

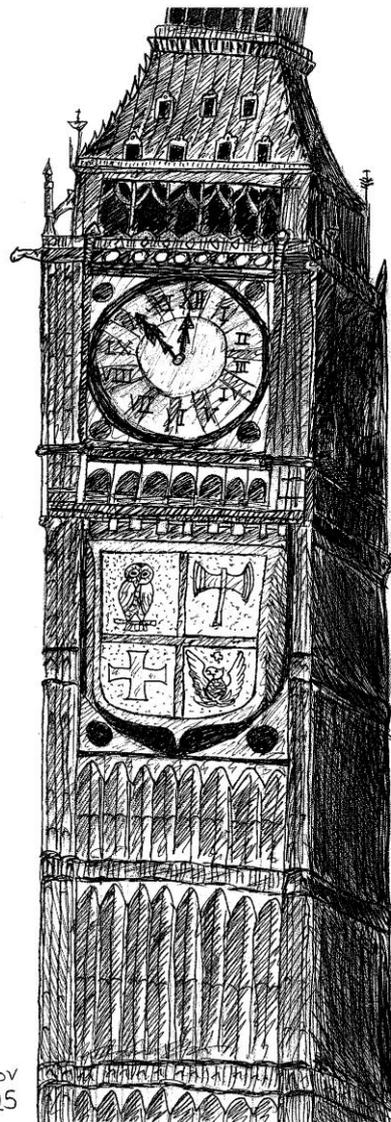


Hellenic-American  
Educational Foundation

Athens College - Psychico College

volume 29, June 2015

# THE ATHENS COLLEGE NEWS



Γεωργιος Μελισσος  
2014-2015

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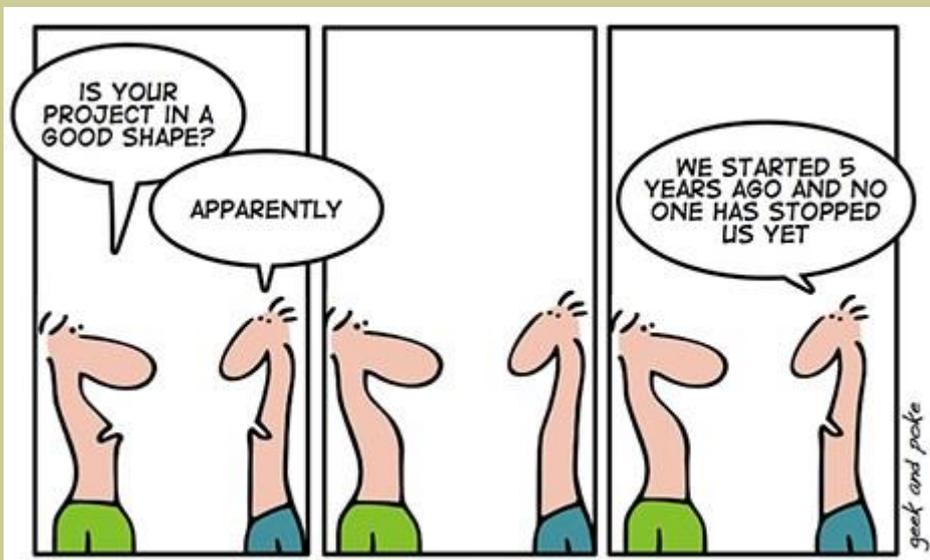
Welcome to the Athens College Junior High School Magazine. We (the Athens College Junior High School English Teachers) would like to sincerely thank you for your submissions. Words are not enough to express how proud we feel for the awesome work you have produced. To those of our readers, who might not be well acquainted with our students' academic abilities, I will simply say that this is but a mere sample of the multitude of work produced throughout the school year. However, as we all know a magazine is unable to accommodate everything submitted, so here is just a few pages to keep you company through the hot summer months and why not provide as an inspiration for future ideas ! As the teacher in charge of this year's issue I would like to express my gratitude to my colleagues and all students involved.

- *Apostolakou Elena: CE-7, CE-14.*
- *Christopoulos Dimitris: CN-8.*
- *Ioannou Nadia: BS3, CE-6, CS-11.*
- *Lykou Madlen: CS-4.*
- *Marazioti Alexandra: CE-5.*
- *Raymondou Elina: AE-4.*
- *Tsoulogiannis Jeannie: BE-6, CS-10.*

*Note: In the interests of authenticity teachers refrained from correcting or editing certain aspect of students' work. Thus, please be kind in the event of minor errors which might occur.*

*Thank you.*

# Projects



*The Amazing Brain*

# DYSLEXIA

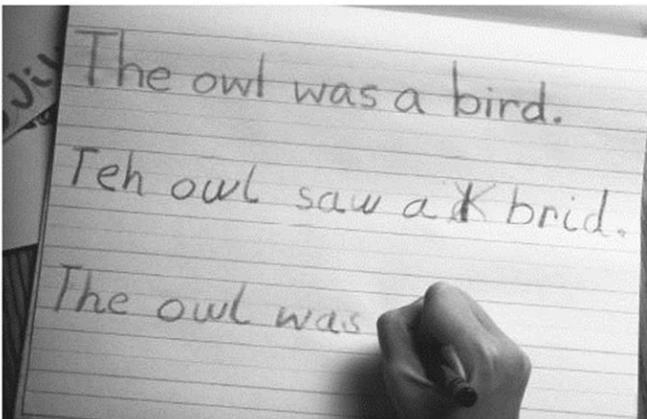
## Basic facts one should know:

- ∞ Dyslexia is a specific learning disability that involves difficulty in reading and writing
- ∞ Without proper treatment and diagnosis, dyslexic children may be led to school failure and low self-esteem
- ∞ Dyslexia is a disorder that is presented at birth and cannot be cured
- ∞ You can manage dyslexia with special instruction and support

This is what a learning-disabled child often has to contend with when attempting to need a book.

## Basic Steps in the Learning Process

- ∞ The four basic steps in the learning process are:
  - ∞ Input
  - ∞ Integration
  - ∞ Memory
  - ∞ Output
- ∞ Each step is important in learning how to read and write in school

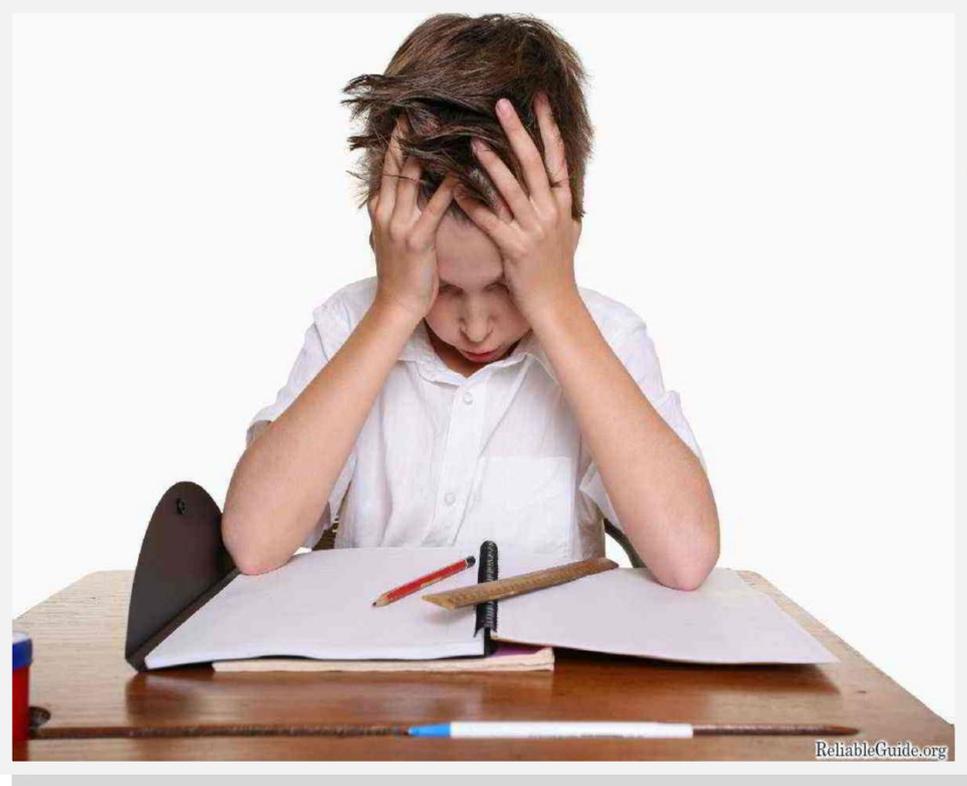


## Drugs can't cure Dyslexia

- ∞ Dyslexia is not a disease so it can't be cured by drugs
- ∞ Drugs aren't made to cure the learning problem by itself
- ∞ Drugs may help learning, but they do not directly cause learning to happen
- ∞ Scientists discovered that drugs cannot help children with dyslexia learn how to write or read
- ∞ Maybe in the future, a drug may be invented that will help a dyslexic child

# 5 WAYS TO IMPROVE ADHD SYMPTOMS

A project By: Anthony Vekios CS10



## What is ADHD?

Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD) is a condition that causes a person to have difficulties learning, behaving and getting along with others.

## What causes ADHD?

Doctors believe that ADHD is caused by small differences in the way that parts of the brain work. In people with ADHD, it appears that parts of the brain responsible for paying attention, are not as developed as in other people.

## What are the signs of ADHD?

There are three main difficulties that young people with ADHD face:

- Inattention:** they find it hard to concentrate on one thing at a time and they have trouble paying attention to anything for a long time.
- Hyperactivity:** they find it hard to sit still. They tend to move around a lot.
- Impulsiveness:** they say and do things without thinking about the consequences.

## Types of Treatment for ADHD

Aside from medication there are several other effective treatments that can improve the symptoms of ADHD.

Medication for ADHD can improve a child's ability to concentrate and sit still, however, there may be side effects from the powerful drugs on a child's developing brain. Side effects may vary from child to child. It is important that a child taking medication should be monitored closely by a doctor in order to control the side effects and adjust the dosage required. Furthermore, ADHD medication is more effective when combined with other types of treatments.

One of the easiest and most effective ways to reduce the symptoms of ADHD is having a child play outside for at least half an hour a day.

Also, sleeping at regular hours daily can lead to an improvement in the symptoms of ADHD. However, a lot of kids with ADHD find it difficult to fall asleep at night.

According to studies, what and when a child eats plays a very important role when it comes to managing ADHD. Children with ADHD should eat meals or snacks regularly (no more than three hours apart). Moreover, meals should include proteins and complex carbohydrates. In addition, supplementing a child's diet with iron and the important minerals (zinc and magnesium) may be as effective as medication. Boosting a child's intake of omega-3 fatty acids also may be particularly helpful.

Finally, ADHD specialists can help develop an effective treatment plan for each child. Perhaps, consulting with several specialists is advisable.

Rhymes with  
brains!

# Amazing Proje

Brains, brains,  
brains!

The action of moving a particular body part is controlled by the motor cortex.

The last brain part to mature.

When your decision reaches the cerebellum, it stores all the information and details.

Afterwards, it sends to our muscles, thousands of nerve messages so the muscles can operate.

One of the first body organs to be developed.

The neural tube forms almost sixteen days after the embryo's conception.

This neural plate tenses and afterwards folds up, forming a prominence.

Around day 22, this plate starts fusing shut into a tube.

At week four, a huge prominence is created in the head area, having its spinal cord hanging.

By 27 days, the tube has already begun its transformation into the brain and the spinal cord

At the fifth week the first synapses commences, and the spinal cord starts to form a particular shape.

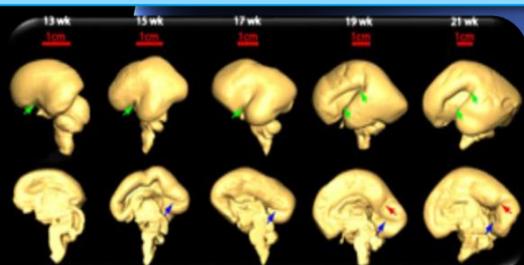
By the sixth week, the neural compounds allow the first movements of arches in the fetus's body.

At around eight weeks movements of the limbs and some spontaneous coordinated actions can be detected.

By about week twelve, the brain starts to get its original form, but is still very smooth in the surface.

The first slots and grooves appear over the next few weeks and the surface becomes more rugged.

The second trimester is followed of other crucial movements and actions such as continuous breathing and coordinating swallowing and sucking reflexes.



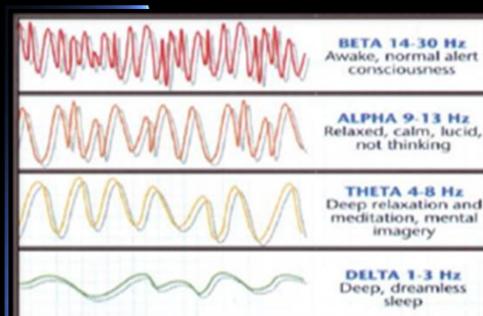
## Brainwaves!

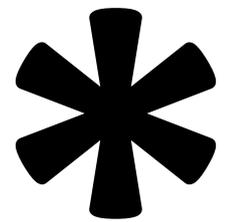
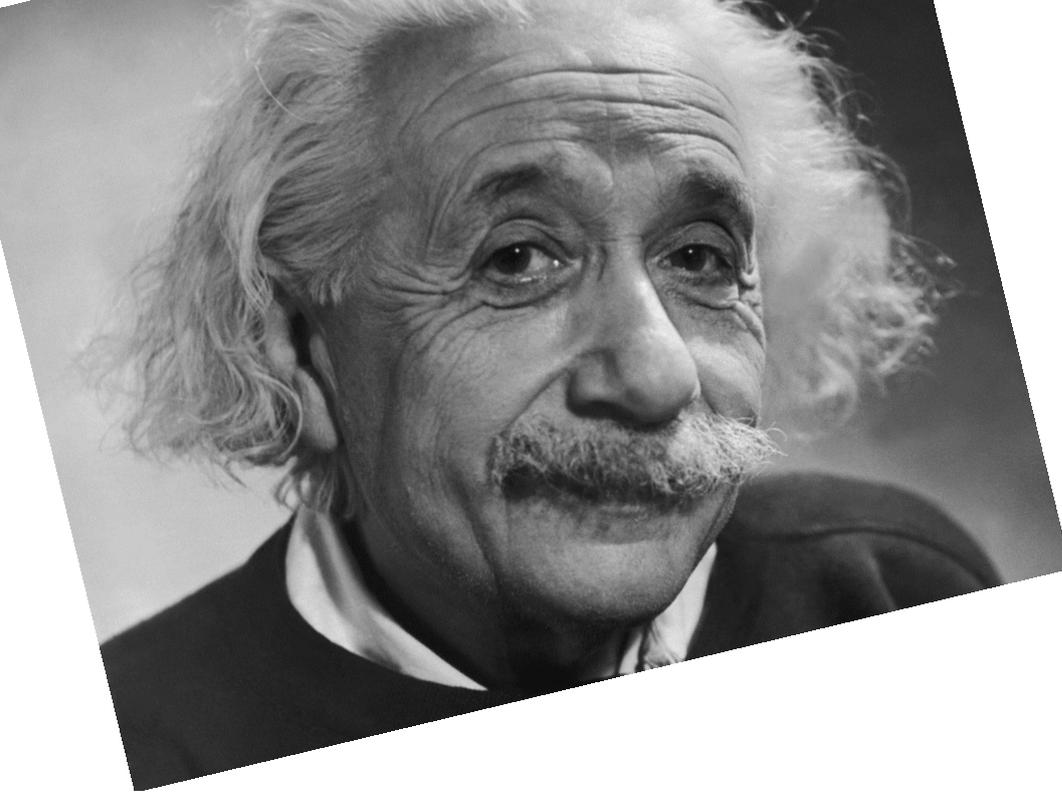
- 1) Countless of electrical nerve signals travel around the brain area per second.
- 2) Our skin, is equipped with sensor pads, placed in its surface which detect these signals.
- 3) They look like wavy lines as they appear on the screen of an (EEG) machine.
- 4) The size and shape of the brainwaves helps scientists discover what the normal brain does and how it works when a human is in a particular condition.
- 5) EEG investigations, are also very helpful to doctors, as they help them diagnose when a person has a particular disorder.

