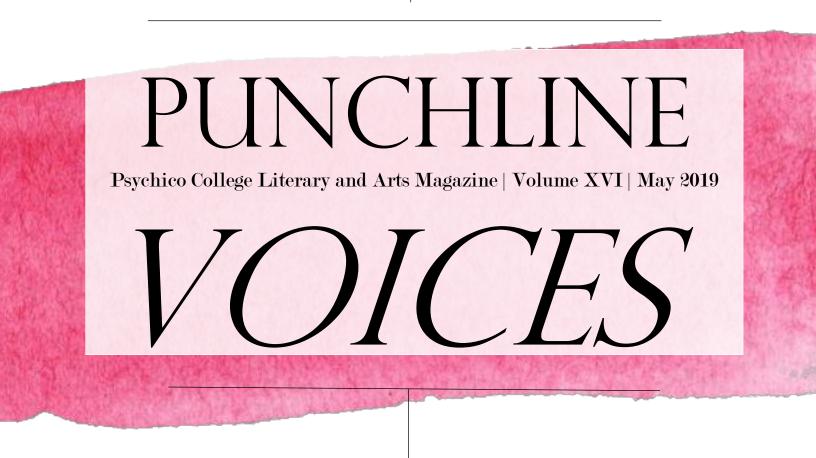


# **Psychico College Literary and Arts Magazine**



*Voices,* vol. xvi





# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Letter from the Editors and Production Acknowledgments pg. 3

- Featured pg. 4
- Stella Kavaratzi 5
- Maria Theochari 8

2019 Psychico Delta Speech Finalists pg. 9

Nonfiction pg. 16

Student Journalism Creative Nonfiction

Fiction pg. 24

Poetry pg. 43

Citations pg. 61

# *LETTER FROM THE EDITORS*

Inevitably, in the process of editing, designing, and finalizing a literary and arts journal, the question arose between us editors of '*WHY?* What's the purpose in creating a single publication where students' works can be collected and enjoyed? More succinctly: why is student artwork—visual or literary—vital?'

As we sorted through the works chosen for publication, looking for what the driving theme of the journal would be, we discovered our answer: *voices*. The power of art to offer a microphone to students' voices—or the fictional voices students speak through. The works we proudly present capture the talent of our students, but also prove the vitality of exploring the power of words and art. We explore voices, perhaps through the assumed lens of another's perspective, to find what *must* be said. The resulting nonfiction, fiction, or poetry inspires our empathy, making us feel as though another's voice is *our voice*.

Enjoy.

#### PRODUCTION ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

EDITORS	Amelia Dirks & Jessica
	Wall, Fulbright Fellows
TEACHER ADVISOR	Elizabeth Laskaris
COVER ART	Iris Kontou

SPECIAL THANKS

Faculty of the English department for their support and enthusiasm



# FEATURED

It is a tradition for the Fulbright Teaching Fellows to host an annual Creative Writing Competition held during Panigyri. This year's theme, creativity through music where contestants chose specific genres of music to inspire them, prompted two Psychico writers to take first and second place. We are thrilled to have such strong talent representing our school, and we are delighted to share their work as this year's featured pieces. The second-place winner, Maria Theochari, HS1-ENL2, captures the varying melodies and tunes in music, triggering an emotional response in the listener through her reflective prose piece. Meanwhile, the first-place winner, Stella Kavaratzi, HS2-HTL3, and her collection of poetry captures the changeability and movement of songsinhabiting perfectly this year's theme. Alongside her work, we proud to feature an are introduction from the poet herself.



"Free at Last," Thomas Zafeiras

# STELLA KAVARATZI, HS2-HTL3

# *Introduction from the poet:*

For me, there is no process in writing. You should just lift the pen, and if your hand starts writing before following the flow of your mind, then you really mark something as your work. I hate 'filtering' words and phrases, 'processing' thoughts, rewriting texts, changing meanings. A prototype—a thought or desire that reached you first should remain as it is. If you are not content with what you've written, simply update it by writing your new point of view on a specific matter, but don't tamper with the original, because even for one second—it did represent you. I really do not understand how people think when or before they write, I've never processed a writing or disowned one. Nobody should regret a feeling they've written. For example, in "Medium Blue Joy," the title is what I just jotted down in the moment, without even the slightest hesitation. "Medium Blue" because this is what I read on the barcode of the pen I was holding; "joy" because I was happy. But it's medium joy because people are (and can be) partially happy and blue because that's the way you refer to sadness. So, you are feeling blue surrounded by an average gray situation



**BLOOMING (ON THE MOORS)** 

Hold me tight I will praise you Twirl me I will release my ink Love me I will unfold my odor For I am a rose, and you are my servant

#### **BAREFOOT FEELINGS**

We would be traveling together now . . . Passing Through а melted Yellow hue of our sun But that was only my sun And I am walking alone. I climb those rocky cliffs. I take in the rays of the moonlight. I bathe in them. We used to swim together. I used to fly with you. But, If you take a small step and land on the cement, You will feel like floating In the air. It tickles you . . . Turquoise is the color I have put into my life. Turquoise Turquoise And, if you say a word that many times, it loses meaning. So do my feelings. So, now I am stepping on those tall grasses I am walking through the harsh fields of rye I cross those endless tundras, I am barefoot.

#### **MEDIUM BLUE JOY**

Why do people die, Mommy? Because the good God wants them to, honey. Is god a bad person, Mommy? No darling, He has his reasons. What are his reason, Mommy? We do not know, baby. Mommy, I threw bombs at your god!— Mommy, I pray for you now . . . Mommy, I swore before your holy pictures!-Mommy, I am a better person now .... Mommy, I am above you!-Mommy, I place red roses and white lilies now . . . Mommy, I lifted the dagger!— Mommy, I regret it all now ....

Mommy, I ripped it through your cold mattress!— Mommy, I am sorry now . . .

Mommy, I loved you!-

Mommy I loved you now . . .

#### **COLORS OF A SOUL**

Can you see those stars? I thought they were glistening, But they are fading. At least, That is what they say. They say: A star is dead thousand years before It manages a spark, just above Who does? Who says a star has to die to shine? I want us to be able to shine for our lives. Unlike artists.

I need our lives to glisten with a faded hue.

#### **BOTTLES OF LIFE**

Bottles are labelled. One by one. By someone else. Some bottles are labeled incorrectly. One in a million would read "wine" and It would only be rum. Another one would read "tequila," but It would be "Cuban rum" We are labeled as well. And we don't want us to. Someone else writes the tags. Someone writes them in a computer, so that they do not fade. Then we are stuck with those labels. Stuck with them, until our liquid is finished. Until our elixir keeping us alive, keeping us out of the trash can. Is empty. But. Like those bottles, we also get incorrect our expiration dates. We will never change labels. We can switch to another, though. We want to be labeled with all the labels one can be labeled

#### TO JEAN MICHEL BASQUIAT

Jean Michel Basquiat, Dead stopped in his track Will he be remembered? For now his life will go unmelted. Painting was his talent, down The railroad in his planet. Unique as he was, he used to roll with skulls. Masks and words were printed, In New York city treated. Dead by drugs and hate Stopped his heart at twenty-eight.

# MARIA THEOCHARI HS1-ENL2

## HERE COMES THE SUN

Happiness. The state of being happy. Contentment, delight, bliss and joy. We all have felt it. We've all sneaked a task of happiness at one point or another. However, the diversity of our very nature immediately links happiness to the preferences and character of each individual. In the modern jungle of ideas, development and continuous growth that we call our home, happiness takes on different characters, wears different masks. One word, seven billion interpretations. Here's one of them.

*"One word: seven billion interpretations: here's one of them."* 

Summer comes in her own time, drifting in on a spring wind, wakening with the kind of warmth that flows to the core. Summer sprinkles her fairy dust on my heart and soul. A soul that has been tested and crushed during the cooler months. Summer begins to blossom into something the body feels as much as the brain, when the emotions catch their thermal updrafts. Most importantly, summer leads nature's orchestra, she conducts the rays of the sun to shine brilliantly, she makes the flowers a rainbow that arises from earth and waterand gently caresses the ocean controlling that steady beat of the waves. The hot summer months whisper words of hope into my ear, and I feel at peace. Summer is when laughter gets dialed up and jokes run free. It's when hugs and kisses travel on the breeze as sweet as any summer bloom.

Summer is my happiness. My state of being happy. Contentment, delight, bliss and joy. One word, my interpretation.

The sky blazes blue around the celebration of yellow that is the sun. I take in my surroundings as the music is turned on to full volume. I allow the brilliant rays of light to brush a smile upon my face and heart. I pause to appreciate the delicate smell of flowers, nature's masterpieces that peer upward to greet the sun and ultimately change the frameless scenery. The birds suddenly join in to nature's perfect orchestra, singing a melody as magical as any flute, as improvised as deep south jazz, and as soulful as a true love's kiss. The harmony continuous unbothered with the subtle sound of the water crashing to the shore, chiming in as if to maintain a steady beat within nature's perplexing beauty.



# DELTA SPEECH WRITING CONTEST

Every December, HS3 students of Psychico College partake in a time-honored tradition: the Delta Speech writing contest. Established to honor one of the founding members of the College, Stefanos Delta, this English-writing contest allows students to exhibit their mastery of language and persuasion, competing for the opportunity to perform their speech to the whole school. This year, Psychico College saw three of its students place in the finalist round of the competition. This trio presented their wellorganized, engaging, and inspiring speeches to their classmates on February 27<sup>th</sup>, 2019.

Ioannis Markopoulos



9

#### Honorable teachers,

Dear Classmates,

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I would like you to think back about the role books have played in your life. Without a doubt, some of us in here love books with all of our hearts, whereas others absolutely despise them. One thing is certain, however: a good book, though hard to find, can be an invaluable tool and a lifelong companion.

