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# As You Like It



## Time

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A special thank you to the English department!

# From the Editor

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Time is life. All living creatures are born to die; time is what exists in between. It's only that humans are aware of this concept, and that's why each of us understands time in a different way. This multifaceted issue is what makes time a very special theme for this year's issue of *As You Like It*. As the reader can understand by flicking through the pages of our magazine, time has been addressed in different ways—as the title of a newspaper, as the moment to make changes, as the different types of clocks around the world, to name a few.

Time has been considered a physical entity since the founding of civilization. Ancient Greeks and Egyptians counted time by watching the sun's position and later invented sundials and clepsydras. In the 16th century, Galileo connected it to the discipline of science by being the first to explore physics through its scope. More recently, Albert Einstein and Stephen Hawking changed the way time is perceived in modern science, making people realize that our world is a quadridimensional—and thus that mastering space equals mastering time.

Time has also been an idea that has seeped into the arts throughout the centuries. Since the Ancient Greeks and Romans, time has been widely believed a powerful force that altered everything with its passage. They even believed in the existence of the God of Time, Cronus, and devoted myths to him. In Elizabethan England, Shakespeare also used the notion of time in a variety of his plays. In the late 19th century, Marcel Proust wrote about it in his novels. In the more recent 20th century, time is one of the most recurrent themes in Salvador Dali's iconic paintings. It is clear that time has inspired authors and artists through the ages.

Now, it is our turn to show you how time has inspired us. We hope that we might surprise you by having found perspectives of time you might not have thought of before.

So don't bide your time—flip through this year's edition of *As You Like It*!

*Vassilia Skayanni-Lampraki*

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# **Part I:**

## Articles & Opinion Pieces

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# Society





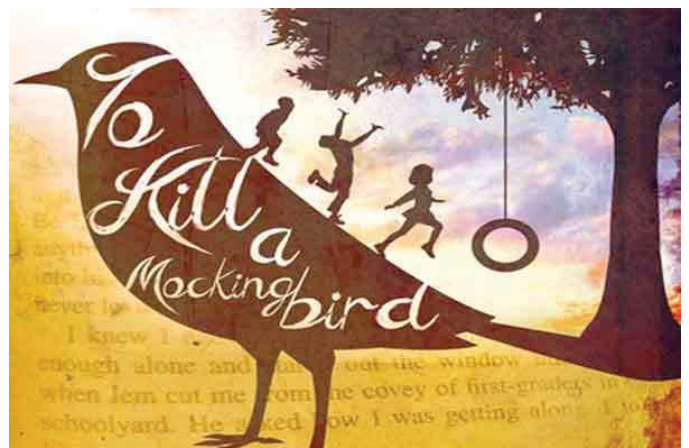
**By Vasilia Skayanni-Lampraki**

“ I think there’s just one kind of folks. Folks.” Since I first read *To Kill a Mockingbird* by Pulitzer winner Nelle Harper Lee, this thought has been engraved in my mind. It expresses the whole truth about the equality among all human beings. However, this equality has not yet been fully achieved. Through the centuries people believed that women, physically or mentally disabled people, people of different races, people that believe in a different religion, people from different social groups were of a lower value. The root of the problem is people’s inability to accept difference. Thus, we need to change our viewpoint, enforce equality, and realize that it is a necessary condition for a successful society.

Discrimination against any social group violates every right people have for freedom, work, home, respect, and mostly equal opportunities. People have fought for their rights through the centuries and sacrifices have been made for the longed

-for equality, but when others tend to prejudice, these efforts lose their value. Nobody can forget women’s fight for equality and for the right to vote. Nobody can erase from their memory African-American’s persecution by the Ku Klux Klan. We cannot annihilate all of these efforts by not accepting our differences.

Discrimination strips victims of the right and the opportunity to fulfill their dreams and aspirations, to make the most of their skills. Nobody should have such power over anybody else. It is just not fair. And we might take the fact that no-



body can have such power over someone else for granted, but inequality and discrimination makes this theory collapse and introduces a new, unfair reality of people whose supposed value ranges from high to low. This grading of people makes some of them less and as a result lessens the totality of society.

Moreover, society would benefit from the universal acceptance that differences between people are what makes each of us special and unique. Different people can have different thoughts, different points of view, different ways of doing things. These differences can only have beneficial application in every aspect of a modern society. One important example where one group's skills are downgraded is women at any workplace. Women are thought to be more emotional, more talkative, and less logical than men. Although these characteristics are often considered as flaws that make women less suitable for certain jobs, they can be used for the work's benefit. Thus, women should not be judged for their nature but for the quality of work they offer. Nevertheless, in the effort to enforce equality, we should not support the belief that a woman rather than a man should be promoted just because she is a woman. In this case,

These differences can only have beneficial application in every aspect of a modern society.

men and women should only be assessed for their skills and abilities, and any other consideration of their gender should be avoided.

Accepting difference improves people's and society's skill to adapt. The skill of adaptation is one of the most important skills as it enables people and society to adjust to new circumstances. According to Darwin's theory of evolution, animals and other organisms adapted to the changes of environment through the millennia and thus succeeded in existing and evolving. Action should be taken in order to enforce equality because it is the only way all kinds of people will co-exist peacefully. Nature has obviously created variety in organisms and species for a reason. Difference has helped all of them survive through the different conditions they have found themselves in and has maintained the balance that is substantial for the preservation of our world. Hence, it is difference that empowers us, as entities and as a whole. So, if we want to achieve our society's best form we need to stop judging people according to their differences and realize that humanity needs difference in order to survive and that all people are created equal, as the Declaration of Human Rights clearly states.

In conclusion, people should want to be equal to each other. It is an honor to live by Nelle Harper Lee's words and to know that you are entitled to the same rights as everyone else. Nevertheless, we should not forget that nowadays there is a large percentage of people who are experiencing prejudice and persecution, and that it is our duty as an entity and as a new generation, to ensure that all people enjoy the unalienable human rights.





# *To Click or Not To Click*

By Irina Kotsoli

Anyone who has watched the movie “Click” has wondered what would happen if they owned a remote control with which they would control everything. They would skip the moments they have no desire of experiencing, fast-forward the boring times, and replay the one of a kind events. However, when a clicker like this is on auto-pilot things can only go downhill.

In “Click” Michael (Adam Sandler) is given this supernatural remote that lets him treat his life as if it were a movie, meaning he was able to skip, repeat, pause, and fast-forward every moment he wanted to. At first, just like every human

being, he was amazed by the power of the remote, and starts using it to skip even the minor unpleasant details in his life. After a short time period he



found out that his precious device was designed to be on auto-pilot. For instance, every time he was sick, he was automatically transported to a time when he is healthy again. As a result, he starts missing out on life, and his attitude towards the remote completely changes.

After watching this movie anyone can understand the message it sends to the audience: every single moment is important to form a well-rounded life. Even the unbearable times have something to offer. For example, all high-school

**Every single moment  
is important to form a  
well-rounded life.**

students have complained at least once about school and wished they could travel to the future, where they would be more independent, and therefore happier and more excited about life. What we as students do not realize is that these are actually - “the best years of their lives.” With independence come the actual responsibilities, such as working, paying the bills, taking care of yourself, etc. Thus, even though fast-forwarding to the future seems like a good idea, it is actually not. In this case, the responsibilities of the future can only be overcome with the knowledge that we gain from living through high school. What we learn now will make working and paying the bills easier for us later, preventing the best years of our lives from ending after we graduate.



Experiencing every moment is vital because at the end of the day what matters is having lived a life one can look back on and be happy about because one made it. Skipping the “bad” times and fast-forwarding to the good ones would not contribute to this long and happy life, because it can only be achieved by living through these memories. As cliché as it sounds, people learn from their mistakes and challenges they face, and are ready to face even bigger obstacles later on in their lives. By overcoming challenges, they learn to handle those major difficulties and turn them instead into little inconveniences.

Although the hard times may be discouraging, they have something to offer us as well. This - “something”- is the true meaning of life: the culmination of everything someone has been through and has fought for with flesh and blood. In order to find the true meaning, however, one cannot live their life through a remote that skips, fast-forwards, and replays moments -this would not be the natural order of life events. The natural order of life events requires us to live through the difficult moments so that we can cherish the happier, one-of-a-kind events that come with them.



# *Time To Seize Your Day*

**By Alexia Papageorgiou**

**A**s H. Jackson Brown Jr. once said, “Don’t say you don’t have enough time. You have exactly the same number of hours per day that were given to Helen Keller, Pasteur, Michelangelo, Mother Teresa, Leonardo Da Vinci, Thomas Jefferson, and Albert Einstein.” Nowadays, our society requires its members to adjust quickly and develop in order to be successful enough. All professional fields are evolving on a daily basis, and it is extremely hard, especially for a person who

doesn’t organize his time properly, to catch up. Fortunately, there are many different methods that can be helpful and help each one of us to make the most of our time.

Time management is one of the most important skills that one could currently possess, and there is some advice that you could follow so as to achieve this. First of all, you need to plan the tasks that need to be completed, including the approximate time it is going to take you to complete them. For instance, each week you could write down a weekly planer, including all your assignments and due dates. In that way, you will be able to have a general idea of your workload and prioritize the most important tasks. It is also, necessary to learn how to establish your ‘priorities’. Completing the tasks that are more urgent is essential to one’s be-

Sometimes saying ‘no’  
is required in securing  
your personal time.

---

ing organized. Otherwise, it might be tough to be punctual as you won't have sufficient time to complete everything. Thus, you will manage to finish up all things and meet your deadlines.

Moreover, a second piece of advice about organizing time is learning that sometimes saying 'no' is required in securing your personal time. When taking on too much responsibility and too many obligations, you might complete them but not as successfully as you would if you had chosen those which most appealed to you. It would be better if you didn't overestimate yourself, thinking that you will find a way to get it all done on time; instead, you achieved only part of your tasks.

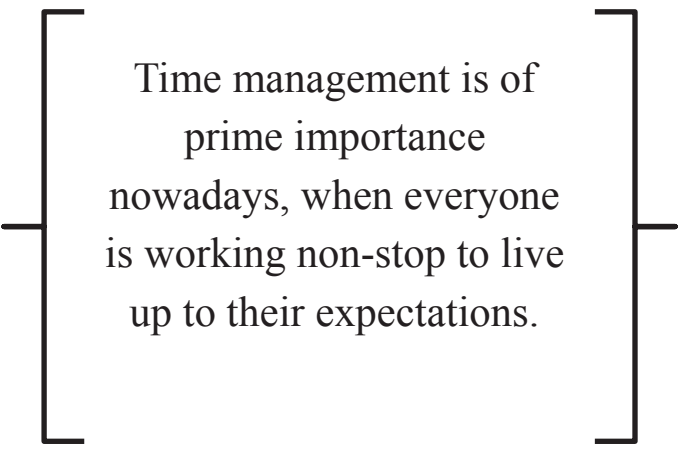
Another method is to stop procrastinating. When in doubt about completing a task now or later, it appears that it is better to get it done immediately. Hence, you will be less stressed, and you will also have more time to do some extra research and be more prepared. In this way, not only the quality of your work will improve, but you will also obtain a more in-depth view of the subject.

Lastly, you should save some time for yourself. After working hard and constantly rushing to complete tasks, you should take some time to relax and contemplate on your personal life. Otherwise, you are going to be constantly stressed and aggressive and most importantly not enjoy your everyday life.

Time management is of prime importance nowadays, when everyone is working non-stop to live up to their expectations. Time management is of prime importance because you

can achieve more without struggling as much. When you are able to plan your time, you become better at focusing on one specific task; therefore, you finish it up quicker. In addition, it can eliminate your stress levels, because having a schedule and some extra time to check your work will make you more confident. Usually, you don't know how much time an assignment is going to take, so a good advice is to plan in advance. Certainly, after constantly planning your time, it should be easier to figure out how long a task requires for completion; therefore, you will be able to finish long before the deadline. Thus, you won't have to worry about not accomplishing your goal on time ever again. Lastly, it will make you more reliable. The others will appreciate your self-discipline, and they will never question whether you will make it on time; therefore, they will recognize you as a responsible person, whom they can trust.

When individuals decide to manage their time wisely, they can change their everyday life positively. Following the advice given, one will immediately notice how drastically his/her routine will change in almost no time. Nothing; not even time can stop you from achieving your goals and dreams.



Time management is of  
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is working non-stop to live  
up to their expectations.



# A Bird That Flies Away

By John Tamviskos

Unfortunately, time doesn't come back... Have we learnt to value our time? The answer is obvious.



“Hey, do you know what time it is?”  
“How much time do we have left?”

It has always been a major thought in our minds. In the twenty-first century, our pace of life has become faster than before. That is the reason why we started doing things faster. Due to our multiple obligations, we haven't got free time for ourselves, but even when we do, we constantly wonder about it. Someone once said that time isn't a long period in which we are happy, but a series of moments. Sometimes good, sometimes bad, but always valuable. Unfortunately, nowadays, we don't know how to value our time, and we live every day doing pointless things that don't make us happy. Until one day, something happens, and suddenly, we realize that

things have changed, and we haven't even noticed. Life has slipped through our fingers.

Until now, a lot of people have experienced disasters in their lives and in one single moment have lost everything. How can we forget the shattering disaster that took place in Mati in July of 2018, in what has been described as “The worst wildfire to hit Greece in over a decade”? Because of one mistake, in a few hours, everything disappeared, was gone, lost. One hundred people lost their lives. And what about the people who did survive? The ones left behind? They have lost their kids, their parents, their whole families. Time passed and took their lives away.

What about now? What are these people thinking about? Some of them would say that, if

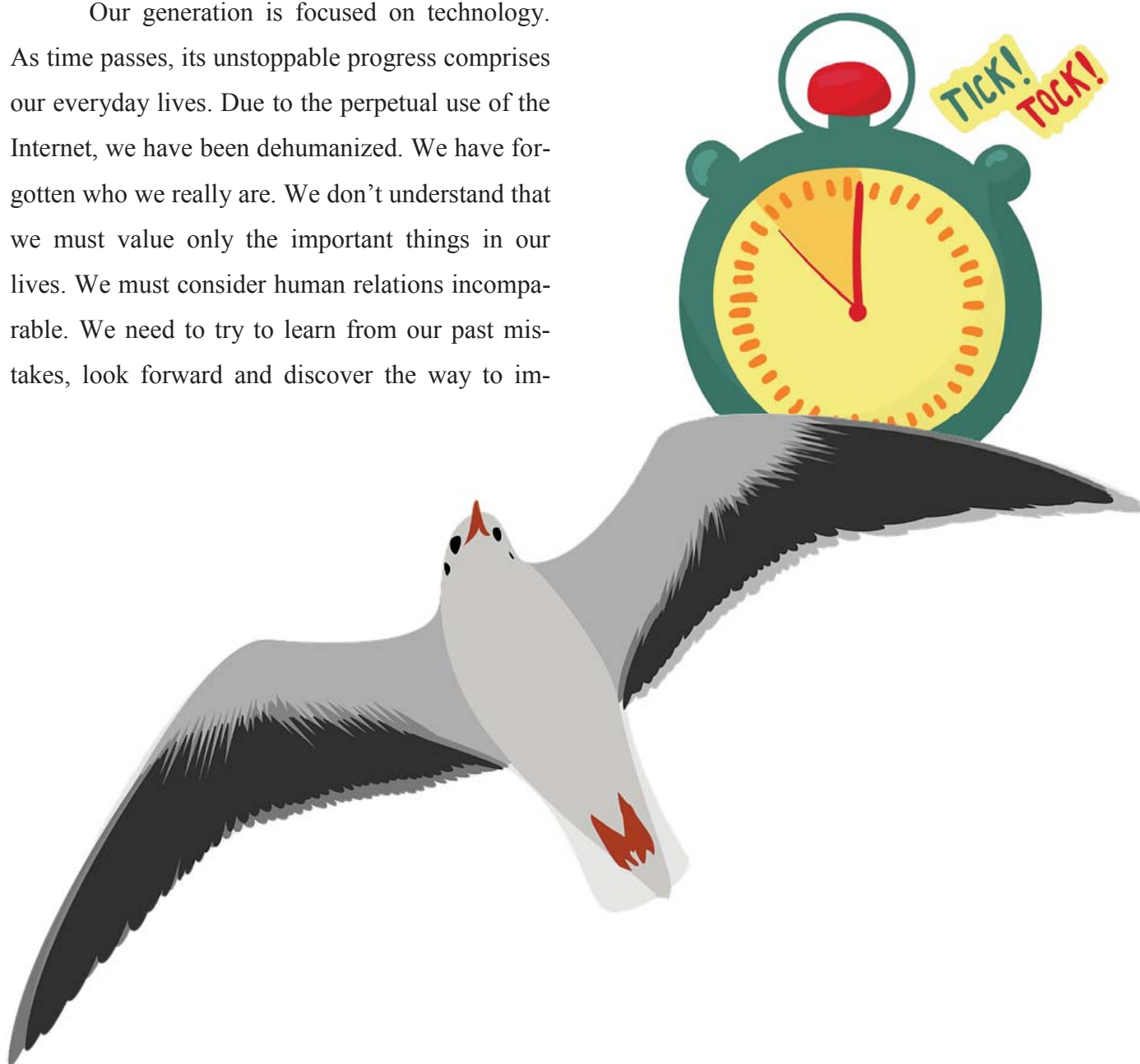
they could turn back time, they would spend time with the people who were gone and whom they loved so much. They would appreciate deeply their precious and unique moments together. They wouldn't be fighting or frittering their time away doing senseless things constantly, such as sitting in front of a screen. Unfortunately, time doesn't come back.

Are we, the people who were lucky enough not to be involved in this incident, thinking the same things? Have we learnt to value our time? The answer is obvious.

Our generation is focused on technology. As time passes, its unstoppable progress comprises our everyday lives. Due to the perpetual use of the Internet, we have been dehumanized. We have forgotten who we really are. We don't understand that we must value only the important things in our lives. We must consider human relations incomparable. We need to try to learn from our past mistakes, look forward and discover the way to im-

prove ourselves.

Time has passed. Everything has changed, and it is still changing constantly. For example, some people are close to finishing high school. Others are starting a new beginning. Every day of our lives is unique. We must not think about yesterday, or tomorrow, but enjoy today. Do something new today. Collect our memories. We all must remember that life is short, and time flows by itself. We only have to value it because someday it is going to end, like a bird that flies away.



# Clocking in at...

## The New York Times

By Dafni Mitsotakis

**T**he day of my internship for The New York Times in London had finally arrived. I had butterflies in my stomach, wondering what was expected of a fifteen year old girl who had no experience in the media but I was also excited at the prospect of working for the world's most well known newspaper. The building is located centrally and its sheer size was intimidating for me. I suddenly felt tiny as I entered this imposing building. The interior was state of the art, with journalists fervently working on the latest stories. I received a warm and friendly reception, which made me feel at home. For the next two weeks I immersed myself in the daily routine of the media world.

Although my duties were simple, I immediately became aware that the pace was quite hectic. News happens all the time and a prestigious newspaper like The New York Times has to keep up with current affairs. This means that journalists, correspondents, data designers, art directors, photography and other editors all have to collaborate to get the story out. It was

perplexing for me to see just how many people are involved in the production of a newspaper and how quickly it all has to be done because the paper has a daily circulation. There are so many decisions that have to be made, such as choosing the most newsworthy stories among an infinite number of events that happen worldwide. Even minor things like where in the paper each article will be printed and which will be given front page priority are major considerations for the newspaper staff, making me realize how much we take for granted when we read the paper.

As if that were not enough to overwhelm me, I was then introduced to journalists and correspondents who worked in different sectors such as finance, politics, sports, culture, local and foreign affairs, and so on. All these people must work around the clock to account for the different time zones and the fact that major events do not necessarily happen from 9am to 5pm. Journalists

[ There are so many decisions  
that have to be made. ]



have to follow up and update their stories as they develop. The most dangerous job in media is that of war correspondent where these brave men and women have to report the news from conflict zones. There are investigative journalists who uncover serious crimes like trafficking and put their lives at risk in the process. Personally, I was most happy to be introduced to one of the sports correspondents with whom we discussed my favorite tennis players. He has interviewed many famous sports celebrities but he admitted that not all events he goes to are equally exciting.

Newspapers today exist in digital versions and The New York Times is no exception. I was shown how the news is updated on various social media like Twitter and Facebook. Old copies of the paper which I saw from the 30s and 40s only consisted of a some pages with narrow columns and tiny print. There were only a few black and

white photos back then. Today, newspapers are a lot more sophisticated and attractive, making me realize how much we have advanced.

The New York Times is a hub of activity, where a large number of people work together to create the newspaper we read and then dispose of. Most people select only a few articles to read as many of the sections do not interest them. However, they underestimate the amount of time and effort that goes into writing each and every section, even the ones that may not seem interesting at first. After my internship at the New York Times I have gained a greater appreciation for the people who work there and bring us the latest news. Even if one day I am not one of them, I now know that I will spend more time reading as many articles as I can so I can be better informed about what is happening in the world around me. I am so incredibly grateful I had this opportunity.





# *Time Management:*

## *Skills and Mistakes Made By Students*

**By Emily Prastakou**

**T**ime management is the process of planning and exercising conscious control of time spent on specific activities, especially to increase effectiveness, efficiency or productivity (Time Management). In today's fast-paced world, time is less and less efficiently used. Students usually spend their time doing what is considered "the art of doing nothing." The reason behind why they are wasting their time is their lack of time management skills and the mistakes they make with time management.

Students' environments can impact their organization and time management. They need to have a dedicated place which will be quiet. Having their own space, they will be more focused on their work without the distraction of procrastinating or doing other things while they're doing their school work.

Prioritizing is important also for time management because it is not possible to accomplish everything that you need to do at once. Students

need to decide on their priorities and, as a result, will complete the most important things first. If they prioritize well, they should be able to complete the most important tasks in an order that makes sense. When students are prioritizing they are also thinking about how long each task will take and how important it is.

Focus is an important time management skill, but most students ignore its importance until they actually try to stay focused. Doing one task at a time is the best way for students to achieve focus and remain focused on what they're doing. According to a recent research study, multitasking is a myth (Psychology and Neuroscience Blow-Up The Myth of Effective Multitasking). Instead of trying to do everything at once, students should decide what is most important and do that task first. Only when the students finish their first task are they able to move to the next one –otherwise, their focus will be lost.

Patience is the key when it comes to time management because, as Benjamin Franklin once

said, “He that can have patience can have what he will.” Most people think that time management is about getting more work done, but that belief is false. Time management is actually about ensuring that the student gets the important work done before doing the rest, which is why this process takes time and patience. Often people who lack patience also lack time management skills. These time management skills are important and student needs to have them in order to succeed not only in school but in life.

Although most students know the importance of having time management skills, they usually make common mistakes with regards to how they manage their time. The first mistake they usually make is not making a to-do list. While these lists are necessary, the students who do make them often use them in an ineffective way. On the contrary, when students do use them in the right way, they'll be more organized, much more reliable, and productive. They'll be less stressed, since they will be confident they haven't forgotten to do anything.

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research study,  
multitasking is a myth.

The second mistake students often make is that they do not set personal goals. Goals give motivation and a vision to work towards. They also

help the students decide what's worth spending time on, and what is unimportant. Personal goals additionally boost the students' self-assurance, because students can acknowledge their own capacity to attain the objectives they have determined for themselves.

Another big mistake students make is that they fail to manage distractions. The average person loses two hours a day to distractions (Managing Interruptions Maintain Focus and Keep Control of Your Time). Thus if the student doesn't want to spend so many hours on them, he has to minimize them and manage any interruptions effectively. A good example of an effort to avoid distractions is turning off the Wi-Fi connection on phones in order to not be interrupted; students can also inform their friends not to text them while they are studying.

The last mistake students make is not taking breaks. It is physically and mentally difficult to center oneself and deliver great work without giving one's mind an opportunity to rest. Breaks also provide valuable free time, which will make the students think with more creativity and, as a result, work effectively.

When it comes to time management, students tend to make mistakes, making schoolwork take more time than usual. Time management skills, however, will be helpful later on in life. Students will become more organized and focused when they get older and will finish their tasks sooner than everyone else. They will know how to organize their daily schedule, leaving time also for themselves. Thus, time management skills are life-saving and are skills that all students should have.



# *Clocks Around the World*

**By Aphrodite Moissis**

The Big Ben is one of London's most famous tourist attractions and it consists the Elizabeth Tower (or the clocktower) and the Houses of Parliament. It was constructed in 1859 and the clock on top of the tower is known for its accuracy. The name of this landmark actually refers to one of the five bells of the tower, known as the Great Bell, which weights more than 13 tons and is 2.28m tall and 2.80m wide.

**FUN FACT:** Every quarter of an hour a different bell strikes and makes a sound of a unique tone, so that people understand what quarter of the hour it is without having to look at the clock .

## *Big Ben*







## ***Times Square***

Located between 42nd and 47th Street in New York City, Times Square is the biggest commercial intersection in America and a famous tourist destination. The area actually used to be very dangerous and not popular at all until 1990, when the city's mayor made a plan to "clean it up". Today, the area is lit up by billboards. Although the name of the area has nothing to do with time but actually with New York Times which moved its headquarters there in 1904, there are some events that are related to time such as the one on New Year's Eve where millions of people gather to watch concerts and the famous New Year's Eve Ball go down.

## ***L'heure de Tous***

This sculpture was made by artist Arman in 1985 and it is located in front of the Saint Lazare Station, one of the six biggest stations in Paris. The clocks do not have the same size or shape and the most interesting fact is that the times they display are all different. It is believed by many that the particular sculpture was placed in that exact location because it symbolizes the obsession for time travelers have.



## ***L'horloge Fleurie***

The clock is located by the lakeside and in the Genevan park Jardin Anglais and was created in 1955 to symbolize the Swiss watchmaking tradition and the connection between nature and the country. The clock was renovated in May 2017 and is now surrounded by 6500 flowers which are changed every season.





The Clock Tower, also known as Zytglogge, is located in the center of Bern and it is a major tourist attraction. The clock tower was built in the 16th century and was originally the town's first gate. Now, after many technical changes, the clock shows the time, the day of the week, the month, and the zodiac sign. Every hour, when the clock strikes, the figures around the clock (a jester, some bears and an old man who symbolizes time) start performing. The clock is also known for the way it works: it still has the mechanism it had back in the 1500s.

### ***Bern's Clock Tower***



Located between 42nd and 47th Street in New York City, Times Square is the biggest commercial intersection in America and a famous tourist destination. The area actually used to be very dangerous and not popular at all until 1990, when the city's mayor made a plan to "clean it up". Today, the area is lit up by billboards. Although the name of the area has nothing to do with time but actually with New York Times which moved its headquarters there in 1904, there are some events that are related to time such as the one on New Year's Eve where millions of people gather to watch concerts and the famous New Year's Eve Ball go down.

### ***Grand Central Clock***



# TOP SERIES & FILMS

## — About Time Travel —

By Fay Koropouli & Fay Politi



### SERIES

#### 1. Doctor Who

Genre: Sci-Fi, Action

Starring: William Hartnell (originally) Jodie Whittaker (currently)

Original release:

Classic era: 23 November 1963

6 December 1989

Film: 12 May 1996

Revived era: 26 March 2005 – present

Number of seasons: 26, 13 different doctors

Summary: The doctor, also known as Time Lord, travels through space and time using his old spaceship, TARDIS, in



#### 2. Outlander

Genre: Historical Fiction, Romance

Starring: Caitriona Baffle, Sam Heughan

Original release: Aug. 9, 2014 - present

Number of seasons: 4

Summary: Imagine being on your honeymoon in the 20th century and ending up accidentally getting transported back through time. Follow the adventures of Claire Beauchamp, a former military nurse of the British army during the WWII, as she goes back to the 18th century and falls in love with a Scottish highlander.





### 3. Timeless

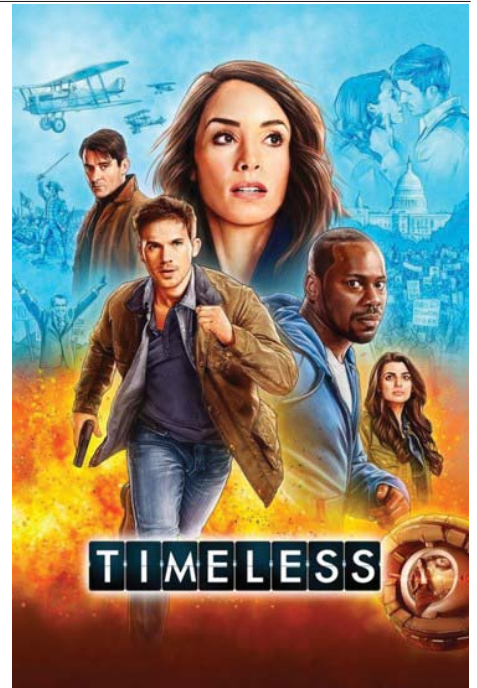
Genre: Action, Sci-Fi

Starring: Abigail Spencer, Matt Lanter

Original release: Oct. 3, 2016- Dec. 20, 2018

Number of seasons: 2

Summary: When a criminal from a mysterious organization, named Flynn steals a time machine, the government relies on Lucy, a history teacher, Rufus, a computer scientist, and Wyatt, a former soldier to go back in time, and prevent Flynn from changing U.S. history.



### 4. Time After Time

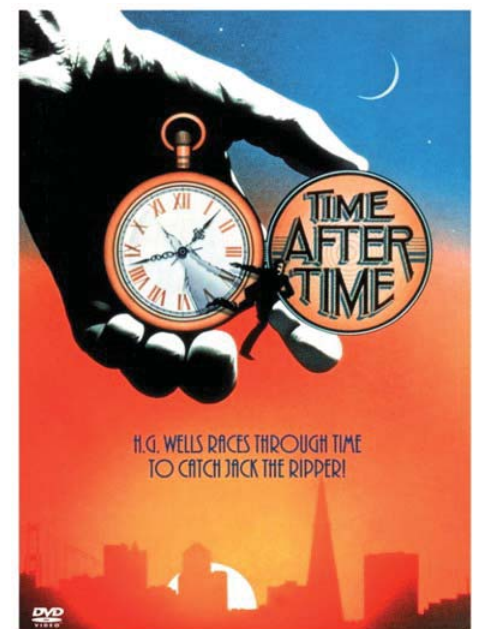
Genre: Drama

Starring: Malcolm McDowell

Original release: Mar. 5 – Mar. 26, 2017

Number of seasons: 1

Summary: Summary: H.G. Wells wants to use a time machine to travel to a Utopian Paradise in the future. However, before he has the chance to do so, Jack the Ripper uses it to travel to 1979 and escape the police. Wells, with the help of a bank teller named Amy tries to catch Jack before he continues his killing spree.



### 5. Future Man

Genre: Action/ Adventure, Sci-Fi

Starring: Josh Hutcherson

Original release: Nov. 14, 2017 - present

Number of Seasons: 2

Summary: When Josh Futureman, an ordinary janitor who spends a great deal of time playing video games, manages to beat a video game that had been previously labeled as “unbeatable” by the rest of humanity, a group of some strange visitors unexpectedly appear with the intention of putting the rest of the world in danger and only Josh, along with his team can preclude them from doing so, by going back through time and completing various missions.



# TOP SERIES & FILMS

## — About Time Travel —

### 6. Fringe

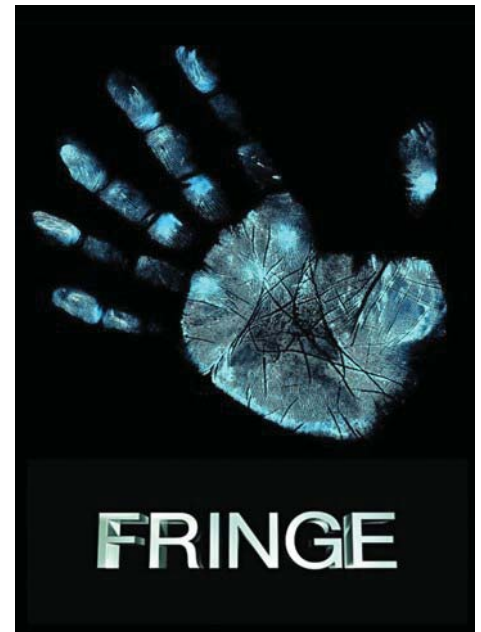
Genre: Sci-Fi, Supernatural Drama

Starring: Anna Torv

Original release: Sept. 9, 2008 – Jan. 18, 2013

Number of seasons: 5

Summary: The FBI teams up with a scientist and his son in order to investigate a series of weird crimes.



### 7. Travelers

Genre: Sci-Fi

Starring: Eric McCormack

Original release: Oct. 17, 2016 - present

Number of Seasons: 3

Summary: In the distant future, the last surviving humans in an attempt to change the path of humanity, send back through time a team of five travelers; an FBI agent, an intellectually disabled woman, a young quarterback, a single mother and a drug-addict college student, to restore consciousness back to the 21st, having to face multiple challenges with the only knowledge of history and some social media profiles.





