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Ine Dunchline

PSYCHICO COLLEGE ENGLISH MAGAZINE





EDITORIAL

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LITERATURE

- Getting to know Martin Luther King Jr
- Our young poets and writers
- The Editing Team: Chalioris Stavros C3, Chatziathanassiadis Alex B3, Chatzivassiliou Peter B5, Gavalas Panagiotis A4, Efthymiadi Mirto B3, Zioga Daphne B1, Ziogas Elias A5, Katsirea Helen C5, Kogios John B4, Kolliriotis George B2, Kolotouros Nick C5, Lazari Evita A6, Mokka Melina B6, Papantoniou Jason B6
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- Art work: Photography club "Wild flowers on Campus" (Kavalou Alexandra, Kousiaki Elena, Makri Alexandra, Pitsavou Georgia, Pitsili Aliki, Potamiti Olga, Zoura Anastasia)
- A special thanks to **Mrs. Mika Pouraimi** of the IT Department for her invaluable assistance throughout the year.

We also would like to thank the Psychico College English Department teachers who contributed to the magazine.

Thinking about the ideal way to introduce readers to this year's **Punchline** issue, we came up with a phrase that has been commonly used this past year by all people across the globe, but especially in our country:

EVERYDAY HERO WHO IS A HERO? WHY IS A HERO MOSTLY NEEDED NOW?

eroes are ordinary people who live around us and act unnoticed.

veryone who makes a difference in the life of others is a hero.

eaching out to help the ones who cry for help...

ffering your services to the needy...

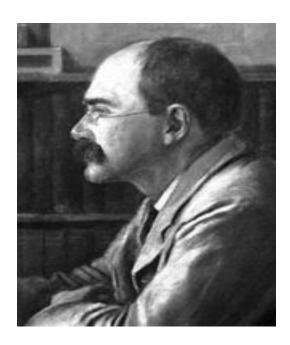
mbracing the weak and the poor...

acrificing yourself for the good of others is heroic.



In reality, hard times don't create heroes. It is during the hard times when the 'hero' within us is revealed...

Rudyard Kipling, A heroic poet



Biography

Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936) was born in Bombay, but educated in England at the United Services College. Westward Ho, Bideford. In 1882 he returned to India. where he worked for Anglo-Indian newspapers. career began with literary Departmental Ditties (1886), but subsequently he became

chiefly known as a writer of short stories. A prolific writer, he achieved fame quickly. Kipling was the poet of the British Empire and its yeoman, the common soldier, whom he glorified in many of his works, in particular Plain Tales from the Hills (1888) and Soldiers Three (1888), collections of short stories with roughly and affectionately drawn soldier portraits. His Barrack Room Ballads (1892) were written for, as much as about, the common soldier. In 1894 appeared his Jungle Book, which became a children's classic all over the world. Kim (1901), the story of Kimball O'Hara and his adventures in the Himalayas, is perhaps his most felicitous work. Other works include The Second Jungle Book (1895), The Seven Seas (1896), Captains Courageous (1897),The Day's Work (1898), Stalky and Co. (1899), Just So Stories (1902),Trafficks and Discoveries (1904), Puck of Pook's Hill (1906), Actions and Reactions (1909), Debits and (1926),Credits Servant a Dog (1930), and Limits and Renewals (1932). During the First World War **Kipling** wrote some propaganda books. His collected poems appeared in 1933.

Kipling was the recipient of

many honorary degrees and other awards. In 1926 he received the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of Literature, which only Scott, Meredith, and Hardy had been awarded before him.

From Nobel Lectures, Literature 1901-1967, Editor Horst Frenz, Elsevier Publishing Company, Amsterdam, 1969

This autobiography/biography was written at the time of the award and first published in the book series *Les Prix Nobel*. It was later edited and republished in *Nobel Lectures*.

Rudyard Kipling died on January 18, 1936.

(Copyright © The Nobel Foundation 1907)

Enjoy one of his most celebrated poems...

Sf

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too:
If you can wait and not be

tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't
deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way
to hating,
And yet don't look too good,
nor talk too wise;

If you can dream---and not make dreams your master; If you can think---and not make thoughts your aim, If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster And treat those two impostors just the same:. If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools, Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken, And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings And risk it on one turn of pitchand-toss. And lose, and start again at your beginnings, And never breathe a word about your loss: If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew To serve your turn long after they are gone, And so hold on when there is nothing in you Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

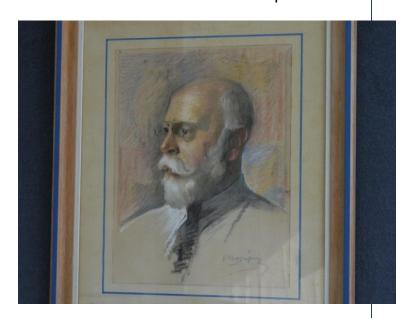
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue, Or walk with Kings---nor lose the common touch. If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you, If all men count with you, but none too much: If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds' worth of distance run. Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it, And---which is more---you'll be a Man, my son!

The 74th Delta Prize Speech Competition

Stephanos Delta was born in Constantinople and came to Greece during the First World War. In 1924, together with a handful of other visionary Greeks and Americans who wanted to contribute to the educational

rehabilitation of Greece, played the major role in the founding of the school that became known as Athens College. It was he, with his concept of a fusion of Hellenic and American educational ideals, who defined the basic aims of the College. Equally important, without his generosity the College would not have survived the early years of struggle. For some 50 years his financial contributions were greater than those of any other individual.

The Athens College Scholarship Fund was established in the early thirties by both Stephanos Delta and his wife, Penelope Delta, a renowned writer of children's books and one of the personalities outstanding of Greece. The scholarship



program, granting financial aid to worthy but needy students, became one of the proudest traditions of the College.

The annual Delta Prize Speech Competition for the best oration in English by a senior was established in 1933 in recognition of the outstanding service of the "Father of the College", Stephanos Delta.



This year's five **finalists** were:

Anastasopoulou, Marilia	"Today's True Leadership"
Koutri, Marianthi	"Having the Strength to Surpass Our Nature and Create Change"
Platia, Maria-Alexia	"Embrace Your Universal Responsibility"
Psychari, Christina	"Can Our Inner Light Illuminate the Darkness Prevailing Outside?"
Seferiadi, Paraskevi-Electra	"Inner Strength: a Fiery Flower Trapped Within"

Congratulations to all the participants and of course this year's winner Seferiadi Paraskevi-Electra!!!

Snapshots from the school year 2012-2013





































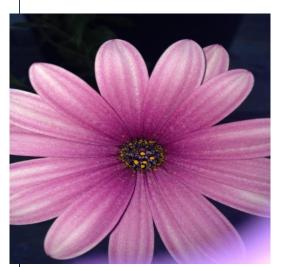






Photography Club WildFlowers On Campus

















FORENSICS 2013

The term "Forensics" is used to describe a group of people who participate in various events related to public speaking namely Duet Acting, Oral Interpretation of Literature, Original Oratory, Impromptu Speaking, Debate and Group Discussion. The club provides students with the opportunity to familiarize themselves with the English language and develop public speaking, research, and argumentation skills. However, to old and new members of this club, "Forensics" has come to mean a second family. Now that another year of hard work and dedication has gone by, we can look at ourselves and be proud accomplishments, nostalgic of the beautiful moments we shared and





grateful for the great friendships we formed.

The popularity of our club this year surprised us, since more than 160 students from Athens and Psychico College showed interest in the Junior Forensics club. As a result, weekly Forensics sessions were organized, in order to provide our youngest members with the opportunity to try out all Forensics events and find out which one(s) they prefer. The highlights of the year for the Junior Forensics



members were the International Competition for Young Debaters, which took place in March and to which four HAEF teams were sent, and the Panigyri Tournament, during which all students were able to display their work in front of an audience.

s for the older members of the club, the year began with St. Catherine's Debate Tournament in September. Seven HAEF teams were sent and distinctions were earned by the following students: Krysianna Papadaki ranked in the top 10 speakers list, while Iris Frangou and Zoe Alipranti ranked in the top 10 teams.

Later on, in November, twelve teams participated in the Deree Invitational Tournament, where Eliza and Amalia Kostopoulou Gkritsi reached the Semi-Finals, ranking in the top 8 teams of the 70-team tournament, Krysianna Papadaki reached the Finals and won the Best Speaker Award, and Andreas Athanasopoulos won Tournament. In January, Moraitis cup, Amalia Kostopoulou ranked 3rd as a speaker, Theodore Dounias ranked 7th, and Antigoni Aleiferi ranked 10th, while 15 teams from our school took part in the competition.

s every year, the debate frenzy went beyond our borders. Krysianna Papadaki and Andreas Athanasopoulos were two of the five students that represented Greece in the World Schools Debate Championships, held in Antalya, Turkey, from the 27th January to 5th February 2013. The team broke in the octo-finals, winning six out of the eight preliminary rounds, and ranked in the top 16 teams out of the 50. This is the 14th consecutive year that Greece has reached the octofinals; it is one of only six countries to rank that high every year and the only

non-English speaking country to achieve this.

And then April came and along with it the excitement for the Pan-Hellenic Forensics Association Tournament, hosted by Anatolia College from the 4th until the 7th day of the month. Our team, consisting of forty students from Athens and Psychico College, travelled to Thessaloniki and competed in all events. Our efforts were rewarded when we earned the second Sweepstakes Cup with the following finalists in that category:





Group Discussion:

• Maria Alexia Platia (PCL), Finalist

Oratory:

- Alexandra Paivana (IB2), Finalist
- Vassiliki Papadopoulou (ACL), Finalist
- Alex Athanasopoulos (ACL), Honorable Mention
- Konstantinos Samaras (IB1), Honorable Mention
- Anastasia Repouliou (PCL), Honorable Mention

Oral Interpretation Comic:

- Alexandra Paivana (IB2), Finalist First Among Equals
- Ion Alexandropoulos (IB1), Finalist
- Gerasimina Vogia (PCL), Honorable Mention

Duet Acting Comic:

 Nefeli Ioannou & Leda Xanthi Katopodi (ACL), Honorable Mention

Duet Acting Dramatic:

 Nina Frantzeskaki & Anna Nazou (PCL), Honorable Mention

As for debate, all three HAEF teams performed extremely well. The HAEF A Team, consisting of Andreas Athanasopoulos, Eliza Gkritsi and Krysianna Papadaki, won the Debate Cup in the finals against Moraitis, while each member ranked high in the speakers list: Krysianna was 3rd, Andreas 10th, and Eliza 17th. Meanwhile, HAEF B team, with Zoe Alipranti, Theodore Dounias, and Amalia Kostopoulou, ranked 10th after

the preliminary rounds and HAEF C, with Alex Athanasopoulos, Vasilis Economou, and Iris Frangou 14th. Both HAEF B and C were only a few speaker points away from making the quarter-finals, since all speakers ranked in the top half of the tournament, even though it was only their first time participating in a national competition.

After the PFA Tournament, the Forensics fever goes on, since

approximately 20 students-debaters will participate in the Deree Invitational Tournament coming up in May, and for the rest of the team the excitement is far from over, given that next year the PFA Tournament will be organized in HAEF!

Lastly, we would like to thank all the amazing people that helped us practice, staying late after school many times, and sacrificing their weekends for us. So we owe a big thank you to our Head Coach, Effie Giannakouri, as well as our teachers: Mrs. Ouirk, Mrs. Fotakidou. Mrs. Vergos, Raymondou, Mr. Christopoulos, Mrs. Maniati, our debate coaches: Kallina Basli, John Paradeisiades, Christina Thomopoulos, and Marilia Gougoulaki alumnae who helped coaching. Special thanks to the administration of both schools and the library staff for their co-operation throughout the whole year. We are also grateful to all the teaching fellows for their help, especially Tony Caccavo, Laura Hunt, and Ethan Scapellati, who escorted us to Thessaloniki. And of course the whole team deserves congratulations for not only doing their best at the competition, but also for being there for one another and helping each other out. We would like to thank more specifically our seniors for all the things they taught us; we wish them good luck in their lives after high school. We'll definitely miss them.