BOOKS: THE PATH TO JOY,

SPIRITUAL FREEDOM, AND ENLIGHTENMENT

by Philip Vasileiadis, HS3-CA2 Finalist, 2019

Over the course of history, more than 120 million books have been published. However, even the most avid reader will read around 6000 books in their life at most, and out of those, even fewer will forever be engraved in their memory. Much like with people, we come across countless books in our lifetime, but rarely do we fall in love. Thus, I would like to express my gratitude for the opportunity that has been given to me today and commend the College for keeping the Delta speech tradition alive. The author Charles W. Elliot once said: "Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counselors, and the most patient of teachers". However, what is their true value in today's modern era, and how do they tie in, as part of the College's spiritual and educational tradition?

Books are the quietest and most constant of friends. Always there when we need them, they entertain us and refine our spirits. They are a fruitful hobby that keeps us occupied, rids us of our worries and diverts our minds from monotony. They are an excellent form of peaceful recreation that takes us to another world, relaxing and rejuvenating us, renewing us spiritually and offering an escape from our mundane and often extremely stressful day to day life. Most importantly, however, they stimulate our imagination, as we, the readers, experience indirectly, yet effectively, the situations, troubles and dilemmas that the characters go through. Literary books, in particular, highlight standards of morality and behavior, as well as timeless symbols of virtue. And it is these values and ideals that Stefanos Delta hoped future students would follow when he first envisioned the College. Thus, we can confirm Ernest Hemingway's words: "There is no friend as loyal as a book." (*Continued on next page*)

"A good book, though hard to find, can be an invaluable tool and a lifelong companion."

Books are the most accessible and wisest of counselors. Indeed, it is no secret that books expand one's spiritual horizons, offering a "window to the world", with which the reader can come in contact with the full spectrum of ideas and accomplishments of mankind throughout history. They enhance one's favoring recollection mental skills, by and concentration, and enabling the reader to follow and comprehend a subject or an idea and its evolution, and then analyze its content. By presenting life from numerous points of view and including different perspectives of reality, books cultivate the spirit of tolerance, respect and acceptance of what is different, all of which are vital points within the College's longstanding spiritual and educational tradition. And they offer all that as a cheap, easily accessible and, as Stephen King put it: " uniquely portable magic."



Books are the most patient of teachers. I am certain that most of us in here, me included, have, at some point in our lives, finished reading a page from a book only to realize that we have understood nothing at all and have to read the whole thing again from the top. That is, however, the beauty and magic of books, as one can read and learn at their own pace. Since books are always accessible to us, we can go back to a section we did not fully comprehend, or re-read a chapter as many times as we desire, without feeling pressured of worrying about missing out on the other sections. In the case of self-help books, for instance, it is possible to tackle one issue at a time, and once a problem is dealt with, move on to the next whenever the need emerges. As a result, since everything happens at one's own pace, the mind is free to interpret words, meanings and ideas the way one feels or sees fit. Besides, as Edward Wilson once said: "No two persons ever read the same book."

I believe that books are indeed the path to joy, spiritual freedom and enlightenment. Their effect on our lives is deeply connected with the College's core values and ideals. Cicero once pointed out: "A room without books is like a body without a soul". Allow me to expand on this quote: a life without books is a life indeed wasted. Thus, whether it is in our office, during our commute, in bed before sleep, or under the cool and soothing shade of a tree during the holidays, let us all enjoy books to the fullest and allow them to improve every aspect of our daily lives. Only then can we truly ensure that in the future we can become more open-minded, moral, and ultimately, happier people.

Thank you for your attention!

FREEDOM IN PAGES FOREVER BOUND by Ioannis Markopoulos, HS3- HTL1 Finalist, 2019

# Honorable judges, respected teachers, ladies and gentlemen:

Guilty as charged! Sentenced to life in prison for the triple homicide of his wife Kimberly, his son Brad and his daughter Jill. When David Camm heard the verdict his heart stopped and then... hell on earth! He, an innocent man, spent thirteen years in prison for a crime he did not commit. How did he manage to bear this injustice, maintain his sanity, you might wonder. The answer is simple: books! For books allowed him to roam free despite the bars blocking his view. He lived a thousand lives and had the chance to rewind back to better, happier times. He might have been incarcerated in body, but in spirit he had already been acquitted. In books, you see, there is freedom!

Let us take a moment to appreciate the importance of books to humanity. History itself begins when man starts to write. First it was tablets, scrolls and papyrus, then hand-bound codices and press-printed volumes. In the beginning, texts, and therefore education, drew from religion and antiquity-- only the clergy or the aristocrats could access them. A dark time of censorship and subordination of the masses! In 1440, as you may know, Johannes Gutenberg invented the printing press and books poured into the hands of the people, eventually leading to the enlightenment. At last, widespread knowledge had made true freedom possible!

History has made it clear, ladies and gentlemen, that when books languish, so does freedom. Many of you might be familiar with the Nazi book burnings preceding the Second World War in Germany and Austria. The "Säuberung," or purge, began as an "Action against the Un-German Spirit" by the Office for Press and Propaganda of the German student union. It quickly evolved into a fully-fledged censorship campaign; subversive titles or books deemed as containing ideologies opposing Nazism were burnt in bonfires in the streets. What a horrible sight! *(Continued on the next page)* 

"He [David Camml might have been incarcerated in body, but in spirit he had already been acquitted. In books there is freedom!" Joseph Goebbels, the Reich's Minister of Propaganda, said: "The future German will not just be a man of books, but one of character." Do I really need to remind you, ladies and gentlemen, what that "character" actually entailed? I like Helen Keller's response to the German "initiative" in particular: "You may burn my books and the books of the best minds in Europe," she said, "but the ideas these books contain have passed through millions of channels and will go on!". Books are more than mere pages bound together. Indeed, they can be physically destroyed, but their contents, whether they be your favorite childhood story or a manifesto, they, ladies and gentlemen, live on forever through their impact on humanity!

While the Nazis were burning books, this school- our school- had already begun collecting material to open what would become the first school library in Greece! Opening its doors in the early fifties, it already held quite an extensive collection. For almost seventy years the library and its books have been inextricably bound to the mission of the College: to raise intellectually curious youths who can take initiative and pursue their goals. In other words: to ensure its students' independence and freedom.

Reading, my dear classmates, is an intimate experience and, as such, greatly varies from person to person, but allow me to share with you my own story. I, much like David Camm, found refuge in books. When I was bullied as a kid, I'd hop on the "Hogwarts Express" and follow Harry, Ron and Hermione on their magical adventures. When school felt boring I'd return home and lose myself in all sorts of imaginary worlds.



"Freedom Found," Dimitris Koutroumpas, HS1-ESLS8

Even today, when my free time is limited, I find great pleasure in some good crime fiction. Reading has been my safehaven and pastime for as long as I can remember. When I am "trapped" in a book, when I can't put it down and stop reading, that's when I feel truly free!

Pause! Take a moment to imagine a world without books. At first you might think "cool, no books means no school and homework!" or "who needs books anyways? We have smartphones," but the truth is that without books humanity would be just another animal species. These tightly bound pieces of paper hold inside them the very essence of humanity: our thoughts. To paraphrase Stephen Hawking, "We've been able to see so far because we were standing on the shoulders of literary giants." Turning to books for our entertainment and education has, indeed, enabled us to achieve grand accomplishments. Books are freedom!

*Thank you very much!* 

# THE QUEST TO OBTAIN KNOWLEDGE by Athanasia Kokkinogeni, HS3 CA1 Finalist, 2019

You clasp a book carefully in your hands. As the pages flutter open and the comforting odor caresses your senses, a path to a new world awaits. A land filled with mythical creatures and sorcery, a land that urges you to embark on a journey to the past, a land filled with mystery and endless knowledge. As you delve into it, you hear faintly the whisper of another person, perhaps someone of a distant epoch, someone of a fictional reality or simply someone who is willing to accompany you in this trial. Without a second thought, you take their hand.

Ladies and gentlemen, for much of human history, books have been the repository of knowledge. Since the beginning of times, the flow of ideas has refused to cease and thus the need to accumulate and store all these thoughts in a place where one can access them easily and absorb their knowledge accordingly, gave birth to what we call books today.

Carl Sagan once said that books break the shackles of time, proof that humans can work magic. Dear audience, I can assure you that this magic has had an effect on every one of you.

Books offer an escape from our dim reality to another world, filled with characters who may seem relatable, unfeasibly strange or even unsympathetic, yet they all allow us to learn from their own unique perspectives. In today's society, where relationships are too fraught and fragile, the pages of a book offer us the opportunity to weep, to laugh, and celebrate for the sensitive, the young, the loyal, the misunderstood; for characters that we slowly learn to empathize with. This is an ideal exercise for the emotional muscles that are put to use by such lucid experience, which promotes nothing but the ease of the mind and heart.

Although books indeed aid in the nourishment of the soul and the promotion of fundamental values, such as respect

and understanding, they also enhance reader attention span and intellectual taste. I prompt you to think for a second; what do you think is the main source of knowledge for your vocabulary? Literature corrects our native inarticulacy, our loss for words, our struggle to verbalize our complex and elusive feelings by exposing us to more sophisticated words through vivid descriptions and engaging dialogues.

One should also note that the asset of being articulate and well-spoken, combined with the knowledge of a variety of topics is critical for one's future, predominantly in a professional environment. (Continued on the next page)



"Books offer an escape from our dim reality to another world, filled with characters who may seem relatable, unfeasibly strange or even unsympathetic, yet they all allow us to learn from their own unique perspectives." Of course, the importance of books is equally significant in the educational field as well. Novelist and playwright Edward Bulwer- Lytton once said that the pen is mightier than the sword. If one is wishing to seek out knowledge, the depth of understanding that a book can offer is invaluable for one's future. This is why the library, a sea of information, is an important ally to the neverending battle of acquiring knowledge for the lifetime learners.

