair play well

Be kind and don't forget to share

Show respect show love

To the opponent and to your own

If you're mad do not forget

Sports aren't only nice when you win the prize

Fair play is a must

And if you don't do it you will be cleaning the dust

Be cool have trust

Enjoy every moment as if it was your last

What Thou Must Do...

By Jerry Voutsinas

Fair play, fair play, fair play, you say?
Well let me tell you something today
This is not only in sports
But for your whole life too
Because fair play is what you should do.

Of course it is not always achieved
‘Cause in today’s society we have the need to succeed
How many times do we ask ourselves, did the athlete deserve to win?
Or did they take something to help them boost their self-esteem?

If this is the case, then it is not fair play
It is not just cheating
It is a bad way of living
In which one day you’ll be sorry you did not use fair play

When we see a medal taken away
We know this was not due to fair play
Why put yourself through this disgrace?
When you can play fair and save face

Of course there are people that never play fair
These types are the ones that always dare
We stay clear of them as much as we can
They are the ones that give sports a bad name
And we should not do the same

Fair play, fair play, fair play you say?
This is the one and only way.
When it comes to sports and your whole life too
Fair play is what you must do!



Fair
play

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**Where You Belong
By Fay Economou**

Rest here, my child

With your equals

'cause tomorrow

You might forget

Where you belong

The Road to a Better World

by Aris Galanis

You must always fairplay

It is just the correct way

Everyone should do it

Everyone must commit

And we will make

A sports world with no hate

Help us spread the words

And make a better world



LET'S PLAY A GAME

By George Chaimalas

Let's play a game
a game of life and death
where life is the cheater and you are the humble men.
Let's play a game of pain
where joy is the reward
But it is hard to get
and should be fought for
But if you are good and honest
And follow the rules of life
And play fair with others
you will be rewarded right
But if you are as cunning as the devil
And your heart is darker than night
Life, which is the ultimate cheater,
will come for you, alright
To make it clear for the young
Life is the greatest game.
But remember to play fair because life is aware
And punishes us well.



During Sunrise

By Stefanos Frilingos



It's about dawn
The infuriating sound of the alarm
Like the room has been wrapped in flames

Jolting my eyes open
A moment taken to appreciate the colors of the sky

My morning beverage,
Filling my energy tank
Waking my senses
Like a poppy blooming in spring
I embark on writing my consummate poem

Although I've never done it before
My thoughts flow down from my head to the page
Like raindrops in a tropical storm
"Exquisite," I enunciate
And just like that, my work is done

Fulfilled I was, a feeling equivalent to winning
the pot in Las Vegas
But as a virgin poet who has accomplished his duty
Have I played fairly?

The Unpredictability of Life

By Jason Philippou

When he was a child, he was different from others
Much like in a pack of wolves, a dog stands out
But as the river of time flowed, he grew stronger
and they became weaker
His once weak soul found tranquility and peace,
Capable of achieving his goals he had become
He became wealthy and beloved by the public
But one day, as if fate had planned it,
He came by one of his former opponents,
Who was now poverty-stricken and homeless
The now wealthy man told his once adversary:
“You once thought of me as your inferior and rejected me,
for that I hate you.
But you also made me stronger
and helped me become who I am today.
For that I am thankful.”
And so, he took the man to his home,
Showing him compassion
Much like an angel invites a soul to heaven
For this his name lives on, untouched by the river of time



Ending

By Marios-Ioannis Sengas

**My palms are sweating
this is the only opportunity I got
to tell her who I really was.
Focus, focus, focus on the reality.
Things blur around, everybody is crying.
But why, why is mommy crying,
she's got a partner in crime.
My life, what a life,
Twenty-years-old, ridiculous, without even trying
Have I signed?
The contract is still in my hands.
The living and the dead sit in chairs.
Here you go, take me with you,
I've signed the devil's deed.
No reason to be in this disappointing creation.
I just want to say I'm sorry.
Don't sympathize with my pain.
The only thing I desire
is you, remembering my name.
And telling all the others, I played fair,
but I lost the game.
Please, don't sympathize with my pain.
Just smile back and remember:
I played fair.**



How about Playing Fair?

By Dimokritos Kolitsos

Courage

By Athina Theofilou

The average runner runs

Until he can bear no more

The one with courage fights

Until success is born

So why do you think

That people try to cheat?

To win a game or two

Or maybe play it cool

‘Cause they wouldn’t

Have to cheat

If they had the skill

To play nice and fair

And not ruin the affair

Child's Play

By Christina Skourogianni

They say it's child's play

How does a child play?

You ask...as you teach her

Life is like a game, some cheat and some play

Fair

The game doesn't always go your way,

But challenges do not build one's character

But reveal one's true nature

So if you want to be the winner of this game

You have to play by its rules,

And if not, you will be no winner

But a cheater



The Match is Lost, the Game is Won

By Alexandra Stavrianou

The clock is ticking

The ball is rolling

The crowd is shouting

We play fair and we are fighting

Hearts are throbbing

The game begins,

The end is near

A tie appears

A player falls

We have to choose

Help him up

Or meet our dream

The clock's ticking

The ball's ignored

We help him up

The day is won

FAIRNESS

By Aris Spartalis



When they are your soul
And you are their armor
And you would destroy
Anyone who would try to harm them.
Then, you are a hammer
That will save your loved ones.
But, you have to play fair
With no cheating and no drama.
You got to help without waiting
For a well-earned reward.
There is no rewind in real life.
And all this advice I say,
Is summed up in just one phrase:
Play fair

Creatures of the Night

By Tassos Tsevas

Cruising through the fields of life,
A battle between justice and competition
Lucifer isn't there to hold us back
So cheating is not in the cards

Allow us to collect ourselves
We're all over the place
Left our brains on the shelf
Lock us away
Because justice,
Our invention,
Turned on us.

Cheaters of innovation
As such, we can't accept,
That we will be punished,
Never reaching our prizes
We, ourselves, just banished.

We lost all we had
Justice, our peace, our love,
Now we're just creatures of the night
That are dying inside.
Cheating is our specialty in life,
Destroying our home with might
Only hatred in us left
No one ever said, "Is it God I've met?"