All in all, if we wish to sum up the essence of Forensics, we would turn to our oldest member and the spirit of Forensics this year, Alexandra Paivana, and her words: "I will be forever grateful for every moment, every smile, every tear and every fear, every win, every loss, every mistake, every "finally, we got it right", and for every person I befriended. Forensics will be in my heart forever; I don't know where I would be or what I'll do without it."

On behalf of the Forensics team,

Vassiliki Papadopoul ou







A Tribute to Martin Luther King

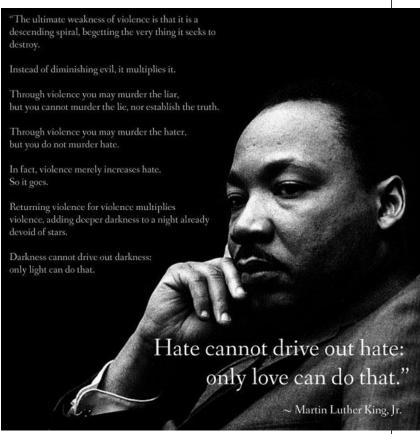
by John Karakozis

Dr. Martin Luther King was an African-American, whose action changed American history and society. He has gone down in world history as one of the greatest pacifists in the world, while he is also a national American hero especially to African-Americans.

Martin Luther King was born on January 15, 1929 in Atlanta, Georgia. While he was still young he attended a segregated public school in Georgia. This means that his school was only for the children of black people. Most of the time, these schools were worse than the schools for the children of white people. This



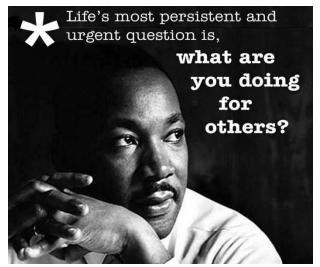
The Lorraine Motel, where King was assassinated, is now the site of the National Civil Rights Museum.



was only one example of the discrimination that black people faced then. He graduated from high school at the age of 15, three years earlier than the rest of his classmates. This is because he possessed a high level intelligence and exceptional school performance. Martin Luther King received his

university degree in 1948 then went on for post-graduate studies at Boston University, from where he received his Doctorate in 1955. In 1954 he had already become pastor (a clerk) of the Dexter Avenue Baptist Church, which was his actual

profession.



In the meantime, Martin Luther King had also started to involved in several voluntary acts and he became a member of several movements and organizations. His goal was to eradicate the discrimination against blacks and was also supported by many local governments even though it was illegal. He gradually became the leader of the American Civil Rights Movement, which championed for equality fairness for all underprivileged Americans, but especially blacks. He also became a member of the Association National for Advancement of Colored People. This an Africanwas American civil rights organization in the United States, formed in 1909. Its mission was "to ensure the political, educational, social, and economic equality of rights of all persons and to eliminate racial hatred and racial discrimination". On December 1955, he attended the first non-violent demonstration, which was a bus boycott and lasted for 382 days. The success of this boycott, which helped make the cause known worldwide, led to the Supreme Court of Justice creating strict laws that protected black people against discrimination.

he event that influenced Martin Luther King greatly as well as the lives of millions of people worldwide, was the peaceful march that took place

King is most famous for his "I Have a Dream" speech, given in front of the <u>Lincoln Memorial</u> during the 1963 <u>March on Washington for Jobs and Freedom.</u>



in Washington, in 1963. At this event, King delivered a 17-minute speech, later known as the "I Have a Dream" speech, one of the finest



examples of oratory of modern times. The march, and especially King's speech, helped put civil rights at the top of the list of the political problems that had to be

solved in the United States. Its impact was so great that it altered the attitudes of millions

of people regarding the maltreatment of black Americans.

I have a dream

Martin Luther King was the most prominent figure in the American Civil Rights Movement. He remains a symbol of freedom and justice for all Americans. He was named Man of the Year by the Time magazine, in 1963, but most importantly, at the age of 35, he received the Nobel Peace Prize. He was the youngest person ever to receive this award.

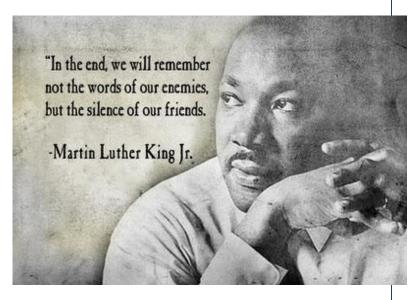
Sadly, King was denied the joy of witnessing the true freedom that black Americans eventually gained. As most heroes, he gave

his life for a cause. On April 4, 1968, he was assassinated in Memphis, Tennessee while standing on the balcony of the motel he was staying at.

Martin Luther King is certainly a person who we can all call a hero. He helped guarantee equality between white and black people in America. His influence was so great that even today, 50 years after his death, he is a role model for people around the world, and

his speech is considered to be the finest one that has ever been delivered.

What more would he have achieved had he not been murdered at such a young age? We will never know the answer to this question, but one thing remains certain: Dr. Martin Luther King changed the course of history, for the benefit of all.



Excerpt from Silent Spring by Rachel Carson

In a well-organized essay, analyze Rachel Carson's writing style. How does Carson "shock" her reader? Identify the stylistic devices that she employs (use of metaphors, similes, imagery, stark contrasts), and discuss their effect on the reader.

achel Carson portrays the tragedy of loss of life in *Silent Spring* creatively by using various techniques and stylistic devices, such as metaphors, imagery, and contrast.

The author uses metaphors to emphasize the detrimental effects of pesticide use in the setting of the story. She describes the unprecedented phenomenon as an "evil spell," showing that the harm done by pesticides is so extensive, it can only be



explained as the result of a malevolent force. Also, by writing that "Everywhere was a shadow of death," Carson shows that the toxicity of pesticides can be fatal.

Another device Carson uses to help the reader become more engaged in the story is imagery. Appealing to all senses, she makes it easier for the reader visualize the cataclysmic effects of pesticides seen in the text. For example, she uses the element of fire to describe the "browned withered and vegetation," while appealing to sight and touch, and the essence of "silence" to symbolize death



and abandonment, appealing to the reader's sense of sound.

Finally, the author creates an atmosphere of contrast to show the life-changing effects of pesticide use. She initially creates a feeling of "harmony" and living in "prosper," whereas later on in the story the reader witnesses a sudden change of events, as "a strange blight creeps over the area and everything begins to change." The author also shows spring, usually associated with life-affirming sounds, vitality and radiance. lifeless. as a monotonous period of time. She does so by naming the story "Silent Spring," to symbolize death.

To sum up, the author uses a variety of techniques to get her message across to the reader, like imagery, contrast and a plethora of metaphors, showing the fatally harmful effects of pesticide use.

Lefteris Papadopoulos (JS3/ENL)

Rachel Louise Carson

(May 27, 1907 – April 14, 1964)

as an marine biologist and conservationist whose book *Silent Spring* and other writings are credited with advancing the global environmental movement.

The field of environmental ethics concerns human beings' ethical relationship with the natural environment. It developed into a specific philosophical discipline in the 1970s. This emergence was no doubt due to the increasing awareness in the 1960s of the effects that technology, industry, economic expansion and population growth were having on the environment. The development of such awareness was aided by the publication of Rachel Carson's book, Silent Spring. published in 1962, Silent Spring shocked the world by revealing the devastating impact of uncontrolled and unregulated pesticide use.

Source: http://www.iep.utm.edu/envi-eth/

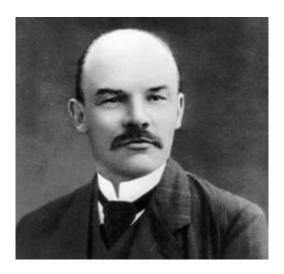
If Rachel Carson were alive today, what would she have to say about the present state of the environment?

Nowadays there is a plethora of ecological problems that have a dramatic effect on our environment. Hence, many scientists have begun to take action against colossal companies whose products harm the balance of nature. So, Carson would most certainly not be pleased. If she were alive today, she would definitely stress that the extensive use of products such as perfumes, certain detergents as well as waste of energy and natural pores such as gas or coal, will have a detrimental effect on the environment in the long run.

In my opinion, she would be mostly concerned about trapped layers of methane in the arctic. Studies have shown that, should the overall temperature of our planet rise within the next decades, most of the ice in the arctic will melt, releasing vast amounts of methane, a gas five times more powerful than carbon dioxide in the atmosphere. That is because under the thick layers of the ice, tons of rotten plants are decomposing, emitting methane together with other harmful gases. If these plants come to the surface, then the damage to all biomes around the globe will be great, and we may feel like a fish out of water when it comes to weather conditions. One thing is for sure: Humanity will have to face a threat beyond what it can handle. There is no telling what will follow the ecological disaster that will ensue.

Argyris Gyftopoulos, JH3 ENL

Lenin Vladimir Ilyich Ulyanov



Life

- Born in 22 of August 1870 in Sibrisk(later Ulyanovsk)
- · He was the third child of a family of 6 children
- His older brother was part of the revolutionary organization (НАРОДНАЯ ВОЛЯ) responsible for the assassination of tsar Alexander II and the for planning the murder of Alexander III. The 5 conspirators were executed. This had a serious impact on Lenin
- Lenin finished school awarded for his excellent grades in 1887.
- Lenin studied at the Kazan University from where he started studying Marx. He finished his studies and got a practice license in 1891.
- In 1892 he started to work as a lawyer

- In 1894 he moves to St. Petersburg where he starts a theoretical struggle against the anti-Marxists.
- In 1895 he met fellow idealists in Switzerland (Plekhanov, Axelrod and others) to form the movement "Liberation of the Working Class". In 1896 he was imprisoned
- In 1897 he was sent to exile in Siberia for three years.
- In 1898 he married N.Krupskaya with who he was married till his death.
- In 1900 from Switzerland he reorganized the movement and printed a newspaper "Iskra" from Munich.
- At the second conference of the RSDLP at Brussels and London in 1903 the party was divided into the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks with Lenin becoming the leader of the Bolsheviks.

Revolution of 1905

- During the social panic after the defeat of the army and navy by the Japanese, the killing of the protesters on the 9th of January led Lenin to start preparing for a mass rebellion against the tsarist government.
- In May 1905 the third party conference occurred where a new program was formed. The program included the confiscation of the landlords' fortunes.
- In November Lenin retuned to Russia and gave a speech to the Bolshevik supporters telling them to keep the illegal party mechanisms ready for a mass rebellion.
- In 1907 Lenin moved to Finland as the period of counter-revolution had begun.

➡ February revolution 1917

- The revolution that forced Tsar Nicolas II to resign and a provisional government to be formed.
- The provisional government was very democratic and let political exiles to return, so did Lenin.
- He arrived on 16 April at the Finland Station and was greeted by thousands of workers holding red flags.
- He had already composed The April
 Theses on the way to Russia. Where he stated that the working class shouldn't be satisfied with a "bourgeois" revolution but only with a socialist one!

