



The Athens College News

Giving voice to students

Athens College Junior High

Talking about Perspective

"You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view [...] until you climb into his skin and walk around in it."

This year our senior students read the book "To Kill a Mocking Bird" as part of the school's literary program called "Great Book Writing". They were taken to a coming-of-age journey back in the 1930s in the deep American South where tolerance, equality, equal rights and respect were unknown words to white people's vocabulary. While following Scout and the other characters in their adventures they were taught about empathy, sympathy and the importance of perspective. They learnt how important it is to walk a mile in someone's shoes; in other words how to see the world through his/her own eyes, heart and soul.

To shift your perspective is to re-orient your moral and emotional compass and acknowledge what is right and wrong, not only for you but for everyone. The moment this happens, our personal landscape changes as we are forced to re-examine and even question our own attitudes, beliefs and opinions.

What follows is the students' perspective on short stories, current issues, people, class discussions and school projects.

Enjoy!

Nadia Ioannou

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LIT FUN



Each year, the Teaching Fellows hold a WRITING CONTEST during Panayri. This year, the theme was spring, with each grade level having their own variation of this. The two winners were both student of Athens College Gymnasium and we are proud to publish their work here.

7th Grade “Celebrate Nature”

The Beauty of Nature

Goodbye winter,

Hello Spring,

How wonderful,

Is the way you think.

how beautiful is nature,

what do you think?

But you should always know,

you bring the happiness in me!

9th Grade “Spring into Action”

“Mom, don’t worry. I’ll be fine.” I say loudly so she doesn’t take mark of my wavering voice and the fact that I am so close to breaking down it’s driving me insane. “I know. I love you”, she says, her eyes still puffy from crying. She looks at me, touches my face, and I can see how hard she is trying to stay strong. We hear a knock on our door that brings us back

You can count the daisies,
and the roses too.

but you can never count,
my love for you.

Oh, the scented flowers,
and the rosy cheeks.

Oh the shady mountains,
and the chilly breeze.

If you stare at the window,
what will you see?

I see a blue sky,
and some bright green trees,
with some colorful leaves,

Irene Meletopoulou AN8

from out revelry and into reality. I don’t have time to turn my head to see who it is when she falls onto my arms, attempting to stifle her sobs, her frail body barely making a difference. “You be good” pause, she tries to recompose herself, “And when you are there, don’t please don’t, try to be heroic. You go there and you come back. I don’t care about honor and I don’t care about retribution or revenge.” She is practically shouting now,

not caring about the soldiers outside, because well what else can they do to us other than force us into a seemingly never-ending war where the ones in charge are calling the shots and we are the unlucky bastards that have to take their drunken messes home. "I just want my boy back." She looks at me; that's when the soldiers decide their patience is up and burst into our small living room. "No!" She screams and desperately tries to hold onto me. Curling her hands around my neck and burying her face on my chest, then grabbing my hands, my clothes, my boots. Then the door is brutally slammed shut in my face and we are walking towards my impending death. The soldiers stay passive all the way to the base and I am desperately trying to distract myself my staring at the flowers as we go by. I take a deep breath, God knows how many of these I still have, and sooth my senses with the scent of nature surrounding me. It is Spring, I think, not that it makes any difference. I laugh, and one of the soldiers looks at me, I ignore him. How ironic that we are supposed to kill, in the season where all of nature is giving birth. As I am surrounded by the orgasm of color and life, I see something grey on the horizon. The Base. We have arrived.

Day 5

Things are not so bad. Or worse than I expected at least. Every day we wake up at five, get dressed and start with our morning drills. I notice that some of the kids can't be over fifteen years old. After our drills, that consist of blood, sweat, pain, and fatigue, we have lunch, if you can call lunch what they serve us. Then, drills again, then cleaning up the places we bled, spat, sweat on. I don't care about all that, I just go through it one day at a time. The best part of the day is nighttime. Then I can sneak out and go to a little patch of trees I located inside the base, climb and look at the sky and pretend I am back home staring at the sky with Rosie until we fall asleep. Cassiopeia, Centaur. I try to name all the constellations I know but not for long because I know I have to get back to my cot and sleep and dream about being free.

Day 15

Everything is the same, only that now I have pinpointed a mockingbird's nest. The little babies can't even fly yet. Thank God that they are small and don't provide enough meat because then they would have probably been eaten already. I have less and less time to write these since the drills are progressively getting harder and what with my lack of sleep, cuts and bruises are more of a reality I have come in terms with. Someone is coming, I have to go.

Day 32

We are being wasted here. So many bright kids are going to die here. I can do nothing to escape from here, and God knows I've tried.

Day 34

They told us that there is a change of plans. We are going into battle.

Day 35

Today is the last time I saw the nest and dozed off on the trees. Tomorrow I am leaving and I don't think I'm going to be back.

Day 71

I am dead. I am alive but I could just as well be dead. You don't know the brutality of war if you haven't been in it and no one is about to convey the pure terror and guilt that you feel. I was unable to write because of it. I was trying to think of way to say what I experienced, but to no result. All I can say is that before the battle it was as if there was no life around us. Even the trees had stopped giving off that peaceful energy of theirs. All the animals were silent, if there were any in the vicinity when the battle happened.

Day 84

We fought in the forest next to home today. All that beautiful forest I have spent countless hours in. I used to go

there from when I was a wee little boy and suffuse myself in the tranquility of the place. Just lie peacefully and ponder it. It was especially pretty at sunset I recall. The sky turns into a beautiful collaboration of red, purple, pink, gold and blue and you are laying there you catch a glimpse of a butterfly the same color as the masterpiece that is the sky. You get so allured by the smells, the sounds, the scents that you don't realize that it is night. It was not peaceful now. Now it was dangerous, disastrous, and frightening and all I wanted was to catch my breath and drink some water and rest for a while. Now it was running, and shouting, and cocking my gun, and aiming, and firing. The kickback of my fun had become my only companion and I hated it. Oh, how I hated it. When we were done there was nothing, just the phantom of the forest's long-gone raw beauty. We have some days of rest and then we are back again they tell us. All we have to do they tell us is spring into action. Ha, irony once again.

"Hello, Mrs. Freing? It's your son, He didn't make it. He left you this book. It is some kind of diary we think. We are sorry for you loss ma'am and we will contact you for the compensation of it."

"Oh" is all I manage to say as my world crumbles around me. My boy. My boy. He loves Spring, my boy. My boy. Yes he did love it, my boy.

Argyro Hadjieleftheriadou CN1

WHATIF

Last night while I was sleeping in my bed

Some whatifs entered my head

They were dancing like a crazy knight

And were singing the same whatif song all night

Whatif I fail school?

Whatif I wasn't cool?

Whatif I started to fly?

Whatif I crash with a plane in the sky?

Whatif my beard gets bigger?

Whatif I didn't have any fingers?

Whatif a goat eats my pants?

Whatif I die in the school dance?

Whatif a massacre killer cut my toes?

Whatif my hair suddenly goes?

Whatif I lose my teeth ?

Whatif I smell like beef?

Whatif I return to the age of ten?

Whatif I become dirty from a pen?

Whatif I weren't tall?

Whatif I was hit by a ball?

Whatif my wife hits me with a pan?

Whatif I eat expired beans from a can?

Whatif orange hair grows on my legs?

Whatif I am hanging from two pegs?

Everything goes well in life

Until those evil whatifs strike like a knife.

Nick Komianos AS3

I Am poems – based on characters from **My Family and Other Animals**

Rose-Beetle Man

I am weird and I can't speak

I wonder if Jerry liked the animals I sold him

I hear my animals

I see my customers

I want money

I am weird and I can't speak

I pretend I am speaking

I feel bad not talking

I touch my animals

I worry about them

I cry never

I am weird and I can't speak

Stamatina Spyratou & Stelios Sotiriadis
AE13

Gerry

I am an insect lover and a curious guy

I wonder how animals live,

I hear insects speak

I see them on my mind

I want to have many pets

I am an insect lover and a curious guy

I pretend to love maths

I feel like a butterfly

I touch the sky

I worry about my life

I cry because the world is dry

I am an insect lover and a curious guy

Irene Retsou & Leoni Sideri AE13

Seagull

I am white and black

I wonder who is taking me

I hear the sea

I see boats

I want to eat

I am white and black

I pretend I am Quasimodo

I feel like a gull

I touch fishes

I worry about Gerry

I cry because I don't have any fish

I am white and black

I understand that everyone loves me

I say that food is nice

I dream a whale for breakfast

I try to catch fishes

I hope everyone will give me food

I am white and black

Philip Spanoudakis & Jason Perantzakis
AE13

Gerry

I am adventurous and I like animals
I wonder what animals I will find next
I hear a dolphin's call
I see monsters all the time
I want to stay in Corfu forever
I am adventurous and I like animals

I pretend that I am an explorer
I fell that someone is chasing me
I touch a flying turtle
I worry about animals' life
I cry when people hurt animals
I am adventurous and I like animals

I understand how difficult an animal's life is
I say that we must protect animals
I dream that animals will forever exist

Nickolas Patrikios & Konstantinos
Polychronopoulos AE13

Spiros

I am kind and responsible
I wonder about the family's safety
I hear dolphins speaking
I see the Durrels complaining all the time
I want to marry mother
I am kind and responsible

I pretend that I don't love mother
I fell that I am the best
I touch the sky
I worry about my future
I cry because mother doesn't pay attention to me
I am kind and responsible
I understand other people's feelings
I say
I dream the mother
I try my best
I hope I will marry mother
I am kind and responsible
Manos Rizopoulos, Andreas Rodopoulos,
John Peponis AE13

The Last Leaf

Just northwest of Southampton's port, the streets are narrow and full of small shops selling the poorer quality products that come into port. Most of the houses are two or three story brick buildings, without a garden. Three weeks after the Titanic had left for its doomed voyage Sue and Johnsy decided to rent there a two-room studio.

"Johnsy" was a nickname for Joanna and "Sue" for Susan they were both students at the local university. They both studied English literature. The girls had met in the school cafeteria, where they bumped into each other. They soon discovered that their tastes were the same. Their tastes in food and music were the same. They had the same sense of humor and liked the same kind of boys. So they decided to share a studio.