Defeated

By Celia Tzermia

*Alone, Powerless, Defeated
Was I, as the match proceeded
Filthy grass touched my spine
And the sun's vivid light dazzled my eyes*

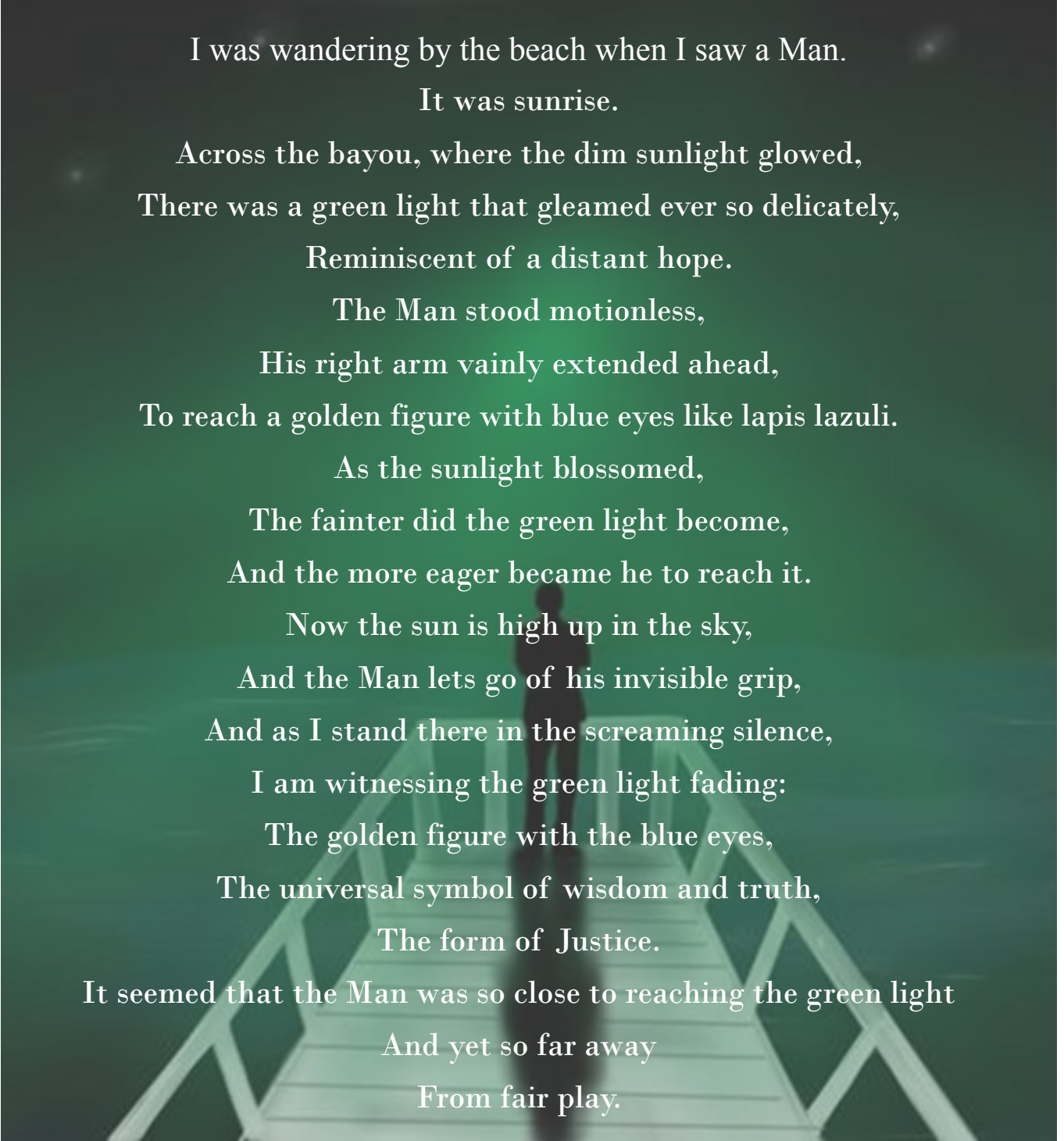
*Clapping sounds filled the void space in my mind
And if evident was the aurora of warmth on the outside,
Then I must have been blind
For my heart was as cold as ice*

*My pain of my internal battle
Though no one offered to give me life
Helpless, hurt was I
As I was left in despair.*



The Form of Justice

By Angeliki Pneumaticos



I was wandering by the beach when I saw a Man.
It was sunrise.
Across the bayou, where the dim sunlight glowed,
There was a green light that gleamed ever so delicately,
Reminiscent of a distant hope.
The Man stood motionless,
His right arm vainly extended ahead,
To reach a golden figure with blue eyes like lapis lazuli.
As the sunlight blossomed,
The fainter did the green light become,
And the more eager became he to reach it.
Now the sun is high up in the sky,
And the Man lets go of his invisible grip,
And as I stand there in the screaming silence,
I am witnessing the green light fading:
The golden figure with the blue eyes,
The universal symbol of wisdom and truth,
The form of Justice.
It seemed that the Man was so close to reaching the green light
And yet so far away
From fair play.

now and ALWAYS

By Katerina Polychronopoulou

In a world reeking of injustice,
where white supremacy stands high above
I stand unable to move.

Where we are the king's pawns,
being tossed around strategically.

Where they rule, and we comply.

In a world where the sun might never rise the same
again,

where the king has put us all in jeopardy,
in order to fulfill his dream...

Pandora's never ending dream.

In a society where the key to one's happiness
is entombed deep in a treasure chest;

A gilded golden treasure that
is only open to the king.

Open Your Eyes

By Eleni Retsou



We grew up living in a fairytale,
Surrounded by infinite skies crimson suns and sparkly moons.
We grew up living in a palace,
Made of warm marbles, red carpets, and countless rooms.
We grew up with our stomachs warm and full,
Filled with all kinds of goodness.

But we keep forgetting about them,

The ones, whose houses are muddy, humid, ugly prisons,
Under a molded sky, a bloody sun and a rotten moon.
The ones whose feet and faces are sore and pale,
Because their cribs are made of ash, stone floors and broken walls .
The ones with red, veiny, desperate eyes,
Because their stomachs are an empty, painful room.

Ambition

By Alexandros Mavroidis

He covered my eyes,
He spoke about a future,
Of glory, and at the end always the prize.
Ambition.

He sealed my ears
To glare in the eyes of Apathy
Listened to the echo of my ego
Ignored my peers.
Ambition.

The game is over.
My hands are empty
The crowd cheers for another
A failure I cannot bear.
Ambition.

A time came to see a future
But not a prize
A time came to congratulate
The only victor
He tied my lips together,
My compliments trapped in a Chamber.
Ambition.

Maybe

By Eleni Kyriazi

Maybe

something is not quite

right

something

does not feel all right

when I see children in the streets

begging for a piece of bread

when I see families drowning in the

sea

trying to escape another death.

Do you realize we are humiliating

ourselves?



Fair play, two words of no meaning in today's world,
Two words used so little, they are not even heard of;
Without them, our society will commence its downfall,
With them, we will have justice and equality for all.

