



# QUILL

Issue : 4 (2017-2018 Academic Year)



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dear readers

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Dear Readers,

As editors, it's our honor to present the forth issue of Quill, TED High School's English Literary Magazine. It was your delightful submissions which gave us the chance to publish this magazine.

With this issue, we are happy and also proud to share the wonderful works of our contributors with you. We received many exciting pieces in varied genres, including poems, short stories, reviews, photos, and drawings. For poetry lovers, "The Girl with the Glasses" is about a girl and her battle with anorexia. For a different perception of George Orwell's 1984, we recommend you take a look at the "1984 Meta-review." If you are looking for something different, there is "A Tale of Three Lords" which is a script inspired by the computer game Age of Empires. Also, we interviewed our school's new English teachers, so you can learn about their experiences and thoughts about our school.

There are several people whose support made it possible for us to publish this magazine. Firstly, we would like to thank our English department and principals, Sedef Eryurt and Tamer Atacan, for always encouraging us. Most importantly, we'd like to thank you, our dear writers, for filling each and every single page of this magazine with your significant contributions, and we hope to see more writers emerge from our readership.

Yours sincerely,

Quill's Editorial Team

# Le Fin

Meriç Selin Olcay

why?

I could have done something.

I should have done something.

While all these thoughts were in my head, it was hard to accept the condolences from my so-called friends and their parents.

he messaged you 20 times.

left voice messages.

should...

"Tyler, was a beautiful child. We couldn't have asked for more. He was talented, kind, sweet, caring.... It is really hard for me to comprehend why he wanted to take his own life. He could have talked to us, asked for help, or just...." These were all the words your mom could say before she burst into tears and became a sobbing mess in her husband's arms.

No, I wasn't crying. I didn't deserve to cry. While I left you alone with all those unanswered calls and unseen texts, I had no right to cry over the beautiful, yet also very delicate, figure in a small casket.

No one understood you. No one tried to see what a porcelain smile could hide, how long-sleeves could become your safe haven or how rugs could silence the thoughts in your head....

except me.

I was your only comfort, your only star, shining through the countless sleepless nights you had lied wide awake.... All until you left me alone.... I know I am the only one to blame here right now, but the voices in my head say you were wrong, too.... How could you have been? My head is so full of emotions and voices and thoughts right now. I should have gone to my shrink after your funeral. However, I knew the only thing she would do was to give a few sympathetic nods, trying to act all caring or feed me with more colorful pills, so why bother?

Those little chemicals infested your brain so well that you forgot me, left me all behind. We were this crazy mess.... "Josh and Tyler, the depressed maniacs of Riverdale High," they used to say. We were the best team I have ever seen. I know you are probably saying they were disgusting times and that I shouldn't talk like this up in the distance (The drugs made you sometimes say overly-optimistic stuff like this while we were still together.) but I can't help it. You seemed to forget the times we listened to death core music, cut with coke cans slashed open with kids' scissors or counted how many fresh and old cuts we had too easily. You were poisoned, Tyler. You wanted to get intoxicated, so they accomplished it. And after all the years we had spent together, you left your Josh alone..."

maybe it was right to not to pick up the phone.

No.

he was trying to take you away from us, Josh.

I want you to leave anyway.

ha, you think so. Maybe you should check out the crimson red slashes on your arms, boy.

...Stop...

I still remember that day so well, Tyler, the day you left me alone in the darkness. It was the third month you were on your three prescribed medications. And four months you had been clean. I was just starting to see this strange light in your eyes and your chirpier self. Even though you seemed to not talk to me that much, you began to get along well with other people on the hallways. Everyone saw you and not some creepy kid. I never found you sitting next to me during our science class, or escaping the PE classes for the sake of not changing clothes in front of other humiliating eyes. I was sitting alone in pure emptiness, trying to find another way to shush my demons while you were there, speaking to hundreds of new people and trying to tighten your grip you had for life.

The harshest part was when you didn't sit with me at lunch. I was there, early as usual (Not attending a class of our choice was our "rebel thing," remember?) yet you weren't there. The bell rang, all the "jocks," "preppies," "overly-spoiled rich kids"... but I couldn't find you. I sat at the very back, avoiding all the moving figures' skin puncturing eye contacts while trying to see you. I tried to seek you between all the other "normal people" so hard.... This went on like a solid ten minutes even though it felt like ten decades.

Then I saw you. You were with those "cool kids," who were trying literally too hard to form a band. I tried to call your name, but you couldn't hear me, as it was too noisy. I raised my hand for one last try, and you noticed me! But...you just glanced and turned your back to me and continued talking with your new acquaintances.