## 1. The Terminator (film series)

Genre: Sci-Fi, Action

Starring: Arnold Schwarzenegger

Original release: Oct. 26, 1984

Summary: A robot disguised as a human time travels from 2029 to 1984 to kill a girl named Sarah Connor who is protected by a man named Kyle Reese. The reason why Sarah was targeted is because her unborn son will be the cause of a revolution which threatens the future.



## 2. 17 Again

Genre: Drama, Fantasy

Starring: Zac Efron

Original Release: May 7, 2009

Summary: Mike O'Donnell's marriage is failing, his children think he is a loser and his job is not going well. That is when he gets a second chance at life when he is transformed into a teenager.



## 3. Back to the Future (film series)

Genre: Fantasy

Starring: Michael Fox

Original Release: Aug. 5, 1985

Summary: Teenager Marty McFly travels back to the 50's where he meets a young version of his parents and struggle to make them fall in love so that he continues to exist.







# DOES TIME EXIST?

By Maria-Alexandra Vlachogianni

**L**et's say it is a typical morning. You have just woken up—but without the sound of your alarm. You look over at the time and realize that your alarm is going to ring in a minute! Or, imagine that it's summertime, and when you get up, you know exactly what time it is, without looking at your watch. By now, I am sure you can even recall a moment in which you were late and managed to sense it even though you didn't have your phone on you to tell you the time. All of these instances are strange yet common.

Trying to figure out why this happens, we should first look at how our brain understands time. The truth is that scientists in this field are not sure of how this happens. One explanation might be that our short-term memory is able to count time, by counting the duration of something, like how much time it takes an item to fall from a specific height. Also, our brain can notice the sequence of things, like remembering our Monday schedule by heart. In addition, it is important to remember that our brain controls our

heartbeat after all, which happens apparently at the same intervals when we are at rest.

In fact, there is a theory called the Population Clock Theory. According to this, our cells have a unique way of achieving time management. Scientists who support this theory believe that there is a special mechanism that notifies our neurons to fire up, resulting in a pattern that informs our brain about the time that has passed. Therefore, this allows us to multitask, knowing how much time is needed to concentrate on each action. Perhaps this can explain the process behind being able to count seconds or minutes without using a chronological device.

Surely, philosophy has its own explanations about time, too. Some questions that philosophers are trying to answer include: *"What is time? Does time exist when nothing is changing? When will the end of time be?"* However, there is no way that we can be completely sure about the answer to these questions. No actual definition could be given that could describe with clarity



and accuracy the word *time*. Also, according to most people's opinion, there cannot be a moment when everything remains static, unless time stops for a while. But how would we be able to measure that "while"? How will we even be able to realize that time has stopped if our brain cannot work—because if nothing is changing, then our thoughts and senses could not work either. Finally, if time suddenly ends, what would happen afterwards? Is anything going to be true after that point? Is someone ever going to be able to measure the time period between the end of time and a random moment? Are there going to be random moments after the end of time?

Albert Einstein once said that "Time is an illusion." If we think about this, we will conclude that there is no clear way to perceive time. Time is not something that we can taste, or draw, or even touch—although musicians feel that music can help them count time by keeping track of the rhythm. It happens to be difficult for most people to sense time, so we end up agreeing that it might be an actual illusion. After all, Albert Einstein is a

well-known scientist that studied the concept of time very closely.

Thus, we can understand that the more we study time, the more confused we may get. Although time may remain undefined forever, it's in human nature to continue to question and explore, think and explain. Let's just hope that if the end of time happens, a bright scientist will be there to give us an answer to all these questions. Until then, we can be charmed and excited about playing the philosopher, trying to explain the mysteries of our universe.

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# *The Subjectivity of Time*

**By George Apostolou**

What is time? Is it something that we can measure? Will it ever stop? All these questions are too complicated to explain, and yet they are the most trivial ones when someone is troubled by the definition of time. On the other hand, not as many people have thought about the concept of time itself and how far it extends; they usually consider time as given and set. There are many aspects of time that can be explored through common logic, as well as through creativity and imagination, but we do not go through the process of posing questions because of our fast-paced schedules and because of the fact that we consider time to be constant, regardless of our own actions.

One of the observations that we can make by analyzing time is its subjectivity. For every human being, each moment is a subjective experience. Imagine that for every minute, there are as many perspectives as there are people on earth. As you are reading this article, time flies by. Now that you are thinking about the last minute that has just passed, you can only see your own perspective of it. If we expand our viewpoint and start thinking about longer time periods, we may grasp the immense complexity of how different people approach and understand a series of moments. After all, time is a matter of perspective.

This initial observation ignites another topic for discussion: the relation of time to experiences. Time cannot exist for anyone unless it is related to an action, an observation, or an event that will confirm its existence. A person can measure the past, the present, and the future through experiences that are common to other humans. We compare the experiences of other people with our own to determine when they took place. For example, western societies use Jesus Christ's birth as a point of reference, so as to position all other events, prior to or after this birth, in a chronological order. In order for one to make a reference to past event, there must be a confirmed series of events that is commonly accepted. Such a common perspective could be an understanding of how clocks work and how time is measured. Still, though, there could be other perspectives on time, which lead once again to the understanding that time is subjective. Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity, for instance, proves that the time difference between two events is not constant, but actually depends on the velocity of the observer.

A basic understanding of how time is measured and how clocks work could be a common perspective on the subject for people to share; nevertheless, it looks as if we are far from under-

standing its complexity. How can we count time? Is it counted in minutes, hours, years, or decades? What is the deeper meaning of the units of time and why is time considered a fundamental physical quantity?

We still have our own heartbeat to rely on, but do all our hearts beat in unison?

Throughout the ages, mankind has observed patterns in nature. One of the main patterns is the movement of our solar system. With that in mind, we can deduce that this movement makes us believe that the concept of time is true and from this, we can create a common ground for units of time. Another pattern is the heartbeat, which led to the creation of the second as a measure of time. A place without motion means a place without time. In other words, in an empty space, our brain can-

not easily conceive the meaning of time because there would be no movement to have as a point of reference. Moreover, the specific motion of our solar system is just a subjective way of understanding time, considering that our galaxy is just a fraction of the universe. We still have our own heartbeat to rely on, but do all our hearts beat in unison? And how about other animals—do they have the same heartbeat pattern and rhythm as our own species?

The idea of time is certainly a complex one. Many questions arise when considering it, and most of them are still left unanswered. Although the complexity of time has not bothered the majority of us, there exists a minority—philosophers and scientists—who is always in search of answers to questions and of definitions for abstract concepts. I, for one, would have to add myself to the latter group and stake my claim that time—for all its objectivity—is in fact as subjective as our own opinions.



# Time To Stand Up For Underrepresented *Women In STEM Fields*

By Athina Theofilou

**I**t is the year 2030. A young girl is dreaming about becoming an engineer but is promptly told to choose a regular office job instead. If you were this girl, would you feel angry or inadequate? Today, thousands of women are discouraged from pursuing careers in science, technology, engineering, or math. Undoubtedly, it is high time that an awareness of the underrepresentation of women in STEM fields be raised.

The first major obstacle women in STEM fields face today, according to a 2015 UNESCO survey, is discrimination and harassment in the workplace. This survey shows that half of all women working in the STEM fields have experienced the aforementioned situations. In particular, in departments where men dominate the workforce, the number rises to 78%, and harassment to 50%, respectively. In contrast, only 19% of men reported similar experiences on account of their gender. At a time in human history where the importance of equality and diversity is widely known, women are still marginalized in the STEM fields. Is this how our society should be represented?

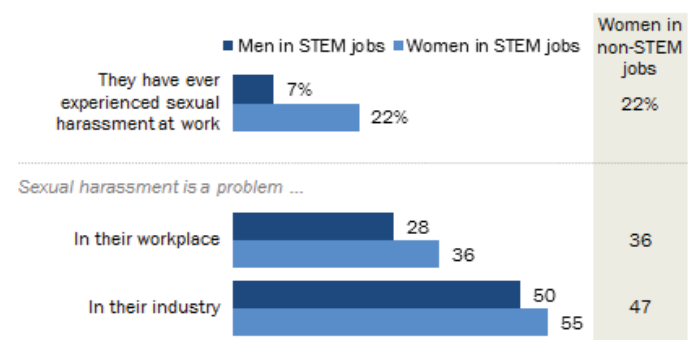
If one glances back through history, the root causes of this issue soon become apparent. It is undeniable that women have been looked down upon and not considered to be as competent as their counterparts in the fields of science. Despite the fact that there has been considerable improve-

ment in our time, women today continue to be victims of stereotypes. The common misperception that women lack the intelligence or are incapable of pursuing a career in STEM causes girls to lose their confidence resulting in feelings of unworthiness. It also further impacts their education and career choice as women believe they need to be content with less.

Eventually, these stereotypes can cause an unconscious gender bias in STEM. This is depicted even as recently as 2012 in a social experiment by Yale University. In this experiment, 100 résumés were sent to a company searching for a laboratory manager. The applicants were half-male, half-female with identical educational backgrounds and experience in the field. However, despite this similarity in qualification, most male applicants were perceived as superior for the job. Admittedly, gen-

## More women than men say they have experienced sexual harassment at work

% of employed adults who say ...



Note: Big/small problem responses are combined. Respondents who gave other responses or who did not give an answer are not shown. STEM stands for science, technology, engineering and math.

Source: Survey of U.S. adults conducted July 11-Aug. 10, 2017.  
"Women and Men in STEM Often at Odds Over Workplace Equity"

PEW RESEARCH CENTER



der bias still exists thereby minimizing opportunities for capable women pursuing STEM fields today.

In addition, women in such fields frequently experience income inequality — and the income gap is only widening between genders over time. A recent study on Canadian female engineers reflected that they earned 16% less than males performing in equal positions. In these times, it seems incongruous that a man and a woman are doing the same job, but the man receives greater pay.

The role of motherhood has also had a significant impact on the career of female STEM professionals. Women are questioned as to their professional commitment should they decide to have both a career and a family. It might even be assumed that they cannot perform productively or even have to set aside their career to raise their children — as this was often deemed appropriate for women in the past.

Enabling women to dream about and pursue careers in STEM will require support, preparation, and commitment from all: parents, educators, and the government. Initiatives such as after-school programs supporting girls in elementary school STEM education, ensuring the admission of more women to college in these fields, as well as providing equal employment opportunities, will definitely prove to be a positive step towards improving their underrepresentation. It is time that women feel supported in their pursuit of STEM careers.

Ultimately, it is urgent that the underrepresentation of women in STEM fields be recognized to ensure that talented and determined young women no longer be turned away. After all, we owe it to future generations of young girls to be provided with proper role models in this domain. Perhaps, ten years from now, when that little girl runs to her father saying that she desires to become an engineer, he will respond encouragingly: "Yes, *of course* you can!"





# GENES:

## *The Way of the Future*

By Maria Elisavet Papavasiliou

I was once a child. Some people could say that I still am. My most vivid memory was that of a crippled man. His arm was missing and, being as inquisitive as a child can be, I had no shame in asking him about it. He told me with a sad look in his eyes that he was born that way. His look penetrated my soul; I should not have asked him and yet, I would have done the same if I ever had the chance to go back to that moment.

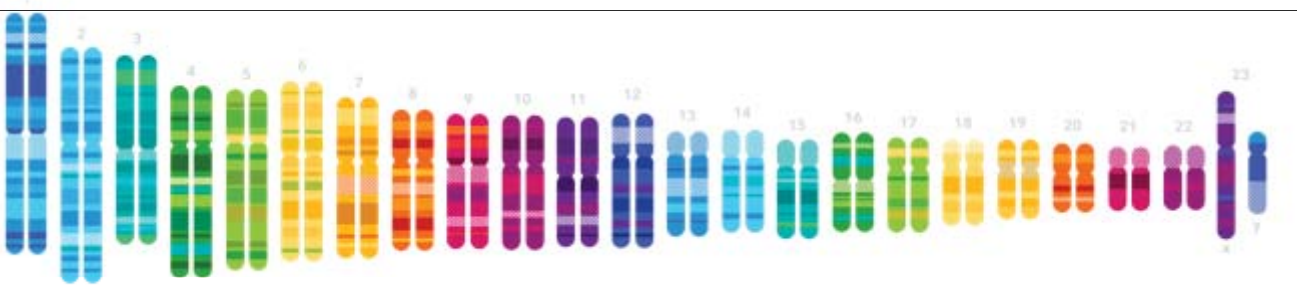
I spent the afternoon wondering why some people are born that way. And, most importantly, why was *I* born with two arms and two legs? No internal organs missing, or brain-damaged...

It was then that I started to notice—notice that not everyone was the same. Was that fair? Why could some of us walk and others not? Why were some people destined to die of hereditary diseases, others to pay large sums of money for their poor health, and so many others to be perfectly normal? Could I do something about it? It turns out that I could. Science would help me out.

“I think. Therefore, I am.” That is an understatement. A group of cells thinks, works day

and night, connects, communicates, lives, and dies all in one day. Therefore, I am. It was prior to 1953 that humans knew about the basic unit of life: the cell. But, in the 20<sup>th</sup> century there came a groundbreaking moment for science. It was then that a group of cells—otherwise known as Watson, Crick, and Rosalind Franklin—studying other cells, discovered the double helix.

Biology is a fairly new science. However, it has been leaping forward in every aspect. Gigantic steps have been made in a short time and have brought the future closer to us. Studying DNA was not enough. We had to analyze it, map it, and eventually modify it. Because... Why not? Why not play “small Gods” for a while, make decisions on our own, just like when we wanted to control everything in our childhood. Life is unpredictable as it is. Modifying our bodies and animals is a power. No, maybe it is even a gift from the past for the future! Diseases previously believed incurable can now be treated and, most importantly, prevented. People who were once marginalized can now live a considerably normal life. Yes, “normal” is the word. It sounds calming, durable, safe, reliable, and, well... very “normal.”



However, it is not something new. The human race has been genetically modifying life for thousands of years. Through selective breeding, we have kept only the traits that were the most useful in both animals and plants. An alteration to this concept of “kind of controlling the way of the future” happened when DNA (Deoxyribonucleic acid) was discovered. DNA is a complex molecule which is responsible for the very definition of life: its growth, development, reproduction, and evolution.

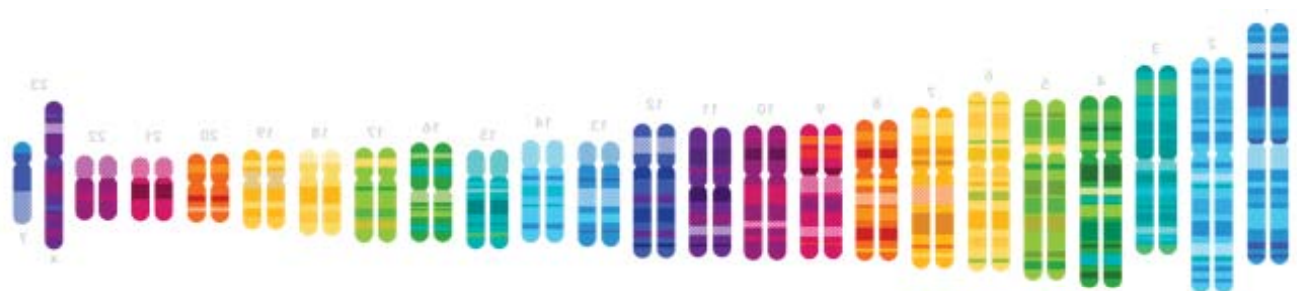
I am positive that Watson and Crick have been sleeping soundly ever since their discovery, because their notion was that knowledge leads to only more power over our lives and our future. The rules of the game are now known; but it is now time to play the game and get to the next level.

In the 1960s, humans began trying to change this code by using radiation. Other, more manageable methods practiced then still continue to be used, such as inserting DNA in living organisms to cause mutations. Change, change, and change was about to take over. Life cannot be controlled but it might be altered to fit our criteria. *We*

are the “Gods” of our time, and have the chance to make things right because we *know better*. Mimicking, learning, and simply living from nature is not enough! We have to have control. We have to be control freaks. Thus, we even let the thirst take over our minds—inevitably.

Do not get me wrong, though. There are plenty of benefits to genetic engineering. Pregnant women have tests done to ensure their baby’s medical condition before it is even born. Gene therapy, the delivery of DNA sequences into a patient’s cells as a drug to treat disease, is becoming more effective, and other methods such as CRISPR (Clustered Regularly Interspaced Short Palindromic Repeats) continue to contribute to the cure of HIV, cancer, and many more once incurable, untreatable diseases.

Even of late, there have been incidents in which unborn babies have had their genetic code altered and exceeded. Creating a family is now a safe choice; scientists can inform us of possible complications. Who could have known that a heart transplant could be done so easily anymore (well, there are a couple of more problems here still, but



it is great to know that your organism will not attack this new vital organ that is being inserted into you).

They say the grass is greener on the other side. The previous side was that of gene editing absence. The green side is today. Tomorrow? It could even be greener, with a little love, water, and care. But what if it is not? What if, all this power gets out of hand? What happens when power becomes too much to handle?

In the wrong hands, grass could be cut and become dry. Nature could be manipulated through genetic engineering. Super-people might then be created; we would all look like ripe red tomatoes, genetically modified to fit into specific measures and standards. And then who could tell one person from another or even more so who is better than the other?

The issue of Bioethics pops in. Sometimes people get excited about all these new pathways that are suddenly uncovered. Though, danger is

lurking just around the corner. It would be impossible to tell who deserves to have his/her genetic code modified. The money required for such projects is inconceivable. That means, only the elite could have the choice of becoming even more... elite!

In the end, it should not be up to us to decide of other's future. They did not ask for it. Even Steven Hawking's disease helped him become the extraordinary person he was. Changing that could have meant changing history forever. Who are we, we little "Gods" to believe that we can control time according to our needs? We do not even know ourselves.

As humans, we might not be able to determine our future but we have the choice of acting upon it. We have the conscious choice, both scientists and people of other professions, to act with reason, oversight, and transparency. And let the way of the future be as it may. We did not choose it, it chose us.





# Time

## Is Not Money

By **Anastasis Varvarigos**

Any given amount of time is evaluated differently by different people, or even by the same person at different periods in his or her life.



**A**s a person I hate having nothing to do. It is during such idle times that my philosophical self emerges and takes possession. And being a true patriot, I usually then try to imitate the ancient Greek natural philosophers. If Aristotle could discover something interesting while taking a bath and Socrates while taking a walk, I can do it as well. Yesterday night looked perfect for exploring the notion of time. The question I set to myself is: how much is time really worth? My democratic and equalitarian background demanded that I come up with a specific universal number.

Every time that I am watching a football game on TV instead of doing my homework, my father reminds that “time is money.” I graciously agree with him, telling him that I will gladly hit the books if he pays me 100 Euros per hour of study. This is, after all, what good lawyers, doctors, and other serious professionals, (like me),

charge for their time. He argues that the average salary in Greece is 683 Euros/month, or about 4 Euros/hour, and I am only an unqualified worker so that’s all he is willing to offer. I counter argue that Jeff Bezos made more than \$4 million an hour last year, so for 4 Euros I am not willing to work even for 1 second. He then talks about the monthly salary of people in Ethiopia, I tell him about Ronaldo’s salary, and the conversation stops there. I continue watching the game.

Time is difficult to assign value to. One person uses the bus to travel to Thessaloniki, which takes 6 hours and costs 30 Euros. Another person flies to Thessaloniki in, say, 1 hour and pays 150Euros. And then there are the people that will only use a private jet...Time is clearly not worth the same to all of them. When the UK does a cost-benefit analysis, e.g. before building a new highway that will shorten the time between two cities by a certain amount, they value drivers’ time as £26.43 per hour, car passengers’ time as £18.94

per hour, and bus passengers' time as £20.22 per hour. I guess £18.94 per hour is the base price for time spent in the UK, and the differential in the previous valuations represents the value (in £) of inconvenience related to the process of driving or sitting in a coach seat as opposed to being a care free car passenger. Still, the values look arbitrary to me.

Some encyclopedic facts, found through Google and Wiki, may be helpful in reaching some type of conclusion regarding the value of time. Life expectancy at birth is about 31.7 years in Botswana, while it is about 83 in Japan. Life expectancy at birth does not monotonically improve over decades or even over centuries. For example, HIV has lowered it in most of sub-Saharan Africa. If HIV did not exist, life expectancy in Botswana would have been 70.7. Life expectancy at birth in the Paleolithic Era was 33, which is higher than it was later in the Neolithic Era (between 20 and 33) or in the rather recent Iron and the Bronze Age (about 25). The life expectancy at birth world average in 1900 was 31, while it was 71.5 in 2014.

These facts naturally lead to the following questions: Is 1 day worth the same to a person born in Botswana as it is to a person born in Japan? How does the utility of 1 month for a Bronze-Age female compare to that for a 18<sup>th</sup>-century Russian male? Is 1 hour equally important to a 15 year old child as it is to an 80 year old man? And how much is 1 hour worth to a butterfly that lives only for 24 hours, and thus has to go through all stages of life in a single day? Is one year worth as much to an artist during his productive years as it is worth to a prisoner doing a life sentence or to a person who has a terminal disease? I think not, as a man who is on death row and is going to be executed in the morning (the life expectancy of the butterfly, if you think about it) would surely testify. Any given amount of time is evaluated differently by different people, or even by the same person at different periods in his or her life. If there were a market where time could be sold and bought, different people would pay wildly different amounts of money for a given quantity of time. This proves that "time is NOT money," and whoever says otherwise doesn't have a clue. QED.



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# *We Are All Travelers In Time*

*By Andreas Varvarigos*

“We are all travelers in time, running at exactly 60 minutes per hour,” I saw written by a street artist on a wall in Exarchia last Saturday morning. This graffiti - philosophical, funny and self-evident at the same time - was meant to make passerby reconsider the way they usually treat life, as something they rush through, but also the way they think about Time, as something that is measurable, obvious, and taken for granted. Being in the neighborhood where various counter-culture types like to challenge both the police and common wisdom, I decided to sit at “Old Time Café” and give it some thought: Is Time something objective or is it something subjective and relative? Did Time always exist, and will it exist forever?

I took a long sip of my coffee before starting to think. To me, it is clear that the existence of Time has, as a precondition, the existence of the world (cosmos). What would be the meaning of time if there were no cosmos? Time cannot even be defined or measured if there is no sequence of events, nothing and nobody present to count it, or to feel it pass, or to be affected by it in the sense of degradation, evolution, action, birth, death... The start of Time ( $t=0$ ) must, therefore, by definition coincide with the creation of cosmos. We know that there are two main theories that describe Creation: the religious dogmas and the Big Bang Theories (or

axioms). As an exercise in thought, I decided to consider both of them and see what their implications regarding the concept of Time are.

There are many religious theories, including the ancient (Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, etc.) religions and the pagan religions that still survive in distant parts of the world, which “explain” in surprisingly beautiful ways “how it all started” and “how it is all going to end.” But for the sake of being specific, I will focus on the Judeo-Christian theory of Creation and the End of cosmos. This is the theory which--as a Christian myself--I am most familiar with and which has had the greatest impact on my beliefs.

According to Judeo-Christian theory, at the beginning, there was only “chaos,” only God existed, and, at some point, God created the Cosmos. It is unclear to me what “chaos” stands for. It may be a word to describe “nothingness,” or “empty space,” or it may mean “unorganized matter.” In either case, God also existed, “beyond all times,” and we can assume He was always there, to watch time pass in this chaotic state, feel it, count it, and perform actions. An implication of Christian dogma is that Time has always existed. There is of course a singularity in time, the “Creation,” after which Time must have become more important, as Time did not only pass, but also caused matter to degrade, evolve, and react with other matter. When life was also created, Time increased even more in importance as plants

and living organisms were born and died, and the time in between these events was very precious to them as the instinct for survival present in all living beings proves. And when humans came into existence, one can assume that Time became even more important, for humans are special according to Christianity. Fast forwarding, Christians also expect an “end of the world” at some future time. It is not completely clear to me what will happen, but I understand that everybody who has ever been in existence will then rise and live forever in some sort of state. So, to summarize my thoughts, according to Judeo-Christian and other religious dogmas, Time has always existed even though initially only God was there to watch it pass, and it will exist forever.

Let's now see what my limited knowledge of science says about Time. The predominant scientific theory regarding the creation of the universe is the Big Bang Theory, one of whose several variations is described in Hawking's “A Brief History of Time.” The main premise here is that there was a time at which all the universe existed in the form of a point mass. This point of huge density somehow exploded at  $t=0$ , and matter (and light) started travelling in all directions, thus reaching ever more distant locations and expanding the universe. It is not clear what held this mass together initially and what later caused it to explode, but after the strange “first three minutes,” the theory seems to explain the subsequent evolution of the universe. This implies that, originally, the concept of Time could be defined only at a specific point in space, and as the universe expanded, Time was defined

and made sense for more new locations. That is, the notion of Time continues to expand with the universe.

Another interesting “fact” is that the universe started expanding at the speed of light, but it is slowing down due to the inbound force of gravity. Physicists, helped by astronomers, are trying to calculate the rate at which the universe expands, the age of the universe (i.e., time elapsed since the Big Bang time  $t=0$ ), and its current size. If this rate is critical value that can be calculated theoretically, we can show that - depending on its value - the universe will either keep expanding forever or will eventually reach a maximum size and start shrinking again due to gravity, collapsing back to the original point where it all started. Thus, depending on the rate, there may or may not be an end to the universe. Correspondingly, depending on this rate, the concept of Time will either continue being defined for increasingly distant locations, or it might come to an end - call it  $t_{max}$ . Fortunately,  $t_{max} > 1$  lifetime, so there is no reason for us to panic or to start kissing each other good-bye... yet!

*What would be the  
meaning of time if  
there were no  
cosmos?*

To make everything more interesting, the theory of relativity has shown that time is elastic,



subjective, or relative, depending on the reference system you use. The proof is simple: If something happens (e.g., a light flashes) at point A, an observer who is at a location B will not detect it immediately; thus, the event will not happen for him until some seconds later. This single event happens for observers A and B at different times. The duration of a time interval (e.g., the time between two heart beats) in one system of reference is also different than the corresponding duration in another system of reference, when the systems move with respect to each other. Thus, Time is something subjective and relative, and interesting things can be proven from that: consider two twin brothers, with one staying firm at a given location, and the other traveling on a spacecraft at a great speed for 10 years. When they meet, the one who has travelled will be much younger than the one who has stayed, because the biological time that has passed, which is measured in heart beats, will be smaller. I make a note here that this also proves that travelling and staying young go hand in hand.

The intriguing thing for me is that the accuracy of the measurements of the current rate of expansion of the universe is limited so that scientist still cannot tell whether there will be an end to the universe and an end of Time or not. There is a going to be a lot of anxiety and suspense for us in the great chess-game of the Universe, with no one knowing what will happen in the end except the Grandmaster himself--God!

My thoughts about Time, Big Bang, and the Grandmaster were interrupted by a guitarist who started performing at the corner with Themistokleous Street, playing Neil Young's "Old

Man," which talks about the passing of time: "50 years ago I was 20 in Vietnam, now I am the old man." The café I am sitting in at Exarchia Square is just below the famous Blue Building, the first, and one of the most well-built, apartment buildings in Athens. I think that if the Blue Building wrote its memoirs, it would take a tome the size of Encyclopedia Britannica to record the stories of people who lived there and the events that happened around it. Time in some locations and periods can be very dense. I look around and see people relaxing, enjoying their coffee or beer and a good conversation. Whenever you have nothing better to do, Exarchia Square is a good place to watch time pass by.



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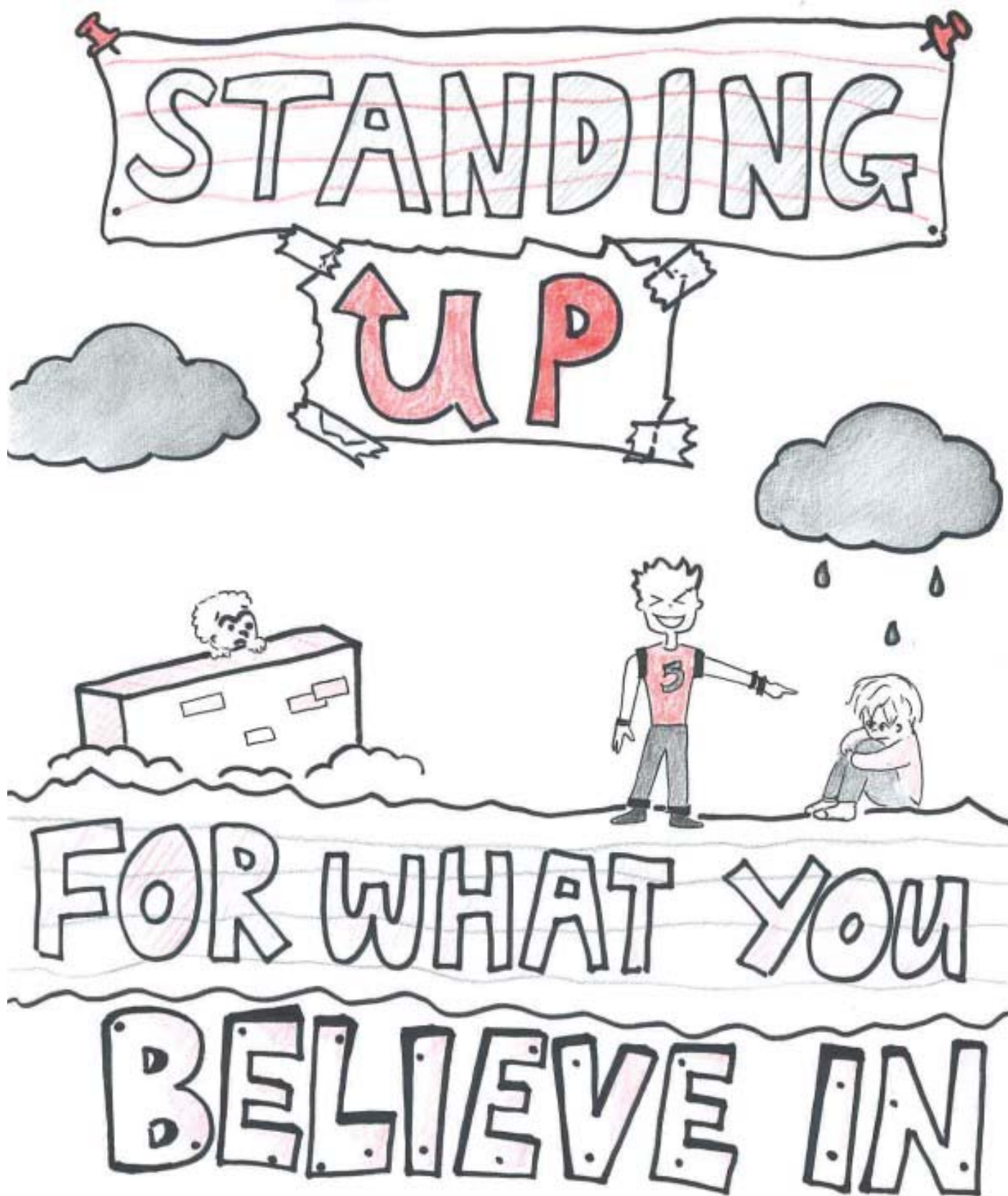
# Part II:

# Short Stories



“Short stories are tiny windows into other worlds and other minds and other dreams. They are journeys you can make to the far side of the universe and still be back in time for dinner.”

– Neil Gaiman



ALEXANDRA  
GOUGOU I AKI



# Standing Up For What You Believe In

By Alexandra Gougoulaki

It was a gloomy October day, and St. Matthew's school courtyard echoed with children's voices, laughing and chatting cheerfully. Every now and then, a ray of sun shone through the dark clouds, falling onto the students' faces and illuminating their smiles. If one didn't know better, it would be easy for them to assume the school was a happy place overall; they would be wrong.

In the corner of the courtyard closest to the school's entrance, a rather unsettling conversation was unfolding amongst a group of young pupils. The tallest one—a blond, sturdy boy with a menacing appearance—seemed to have them captivated. "He's sitting there alone again, isn't he? A sad excuse for a human being, really. Sometimes I wonder why he's here in the first place when he can't even make a single friend."

"We won't let him even if he tries to, though, will we, Bryan?"

Bryan, who was clearly the leader of the bunch, smirked and nodded in approval. He pointed at the boy in question and whispered something inaudible to one of his friends and then set off in the boy's direction.

"Hey, Michael, did you miss us?"

Near the entrance of the school building, another boy watched the teasing unfold in silent disgust. He'd only known Bryan for a month, but he had already decided he was the most insensitive and spoilt person he had ever met. Bryan had

Walking around like a bear with  
a sore head, always ready to start  
a fight.

moved to Athens earlier in the year due to his father's job and, in his opinion, had set a goal to torment everyone who was unfortunate enough to catch his attention.

