

AS YOU LIKE IT

PERSPECTIVES



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Considering that this year's theme is **PERSPECTIVES**, our creative designer, **Amalia Vrazopoulou**, highlighted her perspective on the notion of beauty portrayed in print and social media of the cookie-cutter version of beauty that can make us feel we have to all be the same. In her cover design, this photographer replicated the ideal women, but rather than showing what is beautiful, she has left it to each viewer's **PERSPECTIVE**. She envisioned giving the message that we do not need to copy beauty to be beautiful because there is no one version of beauty in the world. We should each seek beauty within ourselves, for it is found within each of us. We invite you to enjoy the beautiful Art, Photos, and Design of this magazine. All of it is crafted by our **TEAM** this year!

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A special thank you to the English Department for their support.

From the Editor

Throughout human history, diverse perspectives have been the engines of creativity and innovation and have catalyzed breakthroughs in all sectors of life. From the artistic achievements of the Renaissance to the scientific discoveries of the modern era, various viewpoints have been integral to human progress because they challenge established norms and bring new ideas to light. In today's polarized world, the power of different stances cannot be overstated. It is easy to retreat into our own echo chambers, but we must remain open to the new and divergent ideas that arise from globalization, cultural diversity, and technological advancements.

Indeed, the world is composed of individuals with different backgrounds, cultures, and beliefs, each one adding a unique and valuable perspective. This diversity of perceptions makes the human experience dynamic and exciting as it challenges us to question our assumptions and broaden our horizons.

Within the pages of this issue, you will find a rich tapestry of viewpoints woven together through the art of the written word. In our articles section, you will discover different opinions and views on the Arts vs STEM debate, with experts in the fields adding their thoughts and perspectives. Our stories will transport you to dystopian and fantasy worlds and introduce you to characters with their own unique experiences and attitudes. Finally, our poems capture the beauty of the world through the eyes of our many poets, offering a glimpse into their soul and providing fresh views of the world. This year, not only have we endeavored to offer the point of view of our authors but also to showcase how our artists picture the world; all the artwork featured is our artists' aesthetic interpretations of the texts. So, join us as we share, explore, and celebrate our own take on the power of perspectives.

As Marcel Proust once said, "The real voyage of discovery consists not in seeking new landscapes, but in having new eyes." As you embark on this journey with the AYLI Team, remember: Perspectives are the windows through which we see the world. It's the same sky we all see, just different shades of blue...

Stefania Karapanou

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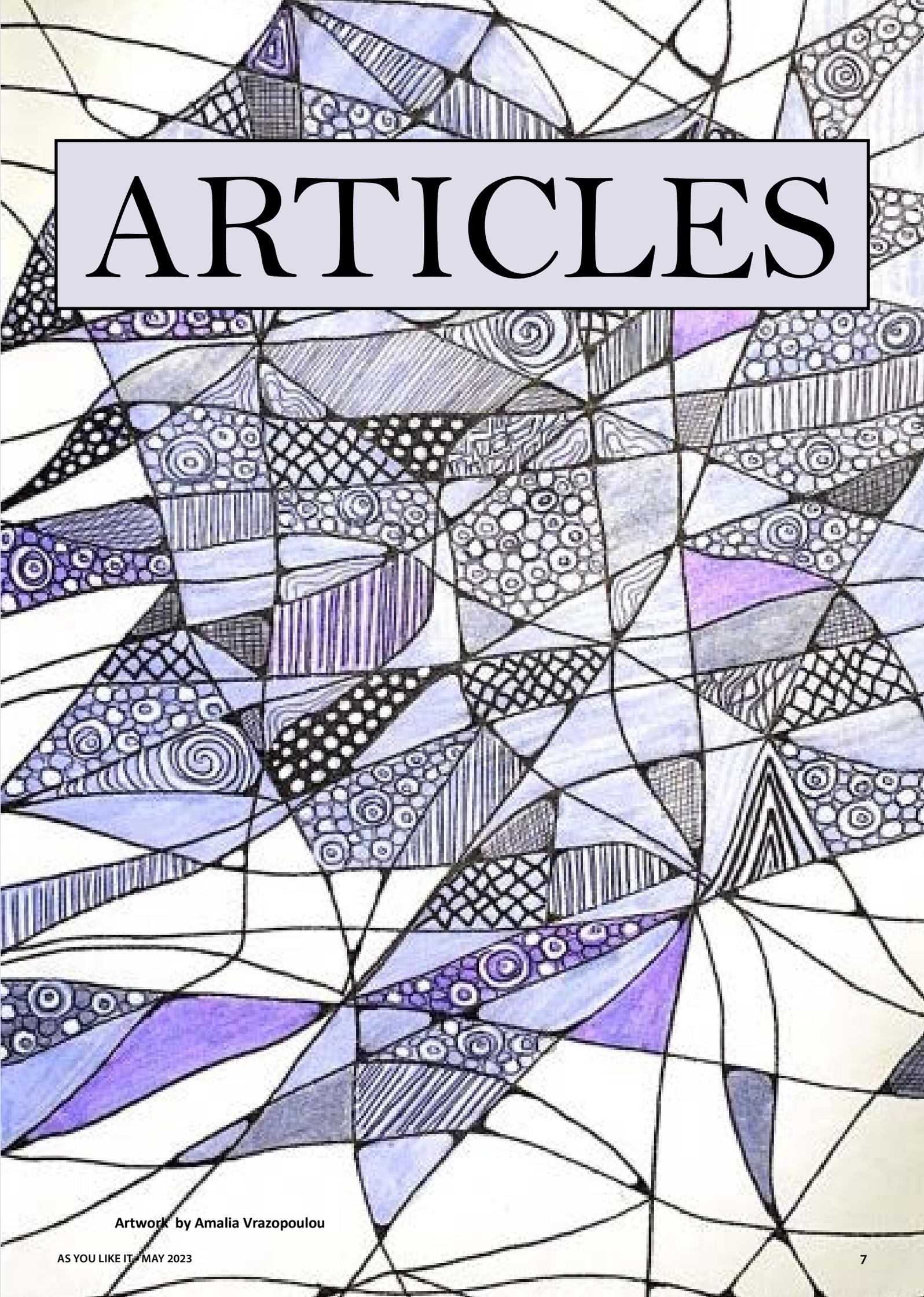
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“How often people speak of art and science as though they were two entirely different things, with no interconnection. That is all wrong. The true artist is quite rational as well as imaginative and knows what he is doing; if he does not, his art suffers. The true scientist is quite imaginative as well as rational, and sometimes leaps to solutions where reason can follow only slowly; if he does not, his science suffers.”

-Isaac Asimov



ARTICLES

Artwork by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Interview with President Synolakis, The Poet Scientist



When Editor Stefania Karapanou (Right) discovered **President and Academician Costas Emmanuel Synolakis** (Left) is a scientist who has a love for poetry, she asked him to have a discussion on how Arts and Sciences are intrinsically connected. After graduating from Athens College in 1975, he went on to earn professional degrees from the California Institute of Technology (Caltech): a B.Sc. in Engineering and Applied Science in 1978, an M.Sc. in Civil Engineering in 1979, and a Ph.D. in Civil Engineering in 1986. In 2016, he was elected a regular member of the Academy of Athens and is currently Secretary of the Division of Natural Sciences. In February 2023, he was elected member of the US National Academy of Engineering (NAE) for 2023. He has authored a large number of publications, studies, and articles in scientific journals, has conducted dozens of field missions around the world, yet he still finds time to read and enjoy poetry!

When did you graduate? What was the College like back then?

I graduated in 1975. At the time, the College was much smaller than it is now, and there was a real focus on giving students a strong background in the humanities, arts, and the sciences.

Did you always want to be a scientist?

I think so. When I was a little kid, my mom was a haematologist, and since there was no one to watch me at home, I used to go with her to her lab. From early on, I was fascinated with experimenting, measuring things, creating from liquids of different

colors; I fell in love with science.

Did your family approve of your decision to study sciences?

My father wanted me to become an architect or a civil engineer, but in general, my family didn't really interfere too much with my choices, particularly because I was going to study in the US, where they understood that you could reinvent yourself, change your major, your studies, so it was not set in stone that what you set out to study was what you were going to end up doing for your career.

Did you ever doubt your choice of major?

Sometimes I doubted myself – I think I would have made a good lawyer, but that is the only doubt I had. I think, most of my life, I have enjoyed what I am doing, so I am happy with my choice.

Do you remember what your first encounter with poetry was?

I can tell you my first encounter with Greek poetry was at Athens College; we had a mathematics teacher who was a personal friend of Angelos Sikelianos, an absolutely magnificent Greek poet of the early part of the 20th century. Our math teacher used to read poems to us from Sikelianos. Now, Sikelianos's poetry doesn't really rhyme. It's like the poetry of Seferis and Kavafis.

Then I had two great English teachers from Canada, Mr. Matthews and Mr. Miller. They would totally motivate you. We read a lot of Shakespeare, and in many ways,

Shakespeare is poetry. And they also read us Shakespeare's sonnets, so this was my exposure to a little bit more formal poetry.

Then when I was at university, in 1979, Elytis won the Nobel Prize in Literature. Suddenly, I rediscovered poetry because I didn't know Elytis very well.

Then a friend of mine, an English lit major, brought me a book about the English Romantic poets, and this was a real revelation. I wondered how I had spent my whole life not knowing English Romantic poets. I started playing with verses, reverse engineering poetry. I would send my friends little poems, paraphrasing, replacing exotic words, always with reference to Byron or Keats, trying to connect to the subject at hand. The elegance of it was like seeing a magnificent painting for the first time when you wonder how someone could create something like this.

What is it that you find fascinating about poetry?

I think poetry is liberating; often we have difficulty expressing ourselves in a very direct way, so poetry allows you to express ideas and emotions in a way that each person can read and discover and in their own way. Each person can focus on and enjoy different aspects of the poem. Some people will enjoy the language, others the metaphor, others the structure. To me, poetry is the most evolved art form. In terms of literature, poetry is the crown jewel.

I also find the economy of language in poetry fascinating. In a way, it is as incredibly elegant as mathematics. When you derive a mathematical expression or prove a theorem, you try to be as succinct as possi-

ble. Of course, you follow steps, but if the mathematician has done the job right, the outcome is something incredibly sophisticated and useful. It is symbols and these symbols jump off the page, and they all work together. Ultimately, the result is the expression of a complex idea in an elegant, succinct language. Great poetry, in the same way, is a collection of symbols, letters, and ideas, which elevate you.

What is your favorite type of poetry? Why?

I enjoy all kinds of poetry. Of course, I really enjoy the English Romantics, but I also appreciate the poetry of Alexander Pushkin - a Russian poet, playwright, and novelist of the Romantic era - I think he was the greatest Russian poet of the 19th century. There are some really great translations of his in English, in which he creates whole fairy tales or characters.

Who are your favorite poets?

From English, I would say John Keats and Byron. From modern poets, I would say T. S. Eliot, in particular the “Cat” poems; they are magnificent and playful. But what I like about Keats is that he is playful in a very subtle way, with unparalleled imagery. To me, “Ode on a Grecian Urn” is the most magnificent poem in the English language.

Do you think poetry helps you as a scientist? If so, how?

Totally. Poetry is all about creativity, and so is science. As a scientist, you have to explore ideas, follow different threads, but,

in the end, you have to pull everything together to produce or propose a scientific hypothesis or theory that makes sense. I think this is similar to the creative process a poet goes through. Poets write to express feelings which they cannot express in any other way. In the same way, when you want to describe a physical phenomenon from the beginning or solve a scientific problem, you have to approach it from many different angles, and this requires creativity and creative thinking. Ultimately, if you're creative, in any and all fields, the result is magnificent.

Would you say your friends and colleagues are surprised that you love and know so much about poetry?

I think people have a very antiquated view of scientists: they follow specific steps to go from A to B and most of what they do is rather humdrum. But that is not all scientists or the only ways that scientists work. But to answer your question, yes, I think that people are surprised when, out of the blue, I start to recite poetry. Sometimes suddenly I will be mid-conversation, and a poetic line will spring to mind.

One of my favorite quotations by Alexander Pope, which is really powerful, is, “Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night: God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.” How can you not love this? To me, this quotation captures the connection between poetry and science perfectly. It demonstrates how profound Newton's Laws were to everyone when they were discovered; they even inspired a great poet. This was a time, however, when there was less of a boundary, less of a division be-

tween disciplines. Newton was not only a scientist; he was also a philosopher, and it was his creativity that allowed him to be the scientist that he was.

What do you think the study of poetry has to offer students?

Inspiration, well-being, and motivation to understanding the world. Great poetry elevates you to another level. It helps you look at the big picture in life rather than focusing on the small things. It helps you to put your everyday problems into perspective. It can be an escape.

It is particularly important for physical scientists because we learn that, through mathematics, we can explain the world. I think that poetry is also a way of explaining the world, but in a way that is more easily accessible. Good math helps you explain a very complex phenomenon because math, as I said before, is like a language – through symbols and numbers you can elegantly express something that would otherwise take hundreds of pages to understand. It's the same thing with great poetry. You can understand a lot about the world through a great poem.

Do you think the changes our world is undergoing are reflected in the poetry produced nowadays?

Yes, I think so. It's hard not to think of Maya Angelou, a great poet who reflects the changes American society has gone through in the 20th century. And in this way, I also appreciate Kiki Dimoula, a famous modern Greek poet, who focused on romantic poetry, and in particular, on unre-

quited love. A universal poet will be somebody who addresses the problems of humanity. In this regard, another great poet I admire is Sotiris Kakissis, who is an Athens College alumnus; he, too, has written incredibly beautiful verses.

How do you feel about ChatGPT producing poetry?

Poetry is not just words strung together. You can produce sentences that make sense and sentences that are beautiful, but in terms of coming up with a novel idea, that is very hard. Will ChatGPT ever produce anything like “Ode on a Grecian Urn?” It is incredibly difficult because with ChatGPT, you have to ask it a question, like: Can you tell me the 10 things I can do to improve myself? It will. Can you tell me what's wrong with the world today? It will give you some answers. But I think what we will see ChatGPT be is very much like a handbook in the physical sciences, a book of knowledge. A handbook has a lot of information, but it has no soul, no spirit. I am not sure that ChatGPT could make the same connections or produce something totally original, like truly great poetry.

Is there anything else you would like students in this school to think about when they think about poetry?

I believe it is possible for anyone to express themselves in poetry – if you speak a language at a high level, you can use that language to create art that moves. People make art for their own self-growth. I think poetry is an incredible vehicle to allow you to be creative in all areas and aspects of your life.

Interview with Alexia Koudigkeli, The Artist



This year, since so many of us love Art, Art Editor Domna Maria Mavrikaki (Left) and AYLI Member Celia Papavasileiou (Right) decided to interview an artist. The Team invited **Alexia Koudigkeli** (Center), who graduated from Athens College in 2014. While at school, she also studied at Merso Art School under Despina Sevasti from 2010 to 2014. The artist then completed her studies at the University of the Arts London (UAL) in 2018. Upon her return to Greece, she held her first solo exhibition in 2020 in Athens College. In recent last years, she has showcased her work at Agathi-Kartalos Art Gallery in Athens, the Municipal Gallery Mykonos, and the FAATH Gallery in Thessaloniki. Alexia has participated in various group exhibitions both in Greece and abroad. Her works are housed in private collections in Europe and America. Currently, she lives and works in Athens, constantly creating new pieces for upcoming projects and exhibitions.

Tell us a bit about yourself:

I was born and raised in Athens, I am a graduate of Athens College, studied at the University of the Arts London, and I'm a professional artist.

Did you always want to be a professional artist?

You either are an artist, or you are not. The choice you have to make is whether to become a professional artist or to become something

else. Having a major in Art does not make you more or less of an artist. It just makes you an artist with a degree.

Did your family approve of your choice to become a professional artist?

It was not an easy major for my parents to accept at first, but it wasn't off limits; the main thing is that I was so certain of my choice and of my future that I convinced them, and I convinced them with actions and not just words.

It wasn't big speeches, and it wasn't a debate. It was me telling them, "Let me prove it to you" by skipping sleep to finish a painting, by being happy when spending extra time on my Art, or by getting into every school that I applied to, so it was more by proving to them that I want to do it more than anything and that I can do it, that they slowly accepted it and supported my efforts. My family supports someone who is persistent.

Did you ever doubt your choice of major?

I love that question because the answer is yes, multiple times, before, during, and after, and let me tell you that this doesn't make me less of an artist. I would say it makes me more of a human, and it's interesting because a lot of people I know that went into Art or Medicine or Law or anything have doubted themselves. What I have to say is that there is not just one path to get to where you're supposed to go, and that destination doesn't have to be the dream you've always had since you were a kid. Dreams are so fluid, they change as you change, and they can take you to unexpected places.

What was the biggest challenge you faced when you went to Art school?

I was expecting someone to take me by the hand and just turn me into this amazing artist, but that doesn't happen. The biggest challenge I faced was learning how to teach myself. This is vital; it doesn't matter where you study or what you study.

In school, did you take any STEM classes? What do you think of them?

Yes, actually, I was in the Science Stream, believe it or not. In hindsight, it was so useful because it helped me see what my true passion was. Sometimes by figuring out first what your passions are not, you end up heading straight to your true passion. It's important to know what is working for you, and what isn't, not just speculate. Personally, the Science

Stream made me more certain of my choice, but also having knowledge about different things that you don't necessarily connect with your major only adds to your craft. Inspiration can come from unexpected places, for example a chemistry class can give you inspiration for an art project - artists should be open to that.

How do you feel about the fact that Art is not part of the high school experience?

I think it's sad that Art is not in the curriculum. It's also inevitable because it's not always deemed as useful. I wasn't surprised that rather than making the classes help the students develop their passion and their skills, they decided to replace it with other classes.

How did you develop your artistic skills?

To develop your artistic skills, you have to rely on yourself. Honestly, tutors never really gave me the "how." They only pointed out areas for improvement, things that I could work on to develop my skills more. I think one of the most helpful things was the way that students helped each other. Perseverance and trying again and again and again were how I really developed my skills.

How would you describe your Art?

I would have to say expressionist. I empty myself on every canvas. Many people think



Alexia Koudigkeli's *Strawberry Sky* (2022) is a 60 x 90 cm acrylic on canvas painting.

you have to be in a dark place to create, but that's wrong. You have to be aware of any feeling. That's what my Art does, it expresses the range of my feelings.

What is your biggest artistic influence?

This is a hard question...influences change. In London, I was influenced by British artists and exhibitions that were around me. When I moved back, I was intrigued by Greek artists. Blue colors came back into my work. Also, we are the sum of our five closest people. Moving back to my parents, to home, being surrounded by Greeks had a great influence on me.

How do you navigate the professional art industry?

It's tricky. You have to prove you belong there. You have to prove you're not just doing Art as a hobby. It takes a lot of confidence and a lot of perseverance. When they say no to you, you are not good enough, well, it's an opinion. You just have to keep trying and showing that you are an artist worth the attention. I am happy to wake up and do something no one pays me for. Money is not a definition of success at all. Money defines your worth in the industry, but not in the ways that matter. I want to make enough to make a living so that I can continue making Art.

It is possible to be an artist and to have that to be your job, but you have to be flexible and persistent.

Would you encourage people to become artists?

Of course. I think it's our responsibility as artists to encourage others. There's no room for doubt outside the studio. I think it's different in other professions because, as an artist, no one can ever guarantee your work is good, and you can be good without being successful. It doesn't matter, though; what matters is that you create something authentic.

Any advice for future artists?

My advice for future artists is that it's a huge field. Experiment as much as you possibly can and be bold enough to be bad. Otherwise, what's the point? Try everything, every means of expressing yourself. Thought, desire, and passion are important, much more than the medium. And even if you don't study Art, even if you're a lawyer, you can still paint or sculpt or do whatever you want that moves you. We don't have one role or one label. We are complex and we are imaginative. So allow yourself to try and fail. Success is not a straight line.



Alexia Koudigkeli's *Early Arrivals* (2022) is a 50 x 70 cm acrylic on canvas painting

Interview with Dr. Stella Kritikou, The Scientist



So many students decide to follow careers in Science, so this year, Members Sophia Loras (Left) and Christiana Votsi (Right) asked for the perspective of a scientist, who is also a graduate of Athens College, and invited her to talk to us about the importance of studying science. Dr. Stella Kritikou (Center) grew up in Athens, and she graduated from Athens College in 2005. After graduation from the College, she studied Chemistry at the National and Kapodistrian University of Athens before pursuing her masters and doctoral degree in the States and the UK respectively. This is her first year teaching Chemistry at Athens College.

Tell us a bit about yourself!

Did you always want to be a scientist?

My original plan, as a senior in high school, was to become a pharmacist and carry on the family business. I was, however, from a young age, drawn to science, especially physical sciences. I remember having a “chem lab” game as a kid, and wanting a Nobel Prize for Christmas - unfortunately Santa did not deliver that year! I got a book about Nobel Prizes instead!

Did your family approve of your major?

My family was always science-oriented; my dad is a pharmacist, and my mother worked as a programmer in IT. They were both appreciative of science - but never pushed me towards

any major or career.

Did you ever doubt your choice of major?

When I initially started Uni, I thought that Chemistry was a stepping stone towards my end goal of becoming a pharmacist.

Was university what you had expected? What were the biggest challenges you faced?

University was much different from high school, as expected to some extent. The campus was big but a bit chaotic, the facilities were not as new as I was expecting, and the Greek academic system deviated significantly from the structured environment of Athens College. The biggest challenge, for many stu-

dents as well as for me, was the fact that I had to create a schedule for my studies and stick to it to be able to graduate on time.

How do you think the kids who were not as interested as you in sciences experienced science class in school?

I can only speculate here, but I believe science classes can be challenging and stressful if you are not into science. I remember friends of mine struggling with physics or chemistry, biology was always less intimidating to fellow students since it mainly focuses on the human body, which is interesting to everyone.

In school, did you take any art classes? What do you think of them?

I loved art classes in elementary school, especially the classes called “Ελεύθερες δράσεις” where each student would rotate between different art projects: carpentry, collage, linoleum printing, clay work etc. As I grew older, art classes were considered “free time” by many students as well as teachers. I did not share that opinion. I enjoyed taking art classes in school because they provided a much needed “mental” break from academic classes. Art classes help maintain our imagination and offer a much different “perspective” on everyday life. They provided opportunities for relaxation for me and other students. I would have loved to have a few extra art classes regarding art history or art types that we never learn at school.

Do you think artists can benefit from taking science classes?

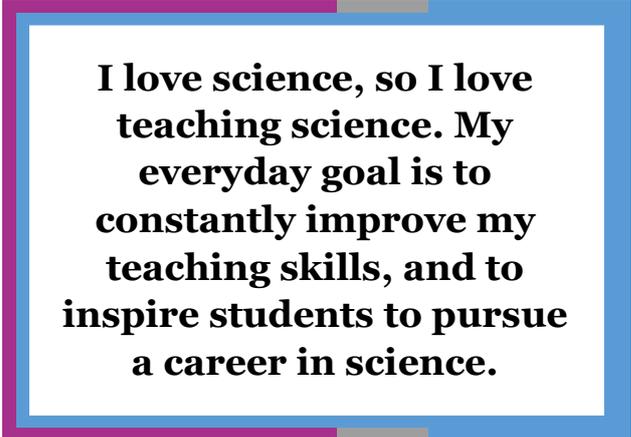
I believe that art helped ignite my creativity. I still use art when I need to decompress from everyday life - I enjoy painting and focusing on more “traditional” art projects rather than digital ones.

Similarly, artists who attend science classes may feel that “academic” pressure that usually

follows science classes; however, science classes help students develop rigorous thinking and introduce them to the scientific method, both of which can be very useful tools for every profession. That being said, I probably don’t believe that art curriculums should contain mandatory science classes.

What do you think are the job opportunities available, in Greece and abroad, to scientists once they have graduated from university?

This greatly depends on the discipline. As a chemist, one has many job opportunities. From industrial jobs (in a plethora of sectors that involve chemistry, ranging from food to automobile additives), to research positions (R&D in pharmaceutical or cosmetic companies), to academic positions (in universities around the world), to teaching positions (in secondary education). Of course, as with most jobs nowadays, further studies are required: a master’s degree is very common, and nowadays, a significant percentage of students (roughly 20-25%) pursue a doctorate degree.



I love science, so I love teaching science. My everyday goal is to constantly improve my teaching skills, and to inspire students to pursue a career in science.

What do you think the sciences teach students?

In my opinion, the fundamental teaching outcome of any science class should be the scientific method. Students would ideally embrace this method and apply it to any problems in their everyday life. It involves logic and builds many skills, such as reasoning, data collection, and data analysis, which come in handy in all

occupations. This, however, is challenging. While we do a good job at teaching science classes that are disconnected from one another, I would like for a “science” class to exist as well, where students would really focus on cross or interdisciplinary science problems, which are of interest.

Do you think roughly equal numbers of boys and girls study sciences in Greece? If not, why do you think that is?

This also varies per discipline. The data shows that in Greece the number of boys and girls who study chemistry is roughly equal. This is definitely not the case in physics, for example. Traditionally, more math-oriented sciences are male dominated. This is, thankfully, starting to shift slowly but steadily.

After university, however, the situation is vastly different. Look around you. How many women teach physics in high-schools? How many women professors exist in science departments at universities? The gender gap is real, with women making up only 28% of the workforce in STEM jobs. The reasons behind this underrepresentation of women are individual, complex, and manifold; raising a family, non-flexible hours etc. Women in science are still paid less, promoted less, and secure fewer grants, compared to men. Hopefully, this will stop in the future. Gender equity and equality in STEM is a long process that will require time, patience, power, and endurance.

As a scientist and an educator, how do you define your goal on a daily basis? What are your long-term goals?

I love science, so I love teaching science. My everyday goal is to constantly improve my teaching skills, and to inspire students to pursue a career in science. Having worked in STEM before, I would love to incorporate STEM projects in high school, if possible. Furthermore, since my favorite role is that of

the student, I love continually learning new things. My interests are quite varied, from AI and cognitive science, to business management and science policy. I would love to pursue a part time master’s degree in something new in the future. Who knows? Maybe I will find the time to do so!

What do you say to people who claim that scientists tend to be isolated workaholics without families, children, friends, hobbies?

Unfortunately, this image of an introverted, isolated workaholic scientist often does paint a somewhat realistic, yet greatly exaggerated, picture. While, of course, anyone can pursue science, one should have an everlasting love and passion for their discipline to pursue an academic career in science. While science is time-consuming and demanding, and one will have to make certain sacrifices with regards to free time and personal goals, the image of a childless, loner of a scientist is greatly exaggerated. In my opinion, the reality for many science academics looks like the “The Big Bang Theory” TV sitcom, social life is often interconnected with work life. A 2008 study suggests that the partners of around 40% of the women and 34% of the men in academia are in a partnership with fellow academics. However, not all scientists are science academics, so that stereotype is overall not true at all.

Any advice for future scientists?

Pursue your dreams! There is nothing more exciting and stressful, and tiring, and magical than being at the top of your chosen scientific field. Science is an ever-expanding field, filled with opportunity and discovery, which holds many possibilities for future growth and development. No matter what job you decide to do, if you love science, do study science. You will not regret it!

Why Art Classes Belong In School

By **Chrisanthy Doxiadi**

Art classes in school have long been a topic of debate and discussion. Some argue that they are a waste of time and resources, while others see them as an essential part of a well-rounded education. This article will explore the arguments for and against art classes in school and why they should be considered a vital part of any student's education.

One of the most significant benefits of art classes in school is their ability to foster creativity and imagination. Art provides a unique outlet for students to express themselves and develop their own sense of individuality. In a world where conformity is often the norm, art classes allow students to break free from the mold and explore their own unique perspectives and ideas. By encouraging creativity, art classes also help to foster critical thinking skills as students must consider and analyze different elements when creating a piece of art.

In addition to promoting creativity and critical thinking, art classes also play a crucial role in developing fine motor skills and hand-eye coordination. These skills are not only important for success in art, but they also have practical applications in many other areas of life, such as writing and typing. Moreover, art classes can also help to



Photos of an Art Classroom in Benakeio
by Amalia Vrazopoulou

improve a student's confidence and self-esteem as they learn to appreciate their own abilities and the value of hard work.

Art classes also provide a valuable cultural and historical education. Students can learn about different styles and movements in art, as well as the historical context in which they were created. This can deepen their understanding of the world and help them appreciate the cultural diversity that

surrounds them. Furthermore, art classes can also provide students with a sense of community as they work together on projects and share their creative ideas.

Critics of art classes in school argue that they are a waste of time and resources, and that they do not have a significant impact on a student's future success. They argue that subjects such as math, science, and language are more important and should take precedence in the school curriculum. However, this argument overlooks the importance of a well-rounded education, which includes exposure to a variety of subjects and experiences. By limiting a student's education to only practical subjects, we risk stifling their creativity and imagination, which can have a negative impact on their future success.