■ October Revolution

- On July the dissatisfaction of the people for the provisional government culminated through riots from industrial workers and soldiers in Petrograd.
- In October Lenin returned from
 Finland and directed from Smolny
 Institute the Provisional Government's
 deposition (6–8 November 1917), and
 the storming (7–8 November) of the
 Winter Palace, so as to force Kerensky
 to capitulate opening the way for the
 establishment of a Bolshevik
 government in Russia

Form

Forming Government

- The Soviet government included the Council of People's Commissars and the Soviet Central Executive Committee which was open to other parties also. Finally, the Secretariat with general secretary Joseph Stalin.
- Before any progress could start in Russia peace with Germany should be restored. In Brest-Litovsk the

representatives from Russia, Austria-Hungary and Germany met. Trotsky managed to agree on peace terms but with great territorial losses for Russia

Progress

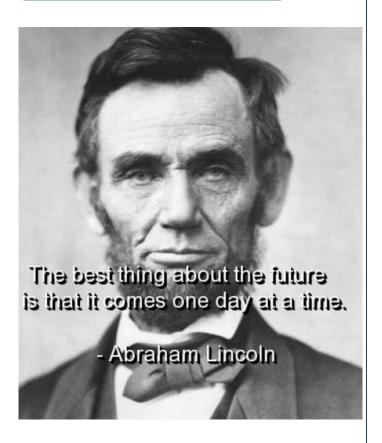
- Lenin supported the electrification of Russia and formed free healthcare and education. He also promulgated the politico-civil rights of the women
- He wasn't able himself to start the socialization of Russia through War Communism due to the unwillingness of farmers to work entirely for the state causing famine. So, he was forced to follow a more liberal program, the New Economic Policy, which was a semi-state semi-private economic model. Nevertheless he is considered being the father of Communism

Retirement and Death

- Lenin died after suffering three strokes. The first stroke was at the level of strong headaches (April 1922). After a month of rest he partially retrieved duties. The second left him partially paralyzed (December 1922). The third (March 1923) left him mute till his death on the 21st of January 1924.
- At his testament he wrote about a change in the structure of The Soviets and his awareness of the increasing power of Stalin

Jason Papantoniou JH2 ESL4

Abraham Lincoln



know Abraham Lincoln: the human, the lawyer, the politician. These are his sides of clarity, the ones the world knew and worshipped, because there has never been a politician loved so much by the people. But do we know his dark side? The one he kept firmly shut behind the closed doors of his office and masked with his incredible humor? Abraham Lincoln suffered from depression.

In 2009 Alastair Campbell and Nigel Jones wrote a paper for the Time to Change anti-stigma campaign called "A world without the Fantastic Five". In it they stated that if Lincoln, Darwin, Marie-Curie and Nightingale, lived today in a world marked by the stigma and discrimination that exists towards the mentally ill they wouldn't have been able to do the things history remembers them for. And oh, how different would the world be and significantly poorer!

braham Lincoln is considered as one of America's greatest heroes both because of his impact on the nation and his appeal. Lincoln was both a remarkable human

and a great humanitarian. He was the Union's and savior the slaves' emancipator. That's why his legacy endures unaltered in time.

A curse and a blessing

He was born in a log cabin in Hardin County, Kentucky to Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln. He had experienced poverty, pain and death first hand. When he was just a young boy of 9 years his mother died of milk sickness, devastating him and making him dependent on his father. A few months later his father got married to a Kentucky widow. She was a woman of affection and compassion and

that's why Lincoln bonded quickly with her. Even though his parents were illiterate she encouraged him to read, to get a proper education. He would walk for miles to borrow a book since education supplies could not easily be found in the countryside.

At twenty-two he earned a living as a labor worker. Later on he worked as a shop keeper, postmaster and general store owner. His job brought him into contact with people every day and that's why he was able to quickly develop social skills and acquire a story telling talent that made him popular and well liked amongst the locals. The people admired him so, because he had been where they were,

had experienced what they were going through and had made it in the end. He started out humble and poor, but eventually had the most important job in the country.

He was simply everything they wanted to become.

fter the Black Hawk war broke out he was elected as a member of the Whig Party, in Illinois, in 1834. He started developing ideas that regarded slavery as an impediment to economic development and more importantly morally wrong.

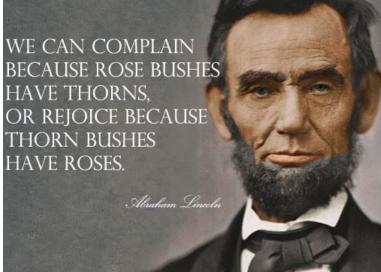
Around that time he decided to become a lawyer. Sometime after 1837, his fiancée, Anne Rutledge, died from typhoid fever leaving according to some, Lincoln severely depressed.

braham Lincoln served a single term in the U.S House of Representatives from 1847 to 1849. Although he showed party loyalty, he had trouble finding political allies. His criticism on the Mexican-American War made him quite unpopular back home so he decided not to run for a second term and returned to Illinois to practice law instead.

an educated woman from a distinguished Kentucky family, whose appeal was a wonder to many and something he quite often questioned himself. They had four children, of which only one, Robert, survived to adulthood.

In 1854, when the congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska act, which allowed states and individual territories to decide if they wanted to permit slavery or not, his political zeal was awaken once again and in 1856 he joined the Republican Party.

In 1857, Supreme Court declared that African American were not citizens and had no inherent rights. Although Lincoln didn't believe they were equal to whites he felt that they were created as all humans with undeniable human rights. So he decided to challenge sitting U.S Senator Stephen Douglas for his sit and in his nomination acceptance speech he remarked that "a house divided cannot stand". Although in the end, Douglas was the one elected, the exposure vaulted



Lincoln into national politics.

In 1860 Lincoln won the presidency with 180 of 303 Electoral votes. On, January 1, 1863, he issued the Emancipation Proclamation that declared forever free those slaves within the Confederacy. Lincoln never let the world forget that the Civil War was about a far more important reason. This he stated most touchingly and firmly when he dedicated the military cemetery at Gettysburg: "that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain-that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom-and that government of the people, by the

people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth".

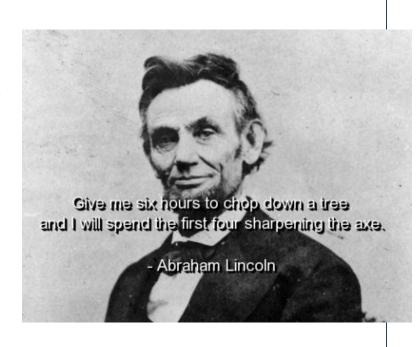
hat would the course of history have been without Abraham Lincoln? His legacy is one we cherish. Abraham Lincoln's overcame his mental health issues. His inner drive triggered his incredible desire to escape from them. He did by composing poetry, telling jokes and stories, leading a nation. These were his ways of coping with his depression. It was both a blessing and a curse, because he had experienced severe episodes of clinical depression. His law partner William Herndon said that "His sadness dripped from him as he walked". But it was that sadness that led him to create everything stated earlier. He once himself wrote "I have hours of depression which must be unbent... You know I am not a man of very hopeful temperament."

onsequently, it is essential to understand that Lincoln's depression facilitated and added to his achievements. It is believed that if he lived today he wouldn't have been able to do everything he is remembered for, simply due to the stigma and discrimination that exists towards the mentally ill. The problems encountered in his everyday life, his marital problems due to his wife's peculiar behavior, helped him prepare for life's difficulties, war as well as

understand the hardships of others. He put all his emotional energy into his political career and developed a determination to help others. He once told a close friend "I am not afraid [of death]. But I have an irresistible desire to live till I can be assured that the world is a little better for my having lived in it."

To paraphrase the words of Winston Churchill "Never in the field of human suffering, has so much hope been offered by so few to so many." They couldn't be truer, because above all what Abraham Lincoln's and other historical figures mental illnesses do is provide hope to current sufferers: hope that they too can create, that they too can lead, that they too can live a life of respect, admiration, and above all a life of dignity

By Elena Katsireas JH3 ESL



24 July 2013 - PUNCHLINE



The air felt heavy and cold that Guadalajara night. The city itself is a place of antithesis: under the light of the sun, swarms of people buzzing like bees around fruit stands and newspaper kiosks, veiled by the blurriness of midsummer heat, form a living mosaic in the streets. By night, Guadalajara becomes a ghost town. The cold pierces even the thickest of quilts and renders useless the dusty wood stoves glittering in the darkness.

omewhere in the boundary between civilization and the desert, laughter and voices arise from the colorful tents and bright lights of the annual Guadalajara Sci-Fi Convention. A couple of sand hills away, a flickering candle light illuminates the figures of a Mexican father and son, exiled in the solitude of those golden dunes.

A day later, the Mexican boy approached what is left of the "Second Time

Capsule Summit: A Message to our Descendants", as the fallen banner displayed. The loneliness of the desert shrouded the destroyed tents and compressed soda containers, but it couldn't hide the metal edge of an object protruding from the freshly dug-out sand. The boy, captivated by the mystery of that unknown construction, forced his two twig-like hands into the void. He excavated an oval-shaped ball which was the size of a ripe watermelon but not as heavy. The riveted exterior hadn't been scarred by the claws of the Earth and its purple, silk interior stored piles of paper, which seemed ancient, judging by the peach color they had obtained. The pages had the scent of a moldy book, disintegrating somewhere in the deepest and most humid of cellars. Inside the iron object, the boy found pictures of husky, plump men with thick mustaches, blonde, of smiling photo-models and - this is what excited the child's curiosity- of a lame, middle-aged man with an ink-black mustache and a thin bamboo cane.

igging deeper into the capsule, the boy was now finding papyruses with creatures he had never seen or heard of outside folk stories and etchings: the Chupacabra, the Basilisk and some kind of horned horse, which had been drawn raising its two muscular legs in the air, inspiring pride and confidence. Perhaps that is the reason why the child kept staring at that pure-white horse, the archetype of the man he could not reach, confident and proud.

he bov ran home. clenching the picture of the man and the horse in his petite fist. He jumped under the blanket and drifting into sleep, he envisioned the lame man marching on a white unicorn in the desert of Guadalajara, a sight both inspiring and hilarious an awkward and childish man mounting an animal of tremendous physical strength and splendor. Inside his head, he heard the lame savior speak full of passion and pride in an unknown tongue, while the unicorn shuffled its heavy hooves on the sand. During those vibrant hallucinations, the boy gradually sank into Morpheus' kingdom, shutting his two tired beadlike eyes, which had seen enough miracles for a day.

The boy woke up the next morning. He ordered his father to sit down, having the tone of a determined man rather than

that of a meek child. His voice not trembling, his eyes not blinking, his forehead not sweating, he announced that he would be leaving. The father stood up and embraced his son with his sunscorched hands. Looking into his son's eyes, his arms hovered above his sternum, moving in the pattern of a crucifix. The boy grasped the papyrus and the picture and, running to his room, gripped his wooden lizard doll. He whispered in the lizard's ear, and upon reaching the capsule, the boy knelt and enclosed the companion of his childhood in that iron box. Then he walked towards where the sun sets...

hose were the memories recalled by the 50-year-old boy as he wandered in the dunes of Guadalajara. His branch-like hands, now wrinkled and ornamented by golden rings and jewelry, were gripping a mangled picture of Charles S. Chaplin, and a worn European manuscript dangled from his left hand. Blowing the sand off his linen black tuxedo, the boy walked towards the edge of a metal object protruding from the sand. He fell on his knees. Suddenly, his blazer became too heavy on his shoulders. He took it off. His tie was making him suffocate. He took that off. There he was, a middle-aged man digging frantically in the sand, disinterring the metal object. With trembling hands, he opened it. Tears wetted the purple velvet as the wooden skin of the toy lizard was pressed against the man's ear. He begged the lizard to utter a word. Instead it lay silently in his

palms.



The man hurled the lizard away, kicked the capsule and walked away. A jeep was waiting for him a couple of sand hills away. The driver asked,

in a heavy Pennsylvania accent:

-"Did you find that, eh, *infancia* of yours sir? The one you were talking about the whole trip?"

The man did not answer.

-"Should I drive you to Cherrywood Mansion, sir?", said the driver casually, for he had driven his master to Guadalajara many times in the past, a sort of ritual the master requested several times a year. He was quite mysterious during those trips. He often came back infuriated and frowning; at other times one could see a 15-year-old boy ready to embark on life in his eyes. The chauffeur chose to take the risk. He repeated the question.

-"I want to go home!" the man exclaimed, in the trembling voice of one who had seen a sight ghastlier than a thousand ghouls.

-"Pardon me, sir?"

-"I want to go home."

-"As you wish, sir", said the driver, taking the road straight to the borders.

Then he felt the grip of his master on his shoulder.

-"I said, I want to go home."

-"I am terribly sorry, sir, I do not understand what you are saying", mumbled the driver weakly, attempting to seal their conversation for the rest of the trip.