"Walking around like a bear with a sore head, always ready to start a fight. He's even a year older than us all; you'd think he'd at least be a bit more mature than this," he thought to himself.

As the bell rang, he felt a hand on his shoulder: "Let's go, Jake; we're going to be late for class."

Jake nodded and followed his friend to the classroom, trying to remove the image of Michael and Bryan from his head. After all, it was none of



his business to step in. The last thing he wanted was for Bryan and his iron muscles to come after him instead. Little did he know that staying silent wouldn't be as easy as he thought.

Later on that day, as he was sketching in his notebook, out of the corner of his eye he noticed Bryan walking over to Michael. He heard Bryan call Michael names, and Jake instinctively gritted his teeth, trying to focus on his drawings. As he doodled absentmindedly, Bryan continued to demean Michael, who seemed to be on the verge of tears. Jake felt sorry for him. After all, he hadn't done anything to provoke Bryan; he just happened to be the youngest and weakest-looking person in his year. In fact, Jake was sure Michael was a nice person once you got to know him. With that thought in mind, he turned back to his

drawing to distract himself and, to his dismay, found that he'd ended up sketching Michael, with tiny rainclouds much like the ones hanging over the school, floating around his head. He sighed and put his head down to work on his sketch once again.

When he next looked up at Michael, he saw that Bryan and his friends had left him alone, and he assumed they'd moved onto their next unlucky victim. At that moment, seeing Michael so alone and dejected made his heart ache, and he decided he had to do something about it. He gathered his schoolbooks and walked over to him.

"Hi, I'm Jake. I don't think I've ever introduced myself to you, but since we're in the same class this year, do you want to get some lunch?"

Michael seemed reluctant to trust him but

eventually decided Jake wasn't a threat. He nodded and smiled at him, grabbing him by the arm and practically dragging him to the cafeteria. Jake was taken aback by how excited he was to not be alone for once. Had no one ever asked him to do anything of the sorts before?

His thoughts were rudely interrupted as a boy he recognized as one of Michael's followers stepped towards them, blocking their way.

"I'm going to need your money, Mikey. Why are you looking at me like that? You must know by now how things are around here."

He started moving slowly towards Michael, who seemed to be shaking at the realization that he was being cornered. As if on cue, Bryan and the rest of his friends made a sudden appearance, forming a tight circle around the boy and pushing Jake aside.

"Scared, Mikey? It doesn't have to be this way. Just give us the money, and we'll go."

It was obvious to anyone watching that they had no intention of leaving him alone even if he followed their exact orders. Michael seemed to know that, and—surprising even himself—he uttered a low, hesitant, "No."

He remembered that he used to be as quiet as a statue back then.

The shock on Bryan's face quickly turned to rage, and he sprung up, his fist raised, ready to attack. His friends cheered him on as he walked

menacingly towards his classmate who had made the mistake of talking back to him.

At that moment, a memory resurfaced in Jake's mind. In an instant, he was back in primary school, in the classroom he'd spent his first year of formal education, sitting alone, trying to make himself as invisible as possible. He remembered that he used to be as quiet as a statue back then. He teared up as he recalled repressed memories of being called names, pushed around, and hurt by older students, bearing a striking resemblance to the spoilt, loud, and insensitive Bryan who was currently threatening his newly-made friend.

Bryan's rage was nothing compared to Jake's as he ran over to the bully, taking the rest of his friends by surprise.

"You leave him alone, Bryan. Go get a life, and stop harassing kids that are smaller than you." Jake wanted him to pay for the pain he had caused so many kids at school. Bryan looked surprised at first, but, to Jake's horror, he didn't even flinch. You could cut the tension with a knife as his surprised expression grew into a smile worthy of a movie villain's.

"Is that all you've got?"

The last thing Jake remembered was seeing Bryan's raised fist before his vision went black. As he fell to the ground, he heard his teacher's voice from somewhere far away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Unsurprisingly, he woke up in the nurse's office, an anxious Michael leaning over him.

"You're awake!"



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“Yes, I guess so. What happened?”

There was a dull ache in his head, and he reached up, only to realize it had been heavily bandaged.

“Bryan happened. You stood up to him for me, and I guess you had to pay the price. Don’t worry, though, I’m pretty sure that, starting tomorrow, we won’t have to deal with him anymore.”

“What do you mean?”

“Expelled. And everyone else who backed him up as well. You wouldn’t believe the look on Mrs. Brown’s face when she saw you on the ground earlier. I could’ve sworn she was ready to fight Bryan herself!”

“So, in a way, I defeated him?”

He remembered how he and  
Michael used to feel the same way.

“You could say so...though I know for a fact he wasn’t the only one going around harassing people like that. It makes me sad sometimes, knowing that others have gone through that, too. I just wish they’d understand how much it hurts to have your whole life ruined by someone who seems to hate you for no apparent reason.”

“I guess you’re right. I’ve been through it myself, so I know exactly what it’s like. We’re quite similar, you and I. You even like drawing, right? Just like I do.”

Michael’s eyes lit up at the mention of his favorite pastime.

“Yes, I do. I found that the characters I drew

were always there for me even when no one else was. Besides, drawing pictures about the things I was going through always helped me express myself; others seemed to understand illustrations better than words. Sometimes I even animated them—

„

“That’s it! I know how we can make our classmates understand!”

He sat up and grabbed him by the arm, half running to the principal’s office before he could even explain his plan to the confused but excited Michael who was struggling to keep up with him.

\* \* \* \* \*

“Welcome, everyone, to a very special presentation prepared by two of our first-year students: Jake and Michael! I know for a fact that they’ve put a lot of effort into this project over the past few weeks, so I urge you to pay close attention to what they have to say,” said the principal.

As the video played, thousands of detailed illustrations displayed a young boy going through life with a raincloud around his head. From time to time, other, more intimidating figures made an appearance to tease him or threaten him, but, most of the time, he was completely alone and deserted.

Even Jake, who had seen the film hundreds of times before found himself tearing up at the loneliness radiating from the boy. He remembered how he and Michael used to feel the same way, and he hoped that at least one person in the audience would be touched by it and decide to stand up for themselves or for their classmates. After all, Jake concluded while glancing at his new friend, just one person can make a huge difference.



# Finding Light

FILOMELA GEROU



After all, maybe happiness isn't something found but something created. After twenty-seven years, I finally realized that nothing will ever give me that feeling of joy if I do not create it myself. After searching for happiness in every aspect of my life in vain, I concluded that the world had none of it left to give me. And this is how I found myself on a spaceship headed to Mars. I took my chance to find happiness.

*"But of course, you can't feel joy. You are not meant for such things."*

It was the voice again. I ignored it for the first time because for the first time in my life I believed I could actually be happy...

*I am his instinct, and I know; he should have listened to me...*



**Day 260: Tuesday 23<sup>rd</sup> 2029**

**7 hours until landing.**

6 hours, 49 minutes, 27 seconds, and only 12 thousand miles to landing. This was going to be amazing. I knew that the moment I stepped onto this whole new world, I would be stepping into a different life. The *life* I had been dreaming of my whole *life*. And I couldn't stop dreaming about it. I dreamed about the friends I would finally make, the incredible night sky I would gaze into every night, the incredible new job I would enjoy doing. I have *great expectations* for my new life. I am confident that happiness is waiting for me the minute I step outside.

*"Happiness isn't that easy. It doesn't come with a step. Oh, Juxtapo. When will you realize that you are not meant for such things"*

I heard the voice again. It had been 260 days since I last heard it. Suddenly, I felt great uncertainty about what was yet to come.

*"You more than anyone should know that a happy life is not guaranteed by anyone and anything."*

This time, I was not going to ignore it. This time, I spoke back..

"Then why do you think I travelled 225 million miles? Was it because I was bored down on earth and felt the need to spend three months in a spaceship, or was it because I didn't like oxygen and desired to live in a man-made environment?"

*"You travelled 225 miles in space because you wanted a change. Now that you have that change, you are throwing it away by dreaming about it instead of living it. Nothing is going to happen to you just like that. But that has always been very hard for you hasn't it? Everything is so easy for you to have except for that one thing, because that one thing actually matters and is something you actually have to work for. So please, don't think that it will just appear on another planet because if this were the case, everyone would do what you have done..."*

I replied, "Happiness is going to come to me. You'll see!"

*"Believe whatever you want, but remember I warned you."* And the voice faded from Juxtapo's head.

*I had warned Juxtapo. Yet he kept thinking that happiness would come to him the way a lightbulb shines, effortlessly and all at once. Only disappointment could await him.*



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### 1 hour until landing.

*I had warned Juxtapo, but still he had done nothing to make himself happy. His life still remained the same as on Earth. Only disappointment could await him.*

The announcement blared, “All passengers remain seated, spacecraft 91-F is landing in 59 minutes and 47 seconds!”

OK, new life starting in less than one hour; I’m ready. I’m ready for a new beginning, a happy start. I’m ready to go out there and be overwhelmed with happiness. I’m ready to start with the right mindset.

### 13 minutes until landing.

The announcement regaled, “The spacecraft 91-F crew is proud to announce that the Mission to Mars has been successful!”

OK, I will climb down the staircase, step onto Mars; happiness awaits! I’m ready!

*He kept trying to build his confidence, forming untenable expectation, yet I could see that he was not ready to do what it takes.*

### 60 seconds until landing.

The announcement counted down, “Landing in 59, 58, 57 All passengers prepare for set-down in 51, 50, ...”

All the soon-to-be Martians were slowly heading towards the exit, waiting with excited agony for the “EXIT” sign to shine. I held back, saying goodbye to my old miserable life.

The four letters were finally illuminated, and everyone, including me, rushed towards the external staircase. One by one, we made that *small step for man, one giant leap for ourselves*.

Step by step, I descended to my future, to my happiness. My turn was finally here. I stepped onto Mars-into my new life...and...NOTHING! I felt NOTHING, except for the pure emptiness I had been feeling my whole life.

I shouted and shouted, “Happy, I’m finally happy!” But I wasn’t. All the shouting could not make me happy. I had travelled a vast distance, and all that awaited me was disappointment. The voice was right – always.

The inner voice chided me, “*Expectations do not make reality; that’s why I kept telling you to stop having them. There is only one way for you to find the light.*”

I looked into the frozen cold of space, scanning the sky for the light I so wanted. I took three steps and slowly unzipped my suit.



# Fifty Days

By Miltos Giatrakos



It seems like yesterday, but it is a lifetime ago: my lifetime that I am about to share with you. The first thing I remember about myself is that feeling of a white, soft cocoon around me. It was warm and secure but later on suffocating. I wanted to grow out of it; it was time for me to see the world!

So, for the very first time, I felt the sun caressing my tiny worm-like body. Hungry like the wolf. I started eating and used my many legs to reach anything I could find to eat: from leaves to grass and flowers. My new life was full of threats that I tried to escape. Threats around and on top of me. Hiding from animals that could eat me, protecting myself from storms that could drown me, avoiding people that could crush me. This is what I did. I managed to survive, and I constantly ate. I shed my skin four times so I could fit. I had really grown and was a hundred times my original size. I couldn't recognize myself when looking at my reflection on a drop of water. I had reached my limits and was so tired.

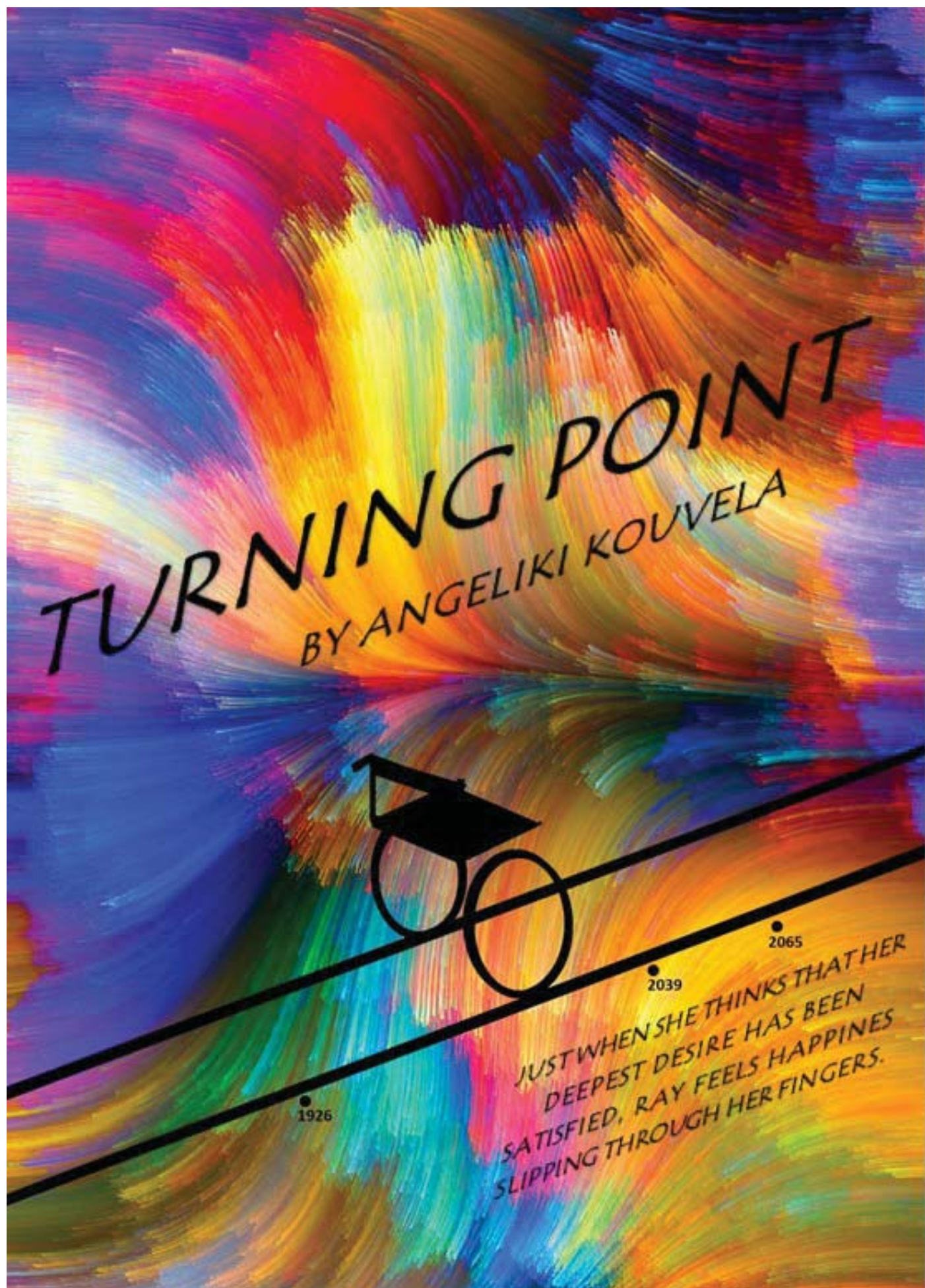
It was time for me to rest, and I tried to

find a shelter, but, in the end, I decided to make my own and grew a cocoon around me, a green one this time, to resemble the leaf I was hanging from so I could fool my predators and survive, again. It was lonely and boring, but time passed by quickly. Even though I stayed still, I was constantly changing. My metamorphosis lasted for a month, and I finally had tiny eyes, legs, long antennae and – most importantly – beautiful colorful wings. It was time to leave the cocoon and fly around the world, looking nothing like my old caterpillar self.

And yes, I was flying and getting a kick out of it. I could not fly far away; however, I saw the world from another, higher perspective. I enjoyed the air under and over my wings. I looked at the ocean, and my antennae tasted its salty water. I got to know other animals, completely different from me, and I met my mate. So many experiences, such vivid memories from this final stage, the last two weeks, of my life. I am happy but exhausted, too. It is time to finally rest, rest for good... and leave my space in this world for my eggs to take.

I was lucky enough to have such a long and vigorous life. Almost two months! Who would imagine it, fifty full days. It took me that long to finally understand what this journey is all about. And let me tell you, it is not about time. It is about living. It is about getting the most out of every single moment, every single second. It is about being excited by everything you try, by everything that is changed in you and around you. The whole fifty days of my life, the whole journey... It is about LIFE. And it was so worth it!







Just like every year, every month, every week, every day since my nineteenth birthday, I was sitting in my wheelchair by the window – my favourite spot. The dark clouds were closing in around the small patch of blue left in the sky, daring me to come closer. I was about to finishing my latest painting. I was lost in thought when Ethan’s voice brought me back to the present.

“Come on Ray! We’ll be late for the appointment!” he called and smiled at me. Our house was specially made for my needs, and I knew that was how I was to spend the rest of my life; I was going to be in a wheelchair just like I had been for the past twelve years.

It took us only five minutes to reach the doctor’s office even though it seemed like ages. The drops of rain hitting the roof of the car became a drum roll in my head. I had always dreaded doctors because each and every one of them told me the same thing: there is nothing I can do. They all said that the way I was thrown from the car when it crashed saved my life, but, unfortunately, it is also the reason I can only move my upper body.

Sometimes, I feel like the luckiest person in the world, having met Ethan, whom I married. But most of my time is spent wondering how different my life would be if I hadn’t had that car crash. I always think of the opportunities that I have let pass, unable to do anything about it, just because I am in this chair. But that was the way it had been and was going to be. I simply had to accept it.

Ethan helped me out of the car in the pouring rain and wheeled me into the building. We

were in the elevator when we started talking.

“Why do we keep visiting doctors? They are all exactly the same,” I murmured.

“Come on! I heard this one is different. What’s the harm,” Ethan reassured me as we entered the office. “If you don’t like him, we just won’t come again,” he whispered in my ear.

Now, what I am going to tell  
you is something that is not to  
be repeated to anyone.

“Good morning! You must be Ethan and Ray Anderson. Dr. Danes is waiting for you right through this door,” said a tall, skinny, young girl in a needle-sharp voice. A tall man with round glasses and greying hair stood as Ethan pushed the door open. And then it all started again. Ethan and the doctor sat down and started rambling on and on about my accident. I wasn’t listening, just nodding in agreement to anything he said. Until –

“... I believe there is a way to make you walk again, Mrs. Anderson,” Dr. Danes said, taking me by surprise. I felt dizzy. I must be imagining it. It was not possible that my deepest desire could come true.

“Now, what I am going to tell you is something that is not to be repeated to anyone. It all started two years ago when I inherited a time machine from my father. As unbelievable this may sound, time machines do exist. However, they are very rare, but I find myself very lucky to be the owner of one,” the doctor went on.

I turned around to look at Ethan and met his unfocused gaze. It wasn’t possible. I must have

dozed off.

"I think that we will need proof of the existence of this machine," Ethan said in an unsteady voice, and I nodded in agreement. I waited to be thrown out of the office but was startled to see a smile as warm as the sun on a July day form on the man's face. His twinkling eyes didn't reveal anything but the fact that he was telling the truth.

We were led to a room with a giant black box with a single door on its side

"This is it. Made in the nineteen hundreds, used three times already by me. It works. As proof, I have pictures of your past. I find it exciting to examine my patients before the actual exam. I believe that you can stop the accident from happening if you travel to the past," Dr. Danes said, letting us take a thorough look at the time machine and showing us some pictures of my teenage years. "I will let you two to discuss the matter," he finished and turned to leave.

"What if everything changes if I don't have the accident? What if I never meet you, Ethan?" I suddenly said, thinking aloud, making both Ethan and the doctor jump.

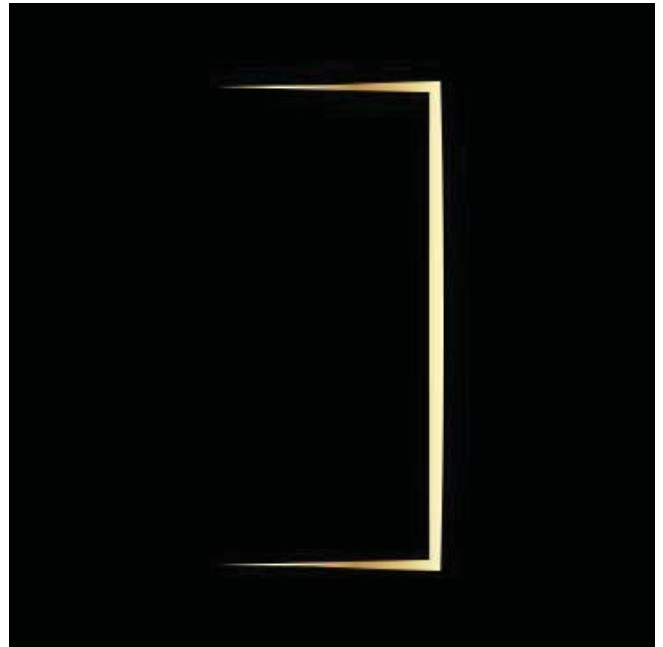
"You could always travel to the future. Science will have evolved then. The doctors will probably be able to change your current state without affecting your fate in life," Dr. Danes said slowly in his deep voice, and then he left the two of us alone in the room.

"So, what do you think? It's a big decision to make. It's all I've always wanted," I whispered to my husband.

"How do we know it's safe, though? How do we know that he's not trying to hoodwink us in

some way?" Ethan murmured back.

"I think we can be sure," I said slowly, seeing a look of astonishment grow on Ethan's face. I just needed it so badly to be true. "I just feel it."



We agreed that it would be better to go forward in time, to the future, to get my injuries fixed. We finalized all the details with the doctor, and finally, I was wheeled into the big black box with Ethan by my side. From the inside, it looked much smaller, barely fitting me and Ethan. Dr. Danes was typing something on a screen on the one wall of the room.

"So! I'm sending you forward in time two hundred years. You will arrive right outside this building. Good luck!" he said and closed the door.

Ethan pulled my wheelchair further back and fastened it to the wall. Then he sat in the seat next to me and fastened his own seatbelt. A loud bang was heard, and we were both shaken violently. The whole room seemed to be whirling around, and I felt sick. I tried to close my eyes, but thousands of fireworks seemed to be bursting inside the room. I didn't know if we were moving or

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staying in exactly the same place. Until – BANG. Everything stopped, and the walls returned to their usual black.

I felt dizzy but immediately turned around to make sure Ethan was fine.

“Are you okay?” he asked before I could; I nodded. “Come on, let’s get out of here,” he said sounding slightly scared.

He opened the door and pushed my wheelchair outside. Ready to face the park that had always been opposite that road, I was shocked to see a row of tall grey buildings scraping the sky. Large raindrops had started to fall, drenching us. A boy on what looked like a large freebie hover-

A white fog whirled around  
me; I couldn’t think.

ing over the ground zoomed by followed by a girl.

Ethan took me to the sidewalk and pushed me towards the first tall automatic door reading ‘Medical Treatment’ on it. We entered and were stopped by a box on wheels, which attached bracelets to our wrists before leading us to the elevator. I felt lost. This couldn’t be happening. This couldn’t be real. But then again, everything was different. A man in pink cloths entered, interrupting my train of thought.

“What want?” he asked with a perfectly clear American accent surprising us.

“Ummm...” Ethan murmured. “Well a few years ago, my wife had a car accident, and we would like to cure her because she has been in a

wheelchair since then. She wants to walk again,” he said slowly clearly, not sure if he was understood. After a few silent seconds, the doctor’s bewildered look disappeared and was replaced by a grin.

“Speak old! Room three,” The man said, looking at us in amazement.

“Probably, the language has changed... I think we should go that way...” I muttered, looking around the corner.

Room three was a small white room with another man in pink clothes sitting in a chair, which was hovering in mid-air. Ethan repeated my story while the man nodded mystified, frowning at us when a longer word was used.

“Change memory, too?” he asked looking at me. “No memory accident.”

“You mean that I can erase the whole thing from my memory? Remember always having a normal life?” I asked, my heart beating very fast as if it were trying to escape. It was beyond my wildest dreams. I was free from being disabled. I was facing a totally normal life ahead of me and behind me!

“Yes of course!” I said, holding my husband’s hand.

“Ray, are you sure?” he asked, unable to hide the shock on his face. “Just erase the whole thing from your head? I mean, walking again is one thing, but not remembering all this is another...”

“You’ve got to understand. I still have nightmares about it. It’s everything I’ve dreamed of...” I whispered, my eyes burning with tears, and he nodded uncertainly.

The doctor with the short black hair nod-



ded, handed us a paper and read aloud “Room three-seven.”

Everything happened very quickly. I was asked to put my long black hair into a ponytail and lie in what looked like a bathtub. Ethan wished me luck and was told to leave the room. I closed my eyes. A white fog whirled around me; I couldn’t think. Everything went quiet, and all I could see was a big black hole becoming larger and larger.

I opened my eyes. Where was I? The four walls around me were a vivid shade of pink. I didn’t remember ever coming here. I didn’t remember ever being in a room such as this and yet –

“Ray! How are you, darling?” Ethan’s anxious voice came from behind me. I turned my head and saw him coming towards me.

“I’m fine; where are we?” I asked.

“Oh, don’t you remember? You didn’t feel very well, so I took you to a hospital nearby. Come on, now! The doctors say that you are just fine now. Come on! I’ll take you back home,” Ethan said, taking my hand in his.

I got up slowly and walked to the door. Something felt strange, but I couldn’t put my finger on it. We left the building and made our way to a –

“You want to get into that big black box? Why?” I asked Ethan, looking shocked.

“It’ll take us home! Come on, now; get in, and you’ll be able to finish your painting tonight,” Ethan smiled.

I remembered the canvas with the woman playing the violin. I didn’t feel any urge to continue it, though. I didn’t want to read the book about architecture that I had started the previous month or go on with my online research about ancient

European civilization. All I wanted to do was stay home and lie on my bed staring at the ceiling... What was wrong with me? I didn’t tell Ethan anything, thinking that he would be worried.

He was staring strangely at me every now and then. We fastened our seatbelts and then – BANG! We were moving so fast that I couldn’t keep my eyes open. A mixture of colors was swirling around me very fast. I felt dizzy and sick but suddenly, it all stopped, and the two of us crashed into the wall.

“Come on! I have a surprise for you!” Ethan whispered in my ear. “We’re visiting the art gallery next to the park!”

“But I hate it there! You know that, Ethan. What’s wrong with you?” I said angrily, raising my voice.

“What’s wrong with you? You have never shouted at me like that. And you loved going to



the gallery. Fine, we won't go," Ethan said in frustration.

We walked home instead.

"You know, I've always wondered why you insist on living on the ground floor. I mean I have told you a hundred times how much I would love having a view of the park. But, oh no! We have to live down here!" I said, not knowing where the outburst had come from.

"What's the matter, Ray? Never mind. I'm going to the park for a walk! If you want, you can come with me," Ethan said, handing me the keys to our door.

"Oh right! You found a great place to go for a walk! You know how much I hate it there with all the bugs! I just like seeing it, not being in it! I'm going inside. Do whatever you want. I don't care," I shouted, entering the house and slamming the door behind me.

I walked down the wide corridor and flopped onto the couch. Something hard stuck into my back, and I reached out to see what it was. A photo album fell open in my hands with pictures from our wedding. I looked more closely. Was I seeing correctly? I was defiantly in a wheelchair. I turned the page and again - there I was! It couldn't be. I flipped page after page, and there I was with Ethan in front of the Eifel tower in Paris in the same wheelchair. But why – and then I had an image of a car coming nearer and nearer. I heard my

mom scream. I felt pain beyond anything. It had all come flooding back.

The lock of the front door clicked, and I heard Ethan's footsteps approach. Tears rolled down my cheeks like two streams, overflowing with rain. I walked towards my husband, my Ethan, and flung my arms around his neck. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped my tears away.

"Calm down! Calm down," Ethan said in his deep voice. "What's the matter?"

"I'm so sorry!" I cried. "I'm so sorry. Help me..."

"Of course, I'll help you! But help you with what?" he whispered in my ear.

"Oh, Ethan, I remembered it all. I saw the photo album. I changed. Not remembering the accident somehow changed me. Everything is different now. I'm a different person. I feel so bad. I just realized that I was happy before with everything we had," I cried, "Please, help me put it all back."

"Come on! Grab your coat! What are you waiting for? We're off to Dr. Danes office. We'll time travel to yesterday and stop ourselves from ever going to the future," Ethan said, trying to hide the tears in his eyes.

We went back into the black box, and with a bang and a shower of color, we were gone. Gone to bring the old me back. Seeing who I would have been without the accident was a turning point. I wanted to turn back time, not to stop the accident from happening, but to go back to the way things were, before I tried to change them. Because I had seen was who I was supposed to be, and that was who I now wanted to be.







# *The Guest*

By Andreas Stratigopoulos

**T**here have been times in history when treason and immorality were rewarded while people who stuck to their moral values were punished, imprisoned, or even executed. These are the times in which one can tell whether a person is human or not. These are times of war.

It was Monday morning, and Dimitris was dreaming. He usually did enjoy these early-morning dreams that were interrupted by his brother, Kostas, who woke him up every day with a smile so warm that almost made him forget that Mytilene was under German occupation. Somewhere in his inner consciousness was an awareness of the customary noises of the morning—the birds singing, the wind howling, dogs barking, the rooster crowing. This morning, however, he could also hear footsteps and whispers in the house. He sensed tension. Peculiar it seemed to him as he

was always the second to wake up after Kostas. Yet again, however, his eagerness was defeated by his drowsiness, and he stayed in bed.

Not long after this, Kostas, smiling ear to ear, tried once again to wake him up. Dimitris rushed out of his bed. “It’s time, isn’t it?” said he, in a very enthusiastic tone as if he had been awake for hours.

“Yes, it sure is!” responded his older brother.

Even though this was their daily routine, it never seemed humdrum to the boys. Every morning, they would stride out to the garden and collect oranges, pears, figs, and anything else the family was growing that particular season. They would also get eggs from the chicken and milk the goat. After gathering all these goods, they would bring them to their dear mother. She would choose the ones she needed, and the rest the boys had to ex-



change at the market for other goods, but mostly for fish. All of this, of course, would have to happen without the Germans noticing them, or else they would probably have to hand the food over, and the family would end up not having enough for day. But as both brothers were clever, this almost never happened.

This morning, though, very few people were at the market. No “good-mornings,” no smiles, no fishermen in their boats preparing their nets or unloading the early-

morning catch. Instead, loads of Germans were patrolling the streets. Posters with people’s names and photos were hanging on every single building. As they had to rush, Dimitris only got a glimpse of them. At least fourteen faces were on these posters, but none of them seemed familiar. Peculiar. The entire day up to that point had been very peculiar.

As they arrived at the fish market, Kostas saw Nathaniel, the fisherman that the boys deeply loved as he had taught them how to fish. They asked the old man what was going on. He waved them inside and shut the door.

“Well, boys, promise me you won’t tell a living soul, and I’ll tell you!”

“We promise. You have our word,” they said.

“I am only telling you this because I trust you. Yesterday afternoon, the Greek commandos sank a German submarine near here. It is said that

most of the men responsible are hiding somewhere in town. The Germans are in all efforts trying to find them—but, no one has told them of their hiding places.”

Now everything had fallen into place. On their way back, the brothers glanced back at the posters, realising that the wanted men were none

other than the brave men that Nathaniel had spoken about.

When they got back home, however, everyone seemed joyful. Dimitris could hear cheers and laughter coming from the living room. Eager,

as he always was, he entered the room. He gasped and froze. Right next to his father stood a young man, about 25 years old, who looked tremendously like one of the men on the posters. His father broke the silence: “Now, son, this is John. He will be staying with us for a couple of days, but you should never mention him to anyone. Understood?”

But before he could say anything, someone banged on the door. All joy was sent down the drain. John ran into the other room, shrinking himself towards the wall—in attempt to become smaller, or even invisible.

Father and son opened the door. Three German soldiers were standing there.

“George Raptis?” said the first. George tried to remain as calm as possible, but Dimitris could sense his father’s fear.

*But before he could say anything, someone banged on the door. All joy was sent down the drain.*

“Yes,” he answered.

“It is said that you know where some of these so called ‘commandos’ are hiding. Hand them over, and you get to live,” he said.

Silence fell upon the house. Dead silence.

“I am sorry, I know nothing,” he replied.

The soldiers turned to the puzzled boy in front of them. “You must be the first-born,” they said.

Dimitris turned his head back to the room. Kostas was nowhere to be seen. He realised that he had to pretend to be the eldest. “Yes, sir.”

“Anything I should know about?” Dimitris loved his father. He then thought of John. He knew that this fugitive was the reason his father would be executed should he found out. He opened his mouth to tell the Sergeant everything, but no sound came out. His conscience was preventing the words from being uttered. Turning John in would hurt the nation. Remaining silent would hurt his family and himself. Still pondering this dilemma, his mouth opened. It was time for him to speak. It was time for him to make a choice.

“No, sir. Nothing you should know about,” he answered.

“Very well, then,” grumbled the Sergeant and immediately commanded the other two to search the house.