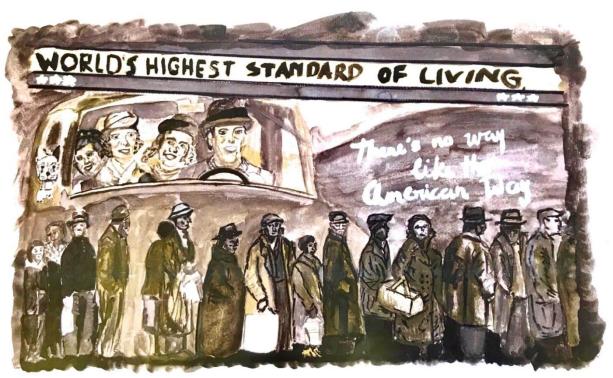
The College library is the oldest school library in Greece, housing more than 70.000 book titles and resources. I encourage you, dear classmates, to consider the College's long-standing tradition as a gift, an opportunity to muster knowledge and escape from the abyss of oblivion that many do not realize that they are trapped in.

"Books are the quietest and most constant of friends; they are the most accessible and wisest of counselors, and the most patient of teachers." This quote by Charles W. Eliot describes perfectly our printed companions.

Books help us climb out of the abyss and towards the light, setting us on the quest for knowledge.

Thank you.

# NONFICTION



"World's Highest Standard," Anastasia Giannakopoulou, HS1-ESL+3

Nonfiction: what place does it have in a literary and arts magazine? Against poetry and prose, where is the place and purpose for facts and truth? But the rarest human emotions exist in the absolute truth: it can inspire us in a speech, stir us to action, or connect our hearts to another human through the raw power of words.

Its place, therefore, is at the front, to display the mastery our students have of their own voices—the understanding they have of how to use their voices to persuade, to reflect, to inform, and to practice what all writing strives toward: empathy.

# SHAKESPEARE CLUB: LONDON CALLING

#### BY NIKI SOURAS, HS2-HTL3

On February 14<sup>th</sup> 2019, the Shakespeare Club and its faculty sponsor, Elizabeth Laskaris, travelled to London to embark on a once in a lifetime experience: to experience Shakespeare in his hometown. Not only Shakespeare, however, but also plays by his contemporaries, such as Christopher Marlowe and his famous *Edward II*. The play itself wasn't only captivating, but also gave the students an opportunity to travel back in time, and specifically England during the period in which *Edward II* reigned over the country, leading up to his tragic death. However, the trip to London didn't revolve around just one the play.

The Club also visited the National History Museum, Tate Modern, the Warwick Castle and many more must-see attractions. However, the greatest one of all was the visit to the Royal Shakespeare Company, a place in which the students got to unleash their inner actor/actress and get lost in the Shakespearean spirit, through acting out scenes taken from one of William Shakespeare's most famous works of art, *Macbeth*.

Truly, the trip to England is one of the greatest trips HAEF has ever organized, and that's because it did not only include sight-seeing, but also an extraordinary chance for students to learn new things, expand skills, and train their mind through literary and historical contents.



*Psychico College Shakespeare Club at Warwick Castle* 



*Psychico College Shakespeare Club at the Royal Shakespeare Company Macbeth Workshop* 

# MODEL UNITED NATIONS: A YEAR IN REFLECTION

*Psychico College students competing the ACG MUN Conference, hosted at Pierce in April 2019* 



#### BY MARIANNA GENERALI, HS2-CA2

When I first entered the world of MUN, I had no idea how much of a positive impact it would have on my life. Model United Nations has helped me in so many ways, such as public-speaking, learning about current affairs and world history, to name a few, and I am extremely thankful to this community. Through these conferences I have managed to meet new people that have inspired me on my journey and I have also developed as a person. I have learned to be more active in everyday situations and take action on issues that concern the United Nations.

Having attended nine conferences and having taken on various positions-- ranging from a delegate, to an ambassador and even a Student Officer-- I have gained a great amount of unforgettable experiences. Through MUN, young individuals around the world are given the chance to voice opinions, which may differ from their own, take on important roles, and propose resolutions that have a direct impact on the world we live in.

This is what I love most about MUN. After all, Martin Luther King once said, "Our lives begin to end the day we become silent about things that matter," and in my mind, this is exactly what Model United Nations represents. MUN means the world to me; I truly cannot imagine my life without it, and I am more than excited to continue my journey for another year.

### MODEL UNITED NATIONS: A YEAR IN REFLECTION (CONTINUED)

#### BY NIKI PARAKEVOPOULOU, HS2-HTL1

Model United Nations has never been just a simulation of an international organization. It started off as a unique and truly exciting extracurricular activity, but later became my greatest interest and passion. Ultimately, it manifested into perhaps the most positive influence on my character and personality. Although I did not realize it when I first joined the MUN club, I was making a life-changing decision. My interest in sciences and strong abilities in the related school subjects used to make me think I should become a doctor or an engineer; however, my whole view changed after my first MUN conference in 2017. Ever since that day, I couldn't stop feeling the immense impact MUN has had on my life and personality, as it helped me discover a strong passion for politics, international relations, and economics.

From the very beginning of my journey, I have been eager to participate in as many conferences as possible mainly because I value the impact of MUN so much. Young citizens who are the citizens of tomorrow get the chance to learn about matters they were not aware of before, critically think about solutions, actively engage in negotiations even though they do not have the necessary training in regards to diplomacy, and, most importantly, represent policies that may clash with their personal beliefs. All these procedures can be summed up by saying that MUN is characterized by learning, thinking, acting, and respecting. It is these skills that I have cultivated throughout my journey that have made me see the world from a different scope; I can now understand the challenges we are facing as well as their international impact clearer, while acknowledging the importance of being constantly informed about current affairs. In essence, I would say that MUN has made me a more alert and responsible person



Athens EU Model JR, Marasleio, Athens, Nov. 2018 Pictured (L-R): Marianna Generali HS2, Dimitra Siatopoulou HS2, Niki Paraskevopoulou HS2, and Anastasia Lykovardi HS2

# TO MY FUTURE SELF by Melissa Apostolou, HS1-ENL2

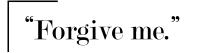
#### TO MY FUTURE SELF:

It is the tongues of strangers dripping malice on the words they voice that haunt me most. It is these exact words that gradually build up into empires overshadowing who I am. It is these words that are given the authority to tell my story, stealing my power to choose it for myself: who I am, who I want to be, and who I will become. These words, as if they are ropes, they bind my wings, restraining me from dreaming, from being brave. My reputation cuts me into pieces and places me into boxes with tags I did not choose, with labels that should not define me. And so, I confess my worst sin of them all.

Reputation, a bouquet made out of roses with petals soft and tender, withholding a mystery. Although a rose is beautiful to the eye, its pointy thorns pierce and stain the skin covering the finger, leaving nothing but an open, red, dangerous scar matching the color of the pretty flower. Roses are often mistaken for faces. Faces owned by people, people who own bodies, skins, bones, and souls. The rose I am gifted by society's royal gardens, it scares me. Assumptions, words, and whispers, as if they are gardening sheers, threaten to destroy my innocent petals. The spit accompanying the world's critiques burns my face, as if it were acid rain. And so, I feel obligated to treat my rose delicately, with care so that its thorns won't hurt me, that its thorns won't stain my reputation. It is clear to my mind that if I differ from the valley, I shall not be accepted, I shall not be loved. What a powerful punishment caging me for a crime I did not commit. The voice within me constantly reminds me, at the pace of a ticking clock:

"What will people say?"

As a member of a harsh, unforgiving society, I trap my rose along with myself within a gilded container, depriving myself of the right to breathe. Realization hits me like aggressive waves of an uneasy ocean. I pierce claws into my flesh. Oh, I have sinned...I suffocate. I suffer until I choose who I want to be: a rose its appearance of which I have no control over, or myself, an ugly, flawed yet true self, until I confidentially admit to the world that I am my own. I am in the making, a unique, wonderful self.



### REPUTATION by Galini Goodhead, HS1-ENL2

An intangible shapeshifter of yellow and black: it can be the sun lingering above my shoulder or shackles clinging to my back. On some days I have to carry it, drag it around everywhere I go. On others, it floats like a light, luminous cloud, encouraging me to let go.

But that's too big of a risk to take, for I must protect it with my life and shield it so it doesn't stain. I shall guard it like a soldier, care for it so it doesn't fail, and even as I become older, when I start to wither and grow weak, I ought to carry it, fighting for the image I desire to keep.



# ON RISK & REGARD by Maria Theochari, HS1-ENL2

# *"Take the risk or lose the chance."*

This cliché quote somehow holds an alluring timelessness. People tend to say this to me all the time, without pausing to truly understand its essence and genuinely question its validity.

This quote, these 'words of wisdom,' if you will, aims to motivate their recipient to discover their full potential with each chance at happiness that presents itself. To my understanding, if I don't *take risks*, I'll have to live with the burning, aching desire to experience the alternate ending of what could have been. Though I'm in absolute agreement with the message that this quote conveys, I still am of the opinion that it is unsatisfactory, insufficient, and doesn't successfully apply to every situation.

Conveniently, I can support my argument by briefly presenting a personal experience about *taking risks*. I'm going to be analyzing the pessimistic angle of the quote, the one nobody chooses to undertake, because as human beings, it is in our nature to exclusively hope for the best. Noone has ever taken the time to explain what happens after you *take the risk*. Yes, things could turn out to be better than you could ever dream for, and you would live in a picture-perfect fantasy world, and you would cherish and praise yourself for the moment you *took the risk*. However, not every risk we take guarantees a one-way ticket to our personal utopias.

My simple example stems from personal, highly insignificant high school boy trouble. Characterizing my "involvement" with this guy as a personal risk is simply an understatement. I knew what I was getting myself into, yet an optimistic, believes-in-fairytale-endings, annoyingly positive side of me reminded myself to *take the risk*.

