

*Fairplay*

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# The Punchline

THE PSYCHICO COLLEGE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT MAGAZINE



HELLENIC AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION  
ATHENS COLLEGE—PSYCHICO COLLEGE

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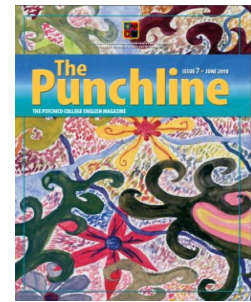
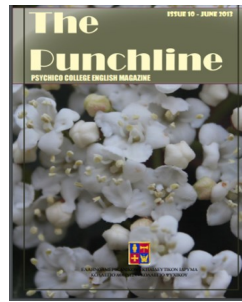
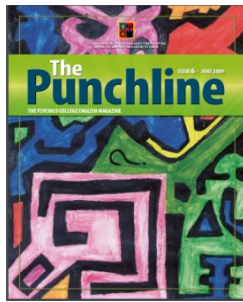
The English Department teachers at Psychico College who inspired their students and enthusiastically contributed to this year's issue.

About the cover

Artwork:

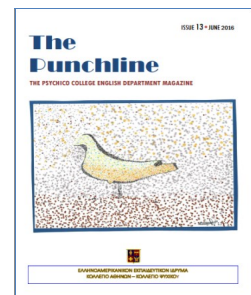
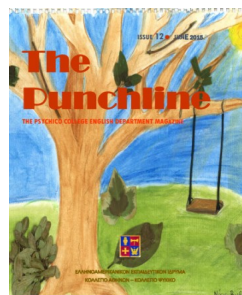
The contribution of the College to Athleticism and Physical Education was the emphasis of this academic year.





Have you ever wondered what happens to all those well-written, inspiring, thought-provoking pieces you write? Your teacher reads them, maybe a couple of classmates too, maybe some are displayed on your classroom walls-until the end of May. After receiving so many words of praise and positive remarks from your teachers, where do they end up? For fourteen years, little treasures produced by Psychico College Junior High School and High School English students have been carefully collected in *The Punchline*. They are preserved there forever, displayed on our digital walls for all to enjoy. Each issue is a journey through different views, poems, stories, and artwork. Every year, we are proud to publish our students' work, granting them the permanence they deserve.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Enjoy *The Punchline*!





# IMPORTANT ATHLETES

## Who Deserves the Sportsmanship Award?



Didier Drogba

An athlete I really admire for his determination is Didier Drogba. He is a famous ex-footballer that used to play for big clubs such as Chelsea and Galatasaray. Most people admire him for the dozens of amazing goals he has scored, but what is truly incredible about Drogba is what he did off of the football field. He created the Didier Drogba Foundation in 2009 which helped build five hospitals in Ivory Coast, his very poor West African home country. Those hospitals helped hundreds of people, especially children with serious health problems. Didier Drogba has now ended his amazing career and many people, including myself, consider him to be a sportsman worthy of our admiration.

Vassilis Vontitsos  
HS1

Jesse Owens

Jesse Owens is an athlete I look up to. He was an African American athlete who won four Olympic medals in 1936. He is one of

my role models, not only for what he achieved, but also for his determination and self-confidence that helped him win despite racism and discrimination.

Jesse Owens was born in 1913 and died in 1980. He achieved many things in the 67 years that he lived: he won four Olympic medals in 1936; he was recognized in the track and field sports of long jump and sprints - in which he broke 3 records; he was characterized as the best track and field athlete for many years. Jesse Owens' achievements were immense, but that is not the only reason I admire him.



Jesse entered the 1936 Olympics, which were held in Nazi Germany. Hitler hoped the 1936 games would confirm his belief that the German "Aryan" race was superior to all others. Jesse had different plans, as he became the first American track & field athlete to win four gold medals in a single Olympiad. He remains the best remembered Olympic athlete because he



achieved what no other Olympian has ever accomplished. During a time of deep-rooted segregation, he not only discredited Hitler's master race theory, but also affirmed that individual excellence, rather than race or national origin, distinguishes one man from another.

Jesse lived in a world of racism toward African Americans. However, he trained hard and was completely focused on his training. He was determined to be the best and he loved sports. He learned not to care about other people's opinions and tried to prove them wrong by his actions. This trait is the reason why I admire him the most.

Jesse Owens was a successful athlete with great determination and passion for what he was doing. That is why he will never be forgotten. He will always be an inspiration for young athletes who have set goals in their lives.

**Maria Konstantinou**  
HS 1



Andy Roddick

Sport is at its best when played fairly and when there is respect between opponents. You will not find an athlete more competitive than Andy Roddick, but during the 2005 Rome Masters he also showed remarkable sportsmanship and respect for his opponent and the game. In his third round match against Fernando Verdasco,

Verdasco faulted on his second serve. The linesman ruled the serve out of bounds, which gave Roddick the victory, but Roddick showed the judge that the ball was actually in and the decision changed. Verdasco went on to win the match and Roddick was eliminated from the competition. Verdasco later thanked Roddick and called him a great sportsman. Even though he had lost, Roddick was congratulated by everyone after the match. However, he still managed to have an amazing tennis career. In my opinion, Andy Roddick deserves the sportsmanship award as this act of honesty has helped young athletes realize what is truly important. Finally, sportsmanship is also integral in the context of athletics in order to make the experience of playing sports more pleasant for everyone involved.

**Nick Nikolopoulos**  
HS 1



Lauren Hill

I believe that the sportsmanship award should not go to a famous player. It should be awarded to a brave girl who died of cancer and touched many people around the world with her courage and spirit.

Lauren Hill played basketball for Mount St. Joseph's women's basketball team while she battled with a form of incurable cancer. She used her position as a basketball player to raise awareness about it. Lauren called

for more funding in the fight for a cure and even raised money herself. As time went by, this brave girl continued to play even though her health was getting worse. She would often lose her balance, but would continue playing.

Sadly, Lauren died at the age of 19. Her teammates and coaches remember her by using her own inspiring words. She taught many to believe that life is a blessing and



that every moment is a gift. Her bravery and strength continue to inspire many people who have heard her story. Many celebrities and famous athletes were touched by her story. All in all, Lauren Hill was a true athlete.

**Sophia Terzaki**  
**HS 1**

### Bethany Hamilton

Can you imagine how difficult your life would be if you had only one arm? For Bethany Hamilton, it is a way of life. She once said, "People can do whatever they want if they set their heart to it and never give up and just go out there and do it." That is how she lives her life. She is determined and never stops trying.

Bethany grew up on one of the Hawaiian Islands and started surfing when she was a toddler. The moment her parents put her on a surfboard, she instantly became a surfer. She was dedicated to the sport and at the age of thirteen she won second place in the Women's National Championship. Because of her talents, many surf companies decided to sponsor her.

However, what happened on October 31st, 2003 changed Bethany's life forever. It was a normal "before-school surf training" when the accident occurred. While she was relaxing on the surfboard and had her left arm hanging in the water, a shark viciously attacked her and took a large bite out of her arm. Suddenly, the water around her became red. Her friends helped her to get to the shore. They used a T-shirt as tourniquet in order for her to stop bleeding and called an ambulance.

Bethany tried to surf again just three weeks later - this time with only one arm. She used a special surfboard made for her, in order to get the perfect balance and standing positions, now that she had only one arm. She had to relearn how to surf and develop new techniques suited for her condition in order to succeed. Two months later, she returned to competitive surfing and managed to win the same national championship that she had won the previous year. As a result, she won a place on the national team.

The way Bethany Hamilton has lived after the accident has inspired and motivated many people to overcome difficult challenges or disabilities in their own lives.

She views what happened to her as an opportunity to help others overcome their struggles. She has visited soldiers, who lost limbs during battles in Iraq and she is a member of World Vision, a



group that fights poverty around the world.

Finally, not only is she the world's best surfing champion, but she has also become a role model for many people, including myself.

Spentzou Danae  
HS 1

### Dimitris Diamantidis



In my opinion, the sportsmanship award must be given to Dimitris Diamantidis, a Greek basketball player who retired last year. He played for Panathinaikos for more than 10 years, even though he had many offers from other European teams and the NBA. As a member of the Greek National Team, he won Eurobasket in 2005, the tournament among all European countries and was a member of the team that beat the USA in 2006 in MundoBasket. Moreover, he has won many titles with Panathinaikos and has been awarded with the *Most Valuable Player Award*, the *Best Defender Award* and *First Team of Euroleague*. In addition, when he retired last year, during his last game, the officials of Euroleague awarded him for his contribution to the league and put him on the list of tournament legends.

He was a player that scored but he also played great defense and gave a lot of assists so other players could score. He was very generous because even though he was the captain of Panathinaikos, he called

other teammates to lift the trophy together. Diamantidis is a humble and modest person. Despite his amazing achievements, he has never been arrogant or egotistical. He never says much about himself or his talent, but he always praises his team as a whole.

George Tsagkanos  
HS 1



Psychico College Art Classes—Student  
Work



# THE 78<sup>TH</sup> DELTA PRIZE SPEECH COMPETITION

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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, he 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 outstanding female personalities in 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:**

- Ariadni Kertsikov IB2
- Dimitrios Maroudas IB2
- Alexandra Nika IB2
- Vassilios Sioufas HS3
- Olivia Tsoutsopidi IB2

*Congratulations to all the  
participants and of course to this  
year's winner:*

**Alexandra Nika**

Her speech is on the next page.



## *Commitment to the Gift of Life*

Ladies and gentlemen, fellow students,

The athletic stadium is teeming with bustling athletes and loud spectators. As I stand there and mentally prepare for my event, it seems that applause, cheers and the entire world itself is switched to mute. I do not even look at the competitors, for they do not matter; the challenging and beautiful thing about the high jump is that the only competitor on any given day is yourself. I remember the first time I ever saw that bar. The goal of jumping over it seemed unachievable and almost foolish. The crash mat on the far side is soft, but should you knock the high bar off, it falls with you and when you land together it is painful in a way that can either generate fear and disappointment or inspire a drive for success. A long time ago, I chose the latter.

Ladies and gentlemen, complexity is my signature. I view myself as embracing the diversity I see around me; I sense myself as becoming more and more diverse; I identify myself as a member of my country but also a member of the global scene, the global arena, the global track and field. Sport,

however, is not only about individual well-being, it is not only about all the invaluable opportunities the college offers us, it is not even only about feeling pride in one's country. Sport is also about our commitment to uniting our disparate, ever-changing, and converging world.

But, how can sport contribute to this world in flux? Ladies and gentlemen, the fire was born here in our home country, Greece. It was here in Greece that sport was first instituted with the Olympic Games in Olympia. It was here in Greece that the first Olympic flame stood as a symbol of peace; a seed planted in every soul reminding us that as this flame goes from hand to hand around our ever-changing world, it forms a thread that weaves all people together in a uniquely



mixed fabric, connecting us, uniting us. And lastly, it was here in Ancient Greece that the great minds developed theories about the intrinsic moral value of physical exercise. And as the great Socrates said “No man has the right to be an amateur in the matter of physical training. It is a shame for a man to grow old without seeing the beauty and strength of which his body is capable.”

I feel trained to find this beauty, ladies and gentlemen, because of the tools that this school has equipped me with. Physical education allows us to cultivate those habits of mind, body and spirit necessary for responsible citizenship in Greece and around the world. Physical education at the college has opened our eyes to sports we would otherwise rarely come across such as the javelin throw. My dear classmates, you all remember the day of the year when you wake up late, the day of the Delteia. Well, this day allows us, as Stephanos Delta once said, “to cultivate patriotism, fair play, honest character with physical and intellectual braveness necessary to face life’s challenges.”