Doors were flung open, glass was broken,

chairs were tossed around, cupboards were violently searched. One could say the house was being bombed. The soldiers were searching inch by inch for anything peculiar, anything that stood out—a hole, a cellar, a hidden door, and hopefully, a hidden man. Their eyes popped out in anger as if the search gave them a purpose, yet they were not con-

scious of their madness as their brains were directed to believe it was the right thing to do. They destroyed everything within their reach. Every step they made brought them closer to John, closer to satisfying, at

least temporarily, their zealot minds by executing the hidden man.

Dimitris’ heart was beating so loudly that he was afraid the soldiers might hear it and sense that there was indeed a fugitive somewhere in the house. He was red as a tomato. Beads of sweat appeared on his forehead. Blood was pumping in his ears. The armed men entered the room John was hiding in. Dimitris became flush and he felt his face burning.

Suddenly, the curtains began to rustle. Dimitris felt his stomach tighten. The curtains capered and danced as air flowed into the room, revealing an open window behind them. The cool breeze reached Dimitris, gently touching his face and shuffling his hair—somehow calming him down. A soldier looked out the window only to see an empty backyard and the wind gently stroking each tree, thanking it for staying loyal to its duty, for producing oxygen and preserving life.

*Dimitris’ heart was beating so loudly that he was afraid the soldiers might hear it and sense that there was indeed a fugitive somewhere in the house.*

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# 30 years ago...

By Irene Tzanakaki





I woke up to the sound of a boom box from a car passing outside my window. It seemed strange to me that I didn't immediately get out of bed since I'm always ready and fresh in the morning. I slowly got up and suddenly felt my stomach heavy and my knees weak.

"Ohhh, that's why..." I whispered to myself since I recalled that the night before I had bought Reese's peanut butter cups and had eaten like fifteen of them.

I then quickly put together an outfit and rushed down the stairs.

"Why such a rush?" my mom questioned.

"I have band practice before school, and I can't be late!" I answered while opening the door.

"Aren't you going to eat breakfast?" my dad joined in.

"Will do at school. Bye!" I said and started walking as fast as I could, without much success as I was carrying my heavy guitar, and my back was killing me.

I finally found myself in front of the gates of my school. I went into music class.

"You're late again," Emily said.

"Oh give me a break! I shouldn't have even come to school today, my stomach is killing me!"

"Next time, you should eat thirty more peanut butter cups, so you definitely won't," Fred teased.

We all laughed together. I loved my friends...

"Alright, do we have any progress?" I

**He then chanted,  
"1,2,3,4" while tapping  
his sticks together...**

asked.

"I did the bass riff as you suggested, and I think I got it right now," Emily answered.

"I'm fine with the guitar riff too, and I finally learned the lyrics, so I'm good." I said.

"Well, I found a new drum pattern I want to try, so you guys are gonna have to redo strings," Fred teased.

We both shot him with killer looks.

I nodded and signaled to him, indicating that we were ready to start playing.

He pushed back his blonde locks, and his green eyes looked towards Emily's, urging her to get ready, too. He then chanted, "1,2,3,4" while tapping his sticks together, and we started playing "Panic" by The Smiths.

*Panic on the streets of London*

*Panic on the streets of Birmingham*

*I wonder to myself,*

*Could life ever be sane again?*

I was so lost in the music that I didn't even realize that the chorus had come up.

*The provincial towns you jog 'round*

*Hang the DJ, hang the DJ, hang the DJ...*

I hadn't realized how lost I was until the music behind me stopped, and I opened my eyes to

see Andrew Felton, AKA the worst person you'll ever meet, standing at the door.

"Jesus, you guys are just pathetic," he commented.

Fred, being the most outspoken and protective of us, said, "I suggest you leave before things get ugly."

"Fred, stop!" I exclaimed, realizing then that his tone was serious because of the scared expression on Emily's face, which was hiding behind her short, straight red hair.

"Woah, easy there Freddy. You don't want the whole football team to come say hi too, do ya?" Andrew threatened.

Fred started to say something, but I quickly shushed him.

"Blondie over there seems to agree with me," Andrew commented.

"I actually really hate you, but I also don't want any trouble here, so why don't you just go for now?" I challenged him.

"Whatever, see ya later *artists*," he said ironically emphasizing the last word and then left.

"What a dude!" Fred said annoyed.

"I know, right? But we won't let him affect us, right Emily?" I said looking at her.

"Um yeah, sure," Emily answered hesitantly.

She is a really sensitive person, and that was the third time we had had a run in with Andrew.

...

We were talking as we walked down the hallway to the exit at the end of the day.

"Fred, no way. Sting is much better solo!"

"Are you kidding me, Heather? He can't even get close to what he did with The Police!"

"Yeah, right! What do you think, Emily?"

"Hmm, neither! Cyndi Lauper for me, she's the best," Emily said jokingly.

"Um, no, actually David Bowie," I commented.

"Guys, what? The Clash all the way!" Fred added.

We were all laughing and talking until we saw that the poster for the talent show we were prepping for had changed.



---

*For bands and singers, only accepting original songs.*

“Are you kidding me?!” I said anxiously.

“Heather, it’s fine; we’re just gonna do one of your originals,” Fred said.

“You know I can’t do that Fred,” I replied to him.

“So what? We’re just gonna put it off? No way!” Fred said angrily.

“I mean, yes,” Emily joined. “I was gonna tell you, I can’t play live anymore. I just really can’t handle the stress of performing in front of a crowd.”

“Same here—especially if we play one of the songs I have written. I prefer doing covers,” I said.

“Whatever! Just leave me alone!” Fred said and rushed away.

“Fred, wait!” Emily tried to stop him.

“Just let him be! He’ll cool off,” I said annoyed. “I gotta go, Em—see ya!”

“See ya!” Emily replied.

...

When I got home, I quickly went to my room and closed the door. My mom tried to tell me something, but I wouldn’t listen. Instead, I shoved my head into my pillow. My dad came into my room.

“Alright, what’s up?” he asked with no hesitation.

I explained and saw him thinking.

“Honey, since I’m an introvert myself and

have struggled with such topics, here’s what I’ve realized. Sometimes people don’t only *want* but actually *need* to hear what you have. By sharing your creation, you inspire other people to be creative too.”

I nodded, and my dad patted me on the back before he exited my room.

I opened my record player, put in a random vinyl, and “Love Will Tear Us Apart” by Joy Division started playing.

*When routine bites hard,*

*And ambitions are at low*

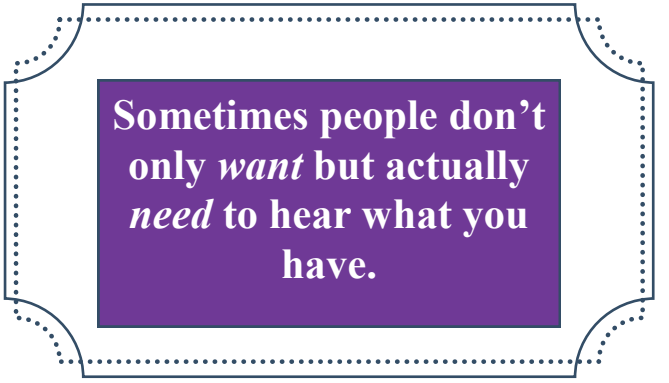
*And resentment rides high,*

*But emotions won’t grow*

*And we’re changing our ways, taking different roads*

*Then love, love will tear us apart, again...*

I smiled.



**Sometimes people don’t  
only *want* but actually  
*need* to hear what you  
have.**

“This song is just pure perfection, isn’t it?” I said and went for a walk.

While walking, I could hear music blasting everywhere and people laughing. Discotheques seemed to give people more life than oxygen. I chuckled and put my hands in my pockets to avoid the cold autumn weather in Ohio. I walked by a cinema and smiled. I would love to become a



---

filmmaker—either that or a musician. I really should decide, though, because I’m sixteen and will graduate in 1989.

As I indulged in my thoughts, I walked by the park we always went to with Fred and Emily. I went in and saw a girl with straight red hair, staring at her fingers. It was Emily.

“Oh, hey there, little red riding hood,” I teased.

“Hey,” she said with a sad expression.

Before I could ask what was wrong, a boy with bright curly hair came over.

“I thought I’d see you here,” Fred said.

“Hey there!” we both said.

“What’s up with you two?” he asked

“Well, after a good talk with my dad and some good songs, I decided that people might actually need to hear my songs,” I answered.

“Oh, yes, they do! And what about you, Em?” Fred asked.

“I went to the D.A.R.E. program I go to after school and saw Andrew there. Turns out his family has a lot of issues—serious issues,” Emily revealed.

“Oh my god!” I said, shocked.

“He is actually a great guy when he takes that bully mask off. I decided myself that I’m not afraid of bullies anymore, seeing what’s actually behind them,” said Emily.

“So, what do we do now?” Fred asked.

“We play,” I answered.

...

After submitting our band name, *The Players*, we were ready to go on stage. My breathing was heavy, and I could tell my bandmates were anxious, too. We went on and the neon lights and cheering crowd welcomed us.

We started playing, and as always, I got lost in the music—but this time, even more so as it was a song coming from my heart. It was a priceless feeling. I only gained consciousness when the music stopped and heard the applause of the crowd. I could also see Andrew Felton in there cheering and mouthing, “I’m sorry.”

I nodded at him and heard the presenter yell into the microphone: “I think we all know who the winner is...”

We started screaming and hugging. I turned and smiled at the camera.

The screen went black as the video ended.

“Wow, the 80s sucked,” little Roger told his mom.

“Oh, you are so wrong about that,” she replied.

“I mean, come on—no internet? What kind of ancient civilization was that?” he teased.

Heather started laughing and looking at the screen. Well, she was a very talented filmmaker from a young age—that was true.

She closed her eyes and felt a sense of nostalgia rushing through her body, remembering the film she had made with her childhood friends, almost 30 years ago.



# A Familiar Face

By Manolis Tolia

**I**t was a dreary and frozen October night in 1942. The rain was made from ice, and it was falling on the muddy ground. The wind was smashing itself into the trees, making them move left and right like a choreographed dance. There was a cynical feeling going around the camp as if there were a funeral happening. John had put his back against a wall and was enjoying the last piece of chocolate that his ration contained—bit by bit to make the most of it. John was an average-sized man with a slim build. His brown hair was aligned in an orderly fashion—just like the soldiers were aligned every morning for their drills—and his eyes, of the same color, were burning with might.

*He was tasked with observing the head of the camp, a middle-aged man named Friedrich, and reporting back to the British intelligence...*

After finishing his treat, he slowly drew a packet from his pocket. On the packet was written, “ATIKAH-CIGARETTEN.” He took out one singular cigarette and smelled it. Instantly, the old familiar tobacco smell came to his nostrils; he took out a match and lit it up. While it was nothing like the prestigious cigars he used to smoke back in Britain, it still gave him the satisfaction that he craved. He was tasked with observing the head of the camp, a middle-aged man named Friedrich, and reporting back to the British intelligence about his moves.

He finished his cigarette, threw it to the ground, and stepped on it to stop any spark that might have tried to escape. He started looking around him, like he was searching for something

but didn't know what it was, until his eyes were nailed onto a tattered poster with a young soldier looking out into the distance. More specifically, he was staring at the dreaded double S. In a moment, his whole body was filled with anger. He looked around to see if there was anyone nearby; he moved toward the poster and was ready to tear it off when he was stopped by a familiar voice. He turned his head in an abrupt fashion and saw a familiar face speaking to him

"What are you doing there, Franz?" It was Hans. Though he was a good friend of John's, he was unaware that he was working under this false identity.

"You know me, I was just walking around being bored to death. So, what are you doing here? Did something happen?"

"What am I doing here? Well, we are stationed at the same camp, you know. The Sargent actually told me that he wanted to see you for something. I don't know why he would want to see you, though."

A small drop of sweat started to run from John's forehead to his nose, to his cheek; it was disguised by the rain that was falling to the ground. John made his mouth into a grin and jokingly said, "Maybe he finally noticed my grand achievements and wants to promote me."

Hans replied by saying, "What grand achievements? Did you manage to finally kill a fly?" They both started laughing until the laugh turned into a cough for John; the cigarettes had be-

gun to take a toll on his health.

"Well, enough joking around; we better get going." The two men began to walk towards the largest building in the camp. It was a grey and bland building that conveyed no emotion. As they walked towards it, they had to move through the rain. John could feel the cold rain falling on his coat and then dripping onto his skin, freezing everything that it touched. His boots were sinking into the thick mud. To compensate for this, he made quick and small steps.

They finally reached the building and then went down a hallway until there was a thick wooden door in front of them. Hans, with an abrupt movement, opened the door. The door made a hideous creak. The room's only source of lighting was a small gas lamp, and right behind that lamp was a big man with a black coat. It was Friedrich. John took a better look at him; he looked to be past his prime, with a balding head and eyes somehow filled with bitterness but also delight.

The man said in a calm voice, "Ah, finally, you came. Come sit."

He smiled, lifted his arm up, and pointed at two chairs next to the table. The two men saluted and then took a seat.

"Sir, why did you summon me?" John asked.

"These things come later. Relax." He stretched his arms and opened a drawer out from

*John started to shiver; however, no human eye would be able to detect it. The whole situation was familiar to him.*



which came a bottle of whisky and three glasses.

“You know, it has become increasingly difficult to find a good bottle of whisky since the war started.” John instantly recognized it, it was a very famous English brand; he hadn’t tasted it for years. The Sargent poured the whisky in the delicate glasses and served his visitors. He also took a piece of cake that he had in the pantry, split it in three, and gave a piece to everyone.

“My wife baked the cake with the help of my daughter, Eva. They are extremely precious to me, and I would do everything to protect them.” John took a big gulp of whisky and felt it warming up his insides. Hans and then Friedrich followed his lead.

“So, sir, why did you want me here?” said John.

“You see, Franz, being a man of my rank is not easy, and it can be extremely dangerous. If something happens to me, then no one will be able to take care of my wife and daughter.”

John started to shiver; however, no human eye would be able to detect it. The whole situation was familiar to him, and so he responded, with a voice of indifference so as to seem naïve: “So, you are looking for new guards then, Sir?”

The smile had disappeared from Friedrich’s face. He opened another drawer and took out a single cigar. It was again a British brand, very well known to John. Hans was still sitting in between these two men. Finally, sweat began to drip down from John’s head. He knew what was going on, and so he made a slow and methodical move with his hand towards his belt, towards his holster. He had a Luger, a fancy pistol.

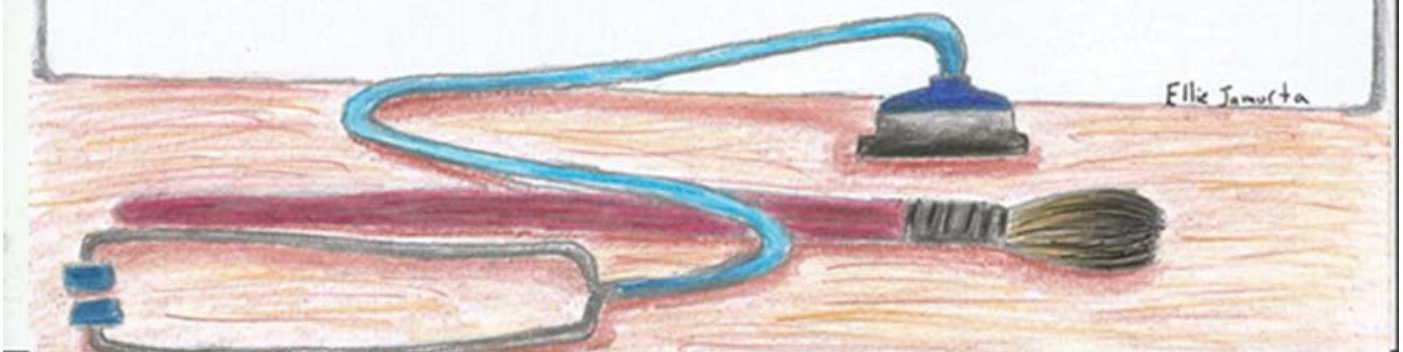
Friedrich smiled and said, “So, tell me John Fender, would you kill for what was important for you?”

John immediately pulled out his pistol and his eyes looked upon one last image—that of a familiar face staring at him. A familiar face in fear. It was Hans, a good friend of John’s in the camp, or it might be best to say, a good friend of Franz’s.



Athena Jamurta

# PAINTING GOODBYE



**T**his is too much! I can't handle the overwhelming feelings of anxiety and fear. I nervously doodle in my notebook as I sit there, outside of the principal's office, waiting for the fatal phone call. "Joey Garcia," they call, and I wonder, will Grandpa make it....

I walk into the office with slow and steady steps. I can barely breathe. The corridor seems endless, and as I walk, all of my memories flash before my eyes. It is thanks to Grandpa Joe

that I am who I am today. I am reminded of our family vacations by the lake, where Grandpa and I painted for hours when I was young. We would sit by the water, and he would teach me everything he knew about painting. He helped my art evolve from crayon and stick figures to complicated landscapes and professional paintbrush sets. Grandpa's were always perfect. The sophistication and emotion his works showed always left me in awe. There by the lake with Grandpa is where I developed my passion for art.

My hands are so sweaty that I struggle to open the door. After wiping them on my shorts, I take a deep breath and turn the handle of the principal's office door. He looks at me with sorrow in his eyes, almost as if he pitied me, but all I can think of is Grandpa. With swift motion, I rush to

the phone.

It is no secret that Grandpa hasn't been well. We have known about his condition for months, but the past week, he had gotten worse, way worse. The first time I found out that Grandpa was sick, I didn't think much of it. Grandpa Joe is invincible; there is nothing he can't overcome, I

thought. But now, the worry and the fear have consumed me.

My dad is on the phone. He tells me to rush to the hospital. My heart stops. I can tell by the worry in his voice that it's not

good, the exact opposite, in fact. I try to fight back the tears as the fear of losing him overwhelms my soul. But my attempts are in vain. The walls start closing in. All I feel is this pain in my heart.

I run the whole way, not stopping once, and as I do, I think about the time Grandpa bought

me my first paintbrush.

"Someday," he said, "you will create masterpieces with this." He always believed in me; he was always there for me. Now, in his weakest moment, in his battle against time, in his battle against death, *I will be there for him.*

I don't stop running until I have reached his room. My heart is about to explode. There are dozens of doctors rushing in and out of his room. None of them are smiling, and I can tell from their eyes that my Grandpa is running out of time.

I don't stop running until I have reached his room. My heart is about to explode.





Pain, helplessness, and anger surge through my body. I frantically shout out, “Grandpa Joe!”

Rivers of tears flow down my face. My vision blurs, but I don’t stop calling out his name. Doctors are trying to push me out of the room, but I resist with all my will. I resist. Right before The pain and the fear hit me like a ton of bricks, and I lose my balance. Suddenly, I’m on the floor. In a quiet soft voice, I whisper, “At least let me say goodbye.” But I don’t have time; everything goes black

I am awoken by the muffled conversation of doctors in the distance. I jolt up and immediately ask to see Grandpa Joe. Their faces go dark. They look tense and sad. Again, I see pity in their eyes. “I, I...” my mind goes blank. I tear up and try to think, to process what’s happening, but I can’t. I can’t do anything.

They avoid looking at me. I want to scream; I want to run away. Anger consumes me, and I want to beat up the world for this injustice. But, I just sit there, sobbing softly. I can’t feel my body. This is too much. Why? Why are you taking him away? Time, why? Why do you have to be so cruel to someone so kind? He is my hero. He was.

It has been a week since Grandpa Joe left, and I feel nothing. The worst part of it is that I didn’t say good bye. I didn’t tell him he was my hero. I didn’t. Everywhere I go, whatever I do, I feel as if I’m looking at a world that I don’t deserve to be part of. My sadness doesn’t seem to be enough.

Even though another week has passed, I still feel the same. It’s Thursday, and I’m sitting on my bed, holding the first paintbrush Grandpa bought me, just staring into the distance. I think about Grandpa: what would he have wanted? He would want me to move on, to be happy, but feeling anything other than sorrow just feels like a lie, so I can’t move on. I can’t be happy. Not without talking to him one last time, letting him know what he meant to me. I look at the paintbrush in my hand, and suddenly I am struck by an idea. I get up and walk to an empty canvas. I take a deep breath. It’s time to say goodbye.

My parents are worried. I haven’t left my room since I started the painting. All I do is paint.

But today, a month later, I finally beat time; I got what I wanted.

I don’t eat. I don’t sleep. I don’t talk to anyone. All I do is paint. I do what Grandpa taught me to do. The colors, they consume me as I fill the canvas with all my emo-

tions. With each stroke of the brush, there is a memory of me and Grandpa. With each color, there is everything I didn’t get to say to my hero. Within the darkness, within the absence of emotion, there is the cruelest thing of all: Time. Time, who stole him from me.

But today, a month later, I finally beat time; I got what I wanted. Time cannot take my memories away; it cannot erase the past. I pick up the brush, and as I dip it into the crimson red on my palette, I smile. The time has come, and in one swift motion, I add the final touch to my painting. I say: Goodbye, Grandpa.



# The Relativity of Time

By Rodanthi Papachristou

**T**he alarm went off at 6 am. Mary turned it off and forced herself out of bed. Another day to get through. The weather was chilly, and she got goose bumps, feeling the cold piercing her skin. She put warm clothes on and rushed to prepare breakfast for her children. The kitchen was even colder than her bedroom. She thought of turning the heat on, but she couldn't afford to until she got her paycheck from the bar. Her wages as a hotel maid weren't enough.

She opened the cupboard, took out three bowls, and quickly made baked oats with milk. Then, she woke up the kids, dressed them, fed them and dashed them to school. Mary realized that she only had ten minutes to get to work. She literally sprinted to get there and, luckily, she arrived on time. She put on her uniform and collected the sheets from every room of the first floor, changed them with clean ones, vacuumed, mopped, and dusted as well as she could. Her boss had threatened to fire her twice because she had forgotten to put clean towels in one of the rooms once, so now, she had to do her job more carefully.

She was done just before the children finished school. She now had to hurry to pick them up, so they wouldn't wait in the cold. When they got home, Mary made lunch and dinner for them. She had a quick bite and then left for the bar. She served coffee, sandwiches, and drinks till midnight. Once home, she washed the dishes and then went to bed. Same routine, every day.

On Sundays, she was so tired that she slept till noon. But when she got up, she had to do the laundry and the housework. She barely had the time or energy to play with her children. Twenty-four hours in a day were never enough for Mary.

Old Mr. Harrington was sitting in his arm-chair, gazing at the other residents who were staring back with empty eyes, lost in their thoughts. It had been more than a year since he had arrived at that Home, but to him, it seemed like decades. One day was very much like any other. Since he had suffered the stroke that had impaired his speech and left him paralyzed, all he did to kill time was think about his life. Sometimes, he wished that the stroke had killed him, so he would not have to go through this suffering, but most importantly, so that he could meet his beloved wife, Liz, who had passed away five years earlier, again. He so valued the memories he had of her. She had been the greatest gift in his life and whenever he was next to her, he felt the happiest man on earth. He had thought that nothing could make him happier until she gave birth to their daughter, Alice. His daughter was now the reason he wanted to live.

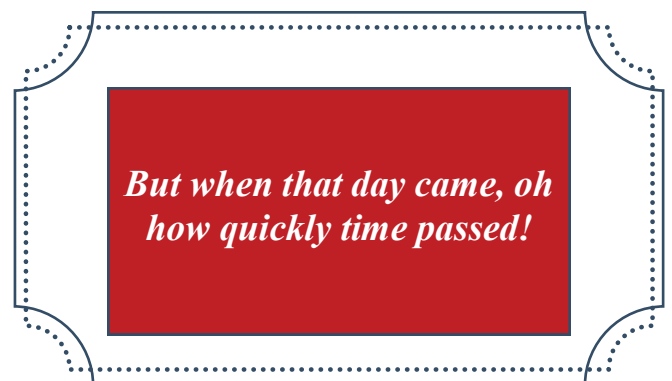
Alice had moved to another state and started her own family. She could only visit him once a month. She kept saying that, if they lived nearer the House, they would visit him every week. Harrington knew she felt guilty for his living there, but he was too ill to stay with Alice and her family. He was happy to be in the town where he had lived with his wife although that meant not seeing his granddaughter Lucy as much as he would like to. She looked much like her grandmother, so every time she visited him, it was like seeing his wife again. His granddaughter was a ray of hope in his dismal life.

He lived for those monthly visits when life took on true meaning and purpose for him. While waiting for Lucy's visit, time seemed to go by so

slowly, twenty-four hours seemed like twenty-four years! But when that day came, oh, how quickly time passed! And then the clock seemed to slow down again.

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George lay on the bed of his cell, staring at the ceiling. It was his last night in prison and he wanted to savor it as much as he could. The following morning, at seven o' clock, he would be executed. He had only seven hours and then he would be no more. George closed his eyes wishing that the situation would change, that he'd be pardoned, although he knew that this couldn't possibly happen. Miracles did not exist, at least for him.



He was going to die alone, and he was not ready for that. He wished he had made his dreams come true. He wished he had gone to university, made good friends, and travelled the world, but it was too late.

Six hours to go. Every beat of his heart brought him closer to his death. He was only twenty-six years old, and he had done nothing with his life. He had never left the ghetto in which he had been born, he had never done anything meaningful. And, although he had always complained about his miserable existence, he now wanted to turn the



clock back and stop himself from committing the crime that had led him to his death sentence.

George was counting the stars when he realized that he had only three hours left. How quickly the minutes passed when he got lost in his thoughts... Was there a way to make time stop? He knew very well there was not, so every second was important. He was feeling helpless, and there was nothing he could do about it.

*Life's but a walking shadow,  
a poor player, that struts  
and frets upon the stage,  
and then is heard no more.*

The sky's colors were changing, soon it would be dawn. A few minutes before 7 am George heard footsteps outside his cell. That was it. The time had come. The prison guards were coming for him. Suddenly, he remembered something he had read in school, a life time ago:

“Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time; and all of our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death! Out, out, brief candle! Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player, that struts and frets upon the stage, and then is heard no more. It is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.”



B E A T I N G

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M

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Katerina Karaindrou

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**I**t's Thursday night. Dad and I are walking back home from our regular father-daughter basketball game. The sun is setting, and I can feel a light summer breeze on my skin. I'm going to miss feeling the wind. The street is empty. All is silent and peaceful. It's such a beautiful afternoon. I wish I could stop time and save this very moment.

As we're walking together, I notice a plane flying overhead, marking a white line in the sky. The canvas of the sky is painted in pastel shades of blue, teal, and pink. The colors are gorgeous.

We aren't talking. We don't have to. His hand is holding onto mine, and mine is holding on to his. These are the moments I'm going to miss the most when I'm gone. My dad is my rock. Ever since my mom died in a fire when I was only seven, it's been just the two of us. We are so close. He is the most supportive, wise, and kind man I've known. I'm going to miss him achingly so.

We arrive at dad's house. Every time I walk in, thousands of childhood memories flood my mind. Dad had already made dinner. Classic. We might live an hour away from each other, but every Thursday I visit him, and we play basketball; then we dine together. Why Thursdays? Well, I get off work early on Thursdays. Most days of the week, I finish training at the base around 11 p.m., but on Thursdays, I get off at 4. I'm definitely one of the lucky ones. Most NASA astronauts finish work in the wee hours of the morning. Most NASA astronauts aren't leaving Earth in a week, though.

Don't get me wrong. I'm not complaining; I love my job. Besides, I spent seven years study-

ing theoretical astrophysics and aerospace engineering to qualify for this job. I feel honoured to be doing what I'm doing. When my mom died, my dad told me to search for her in the stars. Well, I took that literally. It sparked my interest in space, and ever since, I've been dreaming of travelling to another star; it's finally about to become a reality.

Back in 2035, humans discovered Trappist -2, a planetary system located 41.3 light years away. Today, 115 years later, two other astronauts and I are about to board a spaceship, for the first time, to travel, not just to another planet, but to another solar system, in search of Earth 2.0. Just saying, it gives me goose bumps.

**I've been dreaming of  
traveling to another star...**

Dad and I sit at the table and start eating the delicious roasted chicken he prepared.

"So...this is our last father-daughter Thursday, ain't it," dad says.

"I'll be back soon, dad; you know it," I say.

"Well in 18 years, when you come back, I'll be in my late sixties...haha," he says and cracks a smile.

"You promised you'd be ok, dad," I say, tearing up a little.

Dad sets his fork down, takes my hand,



and says, “I know, Grace. Remember what I told you. Remember the promise I made. We can beat time *together*. I know you don’t believe it now, but when you’re up there, and I’m down here, keep my words in mind, and you’ll be fine.”

The next day, I go to the base for evaluation day.

“Grace Palmer, 1409NA,” I say and scan my fingerprint as I pass through security.

“Look who decided to show up!” I hear. I turn around and see Isaac in his training uniform ready to start joking around just like every day. Isaac is one of the two other astronauts of the APOSTOLE06 mission to Trappist-2. He is very smart and funny and always has a joke up his sleeve.

“Gosh, Isaac, I was just seven minutes late. And by the way: nice haircut!” I say and get into an anti-gravity capsule ready to start the first test of the day. Isaac smiles and walks away.

After a long day of training, I finally go home. The base is an hour-drive from my apartment. I live in downtown Houston next to Lakewood Church. I’m good friends with Pastor Osteen, too. He has helped me understand things I thought I couldn’t understand.

When I went to the Sunday service, he told me, “Time flies, but the good news is: you’re the pilot, and God is your mission control.”

Given the risk factors of the APOSTOLE06 mission, I’m counting on his words and God’s hand. The next few days flew by so fast. I tried to stop time and absorb every moment, but

no man has ever stopped time. As a matter of fact, no man has ever controlled or escaped time.

It’s Tuesday night. I get off work at 9 p.m. and go to my dad’s. How in the world am I supposed to say goodbye? I walk in and greet him with a, “Hey dad, how are you?”

“Fine,” he says and turns to the tiled kitchen counter to make me some coffee. My eyes start getting blurry. I feel goose bumps all over. Dad turns to hand me my coffee and looks deep into my eyes. He sees the tears, but he understands the *fear* behind them. He puts down the cup of coffee and hugs me as tight as ever. I think that’s the tightest he has hugged me since the night of the fire, the night my mom died. At this point, I’m already sobbing. I try to hold it together, but it’s impossible. My emotions just take over.

“It’s just that I’m going to be away for so long,” I say and take a paper towel to wipe away my tears.

“Long is relative. You know that best. Your buddy Einstein explained that,” he jokes.

“Time Dilation. That’s the worst part about it. 189 days on Trappist-2 exoplanet E are equal to years on Earth. And if you add the journey to and back, that’s about 18 years,” I say, and tears flood my eyes once again.

**He sees the tears, but he  
understands the *fear*  
behind them.**

“Not exactly,” dad says. “Maybe that’s true in your little physics-gravity-NASA-science world, but let me tell you something I learned in *my* world,” he says and takes off his watch. He holds it in one hand and puts his other hand on my heart.

“This watch might be ticking every second, but so is your heart. Your heart is beating every second, and no time dilation theory can change that,” he says.

“I don’t understand,” I whisper. “Your heart is beating every second. Just like a clock. Beating *every single second*. Our watches will not tick at the same time. Physics proves that. Yours will tick slower. The gravity on the Trappist-2 exoplanets is stronger, indeed. And as you said, the 189 days you’ll spend there are going to be nine years on Earth. But the watch in our hearts will always tick at the same time. Gravity doesn’t affect it, velocity doesn’t affect it, not even time *itself* can change the fact that your heart and my heart will always beat as one. Every time you feel alone, just think that our hearts are connected. They beat simultaneously. Count time with your heart, not with your watch,” he explains.

“I love you dad,” I say.

**But the watch in our  
hearts will always tick at  
the same time.**

The next morning, I get up energized ready to conquer my fears and make my dream come true. My last Earth breakfast is an acai

bowl from the cafe across the street. I get to the base and go to the Astronaut Control Unit. I see Isaac and Mark already in their uniforms. Mark is the pilot of the APOSTOLE06 mission. He’s a tall, muscular, dark-skinned man with a buzz cut and trimmed beard. He’s sensitive and caring but also brave and extremely good at biology and chemistry. He’s like the Einstein of molecules.

“How can you always be so late?” Isaac says sarcastically.

I smile and say, “It’s just three minutes, Isaac!”

“How are you feeling?” Mark asks.