After deciding to embrace my selfmotivation and take a leap of faith, you can imagine how hurt I was when my teenage world came crumbling to the ground. Disappointment slowly engraved its mark in my heart, and I hated myself for not knowing better. At the time, the only thoughts dominating my head revolved around regret and anguish. "I shouldn't have taken that risk," I repeatedly reminded myself, as if enough repetition could take me back in time and alter my horrible lack of judgement. It left me utterly exposed, broken, and I felt foolish.

The lies, manipulation and all-inclusive immaturity had me questioning the validity and worth of *taking risks*. See in my case, *taking the risk* exiled me from life through rose-colored lenses, ended in heartbreak, and surely was a thousand times worse than *losing the chance*.

# DEAR SLEEP by Melissa Apostolou, HS1-ENL2

#### Dear sleep,

Where to begin? I have constantly tried to find reasons to allow you to stay in my life, as we have shared so many dreams together, but sharing my bed with you is becoming a nightmare. For the following reasons I must ask you to have left by the time I wake up. You have become a tyrant and so has your best friend, John Yawn, as you both appear uninvited at the theater, at school, and even worse during English class. You take control of me both mentally and physically whenever and wherever you please, taking advantage of my weakness for you. To make matters worse you have brainwashed my parents into allowing you, and eagerly advocating your presence in my room during the night while expecting you to leave early in the morning. Little do they know you never truly leave. Your presence restrains me from achieving great things, and not only do you not help me to succeed, but have proven to be an obstacle in my daily school routine, resulting in my teachers wearily eying me. You have embedded yourself into my life; why can't you just let me be? I have now woken up to your wicked ways, so it is now time to say our goodnights. I will always cherish and remember the mutual love we once shared and the...amusing troubles you put me through, when I was young and naive. With heavy, puffy eyes I hereby solemnly declare my eternal freedom from you.

Sincerely,

Me

P.S. Insomnia says hello.



# FICTION

Stories connect us. They help us reach into the past, into the future, and always into another's life. Yet, the act of an author imaging another's voice, and writing it, is the ultimate act of connection.

Our fiction collection features work concerning oppression, segregation, and hate; each author displays a great sensitivity and compassion, discovering voices that are no longer foreign from their own.



<sup>&</sup>quot;Hoovervilles," Eva Konstantelli, HS1-ESLS3

#### A GREAT DEPRESSION by Niki Avramidou, HS1-ESL+2

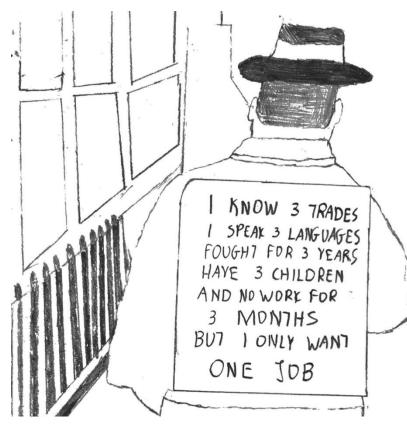
March 23, 1931

Dear diary,

I don't know what to do, what to say, what to tell you. I've always despised our little shack, right at the edge of town. My parents always explained how lucky we were to even have a home, how there was more to it than the annoying, creaky floorboards, the roof that always leaked on rainy days, the aged walls that never seemed thick enough to keep the chilly wind outside on a cold night. However, personally, I never understood, I always doubted them. That is until now.

It all began two years ago. Back then I was merely an eight-year-old kid, minding my own business, never interested in grown-up conversations, not a care in the world. I can't describe how it all started. All I know is that one day there was enough food on the table, we had vegetables, bread and cheese and on special occasions we managed to come up with some meat as well, and the next there simply wasn't. As a kid I heard phrases such as "stock market crash," "economic depression," "unemployment rates rising significantly," and "business activity at its lowest," but I honestly never understood what they meant for the country or the economy. What I did understand, however, was what they meant for me. It meant that every day my brother and I had to walk all the way to the other side of town in order to get food from the relief program there, because no other relief program would even serve colored folks. It also meant that food was usually filled with worms and weevils. It meant that my father couldn't find a job, because no one would hire a colored man while whites were unemployed.

The line for free food grew longer every day, while blacks were served last, with what was left. That was when my parents started selling "What I did understand, however, was what they meant for me. It meant that every day my brother and I had to walk all the way to the other side of town in order to get food ... It also meant that food was usually filled with worms and weevils."



"The Crash of 1929," John Rokofyllos HS1-ESLS3

what little furniture we had in our house, hoping the money would last us for a couple of months. But how can you feed four hungry mouths and still save up? And so, as the lines grew longer for everythingfood, jobs, aid-- our stomachs became emptier.

My parents were powerless. What could they do? In our small town, here in Mississippi, where whites wouldn't hire us in good times, there was simply no way to sustain our family. Therefore, they decided we should move and head north. My father announced one day that there was simply nothing else we could do. He had heard of several factories hiring cheap hands in Chicago and painfully suggested we try our luck there.

And so this morning I sat on my mattress, gathering my few belongings. I had always dreamt of leaving my hometown, going to a big city and seeing the world. But not like this, not because my family and I would starve otherwise, not with the uncertainty of our future in Chicago. And suddenly I realized something I never thought I'd feel: I didn't want to leave. I took a last glance at the room I had shared with my brother Greg for the last ten years, the broken floorboards full of splinters, the wall where we used to measure how tall we were, the window I used to gaze out of for hours, and felt my eyes water. My voice was too hoarse to say anything, my palms grew sweaty and my stomach was an endless pit, not because of hunger, but regret. Oh, dear diary!

I regret everything! I regret not loving that small and dirty room, not appreciating our little shack that always seemed ready to crumble, I regret not being thankful for what little I had. Why so?

Because I was losing it all in the blink of an eye.

### PAGES FROM JAMES MEREDITH'S DIARY by Clio Patrikiou, HS1-ESL+1

"People treat each other differently. They will treat you based on who you are...

# BUT WHO AM I?"

Sunday, October 10<sup>th</sup>, 1965

People treat each other differently. They will treat you based on who you are.

But who am I?

"Who are you?" they ask. This question always confuses me.

Do you mean, where I'm from? Who I love? Do you mean what my political beliefs are, or do you mean what the color of my skin is? My voice and my words? My actions and my past and my fears? Or do you mean what dreams I have?

See, people don't really see you, they don't know you because they don't try to.

They form their opinion with their eyes. Eyes. I often hate them. They trick you. They block your mind from seeing the truth and reality. They build walls. They separate people and tell them how to behave. Because in the end, you are what you look like. Am I right?

You are black, they say. Labels, labels, labels. Everyone has one. I certainly have one. It doesn't matter what I do or say, you will never take this label off me. But, is this what I am to you? A color? Am I just a color to you? No. I am many more things than that. But you can't see it, can you? You see faces and colors but not the heart.

I live in a society where eyes cannot be trusted anymore. People rely on them too much, so they miss the point. You can't see underneath the mask. And yes, I believe faces are masks. Nothing more and nothing less. Just a mask, which can't be changed. Sometimes I wish I could change me. Pick a mask, wear it, hide and pretend. Life would have been so such easier.

Walking around in town would finally be just a walk, not a battle. No fear would exist. You wouldn't feel ashamed of who you are, and you wouldn't feel the judgmental stares of people you don't know and don't know you. *(Continued on the next page)*  This would have been so much easier. But if I pick a mask, then I lose myself. I become a liar and a hypocrite.

I prefer to fight, not hide. Be brave, stand tall. Say what I believe in and urge others to do the same. I want to be treated fairly and equally. So, I fought for it with passion. And I won. I got what I wanted and deserved.

See, the world doesn't have to be so complicated. It doesn't have to be "us" and "them".

God is our father and we are all his children. We are different, yet the same.

I, now, know who I am if they ask me. I am James Meredith

*"...and I am a man.*"

"The Displaced," Natalia Karavokyri, HSI-ESL+2



#### JAMES MEREDITH'S JOURNAL ENTRY by Stefanos Karathanasis, HS1-ESL+2

"I was so excited that I would be able to get my first degree from the university of my hometown. Unfortunately, this wish of mine was not meant to be fulfilled."

September 20<sup>th</sup>, 19xx My dear diary,

Today was the day, the day that I would finally be able to register at the University of Mississippi. After all this trouble, after all the court battles, I was so excited that I would be able to get my first degree from the university of my hometown. Unfortunately, this wish of mine was not meant to be fulfilled.

But let me recount the events that occurred today from the very beginning. I woke up with a slight pain in my stomach, due to the fact that I was so nervous. My hands were shaking like a charged mixer. When I opened the front door of my house, where I found myself face to face with two tall and muscular gentlemen. I assumed that they were a part of the task force of federal marshals that was assigned by John F. Kennedy to ensure my registration at the university. They both had a weird expression and their voices were deep. After a quick introduction, I followed them to the street where another five hundred federal marshals were waiting for me. They were all in formation behind three cars. I was so surprised that my jaw almost fell.

After finding my "words" again I made my way to one of the vehicles where I sat next to a bearded guy named Sam. He didn't really talk much but you could tell that he was a diligent individual. On the way to the university he told me that he had served for the U.S army for almost twenty years so when I told him that I myself had also been in the military. He was pleased and congratulated me for my bravery. Twenty minutes passed, and we had almost arrived at our destination. Suddenly, the car stopped.

I put my head outside the window only to see a crowd of at least 1,000 white citizens blocking our way. On top of that, the current senator of Mississippi, Ross Barnett, was standing in front of the main building of the university. I had only talked to him twice, one time at the court, and another time many years ago when he told me to get out of his way and threw a brick towards me. When he saw me exiting the vehicle, he put the mic on his hand, and he pointed at me with a deadly look in his eyes. Unfortunately for me, he started talking with the sole purpose to provoke the audience against me. I still remember his facial expression as he said the following: "I love our people, I love our ways, I love our traditions." The crowd seemed to be loving his speech, agreeing with everything he said. Suddenly, a weird item passed right beside me, hit the ground, and shattered in pieces. I turned around and another one was coming my way, but Sam put himself in front of me blocking what probably was a glass bottle. He looked at me with a worried look and ordered me to get inside the car.