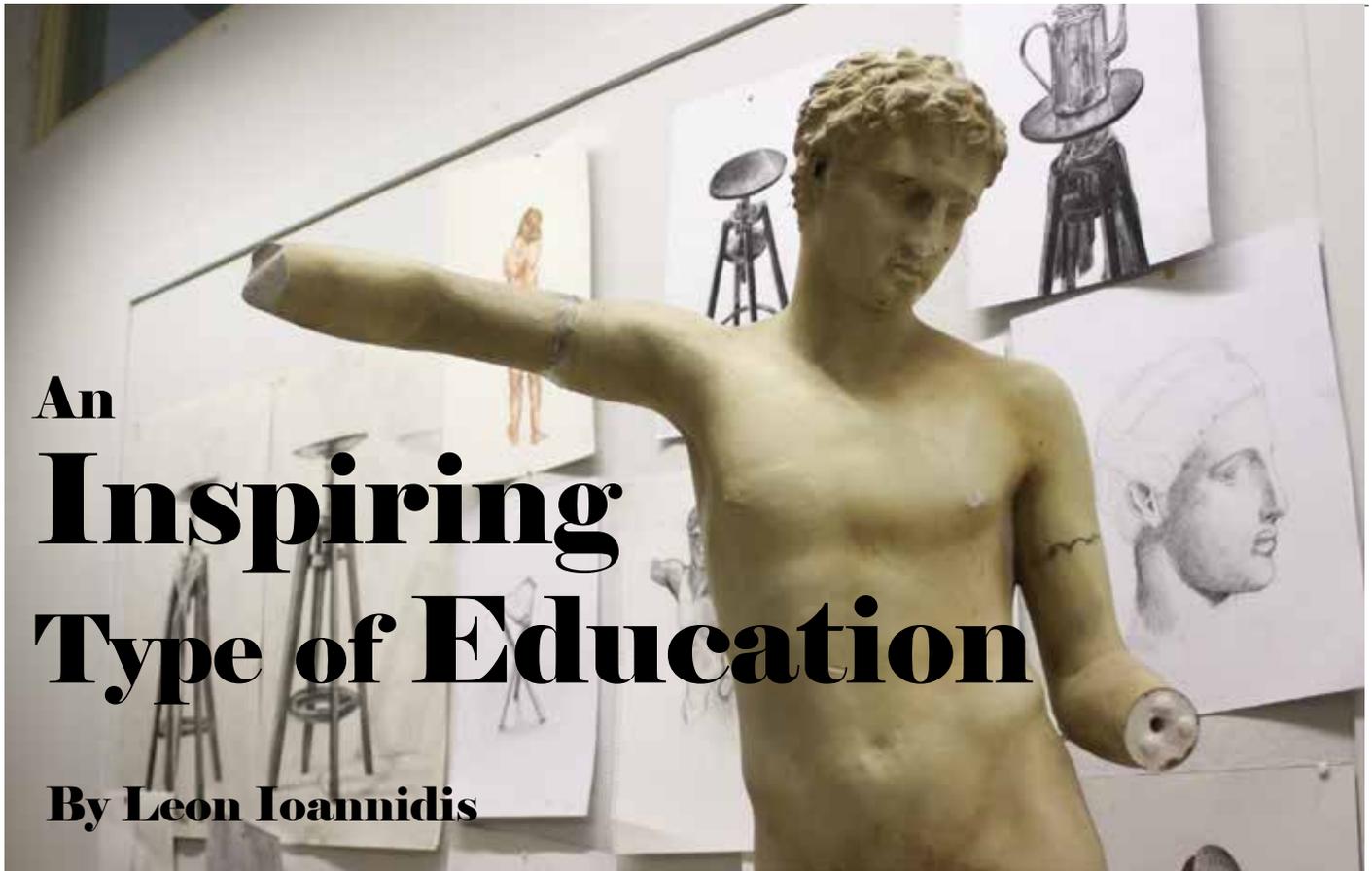
Art classes also play a critical role in preparing students for the future, regardless of their chosen career path. By exposing students to various mediums and techniques,

they gain valuable skills and experience in problem-solving and collaboration. These skills are highly sought after by employers and can provide a competitive edge in the job market. Furthermore, participating in art classes can also help students develop an appreciation for the arts, which can have a positive impact on their personal and professional lives.

In conclusion, art classes in school are an essential part of a well-rounded education. They provide students with the opportunity to express themselves creatively, develop critical thinking skills, improve fine motor skills and hand-eye coordination and gain a cultural and historical education. By embracing the value of art classes, we can help to create a well-rounded and culturally rich future. It is time we recognized the value of art classes and ensured that they remain a staple in our schools. By doing so, we will give students the tools they need to lead fulfilling and successful lives.



Art provides a unique outlet for students to express themselves and develop their own sense of individuality. In a world where conformity is often the norm, art classes allow students to break free from the mold and explore their own unique perspectives and ideas.



An Inspiring Type of Education

By Leon Ioannidis

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou of an art studio in Benakeio where students creatively develop significant life skills such as problem-solving and communication, which can give them the tools they need to have happy, purposeful lives.

Art classes have always been integral to an effective and well-rounded education in schools. The art-related subjects promote creativity, the growth of technical abilities, and the enhancement of emotional well-being. It is a tool for critical thought as well as exposure to many cultures and artistic styles. Through art classes, students have the opportunity to express themselves, develop their technical skills, and learn about different cultures and art movements. Art education also helps students to develop significant life skills such as problem-solving, communication, and collaboration. Despite the numerous benefits of art education, it often

faces challenges such as limited funding and a need for more support from administrators and policymakers.

Nobody can deny the fact that art education is a unique tool for personal growth and development, presenting a number of benefits. To begin with, art classes encourage students to think creatively, be imaginative and expressive, and develop their style and voice. They also provide a way for students to develop emotional intelligence and regulation. More specifically, by participating in art classes, students process feelings and experiences in a creative, healthy way, which helps them to manage stress, anxiety, and depression. Furthermore, art classes are a powerful tool for

developing fine motor skills, coordination, and agility, which are essential skills for many other areas of life. In addition, they profoundly impact the development of cultural understanding and empathy. Through art, students can explore different cultures and art movements and learn to appreciate different perspectives and ways of thinking. This exposure to diverse perspectives can broaden their horizons and help to develop a global perspective, which is critical in today's interconnected world. Finally, art classes in schools are a great way for students to develop their critical thinking skills. Children learn to analyze the elements and principles of art and to discuss their opinions and perspectives with their peers.

Through the development of creativity, critical thinking, & exposure to various cultures, art education gives children the skills they need to thrive in a world that is changing quickly.

Nevertheless, funding for art classes in schools is often limited. As a result, many art programs require support to give students the tools they need to excel. Furthermore, because the advantages are frequently intangible and difficult to quantify, measuring the success of art programs can be challenging. It is difficult to persuade administrators and politicians of the value of art education since there is a lack of

hard data. Furthermore, administrators and decision-makers frequently need additional support for art programs since they could give priority to other topics and projects that are more closely tied to academic performance.

Despite these challenges, it is crucial to maintain support for art programs in schools. Art programs are essential for a well-rounded education since they may mold young minds. Through the development of creativity, critical thinking, and exposure to various cultures, art education gives children the skills they need to thrive in a world that is changing quickly. In addition, art education provides students with the chance to improve their emotional intelligence, fine motor skills, and cultural knowledge, which helps them get prepared for challenges in the future and gives them the tools they need to have happy, purposeful lives.

In conclusion, art education in schools is a valuable and necessary component of a well-rounded education. Through its ability to boost creativity, critical thinking, and emotional well-being, art education provides students with a unique and powerful tool for personal growth and development. While there are challenges that must be addressed in order to ensure the continued success of art education in schools, it is important to recognize the many benefits that it provides and work to support and expand these programs. Whether as painting, drawing, sculpture, or any other art form, art education has the power to shape young minds and inspire future generations.

Art: From the Stone Age to the Coveted Future

By **Rafaela Athanasiadi**

Art classes might have been considered a rare luxury in the past, but nowadays more and more schools are beginning to integrate them into their curriculum due to the numerous benefits for students of all ages. Some, however, continue to deny the positive effects of studying or practicing art, deeming art classes unnecessary for children's education. Our country serves as a striking example as art subjects were removed from the Lykeion curriculum in June of 2020, and art degrees are now considered equal to secondary school degrees, leading teachers and students to protest. Looking at the matter more closely, one would realize that art classes have a lot to offer to the young minds of today.

The human species has been using art to communicate since the Stone Age, with the first prehistoric art dating back to 73,000 years ago. Art has now become a staple of human history and culture, with many works of art detailing different parts of human history, and forms of art such as folk songs and dances bringing the people of each community together. Therefore, by familiarizing themselves with art from a young age, not only do children expand

upon preexisting knowledge of their own cultural heritage, but they become accustomed to other people's customs via their art, as well. Additionally, by combining different lessons and studying art and literature movements in tandem with historic events of each time, students gain a deeper understanding of all three subjects of art, literature, and history.

Art is a means of communication and a large part of each nation's cultural heritage, and studying it provides children with valuable academic and life skills.

A point that often gets brought up in such discussions is that of the usefulness of art classes regarding other school lessons as it is a common misconception that art education does not strengthen academic abilities. This is, however, false as art itself is based on sciences and incorporates many aspects of them, such as fractions in music theory. Children having a hard time with science-based lessons can have an easier time understanding through art. Ad-

ditionally, art can be woven into core classes and enhance students' knowledge, while also making it more interesting and engaging. An art-friendly educational system only increases children's interest in their school classes and their understanding of it to such a degree that Tom Horne, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Arizona, has stated that "there's lots of evidence that kids immersed in the arts do better on their academic tests."

Art classes can help children gain a deeper understanding of society and the world around them, too. According to a 2005 Rand Corporation report on the visual arts, the benefits and stimulation that come from being exposed to art "can connect people more deeply to the world and open them to new ways of seeing," laying

the groundwork for the development of strong social ties and a sense of community. Participation in art classes also reinforces students' social and emotional development, as well as improving their communication skills. Art education is, consequently, an essential part of any school's curriculum as it plays a large role in the growth of children in today's modern world.

In conclusion, art education should not be overlooked as art classes are highly beneficial for those who partake in them.

Considering the situation in our own country, where arts education is undervalued, we, as students, should continue to keep in touch with art on our own, and defend our right to study it at school and beyond.



Stefania Karapanou's photo captures the beauty of Alexandra Athanasiades's sculpture, Horse LXXIV Bronze 2009, which was donated in loving memory of her father Alexandros Athanasiades ('48), Member of the Board of Directors. This is just one of the numerous beautiful artworks found on the Athens College Campus.



Why Art Should Be a Prominent Subject in Schools

By Marilia Vareltzidi

In the past couple of years, art classes have been removed from school programs all around the world, making way for scientific subjects, like mathematics and physics. The joy and the creativity that art provides have been discarded and been replaced by the stress and fatigue that subjects associated with exams and standardized tests bring. This is something that needs to change.

Art is the highlight of the week for some students, a time when they can relax, be creative, and enjoy themselves. Students are bombarded with 8 hours of school, extracurricular activities, endless homework, and, of course, mounds of stress and anxiety. The only break they get during the day are art lessons. In music, they are given the opportunity to listen to their favorite songs, discuss composers, and learn about the history of music in a relaxed and interesting way. In drawing class, they are able to showcase their talent and creativity, while doing something that helps them forget their responsibilities and anxieties. In drama class, they are able to express themselves and have fun. All these things are slowly but surely becoming more and more scarce.

The removal of art classes from the curriculum also has dramatic effects on students' mentality. A person who is involved in the arts is more broadminded, more imaginative, more creative. By studying art, the capacity for collaboration and confidence is significantly increasing, making a person more comfortable in asking questions, expressing himself, and enjoying the things around him. Furthermore, children can develop their social, risk-

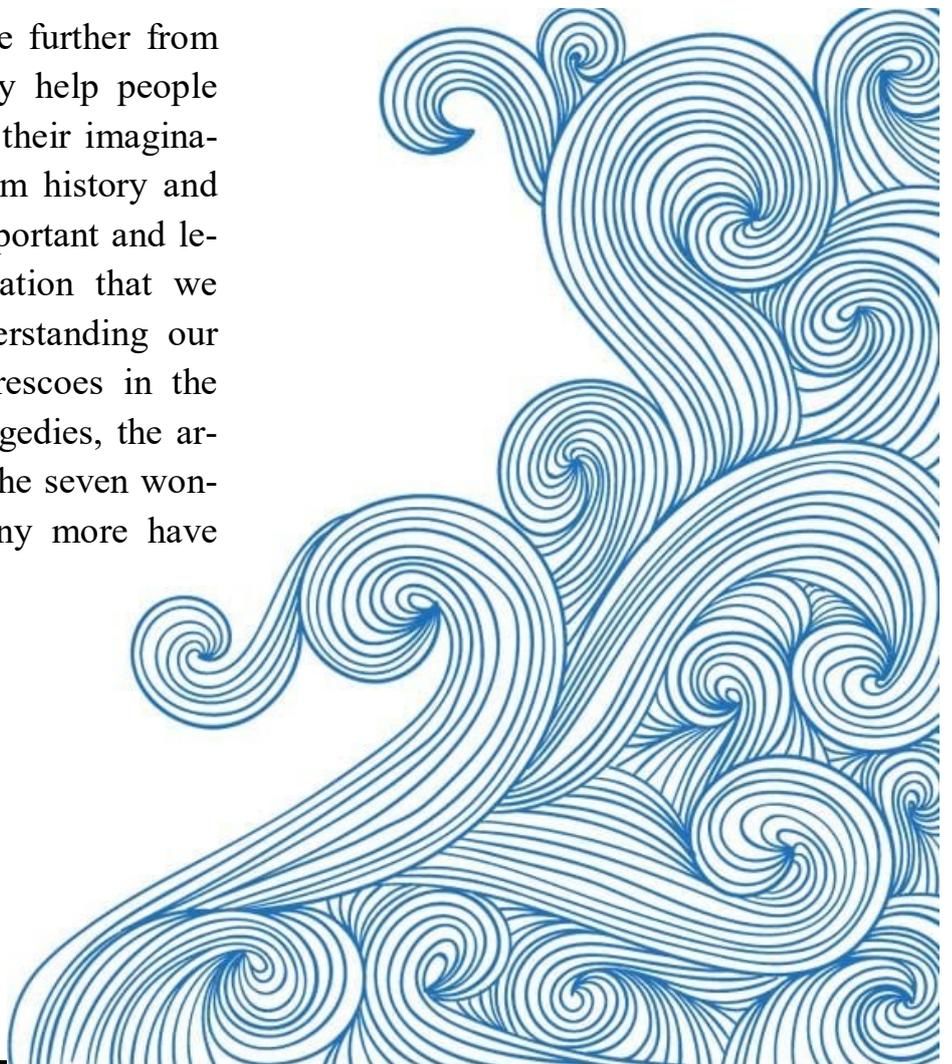
taking, and innovative skills, and become more well-rounded.

Through art, students can also improve their academic work. A study was conducted in order to prove that art helps with children's memory and comprehension of academic subjects. A number of children were advised to create some kind of art to study scientific lessons – for example, learning the material through a song or drawing. After ten weeks, those children remembered the material better than others who had learnt it through traditional ways of teaching. The effect was even more prominent in the children who were not as quick or as gifted and had been characterized as “lower performers.”

Art is considered to be one of the least important subjects in school or even useless. But that couldn't be further from the truth. Art does not only help people with their creative side and their imagination, but it also teaches them history and culture. One of the most important and legitimate sources of information that we have for learning and understanding our history are artifacts. The frescoes in the caves, the ancient Greek tragedies, the architecture in ancient cities, the seven wonders of the world, and many more have

helped historians discover human history and many of its fascinating details. Through art, students can learn about their history, culture, customs, and ancestors. They can learn the world around them, understand it, be part of it. When someone knows history, they know themselves. And the best way to learn history is to study and understand the arts.

Art should not be taken lightly. It is a source of great happiness and imagination for students. Everyone should have the privilege to somehow be involved in the arts, to be able to draw, to sing, to dance, to have fun through expressing themselves. That is why art classes should be mandatory for every grade, 1st to 12th, so that every student will have the chance to experience the great benefits of art.



Why We Should Study Art in School

By Sophia Loras

Art has been an essential part of human expression and culture for thousands of years. It is not just about drawing, painting, or sculpting, but it is also a means of communicating and expressing our emotions, thoughts, and ideas. Despite this, many students may not recognize the value of studying art, especially in a world that seems to value “traditional” educational fields, such as STEM-centred lessons more. However, studying art can offer many benefits and significantly contribute to a student's academic and personal growth.

First and foremost, art encourages students to think outside the box and develop innovative ideas – this is the basis of creative thinking. Through the exploration of various mediums, techniques, and styles, students develop their creativity and imagination. Not only is this skill of creative thinking useful in art, but it can also be applied to other areas of study, making students more adaptable and resourceful. For example, in West Leyden High School, a small high school just outside Chicago, students are called upon to design and create 3D printed prosthetic limbs for amputee children, and the students have made

nearly seventy-five hands over the past six years. They need to research and consider the amputee children's needs, budget, and available materials before creating effective, personalized prosthetics. This activity requires the students to think creatively and come up with innovative solutions to design a functional prosthetic.

Indeed, art is not just about making pretty pictures; although some may find it surprising at first, it requires critical thinking and problem-solving skills. When creating art, students must analyse the subject, interpret it in their unique way, and determine how to communicate it visually. This process helps develop their analytical and problem-solving skills, which can be applied in other areas such as science, math, and even social sciences. In an average graphic design class, for instance, students are given design challenges that require them to solve complex problems. They may be asked to invent a logo for a new business or create a website that is both user-friendly and visually appealing. This work on design challenges students to learn to think creatively and strengthen their problem-solving skills.

Studying art can also be an effective

way for students to express themselves and communicate their emotions, thoughts, and ideas. This process can help build self-confidence and self-esteem, allowing students to feel more comfortable in their skin and express themselves confidently in other areas of life. A very common example of this is art therapy, a form of therapy that uses the creation of art to promote emotional and psychological healing. Through integrative methods, art therapy engages the mind, body, and spirit in ways that are distinct from verbal articulation. Through the visual and symbolic expression practices of art therapy, students can build self-esteem by expressing themselves creatively and enhancing their sense of control over their emotions.

Art is a universal language that transcends time and place, and studying art can provide students with a deeper understanding of different cultures and historical periods. Art often reflects the cultural values, beliefs, and traditions of the society in which it was created. By studying art, students can gain a better understanding of different cultures and their unique contributions to human civilization. Studying artistic movements from different cultures can help students understand the social, political, and historical contexts from which they emerged, such as learning about the Impressionist movement in France and its impact on the art world. Information like this can give students a better perspective of both past eras and the world today.

Art is not just a hobby or a passion either; it can be a path to various career opportunities, as well. The creative industries are a growing sector of the global economy, and

careers in art, design, and other creative fields are in high demand. By studying art, students can develop skills that are relevant to these fields, including visual communication, graphic design, advertising, and multimedia design. In many fields, employers clearly value individuals who think creatively and come up with innovative solutions to problems.

In conclusion, studying art is a valuable experience that can provide many benefits to students. Whether you aspire to become an artist or pursue a different career path, studying art can enhance your creativity, critical thinking, and problem-solving skills, build your confidence and self-esteem, foster cultural and historical understanding, and provide career opportunities. These are the reasons educational systems around the world need to understand the importance of what art has to offer society.



*Art is a universal
language that
transcends time and
place...*

One Student's Opinion

By **Katerina Yuvanoglu**

Lately, I have been thinking about why some students have been negative about school. Everyone seems obsessed with grades, and I have heard many of my classmates talk about their parents, who are insistent about good grades. Sometimes, it seems like students and parents are stressed, but this is the reality of our world. It sometimes seems like so much of the future of students depends on exams. In the Greek system and in other systems, like the IB or A-Levels, those exams are so important. It seems like it all comes down to those tests. There is a lot of pressure. In my opinion, both parents and students have their own perspectives on this intriguing, world-wide issue.

According to Martin Luther King, "The function of education is to teach one to think intensively and to think critically. Intelligence plus character – that is the goal of true education." Nowadays, it seems we might not be learning to think intensively and critically because we end up worrying so much about assessment and doing well on tests. We students want to be perfect, so we start to obsess about grades, every exam, homework, participation, learning endless texts by heart. Sometimes, I feel like I do all that, and

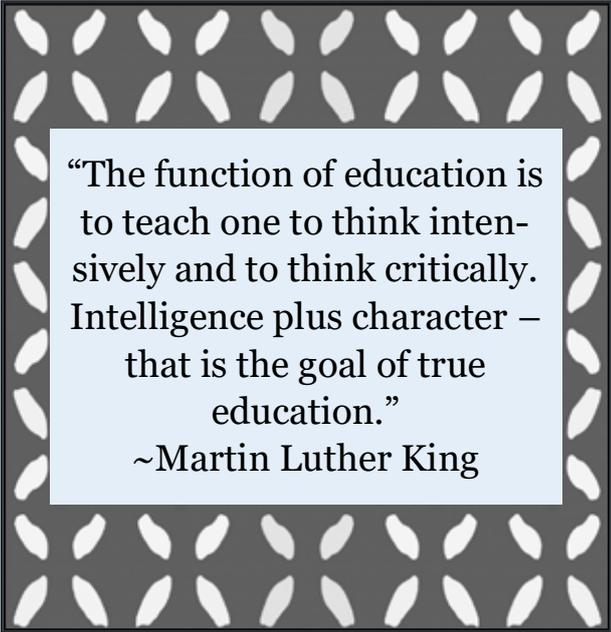
then I forget it all after I've taken the test. All this pressure and stress exhausts me and makes me sometimes feel like I am not really progressing, that the purpose of education is lost on me. Sometimes, I feel that the material I am studying does not help me acquire knowledge that I value fully when I would rather be out with my friends, doing things that I want to do. At times, that makes me see school as a 'plan wrecker.'

I think that this is often made worse when parents pressure their kids to be the best of the best because they want a safe future for their children. The insecurity and fears that the parents have for the future of their kids makes kids feel even more stressed, and adds to the burden that they feel. I know, all students know that being a good student opens many doors which can lead to success, prosperity, and, most likely, a scholarship. It is hard, though, when this seems to come at the sacrifice of other things.

This is my first year in high school, but I have felt like there is less of a focus on creativity and more focus on theory. I guess this makes sense for some, but I enjoy being more creative. I enjoy lessons like Art, and this is not an option for me

in the regular school day.

Looking back at King's words, "intelligence plus character" is the perfect combination. I agree with this—I think that we need to work on our learning, but I wish that there was a way for us to do that while developing the creative side of our characters in a more formal way. I would like the image of a perfect student to include students who excel in creative subjects like Art as well, because that, to me, would make the most of "true education."



"The function of education is to teach one to think intensively and to think critically. Intelligence plus character – that is the goal of true education."
~Martin Luther King

I think that it is hard for parents to watch their children face tests and exams because they know what good grades and good scores can help their children achieve. Every parent dreams that their children will have many opportunities for the future. What I have noticed when talking to my friends is that there seem to be two main ways that parents deal with this.

I think that there are parents who pressure their kids to be the embodiment of an ideal student. They continually ask their

kids questions like: Did you study this? Or Why didn't you do better? This might be the best for some students, but not for everyone. In my opinion, this makes some students feel really stressed. It might make them work harder, but it can also have the opposite effect, especially if a student does not feel supported in their efforts. Support is important, and if students know that they can rely on their parents, they do much better and feel much better about their efforts.

To me, the parents that try to understand what their children are facing, the pressures of being a teen while trying to secure a great future, are the ones who can really help students achieve their best. If parents can help celebrate the strong traits students have and encourage them to develop all aspects of their personalities, it can really help students who don't respond to pressure. Being given the freedom and space they need to grow as people is important, and it helps students feel understood. It can reduce pressure and help students attain what may, at some point, seem unattainable.

Concluding, schools prepare students for the future in the best way possible. Yes, there are tests, and yes it can be stressful. We are teens, and for us, this can be hard—we want to be understood, to have time for ourselves, to develop our interests in our own way. However, we must not forget that we also have to take tests. We don't need to crack under the pressure if we can find ways to get support and to do things that will help us relax. It might take some negotiation, but it is possible in this student's opinion!

PART II: SHORT STORIES



***“The more that you read,
the more things you will
know. The more that you
learn, the more places
you’ll go.”***

— Dr. Seuss



DRAMIA

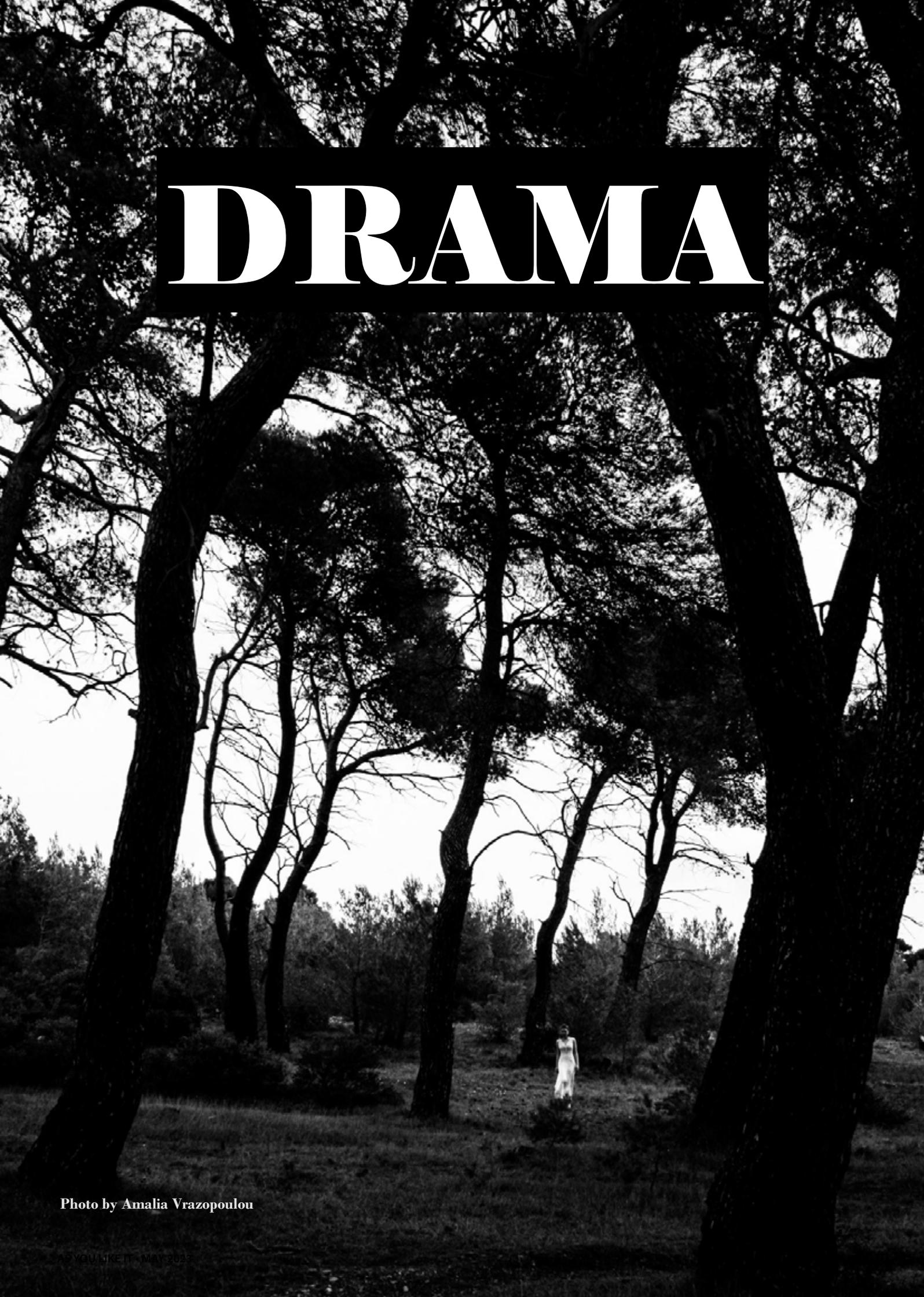
A black and white photograph of a forest. The trees are tall and thin, with dense foliage. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows and highlights. In the center of the image, a small figure of a person wearing a light-colored dress is visible, standing in a clearing. The overall mood is somber and atmospheric.