-"Take me to the crippled unicorn rider, Wilkins." He paused and then repeated, "To the crippled unicorn rider, unicorn rider...." His voice reverberated in the leather-coated cabin of the Pontiac, becoming fainter in every repetition.

The boy looked outside the window, his eyes reflecting the melancholic serenity of a dead man.

George Maroudis HS1 ENL



July 2013 - PUNCHLINE **27**



t was a grim day of December. Grey clouds had conquered the sun and it was raining incessantly. Holding umbrellas, people were running to their jobs. Except for the unpleasant weather, nothing seemed strange and she couldn't predict-not even imagine- what was about to happen.

Mary was standing in front of her window and she couldn't stop thinking about the fight she had had with her husband. Was she responsible for that?

Mary loved the rain. She was smiling. From a very young age she had associated the rain with God, she considered the drops to be God's tears. All of a sudden, that day, the 7th of

December 1982 and the days that followed, passed in front of her eyes, like a movie, all the scenes, the fights, the shouts...Yes, she remembered...

"Get out of the house! I can't stand your behavior anymore! You come home late every night, you're always shouting and the only thing you are able to do well is to show off! "I bring money at home, I work all day." "If you think you're a hero, then you're fooling yourself! I'm not stupid, neither me, nor our children! You're lazy and you force us to live under these conditions! Go away and let us become happy, stop torturing us! Don't you love us?" Her mother repeated the same words every night. Then, her father would get angry and he

would either beat her or leave the house. Mary could hardly remember a night that she and her brother had slept. They used to stay up late, crying and talking. "We'll never become like this, we'll have a better life and we'll always be together, promise me?" her brother had told her one night. That night, their father left and never came back.

heir mother was working in a coffee shop and she was trying really hard to provide Mary and John with everything they needed. The years that followed were tough and the family was trying to deal with all the tribulations that engulfed them. Ten years later, a new problem emerged: Mary's brother, John, was diagnosed sick. He suffered tuberculosis. The situation was unbearable. He was constantly coughing, spitting blood. something that broke their mother's heart. After John's death, his mother left her last breath as well, in her daughter's arms.

The following days, it was raining and raining and raining. Mary felt for the first time that God was standing by her. With

this thought instilled in her mind and soul, she managed to bravely stand on her feet and move on. She decided that she would never let herself believe that she was alone...she dreamt of a happy family.

Opening her eyes, she realized how stupid she was. She was ruining her life. Mary had sweated and labored in order to achieve her goals and now, what was she doing? No! She would not repeat her parents' mistakes. She would look forward, only forward...

ary opened the door and left the house. She started running. She wasn't thinking about anything, she was just running, as if she was compelled to do so, as if an inner force was giving her infinite power and energy to run, run, run! And then she stopped. Just like that. She looked at the sky... "Thank you!" she shouted, "I can do this now!"

At the age of thirty, Mary succeeded in creating an enviable family as well as a professional career. And she was smiling, every single sunny day of her life that followed.

Tratarou Adelina HS2

Brutus:

Romans, countrymen, dear friends, hear me for my cause, believe me for my actions, awake your senses and make your better judgments. Gather around and feel free to weep. Noble men of Rome, let me remind you of my faith towards the country, my faith to you and my love for Rome, stronger than that for myself. Dearest countrymen, gather around and listen with great care; have I truly offended you? Thinking that you would one day all die slaves? Had you rather accepted Caesar's will as true and good-hearted? What was the true purpose of this will? Ask yourselves. Was Caesar ambitious? Aspiring as he was to great power, would his profoundest desires be revealed whilst in power? Awake your senses dear Romans! Believe me for mine honor! Regret not what has occurred but, alas, censure me for what I have prevented the State, Rome, from suffering. Kind plebeians avert your eyes away from the sight of dead Caesar. Hide your sorrow. Let your faith and love for Rome prevail! Grace Caesar for his good deeds but neglect not his pretension. To rise and mutiny because of the will that honorable Mark Antony has just shown to you would be of unwise reason, wounding Rome, our glorious home. Bare with me countrymen; wishes mentioned in the will may be fables. fictitious tales. Who, sweet friends, will benefit from this? You are wise and honorable, you are the final judges. Kind souls, weep not, feel fortunate as vou will never become bondsmen nor die in dishonorable graves. Let us be satisfied that Rome has been forever ridden of tyranny! Tyranny is dead! Let us live in peace as free men!

Iris Romyou HS2 Drama & the Arts II







INTERVIEW WITH A GEN Xer: MY DAD

DO YOU IDENTIFY WITH THE DESCRIPTION OF THE GENERATION?

Yes, I do because it totally describes my way of life back then.

WHICH MAJOR EVENTS HELPED SHAPE YOUR VALUE SYSTEM, IDEOLOGY AND GENERAL PERSECTIVE OF THE WORLD?

Parents back then were extremely strict and would not let us go out as often as you do. Also, they were very skeptical about new technology like television, computers and computer games. They hated all new kinds of music that was in fashion at that time such as punk, early hip-hop and electronic punk mostly because they could not understand the rhythm and the melody as well as the lyrics. But all these restrictions and "fears" helped me not to become dependent on and addicted to technology like children of your generation are today, and also helped me be able to separate the important things and values that life has to offer.



 $\frac{https://project capmarketing.com/uploads/post/image/76/Generation_X.jpg}{Love,}$

Mary

EMILY HALKIOPOULOU

JH3 EFL7

INTERVIEW OF A (my grand-mother)



o you
identify with
the
description of

the generation?

Of course I identify with the description of our generation. First of all, I'd like to talk about the name of my generation. I can assure you that many babies were born after the World War II. Most of my cousins and old friends were born during that period of time. Now, when it comes to our way of life, we used to get part-time jobs, indeed, in order to help our families economically. Moreover, rock-and-roll started being very popular with children and especially teenagers, although it



wasn't always accepted by our parents.

AGE & generations

W

hich major events helped shape your

value system, ideology and general perspective of the world?

To begin with, as you can imagine, World War II was the event that influenced us the most. Because I was only a child, I found it



when a hild is born is a grand parent





difficult to comprehend what was going on, but when I did, I thought about war with fear. Furthermore, being away from my father, who died while taking part in the War, as a member of the navy, influenced me a lot. Because of that reason, my perspective of the world, as well as the value system I had, changed · I now think of the war as a terrifying and destructive event that can only harm people. In addition to these things, I now value family the most, as I believe that a person who has a supportive family, whose members love and can rely on each other, can be truly happy.

Tatiana Papantonaki

JH3 EFL7

The sisters Charlotte, Emily and Anne Brontë were all born near Yorkshire in the first half of the 19th century. Their father, Patrick Brontë, was an Anglican clergyman in a village called Haworth and they had a brother, Branwell and two more sisters. They were raised by their aunt Elisabeth after the death of their mother, in a very strict and unaffectionate manner. Their two sisters died at a very young age from tuberculosis.

Charlotte, Emily and Anne went to different schools, and in many occasions they were home schooled. Because of their isolation, since they were most of the times left alone in a remote house, they developed their imagination and started writing at a very young age.

mily became a teacher at Law Hill School but she later decided that the job didn't suit her. Charlotte and Anne started working as teachers and governesses. In 1842, Emily and Charlotte visited Brussels in order to learn French, German, music, singing, writing, arithmetic, and drawing, but they returned to Haworth abruptly, once they learned about their Aunt Elisabeth's death.

A year later, Charlotte returned to Brussels to become a teacher, but, as she writes in one of her letters to Branwell, she was not pleased with her students, so she returned home. In 1845, the entire family was brought back together in Haworth.

Back home, Branwell, their brother, seemed to have a promising future. He was always regarded as the gifted child of the family and his father had very high expectations of him. Unfortunately, however, fate dictated otherwise. Branwell was destined for the Royal Academy School, but it was not meant to be. Instead, he roamed the streets of London, wasting his money on alcohol and drugs. Branwell died at the age of only 31.



The three sisters published their own poetry volume in May 1846. They used pseudonyms: Currer (for Charlotte), Ellis (for Emily) and Acton (for Anne) Bell. Back then, women were not always given a fair chance in the literary world. So, in order to have a better chance of getting their book published, they used male names. Charlotte Brontë did not disclose the fact that Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell were in fact women, until after all of her siblings, Emily and Anne, had passed away. She also wrote several more novels under her pseudonym during her lifetime.

year after their poetry collection was published, Anne and Charlotte wrote two novels. Anne wrote Agnes Grey and Charlotte Jane Eyre. Anne also wrote The Tenant of Wildfell Hall while Emily produced her only novel, Wuthering

Heights, which didn't sell many copies, in contrary to The Tenant. Charlotte also wrote Villette and Shirley.

It is important to mention that all three sisters pursuing a writing career was a very daring act, considering the times they lived in. Their creativity stems from the isolation they experienced as children, which led to an early development of their vivid imagination. Also, it is significant that at the Victorian period women did not have a wide variety of choice when it came to professions. Women usually worked as governesses and school teachers. Of course, there was always the option of their staying home for their entire lives and being in charge of the household.

In October 1848 Emily fell sick with tuberculosis and a few months later, she died. She was buried in the same place as her mother and her two sisters, and later on, her sister Anne followed her to the grave. Charlotte was devastated by the loss of her two sisters.

ome years later, in 1854, Charlotte got married to a cleric, Arthur Bell Nicholls. Charlotte was the only one of the Brontë sisters to marry, but a year later, she died of tuberculosis. Patrick Brontë ended up outliving his wife and six children and died at the age of 84, under the care of Charlotte's husband, who took care of him until he drew his final breath.

they were poor, isolated, working girls. They faced many family problems, which were difficult to cope with, but they still managed to keep their imagination and talent alive. The books they wrote are considered significant contributions to English literature. They are classic novels that are around the world.

All three sisters lived a sad life, since read by millions of people



Anastasis Tsavea, JH3 EFL9



The Hindenburg Disaster

6th of May; my husband and our two children were returning from Fran kfurt. They were travelling on the Hindenburg after visiting their grandparents in Germany. I was excited at the thought of having them back, after a month of loneliness. The time I was going to welcome them home had arrived, or so I thought.

I went to New Jersey's Lakehurst Naval Air Station, where she was going to land. I could not even imagine the upcoming tragedy. I saw the Hindenburg coming towards us. People around me were waving to their beloved ones on board, who had no knowledge that they were being "carried" to a flaming death. The sky was dark and gloomy. There was a light drizzle of rain, as if God was already mourning for his sons and daughters. Faith had set the stage for a disastrous and painful catastrophe. The Hindenburg was above us. The crewmen started pulling her down, as if Hades was pulling my family into the inferno.

las! Flames covered the vessel; people were peeling off the windows; ashes were blown away by the wind. My mind stopped. Blank. The earth had collapsed around me. I couldn't accept that my husband and children were being engulfed by flames and there was nothing I could do. However, nobody can ever persuade a mother to give up hope that her children, her one-and-only reason to exist, may be alive! So,

having a vague image of what was going on around me, I rushed to the place where survivors had gathered. I looked on the ground; no one. I looked amongst the injured passengers; no one. I looked at the dead; no one! Nobody ever found their bodies. They were declared "missing", all three of them, and the wind blew their ashes away. I was shocked; speechless; dead. I wish I had been with my family and had died together. Instead, I am bound to forever mourn for their loss, mourn for my life, mourn for humanity.

After I realized the extent of the disaster, I fell on the ground and cried, as loudly as possible, so that God could hear me and bring them back! Tears dried on my face. Only the painful screaming remained... And as a sign of God, my younger son's teddybear fell from the sky into my bare, black hands, charred. This, a toy, was the only thing that survived from the terrible tragedy of the Hindenburg, and keeps my memories alive.

hen I look at this teddybear, I go back in time. I can be with my family once again; hear their laughter; see them smiling at me. Even though my life feels empty without them, I have been left with a bitter-sweet memory that survived the greatest disaster of all: The Hindenburg!