You know, all this discrimination and unfairness we encounter today,
Could all just be solved with a simple, yet so important virtue: fair play;

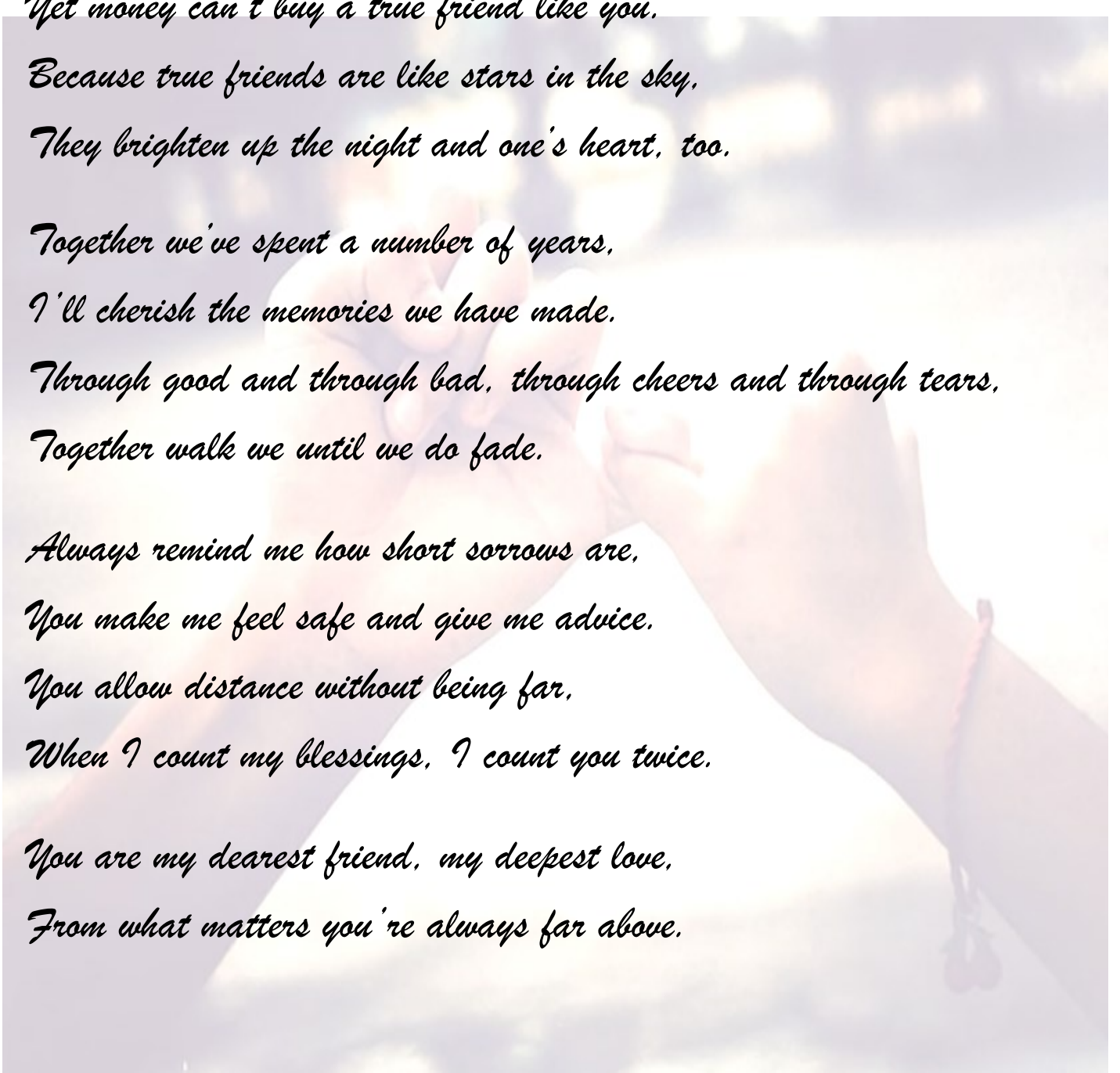
The egotistical culture we live in the present-day,
Really does not support this new highway,
But through the will of the people to change their mindset,
We could start a new beginning.

Everyone has to learn to be honest with one another;
Think of it as if you were facing your own mother,
So just like you are always fair with her,
That is how you should always behave to any other woman and sir.

Because, if we leave this so far-reaching concept deserted,
Then with time nothing will ever get converted.

Pinky Promise

By Danae Areteou



*Countless are the things that money can buy,
Yet money can't buy a true friend like you.
Because true friends are like stars in the sky,
They brighten up the night and one's heart, too.*

*Together we've spent a number of years,
I'll cherish the memories we have made.
Through good and through bad, through cheers and through tears,
Together walk we until we do fade.*

*Always remind me how short sorrows are,
You make me feel safe and give me advice.
You allow distance without being far,
When I count my blessings, I count you twice.*

*You are my dearest friend, my deepest love,
From what matters you're always far above.*

Loving from a Distance

By Athina Avrantini

My darling, why are you so far away?

The miles between us split my soul in two.

I look up to stare at the sky each day

And smile because you are under it too.

I might not be able to hold your hand,

And I might not be able to kiss you,

But nobody will ever understand

How extremely it hurts me to miss you.

I'll wait for you with a burning desire,

My love for you shall not ever be gone.

Distance does to love what wind does to fire;

It destroys the weak and fuels the strong.

We're always together, never apart,

Maybe in distance but never in heart.



The River of Love

By Vassilia Skayanni-Lampraki

Love is like a river.

It is the Amazon of power,

the Nile of greatness,

and the Rhine of beauty.

This river flows through life,

beautifying every moment,

spreading across the afterlife,

making the world a better place.

In this paradise there might appear a cloud,

so the river meets a wall.

But this element of nature is proud,

it will force the wall to fall.

In the end it will prevail,

it will fill with flowers with thorns

that will show love's necessity,

but also its inevitable danger zones.

When You Love

By Melina Kertsikoff

When you love you devote time and await,
You impose no pressure, no hate.

When you love you disperse kindness,
You hold on to truth and not uncertain blindness.

When you love you live your life with pleasure,
Without using a watch to check the time or numbers to measure.

But when the strong feelings begin to fade,
Nothing then seems to be quite the same.

The intense feelings dull, melting deep inside,
The wave of enthusiasm pulls away, does not stay close beside.

You then begin to suffer, to hurt, and to think,
Forget to be you and your heart starts to shrink.

But why set yourself on such a task,
Reflect upon why it didn't last?

Instead enjoy and live every moment,
Do not try to forget, but seek refinement.

Because one day you will look back and regret,
Not the loss of love but the stone you always kept.

Based on a True Story

By John Roumeliotis

We've seen wars and we've seen frauds
We have all witnessed these gods,
That speak of love yet live for hatred
Towards those they never aided.

We call ourselves humane,
But do not care for others' bane.
We've come to see love as a surprise,
Portrayed by those that care despite.

Now after all these ugly years,
We come to face our own foes
And see if we can still shed tears
For those that only God knows.

Oh, I know many would be ashamed
To read the truths that lay upon this page.
They do not stand up to our world's name,
But will at least not speak of rage.

Being Human

By Theodora Sioziou

Life seems like one big vacation
It always starts with the creation
It ends as the core bends
And death comes forth to make amends

People come and go
But is there really something more
To these masses meant to mow
Than turning things into a chore?
They all battle with their foes

The angst that overtakes
And as the heart sincerely knows
The love that makes mistakes

Being human incurs despair
That hereupon vanishes into thin air



Haiku

Haiku is a Japanese poetry form. A haiku uses just a few words to capture a moment and creates a picture in the reader's mind. It is like a tiny window into a scene much larger than itself.