*A project by:*

*Tony Michalopoulos  
CS10*

### TYPES OF BRAINWAVES





## IQ

*A project by: Kate Kalpaxi - CS11*

Intelligence quotient, which is also called IQ, is a number that is used in order to show one person's level of brilliance compared to other people's. It is known that when a person's IQ is below 70, this person may be characterized as *intellectually disabled*, but only if they also show loss in *daily adaptive behavior which means the capability to accustom to happenings* in their everyday lives. If a person's IQ is over 130, then this person may be characterized as *intellectually gifted*, but often the humans must display other types of phenomenal performances to own this characterization. But how we can calculate IQ? Psychologists originally counted IQs in such a way that they actually created a quotient. They started with an intellectual age which is *the mediocre* age of a child who performs at a special level. Thus, if a 12-year-old child answers 20 questions correctly on an IQ test, then 20 right answers correspond to a psychological age of 12

Some IQ tests create just a single intelligence score, but most tests create various scores. For instance, one type of test creates a comprehensive IQ score, but also scores for

verbal and performance IQ. The verbal IQ is based on problems which largely contain words. The performance IQ is based at a great length on tasks that desire the administration of materials that look like puzzles.

On the other hand, intelligence testing can be problematic. Firstly, they may not be uniformly fair for all the teams. Furthermore, educators and psychologists have tried to design tests that diminish or even get rid of the elements of culture and language, but no tests like this has been absolutely successful. In addition, there is also a risk that someone's score on an Intelligence quotient test will give the impression that their capabilities cannot diversify and result in the person being labelled in a certain way. Moreover, psychologists support a wide variety of intelligence theories, but they do not all agree that one test is able to -precisely- measure it. Numerous people think that IQ scores stand for only one a specific element of all the field of somebody's mental capabilities.

Taking all into consideration, I believe that IQ plays a cardinal role in our lives. It does not only helps us find how clever we are, but it can also help us develop our brilliance by taking IQ tests over and over again in order to improve our previous results.

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# TAKE THIS IQ TEST

1. Mary, who is sixteen years old, is four times as old as her brother. How old will Mary be when she is twice as old as her brother?

- A. 20      B. 24      C. 25      D. 26      E. 28

2. Which one of the numbers does not belong in the following series?

2 - 3 - 6 - 7 - 8 - 14 - 15 - 30

- A. THREE      B. SEVEN      C. EIGHT      D. FIFTEEN      E. THIRTY

3. Which one of the five choices makes the best comparison?

PEACH is to HCAEP as 46251 is to:

- A. 25641      B. 26451      C. 12654      D. 51462      E.

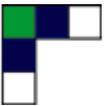
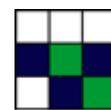
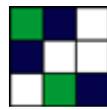
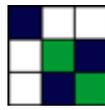
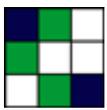
4. Choose the number that is  $\frac{1}{4}$  of  $\frac{1}{2}$  of  $\frac{1}{5}$  of 200:

- A. 2      B. 5      C. 10      D. 25      E. 50

5. John needs 13 bottles of water from the store. John can only carry 3 at a time. What's the minimum number of trips John needs to make to the store?

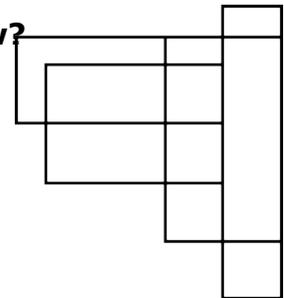
- A. 3      B. 4      C.  $4 \frac{1}{2}$       D. 5      E. 6

6. Which larger shape would be made if the two sections are fitted together?

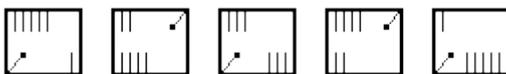


7. How many four-sided figures appear in the diagram below?

- A. 10      B. 16      C. 22      D. 25      E. 28



8. Which of the figures below the line of drawings best completes the series?



9. Choose the word most similar to "Trustworthy":

- A. Resolute      B. Tenacity      C. Relevant      D. Insolent      E. Reliable

10. Which one of the five choices makes the best comparison? Finger is to Hand as Leaf is to:

- A. Twig      B. Tree      C. Branch      D. Blossom      E. Bark



*John Forbes Nash, Jr.*

John Forbes Nash, Jr. is a famous American mathematician who won the Economics Nobel prize in 1994. As a child, he was very bright and introverted. Supported and encouraged by his parents, he attended top universities and earned his PhD at Princeton. At the age of 31, he experienced mental disturbances and he was hospitalized. He is known for his work on Game Theory, an area of mathematics, and the famous Nash Equilibrium. His life was the subject of a movie and a documentary.

John Forbes Nash was born on June 13, 1928 in West Virginia. Both his parents had a university degree and they brought him up with affection. As a child, he was more interested in reading books rather than playing with other children. When he was twelve years old, he was already carrying out scientific experiments at home. His parents knew that he was very clever and different from other children.

Nash attended Carnegie Institute of Technology, with his major as chemical engineering. But the mathematics faculty, who recognized his genius, encouraged him to change his major again – to mathematics – which he did. After being offered fellowships to study at both Harvard and Princeton, Nash chose Princeton for his graduate studies. He began his PhD when he was just twenty years old. It was at Princeton where his interest in game theory developed. His doctorate was entitled “Non-cooperative Games”, and graduated in 1950.

In 1957, Nash met Alicia Lopez-Harrison de Lardé. They were married in February that year. It was around the time his wife became pregnant in 1959 that Nash’s “mental disturbances” began. The symptoms he showed were false beliefs and hallucinations and he

was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia. Until 1970, he spent periods in psychiatric hospitals, where he had to endure painful treatment. At the same time he never stopped improving and succeeding in mathematics.

Nash is known for his work on Game Theory, an area of mathematics with applications in various subjects such as economics, biology, political science and law. He was able to prove that there can be a scenario that both sides in a competition could win. There are two main categories of games, the games in which the players cooperate and the games in which the players do not cooperate. According to Nash, in a non-cooperative game there can be a situation of equilibrium, if each player has chosen to follow a specific strategy and he has nothing to gain only from changing his strategy, while the other players keep theirs unchanged. This is the famous Nash equilibrium. He won the Nobel prize in Economics in 1994.

Russell Crowe portrayed John Nash in the 2001 major motion picture “A Beautiful Mind”, which won the Best Picture Oscar. However, there are important inaccuracies and omissions in this film, like his time spent in Europe and the fact that his wife divorced him, after the she could no longer tolerate his delusions and behavior. One major criticism was “over dramatization” of Nash’s life. Furthermore, many of the details of his mental illness were flawed. PBS produced a documentary, “A Brilliant Madness”, which intended to portray Nash’s life more accurately. It featured interviews with other mathematicians and economists as well as Nash himself and members of his family.

John Forbes Nash is considered the most remarkable mathematician of the second half of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, who, despite the mental issues he faced and his hospitalization, he carried on ground breaking work in game theory with unique contributions in diverse scientific fields.

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# Synesthesia

A Project by: Giannis Ninos - CS10

- What is Synesthesia?
- The two realities of the Synesthetes
- The Synesthetic sensation

## What is Synesthesia?

Synesthesia is a condition of the brain in which one or more senses are mixed together.

## The two realities of the Synesthetes

How would you feel if you were a synesthete?

Synesthetes basically work along two kinds of reality:

- Other people's reality
- Their own reality

Several researchers have shown that synesthetes can perform better on:

- Tests of memory
- Test of intelligence

But how can the synesthetic sensation be triggered?

This sensation can be triggered:

- by seeing a number, a letter, or a word

## The activities of the Synesthetes

- Painting
- Sculpture



This is how a synesthete sees letters, numbers and symbols.



This is how a synesthete understands music notes.

# An incredibly unusual condition: “blindsight”

*A project by Angelos Frisiras—CS10*

Despite the fact that the patients say they are blind, they still can:

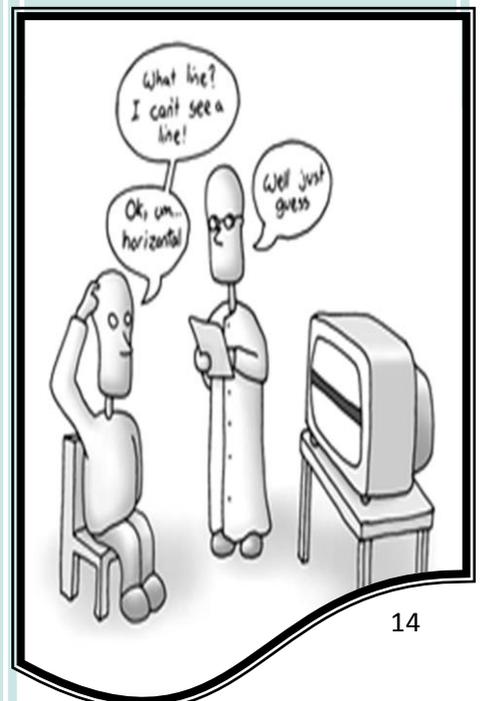
- 1) Point to the location of an object.
- 2) Detect movement.
- 3) Discriminate the orientation of lines.
- 4) Shape their hands in an appropriate way in order to hold the object.

**B**lindsight is a condition caused by a damage at the back of the brain, in an area called the occipital lobe.

⇒ Although it may sound unbelievable, it can also be explained as a lack of awareness about an object and a big percentage of correct answers to questions about it.

⇒ People that suffer from it claim they are not able to see and consequently can't describe any object around them.

⇒ The interesting fact is that they seem to lose all visual functions, but their eyes and optic nerves are still normal. Blindness is due to brain damage.

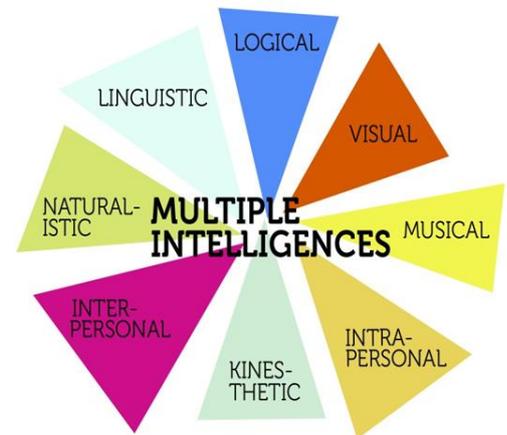


# IQ TESTS

## Howard Gardner and Multiple Intelligences

**Anything that is worth teaching can be presented in many different ways. These multiple ways can make use of our multiple intelligences.**

**-Howard Gardner**



### Multiple Intelligences

1. Linguistic intelligence: concerns language skills
2. Logical-mathematical intelligence: involves analytical skills
3. Spatial intelligence: includes skills related to vision
4. Musical intelligence: has to do with musical ability
5. Bodily-kinesthetic intelligence: involves the body and motion
6. Interpersonal intelligence: concerns skills in handling relations between people
7. Intrapersonal intelligence: the knowledge the individual has of the self

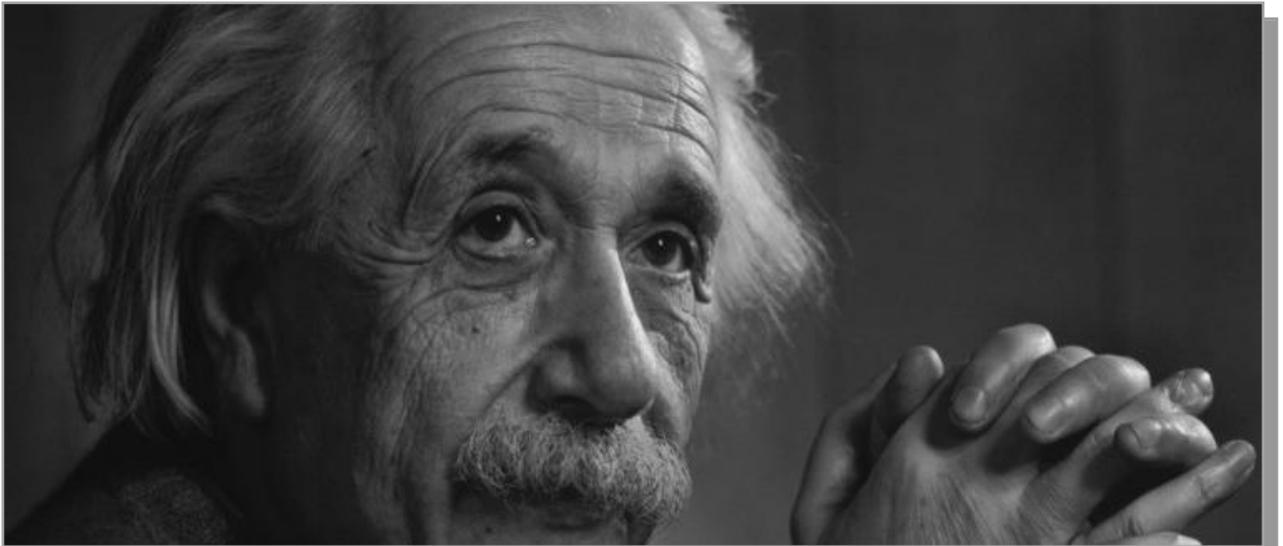
Howard Gardner is an American psychologist, who developed a theory, in 1983, about multiple intelligences. In his theory, he supports that IQ tests are not accurate, because they measure how well a person uses only one type of intelligence.



# INTELLECTUAL DISABILITY

## Did you know that...

- In the US, roughly 4.6 million people are identified as having an intellectual disability.
- In about 25 to 33% of children born with mental disability, the cause is unknown.
- Students with disabilities are 2 to 3 times more likely to be bullied than their nondisabled peers.
- A BBC poll conducted in the UK concluded that “retarded” was the most offensive disability-related word.



## *Albert Einstein*

Everyone knows who Albert Einstein was. He was a theoretical physicist, the one who developed theory of relativity. Due to his works, he received several awards including the 1921 Nobel Prize in Physics.

As a kid, Einstein experienced difficulty in talking. He also could not read until he reached the age of 9. When he became a teenager when he was an incoming college student, it was a misfortune that he was not able to pass the exam. That was one part of the intellectual disability of Einstein. Even if that was the case, with the patience he came to have, he used it to persevere.

*a project by: Joanna Maniaki CS-10*

# Down's Syndrome

A project by: Nikolas Balanos - CS11



One of the most known diseases to humans is Down's syndrome, a condition where the patient has an extra chromosome in each of his cells in his body. It mainly affects the way the body grows because chromosomes carry genes which are responsible for the body's development.

There are several difficulties people with Down's syndrome face. Firstly, there is a delay their language skills and as a result they can't express themselves until the age of four or five. Furthermore, their number skills are about two years behind their reading skills and they find it hard to learn new sentences and words. Moreover, they struggle to hold and understand visual information such as videos and images. Finally, it is very common for them to have grammar and syntax errors.

Unfortunately people with Down's syndrome also face health problems. To start with, their immune system is weaker so they are more vulnerable to infections than we are, and, once they are infected, they need more time to recover than normal. Also, it is very common to have problems with their digestive system, as well as their heart.