Maria-Sophia Kalogeropoulou JH2 ESL



can still remember the Hindenburg disaster as if it was yesterday. It was my first day at work and I was very excited. I had been training for that day for a long time and it had finally arrived.

There was something though. The unusual zeppelin was hours late. You could see the concern in the other crewmembers' eves. Suddenly, a shadow covered the sky. Everything went dark and saw people pointing at the sky. I looked up and saw her. She was humongous! Bigger than

anything I had ever seen in my life. They had told me she was big, but that big was unimaginable. She was so beautiful as she soared through the sky leaving no trail behind.

when I saw the Hindenburg drop gallons of water to the ground. Suddenly, I heard men shouting and asking us to get ready. I snapped back to reality and got ready to grab the rope. Without a warning a second dose of water was dropped by the zeppelin. The crew didn't move while they waited for the ropes to be dropped, but nothing happened. Instead, a third dose of water was dropped by the zeppelin; this one lasted longer than any other.

Something was wrong. Every single person had a

worried look on his face. At the last, ropes were dropped. Concern was replaced by relief as the crew grabbed the ropes. I was an inch from touching when out of the rope nowhere loud boom а sounded. I looked up and the horror. The saw Hindenburg's tail was engulfed in flames, which were quickly moving to the front. I will never forget the panic in every crewmember's face.

he Hindenburg falling was fast. I saw people jumping out of the Hindenburg's windows, many of them never getting up again. A wave of blistering hot air hit me and then I realized, I was standing there looking at the while disaster everyone around me was running for their lives. I turned around and sprinted as fast as my feet could hold. When I finally stopped, my legs were wobbly and I was gasping for breath.

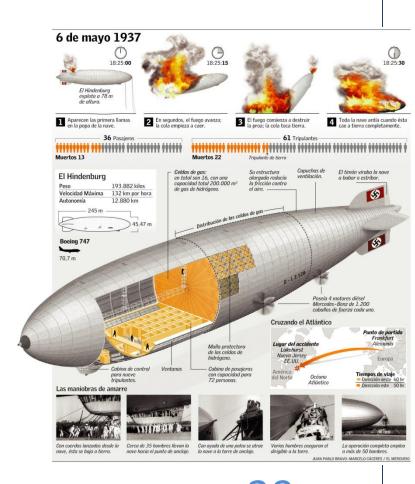
Ш of а sudden, heard a loud crash. I turned around and saw the Hindenburg on the ground. All that was left of her was her frame, which was now melting. There I at the was staring, destroyed Hindenburg with her beauty gone and the restless fire still burning my face.

t happened so fast I didn't even realize she was gone. I could see desperate people running in direction some burned, some injured and others perfectly fine, but every single one of them was in shock. And so was I. Firemen stopped in front of us and then ran to take the people

back to safety. Two more fire trucks came and tried to extinguish the fire but it was too strong.

I couldn't stand looking at the horror any more so I turned my back and promised myself never to look back. And even today I try not to think about it because every time I do, I end up crying.

Sophia Zymni JH2 ESL



The Fall of the Hindenburg: Memories of a Passive Photographer

It was a gloomy, miserable day. I remember myself standing still among all those annoying reporters would give anything to witness the landing of the "Great and Glorious" Hindenburg. But then, no one could guess the forthcoming tragedy, that single event that would eventually be remembered as one of the darkest pages of American History.

It must have been around 17: 40 when we saw it in the horizon; its size was trulv unbelievable. Then, it was just a ship, serenely moving to its flaming tomb. Well. Hindenburg silently came closer and closer, until it stopped, and ropes were thrown from high above. Everything seemed fine at the time. However, I was not interested; my job was just to pictures of the take some "triumphant" passengers, so I decided to move closer to the landing spot.

But then, oh then, an echoing loud sound was heard. instinctively turned my head up, and what I witnessed was a sight of complete terror: the whole massive construction had burst into flames. turning landscape into a blazing inferno! People were screaming in horror, as the giant airship collapsed on the ground. Land crewmen and soldiers were running all over in confusion, while others just broke into tears of shock.

t has been a long time since then.

Numerous explanations have been put forward about the cause of the airship disaster. Many claimed it was lightning, while others blamed the highly flammable gas. Only one thing is though certain: all those poor souls that had found themselves in a flaming grave that day, are now nothing more than voices of the past, ghosts who cannot find a proper place to rest.

Spyros Mavraganis, , JH2 ESL3

My Hero



There are two types of real life heroes, those who are every-day simple people and those who help at a time of crisis. The person I have chosen to write about is my dad. I strongly believe that he's a hero not only because of his job, as he is a doctor, but because of invaluable his personality.

The word that describes his personality the most is that of a "fighter". He is always there for our family and for all the people that need his helpful hand. Every day he saves many

lives and this makes him a real hero! First

decisive person
because
sometimes he
has to make
quick and

of all, he is a

difficult decisions for the good of his patients. Also, in

order to be a good doctor he has to be smart. Otherwise, you cannot make it in the medical profession. Moreover, he is perfectionist as he always wants to do his best and αs he's dealing with human lives, he needs to be careful very and skillful in the way he treats his patients.

I remember him leaving our house in the middle of the night and going to the hospital in order to operate on patients had who had car accidents. Some these times, he was ill, but he was always

there for his duty. His actions represent his attitude and in general his character inspires me and makes me proud of him. My mother keeps telling me the story that the day I was born my father was involved in a big surgery and he couldn't be present at the time of my birth. This story helps you easily understand how much he cares about the ones who are in need.

To sum up, my father is someone that I deeply admire and that is why I consider him my hero. Through his actions he inspires me every day and that makes me a better person!

Maria Kagia JH2 EFL 5

Like It Or Not My Dad Is The Best Doctor



"Education is the most powerful weapon we can use to change the world. I don't believe in war or politics, I believe in the power of knowledge. We can change the world with one simple thing. worldwide education!"

Jordan Lappas – HS1 ESL 4

working for the Bantrys for a few weeks now and the surprises just never stop! There is always something strange happening Gossington Hall to keep us all on our toes.

I was up early on Friday as usual to prepare Mrs. Bantry's coffee. I always go to the library to draw the curtains and open the windows before Colonel Bantry comes down to drink his coffee and read the newspapers. Well, I'm sure you've all heard about the murder of Ruby Keene, but did you know that I found the dead body in the library? Nes, it was yours truly! After opening the windows, I almost tripped body. over screamed...? was so loud, I think the whole village heard me!

The newspapers write about this story every day. But, for some reason, they forget to write about the cleverest woman involved in the story. I have met her you know. She is Mrs. Bantry's friend. Never mind, the police couldn't find the murderer, and the detectives couldn't find the Guess murderer. could: Miss Marple.

She doesn't say much, she just listens and observes. But, she asks many questions that somehow appear to unimportant. 9 was Mary Mead! I have been proud of her when Colonel Bantry kept asking questions and she knew all the answers.

At first, I thought that the murderer might be Mr. Jefferson's daughter-inlaw. But, when I saw this Josie woman, 7 didn't want to serve her tea. She was such a snob and every time I saw her I felt she was hiding something. Miss Marple confirmed this to me.

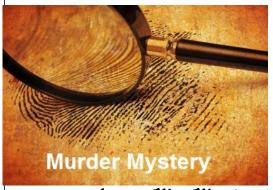
Can you believe it? She murdered that poor girl just because she jealous of her and wanted Mr Jefferson's money!

Well, Jackie, that's all for now. If something else I will inform happens, you. Be sure something else will happen the here in Bautry household. This is what makes working here exciting otherwise it would be so boring here in the village.

Looking forward to hearing from you. Write back soon!

Love, Mary

Salome Economides 9741 871



Letter to Miss Marple

Wednesday, 17 April 1942

Dear Jackie,

You can't imagine what's happening here at St.



John Wood: he started the Room to Read

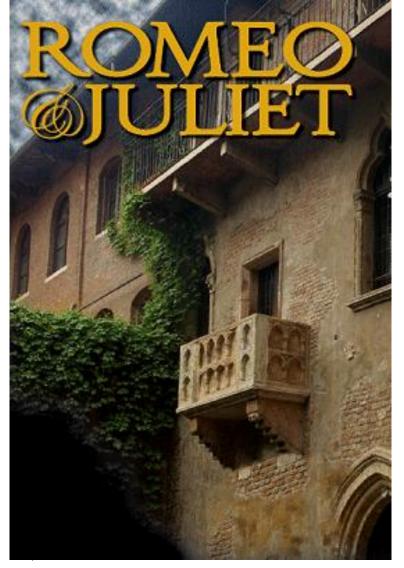
Organization in 2000 so that underprivileged children around the world can have access to education.

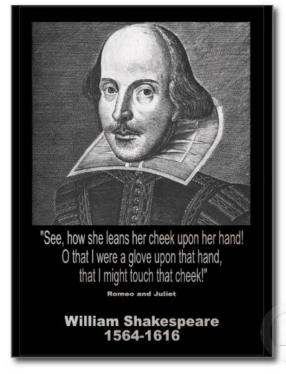
I believe John Wood is a very special person because he succeeded in organising a worldwide charity. But, more importantly, I think that only an exceptional person would give up a successful career and devote his life to setting up such a big non-profit organization.

There are many things we can learn from John Wood's story. For me the most important thing about him is that he **cared...**

In my opinion, it takes a lot of courage for someone to leave behind his lifestyle and all his achievements and take up charity work. But at the same time, I think that this is an act that only few of us can do. And it is for this reason that I think John Wood is a very special person and his work is a very important legacy.

Emily Souipas JH3 EFL6





Lydia Tsiverioti - HS2 Drama and the Arts

Dear Romeo,

I am only fourteen and I am sure that I know what love is. I am also sure that this would not make sense to anyone. How could someone feel love when one is pressured to marry someone one barely knows? I have been taught love from scratch and it has been planted in my heart by no one else but you, my love.

Love isn't just a feeling; it's like a big cloak that hugs you and changes every last bit of you; it makes you forget the word "I" and dusts off the word "he" and "we". Love is what sweeps away every last grain of hate and turns it into happiness. Saying this, can you finally see how unimportant, how insignificant the hatred between our families is? Romeo, all I can say is that I can. Logic is long lost and love has flourished in its place.

It's almost impossible to believe how important you are to me. I feel so vulnerable around you, because if for a second I feel you don't love me, I am lost. Perhaps that is why I am not able to express my love to you. I promise, however, that I always will in the future, starting from here and now.

So let's run away from all this and be together for eternity. Because without you it's all a waste of time...

Yours.

Juliet

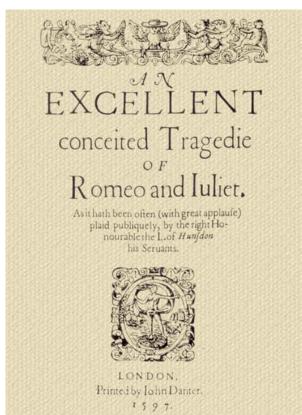
July 2013 - PUNCHLINE

Danae Karatzanou - HS2 Drama and the Arts

My fair Juliet,

Do I overstep the boundaries by writing this letter to you? Do I play with fire? I have no answer. The conflict inside me is too strong to ignore. I have to fight for your love. Words or swords; whatever is needed I'll find it for you. Even if I cause your father's wrath, even if I cause my mother's dismay. The only thing that could ever stop me is your refusal. And if you do refuse me, I promise never to bother you again. Because if I ever have any chance to be truly happy, that depends on whether you are happy.

If I wasted your beauty by kissing your lips, then I am a sinner; let all the powers judge me. But don't you ever wonder about me making the same promises to other women, because no one has your light when



they speak. Fairies envy you, queens wish for your grace and beauty. And I feel so small in front of you, so weak, so vain.

My love, my darling, I'll wait for you tomorrow night. And while darkness keeps our secret safe, I'll whisper my heart's love to you.