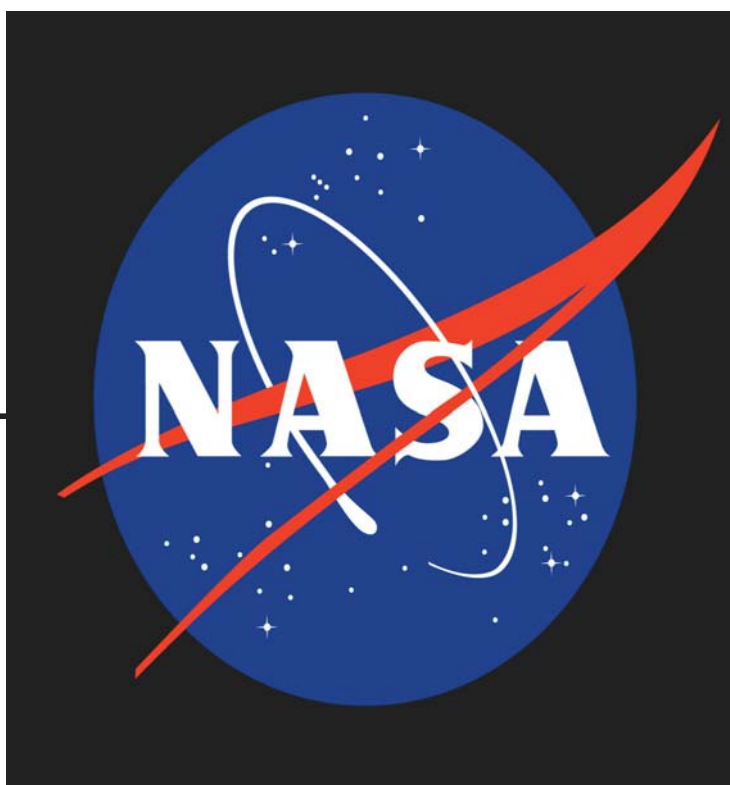
“Excited. Mostly...” I say reluctantly.

“You guys said all your goodbyes?” Isaac asks and joins the conversation.

“I did,” Mark replies.

“Me, too,” I say, and my voice cracks.

Mark pats me on the back and says, “We’ll



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be home before you know it.”

“Unless we die going through the worm-hole,” Isaac jokes. We all laugh. We get ready, experts do all final tests, and we finally board the spacecraft.

“Launch begins,” we hear. Back at the base, Mission Control is guiding the launch and monitoring the spacecraft. It’s “Go” time.

“Control Centre?” they ask.

“Go,” Mark says.

“Recovery,” they ask.

“Go,” Isaac says.

“Engine.”

“Go.”

“Pilot.”

“Go,” Mark says.

“Commander?” they ask. I take a deep breath. A breath inhaling all my fears, anxiety, and worries, exhaling bravery, courage, and strength.

“Go!” I say fiercely.

“Mission Control, we are ready for launch,” I say bravely.

“Launch in T-minus 10, 9....”

“Main engine start,” Mark says.

“8.....”

I hold tight to the control wheel and refuse to let go. I refuse to let go of that courage I just exhaled.

“6, 5, 4...”

My dad’s words come to mind. His promise. His “normal world theory” as he puts it. Love beats time.

“Love beats time,” I repeat to myself.

“3...”

“Love beats time.”

“2...”

“Love beat time.” I’m shaking; the engines are on fire, and so is my mind. The spacecraft is vibrating; my heart is beating so fast...

“1...”

“Love. Beats. Time.”

“Launch!”

As the spacecraft accelerates, it catches fire. I look out the window, and I see Earth. As seconds and heartbeats pass, it’s getting smaller and smaller, and soon, all you can see is darkness. The canvas of space is covered in black with white sparkling dots. And each dot, each star, is a different world, a different story, a different adventure.

**... and soon, all you can  
see is darkness.**

As the spacecraft travels through space, we hear from Mission Control again.

“TVCs look good. Launch was successful.”

It’s time to go under. The spaceship is put



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on auto-pilot mode, and we go into our hibernation capsules. Basically, that means we are put to sleep for a few years, and we wake up before entering the wormhole.

“Goodnight, guys,” I say and go to bed... or go to capsule, to be precise.

I wake up feeling dizzy, like it has only been a minute since we went under. After four years of space travel, we are finally approaching the GUATARI Wormhole. That’s why we were woken up. We have to be awake and control the spaceship. The wormhole transports us to the Trappist-2 planetary system in a matter of a few minutes. Normally, it would take thousands of years, but thankfully, scientists discovered this wormhole 250,000 kilometres south of Saturn in 2079 and opened a new window for astrodynamics and space travel. In the wormhole, time dilation occurs.

I look at my watch. I *see* the seconds pass. I close my eyes and listen to my heartbeat. I *feel* the seconds pass. We take our seats and make contact with Mission Control.

**I *feel* the seconds pass.**

“Good morning,” Mark says with a smile.

“Where’s my morning coffee,” Isaac asks and laughs.

“You two better snap out of it and get

down to business because we are the first humans to ever enter a wormhole, and we don’t know what will happen, so get serious,” I say.

“Yes, commander,” Isaac jokes.

“Houston be advised, we have a relative velocity to the wormhole of 350 meters per second, and the time remaining to entrance is 12 minutes,” I say.

“Copy that commander,” Mission Control replies.



As we enter the wormhole, a weird feeling comes over me. It’s a mixture of adrenaline, fear, excitement, and worry. The seats start vibrating again, everything is shaking – the whole spaceship – like turbulence on a plane. We hold on to the controls and sit still. I take a deep breath. What an extraordinary, fascinating thing are wormholes. For the next few hours, we just receive and give updates to and from Mission Control, and soon, we exit the wormhole; we find ourselves in another solar system millions of light years away from Earth.

I know that *the second* we approach one of the exoplanets of Trappist-2, we miss out on years on Earth. Time Dilation is another strange and fascinating thing. Gravity seems to be doing a much better job at controlling time than humans do. Gravity is able to accelerate or slow down time.

The weaker the gravitational field, the faster time passes. And subsequently, the stronger the gravitational field, the slower time passes. I wish I could do that. I wish I could control time, too – slow it down in happy moments, moments that often slip away and go by unappreciated, and make it go faster in moments of pain, sadness, and struggle. Time doesn't cooperate, though.

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After 150 days, we arrive at the first exoplanet, Apostole, named after the mission. We get ready for landing. We are going to spend 189 days here, which is the equivalent of nine years on Earth.

"You guys ready?" Isaac asks.

"Oh, absolutely," Mark says.

"Proceed with landing," I instruct. "Let's do this."

\*\*\*\*\*

It's already day fifty-four on this planet. We have collected many samples and built a Hab with a lab where we live and work. The Hab is equipped with an oxygenator, a water reclaimer, and an atmospheric regulator. The planet's atmosphere is thin with no greenhouse gases, which means high exposure to solar radiation. The soil is rocky, and we are now analysing samples and looking for liquid water. There is no day and night; it's like an eternal sunrise. The canvas of

the sky on this planet is painted in shades of pink and orange. It looks magical, but it can easily be explained by Wein's Law, which tells us that this star shines the brightest at infrared wavelengths. But let's just say it's magic for now.

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It's now day ninety-two. The findings of our experiments and lab test are gigantic. I am still reluctant but more optimistic than ever that Apostole could actually be Earth 2.0. Communication with Earth is still impossible, so nobody knows about these astonishing discoveries, yet. I'm sure they are going to mark a monumental milestone for humanity. However, Apostole's gravity is much stronger, and walking feels extremely heavy. As a specialist in biochemical sciences, Mark is now studying the effects of the gravity, atmosphere, and exposure to solar radiation on the human body. Let's hope the damage is minimal and life can be supported.

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**I got so scared but still  
tried to act brave.**

It's now day 143. Life on this planet is not something you get used to easily. I miss Earth, but I really miss the people, and especially my dad. For the past few days, there has been a solar storm

that has delayed most of our research. Exposure to ionizing radiation is high, and so are the risks of complications. Temperatures range, but overall, it really feels like a hot day in the Sahara, but without sand, just rocky terrain. As I step out of the Hab, high, craggy mountains emerge from the horizon. The view is captivating. I try to take it all in. The beauty of this planet has entranced me. The mountains are painted in all shades of orange and grey. It's beautiful.

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It's now day 145. During today's routine health monitoring tests, Mark noticed an arrhythmia in my heartbeat. I got so scared but still tried to act brave.

"It could be caused by exposure to solar radiation, increased gravitational pull, or other still unknown magnetic forces. There is data which supports that occupational magnetic fields and arrhythmia-related heart disease could possibly be associated," Mark explained. "We should keep monitoring it."

The solar waves have become extremely dangerous, and, according to Isaac's calculations, the situation will only worsen. This, unfortunately,

means that the mission has to be aborted. We cannot communicate with Mission Control because data and signals cannot be transmitted through the wormhole. This means *I* have to make the decision. In a matter of three days, we have prepared ourselves for departure.

It has now been 150 days since we left Trappist-2 planetary system's exoplanet Apostole, and we are about to enter GUATARI, the wormhole that will take us home. Once we pass through the wormhole, we can finally make communication with Earth and Mission Control. They will not be expecting us since we are about a month early. My heart condition has worsened. The arrhythmia in my heartbeat has become more persistent to the point where I had to have an external pacemaker.

"There's a biologically based hypothesis that magnetic fields increase the risk of cardiac arrhythmia, acute myocardial infarction, or other such conditions. There is no proof of that yet, but it could be true," Mark tells me while performing a cardiac ultrasound.

"What's the prognosis?" I ask.

"There's no known cure, Grace. Your heart will deteriorate, and eventually you'll need a heart transplant. The question is how fast this deterioration will happen," Mark added.

I can't figure out a way to express what

**I can't figure out a way to  
express what these words  
felt like.**



these words felt like. It was like a big, strong punch in the stomach, one that slowly rips you apart, and pain takes over. I had to search very, very deep within me, and I had to be brave enough to accept that time had won, and I had lost. I had to accept the fact that I might not ever see my dad again. I had to accept that my efforts to beat time were in vain. I thought that when we went into our hibernation capsules after passing through the wormhole, *that* would be the end of me. Little did I know...

After crossing GUATARI, we make our first contact with Mission Control and inform them of our discoveries, the reason we aborted the mission, and my heart condition. It's now time to go to sleep for the next four years until we reach Earth.

Isaac sees me sitting next to my hibernation capsule and jokes, "What are you waiting for? The ice-cream man doesn't come around for another four years."

"I want you to promise me something, Isaac," I say.

"Sure, what's up?" he replies.

"I might not make it back to Earth," I say, and tears start streaming down my face.

"I want you to take care of my dad. I know it's a lot to ask. That's why I'm asking you. I want

**I'm dying for something  
amazing, something way  
bigger than me.**

you to go visit him and check up on him and share our space experiences with him. He would love to hear all about this mission. Tell him that I love him with all my heart, which instead of working as a ticking clock, is now working like a ticking time-bomb. Tell him thank you for being the most supportive and loving parent I could ask for. Lastly, tell him that I love what I do and that I'm proud to die for it. Tell him I'm dying for something amazing, something way bigger than me."

Isaac hugs me and says, "Grace, I will, but I don't need to. You won't die. The forces working *for* you are way stronger than those working *against* you."

"How do you know that for sure?" I ask and wipe few tears away.

"Love beats time, Grace. You know that best."

"What does that have to do with my heart condition?" I ask again.

"Maybe nothing, maybe everything. Have faith in God, faith in yourself, and faith in love," he says and goes into his hibernation capsule. I go to mine, and we both go under.

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Four years have passed, and I wake up. I'm still alive; I can't believe it. We make contact with Mission Control and prepare ourselves for landing. Mark examines my heart, and that's when things start falling apart.

"Your heart has greatly deteriorated, and

the causes may vary but are still unknown. Your heart will not survive the landing. The pressure and gravitational pull will rise drastically, and you'll probably pass out," Mark says.

"I won't, and we have no choice. My dad once said...can a man still be brave when he is afraid? Well, that's the only time he *can* be brave," I say fiercely.

Landing begins. As we enter Earth's orbit, my heart starts beating fast. The seats are shaking, the noise is so loud, the spacecraft accelerates, Earth's blue water appears outside the window, and then black. Then everything becomes black.

Next thing I know, I wake up with immense pain in the cardiac ICU of the hospital at the base. The pain is unbearable, but I feel complete. It's so hard to explain. I see Isaac come into

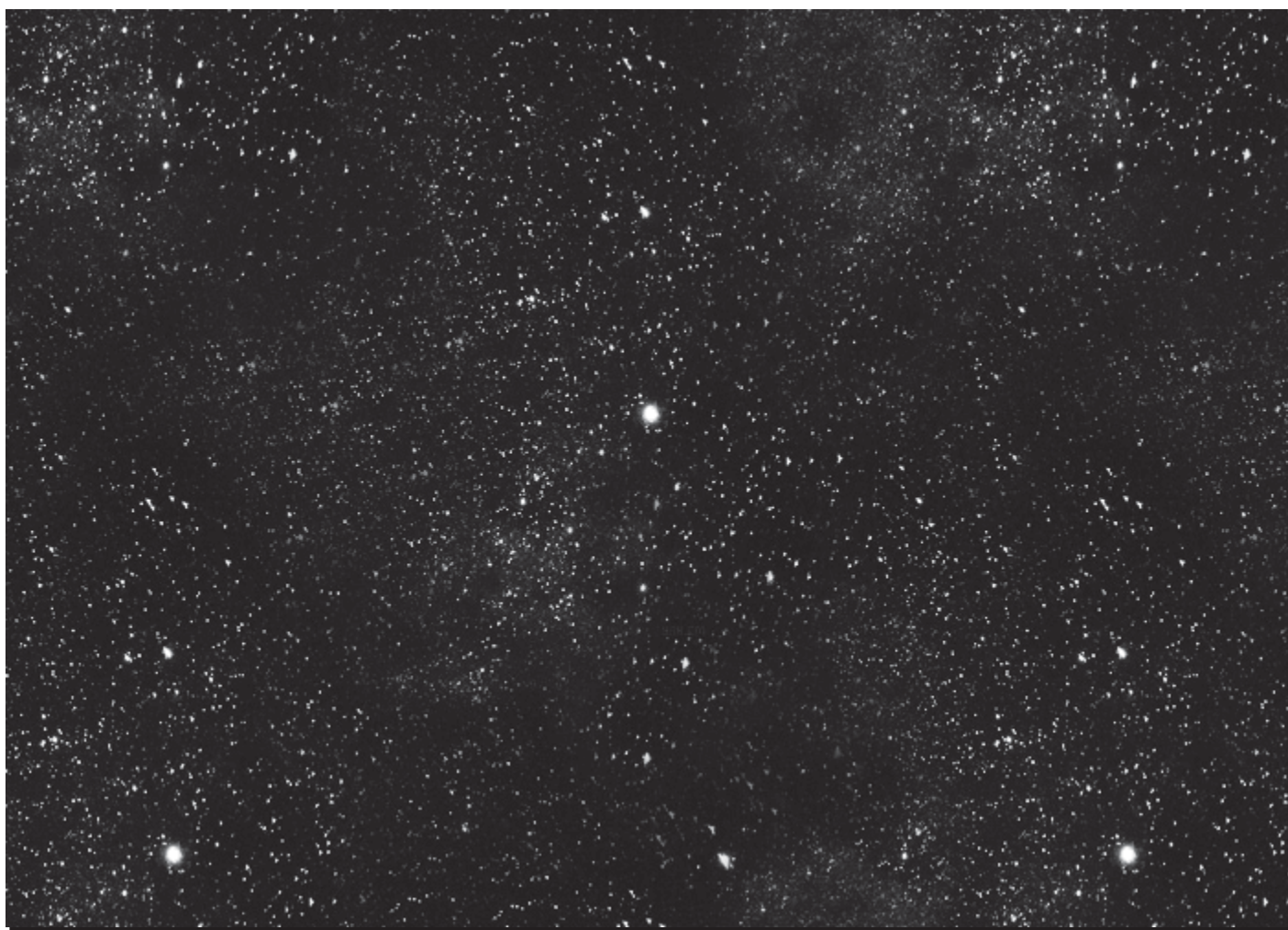
the room. He sits next to me on my bed, holds my hand which is full of IV lines and cannulas, takes a deep breath and says, "You did it Grace. You beat time."

"I don't understand. Where am I? What happened? Where's my dad?"

"Your dad is in you, Grace," Isaac whispers. I freeze. Numbness. Emptiness. I want to collapse.

"Your heart stopped once we landed, and you were put on the ventilator and on cardiac support to make it to the hospital. The doctors here put you on the heart transplant list, but it was three years long; you wouldn't have made it. When your dad found out, he immediately got tested and his heart met all the requirements."

Isaac pauses and says, "Your dad gave you



his heart, Grace,” he says with tears in his eyes. I stay silent. I can’t let myself believe that what he’s saying is true.

“No,” I whisper. “No. No, no, no!” My voice becomes louder and louder until a cry of desperation emerges. I start crying, loudly, wailing. My soul aches. It’s unbearable.

Isaac holds me tight, “He did this for you Grace. That’s how much he loves you. He gave his life for you. That’s *so* special.”

And then it hits me. Then I realise. With his selfless, amazingly wonderful action, my dad helped me beat time. He gave me his internal clock; he gave me back time. By giving me his heart, he gave me back those heartbeats, those seconds, those years I missed when I was in space. But he also gave me love. *Unconditional* love. A love that no time can erase. A love of a higher place. He was counting time with his heart, and together we *did* beat time, just like he promised. He was counting time with love. He loved me so much that time didn’t matter anymore.

All these years, I tried to beat time, escape its prison, rewrite it, but I didn’t know how. Only now could I truly believe that only love can break the barriers of time, *restore* what time has taken. Yes, time is a prison that seems to be only moving forward, and seconds missed cannot be returned. However, if one loves *unconditionally*, he can win back years of the past that he missed, he can break time limits that restrained him, and he can redefine how time affects his life.

Love beats time because love is *stronger*.







# ALL ABOUT RECOGNITION

By Phoebe Moustaka

**T**he city was a jungle. Olivia knew that. That was probably what she loved most about New York. *You have to work hard to get to the top. If you are weak, you get eaten.* Those were her thoughts as she entered a fancy glass office with a view of Central Park. Olivia had just finished a big project with a fashion magazine and was eager to hear about her next one. At the young age of 27, she had already become one of the best photographers in the city, if not *the* best. She was always very driven by her work since it combined beauty, perspective, and layout.

A tall, elegant lady walked in and looked at her. Olivia got up from her chair in the waiting room and smiled.

“Hi! You must be Ms. Thomson! I am Kate James, the Editor in Chief of the *New York Times*.”

“Great to meet you! Please, call me Olivia.”

“Okay, Olivia. We have called you in today for a unique project, that our own photographers cannot do. We want you to travel to Colombia and take pictures of the jungle for a special-edition book geared towards saving the rainforest. All expenses will be paid, and you will receive \$500,000 when you come back, plus recognition in the book, of course.”

“Wow! This is an amazing opportunity! However...um...I’m going to have to get back at you at the end of the day. I have other obligations that I’m not sure I can put on hold.”

“That is totally fine. I really hope you accept since, not only are you going to enjoy yourself, but you will also get even more exposure than you have already gotten.”

Olivia got up and exited the office. She was not expecting that. She honestly hated nature and being cut off from everything. The bugs, the humidity, the frizzy hair, the heat—everything about the jungle turned her off. However, it was

an amazing opportunity. The *New York Times* had chosen *her*. And just imagine all the magazines and newspapers that would want to hire her after the book came out. Maybe this was not such a bad idea. Two hours later, after clearing out her schedule, she called Kate back and agreed.

Olivia's flight was nice and easy. Even though there was a lot of turbulence, she did not mind. She took advantage of the six hours on the plane to do her research on the area and to brainstorm ideas about what photos she'd take. When she arrived, she was feeling energized and actually excited about this project. At the hotel, she ordered empanadas, chorizo, pan de yucca, and flan de leche, which was probably the best meal she had had in a long time.

The next day, she woke up early and mentally prepared herself for the jungle she was about to face. As usual, she was determined to enjoy herself. She got into the jeep with her guide, Ana Catalina, and they began their four-hour road trip. When they arrived, they started hiking deep into the jungle, taking many pictures along the way. Suddenly, Olivia heard chanting in an unknown language and decided to go see where it was coming from.

They arrived at a small village with people dressed in white robes with colorful hats. At first, she did not know what to do. However, she walked over to a tall man, who looked like their chief, determined to take pictures of the unique ceremony that was happening.

"Hola! I am Olivia, and I would like to take pictures of your village and people if that is okay with you," said Olivia in fluent Spanish.

"Of course. We've had anthropologists take photos of us in the past. We are currently in the middle of a curing ceremony. We use the Wayuu leaves to cure a rare but deadly disease. You probably have this disease in your society, as well."

"Oh, really? What is it called?"

"Well, I cannot remember, but I could describe it to you. It is basically a dark thing inside you that eats up your soul, and you slowly fade away until you die. Thankfully, the Wayuu leaves have been able to cure it."

Olivia's face froze. *This cannot be happening. Surely he must be talking about something else.*

"Are you talking about... about cancer?"

"Oh, yes—that is what it is called! How did you remember?"

Olivia could not believe it! This tribe, these people with such simple lives, no technology, had found the cure to one of the worst diseases in the modern world!

"Chief, you have to let us take the Wayuu leaves back to New York! This could save thousands of lives! You see, we have not found the cure for cancer yet, but from these leaves, we can make many formulas and—"

***At first, she did not know what to do.***

“What do you mean? You have not found the cure for this yet? Well, in that case I will have my people prepare a package for you to take home.”

“Ana Catalina, could you please contact the police and inform them that these leaves might actually save lives, just so we don’t have any problems at security?”

“Yes, Senora Olivia, I will do so right away.”

The next day, as Olivia was waiting to board the plane, she was reviewing all the pictures of her trip. They were more than enough. And they were beautiful. She edited them and emailed them all over to Kate, who was awed by her work. However, Olivia could not keep her mind off of the previous day’s events. She might have actually found the cure for cancer! Olivia had already contacted one of the top oncologists in the country, Dr. Jake Collings, who had agreed to meet with her and analyze the Wayuu leaves in his lab and come up with a formula. She was feeling excited, nervous, happy, optimistic, and honestly, everything was still a blur.

The following day, she put the little package of leaves in her bag and left her apartment. She drove three hours to New Jersey, where Dr. Colling’s office was located. She went up the elevator to the thirteenth floor and entered yet another glass office—only this time, it was filled with scientists, doctors, and researchers. She sat down and waited. Suddenly, a doctor with an icy smile approached her.

“You must be Olivia. I am Dr. Collings. It is so nice to meet you. I hear that you have appar-

***She might have actually found  
the cure for cancer!***

ently found the cure for cancer. And from a tribe in Colombia? My, that is not something you hear every day. Why don’t we take a look?”

Olivia felt a sudden chill. Dr. Colling’s attitude was an icy, cold breeze. She did not like the way he looked at her, or the sarcasm in his voice. However, she decided to ignore her gut feeling for the greater good. After all, what was the worst that could happen?

“These are the leaves. When you develop the formula, I would like to be the first person you call. And please, this is extremely important, I would like it to be done with precision.”

“Of course! After all, this is my job.”

Olivia had tried for about a week to concentrate on her job and go back to her normal routine, but it was pointless. She was too distracted by everything that was going on and could not focus. That morning, she got up and looked at her phone. She checked her emails, her social media, and then the *New York Times*. When she saw the headline she almost spat out her coffee. This could not be happening. There it was in big, black, capital letters: “Dr. Jake Collings has single-handedly developed the cure for cancer.” Dr. Collings was as sneaky as a snake! She could not believe it! Instantly she started dialing the number that he had given her. No answer. She had to do something about this.



And fast.

The next morning, she calmed herself down and looked in the mirror. She had a plan. And it was going to work no matter what. She drove the same route to New Jersey, went up to the thirteenth floor and into the same office she had been in a week ago. She was feeling confident.

“Good morning, Dr. Collings! It is absolutely lovely to see you again! I heard the marvelous news! This is just fantastic! I want to congratulate you from the bottom of my heart,” she said imitating her fakest happy voice.

“Ummmm....Thank you...”

“Well, I was actually very disappointed that you did not mention anything about the Wayuu leaves or the tribe... Did you expect that I would not find out Dr. Collings?” Olivia said, raising her voice sternly.

“I believe you are still too young to understand the motive behind my actions,” he said coldly.

“Oh, and what was your motive?” she said, glaring at him.

“My dear, it was all about recognition. I am running out of time to make mark my on my profession.”

“Well, Dr. Collings, you’ll make your mark alright as it’s about to become all about exposure.”

The next day, she saw a new headline in *The New York Times*: “Dr. Collings is a Fraud.” And, beneath that, everything that had happened to her in the past few weeks was written. Olivia was proud. After all, she had finally gotten the recognition she had been looking for.



# A HUNDRED SUNS

By Margarita Simpson

“This is as good as any place,” Grandma says excitedly. “Let’s stop here.”

I look at her and know we have finally arrived. I switch off the car engine and rush to her side of the car. She opens the door and reaches out towards me. I hold her withered hand and help her balance her feeble body. She asks for her walking stick. She stoops over it, and her legs are wobbly, yet she takes steady steps towards the orange grove. Once she’s there, she stands upright and takes a deep breath. She takes in the aroma in little sips.

“Isn’t it intoxicating?” she asks me. I nod out of politeness. In all honesty, I cannot understand what’s so special about an orange grove. After all, there are so many of them in the Peloponnese area. Grandma stares at me, and I know she can see through me. In response, she fumbles in the inner pocket of her coat, which has housed something precious, something close to her heart. I am completely mystified. She smiles and invites me to look into a perfectly folded handkerchief, from which she picks up a seed.

“So small, yet so weighty,” she says in a wavering voice. “This isn’t just any seed; this is the seed that has been feeding my dreams ever since I was a young girl. I can tell you are con-

fused, so sit down next to me, and let your grandma tell you a story,” she adds. She pauses for a second and clears her throat before speaking.

“It all started 75 years ago. It was a time to pray, a time to struggle for survival, a time to fight. It was war time. Your great-grandfather, my dad, had left our small town, Heath, to join the allied forces in Greece. His mission was to help guerrilla fighters sabotage important German targets. My father and I always shared a special bond. I missed him dearly and prayed for his well-being every day. I received a letter almost every week and read each one of them again and again until the ink began to fade. I would get into bed, snuggling myself in the woollen blankets, and read them out aloud, imagining he was there talking to me. On my 12<sup>th</sup> birthday, I received an envelope slightly larger than usual. When I held it, I felt there was a teeny, tiny, roundish object in it. I





opened the envelope hurriedly to discover that it contained some sort of seed I had never seen before. The letter read:

*My dearest Susan, cherish this seed. It comes from a very special tree, a tree that grows oranges. The fruit is round, and its leather-like peel shines just as brightly as the sun does in this country. When you look at an orange grove, it feels as if you are looking at a garden filled with hundreds of suns. So, hold on to this seed as it will feed your dreams the same way it has sustained me during this war.*

I am being drawn deeper into the story, but at the same time, I feel the raindrops of an oncoming summer rain.

“Unfortunately, this was the last letter I ever received from him,” she says as her voice cracks.



“Grandma, we’ve got to go. Let me find shelter.”

We move as quickly as possible, finding refuge in an old and long-abandoned barn. Sitting on a bale of hay, my Grandma continues her story. She tells me of a time when oranges were a fruit only seen by the most fortunate in the island kingdom of England. She tells me about a promise to herself to return the seed to the soil it came from, the same soil that softly holds the body of her father.

The rain stops, and we continue our walk. As we stroll past an ancient stone wall in the furthest corner of a lonely field, I look around and can almost see the beauty this field contains through my grandmother’s eyes. The sun is slowly sinking, and the elongated shadows of the orange groves creep across the hilly landscape. The warm glow of the oranges somehow becomes stronger and brighter than that of the fading sun. I glance away from the breath-taking scenery and turn to my grandmother’s side. I now know why it was necessary for her to make this journey. Grandma has never had the opportunity to say goodbye. This voyage is her personal pilgrimage to honour a promise, the value of which has only been enhanced by time.

I offer her my arm to support her while she slowly kneels on the moist soil. She scoops out the wet loam, and she makes room for the seed. She places it back into the land which gave birth to it, and her face beams. I kneel beside her, and I hear her quote a line from Benjamin Franklin: “Time. Like a petal in the wind, flows softly by. As old lives are taken, new ones begin.”



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# BERRIES

By Anastasia Stavropoulou

I opened my eyes. I saw every color imaginable. I saw those trees and bushes that they showed us in class. I saw animals, I saw green, I saw life. I filled my lungs with air, and I could feel its freshness running through my veins. I felt my body standing against the cold, minty wind. I felt the sun rays falling onto my face. I could hear every rustle, every little sound being made. I felt like I was being lifted to the clear skies, but at the same time, both my feet were connected to the ground. I was one with nature. I was part of this wonderful, colorful scene. And once more, I had that feeling, that wonderful feeling, that nothing mattered in the world. That everything was all right. And for a split of a second, I felt peaceful.

“Aspen!” I jerked out of my sleep. *Still a dream*, I thought to myself.

“Aspen! Come down, baby. You’ll be late for school again!”

I shrugged and got up to get ready. As I was getting dressed, I looked out of my tiny window. Everything was gray: the buildings, the sky, the people. And although I was used to this sight, it was the nastiest thing about today.

I rushed down, all dressed and ready to leave.

“Morning, Ma,” I said to her and gave her

a forced kiss on the cheek. As I headed to the exit door, she stopped me.

“Where do you think you are going, missy?” she asked in a playful tone, with a light smirk on her face.

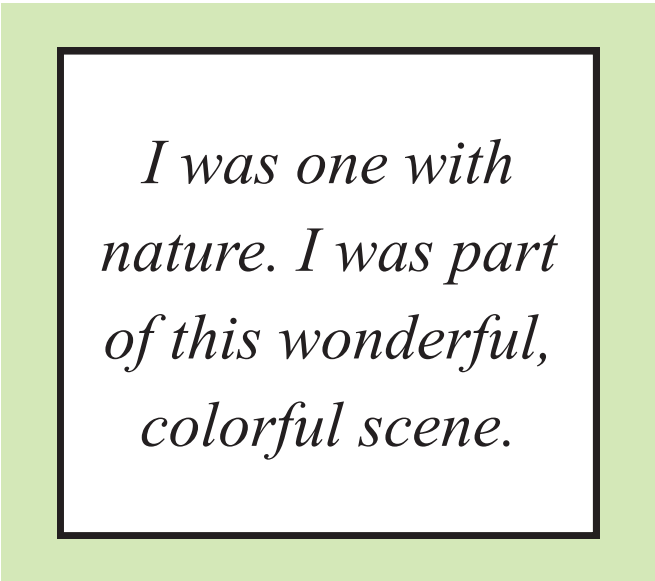
“School?” I answered, annoyed by her tendency to treat me like a child.

“Without breakfast?” she insisted, more intensely this time.

“You know you need to take your pills daily, especially in the morning. How else would you get your nutrients?”

She was right, I couldn’t deny that. But it felt like a chore every time I had to take those pills.

“Mum! Just let me go. I’ll be late again, please,” I begged and tried to leave.



*I was one with nature. I was part of this wonderful, colorful scene.*

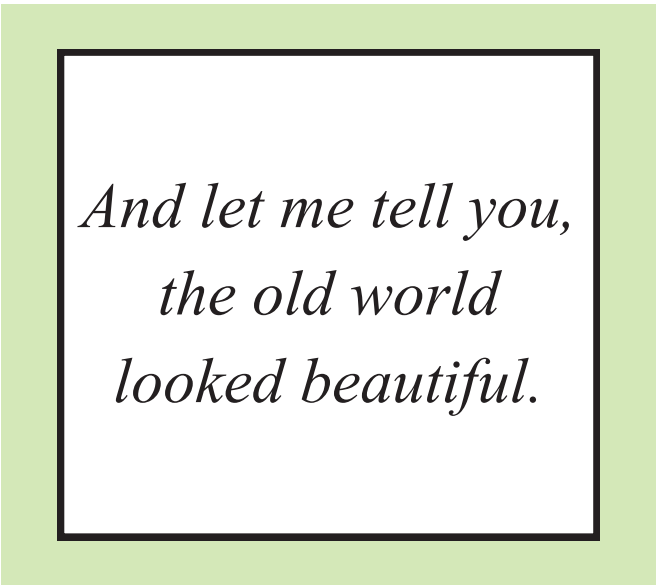
“Honey, you have to. Remember what Isaac said?”

Just the name brought chills to my body though it probably shouldn’t have; after all, he was the one who recreated society after the Great Storm. But I had a feeling, deep down, that this place wasn’t right.

I looked at my mum. She was waiting for me to answer. But I didn’t. I let out a long sigh and took the five pills she had laid out for me. Protein, fat, carbohydrates, fiber, and vitamins C and D.

Finally, I headed to the door, and I heard her shouting that familiar statement. That statement that I despised so much because it came from a leader that was invisible, too scared to show himself—or ‘too modest,’ as they said. That statement made me question our sacred leader, Isaac, and his stupid rules.

“Remember, Aspen, Isaac loves you and wants you to stay safe, *so stay away from the Fence.*”



*And let me tell you,  
the old world  
looked beautiful.*

Something started burning—boiling deep inside my chest. I didn’t know if it was hatred for my mum or for Isaac, but this feeling led me do

something unspeakable.