By November after living together for two months they found out that they shared not only the studio but many other traits as if they were sisters. Although Johnsy was raised in an orphanage in Exeter and Sue was the daughter of a wealthy Doctor in London.

When the cold, harsh winter began Sue and Johnsy decided not to spend a lot of money on coal and spend it instead for entertainment. Johnsy being weaker than her friend, fell ill with fever and her cough could be heard across the hall. The girls called the doctor.

Dr. Jones came after three days, he preferred visiting the local pub than visiting his patients. When the doctor walked in the room, he commented that Johnsy is as ill as the once beautiful plant that was in the pot on the table. He examined Johnsy and said "pneumonia". Sue looked at him.

"Is she going to be OK?" she asked.

The doctor nodded.

"If she takes her medicine, I'm sure she will be OK."

The doctor left and Sue went straight to the small local drug store. After three days Johnsy was still ill.

"I'm not getting any better," Johnsy whispered with a desperate voice as if she was calling for help.

"I will contact my father," Sue murmured.

She took paper and pencil and wrote a letter to her father. She mailed it on the same day.

When she came back she told Johnsy what she had done.

"Don't worry, Johnsy. I'm sure my father will be on the next train to Southampton. He is an excellent

pathologist, and he loves me very much. He will definitely like you."

That same afternoon Doctor Wilkinson walked through the door. He was a tall man, well dressed and he had an aura that made you sure he could handle any situation. When he pressed the stethoscope on Johnsy's back, he went pale, his hands shook.

"The Leaf!" he whispered.

"What's the matter Dad? Why are you so shaken?" Sue asked.

"The plant," Dr. Wilkinson replied.

"I gave you this plant as a present in September and now it has only one leaf left on it. So, we have to take good care of both your friend and your plant. Here is a proper prescription for the pneumonia treatment. You should buy some fertilizer for the pot and here are ten pounds for you to buy some coal for the stove."

After that day, Sue's father visited the studio twice a week. He had long conversations with Johnsy, about her childhood. As the days passed Johnsy was getting better and better and so did the plant. On Christmas Eve, Dr. Wilkinson came to the studio with his wife.

"I am taking both of you girls out for dinner to the Golden Ox."

When their dinner ended, Dr. Wilkinson took a deep breath and said.

"As I have already told my wife, I am now going to tell you the same story. Seventeen years ago, I was working as a doctor in a hospital in Exeter. This is where I made the worst mistake of my life. I had an affair with a nurse who gave birth to a girl named Joanna. I couldn't leave my wife, who was living back in London so my dear Johnsy your mother sent me away and the only thing I remember from my baby girl is the leaf - her birth mark she has on her back. Exactly like yours,"

he said with tears running down his cheeks.

Aris Spartalis CS4

A Rather Odd First Date

It's all your fault! Why did I ever listen to you?!" said the girl, clattering her teeth due to the unbearable cold.

Flashback

Have you ever felt like life is saving something immensely important for you, like everything you've been doing in your life has built up to a single moment that will change your life once and for all?

Well, that's what Bethany felt like as the sun rose, lighting up her room causing her eyes to open wide.

"Maybe today is the day!" she said as though it was the bitterest joke, and perhaps it was.

It was a Tuesday morning, and Bethany was obliged to go to school, attend all her classes, return home, eat, study, and go to bed. She thought it was funny, how a person can go years doing the exact same thing every day. No, not funny; odd.

She stood up and proceeded to the bathroom. As she finished brushing her teeth, she glanced at the mirror right in front of her. She ran her hand over her thick, curly, blonde hair, and she moved closer; close enough for her nose to touch the mirror. She didn't seem at all different.

A few minutes later, she was ready and out the door. On her way to school, she was listening to "The Fray". She knew they were way out of date, however, she still listened to them. In fact, that could be why she was still listening to them... She was not sure. Bethany was rarely sure about anything.

It was 1:23 pm, the hours were passing torturously slow, and she could not help

but wonder: "What if the clock took eleven minutes instead of two to show 1:25 on the face of the watch?"

A dozen thoughts of that kind were running through her head. Bethany was making her way home when all of a sudden she heard:

"Follow my voice."

Bethany let out a shriek as she heard the raspy, low voice of a boy whom she could not see.

"Shhh! Just follow my voice!"

Filled with doubt and hesitation, Bethany walked slowly along the path trying to think where the voice was coming from.

"More to the left," said the mysterious voice, in an attempt to guide Bethany who seemed lost.

Bethany, obedient as she was, followed the boy's instructions.

"Here we go!" said the boy cheerfully.

"I can't see you!" shouted Bethany

"Ugh, Jesus! Don't shout! I'm right here!" said the boy jumping down the tree where he was sitting the entire time.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
...."

A shrill scream of pure terror escaped from Bethany's mouth.

"Do you do that a lot?"

A tall curly-haired boy, about 16 years old, with a pair of the most dazzling hazel eyes Bethany had ever seen.

She stared at him as in awe, but looked away doing her best not to expose herself.

"Uhm... I guess..."

Her voice couldn't come out the way it was supposed to. She cleared her throat and added:

“Who are you?”

“Run away with me.”

The girl couldn't help but let out a laugh, for what felt like the first time in forever.

“I'm dead serious.”

“What are you talking about? I am not leaving with a guy who is not willing to even tell me his name, is trying to play hide-and-seek sitting on a tree like a dumb five-year old, has a voice that resembles the voice of a scary Harry Potter character, that-”

“You done?” said the boy yawning.

“No! And that's no way to treat a lady, and if you want to know your sentence is lacking a verb, consequently-”

“I swear when I saw you, it didn't cross my mind that you'd be that talkative!” said the anonymous boy interrupting her once more.

Bethany felt her cheeks blush and was a little embarrassed.

She remained silent thinking that as annoyed as she pretended to be, that had been the most entertaining, unexpected conversation she had ever had.

“You know what? Forget it! I didn't expect anything different anyway; this world is too close-minded to appreciate a move like that.”

Bethany was facing his back now. She knew she would regret going with him, running away, fully aware of the terrible consequences, yet as she watched him leave she knew she would regret it even more if she didn't follow him.

“Hold on!”

The boy turned around slowly with a slight smile appearing on his face, revealing his dimples.

“Where are we going?”

“I'll pick you up at seven,” he said. And in a split second he had disappeared, leaving only his mysterious aura behind.

As Bethany walked home, she didn't stop by the living room to hug her parents, or eat anything, as she usually did. Scratch that. As she always did.

Avoiding her parents' voices, she locks her door for the first time.

As she goes over all the things she's never done, such as locking the door, leaving her room in a mess, turning the music up so that the neighbors have to complain, she takes a seat near the window, and feels the cool October breeze make her entire body get those tiny goose bumps. Simultaneously, a very strange feeling, dissimilar to any other feeling she has ever felt before, is taking over her mind and soul.

It is quite difficult to explain; it starts off as guilt, for not talking to her parents and locking the door, then as sadness and disappointment. Then Anger because her whole life has been nothing but a bunch of ordinary, common, indifferent, bland events that keep repeating themselves over and over again.

This was her chance. Running away, away from home, away from her school, with nothing but a boy whose name hadn't been mentioned, to a place that she had never seen before.

Bethany knew that if she analyzed it any further, she would end up staying home, living her ordinary life. So without further ado, she grabbed her school bag, emptied it and filled it with clothes, her phone, the little money she had in her wallet and that was all.

It was 6:56 pm and for the next four minutes of normal, boring life she decided to write a letter to her parents saying:

I want to thank you so much for everything you have done for me, you have been nothing but supportive and

there for me. However, I Dear Mom and Dad,

think that unintentionally you have kept reality from me. I, now, have the perfect opportunity to explore it myself. Do me a favor and do not worry about me. I will be perfectly fine.

With sincere love,

Bethany

She was starting to realize what she was doing, and was so lost, misguided. However, the sound of a peddle hitting her window, filled her heart with enthusiasm.

Without hesitation, she left the letter on her desk and looked out of the window. The boy had brought a ladder. And she was down, out the door, just like that. Without a single goodbye.

“Ready?” said the boy.

“Ready”, said Bethany.

A million thoughts were going through her mind as she followed him, trying to fasten her gaze to keep up with him. About half an hour later, after a lot of walking, and absolutely no talking the boy finally spoke.

“My name is Blake by the way. Yours?”

Bethany felt weird.

“I am going to give you a hint about my name; it starts with a B as well.”

“Hmm, Bertha?”

The girl shook her head.

“How about Bailey?”

“Oh no! What kind of a name is that?!”

“My sister’s!”

“Oops, sorry!...”

Without paying attention to the unfortunate comment he tried once more.

“Is it Betty? You look like a Betty.”

“Ok, I am going to give you another hint; it starts with Beth, and ends with Any”

“Bethany!”

“Bingo!” !chuckled Bethany and Blake added:

“You have a very charming smile”

Bethany’s heart skipped a beat as she heard his comment. She was truly flattered. However, she was not here to start any sort of relationship with anyone, she was just accepting his help in order to escape from her routine.

But, something about that boy made it hard for her to look away.

A couple of hours later, Blake came to a halt and said:

“Ok, so, I hope you like this place; this is where we’ll be stayin’ so make yourself comfortable.”

Bethany raised her eyebrow.

“We are in the woods...this is a freaking forest!”

“Cool, right?”

She was starting to get annoyed with his language and “cool” attitude, and was trying to figure out what she was going to do, spending the night in a forest.

As she was putting down her bag, she noticed a little door at the very end of the forest.

“Blake, what is this?”

BOOM!

The loud sound of gates closing echoed in the forest.

“Well, well, well...”said a dreadful, woman whose voice resembled that of a witch.

“Isn’t it just splendid? A couple perfectly in love came to visit my forest!”

Said the voice filled with sarcasm.

“But, unfortunately, I am afraid you have come to the wrong place. This isn’t Honeymoon Avenue; this is MY FOREST. It has been seven years since somebody trespassed on my land...it was another silly couple, claiming they were in love. I was ever so kind... I offered them freedom...well under one condition; they would have to prove to me that love really does exist.”