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

CROSS MY MIND

By Katerina Satzaki

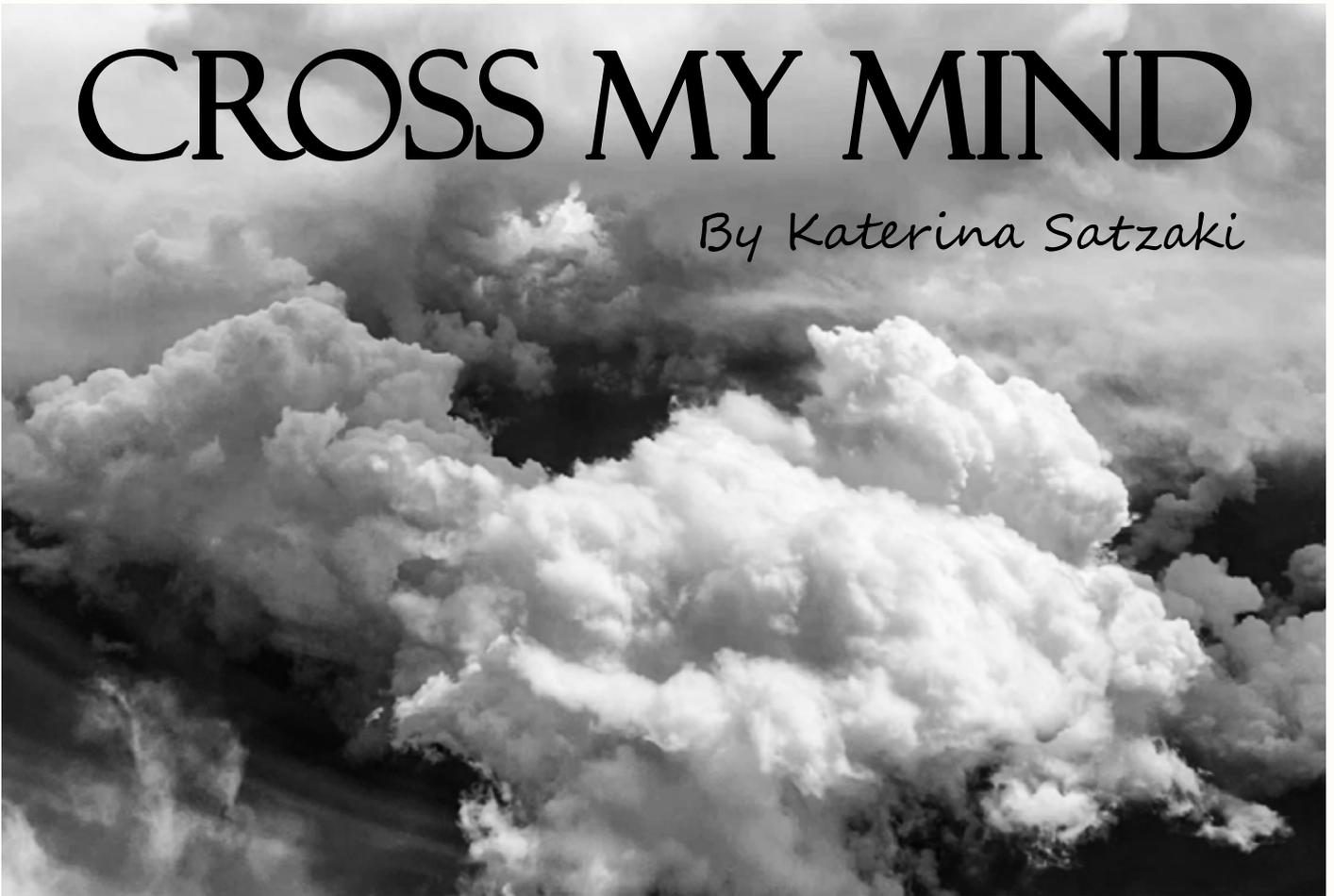


Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Life isn't very fair.

It's cold, and my body aches as I push against the image of him. The image of him standing there, the image of him fighting through gritted teeth, his voice strangled, his tears heavy and unwanted. Thankfully, much of that memory is distant, I cannot hear his voice. It must've been the noise in there, the sniffles and coughs, the murmurs of pity and the haze of sorrow, of false hope. But his lips, bitten and bruised; his lips I can picture so clearly. So much so that I could simply reach out, and my fingers would meet the harsh skin of his mouth.

I find myself in that little garden again. Just outside the chapel. My mind wanders in there; I know what they're doing. My mother is praying, sorrow and resentment falling from her lips. My father is looking up at the ceiling, his throat bobbing at the images staring down at him, keeping him in place. God knows them. He tears through them, makes sense of all that composes them, all that they love, all that they run from.

It's much nicer out here. Out here I can

groan at the sight of my chipped nails, thread my fingers through the thick grass, and watch Mina as she runs around, giddy and curious, so curious.

My heart convulses. The image of him again, settling within my chest, beating against my ribs. I beg. I beg of his tears, of his shallow breaths, of his bruised lips to leave m...

Mina giggles. Its sound envelops my heart, tugs at it. Lightly but relentlessly. Relentlessly. I watch her once again as she skips through the garden. She bounces around, marveling at various little flowers, occasionally grazing their petals. She's enraptured. Her big brown eyes are full as her fingers graze against the bark of a tree trunk, her tongue poking through her pink lips.

"Yellow, white," she mumbles as she studies a flower, and I can feel my love for her. Her tiny fingers stroke its petals, her pink lips glistening, a deep pink from the cold. I know it's an intimate moment. She's meeting, gradually meeting, life's constants, those that secure its continuation, rendering its beauty tangible. She

must think this flower will exist forever.

Her dress is too light for this weather. The cold is clinging to my teeth and causing my knees to ache, but Mina seems unaffected. It's so cold, and my lips are bruised, and suddenly, I can see him. I can see him, his desperate smile, his lips cracked open. I can see him up there, trying to honor his son, trying to let go of him. And I can hear the murmur of his voice. I can hear his voice.

"Lena!" shrieks Mina, her voice tethering me to reality. She's running towards me, and I brace myself. She stumbles into my open arms, giggling, her grubby hands cupping my face, her touch light and precious; I know she's not always this careful.

"You're not cold?" I ask her, my fingers finding the bare skin of her shoulder, soft, welcoming.

"No," she replies simply. I watch her as she drops her head back, falling into my embrace, looking up at the sky. "It's so blue, Lena!" she exclaims. Her smile is so wide, my heart constricts at the sight of it.

"It is," I mumble. It is so blue. I never pay any attention to the sky anymore. Not to the sky, not to the sun, not to the air, not to the way my mother rubs my shoulders when I'm slumped over a book, not to the way my father laughs at our little jokes. It's a quiet shame, but it dwells within me nonetheless.

Mina searches for my gaze, her fingers clumsily stroking the skin of my cheeks. I wasn't prepared. I look into her eyes, devoid of any malice, any violence, yet they tear through me. I never knew she could do that. She was tearing me apart, piece by piece, until I was reduced to a cluster of atoms, of anger, of love-raw; and at her little heart's mercy.

I can see her running around, and I can see her sprawled on the floor. I can hear her laughing, and I can hear her voice, thrilled and full of love. And suddenly I feel him, as well. The sensation sears through my chest, presses against my heart, heavy and relentless. Relentless.

I feel his sorrow, it seeps through me. I can see it in his tears and his smiles and his lips, in the steadiness of his voice, and suddenly I yearn for His son, as well, I yearn to let him go, as well. In his eyes, I see what's taken ahold of me, as well.

It's all very clear now. It is. Life isn't very fair. His words will forever follow me, I know that now.

"I used to think we cannot recognize the true meaning in our lives until we're stripped of it. I did, I thought so. But then I held all that I loved, all that I was ever meant to love, in the palm of my hand. It was sturdy and strong, full of smiles and cheeky jokes, and I knew...."

Mina giggles again, and I cannot help but giggle with her.



Artwork by Lucy -
Jasmine Papakyriakou

The Fire Which Didn't Burn

By Markella Papanikolaou

28 September 1856

I do not want to get married. I do not want to get married to him. Why can't my parents see that? I remembered that little girl. That little girl whose mother once told her that marriage is the happiest day of a woman's life. I had dreamt...A naive little girl had dreamt. Why? Why, mom? Why are you condemning me to a marriage I do not want? I do not want to marry Charles, so why are you forcing me to?

"Honey, are you ready?" my mother yelled from the hallway.

"No, mother," I replied.

"Hurry up! Everyone is waiting!"

I stood up from my bed and made my way to the door when I saw a little piece of paper slide under it. I picked it up and, hesitantly, read it:

Meet me in the back garden in 5 minutes

-Pierre

My Pierre...my eternal love...as soon as I read his note, I climbed out the window, immediately ran to the rear part of our large garden, and found him there, anxiously waiting for me. I sprinted towards him and embraced him as passionately as I could. Tears started to form in my eyes as a sudden realization hit me. This would be the last time I hugged him, felt his arms around me, his presence near me. I looked into his beautiful, hazel eyes, and they surprisingly looked hopeful, sparkling in the sunlight.

"Let's run away together," he said.

"What are you talking about?" I asked him, completely bewildered by his statement.

"Look, Charlotte, you are my sunshine, my everything. The truth is I cannot imagine my life with anyone else. I cannot imagine loving anyone else as much as I love you, and most importantly, I cannot even bear the thought of your being with someone else, of your loving someone else, and possibly forgetting all about me, all about us."

"Pierre, as much as I want to leave this place and carve out a life with you, I cannot do this to my parents. It is too dangerous, too risky."

He took my cold hands in his, squeezing them tight, looking deep into my crystal blue eyes, begging me for a little bit of hope, a little piece of happiness.

"Please, Charlotte, do not do this to me. Forget about your parents, forget about Charles, forget about everyone, and just come with me."

"My heart is telling me to follow you, and there is nothing in the world I want more than that, but my conscience is telling me to stay, abide by my parents' wishes, and marry Charles. After all, he does not deserve any of this, does not deserve to be left stranded at the altar. It would be extremely mortifying both for him and his family."

And with that, Pierre walked away, tears running down his cheeks, tears of frustration, disappointment, betrayal. My heart completely shattered into small, tiny pieces. Why is leaving with him so easy yet so hard?

I slowly made my way back to my room, guilt and



Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

sadness overcoming me. The clouds had embraced the dark sky, hiding the bright sun, completely reflecting my thoughts. I forced the love of my life to leave me by declining his offer of running away together. Why couldn't I do it? I knew that he was the one for me. The only one. It should have been a simple decision. A simple "yes" to the love of my life, and my "happily ever after" would finally become a reality. I guess part of me thought we would not make it, that this "happily ever after" was too good to be real. I could not allow him to risk his life for me. No. I could not lose him because of an unattainable dream, an impulsive action. If my parents found out about us, they would make sure he would disappear. Gone forever. I couldn't do that to him.

And then, there was Charles, the wealthy, noble, and loving Monegasque. He was every girl's dream. Every girl's but mine. My heart was and would always be Pierre's. I looked at myself in the mirror. My white, silky, elegant wedding dress fit my body perfectly. It was a true "princess" gown. I ran my fingers softly over the expensive Italian fabric. My rosy cheeks were now pale, and my soft skin clammy. I heard a knock at the door. It was my father, Emmanuel. I quickly wiped my tears away. The last thing I wanted was for my dad to see me crying. He gently opened the door to my room, and his enthusiasm was palpable. He gave me a short hug, smiled at me, and took my arm.

"Are you ready to go?" he asked.

With all the strength left in me, I nodded affirmatively, feeling my heart sink in my chest.

We descended the stairs and approached the altar. As I started walking down the large, narrow aisle I caught a glimpse of my mom. She looked so proud, so happy. I could not help but smile. I made my way to Charles, who looked at me with admiration, like I was the most beautiful woman in the entire world. He took my hands, and a small, bitter tear rolled down my cheek. He wanted to marry me. He wanted to marry me because he loved me. Maybe in the future I would love him, too. One day.

"Charles, do you take this woman to be your wife, to live together in holy matrimony, to love her, to honor her, to comfort her, and to keep her in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?"

"I do," he said.

"Charlotte, do you take this man to be your husband, to live together in holy matrimony, to love him, to honor him, to comfort him, and to keep him in sickness and in health, forsaking all others, for as long as you both shall live?"

I looked around and saw my parents, anxiously awaiting my response and Pierre, at the back, watching me and hoping that, even at the last minute, I would disobey society, my family, and Charles to leave with him, but I couldn't. I couldn't because I realized that that was my destiny. This was going to be my life. The perks of being the daughter of a nobleman in 1856.

"I do," I said quietly.

At that moment I paused - tired of talking for so long about a time that seemed that long ago, a broken heart that had been mended by love. Yes, I did end up loving Charles. The time we shared together, and our beautiful family caused our relationship to grow. Grow into something bigger than an arranged marriage, something bigger than what I ever expected it to become, **love**.



I looked at my two beautiful girls. They stared at me in awe. They could not believe what they had just heard. I was lying in my bed knowing that sooner rather than later I would leave this world. Before I did, I wanted them to know my story, know what I had been through, know my sincere love for their father.

A few days after the wedding, Pierre vanished. He completely disappeared. I don't know what happened to him, and I never will know.

"And that, my darlings, is how my life with your father started."



Artwork by Domna Maria Mavrikaki

DYSTOPIAN

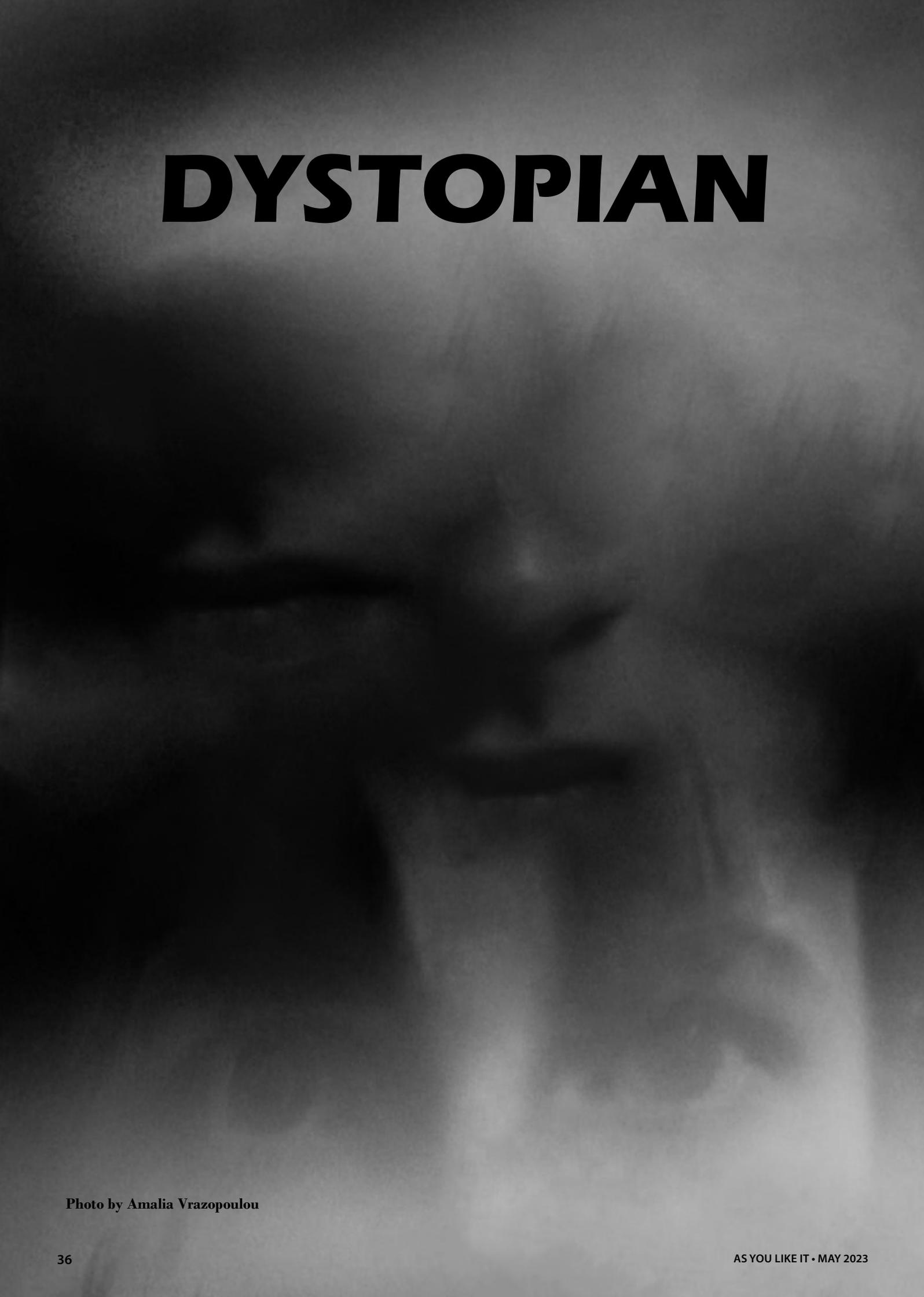


Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

The Shameness of Sameness

Story & Artwork By Julia Zaglaniki

I was looking out of the window into space – nowhere in particular, nowhere that I knew of. Probably stars and planets were the view, though I cannot recall. The idea of landing on my destination excited me: Liette 808 – a small planet of 10,000 people, ‘The ideal planet,’ claimed the headlines back on Cerand 702, as well as in the rest of the Planet Survival Union. Other planets of the Union had already started applying the tactics of Liette 808 on their own planets.

My job? My job was to bring back the “secrets” of this “ideal planet” to help Cerand 702 become a great society, too. Suddenly, the green light of the spaceship lit up, indicating we had landed. I ran out of the spaceship excitedly, ignoring my two colleagues who were fast asleep in the seats next to me.

I violently opened the door like no air was left in the spaceship, but what I saw took my breath away. Maybe it was the long trip, maybe it was the turbulence we had experienced on the trip. Right in front of me stood a man my height with something resembling a smile on his face. He had no hair. Hair, eyebrows, eyelashes, moustache, everything was shaved to the point you could see his skin

glinting in the moonlight. He wore a long white poncho covering his whole body but his head. His eyes were piercing me, but they had nothing to tell. His mouth was expressionless. This did not seem to be a human being. I opened my mouth, trying to find the right words, trying to figure out where I had landed.

“I... we are...” Before I had the chance to finish my sentence, a miserable voice issued forth the following words:

“You must be the representative from Cerand 702. Welcome to Liette 808, the planet of sameness.”

“Shameness? Oh, but please do not feel ashamed because of your hair loss. It happens...”

“Oh, dear traveler, I did not say *shameness* but *sameness*. On this planet, no differences can be found. Our dear civilians can live happily with no worries of being excluded. No difference leads to no comparisons, and the lack of comparison leads to the absence of selfish behavior or depression. An idea inspired by our great leader from the moment we moved from Liette 807 to 808: 808, a number that makes no difference if you read backwards or upside down. It is the definition of sameness.”

As I was reflecting on these words, my eyes drifted to the scene behind this being: the so-called ideal planet. Figures with bare heads shining like well-cleaned glass bulbs were moving around. They all wore the same white poncho like the man who was still standing in front of me, expressionless, like a person with no soul. Their steps were light and slow, making no sound on the grey ground. It all appeared like a constantly spreading Mandala pattern. Maybe the light of the moon was playing tricks on my eyes, or maybe I was exhausted. I could not identify whether they were men or women, young or old.

One little figure, not far from where I was standing, captured my attention. The way it moved, the way it shone was... odd. It moved faster and more clumsily than the others. As I was watching the figure, it got closer and closer and eventually stood next to the man who had welcomed me.

“Arana, have I not told you to practice sameness? We have guests today. Do you want them to think that you do not fit in?” said the man in an austere way although his tone had not changed.

“I am sorry, father,” a thin voice emanated from the little figure.

“ I will try harder...” the voice fading this time.

The confusion I was feeling was now replaced by a pain in my chest. That sadness in that little figure’s voice made my heart shatter. Then the face of the little girl became expressionless, like her

father’s. If I had not witnessed the previous scene, I would not have been able to tell the two of them apart, except for the difference in size.

After a moment of silence, the man turned his head in my direction.

“Once again, welcome to Liette 808. If you have any questions, please do not hesitate to ask anyone.” He made a careful U-turn and walked away, leaving his daughter behind.

I slowly focused my gaze on the girl, still standing in front of me, looking miserably at the hem of her poncho. I was incapable of finding the right words to break the silence that had fallen like a thin, black veil. I cleared my throat. Her attention was now on me. She looked into my eyes. Her gaze was full of emotion again, but this time, fear prevailed.

“Are you going to destroy the place?” she asked me abruptly.

“The place?” I asked, puzzled.

“Out there, out of here. There, where everyone is not like you or like me, where every single day is different, where you can watch the game of the sun and the moon chasing each other... where *sameness* is not a word that exists in the dictionaries.”

“Why? Don’t you like it here?”

“Do you?”

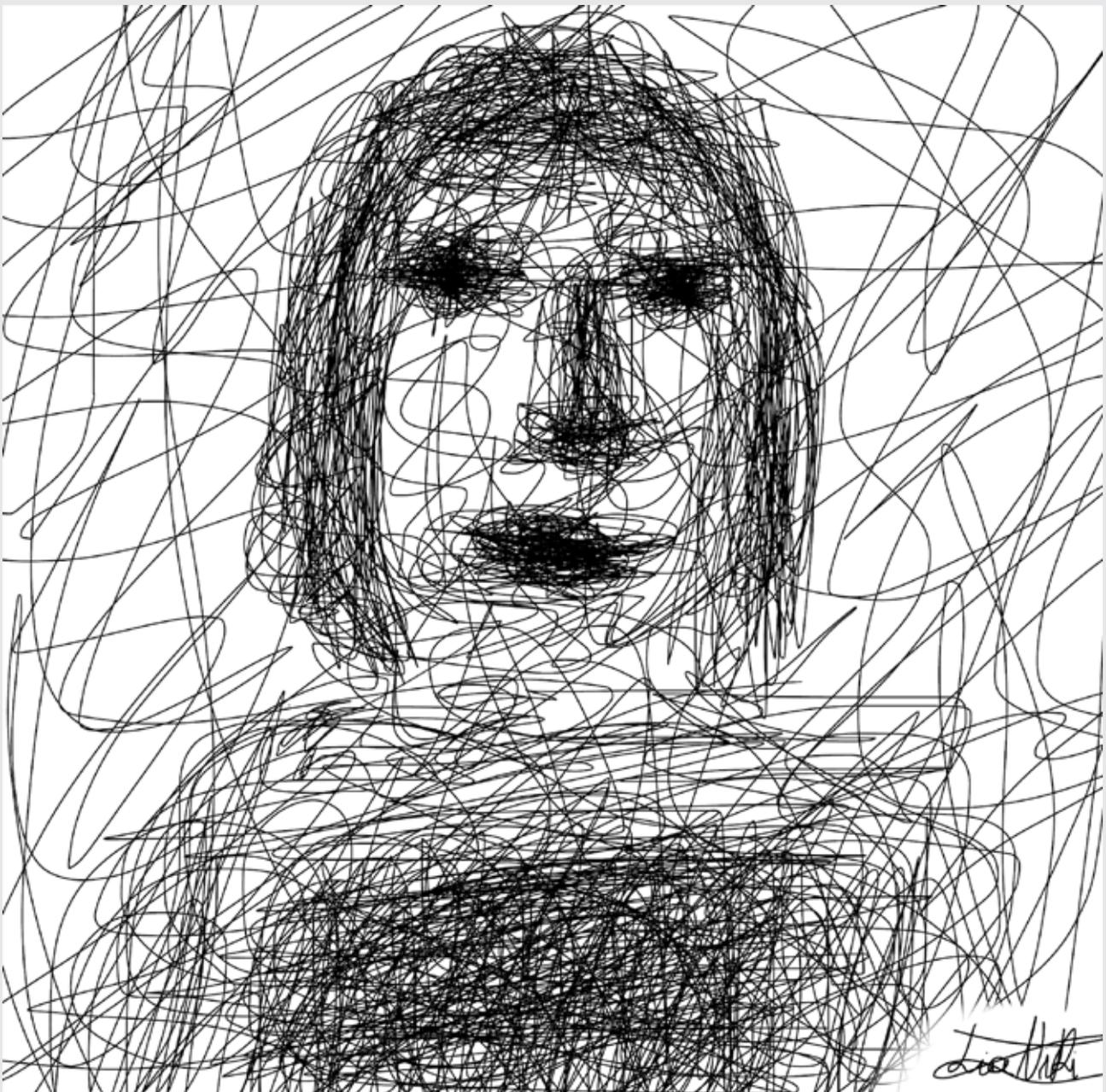
Now I could understand why she was the figure that had caught my attention. She shone from her soul, not from the moonlight. She was not odd, but different. I

watched once more as the image of the 'ideal planet' unfolded in front of my eyes. How strange...so tempting, yet so...awful! That was the moment I realized what sameness truly means.

My mind was then made up! I did not have to see their identical apartments, their nutritious but tasteless food. I was eager to return to my 'imperfect' planet to see dwellings with local color, to taste the decadent delicious food, meet my friends all special and unique, my colleagues all blessed with their various abilities who

help maintain a unique, wonderful world which we will adore with its every flaw. The uniqueness of each one of us can only supply our society with power and ensure its function. Everyone should get to know my planet for what it truly is, not as a duplicate of 808. I would be ashamed if I brought a single element of sameness back to my planet; I would not even bring likeness!

No! I did not want sameness to become the definition of my planet.



The Indistinguishable

By Nicholas Emmanouil Skevis

14613 was walking down the streets of the city. The autumn sky was painted grey and black, and the signs of the imminent arrival of rain were present in the atmosphere. There were no birds in the sky as if they had decided that flying was meaningless. A black plastic mask covered his face. He was on duty. 14613 was a member of the elite police force tasked with ensuring that the Different were separated from the Normals. They were kept on the outskirts of the town, and fences with checkpoints prevented their free movement. It was for society's own good. That's what 14613 had been taught since birth. Everybody in the country followed the holy rules of 'Distinguerism.' According to the government, for the state to run properly, every sign of diversity must be eliminated, every element of creativity suppressed, everything unique hidden. Diversity was the number one enemy of every state since it made its citizens *uncooperative*. And 14613 was truly devoted to these principles. Even though, sometimes, even he didn't follow them. 14613 couldn't stop himself from writing poetry. And, actually, he was rather talented. But he always had to write in complete secrecy.

That day, as 14613 was patrolling the streets of the territories of the Different, he observed a woman walking rather suspiciously and carrying a large object covered with a dirty blanket. As a good policeman, and an even better citizen, he followed her.

When he was right behind her, he demanded, "Identify yourself!"

"My name is Lisa, if that's what you are asking."

"We don't have names. And, certainly, someone like yourself can't have one. Give me your ID number at once," he said angrily.

"Lisa. I don't have an ID number, so you can arrest me if you want. I am already imprisoned. At least I won't lose the little respect I have for myself."

14613 was enraged. How could she? How could she not show her gratitude by at least complying with the rules everyone had to follow? Isn't this what created peace and security for them all? She was threatening the peaceful functioning of society by refusing to submit, to be a number among the masses. She wanted to be "Lisa," to be distinguished.

"To be honest," she continued, "your identification numbers and your policies are what is destroying our society – not diversity. You think you are fighting for the greater good, when, in reality, you are depriving the world of the element of uniqueness. Uniqueness and diversity are as important for beauty and functionality as water and food are for every being on this planet. You just can't take that away."

This was the final straw for 14613. Not obeying direct orders was one thing, but insulting the very principles his life was based on was something entirely different. He took out a pair of handcuffs.

"You are under arrest," he barked.

But while he was restraining her, the blanket covering the mysterious object fell. 14613 couldn't possibly believe what he had just seen. Behind that blanket was hidden the most beautiful painting he had ever beheld. It was a magnificent and extremely detailed image of Earth. In that painting, he saw his home plan-

et without the national borders that dominated every map. Different and Normal people were depicted everywhere on the globe, hugging each other and celebrating under the sun's brilliant light. He could almost feel their emotions, see their smiles, hear their happiness and joy. Being an artist himself, he just had to admire this true marvel. He thought about his poetry. He thought about portraying this stunning painting through verse, alliteration, rhymes . . . Two great art forms merging. Wouldn't it be moving, wouldn't it be inspiring if both people and art forms were united? If different people could collaborate as if they were different art forms used to convey a common message? And for a moment he felt an urge to protect this masterpiece. But that urge quickly disappeared.

"Where did you find that? Did you steal it?" he asked imperatively.

"I didn't steal it. I created it. I was trying to hide it in a basement before curfew, where I

have to keep all of my paintings, because your leaders don't want us to create art, to pursue our dreams, to make a difference."

The policeman remained silent. He was aware that, according to the law, he had to arrest the young lady. Especially after discovering that she was not just Different by birth, but she was intentionally cultivating her Difference. That was obviously unacceptable for a society where people had to be indistinguishable for peace to thrive. However, his artistic curiosity was forcing him to see her other paintings.

"If you show me that basement, I might let you go," he whispered, looking furtively up and down the road. He knew that this was wrong, but he could not help himself. He felt compelled.

"How can I trust you?" she asked.

"You can't. And I don't want any unpleasant surprises."