Instead of the ordinary route to school, I followed a different one. I walked and looked around. Tall skyscrapers and clean pavements. My city made me feel empty inside. I didn’t know why because Isaac always said we should be grateful for our survival. But something was off about this place. It just wasn’t right.

Without even noticing, I reached the Fence. It was tall, and there was a large sign on it: ‘Trespassing the Fence is illegal. Stay inside the city at all times.’ It was signed by Isaac. I recalled the things our teachers used to say about the Outside. *It was dangerous.*

They kept saying that the world before the Great Storm was very different. It used to have trees and animals and food—whatever these things were. I’ve only seen them in the videos they showed us in class. And let me tell you, the old world looked beautiful. But the Great Storm wiped out every tree and every animal. It almost killed the entire human population. But thanks to Isaac’s predictions, a few had time to find shelter, and they managed to survive. The same people were now following his orders as recompense for his help. But this place was wrong. It felt nothing like home, nothing like what they had told me about. So I started climbing the Fence.

My fingers hurt, like I was being pierced, and my confidence was substituted by a strong feeling of fear and anxiety. I already had tiny circles of sweat on my shirt, not because of the exercise, but because I had the feeling that someone was watching me, watching me be a criminal.

I paused. I didn’t think I could continue any

further. I had this unbearable feeling that two eyes were on my back, watching every move and hearing every thought. And not just any eyes, Isaac's eyes. "Come on, Aspen," I whispered to myself. "Keep it together."

I finally reached the top and went to the other side. An unexplainable fear made me start running as far away from the city as possible. I was running past fallen buildings and dead cities. The whole place was scary and eerie, which caused me to run even faster. I ran up a hill, and then suddenly, I saw it.

I couldn't believe my eyes. I was really there, in the place of my dreams. But this time, I wasn't dreaming. I was actually there, right now. It was like the videos they showed us: the trees were tall and were the color of my nutrient pills, but only brighter and more alive. My eyes filled with tears. The scenery was beautiful. I walked slowly to a tree and placed my hand on its trunk. I closed my eyes, and I breathed in. My lungs filled with fresh air. For the first time, I felt alright. A single tear rolled down my cheek as I felt a peculiar feeling growing in my chest and spreading through my whole body. It was peace. And happiness. I opened my eyes again and looked around me.

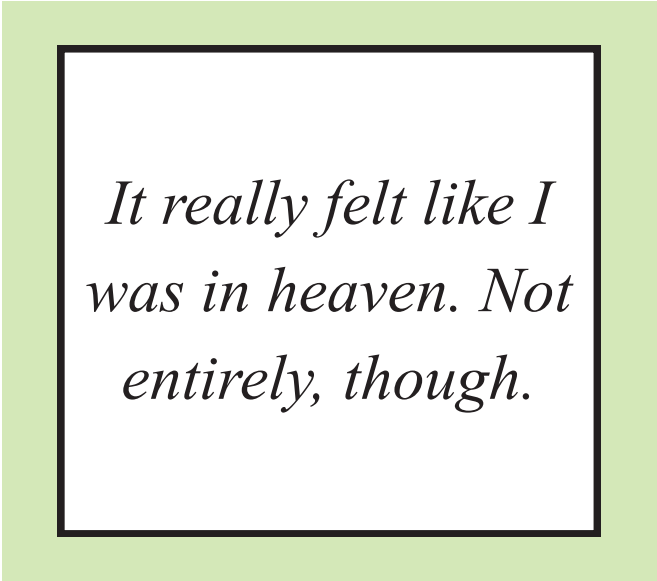
I spotted a strange-looking tree. Its color was lighter, and it had no trunk. I moved closer to it, and I couldn't believe my eyes. Right in front of me there was a piece of fruit! I couldn't remember its name, but I knew we had talked about it at school. I was very hesitant at first, but I managed to put one in my mouth and eat something for the first time in my life. I started chewing instinctively, and its taste seemed to explode in my mouth. It felt

like I was tasting colors. The sweetness sent chills down my spine. It was wonderful. I ate as many as I could pick. When I finished, I lay down and rested. My belly began to hurt. The ground was cold—but it was all worth it, for I was living among this beauty.

It really felt like I was in heaven. Not entirely, though. There were some questions twirling around in my mind. Did anyone know about this place? And if they did, why did they keep it a secret? Should I tell people about the trees? About the fruit? All these thoughts made me dizzy. I soon fell fast asleep.

The cold wind and the humidity coming from the grass woke me up. It was already late, and the sun was ready to set for another day. *There is nothing better than this*, I thought to myself.

And then, I heard a voice. *His* voice. Soft as silk, deep as the sea. It came from every tree, every leaf, but at the same time, it was nowhere to be found.



*It really felt like I  
was in heaven. Not  
entirely, though.*

"What are you doing here, Aspen?"

My stomach dropped. *He knew who I was. He knew I was here. God, he knew.*



“Your mother is worried sick,” Isaac said calmly. I didn’t reply. I was scared, so scared that I wanted to puke. A large, bony hand touched my shoulder and sent a chill down my back. I felt the old bones grabbing me, so I couldn’t leave. I was terrified. I wanted to flee, go back to my bed and never wake up again.

“I see you found my secret place.”

I couldn’t bring myself to turn around and face him. I didn’t have the courage to reveal the secret of who he was. But I had to stay strong, for I was my only salvation. I looked at his hand, old and wrinkly, with visible calluses. My eyes followed the rest of the arm, to the tall and skinny body, and lastly to the face. He had blue eyes that felt cold, and they froze me in my position. I tried to bring myself to escape his grasp, to run away, but my legs weren’t responding.



*I looked at the  
setting sun, its last  
rays dancing on the  
leaves of the trees.*

“Aspen, you know that what you did was wrong. The Fence is there to protect us.”

I wanted to cry. I was scared. *Stay strong, stay strong, please, stay strong.*

“I believe you made an unbelievable mistake, Aspen. And because I can’t trust you, I will have to do the unspeakable.”

*No, no, no...God, please no. Tell me this isn’t happening. Tell me this is all a dream, a bad nightmare. I never really climbed over the Fence, I never ran away, I never found this place. This wasn’t real, it wasn’t.*

I saw him pulling something from his back. *Oh, God, no.*

“I am terribly sorry, Aspen.”

I looked at the setting sun, its last rays dancing on the leaves of the trees.

And I felt at peace.

# Profound Blue



by  
Leliana  
Paspati

*They say time heals all wounds, but mine seem to cut deeper every day. How am I ever going to overcome this loss? How will I ever be able to move on from the death of my whole family in the Civil War? From the death of my brother, my best friend, my only friend? Civil War is a terrible thing:*

*neighbor fighting neighbor, friend fighting friend, cousin fighting cousin – each side truly believing his side is right. But I believe the fascist troops were the worst – General Franco seemed to have gathered the most savage animals to his cause. How will I continue living my life with just one leg? How will I be able to feel something other than pain again? The only thing I have left now is my art, but a painting cannot make you feel; only a person can, and I have nobody.*

Miguel turned from his thoughts to face the room.

The studio was in the attic of the house in a small town near Madrid, a room well-lit by candles, filled with unfinished paintings, used tubes of paint, colored brushes, bottles of turpentine, everything an artist needed, everything in its place. However, Miguel looked out of place there. He was small with dark curly hair and eyes filled with sadness. He sat hunched on a stool, wearing clothes for a much bigger man, and one of his trousers legs was pinned up and empty, a casualty of the cruel Civil War that had taken so much from so many. He had a crippled body, like his crippled heart, ugly and absent.

*Will my paintings do her justice? Her eyes are so blue: a blue so profound...*

Today, he looked as if he were waiting for something or someone. This was very unusual. Since returning from the hospital, he had barely talked to anyone except the people he bought his paints from and the shopkeepers who sold him the small amount of food he ate. But now life seemed brighter. For the first time in so long, a light was shining in his eyes. He had suddenly found hope with the hiring of Emmanuella, his new model. Was it time for the wounds to scab over, to begin healing, for him to begin to feel again?

*Emmanuella: a real enigma. How to describe her? She was beautiful, with long black wavy hair, the face of an angel and her eyes.... Will my paintings do her justice? Her eyes are so blue: a blue so profound like that of the deepest sea. I'm sure I can see different shades swirling around in them. They flash like sapphires when she smiles. But I rarely see her smile.*

There was a bang, the door opened, and in came the smell of the rain that was dropping like tears, the sounds of the street, people talking, the noises of life, and Emmanuella.

"Am I late?" she asked as she took off her cloak, shook her long hair, and turned the bluest eyes he had ever seen towards him.

*Only a month has passed, and so much has changed,* Miguel thought as he stepped back to admire what he created. Perhaps this was his best work yet. He smiled; his eyes had softened, and he looked happy. His face had filled out, so his clothes almost seemed to fit him now; he straight-



ened his back and said proudly, "I'm almost done. A few more strokes, a little more color, and I am done."

After a few minutes, Emmanuella was released from her pose; she stretched and tried to get feeling back into her left shoulder. As soon as the stiffness wore off, she ran to the picture, filled with curiosity and excite-

ment. She gasped, her smile faded: the eyes – her eyes, the mirror to her soul, the reflection of her love for Miguel were missing.

"But it's not quite finished. The eyes?" she exclaimed. In the portrait, there were just shadows, no details, no blue. He seemed to ignore her, as he signed his name to his work. As he put down his pain brush, he noticed the unused tubes of Persian blue.

*But how can I capture your eyes, the mirror of your soul? I have scrapped off the fresh paint so many times, but never was I able to portray the raw beauty your eyes possess.* His inner voice pleaded with her to understand and forgive him, but his voice said, "But, I'm done! This is what I wanted."

Her voice interrupted him, "You know, now that you are almost done, Roberto asked me to sit for him; he has promised to pay me well. Should I accept?"

He turned around to tidy up the paints and brushes. Even though Emmanuella couldn't see it, his face seemed to fall, to take on that old sadness that hadn't been seen on him for over a month.

*I don't want her to go, but the portrait is finished. Roberto's reputation surpasses mine; through his art, I think the world could truly see her as I do.*

"Did you hear what I said?" she insisted. Silence. "Don't you have anything to say?" She picked up her cloak. "Well, then, thank you for everything."

As the door gently shut behind her, her beautiful eyes welled up with tears; the blue took on the color of a stormy sea. She left with the knowledge that the love of her life never noticed them, never recognized her for who she was, never felt for her the way she did for him.

"Roberto is a great artist, but he is no Miguel." She whispered to herself as she made her way towards Roberto's studio.

Inside the house, in the studio, Miguel was still gazing at the portrait, the heart-shattering portrait. When he heard the door close, he slowly picked up a brush and stood for a few more minutes, looking as if he were trying to make up his mind. He slowly picked up the tube of Persian blue as he stepped in front of the portrait. He filled his brush with paint and...

Now was the chance to finish the way his heart desired, his story. If he could get Emmanuella's eyes right, he believed he would have the courage to get the girl he had fallen in love with and could not live without.

He realized that time had given him all he needed to heal his wounds. Now was the time to turn his back on the past and live for today.

*Now was the chance to finish the way his heart desired, his story.*



# *Will of Steel*

**By Ourania Efraimoglou**

**T**he shrill sound of the whistle shattered the silence of the stadium, and Liam stopped running. He bent over, trying to catch his breath, and his large, green eyes roamed around East Boston Memorial Stadium. It was late in the afternoon, and there were very few sprinters training. The leaves glimmered in the autumn sun like golden coins. It suddenly dawned on him that his mother made him promise that he would be home for dinner, but he immediately thought that after so many years, she had probably got used to the fact that running made him lose track of time. It was his ever-growing passion for the 100-meter sprint that made him decide to become a professional track-and-field athlete when he was 18. After seven years of hard training and many personal sacrifices, he could say with certainty that pursuing his passion was the right choice. He had managed to become an elite-level athlete who had competed in two Olympic Games, winning a silver and a bronze medal. Now, he knew that he had to concentrate all his effort and energy on achieving his ultimate goal: to win the gold medal in the 100-meter race at the 2020 Olympics.

Glancing around the stadium, his eyes landed on a thin young man of medium height. It was his teammate, Dylan Parker. Liam waved at him, but Dylan turned his round brown eyes away.

“How annoyingly typical of him,” Liam thought, feeling bitterly disappointed. He would never understand why Dylan was so hostile towards him even though they had so many things in common: they were both Olympic sprinters, they were almost the same age—Dylan was one year younger than he was—and they even shared the same love for motorcycles. Although Liam’s father had died in a motorcycle crash when he was just 15, his passion for speed was so great that not even such a tragedy could stop him from riding.

Dylan started sweating as he could feel Liam’s eyes on him. “Why on earth is he trying to make friends with me? He has everything a man could wish for,” he murmured, unable to control his indignation. Liam was tall, well-built, with dark hair, and an olive complexion. He was particularly charming and popular, and Dylan had grown tired of hearing that all the girls were attracted to him. However, the one thing that Dylan

found impossible to come to terms with was the fact that Liam had managed to win the silver medal in the 2016 Olympics, while he himself had sprained his ankle during the 100-meter sprint, thus ruining his only chance of winning an Olympic medal.

As the sun went down, a gloom descended on Dylan's soul. Jealousy was like a dangerous disease that had infected his mind. He couldn't let Liam steal his gold medal in the 2020 Olympics. Not again. He was determined to take fate into his own hands.

"It's getting late, Liam," said the coach in a stern voice. "Go get some rest, and I'll see you tomorrow at 8:00 a.m." Liam wiped the sweat from his forehead, took his backpack, and walked towards the exit. His motorcycle was parked right outside the stadium. It was a big, shiny black Yamaha. As he approached his motorcycle, he saw Dylan standing there, trying to squeeze something into his backpack. Liam noticed that he was looking around nervously while bending over to get a glove that had fallen out of his pocket. He didn't bother to say hello because Dylan turned his back immediately when he saw Liam coming.

Before he put on his helmet, Liam thought about giving up on Dylan. He shook his head in disbelief before he started his motorcycle, and rode away.

Riding a motorcycle gave Liam a strange sense of freedom because speed made his adrenaline skyrocket. Nothing could compare to feeling his whole body and face pierce the air. Liam was speeding up when, suddenly, he saw a huge truck coming towards him. He tried to slow down yet

quickly realized that his brakes weren't working. Liam panicked. He tried to swerve to avoid a head-on collision with the truck but lost control of his motorcycle, hit the curb, and crashed into a tree.

Liam was lying on the road, bleeding, with his right leg trapped under his motorcycle. The high-pitched wail of the ambulance siren sounded like a desperate cry in the night.

Liam's mother was pacing up and down the long corridor of the East Boston Neighborhood Health Hospital, unable to hold back her tears. She was devastated. Her son was now lying in a hospital bed, facing the same threat that had led to his father's death.

"Miss Adams," said the doctor as he approached Liam's mother. "Your son's condition is critical but stable. However, the tissue of his right leg has been severely damaged, which has caused a serious infection."

Liam's mother burst into tears. She couldn't bear the thought of losing her only son.

"Miss Adams, you have to be strong. The only way to stop the infection from spreading is to amputate Liam's leg."

Liam's mother almost collapsed.

"Miss Adams... listen to me, please..."

***Riding a motorcycle gave Liam  
a strange sense of freedom...***





Liam will have a prosthetic leg attached and will gradually return to the highest level of functioning and independence possible.”

Liam’s mother gathered her strength and murmured, “Okay, Doctor, do whatever it takes to save his life.”

Liam opened his eyes, but all he could see was the hospital room spinning around. He blinked several times to fight the waves of dizzi-

***Someone who knew exactly  
which cables to cut caused the  
accident.***

ness that blurred his vision. His eyes finally focused on a short plump man in a white coat. He was wearing glasses and had a very stern look on his face. However, under his sophisticated looks, he was a middle-aged man who reminded Liam of his father. Liam turned his head to the right and saw his mother smiling at him. He noticed that the wrinkles on her face had deepened, and she looked really tired.

“Hello, Liam,” said Dr. Smith in a serious tone. “Welcome back.”

Liam was still trying to figure out where he was, and what was going on when he suddenly realized that he couldn’t feel his right leg. His eyes widened with panic as he tried to get up, but another wave of dizziness hit him.

The doctor cleared his throat and explained the situation to Liam thoroughly. He tried to make him understand that the damage was so severe that they had no option but to proceed with a below-the-knee leg amputation.

Liam looked at the doctor in utter shock. “You must be joking!” he shouted furiously and then looked at his mother. “This can’t be happening, Mum...”

“Have courage, Liam. You are an athlete—a fighter.” The doctor’s tone was encouraging.

“Technology has advanced so much that artificial limbs are becoming increasingly similar to real limbs. The prosthetic leg you will get will help you restore most of the capabilities lost with the amputation. You will be able to walk and run again, Liam.”

A knock on the door interrupted their conversation. Liam's mother opened the door, and two policemen entered the hospital room.

"Are you Liam Adams?" asked one of the policemen.

Liam nodded his head. He couldn't find the will to speak.

"Mr. Adams," the policeman continued, "we would like to inform you that your motorcycle was sabotaged. Someone who knew exactly which cables to cut caused the accident. Unfortunately, there were no fingerprints found on the motorcycle. The culprit was probably wearing gloves."

Liam felt as if he had been struck by lightning. Then, he suddenly had a flashback. He remembered leaving the stadium. He remembered Dylan picking up his glove with that nervous look on his face. He remembered losing control of his motorbike. And then, it dawned on him: Dylan was particularly keen on motorcycle mechanics. He was the one who would have known exactly which cables to cut. But why? Why would Dylan want to harm him in such a cowardly way?

His mind was struggling to make sense of what had happened.

"Do you have any enemies, Mr. Adams?" asked the policeman. "Do you want to press charges against someone?"

"No, officer," said Liam in a low voice. "There's no point, I don't have any enemies."

Although Liam knew who was be-

hind the accident, he knew he wouldn't be able to prove it. However, for some strange reason, the revelation of this sabotage helped him regain his courage and determination. The doctor was right. He was a fighter, and he couldn't give up so easily.

Dr. Smith, who had many years of experience in prosthetic implants, suggested that they follow a relatively new method, which would allow him to permanently attach the artificial leg to Liam's body.

After receiving the prosthesis, Liam was transferred to a rehabilitation center where he started a program which helped him gain control of his limb, learn how to walk, improve balance and flexibility, and build muscle strength. The road to recovery was long and demanding; however, the whole process was approached with a positive state of mind both by Liam and by the team of specialists who helped him recover.

In the beginning, Liam could only walk with direct assistance, but he quickly progressed to walking with a cane. After several weeks of physiotherapy and practice, he finally managed to walk again by himself. His mother, Dr. Smith, and his coach were the ones who stood by his side throughout the whole process, encouraging him

***But why? Why would Dylan want to harm him in such a cowardly way?***

and praising him for his admirable determination.

\* \* \* \*

Dylan was tossing and turning in his bed. He realized that he had been losing sleep since the day Liam had the accident. He was tormented by guilt. He never intended to cause so much pain and suffering to Liam and his mother. Blinded by jealousy, he only wanted to cause a minor accident that would make Liam fall behind on his Olympic preparation training. Now, he couldn't bear the burden of guilt. He had made his decision. He would leave his parents and sister behind and move to Connecticut so that he would never have to confront Liam. Dylan closed his eyes but knew that even if he managed to fall asleep, he would be haunted by the worst nightmares. "Living with remorse is the worst punishment," he murmured to himself.

Bathed in the morning sun, the East Boston Memorial Stadium hadn't changed at all. Liam couldn't believe that after six months of relentless effort, he was able to return to his natural environment. His sapphire eyes sparkled with excitement as he entered the stadium. His coach welcomed him with open arms.

"I knew you would make it, Liam!" the coach said, his eyes filled with tears of joy. "You

***Liam took a deep breath and  
looked at the bright blue sky.***



have shown exemplary strength and determination...I'm so proud of you!"

Liam smiled widely and hugged his coach.

"Have you seen Dylan?" he asked, holding his breath.

"No, son. I heard he moved to Connecticut. I don't know what got into him, but he just gave up everything," the coach replied.

Liam frowned although he wasn't really surprised by Dylan's decision. He knew that Dylan wouldn't find the courage to confront him. Perhaps it was for the best.

"Coach, I want us to go back to our routine. I want to train hard in order to qualify for the 2024 Paralympics!" Liam said decisively.

"Are you sure? You need to give your new limb—as well as the rest of your body—time to adjust to the stress running will place on it," said the coach.

"Don't worry, I will slowly ease into running, but quitting is not an option," replied Liam.

Liam took a deep breath and looked at the bright blue sky. He felt stronger than ever before. He now knew that the obstacles he faced in life were the ones that really made him a better person and a stronger athlete.



*This story won 3rd place in the Annual Writing Competition!*



# Memories in the Sand

By Eric Struecker

I opened my eyes and tried to adjust to the light in my room. I sat up and rubbed the sleep out of my eyes.

“Nathan!” I heard a loud voice that made me jerk up from my bed. I tried to calm myself down.

“What?” I tried to speak. The door to my room opened, and a small girl ran up to me and fell in my arms.

*It’s too early for this,* I thought as I let my little sister down on my bed.

“Good morning, big brother!” she said smiling. A weak smile formed on my face as I rubbed the back of my head.

I took a step and immediately regretted it. I looked down at a small patch of sand that had somehow ended up in my room. I probably shouldn’t have questioned it—after all, we lived on a beach—but lately, I have found those small patches of sand everywhere, and not once has anyone else noticed them.

I turned to my sister.

“Hey, Lily?” She looked at me, still smiling. “Do you see that?” I questioned.

She giggled and looked at where I was pointing. She looked up at me confused. I started to panic.

“Please, tell me you see it,” I said desperately. She nodded.

“Is that a yes or a no?” I asked, breathing heavily now.

“No,” she whispered.

I bent down and took some of the ‘sand’ in my hand.

“Stretch out your hands,” I ordered. She did, and I let the ‘sand’ fall into her hand.

“Did you do it?” she asked, peering at me with a scared look.

“Yes, YES!” I said and fell to my knees.

“Do you want me to go?” she said, heading to the door. I nodded. “Should I call mum?” she asked again. I jumped up and ran to the door, closing it.

“Please, don’t. She’ll make me go to the doctor again,” I said, my voice breaking.

She nodded and walked out of my room, closing the door behind her.

I started looking around the room for a Ziploc baggie or anything I could use to save this ‘sand.’ I finally found one and let the sand fall into it. I opened a drawer full of little Ziploc bags full of sand and tossed it in.

I collapsed onto my bed and started to mutter, “Why? Why me...”

At that moment, my phone rang, and I raced to pick it up.

“Hello?” I said, brushing the hair out of my eyes.

“Hey, Nathan! Everything okay?” I heard a female voice say.

“Oh, hey, Ashlee. Yeah, everything’s... great,” I lied.

“Sand?” she said.

My heart sank.

“How did you—” I started to speak but was cut off.

“We have been best friends for what? 15 years?” she said. She was right; we met during first grade in elementary school.

“Can you come over? And bring that book...” I said, embarrassed.

“Okay,” she said and hung up.

I fell onto my bed with my head in my arms.

---

*Please, don't let her be right...*

\* \* \*

Twenty minutes later, I had gotten dressed and was pacing up and down, waiting for Ashlee to knock on my door.

"Where is she?" I said aloud. Hardly had I finished my sentence when I heard a knock.

"Come in!" I said, smiling.

We walked into my room, and I shamefully opened the drawer and let Ashlee take a look at my 'collection.' She took out her book and started scavenging through the pages until she stopped and looked up at me.

"Bring me a baggie," she ordered.

From a young age, Ashlee had always been fascinated by supernatural beings. So when she discovered a big book that explained every type of monster, demon, or anything supernatural, she was shocked.

I gave her the full baggie that, to her, appeared empty.

"I need you to bring me some stuff," she said, and I nodded.

"What do you need?" I asked, determined.

"I need a match, a ceramic bowl, and a handful of beach sand," she explained. I laughed awkwardly.

"What do you plan to do?" I asked nervously.

"Prove a theory. Now, go!" I jumped up in fear and ran to get Ashlee what she needed.

When I got back, I placed the objects in front of her. She proceeded to pour the regular sand into the bowl.

"Sand is a very tricky thing in supernatural theory," she started. "Regular sand will disappear if I set it on fire." She lit a match and let it fall into the bowl. And, like she had said, the sand disappeared.

"Now, because *I* can't see your 'sand,' you're going to do the next step," she said, handing me my baggie. "Pour the sand into the bowl," she ordered, so I did. "*If* this sand is some kind of demonic sand, it won't disappear... It'll turn black. And if it turns black..."

I took a deep breath and lit the match;

then, I opened my fingers and let it fall into the bowl. My eyes widened as I saw the once-golden sand slowly turning black.

I looked at Ashlee with fear in my eyes. "Wh-what now?"

"Well, the good news is that it's nothing bad, but the bad news is... a demon has attached itself to you."

My mind went blank.

"Wha—Who... why?" I tried to speak.

"It's a Lurker."

I sat down, trying not to puke.

"These guys feed on bad memories, and they dwell in an item that is important to the victim."

I was hit with a realization.

*Sand...*

About a year prior, my dad died in an accident. When he was alive, we spent all of our time making sand castles and playing on the beach.

*I miss him...*

"To get rid of that demon, you should get rid of any evidence of those sad memories."

I nodded.

"I need to gather them. Can you wait for me at the beach?" I said, holding back tears.

She nodded and left my room. I took out a box with old photos and everything my dad had left me. I dumped all the sand baggies into the box, too.

I walked to the beach, where I saw Ashlee sitting on the sand, looking out at the sea. She turned around and saw me with the box.

"Are you ready?"

I nodded and walked to the edge of the shore. I stuck a big rock in the bottom so that it would be heavy and sealed the box with tape. I threw it as far as I could and watched it sink slowly down to the bottom of the ocean.

"Goodbye, Dad," I whispered.

*Inspired by: The beach and the sand where I spend countless hours playing with my little brother.*

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# Part III:

# Poetry



**“I would define, in brief, the poetry of words as the rhyth-  
mical creation of Beauty.”**

**– Edgar Allan Poe**



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# Found Poetry

*They say that one man's trash is another man's treasure. Students set out to discover what poetry was hidden inside day-to-day news articles, turning one man's prose into their own poetry.*

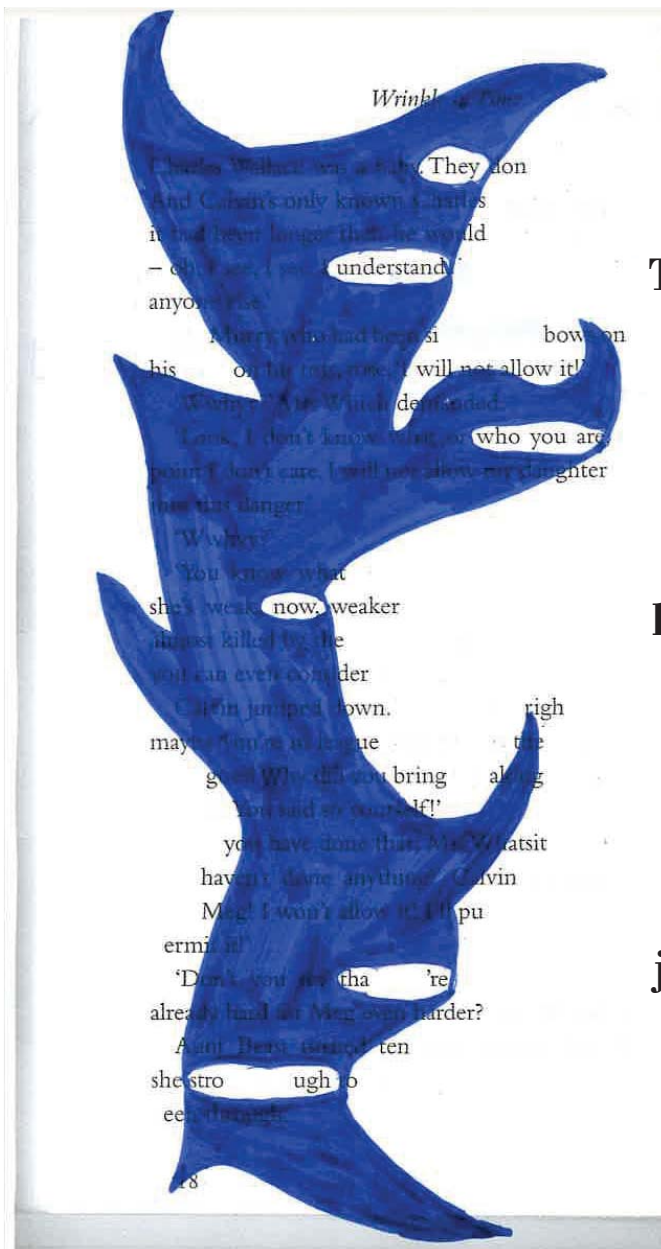


# HOW TO CREATE A 'FOUND' POEM

1. Select a text.
2. Choose a page.
3. read your text well.
4. Highlight or circle words or ideas that jump out at you.
5. Look at all the words that you have chosen, and start to select the ones that create your poem. You won't use everything that you originally note.
6. Circle the words you have chosen to make your found poem. (see below – you can also write them on a piece of paper)
7. Make it visually interesting!

Source:

MsLynnEnglish10. "How to Create a Found Poem." *YouTube*, YouTube, 12 Nov. 2015, [www.youtube.com/watch?v=B3wjLsEfFFo](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=B3wjLsEfFFo).



## *Power from Inside*

**This found poem by Spyros Loukas is from *A Wrinkle in Time* by Madeline L'Engle. In the novel, thirteen-year-old Meg and her brother Charles are the children of a scientist mother and a missing scientist father. After several discoveries, the siblings embark on a journey through time and space to rescue their father.**

## *The Ribbon of Lies*

This found poem by Evi Tsakali  
is from *Murder on the Orient  
Express* by Agatha Christie.

This crime story turns into a rhetorical question that may be interpreted in many ways.

'After that I go back  
the aspirin and lie down.'

'What time was all

'When I got into  
because I look at my

'Did you go to

'Not very quickly  
some time.'

'Had the train come  
sleep?'

'I do not think so. We stepped,  
as I was getting drowsy.'

'That would be Vincovci.  
Mademoiselle, is this one?'

'That is so, yes.'

'You had the upper or

'The lower berth. No. 10.'

'And you had a companion?'

'Yes, a young English lady. Very  
had travelled from Baghdad.'

train left Vincovci, did she

did not.'

you were asleep?'

used to waking at  
down from the berth

compartment?'

kimono, Mademoiselle?'

comfortable dressing-gown  
ve abba such as you buy in

said in a tone:  
holiday?'



Hamlet  
Act 3

To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles  
And by opposing end them. To die—to sleep,  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep, to sleep—there's the rub—  
For that which we call a dream may come,  
When we have shuttles off this life,  
Must give us pause—there's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of fate,  
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's fall,  
The wrong of despiz'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the sinews  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the fear of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns, puzzles the soul,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?  
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment  
With this regard their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action. Soft you now,  
The fair Ophelia!—Nymph, in thy orisons  
Be all my sins remember'd.