There are three main ways to diagnose early if a baby has Down's syndrome. Firstly, doctors take a sample of amniotic fluid from the pregnant mother and examine it. However, many mothers refuse to do this test because there is a chance of killing the baby. Furthermore, nurses can also take a small sample of skin or blood from the newborn baby and examine if there is an extra chromosome in their cells

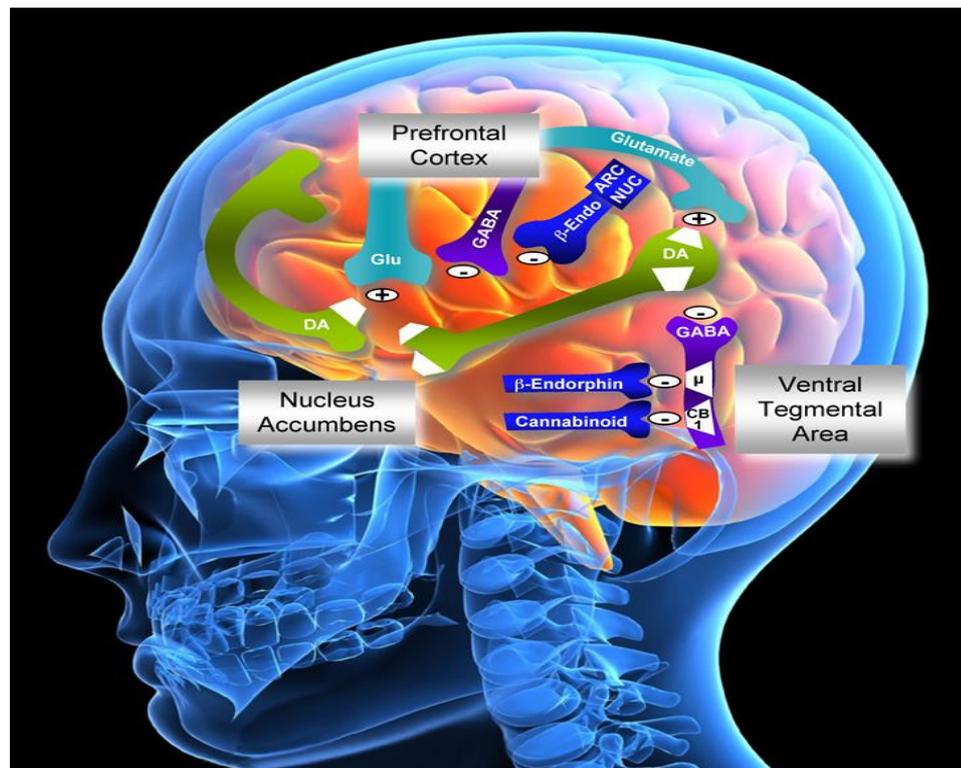
To conclude, I believe that with the right treatment, people who have Down's syndrome can live a normal and fulfilling life. This is the reason why special schools and facilities have been founded, to make these people feel special like everyone should feel. I have been in contact with one person with Down's syndrome and this has changed the way I see life. I admire these people because you can see their willingness for life and happiness in their eyes despite the problems they face.

NAME: Thanos Haroupas

SECTION: CS11

## AMAZING BRAIN PROJECT

### *Addiction and the Brain*



**N**eurotransmitters, the addiction circuit and tolerance development are the three themes that are based on the addiction and the brain.

A neurotransmitter is a chemical messenger that carries, boosts and modulates signals between neurons and other cells in the body. In most cases, a neurotransmitter is released from the axon terminal after an action potential has reached the synapse. The neurotransmitter then crosses the synaptic gap to reach the receptor site of the other cell or neuron. Then, in a process known as reuptake, the neurotransmitter attaches to the receptor site and is reabsorbed by the neuron. Neurotransmitters play a major role in everyday life and functioning. Scientists do not yet know exactly how many neurotransmitters exist, but more than 100 chemical messengers have been identified. When neurotransmitters are affected by disease or drugs, there can be a number of different adverse effects on the body. Diseases such as Alzheimer's and Parkinson's are associated with deficits in certain neurotransmitters.

Continued .....

..... continued

### Types of Neurotransmitters

**Excitatory neurotransmitters:** These types of neurotransmitters have excitatory effects on the neuron; they increase the likelihood that the neuron will fire an action potential.

**Inhibitory neurotransmitters:** These types of neurotransmitters have inhibitory effects on the neuron; they decrease the likelihood that the neuron will fire an action potential.

### What is addiction circuit? How is it related to the addiction and the brain?

This brain pathway that contains pleasure is sometimes called the addiction circuit. Animal research has shown that the repeated use of drugs is based on the activation of this circuit. Often, in the brains of addicts, the addiction circuit overrides the normal functions of feeding and reproduction.

### How is tolerance developed?

When drugs such as heroin are used repeatedly over time, tolerance may develop. Tolerance occurs when the person no longer responds to the drug in the way that person initially responded. Tolerance to drugs can be produced by several different mechanisms, but in the case of morphine or heroin, it develops at the level of the cellular targets.

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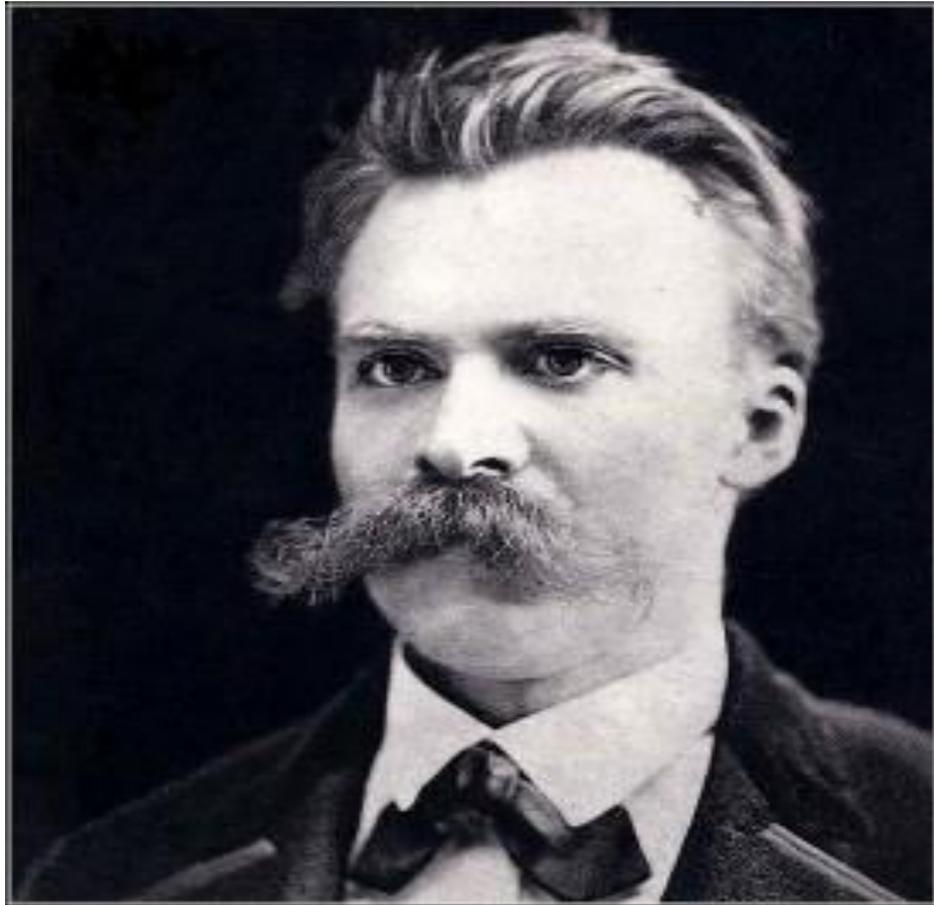
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## Amazing Brain : Freidrich(Frederick) Nietzsche



A project by: Amiralis Emanuel - CS11

**F**rederick Nietzsche was born on October 5, 1844, in Rocken, Saxony, near present day Leipzig, Germany and died on August 25, 1900. He was brought up by a father, who was a priest. He had excellent grades at school. While at school, he realized that he was incredibly good at Ancient Greek. Later on he worked as a professor teaching Ancient Greek at the university of Basel. This was a noticeable achievement because he was hired when he was twenty-four years old. He was considered an outcast of the society, while he was alive. He became a philologist, philosopher, cultural critic, poet and composer. He wrote some novels, which expressed the way Nietzsche viewed the world. Later on, he was obsessed with the Greek Gods, especially the God of wine, Dionysus. His arrogance drove him crazy mostly in his last years of life. The most important of all is that he was mentally unhealthy, without knowing it and not admitting it!

continued.....

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## Nietzsche's Madness

Nietzsche was mentally damaged and unhealthy. He showed signs of his illness through his books. Unfortunately he wasn't aware of it and this ignorance only aroused his disease and made things worst. After retiring from the university teaching as a professor, he devoted himself to writing books and stories revealing his ideas and thoughts for the culture, the world, the human species and many others.

## God Dionysus and the Birth of Tragedy

As the years passed, Nietzsche developed an obsession with one of the Greek Gods, called Dionysus. He was the God of intoxication, fertility, wine, agriculture (grapes). He became to sign his letters with names such as "Nietzsche Caesar Dionysus", "Nietzsche Dionysus" and "Dionysus. He believed, inspired by Dionysus, that intoxication is the key of art and creativity. Nietzsche's intoxication was not physically, but mostly like Nash's, ethereal. Later on he wrote a book, named Birth of Tragedy in 1872. It was divided to twenty-five chapters. The first fifteen chapters describe the nature of Greek Tragedy, which Nietzsche claims that he was born when the Apollonian worldview met the Dionysian. The last ten chapters are emphasizing the way the culture was built, based on a Greek model. In this book also Nietzsche defines art."

The importance of Frederick Nietzsche is based on the fact that he has achieved his goals and he has shown to us a new mentality. He was different from the society and anti-social because of his appearance and his madness. He had no wife, no children, but he was a major part of philosophy and his ideas are still powerful enough to change a human's mind.

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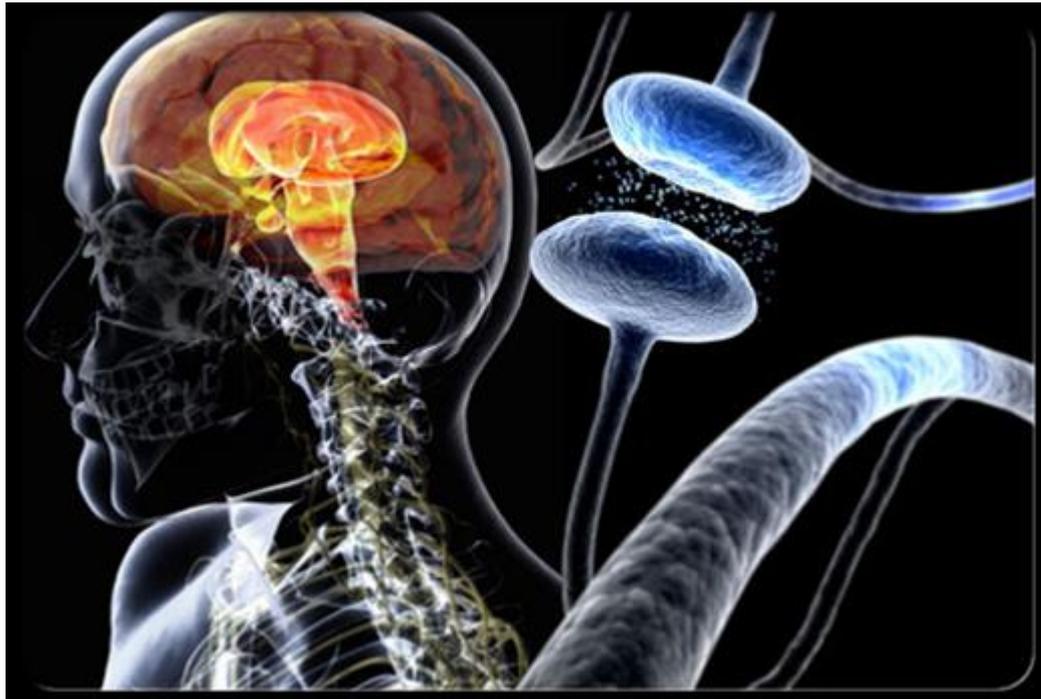
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**N**owadays there is a vast number of patients with Parkinson disease. Researches show that 1% of all people aged 60 years old have it while that percentage at 80 years old reaches 4%. Reportedly there are currently 1 million patients in the U.S and 5 million worldwide. However few people are informed about the disease.



To begin with, Parkinson is a neurodegenerative disease. It is associated with dopamine, a message carrier between nerve cells. The disease kills cells that are involved in the production of it. With the absence of dopamine the brain cannot function properly.

Consequently, certain symptoms start to appear. Not everyone is at risk for Parkinson. The largest risk factor of the disease is age. Most patients experience the first symptoms after the age of 60 years old. Studies, have also shown that men have a 2 times higher chance of having the disease. Family history is showed of having a very slight effect. Lastly, illnesses, head trauma, and exposure to certain chemicals can contribute into developing the disease. Scientist haven't shed light to what causes the disease. Therefore there hasn't been a way to prevent the disease from appearing.

Continued .....

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Parkinson is very difficult to cope with. That's because it influences every aspect of a patient's life. Dealing with the progressive dependence from others may be difficult. That's why it is recommended in patients to take part in support groups. There someone may find emotional help and advices on where and how to find doctors, therapists or information related to the disease. It is of great importance that the patients report frequently to the doctor who monitor their health and can adapt the treatment to provide the best lifestyle possible.

Sadly, for most patients, there hasn't been an official treatment for Parkinson. Most modern treatments aim on delaying the commencement of motor symptoms and making them as harmless as possible. This is achieved by either replacing or imitating the effects of dopamine in the brain or lengthening its effects by obstructing its disintegration. Treatment in the early stages can delay the appearance and severity of motor symptoms providing better quality of life.

All in all, Parkinson is very unpleasant and tiring disease. It may not be lethal but it manages to influence all of its patients' lives. As a result patients in order to find the most effective treatment that suits them must be well-informed.

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# What Is Autism ?

**A**lways

**U**nique

**T**otally

**I**nteresting

**S**OMETIMES

**M**YSTERIOUS



“Autism is a condition that affects the way a person communicates and gets on with other people”.

## 5 FAMOUS PEOPLE AFFECTED BY AUTISM

### THROUGHOUT HISTORY

- ◇ **Armstrong James** (1957) — Composer
- ◇ **Mozart Wolfgang Amadeus** (1756-1791) — Composer
- ◇ **Michelangelo** ( 1475 – 1564 ) — Artist, Architect
- ◇ **Newton Sir Isaac** (1642 – 1726/7) — Physicist
- ◇ **Carroll Lewis** ( 1832 – 1898) — Author

**And we should always remember that ....**

“People with autism are just as **intelligent** as other people, but **they see the world in a different way.**”



# Proverbs...

A Proverb is ...

...a short popular saying, usually of unknown and ancient origin, that expresses effectively some commonplace truth or useful thought.

A book of proverbs ...

*Sweet is the memory of past labor. - Greek*

*I hate a jovial table companion with a good memory. — Greek*

*The palest ink lasts longer than the most retentive memory.—Chinese*

*The palest ink is better than the best memory. - Chinese*

*If you want to improve your memory, lend someone money.—African*

*Intelligence is in the head, not in the age.—Azerbaijani*

A project by Chistopher Orbizo – CS10

**EVERY GOODBYE  
IS THE BIRTH OF  
A MEMORY.**

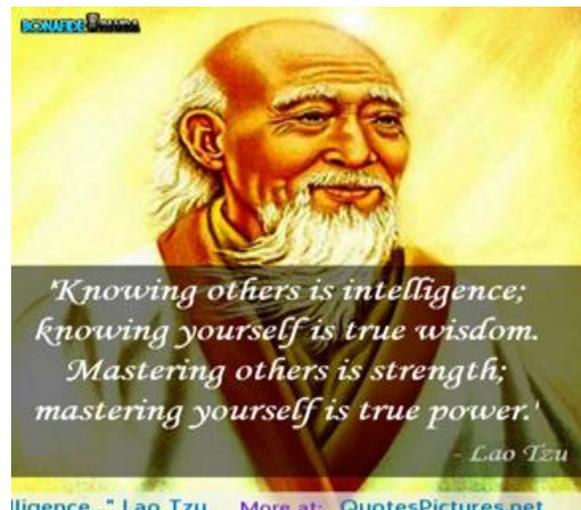
QUOTEHD.COM

Dutch Proverb

**The true sign of  
intelligence is not  
knowledge but  
imagination.**

~ Albert Einstein

get more quotes at [THEAILYQUOTES.COM](http://THEAILYQUOTES.COM)



## Christopher Paolini

(1983 - )

*by: Katerina Totti - BS3*



Christopher Paolini is in the Guinness World Record as the ‘youngest author of a best-selling book series’. His fantasy series ‘The Inheritance Cycle’ includes the books Eragon, Eldest, Brings and Inheritance and has sold more than 35 million copies.