I was in complete shock. What had I done to you that made you act that way, I didn't know. All I knew was the note I found after lunch, inside my locker, buried under all those burdening books that read, "Meet me after school...on our usual bleachers."

After school, I was afraid. Why were we having a conversation after school and not during some recess? Why didn't we talk all day? You could have just come up to me....

It seemed like we shared mutual feelings. You looked more nervous than ever. You had this smile plastered on your face, but it was so worn off, after all the hours it has been through. I knew you had to take your chill pills soon, in order to restore it and use it again for the same boring faces in the same boring places. Your hug was small and almost a bit too friendly, not like our usual hugs we did before, which were more smothering and had this suffocating clinging-onto-your-only-physical-and-mental-support vibe to it.

he is never coming back.

you did it on purpose.

you are the...poison.

Your words were too straight-forward: "I don't think it is healthy for both of us to maintain our relationship and see each other anymore.... I am really sorry. But your condition is not helping my rehabilitation, in fact not helping me at all. Ms. Sheila also said that the more I hung out with you, the slower I get better..." Tyler had said.

All of these came out in just a few moments. And my world came crashing down.

"B...b...but Tyler, you are my only support. How? I can't live without..." I stammered. "I am sure you can. You just...can't live without depression. Josh, It's time you seek help. We can get through this together. I swear to God, if you come clean and get better, we will once again become closer just like we were before. However, for now, we should part our ways. You are no good even for yourself with that black hole inside you," Tyler declared.

"How can you decide what is good or what is disastrous for me! I do not need any help, I am fine! I am okay with myself and don't need to be sedated, unlike you! You are sleepwalking, Tyler, a walking dead. Don't think this artificial happiness will last forever, you will relapse again...."

These were the last words I said to you before you ran away with vermillion eyes, streaming tears and a shaking breath.

I can't believe those were your last words.

how pathetic.

you belong to me. i am you.

Right now, I am sitting with my black sweater and skinny jeans on, writing this meaningless "letter" to you while sitting on the old bridge's crooked railing. Why am I doing this to you? I don't know, maybe I'm asking for salvation or just jotting down my thoughts for a change.

The truth is I could not believe you called me that night. After all those months of not talking and our last bad, only argument, I was utterly surprised you called out for me. But I was too frustrated...for you...for myself...for us.... If I were that dangerous, why would you crawl back to me?

can you just stop already?

I won't. I need him to hear me.

come on. he is already dead. you are stupider than i thought...

Why are you this cruel to me?

you created me, Josh.

They said you binged on alcohol all night and later died because you ripped your esophagus from throwing up too much. The doctors used a fancy and sparkling name, but I am too light-headed to recall it now. What did you think about while you were drinking yourself away? Your life, your parents, therapy, all the things that you had done...or perhaps...me?

I hate that my prediction turned out to be true, but it seems like I got it right this time since you had...relapsed. I wish I was wrong in the best way possible so that you would be sitting here with me, together—alive.

I am so sorry, Tyler, sorry for not being there for you one last time, or not seeing the true and pure sadness you hid behind countless masks, like you once did when we first met. After all of this, I still hope you forgave me—or at least, you will. I will never, ever forget you, Tyler. I will always remember us, no matter how old I get, missing you more, each and every day.

he will never forgive you.

he doesn't even remember you.

No, he does. Shut up.

oh, you say so? then tell me why he left you in the first place.

he hated you. and will always hate you.

accept it.

He didn't hate me. I was life threatening for him.

you deserve to live like this...

alone.

seeking attention.

desperate.

foolish.

I will get help...

you won't! because if you get, then i will disappear. you need me, don't you?

...

I don't want you...

liar!

I won't be like Tyler.

oh you will. Just wait and enjoy the show...

Don't talk to me!

what has been created cannot be undone, Josh.

Enough!

I don't want to hear you talking ever again!

I'm always here.

Go away!

I wouldn't.

Leave me alone!

I couldn't.

I can't take this anymore...

there you go, Josh. set yourself free. let the pain get washed away by the river's winter-cold water...

I'm sorry...

Mom...

Dad...

Tyle-



Simay Batum

# Selma

Defne Dilbaz - Ted Alum, Class of 2017

I am a flabbergasted saber-toothed platypus with a freckled mind that sparks every now and then when I have a light bulb over my head.

But wait, that's another person's lie.

So, I have to replay everything that has ever happened to truly understand what anything means or is supposed to mean.