She paused, chuckled her terrible chuckle, and added:

“Ah, they didn’t really end up pretty well, did they now?” said the woman as though it was the most hilarious thing on earth.

Blake was doing his best to try to find out where the voice was coming from, but he was way too shocked to think.

Bethany was standing right next to him, paler than ever, her heart was either beating extremely fast, or not at all, and was about to faint.

Clearing his throat Blake spoke;

“H-hello... I want to start off by apologizing. We didn’t know this was your land.”

“We most certainly didn’t.” added Bethany trying to sound brave, but in vain.

“Also-

“Furthermore,” Bethany interrupted him.

“This is not an essay competition, Bethany,” whispered Blake. Bethany nodded.

“Also, we are not a couple, the only reason why we came here is to explore...to be away from our homes, and if there is anything we can do to change your mind and let us leave we are more than willing to do so.”

“You have the audacity to interrupt me?! Something tells me you are going to be an interesting match... Listen up, you say you two are not in love?”

Bethany with no sign of doubt said; “Yes!!”

“Yes, ma’am,” agreed Blake

“Who do you dare call ma’am? I am Lady Ostrellia...”

She let a moment pass for the teenagers to appreciate the importance of the name, and went on.

“Now I will say this once, so you better listen carefully. I will give you five days to spend together trapped in my woods... If you two don’t fall in love, you will both be sent back home”

Both Bethany and Blake looked relieved! There was no way they would fall in love.

However, consumed with curiosity, Blake inquired, “And what if we do..?”

“Well, that is just for me to know and you to find out...”

And with that the voice ceased.

After a few moments of silence, Blake decided to break the ice. “Well, you shouldn’t worry at all Bethany. All we have to do is stay here for five days without falling in love... I know for sure it’s not going to be hard for me”

“Excuse me??? What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Oh don’t take it personally...you’re just not my type,” he responded.

“Oh yeah? And who is your type then?”

“I don’t know. Something different... a girl who doesn’t care if her syntax and vocabulary use in her sentence is how you would describe dazzling, a girl who is more relaxed, who isn’t about to faint with

what just happened, but smile and live the adventure ya know?"

Bethany had a weird queasy feeling in her stomach, and trying to hide it and answered:

"Well...if you want to know, you're not my type either... I like a guy who is educated enough to be able to talk properly, who is a little shy and not that confident and a braggart like you, and who will have manners...I doubt you have ever heard of that word," she said all in one breath.

"Fine!" said Blake apparently annoyed.

"Good!" answered Bethany.

"Great!" said Blake as if it was a competition for the careless

"Perfect!" Bethany ended the conversation.

As they went their separate ways, Bethany couldn't help but feel afraid...

It was cold, and she most certainly didn't know how to make a fire, or how to take care of herself in a place like that.

The next day, she was still alone when she heard a weird sound like:

"Shhhhh..."

She looked down and let out a scream as she saw a huge yellowish-brown snake coming her way.

"BLAAAAAKEE!"

The boy heard her, even though he was far. He had heard her loud scream and hesitated, but decided to go look for her."

"BLAAKE... HELPPP PLEASEEE... I AM HEREEEE!"

Blake followed her voice and saw Bethany panicking. Then, he saw the snake.

He took a piece of wood, something like a branch from a tree, and used it to produce a sound in order to get the snake's attention.

The snake started climbing the boy's leg and sensed his fear. But Blake knew more than to stand there looking like a coward and immediately, hit it with the piece of wood he was holding. Then, he gave it another smack and killed it.

When it was all over, Blake felt a strong pain in the leg where the snake had climbed.

"Oh my Gosh, Blake!!!" said the girl running towards him.

"Your leg...it's bleeding."

Blake took a look at his injured leg and moaned in pain.

"Let me take care of that," offered Bethany filled with guilt. Blake answered with a scowl.

"Unlike you, I read books, from literature to medical ones... so just let me help you."

As she ripped a bit of her clothing to wrap it around his leg, she added,

"You really saved my life... Maybe I was wrong about you after all..."

Blake put his pain aside and added,

"Yeah, you're not that bad yourself!"

They chuckled and went to get some rest.

The next two days were spent falling into Lady Ostrellia's traps, and each tried to rescue the other, and they couldn't help but feel closer to one another...

As Bethany was watching him light a fire, she stared at him thinking "Wow, he really does have that something... He is different than any guy I've ever met... He is so brave, and dynamic, and funny, and self-assured." But she could not fall in love with him. She shouldn't.

And as Blake watched her sitting by the fire, he thought to himself, "This girl is beautiful. She's unlike all those silly, close-minded, foolish, shallow girls; she's different" But he could not fall in love with her...At least not for the next two days.

And, at the end of the day, they both knew they could just pretend. Pretend they felt nothing for each other, just for a couple of days. That way Lady Ostrellia would not find out and they'd both be free, and what followed would be for them to decide.

"Hey Beth, I am going to look for some fruit or something to eat. I'll be back in no time."

"No, I'll go. You went yesterday and the day before, and your leg hasn't healed yet."

"How about we go together?" suggested Blake.

As they walked down the dim path to get some food, Blake said:

"Oh, these look fresh."

And picked out a red berry, and offered one to Bethany. Bethany accepted it politely and swallowed it down.

"Uhm Blake..? What kind of berry is this?I-I feel sick...oh Jesus why are there two of you...Blake you didn't tell me you had a twin! Oh my! There are three of you! How did your fam--"

And without finishing her sentence she fell, and Blake caught her right before she hit the ground. They looked at each other, and at that very moment, with that very look it was clear; they were in love.

"I am afraid these are some kind of weird Ostrellia berries. This one specifically only needs to touch your lips to work... I am so sorry I should've known better... it's all going to be gone, the illusions and everything in a bit...just like all her other tricks..."

And truly after several minutes Bethany had gained full consciousness. However, she could not forget the feeling she felt...it was something about his eyes that had made her fall for him... but there was one and a half day left of pretending.

The very next day they woke up more thrilled than ever, and all of a sudden there was fog, and out of it appeared a short, old, ugly, white-haired woman's figure; Lady Ostrellia.

"Ahh the last day isn't it? I bet you're excited!"

Trying to avoid her creepy appearance Blake said:

"Five days gone, and we are good to go!"

"Not in love, so yeah we are good to go!"

"Yes, yes indeed... But first, the love test!"

"Love test?"

"Love test?" they both added in sync.

"Oh, you have nothing to be afraid of, you said you are not in love so there's nothing to worry about...you'll just have to place your fingertips on this tree branch If you are in love, it will turn pink. If you are not, it will remain the same."

They both felt like dying on the inside; they knew their feelings for each other were strong... More dreaded than ever, they walked slowly towards the tree placing their fingertips. As tears rolled down Bethany's face, Blake had an idea.

The young boy had saved a red berry in his pocket, just to have it as a souvenir from the woods. So, he came up with a plan. Just as the tree was starting to turn pink, because who are we kidding, the boy would throw the berry at the old woman's mouth, so that it would touch her lips, and cause her to hallucinate, which would prevent her from moving for four minutes. In those four minutes, they would have to

run to the other side of the woods to go past the gates and escape.

Blake placed his fingertip right on Bethany's and a crooked smile appeared on Lady Ostrellia's face as the tree branch turned pink.

"Hey, Ostrellia!"

The old woman turned around to face him, and as the boy was trying to stabilize his hand, stopping it from shaking, he threw the berry right at her mouth.

"RUUUUN!!"

And they ran for their lives. They passed the little poisonous-watered river, the haunted cave, and every single place they had come across during the past five days, and just as Ostrellia started gaining consciousness, she screamed. Thankfully, they were outside the gate then.

With their hearts beating so fast, their heads pounding, their heavy breathing and their relief impossible to describe, the young couple lay on the grass just outside the gate that was no longer visible.

"We did it!!!" said Bethany.

"We sure d-," responded Blake, and before even finishing his sentence she hugged him with tears of happiness. A few moments later, Blake added:

"So, you like me, huh?"

With her cheeks turning red she answered, "You are still a braggart!"

"You are still annoying!"

They laughed and Bethany said:

"Uhm, we should... we should hang out sometime you know...keep in touch."

"Mind calling that a first date?" said Blake, and there they were, walking, leaving for a place unknown once again, only this time they had something else with them; love.

Nefeli Angelakis CN1

Past Future Problems

As many would undoubtedly say, this is an imaginary story with imaginary characters, but because my memory is still pretty decent, I will have to argue because I went through these adventures and they looked pretty terrifyingly realistic. It was a cold morning in South Dakota and no one could even imagine the upcoming events. My friends and I had had a sleepover that night, so when I woke up first you can all imagine my amusement, since I had all the time I needed to come up with the most dangerous and entertaining-probably not to them- prank for every single one of them. After some brainstorming, I realized that the only way I would make them furious and simultaneously amused was to make them believe that they had pulled a prank on each other and let them choose their punishment. As I should have mentioned earlier, I am the unluckiest person in the world, and, as a result, Max, my best friend, woke up and ruined my intricate plans.

He said, "Don't you dare do what you have in mind," and as my best friend he obviously knew what I had in mind.

"But why.....," I wondered, "Remember all the fun we had last time?"

"Yes I do, and I don't want to destroy the house again because we are running out of excuses to tell your parents!!!" He responded with his serious-and kind of annoyed- look.

"Fine," I said listlessly, "the water-prank it is then!"

The moment we were about to bathe Nisa and her boyfriend, we were teleported into the middle of a valley with a massive army encompassing us and witnessed the most hilarious but frightening scene of their entire life. Max and I bathed what looked like the captain of the legion, and the only thing I could think of was my strong desire

to take a picture of this inconceivable scene. The next thing I knew he swore and drew his sword while shivering from the icy water that had been poured on his shining armor. His servants, I suppose saved us just in time from his slicing our heads off. All the soldiers were frightened, but at the same time excited about the upcoming fight. The general started calming down and then called for his servants to bring him towels after his short bath.

“You are by far the worst apprentices I have ever had, and I’ve had my fair share of apprentices,” he said in a threatening voice.

“What do mean apprentice? Where are we? Who the hell are you and what are you doing dressed like that?!” said Max furiously.