Ladies and gentlemen, evidence of our ever-changing world is reflected in a change in our mindset, in our mentality; it is true that many of us seek

motivation to start exercising. But I also know that a great number of people around the world regardless of age, disabilities, workload or setbacks in life recognize the value of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Now, the facts about keeping fit are not scant! They are plentiful and support what Aristotle once said about eudemonia; it can only be complete when it holds a “double value”: educating both the mind and the body”. This is commitment to the gift of life!

*“Sometimes, the most inspirational moments do not involve medals at all.”*

Ladies and gentlemen, my desire to commit to physical activity and light my own flame in the area of track and field was bolstered after the Olympic Games in Rio de Janeiro. Sometimes, the most inspirational moments do not involve medals at all. Nikki Hamblin and Abbey D’Agostino finished last in the 5000m race after one offered aid to the other following a mid-race fall! Ladies and gentlemen, I have come to praise these women who have conveyed a powerful message of extending our hand to help those in need, of transcending self-interest, of joining our



forces to promote the ideology of solidarity amidst diversity, of showing respect and commitment to the gift of life.

Let us also praise the Refugee team in the Olympics, which sent a powerful message of hope to refugees all over the world. Let us take their participation as a sign that, despite the unimaginable tragedies they have faced, they are resilient and have returned to contribute to society through perseverance and the power of the human spirit. Undoubtedly, these are invaluable lessons for us all.

Ladies and gentlemen, Natalie Du Toit serves as a paradigm of overcoming adversity and springing back into the arena of life. A South African Paralympic Swimmer, Du Toit, at 17 was hit by a car while riding her scooter to school. The amputee was back in the pool three months after the accident. Du Toit was unstoppable: we are unstoppable. Champions are not made in gyms. Champions are made from a fire burning within them — a passion, a dream, a vision. And gold medalist, Du Toit, is an inspiration for us, the youth, to reach for our dreams.

Let us view sport, ladies and gentlemen, as a means of inspiration and connectivity. While it is true that

our diverse, ever-changing world is in a state of turmoil, sport is that one, strong presence in life that can help unite it. While the phoenix has to die before it can be reborn, sport is ever-present, laying the foundation for the rebirth of the world of the future, of the 21st century and onwards!

Thank you.

**Alexandra Nika**

**IB 2**



Psychico College Art Classes—Student Work

# STORIES

## A Fable

inspired by John Boyne's novel, *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*

Once, there was a flower and another – a rose and a burr. The rose was wearing red, the color of a burning fire, while the burr was dressed in pointy, fierce edges. The rose was so pretty and anyone passing by the valley would stop and admire its entrancing beauty. The burr, however, gained no love... nobody paid any attention to its existence and, if they did, they made hateful comments about its ugly appearance, aimed at its roots like arrows and hurt it. The two flowers never spoke. They were not allowed to. A large conflict had broken out between the two colonies of plants due to major differences, and thus, they were unable to be together as one. However, this was about to change when the two flowers, rose and burr, began to speak. It all started on a wonderful, sunny morning when the rose noticed tears streaming down the burr's eyes. The rose approached it and in a low, soft voice it asked what was wrong. The burr raised its head slowly and wiped away its tears, surprised by the rose's concern.



"I'm ugly," it said, "Nobody likes me and no one ever will."

The rose thought for a while and then said, "I think you are beautiful and you seem like an amazing plant. I wish I looked fiercer and that people didn't cut my velvet-like petals. I wish I didn't have to hold my breath every time someone brushed their fingers on my spine and petals, afraid that my journey in life will soon reach its end."

Confusion surrounded burr's mind. It came to the realization that being pretty and getting attention was a curse rather than a blessing. It now felt relieved, and knew that having a luxurious appearance was of no importance, but what truly mattered was the heart, the roots, the willingness to help and be there for your fellow plant. The little flowers became best friends ever since and found themselves wondering why the two colonies didn't get along, since the only differences they had were based on appearance. They decided to take action.



Rose and burr contacted the wind and asked him to blow with all his might, and so he did. The force of the powerful, cold, refreshing wind created a strong wave that intermixed all of the roses and the burrs. They all had no other choice but to talk to each other. Soon after, the tension stopped and they all realized there was no point in living separated. Beauty is found in diversity. Being unique together is better than being unique alone. Rose and burr finally brought peace to the valley. The wind had now stopped and the sun shone once again. Once there was a flower and another. Once there was a rose and a burr. Once there was a valley.

Moral: No difference in appearance or belief is strong enough to come between people (plants).

Melissa Apostolou  
JH2

## Modern Fairytale: The Girl and the Dog

Once upon a time, there lived a family of two, a mother and her 15-year-old daughter, Linda. Sadly, Linda's father was killed in a car accident about three years earlier, which was the one thing she could never accept. Her mother kept trying to make her laugh by telling her funny stories and playing games with her, but she still wasn't satisfied.

One day while they were driving home from school, Linda asked her mother if she could buy a pet puppy to accompany her. She thought it would be just the right animal for her. Her mother was happy that Linda was excited about something and because she always wanted to please her, she assured Linda that the following day, they would go to the pet shop and adopt a puppy.



As soon as they drove home, Linda immediately started thinking of the color and the breed of the puppy she wanted. It was a Friday night and she was really tired, so as she was dreaming of her puppy, she fell asleep.

She was very anxious for morning. When she eventually woke up, she got ready to leave as fast as she could, to go to the pet shop with her mom. During the drive there, she made her mother dizzy with all of the talk about the puppy. When they arrived, she saw so many more dogs than she had visualized. There were all kinds of dogs. Dogs with little



hair and others with no tails – dogs she had seen before and some she hadn't. Her favorite one was a white puppy with dense hair and a small wiggly tail. After that, she moved onto the back of the shop, where the rescued dogs were kept. That was when she saw the perfect one. It wasn't a very good looking dog. Instead, it was a rough looking, injured dog that looked rather lonely and depressed. "I would love to have this one, mom!" she exclaimed.

"Are you sure this is the one sweetheart?" her mother said, confused.

"I am one hundred percent sure he will enjoy his time with us!"

The reason behind her choice was personal. When her father was hit by a car, nobody had stopped to help him. He had to drag himself across the pavement until he died from bleeding too much. On the other hand, Linda wanted to take care of the puppy which needed someone's help and to treat him like she treats her family. They bought the puppy and slowly walked home, because it wasn't easy for him to walk, due to his bad condition.

"What are we going to call him, mom?" asked Linda.

"Linda, I believe the most appropriate name for him is Marley, the same as your father," she replied with tears in her eyes.

Suddenly, the dog sparkled for a glimpse of a second, which was enough for Linda to notice, despite the sunset outside.

"Mom, did you see that?" she screamed, "Marley sparkled when he heard his new name!"

"Honey, I think you are a bit too excited. I'm sure it was just the reflection of the sun," she sighed.

**T**hey kept the puppy for a long time. They took care of it and treated it as a part of their family. They took it to the vet every month to keep it as healthy as possible. Linda and her mom developed a very strong relationship with Marley and always had him by their side in case he needed some assistance. During that time, Marley had sparkled once more.

"I am not telling mom. She will think I'm crazy. She will not believe me," she thought.

Surprisingly enough, the dog disappeared one night, while the two women were sleeping. This was when the third and final sparkle happened, which was the most obvious of them all because the lights were turned off. Sadly, Linda and her mom were both asleep and didn't get to see the sparkle.

The next morning, Linda's mom woke up early because someone was repeatedly knocking on the door and ringing the doorbell. When she opened the door, she saw something magical! She saw Marley! No, it wasn't the dog, but was the real one – Linda's dad. She hugged him and immediately welcomed him into the house.

He had transformed into a dog when he died, and he was found by the pet shop owner, bleeding on the side of the road. He narrated his story and expressed all of his feelings. He had a perfect memory of Linda and their past adventures, and they lived happily ever after.

**Dimitris Tzilalis**  
**JH1**

## Freedom

It was a beautiful spring morning. It was still dusk, so the sun hadn't fully come up yet and the atmosphere contained all kinds of colors at this time of day, from the deep blue of the sea to the light pink of a rose, to the rich yellow of breaking dawn. Through these colors, she rode on. She grabbed onto the horse by its amazing golden mane, but not because Jane was afraid of falling off, but because she didn't want to get off. Whenever she was riding, she felt free and carefree. But there it was, the sound of her father calling her back into the castle.

"Jane!" his voice echoed through the valley and reached her ears in a matter of seconds. As she rode back to the palace, her heart sank remembering what she was going back to: Alec, the prince of the neighboring kingdom and also Jane's future husband. She despised him and thought they were both too young to marry, but the prince didn't quite agree.



"There you are, sweetheart," the prince said, smiling his devious smile. He grabbed her by the wrist and sank his fingernails deep into her hand. She didn't have enough time to pull away from him, as he took a step closer to her. Jane pushed Alec away from her and rushed to her room, slamming the door behind her.

She was now riding. The sky was still that big mess of colors, just as she had last left it. The only time she was truly happy was when she escaped reality and entered her carefree world. She looked up towards the window. Jane's eyes became watery as she stared at it and wished there was something she could do to change her fate. "But things don't happen if you just make a wish," she thought, while a tear escaped her eye and rolled down her cheek, onto her beautiful silk dress.


The wind became stronger and started whistling. The clouds became lighter and a beam of sunlight peeked through them, as a dark figure emerged. Jane carefully watched the figure coming closer and closer. Its shape was the oddest scene she'd ever seen. It looked like it had wings, but it wasn't a bird. It seemed to have the body of a lizard but the claws of a lion. Jane's heart raced while the creature soared through the sky. Suddenly, in the blink of an eye it was gone. She searched the sky, confused as ever. It couldn't just be gone...

"Down here!" a little voice whispered. Jane looked down and stumbled back when she saw the creature she had just seen in the sky in her room. But it was so small!

"What are you?" she tried to say.

"I'm your guardian dragon," the guardian dragon said. It was strange because it was so real, but it couldn't be true.

"What..." she mumbled. "That's ridiculous, dragons don't exist-" she paused and realized she was actually talking to one, but smiled at it. For some reason, the dragon was her wish. She didn't know how or why but she just did.

or the next few days, the small dragon followed her around everywhere and Jane actually liked it. It wasn't hard for her to hide him, for the dragon was surprisingly invisible to everyone else but her. What she didn't know was how bad that was. One day, when Jane was in her room and talking to Dragon, a guard walked by and overheard her talking to herself.

The next morning, the guards came into her room and took her to the prince.

"Get off me!" she demanded. The prince squinted his eyes and grinned.

"Well, isn't this surprising," he said in his hideous sarcastic tone. "The little princess has finally gone mad. I thought this day would never come..."

"Excuse me?" she said breathing heavily.

"Please," Alec mocked, "I have guards all over the castle, telling me everything you do. Once my guards told me about the little conversations you were having by yourself, I understood you were insane." He laughed that devilish laugh. But Jane couldn't understand. She never spoke to herself, this was nonsense. Unless...they couldn't see the Dragon! Of course.

"And now," the prince whispered, "it's too late." The guards clenched Jane by her hands and legs. It happened so fast she didn't have enough time to scream. They threw her into a small room on the top of the tallest tower. Jane burst into tears as her body smashed onto the porcelain floor.

"Get up," the little voice demanded.



“Why?” she sobbed. “It’s all ruined. I’ll be stuck here for the rest of my life. I wish I could just open the window and fly away.”

The dragon’s small eyes glimmered. “But things don’t happen if you just make a wish,” it said, quoting Jane. The dragon opened the window and flew out. She paused and looked down from the window, in agony. “Things don’t happen if you just make a wish,” she thought and flung herself out the window. The gravity pulled her down in rapid speed, but then it stopped. The dragon had grown and caught her. “You have to make things happen.”