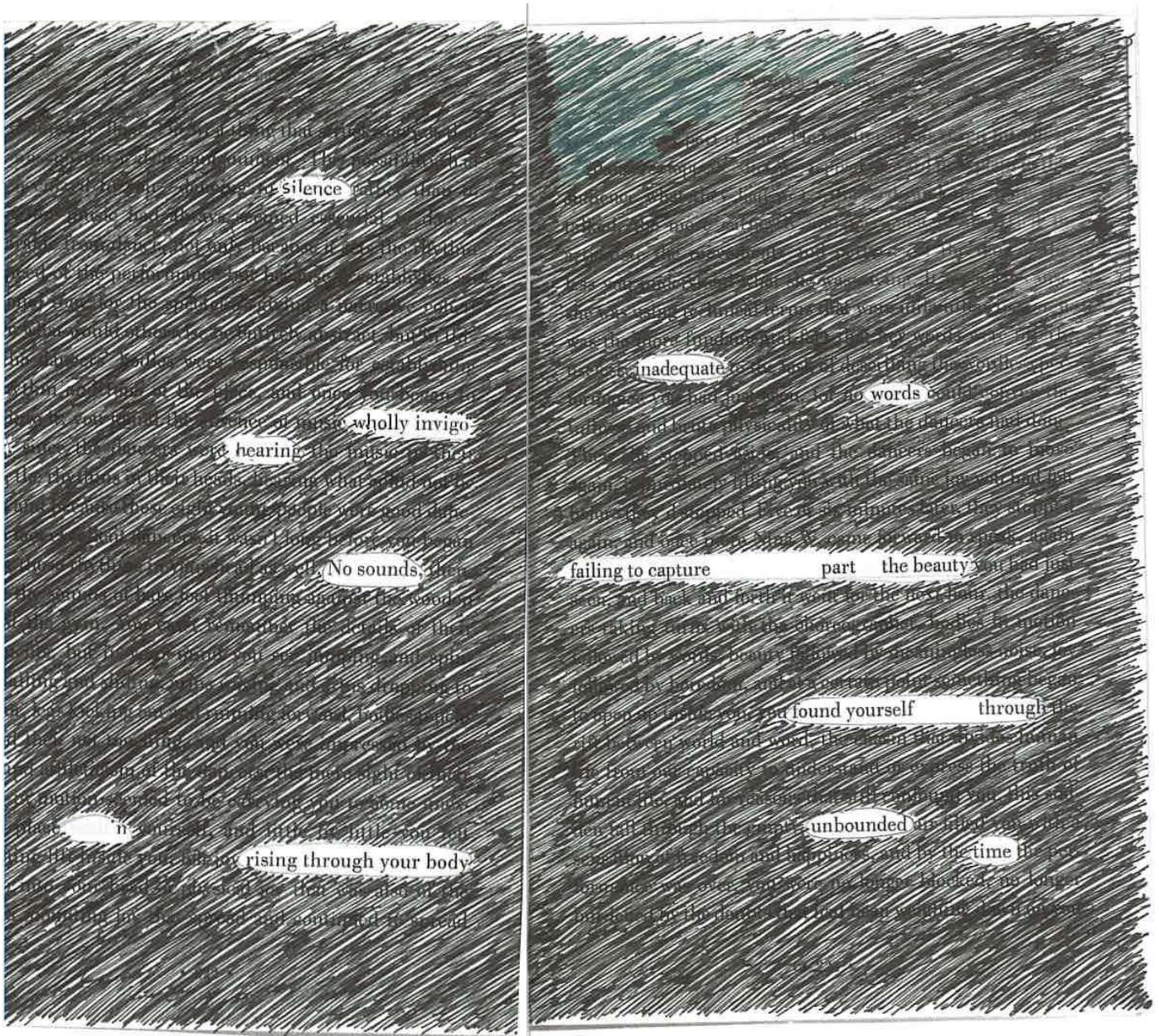
## *To Be*

This found poem by Christina  
Theochari is from Hamlet's most  
famous soliloquy, "To Be Or Not to  
Be" from Act 3.1 of Shakespeare's  
*Hamlet*.





# Silence



This found poem by Maria Angelika-Nikita is from “Report from the Interior” by Paul Auster. It is a psychological mapping of the author’s life from childhood and young adulthood up to experiences of his present 65-year-old self.



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# ORIGINAL

# Poetry





# Haikus

*Haiku is a traditional form of Japanese poetry. Haiku poems consist of 3 lines. The first and last lines of a Haiku have 5 syllables and the middle line has 7 syllables. The lines rarely rhyme.*

## Circle of Life

Andreas Sarantopoulos

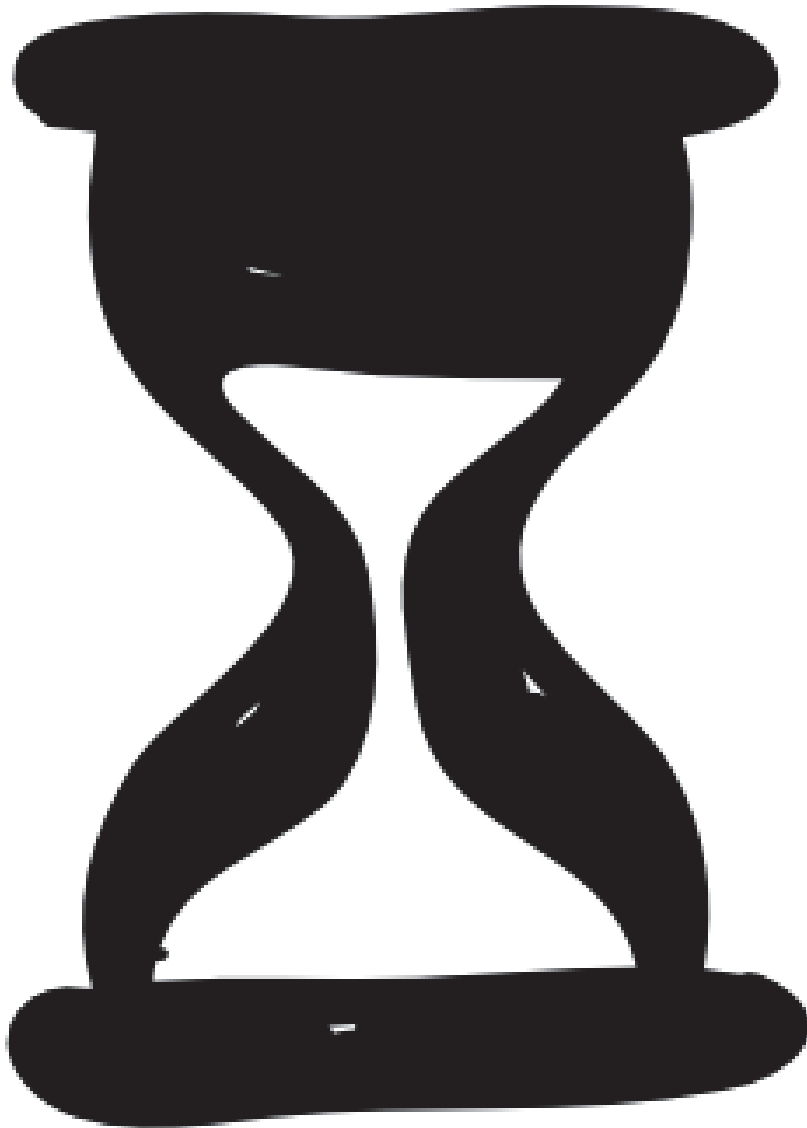
The lives of humans  
Like the blossoms of the trees  
They bloom and then fall...



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**Not Enough**  
By Vivian Anagnostou

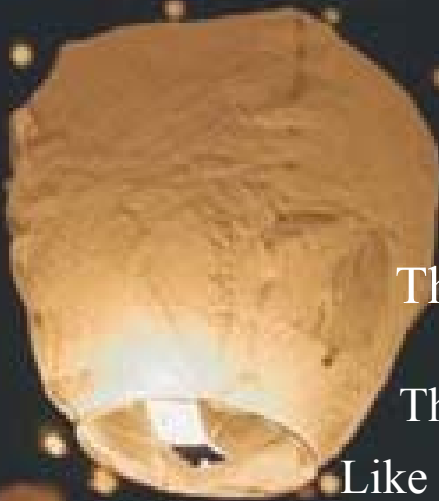
What is time on earth?  
Time passes by all your eyes-  
Time is not enough.



## **Time Says**

By Evi Gatsouli and Celia Karvouni

Time says, "Tie me up  
Or somewhere else I shall fly."  
Time binds us till death.



## **Starry Light**

Theodora Sioziou

The stars in the sky  
Like lanterns in the abyss  
Guide us through darkness

## **The River**

Leonidas Aggelou

Just like the river;  
Time flows, but only one way,  
So do NOT waste it!



---

# Sonnets

*Inspired by Petrarch's Sonnets, Shakespeare adapted this poetic form to his own liking, creating a total of 154 sonnets in the late 16th to early 17th century. The theme of these poems? Yup, you guessed it: LOVE.*

*The Structure of a Shakespearean Sonnet—also known as an English Sonnet:*

*3 Quatrains*

*Ending with a rhyming couplet*

*Written in Iambic Pentameter*

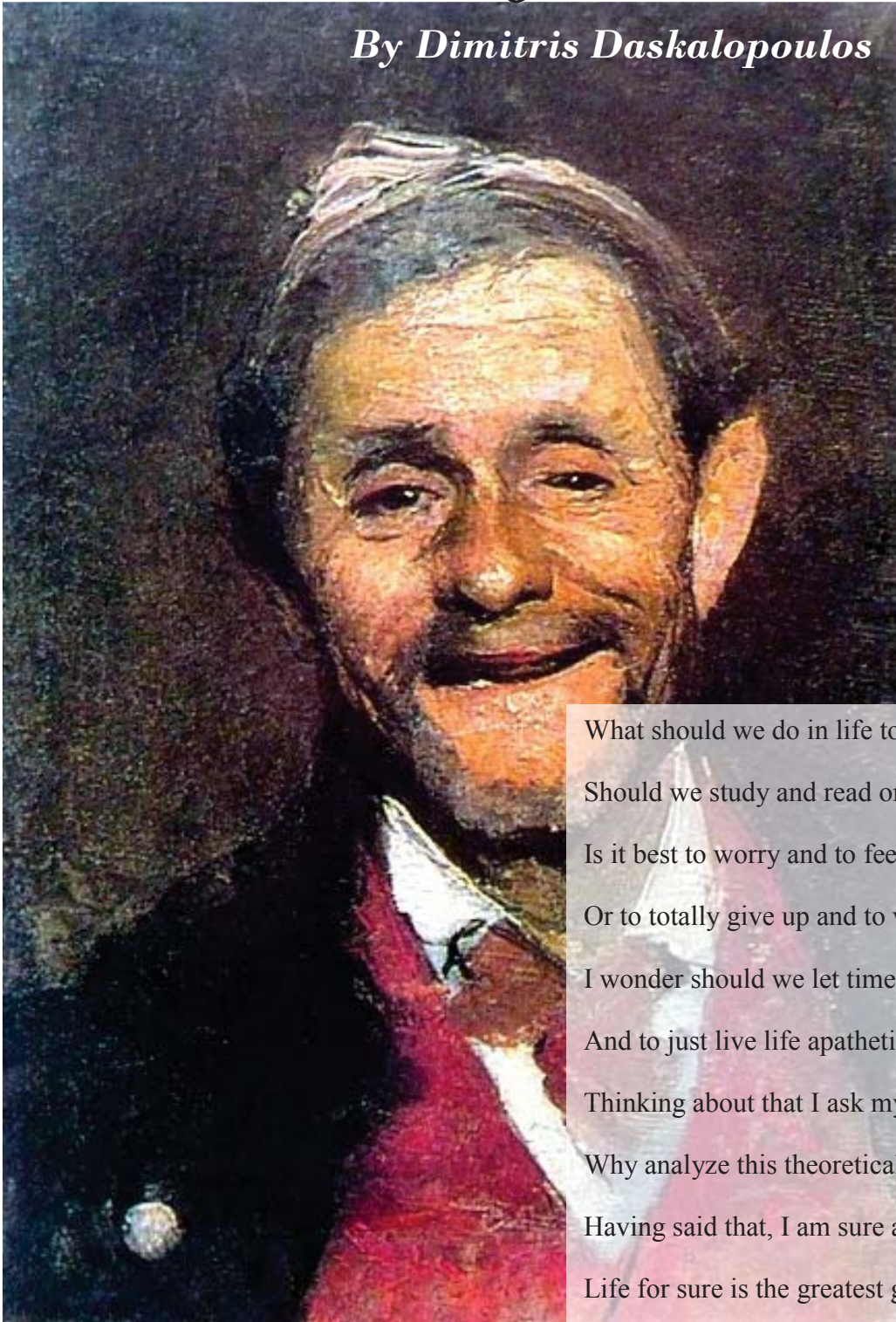
*Rhyme Scheme: abab cdcd efef gg.*



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# *Fulfillment*

*By Dimitris Daskalopoulos*



What should we do in life to feel complete?

Should we study and read or simply sleep?

Is it best to worry and to feel beat,

Or to totally give up and to weep?

I wonder should we let time pass us by,

And to just live life apathetically?

Thinking about that I ask myself, why?

Why analyze this theoretically?

Having said that, I am sure about this,

Life for sure is the greatest gift of all,

Take your time and enjoy this utter bliss,

Don't overthink every single pitfall.

To end, this wisdom to you I bequeath:

Life is short, smile while you still have some teeth.

*A Smiling Old Man*

Alexander Beridze 1881 oil on canvas

# A TREMBLING LEAF

By Vasilis Bilis

As the years go by and you look at me,  
My eyes full of darkness and disbelief,  
All you see is the wrong and stressful me,  
My hopes and dreams fall like a trembling leaf.  
Humans, a baffling mystery for me,  
Vanity, hate and beaming shades of red,  
Images of wastage and pain in me,  
No wonder our only hope is long dead.  
Diving through the future, I keep my breath,  
I look above me, and light fills my eyes,  
I reach an arm out to avoid my death,  
I must hurry, bring the change, as time flies.  
So the days go by and I look at you,  
Your pride, the reward for what I've gone through.





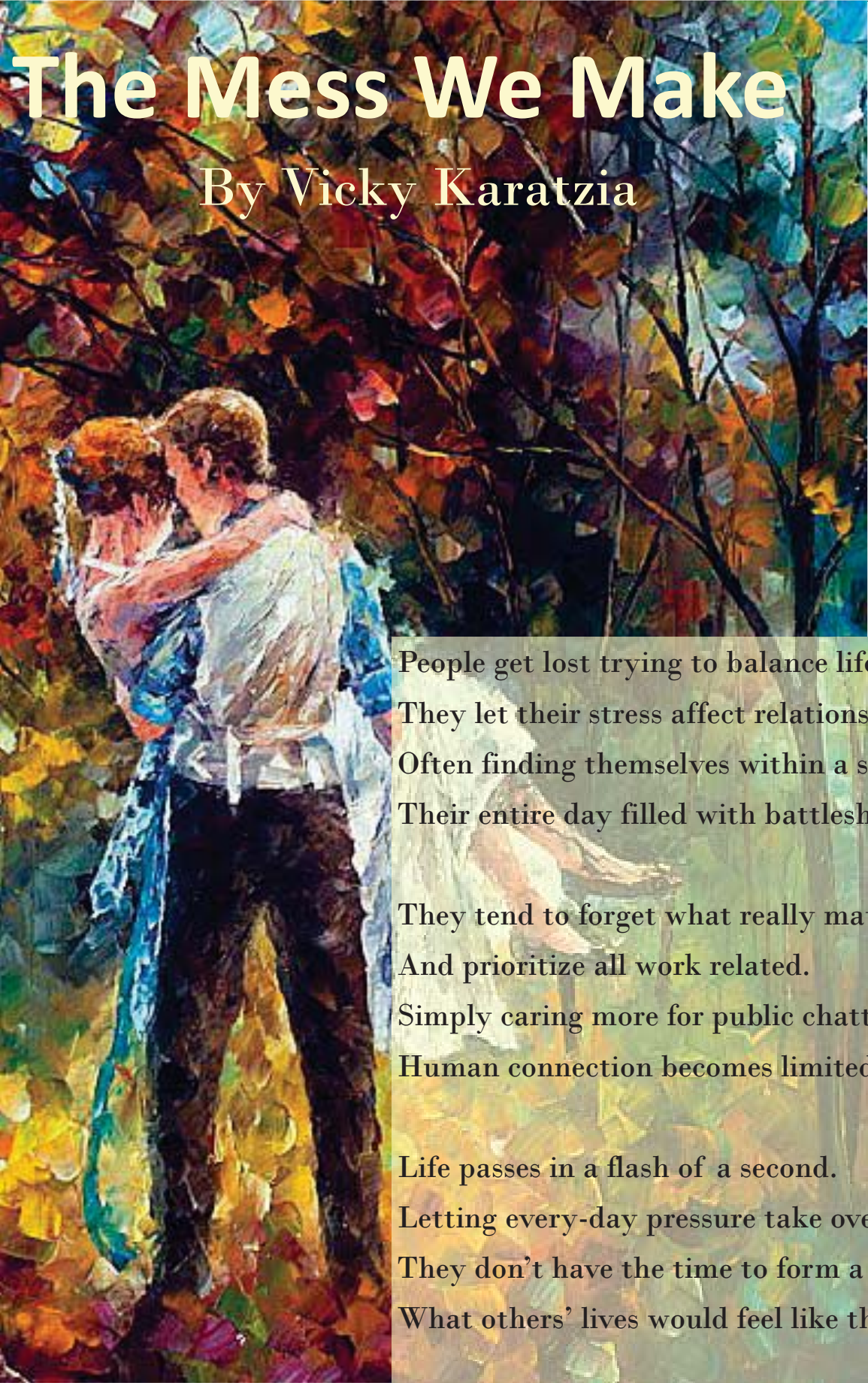
# The Helping Hand of Time

By Ourania Efraimoglou

They say that time can heal the wounded soul,  
Yet wounds which hurt leave scars that never fade,  
Inside your heart the pain has left a hole,  
The loss and grief cut like a razor blade.  
At first you think time is intensely cruel,  
It never seems to ease the pain away,  
Much as it promises to win the duel,  
You feel that your deep scars will always stay;  
But suddenly time waves its magic wand,  
It turns your wounds into wisdom and strength,  
Makes you feel as though a new day has dawned,  
The darkness in your heart is gone at length.  
Time is the friend who guides you through the maze;  
You'd better take its hand and seize the days.

# The Mess We Make

By Vicky Karatzia



People get lost trying to balance life.  
They let their stress affect relationships.  
Often finding themselves within a strife.  
Their entire day filled with battleships.

They tend to forget what really matters  
And prioritize all work related.  
Simply caring more for public chatters.  
Human connection becomes limited.

Life passes in a flash of a second.  
Letting every-day pressure take over.  
They don't have the time to form a close bond.  
What others' lives would feel like they wonder.

But the solution 's actually easy;  
Finding love, despite it sounding cheesy.





# Ever-Waiting Sword

By Fay Koropouli

A circus packing up, moving away,  
A luxury that not all can afford,  
A drop of water on a rainy day,  
What is time but an ever-waiting sword?  
A well-known shadow lurking in the trees,  
A broken-winged bird that can't fly away,  
A blink of the eye, a cold summer breeze;  
Then again, time's forever and a day.  
An endless river spreading far away,  
A well-known echo floating in the air,  
A handful of sand blown miles away,  
A judge always present, a constant glare;  
Time is an eternally-still delay,  
The more it's gone, the more it takes away.



# DWELLING ON DREAMS

By Angeliki Kouvela

I dreamed about the future all the time,  
Waiting for all my wishes to come true,  
Searching for the next step that I should climb,  
Gazing until all my dreams were in view.

Life was spreading its branches like a tree,  
The sky did not leave a window for fear;  
I looked around me, but I did not see,  
I listened closely, but I did not hear.

Did I stop to enjoy every moment?  
Was there a single second that I lost?  
Or did I see life as an opponent?  
All that I missed will be at my own cost.

But now all those endless minutes are gone;  
Time went past quickly, like from dusk to dawn.





**86,400**

**By Elizabeth Machairas**

Eternal, it comes to us as a hit  
And always we reminisce, long, and seek  
An abyss - things forgotten in a split.  
Time passes by as simply as we speak,  
A constant hourglass over our head:  
One second, one minute, one hour: stay!  
It is here, but then not, nothing instead,  
Granted, unnoticed, but a throwaway.  
We run here, we run there, run anywhere.  
Always present in our every moment,  
It offers the world, all at our dear care  
In life's endlessness our bewilderment.  
Eighty-six thousand, four hundred moments  
A day, the chances, for our enjoyment.

# LOSING TIME

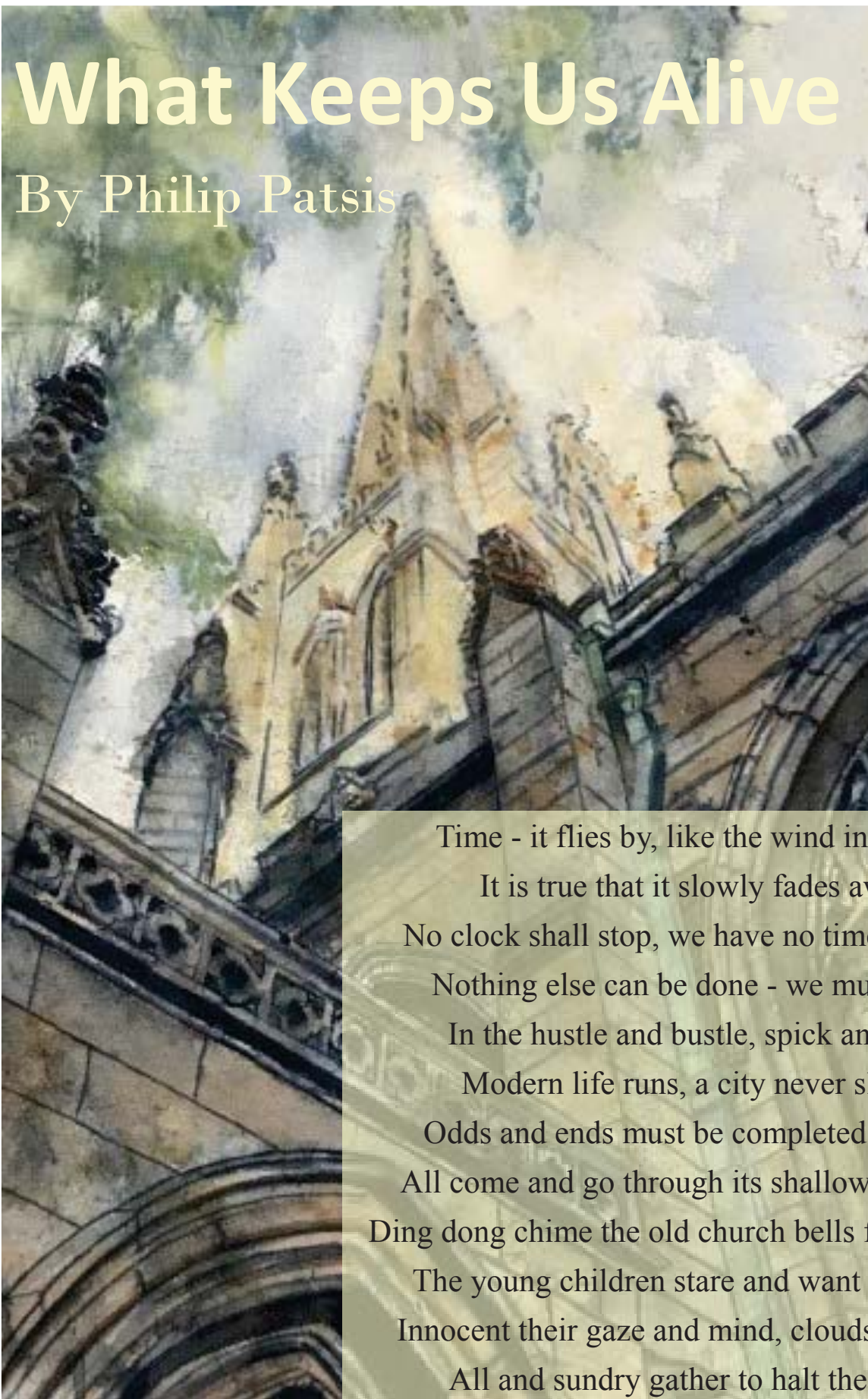
By Maria Mayson

At dusk walking, along a sprawling shore  
Indigo waves lapped pebbles and dark sand  
A point in time unlike any before  
The water playing dancing with sand  
Fiery sun setting in a burning sky  
Gently rotating world laced with warm breeze  
Turning skyward, to meet a seagulls' cry  
I sensed the endless motion of time freeze  
I felt communion with the endless shore  
Mind expanding across magenta waves  
And filled with joy unlike any before  
No longer buried in labyrinth caves  
Pondered on the beauty, this timeless state  
And in so lost this moment to fate.



# What Keeps Us Alive

By Philip Patsis



Time - it flies by, like the wind in the air;  
It is true that it slowly fades away.  
No clock shall stop, we have no time to spare;  
Nothing else can be done - we must obey.  
In the hustle and bustle, spick and span  
Modern life runs, a city never sleeps.  
Odds and ends must be completed by man.  
All come and go through its shallowing deeps.  
Ding dong chime the old church bells far and wide;  
The young children stare and want it to stop.  
Innocent their gaze and mind, clouds they ride.  
All and sundry gather to halt the clock.  
Pure and simple, avoiding it is crime  
By and by what keeps us alive is time...

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# TIME RUNS OUT

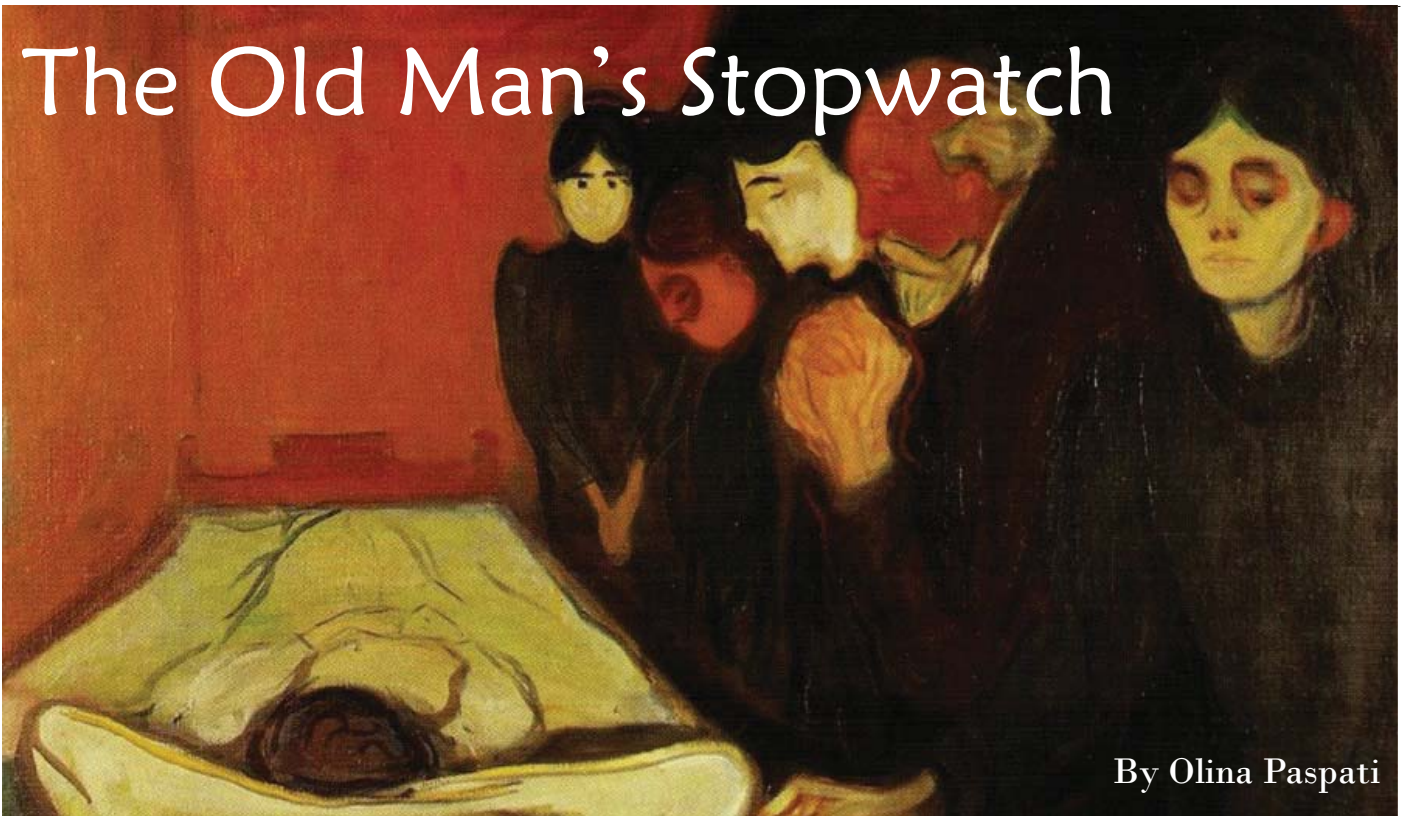
By Dionysis Spinellis

We should not go silent into the night ,  
For eternal time we humans don't own.  
We should not give into our life's last light  
As humans venture into the unknown.  
Time is an asset we can't sell or buy;  
We can't steal it. We can't get it with cash,  
And when we're out of it, that's when we die.  
If our culture says it, we'll turn to ash.  
Picture this: you just completed college;  
You are about twenty-five years of age,  
A third of your life spent getting knowledge.  
When you think of that, it fills you with rage,  
But the time we have left should be used well,  
So go live a life. I bid you farewell!



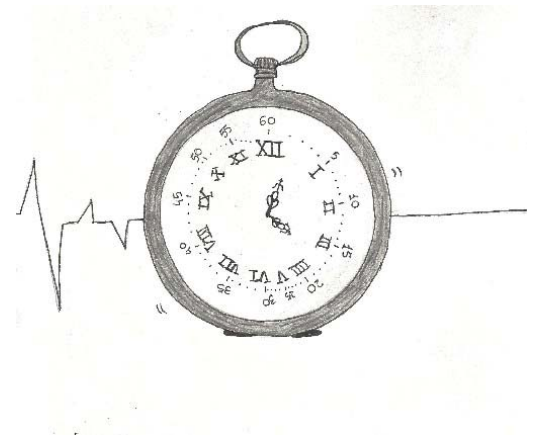


# The Old Man's Stopwatch



By Olin Paspoti

As I am lying in this dreadful bed  
All sad faces are here to say goodbye  
Dreaming of all things I have done and said  
Soon, I will be travelling to the sky.  
Like a butterfly flying in the fields  
I see a young boy running, happily  
Through the sunny hills and the mountain yields  
Seizing every small moment, graciously.  
As I am lying in this dreadful bed  
All sad faces are here to say goodbye  
Dreaming of all things I have done and said  
Soon, I will be travelling to the sky.  
Like a butterfly flying in the fields  
I see a young boy running, happily  
Through the sunny hills and the mountain yields  
Seizing every small moment, graciously.





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# Free Verse

*Free verse is an open form of poetry. It does not use consistent meter patterns, rhyme, or any musical pattern.*



# Midnight

By Nephele Aesopou

Five more minutes.

The chrysanthemum in her hair was  
almost dry.

The dress was too tight.

The glass slippers unbearable.

Just as she sensed the tear slide down  
her face,

She felt relieved. And happier.

Four.

She stopped halfway in her step.

Contra tempo to the music.

Heavy with diamond rings,

She lifted her manicured fingers off  
his shoulders.

Her pulse quickened.

Three.

She was running.

Past ballrooms and corridors and  
dining halls,

Past kings and opulence and safety.

Away from the castle's walls and  
prejudice and clichés.

Far from the fairytale.

Two.

She never wanted to be a princess.

Why is it everyone's dream?

She was powerful all on her own.

In charge of her own feelings, her  
own opinions.

No magic, no fairy godmothers.

One.

She needed no prince.

Desired no kingdom to rule.

No matter how long it took,

She would write her own fairytale.

There, she wouldn't have to wait for  
the clock.

Twelve.

At last.

The clock struck midnight.

The slipper fell off.

"Cinderella, wait."



# Time Flies

By Emmanouela Skanavi

Time Flies through the woods,  
Time Flies through the trees,  
Time Flies as the mountains fade and disappear

Time Flies through the sky,  
Time Flies through the clouds,  
Time Flies as the sun is shining so bright

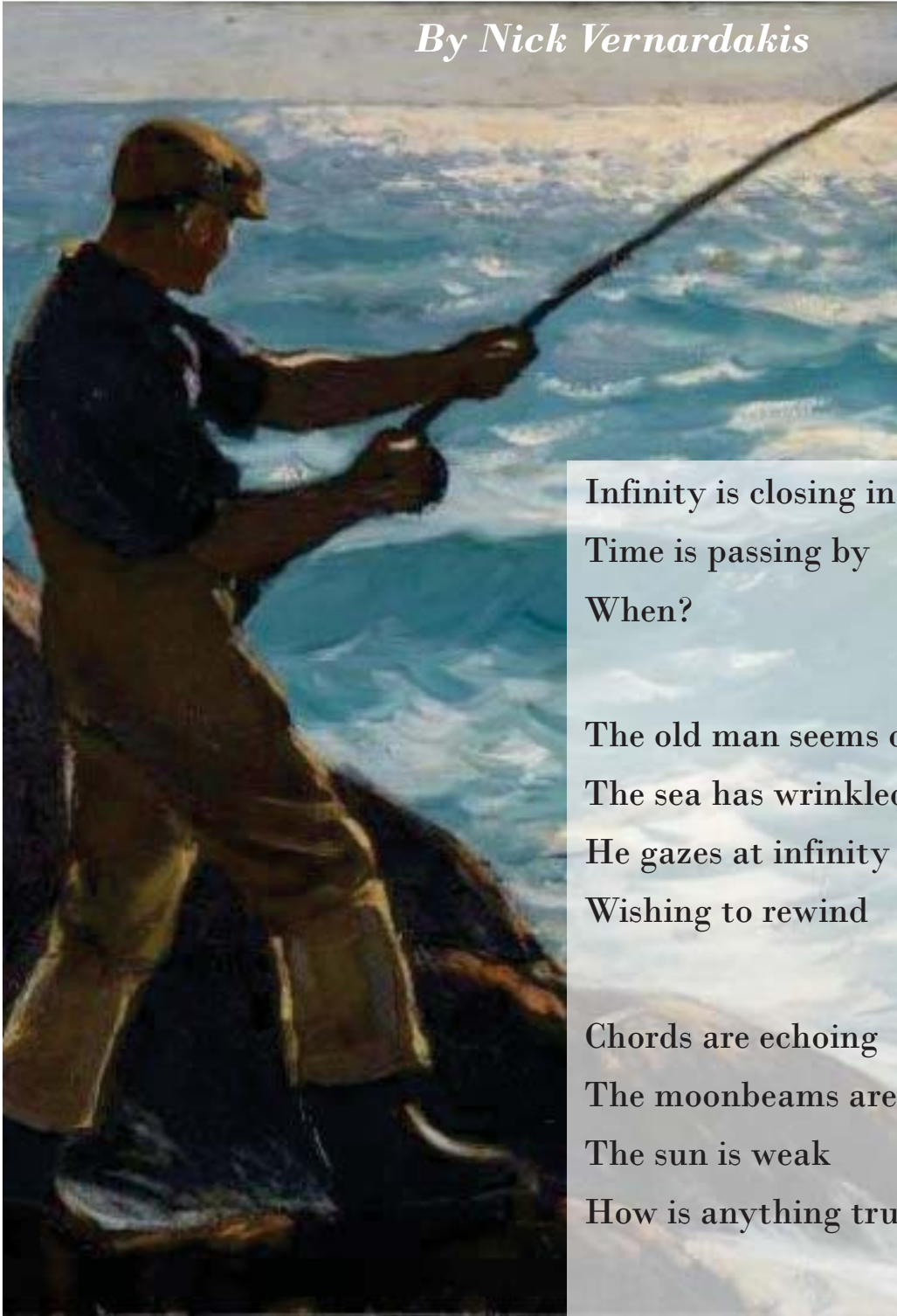
Time Flies through the rainbow after the rain  
All I can see is animals running away  
But my greatest fear; time is running away



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# *Infinity*

*By Nick Vernardakis*



Infinity is closing in  
Time is passing by  
When?


