

BYRON



VOICE

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Byron College
THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

“Hope” is the thing with feathers—



The background of the page is a watercolor-style pattern consisting of horizontal stripes. The stripes alternate between white and various shades of blue, ranging from light sky blue to deep navy blue. The edges of the stripes are soft and blended, giving it a painterly, artistic feel. The text is centered in the middle of the page, overlaid on a white stripe.

That perches in the soul—

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CREATIVE EXPRESSION

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BYRON COMMUNITY

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MESSAGES FROM THE CLASS REPRESENTATIVES

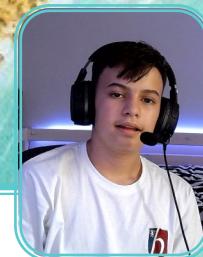
"Reflecting upon this past year, we have adapted to the COVID-impacted quarantine world. I'm glad to have been back in school to see you all and have a few things which hopefully will resonate with you all at heart, and thankful for my teachers for motivating us through the times when we were not able to see each other in person. Opportunities such as teamworking with my friends and Ms Winter in the "Be a Lady They Said" production yielded great enjoyment. Looking at the brighter side of life and cherishing the moments together never cease to instill gratification daily, and that is the lesson I intend to keep from this experience!"

MARIA EL-HAJJ (YEAR 7A)



"I think this year has been stressful, especially for students who went from Primary School to Secondary. However, the fight against COVID-19 has brought everyone closer to their friends, including me!"

ANTHONY SOROTOS (YEAR 7B)



"The past year was not easy for anyone. However, it has given me time to spend with my family, something I didn't have before because of all the activities and responsibilities I had. During this lockdown I have learned a lot of things. For example, do not take things for granted because they can be taken away from you very easily.

I'm sure that everybody including me is looking forward to these summer holidays and for things to finally go back to 'normal'. I hope that everyone learned something from this and that people remember what this unique experience was like forever."

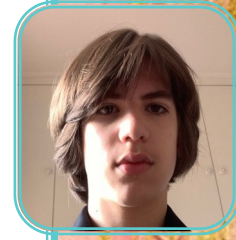
PHILIP MARANTINIS (YEAR 8A)



"Even though these past two years have been difficult for everybody, it seems that students at Byron and everybody worldwide have been able to adjust to this new insane society one way or another. These are crazy times where our breathing is restricted by masks and when we can't go outside without worrying of catching a virus. We are all scared and tired of this pandemic, but I am 100% certain that this experience will make all of us stronger both academically and mentally. These years have taught us how to adapt to a large-scale problem flexibly without allowing it to interfere in our lives in a way that we couldn't continue with our civilisation! The pandemic, while causing countless problems, has also created opportunities and a new way of functioning."

DAPHNE PANAGIOTOPOULOU (YEAR 8B)

"This year overall hasn't been very easy on us – there have been a few hiccups here and there because of the lockdown – but I'd say that we've managed to get through it quite well. Even though some of us didn't perform as well as we wanted, that's normal. I've also had a few problems regarding my performance during online school but I'd say that even though I took a bit of time to get used to it, I got through it without losing my sanity – and by the looks of it, you all did too."



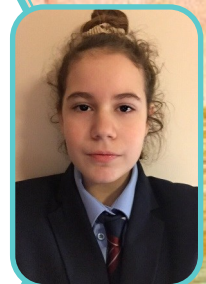
MARC BOZZOLI (YEAR 9A)

"I think it is safe to say that most of us hate how the coronavirus affects our lives on a daily basis. We spent half of our school year at home, we could not go out as much as we wanted to, and there are basically a lot of restrictions in our lives because of the coronavirus. We can complain as much as we want and that's okay. But what I have learned from our lockdown is that we should be happy with all the little things that we still have in our lives and we should appreciate them."



ANDREAS MANOLIOS (YEAR 9B)

"Just remember the COVID-19 pandemic is almost over; you have a whole summer to spend your time however you would like. I'd advise you to give most of it to people who uplift your spirit, as well as your confidence, instead of spreading toxicity that makes you feel negative about yourself. Every little minute, memory or experience is unique, and you should be careful to try never lose out on any of them."

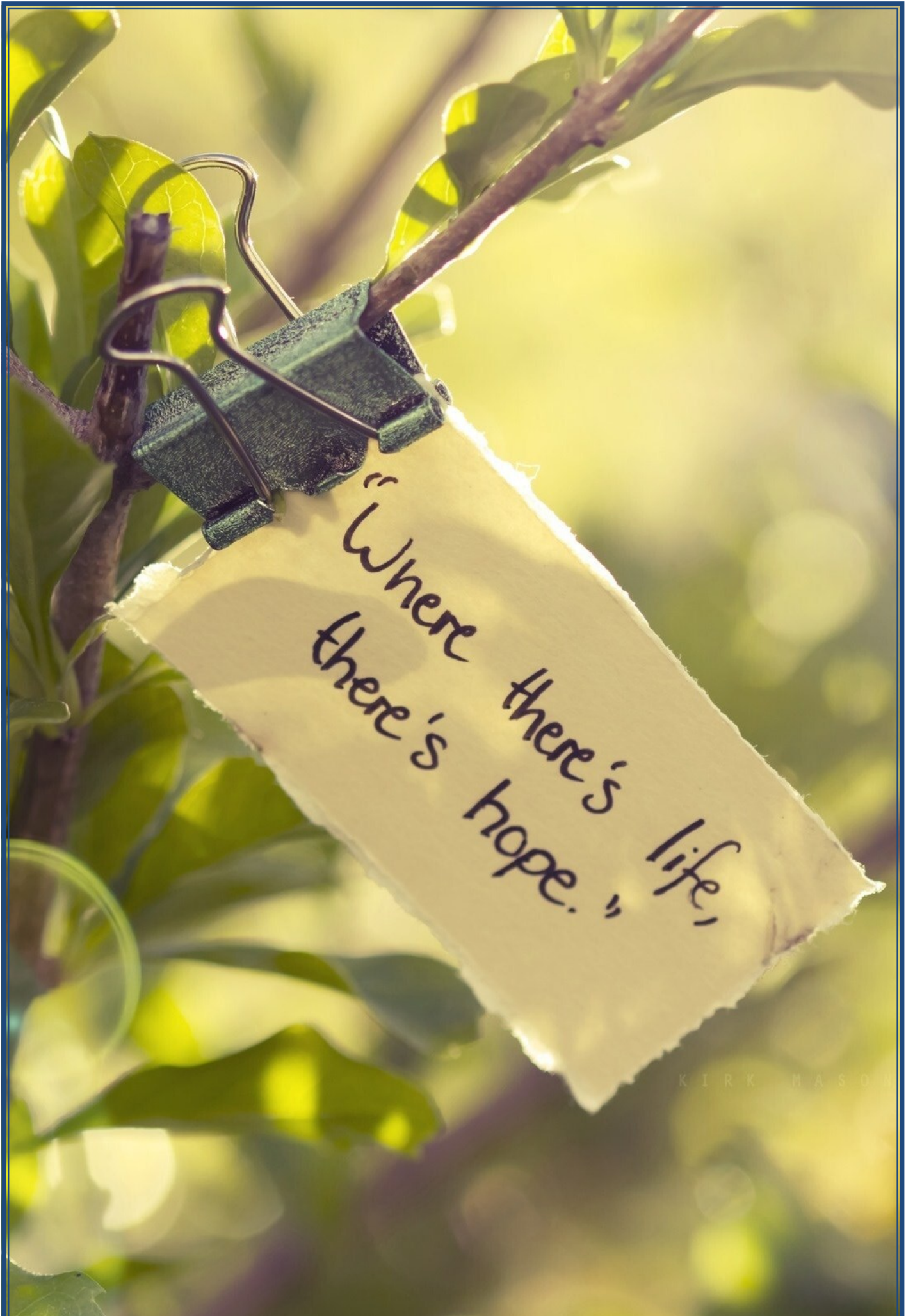


PENNY TRITSINIS
(STUDENT AMBASSADOR, YEAR 9A)



Exploring the world we live in

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"Where there's life,
there's hope."

KIRK BASSON

STAND

TALL

THANK

STAND

UP

STAND

OUT



Sometimes standing out is better than blending in. Don't care if people judge you for being different; dare to be different for it is what makes us unique. People may laugh at you, underestimate you; laugh at them for being the same, for you are a precious diamond that is invincible. You might be the only vivid yellow, exquisite flower in a field of burning red poppies; be proud of each of your petals. If you don't



UNIQUE

believe in yourself then no one will. Don't be afraid to stand out for no one remembers you standing in the crowd. Fitting in is the easy way; standing out though takes courage. You'll never change the world if you're just like it. Each one of us was born to stand out in our own magical way; even a flower. ☀



Text by Valentina Kiliorides, Year 8A

Photography by Ashtyn Gulley, Year 8A



CREATING A WORLD OF GENDER EQUALITY: A TEAM EFFORT

WHAT IS GENDER EQUALITY?

Gender Equality is the absence of discrimination and disrespect of an individual on the basis of their gender. It also refers to all genders having equal rights and opportunities, as well as the fairness and justice they should all receive. In addition, gender equality should be respected completely because it could create a moral difference in our world and change our global perspective. However, it is devastating to know that gender equality has not been treated correctly and now it is causing a global problem of inequality.

HOW IS GENDER INEQUALITY AFFECTING OUR WORLD?

Gender inequality has affected our world in extremely negative ways: it has caused disruption for the lives of

hundreds of millions; it has destroyed the economy and environment of many areas because of the injustices it creates; and it has caused mayhem around the world in the form of demonstrations and protest movements. Gender inequality is tearing our world apart because of the injustice for people and unequal rights; it is appalling that not all people think that all genders do not deserve the same freedom in our world.

IN WHICH COUNTRY IS GENDER EQUALITY HIGHEST AND IN WHICH COUNTRY IS IT THE LOWEST?

Gender equality is highest in Switzerland. They have been recognised as having the highest respect for gender equality with respect to all other countries in the world. On the other hand, Yemen has been listed



Melice Dalekh, Year 8A

as ranking extremely low for gender equality.

(These rankings apply to countries as a whole, but it must be noted that individuals within these countries may view it differently).

GLOBAL ISSUES BECAUSE OF GENDER INEQUALITY

These are four of the major issues around the world:

Firstly, there is an unequal pay between the genders: it is almost always that women are paid less. In 2019 it was recorded that in some countries women earned 17.7% less than a male colleague even though they have the same job: that is about \$10,157 less.

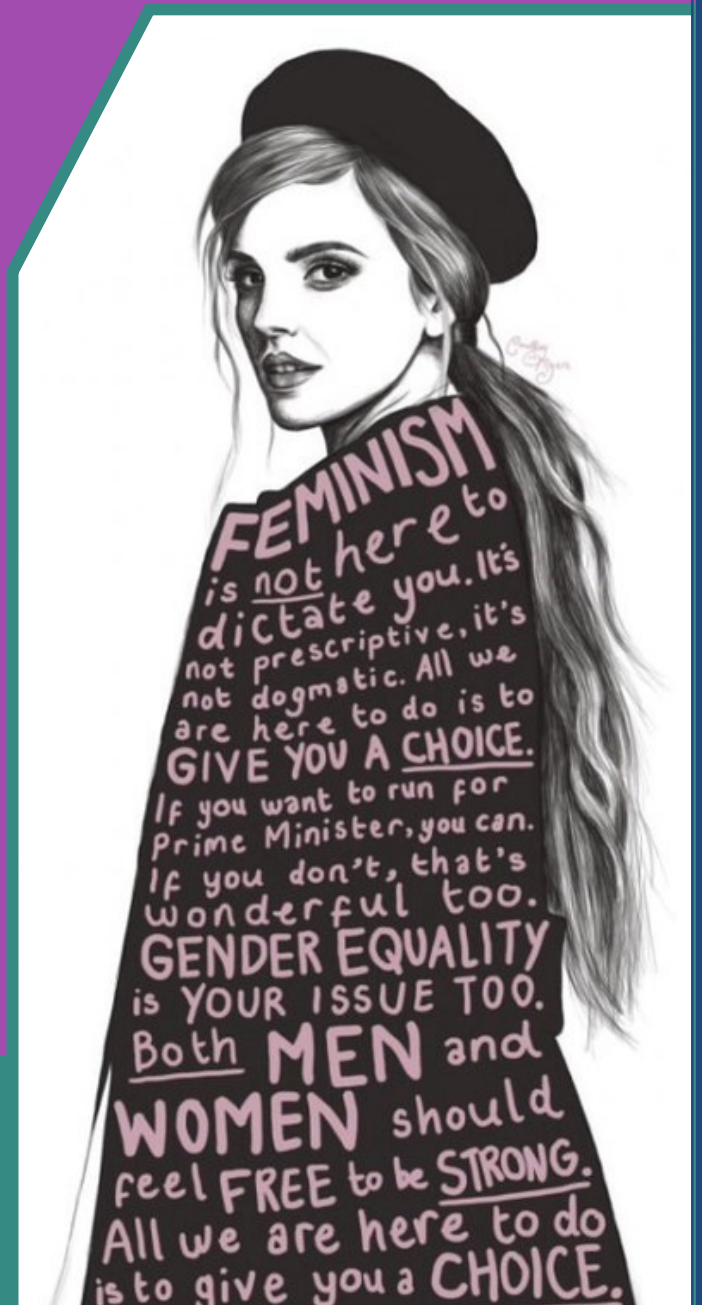
Secondly, men are sometimes valued less. This is because as women struggle more with issues of discrimination and injustice, men's personal needs are sidelined; the stereotypical expectation of a man is not to express emotions or talk about their issues and this can generate problems.

Third, lack of body autonomy. This is when a person does not have control over their own body and especially when they become parents. Globally, 40% of pregnancies are not planned, 50% are obliged to have an abortion, and 38% result in birth. Also, when a pregnancy is not planned the mother is sometimes left alone to take care of the child while the father leaves.