Christopher Paolini was born in 1983 in California but grew up in Montana, USA. He was homeschooled and graduated high school at 15. Soon after he completed his book ‘Eragon’ which his parents published and which he promoted by travelling a whole year visiting 135 libraries, bookshops and schools, wearing a costume of the middle ages. Eragon came to the attention of the famous New York publisher, Alfred Knopf and was published in 2003.

Christopher Paolini became a New York Times best selling writer at 19. Eragon was also made into a movie in 2006 and was seen worldwide. Paolini says that he has been inspired by the high fantasy writers I.R.R. Tolkien, E.R. Eddison and others and by the old English epic poem, Beowulf. He also says that he has been inspired by nature, especially Montana, where he grew up. Christopher Paolini

..... continued

has received many awards for the “Inheritance Cycle” books which have been on the New York Times, USA Today and Publishers weekly Best-sellers list.

Eragon, the first book of the “Inheritance Cycle”, was written by Paolini in 1998 when he was 15. It is a fantasy story about a boy called Eragon and his dragon Saphira in the land of Alagaesia, who tries to escape from the evil King Galbatorix. In 2006 Eragon won the Rebecca Caudill Young Reader’s Best Award and the Young Reader’s Choice Award. It was also on the New York Times Children’s Book Best-Seller list for 121 weeks.

The first words of Eragon are the following passage.

*“Eragon knelt in a bed of trampled reed grass and scanned the tracks with a practiced eye. The prints told him that the deer had been in the meadow only a half-hour before. Soon they would bed down. His target, a small doe with a pronounced limp in her left forefoot, was still with the herd. He was amazed she had made it so far without a wolf or bear catching her. The sky was clear and dark, and a slight breeze stirred the air. A silvery cloud drifted over the mountains that surrounded him, its edges glowing with ruddy light cast from the harvest moon cradled between two peaks. Streams flowed down the mountains from stolid glaciers and glistening snowpacks. A brooding mist crept along the valley’s floor, almost thick enough to obscure his feet.”*

It introduces the protagonist, Eragon, who is hunting deer in a forest. Paolini describes the scene in beautiful details and makes us feel that we are actually out in the cold mist with him. He creates great suspense which draws us into the story.

Christopher Paolini is an amazing writer of fantasy fiction and his books are loved all over the world. His achievement is special because he wrote his books at a very young age.

## Megaron—The Athens Concert Hall

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*A project by Themis Pantazaras—BE6*

The Athens Concert Hall also known as Megaron is the biggest concert hall in Greece and there a lot of concerts take place , and theatre plays as well as many lectures and important talks. The Megaron is an important place for Greece and is one of the best modern buildings in Greece.



*The Architect:*

*Christopher Alexander was the main architect of the Megaron Concert Hall.*



**My Personal Opinion :**

**I think this structure is one of the most beautiful structures in Greece and it is good to have it because many art lovers can go there and watch performances and learn things about art.**

***GREAT BOOK***

**TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD**

*By Harper Lee*

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*Inspired English Language Students to ...*

---

“A classic is a book that has never finished saying what it has to say.”

– [Italo Calvino, \*The Uses of Literature\*](#)

# *To Kill a Mockingbird*

*By Harper Lee*

*A project by Chloe Bolota, Tina Kallimani, Ageliki Liaska CS10*

*Shoot all the bluejays you want, if you can hit 'em, but remember it's a sin to kill a mockingbird.*

*-Atticus, Chapter 10*

*It's never an insult to be called what somebody thinks is a bad name. It just shows you how poor that person is, it doesn't hurt you.*

*-Atticus, Chapter 11*

*Simply because we were licked a hundred years before we started is no reason for us not to try to win.*

*-Atticus, Chapter 9*

*No, everybody's gotta learn, nobody's born knowin.*

*-Scout, Chapter 23*

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

*-Atticus, Chapter 7*

*Why reasonable people go stark raving mad when anything involving a Negro comes up, is something I don't pretend to understand...*

*- Atticus, Chapter 9*



Nelle Harper Lee: (1926/ )

A project by: Eleftheria Kouta - BS3

**N**elle Harper Lee was born on April 28, 1926, in Monroeville, Alabama and became famous with her only novel, *To Kill a Mockingbird*. In 1944, she went to the all-female Huntingdon College in Montgomery. Lee was different from the other students as she didn't care about fashion, dating or makeup. Instead, she concentrated on her studies and on her writing. Lee was a member of the Literary Honor Society and the Glee club. In 1960 she published 'To Kill a Mockingbird' and was reportedly working on a second novel which was never published. She hasn't written anything else since and has become a recluse. Harper Lee has recently agreed to allow "To Kill a Mockingbird" to be released electronically and this way finally become part of the digital library of masterpieces.

The novel 'To Kill a Mockingbird' is a story of how two children, Jem and Scout Finch, learn more about the various kinds of discrimination that exist in Maycomb, mature and start understanding the world in more adult ways. By the end of the novel, they are forced to see the dangers of racism and are able to overcome their prejudice. It was written in 1960 and won the Pulitzer Prize for fiction in 1961. Lee writes fiction usually about justice and small time life, most probably influenced by the town she grew up in as we can see in the introductory paragraph of the first chapter of the novel.

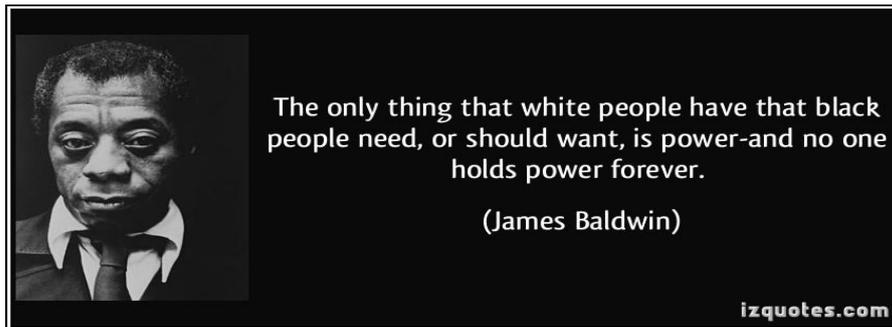
*"When he was nearly thirteen, my brother Jem got his arm badly broken at the elbow. When it healed, and Jem's fears of never being able to play football were assuaged, he was seldom self-conscious about his injury. His left arm was somewhat shorter than his right; when he stood or walked, the back of his hand was at right angles to his body, his thumb parallel to his thigh. He couldn't have cared less, so long as he could pass and punt."*

To sum up, although Lee became famous for her novel and could have had a promising career, she became a recluse and now lives alone, away from the outside world. I would recommend this book to everyone interested in good literature.

# Equal Rights Association – It's all about equality

## Our purpose:

- *Inform students on equal rights*
- *Make them better citizens*
- *Change the students' preconceptions about black people*



## Activities:

- Discussions
- Talks from prominent people
- Participation in conferences
- A surprise trip

## When & Where?

- Every Wednesday after school
- 3:30-5:00
- At the school library

\*For more information visit our website [www.itsallaboutequal.edu.haef.gr](http://www.itsallaboutequal.edu.haef.gr)

We are sure that you are going to have a great time and learn a lot of useful things!

**“THE IDEA OF EQUAL RIGHTS WAS IN THE AIR.”**

LUCY STONE

© Lifepack Quotes

By **ACHILLEAS KOUNADIS - CE6**

# WHITE = BLACK



## Goals & Promises

### Is it really a crime being a human?

Is it really a crime that you were born with a disability , a female or with black skin-color?

Questions like these has led us to the creation of this club and we will be committed throughout the year to make all students in our school realize the reality around them.

We envision a world where every human is equal to another and our goal is to pass this vision to YOU.

We are going to:

- Discuss about racism/discrimination etc.
- Participate in conferences of Anti-Racism organizations.
- Attend speeches from professionals and prominent people
- Organize fundraisers in our neighborhoods and donate the money in bigger anti-racism organizations.
- **TRIP:** We are going to take part on a trip to Washington D.C. and visit the headquarters of "A.N.S.W.E.R.", an anti-war and anti-racism organization.

*"Our lives begin to end the day we became silent about things that matter"*

- Martin Luther King

For further information visit our website:

[www.whiteequalsblack.com](http://www.whiteequalsblack.com) **GEORGE LIVADAS CE6**

## Suzanne Collins (1962 - -)

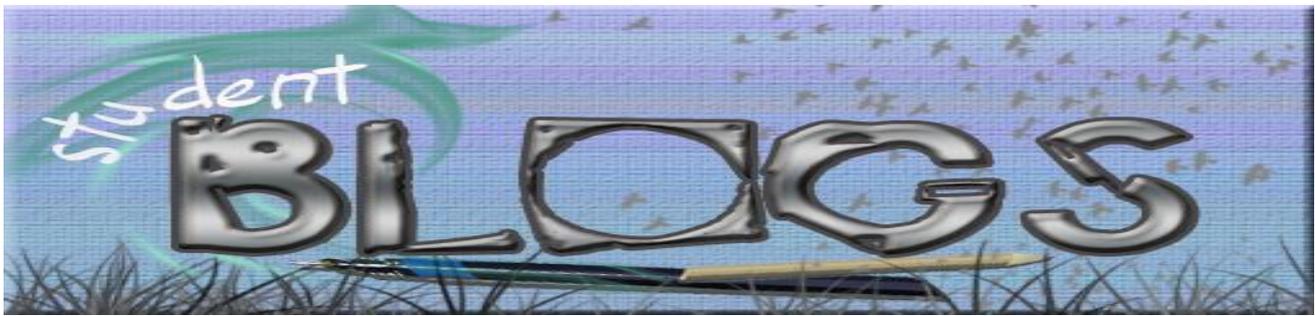


Suzanne Collins is one of America's most famous authors and she was born on August 10, 1962, in Hartford, Connecticut. Being the daughter of an Air Force officer who loved history, Collins' writing was inevitably influenced by her father. His experience of the Vietnam War gave him the opportunity to explain the causes and consequences of the battle to his children and teach them survival skills, which Collins used in her books. She began her career by writing scripts for children's TV programs until James Proimos, who was a creator of children's programs, convinced her to start writing books. Collins reached the peak of her career by writing the "Hunger Games" trilogy, which deals with very significant issues, such as survival, government, politics and the power of media. This trilogy has been widely admired for its thrilling action and dynamic characters and thus it became Amazon's biggest-selling book series ever. It is also interesting to note that Time Magazine ranked Collins among the most influential people in 2010.

"The Hunger Games", which is the first book of the renowned trilogy, is undoubtedly Collins' most popular piece of work. The novel was written in 2008 and it takes place in Panem. Katniss Everdeen is a teenager who volunteers to take her sister's place in the Hunger Games, an annual TV program in which two young representatives from each district of the country are chosen to participate in a fight to the death. She soon realizes that she may have to sacrifice love and humanity to survive. The following passage is taken from the first chapter:

*"When I wake up, the other side of the bed is cold. My fingers stretch out, seeking Prim's warmth but finding only the rough canvas cover of the mattress. She must have had bad dreams and climbed in with our mother. Of course, she did. This is the day of the reaping."*

All things considered, it could be said that Collins' novels are appropriate for readers of all ages as they do not only involve young protagonists in thrilling adventures, but also raise ethical and moral issues that concern our society.



Students

read the  
article

***“Whose  
Justice***

***is it?”***

and were  
then asked  
to write a  
blog entry  
expressing  
their views  
on

forming  
volunteer  
citizens’  
patrol  
groups in  
their  
neighborho

### **Blog Entry #1**

I think forming a volunteer citizen’s patrol in our neighborhood is an interesting idea. I feel this way because we are quite responsible to help police officers find more criminals. First of all, we should do that because there is a limited number of police officers and it’s difficult for them to be there every

time a crime happens. Secondly, we will have a safer neighborhood. Also, such a patrol group would be useful since the crime rate has increased within the past few years. However, even though it would be great to catch criminals and be armed, I assume that the law wouldn’t be on our side when using multiple

objects, like guns. This means, that we should only detain criminals and then call the police. In conclusion, I believe that we should form a volunteer citizen’s patrol group, without being armed.

**Pappi Stella  
CE14**

### **Blog Entry #2**

I think forming a volunteer citizens’ patrol in our neighborhood is a great idea. I feel this way because there is too much crime in our neighborhood. So, there is only one way to protect ourselves and our

more, our local police force is inadequate and if we remain inactive, the crime rate will increase. In addition, as responsible citizens, we have to perceive that it is our duty to help our city authorities, which are in

with the problem. Of course, before we take action, we must consult the police. In conclusion, I would say that assuming the number of crimes will decrease by itself is absurd. Therefore, we should act now!

BLOG ENTRY #3

““He who wants to be served must first know how to serve.”

– [Lailah Gifty Akita](#)

I think forming a volunteer citizens' patrol in our neighborhood is an interesting idea. I feel this way because, firstly the crime rate in our neighborhood will go down and citizens will feel safer in their houses and walking on the streets. Secondly, it would be a good way for people to co-operate together for a good cause and form a nice and peaceful anti-crime volunteer group could also serve as a good role model for younger generations. However, there is a disadvantage. This group under the wrong circumstances could end up being a vigilante one and make the neighborhood worse than it was before. To sum up, I believe that this anti-crime patrol group is mainly a good idea, but at the same time it could don't consult someone who is responsible and ask for his supervision.

**Sandra  
Rokkou CE-7**

BLOG ENTRY #4

I think forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood is an interesting idea. I feel this way because this team of people will always be there when you need them, while the police does not have as many police officers as we need due to budget cutbacks. Also, I assume the anti-crime patrol group will prevent crimes from happening by coming on time, since they are going to be near the area where the crime takes place. Of course, these volunteers should be responsible people that you can consult when you have a problem, like the Urban Angels. Unfortunately, even if they are there to help you by perceiving any signs of criminal activities, there is always the risk of them turning into a vigilante group that will take justice into their own hands, and create rough circumstances for citizens and the police, by committing crimes instead of fighting them. In conclusion, I would say that the benefits of an action like that are more than the drawbacks, so forming a citizen's patrol group can be a pretty good idea.

**Skounakis John CE7**

BLOG ENTRY #5

I think forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood is a great idea. I feel this way because first of all, I want to protect our society and its citizens. This should be done by the police, but many times it is ineffective. Another reason why I want to participate in this is the long delays

of the legal system, which have had consequences for citizens and good for muggers. Also, I believe that nowadays because of the financial crisis, the crime rate has increased so a group like that is necessary. Finally, I think that there aren't enough police officers to control

the high crime rate. I assume that our group will be helpful to local citizens, so I am ready to take action.

**Koukias  
Dimitris CE14**

“Remember that the happiest people are not those getting more, but those giving more.”