I hadn't even opened the door when I heard a gunshot. Sam was on the ground with a wound beneath his chest. The driver pulled around the car and started heading the opposite way and I stood there watching Sam on the ground screaming and shouting for help and most of the other marshals trying to fight off the angry mob. I told the driver to go back but he refused and insisted that we couldn't do anything to help.

"Suddenly, a weird item passed right beside me, hit the ground, and shattered in pieces."

A few hours later, the marshals came back to my house, where I had offered to host the wounded. I couldn't be more thankful when I saw two of the marshals carrying Sam into the house. They told that he was suffering from blood loss but with a little bit of help he was going to be fine. I immediately took care of him alongside one other marshal. Later I was told that Kennedy was informed about the situation and had already sent five thousand military troops to help the federal marshals ensure my registration at the university. It's getting late now. Sam is right beside me sleeping, so I am going to bed as well.

#### INTEGRATION by Koralia Athina Hatzigiannaki, HS1-ESL+3

September 4, 1957

Dear Diary,

Today, I had shined my shoes so they would be like anybody else's, but in the end they were destroyed from the dirt and dust created by that awful protest. I am now starting to realize that no shoe or any other piece of clothing could integrate me. The color of my skin will always be a problem.

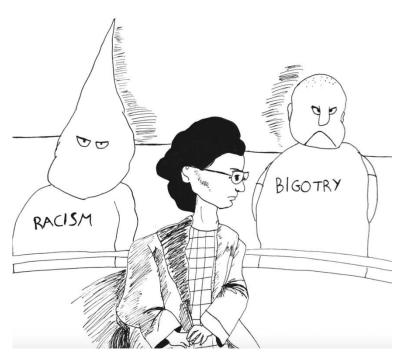
We had been trained for weeks for today. We knew what to do, where to go, how to react and what to say, or not say. I prepped myself like I was going to a new school, but deep down I knew that it would be so much more than that. I thought I could convince them that I was not an outsider by having a ponytail, shiny shoes and a big smile on my face. I was fooled. None of that mattered in the end. None of us anticipated it would go so wrong. I never thought that these people could behave so primitively, but their actions showed otherwise. They reached out to hit us. They spat on us. They screamed at us.

At the end of the day though, I never signed up for this. I don't get why some people are calling us heroes. I'm just a 15-year-old girl in love with Johnny Mathis and Pat Boone. Just a typical teenager who wants the same things as any other person her age.

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the thousands of white people who had gathered to see us enter school. I couldn't believe that they were all lined up on the other side of the street like we were carrying some sort of virus. I was standing beside my mom but all of a sudden, angry mobs came onto us and we all got separated. I started screaming and looking all around, but she was nowhere to be found. Finally, after what seemed like eternity she found me and we started running as fast as we could. At one point she stopped to hand me her car keys. I refused to leave. But then, for the first time ever, she slapped me. She ordered me to run and save my life. Integration turns out to be a much bigger word than I thought.

Sincerely,

Melba Patillo Beals



"Between a rock and a hard place," Phoebe Kainourgiou, HS1-ESL+2

#### JANIE MCKINNEY: FREEDOM RIDER by Chris Papakrivopoulos, HS1-ESL+1

Since I was little, I could see what was wrong with the world. People treated others like they were a different species. They didn't focus on the essence of a man, but the way he looked. His color, his ethnicity, anything but the important elements. Even back then, I couldn't stand it. I tried to help with every little chance I got. Unfortunately, I lived in Alabama. By the '60s, my loving hometown had become a battlefield. People hanging other people in public; fights with weapons in the streets. It was an all-out war. After some time, I was so scared to go outside I would feel my bones ache as I walked to school. The worst part was that most people felt the exact same way I did. Yet, fear is the strongest and oldest emotion of humankind. A man's fear forces him to choose between two outcomes. He can either Forget Everything And Run, or Face Everything And Rise! I chose the latter!

"Since I was little, I could see what was wrong with the world. People treated others like they were a different species. They didn't focus on the essence of a man, but the way he looked." My life-changing day was May 15, 1961. It was the day that the Freedom Riders buses would stop in Alabama. Everyone predicted there was trouble ahead. We could feel it... Ku Klux Klan members were already informed of their arrival. They were waiting patiently to strike at the right moment. On my walk to school, I sensed something was different. The streets were quiet— a little too quiet.

No fights and no Ku Klux Klan members in sight. I was actually more scared than usual! I didn't know what to expect. Then, I heard voices coming from the road next to my school. People were screaming; screaming for help! My first instinct was to run as fast as I could, away from there. If I had, life would have been a whole lot simpler. I felt drawn to the place where the voices came from. I didn't know why but I just had to go! I guess destiny is funny like that.

What I saw next was one of the most hideous sights I had ever seen. A bus was burning, with people in it. And instead of helping them, other men were keeping them from getting out. When the K.K.K. members retreated, some people managed to get off the bus. No one was helping them! What followed was 10 minutes of brutal violence, until the police arrived. They didn't arrest anyone! And still, no one would step up to help. I couldn't stand idly by! I couldn't be a passive spectator anymore. In the next few seconds, I made the best and worst decision of my life. I brought water, towels, food, anything that I could to help. *(Continued on next page)*  I met some extraordinary people that day. They were courageous and fearful at the same time. I learned a lesson that I still carry with me this day: "Being brave isn't the absence of fear. Being brave is having that fear but finding a way through it." That was what kept me going even then. I was more scared than ever. Yet I powered through.

For the next two months, everything would be a little bit different. People would look at me weirdly, my friends would ignore me. Of course, I wasn't stupid. I knew this had something to do with what I had done. I just didn't know the scale of it. One day, someone even set my house's backyard on fire. Still, the climax of it all arrived exactly two months after I helped the Freedom Riders.

It was a normal day; at least as normal as it could be. I had just returned from school when the phone rang. I was the only one in the house, so I picked up:

"Hello," I said. Silence...and then:

"Run. Run as far as you can before midnight."

The phone hangs up.

We left at 11 o'clock. People were gathered in the town's square. I could hear them. Someone was shouting, giving a speech. I had no clue as to what was going on. My parents, on the other hand, knew everything. We turned right after some time, into a dark alley, where a car was waiting for us. My parents had been prepared for this exact situation. We got in and drove off.

I never saw Alabama again until I was 24.

"Being brave isn't the absence of fear. Being brave is having that fear but finding a way through it."

## EBONY'S STORY by Korina Papapolyzou, HS1-ESL+1

My name is Ebony and I am a black woman who lived during the Depression. This is my story.

Now that I think about it, it's actually quite depressing to think how a black woman living in Alabama could cope with the hardships of the depression by herself. How could she feed her children, where could she find food and how could she buy food? As they say, every woman needs a man by her side to feel safe, to not worry about money-- and the only thing she has to do in return is to please him and be quiet.

Well, for me that wasn't the case. My husband, who was supposed to provide our family with money, food and safety, abandoned me and our two children as soon as I gave birth to Malcolm, my second son. When God gave me a gift he took the devil out of my life. I must admit, my husband wasn't a saint. He would get drunk every night, cheat on me with other women and hit me whenever I would go against his will. Do I miss being hit or sexually abused by him? Well, not quite.

"How could she feed her children, where could she find food and how could she buy food?"

I think of his abandonment as a blessing for my family, although society has different views. When he left I had to look for a job. I didn't have any help for the upbringing of my children, but I still had to find a job to be able to provide for them. After my husband left, my neighbors looked at me contemptuously and were so curious to find out what had happened to my husband. I wish I knew too. The answer was always the same: "we got divorced and we no longer live together." I basically lied to myself and to them; everyone knew we could not afford a divorce. However, it was a mediocre excuse to avoid speaking to them. Time passed by. The neighbors became more used to the idea of me being an "unsuccessful housewife," as they called me.

When the depression struck, my efforts of finding a job became harder. The depression brought a new wave of discrimination against us. It was like we had just come to America and whites had never seen blacks before. They hang us up to trees, brutally murder us for doing nothing, abuse us and harass us just as if we were not human. We were parasites that needed to be executed. We were suddenly responsible for all the negatives the depression brought. The loss of jobs, the shortage of food and the lower salaries. We suddenly became the scapegoats for a situation that was even worse than the nightmare we were already living before the depression, and that was caused by the whites. This situation got out of control. (Continued on next page)

Luckily, thanks to a close friend, I found a job as a maid in a mansion owned by the Carrington family. I worked and lived there for five days a week, and then I came back during the weekends to see my children. My children had to stay with our neighbor, Kiara, until I found a better job. The Carrington mansion was the most beautiful house I had ever seen. It was like these people lived on their own planet far away from the misery of the people in Montgomery. Their house had a huge garden with lots of colorful flowers, and they even had a pool. The house itself had 16 bedrooms, 4 kitchens, 18 bathrooms. A lot of people lived in that house, mainly staff because the owners would constantly travel.

Mr. and Mrs. Carrington were two of the meanest and most selfish people I had ever seen. Thankfully I would not see them very often, but when they were around in the house they treated their staff with so much disrespect and scorn. You did not want to mess with them. They had three children two sons and one daughter. The daughter was never in the house; she lived in New York because Alabama was too old fashioned for her expensive taste. Their second son was named Henry, and he was a playboy who only spent money and slept with women. But their first son, Jason, was one of the most attractive people I had ever met.

He was educated, smart, handsome and treated me with respect. When I first saw him I immediately had a crush on him. We met two months after I had started working in the house. From that point on, he secretly invited me to dinner, bought me presents and sent me little love letters. In the beginning, I didn't want to play his little game. I didn't want to be one of his pawns. But no one could resist the charm of Jason Carrington. I started to fall in love with him. I knew it wasn't right, I knew that my actions would get me into trouble, but love conquers all, as they say. Indeed, I fell for Jason just like I haven't fell for anyone in my life.