**Thalia Gargoula**  
**JH1**



# POEMS



## *The Poet's Chair...*

Everyday while going out in the fresh air,  
I passed by the poet's chair.  
That is how they called it there.

Every time I walked by,  
I let out a deep sigh,  
thinking about whose the chair might be-  
There's no one sitting. Can't you see?

There's no label, there's no name,  
all the chairs looked just the same.  
I couldn't find who it belonged to. What a  
shame!

Why was it called the poet's chair?  
No one I knew wrote poems there.

Maybe it was destined for me!  
Maybe I should start writing poetry.

The poet's chair became all mine,  
as I sat thinking about rhyme.



I sat there for quite a long time,  
Writing the poem slowly line by line.

When I finished and read it through,  
it sounded like a bird's joyous tune.

And I knew from that moment on  
that this chair was made for me to sit on.

Ellie Vasiliou  
JH2



## *True Friends*

Through adversity we will endure,  
Because we have a friendship which is pure.  
Despite distance and time,  
We will remain friends for a lifetime.

Close or far apart,  
Our friends will always dwell in our heart,  
Making us see the sun,  
Even when feeling we're done.

Making us see the sun,  
Even when feeling we're done.  
Showing us the moon,  
When we're gazing at the stars.

Joanna Dimitropoulou  
JH2

## *Dreams Of Peace*

Colorful dreams spin around in my head  
when I comfortably sleep in my big, soft bed.  
I think of people that are all alone  
that don't have food, clothes or even a home.

Wonderful dreams fly in my head  
Filled with ideas of how to help and give  
So that people can peacefully and happily live.

Helpful dreams stick in my head  
I think of ways we all can care  
by donating food and clothes to wear.

Delightful dreams swirl in my head  
When I comfortably sleep in my warm, cozy  
bed.

I think if everyone thought like me,  
Imagine how nice the world would be.



**Panos Minetas**  
JH2



If safety is our home,  
Our growth, happiness, and love  
Then why is it like death,  
Full of fear and blood?

For me, blue calming sea,  
The relaxing breeze,  
The wild flowers of spring,  
And the forests filled with trees.  
This is how life should be.

**Daisy Nika**  
JH2

## *Our Home*

If land is our home,  
Our pride, warmth, and joy.  
Then why do we toy  
And destroy mother Earth?  
If air is our home,  
Our breath life and sky-dome.  
Then why do people die,  
And so many children cry?

If sea is our home,  
Our tranquility and peace.  
Then why so much plastic,  
Such oil spills and grease?



## *Peace*

Through years and years men go to wars  
They fight for land, for gold, for gods  
Although they may not have always known  
what they were really fighting for  
Bullets and bombs, fire and death  
that awful picture cuts our breath  
Let's find new colors to paint our life  
with peace and love deep inside...

**Konstantinos Gerogiannis**  
JH2



## *Mistakes*

We all make mistakes sometimes.  
But that's just human.  
There is a good reason why we are beings full  
of 'mistakes'  
because every one of us is unique in a beautiful  
way,  
and because we should learn to turn our mis-  
takes into a lesson  
not repeat them.  
But doing such a thing isn't easy,  
it takes time and practice that will leave you  
uneasy,  
but as all hard work,  
it will get a reward.

Phoebe Kainourgiou  
JH2

## *My Brother*

This is for my lovely brother,  
Who is always there  
When I'm having an argument with my moth-  
er,  
Who lets me enjoy his fluffy fur.

This is for my lovely brother  
Who is always there  
When I'm having an argument with my father  
Being my fight partner.

This is for my lovely brother,  
Funny fact is that  
When he hears the word 'cat'  
He runs towards his garden shack.



This is for my lovely brother,  
Who I know will never let me down.  
Though it won't be long with him away from  
town  
I will still try not to drown.

Christopher Kokkalis  
JH2

## *Somewhere In Between*



You stand at the edge of a cliff,  
High above the sea,  
And wonder with a sigh,  
The visions in the dark of light.

Dark and silence,  
Seem to be final,  
They keep whispering,  
To close your eyes and jump.

Why not just lie in the dark,  
And give up.  
Try to imagine that.

You can build a bridge  
Between light and dark.

Don't give up, stand strong  
Battle the demons in your soul.  
The dark may seem alluring,  
And the light less reassuring,  
For it must have failed your wish,  
For a life full of happiness and bliss.

Irene Petropouliadi  
JH2

## *If Only*

If Only  
People would stop desiring  
And be happy with what they own  
The world shouldn't be frightening  
And nobody would be alone.  
If Only  
Happiness was more than daylight  
And joy was a disease  
Our eyes would be able to see at night  
And peace would be endless like the seas.

If Only  
Everybody knew more than what was taught  
If never was turned to forever,  
Knowledge would be like silver and gold  
And passion would live more than ever.  
If Only...

**Chris Papakrivopoulos**  
**JH2**

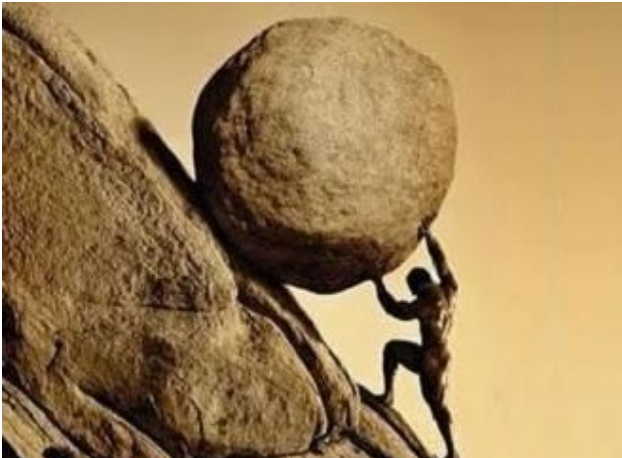
You need a shoulder to cry on  
And they don't even know you need someone  
to rely on  
That's exactly how you feel, when death might  
be near  
To a person you hold very dear.

But no matter how dark the night  
And no matter how painful the fight  
They will always be followed by dawn  
Therefore, you should always go on.

Don't let the vague darkness blind your eyes  
But your heart illuminate both beauty and lies.  
Don't keep life to yourself with greed  
But keep those memories you need.

**Nikoleta Avramidou**  
**JH2**

## *Never Give Up*



When things go wrong, and they sometimes  
will  
Like the road you're trudging is all uphill  
When there can't seem to be a bright side  
But you try to bottle it all up inside.

So when they ask you if you're okay  
"I'm fine" is what you say  
You work on a fake smile  
But your grin fades in a while.

## *Occurrence*

Success and failure: two different things,  
Two eternal foes,  
Glaring at each other,  
But which one is truly the best,  
To meet in our life's quest?  
Perhaps success, bragging and pride,  
Or maybe failure,  
Since you only fall,  
To rise again,  
Perhaps higher than before.

**Gerasimos Tsimaras**  
**JH2**

## *Snow*



We will know of snow,  
When winter brings at night,  
a beautiful, white sight.  
There is a chill in the cold, winter air,  
Snowflakes are falling everywhere,  
Christmas is near,  
So is the New Year,  
Bringing happiness and cheer.  
Snow brings,  
Many good things.  
Snow is white,  
Snow is bright,  
Bringing light,  
In the dark, winter night.

**Christopher Mitsakopoulos  
JH2**

## *Thank You*

Thank you Family for standing by my side  
Whenever I might need a guide.  
Thank you for giving me a loving home  
Which I can forever call my own.

Thank you Friends for just being there  
And always showing that you care.  
Thank you for sharing your time with me  
And helping me be the best I can be.

Thank you Teachers for showing me the way  
To become a better person day by day.

Thank you for taking the time  
To correct every mistake of mine.  
Above all, thank you God, for giving me all  
this  
And allowing me to live in such heavenly bliss.  
Thank you for this wonderful creation  
Which is evidence of your endless inspiration.

**Anonymous**



## *Thanksgiving*

The year has almost turned its circle  
As the seasons come and go  
We realize things we need to know  
With each day comes new beginnings  
With each new morning the darkness of the  
night passes  
Instead of living in the future or the past  
Try to live now and appreciate all the things  
you have  
So as the sun begins to set





Try to see the bright side because it will rise again  
 Instead of being envious of what others possess  
 Try to say a "thank you" every now and then  
 For all the little things you have  
 For your friends and family  
 Who give you love and a place to call home  
 So even if you're broken  
 Know that there are always things to be grateful for.

**Nicki Avramidou**  
**JH 2**

## *What happens to a dream that falls apart?*

Does it slowly disappear  
 like a passing shadow?  
 Or burn into your soul like evil fire -  
 and then it hurts?  
 Or does it dry up -  
 like desert dust?  
 Maybe it just melts  
 like snow under the summer sun.

Or does it erupt?

**Christine Panopoulou**  
**HS 1**

## *Dreams Deferred*

Deferring dreams is the worst thing.

Life is futile and  
 full of apathy.  
 It festers and rots,  
 with nothing to hold on to.  
 Your spirit dies, with no one by your side.

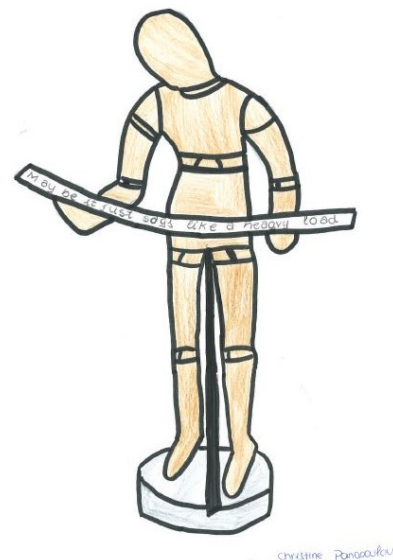
Life needs dreams to be alive!



**Dimitris Politis**  
**HS 1**

## *Reality → Dreams*

Every hour of the day  
 I dream of living  
 But for all I can say,  
 Reality is without meaning.



Life is like an empty room  
 Without lights and noise  
 Reality is tough and cold  
 Without any voice.

**Angelina Tseva**  
**HS 1**

## *The Words of an African American*

I am born as a slave  
my only dream is not to get hate  
nobody cares about what I have to say  
they care about themselves; they think they are  
so great

I am born different  
not like others  
this racism has to end  
but nobody bothers

They don't care about us  
we mean nothing  
it is pointless to act as  
we can't do anything to stop them from  
laughing

**Anonymous**

## *Still a bird*

A bird I longed to be  
Wings I prayed for  
Thought nobody would stop me  
My wings are broken now  
Walking is what I'll do  
Nobody can stop me.



**Petros Nikolaou**  
HS 1

## *Lost in Aleppo*



I hear the sound, a mark to our peace  
An airplane comes, the metal death is un-  
leashed  
In a moment, that is my house and all my  
dreams  
In another, that is my hell and my mother  
screams  
No, I don't want this, I want my life back  
A life with a hope that war won't come back  
Is it my destiny to live in this way?  
Or is it people that want me away?