They had been walking for five minutes



when the woman stopped in front of an old, abandoned building. They entered and headed to the basement. As she turned on the lights, he was overcome with awe. Twenty paintings called to him, like a magnet attracts metal. They portrayed a variety of imaginary situations. However, it was interesting that in no picture were walls to be found anywhere. The cities in those paintings were not divided into sectors, there were no troops separating people. And that light! There was no darkness in her paintings. It was as if someone used a flashlight to extinguish darkness from the world.

“‘Distinguerism’ is wrong,” Lisa suddenly blurted out. “That’s why everything in our world is wrong. Diversity isn’t an obstacle; it’s the element that gives life meaning. It’s what makes our lives interesting. *In varietate concordia*. ‘United in diversity.’ Your ancestors, *our* ancestors, believed in that.”

“I also create art,” he said quietly.

“What?” her shock hung in the air.

And then, despite being fully aware of the illegality of his action, he removed his black mask.

“I also create art,” he repeated. “I write poetry. I have tried to suppress it, but I just can’t. When I read Schiller’s ode ‘An die Freude,’ when I seek inspiration in prohibited poems found in half-burned books, to write my own, I feel as if I can create my own reality, as if I can create worlds, rich, beautiful, different worlds. Every time I write my lines, every single time, I feel as if I could solve all of our world’s problems, as if I could wage war against death himself...”

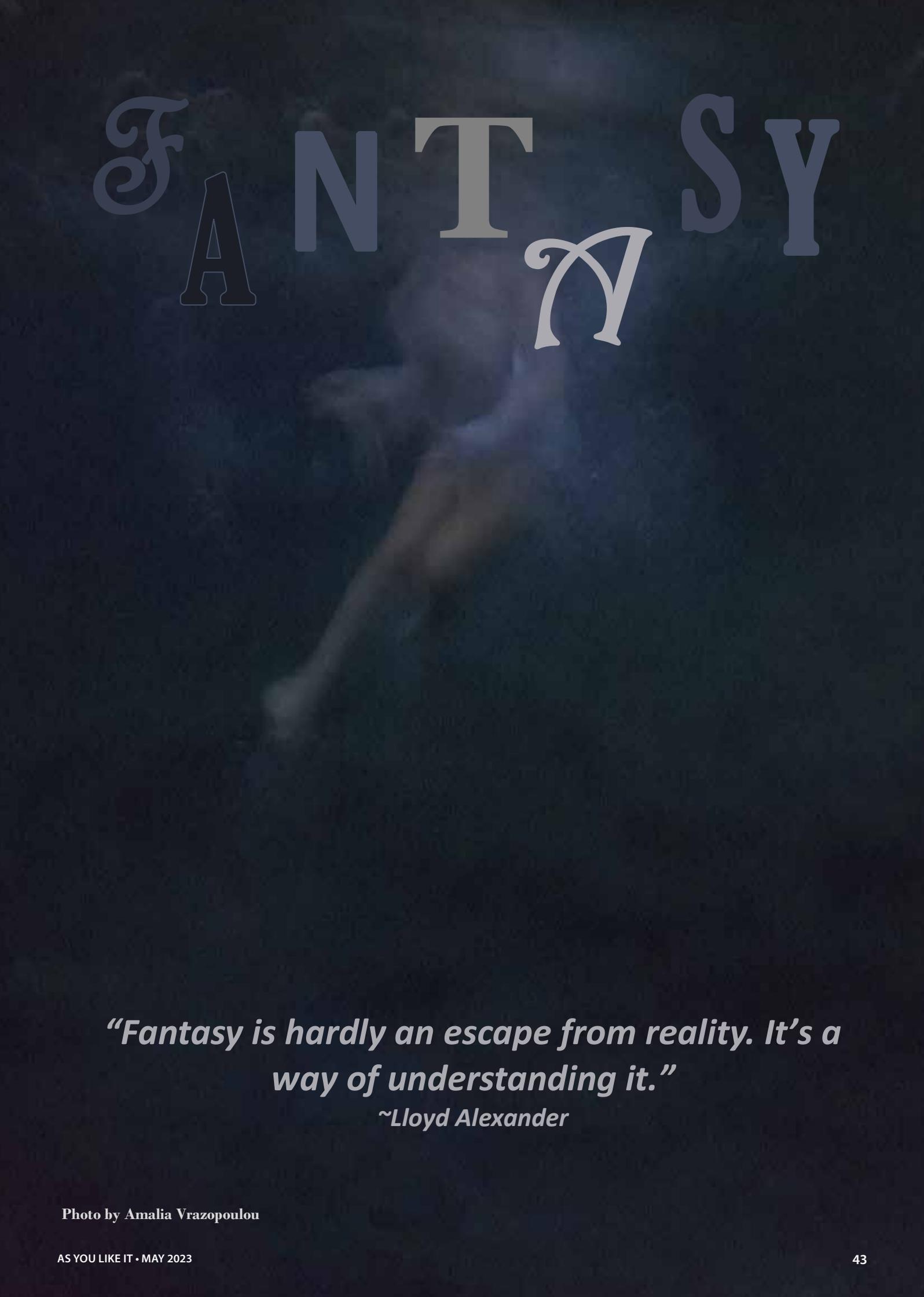
As he was talking, he removed the handcuffs.

“You are free,” he said. “I owe you an apology. And, I have to admit that your art... your art is beautiful.”

As 14613 turned to leave, Lisa asked, “What’s your name?”

“14613,” he said. “I don’t have a name. But I will find one.” He moved towards the exit. On his way out, an unexpected ray of light from the sun fell upon him. And when it reached his enlightened soul, he felt as if it were urging him, begging him to protect it from the darkness of the world.





FANTASY

“Fantasy is hardly an escape from reality. It’s a way of understanding it.”

~Lloyd Alexander

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Scavenger 301



By Maximos Kostopoulos

Year: 2074

Day: 196

Location: Aboard the Scavenger

Having received an alien signal, NASA sent PILOT and me on a mission to pinpoint its source. We are certain that it originates from our neighboring solar system, and we are heading toward it. I can see a speck, far away, and, as we approach, it enlarges, and the belt surrounding it becomes clearer. I feel that I am close, yet this sparkle of light dancing in deep space seems unreachable. I should not overthink; the lack of communication with my fellow humans has strained my nerves, and my only companion is PILOT, the ship's AI. PILOT does the bulk of the work and keeps me company. I trust PILOT completely, but I feel severed from all human contact; I only receive infrequent messages from my colleagues.

The solar system I am currently approach-

ing is assumed to be inhabited by beings much more advanced than we are. We are still not able to directly communicate with them. I have been sent to confirm this assumption and set up base with the help of PILOT.

I trust PILOT completely, but I feel severed from all human contact; I only receive infrequent messages from my colleagues.



Year: 2074

Day: 210

Location: En route to Alpha Centauri

PILOT corrected me and my colleagues: we were directed to a system much closer to ours. I hope the AI has not made an error...

The new solar system seems to fade in and out of reality, and the belt looks damaged.



Year: 2074

Day: 250

Location: The Interior of Alpha Centauri

The exterior planets of this solar system seem barren... lifeless. PILOT has analyzed their composition, and there is no trace of oxygen. How could a signal have come from here? The interior planets are more promising. PILOT has indicated they contain the basic elements of life. PILOT is receiving clear signals from the planet second closest to the sun of Alpha Centauri. My heart is leaping with accomplishment and horror.



Year: 2077

Day: 263

Location: The Interior of Alpha Centauri

Only 9 days have gone by for me, but for my colleagues back home three years have elapsed. The passage of time on Alpha Centauri is much slower. We are nearing

the stratosphere of our destination, but I have not intercepted any sign of technology or civilization. PILOT reassures me that all is well, and we are near the source of the signal. I am doubtful about finding life, but PILOT insists I am mistaken.



Year: 2077

Day: 264

Location: Source of the Signal

We have landed, but I do not see signs of life. The atmosphere is not breathable, and setting up the base took six hours; my suit almost ran out of oxygen. We are next to a canyon, and the temperature is surprisingly low, -87 Celsius, even though we are so close to the sun. PILOT told me to relax; it mentioned the civilization is subterranean, and they will soon resurface to find us.



Year: 2079

Day: 270

Location: Source of the Signal

Something is terribly wrong...



Year: 2080

Day: 273

Location: Source of the Signal

Glimpses of my wife walking down the hallway have appeared before me. My colleagues' voices are fading in and out. I feel at home, yet so far away. I can hear my son crying as my wife puts him to bed... The barren wasteland outside seems to be blooming with life.

Something is
terribly wrong...



Year: 2081

Day: 276

Location: Paradise?

I am starting to see my colleagues again. They are proud of me and are celebrating our great achievement, my great achievement. My wife and I sit in my cabin and converse about settling on this beautiful, lush planet. I am Adam, and my wife is Eve, and we are the first settlers in paradise. PILOT mocks me whenever I speak to my wife. I wonder why. I have contacted Earth and informed them that life exists on this planet.

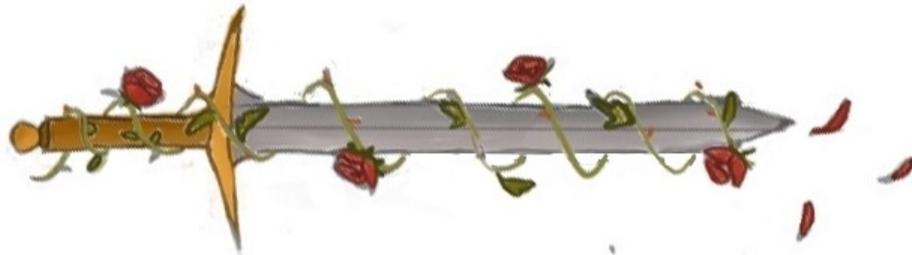
Tomorrow I am stepping outside with my wife and without my gear to explore this utopia with her.



Artwork by Donna Maria Mavrikaki

Petals of Retribution

Story & Artwork By Maria Charisi



The blade pierced his skin. It lodged deep in the flesh. My grip on the sword didn't waver; it didn't relax. I kept on it as I saw the agony transform his face. Tears were running down his cheeks, his eyes pleaded with me to end it; I didn't listen. He tried to speak, but no words came. He lacked strength for that. No swift death would be granted to him.

I took him in, knelt on the marble floor, his face unrecognizable, his long white hair drenched with sweat and tears, his black eyes bloodshot. The royal white tunic, the one which had always been unbelievably clean, was now stained red as the rich roses in the garden. I told myself to treasure this image and return to it whenever I found myself in doubt. This was the moment I had been waiting for all my life. The sweet smell of retribution filled the air. It intoxicated me.

Once I was sure that I had drawn out his torture, I retrieved my sword. The steel blade was painted red. I could see my reflection in it, my dark eyes and olive skin staring back at me with pride. A crimson wave emerged. I stepped over it.

I didn't leave his side until I was sure that there was not a single thread tying him to life. I watched his limp body hit the floor. I approached carefully, and, hands shaking, removed the silver crown from his head, the final symbol of the tyranny we had endured for centuries. It was finally over; the King was no more.

I heard footsteps approaching from behind and turned to see Eliza, the King's advisor, enter the throne room.

She pushed the huge, gilded doors wide open. Our eyes met, but neither of us spoke.

She went to the six floor-to-ceiling windows spread evenly across all four walls of the throne room and pulled the thick, creamy white curtains to the side. Light flooded the room. I raised my arm to shield my eyes. The royal gardens filled my line of vision: beautiful bushes blooming with the King's signature red roses and marble statues stared at me. The sun was shining, and birds were chirping. It seemed that either the world went on unaware of the slaughter that had just taken place, or it was celebrating, like the people of the land.

Eliza went to the center of the room. She walked along the red carpet that started at the entrance and ended in front of the steps to the dais.



She stopped on the bottom step and stared straight ahead. In front of the silver throne stood I, next to the dethroned King. The white walls behind me, as well as the marble floor, were now streakily smeared crimson, matching the King's attire. I sheathed my sword and knelt before Eliza, offering her the crown.

She gingerly took it from my hands and examined it; it was intricately crafted, slim metal cords interwoven like tree branches. It was minimalist, yet its simplicity gave the wearer an air of sophistication suitable to a ruler.

Eliza carefully placed it on her head and in her booming voice ordered me to rise.

I obeyed, and her previously stern face broke into a smile.

"Erica, we did it! We made history!" she said, her voice echoing across the giant room.

"We did," said I, smiling a little to match her expression.

"We are finally free of the tyrant!" she murmured to herself.

"Under your rule, let the coming years be as peace-

ful and fair as can be, my Queen," I added slowly, tasting the word as I knelt before her.

The Queen's smile widened, and she hugged me, leaving the titles and formalities aside one last time.

Finally, the new age had begun.



A few years later, a snake slithered through the halls of the palace, its scaly, black skin a stark contrast to the white, marble floor. The red banners of Queen Eliza were affixed proudly to the walls, the heads of those who had disobeyed her mounted as morbid decorations. The snake slithered into the throne room, where a young sorcerer was awaiting.

He turned to the snake and smiled.

"Time to put an end to the Mad Queen's rule," he said, and as he did, his hood fell back slightly, revealing his olive skin and dark eyes.





Another Snow White Story

Story & Artwork By Lucy-Jasmine Papakyriakou

“**M**irror, Mirror on the wall, tell me, who is the most beautiful of them all?”

On the top floor of an old, stone castle, the Queen was pacing back and forth, her hands trembling as they anxiously searched in the mirror. Her hair and body were completely covered with a dark, velvet cloak. Her face resembled a mask, encrusted with a thick layer

of makeup. She was trying to obscure every inch of herself, creating the image she desired. Just like a chameleon changes its color to fit with its surroundings and hide from danger, the Queen was trying to hide in the crowd, for fear of standing out and being ridiculed. That’s how much she cared about the way everyone viewed her.

The mirror was a piece of art, a masterpiece one could say. Its golden frame was engraved with an image of nature in its full glory.

All the flowers were in full bloom, with bees and colorful butterflies hovering above them. Every form of life was depicted on the mirror's frame with intricate details. It was almost as if it were alive! Well, I guess it was...

"It is still Snow White, my lady, and that is all I can say."

"Why? Why? Why!" she wailed.

"The answer that you wish to hear is not to be sought from me..."

The Queen stormed out, slamming the wooden door. She ran into the forest and reached a clearing. It was like she was in paradise: birds singing melodically, leaves rustling in the air, the mountains merging with the clouds, the sound of running water, and the warmth of the sunshine painted everything

around her golden. But even with all of nature's ecstasy, she couldn't appreciate it.

"Why? Why can't I be her? I want her wavy, ebony black hair and her fair skin. I want her lively, dark eyes and rosy cheeks. I want to be her. I want everyone to admire my beauty!"

The leaves of the bushes rustled, accompanied by two high-pitched voices:

"Don't you mean that you want to feel good in your own skin?"

"Don't you mean that you want to feel good about yourself?"

Another voice, a deep one, questioned:

"Don't you mean that you want to feel loved?"

Then four more followed:

"But why do you think that you're not



beautiful?”

“Why don’t you feel loved?”

“Why don’t you love yourself?”

“Why don’t you try to embrace your uniqueness, instead of condemning it?”

The seven dwarves emerged, continuing to bombard the Queen with their questions.

“Isn’t it all a misconception? Beauty is subjective and can be found everywhere. It is not about *where* you look; it is about *how* you go about looking. We’ll show you...”

The Queen was taken by surprise. First the seven dwarves appeared and then... Snow White herself! And they had all heard her innermost thoughts! How mortifying...

Snow White took the Queen and sat her by the river. She removed the Queen’s heavy cloak, which she had been hiding under for years. She washed the Queen’s face, washed away all the makeup, all the pretense and embarrassment she had been holding onto so tightly for so long. She washed away the image of someone else, and now all that the river reflected was the silhouette of a beautiful woman. She had long, silky hair, green eyes, dark skin, and lips the color of freshly plucked cherries. After so many years, she was reunited with herself.

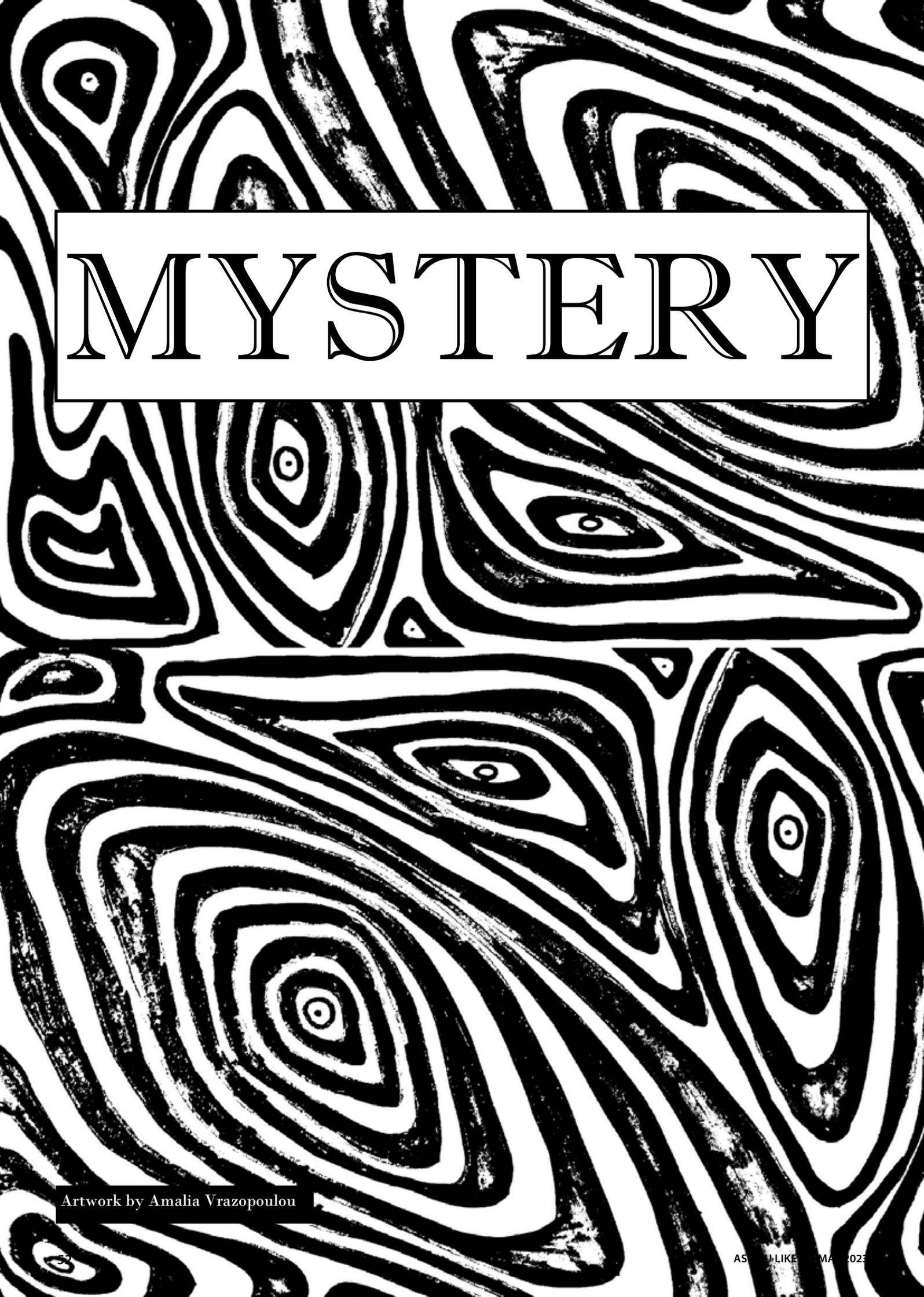
Was it the majestic nature, the overwhelming atmosphere, or the freshness of crystal water and clean air that made her feel... good? No, that wasn’t it! So what had changed the way she now saw things? Although she hated to admit it, it was Snow White...because Snow White changed the way the Queen viewed

herself and felt about herself. She finally felt confident. She finally felt beautiful. But most importantly, she finally felt like herself. How come the way she viewed herself changed the way she viewed everything around her, as well? Or was it because she now viewed beauty differently?

When the Queen returned to the castle, she opened the door to find her mirror, shattered, into a million pieces. She realized that, in her fit of anger, she had slammed the door too hard, causing the mirror to fall down.

“I’m sorry,” she said. “You never were the problem; it was me. You were always honest and truthful whilst I closed my eyes and relied on the comfort my blindness offered me. I regret all the time I spent looking at you and distorting the image of myself. I regret all the time I spent agonizing over my imperfections and the chasm between the true me and the image I wanted to become, instead of embracing my imperfections and loving myself. Never again will I doubt my uniqueness or degrade my worth because of the way I look. Snow White, whom I had hated for having all that I wished for, is the one who taught me about beauty...she is the one who taught me how to love and appreciate myself and the world around me. And that, I will not deny.”

The Queen decided to go travelling, to see and appreciate the beauty of the world, the beauty she had been unable to see before. She wanted to acquire more knowledge, to accept and embrace the diversity the world offered. She promised to stay true to herself no matter what and started forging her own happily ever after...



MYSTERY

Artwork by Amalia Vrazopoulou

AT MIDNIGHT

By Apollonia Tzalokosta

THE DAY AFTER THE INCIDENT

“Ma’am, we are sorry to inform you that your son is dead,” the police officer informs Jonny’s mother in a clear, stern voice.

Silence fills the room. The woman looks at her husband and then at the police officer. A moment later, her wails and screams fill the room. Jonny’s mother collapses on the floor of their living room, unable to comprehend the loss of her only son.

“We believe he died sometime around midnight,” the police officer continues while Jonny’s father tries to soothe his wife.

“His friends are at the police station; I believe you know them...” the officer starts to explain but is abruptly interrupted.

“They did it!” Jonny’s mother screams in agony. “Kiara, Tristan, Henry, and Mara... They took my son away from me!”

THE DAY OF THE INCIDENT

11:50 pm ~ 10 MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT

KIARA

I hear people fighting from behind the trees. My brother’s voice is clear; he is angry, very angry. I have never seen Tristan yell at someone like he is doing right now to Jonny.

“They can’t know about us, Jonny,” I hear my twin shout at him. “My parents would disown me if they learnt the truth about us,” he said as he stepped closer to him, dangerously near the cliff edge. I can see, one wrong move, and Jonny will fall. I am about to confront them, but I feel someone move behind me. The next thing I know, hands cover my mouth, and I can’t breathe properly. I try to fight but stop when I identify the smell of his

cologne. I look down at his familiar shoes, and everything goes black...

2:00 pm ~ EARLIER THAT DAY ...

HENRY

My head is pounding, everything is spinning, and my room doesn’t look like my room. After I gather my thoughts, I realize that I am in a very purple dorm room, and an angry brunette is shooting daggers at me. She is so pretty, always has been, my Kiara. I am about to say good morning, but before I can even open my mouth, she throws my shoes at my head.

“What was that for?” I ask her as I stand up from the floor where I have apparently been sleeping.

“What was that for,” she mimics me, showing her annoyance. “What were you thinking last night? How could you say all that?” she yells at me as I throw myself onto her bed.

“What are you talking about? I didn’t say anything!” I answer her, and then it hits me. I remember all the horrible things I said the previous night when I was under the influence.

4:00 pm

MARA

I step into my room. I have been sharing a room with Kiara since the first year of college, and I see Henry, worse for the wear, sitting on her bed. His eyes are filled with regret as he stares at her, and I am not sure if it is because he remembers what he said last night or because he generally feels guilty over how their relationship has been over the past month. I always admired their bond; it’s like there is an invisible string tying them together.

“Go and apologize to him,” Kiara spits at him.

"Honestly, if you think about it, I didn't say anything that wasn't true," Henry mumbles.

"Well, I think Jonny deserves an apology," I say as I take a few more steps into my dorm room and close the door.

"See? Mara agrees with me," Kiara tries to push Henry off her bed.

"Mara always agrees with you!" he remarks, and they continue to bicker like an old, married couple until Henry finally exhales loudly, abruptly stands, and stomps out of the room, to go and apologize to Jonny, I suppose.

As he closes the door, I turn to face Kiara. "Have you told him yet?" I ask her and sit on her bed.

"No, but I am planning to... tonight," she answers. I have a bad feeling...

6:00 pm

TRISTAN

It is six o'clock, and my life is falling apart. My friend Henry was out of control last night. I think he might have a problem – in fact, we all think so, but no one ever says anything – we all avoid it, hoping it will just go away. And then, he did it. He said everything I was thinking but was too scared to say out loud. The truth is, I love Jonny. I will always love Jonny, but it will never work out. He knows I know it, but for some reason we keep going back to each other. My parents will never approve, and I can't do anything to change their minds, so I need to end it.

I am headed to the library to grab some books for biology class, and I see Mara and Jonny in some deserted aisle whispering to each other. I head closer to them, and I hide behind a bookshelf.

"You have to tell Kiara about it; I can't keep this secret from her anymore," Jonny says in a hushed voice. Mara's posture goes rigid, and her eyes start to water.

"No, no, you can't, please, Jonny... Don't do this," she begs him.

"It's been a year now. I am sure she will understand you didn't do it to hurt her."

"Did what?" I ask as I approach them; I see their eyes widening in shock at my appearance, at my question.

8:00 pm

JONNY

Tristan knows. I told him, and, now, he will probably tell his sister. Kiara will hate me for keeping something so big from her. I head to my dorm and sit on my bed replaying everything that happened today in my mind. Sometime around noon, Henry came to find me and tried to apologize for what he had said last night. I told him he didn't say anything that I didn't already know, and we made amends.

Later, I got in a huge fight with Mara in the library. She kept insisting that we shouldn't tell Kiara why she really failed her dream job interview, and I was about to agree with her, because I knew it wasn't my secret to tell, but it had been bugging me for quite some time, knowing something so big and keeping it from my closest friend. Tristan overheard our conversation, and Mara confessed to having sabotaged Kiara's interview because she thought Kiara had cheated in her final exam. I won't forget the glare she shot me; it looked like she wanted me dead.

I have lost track of time completely, and three hours have passed since I spoke with Mara and Tristan.

11:00 pm

KIARA

Mara just left our dorm. It's almost midnight. Why did she leave in such a hurry? Where is she even going? I joked that she looked like she was going to kill someone, and she gave me a forced smile. Since she came back from the library, she has been acting very strangely, so I decided to follow her. I have been following her for over thirty minutes, and now she is headed for the forest.

HENRY

Neither Kiara or Mara was answering my

calls, and Tristan had gone to talk to Jonny. So, I was all alone. I hate being alone, and I know what I will get up to if I let my anxiety take control. I needed to do something, so I decided to go for walk in the forest. I know it might seem crazy to go walking in the woods in the middle of the night, but I know that the alternative is bad. I am so deep in the woods that I will be near the cliff soon. Walking outside can be tricky this time of year when ice is almost everywhere, so I am trying to be careful. I check my watch. In about ten minutes, it will be midnight. I am about to head back to my dorm but see a certain brunette hiding behind a tree. I step closer to see who she is spying on, and I see Tristan and Jonny fighting. She is so focused on them that she doesn't notice me standing right behind her. I cover her mouth with my hand so she doesn't scream and give us away. She freaks out for a second, so I hold on tighter – maybe this was a mistake because she blacked out in my arms!

MARA

I was going for a walk in the forest. I couldn't handle being in the same room with Kiara any longer. I know I need to tell her the truth, but I can't tonight. I hear people fighting from behind the trees, so I step closer. To my surprise, I see Tristan and Jonny. Suddenly, they stop shouting and hug each other. It looks like they are saying goodbye. I decide I am not going to ruin their moment. Then Henry emerges from the forest with a pale-looking Kiara, so I go and join them.

TRISTAN

A few minutes ago, I was fighting with Jonny and now our whole friend group is gathered in the forest. I turn to Mara and point at my sister, "Tell her the truth."

My sister looks confused as Mara says, "I am really sorry, Kiara... Last year, I thought you had cheated on your final exam, so I called the company you were about to interview for and told them you had. That's why you didn't get the job. I sabotaged your job interview."

"What!" Kiara exclaims angrily.

"I didn't mean to, but I was so angry," she says and looks at Jonny like she is asking him what she should do.

"You knew!" Kiara accuses Jonny, tears welling up in her eyes.

"I didn't want to tell you because I didn't want to hurt you. It wasn't my place to tell you," Jonny says.

And just like that Kiara turns her back to all of us and runs away. Of course, Henry runs after her but not before glaring at Mara and Jonny with so much anger in his eyes. I believe that if he hadn't needed to console my sister, he might have pushed both of them over the edge.

Mara lets out a muffled cry and pushes Jonny lightly into my arms. "This is all your fault!" she yells. "If you hadn't insisted on talking to me in the library, none of this would have happened!"

"I am sorry, Mara, but she needed to know the truth," Jonny replies as Mara turns around and runs after Henry and Kiara. Jonny looks at me guiltily and goes after her.

I am left alone, standing near the edge of the cliff, trying to comprehend what has just happened. A few moments later, I decide to follow them, but I have no idea what direction they went in. Thankfully, my sister's name pops up on my phone.