First off, I had a relatively mediocre childhood as most children do. I played in the sand, fell down, lost my way, called for mom, cried in her arms when feeling sad, ate her brownies, told other kids that my father would beat their fathers .... Sometimes, I would argue with mom and dad until these arguments turned into fights during my puberty. In my teen years, the world meant more to me than it meant to them. I feared oblivion at its most as I thought I was invincible: even God couldn't dare cross my path. Whatever I did made absolute sense to me as I ruled my own world. This continued until I finally started to literally control my own responsibility.

Parents mostly think it's fun, and oh boy is it fun, to see how your child struggles with college debts and first salaries. You can't buy anything, let alone rent a flat, as everything you owe is now a part of the London School of Economics. So, you start working night shifts in several different restaurants as a waitress.

The packing and unpacking is easier than most people think as it includes a promising idea of increasing life quality. After I had actually bought a small flat just around the subway and furnished it with discounted items from IKEA, I understood I was ready to unload all my possessions.

For all my life, I started evaluating a man's character by how many books he owned. After reaching a certain amount, I would look at the quality of the books and how much of them he actually read. And me, I loved reading as if it were my own child I was nourishing.

The particular book I was holding was the first I was unloading, as if it were my first child. I looked at the cover page to see a National Geographic photo of camels aligned in a desert. "A Story of a Story" it said on the cover underneath the author's name.

Layla was three when she came down with the flu. Most people didn't know how deadly it could be, so they rather preferred superstitious methods as spraying garlic powder over the houses and praying on Fridays as Allah would hear them best on that particular day.

But for Layla, Allah didn't save her two brothers and her smallest sister. She repeated to herself that Allah wasn't the one who had deliberately chosen them; it was their own destiny to be sacrificed in that way.

However, Layla gave up her hope when she, herself, had seen the great drought over the Sahara. Having always feared the desert, the Sahara had never been fond of

visitors, but with some amount of wealth, the gypsies would accompany strangers on the endless roads.

Visitors say that they mostly forget what their intention was whilst crossing because the only thing they could remember is the sand. However, the drought had left different memories on all the visitors and accompanied them through As-Sirat. Most do die on the way but of common reasons known to locals. However, even the camels who had suffered the long storm were killed by the drought.

Suddenly, it was only Layla and her mother who had survived from what they had seen, and I can say they only saw sand and death. They were left at the edge of the Mediterranean when Allah had no pity for Layla. Her mother, Selma, was also sacrificed and with this particular event, Layla realized that all the loved ones and Allah himself were left in Sahara, and now she was beyond anybody's reach. Only sorrow and death existed as the true gods.

At the age of fifteen, Layla was sold and bought and used repeatedly until she found the courage to run away and ended up a refugee in the streets of Turkey for the salary of a spoonful of soup and some bread crumbs.

Even then, Layla had faced so much, but she had never lost her spirit nor her wits. She knew that somehow the universe made her go through everything for her to inspire others as well. She searched for a companion for a long time until she found an editor in one of the metropolises. Long stories don't start easily, but like in the book, she started with, "I hope you have time because I won't stop until I've finished telling everything."

To her surprise, the editor she was talking to never interrupted once and agreed the story was worth listening to. However, editors were busier than ever back then. Fortunately, the editor had seen more in Layla to help her finish writing the story and marrying her after the first publication.

After that, many things happened to Layla which included both pain and joy, but most of which were more pleasant than everything she went through. At last, she found herself accepting "The Inspirational Woman of the Century Award" from Cambridge University.

Now married, she lives in some part of London with her husband and her beloved daughter whom they cherish a lot.

And me, while I put the book on the front shelf, I hear Selma's laughs approaching. Selma was my mother's name, and somehow I believe some part of my mom still lives with her. The universe had decided that she be my daughter, too.