Fate speed your love to me, Romeo



Sophia Kaberou - HS2 Drama and the Arts

Dear Juliet,

I feel weak in front of all these new feelings that overwhelm me. I've never felt like this before. For me you're not just a girl,

you're not a simple love, you are the world. You are the stars. You are the sun. When you are next to me, everything shines. When I saw you for the first time, I knew that you were the one. If you are not in my life, I don't want to live. There is no meaning in a life without you. When I see your beautiful, pale face, my heart beats faster, I feel nervous, I want to hold you and never let you go.

When we first met, it felt like we were two diamonds in the sky. I'm ready to fight with my parents, with whoever is an obstacle to our love, as long as you love me. Together we can achieve anything. Juliet, you make me happy, you make me a better person, you are the reason why I breathe.

Just like a bud that slowly grows into a rose, you bring spring in my heart. Birds sing, flowers bloom, all the colours in my heart call out your name. When I fall asleep, I dream of you, I can't wait to see you again. Your beauty is with me constantly.

Juliet, I am just a poor man in love. In love with you and you alone. Accept this

letter as a small expression of my deepest thoughts. However, no letter would be enough to show you how much I adore you. Juliet, we can run away from all these things that make us suffer. We can run together and chase eternity. You, me, eternity. You and me forever together. You and me.

Love, Romeo

Leda Vratsanou - HS2 Drama and the Arts

My love Juliet,

I miss you. I miss your beautiful eyes that reflect the beauty of your soul. The soul that has captured my being since the first time I saw you walking down those stairs. My mind keeps traveling to places where we are together. Juliet, my one and true love, you keep me a prisoner and I would not be set free; the key is yours forever.

I did not know what love was until I met you; now I know that love is you. When will I see you again, my love, so that my ears can rejoice at the sound of your voice, so that my eyes can see you smile once more?

You admire my courage, my coming there despite the obstacles. But it's not courage; it is love, running in my veins. I would come back a thousand times more. You are the light of my life, you are what makes life worth living. If you say you love me too, my purest dove, we shall be together until the end of time.

I know you are afraid, I can see it in your eyes. But you should not be, because you



have me to fight off all the monsters that come our way. If you believe me, just hold my hand and promise me your love. We'll run away, away from all the heartache, to have the life that you deserve, my little angel.

Yours to eternity,

Romeo



Anastasia Repouliou - HS2 Drama and the Arts

Sweet Romeo.

Up until tonight I never thought it was possible to love so much it would hurt. But, my love, it is. Since you left, I cannot stop thinking about you, your beloved face, your sweet words. I beg God for these words to be true. I pray that this is real, for it feels like a dream. When I saw you tonight – no, when I heard your voice – my heart started pounding

as if trying to escape my mortal body to reach your hands and surrender itself to you. Would you accept it? When you spoke, I felt the world fall apart, for you had suddenly become the only truth in my life. Sweet Romeo, I give you my love. I give you all my love, for the more love I give to you, the more love I have. How could this be?

Say you love me too and I'll forget I'm a Capulet, I'll follow you to the end of time. But if you refuse my love, then, Romeo, I'll have no reason to live anymore. If I am not with you, what good could my existence be to me? O, dear Romeo, I can't stop thinking of you. Should you not love me, I would accept the fact that I would never be happy again. But if you love me, in a true and honorable way, I 'd be the happiest woman to have ever lived. Dresses, jewelry, banquets, what are they compared to love? O, blessed be the poor in wealth, for they can be rich in love!

Sweet Romeo, say you love me and I'll forget everything else, I'll give up everything just to be with you! Say you love me, and I'll be yours forever!

With all the love that can be given, Juliet



Lydia Tsiverioti - HS2 Drama and the Arts

Dear Romeo,

I am only fourteen and I am sure that I know what love is. I am also sure that this would not make sense to anyone. How could someone feel love when one is pressured to marry someone one barely knows? I have been taught love from scratch and it has been planted in my heart by no one else but you, my love.

Love isn't just a feeling; it's like a big cloak that hugs you and changes every last bit of you; it makes you forget the word "I" and dusts off the word "he" and "we". Love is what sweeps away every last grain of hate and turns it into happiness. Saying this, can you finally see how unimportant, how insignificant the hatred between our families is? Romeo, all I can say is that I can. Logic is long lost and love has flourished in its place.

It's almost impossible to believe how important you are to me. I feel so vulnerable around you, because if for a second I feel you don't love me, I am lost. Perhaps that is why I am not able to express my love to you. I promise, however, that I always will in the future, starting from here and now.

So let's run away from all this and be together for eternity. Because without you it's all a waste of time...

Yours.

Juliet

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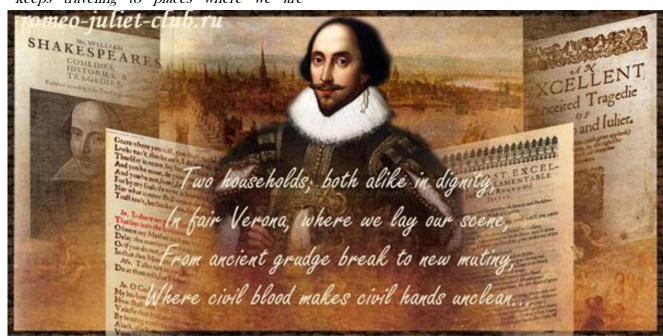
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Yours to eternity,

Romeo



OURNAL

JH3 EFL 6

A story about war, friendship and survival....

January 13, 1936

Dear diary,

Today was the most horrible day in my whole life. When I woke up in the morning I went to the local school - which most children in our area attend. I love school more than anything else in the world, although some of my classmates have recently started calling me names because of my religion. I did well on the maths test and showed my teacher I had done all my homework, so when I returned home I was really cheerful. But, although Mutti was doing everything that she usually does on a winter day, she didn't smile at me, not even once. At the beginning, I was extremely angry because of her behavior. She could have faked a smile, or

just pretended she was happy I was safe and sound. In the evening, having already had enough of her indifferent attitude towards her own daughter, I went downstairs to make some complaints. She was sitting on a chair in the living room, but instead of reading her book, as she usually does, she was looking out of the window with a confused look in her eyes. "Where is Papa?" I asked, in order to start a conversation, or, to be precise, an argument. She didn't talk, but when I insisted on her answering me, I saw a tear fall down her cheek. Then, she coldly turned towards me and said: "Your Papa may never come back. Last night two soldiers came to our house and took him away". I was really confused when I looked into her eyes; her look was colder than the snowy I could see far in the horizon. It was so cold I felt my heart freeze and become a dead, pointy crystal hurting not only

my body, but also my soul and mind. I immediately went to bed, as I started feeling dizzy, probably because of my discovery. And I stayed there, looking out of the window with a confused look in my eyes, with tons and tons of tears falling down my cheeks.

Leah

September 7, 1936

Dear diary,

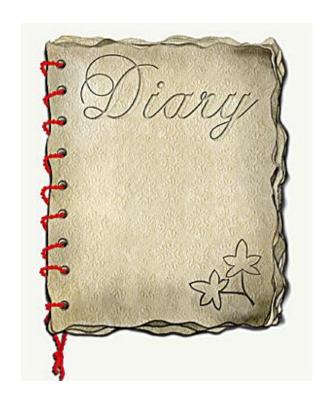
Today it is my birthday and I am very excited. My mother bought me a new jacket and I like it very much. She told me that if it wasn't a period of war, she would have also bought me some gloves. In addition today our goat gave birth and she had 4 little goats. It is the first time I saw one of our animals give birth and this is the second reason for my excitement. Then today my friends Maria and

Dear diary,

Today is a beautiful day. It's my brother's birthday. I'm so happy and excited. Mutti told me that today we're going to buy him his present. I don't know what to choose. I'm thinking of buying him either a scooter or a football. I believe that he will appreciate the scooter more, because here on the farm he has no-one to play football with, so he won't use the ball a lot. Anyway, I will find something. I hope he doesn't wake up too early, because then I won't be able to leave with Mutti to buy the present. Also, Mutti promised me and Natan that we could help her in the creation of the cake. I love helping Mutti in the kitchen. The thing I love the most is eating the food that is left on the spoon after mixing. Mmm, it's delicious! I hope we will cook the same chocolate

Helen came to our farm and we celebrated my birthday. I have never had more fun in my life. Maria and Helen have a lot of humor. We were laughing all the time. I also showed them the baby-goats and they liked them a lot. Afterwards we went to the town to meet some other friends and we stayed there until 9 o'clock. They had already bought me a chocolate birthday cake. It was very tasty. I really love my friends and I hope I'll never part from them. I also hope that the war won't affect our lives and we will continue to have the same lifestyle forever.

Leah



cake this year as we did last year. It was one of the best cakes ever! Anyway, I'm leaving now, because Mutti is calling me to go with her to buy Natan's present.

Leah

November 26, 1936

Dear diary,

I had a very difficult day today, because at school I had a fight with Gerda. She wouldn't give me back a jacket I had lent her. I was very angry. I think she didn't bring it on purpose, because she doesn't really like Jewish people and she knows I'm Jewish and she wanted to annoy me. I don't want to be friends with her anymore! Not that we were good friends, just classmates. When she brings me the jacket I won't talk to her again. I have lots of friends near the farm, who come to my house every weekend to play so I don't need her! She's very stupid. Anyway, I cheered up later

when the teacher told us that we are going on a trip in Berlin next week. We're going to visit the Brandenburg Gate and the Pergamum Museum. I'm so excited; I've always wanted to go to Berlin. I've heard that they have the best sausages in Germany there. If the teachers let us, I'll buy some for Mutti.

Leah

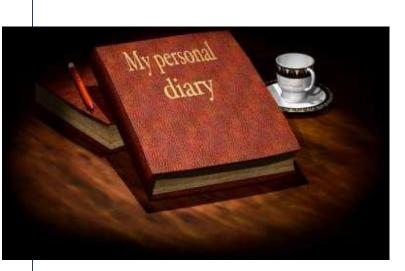
November 25, 1937

Dear diary,

I'm sick of my life. Since the beginning of the school year, I've been waiting for the government to allow me to return to school. Unfortunately, I have to stay at home all day long and help Mutti with the housework. She won't even let me go out for a walk, because she thinks it is too dangerous for a young Jewish girl like me to go out alone. Anyway, I wouldn't dare to go anywhere farther than Mr. Alex's house. I tried once, but

then two of my old classmates spotted me and started mocking me. I couldn't stand it, because one of them was my best friend a year ago. When I got home, I went to my bedroom and wouldn't stop crying until the day was over, just like when Papa left. But it is all right, I know that when I start going to school again, I will become cheerful and accepted by my old friends. At least Mutti says so.

Leah



January 9, 1938

Dear diary,

It's the first time that I am writing in a very very long time.

Today is a really nice day -- the sun is shining and we are all going for a pick-nick. My mum is making the food my dad is going to the forest to find some wood to burn in the fireplace, I am really excited because we are trying to make up some games to play, and we are all together, which is very nice . Dad came back last week, and although he looks very pale and exhausted and has bruises all over his body he won't tell me what happened to him when he was taken by the Nazis. He wants us to be as happy as we can. I will write more tomorrow. I don't want to miss a moment of this day!

January 10, 1938

Dear diary,

After an hour of preparation yesterday, we finally went to the forest for our pick-nick, daddy lit up the fire and he made us really cozy. Mum gave us the

sandwiches and the milk and we started our meal. After that I played with my brother, suddenly we heard a very strange sound, a very loud scream and a very frightening shooting, that disturbed us from our family moments. We all started packing and going back home to find out what has happened. We went home but I was very scared. It was the first time that I felt like my instinct was telling that something was happening out there. I went to sleep after an hour but suddenly something woke me up. I ran into my mother's room and there she was my mother, my Mutti was gone, I couldn't think of anything at that time, I just ran into the house to find my father and my brother. After a minute I realized that he too wasn't with us anymore. I cried hard until a voice coming from the door, made me stand up from my sadness. I heard a man shouting "The girl on the upper

floor, get her". I can't forget the words of that man. I instinctively ran into the room and locked it, but they were there, they had come for me. They broke the door down and grabbed me from the hand. The only thing that I remembered from this day on is that I woke up in a room full of people that were sick. I just asked a child "Where are we?" and she told me that we were in a concentration camp in Germany.