Lastly, job segregation. In many societies, certain jobs prefer to take one gender rather than the other. It is recently proven that women are 16-18% more likely to get certain jobs they apply for, leaving the man to struggle more to find employment. Conversely, men find it easier to be employed for high-ranking positions and therefore get higher earnings.

WHY GENDER EQUALITY IS ONE OF THE MANY IMPORTANT FACTORS IN LIFE

As Emma Watson has said, "It is time that we all see gender as a spectrum instead of two sets of opposing ideals". Quite evidently, we need to change our perspective on gender equality: we need to understand that women and men are part of the same team that needs to work together rather than against each other, and that having respect for equality is not an option but a requirement. Furthermore, equality is what we need to enrich the world and begin to make a difference. Without it, it would be like a war where everyone is fighting everyone else and no one ever attains true peace of mind or happiness – a world that no man or woman wants. •



"Gender equality must become a lived reality."

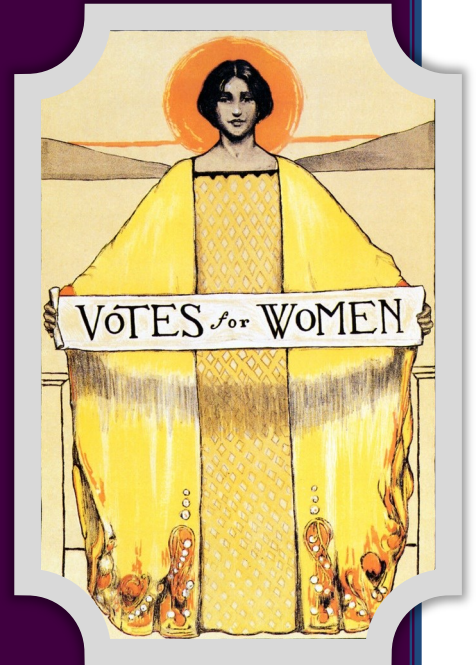
MICHELE BACHELET, FIRST FEMALE PRESIDENT OF CHILE AND UNITED NATIONS HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR HUMAN RIGHTS

Women's Heroes:

The Suffragettes

Who were they?

The word 'suffragettes' originates from the word 'suffrage', which means "the right to vote in political elections". Now, who were the suffragettes, you may ask? The suffragettes were an activist group started by two strong women: Emmeline Pankhurst in the UK and Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the US. These activist groups had the same objective: for women to be able to vote.



POSTER FOR WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE

The UK movement

In Manchester in 1903, Emmeline Pankhurst and fellow women were frustrated by the lack of progress in making it legal for women to have the vote, so they decided that action needed to be taken immediately. They founded the Women's Social and Political Union (WSPU), also known as the 'suffragettes'. As mentioned before, their main goal was to legalise women voting, so that women could have a say in what happened in their lives.

In the early 1900s, women had very few rights; for instance, their husbands could decide what would happen to their children, and a woman had no say over his decision. These circumstances caused women to bottle up their emotions and just stay silent. Coming back to the suffragettes, they went countless times to protest in Manchester where male politicians on the campaign trail were holding forth on their views and goals for the nation, but each and every time the WSPU went to make their beliefs known, they were brutally

beaten and taken to jail for expressing their opinion. When they were kept in jail, many suffragettes like Marion Wallace-Dunlop went on hunger strike and were violently force-fed, a form of torture. Each and every time they were released from jail, they would return home with physical and mental scars.



SUFFRAGETTES ANNIE KENNEY AND CHRISTABEL PANKHURST PROTESTING FOR WHAT WAS CONSIDERED ABSURD AND OUTRAGED AT THE TIME: FOR WOMEN TO HAVE A SAY OVER THE CONDITIONS OF THEIR LIVES



EMMELINE PANKHURST FORCIBLY RESTRAINED, JEERED AT, AND ARRESTED

Christina Palamidi, Year 8B

VOTES FOR WOMEN



Christabel Pankhurst

Christabel Pankhurst was the daughter of the main founder of the WSPU, Emmeline Pankhurst, and a law graduate who, because she was a woman, wasn't allowed to practise the law. In July 1912, she began to organise a secret arson campaign. Several attempts were made by her and the suffragettes to burn down the houses and properties of two Members of Parliament who disagreed that women should have the right to vote. While violent tactics of protest can never be condoned, it is women like her who helped pave the way for later achievements in women's rights.



Emmeline Pankhurst: the woman who started it all

Emmeline was a young girl born into a family with a tradition of radical politics, in Manchester in 1858. In 1879 she married Richard Pankhurst, a lawyer and supporter of the women's suffrage movement (which was quite rare at the time).

In 1889, Emmeline founded the Women's Franchise League, which had the exact same ideas and beliefs with the Women's Social and Political Union she helped organise, and ultimately was a crucial member of it.

The movement was abruptly stopped in 1914, due to the war breaking out, and Emmeline turned her help towards the war. In 1918, the Representation of the People Act gave women over 30 the right to vote; shortly after Emmeline's death in 1928, women were finally granted equal voting rights with men, representing the achievement of all the years of these women's struggles and sacrifices.

Emily Davison

Emily Davison was a very passionate member of the suffragettes. She put her life in danger twice for women: the first time she secreted herself into the House of Commons (the UK Parliament) in 1911; and the second time, in 1913, she threw herself in front of the King's Horse at the Derby horse races as a protest. Unfortunately she died from the terrible injuries she sustained; she sacrificed herself for young girls and women to have the vote.



The importance of this movement

If these powerful women didn't exist in that time period, the world wouldn't be as it is today. Most probably, women would still not have the right to vote, and ultimately, no more rights than they had in the early 1900s. The suffragette movement was a huge breakthrough in history, as it was the first major step towards equality, which we are still building our path towards today.

Unfortunately, the suffragettes haven't been getting the recognition that they deserve in modern times, and not enough people are aware of the importance of the movement. I believe it is crucial to learn about their lives and how they've helped all of the generations of women since them with their sacrifices, including you and me today. •

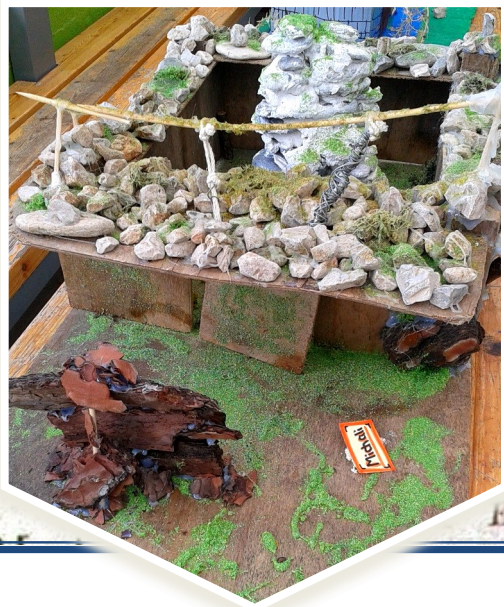
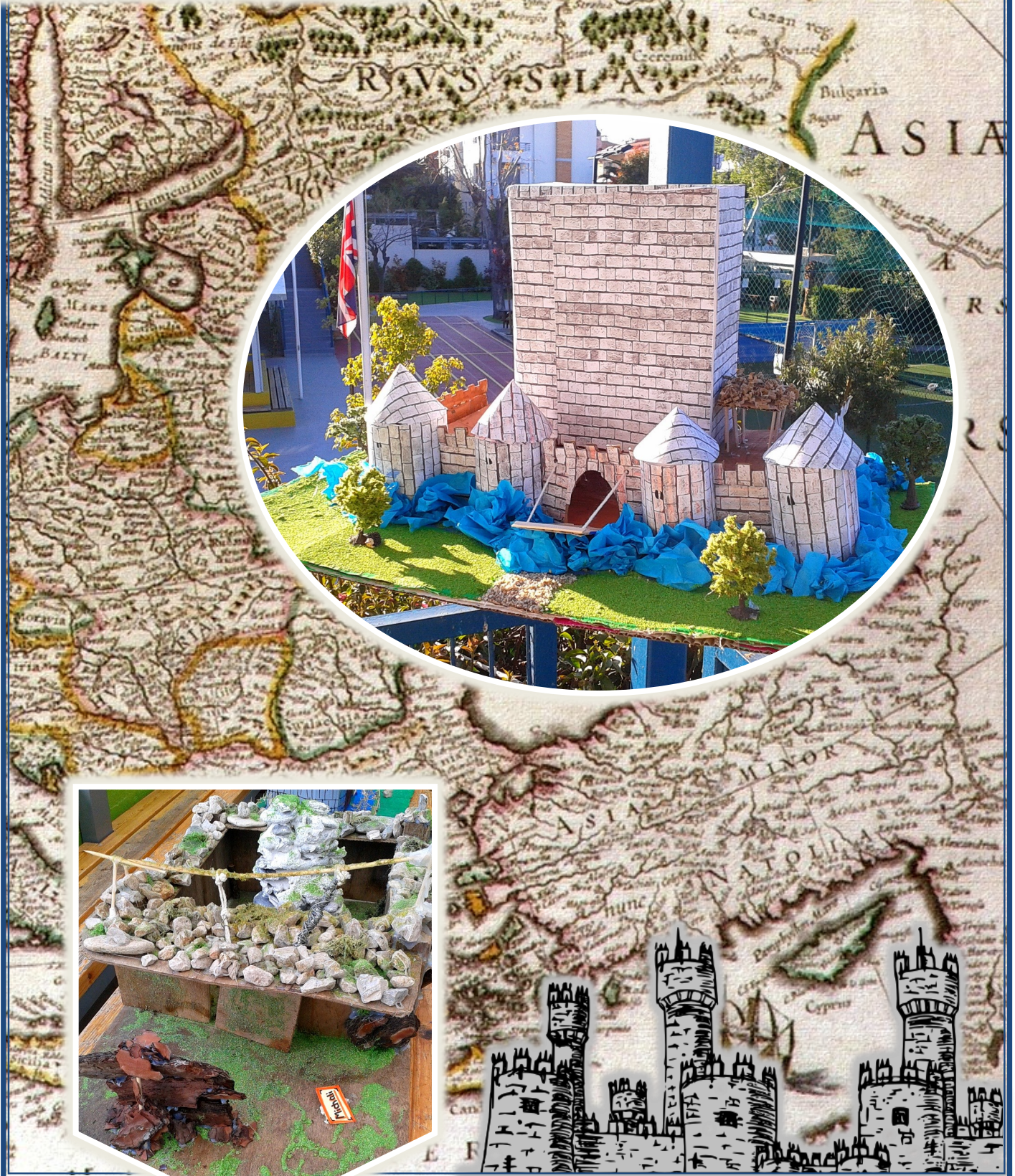
Medieval Castles

For this project we made our own medieval castle based on the ones we have learned about in History. One of my favourite parts about this project was that I had to be creative while also having to make it look like a real and authentic castle. I was a medieval architect and a castle-builder at the same time.

The skills that I have learned the most were that if you make a mistake, you must embrace it and find a different angle to overcome it. I also learnt that I always have to be resourceful, I need to always find a way to make my vision come to life, even if that means looking outside the box! This really helped me to make my drawbridge. I also had to apply my academic knowledge about castles. It was truly an enjoyable and fun project.

Maria Krull, Year 7B









EVROPA
recens descripta
à
Guiljelmo Blaeuw.

In order:

Mariza Koulouri & Althei Katsaitis
(Year 7A)
Carson McGee, Arman Idris &
Alex Manolios (Year 7A)

Elena Istihopoulou (Year 7A)
George Koritsides (Year 7B)
Maria El-Hajj & Marilena Politi
(Year 7A)
Michalis Pappas (Year 7A)
Maria Krull (Year 7B)



LAKE BAIKAL

A TOUR OF NATURE * FROM THE PAST TO THE FUTURE * THE 'PEARL OF SIBERIA'



INTRODUCTION

My dear friends, I am Ioanna, and I am here to help you find the true beauty of the Pearl of Asia. On this tour we will visit the most beautiful, secluded corners and picturesque landscapes of Lake Baikal, we will stroll ice caves, we will see the cleanest and most beautiful ice on the planet, and we will get acquainted with smart and cute Siberian dogs! As you are a group of scientists, and you have a particular reason for being here in Lake Baikal, in this tour we will also discover the secret experiments going on in lake Baikal right now...

Lake Baikal: Location

Let's start with the simple facts. Lake Baikal is one of the most jaw-dropping sights in the world and is often called "the Pearl of Siberia". The picturesque taiga and mountains surround it. If you didn't know, it is the largest freshwater lake by volume in the world, containing 22 to 23% of the world's fresh surface water. With almost 24000 km³ of fresh water, it contains more water than all the North American Great Lakes combined. And even more, it is the world's deepest lake and is amongst the clearest ones. In the winter, you can see as much as 30-40m below the surface! If you were here in summertime, we would be able to take the boat for a cruise. But now we will walk around the lake, and you can check the clear ice view for yourselves. We will marvel at its powder-white surface, frozen steel-hard and scored ice roads.



IN WINTER...