– [H. Jackson Brown Jr.](#)

BLOG ENTRY #6

I think forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood is a great idea. I feel this way because as we all know, our city has a lot of criminals and fewer than 50 police officers. I assume that if they are not punished, they will keep mugging people over and over again. By forming such a group, citizens will feel safe and more confident as they will know that a group of people will be patrolling the area. Also, a volunteer citizen's patrol would be a good idea because the number of criminals will decrease. Specifically, when criminals see an armed man, they will be scared so they will leave immediately. Finally, the formation of such a group could help with the problem of financial crisis because the volunteer security guards would take the responsibility of the city's safety and could replace some police officers that are paid. To sum up, I believe that a volunteer citizen's patrol would be a great idea because everybody has the right to stand his ground and if the police don't do something, then we must take the law into our own hands.

Spanoudakis

Alexander CE14

## BLOG ENTRY #7

I think forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood is a great idea. To start with, I feel this way because in our neighborhood, we do not have enough police officers to prevent crime. Moreover, nowadays police officers are ineffective because the financial crisis has brought about budget cutbacks and police cannot do their job well. Furthermore, with

the volunteer citizen's patrol, we will have a safer neighbourhood. In order to do that, the volunteers must be responsible people who keep the crime out of the neighborhood and who perceive danger. Also, depending on the circumstances, volunteers should be able to consult an expert like an F.B.I agent because criminals are very dangerous and can kill

somebody at any time. To sum up, I assume that we must have a volunteer citizen's patrol because it would be good for us, for our children and our friends and we will all feel safer.

**Albanopoulos  
Christopher  
CE14**

“He has a right to criticize, who has a heart to help.”

—

[Abraham Lincoln](#)

## BLOG ENTRY #8

I think forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood is a questionable idea. I feel this way because firstly, I believe it is dangerous for the

group to walk alone at night only to protect us. Secondly, I think that it is the police responsibility to protect neighborhoods. Thirdly, I believe that a citizen doesn't have

the right to arrest people. For all these reasons, forming a volunteer citizen's patrol in our neighborhood would be a bad idea.

**Flokou Olga  
CE14**

## BLOG ENTRY #8

I think forming a volunteer citizens' patrol in our neighborhood is a questionable idea. I feel this way because I think that it's too dangerous. The reasons I feel like this are simple. Firstly, it's dangerous

because we might get injured or even killed. Secondly, the police are responsible for dealing with the crime. In addition, I believe vigilantes will be under the assumption, that if there's no police in the area, they might

commit crimes more easily. Finally, I would say that forming such a group is not a good idea because we put our lives in danger.

**Dernikos Marc**  
**CE14**

## BLOG ENTRY #9

I think forming a volunteer citizens' patrol in our neighborhood is a great idea. I feel this way, because first of all, there are not enough police officers in this area and it would be a great idea if a volunteer citizen's patrol was responsible

for helping the police. Secondly, there is a high crime rate in our neighborhood and this patrol can help people in difficult circumstances such as muggings. Thirdly, police don't do their job well at all times and we can consult them

about some problems that come up. In conclusion, my opinion is that there are many reasons for forming a volunteer citizen's patrol so that people feel safe.

**Tsakalidou Irene**  
**CE7**

“The interior joy we feel when we have done a good deed is the nourishment the soul requires.”

– [Albert Schweitzer](#)

# A FILM I ENJOYED

BY: ANGELIKI SPAKOURI—CE5

## THE KING'S SPEECH

### THE ART OF THE PAUSE – THE KING'S SPEECH

As England prepares to face its entry into WWII, King George VI addresses his people. Oscar-nominated film, *The King's Speech*, stars Geoffrey Rush and Colin Firth.

*The King's Speech* has been an international blockbuster. It is directed by Tom Hooper and written by David Sheidler. It is worth saying that it is based on a true story.

It takes place in England during World War II. It is not just a political story as the title reveals, but it's also a real social drama. Bertie becomes King George VI of England because of his father's death. But Bertie suffers from a stammer and it's difficult for him to speak to his people. So, Elisabeth, his wife, arranges for him to see a speech therapist, Lionel Longue. After a rough start, the two men be

come really good friends and Longue helps Bertie overcome his problem. With Longue's support, his family and his colleagues, Bertie beats the stammer and manages to deliver a radio speech that encourages his people to stay united for the coming battle.

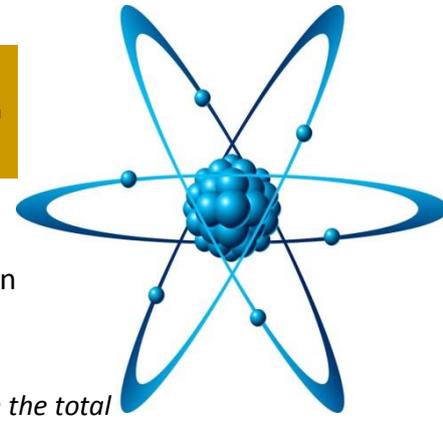
At this point, we have to say that it wasn't so easy for the film maker to direct such a movie. First of all, a lot of money must have been spent on costumes, dresses, jewelry and all this stuff, as the main characters come from the royal family and need to be dressed elegantly. Another difficulty that I spotted is

the places that the film was shot at. The buildings were surely very old and important in earlier times and it must have been quite difficult to get admission to make a movie in such places.

Concluding, I wouldn't recommend this film to those who want to stay in a happy mood, as the movie was quite dramatic. However, it has a lot of messages to pass on. It teaches you that you should never give up even if you have serious problems like stammering.



# The 17 countries generating the most Nuclear Power



1. USA
2. France
3. Russia
4. South Korea
5. Germany
6. China
7. Canada
8. Ukraine

9. U.K.
10. Sweden
11. Spain
12. Belgium
13. India
14. Czeck Republic
15. Switzerland
16. Finland

17. Japan

*based on the total amount of electricity produced by nuclear power*

Read more:

<http://www.businessinsider.com/countries-generating-the-most-nuclear-energy-2014-3?op=1#ixzz3dDWUYcIM>

## Nuclear safety is our overriding priority

NUCLEAR POWER BY ANGELIKI SPAKOURI CE-5

Nowadays, nuclear power is a controversial issue as there are both pros and cons in its use. It's considered as an alternative source of energy. But to what extent will we benefit from nuclear power?

One of the greatest benefits of nuclear power could be in the environment. It does not contribute any emissions to the atmosphere as other types of fossil fuels do. Moreover, we cannot forget to mention the cost. Nuclear power is much cheaper than other types of energy.

However, someone could say that the drawbacks outweigh

the benefits of nuclear power. One major problem is the explosions that can happen in nuclear power stations and can cause serious problems. In such a case, radiation levels increase. As a matter of fact, it can cause the death of countless people or seriously affect their health. But, the environment can be influenced as well. Not only is the image that someone sees chaotic but also the animals are affected and the food chain is destroyed. This explains the fact that there are endangered species. Finally, apart from the problems that can be caused to both ani

mals and nature, there are the problems that influence human health. The radiation causes problems to our health that a human brain cannot imagine. And these are not short term but they are long term problems.

But the question is: "should we build more nuclear power stations or not?" In my opinion and according to the above, it would be better not to build more stations. If the natural resources are to be exhausted, human beings can use the nuclear power only after considering the possible outcomes of their deeds.



written by Dimitris Vathis—AE4 EFL

## A PERSON I ADMIRE

From the first moment I heard about Steve Jobs I've admired him for his achievements in digital technology.

He was a great man who would hardly pass unnoticed.

There was nothing special about Steve Jobs' appearance. In fact, he was not at all good - looking.

He was tall, he had a moustache and a beard and wore very special round glasses.

He was Steve Jobs' character that made him unforgettable. Firstly, he was very intelligent and that's why he created iPhone, iPod, Mac book and many more. Also he was hard working because he made his own company. Finally he was very popular because everyone knew Apple.

Many people said or created something that proved remarkable , Steve Jobs was one of them that's why I admire him. For me, he is not just someone that spent time with digital technology, he is also a role model.





# *A Teacher to Remember*

*written by Nefeli Gatsoni - AE4 EFL*

Can you imagine a history teacher who makes a interesting and funny lesson? I met this teacher on the first day of Gymnasium. After some lessons with her, I knew that she was the best history teacher I have ever had. Her name was Mrs. Smith.

There are so many things to tell about Mrs. Smith's appearance. She always comes to school wearing t-shirt and jeans. She is beautiful and she has always a big smile on her face that makes her so special. She has black hair, green eyes and her height is 1.75.

It is Mrs. Smith's character that makes her so unforgettable. Firstly she is so emotional, she always shows her feelings to me. Secondly she is very smart. I don't know how she knows all the battles in history, and how she learns them so fast and so well. Thirdly she always wants to do things alone for example she doesn't need help with the smart board.

I will never forget Mrs. Smith because she teaches history perfectly and because she is a special teacher. I don't know why she is so special but I know that she will be the best teacher



A COLLECTION OF  
SHORT STORIES  
WRITTEN BY OUR STUDENTS

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

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– [Neil Gaiman](#)

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# 'The Zoo'

It's 2030. The earth is being destroyed. All the animals and special species which live in a zoo in New York decide to move on to another planet, similar to earth, in order to survive. Their new planet is called ZOO404AP and it's inside a black hole far away from earth. They find a spaceship and they begin their adventurous journey...

3...2...1! The spaceship took off! King Jack, the lion, is trying to calm everyone down. The sloth, Edgar, is horrified as it's the first time he gets inside a spaceship. Ursula the evil snake is making fun of him. Mary Beth Poe the 3<sup>rd</sup>, the drunken zebra, is listening to "Animal Planet", the well-known animal band, in order to relax. At the same time, Allan the stupid tiger is so happy they're going on a journey to space, that it's singing!

Beep-beep-beep...A weird sound is spread all over the spaceship. Ursula, Edgar, Allan, and Mary Beth Poe the 3<sup>rd</sup> are all going crazy. King Jack tells them to keep calm and... pray! A red button, like an alarm, is making a loud noise... they are in the middle of nowhere....Far away from both New York and ZOO404AP... Suddenly a door opens from the back of the spaceship. Allan, the tiger, falls from the spaceship!! He is shouting but no one can hear him! He is now lost in the darkness of space... The spaceship is falling... Everybody is screaming for help, but there's no one who can help them...

Everybody gets out from the spaceship except King Jack who is calm and keeps holding the steering wheel. All the animals that are left outside die, because of the humungous

pressure and the lack of oxygen. King Jack, the lion, manages to close the door with a smart maneuver. That's it, he made it! He is safe in the spaceship but alone. He is the only one who can save the earth species, so he seeks for the planet ZOO404AP. King Jack finally reaches the destination. There he finds a female Lion and they start a new future for the earth species without any drunk, lazy, crazy and mean animals.

THE END



This story was written by:

- Dimos Badogiannakis – BS3
- Alik Boukouvala– BS3
- Myrto Salteri– BS3



*The Athens College News*

Eleni Retsou

Max Bolotas

Nafsika Philippou

## Setting and Main Characters

Setting: Big central city. Today.

Main Characters: Dr. McCartney, the beggar, workers, an old man, two other men.

## Introduction

Dr. McCartney is a zoologist that has shown his love for animals from a young age. Over the past few years he has studied their behavior, living conditions and survival skills. He now lives in a big central city full of gas and pollution. Of course, there are no wild animals living there. Or are they?

## Story

Today it was a rainy, day as usual. The traffic was intense, cars were beeping and people were running around to catch up with their busy way of living. Here and there you could see some small trees on the sidewalk struggling to grow, as they were desperate for some sun and fresh air. Dr. McCartney decided to go for a walk that rainy day. He had been living there for years but he had never had the time to explore it. Maybe behind this ugliness there was some beauty hidden.

He decided to take the metro that day instead of his old minivan.

He paid for his ticket and waited patiently on the platform. The corner of his eye caught an old man sitting on the ground gazing at the people with his tired, wrinkled eyes waiting for someone to give him a penny or two so that he could afford something to eat that day. But no one...No one even looked at him. Everyone was passing by pretending they hadn't seen him. And even when they accidentally turned their faces towards him their eyes filled with disgrace. No one felt like helping him. Every one's heart was as cold as the floor the beggar was sitting on. No one cared.

He wanted to give him a couple dollars but before he could do so his train arrived. As the train was moving he observed the rest of the passengers. He stared at all the sad, worried and upset faces next to him. “What a pity!” he thought to himself.

As he was standing in the train his mind brought back some memories. He remembered when he was still in college, he took his first trip to Africa. He and his classmates had to write an essay on hippos. He remembered observing them from far away. Watching them swimming peacefully in the water. So peaceful yet so dangerous.

At that moment a shiver came up his spine. He remembered a part of his essay, which was truly impressive but also scary. Hippos reject the weak. They don’t let them into the water and let them die alone from heat and thirst. They don’t care about the weak and the sick. But no one can blame them or change that. It’s nature.

He soon got off the train. He couldn’t stand the faces filled with sadness staring at him. He walked on the sidewalk. Few blocks further, he saw some workers standing on the porch of an old apartment trying to convince an old man to “pack his bags and leave”. That’s what they said. But why? Maybe he hadn’t paid the rent. Maybe he couldn’t afford to. The solution to this problem? To kick him out.

A poster advertising a zoo that was coming to town reminded him of another very common phenomenon in the wild. Animals fight for their territory. The strongest always wins and the weak has to find a new home. They solve their problems with violence. But no one can blame them. That’s the only way they can solve them.

He decided to go home. By the time he turned to go back, two men had started fighting and even hitting each other. He overheard them and the reason they were fighting was apparently for a woman. Just like animals. Just like them.

He arrived home feeling exhausted and really disappointed. He thought there were some kind caring and reasonable people living in the city. He imagined some love behind the darkness of the city. Even when the sun was shining, everything was still gloomy. It wasn’t the weather’s fault, it was the people’s. To be honest, he might have discovered something today. An “urban jungle” or even a “zoo” because the environment we live in is also limiting and ugly.

THE END

# “A Mysterious Halloween Night”

*A short story by Natalia Aliprantis—CN8*

Anna and Lucy were best friends as long as they could remember. They always had terrific adventures together which usually were Lucy’s crazy ideas. But I’m rushing... Let’s start the story from the beginning.

Anna was a shy 13-year-old girl who was timid yet very clever for her age. On the other hand Lucy, who was 14 year old girl, had insane ideas which Anna always followed as she admired Lucy’s spontaneity.

One day Lucy announced her latest plan...

“We are going inside the Spooky Lady House, at midnight on Halloween, so prepare yourself!!”

“Are you crazy?” cried Anna. “Nobody has ever entered that house; you know it is haunted by the ghost of an old lady.”

“You’re such a chicken Anna!” laughed Lucy. “There is no such thing as ghosts!”

The weeks passed quickly and the two girls prepared for the big day. They bought plenty of things that could be needed throughout their small journey to the top of the hill. A compass, a map, a knife and sandwiches were put into their two bags. Although Anna did not want to spoil her best friend’s plan who was absolutely thrilled, she was filled with trepidation.

It was finally Halloween and the two girls set off just before midnight. It was a foggy and gloomy night and Anna couldn’t stop trembling.

“This is crazy; can’t we just go home please?” Anna cried to the shadow ahead of her, but Lucy was too busy searching the map to find the road which led to the haunted house.

“Don’t be faint-hearted Anna” replied Lucy.

After one hour the two girls finally reached the top of the hill where the dark house stood. It was old and decrepit with broken windows and hanging shutters.

The fog clung to it and the full moon cast shadows on the peeling walls. As the girls approached the front door, a terrifying screeching noise was heard from inside the house! "Run for your life Anna!!" shouted Lucy as she shot off as fast as she could.

"Wait for me!!" pleaded Anna, but it was already too late.

Suddenly footsteps were heard and the door creaked open... An old, old lady with a long white dress and long white hair appeared.

"Oh my God, it's Ebenezer Scrooge," thought Anna.

"Hallo, my little one. Did you come to help me feed my cats? That's very kind of you!" said the old lady.