Types of Weather

By_Harry Anagnostopoulos

Rain's going fastest
Hail becomes the strangest and
Snow's the unrealest

Apathy

By Alex Antoniou

Forest is dying
People keep re-infecting
It's the apathy

Quiet Sounds

By Eleni Kanellopoulou

Dawn is quiet, calm
Snow is falling from the sky
We hear far howls

Nature's Discovery

By Chris Markou

Oh Mother Nature
Discovering new worlds
Apart from the sun

Summer

By Panagiotis Mavrokefalos

When summertime comes
The gates of heaven open
Bringing happiness

Happiness

By Elisavet Mitropapa

What happiness is?
The last day of the school year
First day of summer

Spring

By Elia Savvides

Red flowers in heart
Your eyes shine like the sun does
Spring spreads love around

Summer

By George Tzitzikostas

Summer is the best
The season I like the most
Without rain and cold

Sonnet

Sonnets are rhymed
poems written in
iambic pentameter.

That's a rhythm that
sounds like this: bah
–BAH bah–BAH bah–BAH
bah–BAH bah–BAH.

Road to WINNING

By Chris Alexopoulos

If winning is your one and only goal
Then you ought to do it by your own self
You should do it with your personal soul
And you will place the trophy on your shelf

By the time the whole process begins
Your main concern is to have understood
You will not always be the one who wins
And the result may not show what you could

If you want to win all of the big prizes
And achieve your most significant aim
You must prepare to make sacrifices
Otherwise you'll always stay the same

All sports have unexpected twists, and turns
By which someone always grows and learns

My Friday's Nightmare

By Christina Daskalaki

It's Friday morning thus to school I go,
Everyone's happy 'cause weekend's ahead,
But I do not party with friends I know,
I have to train till I'm physically dead.

It's 12:35, 10 minutes till the break,
All students are ready to rush, get food,
I'm so hungry I have a stomach ache,
But I have peas, which destroys my mood.

The break ended and the clock tick tocks,
The teacher came in and our eyes popped,
We are writing a test but my mind blocks,
I can think no more and my pen has stopped.

The school has finished and it's now raining,
I'm not going home to sleep I need more
training...

Your Love

By Artemis Avrantini

*As a gentle pulse of my verdant heart,
Caressing my gracious, unrivalled dreams,
You are the color to my shallow art,
I observe you and at once my soul beams.*

*You are the nitid glimmer that saw me,
When I was in the purity of dark,
As if your captivating eyes told me,
Between us lays love's invincible spark.*

*Honey, your love shuddered my withered heart,
Like the breeze that crosses rills and shakes oaks,
With your absence my world will fall apart,
To the ashes of our warmth die my hopes.*

*Roses are red and violets are blue,
I'm out of my head while thinking of you.*

We?

By George Aravossis

Sea of seven billion and I chose you.
That was the day that I just stopped being free.
We were two lovebirds but now our love flew,
Feeling like a British lunch with no tea.

No room for personal space anymore,
Made me have to jump out of the window.
Wanted to change our pace, leave the first floor,
Now you are more alone than a widow.

It felt like I was drowning day by day,
Water was rising, myriads of signs,
That it would be like a rainy Wednesday.
Realized; the white flags seemed like bold red lines.

Now on the sofa, waiting for a text.
Must have forgotten that you are my ex.



THE FIGHTER OF HOPE

By Myrto Salteri

Walking down the streets of this foreign town,
All I hear is the silence of the night.
Straggling to get out of this immense crowd
Hoping the future will sometime be bright.

But everything seems eerie and scary
when you have to face this world on your own.
How much more pain can a child's heart carry,
when this bizarre place does not feel like home?

They used to say dreams are hard to follow,
But I will try to cast my fears aside.
Because I'm sure there will be tomorrow,
Giving me another chance to survive...
All I can say is, "I will not give up"
And maybe sometime this world will smile back...

Dear Mom

By Katerina Pambouki

You're young, full of life; don't say that you're not,
You shine like a flame lit up for the night,
But now comes the sun, so violent and hot,
Don't let it burn, just keep holding on tight.

Be patient, in a bit it will be gone,
And free of darkness you are soon to be,
Free of the chains stopping you moving on,
Now ready to walk life's path with true glee.

But no; I see you crumbling down instead,
Eyes closed, lips shut, skin pale- fragile and weak,
A tear runs down at the thought of you dead,
Let us strive to reach the tall mountain peak.

Together; united by love we can,
This battle, dear mom, just now has began.

PLAYING FAIR

By Dimitra Stratopoulou

There are many times we do not play fair,
We don't want to lose no matter the case,
This doesn't occur because we don't care,
It's a situation we need to face.

When I was walking in the street one day,
I witnessed a pickpocket who was slim,
What ought I to do? Crime just should not pay,
I shout, I scream, I run fast towards him.

I see the police running up the hill,
They struggle, they fight, they take out a knife,
With hand-cuffs he sits and no more free will,
Nothing was like he planned in his life.

This man, as you know, playing fair he does not,
Don't do it as well, is what has been taught.

The Confinement of Being Free

By Constantina Angoura

Another year following the same script
I am once again chased by evil hearts
That wish to steal what we can not encrypt
For love is where logic ends and life starts.

My heart beats heavy, my lungs prove amiss
Pure terror bombards my judgment's haven
Around me nature is in total bliss
I look up and see a pitch black raven.

A gazelle dancing for the Lion King
Will soon metamorph to a tasteful prize.
I catch a glimpse of a celestial wing
And truly wondered why my rival flies.

Then I understand I was just stupid
All this time I was running from Cupid.



Love in the World

By Athena Vidalis

We are delivered into this grey world
with a purpose to become successful,
but as we grow the path of life is blurred
making us more and more disrespectful.

Hatred is planted in our human hearts
the power of egoism drives apart
as we forget that love is where one starts,
respect should be the center of our chart.

Truth is that love is the light of the soul
because it is an affectionate force
with the power to drive us as a whole,
inspiring us to see a better course.