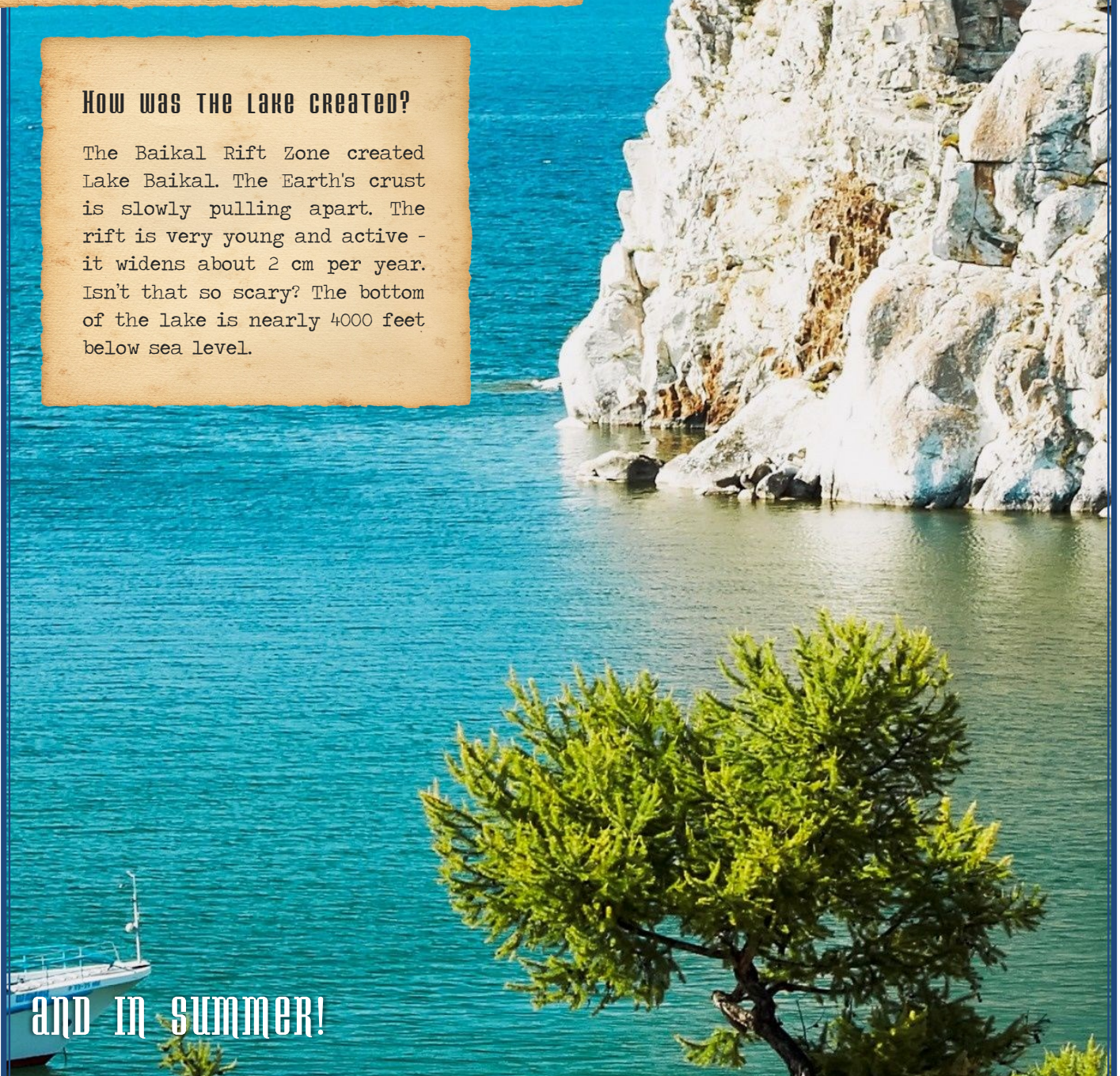
Whether we swim in it, drink its water, skirt its southern tip by train, cycle or dog sled over it in winter, or just admire it from 2000km of shoreline, we must all agree that Asia doesn't get better than this.

Baikal's age is estimated at 25-30 million years, making it the most ancient lake in geological history. It is unique among large, high-latitude lakes, as its sediments have not been scoured by overriding continental ice sheets. Could you believe that you are now next to the oldest lake in the world?

Lake Baikal formed as an ancient rift valley and has a long, crescent shape, with a surface area of almost 32 000 km². Baikal is home to thousands of species of plants and animals, many of them endemic to the region.

HOW WAS THE LAKE CREATED?

The Baikal Rift Zone created Lake Baikal. The Earth's crust is slowly pulling apart. The rift is very young and active - it widens about 2 cm per year. Isn't that so scary? The bottom of the lake is nearly 4000 feet below sea level.



and in summer!



WHAT TO DO IN LAKE BAIKAL

Now, you may all ask, "Enough with the facts about the lake. What can I actually do here?" Well, do not worry! Baikal has several different tourist activities, depending on the season. Generally, Baikal has two top tourist seasons. The first season is the ice season, which starts usually in mid-January and lasts till mid-April. During this season ice depth increases up to 140 centimeters which allows safe vehicle driving on the ice cover. That is why this season is popular for hiking, ice walking, ice-skating, and bicycle riding. As we are currently at the end of the ice season, we strongly recommend trying hiking, and exploring.

The second tourist season is summer, which lets tourists dive deeper into virgin Baikal nature. Hiking trails

become open, many of them cross two mountain ranges: Baikal Range on the western side and Barguzin Range on the eastern side of Baikal.

Are you more interested in animals and nature? Well do not worry! We highly recommend going on small tourist vessels which operate in the area, availing bird watching, animal watching, and fishing.

Why is Lake Baikal so popular –



The experiments go on.

Now, this lake is indeed popular. As you can all see, it is very pretty here. But the beauty of nature goes much deeper. For all my scientists here, listen up: this will blow up your mind.

A new telescope below the surface of the world's deepest lake has commenced a hunt for the universe's most elusive particles.

These tiny particles, neutrinos, have almost no mass and no electrical charge, which makes them challenging to observe.

Neutrinos are the most abundant particles in the universe – about 10 trillion of them pass through your body every second, with you none the wiser. But they're notoriously hard to detect because they tend to pass through matter without being absorbed by it the way other particles are.

Hence the nickname "ghost particles": Neutrinos aren't affected by magnetic fields, and their neutral charge means they don't interact with anything. They also move at the speed of light.

That's why the scientists chose Lake Baikal: Its depth and clear water maximize their ability to observe these shockwaves of light. Pristine water means there will be a higher chance that radiation from the neutrinos hits the modules in the detector. And the bigger the lake, the larger the telescope can be – and the more neutrinos it can spot.

Neutrinos may be able to help researchers solve some of the biggest puzzles about the early days of the cosmos 13.8 billion years ago.

The ultimate aim, once researchers can link neutrinos of particular energies to different types of sources, is to do true neutrino astronomy: viewing the universe not with photons, but with neutrinos, which bear news about violent corners of the universe otherwise hidden from view. As Botner puts it: "We want to see the parts of the universe that cannot be seen with photons."

So, my dear friends, there is no time to lose. I am sure now that you agree that you are in one of the most interesting parts of our Earth. You will be greatly compensated by choosing to visit Lake Baikal, not only by discovering the charm of nature, but also by fulfilling your scientific desires. •

Ioanna Arvanitaki, Year 8A

besakih temple

Hello everyone and welcome to one of the most famous complexes of Hindu temples in Bali, called the Besakih Temple. My name is Celia, and I will be your tour guide today.

Today we will be exploring the temple, which is a complex of at least 86 temples and shrines. It is built on six different levels on this slope of Mount Agung. In fact, it is the most important, large and holy temple on the island and has been around for more than one thousand years, miraculously surviving the catastrophic volcanic eruption of 1963.



Please come with me now. You will be able to see on your left a huge staircase which will lead us to the sacred mountain and to many different temples that vary by type, status, and function. You can wander around the stepped terraces and brick gateways and also sit on some parallel ridges to enjoy the scenery. The temples are dedicated to the three main gods of Hinduism: Shiva, Vishnu, and Brahma.

For the Balinese, visiting the temple sanctuaries of Besakih is a special pilgrimage.

Now let's go back in time: in the eighth century, there was a monk who decided to build temples for people during his retreat. Throughout the process, many of his followers died due to illness and accidents. Upon completion, it was called 'Basuki', referring to the dragon deity 'Naga Besukian', believed to inhabit Mount Agung. The name eventually evolved into 'Besakih'.

Did you know that at least 70 celebrations take place at Besakih every year, as each shrine has its own anniversary?

Unfortunately, our journey has come to its end; if you don't have any questions, feel free to explore the place further by yourselves. There are various breath-taking sites you can view for hours.

Thank you for your attention and I hope to see you again on one of our tours. •

Celia Gkioka, Year 8B

ケソロナロ



Hi, my name is Mostafa from the world-renowned tour company 'Wonders of Asia'. Today I will be taking you on a tour of the spectacular city of Kyoto here in Japan. I have a limited time to talk about this, so if you actually expect me to inform you on everything about Kyoto in five minutes or less you'll be disappointed.

Kyoto is the capital city of Kyoto prefecture in Japan. The city of Kyoto looks a lot more cultural than Tokyo, which has big buildings and neon lights. Kyoto looks less modern but that's the charm of it. In spring you can see cherry blossoms everywhere. Kyoto is Japan in a nutshell. It's the cultural and historical heart of the country. It's the best place in all of Japan to experience traditional temples, shrines, gardens, geishas'

traditional houses, shops, restaurants and festivals.

Did you know that Nintendo, a company that has produced video games such as the iconic Mario, originated in Kyoto?

Kyoto is a very popular tourist destination with 50 million people visiting every year. This is before the pandemic obviously.

Ok, enough talking about how this city is in general, let's talk about some landmarks and famous structures and their history.

ケヨトノ IMPERIAL PALACE

The original Kyoto Imperial Palace was built in 794 AD and replaced several times after being destroyed by fire. Although the present building was constructed in 1855, it is still very impressive and remains one of the city's most visited historic sites.

GION

Gion is an area of Kyoto that is well suited to explore on foot. Located on the eastern bank of the Kamogawa River, Gion is a mix of modern and historical architecture that provides a unique taste of numerous Japanese traditions, from the elaborately dressed geishas to well-preserved 17th-century restaurants and teahouses that show a glimpse of old Japan.

That's all the time I have left! I hope you enjoyed this guide and learnt a lot about the spectacular city of Kyoto. •

Mostafa Elabasi, Year 8A

JIGOKU VALLEY VALLEY



Hello ladies and gentlemen, my name is Maira and today I'm going to be your virtual tour guide. Come with me as we discover and venture through the ethereal beauty of Jigoku Valley and its wonders. Located on the Elysian island of Hokkaido, Jigoku Valley (also known as Hell Valley) is part of the Shikotsu-Toya National Park near the town of Noboribetsu.



You might wonder about the unusual translated name in English. The name is said to refer to the hidden enclosed house of the demons! The springs, geysers, hissing valleys, and baths are watched over by numerous yukijin statues: demons who bid visitors welcome and intercede in the underworld to secure good fortune for humans (they look scary, don't they?) It proudly stands above the town of Noboribetsu Onsen with hot steam vents and streams.



Ladies and gentlemen, the very boardwalk that we are standing on right now extends and runs through 8km of the park.



During the autumn season, beautiful hues of orange add further colour to this ethereal beauty.

During the winter season, some of the walking trails in the hills above the Jigokudani Vfallley might not always be passable!



Now, ladies and gentlemen, right here in front of your eyes sits the sulfurous pond with a surface temperature of 50 degrees. The region is also famous for its healing Onsen thermal hot springs, experienced via spas at the city's hotels or outdoor mineral pools, which you can visit from 8 am to 9.30 pm. The 24-acre smoking crater of geothermal activity was created by a volcanic eruption that occurred 20,000 years ago. The formal spas of Noboribetsu date back to the 19th century, and were used as hospitals where wounded soldiers recovered after the Russo-Japanese War.