# Poem

Derin Kutlay - 60241

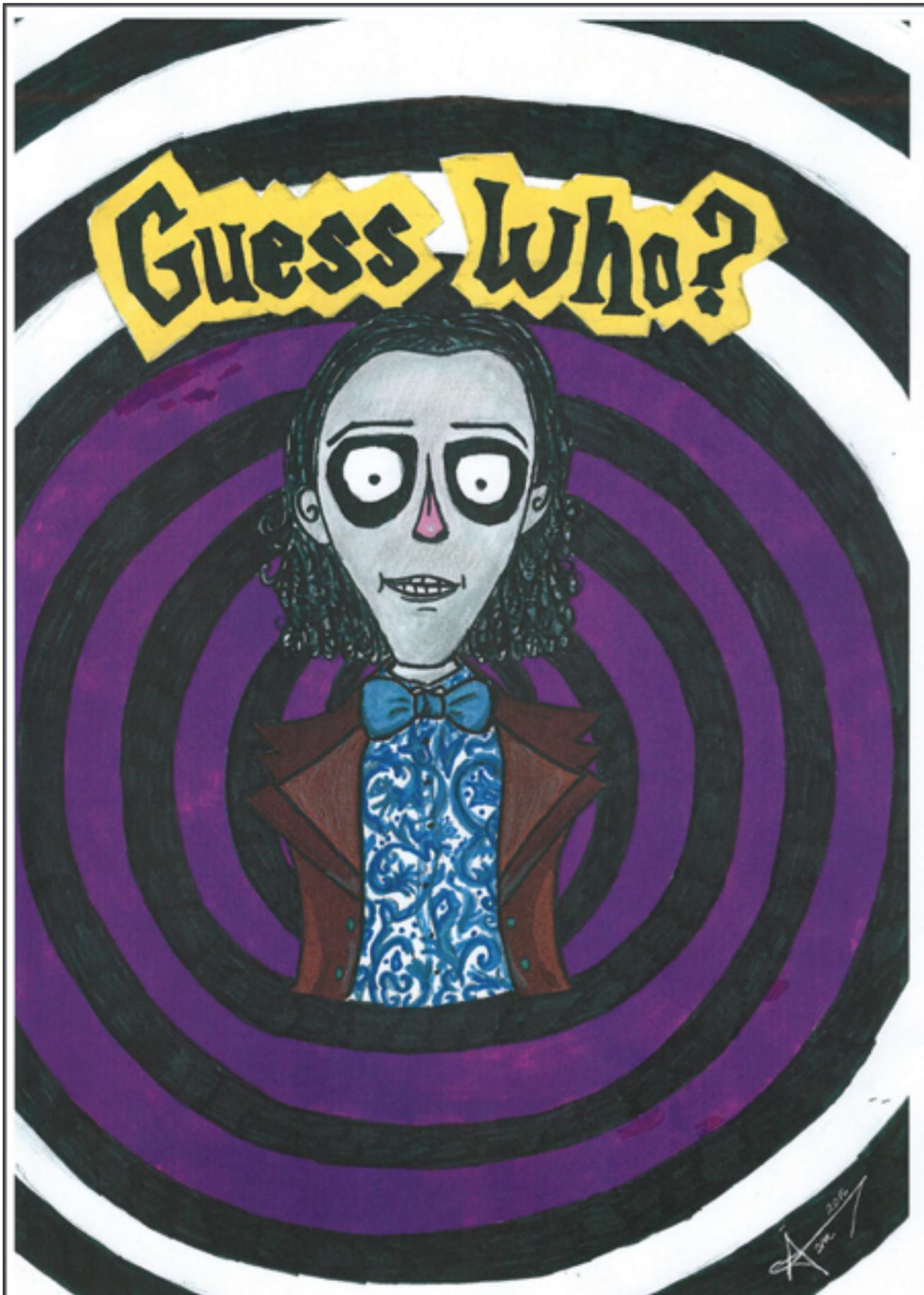
Lying, our beloved humanity's favorite habit,  
Still not a victim of fictional selection,  
Survived through classics, kids and our powder-pink planet,  
Ours is a crooked addiction.

A rightful battle for injustice began  
A long time ago; my gran wasn't even born then,  
Called a "white lie," to have comfort and ease  
Soon turned to deceiving whenever we please.

Now, those white lies are truths  
In a world where no one searches for proofs—  
Not even proofs!—just let them see a mirror.  
It will be unbearable for many people  
To see their eyes made of lies,  
Mouths from tricks, ears from unworthy apologies.

Ask people who call themselves wise:  
Which one was it, cheats or bribes  
Who helped you so much, and when the time comes  
Will kick you out?





İsra Gökçe Aşıcı

# Why it's Impossible to Write a Good Horror Story

Melis Gemalmaz - 102959

When I was in elementary school, I used to hear my friends talk about the infamous movie *Paranormal Activity*. It was claimed to be haunting – I even heard about people getting kidnapped after watching the movie. Of course, as a ten year old, doing stupidly dangerous things was a sign of being cool. So one Saturday afternoon (It had to be daytime.) I gathered up my courage and watched the movie.

While I can't say I didn't get scared at all, any effects it had on me was little to none. There was some creepy imagery, but there was nothing to draw blood out of my skin nor to make me lose sleep. Half an hour later, I was fine.