Anna was perplexed and she didn't know what to say, but sensing how kind she was, Anna offered to help the old lady. They stayed for hours together and when Anna finally decided that it was time to go home she promised her new friend to visit her soon! The old lady, however, made Anna promise that she would keep their friendship a secret and would never, ever tell anyone that she had met her!

When Anna arrived home, her mother was furious yet extremely relieved that her daughter was safe. Even Lucy visited Anna that same day and apologized profusely for abandoning her. Yet she was very curious about what had happened the previous night, but Anna kept her promise and did not tell her about the old lady.

Over and over, Anna visited the old lady's house and became very close to her. They had a great time together, chatting, feeding the cats and talking about life.

After many years, Anna finally grew up and had to leave her small village. Although she never saw the old lady again, she would remember her forever...and told her children all about this mysterious and spooky adventure. Although Anna remained best friends with Lucy, she kept her word and never spoke about what happened that night!

The End

*A short story by Martha Lazanaki—CN-8*

You always know how a Friday night will go. You're probably going to finish work and then while waiting for a taxi, decide whether you can withstand a night with your friends at a restaurant and if not just go home and watch TV. Well for Felicity, tonight was the former. She was going to a restaurant.

"Hey Lisa," she said. "Where are we going?"

"The weird Indian restaurant."

"The one with the fortune cookies?"

"Mhm."

"Great," said Felicity somewhat lacking enthusiasm.

"The Mumbai Indian Restaurant" was not your average Indian restaurant. Sure, the menu had all the Indian delicacies, but they would always make an effort to strike you as strange and different. They would organize shows from time to time featuring Chinese singers and at the end of a meal would bring fortune cookies with cliché messages. It was a very odd fusion. Nevertheless, you would always seem drawn to it.

"Now read yours, Felicity," said Jane. "Does it say that you too are going to become a millionaire?"

"Are we going to be millionaire buddies?" asked Jane laughing.

Felicity carefully unrolled the tiny piece of paper and started to read "This is real, this is clear, you have a destiny that is about to appear!"

"Well that couldn't have been any clearer!" she said laughing.

They all started to laugh, when suddenly the room started to go blurry. For a moment there Felicity thought it must have been the wine, but then she could see that while the different shapes around her, like the table and her friends, were no longer clear, new shapes had started to form. She blinked and tried to look carefully at what surrounded her. It happened to be that she was now engulfed in what looked like yellow, red and purple smoke. Felicity was shocked and the smoke was making her eyes water. Finally she could no longer see, so she closed her eyes, enveloping herself in total darkness.

In what seemed like hours later, Felicity was woken by the distinctive sound of a crowd of people. Curious to see what she was hearing, she slowly opened her eyes. At first everything was hazy, but then she started to make out some shapes: a girl carrying a basket, a few market stands and finally the strong sun that was beating down and making her squint. Then she focused on what the people were saying. She couldn't make out a single word.

"Where am I?" she wondered. But then, as if someone had shone a light upon the situation, suddenly everything made sense. The colourful market, the warm sun, the tanned people dressed in colourful clothes and the language she couldn't understand; she was in India.

She stood up and walked through the crowd stunned. "How did I get here?" she mumbled under her breath. People were hurrying past her holding baskets filled with fruit, groceries and different materials, while children were running through the streets barefoot with their mothers calling after them.

It was all quite overwhelming, not to mention the noise. There were people talking fast and loudly, all as if in a rush and motorbikes whizzing through the streets making a racket. Moreover, there were lorries beeping, trying to unload all their provisions.

Felicity had been standing in the same spot for quite a while, too perplexed to move. But then someone came and tapped her on the back. She turned around to see a young girl dressed in tattered clothes. "Hi," said the girl. "My name is Charu, do you need some help?" Felicity was still in shock but she did her best to sound calm and asked "May I ask where am I?" "You're in Mumbai India," said Charu in a perky voice. Charu then showed Felicity around the streets of

Mumbai. Felicity got to see the beauty of the city, its people, the colours, the strong unfamiliar smells, good and bad, and got to dance to Indian music. On the other hand though, she faced the poverty of India. There were people on the streets begging for help and many children selling tissues and flowers trying to make little money.

"All these kids are supposed to be at school," said Felicity.

"Well they can't," said Charu solemnly. "They have to work to bring money to their families."

Felicity was very sad to hear this. She couldn't bear the thought that all these children would be deprived of an education and a brighter future.

It was now evening and the sun was setting. Felicity said goodbye to Charu and promised she would try to give her and other children a chance for a better life. After that she headed back to the market, where now all the market stalls had been closed and the streets were quiet. She looked up at the moon and then slowly the colours of the sky, just like in the restaurant, started to blur and become dark blue and silver smoke. She then closed her eyes and waited.

A while later she opened her eyes. She was back in the restaurant and her friends were still laughing, as if she had never left. Felicity looked down carefully at the little roll of paper she was still holding. "This is real, this is clear, you have a destiny that is about to appear," it read. Still it didn't make sense how she magically came to be in India, and return within an instant.

A waiter saw her scrutinizing the paper and asked "Is something wrong? Is the message not clear?"

"Excuse me?" said Felicity surprised.

"Do what it says. Fulfil your destiny; help Charu and the other children."

"But how-" Felicity started to ask, but the waiter stopped her.

"It does not matter how. What matters is why and the answer to that is in that paper you are holding. It is your destiny."

Felicity looked up at the waiter. Strangely, she looked like Charu, but a bit older.

"You're right I have to help."

Felicity grabbed her coat in her one hand and her bag in the other. Meanwhile, her friends looked at her in bewilderment. "Where are you going?" they asked. Felicity had no time to explain, she just said "I need to do something" and rushed out the restaurant, caught a taxi, and went home.

There she opened her computer and started to type. It took her the whole night, but she finally finished writing what was an article about life in India. She described it as she had seen it and as Charu had defined it. It urged people to take action on the case and give some time to think about how much a difference they could make for the children in India.

The next day, she took the article to her boss. He was quite impressed and decided to publish it. In the days that followed, Felicity moved onto creating an association that would donate money for the education of children in India and at the same time she travelled around the world making speeches for raising awareness. Her article and speeches, being well received, led to more and more people joining her charity, and as a result brought more money for the education of the children in India. Finally, three years later she got a very interesting call.

"Hello, who is this?" asked Felicity.

"This is Charu, from Mumbai, India."

Felicity was awe-struck. She couldn't believe it. It was Charu! "What have you been doing?" she asked, extremely glad to hear from her.

"I've been going to school, do you believe it! And it's all because of you!" she said happily.

Felicity was overjoyed. "That's so great!"

She had fulfilled her promise to Charu and she had made a difference in children's lives in India. Now, she never told anyone what truly happened that Friday night at the restaurant. It was as the waiter had said, destiny. One of the few things that cannot be explained; but one thing was certain, life for Felicity, Charu and the children of India would never be the same. Perhaps, sometimes, fortune cookies in Indian restaurants are what is called: magic.

The End

*A short story by Kleanthis-Marios Papadopoulos-CN8*

The Monroe Preparatory School was one of the most prominent and therefore competitive private schools in the entire state of Georgia. Situated in Atlanta, the school had a long history of successful graduates, ranging from businessmen to governors. The majority of affluent professionals sent their children there, taking into account their desire and financial means to provide to them such a high level of education.

James Gilliam did not belong to that group. His parents were neither wealthy nor particularly successful professionally. This did not mean they weren't working hard, because they were, but their moderate wages could barely provide for this level of education. James, being aware of their struggles, had decided to study as much as possible in order to receive the highest marks in his class and become the top student. Unfortunately for him, he hadn't been able thus far to realize his goal to its full potential.

Jeffrey Boulders was the son of an influential businessman. His father had made friends with various politicians, including the city's mayor and the governor of the state. Jeffrey enjoyed quite a bit of popularity along with impressive academic performance. James had always wondered how he achieved the latter, considering his fellow student's often impertinent behavior and how little time, if at all, he devoted to studying. James had sometimes thought about the possibility that his classmate was cheating. As time went by, his doubt had grown into suspicion and later on into almost absolute certainty.

He was thinking about all of this as he was heading to the other side of the campus to meet his college advisor and math teacher, Prof. Riley. Professor Riley had always assisted him in this procedure and answered all of his questions. He usually behaved in a calm manner, but this time was different; he seemed very angry and upset.

-Is there something wrong, sir? asked James.

- No, there is nothing to worry about, answered the professor.

-Are you sure, sir? inquired James once again.

The counselor wanted to change the topic, but he couldn't.

- I hope I can trust you with this and wish you wouldn't tell anybody, ever.

-Absolutely, professor, whatever pleases you.

-I have come under scrutiny by the school administration. They're considering whether or not they should fire me.

-Did you do something wrong?

-It's because of Jeffery's father. He believes I had unfairly marked down his son in the last semester. He has made several complaints to the principal and he's seriously thinking about firing me. Given his influence and power, that seems like a highly plausible scenario.

- I always knew he didn't deserve the marks he's been receiving, said James angrily.

-You should also know we are forced by the school administration to sell him the exam questions, which helps us repay the school's debts while keeping his father content, added the professor.

Throughout the rest of the conversation, James tried to comfort his counselor. At the same time, he was furious with Jeffery and his father.

It was time for James to return home so that he could study for tomorrow's science exam.

-Hold on a second, James thought to himself. Since we are taking a science exam, Prof. Whistler, our science teacher will have to give up the test questions to Jeffery. I could go to the school and witness the transaction, after I finish up with my studying. And so he decided. Fortunately, his parents were working overtime tonight. Consequently, neither would he have to explain where he would be going nor risk being talked out of his decision.

Thankfully, the school's back entrance was open. He crept in and started looking for the location of the exchange. A few minutes went by. He had brought his camera with him to take some photographs. Suddenly, he saw someone walking towards a room to the right. When the light was turned on, he saw it was Jeffery waiting for Professor Whistler. Seconds later, Prof. Whistler stepped into the room. James was able to take some photographs of the exchange, which would be more than enough to fully support his claims. After seeing the professor leave, he quickly exited the building and ran towards the back entrance, the same way he had gotten in.

When he arrived home, he turned on his laptop so that he could back up and print the photos. After that, he decided to revise a while longer before going to bed.

He woke up early next morning and prepared for his exam. It was seven o' clock. He rode the bus to school. On arrival at the school, he walked towards the principal's office with the intent of presenting him the evidence. When he entered the office, he was asked to wait for a while. The principal finally allowed him to come into his office.

James showed him the pictures of the exchange he had obtained.

-Destroy them now or you will be expelled! yelled angrily the school official.

-If I were expelled, I would feel compelled to share my findings with the other children's parents, which I am certain would not boost the school's reputation, answered James.

-Well, I guess I will have to meet your demands. What do you want from me?

-According to the school's regulations, Jeffrey should be expelled taking his actions into consideration. I would also consider appropriate to prepare a different science exam, while it would be wise if you refrained from firing Prof. Riley.

-I guess I don't have another choice but meet your demands.

-You would be following the rules, said James with a slight ironic tone.

In spite of his success, he always wondered throughout the rest of his life:

-Was it worth using blackmail in order to succeed?

The End

# On the Edge

*A short story by George Filippopoulos*

CNS

“What?” he screamed into the receiver, that being the only word he had managed to muster the vocal strength required to utter.

But it was too late. Louis had hung up and his voice had been replaced by the familiar repeating beep. Apparently he was ignorant of the fact that telephones are a means of two-way communication, not merely an announcing platform, especially when the announcement in question is so grave.

All Luke could think of at that moment were “Wh-” questions. What? Why? When? Why? (again). However, being an intelligent person, he knew that his understanding of the big picture shouldn’t be his top priority; there were more urgent matters at hand. His friend’s life was at stake.

Luke grabbed the worn-out pair of shoes he wore to school every day and put them on faster than he’d ever done in his entire fifteen-year-long life. He could hear himself hyperventilating and could only assume how fast his heart was beating. He covered himself in the first jacket he could find lying on his room’s messy floor and rapidly ran out of the room.

The distance between the two friends’ houses was not long. In fact, Luke usually enjoyed walking the six-and-a-half blocks to Louis’s family’s apartment on the fourth floor of a very tall apartment building almost every day after school. But not today. Today he found it long and with every red light that stood in his way he swore not-so-silently, prompting many strangers to look at him sternly and even a couple to vocally request that he “mind his language.” But his mind was hard at work thinking through the last few weeks, trying to find out where things had gone wrong, why Louis had decided to take so drastic measures.

Eventually, he reached Louis’s building and rang the doorbell he had rung so many times before. The few seconds it took for Louis’s mom to press the button that opened the door felt like an eternity. But this eternity, like most others, passed and Luke found himself running once again, this time up four flights of stairs. Louis’s mom had already opened the door for him and was standing behind it, smiling.

“Hello Luke,” she said with the most ignorant tone of voice.



Bypassing the customary pleasantries, Luke immediately asked:

“Where is Louis?”

It took the best part of five seconds for the woman, who was quite taken aback by the always-polite-Luke’s impoliteness, to form an answer inside her head and speak it.

“I thought he was at your house,” she replied with worry and bewilderment making their way into her voice, “He left fifteen minutes ago.”



Fifteen minutes ago. That was about the time it had taken for Luke to get to Louis’s house. He knew he had run at his maximum speed and yet, somehow, upon hearing that number, his brain immediately started thinking that he was, in fact, too late. Unsettling images began materializing in his imagination. He couldn’t look at them and yet they kept coming. No. He couldn’t let that happen to his friend.

“Sorry to have bothered you. I must have passed him on the way,” he said to the kind woman. He knew that in these cases the presence of a responsible adult always helps, but he had no way of knowing what had transpired inside Louis’s head that day; maybe the sight of his mother would trigger something ever worse.

He patiently waited while the mother of his best friend said goodbye and closed the door. As soon as she was done, however, as soon as she could no longer see him, he bolted up the next flight of stairs on his way to the roof.

Luke was good at math and always used numbers and sums to make rational decisions. In this case, though, he had decided to run up another ten floors, all the way to the fourteen story building’s roof, instead of choosing the quite faster alternative of taking the elevator (He knew for a fact that it was faster. Louis and he had calculated it last summer). For some reason, the inaction a one-minute elevator trip would require felt like hell right now.

The run up the stairs was not an uneventful one. He tripped a couple of times and his shirt got nagged on a nail. Luke had to get there as soon as possible, so he just pulled really hard, tearing his shirt more than is repairable, and kept running.

Eventually, he reached the roof. Silence. Sunlight hit him on the face. He had been on that roof before, playing Louis’s and his own version of soccer more than once. Luke looked around. It took him a few seconds to spot Louis standing on the ledge. On the edge between life and death. Seeing the pieces of string and cloth hanging on one side of the roof floating up and down violently because of the wind made Luke comprehend how fragile his friend’s life was at that moment. He had to get him off that ledge, favorably before any discussion occurred.



Louis hadn't noticed him. He plucked up courage to make his voice sound calm and serene, to make it sound as different as possible from what he was feeling inside him.

"You don't have to do this," he almost shouted to get his voice through the loud wind, "We can work it out together, you know." His voice cracked on the last syllable. He hoped Louis wouldn't notice the uncertainty conveyed by that.

Louis didn't turn around to face him. He kept staring across at the empty light-blue sky and occasionally at the fast moving cars below him. So far below him. When he opened his mouth to speak, he sounded almost annoyed, like Luke had interrupted something sacred.

"What are you doing here, Luke?" His voice didn't crack at all, "I have made up my mind."



"Think about all the people whose lives you'll destroy."

Tears were now starting to form in Luke's eyes. He had thought so much about getting there fast that he hadn't considered what he'd actually say when he got there.

"Like who?" said Louis, almost happy at having, in his opinion, rendered Luke's point invalid.