He was the one, he was the man who made me happy, cared for me and didn't care about the color of my skin. With him it was like there was no tomorrow. I felt like I was special, like I wasn't a parasite of society anymore. His views charmed me, his perfume made me addicted to him. I could not stop thinking about him; I could not hold myself around him. He could not either. He was the first man I had ever loved. I could not lose him.

We were secretly together for a year before his parents found out. When his parents found out, disaster struck. Probably a member of the staff told them. I was immediately fired. Jason could not see me anymore. He said we would go away and live together with my children somewhere far from Montgomery. We would all be a happy family. He never came to find me. After two months, I was accused of theft by the Carringtons. They claimed I had stolen jewelry from them. Of course, this was their way of getting back at me. They could never allow their son to have a relationship with a black woman: what would society say? They could not expose themselves like that. The policemen, without any clue, arrested me. My children were present when this happened. They were screaming and I could see the pain and horror in their eyes.

I caused that. (Continued on next page)

It was all my fault. On the third of December, 1935, I was hung in the square of Montgomery. I will never forget the moment when the white people screamed and laughed around the square. All I could see was Jason and his family in the back. They just stood there, he just stood there. The love of my life did nothing to stop them. He saw them hurting me, he saw them murdering me, and he did NOTHING.

"He had abandoned me forever, and I could therefore rest in peace!"



### SIOUX DIARY by Natalia Markianou, HS1-ESL+1

The translated remains of a young Sioux's diary, writing about her experiences from the early years of her life.

It was December 6, 1872. I was really scared. There were more white men coming every day, more than ten thousand of them. I heard *Até*, Father, talking to the chief. They said that things are very bad and that soon, all hope will be lost. I remember the day I found some men killing our family's bison, our *thathánka*. I was out with my brother, trying to find anything edible to bring back to the tribe, when we heard cries. We ran as fast as we could, only to discover three white men shooting the beloved *thathánka*. The bison would scream as loud as a wolf howling to its pack, but the men showed no mercy. There used to be so many of them and now, as they suffered, we suffered.

The killing went on day by day and there was no stopping it. It was like a constant nightmare. I waited, longing to wake up and escape this horrifying dream. But this had become my reality, our reality. People died from illnesses every day and the more time passed, they scarier it got. Two years later, they took us; the white men took us. Our whole tribe was imprisoned into a reservation. We were not allowed to live outside of the barbed wires that surrounded us. Our people were starting to get sick and we had no supplies, no food. After winning a battle. I thought things would start to look better, and they did, until the Plains wars ended. The thókas (enemy, meaning the white soldiers) trapped 3,000 of our people, including my family. At first, the plan was resistance until they would let us go. But after some time, we lost all strength to fight back.

For us, life had become a mere dream, a fleeting shadow on a cloudy day. We finally surrendered, having to return back to the reservations. And as if we hadn't gone through enough after a year, in 1877 they took the chief, Crazy Horse, and after his many failed attempts to free himself, they killed him. So there we were, left without a chief, cold, hungry and sick. It was not long, about two years, until we heard about Wovoka. He was a man from the Paiute tribe that had come back to life. He came and told us himself about his experience. He said the spirits had given him a song and a dance that would revive all bison and men. He called it the Ghost Dance.

Soon, he taught it to everyone and everyone was doing it. You would start dancing around yourself until you were in trance. I myself tried it many times, but I couldn't always reach the point of trance. Once, I actually did and I saw bison, many bison coming from a hole in the earth. Most of the white people's buildings and wired fences were gone, and the rest were getting whirled up in a carpet. It was a satisfying feeling that effectively gave hope to our tribe because, until then, we thought that this was the end for us. So, although there were many more wars to come, we found the courage to fight again and survive, in the end.



## THE CATALYST by Irene Petropouliadi, HS1-ESL+1

#### September 19, 1942

Humans are a blessing and a disgrace. I was unfortunate enough to have experienced both of their sides. All stories have a beginning and an ending, but they are not as brutal or inhumane as mine. My name is Rei Saitou. I am a Japanese American citizen and together with my two children, Izumi and Isamu, I was forced to be enclosed in a Japanese internment camp.

It all began with the attack on the U.S naval base located in Pearl Harbor, carried out by Japan. Then chaos ensued. People started regarding us as disloyal, turning the other way whenever they spotted us on the street-- people we had known for several years, calling us traitors for something we had never taken part in. Executive Order 9006 was signed. We were now officially registered as possible enemies of our country, regarded as such by everyone who called himself a proud white American. Then, everything happened at lightning speed.

On the sunny afternoon of March 26, 1942, a loud, intense banging sounded at our home's door. Izumi and Isamu were on the floor playing, my husband, Yuuta was sitting at an armchair, flipping through the vellowed pages of his newspaper and smoking his tobacco pipe, and I was cooking dinner. I left my place in the kitchen to open the door and come face to face with FBI agents barging into our home and hastily searching and searching. They were trying to find something suspicious. But they never did. We could not afford to react. Not in current political climate. Our life was turned upside down, our hearts wrenched after their next announcement. We had six days to gather as many of our belongings as we could carry with us when moving to "relocation camps", under the constant surveillance of the U.S government.

Six final days to hold on to a reality we

would never really be able to get back, even after the War was over. Yuuta decided to join the army, fight for the country that was against him in every possible way.

My children, oh my children had so many questions: "Where are we going Mama? What did the sir say? Why are you putting all our stuff in bags?" I could only muster to look them in the eyes sadly and tell them that, "We are going on a journey sweeties, and we are going to stay in another place for a while." Our race was downgraded, treated like animals travelling in herds towards our demise. Elders, children, women with newborns, men handicapped-- we were sheep amongst a sea of wolves, undesired, parasites, yelled at, pushed. We were housed by June 24<sup>th</sup> in a racetrack with horse stalls and a dining room shared by ten other families, forced to live without really living, and constantly watched over by the guard tower that stood proudly, almost mockingly at the edge of our camp. (Continued on next page)

"Humans are a blessing and a disgrace." Life was not normal here, as much as they tried to make it seem like it was, with the schools, post offices and hospitals. I now understood how an eagle felt when his wings were clipped and caged. Beyond the bars of his prison lay the wide expanse of the boundless skies, flocked with soft clouds, the wide, wide fields of brush and woods-limitless space for the pursuit of life itself. And he could only stare and fantasize, never actually being able to take a taste of how it would have been.

Izumi and Isamu were becoming more miserable by the day, not having their father around and being in a completely alien environment. They stick by my side at all times, except for school hours and when I was working at the naval factory. Isamu woke up every night screaming and crying from the nightmares plaguing his mind. I always tried to comfort him with empty words that I knew were not true, but still I continued uttering them.

Promises of how we would return to our home safely and be reunited as a family. Such a hypocrite I am, always pretending to provide my children with a false sense of security and hope. Hope for a better future that will never become a reality. On a windy Sunday morning, upon returning from church, everything was quiet. The calm before the storm. We returned to our residence, and I tidied the rooms, while Izumi tried to read parts of the hymns written in my little booklet and Isamu looked out of the window, a pensive look gracing his features. Isamu spotted that the American flag, usually hung on the pole, had fallen to the ground near the barbed wire. Running-- always running, that boy-- he went to approach it and return it to its righteous place, but he went too close. Too close to the perimeter of the camp, triggering the guards who thought he was trying to escape, to free himself from their clutches.

Before I could blink and Isamu could pick up the object, a shot pierced through the air, a scream of pain sounded and a body fell to the ground, staining with crimson blood the pride of America, its distinguishing sign, its flag. I ran out, tears blurring my vision and my head clouded by the sheer pain I was experiencing. I fell with force, face flat into the dirt to hug my son and kiss his little face one last time before God took him on the journey to heaven.

My little angel.

He was gone.

In an instant.

Somewhere in the back of my head, I could hear all the other internees gasping at the sight of my own son laying in a pool of blood, the happiness and life once sparkling in his eyes now gone. Forever. And among them, a little boy mumbled, "In God is our trust." My Izumi's heartbroken cries were the loudest when she approached me and tried shaking her brother awake, thinking it was all a game. One of their childish, innocent, stupid games. But this was real life.

And sometimes one does not have to resort to their fantasy or religious books to encounter demons. Sometimes they are the ones in power and ruling the world.

#### ASK AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE by Joanna Dimitropoulou, **HS1-ENL**2

"Finally!" I thought to myself when I jumped out of bed that morning. It was the last time I'd have to wake up at 7 o'clock in the morning, at least until the next school year began. Even though the prospect of not having to do homework for three whole months filled me with happiness, the actual cause of my excitement was our school's muchanticipated prom. I had planned every single seemingly insignificant detail up until the moment I've been looking forward to since the beginning of the school year: dancing with my crush. Of course, the chances that this would happen were slim, but I had promised myself that at the very least, I would pretend I wasn't my usual, taciturn self and try my best to talk to him.

I'm not going to get into the boring details of how we got acquainted. The point is, I've had a secret crush on that guy ever since I first met him on my school bus, roughly two years ago. I have to admit, in the beginning I trembled every time we made eye contact, but since then our relationship has evolved. Now, whenever I see him, I'm able to say "Hello" and begin a conversation. Progress, right?

When the last day of school finally came to an end, the school building emptied seconds after the final bell had rang. I was the last student to leave, as I had to remove my personal stuff out of my locker, only to put them back at the beginning of next year. As I wandered in the halls, I pictured the disco, the dance floor and the colorful lights. This prom was my last opportunity to confess my feelings, because after tonight, our paths would part forever. He was one year older than me and was leaving to study abroad. As such, I had every right to feel nervous and agitated. At least that's what I told myself in order to assuage my fear.

My friend and I were among the first students to arrive, a turn of events that gave me the

chance to carefully look around and figure out the perfect spot to go and ask him to dance. I was conscious of the fact that it is usually the boy who pops the question, but I had decided not to rely on fate and instead take a calculated risk.