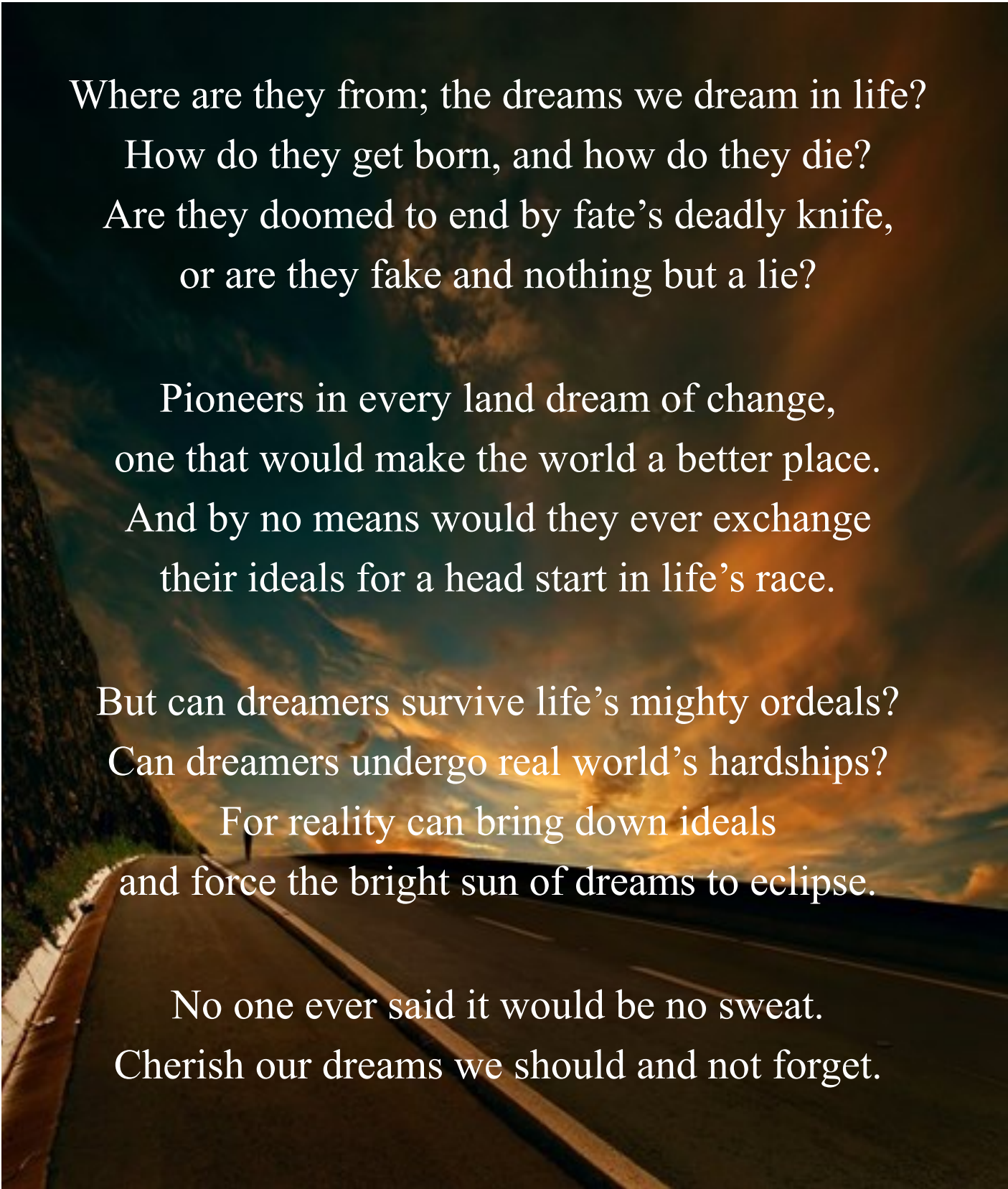
We should set apart negativity
and focus on love productivity.



MORE LOVE
IN THE WORLD,
PLEASE

The Dreams We Dream in Life

By Panos Aslanidis



Where are they from; the dreams we dream in life?
How do they get born, and how do they die?
Are they doomed to end by fate's deadly knife,
or are they fake and nothing but a lie?

Pioneers in every land dream of change,
one that would make the world a better place.
And by no means would they ever exchange
their ideals for a head start in life's race.

But can dreamers survive life's mighty ordeals?
Can dreamers undergo real world's hardships?
For reality can bring down ideals
and force the bright sun of dreams to eclipse.

No one ever said it would be no sweat.
Cherish our dreams we should and not forget.

fair play

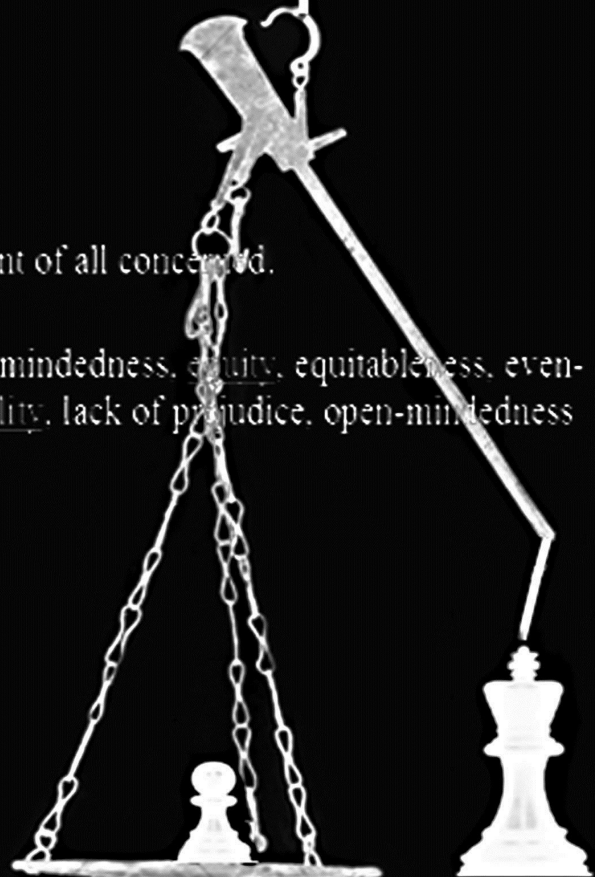
fɛɪˈpleɪ

noun

noun: **fair play**; noun: **fairplay**

respect for the rules or equal treatment of all concerned.

justice, justness, fair-mindedness, equity, equitableness, even-
synonyms : handedness, impartiality, lack of prejudice, open-mindedness



Artwork by Christina Skourogianni

FACT
Not
fiction

FACT
Not
fiction

FACT
Not
fiction

FACT
Not
fiction

Part III

Non-Fiction



Image 1: British and German soldiers meeting on Christmas.

THE CHRISTMAS TRUCE OF 1914

By Alexandros Mavroidis

Page 114

World War I is a period marked by destruction, violence, and rancor. The 'Great War,' as it was known, caused the death of seventeen million people and set the scene for World War II. Amid such catastrophe, there was one aspiring moment that could be characterized with the term 'humanity'; that moment is known as the Christmas Truce of 1914.

As with all wars, the Great War was sparked by a pretext that sought to serve underlying interests. Thus, with the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria by nationalists in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, war between Serbia and the Austro-Hungarian Empire was imminent. As one event led to another, Europe was split between the Central (Germany, Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Ottoman Empire) and the Allied (Britain, France and Russia) Powers by August 1914. Both sides believed that the war would end quickly and swiftly; little did they know that this war would rage on for four years.

Europe, at the time, was divided into the Eastern and Western fronts. While Russia was making unsuccessful

The Christmas Truce of 1914

offensives against Germany on the Eastern Front, Britain and France were trying to prevent a German offensive on the Western Front. New developments in warfare, such as the machine gun, brought many advantages and disadvantages on the field. A frontal attack now meant severe losses on both sides. Hence, in order to prevent such casualties, both the Central and the Allied Powers constructed fortified systems of trenches by the end of 1914.

For the soldiers fighting on the Western front, the first five months were ones of constant conflict and stalemate. Many battles – such as Marne, Ypres, and Mons – claimed the lives of more than a million soldiers.