**Tassos Theodossis**  
HS 1

## *The Pearl*

Breathe in  
Destruction falls upon their skin  
Their humble kindness being taken over by  
madness and hatred and scars  
Her dark eyes have stopped reflecting stars  
Fear runs down their spine  
Temptation becomes divine  
They turned their life into a living hell  
They broke their hearts so slowly  
All because of the pearl

**Zoe Asimaki**  
HS 1



## *The Door*

Go and open the door  
The light might come in  
And show you the way  
To a paradise you never dreamed of

Go and open the door  
It may be dark and silent outside  
But the street lights brighten the pavement  
And a car goes by full of happy people

Go and open the door  
Or life will stand still  
Goals and achievements will stay far away  
And you will regret not opening the door

**Chrissa Karagiannidou**  
**JH2**

## Student Poems Inspired by Maya Angelou's *Life doesn't Frighten me* *at all*

Clowns in the dark  
Strangers in the park  
Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Injured people on the ground  
Bad thoughts spinning around  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Nightmares in my head  
People's laughter towards me  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Ants on the wall  
Dead people down the hall  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Surgeries with blood  
Terrible hurricanes and floods  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Scary noises at sleepovers  
Darkness everywhere  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Life doesn't frighten me at all  
Not at all  
Not at all  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

**Elena Yiagou**  
**JH1**





Creepy noises down the hall  
Shadows on the second floor  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Strangers in the park  
Drunk people in the dark  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Scary clowns knocking on my door  
Spiders crawling on the floor  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

Criminals escaping from prison  
Many tests for no reason  
Life doesn't frighten me at all

I get in their way  
They fly away  
Life doesn't frighten me anymore  
Not at all, not at all

**Anna Kordellidou**  
JH1

I am good and bad,  
I am friendly and unfriendly.  
I am important and common,  
I am shy and sociable.  
I am happy and sad,  
I am confident and cowardly.  
I am brave and scared.  
Of the seven billion people on this planet  
I am, only me.

**Elisa Zelou**  
JH1

I am social and shy  
I am slight and large  
I am kind and unkind  
I am pleasant and unpleasant  
I am generous and greedy  
I am unique and usual  
I am free and dependent  
Of the seven billion people in this  
world, I am only me!

**Myrto Galetaki**  
JH1

I am confident and shy  
I am active and lazy  
I am brave and scared  
I am honest and a liar  
I am happy and sad  
I am respectful and disrespectful  
Of the seven billion people on this planet I am  
only me!

**Marla Gazi**  
JH1

I am good and bad  
I am brave and scared  
I am friendly and unfriendly  
I am happy and angry  
I am clever and stupid  
I am serious and hilarious  
Of the seven billion people on this planet  
I am only me

**Philip Velissarios**  
JH1

I'm bold and scared  
I'm positive and negative  
I'm mature and immature  
I'm confident and unconfident  
I'm usual and unusual  
I'm aggressive and digressive  
I'm happy and sad  
I'm funny and boring  
I'm honest and a liar  
I'm cool and mad  
I'm good and bad  
Of the 7 billion on the world I'm only me!

**Alexander Mathios**  
JH1





Manolis Papadeas HS1

## *Hope for the Best*

Each night, when I'm curled up in bed  
I think about the future that lies ahead  
I know there'll be moments when tears are shed  
But I hope for the best  
And put my mind to rest

Each morning when I arise  
And take a look at the deep blue skies  
I try to appreciate the joys of life  
Setting all of my difficulties to the side

**Anna-Maria Melou**  
**HS1**



## *Night Strangers*

People come and people go.  
Strangers in the night,  
Who have never met before.  
  
Love and rage, hate and crime;  
There are the ones,  
Who make the world divide.

Ages come and eras go.  
Footsteps on the sand we walk upon.

Fear of the strange, fear of the unknown.  
People walking by, never letting go.  
Strangers in the night, dancing all alone.  
But always to the beat someone set upon.

**Konstantina Galani**  
**HS1**

## *Love Against*

Against all odds, against all forces  
Against all storms, all floods, all quakes  
Against all things a war entails  
Love is what always prevails

Against all madness, against all sadness  
Against the terror, against the sane  
Against the callous, against the roughness  
Love is against the inhumane.

Against what stops us from achieving  
Against what's keeping us apart  
Against what leads the world believing  
That love has no place in our heart.

Against the shocked, against the stressed  
Against the mocked and the depressed  
Against the emotions that compress  
Love is to all of these against

**Marianetta Marouda**  
**HS1**

## *Where Did We Go Wrong?*

Gentle eyes, illuminated with memories  
A soft smile, haunted by the past  
A world tainted with...  
Where did we go wrong?

**Athanasia Kokkinogeni**  
**HS1**





## Student Poems Inspired by Emily Dickinson's Poetry

### *White Envelopes Fall From the Sky*

White Envelopes fall from the Sky -  
like Rain - on a sunny day -  
the Trees shake - their Branches warn -  
yet the creatures still - ignore -

A Lighting strikes upon the valley -  
Rain pours and rivers form -  
the White Envelopes revealed -  
confused creatures scatter upon the hill -

Athina Lorentziadi  
Eva Vitsaxaki  
JH1

### *Life is a Labyrinth*

Life is a Labyrinth -  
It has twists and turns  
but in a split second  
it could all Burn -

When you reach a Dead End -  
you turn Around  
and try again  
to find the End -

Katerina Loupassaki  
Maximos Kamaratos  
JH1



### *Trust is a Glass*

Trust is a Glass  
In an instant of distraction -  
When you follow the Dark  
And the Flame of the candle has Died -  
A moment of Controversy -  
when everything changes  
and the Glass has Broken.

Alexandra Kanellopoulou  
Mandy Alevra  
JH 3

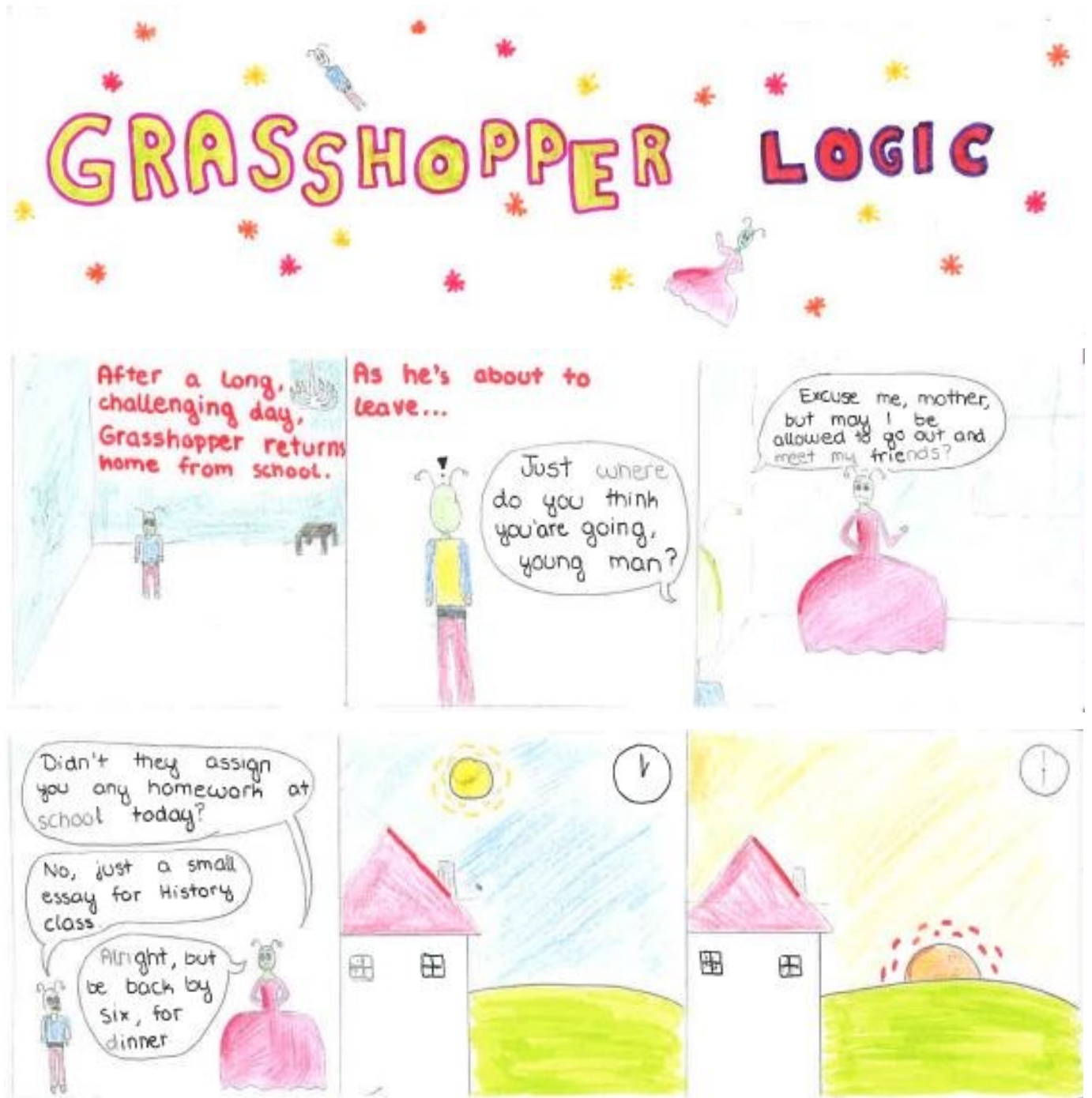
### *Tests are as cold as Winter*

Tests are as cold as Winter-  
White yet so Black-  
Sometimes Peaceful - Many times Not-  
Darkness prevails - chilling our shivering  
bones.  
Tremendous as it may seem the Truth is not to  
be Seen-  
Slowly approaching - with a Number that  
Rules-  
Some say it's Black-  
Some say it's Orange-  
But I say it's White-

Alex Capayiannides  
Andrew Grieco  
JH3



# FABLE COMICS



The Grasshopper kept his word and returned in time for dinner.



...but when he took out his homework...



he got quite a shock.



HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN ABOUT THIS ASSIGNMENT!?



I'm afraid I can't answer that...



THE

END

Moral: Do not procrastinate!

Thaleia Gargoula JH1 ENL1

One exquisite sunny day, the little grasshopper was returning home from school...



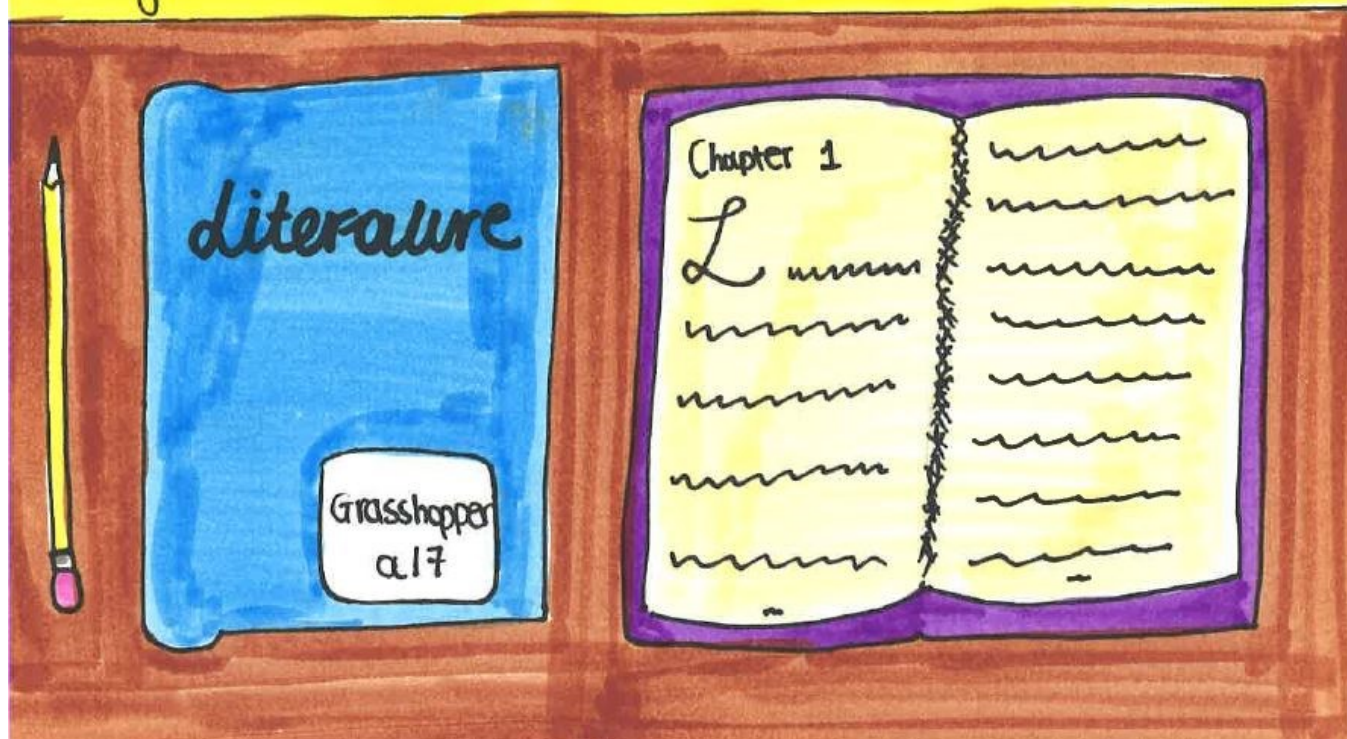








The little Grasshopper returned home delayed around seven thirty, exhausted. It went to its private room and got his books out of its backpack.