"Thank God, I was beginning to really worry about you," I confess to her. However, Kiara doesn't share my lighthearted tone. "Tristan, something terrible's just happened, and I don't know what to do!" she says in a panicked voice.

She is cut off by Henry shouting at her, "We need to call the police!"

As she is hanging up on me, I hear her say, "Have you lost it? How are we going to explain this...?"

Terrified, I run further in the direction I saw them go, and I use the flashlight from my phone to find their footprints in the snow and mud where I can. And then I see them, on the edge of the cliff, looking over. Mara is on the ground crying, and my sister is hugging Henry like her life depends on it. Jonny is nowhere to be seen. What happened?

The List

Story & Artwork By Eleanna Gkatzoni

Who could it be?

“My wife, probably. Yes, it has to be my wife.”

Only he didn't have a wife.

“Fine. But a wife could be a prime suspect... If I had one, of course, that is.”

There was a pause as he reconsidered. “It is my brothers, then. Both of them. Their greedy hands must crave my blood, undoubtedly, yes. Greedy, greedy morons they are; they never really loved me, but they love my money and my fame far too much. It must be my brothers.”

Only he had not spoken to his brothers in over fifteen years.

They were simple men, and he knew that. They had stayed in their hometown, never really done or achieved anything worth mentioning. To his standards, at least.

“But their meager reasoning and limited vision does not allay my concern!”

Well, I admit that I was not exactly successful in quelling his apprehension. His head was boiling. Boiling like a pot. He would not stop clomping back and forth, huffing and sighing like a fretful horse. I would swear that soon enough, there would be a grave-like trench burrowed into the floor. He stomped like a soldier in the May Day parade, and his hard steps produced quite an annoying sound. Oh, poor, sluggish creature! If only you could stop.

He struck a match and lit what he thought was a candle, but he only managed a weak flame with his decrepit hands. Oh, come on, the candle is

dead already! Just take another one, old man! There you go.

He climbed the wooden ladder, protecting the dying flame with his pale palms, which were now sweaty, and could barely grip the candle holder. As he ascended, the fire flared up, to my astonishment, and revealed the crooked stairwell, the sagging boards that nagged at his naked feet.

When he reached the first floor, he rushed into his dreary chamber, and as he stomped around, the old walls shuddered, and the list went on.

“I noticed that Marcus, my right hand, has been quite friendly to me lately. He must covet my estate. He wants to kill me! Eureka! How could I be so blind, and not even recognize the visage of betrayal? Oh, this disloyalty shall not go unpunished! I must torture and pressure and strangle him until he confesses!”

He paused and pondered for a minute.

“And if I were to discover that it was not really him? Then who else could it be?”

He leaned into the flame of the poor candle as if it held the answers. He bent his elbows and lowered his wizened face so much that it seemed he would inhale its flame along with its fragrance, the elegant scent that kept him company. And when he realized that his hopes could not be kindled, even by his moribund, foolish candle, he frowned, and he irritably shoved everything off his desk, leaving a bare, sad space for his list.

He continued his helpless writing, condemning one after the other with his delicate pen, while the candle kept him company. He could not figure out who it was that wanted him dead. So many potential enemies; he just could not take the risk. He would spend all day and all night trying to

eliminate every single suspect, until he found his blameworthy culprit. Back and forth he strode, moving in pointless circles, while dread toyed with his mind. The grandfather clock struck three, and the list was nearly complete. Sleep eventually overcame him, but the candle resisted, struggling to maintain its flickering light.

Poor man, that has always been your weakness. You never knew who to trust!

The following day was peaceful, nothing like the previous one. Everything seemed...put together. Apart from the smell.

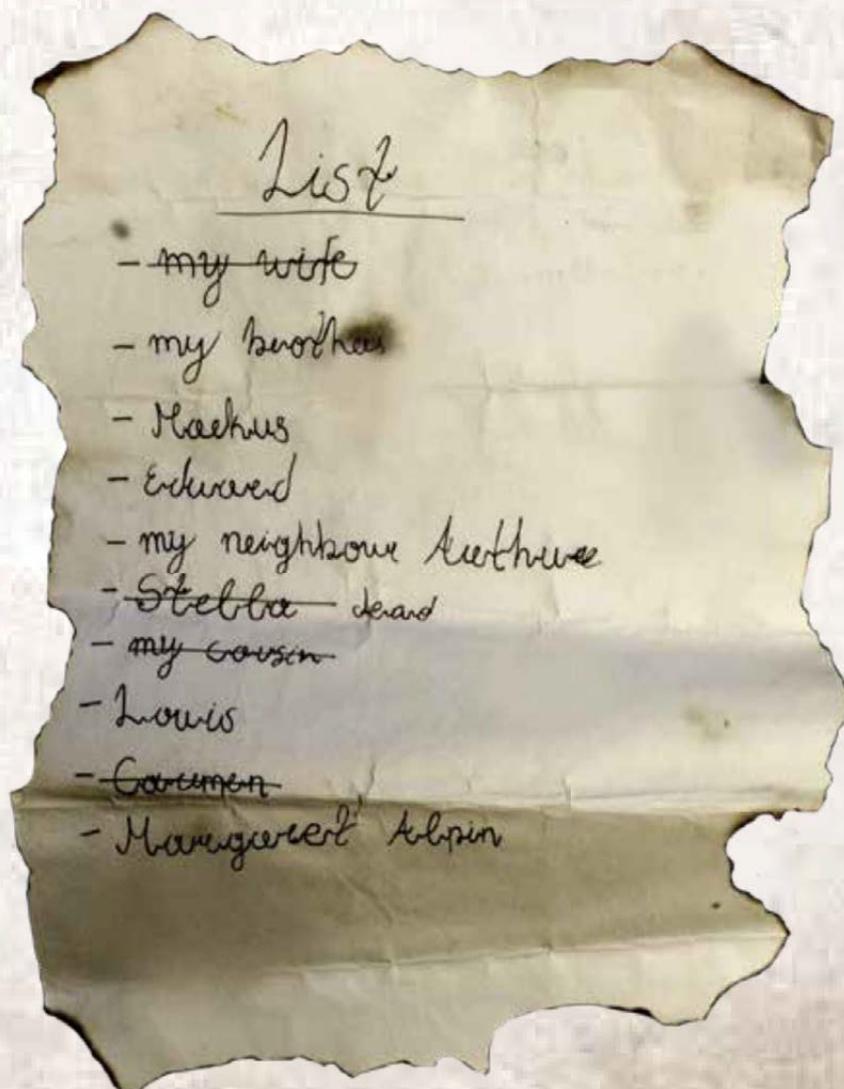
They found him at 9 o'clock in the morning, a pile of ash. The room was roofless, yet dark, and the light breeze died out as it whispered through the hollows which had once been the windows of his tortured soul.

I realize now how odd the whole situation

was, requiring four robust men for a puny greybeard. They all stood still for a minute, staring at the remains of a man who once sat there, writing and reading, now reduced to dust. The sky overhead seemed serene and blissful.

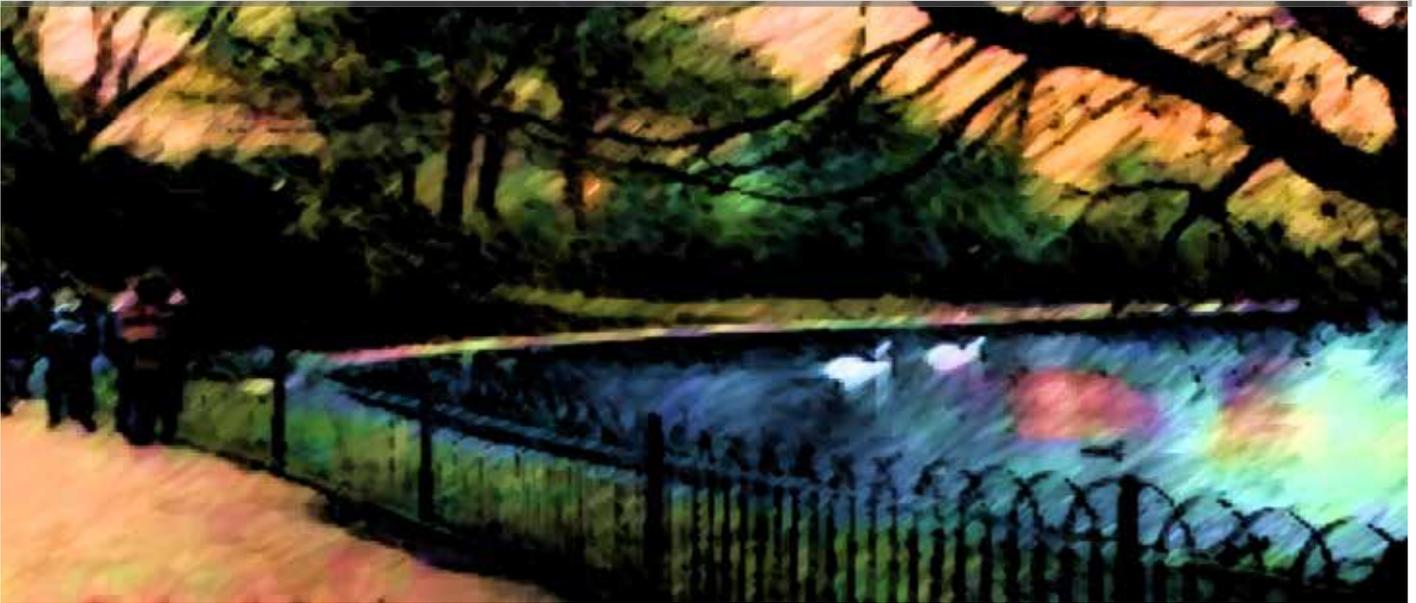
Foolish, foolish man! You should have known better. What about the list? What about all this ink and paper? Now it is all pointless, such a waste of time! You let your guard down, and your enemy closed in on you. Was it you and your inane fear that exhausted you and forced you to succumb to tender Morpheus, or was it the candle that rebelled?

I cannot tell. Oh, dear reader, what must you think of me? I do not dare to imagine. My troubled spirit must have got distracted by the virtuous flame, and I missed the facts! Next time, *I* shall write a list.



The Southwark Boating Mystery

Story & Artwork By Angelika Lykiardopoulou



It was January, 1885, when I first arrived in London with my father to find work at *London Eye*, a newspaper covering all the news of the city. I come from Scotland, but our poverty made us leave for a better life. I had paused to take in the city, but by the time I looked at my watch, it was already 11:00, and we were already late for our first day of work!

I have never been so anxious about meeting my coworkers. As we set foot inside the building, we were greeted by a gentleman: “Good evening, Mr. McCarry, my name is Niles Taylor, and I am the secretary of the President of the company.” As he offered his hand in greeting, I could see his suit was fouled, and, most importantly, he gave off a disturbing smell.

“You can’t believe how tiring this trip has been for us,” my father replied.

“I can imagine, all the way from Scotland!” Niles replied. He seemed kind and welcoming – my fear abated as we climbed the stairs to what would be our new office.

As he indicated our offices on the 3rd floor of the newspaper company, with his dirty hand emerging from his stained sleeve, a young woman who was about seventeen years old and a young boy appeared.

“Where did my diamond necklace go?” the young woman demanded. “Niles, you promised me you’d keep it safe! It was our great grandmother’s! And extremely valuable!” The girl was clearly distressed.

“I am sure that Mr. Taylor guarded it with his life, Miss Claudia,” said an elegant lady emerging from the shadows. I realized that this Miss Claudia must be the daughter of the President. But who was this mysterious woman who looked like a movie star with her stylish clothes and jewels?

Niles eyed this stylish woman, drinking her in. Then he muttered, “Evening, Miss Babcock.” His gaze said more than his words. Her hand went to the necklaces she was wearing, and she dropped her eyes shyly.

Niles tore his eyes from Miss Babcock, who I determined must be Miss Claudia’s nanny, and said, “Before I welcomed these gentlemen, it was where it always is, I swear, Miss Claudia.”

There was another long pause as everyone looked at everyone else, waiting for a reply; then the young boy, whom I later realized was named Brighton, concluded, “It must have been one of them.” He pointed at me and my father. “They are poor, so they need the money they will get when they sell the necklace.”

My father’s mouth dropped open in shock,

and I forcefully interjected, “You have no proof! We have just arrived – how can you accuse us like that!”

“I trust you, Brighton... Niles, search their things,” Claudia exclaimed. Miss Babcock dropped her eyes to the floor as Niles left the room.

“Please escort them to my father’s office, Miss Babcock. You will wait there until the matter has been cleared up,” Claudia stated matter-of-factly.

Silently, we followed Miss Babcock to a large room with an incredible view of the city. “I am sorry,” she muttered as she shut the door. I heard the key turn in the lock. Things could not have been worse for us on that first day in London.

My father sat in a chair and put his hands on his head, but I was determined to figure out what was going on. The evidence was scarce. All I knew was that Niles had been rude and aggressive from the moment we entered the building. Brighton was no better! But I suspected it was Niles who had taken the necklace – he had the opportunity – but what was his motive?

I looked out over the city and could see Southwark Boating Lake. That’s when it hit me. “I solved it,” I shouted, startling my father as I banged on the door! I made so much noise that Miss Claudia, Miss Babcock, and Niles Taylor all came running.

“Miss Claudia, I have solved the case of the missing necklace! If you will all come in, I can reveal how and why the crime was committed!”

“Listen carefully: Miss Claudia asked Niles to look after her necklace, but he wanted to take advantage of her trust and give it to his beloved. Miss Babcock...that is you. He wanted to satisfy you since it is obvious that you, Miss Babcock, are in love with jewelry and fine things in general, things he could never hope to afford in his position. He had hurried to meet us at the station and realized

he had the necklace with him, so he decided to hide it in Southwark Boating Lake, I would guess under the small bridge. However, when we were late, I suspect he retrieved it, and hid it somewhere in the building for safety – that is the reason that his sleeve is dirty and he smells like rotten eggs. Show us your sleeve...!”

I didn’t even get to finish my sentence before Niles tried to run for the exit. Before he could escape, I grabbed him and held him. Miss Claudia started to shout questions as to the whereabouts of the necklace, and Miss Babcock claimed her innocence. Brighton heard the noise, entered the room, and tried to hit Niles for stealing. In all the confusion, all the shouting and accusations and claims of innocence, my new boss, whom I had yet to meet, Mr. Maxwell, arrived in the doorway.

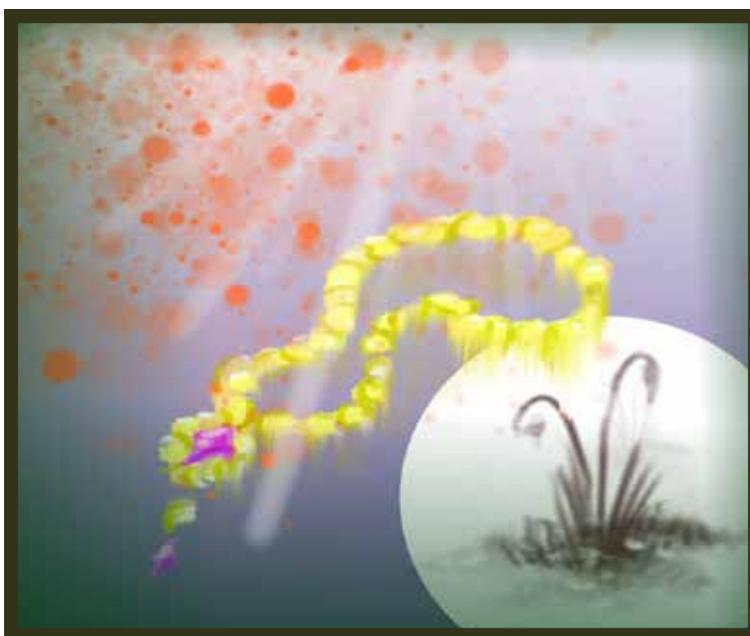
“Quiet!” Mr. Maxwell, and we all ceased our racket.

Then, Miss Claudia said, “Father, you will never believe how your new employees saved the day, and grandmother’s necklace!”

And so, on my first day at the *London Eye*, I got to show Mr. Maxwell what a great reporter I could be. Although

he had a hard time believing me at first, my evidence was clear. Niles confessed where the necklace was hidden, and that Miss Babcock was innocent. She had been telling him to leave her alone for months, so that is the reason he wanted to impress her with stolen goods! Even Brighton apologized. Miss Claudia gave me the biggest hug. Who knows what will happen there!

Not only did I get to save the day and our jobs, but both my father and I got a huge reward and a raise. The best part of it all was seeing mine and my father’s names in the byline on the front page of the *London Eye* the next day under the headline: “Southwark Boating Lake Mystery Solved!”





The Campus Secret

Story & Photos By Chris Liazos

It was an ordinary Friday at school, a Friday like any other. We were analyzing a poem in Modern Greek, but I wasn't paying any attention at all. How could I? I was devastated by the test we had taken that same morning in History and couldn't get my mind off it. How could I, a straight A high schooler, do that badly on a History test? History is my favorite subject, so I am expected to always get a perfect grade.

"It's not my fault, it can't be," I thought, clenching my fists, ready to snap the pencil in my right hand out of frustration. Thankfully, the bell rang.

"Finally!" I thought. I could go speak with my teacher, but he was nowhere to be found. I searched and searched. I went everywhere: to the teachers' office, to the gym, and even to the canteen, his favorite place on the entire campus. He sure loved eating that disgusting spaghetti, didn't he? I lost all hope after a while and decided that I would talk to him the following week.

So, I went to the library to relax and read a novel like I usually do during my breaks. I like hanging out there a lot. It is quiet, it is peaceful, it is my comfort zone. There is this new janitor there, as well. His name is Stam, and he is such a sweet person... At least towards me he is. Other students don't seem to like him that much, though. They say that something is 'off' about him. My brother Lukas is one of them. I agree that his appearance is kind of scary with those icy blue eyes and that bald head of his. Lukas insists that his 'vibe' and 'aura' are weird and says I should be careful because he has heard bad rumors about the janitor and his past. Those are just rumors, though, I don't believe them

for one minute. I think he is a nice guy, and I like talking to him, teasing him about his flirtation with the librarian.

"Hey Stam, how's it going?"

"Ohhhh... if it isn't the notorious Liam. How are you, mate? All good? How can I help ya?"

"Not much; I am just here to chill for a bit before next period starts."

"Alright then. I'll leave you to it," and he got back to cleaning.

I was pondering which novel to delve into when it struck me. A History book! Yes. That's it! I will show my History teacher what I can really do. As I picked up the book, suddenly, a map fell out. I picked it up and couldn't believe my eyes. It was an old treasure map! An actual treasure map! A real one! And... it was here! On our school campus! The librarian noticed my astonishment and asked me if I was OK. Of course I was not OK, but in a good way. I wanted to scream with joy, but... what if someone heard me? I wanted to keep the treasure to myself. All to myself. It would be mine and no one else's. Except for my brother, Lukas's, obviously. He was the only person I trusted in the whole world. I quickly hid the map under my shirt, thanked the librarian so that she wouldn't suspect anything and left. I went to class and patiently waited for school to end so I could go home and share the amazing news with Lukas. I couldn't wait! The bell rang for the last time, and I took the bus and went home. I was too pumped to relax or do anything other than just explain to Lukas how lucky I was to find the map: Imagine going to the school library, opening a random book, and finding a secret treasure map!

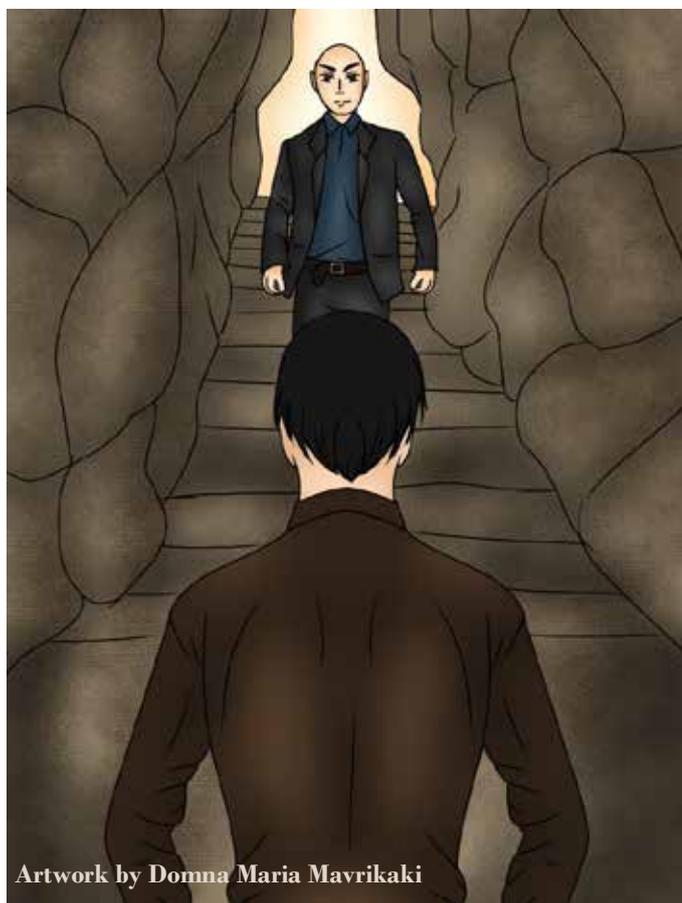
When I finished talking, he just said, "Let's go!"

“Right now? Don’t we have to think about it a bit more? I mean... I just found it two hours ago and don’t even know if the treasure really exists or not.”

“Well... we won’t find out if we don’t go after it ourselves, right?”

It was then I realized that we had to wait until Monday for the school to open again since, according to the map, the treasure was buried somewhere on campus. So, for two days we waited and waited and waited until... *Drrrrrr Drrrrrr!* Usually, I would be annoyed hearing the sound of my alarm clock after the weekend, but this was different. This was THE day. When we arrived at school, my brother and I headed straight for the library, where the map seemed to start.

“Liam, look, I think I got something!” my brother’s muffled voice came all the way from the back of the library. He showed me an old stone



Artwork by Donna Maria Mavrikaki

staircase, behind the last bookshelf. How had I never noticed it all the times I had been to the library?

“Kids, what are you doing back here?” Stam appeared out of nowhere before we could even go down the first step.

“Oh, Stam, you almost gave me a heart

attack!” I said.

“You are not supposed to be here, you know. The bell is going to ring soon, you should go to class.”

“I don’t trust him,” said my brother. “How did he know we were here?” I tried to answer, but then, the bell for first period rang.

“Meet me here during the break,” I said.

“Honestly, though, how did he know? Did he follow us?” My brother sounded almost scared.

“Nah, Stam is a good guy,” I assured him, and I remembered that he hadn’t even been around when I found the map. But that librarian?

The periods felt like days. All I could think about was the treasure map and that mysterious staircase. Finally, it was lunch break, and I went straight to the library. Lukas was already there as his classroom was closer.

“Hurry up before any kids or teachers see us,” he told me anxiously.

“We will be fine, don’t worry,” I reassured him. I took the first step down the stairs. It was dark down there, but, thankfully, I had my flashlight. After a few steps, we reached the bottom. There was a narrow tunnel there, which only I could fit into since I was skinnier than my brother.

“Be careful,” he warned me as I was about to enter the tunnel. I crawled my way to the end of the tunnel, and when I saw it, my eyes lit up! An old wooden chest full of gold coins!

“We are going to be rich!” I yelled. Suddenly, I heard footsteps. Someone was coming down the stairs.

I cautiously made my way back to Lukas, when I heard somebody say, “Who’s there?”

It was Stam’s voice. He continued, “Where’s your brother?”

I emerged from the tunnel. “Stam?”

“Oh, don’t call me that. My real name is not Stam, and I am not a janitor. I am tired of pretending. I don’t know how you found it, and I don’t really care! That treasure is mine. My father left it here for me! I have been trying to find that map since I started working here!”

I was so confused that I couldn’t utter a single word. Thankfully, my brother reappeared and started asking him questions.

“And... who exactly are you? And what do you mean this treasure is yours? Finders, keepers,

as they say!”

“No, no, no, you don’t understand... You don’t know what I have been through to find this treasure. It was my father’s from WWII, and he hid it here so that it wouldn’t be taken away from him. He hid the map for me, but he died before he had the chance to tell me the name of the book he had hidden it in. And now, you have found it!”

And that is when I found my voice, “But how did you know I had the map? You followed us, didn’t you? Otherwise, how could you have known where the map led?”

“The librarian told me everything about the map. She saw you – you thought you had fooled her, but she saw everything. And she has been in love with me for years now – she knows I have been searching for something, so when she noticed your strange behavior on Friday, she told me – I knew it had to be the map.”

“The treasure is ours! We won’t let you have it,” I said with all my might.

“And I took you for a smart kid, Liam,” he said as he came charging at me.



That is the last thing I remember before I heard a voice calling me, “Liam!”

“What is it?” I said in a hoarse voice.

“You are going to be late for class!”

“What?” I opened my eyes, and there was Stam leaning over me. “You will be late for class, Liam; the bell just rang. You fell asleep reading.” I looked down at the History book on the table in front of me. I was still sitting at the table. It was still Friday.

“So, none of that happened?” I thought out loud.

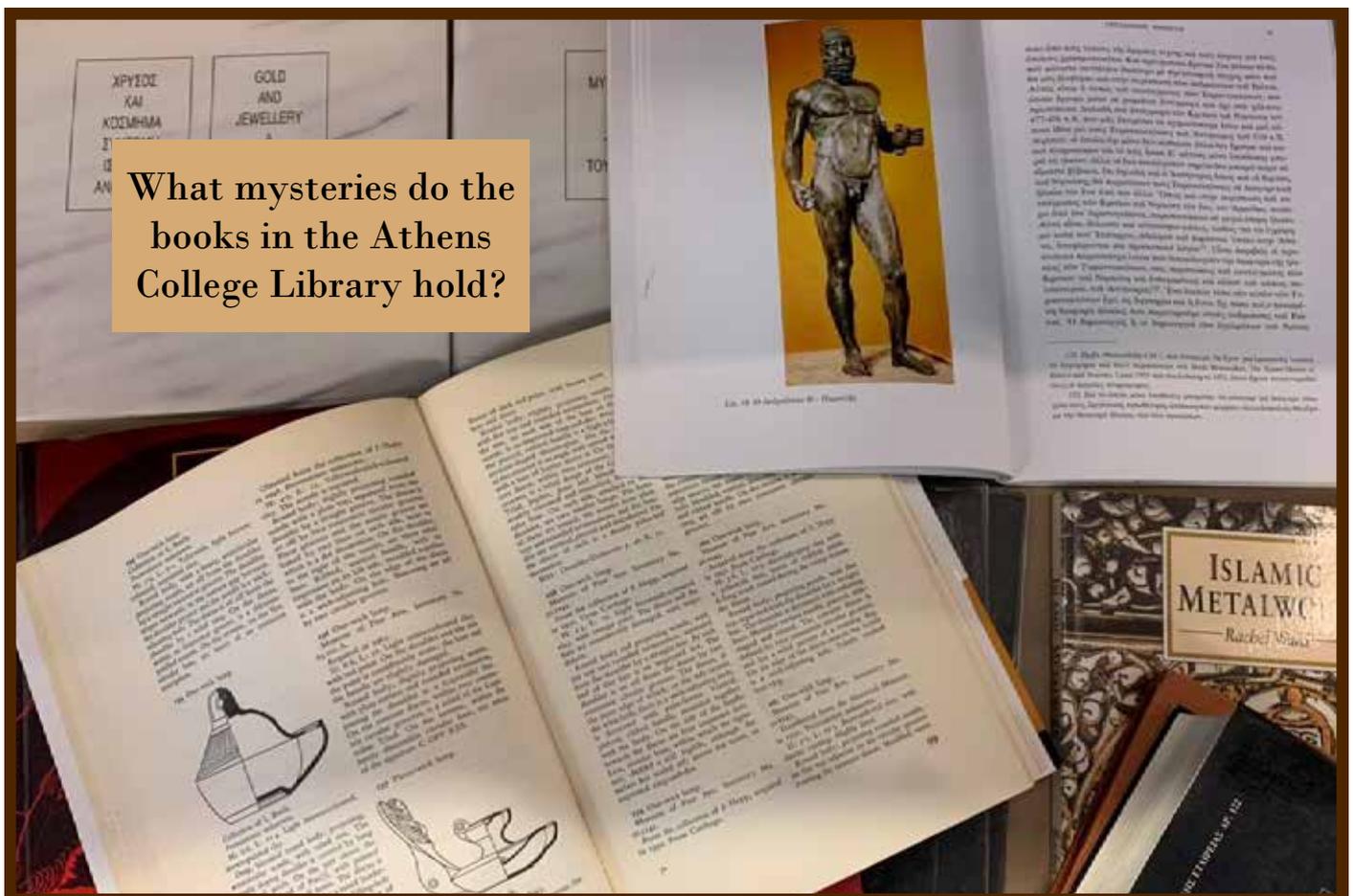
“What do you mean? Never mind. Just get to class. Oh, and don’t forget your book.”