What was the problem with *Paranormal Activity*? While it had more problems than I could mention here, the underlying issue was that it failed to understand what horror is, and insulted its audience's intelligence by expecting them to be afraid of cheap tricks. A good horror story, on the other hand, respects the watcher / reader. It recognizes that people know they are getting into a horror story and will do anything to not get scared, and then it uses it against them, leaving the audience frightened, vulnerable, and attacked at its core. It is a voluntary assault on the watcher's / reader's part.

But what actually makes a good horror story? And why is it so hard to achieve?

Fear is not something bad by nature. It has actually been very helpful to us so far during the prehistoric ages, where survival was the predominant thing in our lives. You saw a pred-

ator, you got scared, so you didn't go near it. But while facing a lion is still pretty scary, there is something even scarier: facing something that you don't know.

If we know what we are faced with, using our intelligence, we can come up with ways to defeat it, to overcome it. But if the opponent is vague, something never seen and cannot be comprehended, how can we fight it? How can we save ourselves if the "thing" decides that we are not necessary? The answer is that we can't. And that's what makes it so unbearable.

Fear of the unknown has always been present in human minds. Think of two caves, one in which resides a wild bear; as for the other one, we don't know what is inside, but we know that anyone who entered, didn't come back. For all we know, there could be heaven itself inside. But the risk, the uncertainty makes us back up, choose the known route, even if it may not be less dangerous. That's one of the reasons we are so afraid of death: No matter our beliefs, we can never be completely sure what waits for us on the other side.

A particular subgenre of horror, developed and named after H.P. Lovecraft, takes a very extreme side in the case of fear of the unknown. Lovecraftian horror (a.k.a. cosmic horror) plays with the idea that there are truths in the universe that are better left unknown. Lovecraft explains:

The most merciful thing in the world, I think, is the inability of the human mind to correlate all

its contents. We live on a placid island of ignorance in the midst of black seas of infinity, and it was not meant that we should voyage far. The sciences, each straining in its own direction, have hitherto harmed us little; but some day the piecing together of dissociated knowledge will open up such terrifying vistas of reality, and of our frightful position therein, that we shall either go mad from the revelation or flee from the deadly light into the peace and safety of a new dark age. (Call of Cthulhu)

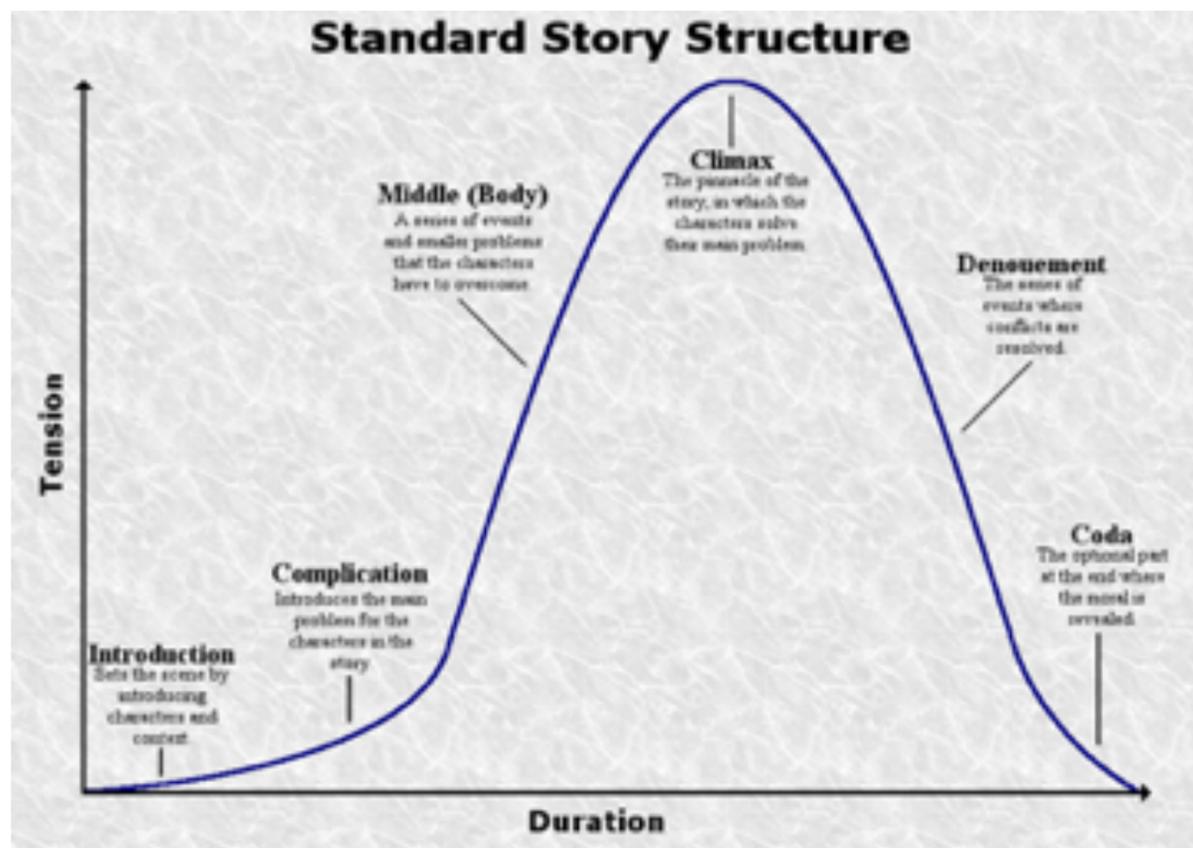
As we can see, even trying to comprehend these truths would either drive us mad or cause chaos and drag us back to a dark age. Humans are just another species continuing their lives on the little planet Earth in the little galaxy of the Milky Way, and compared to the scope of the cosmos, we have absolutely no significance on the events happening in the universe.