The old man seems distant  
The sea has wrinkled his face  
He gazes at infinity  
Wishing to rewind

Chords are echoing  
The moonbeams are bright  
The sun is weak  
How is anything true?

Darkness has its own pace  
The sun is old  
Sound is fading  
Infinity is closing in.

# WHAT IS LIFE?

By Philip Michopoulos

A person is silhouetted while sitting on a swing. The swing is suspended by two ropes. The background is a vibrant sunset sky with shades of orange, pink, and blue. The person's legs are visible, and they appear to be holding the ropes. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

Life is like a swing in the night  
It begins from darkness and ends in darkness  
How much time remains?  
No one can really know.  
Life is so unexpected that it can be ended  
At any time, in any place.  
Life is unfair to some  
Pleasant to others.  
Who chooses our existence?  
It is a mystery  
Hard to solve  
But so exciting  
Life

# FEAR

By Nafsika Economidou



When I was six

I was afraid of the dark.

When I was twelve

I was afraid of thieves.

When I was fifteen

I was afraid of my friends.

Today, I wake up every day fearing the next

Fear of the present

Fear of the future.

I hear my daddy saying,

“Baby, don’t be afraid to love!”

Live life to the fullest -

Without fear, with dare!





# Night

By Lydia Tsantila

And then, the night fell –  
She was alone again.  
But – she was not alone  
The stars were shining  
Steps of passing ghosts  
Whistling wind  
Waves crushing  
And yet – we are alone  
The sun rose again.

# The Inaudible, Rhythmic Beating

By Panos Tsimpos

Emptiness: A river rushing  
Emptiness; a child is laughing  
Emptiness, a broad smile, a sweaty forehead  
Emptiness – Peace

Passion. A lustful encounter.  
Passion: Pain, redemption, consummation  
Passion, a hungry mind, a liberated body  
Passion – Freedom

Maturity. A structured life  
Maturity: lack of thought, a plastic life  
Maturity, cold eyes tidy clothes  
Maturity – Conformation

Time: inaudible, rhythmic beating  
Time; movement, reformation, evolution  
Time, the relentless tormenter, the universal healer, the bearer of truth  
Time – Change

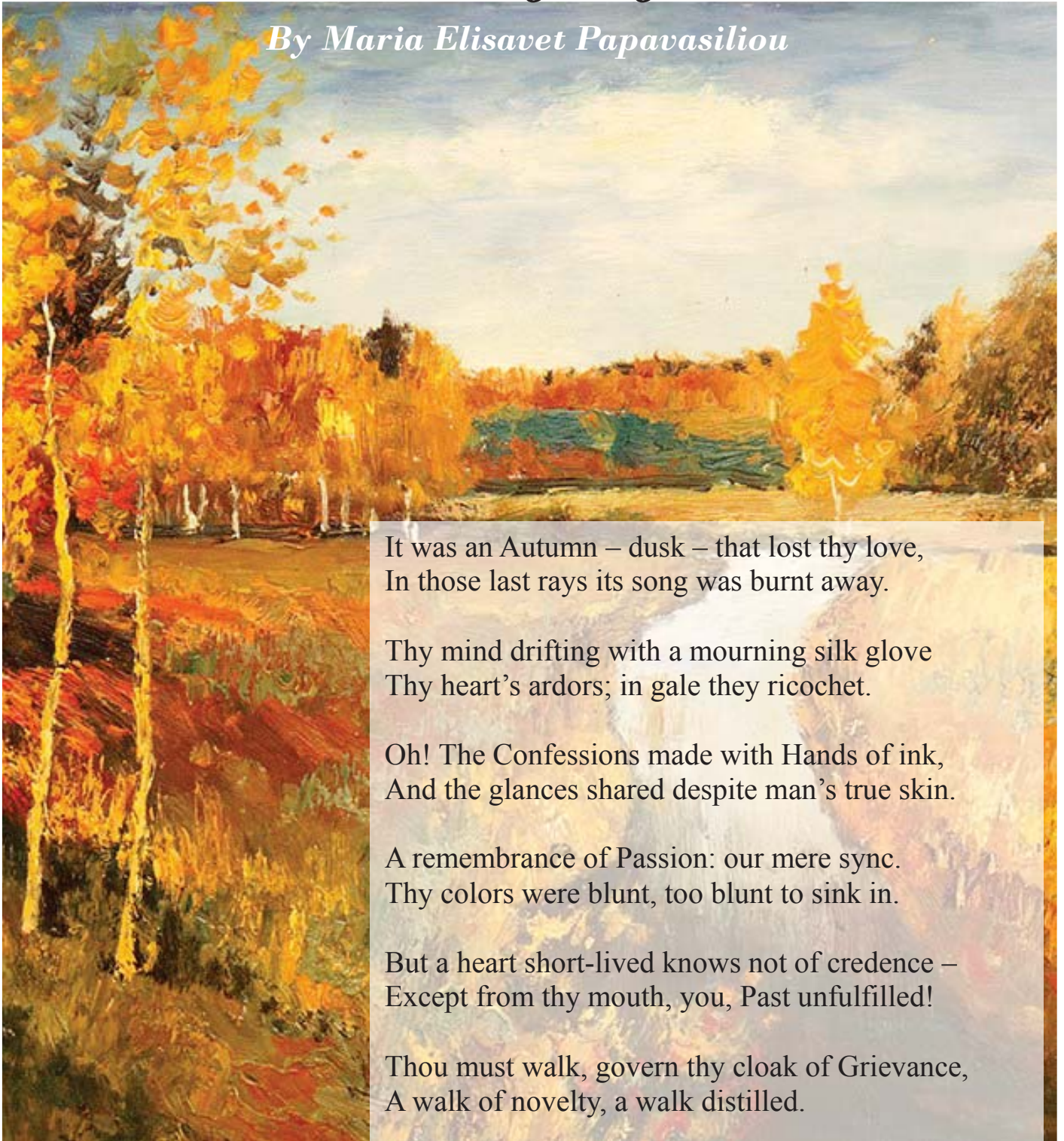
Inaudible rhythmic beating,  
Annoying rapid pounding,  
of a finger, of a foot, of a chest,  
of a thousand voices whispering the eternal, the internal law:  
Change

The lawmaker grins, the lawmaker sighs,  
Time looks upon us; his decision abides.



# *Past Unfulfilled*

*By Maria Elisavet Papavasiliou*



It was an Autumn – dusk – that lost thy love,  
In those last rays its song was burnt away.

Thy mind drifting with a mourning silk glove  
Thy heart's ardors; in gale they ricochet.

Oh! The Confessions made with Hands of ink,  
And the glances shared despite man's true skin.

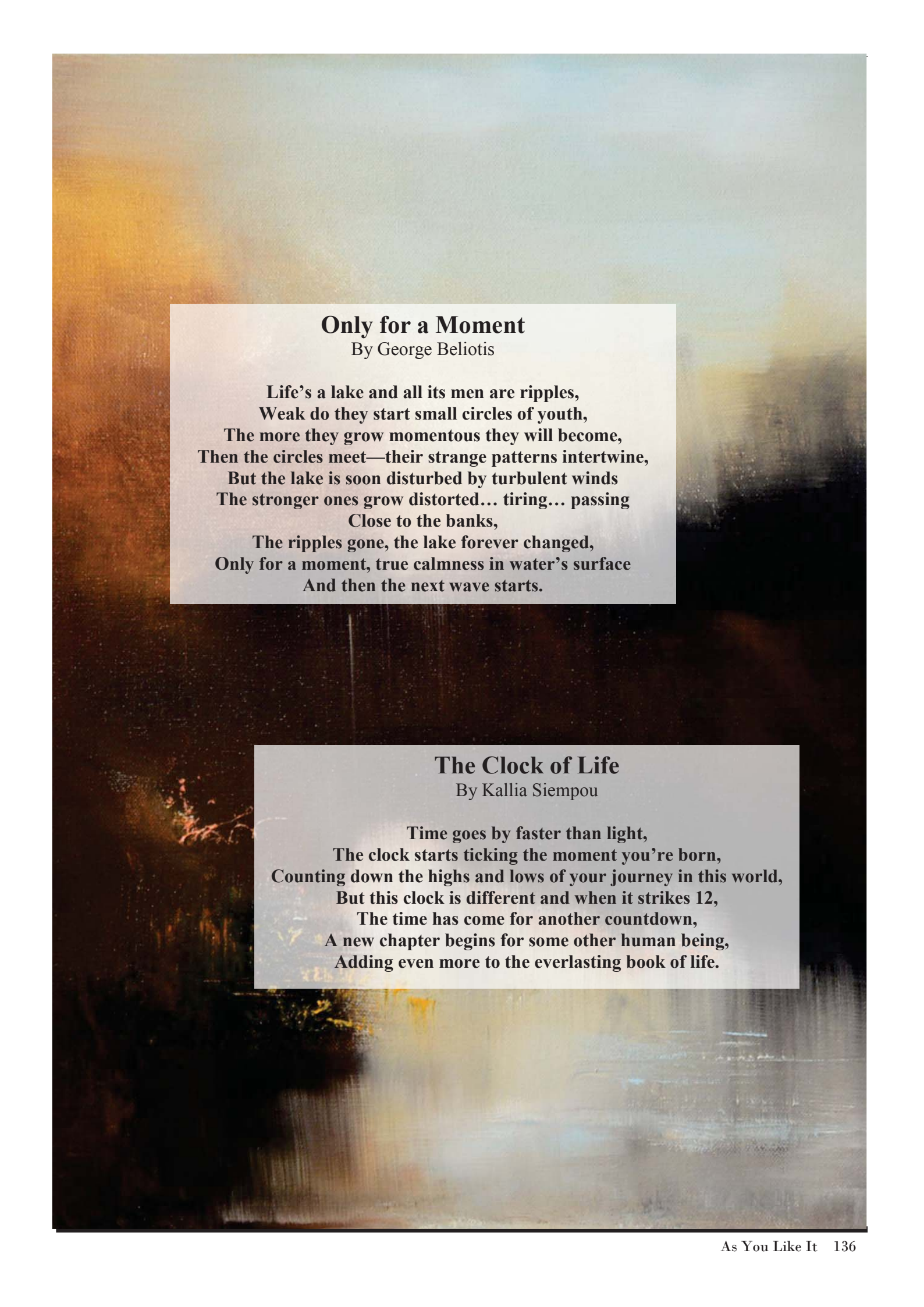
A remembrance of Passion: our mere sync.  
Thy colors were blunt, too blunt to sink in.

But a heart short-lived knows not of credence –  
Except from thy mouth, you, Past unfulfilled!

Thou must walk, govern thy cloak of Grievance,  
A walk of novelty, a walk distilled.

A petal, every dusk, kissing your cheek;  
Thy flesh, one breath, will seize the chance to speak!





## **Only for a Moment**

By George Beliotis

Life's a lake and all its men are ripples,  
Weak do they start small circles of youth,  
The more they grow momentous they will become,  
Then the circles meet—their strange patterns intertwine,  
But the lake is soon disturbed by turbulent winds  
The stronger ones grow distorted... tiring... passing  
Close to the banks,  
The ripples gone, the lake forever changed,  
Only for a moment, true calmness in water's surface  
And then the next wave starts.

## **The Clock of Life**

By Kallia Siempou

Time goes by faster than light,  
The clock starts ticking the moment you're born,  
Counting down the highs and lows of your journey in this world,  
But this clock is different and when it strikes 12,  
The time has come for another countdown,  
A new chapter begins for some other human being,  
Adding even more to the everlasting book of life.





## Think About Time

By Peter Karadimas

I never have time to think about time,  
Exams and clocks put time in a box,  
We can't escape,  
Time is running and we are behind—  
I never come on time,  
So absences are my life.  
Death is the closing of time  
But time brings death closer.  
Enjoy life,  
Don't find time to think about time.

## From the Ashes of the Phoenix

By Aggeliki Pneumatikos

Age is the result of time  
From the birth of a human  
There are two ways of arriving at the finish line  
The first person is the one who chooses life  
While the other is chased by it  
One is passive  
The other aggressive  
The clock of life strikes  
Some will have gone unnoticed  
As meaningless whispers through a crowd  
Still others will be light  
They will not stand still as time goes by  
But will write their names on the wall of pride  
With their feats as loud and unchangeable  
And when their time comes  
They will be reborn  
Like the phoenix from its ashes

## Time Races

By Zisis Foufas

As I rest underneath the lovely old pine tree  
As the sea feasts on the steep rocky cliff below  
Time races ahead leaving in the past my every act  
Totally ignorant of all I even wished to know  
Because such is truly the cruel nature of time  
That although He is the creator of all  
He never leaves anything of mine  
Standing tall





# Tick Tock

By Philip–Hennes Alt

Tick Tock Tick Tock  
We measure it with a clock

When does it begin  
When does it end  
We don't know  
'cause it doesn't show  
All we know is it cannot bend  
Its wounds we cannot mend

Tick Tock Tick Tock  
We measure it with a clock

Maybe it's a circle  
With which you shouldn't meddle  
Maybe it's a line  
Endless, continuous and divine

Tick Tock Tick Tock  
We measure it with a clock

Remember it passes and  
It doesn't rewind  
Your choices are solidified  
And the consequences are eternalized  
Only when you look back  
Will you know what it lacked

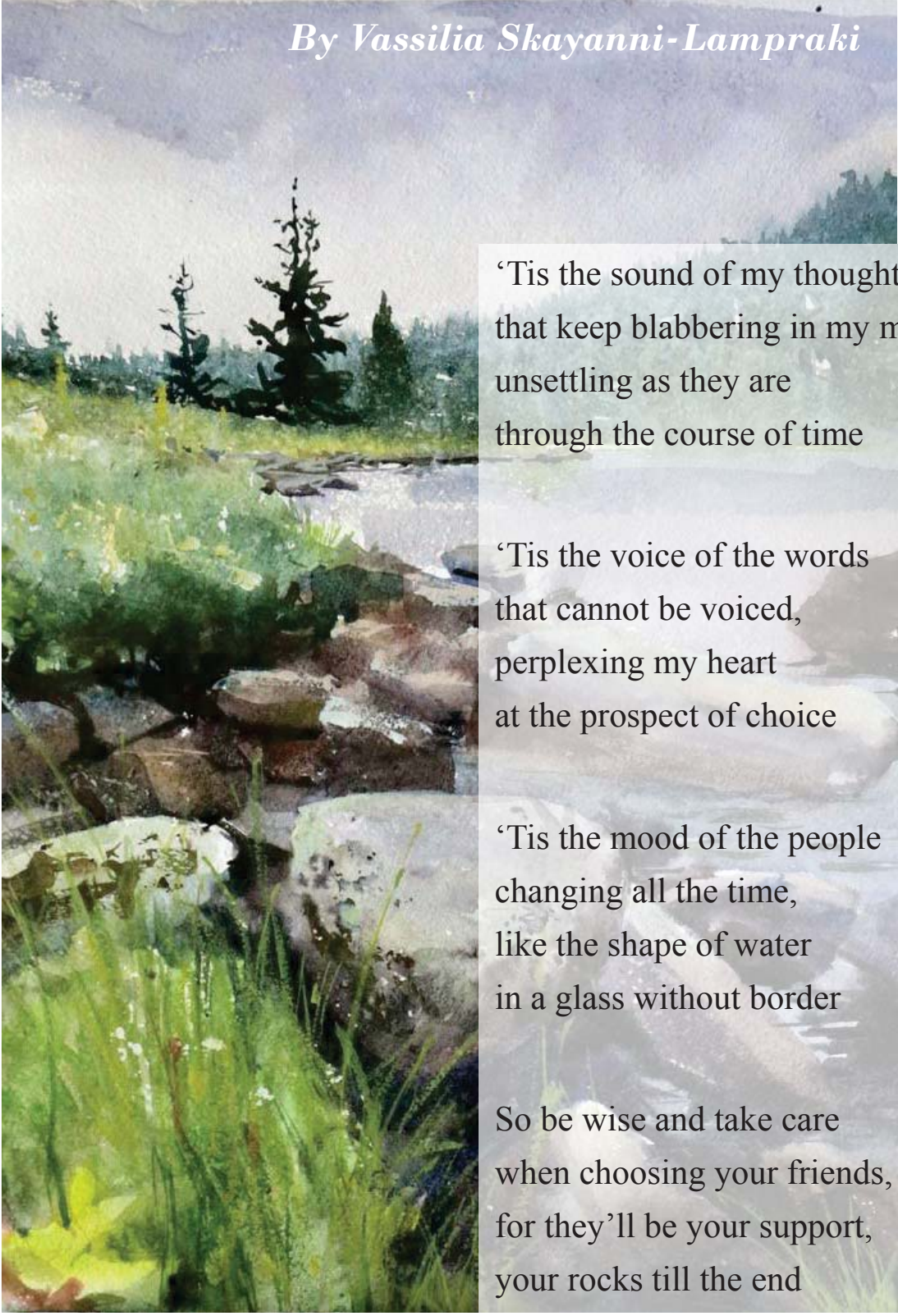
Tick Tock Tick Tock  
We measure it with a clock



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# Choices

*By Vassilia Skayanni-Lampraki*

A painting of a landscape with a stream, rocks, and trees. The scene is depicted with soft, impressionistic brushstrokes. In the foreground, there are large, dark, rounded rocks and patches of green grass. A small stream flows through the middle ground, reflecting the light. In the background, there are several tall, dark evergreen trees against a pale, hazy sky. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

‘Tis the sound of my thoughts  
that keep blabbering in my mind,  
unsettling as they are  
through the course of time

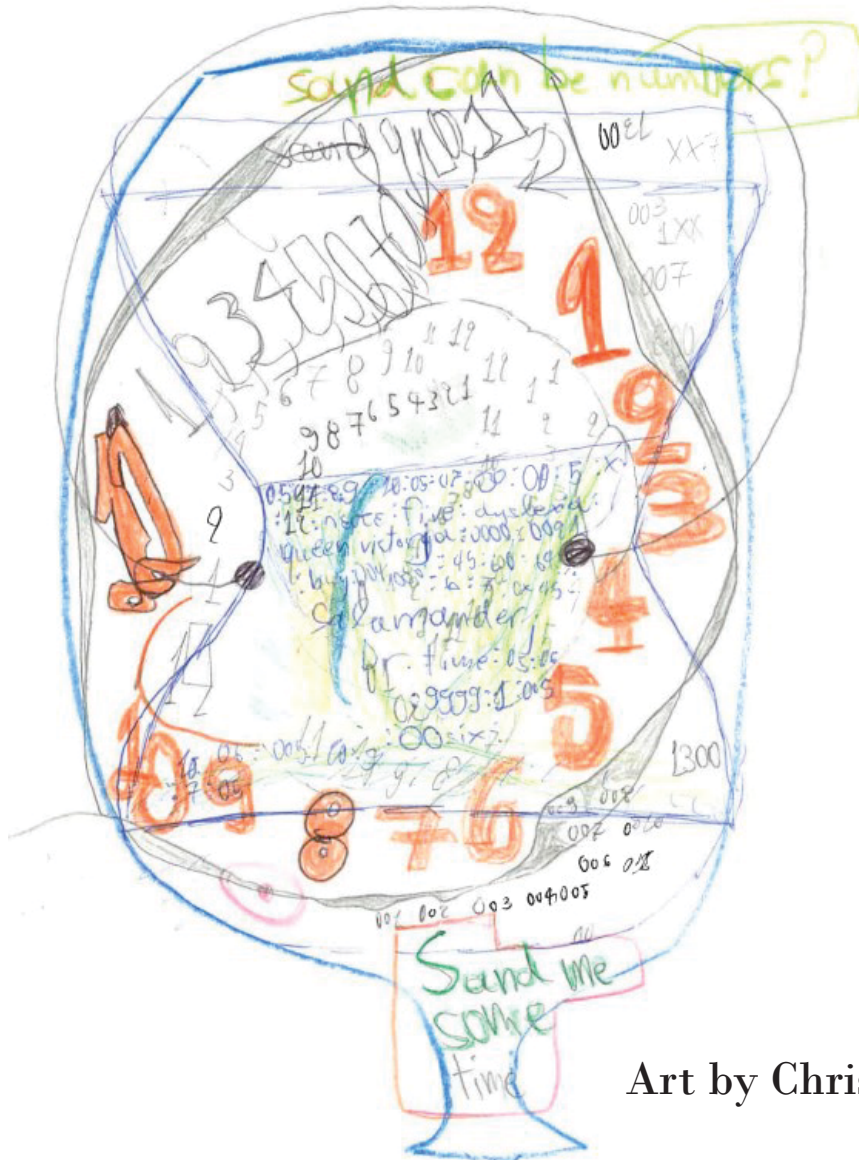
‘Tis the voice of the words  
that cannot be voiced,  
perplexing my heart  
at the prospect of choice

‘Tis the mood of the people  
changing all the time,  
like the shape of water  
in a glass without border

So be wise and take care  
when choosing your friends,  
for they’ll be your support,  
your rocks till the end

# The Beginning of Time

By Nafsika Philippou



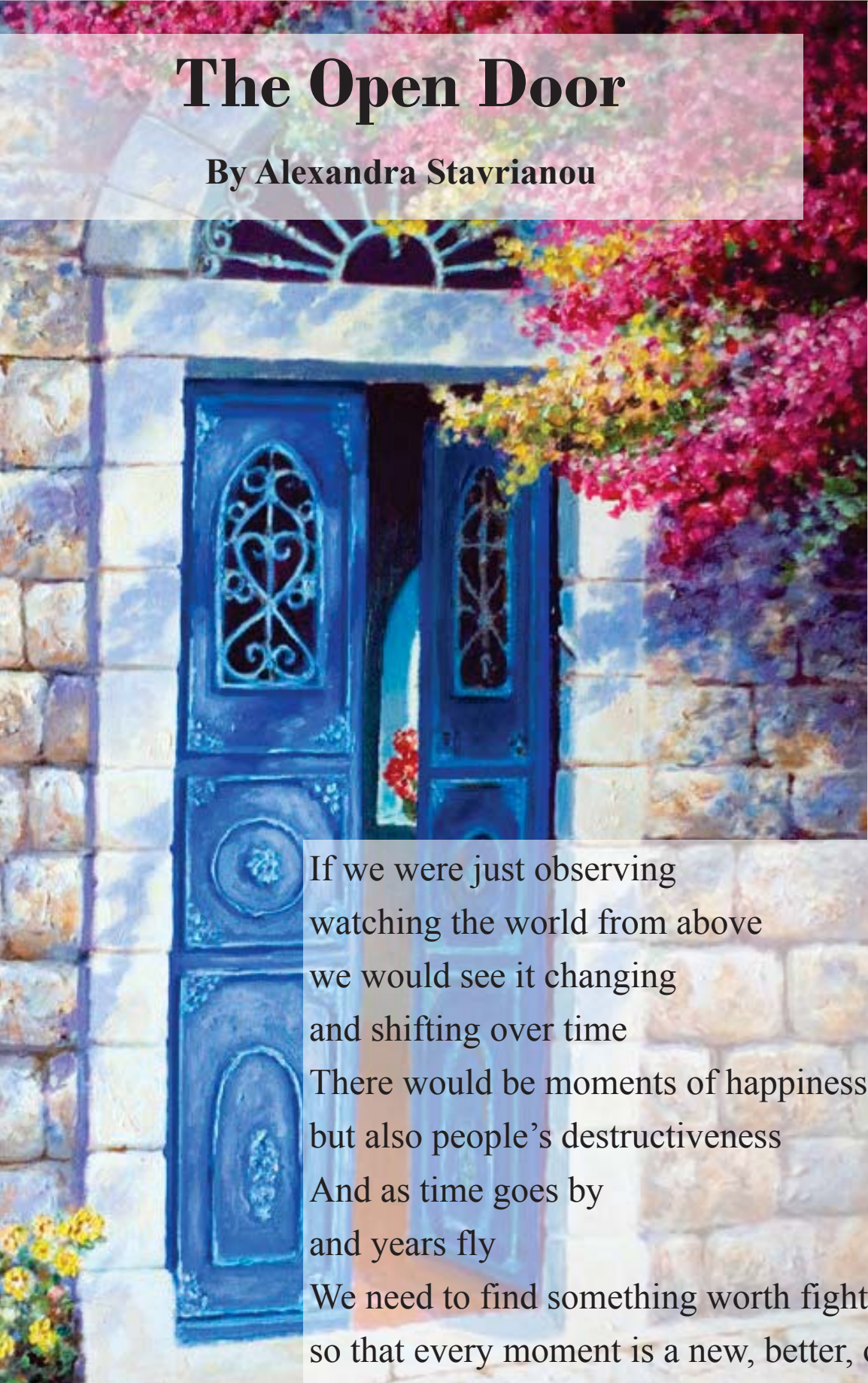
Art by Chris Daniel

Timeless  
Is the cosmos  
Punctured with scattered clocks  
Waiting for someone to wind them  
Tick-tock...



# The Open Door

By Alexandra Stavrianou



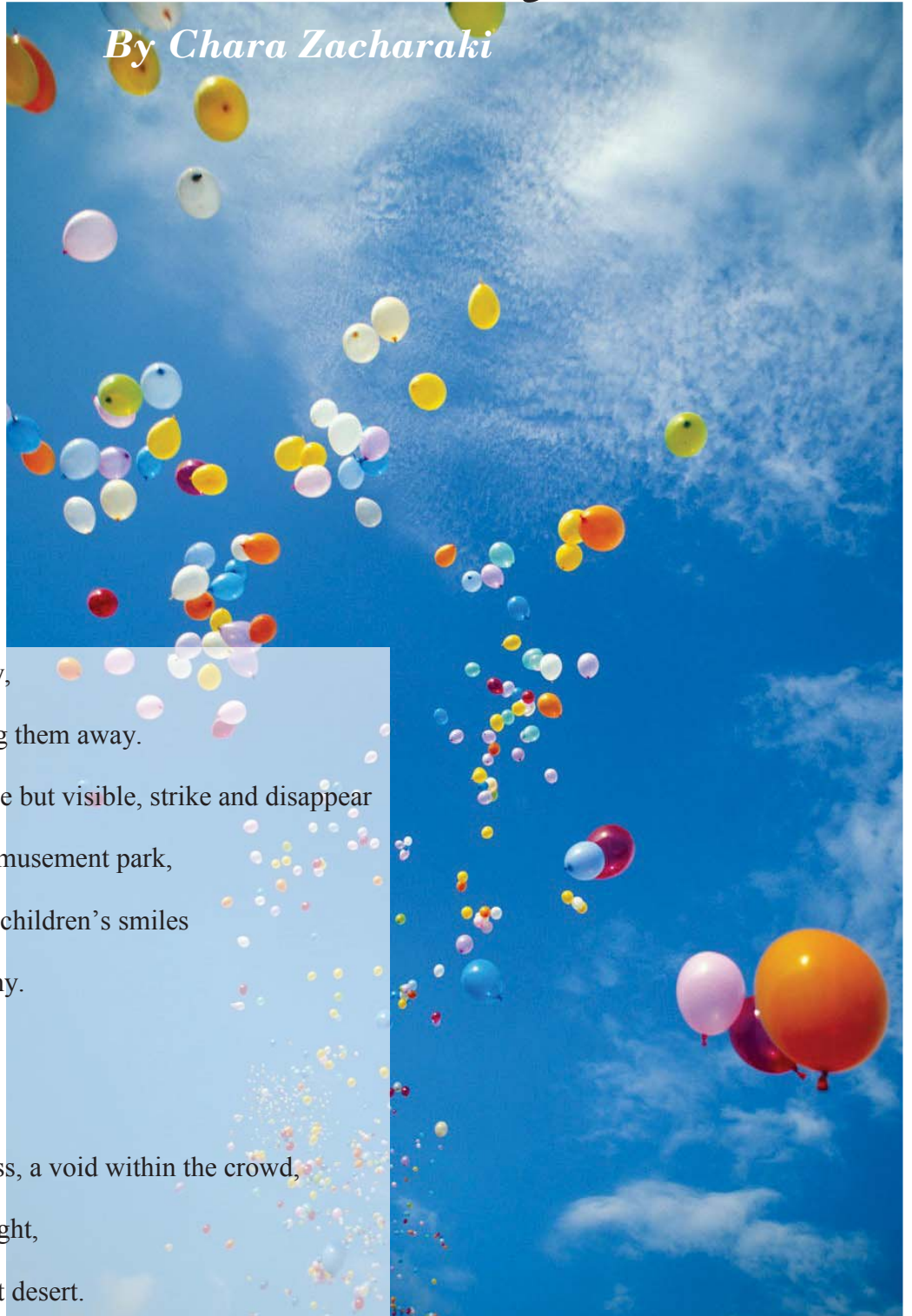
If we were just observing  
watching the world from above  
we would see it changing  
and shifting over time  
There would be moments of happiness  
but also people's destructiveness  
And as time goes by  
and years fly  
We need to find something worth fighting for  
so that every moment is a new, better, open door.



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# *The Journey*

*By Chara Zacharaki*



The leaves swirl in the sky,  
Wind and thunder carrying them away.  
Shapeless masses, invisible but visible, strike and disappear  
Like bumping cars at an amusement park,  
Balloons full of color and children's smiles  
Time is their biggest enemy.  
In the attic a rusty doll  
Memories a dusty tale.  
And then silence in the fuss, a void within the crowd,  
East and West, day and night,  
A big repetition in the vast desert.

Every sand grain a lost traveler  
No direction  
No destination  
Being swept away by gusts of wind.

# STANDING IN TIME

By Maximus Bolotas

We all think that we stand  
Or at least that we can  
And get that there is no way  
to do so—

We're just trying to stand still  
Until we lose our grip  
Until we wrinkle away—  
So that others may become  
unaware  
Of where our feet once were

We always have to run  
We cannot really stay  
And yet we think that we will  
always sway  
We hope to crack  
And yet our creations are  
doomed  
And how can they not be,  
aren't we doomed

But then we smile, we laugh,  
we play

And for a moment forget  
what moment means

Forget what time is

And how beautiful that can  
be

To feel as though there are no  
bounds

No broken ground of yester-  
day

No prison of today

No wall ahead

Then the bliss stops

And the abyss returns

But that is all you have

And so you take it

And move on

# *Time Quotes*

By Elizabeth Machairas

*Time is one of the most common things to us, yet so vast and unknown. Some have tried to understand it, give a reason for it, become inspired by it, or simply state their own take on it:*

***“The trouble is, you think you have time.” — Buddha***

***“Your time is limited, so don’t waste it living someone else’s life.” — Steve Jobs***

***“Time is money.” — Benjamin Franklin***

***“The only reason for time is so that everything doesn’t happen at once.” — Albert Einstein***

***“The two most powerful warriors are patience and time.”  
— Leo Tolstoy***

***“All great achievements require time.” — Maya Angelou***

***“Time you enjoy wasting, was not wasted.”  
— John Lennon***

***“Better three hours too soon, than one minute too late.”  
— William Shakespeare***

***“Time and tide wait for no man.” — Geoffrey Chaucer***



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# THE END

“Everything has to come to an end, sometime.”

– L. Frank Baum, *The Marvelous Land of Oz*

*Until next year!*