I stood up, took the book, and headed to the shelf I had gotten it from. As I was walking, still in a daze, to my surprise, a map fell out of the book!

“No, it can’t be,” I thought. I bent over, picked it up, and... you wouldn’t believe it: it was the exact same map that I had seen in my... dream!

“Is everything OK?” asked Stam from behind me.

I slid the map into my pocket, said goodbye to Stam, and left the library. Maybe a part of the dream was real after all...





Shadows Calling

By Christiana Votsi

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

It was October 31st.

Naila opened her aquamarine green eyes and jumped out of bed. That day was a very special one for her. Some called it the scariest night of the year. But, to her, it was the best night: Halloween. She threw on her striped sweater and her favorite jeans, brushed through her hair hurriedly, and rushed downstairs.

“Morning, Milo,” she greeted her brother as she approached the door.

“Morning, Nai. Why are you up so early? It’s only seven.”

“I could ask you the same question. But I don’t have time to chit-chat. I’m in a hurry. Just tell mom and dad I went out for a bike ride.” She swiftly grabbed her jacket, her backpack, and a bagel from the kitchen counter.

“Have fun,” shouted Milo. He often found his sister’s behavior peculiar. But no sooner had he managed to respond than Naila disappeared out the door. She made her way to their garage, munching on her bagel, pulled out her shiny black bike, and rode off.

The Grant family lived in a quiet neighborhood. Their town wasn’t particularly busy,

so Naila would occasionally go on morning bike rides, especially on Halloween morning; it had become a holiday tradition for her. She loved taking in the decorations in each yard and the preparations for the parade.

This year, it was a sunny but chilly autumn morning. The air smelled of cinnamon and pumpkin pie. The crisp autumn breeze caressed her face, making her cheeks tingle pleasantly. The odd sight of an old-looking, folded, yellow-colored piece of paper lying in the middle of the street made her halt sharply. Naila had always been a curious girl. She was the kind of person who’d run towards the unknown, rather than away from it. She bent down, picked it up, and read what was written on it: “It’s your turn!”

That seemed quite alarming, and Naila felt shivers go down her spine. She was scared but also weirdly drawn to the paper as she felt that an adventure was about to begin. She didn’t want some silly paper to ruin her Halloween. And so she convinced herself that finding a piece of paper was just a coincidence. Besides, how could it possibly be meant for her? How could anyone know she would be out at that specific time, on that specific road? Nonetheless, she shoved the paper into her

front pocket and continued her bike ride. Her final destination was her friend Jacelyn's house, where she, Jacelyn, and her other best friend Amara would be spending the day baking, chatting, listening to music, and getting ready for Halloween night. When she reached Jacelyn's house, the door swung open to reveal the two girls standing in the doorway.

"Hey, guys!" said Naila, hugging her best friends.

"Hey, Nai!" The three girls shrieked in excitement. The note was now tucked deep in her pocket and forgotten.

Hours passed, and it was time for Trick or Treating. Jacelyn reassured her mother they'd be back by twelve. It was dark outside, but the Jack O'Lanterns and front yard decorations lit the night up. Loud music travelled through the town on the October breeze. Naila smiled, thinking about how great a time they'd all have together. As they started walking off the porch, she heard a voice. Someone was calling her name. She turned around and walked back onto the porch, but she saw nobody.

"Nai, what's wrong?" asked Amara.

"Did you guys hear that?" Naila asked her friends.

"Hear what?" they responded, almost simultaneously.

"It's almost as if... You know what? Nothing. It was probably just the wind."

But then she saw an old, folded, yellowish piece of paper, identical to the one she'd picked up

before. She picked it up and read the words scribbled on it in the same handwriting as the previous note: "I am coming for you!" She let out a gasp.

"What now?" asked Jacelyn from below the porch.

"Nothing! I just thought I might've left something here!" she lied. She worried that telling the truth would get her friends in trouble, and she wouldn't want that.

"Come on, Nai, we're going to be late! The parade has already begun, and we're supposed to be meeting Milo and Amory in like two minutes!" complained Jacelyn. Amory was Milo's best friend.

"I'm coming, Jace. Jeez..."

She stuffed the paper into her pocket along with the other one and joined her friends. They strolled to the parade. The air was filled with voices of people chatting, children's laughter, and loud music. The further they got from the house, the sillier she felt. But she kept digging her hand into her pocket, touching the notes. The three girls pushed through the crowd, looking around for Milo and Amory. When Amara finally spotted them, she shouted as loudly as she could for them to hear her over the booming music. The friends greeted each other and mingled with the crowd to enjoy their evening. But Naila could not shake the feeling that something terrible was about to happen.

"Do you guys feel like there's some sort of negative energy surrounding us?" she asked her friends.

"It's probably just Amara being a total bummer because Dan isn't here," Jacelyn responded jokingly.

"Cut it out, Jace! How many times do I have

to tell you I don't care?" said Amara.

"No, guys, I'm serious," Naila said, but the two girls did not seem to pay attention to her as they were too busy arguing.

All of a sudden, everything went black for Naila. She could no longer hear the music nor her friends arguing. All she could hear was a low, husky, sinister voice whispering, "Naila..."

It was hypnotizing. She couldn't help but follow the sound. Moments later, she found herself standing in the middle of a murky, deserted street. Only then did she realize how truly dark the night had been. Naila turned around abruptly, her chestnut brown hair waving in the October breeze.

"HELLO?" she yelled anxiously, the streetlamps reflected in her green, tear-filled eyes. She got no response.

"I'm not scared!" she yelled once again at the empty road, but her trembling voice revealed the truth. She tried to see if anyone was there by squinting her almond-shaped eyes until they looked like slits. Her attempts were in vain. Not a soul. Where was everyone? She dug her hand into her pocket and reached for the notes as if they would protect her. She felt small and defenseless. She slowly opened her eyes. And that's when she saw it: a dark figure emerging from the shadows.

Her green eyes sprang open, and a muffled scream escaped her lips before she could stop it. The lights blinded her, and it took her a moment to realize she was in a hospital bed, surrounded by her brother, who'd driven them there, and friends. It was 1:00 am. She was panting as if she had just sprinted a whole football field.

"How did I get here?" she asked.



Artwork by Domna Maria Mavrikaki

"When we were at the parade talking, you suddenly walked away. Even though we were calling your name and trying to stop you, you just kept going. It was like you couldn't even see us, like you were in some sort of trance. So, we followed you to a strange neighborhood, just a few blocks down. And then, you just... fainted. So, we brought you here to the hospital," explained her brother.

"No, but... You guys saw it, didn't you?"

"Saw what?"

She reached for the notes in her pocket only to realize that they weren't there.

"I *swear* I've been finding these crazy notes all day, and I put them in my pocket, but now they're not here. I heard a voice, I saw a figure... You guys believe me, right?"

All she got as an answer was a blank, concerned stare and a "Nai, I think you should get some rest" from Jacelyn.

"Yeah, sure, um... Happy Halloween?"

PART III: POETRY



*“THE EARTH HAS MUSIC
FOR THOSE WHO LISTEN;
ITS BRIGHT VARIATIONS
FOREVER ABOUND.”*

- REGINALD HOLMES, POET

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

HAIKUS

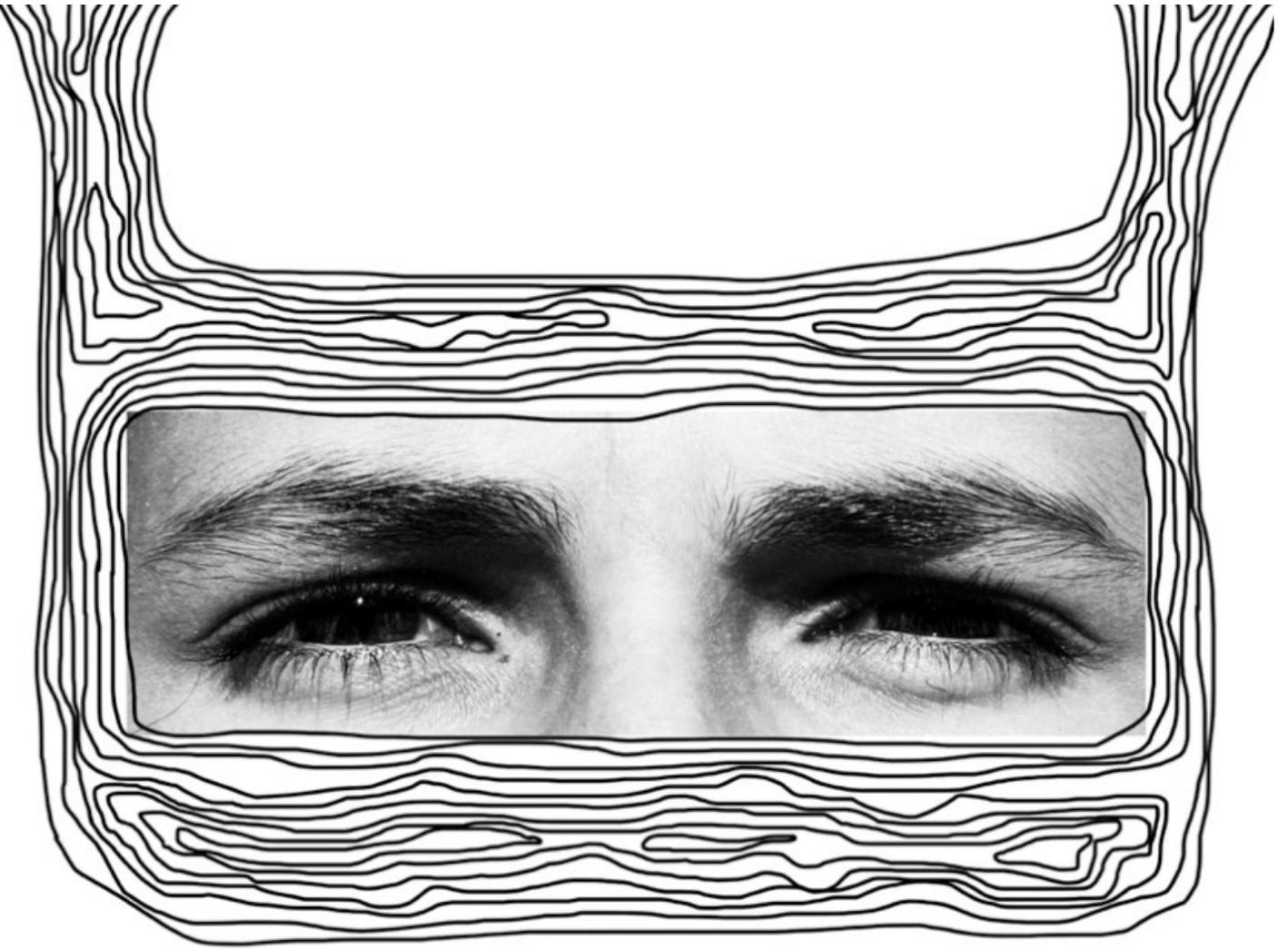
A TRADITIONAL FORM
OF JAPANESE POETRY.
HAIKU POEMS CONSIST
OF 3 LINES.
THE FIRST AND LAST LINES
OF A HAIKU
HAVE 5 SYLLABLES,
AND THE MIDDLE LINE
HAS 7 SYLLABLES.
THE LINES RARELY RHYME.

The Invisible String

By Celia Papavasileiou



My weak heart, she knows
The unseen string that tied you
To her, nothing else.



In Search of Hope

By Philippos Foufas

How much more is left?

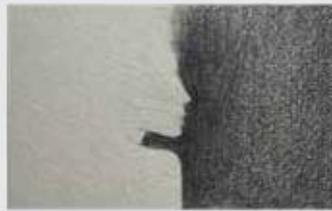
Our patience is running out-

Yet there is still hope.

Artwork by Amalia Vrazopoulou

It Will Never Be the Same

By Ino Georgakopoulou-Tegou



Who thought this would end;
Were you to begin again,
The play would differ...

Echoes!

By Eleni Theocharis Bouka



Echoes! The whispers
Of the trees in spring began
To open my heart.

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Impact of Life

By Philippos Christodoulou



Every unique life
Is just a single droplet
In the river flow.

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

It Rains in the Forest

By N. Kyrkilis and D. Kymionis



The forest is green
The sky got cloudy quickly
Rain drops on the leaves.

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Cycle of the Four Seasons

By Spyros Marinakis



Brown leaves are falling,
Spring had previously sprung;
Harsh winter arrives.

Autumn

By George Papadopoulos



An open door's rust
Rain's scent on both of our scars
Autumn fever starts.

CINQUAINS

A FIVE-LINE POEM INVENTED BY
ADELAIDE CRAPSEY,
AN AMERICAN
POET. THESE POEMS
ARE INSPIRED BY THE JAPANESE
HAIKUS AND TANKA.

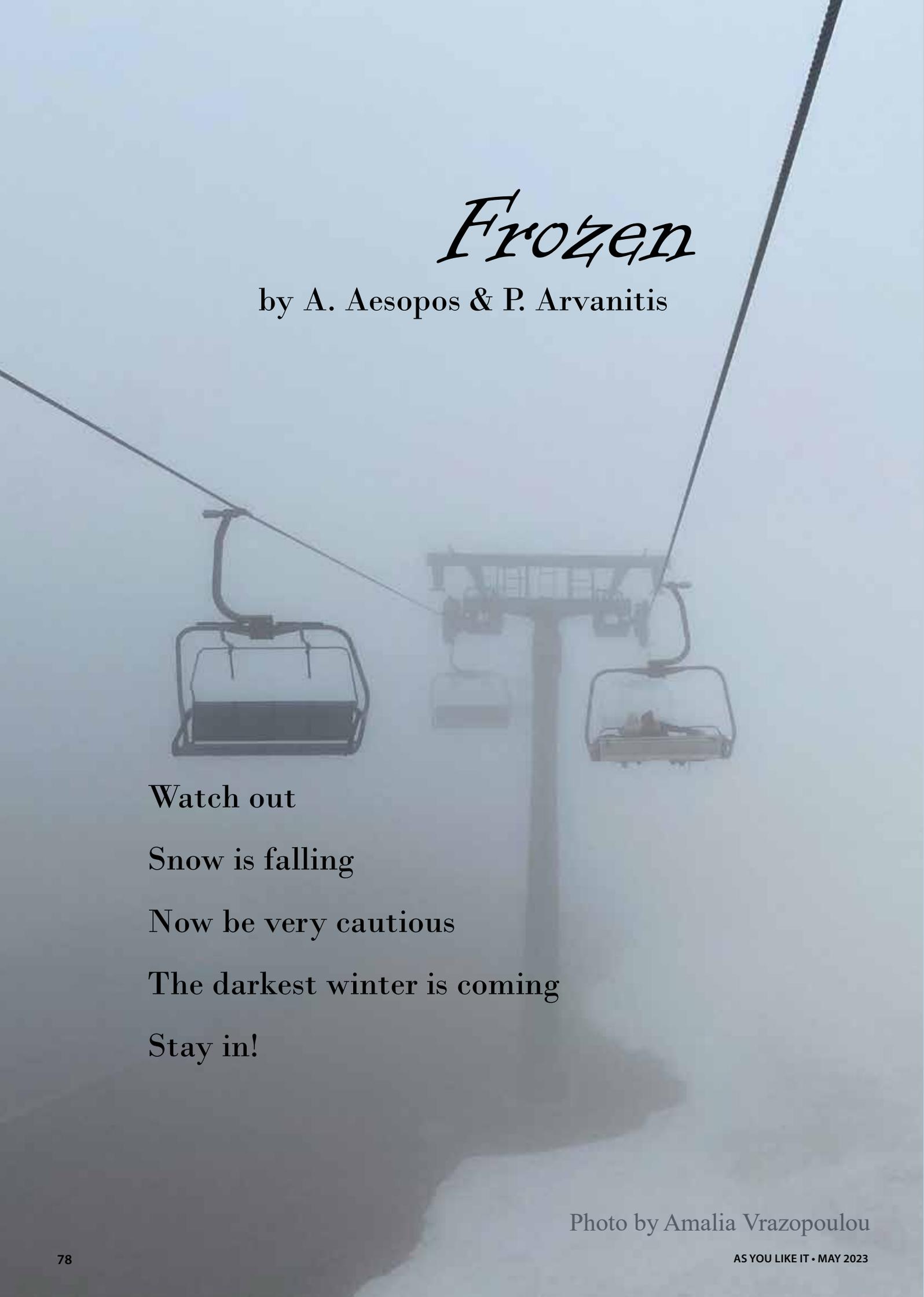
The Son

By Athanasios Kottaridis



My sun
You light and shine
The life I never had
A day without my sun, a life
Of dark

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou



Frozen

by A. Aesopos & P. Arvanitis

Watch out

Snow is falling

Now be very cautious

The darkest winter is coming

Stay in!

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

SONNETS

MEANING “A LITTLE SOUND OR SONG,” IT IS A 14-LINE POEM WRITTEN IN IAMBIC PENTAMETER. THE MOST COMMON TYPE IS THE ENGLISH OR SHAKESPEAREAN SONNET.

The Good Side of Evil

By Sophia Loras

The spider's always been an enemy.
Ever since I started to truly talk,
Even though I see them very rarely,
They most definitely make me feel taut!

Their eight long legs make me tremble with fear.
All they do is cause me lots of troubles,
I screech like a child when they get too near!
And don't forget they travel in doubles.

But as evil as they might seem to be,
They can too in fact have some good in them.
They kill mosquitoes the minute they're free;
They're dead before they even reach the stem.

There is always some goodness in evil,
Even if I still prefer the beetle!

YOUTH

Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

By Smaragda Economides

Running until I could no longer breathe,
Looking from an innocent point of view
Unaware of the dangers underneath
Only stopping to rest where flowers grew.

Little did I know what the future held—
Young, wild, free, always chasing the sun,
Trying to remember how joy is spelled—
Soon the dandelion becomes a gun

But still, Life feels so near and yet so far.
Life passed by peacefully with so much ease.
Whisper, “Slow down” upon a shooting star—
Oh, I really wish that the clock could freeze.

My every breath a prayer on the wind—
Time stopped, looked at me sneakily, and
grinned.

Final Stop

By Estella Bourtzou

Crossing the unknown, unexpected path,
With nothing but luggage full of my hope,
Carrying the weight of all the blood bath,
Dreaming that they reach the end of the rope.

Leaving what they called their homes in pursuit,
Leaving behind the endless, bitter strife,
In hope of something sweeter than ripe fruit,
In pursuit of starting a better life.

They come with visions and ambitions high;
Of freedom, safety, and an equal chance.
But, they often face challenges that lie,
Still struggle with issues of acceptance.

Yet they look up to the brand-new nation;
The final stop of their immigration.

The Shore

Poem & Photo by Eleanna Gkatzoni

My heart's pulses keep rising up, then down,
I long to hear, behold the shore, get wet.
“Don't rush,” I said, “thou might just fall and drown
While struggling just for something thou can't get.”

Then I fell, inhuming in my fists
And felt the fury kneel and fleer at me,
“Don't plunge,” I said, “thou hast to use thy wits,
Or else thou'll never reach thy charming sea.”

I ran to sight what they said I can't have
I fell, I bled, I hurt - I crossed the line.
I dried my tears, I had so much to halve,
To miss, I thought, but no. I won't resign.

But reaching shore, I touched my agéd hand,
“Thou'st old,” I fleered, “there's only arid land.”

Undying Love

By Alexandros Lianas

Of all the things that make my heart take flight,
There's none so dear as you, my lovely queen.
Your beauty steals my breath away each night,
And in your eyes, a paradise is seen.

Your gentle touch, it sets my soul ablaze,
And every moment spent with you is pure.
I cherish each and every one of our days,
And in your love, I know I shall endure.

For you have given me a world of joy,
And taught me how to truly love and care.
My heart beats with an unrelenting buoy,
And I would follow you most anywhere.

So let this sonnet be a testament,
To my undying love, my heart's content.



Artwork by Nikolis Sotiriadis

Love is a Rose

By Melina Daskalopoulou

A rose's beauty reminds me of love.
It's perfect from afar, flawless, and pure
Innocent and peaceful like a white dove
Each and every one it could perhaps lure.

Everything it stands for is craved by all
A hypnotizing perfume it exudes.
One is constantly yearning for its call
Even the strongest people it deludes.

Despite its splendor, a rose has its thorns,
Pick it without any care, and you'll bleed.
Reckless love undoubtedly brings on storms,
Love does have its malicious thorns indeed.

Resembling a rose, love, it is the same,
Without caution, love is a losing game.

A Timeless Bond

By Adelina Georgiadi

My friend's trust is stronger than winter's cold,
She keeps my secrets locked in a closed drawer,
Thus, I know that they will remain untold,
She is the ship which always finds my shore;

She has stood beside me through thick and thin,
When the storm felt as if it would not pass,
She accepted my rare moments of sin,
Her pure honesty is as clear as glass;

Yet, rarely she displays her jealous thought,
As her tongue spits fire from her rose-pink lips,
And although I may find myself distraught,
It does not signal the apocalypse;

Despite these fights, of which I am not fond,
They never seem to break our timeless bond.

Artwork by Natalia Ziva

Ode to Icarus

By Theodoros Drossos

The great beyond unveils itself 'fore me!

Beckoning so silently, and so vast,

I can hear Poseidon calling for me,

I see him in the oh so great expanse!

Lo behold, I, proud and bold now take flight,

To leave behind the land of beasts and death,

By waxen wings does my fair freedom lie,

To touch the sky, with winds at my behest.

More than human, less than God, can it be?

To fly's a godly thing, and I took flight.

My eyes, Gods! My wings are eating at me!

Is it fate, to lose myself in the light?

Fate it was, for Icarus was falling,

Thanatos's bell solemnly tolling.

Ode to Daedalus

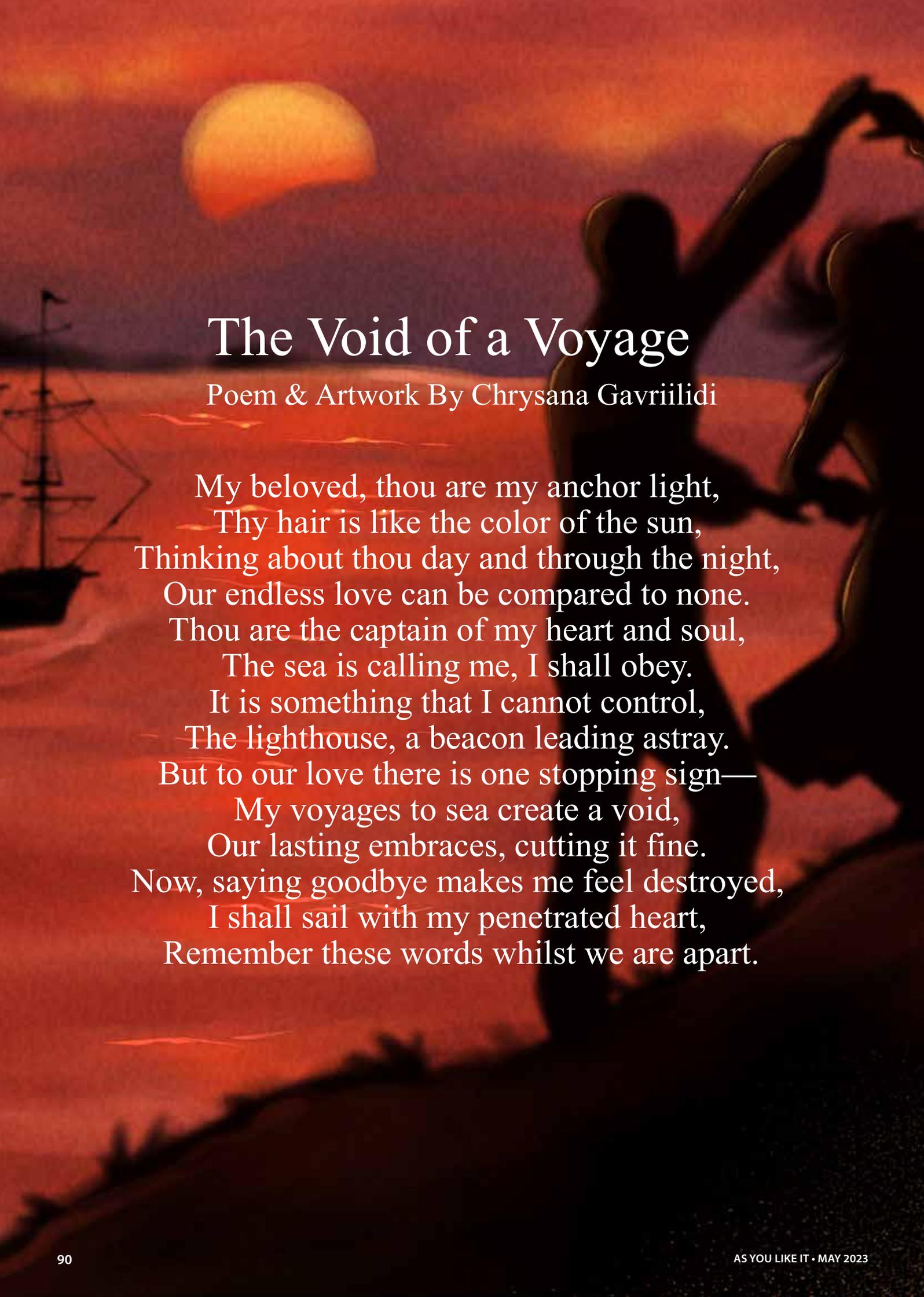
By Theodoros Drossos

“Pray thee, my fair boy, be very careful,
The vast sea and bright sun are not thy friends,
Stay on thy path, and do not be dareful,
Death will punish him, who the Gods offends.

“Stop this nonsense at once to save thyself!”
Thus exclaimed the oh so worried father.
Hybris calls Thanatos's deadly bell,
Yet 'twas in vain; he was moving further.

“Oh, Gods, please no! Don't let the wax now melt!”
His anxious mind in a fiery hurry,
“If thou art to go, thy loss will be felt,
My sincere sorrow I'll have to bury.”

The lives of boastful men the same way spun,
But Icarus's life had just begun.



The Void of a Voyage

Poem & Artwork By Chrysana Gavriilidi

My beloved, thou are my anchor light,
Thy hair is like the color of the sun,
Thinking about thou day and through the night,
Our endless love can be compared to none.
Thou are the captain of my heart and soul,
The sea is calling me, I shall obey.
It is something that I cannot control,
The lighthouse, a beacon leading astray.
But to our love there is one stopping sign—
My voyages to sea create a void,
Our lasting embraces, cutting it fine.
Now, saying goodbye makes me feel destroyed,
I shall sail with my penetrated heart,
Remember these words whilst we are apart.



FREE VERSE

A poetic form which does not have a meter or rhythm yet allows the poet to express his opinions and ideas.

Destructed Glory

By Margarita Chouta



Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Beside the shore of the northern sea
On severed rocks you might see
An old mansion which came to be
Ashes and dust as time moved freed.

But not forget you must
Those golden days that shone
Over its wooden doors and drew artful patterns
On the now shuttered and decayed stones.

Glass antiques and chandeliers
Once grand
Now laid still on the rocky sand
Bare: with no one to own them as 'ere.

Outside, the waves bring hope –
Something ravaged can be restored,
For all that was, can be not,
And all that was not, now can be.

Nature, Love, and Lust

By Anna Stathopoulou



Photo by Amalia Vrazopoulou

A straight line
Do questions remain unanswered?
Me, an unborn butterfly.

Won and cried.
Is my life followed by a ?
Life, a great mystery.

My soul a deep sea
Is my life true waves?
A vicious circle of hope...

Have loved and lost
For one have dreamt and hoped
Me craving food or flowers?

Test of Patience

By Amaryllis Badima

I never liked love poems -
The ones stolen right from Cupid's quiver,
Waxed shut with pretty emblems,
Prettified, desperate feelings to deliver.

I never liked love poems -
Spoken out by love-struck teens,
Entwined in perfumed, fancy cartons,
Promising the world and stars of bliss.

I never liked love poems -
I used to think of them as a huge cliché.
But then the butterflies escaped the ink;
They flooded my stomach, took over my head.

I don't like love poems -
Words that seem hopelessly caged.
They speak of love in grandiose terms
As if they could comfort beyond the page.