Thank you for your time - I hope you enjoy your stay! •

Maira Kotsoliou, Year 8B



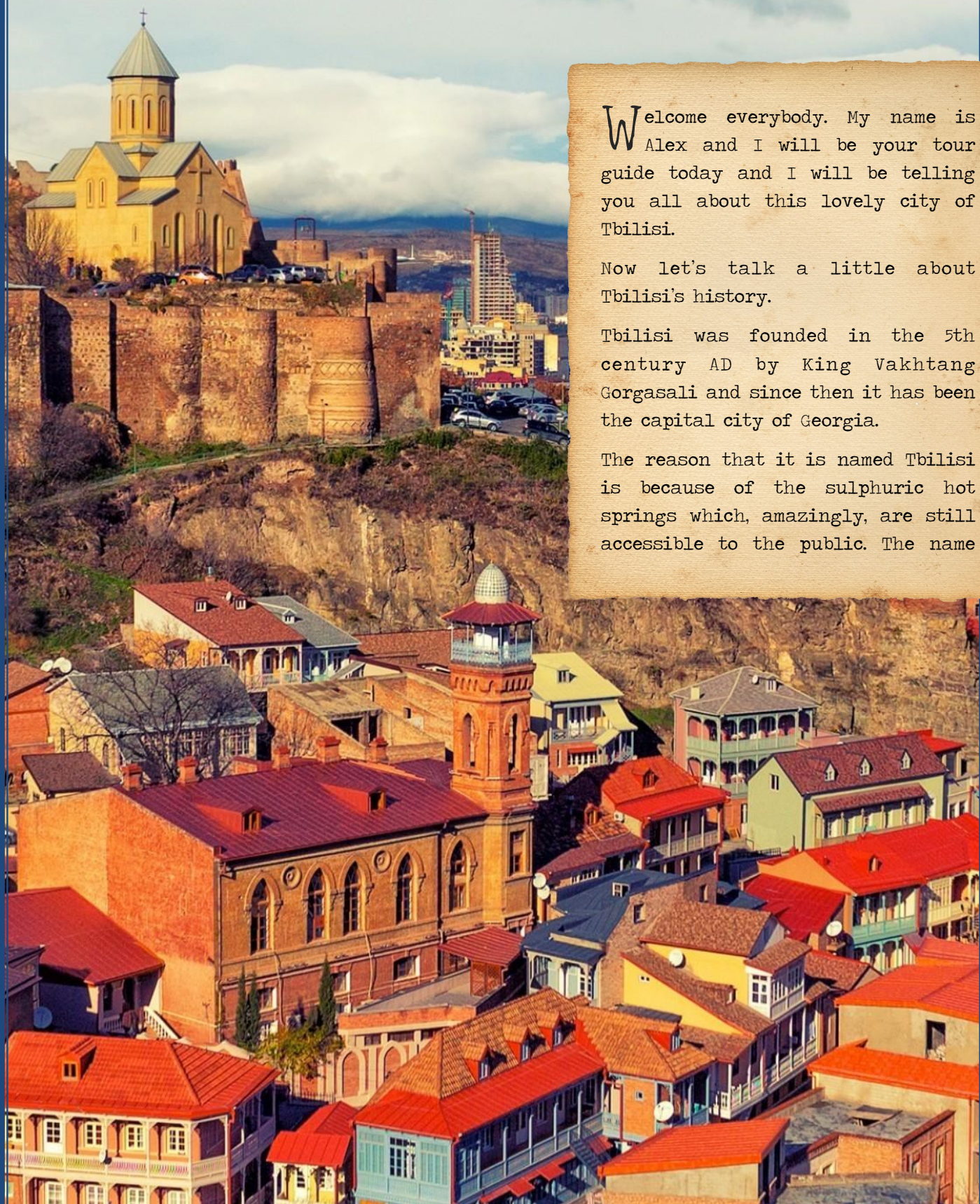
Tbilisi

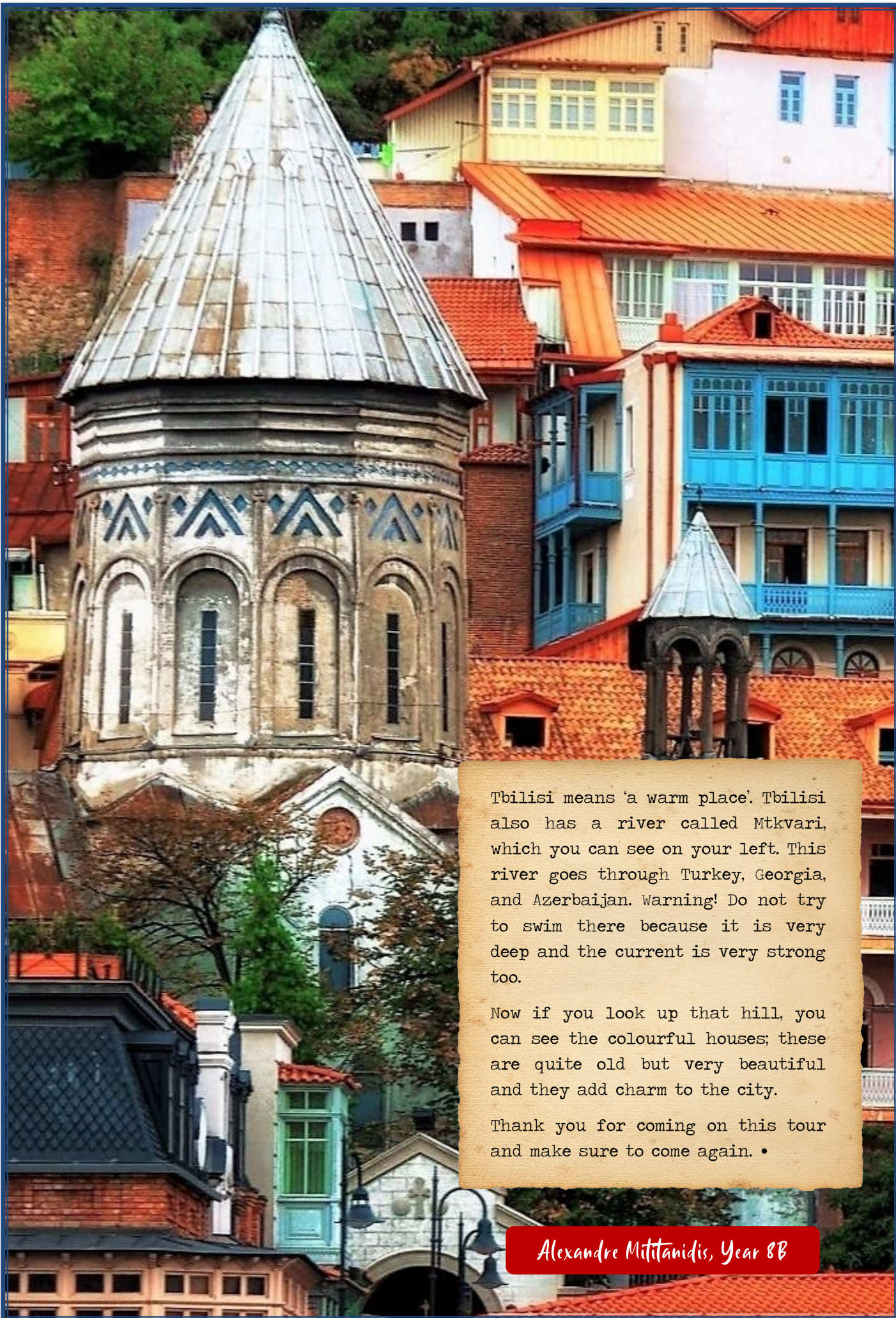
Welcome everybody. My name is Alex and I will be your tour guide today and I will be telling you all about this lovely city of Tbilisi.

Now let's talk a little about Tbilisi's history.

Tbilisi was founded in the 5th century AD by King Vakhtang Gorgasali and since then it has been the capital city of Georgia.

The reason that it is named Tbilisi is because of the sulphuric hot springs which, amazingly, are still accessible to the public. The name





Tbilisi means 'a warm place'. Tbilisi also has a river called Mtkvari, which you can see on your left. This river goes through Turkey, Georgia, and Azerbaijan. Warning! Do not try to swim there because it is very deep and the current is very strong too.

Now if you look up that hill, you can see the colourful houses; these are quite old but very beautiful and they add charm to the city.

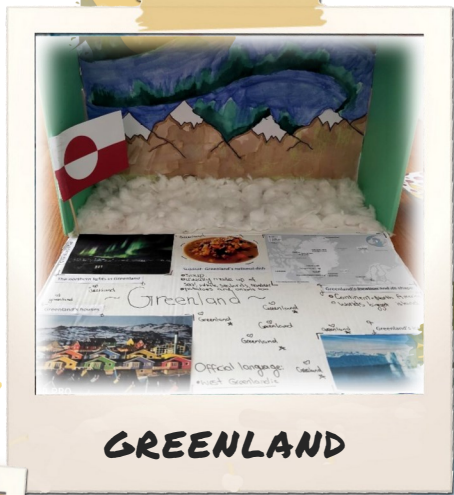
Thank you for coming on this tour and make sure to come again. •

Alexandre Mititanidis, Year 8B

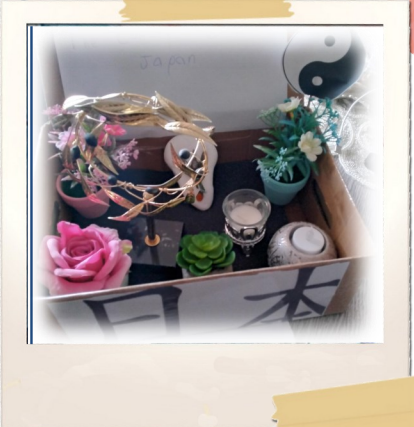
COUNTRY

FOR THIS PROJECT WE RESEARCHED A SPECIFIC COUNTRY, PRESENTED IT FOR TWO MINUTES, AND THEN USED A SHOEBOX TO PRESENT A COUNTRY OF OUR CHOICE IN 3D FORMAT - TRYING TO BE AS CREATIVE AS POSSIBLE TO FILL IN EVERY LAST DETAIL OF OUR BOX!

MARILENA
POLITI, YEAR 7A



GREENLAND



JAPAN



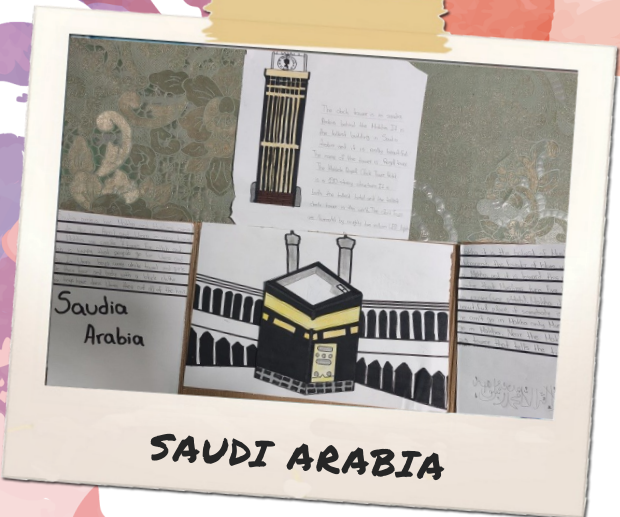
ICELAND

IN ORDER: RAED IBRAHIM (7B), GEORGE KORITSIDES (7B), MARILENA POLITI (7A), ALTHEI KATSAITIS (7A), MARIA EL-HAJJ (7A), SAREB JAFFARI (7B), MARIA KRULL (7B), VICTORIA ZYGOURI (7A)

IN A



BOX



NATURAL

HURRICANES

A hurricane is a rapidly rotating storm characterised by a low-pressure centre, a closed low-level atmospheric circulation, strong winds and a spiral arrangement of thunderstorms that produce heavy rain.

Hurricanes are the most violent storms on Earth. They form near the equator over warm ocean waters. The term hurricane is used only for the large storms that form over the Atlantic Ocean or eastern Pacific Ocean. The generic scientific term for these storms, wherever they occur, is tropical cyclone.

YIXIN WANG, YEAR 9B

LUCAS CHEN, YEAR 9A

LANDSLIDES

Landslides refer to the effect and phenomenon of a certain part of the rock and soil on the slope of the mountain under the action of gravity, which produces shear displacement along a certain weak structural surface and moves downwards of the slope as a whole.

YEAR 9 EAL STUDENTS LEARNT ABOUT NATURAL DISASTERS AND THE DEVASTATION THEY CAN UNLEASH IN THE NATURAL WORLD...

DISASTERS



VOLCANOES

In the past there were no volcanoes on earth but then plates started moving and sometimes they made huge cracks on the ground. The lava came out from the cracks and when it was cold they became rocks. After years the rocks grew higher and higher so they became volcanoes.

The temperature in the middle of a volcano is 1600 (highest) and 900 (lowest). The highest volcano is Ojos del Salado (6891m) and I learned that for lava to cool down completely in cold areas, it needs a few hours, and in hot areas, one day or more.

JIASHUO ZHANG, YEAR 9B

TORNADOES

Some tornadoes are slow, others can travel over the ground at speeds over 110 mph. The greatest tornado that has ever been recorded was 2.6 miles across. The USA has 3/4 of the world's tornadoes, mostly occurring between May and June.

DAVID LIU, YEAR 9B

STRAPPED FOR CASH:

THE STUDENT LOAN CRISIS

The student loan crisis has become an incredibly relevant topic in the past few years, with many understandingly frustrated with the post-effects of college, especially for international students in the States or the UK for whom universities are noticeably more expensive than in the rest of Europe, Asia, or Oceania. Read on to learn about the horrendous effects of extreme student loans as well as recommendations for how this can be fixed.

THE LOAN CRISIS COST

Each year around 44 million people become student loan borrowers. This has reached the \$1.59 trillion mark, with more than 3 million student loan borrowers having student loan debt greater than \$100,000. Of these, approximately 800,000 have student loan debt that is greater than \$200,000. The largest concentration of student loan debt is \$200,000-\$400,000, which accounts for 9.5 million student loan borrowers. In response to this, an 'income share agreement' (ISA) has been created, in which you pay a specific percentage of your earnings after graduating from college: in other words, universities invest in their students.

CASE STUDY

Take, for instance, a young man called John who grew up in a small town in Italy and is accepted by his dream university after years of hard work and decides to read Social Studies. He decides to take a loan of \$90,500, since his parents weren't affluent, but thought that he'd be able to repay his debt after finishing his 4-year course and getting a job in later years. Little did John know that by studying subjects like History, Social Studies, Gender and Sexuality Studies, and so on, it would be very difficult for him to earn enough money to pay back his debt whilst also paying his rent, clothes, and other needs. For the rest of his life, John is left to repay a massive amount of debt piling up every month, just because of a mistake he made decades ago. This could have been prevented if the government had made it clearer about which jobs could pay the debt and which couldn't.



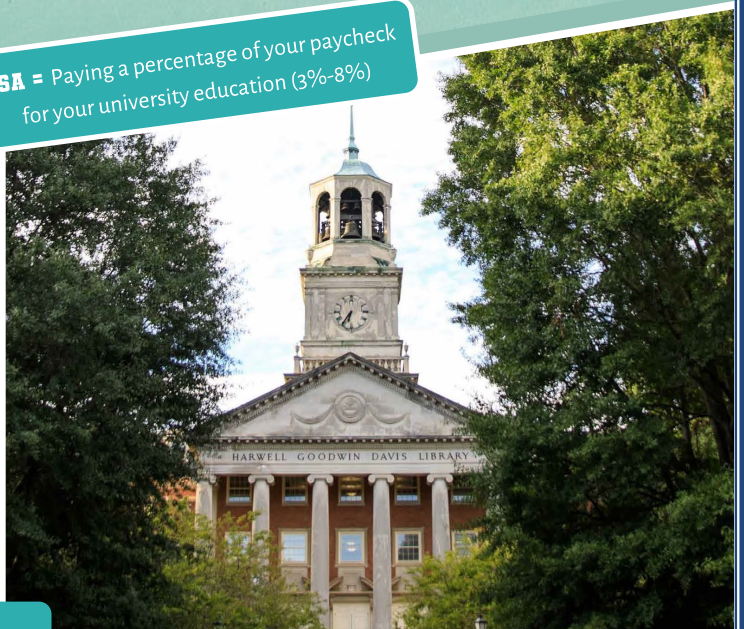
A CLEAR SOLUTION

This crisis is extremely important to deal with so that we can help people as much as we can. We should make the Income Share Agreement, to the university you graduated from for a certain amount of time, possible for all universities.