In December 1914, friendly interactions between opposing forces were seen in various sectors of the Western Front. Sergeants on both sides arranged informal truces, and men on both sides were able to make peaceful greetings. In some places along the Front, truces were arranged to collect the bodies of fallen soldiers; in others, for the troops on both sides to rest and celebrate the holidays.

The most famed of these truces was the one held in Ypres. It all began when the Germans decorated their Trenches with candles and small Christmas trees. The British, astonished by this sight, responded by singing Christmas carols. Soldiers on both sides were quite vexed and surprised but later started shouting Christmas greetings at each other. All throughout the trenches, one could hear the proud voices of soldiers saying, “Merry Christmas!”, “Frohe Weihnachten!” and “Joyeux Noël!” One by one, soldiers were seen slowly venturing into No-Man’s land in order to make a proper greeting. The soldiers from both sides stood parallel, creating a long line in the middle of No-Man’s Land. Hugs, handshakes, and smiles were shared amongst the Germans, British, and French, thus breaking the chains of war that bound them. The soldiers then gathered all their rations to dine with their ‘enemy.’ Stories, pictures of loved ones, and small gifts, such as chocolate or bread, were exchanged. This was undoubtedly a true Christmas dinner.

In an interview held in 1960, British Lieutenant Johannes Niemann, who served with the 133rd Royal Saxon Regiment, recounted the day:

“The mist was slow to clear and suddenly my orderly threw himself into my dugout to say that both the German and Scottish soldiers had come out of their trenches and were fraternizing along the front. I grabbed my binoculars and looking cautiously over the parapet saw the incredible sight of our soldiers exchanging cigarettes, schnapps, and chocolate with the enemy” (Dash).

The sound of artillery fire ceased, leaving the sound of carols and wishes in its place. This was a shining moment of sanity that stood out from the rest of the war. Even though strong, contradicting emotions flooded the hearts of these soldiers, the thought of an ‘enemy’ was questioned.

The German and British troops played a football match on the western front that day. As recounted by many soldiers, a British soldier kicked a football into No-Man’s land, starting the game. British and German troops started passing the ball back and forth. At about noon, a friendly match between the Germans and the British took place; an expression of friendship and goodwill. The Germans won 3 to 2. This match portrayed the true ideals of sportsmanship, ideals such as respect, friendly competition, and fair play. This was a match not for glory, nor for any ‘prize’, but for human compassion and empathy.

In the middle of the largest war in history, came a single moment of fair play, of peace and humanity. Even though this truce did not last past New Year’s Day, the events of the Christmas Truce became the prime example of generosity and friendship. Unfortunately, such an event did not reoccur during the war, for generals on both sides could not accept such fraternity as there was no room for it during war.

The acts of heroism and bloodshed are not the only ones that define a war, but the acts of humanity as well.

It's just **NOT** fair!

by Iliana Gelbesi

When thinking about all our misadventures, setbacks, illnesses, and misfortunes, one cannot help but argue that life is completely unfair. However, what if life was indeed fair? Would we take responsibility for our actions and fight more for what we desire? If we support that life is fair, then why is it, that millions of people die every day from hunger, while a small minority holding the majority of the worldwide wealth seems to be unwilling to help fellow citizens of the world? It is evident, that there cannot be a definite answer. Maybe, life is neither fair nor unfair, but the result of the equilibrium of the two.

On the one hand, it is natural to put the blame on someone else when in a difficult situation, rendering our consciences free of any responsibility. Accepting that life is fair and that what we are going through is a consequence of our behavior and perception will immediately reshape our concept of fairness. We would realize that life is a constant test. We would acknowledge that each and every barrier we face is a test. Thus, if we want to positively evolve, we will see it as a motivation to become better. We

are the ones who must choose to overcome those barriers, instead of whining about our misfortunes. The people who eventually succeed in life are those who labor from dawn to dusk to earn what they desire and never use unfairness as an excuse for their failings.

Undoubtedly, on the other hand, we live in a society where we are exposed to the rough and unfair rules of life from a very young age, often preventing us from the process of forming our moral core, a shield from the general tendency towards unfairness. From day one of school, we learn to compare ourselves to those around us, blinded by excessive competition. Our self-worth is derived from the evaluating system imposed on us by each educational institution. We have accepted that we are going to be judged by the outcome of our actions, our appearance, and sex. Thus, we choose not to exhaust ourselves by upholding moral limitations; we forget about the road we took to get to where we are now. Consequently, the absence of fairness in our early years transfers to our adult years, guiding us, in the end, to lead an unfair life, where we would do anything to get what we want without remorse.



Indifferent towards the suffering, we will be imprisoned by our own distorted idea of superiority, while those less fortunate await for a penny of our thousands. That is the definition of unfair.

The real question, though, is: Do we have to act fairly? Truthfully, practicing unfairness is easy; being fair is tough. Seeing people around us rise to power, or acquire wealth using corrupt means makes us think that life is unfair, but we often feel that we cannot do anything about it. Often, we follow their example, because we want to have all that they have, as well. However, this should not be what we strive for in life. Acting fairly is essential. When we act only for our own gain or when we know that people need our help and do nothing to ease their pain, we perpetuate unfairness in the world. Each and every one of us is responsible for the unfairness in the world. Each and every one of us can and should make a difference. We have a duty to society, to our fellow citizens, to ourselves to reevaluate our actions, to become more 'fair', in hopes of maximizing both the collective and personal prosperity. The only way to achieve this is by caring for and respecting our fellow citizens, treating them as we would want to be treated were we in their place. We do it because we understand that life is hard, but we must refuse to let it be unfair.

Fair Play in Education

By Danae Athanasiou

Fair play relates to honor and morality. Nowadays, these virtues are considered to be rare and facing extinction. They are being particularly downplayed on school premises. Why is it that the danger of a pupil cheating is so threatening that educators need to take precautions against it? Throughout their school years, students tend to neglect the value of fair play and instead turn to easy and painless ways for completing tasks. However, fair play is essential in education.