Mother Grasshopper read her son's assignment and became enraged. He had to re-write 12 Broadway musicals and create 7 enormous trees out of wood.







Iro Panagopoulou

JH1

## FULBRIGHT FELLOWS'

# WRITING CONTEST

The school year at the College is filled with traditions: the Delta, the Howland, the Three Hierarchs oratory competitions, the Paniyiri, the Delteia athletic competition... We are all aware of the prestige and the long history of these traditions, but we often forget that each of these staples of the College culture had to start somewhere. Luckily, we are all witnessing the birth of a new tradition at the College - The Fulbright Fellows' Writing Contest.

In its fourth year, the Writing Contest is enjoying increasing popularity among the student body. Split into two brackets, a 7th/8th grade bracket and a 9th/10th grade bracket, participants composed poetry, essays, diary entries and short stories as a response to the theme "Courage." Avoiding limitations on style or format is the Fellows' way of bringing out the writers' creativity.

This year's 9th/10th grade bracket winner, Yannis Markopoulos, said: "The Writing Contest contributes to students' education at HAEF because it brings out the creativity in students and motivates them to never stop trying to improve themselves academically."

The Fulbright Fellows have created music videos to promote the Writing Contest. Calliope Sazakli, this year's 7th/8th grade bracket winner said: "The video made participating seem more fun, which is important for kids our age." She also went on to praise the Fulbright Fellows for always adding something interesting and relevant to life at HAEF.

Here are this year's winning pieces:

### The Path to Success

Roses are red  
violets are blue  
becoming successful  
is up to you

What path you'll follow  
no one can guess  
alone you must find  
your way to success

It takes courage and passion  
and a power of will  
rise up and fight  
your dreams to fulfill

Determination is key  
if you want to succeed  
with a push of luck  
your limits you'll exceed

The Hall of Fame  
you don't have to reach  
to be the strongest  
or to be rich

Contentment comes  
in multiple ways  
know what you want  
and yourself you'll amaze

Never be scared though  
the bar to set high  
for human logic  
your skills may defy  
Roses are red  
grass is greener  
it's up to you  
to become a winner

To reach your goal  
you have to get started  
let go of your fears  
and don't be so guarded

Should life give you lemons  
just make lemonade  
troubles and difficulties  
you'll have to evade

To fall is accepted  
to cry is much probable  
to stay down, however,  
is unforgivable

Just keep in your mind  
you won't do this alone  
your friends will assist you  
with a ring of the phone

Your parents were there  
in all hard moments  
in your success  
they were vital components

No one in history  
was sure from the start  
But many, however,  
have found the right path

So rise up and shine  
find your path to success  
your true potential  
only you can guess

Yannos Markopoulos  
HS1





## *December 31st*

### *The Day Everything Changed.*

There she was on her bed, covered with the sheet, hugging her own legs, crying so hard she couldn't even breathe anymore. She was stuck in her own head with her thoughts. Bad thoughts. She had lost her whole world. Her entire family. She had only one person left, herself. She was alone and she was trying to accept it, but in reality she couldn't. No matter how hard she tried. She just couldn't.

Her parents and sibling had died in a car accident. The car had crashed on a bridge and then had fallen off of it. That place was where everyone had drowned. Her life as a nineteen year old girl who was just about to go off to university, explore and travel the world, discover her talents, and then create a family had changed too. Her life drowned with her family, along with all the choices she could ever make and all the chances she could ever take.

The loss and grief made her cut off so many connections, so many friendships. She was all alone in a world so depressing and dark, so unhealthy. She was suffering with a lot of issues like anxiety and depression. Every single day was like hell for her. The same boring schedule: wake up, eat, work, eat, sleep, repeat. She wanted to escape but she couldn't. She was stuck in her own time loop, the same thing everyday; yet it got harder every single time.

Then, during that moment of grief, curled up on her bed, a notification appeared on

her phone. That was when everything changed. She picked up her phone and read.

“Hey, it's Will, your next door neighbor. We're throwing a small party for New Year's. Wanna come over?”

Her first reaction was to say no. She couldn't ever go to a party, not just this one, but any party. It had only been a year since she lost her family. What would people think? That she got over it? No way. But then something, a feeling popped into her head. She liked the attention. Nobody had asked her to go anywhere. Well, nobody had asked her anything other than “Are you okay?” which she knew people asked out of politeness, not because they really cared. She liked the feeling of being wanted somewhere. Just a tiny bit of this feeling made her happy.

She got up, washed her face, chose a dress that, for the first time in a long time, wasn't black, and put on her fake smile. She exited the building and walked over to Will's. Sooner than she liked, she was standing in his living room and looking at three unfamiliar faces: a tall, thin brunette girl, a very handsome man about three years older than herself, and a normal guy about her age, with chestnut hair and deep blue eyes. And, of course, there was Will, a blonde guy she has known since she moved in next door the year before. They used to hang out a lot before the accident but they lost touch afterwards. Even though he tried to reach out to her, she had denied his help every single time.

“Sit,” Will said, pointing to the couch. “This is Hannah, my girlfriend, Denis, my

brother, and Charles, my friend.”

“Nice to meet you. I’m Jessica Bloom,” she said as she approached them, even though she was thinking that she wanted to return home already. She sat next to Charles, the blue eyed man. He smiled at her and she smiled back with a real smile. It had been a while since she had done that.

“Jessica, how have you been doing these days?” Will asked. There was a small, awkward pause before she answered.

“Everything’s been good. I’m still trying to get over the accident, you know. But, it’s been good.”

“Well then, we shall take your mind off of it for a while,” responded Will. He looked around the room and asked, “Now, who would like some wine?” Everyone nodded and he went to the kitchen to get glasses.

While he was gone, everyone shared their stories. She found out that Denis was working at a big company on Wall Street. Hannah apparently was a supermodel and met Will when he was the photographer for one of her shoots. Charles was a musician, a good one, he said. He performed at bars and other places. He played the piano and the guitar, and he sang. While Charles was speaking, Will entered the room holding four glasses of wine. He carefully placed them on the table near their seats.

He turned to Charles and said, “Prove it! I’ve got an old guitar in my closet somewhere... Hold on a second.” He rushed to his room. Jessica could feel Charles’ eyes on her. It was quite a strange feeling, but also a good one.

“Here you go!” exclaimed Will, handing Charles the guitar. He tuned the guitar and started to play and sing “All I want” by Kodakline. Oh, he sings so well. His voice is like an angel’s, Jessica thought.

“I love that song,” she said after he finished, looking into his deep blue eyes that made her feel so wonderful. They were like the sea. She felt like she could swim in them and get away.

“This is a sad song, you know,” he responded.

“Yes, and it’s also my favorite,” she said with a smile.

“Then I’ll play it again for you,” he stated looking into her eyes.

...

“...five, four, three, two, one. Happy New Years!” everyone shouted and hugged each other.

“How about a New Year’s kiss?” whispered Charles while he hugged Jessica. She nodded and before she knew it, his lips were on hers.

“Goodbye,” Will said to Denis as he left.

“I think it’s time for me to go as well,” Jessica said.

“Before you do, could I have your number? Please?” asked Charles. She smiled, took the phone he offered her and typed in her number. Afterwards, she returned home and lay in her bed. This time her thoughts weren’t horrible ones.

In the morning her phone rang. It was Charles. After some pleasantries, he asked,

“Would you like to join me for a picnic?” She agreed with a smile, even though no one was there to see it. She was happy, and that’s what was important. She was finally happy about something. She could think about something else besides her family. Just for a while, she could move on. He ended the call saying that he would be at her place at ten.

She got ready, even put on some make up. Something she hadn’t done in a while. Then she went downstairs to wait for him to arrive. She saw a car approaching and it was him. Charles got out of the car and opened the front passenger door for her to get in. As she walked towards the car, she started feeling anxious and sick, and began thinking that she couldn’t get into the car. She gasped trying to get more air. She leaned against the car and tried to breathe. Charles went to her and did his best to calm her down. After some time, her breathing was under control and she explained the situation to him. He listened carefully and found a solution.

“We will have the picnic right here,” he stated.

“Where? Here on the sidewalk?” she asked with a laugh.

“Yes, right here!” he exclaimed as he took out the picnic supplies and spread them on the sidewalk. Jessica smiled, surprised at how perfect the picnic was. She felt she could trust Charles with her feelings, something she needed to learn how to do again after losing her family. After some conversation, she asked if he could sing for her. His voice made her mind travel places. She

felt stable again. And so, she told him everything, ranging from her fears to her depression. She expressed how he made her feel free and she thanked him for that. He told her that there was nothing she had to thank him for. If anything, he should be the thankful one because he found a girl like her.

He gave her the courage that nobody else had given her before. He was like medicine for her; he cured her pain and helped her overcome her difficulties. They were perfect together and let nothing separate them. As years passed, they built a family together. Their children grew up and had their own kids. Jessica spent every second she could with Charles. They loved and helped each other until the very end. She knew that her parents were proud of her, wherever they were. She was proud of her life. She loved it, him, her children, and her grandchildren. Her story really did have a happily ever after.

**Calliope Sazaklis**  
**JH2**



# LIFE ON MARS

Students imagine what life on Mars could be like.

JANUARY 14, 2040

Dear Diary,

Yet another day passing by in the space station. I can't even recall how days became months and months bled into years. Life on Mars has been demanding but simultaneously breathtaking. Our pods are located on the east side of Mars, where all of the stars shine brighter than anywhere else on the planet. I focused my attention on the crops we have grown the past two weeks. The tomatoes, peas and rye have grown quite faster than expected, which means that the soil we chose was indeed fertile. Further away from the crops, I spotted the rest of the pods where astronauts were bustling about completing their morning routines.



Delighted to start yet another day on planet Mars, day 326 to be exact, I stepped out of my covers and neatly made my bed. I gently brushed my fingers over my family photo placed on my night stand and walked towards my closet. I got dressed, and headed out to fetch some breakfast. I was extremely disappointed to find out that the only food available was from the veggie machine. It didn't really whet my appetite, so I decided to pass on breakfast. I headed straight to the gym pod, as I do every morning, to work out. It always calms me down, helps me retain my serenity and keeps me sane. In addition, the workout increases my adrenaline and keeps me from losing my mind and lashing out on everyone on my team.