RECOMMENDATIONS

- ⇒ Make the loan system less complex and easier for teenagers to understand.
- ⇒ Let the ISA be used in all colleges all over the world.
- ⇒ Explain the jobs and courses that generally allow you to aim for greater earnings in the future. •

ISA = Paying a percentage of your paycheck for your university education (3%-8%)



Penny Tritsinis, Year 9A

Simple recipe for soft

Chocolate Chip Cookies

Ingredients

2 1/2 cups flour
1/2 cup butter
1 cup margarine
1 cup light brown sugar
1/2 cup white sugar
2 eggs
1 tsp baking soda
1/2 tsp salt
1 1/2 tsp vanilla extract
2 cups chocolate chips
1 cup coarsely chopped nuts (optional)

Let's get baking!

In a bowl, mix together the flour, baking soda and salt.

In another bowl, mix the butter and margarine for 30 seconds, using a mixer, and then add the 2 types of sugar. Mix until you are left with a fluffy mixture. Add the eggs and the vanilla extract and mix. Then, add the mixed flour and finally the chocolate chips and the nuts and mix using a whisk.

With a spoon, take some of the mixture and place it on a baking tray with parchment paper on it. The cookies should be around 2-3 cm apart from each other.

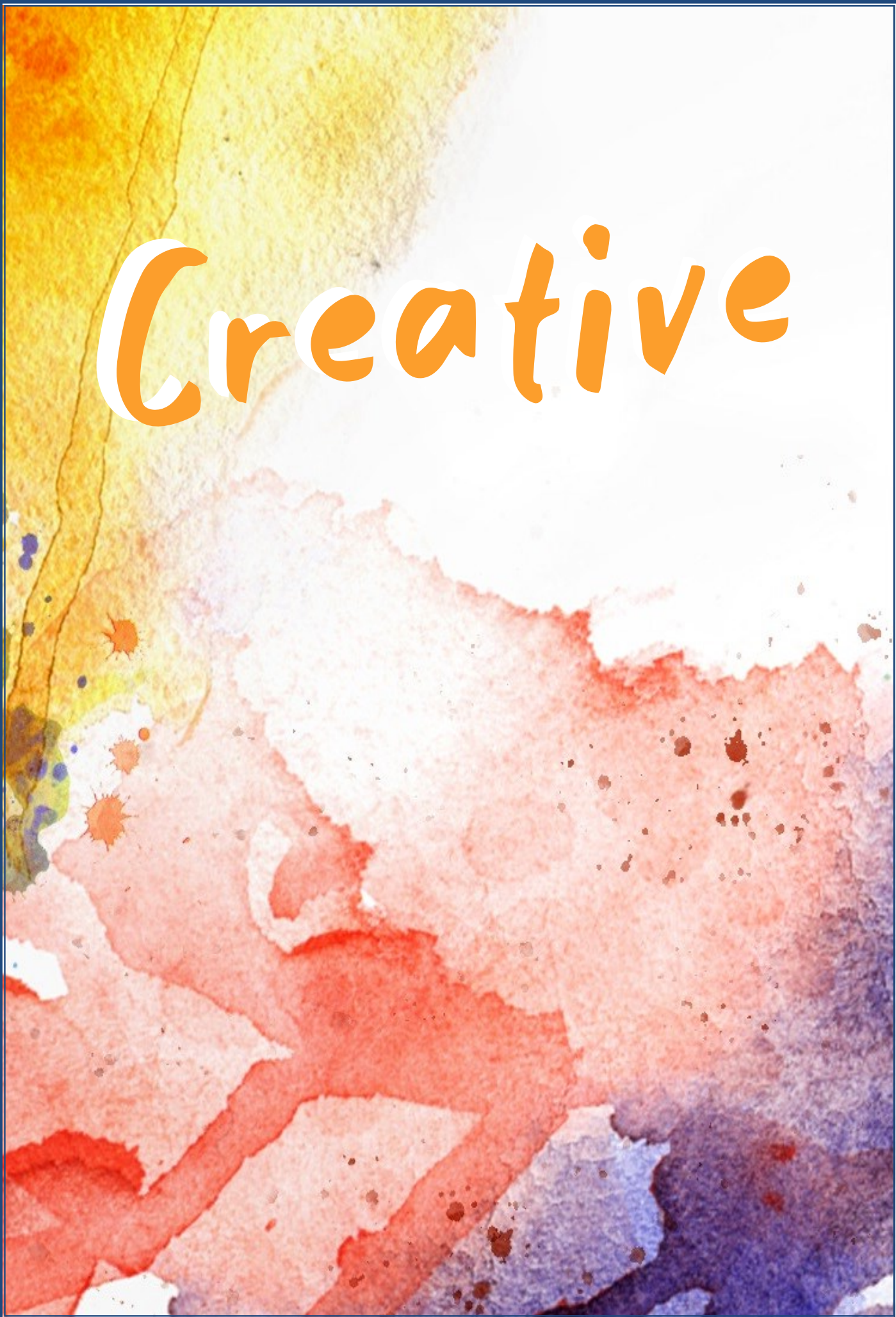
Bake them in the oven at 180° for 8-10 minutes or until they are slightly brown.



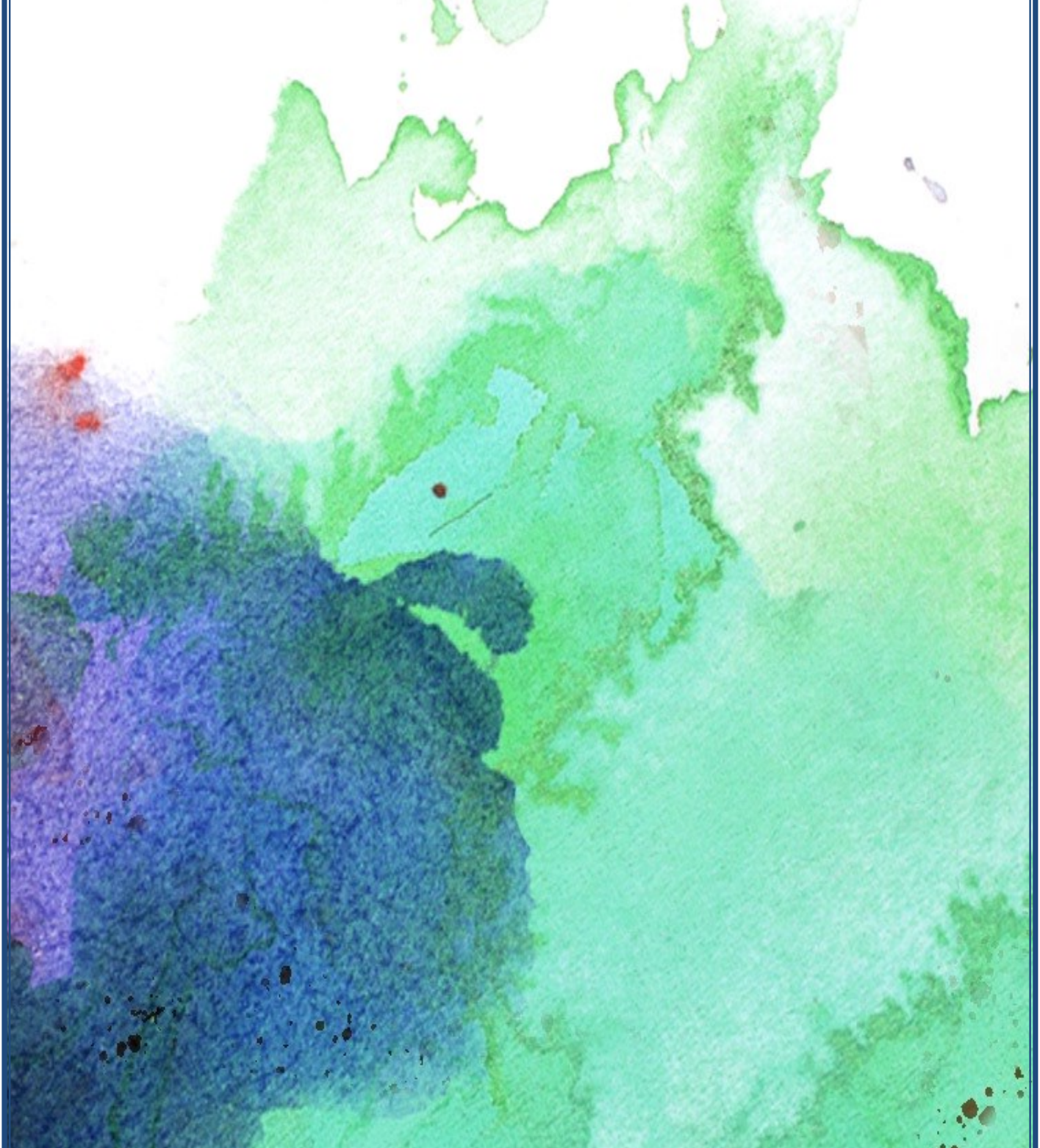
COOKIE MONSTER
SEAL OF
APPROVAL

Anastasia Stamatelopoulou,
Year 9A

Creative



Expression





Dancing in Pure Darkness

Gazing up towards the night sky
Those swirls of serenity embedded into the black of night
Like a velvet blanket
Comforting us; unravelling a sense of warmth

In the serenade of the black, the stars are a choir
they are lights that sing in infinite patterns.
Sometimes our eyes need music,
and the darker the night the sweeter the song.

The tranquil sky
Erases all our worries, troubles, responsibilities
It's an escape from harsh reality
Which makes our soul serene

The full moon glows
Under the iridescent midnight
Filled with monochrome beauty
Making your heart safe

In this night we all become one
From rock to plant to animal
One promise of life

No noise or sound
No screaming nor whispering
Nothing
Just you and your heart beating out loud

Listening to the melody of the gale
The rustling of the leaves
The voices of the mountains
And the roars of the azure waves of the ocean

In this pure darkness,
your inner light is easy to find
Doesn't this night make you feel
as if you're the one and only human being in this world?

You dread for the dawn
You want this moment to last forever
The night sky protects you
From the sun's blazing rays

Other times you can't help but think
Of the days of the future that stand before you
While the days of the past stay and haunt you

And then all the worries of the day
Overflood you
The stars side against you
Leaving you alone in that abandoned corner

In every direction there is a shadow
Coming closer, enveloping you
You're lost in this
impenetrable, dark shadow of night

The mischievous night
Has hoodwinked you all right
Smothering you
Blinding you in a perpetual fog

All that peace and serenity
It's too surreal; it turns horrifying
It turns into a heinous nightmare,
that you can't wake up from

And then you long for the dawn
But it won't come
For when you want time to pass
only slower it will become

You're left in the midst of that eerie darkness
Watching as the night unravels on the horizon
Awaiting and hoping
For that's all you've got left

Valentina Kilioides, Year 8A

A MOON-LIT

Kala Nag

He grew restless in the night
 He walked with all his might
 One blast of furious trumpeting
 He went tumbling

Onward he marched as he guided
 To a place so alive and crowded
 Great grunts and angry snorting
 All the elephants there were roaring

Then came in Pudmini
 Soon after came we
 Trumpeting and crashing
 Their tusks clashing and bashing
 And at last, there was no sound
 I saw all kinds of elephants around

Young and old
 Anxious and proud
 Lanky and scraggy
 With great weals and cuts
 Walking in couples or alone

All the elephants lying down
 And looked at him like he was wearing
 a crown

Daphne Panagiotopoulou (Year 8B)

The Night in the Jungle

He broke free
 He broke free
 Broke free did he

To take him Toomai did plea
 Toomai did plea
 To take him plea did he

As a wave does a boat grass washed along his
 side
 washed along his side
 washed along his side so wide

Toomai enjoyed the moon-lit ride
 Moon-lit ride
 Enjoyed the moon-lit ride on the back so wide

Tens and tens of elephants filled the ceiling-
 less room

Filled the ceiling-less room
 Tens and tens of elephants filled the ceiling-
 less ballroom

A sound like war-drums at the mouth of the
 cave going boom, boom, boom

Boom, boom, boom
 Going boom, boom, boom

EB Wright (Year 8A)

RIDE

Year 8 wrote poems inspired by a story from Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, in which a veteran army elephant, Kala Nag, escapes his bonds at night to join his wild brothers and sisters for the mysterious elephant dance in the jungle. The event is witnessed by a boy, Toomai, who is taken along on Kala Nag's back.

The Ballad of the Elephants

Inky black shadows, cast on the ground,
 Eyes scrunched up, happiness now found,
 As the elephants danced and danced into the night,
 It was such a new and extraordinary sight,
 The soft *thum thum* they made when they stepped,
 And little Toomai they gladly accept,
 The sound, like one of a war drum beating,
 The atmosphere around, quickly heating.
 For once with no care, the elephants danced the night away,
 They danced and they danced until they saw the light of day,
 Ever so different elephants, of grey and white,
 It's as if ancient lullabies in their heads they recite,
 And so, they moved and they leaped, until too tired to stand,
 And so, for the rest of the night they had no more to demand.