The moment he entered, I was able to discern his beautiful blond hair, perfectly matching his yellow tie. His appearance was simply impeccable and every single second that passed, my heartbeat became faster and faster until I could no longer control it. It was as if I fell in love with him a million times in one seconds. I was ready and I wasn't going to let the opportunity pass. I took a deep breath, I approached him and said, "Would you like to dance with me?" The time between my uttering of these words and his answer seemed like centuries to me. I had already started to sweat when he ultimately put his hands on my shoulder and replied:

"Sure. Why not?"

Yes, I know it wasn't exactly the answer I'd been expecting, but frankly, I didn't care. I was so proud of myself for summoning the courage to do something like this, that I realized the highlight of the day was not the few minutes I spent dancing, but rather the fact that I exceeded my wildest expectations and stopped being held back by my timidity.

Don't ever feel as if you're not good enough for someone. I know this probably sounds banal, but always seize the moment and never let an opportunity slip by. If you don't, a feeling of bitterness will always dwell inside your heart, lingering, no matter how many excuses you come up with. The truth is, there are countless possible answers that you can receive and not all of them will make you happy. But, as the saying goes, "Ask and you shall receive."

#### A STORY OF FREEDOM by Dennis Mitropoulos, HS1-ESL+1

"Come on, we're late for Nana's story."

The boy jumped at the sound of Brother's voice. It took the boy a couple of seconds to focus on him though, shaken and startled from his trance.

Brother tries again: "Move it, don't just stare at the river."

*How did he get to the river?* he wonders. Doesn't matter: it's Nana's story time. The boy got up and ran towards Brother.

"You need to stop wandering so far out on your own," Brother said, running next to him in the direction of *home*. "We don't know what the People with the Suits would do to you if they just found you wondering all alone." That was Brother: always looking out for the boy like it was his job. He *was* older.

When they arrived, their grandma was already sitting in her old puffy chair and looking towards them. "Nana, sorry we're late," they start but she cuts them off.

"Dears, would you get my book?"

They head to the drawer and get out a big old dusty book and give it to their grandma. "Today our story is about a young boy that wanted to be free," she starts reading from a random page. Or at least it seemed random.

"That was Brother: always looking out for the boy like it was his job. He was older." When she finished the story had the opposite effect of the usual on the boy, though. Usually Nana's stories make him sleepy or happy, but this time he wanted more. "Nana, how did that boy know he was not free?" That was Brother, always insightful.

"Well you see my dear you only need to look around to know," she answered sweetly. "If, for example, you can't move around after dark, if all your land has been taken and your people were driven out, forced to die on the way to their own prison, in which even the food is scarcer than in the wild, if your culture is being drowned: *that's* when you are not free." Her bitter tone was so much different that her usual. "Sorry, dearests."

She frowned looking at him. "I did not mean to be so gloomy."

Brother looked at him worried, but he did not understand why.

"Nana, how did the boy call for help?" the boy finally asked.

"Well, dearest, if you had paid attention, you would know that it was by using one of our traditional rituals." She smiled.

"Trabitial trombones?" the boy asked scratching his head. The other two laughed.

"No, you silly. It's like a party: because if you throw one, your ancestors will give you something in return. I have a lot of them in this book, even the one the boy in our little story used."

Then, Father came home and with him was a man in a black suit. Brother grabbed the boy and pulled him into their room immediately. The boy couldn't hear anything, but Brother was right next to the closed door with his ear on it. Then he heard his Nana crying. And at this exact moment the idea formed in his little mind.

(Continued on next page)

When everyone was asleep, the boy went and took the book out and it almost fell from his tiny hands. He somehow opened it and found the right page. It seemed random, but the boy knew it was not. He barely knew some of the things the *party* called for, but he had overheard Nana mentioning them when cooking with her, so he guessed. But he missed one. Mandragora root, or "protection sand," as it's usually called. So out he went into the night and he found himself at the river. His naivety not questioning the convenience of it starting the *party*.

After he was done, nothing happened for a while. But then an agent saw him and he started yelling and running in his direction. Not knowing what to do, he jumped into the river. When he opened his eyes in the water, he saw a bright light. From within it, grouped bodies swam for eternity. "What dost thou wish?" They spoke in unison.

Then he found that despite the water he could speak. "I want everyone here to be free," he wished. He could hear his brother and nana in the distance yelling for him. He thought they were cheering him on. He did not hear their desperation or their pleads for him to stop.

"Very well," the voices sounded. And then he started floating toward them.

#

Brother had seen the boy get up, but he thought he was just getting some water. When he did not return after ten minutes, Brother got up as well to find the house ravaged and the spell book missing. He ran and woke Nana and Dad and told them everything. They started running towards the river since that was where the boy would be drawn to, especially with the spellbook on him. The ancestors had been calling him for a while. They arrive, but he is nowhere to be found. Then, they see a bright light at the bottom of the river. Lightning struck four different times all through the reservation that day, instantly setting it all ablaze. Setting them free. For now.

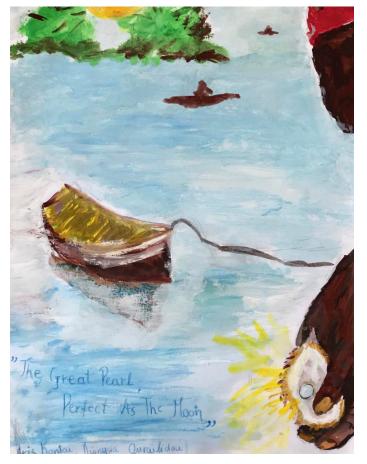


"Freedom of the soul," Aristea Kolympiri, HS1-ESL+3

The light fades and his little body floats to the top of the river. He can't hear his family wailing for him anymore, he can't recognize his name. He is with us now flying in the sky forever in our light.

## Forever free.

# POETRY



"The Pearl," Iris Kontou

**P**oet T.S. Eliot believed poetry's sole purpose should be capture and write the variability of human emotions in sequence, one after each other, until a poem contains truth about that great melee called life.

It's for this reason we conclude with our collection of poetry. These poems were chosen for their interaction and portrayals with art, or for adding lyricism to a civil right struggle, or for inviting the reader to share in deeply-felt ruminations. All these works share a common characteristic, however: they add beautifully authentic voices to that great melee.

#### THE TIME HAS COME by Ivi Galanou, HS1-ESL+3

There comes a time In our long story When patience goes And action comes.

There comes a time When, in its glory, The nation owes To give us back.

The time has come For us to stand Up for those rights We never had.

The time has come For this old land To cease all fights That make us sad.

It's now the time We come to face All the injustice And run our race. It's now the time At our own pace To live in justice And win this race



"I have a dream," Iris Kontou, HS1-ESLS2

#### WHY I WRITE MUSIC by Calliope Sazaklis, HS1-ENL2

I never write for recognition I'll never write for fame People tend to see it that way But I'm not the one to blame

Every piece I write is different Each song has a melody unique Emotions trapped inside my bloodstream Secrets I never keep.

Instead, they're spilled into a mold A mold in the form of a song And random people listen Some may like it, some may not

Some put these songs on repeat Blast them through their speakers with the volume up.

Others skip to hear what the next artist has to say, They didn't like the style, the tone, the lyrics

But what matters is that I had the courage to write Express the thoughts that sometimes I'm even scared of

My mind can travel places people can't bare to look at

And I always take the path less travelled, the one calling my name

People will listen, people will skip ahead. What's important is that you wrote the song, that you liked it even a teensy-tiny bit.

People may follow, people may not. What's important is that you lead the way even when you're alone. But always, always be yourself.

## FREEDOM RIDERS by Konstantis Dimitrou, HS1-ESL+3



"Equality Today, Equality Tomorrow," Dimitris Valatsas, HS1-ESLS4

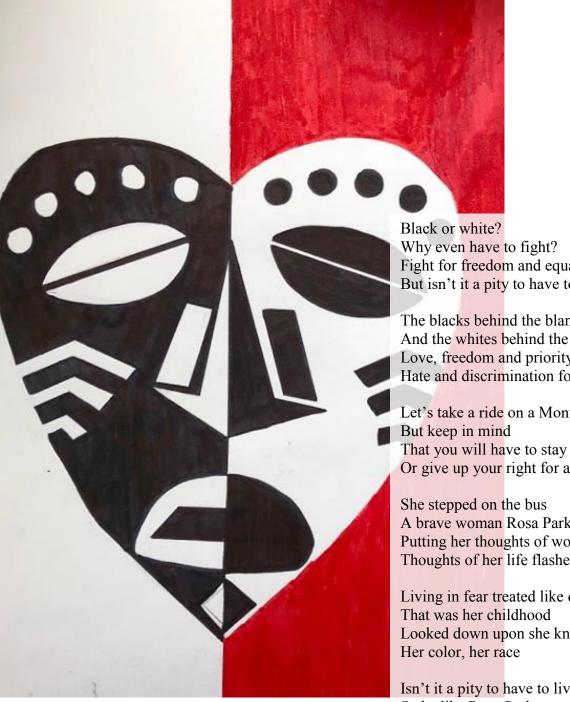
The Freedom Riders Fighting for justice 12 young protesters Both black and white

The Freedom Riders Sitting in the back Segregation? Don't need that

Went through a lot Change on its way Bravery for freedom Segregation away

Tortured and beaten Fighting for justice Segregation was beaten Freedom amongst us

## THE DOUBLE MASK by Daisy Nika, HS1-ESL+1



"Double Mask" Daisv Nika

Fight for freedom and equality But isn't it a pity to have to live with a mask?

The blacks behind the blank And the whites behind the red Love, freedom and priority for the red Hate and discrimination for the blank.

Let's take a ride on a Montgomery bus That you will have to stay behind Or give up your right for a white

A brave woman Rosa Parks Putting her thoughts of work aside Thoughts of her life flashed before her eyes

Living in fear treated like dark Looked down upon she knew why

Isn't it a pity to have to live with a mask? So be like Rosa Parks Fight for your human rights And take off your mask.