“I am Prince Dalahad the Greater and you were brought here, to the Land of your Ancestors so that you face the immense threat that is looming over us the past few weeks, and you are the only one capable of saving our race and history.”

His response made little or no sense at all to us and despite the entire army surrounding us, I found the courage to stand against that crazy-and fairly mad-Dalahad so that we could go back home.

“I am certain enough that I do not have any ancestors here and even more certain that I do not care about what looming threat you have, I just want you to put me and my friend in anything that brought us here and send us back to where we came from.”

“I am pretty sure that I am not able to send you back to your homeland, at least not any time soon.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” said my friend ready to explode from his confusion and anger.

“This ritual can be performed only once a century and I don’t know about time in

your home, but here a century is a long time.”

Every bit of information that we kept collecting made us even more desperate as we were trying to find our way home.

“So, how are we supposed to get back?” I said with my most serious and calm tone trying to keep all my anger to myself.

“There might be a way, but to reach the place where your transport will be arranged, you would have to defeat the legion of the Darkness that guards the doors to my palace,” he mentioned in a sad tone.

“That’s the looming threat you keep referring to?” I asked preparing for the worst.

“Yes, and I cannot defeat them while they can draw their power from the Emerald of the Demon King”

“And you think that two boys from an entire different galaxy, dimension or whatever this is, are able to destroy or whatever you want to do with this emerald, while an entire army is not?”

“Your quest does not need the slightest strength, but only a sharp mind with formidable reflexes, which is something that you have proved throughout your lifetime.”

“You’ve been spying on me all those years?” I said with my mind filled with questions and no answers once again.

“I was merely testing your capabilities without your consent or knowledge and I don’t see why you would be upset. I never watched you while sleeping,” he responded and made me furious just with his tone.

The sun started descending and the entire army sick and tired of our never ending argument started ascending the hill towards their camp. “Come over here with

us; your training should have already begun,” said a soldier who looked like a giant wall, (I was being lenient about his appearance!) started moving with enormous steps that didn’t leave us any other option but to follow.

The following day we woke up earlier than everyone else did which made me feel proud of myself, but the next few days made me realize the importance of sleep. Specifically, the training was nothing compared to my coach’s- and that means a lot to me because our coach was a former frogman and his expectations of us were pretty high- so we needed all the sleep we could get in order to keep up. We had to undergo a three-hour run in the woods and then another five hours of training with swords and all kinds of weapons, and that was until lunch! As you can imagine, I had never even touched a sword, much less fought with it, but after dropping it for the first few times due to its weight, I got the hang of it and became a descent swordfighter.

My mind was filled with unanswered questions, but somehow it felt as if I was destined to come here so that made my goals a little clearer. On the other hand, Max was terrified and kept asking me over and over again if this was real, which culminated in me having to tell him that he was immature and should focus on our task, no matter how odd it sounded or was. After a couple of days, he was much more relaxed and had disposed of that feeling of insecurity and fear that had overwhelmed him the past week. After an entire month of hard work and strategic planning, we were all prepared for one final battle that would determine this world’s fate once and for all.

Suddenly, I felt an icy breeze all over my face and couldn’t bare it anymore until I closed my eyes, and the moment I opened them I was staring at my best friend and Nisa holding a bucket and laughing hysterically while pointing at me.

John Roumeliotis CN-1

Coming close

I was on the floor. Everything around me was turning round, and round, and round. It was all blurry and white. Everything was white. Suddenly, I saw a hand, moving towards me. I held the hand that pulled me up. I heard a voice, “Welcome, welcome, welcome, to paradise,” it said. The voice was deep, but soft. It was like a melody that tickled my ears. I started walking into a white tunnel that seemed as though it had no end. I saw a light at the end of the tunnel and directly I knew that it was where I had to go. I walked, and walked, and walked when suddenly I heard a voice. It was the same familiar voice. “Now,” it said, “you will have to choose between losing everything you ever knew and going to a different world, where everything is perfect or, returning to your old life, in my most dysfunctional creation, your world. Choose. “No!” I shouted. “I don’t want to lose my family, my friends, - everything that I have built! Take me back, please, take me back!”

I felt my eyes closing and everything was blurry again. However, this time I heard loud voices, and sirens. I was lying on the ground. My body felt numb, but I started regaining my senses and then I found the strength to open my eyes. I saw three figures on top of me shouting, “She’s alive! She’s back! Thank you, God!” I turned my face and realized that I was lying on the street. My long hair was red. It was strange, because I remembered having golden hair. Soon enough I realized that my hair had turned this color due to the blood that was coming out of my shoulder. A strange man with black hair and blue promising eyes dressed in white came towards me and carefully picked me up. He carried my body on a stretcher to an ambulance.

The next thing I remembered I was in the hospital wrapped in bandages. I heard my mother’s voice calling my name. I had missed that caring sweet voice that I was so delighted to hear once again. I opened my eyes with great effort and saw her face next to mine.

“Hey!” she said, “we missed you! How do you feel?”

“What has happened? Why am I here?” I asked her.

“Don’t you remember? While we were driving to your dance class, a car crashed into the side of the car where you were sitting. Luckily, the driver wasn’t going too fast,” she explained.

After that I couldn’t remember much except for the voice in the long, white tunnel. I had always been frightened of the thought of dying, and that day I had come so close to it. Now, I view the end of life as something possibly beautiful, filled with light, and hope.

Danae Areteou- CN1

A Broken Heart, an Old Love, and Valentine’s Day

Spenser is ready. She had been ready for the past 2 hours. Today was the day her life would start again. The day she would make a new start - start a new chapter in her life. She knew she was ready. She put a photograph of her old life, her old relationship, her old love in her purse. It wasn’t something unreal or incredible, but it was the most precious thing for her, or that was what it used to be. She took her purse, her jacket, her umbrella and left. She waited on the wet sidewalk for a taxi to pass. Finally, a taxi passed, it stopped in front of her and she leant to get in, but, unfortunately, she didn’t notice the picture slipping out of her purse and falling on the cold, wet sidewalk. A man happened to pass and see the little piece of paper tossing and turning quietly before touching the sidewalk. He ran, got the picture, and leaned over to give it to Spencer. A woman he had never met, or that was what he thought.

When her deep blue eyes met his chocolate brown ones there was a moment of silence. But, for them it wasn’t just a second. It felt like an eternity. Toby opened his mouth to talk to tell her

everything that was inundating his mind, to explain why he was there, but he only managed to say “Spencer...” Spencer was so shocked, but really curious to understand what was happening and to answers to the questions about the unexpected meeting.

So, she decided to talk: “What... What are you doing here? Why didn’t you call me? I thought you were never coming back... after the last letter...,” she tried to hold back her tears. “Why didn’t you tell me anything?” Toby wanted to explain to her everything that had happened in the last 2 years. He asked her to get into the taxi and tell the driver to go where she had been planning to go. She agreed. She got in and moved all the way over so he could fit in the back seat, too. The taxi driver started. Toby took a deep breath and started: “Spenser, you have no idea how much I’ve missed you...I’ve waited for this moment for so long...From the day I left the U.S. to go to Vietnam I never stopped thinking about you...” While Toby was talking Spencer was staring at his beautiful chocolate brown eyes, the ones she had fallen in love with from the first moment she seen them... Toby continued speaking, apologizing for not writing... But Spencer didn’t care... She grabbed him and hugged him as tightly as she could... Even though she was heartbroken because she had been the only person who hadn’t received a letter from Toby for the last 2 years, as she knew that all his friends and family had received at least one letter from him while in the army... And she never got one... She was more than pleased and happy to finally be with him again. From all the things that Toby had told her the only thing she clearly heard was: “I never stopped loving you, still love you...” between her crying and his... but she knew that they were tears of happiness; she was so happy. The taxi driver finally stopped. Both Spencer and Toby got out and hugging one another tightly they got to the second floor of the apartment where Lucie was waiting... when she saw both of them her reaction wasn’t the expected one...

She looked at Toby frowning and aggressively dragging Spencer close to him. Lucie tried to say something to Spencer but she saw the question in her eyes. She felt as though she knew what Spencer was thinking, the questions created in her mind "What do you think you are doing? Are you crazy? What was that?" For a moment Lucie felt guilty, but that moment passed and Lucie was okay. She had persuaded herself that what she was doing was for the best. While all those thoughts were flooding her mind, Spencer had started to walk towards Toby. When Lucie saw her friends' reaction, she started to explain herself. "Oh, my god, Spencer ... I'm so sorry for my behavior, but when I saw him all I could think of was what you'd been through because of him... I'm so sorry... after that letter... when he told you he would never come back and he would make a career in army... You were broken..."

Spencer was frustrated by her friends' behavior, but really amused and glad that her friend had actually done this... She really is a true friend... But Toby only saw the happy and joyful emotions that Spencer felt and immediately reacted. "What's with that smile? You are happy she dragged you away from me?" Spencer tried to explain why she was smiling, but when she tried, Toby started screaming really loudly, "I know I've made some mistakes in the past, but that is why I'm here to fix everything and to prove to you that I'm still worth it." Spencer stepped up and started talking, "Lucie was here, when you sent me that letter." "I understand, but now that I'm here why were you laughing when she dragged you away?" he asked aggressively. "I laughed because I thought that it was a sweet gesture that showed how much she cares about me. If you had seen my face before I smiled you would have seen I was shocked," Spencer pointed out in a calm tone.

"Oh...sweetie... I'm so sorry... I keep doing stupid things because I don't want to lose you..." he said "again..." he added almost silently. Lucie's face was calmer and the look in her eyes was sweeter. Spencer grabbed Toby and hugged him

tightly. The atmosphere was nice, friendly, calm and comfortable after a long time. Everyone was happy and everything had started falling into place.

Theano Dimopoulou CN1

Once upon a time in the early 1900's

(Based on a true story)

It was a cold morning when Vasilis Siempos first set foot on the land of freedom, America. The date was the 1st October 1907. Vasilis and about 30 other people from the same small village in Arcadia, along with his younger brother, disembarked from the steamship "Massilia" when the boat reached Ellis Island. Once they were done with all the medical and legal inspections and the authorities had made sure that they were healthy and not threatening the country in any way, they went straight to Manhattan. All of them had left their miserable life in the village to chase their dreams and succeed. Vasilis only had \$20 in his pocket when he arrived and knew that without knowing how to read or write, it would be difficult for him to survive. But, he was young and daring and, in contrast with the life in the village, in America the sky was the limit. So, he picked up his luggage and off he went with his brother, Charilaos, heading to Boston, Massachusetts.