Yana Danjina (Year 8A)



Unlikely Friends

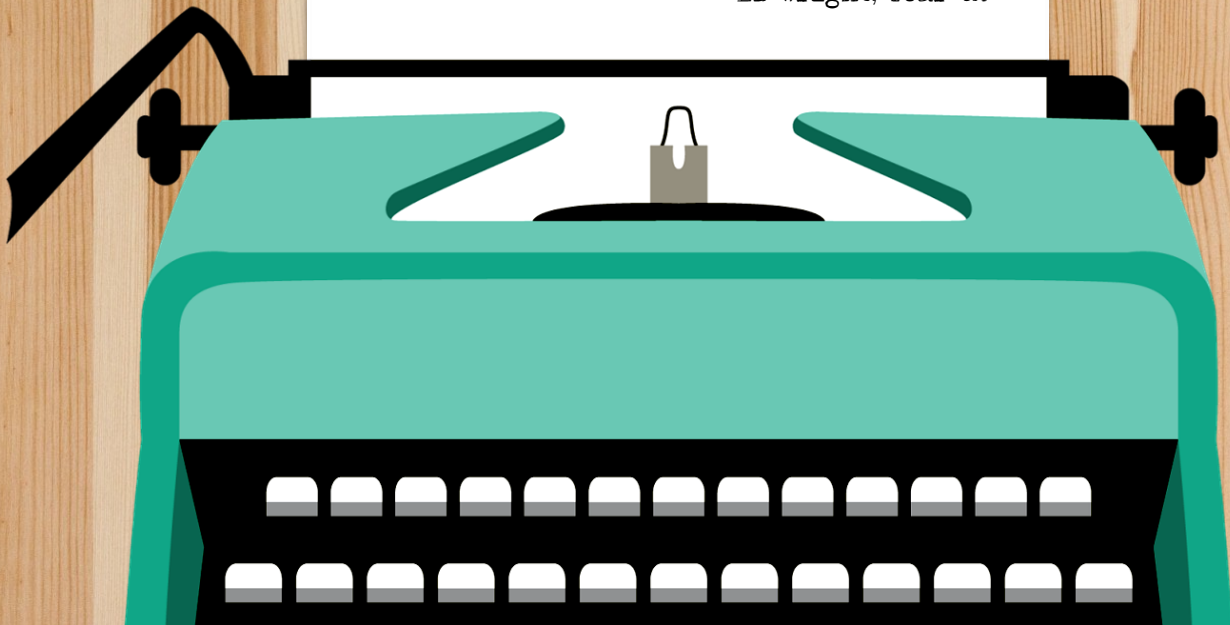
Some of my best friends I've never met
Some were inspired by a goofy pet
Some of my best friends are long dead
Some all their books I've already read
My best friends are authors

Some describe beautiful places
Some write of mistreated races
Some pen light-hearted comedy
Some are prolific in quantity
But they all are great with a pen

Some author biographies
Some explain ancient theologies
Some write to teach
Some write to reach
But they all are great with a pen

Some write of complex philosophy
Some write of marine biology
Some are young and some are old
Some stand out with topics bold
But they all are great with a pen

EB Wright, Year 8A



Last summer I went to the beach with my parents. I put on my swimming suit and dived into the water, only to be swept back by the waves.

I'm good at swimming though, so I didn't choke in the water.

I dived in again, dived deeper and farther, rose again,
and got carried back by the oncoming waves.



Tired, I casually grabbed a handful of sand, sprinkled it out - and under the sand there was a piece of shell.

It was very beautiful, but it was broken.

The shell was beautiful

It was fantastic

but it was not eternal.

Luna (Wanxin) Xia, Year 7B



Life Is a Tightrope

Walking on a tightrope, that's life. Trust me, I know. Learning to balance – but what happens if you fall, when you lose your balance. Everything you've ever built: destroyed, demolished. Having to rebuild everything you've ever worked for. You need people on your side, help you stand on your feet, give you hope.

Walking on a tightrope, that's life through and through. The pressure that overcomes you, you feel disoriented, watching as you walk on and on, towards the end of that tight-as-a-drumskin rope. It's not that easy. You make one wrong move, you fall. The cold truth is that there's no one to catch you in the end, you're all alone, you hit the alluvial, stony ground.

In times like lockdown, your limits are tested with the lack of diversity in that monotonous life, and yet it's all part of the tightrope, the pain and misery together with the joy and ebullience. Stuck inside four walls, it's not your fault if you lose your temper. You must comprehend though that it's for your own good. Optimism is the one and only key. You will exit that dismal perpetual fog; you just need to let the mystic, intermittent light guide you.

As you move along that tightrope, a voice in your head will tell you to give up. Don't let it manipulate you; fight against it and rise; don't let ire overcome you. After a while, doors will appear, countless doors: but which door shall you choose; which shall determine your fate? One may make you a millionaire, while another a homeless person. You're confronted by this terrible dilemma. Decisions – they're just the worse part, aren't they? And yet many more are to come. You just need to trust your instinct and await your destiny.

Valentina Kiliorides, Year 8A

*You are the firework in this velvet dark
The blaze that will light up the night*

Looking at the horizon, the rope unravels, but you can't figure out where it ends – it seems interminable. You look up, gazing at the tranquil sky. The night is so pulchritudinous; doesn't it seem like a painting? If only you were the painter as well. The stars twinkle in the midnight, forming swirls of serenity. Your stars though may have left a long time ago. In that case, you are the firework in this velvet dark, the blaze that will light up the night. And yet the pure black of the night is your comfort, the blanket that covers you, erasing all your worries, making your soul serene; you dread when the dawn comes. It has to come though, for nothing lasts for ever.

Many facts envelop you: you don't know which are veridical, what to say, what to do. Your head is burning up, it's about to explode, everything whirling inside like a tornado – you're lost in it. You want to give up, just fall – but you mustn't. Persevere and go on.

Sometimes, you're trapped in the calamity of your own memories, recalling things you want to forget; they will always be there though and haunt you. But when you're stuck in the past, you forget to cherish the future. The past cannot be mended, however much you try; focus on the future because for that, you are the one and only puppeteer.

And at last, you reach the end of that tightrope. Looking back on that journey; you wish you could do it all again, the joys and the miseries as well. And yet you can't – you won't, for your time is up. But you made it: you resisted; you didn't fall. And trust me, for not being an acrobat, that was tough: you should be proud. You only have one chance; seize every moment of it.

*When you're stuck in the past,
you forget to cherish the future.*



RESILIENT SELVES—A BLOG SERIES

Quarantine Wishes

Quarantine. I've heard all sort of opinions. Some people hate it, others are grateful for it. I started out with the mindset of the latter but ended up sharing the same opinion as the first one.

At first, I was over the moon that we would go into lockdown and I was excited to attend online school, as I thought classes would be easier. However, it's been a year now and I struggle with paying attention in class. The thought of waking up five days a week just to sit in front of a screen for seven hours sounds very unpleasant and miserable.

Every day is exactly the same. A never-ending cycle. Nothing changes for me, just the littlest of things. I wake up. Eat breakfast. Online classes begin and then end after what seems like an eternity. After that, I do nothing. Going out for a walk has become boring. Watching Netflix has becoming boring. Life has, in general, become boring.

Any ounce of motivation that I had in me, has been sucked out. I keep reliving the same day. At this point, all I do is wish that the government will announce that we can go out and actually keep their word for it, but that appears to be nearly impossible. It just becomes frustrating and tiring to hear.

They keep stating "In a week, we will be able to go out." It is a phrase that has been repeated multiple times and every time, this cursed cycle begins again. It fills us false hope; makes us think we can return to our normal pre-COVID lives, but in reality, it never turns out happening. At this stage, everyone is filled with doubt whenever the government says that quarantine will be lifted, since it almost never happens. If it even does, we just go back in a week or so, due to the rapid increase of cases.

It is safe to assume that this experience is inescapable and repetitive. That is a rather pessimistic thought to have but it's the truth that there is no end just yet.

Cases fluctuate, people are barely taking any safety measures and overall, we aren't doing what we have been told. The end of this cycle isn't something to be expected any time soon.

Anastasia Stamatelopoulou (Year 9A)

Year 9 First Language English students wrote blog posts about a difficult time in their lives when they had to exercise resilience and perseverance...

The Final Bell


In my days I have faced a lot of challenges. Physical and mental challenges, such as loss of a beloved face, getting stung by a jellyfish or not being able to go outside. In my life, I have faced all those challenges, including an allergic reaction that could have taken my life. If I had not spoken out, I would have lost something I really cared about. My feet.

The first hit was when I realised, I could not walk properly, never mind run, or even play football, a real punch in the gut. I could not even imagine not being able to play every week, but for a year? Football meant so much to me, but that was taken away from me by osteochondritis. I was shoved into a hole in the ground, no one around to help. The pain and the constant sting were not even the worst part. The worst part was when I watched people play and they would ask me to join and I would have to explain to them that I could not. That always stabbed me in my chest and when they walked away laughing, the knife twisted in the wound. But I cannot fight back from down a four-meter hole. The only thing I can do is sit down, wait, and take every attack life throws at me courageously.

I waited, after all the times I got beaten down, I got back up and kept moving forward. It was the most physically and emotionally difficult time of my life, but I got through it and clearly, I'm still kicking about, so in my eyes, I gained more than I lost in that year because all the blows gave me strength, knowledge and endurance. But the most important thing that I learned is that it doesn't matter how hard you get hit: it is about how you keep moving forward.

Petros Bourkoulas (Year 9B)

A MORNING IN THE LIFE



The rays of the morning sun slipped on the window pane, slowly sliding into a small room – identical to thousands of similar rooms in the whole city. The streets had been bathing in sunlight, with the rays on craftfully-made solar panels, stroking high multicoloured walls of houses, running excitedly over broad streets, outlining bright electronic billboards standing here and there, like mushrooms in a forest after rain, and gently touching the faces of the citizens crawling out of their houses on this vibrant morning. Most of them had still been sleeping or lying in bed, thinking of the day that was ahead of them – as colourful as the city they lived in.

Samantha stared at the wall for a few seconds, thinking that today she didn't have the privilege of sleeping for long. Her fingers slowly started lifting up without her noticing it, touching the silver-coated implant on her head. The metal was strangely cold and smooth, reflecting the playful sun rays. That was, indeed, a good sign. The time on the old-styled electronic clock changed to seven o'clock – twentieth of April, of the year 2094. Samantha stretched herself again, sending a shiver down her own spine. She was unsure whether it was because the implant started to function incorrectly again or due to the coldness of the morning. But, as her friend Richard constantly said, that was nothing to worry about. And the Prime Minister, sending flickers of light to the camera with every blink of his blue eyes hidden behind the glasses that were a constant reminder of his true origin, the big and frightful Union, to every citizen, has always convinced everyone he had everything under his own control. The nation believed him – so, why shouldn't Samantha believe him? He wasn't a dictator, never led anyone to a fall – and extended his small, unnoticed party by engulfing and conquering the Grays who had been dooming the country for decades. No reason not to believe him. Samantha took one final look at the clock and, with one giant jump, set her feet on the soft stairs. Her feet in blue socks hit on the stairs, and soon she was in the kitchen. The broad screen built into the table shone with steady blue light. Everything was the same as always – the same portraits on the walls, the same marble floor, the same food supplier, same metallic cage with a bird roosting inside, the same table that helped her every day and the same broad window with the most excellent view she could ever imagine.

‘Almost like we live in science fiction,’ she muttered to herself under her breath. ‘But, what’s really taken from science fiction? Just copying the Union’s success, an’ all. Our system’ll never get as good.’

She rushed over to the screen and, after some simple finger motions on the upper side of her implant, unlocked it. The materials of the new case were almost accessed. She could even dismiss breakfast and start working on it immediately, but there was only one thing that made Samantha lean on the edge of the table, knocking her fingers on the dark metal. She could not do anything without the ZEN – her only helper with the cases who, in today’s world where the info-field was even somewhat better-accessed than any real-life place, could help her handle everything without even being intelligent. Reaching for the food supplier’s grayish door with one hand, Samantha dialled yet another easy code into the table’s system. After a few seconds she clutched a thin bag of seed for Hamish, the small dove that was cleaning its smooth beige feathers after a good night’s sleep. Before Samantha could even open the crackling package, ZEN slid into the room.

Now fully recharged and turned on, ZEN slid into the room with the help of magnetic sensors. Even though he was a relatively old model who wasn’t as compact as his newer versions, he still served as an excellent robot helper. Samantha would’ve never solved the hardest cases of her life without her companion of a sort. Even though he did not have a mind, as any robot would, ZEN had done a great deal in help.

‘Goodness... What a queer case this is,’ Samantha muttered, leaning over the glowing screen. ‘William Mednikoff, aged 24, found in his own food supplier... In six hermetic bags, decapitated and with his limbs dismembered from the body, half-dissolved in acid... Whoever got hold of them bags must’ve been specific in what he was searching for, right, Hamish?’ She stared at the bird. The dove, enclosed in his cage, looked twice as fluffy after cleaning. The outraged look in his eyes showed that he possessed much less interest in Mednikoff’s case than he did in being able to be freed and finally consume the sacred seeds. Gasping, Samantha rushed to the cage and opened it quickly. Hamish fluttered out in an elegant move, settling his little body on Samantha’s shoulder.

‘Nice, you little lad,’ she smiled. ‘That’s what being a bird of a detective is. Knowing your exact place in the world. Well... You know what, man?’ She slid her fingers over her implant that now possessed the place where her hair has once been. ‘I don’t really envy the Union that much, y’know. That’s ‘cause we have what they don’t. We have freedom, Mish, true freedom of actions, not forced into a system!’

She spun around the room in her glinting X-metallic dress. The sun shone on all the curves of her body, making her shine like a bright star.

‘Let’s go, lads!’ she screamed, opening the bag of seed. ‘We’ve got a day ahead!’

And, with ZEN rolling behind and Hamish finishing the food, she leaped to the door with a smile on her face – to a door which opened into yet another brand new day.

Sasha Lubnina
(Year 8B)

◆ DIAMOND



◆ E N D G A M E ◆

Natalia Bortnyk, Year 9B

The second shot caught him as he turned the corner. The bullet hit his thigh. This time Anton first felt as if a red-hot rod had been poked into his leg, then he was thrown aside, and only then did he hear a rattle that made the windows on the first floor shake.

Belov fell to the warm asphalt, crouching in pain and trying not to moan, lest his pursuers believe he was half-dead. A stomp of footsteps – and Anton was roughly turned over on his back, his pockets searched.

‘Did you find it?’ was asked from behind.

‘Here they are,’ said the man who called himself Sergeant.

‘Here!’

Anton opened his eyes. The sergeant stood over him and handed a bag of diamonds to his partner. Glancing around the courtyard, Belov realised that he had no chance: with such a wound he would not even make it to the back alley. Now they would finish him off in cold blood and disappear with the stones.