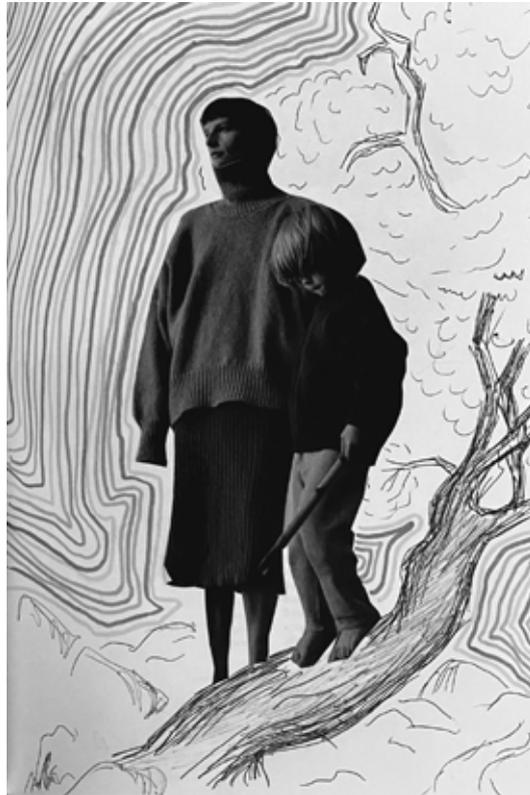
I don't like love poems -
But I like your chuckles, smirks, and playful pouts.
I don't like love poems -
But I like the peace, the silent vows.

So I read them over and over
Till my mind can speak the words
Before they meet my eyes.
Because even if they're cold, undead, not you.

*It is a test of patience
Until I hold what's mine.*

Circles

By Eva Kyriazi



A road, a future, a life -
I can only see the beginning
The rest of it remains
uncertain

Seasons. Circles. Patterns.
You can predict them
But not life

Trees grow, leaves fall,
Seasons change
People come and go.
I am standing still.

Artwork by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Leaving Your Dream

By Valianna Tsirogianni

Empty streets, ghosted houses,
Closed windows, closed doors.
No one knows what goes on after they close.
Foggy atmosphere, little do I know...
I think that I shall never see
A town less fortunate than this.
“It’s time to go,” they all whispered,
“Time to leave this town behind.”
Leave your past with no regrets—
Accept, forgive, and then confess
Your sins, your wishes, and your goals,
For then to open up your heart
And listen closely, how it beats,
The rhythm of the life you pray to live,
The sound your footsteps may create
When you’re leaving your dream.

Artwork by Amalia Vrazopoulou

Dichotomy

By Stefania Karapanou

From the Mind's Perspective:

Life is a labyrinth, a maze of thought,
Where reason and logic are what is sought.
We analyze, we ponder, we seek to comprehend
The complexities of life, until the very end.
We search for answers, often to questions unknown,
And delve into the depths of the mind alone.
The truth is elusive, and at times abstract,
Thus, we must be careful, sensible, and exact.

From the Heart's Perspective:

Life is a symphony, a rhythm and beat,
Where emotions and passion never retreat.
We feel, we love, we cherish each day,
And let our hearts guide us in every way.
We embrace the mystery of what we don't know,
And let our hearts lead, our inhibitions let go.
Beauty is found in the imperfect and raw,
And we bask in wonder at all we've felt before.

So, in this tumultuous world, two forces reign,
One born of passion, one prudent and tame.
Logic speaks with language, cool and plain,
Unlike Emotion which surges forth like an unruly flame.

"Live fully, be daring," says the heart,
Throw caution to the wind, without second thought.
Oh, but a voice of reason must always take part.
There is a battle deep within being fought,
For we yearn to follow passion's call,
Though its wisdom will catch us if we fall.

Emotion is like a wildfire, wild and bright,
While logic is like the waters, calm and right.
It is through their union that we come truly alive,
And find meaning and purpose, to live,
not merely survive.

Eurydice's Whisper

By Natalia Modinou



Play your gentle song
So that the gods may weep with you
Mourn our unborn life

But don't thrash in the Styx too long,
Reaching for my likeness in quiet desperation,
It will only drown you

Trust I am with you
Don't look back, for I am not there
Though in your aching soul I lay,
Unchanging in my beauty
Preserved by memories,
Eternal





Artwork by Nikolis Sotiriadis

The poem “What A Place to Be” is inspired by the themes developed in George Orwell’s *1984*. The dystopian novel depicts a world which is terrifying and miserable. George Orwell’s vision of an alternate and terrifying future is not far away from the reality in some parts of the world today. This poem is from the perspective of an angry citizen, who is able to see through the party’s lies but who lives in a society that’s failing, a system that is corrupting the youth, and with citizens who are subjected to constant propaganda.

What A Place To Be

By Andreas Papanastasiou

Oh, what a place to be,
the roads are shrinking,
our eyes keep blinking.
Oh, what a place to be.
Where are our young?
Maybe they got lost
trying to find who’s the one.

Oh, what a place to be.
Where are our friendships?
Where is our education?
Oh, what a place to be.
Our young are dying,
and we’re dancing on top
of their home’s remains.

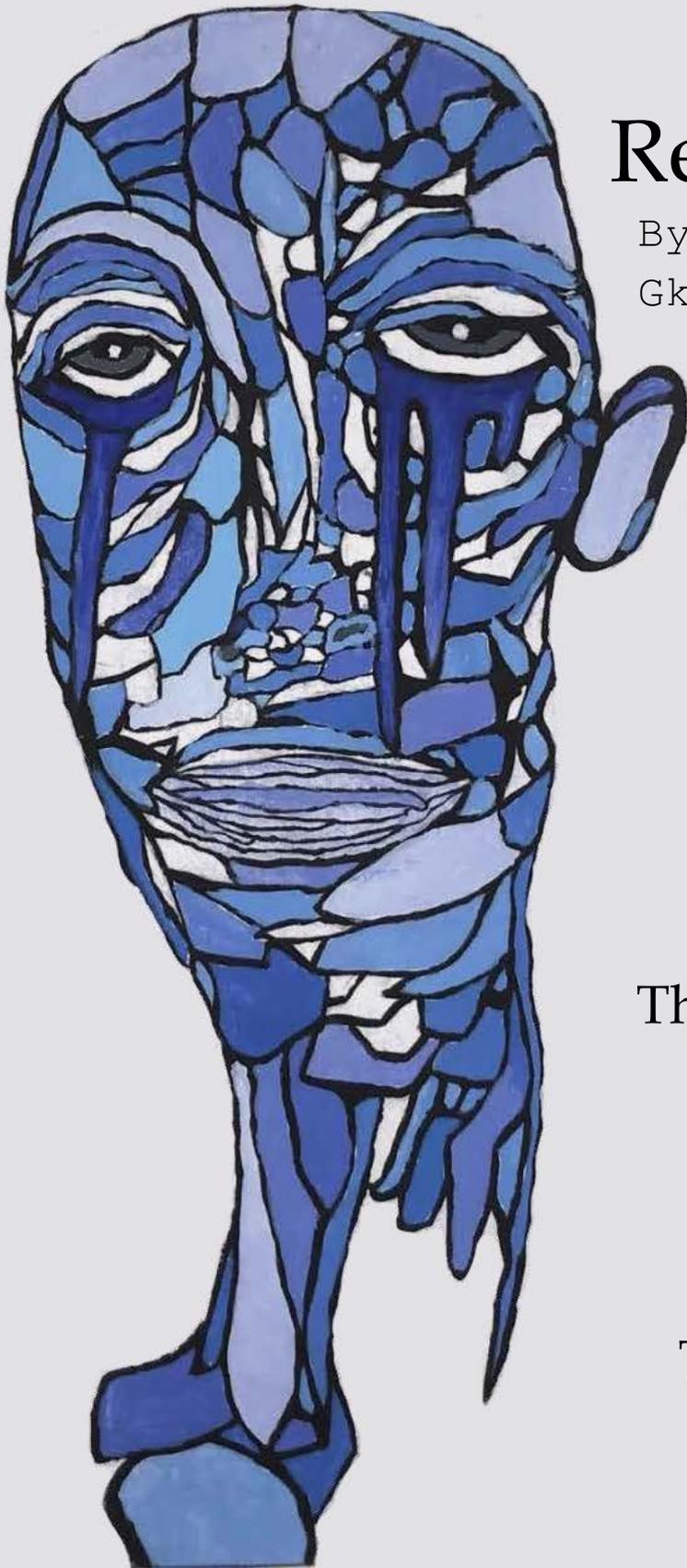
Oh, what a place to be.
Where are our leaders?
Where are the public servants?
Oh, what a place to be.
Our mothers are told lies,
and they’re crying.



Oh, what a place to be.
Justice is lost and obscured,
and we're sleeping.
Where is responsibility?
Where is accountability?

Oh, what a place to be.
It's like we're all forced to ride
the same train.
We're all in the same carriage.

It's time to be serious.
If we want to carry the weight
of living on our backs,
we only have to open our eyes.



Reality

By Christos
Gkouzelos

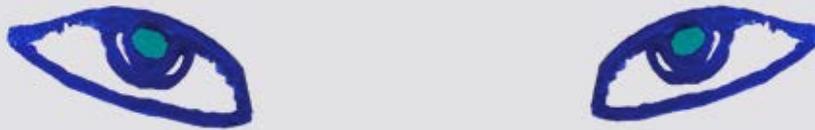
So many possibilities
Yet, still no time
The clock ticks down open
doors

Possibilities haunt me
An oath to success
The clock a prison of lost
truths

Artwork by Natalia Ziva

Waiting for a Decision

By George Politis



Nerves, Nail-biting
Rollercoaster of emotions
Check your email in the morning
Again after ten minutes
Time and time again
Wait for it patiently
Like a lion waits for its prey
And pray you don't miss it
Rather rejoice when you hit it
Relief, smiles
Remember:
A lion never roars while hunting
Forget your email
Study for your finals!

Graduation

By Nikol Nikoli



We graduate soon;

We will follow a new path -

Very Exciting!

We'll meet new people,

Start a new life for ourselves,

Forget not our past.

FOUND POEMS

BY REEXAMINING
THE BLUEST EYE

&

THE GREAT GATSBY,
OUR POETS DISCOVERED
THEIR OWN
EXQUISITE POETRY IN
TONI MORRISON'S

&

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD'S
BEAUTIFUL PROSE.

The Bluest Eye

A novel by
Toni Morrison

This group of Found Poems is based on *The Bluest Eye*, written in 1970 by Toni Morrison.

The novel tells the tragic story of an eleven-year-old Black girl, Pecola Breedlove, who grows up in an abusive home in Ohio in the 1940s.

Influenced by the perspective of beauty Pecola sees in the media, she longs to have “the bluest eye”

because she believes that she will be loved and valued more. This self-destructive view of beauty is to be feared.

Each of these found poems is based on the novel; each has found a beautiful work of art in Morrison’s novel.

Secret Glance By Eva Angelou

precaution. There surged in her the desire to heave, but as
always she knew she would not.

"Please, God," she whispered into the palm of her hand.

"Please make me disappear." She squeezed her eyes shut.

Little parts of her body faded away. Now slowly, now with a

rush. Slowly again her fingers went, one by one; then her

arms disappeared all the way to the elbow. Her feet now.

Yes, that was good. The legs all at once. It was hardest above

the thighs. She had to be real still and pull. Her stomach

would not go. But finally it, too, went away. Then her chest,

her neck. The face was hard, too. Almost done, almost.

Only her tight, tight eyes were left. They were always left.

Try as she might, she could never get her eyes

pear. So what was the point? They were

Everything was there, in them. All of the

He never took her. He

secretly

He never took her. He

secretly

looked

with

a

secret

secretly

His Only Secret By Maria Argyrakopoulou

45

precaution. There surged in her the desire to leave, but as always, she knew she would not.

“Please, God,” she whispered into the palm of her hand. “Please make me disappear.” She squinted her eyes shut. Little parts of her body faded away. Now slowly, now with a rush. Slowly again. Her fingers went, one by one, then her arms disappeared all the way to the elbow. Her feet now. Yes, that was good. The legs all at once. It was a relief above the thighs. She had to be real still, she felt. Her stomach would not go. But finally, too, went away. Then her chest, her neck. The face was hard, like stone. Almost done, almost. Only her tight, bright eyes were left. They were always left.

Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was seen in them. All of those pictures, all those faces. She had long ago given up the idea of running away to see new pictures, new faces, as Sammy had always done. He never took her, and he never thought about his going ahead of time, so it was never planned. It was an accident, and have worked any way, as long as she looked the way she did, as long as she was ugly, she would have to stay with these people. Somehow she belonged to them. Long hours she sat looking in the mirror, trying to discover the secret of her ugliness, the ugliness that made her ignored and ignored in school, by teachers and classmates alike. She was the only member of her class who sat alone at a double desk. The first letter of her last name forced her to sit in the front of the room always. But what about Marie Appolinaire? Marie was in front of her, but she shared a desk with Luke Angelino. Her teachers had always treated her this way. They tried never to glance at her, and called on her only

Beauty Absorbed By Andrew Kolovos

her. Our flowers never grew. I was convinced that Frieda was right, that I had planted them too deeply. How could I have been so sloven? So we avoided Pecola Breedlove for ever.

And the years folded up like pocket handkerchiefs. Sammy left town long ago; Cholly died in the workhouse; Mrs. Breedlove still does housework. And Pecola is somewhere in that little brown house she and her mother moved to on the edge of town, where you can see her even now, once in a while. The birdlike gestures are worn away to a mere picking and plucking her way between the tire rims and the sunflowers, between Coke bottles and milkweed, among all the waste and beauty of the world—which is what she herself was. All of our waste which we dumped on her and which she absorbed. And all of our beauty, which was hers first and which she gave to us. All of us—all who knew her—felt so wholesome after we cleaned ourselves on her. We were so beautiful when we stood astride her ugliness. Her simplicity decorated us, her guilt sanctified us, her pain made us glow with health, her awkwardness made us think we had a sense of humor. Her inarticulateness made us believe we were eloquent. Her poverty kept us generous. Even her waking dreams we used—to silence our own nightmares. And she let us, and thereby deserved our contempt. We honed our egos on her, padded our characters with her frailty, and yawned in the fantasy of our strength.

And fantasy it was, for we were not strong, only aggressive; we were not free, merely licensed; we were not compassionate, we were polite; not good, but well behaved. We courted death in order to call ourselves brave, and hid like thieves from life. We substituted good grammar for intellect; we switched habits to simulate maturity; we rearranged

Disappeared By Chryssa Vamvaka

precaution. Then surged in her the desire to heave, but as always, she knew she would not.

"Please, God," she whispered into the palm of her hand. "Please make me disappear." She squeezed her eyes shut. Little parts of her body faded away. Now slowly, now with a rush. Slowly again. Her fingers went, one by one; then her arms disappeared all the way to the elbow. Her feet now. Yes, that was good. The legs all at once. It was hardest above the thighs. She had to be real still and pull. Her stomach would not. But finally it, too, went away. Then her chest, her neck. The face was hard, too. Almost done, almost. Only her two right eyes were left. They were always left.

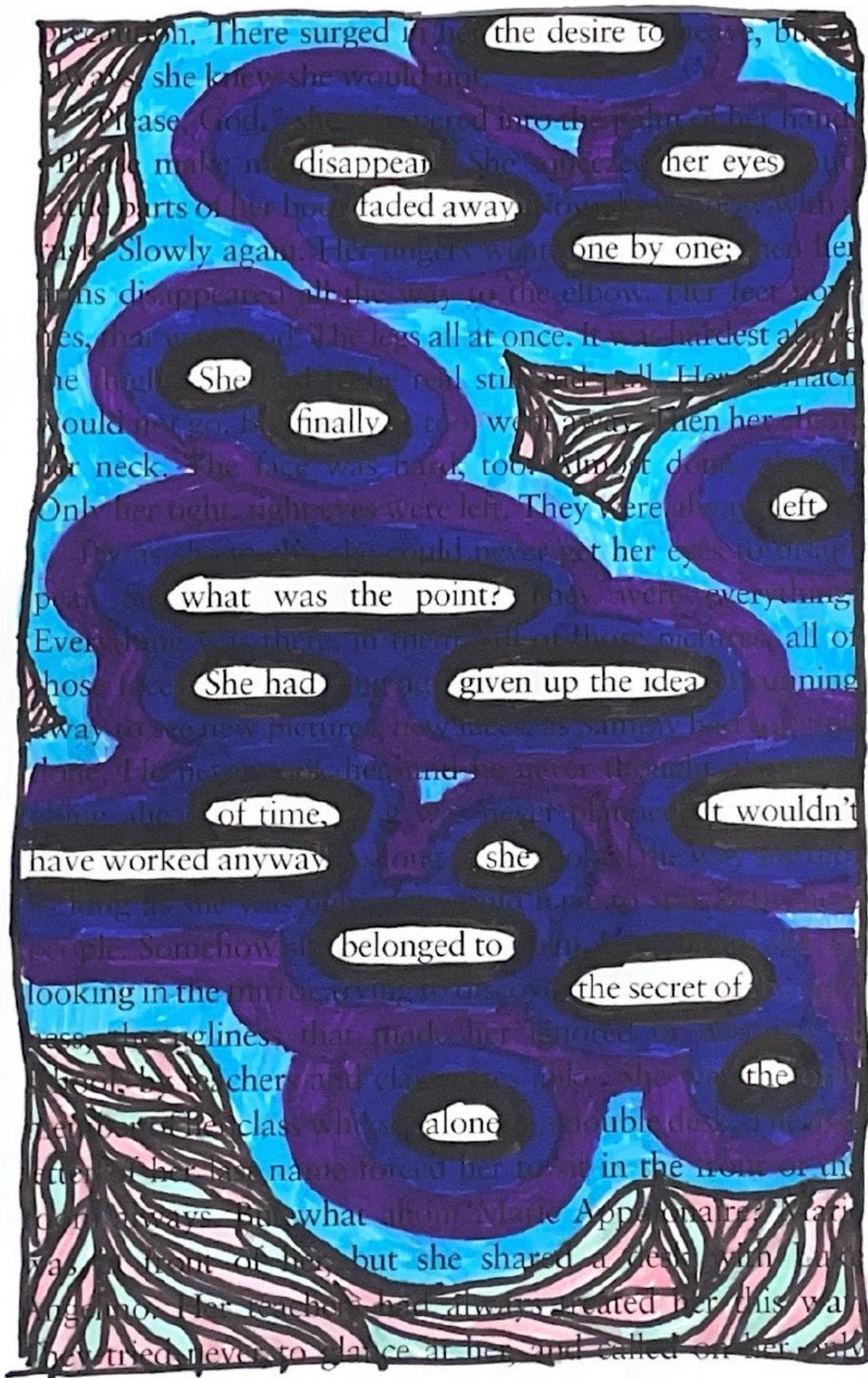
Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was there, in them. All of the pictures, all of those faces she had long ago given up the idea of running away to see new pictures, new faces, as Sammy had so often done. He never took her, and he never thought about his going ahead of time, so it was never planned. It wouldn't have worked anyway. As long as she looked the way she did, as long as she was ugly, she would have to stay with these people. Somehow she belonged to them. Long hours she sat looking in the mirror, trying to discover the secret of the ugliness, the ugliness that made her ignored or despised at school, by teachers and classmates alike. She was the only member of her class who sat alone at a double desk. The first letter of her last name forced her to sit in the front of the room always. But what about Marie Appolonaire? Marie was in front of her, but she shared a desk with Luke Angelino. Her teachers had always treated her this way. They tried never to glance at her, and called on her only

Almost Done By Irene Kontogianni

precaution. There surged in her the desire to heave, but as always, she knew she would not.

"Please, God," she whispered into the palm of her hand. "Please make me disappear." She squeezed her eyes shut. Little parts of her body faded away. Now slowly, now with a rush. Slowly again. Her fingers went, one by one; then her arms disappeared all the way to the elbow. Her feet now. Yes, that was good. The legs all at once. It was hardest above the thighs. She had to be real still and pull. Her stomach would not go. But finally it, too, went away. Then her chest, her neck. The face was hard, too. Almost done, almost. Only her tight, tight eyes were left. They were always left.

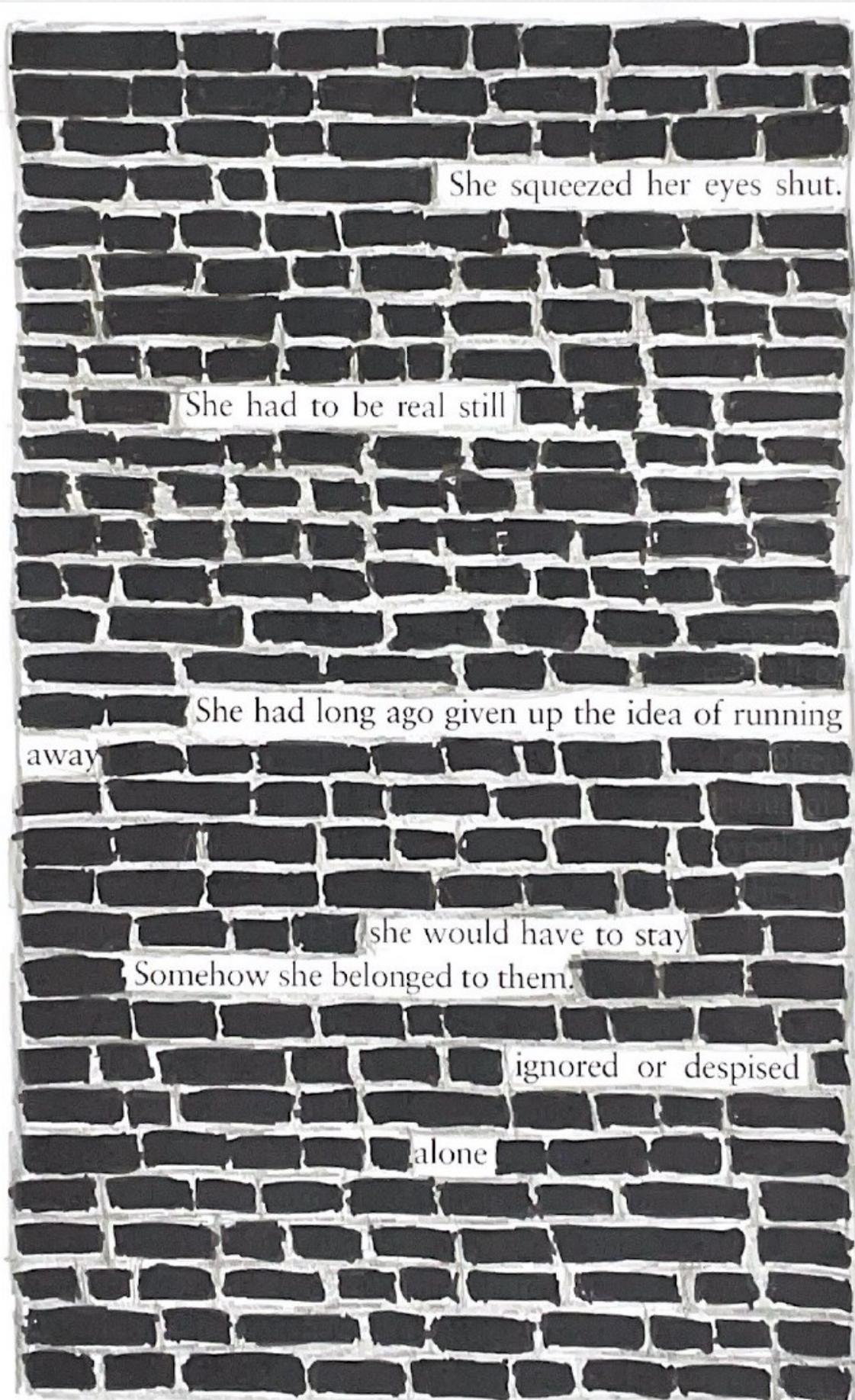
Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was there, in them. All of those pictures, all of those faces. She had long ago given up the idea of running away to see new pictures, new faces, as Sammy had so often done. He never took her, and he never thought about his going ahead of time, so it was never planned. It wouldn't have worked anyway. As long as she looked the way she did, as long as she was ugly, she would have to stay with these people. Somehow she belonged to them. Long hours she sat looking in the mirror, trying to discover the secret of the ugliness, the ugliness that made her ignored or despised at school, by teachers and classmates alike. She was the only member of her class who sat alone at a double desk. The first letter of her last name forced her to sit in the front of the room always. But what about Marie Appolonaire? Marie was in front of her, but she shared a desk with Luke Angelino. Her teachers had always treated her this way. They tried never to glance at her, and called on her only



The Secret of the Alone

By Sophia Dimopoulou

Ignored or Despised By Eva Sgouta



Always Left By Natalia Ziva

pleasure. There surged in her the desire to leave, but as always, she knew she would not.

"Please, God," he whispered into the palm of her hand. "Please make me disappear," she squeezed her eyes shut. Little parts of her body faded away. Not slowly, not with a rush. Slowly again. Her fingers went, one by one; then her arms disappeared all the way to the elbow; then her feet. Yes, that was good. The legs all at once, it was hardest above the thighs. She had to be real still and still. Her stomach would not go. But finally it, too, went away. A hummer next her neck. The face was hard to let go. Almost done. Almost. Only her tight, tight eyes were left. They were always left.

Try as she might, she could never get her eyes to disappear. So what was the point? They were everything. Everything was there, in them. All of those pictures, all of those faces, she had long ago given up the idea of running away to see new pictures, new faces, as Sammy had so often done. He never got her, and he never thought about his going ahead or him, so it was never planned. It wouldn't have worked anyway. As long as she did it the way she did, as long as she was ugly, she would have to stay with these people. Somehow she belonged to them. Long hours she sat looking in the mirror, trying to discover the secret of the ugliness, the ugliness that made her ignored or despised at school, by teachers and classmates alike. She was the only member of her class who sat alone at a table desk. Her first name, Marie, last name forced her to sit in the front of the room always. But what about Marie Appollinaire, alive and in front of her, but she shared a desk with Leo Angelino. Her teachers had always treated her that way. They tried never to glance at her and stared on her soul.

The book cover features a dark background with intricate gold-colored Art Deco patterns. The design includes a central rectangular frame with a decorative, stepped border. The corners are adorned with fan-like motifs, and the sides feature vertical lines and geometric shapes. The title is centered in a bold, white, serif font.

The Great Gatsby

One's Song

By Konstantinos Chiotis

As I went over to say goodbye I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Nick tumbled short of his dreams—not through her fault but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything she had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or preparation can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers and as she bent her head low in his ear he turned toward her with a flush of emotion. I think that this was the moment when he was most with it, fluctuating, feverish, warm because it couldn't be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

This poem, based on *The Great Gatsby*, is about people's perspectives on others and how they make assumptions without actually knowing a person's whole story. They usually overlook the fact that even the kindest people have faced some difficult situations throughout their life that have shaped who they are.

Dreamlight By Elena Betrosian

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscure figure crawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood in the moonlight and I erased it, drawing my shoes along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.



Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy moon glow of a ferryboat across the Sound and the moon rising over the essential houses began to melt away and gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams: for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, momentary or for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first looked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

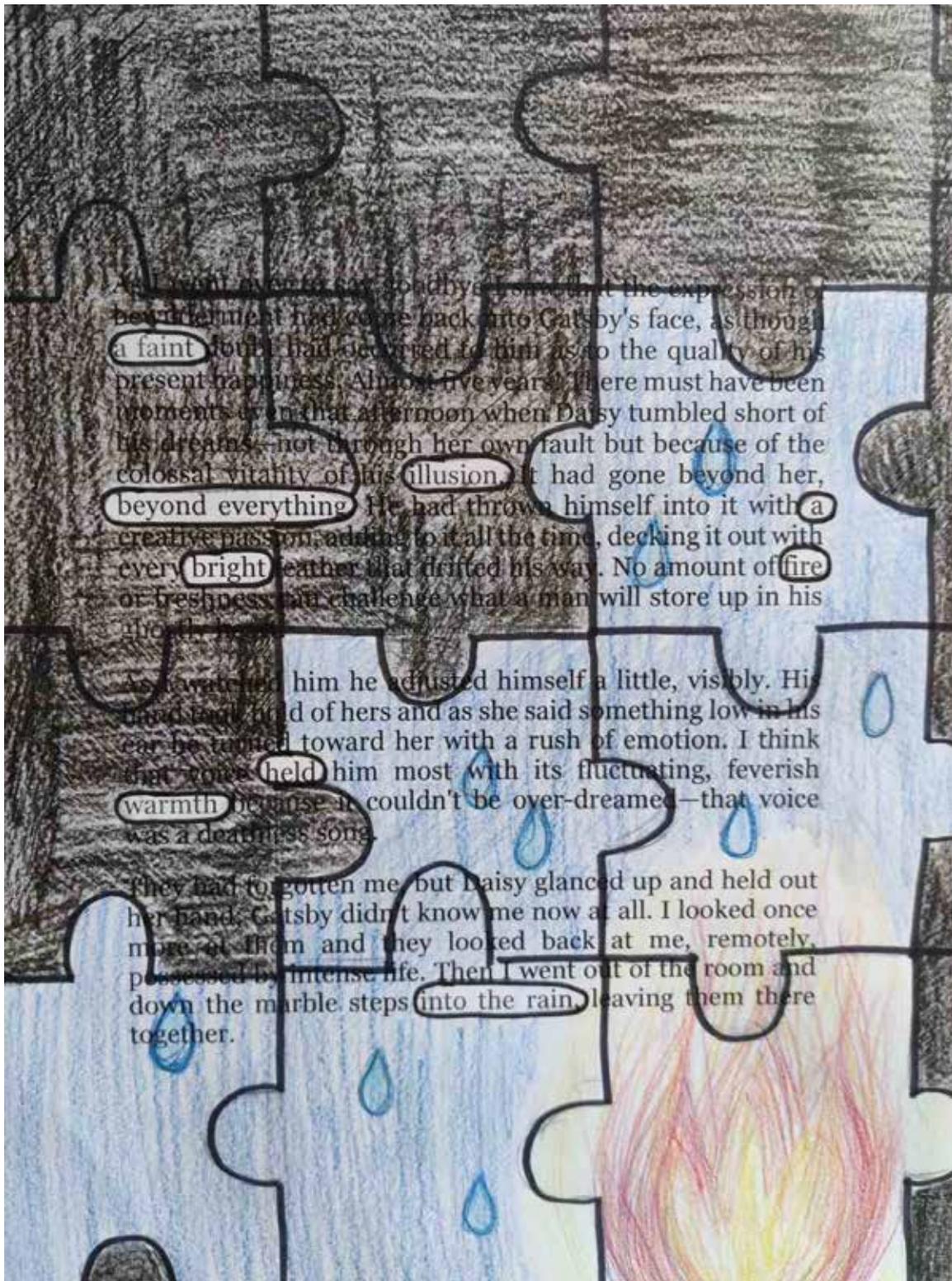
Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

I tried to use this concept of the American Dream in my poem by showing how hopes and dreams can eventually fade away. Jay Gatsby's attempt to win back Daisy failed, and his hope "rolled on under the night" as the girl he so desperately loved chose to stay with her husband. No matter how much he tried to reach the "green light," he still did not get to make his dream a reality.