The moment they arrived, Vasilis started looking for a job. Immigrants at the time used to work as laborers and he found a job in railway construction. He was very hard-working and smart, despite his illiteracy, so it was only a matter of time for him to stand out and start achieving his goal for a more satisfactory life. Now he was able to go out with friends and eat in restaurants more often. He was finally becoming a member of American society and everything was close to perfect. But, that wouldn't last long.

Syrna was a small village in Arcadia. Vasilis' parents and sisters lived

there. According to the “village law”, the eldest male of the family was responsible for finding husbands for his younger sisters. This meant that he was obliged to provide for his family for as long as the sisters remained unmarried. Vasilis and Charilaos, being the only two males out of a total of six siblings, knew this tradition all too well. In fact, the reason behind their immigration to America was to escape poverty, not only for themselves, but mainly for the family they had left behind. The plan was to send the most of the money they made to their parents and sisters. There was also another plan or rather an agreement. It was Vasilis who was to return to Greece when the time came for his sisters to get married.

Two years into his stay in Boston, Vasilis had decided to visit some relatives in Essex. It was Easter and, as a traditional Greek family, he and his relatives were having a big feast. The family’s American neighbors were invited and were thrilled to experience a traditional Greek celebration. Cynthia was a beautiful young girl in her 20s, with sparkling green eyes and long dark hair. Her smile was worth a million dollars and Vasilis couldn’t resist her charm. As it turned out, their attraction was mutual so they soon became a couple. Vasilis was so in love that he even decided to move to Essex so he could be close to her.

1910. A letter. Everything would change. A one-page letter from Greece was to destroy Vasilis’ hopes and dreams for a future with Cynthia in America. In this letter, his parents were asking him to return to Syrna as soon as possible in order for him to take care of business. The time had come for his sisters to get married. Vasilis was heartbroken. Would Cynthia agree to follow him to a tiny village to a far-away country? Vasilis had to know the answer. Cynthia didn’t want to leave her family and home-country behind and despite her true love for Vasilis, she wouldn’t make this sacrifice. Vasilis begged Charilaos to go in his place, but he refused. According to Charilaos, a true man should always keep his promise. So, as fate would have it, Vasilis decided that

the moral obligation towards his family was above his individual interest.

A month later, Vasilis was standing on the dock, his light hair reflecting the burning midday sun. He was surrounded by hundreds of people, yet feeling alone. He half-heartedly grabbed his only suitcase and boarded the “Massilia”, the steamboat that had brought him to the land of the free, the land of opportunity where all of his dreams would come true. This same ship was now heading to his country of birth, making him leave behind his hopes for a wonderful life.

“So, that’s the story of your great-grandfather, Kallia”, my grand-father said with his soft voice.

“Did he ever go back to America?” I wondered.

“Well, he wasn’t able to return because of the First World War, although he really wanted to. Cynthia had always been waiting for him and he had never stopped thinking about her, but life sometimes has different things in store for us”.

“This was a sad story!” I pouted.

“But let’s face it... Sad as it may sound, you wouldn’t have been born if he had decided to go back on his word and stay in America”, my grand-father said smiling and kissed me goodnight.

Kallia Siempou CN1

Story Telling

Today, I would like to share a very moving story that really touches your heart, a story that I heard years ago but can still picture very vividly. It is the story of a little boy named Tom and his sister, Grace. Tom was a very pleasant and kind boy. He was characterized by his caring nature and his positive way of perceiving life. Although he had a quiet disposition, he was powerful at heart. Similarly, Grace

was a very amazing little creature filled with hopes and dreams for the future. The two siblings shared an undeniably powerful love.

When Tom had reached his eighth year he was diagnosed with a life threatening disease that involved a problem with his blood. The boy was immediately transferred to a special clinic and so the family was waiting in the cold and unpleasant hospital room, filled with more than anxiety to know what was going to happen. Their hands were shaking and tears rolled down their cheeks, the process was torturing. The doctors realized that they immediately had to conduct a blood transfusion, to manage to save boy's life. The family was deeply devastated, and mostly Grace who felt like she was losing her best friend, the most important person in her life. However, the family didn't stop believing, they were all convinced that the only way that they could get through this hurdle was to stay strong and together.


The greatest problem was that the boy had a very rare type of blood that shared only him, his sister, as well as a few more people that the family didn't know of. Immediately the doctors realized that they would have to conduct the transfusion on Grace, who was much younger than her brother, Tom. Consequently, the process was vital and it was crucial that it was done successfully, as Grace was the only one that could who could save his life.

The doctors then proceeded on taking the permission from the parents to perform the

blood transfusion using their youngest daughter's blood, however with a risk. So he young child was taken into a dark hospital room, where the procedure was going to occur. The girl was a bit frightened but she had promised to herself that she would do anything to save her brother. When they reached the room, the little girl was asked if she was willing to give her blood. Without realizing that she would just give a part of her blood and not sacrifice her life the girl bravely answered, " I would do anything for my brother..." Consequently, the girl was willing to sacrifice her life to save her brother. This is a remarkable action that we don't come across often and proves the great power of unconditional love, which leads to willingness of altruism. This girl had the power to give her whole life in order to keep her brother alive. The girl's brave and touching actions really brought tears in the doctor's eyes.

A month later the blood transfusion was completed successfully and family was greatly relieved. Tom was back in school, as well as Grace, who was in her first year of kindergarten. The family was stronger than ever, because they had overcome a great hurdle and they had achieved it together. The love that characterized this family became from then on the secret key for their happiness... It is important for us all to find our own secret key, our own love and always try to use this key to give happiness to others.

Athina Vidalis CN1



QUOTE OF THE DAY

The Glorious Whitewasher

The Glorious Whitewasher is an excerpt from The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain. In this short story, Tom Sawyer finds how to get out of doing a job he never wanted.

“Tom had discovered a great law of human action, without knowing it. In order to make someone want a thing, it is only necessary to make the thing difficult to get. Maybe he understood that Work is whatever you have to do and Play is whatever you don’t have to do.”

Nowadays, people take for granted whatever they have. Water, food and even things they don’t like such as work or chores. When they lose them, they understand their value and they will do anything to take them back. The force that makes them try to get them, is the difficulty that they have to face first, that makes them even more attractive.

So in our story ‘The Glorious Whitewasher’, Tom has an «inventive» mind in order not to whitewash the fence. He gives up early enough and starts

thinking of ways of getting away with it. When Ben comes and asks to whitewash, Tom understands that it is a great opportunity to avoid work. His idleness doesn’t stop there, but continues by tricking the boys. He uses psychology and, in order to trick the boys, he makes whitewashing seem appealing, by saying that they are not good and careful enough to do such a task. In general, this type of technique always works, as it affects the point of view a person has for a job.

All in all, I strongly believe that the perspective of each person can affect other people’s point of view.

Marianna Molyndri AS9

In the story “The Glorious Whitewasher” we found out a great law of human action as we were discussing Tom’s plan. In a summer day Tom, a young kid who lived in a village, had to whitewash a fence, but he was too bored to do this. So, he thought of a magnificent plan. He would make the other kids, who had come to make fun of him, think that it was impossible for them to whitewash

thus creating a trap that all the kids would fall into. In fact, all the kids wanted to whitewash so badly that they gave things to Tom in exchange.

This great law of human action usually works in people. Reverse psychology creates a challenge. Most people, for example want to prove that they can do something and they do it only to prove that the other one is wrong.

Vassiliki Baklola AS9

In the story “The Glorious Whitewasher” there is a paragraph that says “in order to make someone want a thing, it’s only necessary to make the thing more difficult to get”. With this phrase the author wants to emphasize that if you make something difficult to get, people want it even more because they think that it is something special and useful. The trick Tom used to persuade the boys to paint the fence has to do with reverse psychology.

Unfortunately, the trick Tom pulled does not always work. It depends on how good you are at pulling this trick.

George Pneumatikos AS9

In the story we read, “The Glorious Whitewasher,” it is a beautiful Saturday morning but Tom has to whitewash a fence, which seems boring and discouraging. He feels lazy and unhappy about it. However, he is clever and cunning, so he sets up a trap for his friends by making the whitewashing seem fun, artistic and difficult to achieve. He pretends that no one could do it and that it was actually a challenge. So, his friends not only fall into the trap, but also give him extra gifts.

The strategy Tom followed in order to achieve his goal, doesn’t always work with people. For example, people may not ‘buy’ your plan, because they may think it is silly. They may also see right through it and realize it is they who have to do the dirty job. On the other hand, if you are bored to do something, most of the times you will try to promote it in an appealing way and make it seem like a challenge for the others, so they can do the job for you. You set a trap for them, like Tom did. Most people fall into this trap and will see

it as a treat. They do this because they don't want to be humiliated in front of the others by not taking on the challenge and that few people can do.

In conclusion, I believe things in life work like that. By making things look attractive you can deceive others and make them do things for you. We do this in everyday life and, most of the times, it works (unfortunately for the others)!

Charis Mitrelia AS9

In the story "The Glorious Whitewasher", Tom had been assigned to whitewash the fence. When they came to tease him about the work he had to do on a Sunday, Tom challenged them by making them think that whitewashing is a great task and that not anybody could do it. His friends fell into the trap and ended up giving him stuff because they wanted to whitewash.

We understand that Tom had found a way to get rid of the work he had to do. He made the idea of whitewashing a very difficult challenge, so that his friends would want to try it. In reality, Tom was

just idle and whitewashing wasn't that difficult. This idea of making whitewashing attractive was smart and effective. Tom somehow knew how to make someone want something by presenting it in an appealing way, as a play!