After the gym, I had some time to kill, so I logged on to my computer, and 45 minutes later I was looking at my sister's warm, precious smile. I told her I was really homesick, missing my life on Earth. Of course, she knew exactly what to say. "It will be okay," she explained in absolute confidence. "It will." Roughly an hour later after exchanging our latest news, we both said our goodbyes.

Then and there, I snapped back to reality, my sister's comforting smile fading away from my mind. I abruptly stood up and rushed to the common room to pick up on the day's assigned mission. Earth's headquarters had decided to select 10 recruits out of our group to travel to the other side of the planet and collect soil samples. My



eyes scanned the list of selected astronauts in haste, hoping that my name would appear. I was absolutely thrilled to see my name on the list, but kept my feelings to myself, and acted as discreetly as I could. I turned around, faced my teammates and commenced small talk to get to know them better. A few minutes later, our leader stepped in the room and, as usual, deafening silence spread across the room. Not a single movement, not even a blink of an eye. A few minutes later, we quickly put on our astronaut suits, specially sewed together to withstand the freezing temperatures. Our team assembled and we all followed our leader towards the exit of the pods. I was the closest member to the door so I stretched my arm out, entered the password and pulled the knob. The door didn't budge. It didn't move an inch...

JANUARY 15, 2040

Dear Diary,

I was shaking. My face turned bright red, and I could feel the sweat trickling down my neck. Shivers went down my spine and tension spread to every cell of my body. I pushed the door with all my might, but it wouldn't budge. Everyone started panicking. Our leader shoved me out of the way and forcefully pulled on the knob. Nothing. I rushed to the window and couldn't believe my eyes. There was a concussion of storms; sand was swirling violently in the air, demolishing everything in its path. I turned back and faced my team. We were all speechless, defenseless and unable to utter a word. Our leader stepped forward, pointed at me and said: "You, with me." I had no choice but to follow him. He slammed the door open, dragged me out of the pod and locked the door behind us. That was it. There was no turning back. We were outside, sand swirling everywhere, making me lose every sense of direction. The team leader, Commandant Derek violently grabbed my hand, pulled me in a rover and started driving. I looked back. The pods were now nothing but a small speck slowly disappearing in the storm.

Dear Diary,

It's now a few hours later. Commandant Derek has definitely lost his mind. We are lost, completely off course, the sky painfully black. The only sound that exists is the continuous beeping of our oxygen tanks which we both ignore. I look at the rover's GPS. It shows a red speck in the middle of nowhere. That red speck is us. I have lost all hope and well, Commandant Derek has lost his mind. He is mumbling, biting his nails, sweating and although it isn't obvious, he is silently screaming. Just like me. I decide to get my act together; I remember my sister's precious smile. That gives me strength; it gives me determination and the will to persevere. I stand up, close my eyes, and picture our path. I look up at the empty sky and finally, there it is. A bright star. I push Commandant Derek out of the driver's seat and take over. I follow the bright star, and thankfully it leads to



another. And another. And another. Now, there are a dozen stars in the sky, and the GPS is finally reconnected. We still have a long journey, low oxygen and a very slim chance of surviving. But I keep driving. I step on the gas and stay put. It will all be okay. It will. Trying to keep a positive mind, I look over at Commandant Derek. His eyes are closed. He is unconscious, barely alive.

JANUARY 16, 2040

Dear Diary,

I tried not to think about the unconscious Commandant sitting next to me. I kept my eyes on the road, my oxygen tank approaching zero. Finally, in the distance, I could see light. As we drove closer, my heart skipped a beat. It started racing. I could see the pods. Finally. We had made it home. I parked the worn down, completely demolished raven outside the common room pod, picked up Commandant Derek and slowly opened the door, where it all had started. I remembered the common room with dozens of astronauts blacked out on the ground from the sand-storm, in critical condition. I could recall the dusty, red sand swirling around covering every corner of the room, and furniture ripped out of the floor. But no, when I walked into the pod, with Commandant Derek on my shoulders, everyone started cheering. The pods were almost completely recovered, everyone was alright and



Commandant Derek had been taken to the infirmary to rest. But there was one thing... Earth headquarters never got what they wanted. The soil from the other part of Mars. The next morning, after a good night's sleep, I woke up and headed towards another rover with Commandant Derek who was surprisingly better than ever. I sat down, changed gears, and placed my hands on the steering wheel and my foot on the gas. Here we go again...

Maria Theohari  
JH2

Dear Diary,

I forcefully pried my eyes open, carefully taking in my surroundings, squinting at the blazing Sun and feeling as if it was slowly burning me to crisp, even through my ragged astronaut suit. My head was spinning and throbbing, like a forceful tornado shattering my skull, and my vision was blurry, red and orange combinations meandering in front of me. I tried to get up, but I fell. And I tried again and again but all I did was fall, and fall, and fall. Like a wild animal trying to escape from a cage, I flailed my arms and legs around, trying to get ahold of something, a helping hand maybe, something to help me break free of this living nightmare. My mouth agape and with eyes now widened, I tried to remember everything. My limbs were too stiff and my muscles too weak to function, so I decided not to exhaust myself too much for

now. I laid back down, propped up my head on my dusty backpack, closed my eyes, and the memories flooded my mind.



Dear Diary,

I remembered. I am stranded on Mount Olympus Mons. I'm confused and my mind is a jumble of facts and memories. I'm not quite sure of this but I think Mount Olympus Mons is three times the size of Everest and is located on the South-West, approximately an hour away from base. I remember the peaceful morning I left the common pod and set out on a mission to explore Mount Olympus Mons with my teammates. I remember skyping with my family the night before and I vividly remember their faces, their warm smiles and deep hearty laughs that still haunt my memory. I remember arriving, I remember the feeling of the sandstorm approaching, that feeling that still makes me shiver and the piercing scream of my teammate that still rings in my head, that tortures me day by day. I don't know why I survived, and my teammates didn't. I don't know how many days have idled away ever since I got here, I've lost track of time. Every day passing by seems like a century. Everything is the same and my life feels like a record on loop.

I don't miss life on Earth. No, life on Earth really isn't what I miss. Maybe it's my family that I miss, maybe my dog or a friend, maybe it's my favorite corner in my room that I'm nostalgic about. But life on Earth, as a whole, I don't miss. On Earth, I felt restricted. I felt like my success and my life were limited. Through the Mars 100, humanity and innovation take a step forward. I came here in search of an adventure, something that would make a good story. I came here for the excitement, the exhilaration of new ideas, the unknown, and the unusual. But, I guess I didn't know what I had signed up for. This is not what I had dreamt of, this is not what I had pictured.

Every morning I wake up at the crack of dawn, seek food and help, only to find nothing but hundreds of acres of dust and rocks. Sometimes, I feel like the rocks stare at me mockingly, reminding me of the situation I'm in. I have no one, no food, almost no water, and no hope. Sometimes when I walk, I feel like I step into an endless abyss of pure nothingness and sometimes it sucks me in, devouring every ounce of hope I ever had left. Other times, I lay awake at night, stare into the emptiness and wonder, when does this end?



Dear Diary,

It all ends today. I don't know what day it is, nor what time. I stare blankly at my surroundings, at the old familiar red and orange dust, silently saying my goodbyes. I close my eyes for a bit, my mind taking me back to a time when life wasn't as difficult and dreadful but I realize there's no point in thinking about that so I swiftly open my eyes and every thought of Earth and life vanishes as if it had never been. I lift my body off the ground and slowly begin walking towards a peak of Mount Olympus Mons that I can faintly see in the distance. As I walk slowly and silently, my mind is racing and my heart is pounding, ready to jump out of my chest. My hands are shaking violently and I think of my family back on Earth, how they probably miss me and how they'll never see me again. The thought of being here, being on Mars, makes me sick and I pick up the pace in order to get to my destination as quickly as possible.

I don't know how much time has passed but I've finally reached the peak. I am ready. Slowly and steadily I climb onto the rock and look down at the endless distance below. I take a deep breath and picture my family all together, smiling. Carefully I unzip and remove my helmet and I instantly feel like the air has been sucked out of my lungs. I forcefully shut my eyes, and leap. Then, everything turns black.

**Galini Goodhead**  
**JH2**



# ADVERTISEMENTS

Reading *The Great Gatsby* inspired HS2 History Through Literature students to recreate their own 1920's World's Fair advertisements. Take a look below.





# A&M

Promise her anything, but **GIVE** her A&M.

The original fragrance A&M contains skin-friendly, top quality ingredients with most of them being fruit juices. The basic ingredient that gives it, its iconic scent is the flower Jasmine. Every single product used for its creation makes the cologne long lasting so that it can live up to its name and last until the A.M. hours. Don't miss it! EVERY WOMAN WEARS IT AND EVERY GENTLEMAN BUYS IT FOR HIS LADY!

only for 10.99 \$

Don't let her be another brick in the wall!!

A&M: Designer Quality Fragrances. **NOT** Designer Prices!

Be impossible to forget

Dangerously sweet

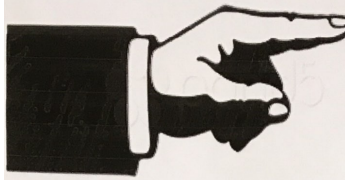
You'll get invited EVERYWHERE.

Every woman has two sides

A&M

Don't be just another brick in the wall





**GET TO  
PLACES NOW**



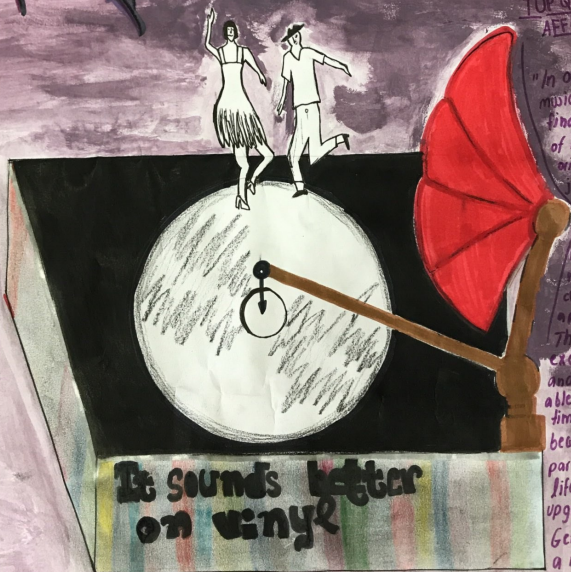
**TIME IS PRECIOUS  
AND SO IS YOUR NEW CAR**

**Ford**

Purchase popular records of  
different genres

"A new world -  
filled with jazz"

**Vinyl  
RECORDS**



**It sounds better  
on vinyl**

**TOP QUALITY -  
AFFORDABLE  
ENTERTAINMENT**

"In our brand new  
music store you will  
find a vast variety  
of records - with  
original songs - mainly  
jazz along with  
classic record  
players. A new  
way of entertain-  
ment and exploring  
culture that will  
appeal to your guests.  
The vinyls offer  
excellent quality  
and they are afford-  
able at the same  
time. Music will  
become an essential  
part of your everyday  
life and it will  
upgrade your mood.  
Get introduced to  
a new world of  
music, culture and fun!"

# Our young advertisers reveal their secrets!

Cecilia Sarantopoulou interviewed our talented marketing experts to discuss their advertising techniques.



## SUIT

### **Question 1: Why did you pick this specific product?**

We know that Gatsbesians want leaders who encourage growth. However, this would be hard to do if they initially lack the appropriate attire. By creating a suit, we instantly make Gatsbesia an island that can compete with the Western world. Our suit can also be worn on more casual occasions, which shows how upgraded this new product is.