With Lovecraftian stories, most antagonists are simply god-like creatures who don't actively seek for the destruction of the human race more than we seek for the death of the mosquito in our room. Humans are not a threat for them; they are just stupid, annoying bugs. In fact, there's nothing wrong with harming or

driving the human race to extinction. Since these entities are so high that man-made moral rules do not apply to them, they cannot be good or bad. And why monsters act the way they do or who they actually are exactly is never explained because, after all, it is incomprehensible to our feeble minds.

And that is what makes any well-crafted story from the cosmic horror genre absolutely terrifying. It doesn't bother itself with explaining to the audience why something happens: it just does and there is nothing you can do to stop it.

It's at this point where a lot of self-claimed pieces of horror fail in creating a genuine and long-lasting fright in the audience. For example, take the first season of the show *Stranger Things* which is not known for being scary even though it classifies itself as a horror. In the first few episodes of the show, I remember being full of tension as the story progressed, with every new discovery (such as the Christmas lights or the fake corpse) increasing my curiosity. But after that, the show went on to explain what happened, where our protagonist had gone, and most importantly, the mechanics of the supernatural dimension, "Upside Down." And with that, it ceased to be scary and turned into an ad-



venture story. I knew about the threat now, so there was nothing to be scared of.

While *Stranger Things* failed to create horror within me, it was still a great story. And that was what it chose to be, a story, when it was faced with the choice. Because, while I used the term "horror story" throughout this article sparingly, an actual horror story is impossible to write, by definition.

A story looks like this. The author builds up tension and mystery around the conflicts, and then resolves it at the climax point.

So why doesn't this structure work with horror? Although everyone's definition of horror may change, we can have a widely accepted definition like this: "A piece of narrative that evokes emotions of fear even when a long period of time passes after viewing the piece." Let's imagine a horror following the structure above. It builds up tension by putting one creepy element after another, creates the perfect atmosphere to make the audience feel vulnerable, has your body shaking and you checking behind your chair...and then it throws it all out with the climax. It explains the monster, and then it doesn't matter whether heroes find a way to defeat it or not because in your perspective, it's already defeatable. You know what it is now. The unknown element is gone. It is no longer scaring you. It cannot be considered a horror any more.

And that's why it's impossible to write a good horror story. To have a good story means sacrificing the unknown for the known, and

consequently, the dread element, while having a good horror means vice versa.

That's the reason whenever a new horror book is published, most reviews are either, "It wasn't scary at all!" or, "The ending was too ambiguous!" both of which mean that the author made a choice on whether to write a good story or a good horror.

Which one is more important? It is a highly personal decision. But from the looks of the horror genre all across media these days, it seems like we could use some well-thought out horror.