Luke's brain started thinking at ten times its usual speed. At first he thought of mentioning Louis's parents, but ultimately decided against it, for the same reason he hadn't asked Louis's mother to follow him to the roof: He was afraid the mention of them would possibly act as a catalyst in Louis's decision. He'd never thought of Louis as a lonely person. In fact, he seemed to be quite the opposite. Now that he was thinking about it, however, he couldn't think of a person Louis would be sad to hurt.

"All of your friends," he replied at last. He knew it was a cheap answer, but it was all he could think of.

"You mean all those pretenders who pretend to like me and smile fake smiles going around their lives content with the fakeness of it all? Frankly, Luke, I don't think any of them would be sad for more than a single week, at most. Don't you see? Nobody cares."

Tears had now started to drop from Louis's eyes to the ground, too. It was obvious that he was troubled by the conclusion his own faulty version of logic had led him to.

"But I care! I really do! And I'd be devastated if my best friend took his own life! I care about you, Louis!" Luke screamed impulsively at the top of his lungs. The need to think had disappeared. "Now please come down from that ledge and we'll find a way to deal with this more reasonably. I promise!"

If someone had been watching Louis's facial expression as stared into the city far below, they would have noticed a sudden sense of happiness, relief, pictured on the boy's face as he realized that at least one person cared about him, that he wasn't alone.

Slowly, Louis stepped down from the ledge onto the floor and walked away from it, no longer on the edge between life and death. Slowly, he walked towards his friend. If someone had been watching the whole scene, they would have seen one good friendship.

THE END

# The Infinity of Sight

*A short story by Marialena Vathi CNS*

I woke up to the blinding morning light and raised my head to the deeply purple sky. This total 'purpleness' always managed, in a peculiar kind of way, to agitate me. My planet was utterly unique, third on the left side of the sun. In my world, science overshadowed everything and that's why my people from the beginning of times had set a clear goal: gather information. And so they were quick to discover the depths of our world, how deep down it went, but the boundaries of our limitless purple sky were impossible to determine. In a world, where knowledge is considered power, not knowing what's above our heads was a huge weakness, one that we were determined to overcome at all costs. My name is Liam Samuels and I'm a young scientist with prospects, hopes and a dream of presenting a simple equation, showing everyone where this thick purple layer ends. Today was my first day with my new research team trying to perceive the "up above", a name that had unexpectedly come up in our struggle to refer to something that didn't have the slightest definition.

Again I was late. That was quite usual of me. You see, it didn't matter how hard I tried, I always ended up trying to catch my breath. As fast as I could, I grabbed my red wooly hat and made sure I had all the necessary papers in my briefcase. This was the hardest part. On my desk stood a pile of ready-to-fall-down papers and this papery tower actually fell. It was a mess with me buried underneath, tons of colorful paper swirling around like confetti. I did the best I could. Finally, I rushed out and I only stopped in front of the reception, two streets further down my house. The wooden floor seemed like it would deliberately squeak under every step I made, making my delay even more obvious. The receptionist gave me an "oh-you-are-late-again" look. I smiled apologetically and as sweetly as my rapid heartbeat would let me. She laughed at my effort and guided me through the seventeen floors the research institution occupied. It was the gem of our city and certainly one of the oldest buildings around. The architecture still remained the original, displaying wide open glass windows, wooden floors and ceilings as well as little fine sculptures of our mythology hiding in every corner inside and outside the institution, However, the technological upgrades that had taken place in this facility made it remarkably modern. This building was mostly famous, except from the cohabitation of ancient and modern world, for its terrace. This is where I was going today. It was my first time out there and the purple sky was so close I swear I could touch it. The different purple shades shifted from violet to dark red and then light blue, giving from far away the impression the sky was a concrete color of purple. The early morning mist was dissolving and I could feel the moist around me. I just stood there, feeling the watery atmosphere and staring at the breathtaking view. "Liam!" a voice, sincere but elegant, brought me back to reality. Dr. Steven Bruckham was approaching, his exceptionally white lab uniform deflecting sunlight. From many, he was considered a person of superior knowledge and therefore power. He was head of the department, and I felt deep respect for him mixed with a great dose of fear. "Don't just stand there, young man! We have a puzzle to solve!" he added. "Yes, sir!" I repeated solemnly and suddenly in the silence that followed my retort, heard my empty stomach growl. It was kind of humiliating and I quickly went back to work. It was later that I understood the full meaning of his words.

I spent the whole afternoon since then trying to make sense of the problem that troubled intensively our whole civilization. One month followed the other and I was in sheer desperation, struggling like so many others, to perceive the purple above us. I had made no progress at all and time passing like water through my fingertips made it even more depressing. I was devastated and I would literally spend hours cursing the purple sky and wishing it had a pale blue color that could calm and not provoke my anger and uncertainty. I always found it funny that I didn't care as much for the reason it existed as for why it was purple and I would start from one moment to the other, from crying with sorrow to shedding tears of laughter. I was going mad and imagined myself sitting, withering up and dying, by the window of a bedlam still doing the same thing, cursing the limitless purple sky. No one was able to put an end to this research and it seemed the pursuit was bound to be meaningless. "Will we ever find out the truth?" I wondered. I had let all this negativity get to me and now I needed a refreshing walk to my grandpa's house. He was standing at the doorstep, big smile on his face like always. How could he be so happy and calm, didn't he know that our world had no boundaries, what's so ever? I was puzzled looking at his face and only seeing an old weak man enjoying his life away from what had troubled me so much the past few months. He could see that something was bothering me but didn't push it and I admired him for his patience. Instead he gave me this much-needed time away from my worries. I ended up confessing all my fears and misfortunes and he was there the whole time holding my hand. He sympathetically patted me on the back and said the wisest words I had ever heard: "Not everything has a definition. But what would I know, I am just an old weak man that cannot move without canes, taking three pills just to go to sleep but I could never, ever put a label or a definition on a mother's love to her newborn child." He wiped a tear that was quickly rolling down his cheek and so did I. I was speechless, who am I to master the sky? I have no power at all and that's why I am unable to understand and perceive the smaller things around me, the beauty of a flower, the warm touch of a sun ray, the fresh smell of the damp soil. Could it really be that simple? I started running and screaming like a maniac. I had found my solution at last.

I worked silently with every inch of my body fully dedicated to my project. It wasn't the answer I had imagined at the beginning, not at all plain and straightforward but it was an answer or at least the beginning of one. The next day I was ready to present. I am not sure how I went out of bed, dressed up or even arrived on time but I was standing in the middle of a crowd ready to show and support my idea. With a calm voice, as calm as I could manage anyway, I addressed the people who with I'd spent most of my days till this moment: "Dear colleagues, I want to share with you a funny story. Since I was a little boy I remember asking my parents every single day what was the worst way to go? I confess I was more confused with their bewilderment that didn't except a child to ask what was the worst way to die. They would protectively hug me then and inquiringly try to figure out how had such a notion occurred to me. I was puzzled with their behavior and they were even more puzzled than me. So one day they approached me and said what was the most painful way to die. I, then, believed that the worst way to die was the most painful until later someone explained that although what we touch or see or experience counts, above all of them lies what we feel. Well yesterday, imagine what! I realized that the worst possible death for me would be dying with regrets. Regretting that I didn't experience life like I could, with heart and soul because I was wondering about where the sky ends, it would be the worst way I could go. And this is how a kind of funny story ends and how a really important one begins. Maybe you don't understand my way of thinking and that's okay, so let me rephrase. It might seem odd but personally I am out of ideas. Nothing. Well, that's why I really need you to hear me out. A fact is that we cannot measure love, anger or any other emotion, can we? Then it's only logical to think that not everything has a definition or a limit.

anger or any other emotion, can we? Then it's only logical to think that not everything has a definition or a limit. What if this endless purple sky was something out of our reach to perceive with our minds but close enough to perceive with our hearts? I do not have solid proof of what I am saying but that's the point, you need to believe "the greater", an unknown universe above us, call it Faith, call it God, I don't care but it's out there waiting patiently to be embraced. So I do believe that above us lies infinity. We are all scientists. We work with experiments and measurements. Maybe it's time to start using our soul and common sense." I stopped to breathe, but I still felt like I was drowning. Cold air rushed into my lungs and it was like someone was hitting me full force. With much trouble I focused on my audience. There was a gap of unbearable silence and then the single sound of a pair of hands clapping steadily and with the confidence I no longer possessed. This sound evolved and I heard cheers of approval and understanding that warmed me inside, but they were those who expressed their total opposition. My heart raced again and I could swear Dr. Steven Bruckham was hearing every single beat. He graciously stood up and looked me in the eye with all the rage contorting his otherwise handsome face. It was like he splashed me with cold water all over and I was again a lone survivor of a ship wreck fighting with the stormy sea. "Nonsense," he whispered and I felt this word to the bottom of my spine crackling every bone as he left the room.

I could have never expected me being the cause of such confusion. I was in the eye of the storm and I could see everything evolving around me with unbelievable speed. I returned home that night and although I sat down on the same old sofa with the same velvet pillows and the same wooden base table having my ordinary supper, nothing felt the same. And this inexplicable newness was only reinforced after an unexpected phone call. I was ready to fill my mouth with a sip of lukewarm milk when I heard the characteristic sound of my phone ringing. I picked it up and let it go to voice mail. A stranger was on the other end of the line: "Good afternoon. Sorry if it's too late. I heard your speech earlier today and I would like to congratulate you for it. If you ever have time I would really appreciate you explaining your theory about the infinity." The hesitant voice slightly started to become more and more steady inquiring knowledge I was afraid I couldn't provide. The message ended with the speaker leaving his contact info and apologizing for the interruption once more. I was ready to write an email answering as much as I could when the phone rang again and again and for the week that followed it was constantly ringing until I threw it out of the window in an attempt to get some sleep. Like the first phone call many wanted to congratulate me and share my insight with them. On the contrary, I received quite a number of disturbing calls requesting me to drop dead just because of considering science had its limits! It's not that I felt threatened, no one resorted to violence here, but I was just disappointed. They were too stubborn even to consider looking at the truth. Days passed but the atmosphere still remained turbulent. You could feel the electricity radiated from the people protesting either for or against me. Needless to say, I got fired. Frustration didn't even start to cover my condition. I would take deep breaths trying to restrain the anger that was building inside me. They had no right, no right at all to undermine my efforts, education and treat me like rubbish. I wondered if they would still send a card on my birthday like they used to or if the facility would never allow it again. Probably the second. Not that I really minded, their poor judgment was only exceeded by their poor taste in cards. Anyway, that's not the point, but I desperately tried to persuade myself that me getting fired was a good thing. This was just impossible! Soon the prime minister visited me. One day he knocked on the door wearing his usual black suit and red tie. There he was, the leader of a nation standing at my humble doorstep kindly asking to come in. Certainly, my first reaction was staring at this peculiar sight and so he patiently repeated his request. Suddenly realizing what I was doing I stepped back and invited him into my household. It all looked so plain next to his shiny moccasins. We talked and before leaving he made one last remark: "I admire your courage and your work...but maybe it's too much for us to handle." He

sighed and left while I was standing still digesting what he had just said.

I stayed home for a week trying to recover from the shock. Plus, I had no job to attend to. I never left the house and I could have as well been stranded. The prime minister made his announcement. Every big issue that had caused disruption to our society was followed by an equally big announcement that most of the time settled things down. I sat on the sofa pressing a pillow with all my anger while his words echoed in my ears: "Old is trustworthy and science has been our only tool in making this planet." I kept on repeating his words over and over again. Did he just say that? How could he? I felt the urge to kick the TV and so I did, something that I quickly regretted since broken pieces of expensive hardware were scattered all over the place. But at that moment it felt just right. I only presented an idea, giving life to a new perspective. In return, I was rewarded with sorrow and bitter pain. Well I had to adjust and I was sure I would eventually but at what cost?

Life wasn't that unfair in the end. I could even tell it treated me kindly after all. Well, at the beginning I was devastated and I held all that anger and disappointment that I desperately needed to express. And exactly so did I. I started writing and writing and writing. I wrote while eating, I wrote while drinking and I wrote while yawning every midnight. I just couldn't stop. It was like a new world was expanding in front of my eyes and the best thing, I was its creator. And so with every word I jotted down, I became calmer and happier. When I was younger and someone would ask me about my dream job it was already planned that I would become a scientist, I only had to choose the field. If I could go back now I would have firmly said "writer." With much hesitation and with much more necessity for income I published my work. It was a huge success and people just loved it. I'm not sure if at the beginning they just bought my books out of curiosity because they knew who I was, a leftover scientist or because they purely enjoyed them. But later on I had no doubt, I travelled people in a faraway place with no boundaries and they needed to be limitless. I provided them with that feeling, with pleasure.

However, the best thing was the people's change of attitude. I could see it around me every day, signing copies in a bookstore or waiting in line for a cup of coffee. Society had done the inevitable, it had changed and shifted like our sky did, from violet to blue, although from far away it all seemed like the same old concrete purple. People were seeking answers... They felt things and became more aware of people surrounding them. They communicated more effectively and shared their emotions. They felt satisfaction despite the fact that they didn't know the boundaries of their sky. I was proud I had accomplished something much more important than perceiving the "up above." I had shown people a new way to live and enjoy life like the gift it was. Just like grandpa and now me...cause at this moment they could see above the thick purple layer, above the infinity, they could "see" anything.

The End

# The Last Leaf - A Different Ending

By Kartsagoulis Konstantinos—CS4



## LEAD STORY HEADLINE

It was an astonishing Sunday morning. The weather was “cooperative” with the people’s needs, as the sun was shining and a soothing breeze was blowing. Spring had arrived and it made its appearance perceptible, since there was a variety of flowers and most of them were in a state of blooming. The streets of a little town, called Greenwich Village, were filled with people. The town’s pace seemed to have increased drastically after spring’s arrival. Every single person was out in the streets of the little town with his family, friends or even alone, and was celebrating the end of the winter. The previous winter had been catastrophic for the citizens of Greenwich Village. They had overcome 3 months of freezing cold, snow, hail, and more importantly pneumonia. Therefore, it was natural for them to celebrate the season of rebirth.

However, one house in the centre of Greenwich Village still remained passionless and unresponsive to the rest of the town’s celebrations. The house had closed shutters and locked doors, letting no light enter. Its owner was Joanna Maine, an accomplished and highly regarded painter. Johnsy used to be a very sociable person, always happy and enthusiastic about life. Johnsy was now sitting on her bed. She wasn’t smiling. She was in deep thoughts. She remembered Mr. Behrman showing her the beautiful and colorful plant out of her bedroom’s window. Mr. Behrman was an old, kind-hearted man, caring and sympathetic to others. He always took care of her and her best friend Sue, and his house was located next to Johnsy’s. The plant’s beauty used to be a source of happiness to Johnsy, as she was observing it with Sue, before falling asleep every night. Nevertheless, after *that night* the plant seemed to have decayed extremely fast. To Johnsy’s eyes, it was now just an ugly ivy vine without any crops or flowers. It was morbid-like and almost dead.

Johnsy felt alone. She couldn’t come to terms with what had happened *the night*. She was still shocked and thought of the events over and over again, but wasn’t able to force them out of her head. Joanna Maine, the most pleasant person, burst into tears. A knock sounded at the door, and then the sound of keys, which were inserted in the keyhole. The door opened and the doctor came in. Johnsy didn’t react. The doctor sat next to Johnsy with a sad expression on his face.

“I am sorry Johnsy. There is nothing I can do, really. You see, the situation is too severe. The chances of survival are too little”.

The doctor tapped her on the back encouragingly. After that, he left with a sigh of worry.

Johnsy couldn't hold her tears again. She shook her head hopelessly and thought that she had no reason to continue living until she would die once and for all. She decided that when the last leaf of the ivy vine fell, she would die, as well. She didn't like to succumb to her illness and die in such a painful way. Johnsy lie down her bed and closed her eyes. She seemed so sad, depressed, and unwilling to continue living. After some time, Johnsy was fast asleep.