Vally Paparigopoulou AS9

In the story Tom had to whitewash a fence. Well, he didn't want to do it, so when his friends came there to tease him he presented whitewashing as a game. Tom's friends found this as a challenge and fun. They gave Tom their things to whitewash the fence. Tom had discovered that when people think that something is appealing, even though it is difficult to be done, they might pay to do it. In general, when people think that something is fun they may not realize that it is work.

In conclusion, the kids were trapped in a way that they didn't realize it because Tom was trying to make it look like he was having fun in order to make the kids want it and do the job for him.

This idea works in all situations except for the times when people understand that it is just a trick.

Stamatis Mylonogiannis AS9

In the story ‘The Glorious Whitewasher’, on a Saturday morning, Tom, the main character, has to whitewash the huge fence in front of aunt Polly’s house. But, Tom is idle and doesn’t want to do it. Suddenly, Tom comes up with a magnificent idea. He would pretend that whitewashing the fence is a very challenging task. That’s how he would attract the other boys’ attention to it. At first, the boys came to tease Tom, but they ended up whitewashing.

So, what Tom did was that he used reverse psychology in order to make the boys want to whitewash without even knowing it.

To sum up, things in real life also work like this and people often use reverse psychology without even understanding it.

Ellie Bravou AS9

In the story “The Glorious Whitewasher” the main character of which, Tom Sawyer, manages to deceive his friends. To be precise, he was assigned the task to whitewash a fence by his aunt. Tom, an idle and mischievous kid, considered it to be a big deal and wanted to get out of this chore because he saw the other kids playing and teasing him. Yet, because of his sharpness and quick-wittedness he tricked the other kids into finishing the job for him by convincing them that whitewashing is a very difficult thing and needs great skills to do it.

Suddenly, the children in the neighborhood started begging him to whitewash in exchange for different treats, toys, etc. After treating him with different toys to do the “dirty job” he accepted their offer without arguing and making any effort. In other words, he reversed their psychology.

Phillip Patsis AS9

To Kill a Mockingbird

To Kill a Mockingbird is told from the perspective of Scout Finch from the time she was six to about nine. Scout, her brother Jem, and their friend Dill have many adventures. They are fascinated with their neighbor, Boo Radley. He hasn't left his house in years and the kids love to imagine things about their spooky neighbor. The main conflict of the novel deals with Tom Robinson, a black man, and Mayella Ewell, a poor white girl. Atticus, Scout's father, is appointed to defend Tom in a trial. During the trial, the children sit in the colored balcony and watch from above. Mayella Ewell has claimed that Tom raped her and even with substantial evidence that he didn't, Tom is convicted of rape.

"If you shouldn't be defendin' him, then why are you doin' it?" "For a number of reasons," said Atticus. "The main one is, if I didn't I couldn't hold up my head in town, I couldn't represent this county in

the legislature, I couldn't even tell you or Jem not to do something again."

Everybody has the right to have someone defend him or her. Everybody, regardless of the color of their skin, have the same rights and are innocent until proven guilty. A lawyer should never refuse to defend someone for racist matters. Every lawyer should "believe" in their client and defend him or her even though it might be against their beliefs because this is what practicing law is all about. If Atticus had denied defending Tom Robinson because of the color of his skin he would be going against his principles and whatever he had taught his kids to fight for. Consequently, he would have shaken his children's trust in him. He wanted to raise his children with strong principles. He wanted them to respect their fellow people and to treat them with respect and equality. But most of all he wanted his children to respect him as a man and as a father.

Aliki Boukouvala CS3

"First of all," he said, "if you can learn a simple trick, Scout, you'll get along a lot better with all kinds of folks. You never really understand a person until you consider things from his point of view [...] until you climb into his skin and walk around in it."

With this quote the readers understand what Atticus stood for: empathy. He stressed that the things we share as people are far more than the things that divide us. Every single human on earth fights a battle that the rest of the world knows nothing about. People reach conclusions about us, not wanting to look deeper. Scout and Jem were raised in a village where racism and discrimination were a harsh reality for many. Fortunately, Atticus always said the right thing at the right time and gave a clear message to both his kids and the readers: try to see things from other people's point of view. Everyone understands reality in his own way and handles things differently, so if we are to get along as humans first and citizens second, we have to invest time in getting to know the person we are communicating

with. No one can ever walk exactly in another one's shoes, but we must try so for ourselves.

Iphigenia Mitrelia CS3

"Which, gentlemen, we know is in itself a lie as black as Tom Robinson's skin, a lie I do not have to point out to you. You know the truth, and the truth is this: some Negroes lie, some Negroes are immoral, some Negro men are not to be trusted around women—black or white. But this is a truth that applies to the human race and to no particular race of men. There is not a person in this courtroom who has never told a lie, who has never done an immoral thing, and there is no man living who has never looked upon a woman without desire."

This is one of the various quotes found in the book *To Kill a Mockingbird*. With this quote Atticus emphasizes the stereotypical ideas and discriminatory attitudes towards black people. It is believed that black are immoral people who lead a sinful life; they are the ones who intend to harm the others and

generally are not people to be trusted around others. The truth is that the above “rule” could apply to anyone. In other words, it is a “rule” that applies to the human race and not to the individual. We cannot deny that everyone has told lies in his life, has done immoral things and has not been the perfect person. Trust is something to be gained and people should form opinions about others from the way they act and from the things they do and not from their skin color or political beliefs. For instance, a black person could be as trustworthy as a white one or even more reliable.

All in all, with this quote Atticus suggests that people are equal because they are born, - or at least should be born - with equal opportunities to prove that they are trustworthy and moral. If we are to characterize someone “immoral” or difficult to count on we ought to bear in mind the fact that his race should not influence our beliefs. Either black or white, poor or rich, literate or illiterate every human could be the best or the worst

depending on the way he is treating the others...

Myrto Salteri CS3

“We had a good chance, I told him what I thought but I couldn’t in truth say that we had more than a good chance. I guess Tom was tired of white men’s chances and preferred to take his own.”

Atticus chose those words wisely while trying to explain to Scout why Tom tried to escape. He tries to tell them that Tom was aware of what he was doing. Atticus tries to say that what Tom did was a kind of a suicide. He knew that he would die, but he still did it since he had had enough of this unfair society he was living in and death seemed like a way to escape from it. He lived in a society which treated him unequally just because of the color of his skin and never gave him the chances that he truly deserved. He decided to take his life into his own hands, and give an end to it since he knew that he did not really have any other options.

Alexis Messinis CS3

"Tom was a dead man the minute Mayella Ewell opened her mouth and screamed."

These words are spoken by Scout in the book after Tom Robinson is killed while trying to escape. I believe that this quote pretty much sums up the main message of the story. In the time and place the story takes place, most of the residents of this small town are racists and prejudiced against black people who live among them because the laws of this small community, not only the ones that are written but also the ones that are unwritten, cultivate racism. Mayella – a white girl - falls in love with a black person, in a society where a relationship between a black man and a white woman was prohibited. So, when Mayella tried to kiss Tom and sees her father, Bob, she screams. Then they make up a story in order to accuse Tom Robinson of raping Mayella because Bob hates black people. So, when Mayella hollered and accused Tom of raping her, it was sure that this young black man would end up dead,

despite the fact that there was no evidence against him, except for his color.

In conclusion, as Malcom X once said "I am not a racist. I am against every form of racism and segregation, every form of discrimination. I believe in human beings, and that all human beings should be respected as such regardless of their color."

Amalia Maria Chronopoulou CS10

"As you grow older, you'll see white men cheat black men every day of your life, but let me tell you something and don't you forget it—whenever a white man does that to a black man, no matter who he is, how rich he is, or how fine a family he comes from, that white man is trash."

During the time when the story "To Kill A Mocking Bird" takes place there is a lot of discrimination against the black people. Most of the white people believe that the black people are part of a lower class of society, that no black person can be better than a white one as well as lots of other stereotypes that aren't based on true evidence. In fact, I believe that

some of the basic reasons those types of stereotypes were created, were to satisfy the need of the white people to feel superior to others and to have someone else to blame for something they did while knowing that most of the other people will believe them. With this quote Atticus tries to teach Scout that these stereotypes aren't true and that no one has the right to treat someone else badly because of their race or color. In other words he tries to tell her that every human being is born equal.

Nafsika Philippou CS3



PROJECTS

After having read the article *The Fall of the Hindenburg* which discusses the causes of the Hindenburg disaster, the students were asked to write an essay about the causes of automobile accidents in Greece.

Cause and Effect Essay

Did you know that 50% of deadly accidents in Greece are caused by cars? This is because of careless drivers, bad roads and drivers who drive under the influence of drugs or alcohol.

As far as careless drivers are concerned, they are the main cause of deadly car accidents in Greece. This is because they do not pay attention to the road and they do not see what is happening in front of them. In addition, they drive very fast and think that they will not have an accident.

Except for careless drivers, there are some people who drive under the influence of substances. This is because, many times, people go to parties or clubs where they drink a lot of alcohol or take drugs. Then, they drive back home having consumed alcohol or drugs and as a result, they cannot concentrate on the road and they cause accidents. Furthermore, there are some men or women who have psychological problems, so they use drugs to cope. These substances make them careless, so they may cause an accident.

Last but not least, in Greece we have very bad roads. There are a lot of holes in them which make them dangerous. Another problem is that we have very dangerous turns which are difficult to see at night. Finally, the roads

can be slippery and this can cause accidents.

To sum up, I think that we must be more careful when we drive so as not to cause accidents. Careless drivers, drugs, alcohol and bad roads do not go with safety on roads. So, we have to do everything we can to prevent accidents.

Stavros Markoulakis BS4

In Greece researchers say that automobile accidents kill 4% of the population annually. The main causes are driving under the influence of drugs or alcohol, talking on the phone while driving and bad weather conditions.

Driving under the influence of drugs or alcohol is extremely dangerous. Drivers can't concentrate on the road and as a result, people die. Drivers that have taken drugs or have drunk a big amount of alcohol are not in the position to drive due to the fact that they cannot control themselves.

Another cause of car crashes is talking on the mobile phone. Some people usually drive with one hand because they hold the phone with the other one, something that can make them lose control of the car. They also can't hear clearly what is happening on the road because they pay attention to talking on the mobile.