## THE COLOR OF MY SKIN

by Irene Athanasiou, HS1-ESL+2

It if could change the color of my skin, I wouldn't feel like I was in the bin. Surrounded by the walls of doom, With broken windows, ripped books and gloom.

The other school seems so much brighter, With shiny books and sounds of laughter. Oh, if I could change the color of my skin, But would I really, truly fit in?

Our teachers give a desperate smile, They know that it will take a while 'Till we are judged as equal parts, Of Southern culture, schools, and arts. Oh, if I could change the color of my skin, Or is this thought really a sin?

We'll stand together in their yard, Knowing that we will be barred. Or will they give that second chance, And let us enter without a glance? Oh, if I could change the color of my skin, I know I'm bright and I would fit in.

## REPUTATION

by Joanna Dimitripoulou HS1-ENL2

I think my reputation got tarnished A shield that no longer protects A thick wall—but not so thick anymore Stuck in a state of degeneration, caused by all the things people want me to be— And I am not.

I used it as a shelter; A place to hide and store my fears. Someone who gently touches you And acts as a constant reminder of what it is you have to do.

## It's like a work of art, the kind that happens once in a lifetime The creator of which faults to produce anything of equal magnitude.

And now that it's damaged? I wonder what's left to act as my compass. We're all so vain, it seems we do everything in the name—well, our name And so, I pick up all the ruins, try to glue them back together What I manage to mend is no longer a shield, But rather a gun. I load it with bullets and all of a sudden, it's ready to attack Whoever poses a threat to my reputation.

## DREAMS by Stella Giannari, HS1-ESLS10

A place where I can be alone A place that no one knows A place full of surprises and mysteries That I can call my own A place that allows me to wonder and explore be free and grow It's an exciting place that I call my dreams.



#### FREEDOM by Dimitris Minagias, HS1-ESLS1

I lost the crown in a single night In the chessboard all is gone, I'm now the pawn Yet I craved to be the knight.

## Freedom used to be the most valuable asset In this society you die if you don't have a musket.

Everyone is shouting, yelling and struggling for nothing

All the "great" men are excellent in acting. In my hands, they have put chains Liberty will come only through pains.

So please get up and forget this dream 'Cause it was a nightmare and it was rather grim. I know the truth since I know the past Unfortunately this slavery will forever last.

Make a difference individually Towards yourself don't act hypocritically. Don't let sultans, reichs and monarchs dominate your heart 'Cause the outcome will surely tear you apart.

## CORE'S GOALS by Ellie Vasiliou, HS1-ESLS1

#### [CORE: Congress of Racial Equality]

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Let's make the U.S. a better place where people won't judge each other based on their race

Let's make sure that everyone has the same rights and that unequal treatment won't cause any more fights

Let's remind ourselves that we are all part of the human kind and that we shouldn't leave any of our fellow citizens behind

Let's think of America without segregation: do you really think the only way is separation?

If we all stood hand in hand next to each other and we considered everyone around us to be our brother,

Our nation would now be thriving in harmony and peace

But instead, hatred is spreading all over our country like a contagious disease

So let's try in unity, black AND white, all together To end discrimination that's been harming our society once and FOREVER.

## AIN'T NO MORE RUNNING by Lydia Pandi, HS1-ESL+1

"Run" to escape violent death But what if we're out of breath? "Hide" far from the whites But what if we want to fight?

Our grandfathers said That we should always do our best So in memory of them We give hope to all men

For the sake of our kids



## MIRROR, MIRROR by Melissa Apostolou, HS1-ENL2

Steep winding lines	
carved upon time's face,	
his kiss is a curse	
staining in slow pace.	
Lips soft like roses	
caressing my tired skin,	
drenched in old, scotch whiskey,	
dripping words of sin.	
Oh old, mighty ocean,	
Are you feeling blue?	
What secret did time whisper,	
to worry your waters out of tune?	
Oh rocky mountains,	
you, violent rain,	
What wind did time blow you, all your life to drain?	to cause
No ocean, no mountain,	
no body, no rain,	
was ever praised for being empty,	with no
scars, no pain.	Beholder of
my reflection,	
mirror, mirror I ask you:	
	shattered mirror on the floor,

who is the most broken of them all?

## AT THE EDGE by Stella Stefanou, HS1-ENL2

*Editor's Note:* the following poems are ekphrastic works, a genre of poetry inspired by the Greek word  $\epsilon \kappa \varphi \rho \alpha \zeta \epsilon \omega$  meaning 'to proclaim or call an inanimate object by its name.' Applied to poetry, this means breathing motion and life into a stationary scene, allowing readers to inhabit a visual artwork through language.

Walking at the edge of the world Only You and I. Listening to Your heartbeat, The eternal melody of Your heart, The eternal melody of your soul.

Lost within the wilderness, Lost within Her grandness. Listening to the splashing waves, And the rustling of the leaves, Her eternal melody.

And then as I'm standing there, With You right next to me, Ringed with the restless sea, Suddenly, I'm free. In the middle of the world, Surrounded by Her greatness, I'm flying. And You are flying with me. "At the Edge" Kanika Ahlawat



## AFTERWARDS by Marva Sfakianaki, HS1-ENL2



"Dancers in Pink," Edgar Degas

We just finished performing

But I can't help but feel that I'm still on stage

Everything is spinning around me

And all I can hear is the clapping of the crowd

I feel so confused

Because now there's nothing to worry about

And the void that is taking anxiety's place

Is even more worrying

And the pretty, bright pink dresses

That we have to wear

Is all I have

left

## *"THE ROCKS AT BELLE-ILE"* by Maria Theochari, HS1-ENL2

Untouched, intact, unbroken, and free my spirit is open, just like the sea unaware of the power that will shatter me i proceed on my path to prosperity

your disordered dominance dazzles me, you ambush my peace, like rocks do the sea i crash, fall apart, collapse totally exposing my flaws, the foam of my sea

i gather some strength, regain energy succeed to move on, succeed to break free your imminent pull, i thought it wrecked me then i realized that even rocks are worn down by the sea

"The Rocks at Belle-Ile," Claude Monet



## GIRL WITH BALLOON by Lietta Ioannou, HS1-ENL2

Of the hope I embraced, I felt as lost As a balloon up in space

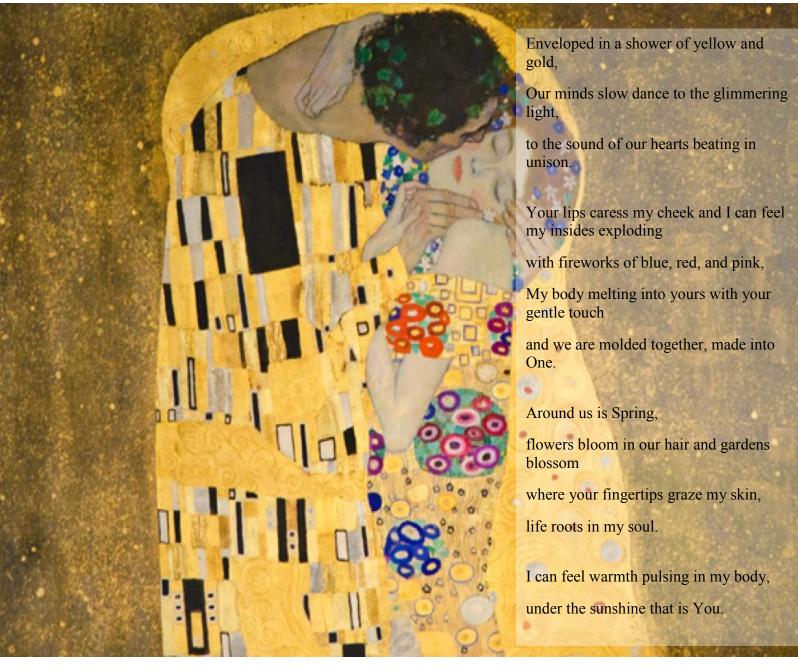
When I let go, My whole heart ached The same way you feel When you go through heartbreak When my hope was gone, Lost in the sky I was at war With myself and my mind

Long after that, Things weren't the same I felt so lost, I had gone insane

"Girl With Balloon," Banksy



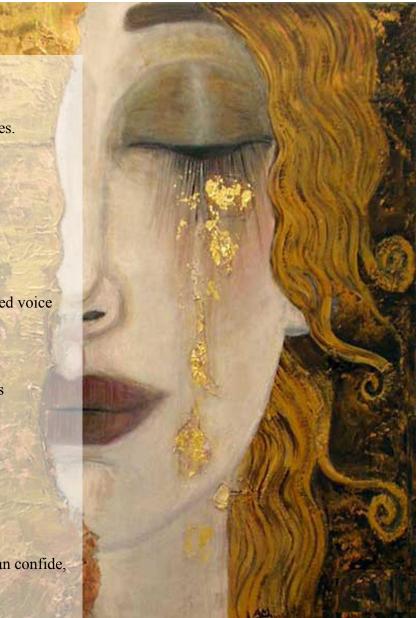
#### THE KISS by Galini Goodhead, HS1-ENL2



"The Kiss," Gustav Klimt

GOLD by Joanna Dimitropoulou, HS1-ENL2

My next-door neighbor confides: She's tall and skinny, with curly blonde hair on her sides. Before she opens her mouth one already knows, because scars speak louder than words and eyes do not distort the truth. One already feels her pain through the remnants of a withered voice that's not lost, nor delicate but merely struggles to be heard. Inside her tears are hidden stories of this world, in all its glories. Stories of love and hatred, of inexplicable affliction, of unexpected strength and utter perseverance. Before my next-door neighbor can confide, she vanishes-into thin air full of angst and despair, because she's told, that not all that glitters is gold.



"Golden Tears," Gustav Klimt

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