Leah

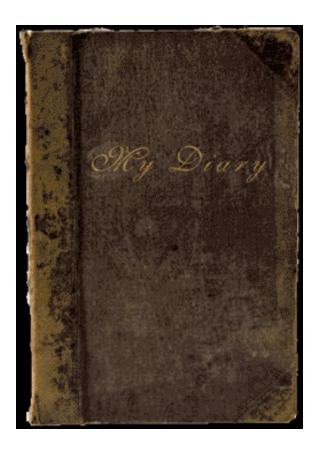
September 3, 1939

Dear Mutti,

I miss you very much. Since the day we were separated, I've been addressing you whenever I write to my diary. I'm extremely afraid of the Nazis and what they may do to us. I cannot write anything more because we are not allowed to carry anything and a guard is coming to check on us every ten minutes. Never

forget I love you. I hope we'll meet soon.

Leah



June 8, 1945

Dear Mutti,

I am now 18 years old. I know it seems a bit silly still writing in a small book about what I do every day, but I believe that I can express myself better this way. I also feel that I can communicate more easily with

you, Mutti. Suzy bought me a brand new diary today and the cover is the color of your eyes, blue. Every day there are things in my life that remind me of you. Please don't think that I have forgotten you just because I write "dear diary", because you know that I always let you know what is happening in my life. Every day is a better day for everybody because we are free now. I know you are watching us from up there and as you know, everyone has grown up. Yonni, Zipporah, Ruth and I know it will sound strange- Avi is now a man. He's taller than I am and he talks all the time. Suzy and I are best friends now and always share our secrets. Today I went to her house and she taught me modern dancing. I had so much fun! It reminded me of the days when we used to dance together when I was very young. I miss you and Natan so much and I hope you tell him all about us. I often wonder how our lives

would have been if you hadn't been taken from us.

Leah

September 29, 1948

Dear Mutti.

Today is going to be a different day. I have made an important decision I want to explain to you. I feel it is the right choice and I await for your approval. I spent last night reading my diary. My diaries 1 should say. I started with the first one. It now looks like a ragged and torn little book. The first time I wrote to you was September the 3rd, 1939. 1 remember this day very clearly. It seems a world apart from my life today. I remember the terror and the uncertainty of those days. A permanent frown. That was Suzy's impression of me at that time as I read in her diary. This first diary of mine ran out of pages during the winter of 1939. I then went on and filled thirteen more diaries. And by reading them last night 1 remembered all the bits and pieces that happened from the day we arrived at America until today. And I want to share with you again those things, because I feel that's how I can explain to you my decision. The fact that I think that this is the last time I'm writing in my diary! I know it is shocking but it seems to me that this is the natural thing to do... All those promises that everything was going to be alright in Germany. And then the isolation. The yellow stars. The starvation. The people disappearing overnight. And finally you, Papa and Natan forever lost. I knew that you had died, because everyone, including the very young, knew the truth about the hell we were living in. And I had very little time to cry over this. Staying alive and helping Yonni, Zipporah and especially little Avi was more important.

Although I have - in some manner-been crying every day of my life ever since. And then came America. At the beginning it made no difference to me. They locked us inside a camp behind wired fences again. I spoke to no one and I trusted nobody. I thought it was only a matter of time before the Americans started killing us. Things however started to look different. The Americans fed us and gave us clothes to wear. But I still missed you and I was afraid of everything. This is when I saw Suzy for the first time. She would come every other day on the other side of the fence and she would throw candies and oranges to us. But I remember she would treat us as strange creatures and often laugh at us. One day Yonni ate an orange without peeling it and she laughed really loudly. Gosh, I hated her so much... After a few weeks we started going to school. This is where

Suzy and I became friends and understood each other and finally became best friends. At first Suzy thought of me as a very strange person and wanted to keep away from me. She was obliged however by our teachers to be my instructor so I improve my English. I don't blame her for her feelings at the time. In fact I stopped blaming her the day I realized what she saw in me, after I read her diary. And it is true that she also changed her view of me right after she read my diary and realized what I had been through. But before all this happened, we had many problems. I remember that she couldn't understand why I refused to wear the name tags they gave us. They reminded me of the yellow stars in Germany. How she laughed at our names and our accent, not realizing that I had grown up in another country. How she could not understand why I didn't know any American songs and

dances. And how she didn't understand why I would not eat my food and save it in a handkerchief. Little did she know of my worries for young Avi. I would take most of my food to him. I remember that one day Suzy and her mother invited me to their house. And

although again 1 didn't speak and saved all the food for Avi, it was the first time 1

felt some

comfort

her dresses and calling me Miss Porcupine. She then decided to read secretly my diary, during my stay at the hospital. And this

said it to no one because I was

afraid that -like the camp in

Germany- they would kill me.

Suzy was still very hostile at the

time, hating the fact that I wore

the point where it all changed. She found out about my past. The camp in Germany,

because of her mother. She was a very nice and warm lady and she reminded me of you. Afterwards, I felt so guilty for this feeling and I wrote many times how sorry I was for this. This went on until the day they took me to hospital for my appendix. I was very ill but I

your death, and Natan and all those terrible things that had happened in my life in the last few years. It seems that she discovered the truth about the world through my diary. After that everything was different. She apologized and gave me her diary to read. That's how I found

out the image she had of me during all this time and I cannot blame her for this. We have been best friends -or friends for life- ever since. We study together and I have got better grades than her but she doesn't mind. Yonni, Zipporah and Ruth are always with us and you should see young Avi. You wouldn't know that he was not born in America if you heard him speaking. Yesterday Suzy and I received the news that we were both accepted at the same University. Starting in September I will be studying Law! I have seen many wrong things during my short life and I really want to work for a world where bad things will not go unpunished! My dear Mutti, you know ever since the first day with the broken pencil, this diary has helped me to talk to you as if you were with me. In that respect I don't have to promise that I will never forget you, because I never will ... !

know yo will guide me for the rest of my life, while I will be making sure that all those things that went wrong for us, will not happen to others.

Leah

June 10, 1949

Dear diary,

Mutti, I am so happy! I got a part time job in a cafeteria and I can afford a few extra things for myself. I went shopping today with Suzy. I also bought a present for her mother. She has been so kind to me since we first came to America. If it hadn't been for her I wouldn't have become best friends with Suzy. From the beginning Suzy's mother invited us often to her house. Today, all my friends from the camp have been invited to a big party for Suzy's birthday. I am going to get there early so that I can help with the preparation. Avi is coming with He really loves Suzy's

mother, she has been so kind and supportive to him. For him she's like the mother he never had. We have just got back to the orphanage from the party. We have been living here together ever since we moved out of the concentration camp. Anyhow, we had a great time and I will tell you all about it tomorrow. Goodnight.

in very soft beds which we didn't have back then. I am now working full time as well as studying at University. Now Avi also goes to High School. He says he wants to be a doctor. He always tells me that he wants to save people lives and help refugees - like us when we too were alone - in other countries.

Leah

Leah

August 5, 1955

September 30, 1949

Dear diary,

Today I took Suzy to see the new apartment that I have rented with the money I earned from that job. The apartment is lovely! It is very comfortable and has a big living room. We also have our own kitchen and fridge and a big table. I wish you could see them better Mutti, if you were next to me but I am sure that you are watching me now and always will. Avi and I have separate rooms now and we sleep

Dear Mutti,

Eleven years ago, I was in a refugee camp trying to protect myself from the Germans. Eleven years ago, I wouldn't have thought I would be in this state. My God, it's amazing how things have changed. After the accident, with me in the hospital I took Suzy's diary and read it. It was shocking to read those things. I would have never imagined how a beautiful and cheerful girl like Suzy could have experienced all that she

did. You must be wondering what I am talking about. Well as you know Suzy has a really caring and beautiful mother, Delilah. Don't worry I didn't forget you, you are always my mom and I know you watch me from heaven. She is just a second mum to me, she treats me like her own daughter. Delilah however was married to a man called Bob McCarthy. He was a soldier in the U.S. Army. When he was home he would always abuse Suzy and Delilah. One day he went back to the Army because they needed him and he never came back. Perhaps he is dead. No one should be treated this way! Anyway, after I read Suzy's diary I went to her and gave her a really big bear hug. She was a bit taken aback but she also hugged me. Since then we have been the best of friends. I slowly became the bubbly, cheerful, outgoing child I was before the war. When I became 18 I started helping the kids at

the shelter learn English, to dance and mostly sing. Do you remember when you sang to me lullabies every night to sleep; Well I now have a beautiful voice and I sing a lot. I really enjoy singing and I discovered that Suzy has a beautiful voice too. She actually comes every day after Uni and helps me with the kids. I am now attending the University of Los Angeles. I am studying journalism and I want to be a great journalist. Suzy studies at the same college as I do, but she is studying to be a fashion designer. ... Bye Mutti

Leah

August 8, 1955

Dear Mutti,

Today is the day I will go on my first date with John. I'm so excited, but I believe Suzy is even more excited than I am. ...
I've been feeling really happy those last days but I don't know why. Maybe it's because of John, or finally believing all that has

happened to me. I wish you were here, watching me grow up... I am sure you are watching me from up there, but sometimes I miss your soothing voice when I'm nervous, your beautiful laugh that made me forget all the bad things... I really miss you. Natan, Dad, Grandma, everyone. I am sure you are happy where you are. Well I have to go make lunch now....

Leah

August 9, 1955

Dear Mutti,

Yesterday I had so much fun with John. He is really funny and romantic. He took me out for dinner to a really nice restaurant and then we went to the beach and watched the sea and the bright stars above it. It was a beautiful sight... Anyway in five days it's my birthday ... Probably I will just sit with the girls on the beach ... I will also invite Yanni, Avi, and John with us so it will be fun. You

must be wondering how Avi's been doing. He is great -- he actually graduated early from high school but he wants to be a musician, so he works in a coffee shop in order to earn money to buy a guitar. I am really proud of him and of what he has achieved.

Leah

April 21, 1960

Dear Mutti,

Today is my wedding day. I will be marrying John, the young man I have been dating for the last five years. Words can't even describe what I'm feeling. I'm happy, excited, sad, nervous, all in one. I'm really happy that I will be marrying John and really excited since I have been waiting for this for months. But I'm sad Dad can't be here to walk me down the aisle and that you cannot help me with my dress and be the great mum you were. I will dedicate this day to my family since I know you aren't here on earth with me, but I know you are always with me in my heart. Suzy designed my dress. It is really beautiful. It's long and white. It's my dream dress and I couldn't think of anything else. Well, I have to go. There is someone waiting for me down the aisle!

Leah

September 28, 1969

My dear Mutti,

Today, Suzy's children and I moved to Israel—a place where all Jews can live freely without fear! Suzy passed away 4 years ago but she. Then last year her policeman husband died—he was shot while he was pursuing a criminal. That is why I look after her children, who always have thought of me as their second mother. ... My dear mother I wish you were here with me.

Leah

Thanksgiving is Today!
Thanksgiving is today
And there is no school, yah!
But that's not all there is to it
You can eat whatever your
stomach can fit in it
Turkey, pumpkin and puree
I love that Thanksgiving is
today!
But don't forget what you
already have

Your friends, your family and your little weird hat So go home and enjoy the day Cause Thanksgiving is today!

S. Zymni



Thansgiving Haiku THANK\$GIVING HAIKU!

Turkey, pumkin, peas!

We pray around the table

Thankful for the feast

Hector Sakaloglou JH3 EFL7

We are thankful for our family and home and we thank God for them...

Tatiana Papantonaki JH3 EFL7



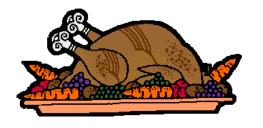


THANKSGIVING HAIKU

Grateful for my life, short or long no matter what, filled with happiness.