In addition, bad weather conditions are the third main cause of automobile accidents in Greece. For instance, if it snows outside, the driver can't see the road clearly. Finally, the car can also skid when there is ice on the road.

In conclusion, drivers have to be really focused while driving. They must not have drunk or taken any drunks. It is also important to stop the car if the weather conditions are not good for a safe drive.

Marilia Vlachou BS10

People die daily because of car accidents that happen all over the world. Automobile accidents in Greece are the major reason why people lose their lives. This happens because of aggressive behavior and speeding, getting distracted and driving under the influence of alcohol or drugs.

People today drive under a lot of stress due to their many problems. They are easily irritated and this causes aggressive behavior. An example of that is when people speed to overtake other cars. This means that they do not follow the law about safe driving. This behavior leads to car accidents and many deaths.

Moreover, talking on a mobile phone results in drivers that do not pay attention to the road. This increases the risk of causing accidents because people focus only on their conversation and do not know what is happening around them. The simple practices of removing your hands from the wheel, or not looking in front of you, or just answering the phone can be fatal.

In addition, driving drunk can also cause accidents because people who are under the influence of alcohol cannot judge the situation on the road clearly and are not able to react. Furthermore, certain drugs and medication can make drivers very sleepy, something that affects their ability to drive. Driving tired prevents drivers from paying attention to their speed and makes them shift lanes.

To sum up, there are many factors that cause automobile accidents in Greece, such as negligent driving, getting distracted and driving under the influence

of alcohol or drugs. All these factors can lead to serious consequences.

Elena Abakoumkin BS4

In Greece there are around 5 people that crash every day. These crashes are caused by some drivers under the influence of drugs or alcohol, some that do other things while driving and sometimes it's not the driver's fault, but the damaged roads, signs and traffic lights are to blame.

Firstly, one of the many causes of car accidents is drugs and alcohol. A lot of young and some older people drive under the influence of these substances. When they return from a bar drunk, they don't call a taxi or leave their car. Therefore, they drive and risk getting hurt or hurting others. Moreover, 40% of the people that drive drunk crash. Thankfully, only around 0, 3% of these accidents are fatal. Last year the police made around 70 arrests.

Another cause of accidents in Greece is doing other activities while driving. Many drivers think that they are skilled enough to speak on the phone. For example, when someone calls them, they don't use headphones or activate the speaker mode, but decide to speak and do something illegal. In addition, they often try to pick their glasses or eat something that causes them to let go off the steering wheel. According to research, if you take your hands off the steering wheel for 07 seconds, you are more likely to crash.

On the other hand, the driver is not always the cause of the accident. Roads and traffic lights are to blame as well. In Greece, the government doesn't repair traffic lights or signs that are damaged. Thus, especially at intersections, if a traffic light doesn't work, that might cause several accidents. Furthermore, some signs are covered with paint. That can cause many accidents, too. For example, if a STOP sign is not visible to drivers, they may not stop. As a result, they crash. Finally, some roads may be slippery and prevent a car from stopping, which is very dangerous.

In conclusion, many drivers in Greece are endangered by other drivers that don't care, but also by damaged roads, damaged traffic lights and invisible signs.

Jason Areteos BS4

Have you ever heard that 1,3 million people die every year in road crashes, on average 3,287 deaths a day? More specifically, Greece has the highest car accident rate in Europe. In my opinion, the major causes of such accidents are drinking alcohol, careless drivers who do not obey the law and badly maintained roads and cars.

Many people are drunk while driving a car. This might cause accidents. People have no self-control after they have consumed alcohol, so they do not think that they should not drive a car. In addition, the police do not help with that. They give only a few alcohol tests every night and people are not afraid that they might get caught. Thus, people may be killed because of drinking.

Furthermore, in Greece a lot of drivers are careless. They do not respect red lights and pedestrians are in danger. When the red light is on, cars must stop and pedestrians should cross the road, but that does not happen. Moreover, some people drive without a license. That is really bad because they might not even know where the brakes are.

Besides careless driving, there is a problem with the maintenance of roads and cars. Nowadays, people have no money to service their cars. This is important because a car might have a problem and they do not know about it. In addition, there are broken traffic lights in the streets and drivers do not know whether they should carry on driving or stop.

To sum up, people that drink, careless drivers and unmaintained cars are some of the causes for the so many accidents in the world, but also in Greece.

Sonia Sarsentis BS4

Did you know that within the last few years car accidents in Greece have increased dramatically? There are many reasons why this happens. Some of the most serious causes are that many cars are not serviced, roads are bad and old, and many drivers are careless when they drive.

A strong reason why many car accidents occur is that a lot of cars are not serviced. Due to the economic crisis, many people don't have enough money to maintain their vehicles and this can create problems that affect the cars and the safety of drivers. Unserviced vehicles may also affect the environment in a negative way, especially when they produce a lot of fumes in the air. So, we can understand that the negligence of car maintenance is a big problem.

Another cause of automobile accidents in Greece is that roads are very old and in bad condition, as well. Few new roads have been constructed and there are not many motorways either. Their maintenance is non-existent or poor. As well as this, there are many curves and many roads are narrow. All these things make driving in Greece very difficult.

Besides the problems mentioned before, many people show no care when they drive, they go over the speed limit, they drive and talk on their mobile phone at the same time or they drive under the influence of alcohol or drugs. As a result, they don't follow driving rules.

To sum up the causes of car accidents in Greece are numerous with the most frequent ones being unkept roads, problematic vehicles, and irresponsible drivers.

Andrew Tsolmektisoglou BS10

After having read the stories "The Three-Century Woman" and "Ribbons" from their anthology, the students were asked to write essays, in which they would compare and contrast the grandmothers in the two stories.

Compare and Contrast Essay

Can you imagine how many differences, but also similarities two grandmothers can have? If you are a tough, stubborn and argumentative person, you could totally relate to the grandmother in 'Ribbons'. But if you are and want to be more energetic, you should meet great grandmother Breckenridge. Anyone who has met her can say that she is a very bright person, full of life and energy.

On one hand, the two grandmothers have many similarities between them. Firstly, both women have a conflict with their granddaughters, even if they argue about different things. In addition, the grandmother in 'Ribbons' loves her family and cares about them, just as great grandmother Breckenridge does. Moreover, the one character has difficulty moving because of her mangled feet. Similarly, the other character has trouble walking because she is very old and has to be in bed.

On the other hand, there are some significant differences between the two old women. First of all, the one woman is conservative and old-fashioned. In contrast, the other one is familiar with technology and can relate to teenagers. Furthermore, the grandmother in 'Ribbons' is a stiff and serious person. However, great grandmother Breckenridge has a great sense of humour and likes to have fun. Lastly, one grandmother is from America, whereas the other one is from China. That's why they come from different cultures and have different characteristics.

In conclusion, great grandmother Breckenridge is a delightful old woman, full of joy, that will always cheer you up and make you laugh. There are some similarities, but also differences that separate the two grandmothers and make great grandmother Breckenridge a better character.

Dorothy Kaltsa BS4

Do you think that all grandmothers are sweet and look alike? If you do, you are wrong. Great grandma Breckenridge and "Paw Paw" are completely different. Anyone who has read the stories can tell that great grandma Breckenridge is the best in the whole world!

On the one hand, the two grandmothers have some similarities. First of all, they both have good memory. Also, they both love their families and try to protect them. Finally, they both have conflicts with their grandchildren, but find a resolution in the end.

On the other hand, they have some really big differences. Firstly, they have different cultures. Even though they both live in America, Great grandma Breckenridge knows everything about technology, but "Paw Paw" is old fashioned and doesn't understand anything about modern things. Also, Great grandma is so humorous that everyone likes her, whereas "Paw Paw" is so strict and serious that her own grandchildren dislike her. Finally, Great grandma is open-minded and listens to everyone's thoughts and learns from them, while "Paw Paw" only listens to what she says and she is narrow-minded.

To sum up, I believe that Great grandma is the best character. Even though both women have things in common, Great grandmother Breckenridge stands out in my opinion.

Eleftheria Giannaki BS4

ART CONNECTION PROJECT

After having analyzed the story Angela's Ashes which describes Frank Mc Court's difficult Irish childhood and after having discussed the potato famine in Ireland, the students were exposed to Van Gogh's painting, Potato Eaters. They studied the painting in class and then wrote stories inspired by the painting. These are some of the stories they came up with.



If this painting was the beginning of a story, what would happen next?

Like every evening, when my father returned home from work, we all sat around the table. My mother served the boiled potatoes and my grandmother the tea. We all said the prayer and began eating. After dinner, we went to our beds, without knowing that this was the last night before the family tragedy started.

When we woke up the next morning, we discovered that grandpa had passed away in his sleep. I was too young to understand how serious the situation was. The headline of the daily newspaper was "Potato Famine Strikes Ireland". We later found out that that was the cause of my grandfather's death. Also, all of our crops were infected by that fungus, which had destroyed our only source of food. We had to move so my father could find another job in town.

Two years later, after my grandmother's death from natural causes, my father abandoned my mother and me to emigrate to America. We had to move in with my mother's sister and her big family. Because we were so poor, we had to share an outdoor toilet with ten other families. Due to the unhealthy living conditions, two of my cousins had to be hospitalized. Only one of them survived.

Four years later, there was a major outbreak of diphtheria and typhoid diseases. Hundreds of children died. It was a tragedy. Just when the disease were about to end, I got diphtheria. I obviously had to be hospitalized in the local Catholic

hospital. The days went by and I felt lonely. Until one day I heard the voice of a little boy talking to Seamus, the cleaning man of the hospital. I shouted, "Hey you! Who are you?" and he answered "I'm just a boy with typhoid. My name is Francis. You can call me Frank. Who are you?"

Aliki Vareltzidi BS4

If this painting was the beginning of a story, what would happen next?

-“These are the last potatoes that we have”, said Clark. “Tomorrow I have to buy.”

-“Where are you going to find the money, darling? We spent our last penny yesterday,” said Linda.

-“Oh don't be such a pessimist!” answered Clark. “I'll find a way.”

-“You always say the same,” she replied. “I'm just being realistic. You live in your optimistic world and never realize the situation we are in.”