### **Question 2: What advertising techniques did you use to present your product?**

At first we used a catchy slogan, one that would be sure to grab any person who came upon our advertisement. A celebrity recommendation was the second technique we used to persuade our audience. After being drawn by the slogan, we used a well-known celebrity to ensure the product's credibility to the audience. We have noticed that products sell much faster when a celebrity advertises them. Everybody wants to wear what celebrities wear.



## **CAMERA**

### **Question 1: Why did you pick this specific product?**

We primarily had a plethora of ideas; alcohol drinks, pots, and a camera. All are used to heighten one's everyday life, and we knew Gatsbyesians craved to do so. However, that is not the only thing a camera can do. It also keeps one's memories intact and alive. It is a well-known fact that with growth comes change, and the Gatsbyesians cannot change by continuing to work in the fields. Only through radical technological changes can the island finally wake up from its stagnation, and move forward into becoming a part of the Western world.

### **Question 2: What advertising techniques did you use to present your product?**

We thought that the most effective way to portray just how handy and essential a camera is in life is through a video. A video not only enabled us to show step - by - step how our camera worked, but also how a camera is used in everyday life. In addition to that, we had a catchy but profound motto advertising our product, "Never let your memories fade," a motto we are sure will not be forgotten.

**Cecilia Sarantopoulou**

**HS2**



# RESPONSIBLE CITIZENS

Students examine the quality of life and other issues in Athens.

## ***A City Without Disabled People?***

Are there any disabled people living in Greece? It seems like most Greek citizens don't know the answer or, even worse, they know it but they completely ignore it.



Of course there are, but they simply can't get out of their homes and circulate because the city sidewalks are not accessible to them. Many citizens park where they see the yellow sign with the wheelchair, or they leave their vehicle on the sidewalk or they block the ramps of public buildings. They simply don't care about the disabled whereas it is our obligation to respect them. It goes without

saying that these people are admirable because they manage to survive on a daily basis and do things that are extremely difficult. Today, as a country, we must find solutions that will improve the lives of these people. It is not impossible to limit the problem mentioned before. The police must be very strict and punish disrespectful citizens with a ticket.

John Karamitsanis  
HS1

## ***Stop Throwing Cigarettes On The Ground! Our Planet Is In Danger!***

Today, as I was coming back from school, I saw a large amount of cigarette ends all over town. I thought, "Why do people do this?" Well, those who throw cigarette ends on the ground do so because they genuinely don't see a problem with it. This, of course, has a serious impact on our environment. Cigarette end waste is a socially unacceptable form of littering in an increasingly environmentally-conscious

world. The situation can be improved if the government takes a series of measures, such as an 80 euro fine for dropping a cigarette end on the road.

Nick Nikolopoulos  
HS1

## **Athens: An Accessible City or a Living Nightmare?**

Like most big cities around the world,



Athens is full of pedestrians and people enjoying the outdoors and what this city has to offer. Unfortunately, it is not well-designed to accommodate disabled people. Things that the rest of us take for granted, like crossing the street, can be a headache for those in wheelchairs. Most buses lack special lifts for wheelchairs and there are barely any ramps for disabled people to access buildings. These are real challenges for people who are already restricted in their daily lives. It is also frustrating that these people put their lives in danger by having to use the roads along with cars and motorcycles. Finally, we often see cars blocking ramps making it nearly impossible for disabled people to use them.

City planners and architects should consider these issues more carefully, but the problem does not only lie with the city's design, but also with the indifference of its people. People with disabilities would love to be more mobile and independent, but we often prevent them from doing so. Only if we change our mentality and show some compassion will we make this city accessible to everyone.

Sofia Terzaki  
HS1

## **Even Nature is Smoking Now!**

What really bothers me in my city is the sight of so many cigarette ends on the ground. Everywhere I look, I see multiple cigarettes thrown, as if the town was a huge ashtray. Cigarette ends on the sidewalks, on the roads, on the beaches, cigarettes are literally everywhere! Unfortunately, many people lack respect towards their fellow citizens, their country, and, above all, Mother Earth.



In my opinion the only way this problem can be solved is to forbid smoking in public places. Smoking harms people and kills nature.

George Zafirakis  
HS1

## **Graffiti: Vandalism or Art?**

A couple of days ago, as I was walking down my street, I noticed a building covered with graffiti next to my house. This used to be part of a house that is now demolished. It was obscene, offensive, and certainly disrespectful.

Sadly, in Greece nearly every wall is spray-painted. It has got to the point that even public transportation vehicles are vandalized. These actions force the Government to spend public money that could have been used, for example, on road maintenance.

Fortunately, there is an easy solution to this problem. The government should create art designated areas, such as bridges and playgrounds, that can legally be decorated with graffiti. There, young artists with talent can show their potential to the world, without disobeying the law or trespassing and destroying private property. In this way, we can all enjoy a cleaner, more beautiful city in the near future.

Filippos Oikonomopoulos  
HS1

## **Art or Eyesore?**

Some people consider art as a form of expression. In the case of graffiti, though, it

is nothing more than vandalism on public property. This can be seen throughout our city and just adds to the mess that this concrete jungle is.

Anywhere you wander around the streets of Athens, graffiti takes center stage. On office building walls, park benches, apartment buildings and anywhere else you could possibly imagine. That is not to say that all graffiti is a dirty destruction of property. You can also find amazing murals which could be seen as works of art and can beautify the city. However, such pieces are rare, and most “street art” can actually be obstructive.

Street signs all over Athens are covered in graffiti. This can cause severe accidents if you cannot see stop or yield signs properly. It can also get quite confusing when searching for a certain address only to find the number and street name covered with spray paint. Unfortunately, it is difficult for



people to change this behavior as many see it as a form of expression. We can all play our part by trying to clean up this graffiti.

All in all, heavier fines should be considered for defacing property and, more importantly, road signs. Unless people’s mentality changes, this will be an ongoing problem.

Nick Dimou  
HS1





### **A City in Need**

It is a well known fact that nowadays people don't respect their community as much as they should, thus committing actions that lead to the destruction of their city. Respecting and protecting the place we live in is a trait of a civilized society where people are active and responsible citizens. This is the social model we should look up to. However, the damage caused by our irresponsibility is undeniable.

Our ecosystem is threatened because people tend to throw their garbage into the sea not considering the consequences. Because people are indifferent, our planet suffers.

People must learn to respect their city and the environment they live in. This can be achieved through education. For example, we can raise awareness by informing people about the consequences of their actions.

**Manos Poularas**  
HS1

### **Why Ignore It?**

One of the factors that make our city dysfunctional and unpleasant is the fact that citizens do not clean after their pets. For instance, in my area, I have witnessed people ignoring their dog's waste and continuing their afternoon walk. Small squares, as well as parks, are constantly littered with pet waste which makes them unsightly and unappealing.

However, there are some ways to prevent this phenomenon from occurring. The first and most obvious one is to confront owners who fail to clean their pet's waste. In this way, they will feel uncomfortable and maybe change their attitude. Our mentality must change, so that we become respectful citizens who care about our city.

**Andrew Kalantonis**  
HS1



# EDITORIALS

## Is Loyalty a Two-Way Street?

Fellow classmates, honorable guests, and professors. Why is loyalty considered to be important? Many of us tend to grossly underestimate how fundamental trust is in our lives. Knowing that we can rely on someone else's help when things are not really coming our way is really something priceless. Fulfilling our goals can sometimes only be achieved through cooperating with someone trustworthy.

In my personal opinion, loyalty is, and rightly so, a two-way street. I personally do not expect someone to show faithfulness and loyalty without receiving something in return. Unfortunately, this is not the way our modern society functions today. I believe it would be best for everyone to get used to this fact as soon as humanly possible. Misplaced loyalty can really hinder one's progress through life, and sometimes we never quite recover from such an experience. In today's world, no one should expect free hand-outs from anyone. Why would anyone offer their services to someone they have no connection to, other than to further their own goals and ambitions?

However, there is a point to be made about helping others for nothing in return, in "good faith". Supposedly, we rely on the other person's sense of punctuality and their character, so that they may repay the favor they owe us in a time of need. However, this has become increasingly rare in

today's society. In our rapidly developing world, where everyone strives for attention, the most effective way to make oneself known is to, sadly, profit at someone else's expense. "Good faith" has become largely extinct.

However, one can also argue (for the sake of being fair) that loyalty can still be found. The most common examples are found in family. This bond of blood, and the many experiences shared, are always enough to spark a sense of duty to help a family member who is in need. After all, no one can deny that our family members are the most important individuals in our life. This realization, on its own, should be enough to motivate us to help each other. Another example can be seen in long standing friendships, the kind of friendships that stand the test of time no matter what, and can provide refuge from most problems.

Last but not least, I would like to clarify something: the points I made are not absolute. While my ideas portray a decent description of human interaction in today's



society, there are, and always will be, exceptions. Individuals of a flawless moral code. That is why it is so important to choose who we trust with great care. A trustworthy individual can be worth the world nowadays.

I hope that I have expressed my point of view through my arguments, and I would like to thank you for both your attention and time.

George Panageas  
HS1

## **A Guidebook on Annoying your Parents: How to Drive your Parents Absolutely Mad**

As usual, I come back home, after a hard day's work. I can't wait to sit down peacefully alone and enjoy my lunch. My daydreaming is interrupted by the Holy Inquisition. "How was your day, honey?" "Good," I answer without bothering to take my eyes off the table. That's the cause of a civil war, also known as number one in the list of things that annoy parents the most.

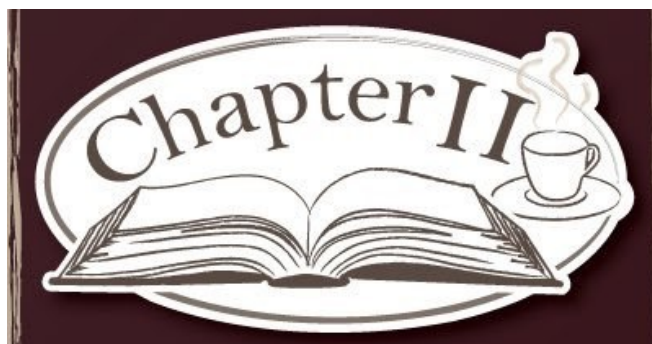
Let me give you the full list. If you ignore their remarks, you are doomed. If you don't take their advice, that leads you to life imprisonment. You don't follow their guidance and you are homeless. You get the idea: parents are extremely sensitive when it comes to arguments. If you are rude, if you contradict them and talk back, then you are disrespectful. You are never right, they always are.

If you don't do your share of work, that's another big issue. When it comes to school and grades there is one question I have to ask: "Do you guys want to really make them see red?" Don't do your homework,

don't study. School is the fertile field for arguments. How good are you at Math? Let's check that. Do you know the idea of disproportionate? The lower your grades are, the angrier they get. Let alone the warnings about your bleak future. A fifteen in Math equals a career in cleaning, that's surely the truth.

The next big chapter in the guide book is technology use or rather abuse of technology. How common-place is it to hear your parents yell at you for overusing your cell phone or computer? I am sure you have all heard these a thousand times: "Your phone is your life!" "Put your phone aside when I am talking to you!" "It's going to burn your brain cells!" All these are exaggerations of parental thoughts. Haven't you felt extremely embarrassed when your friends overhear your parents scolding you for talking too long on the phone? Well, I have!