‘...and I won’t even know where I am.’

A door creaked open, and a dry, bent old woman crawled out of a nearby entryway. She lifted her head and stared at Belov. She held the heavy door with her hand, but it was already closing, dragging the old woman behind her.

Anton realised that this was his only chance and there would be no other. Clenching his teeth, he threw up his healthy leg and targeted a kick at the sergeant with all his might.

The patrolman roared and bent in half. Belov jumped up and, limping, dashed toward the entryway, clutching the wound in his thigh with his palm.

He waddled past the old woman, whose face was slowly ripening with surprise, burst into the entryway and yanked the door open. The heavy iron door slammed shut behind him, but immediately shook from the nitwits outside.

‘Now they’re going to beat the code out of the old lady and catch up,’ Anton realised.

He ran hard up the steps. His shirt and jeans were drenched with blood, and he found it hard to take every step. ‘I wish I could get to the top! Maybe I can get away by the rooftops...’

But on the last span, Anton realised he would not be able to get out. With two wounds like that, he would not be able to gallop across the rooftops. A dark red puddle had collected under his feet, and he would be unconscious from loss of blood in no time.

There was a rustling sound from above. Belov looked up and saw a grey-haired homeless man on the stairs leading to the roof. He was sitting surrounded by scraps, staring with an incomprehensible expression at the trail of blood left behind by Anton.

The hatch above it was ajar. Anton took a step toward the man, but the movement robbed him of his last strength. From below, the door rumbled open. ‘They’ll come up here, finish with me first, and then they’ll take the little man out as an unnecessary witness.’

Grabbing onto the railing to keep from falling, Belov squeezed out, turning to the homeless man:

‘Run, father...’

For a second the man looked at him without blinking. Then, having correctly understood the warning, jumped up and with feline agility disappeared into an open hatchway. Anton looked around the apartments on the landing in the faint hope of a miracle that would save him, but knowing in his heart that no miracle would happen.

And he shuddered.

The door to the right was ajar. Old, worn-out shoes were visible through the crack. A clattering sound approached from below, and Belov, summoning up what strength he had left, stumbled into the doorway, shut it silently, and crawled down holding the doorknob. The door was locked with a key, not a bolt! All he had to do was pull it open to make it look like it was locked from outside.

‘If they pull it from outside, I’m finished.’

The pursuers ran up to the fifth floor and stopped in confusion.

'Where did he go?' one asked grimly. Belov heard the heavy sniffing, as if nothing separated him and the killers.

'On the roof!' the other one guessed.

'There, look!'

The metal ladder rattled. 'They ran upstairs,' thought Anton, relieved. A creeping grey veil crept over his eyes. He let out the door, pressed the two dots on his temples in turn, and his eyes cleared up. He knew it was a temporary effect, lasting no more than five minutes. But the two men who'd popped out on the roof now had to be back even sooner – while they were just making sure he wasn't there.



'So I've got a minute and a half, no more.'

Anton looked around at the apartment doors, picked the one where the lock was easier, and, fiddling with the effort, pulled a picklock from his jeans pocket. His fingers were trembling, and he only got into the lock pick on the third try. He froze, fumbling for the 'tongue', and pressed it.

The lock clicked, opening. But before entering, Anton dragged the dusty rug to where he was sitting and threw it on the floor, masking the blood trail.

Once inside the apartment, he locked himself inside. Clinging to the walls, he made his way to the bathroom. The medicine cabinet was where he'd expected it to be. Anton stripped off his clothes, ripped off his diamond belt, tore the packets of bandages with his teeth, and pressed a towel to the wound in his thigh. The shoulder could be dealt with later, but this hole was bothering him in earnest. Scattering the vials, he dug out the painkillers and swallowed five pills at once, chugging them down with tap water.

'The bullet seems to have nicked an artery... If I don't stop the bleeding, I'm dead.'

Anton tossed the blood-soaked rag into the tub, poured two vials of chlorhexidine over the wound, and grabbed a second towel. After applying a makeshift bandage, he crawled to the floor and leaned his back against the wall. He should have dealt with the wound in his shoulder and the knife scratch, but he had no energy. He should have got to the phone, but even the thought of getting up and going somewhere made him wheeze.

Downstairs, in the courtyard, there were loud screams. Even sitting in the bathroom, Belov could hear a woman squealing shrilly.

'Did those two really go in for the old lady?'

He glanced at the bandage. He seemed to have succeeded in stopping the blood. Now he needed to make up for the blood loss... But there was nothing in that medicine cabinet that could help him. 'I'll wait for the owners, ask them,' Anton thought with grim humour.

He had never been in such a mess before. It was the first time in two years of work that he was so close to death. But somehow the thought of it did not cause Belov much horror.

'I've lived a stupid life... I won't die a brave death, either.'

Anton felt not fear, but annoyance: he was prevented from doing his work well. True, he had kept half the cargo, but what good did it do him if he could not deliver it.

He sat down more comfortably, resting his back against the cool tiles. He needed to change the bandage... Change it... And call his men... He needed to get to a phone... Where was the phone in this apartment?

The pain was gone, but in its place a weakness came over him – an unhealthy, dangerous one, like a dream in a winter forest. Anton had no strength left to resist it.

'Don't sleep,' he commanded himself silently, with only his lips.

And he fell into oblivion.





EXCERPTED FROM THE MULTI-CHAPTER SERIES *DIAMOND ENDGAME*

BYRON VOICE

POP
ART



POP
ART

ART GALLERY

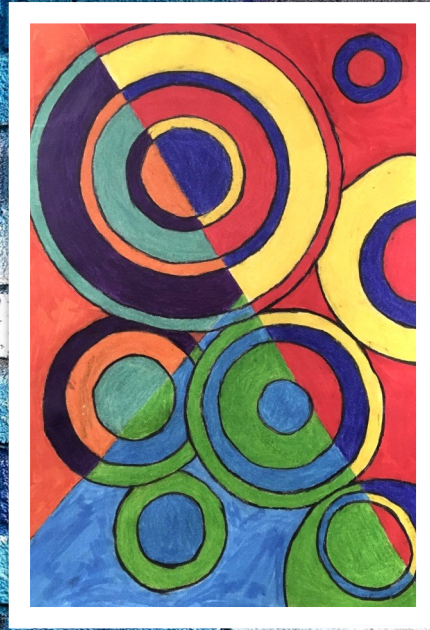
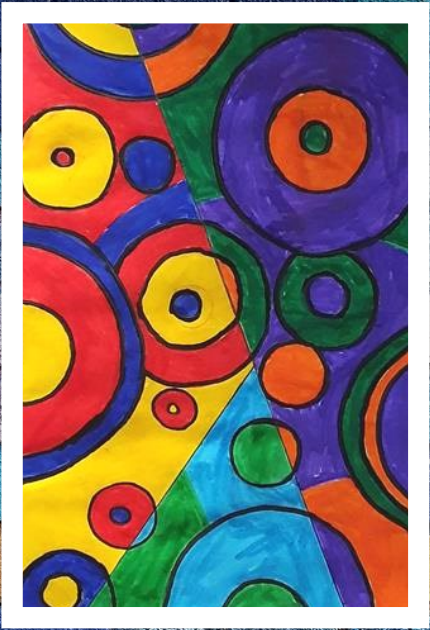
POP

ART





MARIZA KOULOURI (7A)
MARILENA POLITI (7A)
ALTHEI KATSAITIS (7A)



SABIB ABDUL WAHEED (7A)
SHAMMAH AYUBA (7A)
SHANAY HAJIMOHAMMADI (7B)



ARMAN IDRIS (7A)



SHAMMAH AYUBA (7A)



LINDA JIN (7A)
MATTHEW CAMI (7B)



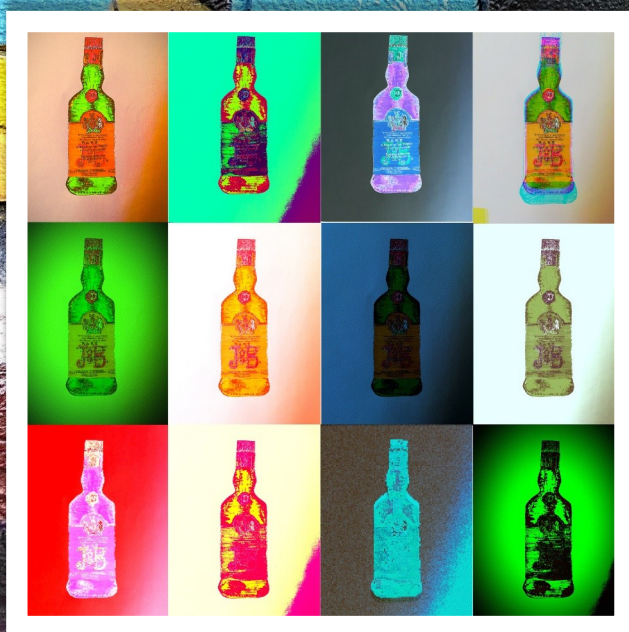
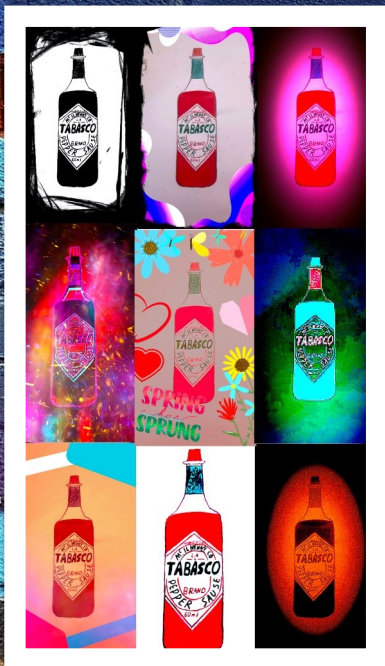
ALTHEI KATSAITIS (7A)
MICHALIS PAPPAS (7A)



ARMAN IDRIS (7A)



LINDA JIN (7A)
MARILENA POLITI (7A)



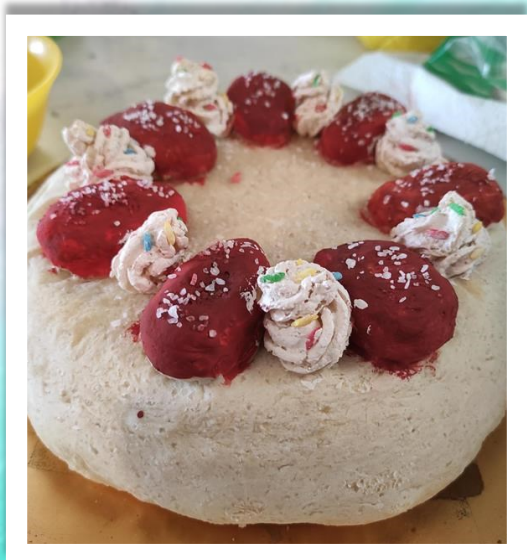
NIKITA AGKAFONOV (9B)
PENNY TRITSINIS (9A)
FRANGISKOS LAGO DA SILYA SOURTAGGIAS (9A)
PETROS BOURKOULAS (9B)

Good
Enough
to Eat*

**Visitors to the exhibition are kindly asked not to eat the exhibits.*

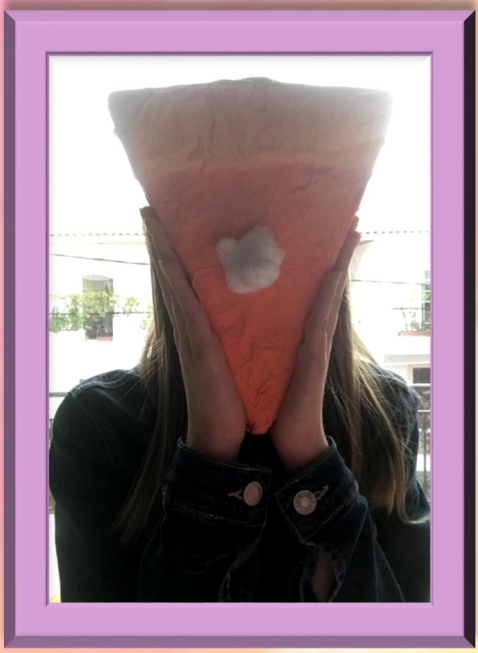


Ioanna Arvanitaki (8A)



Konstantina Stroggilou (8B)
EB Wright (8A)
Aysu Mammadova (8B)

Ana-Maria Denaxa (8A)
Valentina Kiliorides (8A)

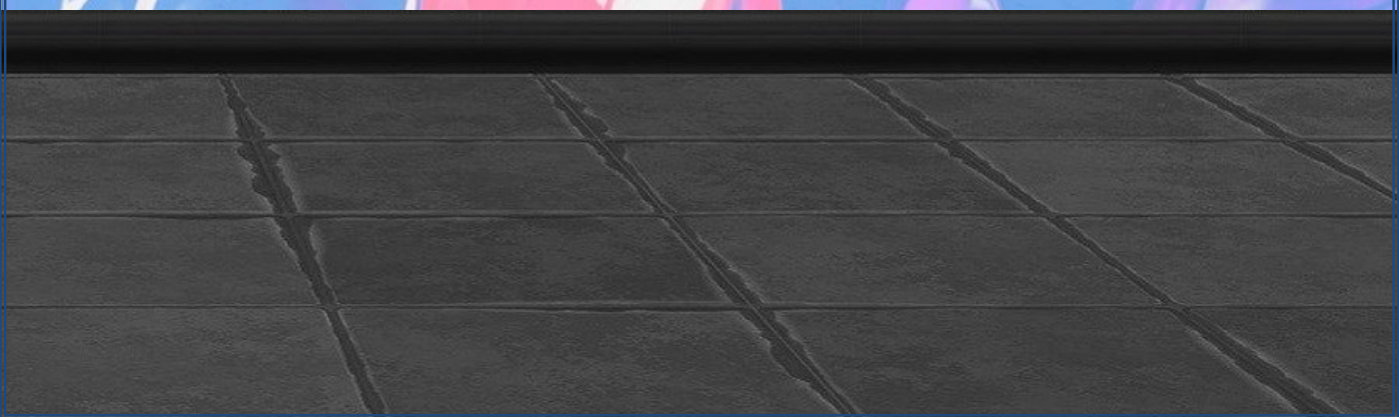


Portrait of an artist
"We're all mad here..."
The Cheshire Cat, from Lewis Carroll's
Alice in Wonderland