She looked at the plate with the food and ate a small piece of potato that was on the wooden table.

-“Come on,” said grandmother after a while. “We will find a way. Perhaps you can take a loan and then find a job,” said to Clark.

-“Oh don't be ridiculous!” said Clark. “I once did what you told me and look at the situation we are in now!”

-“Are you saying that it is my fault that we're poor?” asked grandma and looked at him straight in the eyes. “I'm not the one buying useless things and throwing our money away as if I have plenty!”

She filled the fourth cup with some coffee her neighbors had given her. Clark didn't speak. Little Lucy grabbed a piece of potato and ate it while looking at the

weak flame of the oil lamp. She looked away from the lamp and caught sight of a cockroach on the wooden ceiling. She then turned and looked at Jimmy, her grandfather. He was sitting quietly, with his overcoat on his shoulders. He was holding the cup in his wrinkled hands, trying to get warmed up.

-“Time for bed, Lucy,” said Linda and stood up. She walked to her daughter, hugged her and they went together to the second room the house had. Lucy laid on the old, wooden and dirty from the dust, bed. Her mother bent and kissed her on the forehead.

-“Mum, will you buy me a doll?” asked Lucy in a low voice.

Linda didn’t look at her. She was staring at the floorboard.

-“We will see, honey,” she answered and a tear rolled down her face. “We will see...”

Finally, Lucy fell asleep quickly and dreamed of a fair world, full of flowers and singing birds.

Nikitas Skayannis-Lamprakis BS10

If this painting was the end of a story, what could have happened before?

It was a long and tiring day for the Humphrey family. The sun was up and the weather was very warm and sunny. The Humphrey family was living in the countryside and since they were so poor, they had to wake up every day very early in the morning and crop their field. The only thing they could grow was potatoes and that was the only thing they were feeding on. After hours of hard work, under the hot sun, at their field, they finally returned home. They were so hungry and you could guess that they were tired since their faces were red from exertion. They sat at the table and their

dinner couldn’t be something different from potatoes.

Dorothy Kaltsa BS4

If the painting was the end of the story, what would have happened before?

Back in Ireland, in 1845, there used to be a happy family, the Simpsons. They were a rich family, living in South Ireland. There were 5 members in the family. Amanda, the grandmother, Caspar, the grandfather, Sophia, the mother, Tom, the father, and lastly Amanda, Sophia’s and Tom’s daughter. They had a farm of potatoes in the countryside. With the money they had made, they had bought a nice comfortable house and had everything they needed.

But, in the spring of 1845, something terrible happened. Their potatoes caught a disease and they couldn’t sell them. After days and days of no eating, the family decided to discuss their problem at dinner time. That night, Tom explained the situation to everyone. The family had to move to Europe for a better life. It was their last dinner in beautiful Ireland.

Melpo Kourtis BS10

In the short story The Last Leaf by O. Henry we have the theme of commitment, sacrifice, friendship, compassion, hope and dedication. Set in the first decade of the twentieth century the reader realises that Henry explores the theme of sacrifice.

What is the greatest sacrifice you’ve ever made?

To tell you the truth this question really challenged me. When I tried to come up with an answer, I just felt awful...and selfish. When I think about this question, I think about all the parents in the world and what they’ve sacrificed in order to raise their children. I think about soldiers who have given their lives for their country. I think about parents working multiple jobs for many long hours

just to provide food and clothes for their children. I think about activists who fight for a cause that will positively impact other people's lives even if they know that they won't succeed. I think about people who come home from work and then take care of their sick parents or grandparents. I think about people who have donated their organs to save others' lives.

It is hard for me to identify the greatest sacrifice I have made for someone as, oftentimes; I do not see them as sacrifices. In relationships familial or romantic I do often sacrifice my happiness for the happiness of others. For example, during the summer vacation, my best friend had invited me to stay at her house in Santorini. I really wanted to go and was very excited but the thing is that a month before going I found a sick stray puppy, starving and lying on the street, dying in plain sight as people that passed by ignored it. When I saw his eyes, crying for help, I immediately decided to take it home with him. I was responsible for it and looked after him so I couldn't go to my friend's house and I had to stay here to take care of it. Finally the puppy recovered and got better and now he is a part of a loving family. Personally, I believe that doing things for others is never a sacrifice. I gain an incredible amount of personal satisfaction, love and meaning

through performing acts of compassion for others. This kind of "sacrifice" could never be selfless because simply there's too much reward.

Tereza Bountiokou CS11



HEROES

including Northerners. For some people, this made it hard to believe that Frederick Douglass had once been a slave. Douglass was born in February 1818 on Maryland's eastern shore. He never knew the real date of his birth, something common among the slaves of his time, but chose to celebrate his birthday on February 18th, the day when he last saw his mother. His real name was Frederick Augustus Washington Bailey. During his youth he lived with his aunt and grandmother and only saw his mother four or five times before her death when he was seven. At the age of six, he was taken, by his grandmother, to the plantation on Wye River, where he started working as a slave. In 1826, Douglass was chosen to be Daniel Lloyd's companion. Lloyd's friend, Lucretia Auld, sent Douglass to live with her brother-in-law, Hugh Auld, in Baltimore. In 1827, Hugh's wife, Sophia, taught Frederick how to read. Through the process of reading, Douglass learnt about the inequity of slavery and the abolitionist movement. By the time Douglass was sixteen years old, his hatred for slavery had already grown. In 1836, Frederick and four other members of the illegal school for blacks that he had started in the area began planning their escape to the North. However, one of the members betrayed the rest and they were all caught and put in jail. Two years later, after one more unsuccessful attempt to escape, Frederick Douglass finally escaped from the bonds of slavery. In twenty-four hours, he went all the way from Baltimore to Philadelphia, where he would begin his great fight against slavery.

Aslanidis Panos CS10

Malcolm X, The Idealist



Malcolm was born on May 25 in 1925 in Omaha, Nebraska. There his family had to face severe racist attacks from the KKK. To be more specific, the KKK burnt his house and his family had to

Frederick Douglass



Frederick Douglass was an African-American orator, writer and politician and probably one of the most important black Americans in the country's history. He used to be the leader of the great abolitionist movement, the purpose of which is to end slavery all over the world. His inspiring and keen writing and oratory were recognized by many people,

move to Michigan, only to have their home vandalized for a second time. On top of that, his father was murdered by the KKK and the police said he committed suicide to avoid the large insurance compensation. After all these events, Malcolm attended West Junior High School and he appeared to be the only black student there. There, he worked hard towards realizing his dream to become a lawyer. However, there's always that one crashing teacher who can't wait to ruin a boy's dream. In this case, Malcolm's teacher said that Malcolm would make a perfect carpenter instead of a lawyer and thus he dropped out of school at the age of 15, and began a new journey.

Reaching adulthood, Malcolm moved to Boston to live with his sister, Ella. In Boston, he worked as a shoe shiner and got involved in the criminal world, selling drugs. Later on, he got a job in the kitchen of the Yankee Clipper Train and that is how his acquaintance with the criminal world became deeper, as he was imprisoned. In prison, he took advantage of his free time and read books from the prison library to expand his limited education. After his release, he changed his name from Malcolm Little to Malcolm X; X represents his unknown African forefathers.

Malcolm X achieved many things during his life and people thought of him as the greatest human rights activist, equivalent to Martin Luther King Jr.

Niki Iliopoulou CS10

Martin Luther King's Birmingham Letter



Martin Luther King was a spiritual black man who became a leader of the civil rights movements and one of the most famous people in America. During his progressively public presence in America, King was arrested and his life

was threatened. After one of his arrests, he wrote the famous Letter from Birmingham Jail in which he stated his beliefs and hopes for the future of America.

King's famous "Letter from Birmingham Jail" was written in response to a public statement of concern issued by eight white religious leaders from the South. As an African American, he spoke of the country's oppression of black people, including himself. King's letter was a powerful defense of the motivations, tactics, and goals of the Birmingham campaign and the Civil Rights Movement more generally. It stands as one of the classic documents of the civil-rights movement. It is an open letter written on April 16, 1963 that defends the strategy of nonviolent resistance to racism. It mentions that people have a "moral responsibility" to directly break unjust laws. When King was called an outsider he wrote:

"Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere".

With his words, he tried to break racial segregations and to force all people to piece together. Moreover, he disapproved of civil disobedience but also blamed the injustice of the law against black people. In his eyes, America was the country of freedom. He tried to sensitize the recipients of the letter by mentioning the harsh conditions and the discrimination that black people faced. He said that the black people would win their freedom because the sacred heritage of their nation and the eternal will of God were embodied in their echoing demands.

Artemis Avrantini CS3

Rosa Parks: The civil rights pioneer



In 1955, Rosa Parks quietly started a revolution. In Montgomery, Alabama one night the white section a bus was fully occupied by white passengers and the back ones were occupied by black passengers. When more white people got on the bus the bus driver insisted that Rosa Parks give up the seat she was sitting on and give it to a white passenger, she refused. However, the bus driver threatened to have her arrested, but Rosa, as strong woman, was not afraid anymore; she was more confident than ever before.

"Are you going to stand up?" the driver demanded. Rosa Parks looked straight at him and said: "No." Flustered, and not quite sure what to do, Blake retorted, "Well, I'm going to have you arrested." And Parks, still sitting next to the window, replied softly, "You may do that."

"People always say that I didn't give up my seat because I was tired, but that isn't true," Parks said. "The only tired I was, was tired of giving in."

The events that followed induced a big change in the United States. A few days later, the black community began a bus boycott which was a complete success. African Americans would take taxis and ride horses as white people used to do back then.

After the end of the boycott, Rosa Parks and her husband lost their jobs and because of the threats they received they decided to move to Detroit, Michigan where Rosa worked as a seamstress and kept fighting for civil rights. Not only did she change the life of African Americans but created an organization with Raymond

Parks called "self-development" which informed teens about African American history and helping them to find jobs.

In 1999, she was presented with the highest honor the U.S. government can give, the congressional gold medal by President Bill Clinton who was supporting her throughout her journey.

Rosa Parks is known today as a civil rights pioneer or the mother of the civil rights movement as she stood up for equality among humans.

Myrto Zafeirakis CS3