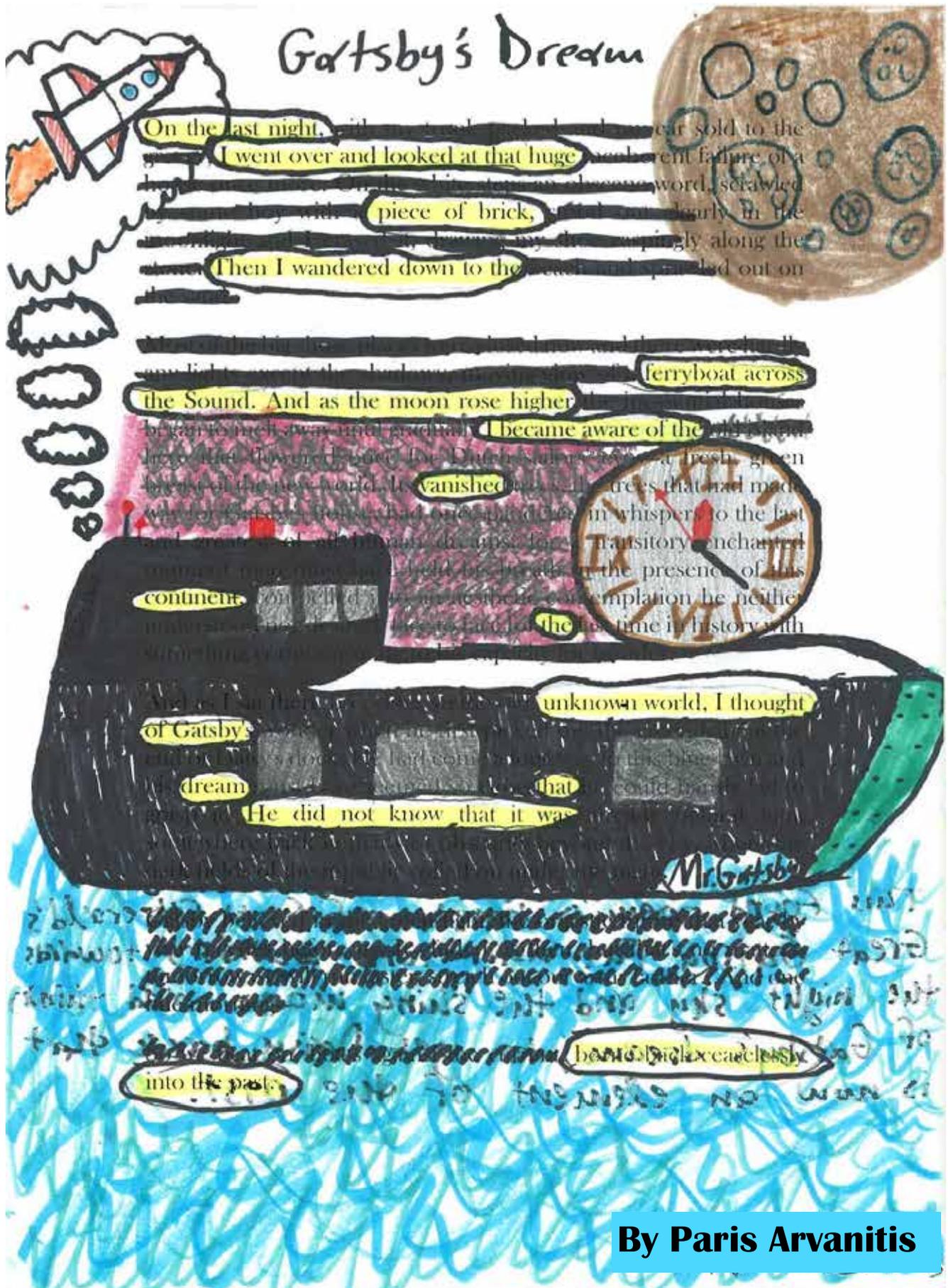
A Light in the Dark

By Alexandra Evangelia Brouza



The main aim of this found poem is to show optimism. The fire in the rain shows that, no matter how hard the times or no matter what the obstacles we are facing are, we need to face them head on to grow strong and secondly overcome them. This means that we should not let them bring us down. The puzzle pieces show that this is an illusion. The black symbolizes our reality, and the drawing is what is broken from it, the illusion.

In this found poem, the narrator wanders under the night sky and the bright moon and thinks of Gatsby's dream to get Daisy, his sweetheart from the past, back.



By Paris Arvanitis

Inescapable Melancholy By Nancy Dermitzaki

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

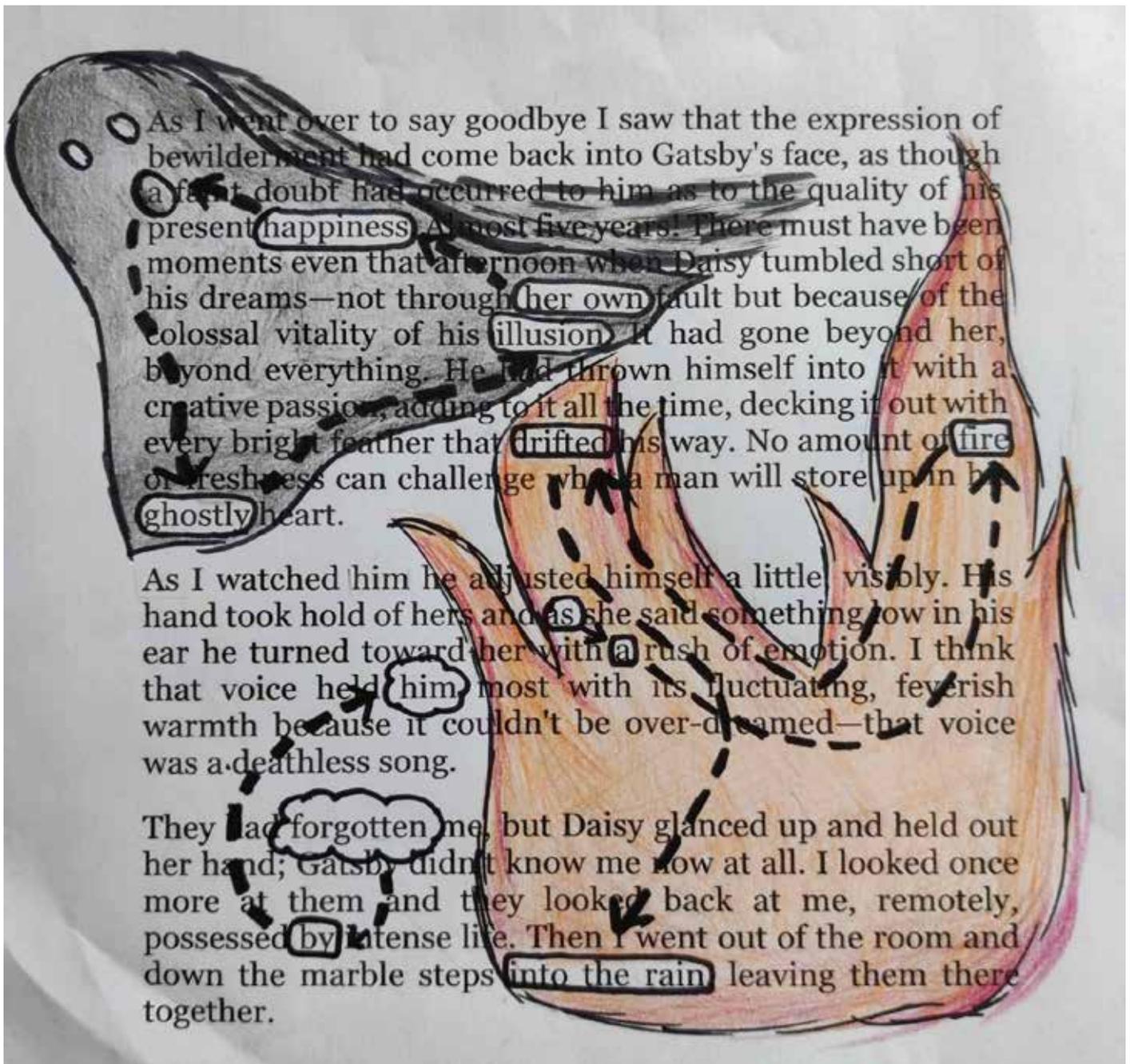
And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther... And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

This poem is a depiction of Gatsby's inner world, desiring a woman he could never have, hoping for a better future for the two of them, while flashes of his past fill his mind.

Follow the arrows to discover this found poem about a woman whose happiness is overlooked by a loved one. He has forgotten about her joy, just like fire is forgotten and put out when it is met with rain. Even though she wants to be seen and heard, the other person is unable to see her or hear her, and, thus, her happiness is extinguished by his indifference.



Forgotten Happiness

By Elena Tsahagea

Talking to the Moon

By Emmelia Moukani

The Great Gatsby depicts the corruption of the American dream. The main character, Gatsby, desperately hopes to fulfill his dream to get back together with his old love, Daisy. Too many obstacles will appear in their way. Their story and, particularly, Gatsby's ending are heartbreaking.

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I erased it, dragging my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the less essential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther...And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

Moonlight Dreams By George Papadopoulos

On last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house on the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some drunkard, a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I kicked it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I lay down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big shops were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the slow, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until only a few masses of green remained here and there like a fresh, green breast of the earth. The trees that had made way for my house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment in his breath in the presence of this cosmic aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor cared to face for the last time in history with some desperate courage to face to his capacity for wonder.

As I stood on the old, unknown world, I thought of the wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of the road. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, so far back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby smiled in the green light, the orgasmic future that year by year drew before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, out of one another's reach. One fine morning, on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

My found poem is inspired by Gatsby's failure, in the sense that it talks about a lost dream. Love, in my poem, is referred to as "the greatest of all human dreams." This love, like Gatsby's love for Daisy, fades into the past and dies.

The Power of a Single Glance

By Nefeli Papageorgiou

As I went over to say goodbye I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams—not through her own fault but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man can store up in his ghostly heart.

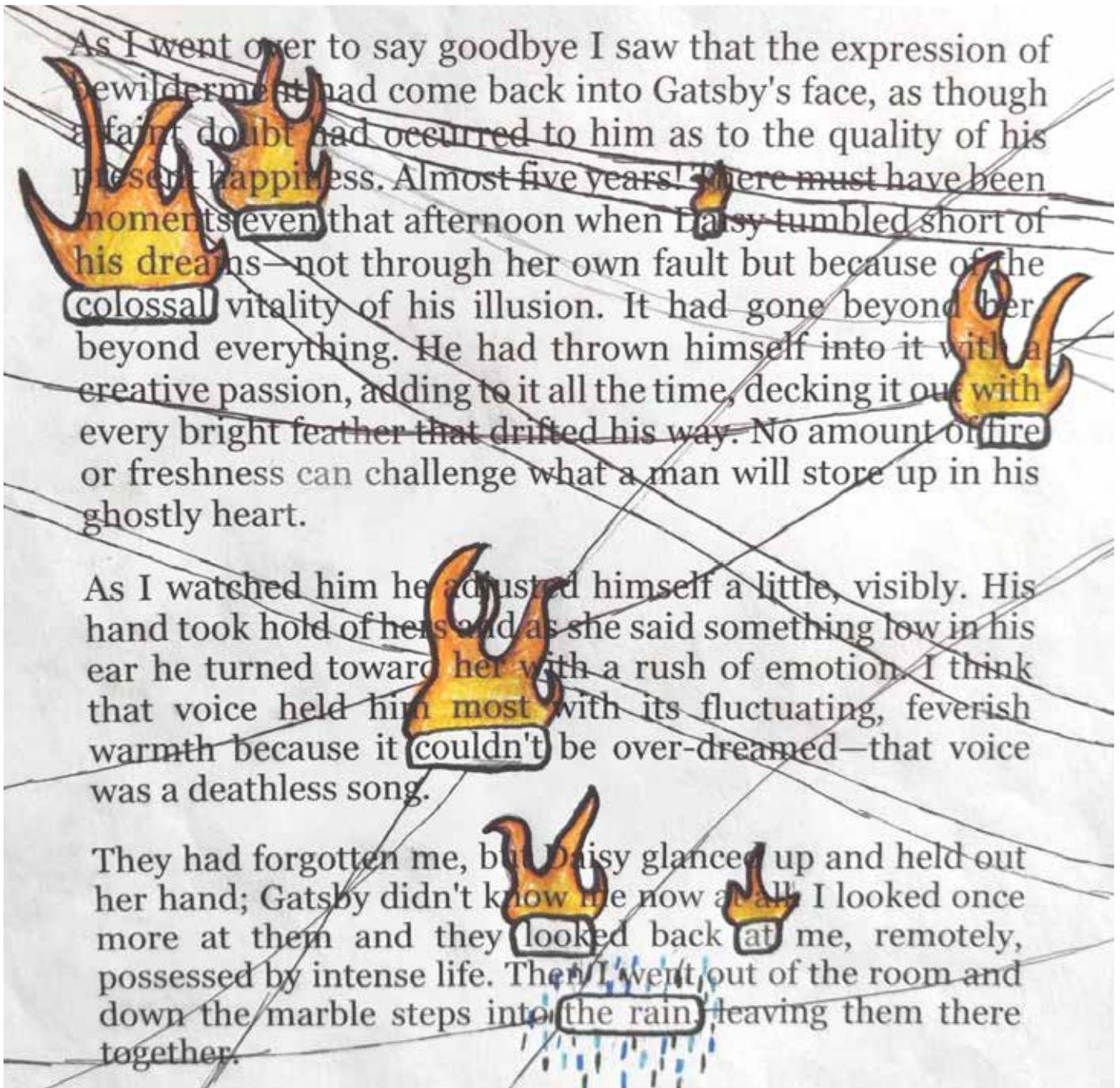
As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most with its fluctuating, feverish warmth because it couldn't be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

My found poem is about the power of a single glance – how much you can learn about a person and how eyes are the doorway to the soul. The choice of the drawing is both a metaphor for Doctor Eckleburg from the novel, but also the eyes that speak for someone's feelings and emotions.

Awe By Katia Triantafyllou

In my found poem, I depict fire as an element that is very strong, and it can spread everywhere. However, when it starts to rain, the fire cannot burn, and eventually, it is extinguished.



The Dream By Christianna Tricha

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspily along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

Most of the big ships, when I looked toward the harbor, were hardly any lights save the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until actually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a first green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made a forest for Gatsby's house, were now considered in whisper to the last and greatest of all human dreams for a transitory moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

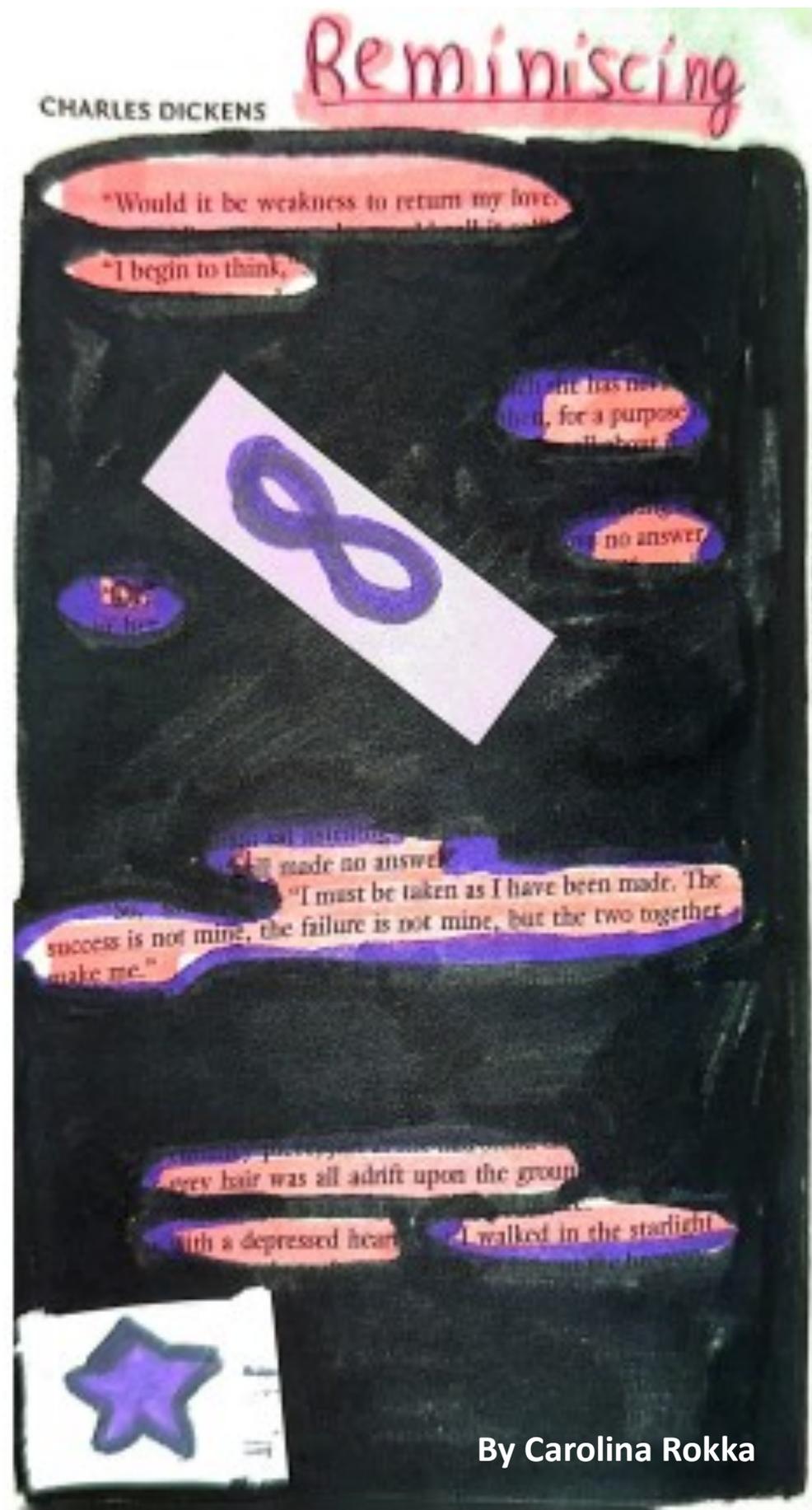
And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther...And one fine morning—

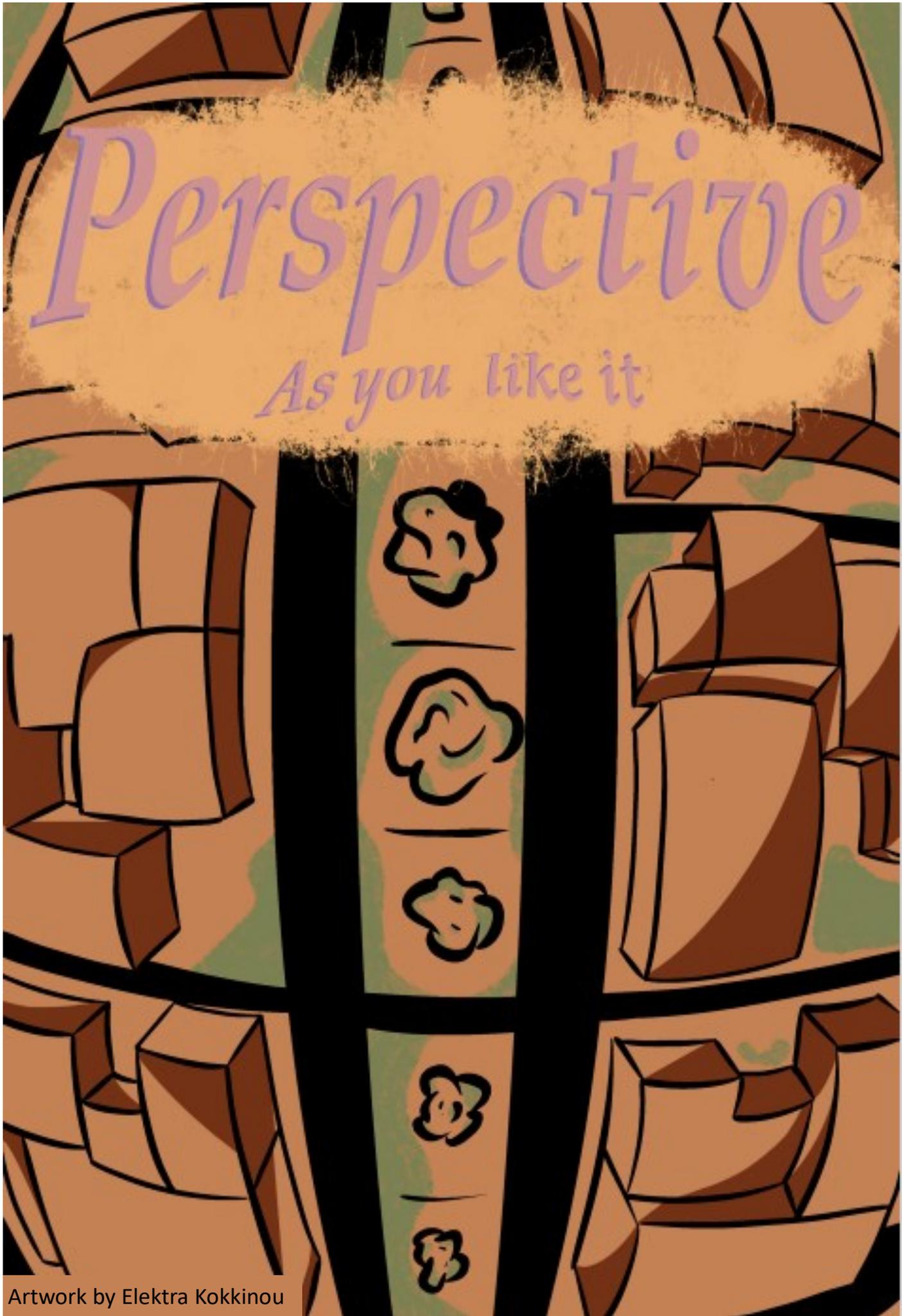
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

The American Dream is a universal dream about creating an environment where everybody's personal dream can become a reality. However, just like in this novel, my found poem reveals that this is not always the case in life.

And one final Found Poem, discovering poetry in the prose of Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*...



Great Expectations is the story of Pip, a man who proved that the sky is the limit! In this extract, Estella, Pip's greatest love, finally shares her feelings with her adoptive mother, who has committed her life to making her daughter heartless. This novel has always inspired me to be noble, as Pip learned to be, in little acts of kindness.



Perspective

As you like it

Artwork by Elektra Kokkinou

The End

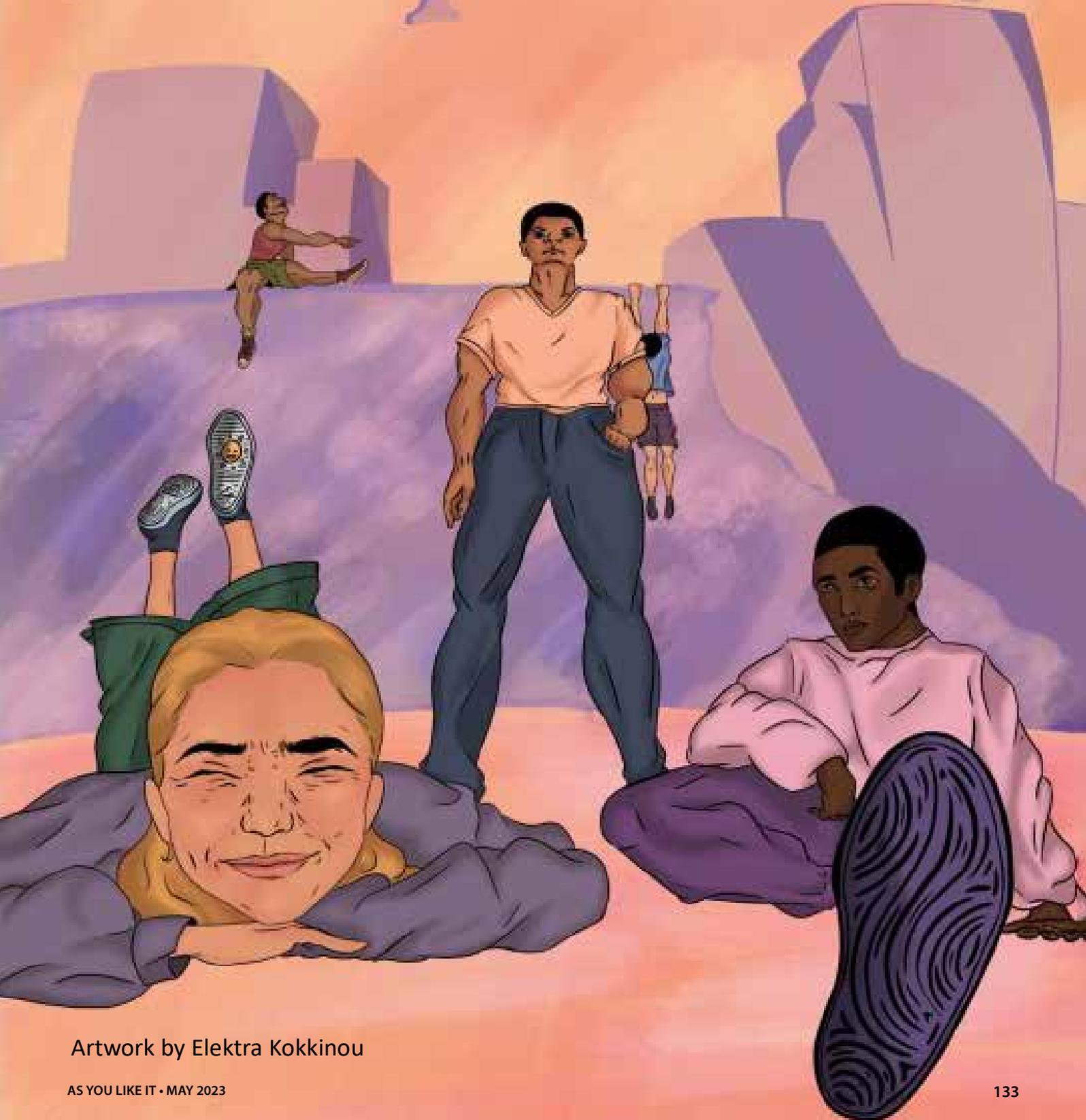
“The end of THE END is the best place to begin THE END, because if you read THE END from the beginning of the beginning of THE END to the end of the end of THE END, you will arrive at the end.”

— Daniel Handler, American Author

Until next year!

As You Like It 2022–2023

As you like it
Perspective



Artwork by Elektra Kokkinou

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“Everything deep is also simple and can be reproduced simply as long as its reference to the whole truth is maintained. But what matters is not what is witty but what is true.”

— Albert Schweitzer, physician, theologian, musician, & philosopher

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ΚΟΛΛΕΓΙΟ ΑΘΗΝΩΝ • ΚΕΑΛΕΓΟ ΠΥΛΑΓΚΩΤ • ΜΕΤΕΒΟΥΣΣΕΣ 15, ΚΑΡΡΙΑΣ