Suddenly, the door broke open, and Behrman and Sue invaded the room. There was blood all over their faces and hands. They were laughing derisively. Johnsy froze. That couldn't be true. They started walking towards her fiercely. Johnsy cowered at the end of her bed. They were ready to grab her by the neck, when an explosion occurred and everything went black. Behrman and Sue entered the room again. This time the door opened smoothly. They were oth calm. They sat next to Johnsy's bed and talked to her with love and care.

"Hello, Johnsy. Literally, I can't believe you are afraid. Trust me, everything is gonna go just fine".

"Yeah, Johnsy. I will have to agree with Mr. Behrman. He is right. You don't need to be frightened of anything. And remember, we are going to stand by you, whatever happens".

However, another explosion occurred, louder than before, and Johnsy's friends disappeared. Behrman and Sue came in the house with different reactions scores of times, but the explosion always occurred and made them leave.

Johnsy woke up with a loud yell. She was all sweaty and she had thrown her pillows on the floor. The thoughts of Sue and Behrman were torturing her.

"Thank God... It was just a dream", she whispered.

It was midnight. Johnsy looked out of the window. There was only one remaining leaf on the ivy vine. She decided to wait awake and watch it fall in order to leave, too. Nonetheless, she was exhausted and couldn't keep her eyes open any longer. She slept and this time, she didn't see any kind of dreams or nightmares.

Johnsy woke up in the morning. It was around 10 o'clock. She opened the shutter and looked out of the window, hoping that she would see the next building's wall, but the leaf was still there. It was the first time that Johnsy managed to sleep after lots of days. The doctor rang the bell and Johnsy went to open the door. He seemed to be even more disappointed than the previous time.

"Mornin' Johnsy", he said, "how did you pass the night?"

"It was fine. To tell the truth, I managed to sleep".

"Well, that's an achievement. You hadn't been able to sleep since you were taken to the hospital".

"Please doctor, don't remind me of that, *please...*".

“Alright, alright, I am sorry. But, I have to inform you that the news isn’t better today”.

“Doctor...What happened?”.

“Let me bring it forward like this...The final countdown of the last breaths has started, Johnsy. Death is coming. I am completely unable to help in such a situation”, he stopped and stared at Johnsy, “It is better for you to try to rest. There is no point in staying awake. The case is over anyway, I am afraid”.

The doctor got up and walked to the door. Then he stopped and looked back at Johnsy.

“You know I care, but, this is beyond my strengths”.

After that, he exited the house.

Johnsy wanted to burst into tears. All her dreams about life had been spoiled.

“No! I am not going to cry. I can’t be that weak anymore!” she yelled.

She looked out of the window once again. The leaf was still hanging on the wall. It was so decayed, but, still, strong enough not to fall. A smile formed on Johnsy’s face. It reminded her of her own situation. It was so weak and miserable, but deep inside, it wanted to continue living. It is like it wanted *her* to stay alive. She recalled her best memories; the times that she had passed with Sue and Behrman. They were, in all probability, the best experiences of her whole life. The happiest and the saddest times, she had passed them with her two beloved friends, Sue and Behrman. Eventually, she realized once again the harsh truth: these times would never come again and all these because of a combination of a tiny misjudgment, and lack of luck. It was unbelievable how her whole life changed in one night. Johnsy couldn’t hold her anger and despair any more. She started throwing and breaking objects in her room. She broke the glasses of her windows, tore up all her paintings, even her masterpieces, and smashed everything she found on her way.

Johnsy’s heartbeat had increased. She had been destroying her house for 20 minutes. However, she was now uncommonly calm. She took a quick glimpse at the leaf, and as she expected, it was still there. She looked at all the mess she had created once again. The room was terribly untidy.

“I guess I will have a bath to relax a little,” she said to herself as she moved to the bathroom.

However, by the time she had reached the next room, the phone rang. It was the most horrible and terrifying sound that she could have possibly heard, at that moment. She froze. She froze and stared with scared eyes at the phone which was still ringing. Thousands of thoughts overwhelmed her mind.

“No, no! That can’t be true,” she thought “It is just a regular phone call”.

However, she was afraid of what she would hear if she picked up the phone. She went to her bed, took a pillow and covered her head so that the phone wouldn't be heard anymore, but instead it kept ringing louder and louder over time. Johnsy approached the phone with trembling hands and answered it.

"Hel--, hello? Dad, is that you?"

"Johnsy...It is Dr. Hummels. You know I am not good at these calls Johnsy... It..."

"Not good at what kind of calls? I am afraid, I don't understand..."

"No Johnsy...You are afraid to understand...It is over Johnsy... I am sorry..."

Silence. Johnsy's phone slipped off her hands and fell down. More silence. Now, she was trembling even more and the speed of her heartbeat made her feel like she was suffocating. She did expect that phone call, but she couldn't believe the terrible news she had just heard.

"Joh--, Johnsy... You there? Johnsy answer me! Please Johnsy, don't do anything stupid! Johnsy" Dr. Hummels' worried voice was heard through the phone.

He was shouting.

"I am coming right there immediately, Johnsy. You hear me? In fact, I am already here. Wait, Johnsy, wait!"

But Johnsy was not able to hear him anymore. She had smashed the phone with her foot and now she was walking towards the open window. The leaf was still there, but she didn't care, at all. She reached the window and looked down.

"I will die for sure," she thought.

Then, she jumped.

Dr. Hummels arrived at Johnsy's house and opened the door. What he saw was shocking. It looked like World War III had taken place in Johnsy's room. He searched the house, but didn't find Johnsy anywhere. Then, he noticed the broken, opened window. The terrible thought passed through his mind, as fast as lightning. Johnsy had jumped. She had, actually, committed suicide. Suddenly, he heard a trembling and weak voice calling for help. He ran to the window. Johnsy wasn't dead. Her foot was stuck in the ivy vine that was hanging on the wall. Dr. Hummels grabbed Johnsy from the feet and pulled her up. She was safe. After that, the last leaf on the ivy vine fell. It had completed its duty. It had *saved* Johnsy's life.

Johnsy gasped for breath. She coughed and was dizzy. Also, there was a wound on her left foot, which was caused from the broken glasses of the window. It was deep and hurt her a lot.

"Don't worry, Johnsy. It will be fine. I can take a look at it and heal it. It will be a piece of cake".

"No! Go away and leave me alone! This is the only thing you are capable of doing you unsuccessful doctor! You should be ashamed of yourself. You don't deserve to be called a doctor. You are a complete failure!"

"Johnsy, take it easy. Try to relax. You are stressed and..."

"Stop! Because of you, my best friend Sue and Behrman died!"

"It is not my fault, Johnsy, I have told you. They were severely wounded in the car accident, when you were driving two nights ago. You crashed into a truck, remember? You were the only survivor"

Johnsy's eyes were sparkling with anger. She had lost her mind.

"Oh, I see what you are doing. You are trying to blame me, to *accuse me*".

"Johnsy, I never intended to do so and you are aware of this. Hey, on the bright side, when you were taken to the hospital after the car accident, the doctors diagnosed pneumonia, in the early stages, and managed to cure it and save you. In all possibility, you would otherwise have been dead by now".

"You are mad! How dare you say that?! I would sacrifice my life to save Sue and Behrman. This is not a positive outcome. There were only negative outcomes. You are crazy! You don't deserve to liv- "

Johnsy pushed him forcefully on the chest. The door was still open. The stairs were right behind him. He fell and hit his head several times. By the time his body reached the ground floor, it was nothing more than a corpse. Mr. Hummels was dead. *Johnsy* had killed him. She was still frozen in her apartment before the opened door. She hadn't moved an inch. Her mind had ceased working. She remained in the same position for a considerable amount of time. She didn't know exactly how much. Then, she heard the loud and disturbing sound of the sirens.

The police had arrived...

THE END

# THE LAST LEAF

## AN ALTERNATIVE ENDING

*By Ioli Remanta - CS4*

When we're young, we believe death is optional. And so do I, at least, I did. When Mr. Pneumonia first visited me, I was hopeless, exactly like the ivy vine across my room. It was cold and windy and all of its leaves were falling, it had no chances of surviving. When I got sick, I was sure I was going to die, I just didn't know when and that's what upset me the most. I needed to know how much time I had to prepare myself and the people around me. How was I supposed to tell my parents or Mark? Mark has been my boyfriend since 1998. He's a year older than me and I met him at a concert. Although there were thousands of people he stood out. We've been really happy together ever since. I didn't want to take his happiness away, he didn't deserve this.

When I finally got the courage to call him and tell the bad news, I started by saying that I have something very important to talk to him about. As soon as he heard me saying that, he told me that he wanted to come over but I didn't want him to see me suffer. However, he came. When I told him, he remained silent. He didn't say a word, he couldn't... A few minutes later, he started telling me that I'm going to get through this and it's going to be okay. I

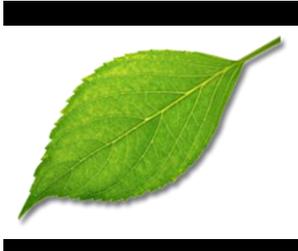
"I'm fine."

I wasn't, I just thought it would be better if he didn't know. Mr. Behrman was a really great artist and an even better person. He always took care of me and my roommate, Sue. His wife was a very kind lady as well, but I've only seen her a few times. We sat in my room with Sue, Behrman and Mark talking for hours, and telling jokes. I could tell they were treating me differently... When Mark left, Behrman politely asked Sue to leave us alone for a few minutes. When she stepped out, he looked at me in a way he never had before, and asked me why I kept looking at the ivy vine outside my room. I decided to be honest with him so I told him that I believed that when the last leaf would fall, that would be the day when I would die. I got no answer...

The next morning the doctor came to see me. When he was done examining me, he kindly smiled at me and asked Sue to follow him. They went to the living room but forgot to close the door behind them so I was able to hear everything. I was shocked... He told her that he had some bad and some good news as well, like all doctors do. The bad ones were that my chances of surviving were one to ten, and the good news...oh they were good, so good that they even made me forget about the fact that I was dying.

What I had just heard left me breathless. I was happy but scared and excited and I had so many questions, I couldn't help it... I started crying and Sue heard me. She quickly strode into my room to check on me.

*Continued .....*



I couldn't lie so I told her I knew everything. After she tried to comfort me she asked the doctor to come in, so he could explain to both of us what was going to happen. He had a big smile on his face, I can still remember him smiling...! That gave me a relief and I truly needed it. In case you're wondering, I was pregnant. My first question to the doctor was if the baby was going to live. His answer gave me mixed feelings. He said that if I was going to make it, then the baby would too. My will to live was stronger than ever. I was determined. I wasn't going to die, and as soon as I persuaded myself and actually believed that I was going to get through this, that's when the last leaf fell. I knew it wasn't a coincidence... it just had a whole different meaning than the one I thought it had. With it falling, my sickness was ending. I called Mark immediately and asked him to come over. My voice was shaky, so he knew I had big news. I was overwhelmed. He arrived within the next ten minutes and I told him just when he walked through the door, I couldn't wait any longer. Tears of joy ran down his face and he hugged me so tight I could barely breathe. It was the best day of my life... Well, there was actually an even better one. That was nine months later when you came to this world. That was definitely the best day of my life... Unforgettable...!

"You better go to sleep no sweetie, you don't want to be late for your first day of school."

"But mommy, promise me you're going to finish off the story."

"I promise..."

**THE END**



# Personification Project

*ENTRY #1 by Michael Pantouvakis - CS4*

Dear Michael,

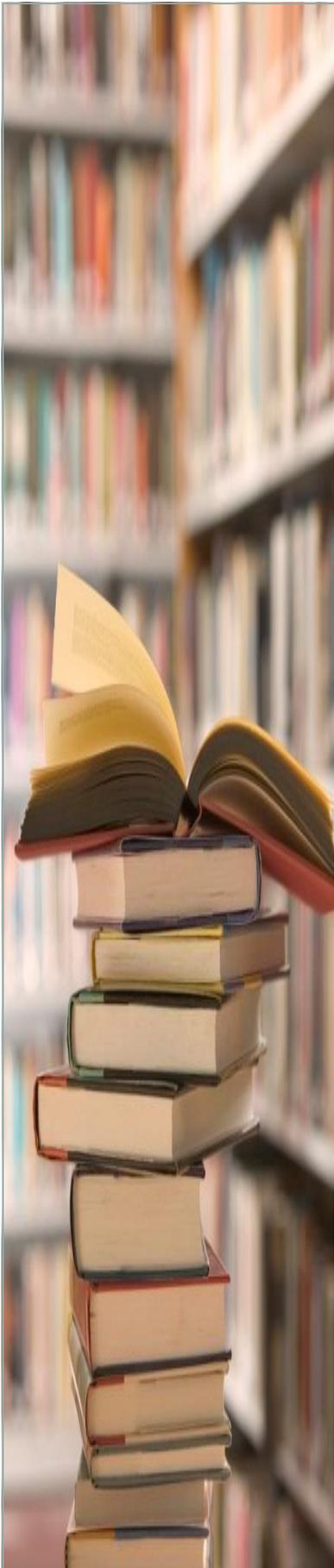
I have to tell you how I feel. For days now I've wanted to make a confession because we've been spending so much time together, I consider you a close friend; a very close friend.

You turn me on when you touch me. Your fingers on my face control my every action and when others call your name I tremble with emotion. When you pay me the attention I need, my whole face lights up for you and I smile inside. I spend happy nights in your bedroom, because when I wake up in the morning, I feel alive and full of energy.

Don't neglect me, don't forget me, because when you do I die. I hate the thought that you might become tired of me and replace me with a younger, hotter model.

With love,

Your cellphone



Dear owner,

I have come from miles away to see you, but you never paid attention to me. The first week, you took care of me, but now I can't say the same. You have abandoned me and you leave me dirty and wet sometimes. I come with you even if it rains, snows or it's just cold, and what I get in return is tattered cloth hanging from me. When you come back at home, you throw me and you let me sit upside down. The worst part of all is that you kick me when you want to get all your anger out! I hope you take this into consideration and treat me better from now on.

Sincerely yours,

Shoes

ENTRY #3 by Konstantinos Mihail—CS4

For over four centuries, maybe even more, there has been a small, hard-working creature dressed in white clothes, or sometimes even brown, whose job is to tempt and lure. When you first meet it, its behavior is deceptive. It gives you a feeling of freedom and relaxation. But this is not true. It's a really bad idea because it gives you a false sense of security and self-confidence. Actually, it's a monster that steals your health and throws it away. Every time you bring it to your lips – while it is burning bright – it signs a contract with one of your biggest and most dangerous enemies, lung cancer!

What is it?

A cigarette

# Food in Japan

A project by Alikí Valioulí - B6



Japanese people are known for their traditional tea ceremonies. This was introduced to their culture in the 9<sup>th</sup> century by Buddhist monks. The Japanese wear kimonos and sit on grass mats to enjoy their tea.



## Toffee Sweet Potatoes

As you can see for yourself I made some Toffee Sweet Potatoes myself! This is a Japanese desert. These sweets are made with granulated sugar, water, sesame and , of course, sweet potatoes. I have to comment that this dish is very tasty! Try it yourself.

# Anorexia Nervosa



*A project by:  
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Beauty isn't  
measured in pounds.

<http://www.bing.com/images/search?q=ANOREXIA+QUOTATIONS+you+are+more+important+than+this+number&q>



## BASIC INFORMATION

- \* Affects teenagers especially girls who become obsessed with having the "ideal" body.
- \* They refuse to eat because they are afraid of gaining weight.
- \* When they eat they induce vomiting, take laxatives and exercise intensively.
- \* Even very thin anorexics believe they are fat.
- \* Symptoms: low blood pressure, slow heart beat, thinning hair, period stops.

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# The Athens College News

Wishes to you all a great summer !

Athens College

Junior High School

Have a nice Summer !