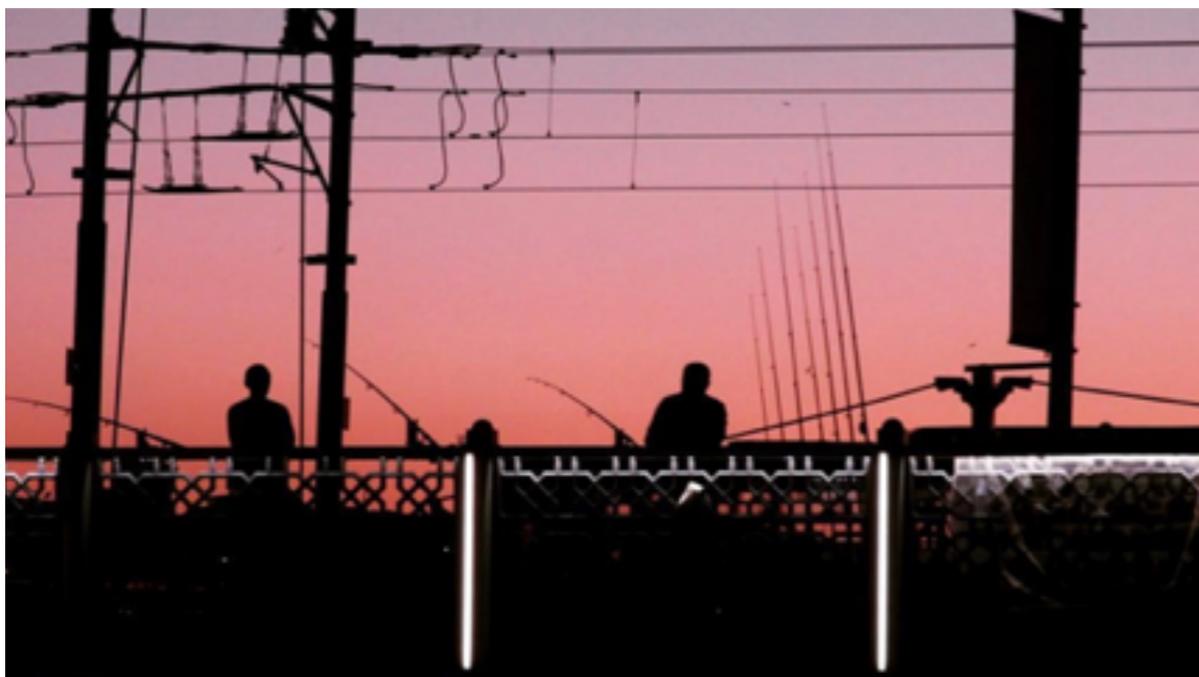
For further reading of horror fiction:

1. "Call of Cthulhu" by H.P. Lovecraft. A classic example of cosmic horror, and also a good short story to begin with when getting into Lovecraft.
2. "The Tell-Tale Heart" by Edgar Allan Poe. Another short story. While it's not much of a cosmic horror, has a great ratio of known to unknown elements.
3. *Uzumaki* by Junji Ito. A comic book heavily influenced by Lovecraft. By taking an absurdly simple concept and shaping it into something horrendous, it still haunts me months after I read it.