Melice Dayekh (8A)
Ashtyn Gulley (8A)
Nasywa Kartika (8A)

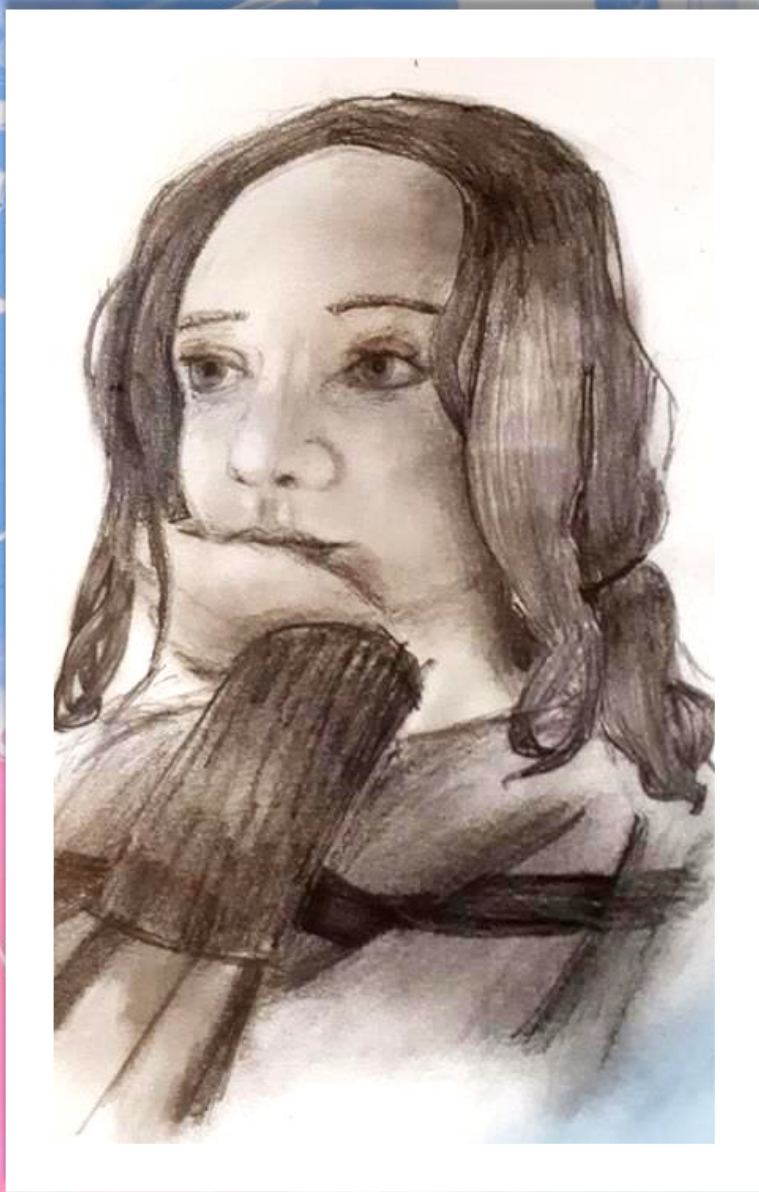


Through the Looking -Glass





Nasywa Kartika (8A)



Ioanna Arvanitaki (8A)

MESSAGES FROM THE KEY STAGE 3 FORM TUTORS

Never stop learning because life will never stop teaching!

"It was fantastic to be able to welcome all the students back at the beginning of the summer term. To me, it felt like it was the beginning of a new school year! You should be proud of yourselves, your resilience, and your ability to adapt to challenging situations. I am proud of each and every one of you. I wish you a safe and enjoyable summer and I hope that wherever you may travel, "the wind is always at your back." I look forward to welcoming you all back to school next year!"



MS TSELIOU (YEAR 7A)



*When the children cry / Let them know we tried
'Cause when the children sing / Then the new world begins*

WHITE LION

"These past two years have been an extremely difficult time. You had to go through this ordeal and it was even harder for you, our children. Two years... strange and difficult years of your childhood. You had to experience prematurely the difficulties of adult life but in the future you will be stronger. Do not allow yourselves to think that these circumstances can take away from you your joy, your optimism, your smile, your love. Try always to keep alive the little child in you; appreciate it as much as possible and give yourselves a chance to make life even more positive with a constant touch of childishness. Think of this sacrifice as a means to create a safer and wiser world."

MS KAFETZI (YEAR 8B)

*Upside down
You turn me
Inside out
And round and round!*

DIANA ROSS (1980)



"These past months felt as if the world turned upside down. But that did not actually happen; the planet did not flip off its axis. That would have been truly catastrophic. Yet still the pandemic felt as if life could never be the same again. I believe that when something unpleasant happens, instead of complaining what is 'sour' or wrong with it, you can try to 'tweak' the situation and turn it into something 'sweet' or positive. For every sunset there is a sunrise, and "where there's life, there's hope" (Stephen Hawkins).

After all... When life gives you lemons, make lemonade!"

MR LAIOS (YEAR 7B)

“What a year this has been! Undoubtedly not as we had imagined the school year, since most learning this year took place online. At least it was great that we had the opportunity to get back together after Easter and catch up – most importantly socially! I hope we all have a great summer break, charge our batteries, and get ready for a more ‘normal’ school year in September!”



MS PAPADOPOULOU (YEAR 8A)

*“And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.”*

FROM ‘LOVELIEST OF TREES, THE CHERRY NOW’, BY A. E. HOUSMAN



“These lines from one of my favourite poems perfectly encapsulate how I have tried to approach the extended lockdown this past year. I had the impression that most people in the world were holding their breath, waiting for the crisis to pass, for better days to come, for normality to resume. They hedgehogged themselves in front of their screens and spend the days, weeks and months in semi-hibernation.

However, despite the challenges and difficulties throughout this year, I still tried to make each day count because it was only ever going to be in my life once. Take any day of any year, I will only get one single chance to live it and make it count. In fact, humanity gets only one chance to live each individual day. In lockdown, I have tried to find ways to make the days count, to remember them and not try to pass through them apathetically. And whether that is by taking a walk in nature to relish the cherry blossoms or finding purpose and meaning in each day by supporting and helping others, it is up to us to make each day count, no matter the present or future difficulties we face. Remember: each day only ever passes by once! Don’t waste it.”

MS KOEPKE (YEAR 9A)

“Arriving in a new country, a new home and a new place of work in the middle of a pandemic was never going to be easy! But I am not the only one who has had to adapt and learn; everyone has had to significantly change their lifestyle and way of doing things over the last year. Albert Einstein once said, “The measure of intelligence is the ability to change.” You should all be very proud of how well you adapted. I look forward to next year and the full Byron Experience!”



MS KATSAITIS (YEAR 9B)

LETTER FROM THE HEADTEACHER

Following the huge success of the KS5 & KS4 issues of 'Byron Voice' earlier this year I am sure you are excited to receive Issue No. 3, which has been put together by our Key Stage 3 students. I am again exceptionally proud of this production as it is for our students, by our students, as it should be.

The Summer term draws to a close, as does the school year. This term has been a short and sharp six weeks, but Byron now feels like a school again with the chatter and laughter that you all bring to this special place. It has been a strange year, but we have got through it.

Despite the pandemic, Byron College continues to prove that nothing can stop us. We have been online, we have been in school only to go back online, and finally back to school. This has not deterred us and we have continued to show all that is great about Byron. Yes, we have all made a few mistakes and had a few mishaps along the way but these do not define us. What defines us is how we react to these mistakes and mishaps. As a teacher I feel a real sense of pride and fulfilment when I see a student who bounces back, grows, and above all learns from these situations. As Jennifer Lim says, 'mistakes are proof that you are trying'.

Life now thankfully appears to be returning to some sense of normality. However, we must all learn from this period, especially how we all came together as a community, the Byron Community. I believe that we are all better prepared for the future and it is important that we should all ensure that we remember the positives that we have experienced.

A huge thank you to all the contributors for getting the final issue of the school year to publication. Another huge thank must go to Ms Vekinis and the English Team for their meticulous work in overseeing this initiative. All that is left is to wish everyone in the Byron family a very happy and wonderful summer and we look forward to welcoming you back on Monday 6th September 2021 when 'Byron will be Back'!

Stay safe, take care and enjoy a wonderful summer.



Matthew Williams
Headteacher



*"A person who never made a mistake
never tried anything new."*

ALBERT EINSTEIN

A word of thanks

Well done to all of our student contributors who have proved that even under the most straitened circumstances of a year like no other, you can still rise to the challenge with your creativity, resilience, and desire to learn.

A major thank you to...

our Key Stage 3 Form Tutors for your coordination efforts for this first KS3 issue;

to the Humanities Department and Arts Department — in particular Ms Wasilewska, Ms Voulpioti, and Ms Georgoula whose generous and proactive support was invaluable;

to colleagues in the English Department for your brilliant ideas and support;

and to colleagues across the School and leadership for your feedback and encouragement.

All that is left to be said is have a wonderful summer and...

Happy Reading!

PRODUCED BY THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, BYRON COLLEGE, ATHENS, GREECE

ARTISTIC & EDITORIAL DIRECTION: MS VEKINIS



**COLLECTIVE
RESPONSIBILITY**
The Byron College Community



Byron College

THE BRITISH INTERNATIONAL SCHOOL

FRONT & BACK COVERS: ARTWORK BY LINDA JIN (YEAR 7A) & JEFFREY OUYANG (YEAR 7B)

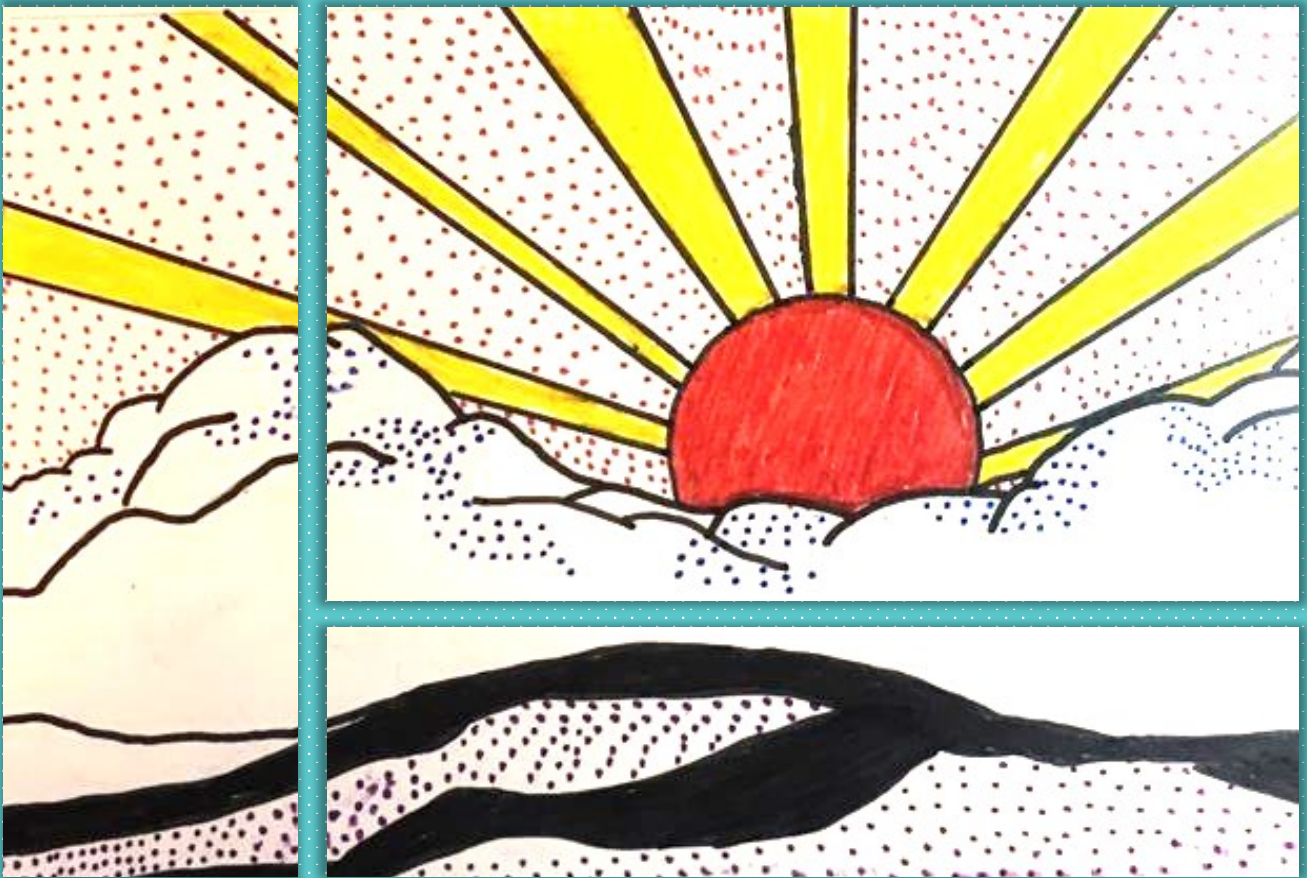
The background of the page is a decorative pattern of horizontal stripes. Each stripe is a watercolor wash, with colors ranging from light, airy blues to deep, rich purples and dark blues. The edges of the stripes are soft and feathered, creating a textured, artistic effect. The stripes are separated by thin, white gaps.

And sings the tune without the words –

And never stops – at all –



Emily Dickinson, American poet (1830-1886)



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