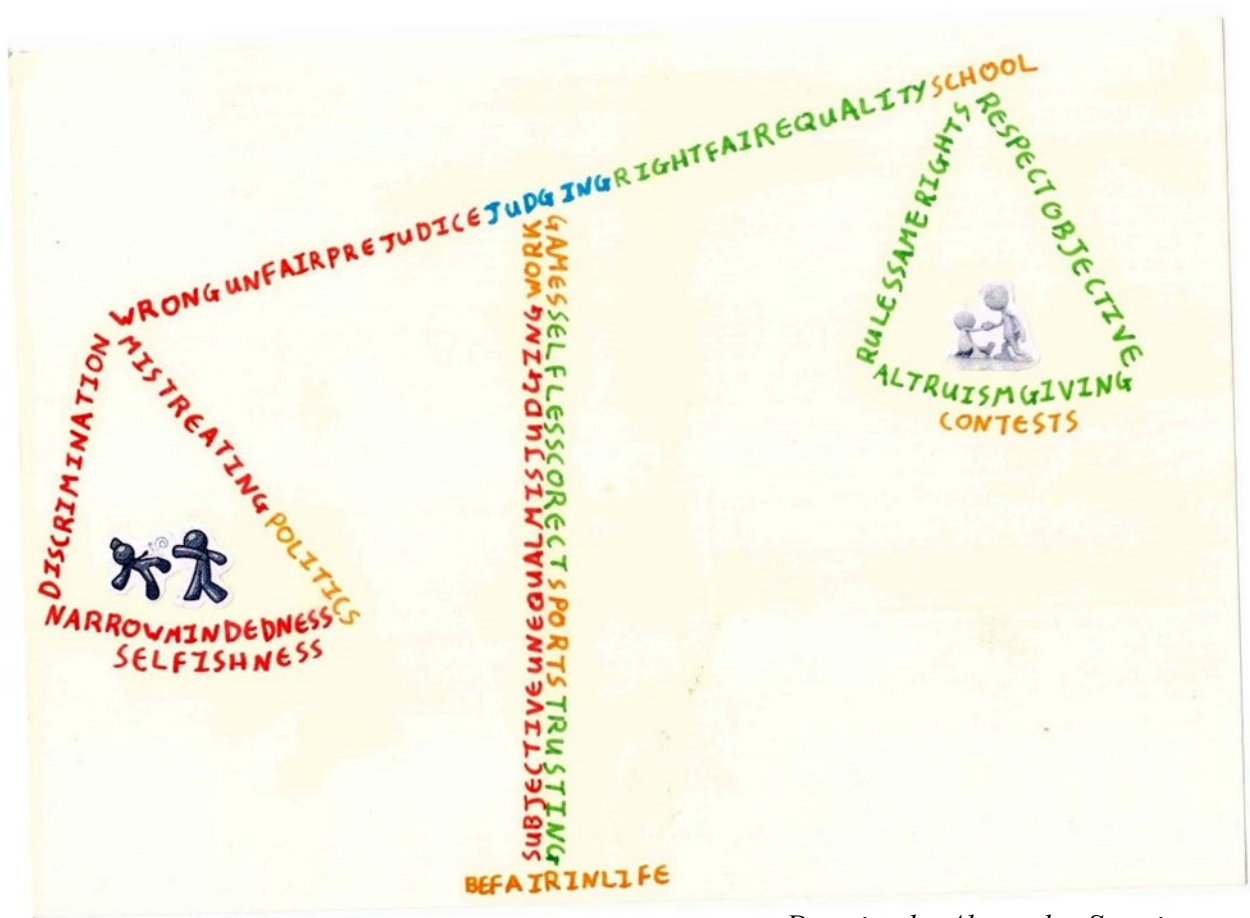
This detachment from morals is evident in various actions, which are attributed to numerous reasons. To begin with, some students cheat in exams, copy others' assignments, and forge their exercises or answers. The cause for these incidents is, firstly, the mentality of easy and fast success, which is accomplished with minimum effort. This idea is fueled by societal role models, whose responsibility is to inspire youths. Those include celebrities, artists, leading figures, and even family members. Moreover, schools impose on all pupils the same amount of material in every subject. Students, however, like all people, do not excel in every sector. The result is the abandonment of fair play to get respectable grades and impress classmates. Furthermore, the evaluation system that determines which teens are more 'worthy' than others cultivates violent competition and the impression that grades are more important than knowledge. These factors perpetuate the students' lack of interest in lessons and information and constitute a setback in their moral growth.

Nevertheless, there are suggestions for the possible solutions to the problem. A first approach is

Fair Play in Education

the establishment of dialogue and sharing of ideals with family members. It is equally essential that public figures realize that they are a source of inspiration for younger generations so that they act accordingly to be a proper influence. Then, there are alterations that could be made in the educational system. Without doubt, a more student-centered lesson, which focuses on the needs and abilities of students, is a necessity. Also, knowledge and learning should prevail over completing material and passing examinations. This could be achieved by decreasing the number of tests throughout the school year and by increasing the amount of time devoted to conversation between teachers and students. Finally, another suggestion is combining the lesson with interactive activities which promote creativity. With these propositions, students could regain their interest and genuinely care enough to succeed on their own and renounce their bad habits. Fair play could take its rightful place in education.

The devaluation of fair play in academics around the world is a reality. This needs to cease. Even though a mere incident of cheating may not appear serious, it is for school is the basis for building character. If a person's foundations are based on dishonor, then they are going to develop into dishonorable citizens. Our goal must be to enhance fair play and eliminate demoralization, despite the difficulties in doing so. If society must be changed to ensure a better future for coming generations, that is exactly what should happen.



The HAEF TROPHY Room:



A SYMBOL OF FAIR PLAY

By Emmanouela Karyampa

In 1995, the old gym of the Athens College Psychico campus was knocked down in order for the new one to be built. With the sponsorship of I. M. Karras, who has also sponsored the Athens College church and kindergarten, a room, in which the trophies from all the sports would be displayed, was built in the “Aggelikousio” indoor Gymnasium. The furniture was kindly offered by L. Varagis, a graduate of Athens College. The room was inaugurated in May 1996 and now, it is used not only to showcase trophies, but also as a venue for conferences, meetings, events, and presentations organized by the Physical Education Department.

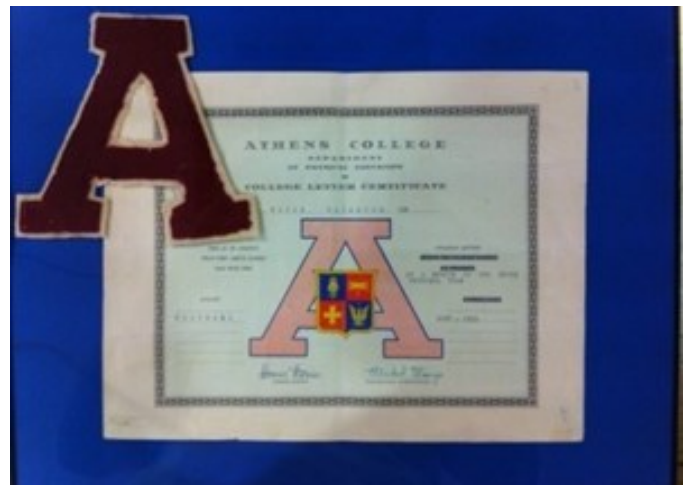
The Trophy Room

While visiting the Trophy Room, one can admire trophies from races in track and field, swimming, football, basketball, handball, volleyball, gymnastics, traditional dances, and also commemorative banners of foreign schools and teams. Furthermore, there are two boards documenting the school's records in swimming and track and field. A third board, on the right side of the room, features photographs of the athletes that have been members of the Greek National Team since the founding of Athens College, in track and field, football, basketball, handball, swimming, water skiing, riding, modern triathlon, volleyball, shooting, and sailing.

Above this board, there are photographs of Physical Education teachers that have retired. The first one is that of Michael Mangos, founder of the "A" Association, the athletic league of Athens College – Psychico College.