Do you think that there is no sexism in being a parent? Then you haven't thought of appearance. If a teenager tries a trend that the parents don't approve of, then probably that won't end well. Common phrases are: "Your shirt is too short!", "Your heels are too high!" "You look like..." "When I was your age I never..." We have to admit that girls suffer more when it comes to appearance. Trying out extreme trends in fashion when you're a girl is a forbidden tradition in the family.





Lastly, coming home later than agreed is known as breaking the sacred oath of being back on time. It's a mortal sin to be five minutes late. This annoys parents as they believe you aren't responsible and that they can't depend on you. Once I was late, and committing that crime resulted in not being allowed to use my cell phone for 3 months.

And the list could go on and on. It seems that a teenager's main job is to annoy their parents. Do we realize we do it? Sometimes yes, sometimes no. If yes, it is the little wicked creature in you that grins complacently. If you don't, you are just flabbergasted by their reaction.

I wish you all good luck in this relentless struggle between generations.

Seriously, though, remember that even if you had made it your life goal to ruin theirs, they will always love you and you will love them.

Thank you for your attention.

**Dimitra Papagelopoulou**  
**HS1**

## **Nuclear Energy**

Imagine someone told you that he can solve problems that have been troubling humanity for the past 100 years and if they are not addressed immediately, they will torment humanity for 100 more. So here I am, telling you that my dream is for my children's drawings to include polar bears, rhinos, and other animals that, unless there is significant change, will be extinct in less than 100 years. The solution has existed for more than 60 years, but all we have managed to do is to make things worse by

creating bombs with the capacity of 20,000 tons of TNT. With the correct use of nuclear power, problems of species extinction, global warming, and many more will be solved. Nuclear power has been wrongfully accused in order to serve political interests when in reality it has amazing benefits.

Throughout the history of man-kind there have been just a few hundred deaths linked to nuclear power. Out of these, 80% were associated with Chernobyl. On the other hand, each year, four thousand people die due to the pollution created from coal power plants alone! Nuclear power is a great way to generate electric energy with little to no pollution. To create power, inside the nuclear reactor an extremely heavy isotope, Uranium-235 undergoes nuclear fission releasing massive amounts of energy in the form of heat. This is used to create steam that powers a generator which creates electricity. On the other hand, a coal or oil plant uses the same concept, only instead of using uranium, it burns coal or oil releasing massive amounts of carbon dioxide, furthering global warming. Some of you in the audience may ask, "What about the nuclear waste created?" To this I answer: "Do you prefer slightly polluting a small concrete hole thousands of meters below the earth's surface or poisoning our atmosphere and the air we and our children breathe?"

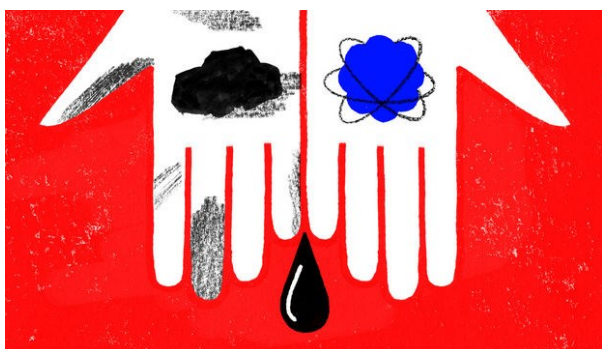
We live in a time of political instability. Wars in the Middle East are creating huge refugee problems. Everyone seems to be fighting for Black Gold: oil which is used for 40% of the energy created today and governments seem to be willing to torture, kill and destroy in order to obtain it. All of this because we are facing a crisis. This is not only an economic crisis, but a moral

crisis as well. If we used nuclear power instead of oil, not only would we free ourselves from oil and the pollution it creates, but we would also avoid many oil related conflicts in the Middle East. We, the younger members of society, will make the change towards a pollution free world. This change is the shift away from fossil fuels to Nuclear Power!

I hear some of you ask, “What about nuclear fallout?” “What about nuclear accidents?” As I mentioned previously, there have been very few nuclear accidents and all except the one at Chernobyl caused few to no deaths. Let us take the nuclear incident in Japan after the tsunami as an example. Unlike what the media said, there were no deaths linked to the accident, no radiation released in the atmosphere, and the explosion that occurred was a small, harmless hydrogen reaction. On the other hand, in Chernobyl, no safety regulations were followed and the amount of enriched uranium used was twice as much as permitted. Chernobyl was made for the sole purpose of hiding the manufacturing of nuclear weapons. An accident was inevitable.

The only thing standing between us and a clean, pollution free future is fossil fuels. So please overcome your worries and make the correct move for the future of our children: say yes to nuclear power. Thank you.

**Dimitris Papadimitriou**  
HS1



## **Advice to Anyone who Suffers from Stage Fright**

Have you ever performed before an audience? Was it easy or difficult? Many people feel apprehensive and get panic attacks when preparing to speak up or perform in public. Stage fright takes a huge toll on self-confidence and causes some people to pass up job opportunities. The following strategies can help you overcome stage fright.

First and foremost, when presenting you should be prepared. More specifically, you should know your topic and it's advisable to memorize a few lines of your speech or presentation. In this way, you will gain confidence and lessen your fear. Bear in mind that if you make a mistake, you just have to move on. In addition, try to relax. Take long breaths, listen to music, take a walk, call a friend, and do whatever works for you before presenting. What is more, on the day of the performance, remember that it's okay to be nervous, and that what you are about to do is fun, not torture. If you are able to enjoy what you are doing, you won't feel as stressed. Last but not least, you ought to block out the negative thoughts and concentrate on the task at hand.

All things considered, stage fright is natural. Try to view the situation as a challenge, not a threat!

**Vassilis Seremetis**  
JH2

# FORENSICS

2016—2017

This year, the Forensics Club had a very successful year, attracting new members and representing the school with great success in competitions. The club consists of 350 students from both Athens and Psychico College, and offers activities for all age groups from Junior High and High School. At its core, it is a competitive club, but it is also a lot more than that: it is a community of students, who come together to develop their skills, to discuss interesting topics, to perform, and to learn not only from their coaches, but also from each other.



Forensics offers a wide range of activities, all of which develop public speaking, performance and critical thinking skills that are invaluable in today's classrooms, universities and workplaces. The members of the club can participate in any of the six Forensics events: Debate, Original Oratory, Group Discussion, Oral Interpretation of Literature (comic or dramatic), Duet Acting (comic or dramatic) and Impromptu Speaking. The club offers two programs: Forensics and Junior Forensics. A Junior Forensics Tournament is held

every year during "Panygiri".

The Panhellenic Forensics Tournament took place in March 2017 in Thessaloniki and was hosted by Anatolia College. HAEF won first place and the PFAT sweepstakes cup!



Forensics students also participated in 6 debate tournaments over the course of the year, with exceptional results.

In addition to the debate tournaments, our debaters brought another important





distinction to the school. Following a five-month intensive selection process, Marianna Embeoglou and Stelios Skavdis were selected in the five-member team that will represent Greece at this year's World Schools Debating Championships, and Mark Gazepis was selected as an alternate for the same team. They will get a chance to represent Greece at the World Championships, in which over 60 national teams participate.



# MODEL UNITED NATIONS



This year could be described as the most interesting and prolific year for our MUN members as we participated in seven conferences both in Greece and abroad. The school year started with the DSA MUN in October (German School of Athens), then we took part in the CGS MUN in December (Costeas-Geitonas School), and the third Greek conference took place in Platon School in March. The trips to the Hague in January, Madrid and Geneva in March were definitely three of the Club's highlights! MUN gives students the opportunity to develop their professional writing skills while participating in conferences and exchanging views. Not only were our students given the opportunity to participate in conferences of high caliber and exchange views on some of the most crucial current affairs worldwide (human trafficking, global economic crisis, Brexit, Syrian war, world hunger), but more importantly they broadened their horizons, took active roles in the discussions and had great fun. Ms. Golemi and Ms. Katsarou from the High School, Mr. Velegrakis and Ms. Vlahou from the IB were our school's MUN advisors. We are all looking forward to the following MUN year, which will definitely bring more excitement.





## Training at the United Nations

The students of the club 'Training at the United Nations' attended a workshop organized by the WFUNA (World Federation of United Nations Associations) in Geneva (20-24 March, 2017). The main goal of the workshop was to familiarize students with the way the United Nations work to safeguard world peace and protect human rights.

The students attended presentations by WFUNA officers, they visited the United States Permanent Mission to the United Nations as well as the Red Cross and they met with the Consul General of Greece in Geneva, Mr. Angelos Ypsilantis. Students also had the opportunity to attend part of the 34<sup>th</sup> Session of the Human Rights Council on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of March, 2017.

Finally, students gave presentations on the following thematic units:

- Diplomacy and Multilateralism
- Humanitarian Law
- Human Rights

After the completion of the workshop, students were given certificates of attendance. The students were escorted by the teaching advisors responsible for the Club: Mrs N. Kanelli, Mrs A. Katsarou, and Mr. P. Giannoulatos.





# Celebrations

## Junior High School

This year's Thanksgiving celebration was organized by JH3 ENL 1 and JH3 ESL3 sections.

The theater curtain drew for Part 1 and the audience experienced a kinesthetic representation of the Pilgrim's journey on the Mayflower and their first encounter with Native Americans. In Part 2 a student-made video with interesting facts about Thanksgiving was shown. It was filmed on campus and brought to life Thanksgiving in a humorous way. Two short plays followed: "Thanksgiving Done Wrong" and "Attitude of Gratitude".

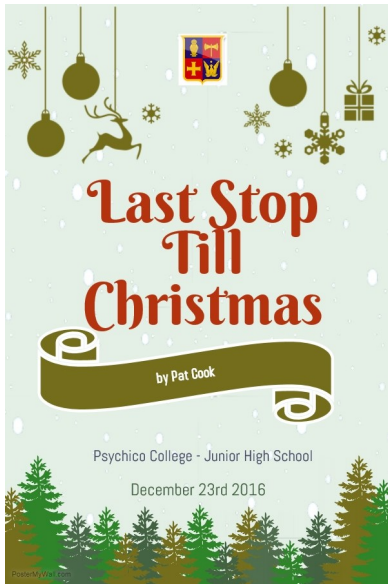
The celebration came to an end with a video presenting the opportunities we have here in school to volunteer, express our gratitude, and serve our community.



## High School

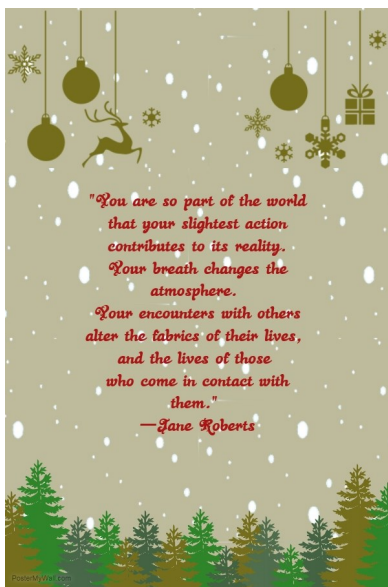
This year, Psychico College High School gave an interesting twist to the traditional Thanksgiving school celebration. The Fulbright Fellows and students collaborated to create four songs and accompanying music videos in order to tell the holiday's full story. The comical music videos brought a light-hearted message of teamwork and coexistence to this year's High School celebration.





## Junior High School Christmas Celebration

This year's 7th and 9th grade students outdid themselves and gave the whole school a real treat just before Christmas by putting on the play "Last Stop Till Christmas". Bursting with the spirit of the Christmas season, this funny and warm-hearted one-act is full of oddball characters and situations. The play showed how to overcome the stresses of the holiday season so that we discover the true meaning of Christmas.



**Hope you all  
have  
a lovely  
Summer!**