George Vasiliu JH3 EFL 7





Today is Thanksgiving Day! Oh God, what an important

And I will soon go home, So I can to eat turkey alone. Obviously I won't put my head in the food, just like Joey who is a fool. But I'm definitely eating it, as I don't like just staring at

Pumpkin, carrot, corn and pie

are all making the night fly. Here I am standing in front of the door

Thinking of the turkey and plenty more.

Oh, I almost forgot, I'm not eating alone-

My parents are on the way home.

Knouni, Kalogeropoulou, Los

My Haiku



GOD, I LOVE YOU MUCH	As the Pilgrims did,	Turkeys are the best
I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU,	Thank your God and pray to	Their taste makes me feel happy
GOD	Him	They smell like heaven!
I ADORE YOU GOD.	To live happily	
		Chris Giokaris JH3 EFL 7
Panos Valvis JH3 EFL7	Marilena Tsaoutou JH3 EF	
Every Thanksgiving	We have to say grace,	IN THIS BIG NEW SCHOOL
think of everything you have-	before we eat the turkey	EVERYONE IS FRIENDLY
be thankful for it	family and I.	I FEEL WONDERFUL!
Eleni Alevra JH3 EFL 7	Dimitris Fleggas JH3 EFL 7	Chris Charalambides JH3 EFL 7
Many beaches and	The sun is shining	Islands in the sun
Many cliffs are spotted there	The light gives life to nature	Gorgeous, fun and beautiful
You feel born again	We all live our lives	Are our Greek treasures
Angeliki Simarou/JH1ESL	Akis Dimitropoulos/JH1ESL	Stavros Vrachnos/JH1ESL







roen.

Thanksgiving Day is here and mother calls me dear to prepare the table and wait for the visitors once a year. Pumpkins, turkeys, nuts and corn We cook all day long singing cheerfully a Thanksgiving song. Love and happiness are in the air prayers and gifts are given fair let's celebrate with family and friends and never, ever let it end. Love and blessings fill the day don't let happiness go away let this day be the best and after **Thanksgiving** time let's rest!

Lila Maleviti Antonia Drosogiani

Thanksgiving Dinner

The dinner table comes to life Every Thanksgiving, Thursday night Where uncles, aunts, nephews, and cousins

All wait for what's in the sizzling oven.

Besides the turkey, stuffed to the

A soup is boiling in the pot With potatoes, carrots, and besides

A pumpkin pie for dessert.

And as I watch and dwell on all this, Along with so many more delicious treats.

I cannot help but ask myself: "How are we gonna eat all this?"

Joanna Ladopoulou (JH3/ESL)

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving is all about The turkeys, the joy, The pilgrims, the noise.

It's all about giving thanks, Being grateful for what you have And who you have become.

Every year we celebrate, We come together And say some prayers.

We also hear once again, The story of it all And try to learn a little more.

Marily Karageorgiou (JH3/ESL)

"Thank You"

There is no way I can thank you, but there are a million reasons to do so.

I'm willing to do anything to please you

And my gratitude will always be shown.

In the difficult times you helped me And offered me the will to survive. The memories that made me happy, I hope I can always revive.

Thank you for trusting me, Thank you for showing me the way, Thank you for showing people That by being united, there's always a way.

Alexia Bitsaxi (JH3/ESL)

Thanksgiving is for us who believe In God, freedom, and love.

The day is blessed With homes filled with gifts.

Since life is brief, enjoy its treats.

Christina Spanoudi (JH2/ESL) Cathrine Adamopoulou (JH2/ESL) Myrto Efthymidades (JH2/ESL)

We travelled in the blue, days and weeks

Seeking a land wonderful, unique Over the sea, under the sky We counted for the days to go by. The days went by one by one Taking some of us up towards the sky. After weeks of traveling across the sea,

We spotted the land we were praying to see.

The people there were friendly and nice.

They gave us a place to stay Under the bright blue sky.

Thanksgiving, that's what it is!

Joanna Triantafylli (JH2/ESL) Anna Kyriazakou (JH2/ESL)

One day, years ago
I wandered through a valley,
I gazed up and down, left and right,
I gazed at the azure skySo different it is from my dark alley.

When suddenly I saw a little girl With glossy ebony hair Playing with the daffodils that danced in the air.

My, I wanted to be aloneI was not in the mood for the young heart's glow.
Her issues – in contrast to mine –
Were as thin as tissues.

A loud foghorn echoed from the distance
Followed by a light whimper.
I gave a glance at the little girl.
She suddenly seemed long lost in her pensive thought.
Her pale pretty face filled with tears And I understood that something was wrong.

I approached her with small light steps And kindly patted her hair with my hand. When I asked with half my heart She answered simply in her shaky voice

That her beloved mother in the sea was lost.

Then all my problems vanished in thin air.

And like Sam-I-Am
With the green eggs and ham.
I realized that you should not judge
Before you know the facts.

Eugenia Magiakou (JH3/ESL)

The Road to Heaven

He walked and walked On a fierce road, He searched and searched For his beloved son.

Nowhere did he seem To find Jack, But the loss of light Didn't keep him back.

He searched and searched Everywhere, He would have gone Anywhere.

Then found a man That led him there, Like Rumpelstiltskin Who defrauded the girl.

A deal was made That was deeply cruel, But deep down He was not a fool.

He had found his way To his beloved son, He was now in heaven With his lovely Jack.

Natalie Fassoi (JH3/ESL)

My Journey

During my journey of life I will never give up, but always try To accomplish every goal I set And never let an opportunity pass me by.

I will never show fear But without fraudulence I'll "fight" Whether my goal is far or near.

And even if I fall down
On the coldest ground
I'll still be able to see the wrinkling
of the divine sun
Which will fill my heart and soul
With even bigger dreams and hopes.

I should never overestimate myself Or underestimate others But always have lofty and wise thoughts Because I'd never want to be in the rabbit's place Who ended up losing to the tortoise.

Angelos Foulis (JH3/ESL)

Open Sesame!

She was devastated, Her fate changed that night, And the divinity of life – Was no longer in her sight.

She searched in the depths of her soul.

But only vacancy could be found, Only the soldier in her nightmares Could discover her voice's sound.

He fought with uncertainty at first

But climbed the hills that ringed her world,

He shouted at her heart "Open Sesame"

And found the precious gold inside.

Alexia Birsaxi (JH3/ESL)



If you're young or if you're old, If you're poor or if you're rich, You should keep climbing up the beanstalk.

If you're mad or if you're sane, If you wander or you know your way,

You should keep climbing up the beanstalk.

If you're brave or not so brave, You should keep climbing...

You will see the coins and the golden eggs.

The magic hare, or just the beanstalk And if you see the Giant, don't be afraid

The divinest harmony will at last prevail.

Aris Konstantinides (JH3/ESL)

Waiting and waiting patiently
Wandering and wondering
What has gone wrong
And it hasn't been found for so long.

Every night we go to sleep Like once upon a time A sleeping beauty did And dream of things We might just find In places out-of-sight.

We wake up in the morning And pause for just a while To think of what we dreamt of And what we can now find.

Marily Karageorgiou (JH3/ESL)

A day to give thanks
This one special time of the year
Family, friends, love
Thanksgiving is gone
Everyone is stuffed and tired
Let's plan for next year...

George Metaxotos JH3 EFL7

Once Upon a Dream

Every night we go to sleep. We dream of what we want And think it's what we need.

Maybe it's already there

Bright sun all year long Sea in all the shades of blue The land of twelve gods

- Anna Louisa Spentzou/JH1ESL

ORATORY

As Thanksgiving approaches, I would like you fellow Americans to think about NOT what your turkey can do for you, but what YOU can do for your turkey! Imagine what it would be like munching on a crispy starfish limb, or even a crunchy crayfish? How about a wonderful wiggly worm? Why do I mention these three creatures? Because they have a duty to serve their country!

It is time that the "Turkey" should be recognized for decorating the dinner table every Thanksgiving since the days of the pilgrims, and for over 400 years sacrificing themselves for their country. For their honorable service they should be recognized as a national symbol.

As for you, my country men, you should consider eating another charitable animal for your Thanksgiving menu. There are several earth and sea creatures that would make a wonderful substitution and add a delightful variety to the Thanksgiving

dinner table without sacrificing them for good.

By this I mean that starfish, crayfish and wiggly worms have a miraculous ability to regrow each part and limb that you and I might munch on. Imagine this... SNIP, MUNCH AND GULP! MMMMM...—before you can utter the KFC motto," that was finger licking good! "another limb would grow back...

So, now can you see the advantages?

- Firstly, our beloved turkey goes into retirement being placed in the Thanksgiving Hall Of Fame.
- Secondly, the honorable turkey will be replaced by sea and earth creatures that can fill the hunger of people in a tasty and imaginative way.
- 3. Thirdly, no matter how many people show up for dinner you will never run out of food.
- Lastly, in this way you will become environmentally friendly and respectable and still satisfy your appetite without guilt... and

of course the animal protection societies will not be after you...

In conclusion, all animals, just like people must serve their country. Turkeys have kept the tradition of Thanksgiving going for over 400 years. Now it is time for other sea and earth creatures to represent and serve the Thanksgiving tradition as well. After all, who would want to eat the same dinner every year for 400 more years?!

Alexandros Chatziathanassiadis

JH2 ENL 11/11/12

Oratory on the First Thanksgiving

Have you ever experienced the feeling of approaching the frontiers of the unknown, encountering uncharted territory, surviving some of the most harsh and unwelcoming circumstances and yet emerging victorious? This array of hostility from both nature and Man, for the past six months, I have

experienced, and, at last, after the unsparing mania of that time, the lavish majesty of God has been revealed.

Little did I know when I embarked upon first mesmerizing voyage to the New World that the endeavor to establish a new life would be proven so harsh. Indeed, the first difficult circumstances were revealed to us through the antic rage of the weather, which caused great suffering to us Unfortunately, the obstacle constituted a mere foreshadowing of what we were about to encounter. And neither the number obstacles, nor their force would be diminished, nor undermined in the future. Arriving in November at Cape Cod, New England, I encountered one of the most disquieting scenes of my life so far: A white, unwelcoming, ... blanket of snow, scenery to encouraging us

immediately depart from this place ...

However, God once again armed us with His aid invaluable and with persistence and determination, we soon adapted ... and therefore, our mere accumulation of seven humble houses, yet one of the most soothing places in the whole universe where we could freely revere God the way we desired, without hindered being bureaucratic laws or the fury of the papal supporters. A place, compared to Heaven, where we could flourish and prosper....

This was the refuge which, during the fury of winter constituted our only encouragement, support a buttressed by the Wampanoag invaluable aid, specifically who Squanto's, a man comprehended English to a certain extent, enough to help and assure the suspicious and hostile tribesmen in the

beginning of our friendly intentions. Their help in providing food supplies, support and techniques for harvesting and fishing was proved unparalleled. Despite their aid, however, almost half of our colonists departed from life as a result of Nature's rage.

Once again, due to our Governor Bradford's sublime wisdom, we survived once again the heartlessness nature, and thus, Governor decided to celebrate a year after our encounter with ultimate despair and melancholy, the buoyancy of a successful harvest. Indeed, it constituted one of the most ostentatious, lavish feasts. Wildfowl, venison, corn and pumpkin, abundant in our table, ornate were meticulously prepared. Four days before, William Bradford neighboring invited the **Native** Wampanoag Americans, who, after being forcibly quelled due to initial

hostility, presented a friendly stance. Therefore, collaborating, became we capable of acquiring knowledge of astounding and importance, we characteristically showed our gratefulness. As our Governor wittily remarked: "Twas good entertainment for us all". I was brimming with euphoria. A feeling of elation penetrated my whole being and unparalleled sentiment of sanguinity became almost inherent in our Colony.

The Thanksgiving feast constituted one of the most sagacious decisions of our people, as it symbolized a new age of ... prosperity. In fact, I maintained from the beginning the impression that God wanted to test our faith, our will to survive, emerge once again triumphant armed with our two uncompromising weapons: faith tenacity. and And indeed, we did so.

Sioufas Konstantinos, JH 2ENL