In chronological display, the trophies date from 1945 till the present day. One of the most important trophies is the one awarded to Elias Eliaskos, the first student of Athens College when he became a member of the "A" Association. The main aim of the "A" Association is to promote fair play and sportsmanship of high quality among students, in addition to planning and carrying out all school athletic events. Admission is decided by the Department of Physical Education and is based on both the academic and athletic performance of candidates. Finally, an equally important trophy is the one of Pentathlon, on which are engraved the

names of the winners each year.



The Trophy Room at the "Aggelikousio" Indoor Gymnasium stands proof of the long-lasting tradition of our school in sports. But the trophies are also there to remind us of the integrity of student-athletes. The ideal of fair play will always be living strong in HAEF. We owe this pledge to the hundreds of alumni and current students who make us proud.

The room
was
inaugurated
in May 1996.

The Need of Playing Fair

By Angelina Kafouni

During a football match between Arsenal and Sheffield, a Sheffield player was injured when the score was one all. Then, an Arsenal player tried tossing the ball to a Sheffield player in the spirit of fair play when, suddenly, a new Arsenal player intercepted the pass, passed it to a teammate, who, in turn, scored the winning goal. The Arsenal coach was unhappy with the way his team had won and proposed that the match be replayed. The coach's action is a good example of fair play. But what is fair play? Fair play is a way of behaving or treating other people honestly and it is undoubtedly important, especially nowadays when people disproportionately care about acquiring wealth.

The Merriam Webster Dictionary defines sportsmanship as “playing a sport fairly and losing gracefully.”

Sports have played a major role in society since the start of civilization. From the times of the Ancient Greeks to the present day, the influence of great athletes has been considerable. Today, athletes appear in commercials, on television shows and programs, and a great many articles are written on them in magazines and newspapers. Therefore, the fame they acquire comes, or should come with a high level of responsibility, in other words, famous athletes should be models of fair play.

The Merriam Webster Dictionary defines sportsmanship as “playing a sport fairly and losing gracefully.” To ensure a fair playing field, everyone involved in sport should support the principles of fair play, namely those of mutual understanding, and respect. As Norwegian-American football coach Knute Rocke said “Win or lose, do it fairly.” For every athlete, playing by the written rules is mandatory; however, respecting the unwritten ones is also a must. The rules of fair play are unwritten rules as this notion requires unconditional respect for opponents, fellow players, referees, and fans. Good sportsmanship means placing hard work above winning, admitting mistakes, and always **trying** one’s best, even when losing is likely.

Sportsmanship represents a value that is of paramount importance not only in sports but also in our everyday life. Nowadays, materialistic values like money and power have replaced the values of

justice, courtesy, respect, love, and aid. People are selfish and competitive only trying to gain more and more money at any cost. However, the desire for material goods should not control us and our actions, justice and fairness should.

Playing fair is also critical in good business practice. Richard Branson, a business magnate, founder of the Virgin Group, a multinational corporation venture capital conglomerate of over 400 companies, once said, “Play fair, be prepared for others to play dirty and don’t let them drag you into the mud.” Nowadays, materialism and cut-throat competition are what characterise modern societies. This affects individuals and corporations alike that obsess about accumulating wealth. As a result, companies and professionals lie to their customers but also to their suppliers and employees. However, a manufacturer and a retailer can both end up making more money if they are fair minded, setting prices which will be fair for both the company and its client and not focus solely on maximizing their individual profits

Moving away from the business world, behavioral scientists have proved through experimentation, that people are fair minded. So fairness has notable value over profit maximization. In one such experiment, called “The Ultimatum Game”, one player receives a sum of money and decides how to split it with a second player. The second player must accept the proposed split for each of them to receive a sum of cash otherwise neither of the players gets anything.

Classical economic theory suggests that the proposer should keep just about everything for himself so he can maximize his benefit since the other player will have no choice but to accept this offer because he will still be better off than he was. In reality, responders typically reject splits in which they receive less than 20%. This kind of experimental outcome has strategic implications too. Playing fair can actually lead to greater profits and does not automatically put you in a weaker position. On the contrary, the ability to deal fairly in an unfair world can help you gain money and power.

Reflecting on the notion of justice some more, Socrates' decision not to escape prison can help us appreciate the importance of playing fair. Socrates and his students are convinced that he and his beliefs are right and do not harm society. They do not agree with the evil morals and sinister motives of the ones that sentenced Socrates to death. His students are also willing to help him escape from prison. But what would have happened if Socrates hadn't played fair? First he would have lost the opportunity to have an impact on society for many generations to come. He does represent however, a man who stayed true to his beliefs. Secondly, his philosophical ideas and theories would not have had such impact on people's beliefs nowadays. Finally, if Socrates hadn't drunk the poison, he would have lived some extra years, but these years would probably be of little value to him. First of all, because the respect of the people close to him would have been lost.

Moreover, he would have had less self-respect because he would know that he had betrayed his beliefs. Finally, his living would have partly confirmed that his opponents were right in accusing him of immoral behaviour. To conclude, it is clear why Socrates chose to play by the rules, to play fair. The choice between escaping death and going down in history with a marred reputation couldn't have been a difficult one for a man of his calibre. What could be more powerful as a message than the example of a man who sacrificed his own life to put his words about morality and playing fair into action?

Sportsmanship
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Fair Play

Does Exist After All

By Liana Syrmagia

Fair play is a complex concept that comprises and embodies a number of fundamental values that are not only integral to sport but relevant in everyday life. Fair competition, respect, friendship, team spirit, equality, sport without doping, respect for written and unwritten rules such as integrity, solidarity, tolerance, care, excellence and joy, are the building blocks of fair play that can be experienced and learnt both on and off the field.

Nowadays unfortunately, the examples of fair play in sports are becoming fewer. However, a few days ago, an incident which I witnessed proved to me that fair play does exist even today. It was a sunny day in the summer of 2016 in Nafplio, and our school's team, SAKA, with students Deligianni, Mitropappa, Panopoulou, and Zafira training with coach Oikonomou, was about to compete in the National Track and Field Championship for the 8th and 9th grade. The athletes were ready to run a 4X300 relay race hoping to win the gold medal. The race was underway with a girl from the Filothei running team leading it, and everyone was quite certain who the winning team would be. Suddenly, the girl stumbled and fell and so the girl from the SAKA team, who was right behind her, won the race. Soon after, at the award ceremony, the SAKA team were awarded their gold medals. But in an amazing act of fair play, of the SAKA team athletes turned over their gold medals to the Filothei team who were first greatly surprised and then hugged the SAKA team tightly thanking them over and over for their gesture. Some months later, in January 2017, the SAKA team were invited to attend an event at the Peace and Friendship Stadium organized by SEGAS, the National Sports Association of Greece, during which they were awarded a prize for their spirit of fair play.

Acts like this show us that fair play is still an integral part of Greek society despite the adversities the country is currently facing. It is an essential part of successful collaboration, progress in sports, business, and everyday life; it can teach people tolerance and respect for others; it can help them integrate in society and develop an appreciation for teamwork. Fair play strengthens hope, pride and identity, and can unite individuals where nationalities, politics, religions, and cultures often divide.



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