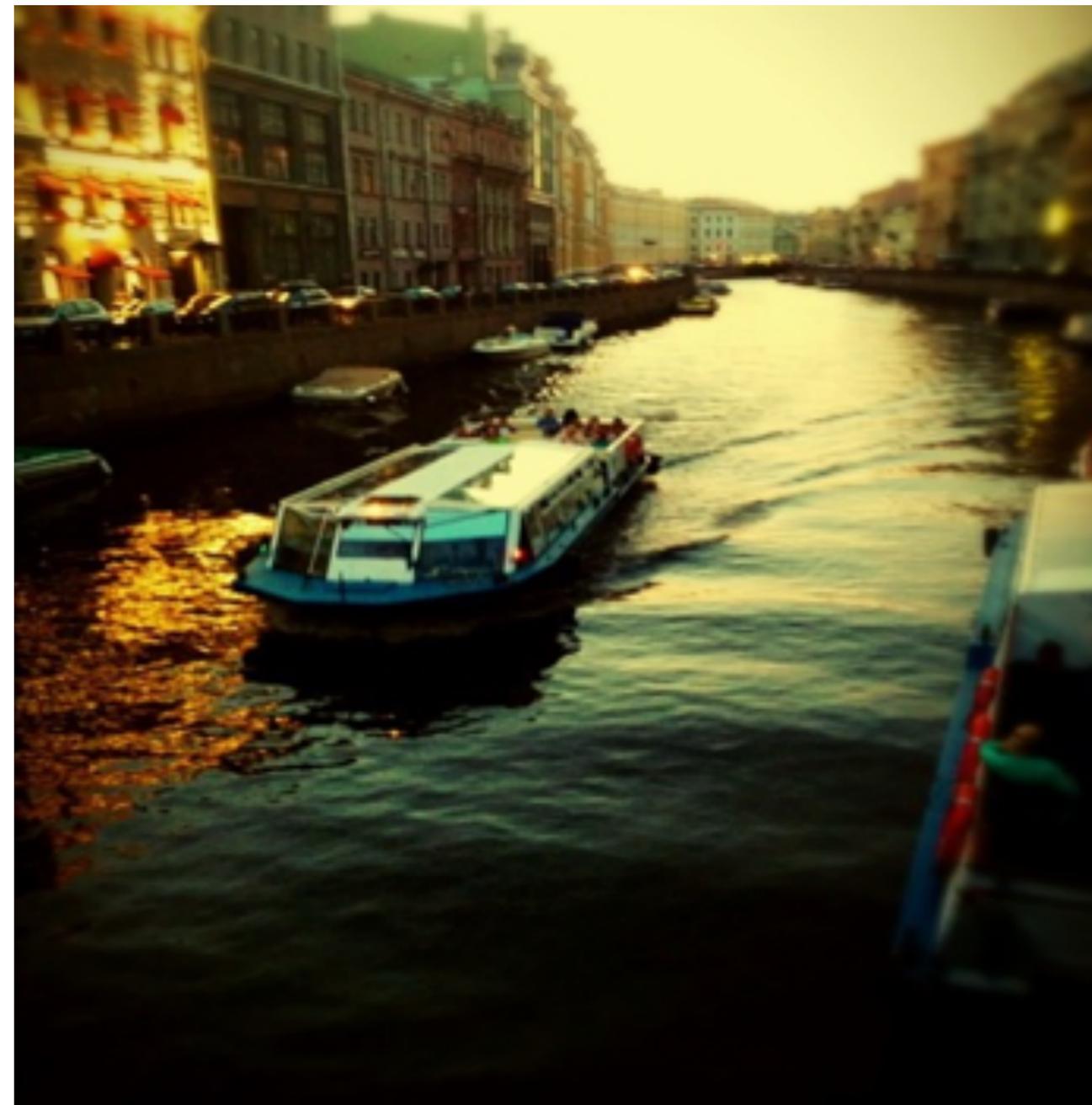
# We Were Drunk

İsra Gökçe Aşıcı - 82439

It was a late autumn night,  
 So many feelings I should resist and fight;  
 Love lost its meaning and cause;  
 The truth is obvious and my flaw.  
 Hope is little, but so strong;  
 It is like an unfinished song.  
 That night, in that small crowd,  
 You looked at me, so drunk, but proud.  
 I knew that look was blank but meaningful;  
 Those grey eyes were so thoughtful;  
 I tried to understand your ciphered gaze.  
 Should I believe you and be dazed?  
 You are a dreamy youth,  
 But now I see the truth;  
 That night I met with another you;  
 Everything was so different and so askew.  
 When you become sober again,  
 Just friends we will remain;  
 Maybe I will never see that look in your eyes;  
 That is also why the love inside my eyes, dies.



Mısra Serenay Özgök



Mısra Serenay Özgök

# Untitled

By Anonymous

It was dark again when he turned off the raggedy lamp. The lamp was there since eternity, he reckoned, with the same dusty bulb. If it were two years earlier, he would have to turn it on to figure out the condition, recall its shape, and what the color of light resembled. However, as it has been two years since he turned the knob, which was even older than the lamp, he supposed, for the first time, he stepped in and has started to stare at the lamp for four hours a day in utter despair and delight with a feeling that he is extremely dispensable and precious and has memorized the following precise markings: flies that were too unfortunate to mistake the old lamp for the earth's sublime star, flies that were fortunate to find a decent and monumental grave compared to their size, scratches that have been made due to various and completely independent factors and actions, and, most importantly, how bare, how disturbingly stark it was. The lamp always looked the same and the inertia depressed but he did not have a choice. The daylight, the fresh and warm daylight, which used to be his muse, was a foolish idea to hold onto because of the conditions he was surrounded by, the plight he was cursed to observe and experience. Thus, his search for daylight in ultimate darkness led him to the old lamp.

Suddenly, an idea struck his mind; at first, he was startled with the horror of it, albeit as he thought, staring at the lamp, he realized how marvelous the idea was. It was simple yet fascinating. How couldn't he come up with it before. He was going to get out. He rose and headed to the door and closed his eyes with pain, inhaled, torturing himself, took a few steps, felt the uneven, defective yet familiar structure of the ground, lied on it and with an instant courage opened his eyes.

He died, passed away within a few seconds, but fortunately, his last thought was how content he was and what an enchanting idea it was when he heard a peaceful voice echoed first in his ears with old, familiar vibrations. At the same moment the voice reached his brain to trigger remote memories, he realized how he interpreted aged things because of the shabby lamp that dictated his mind over the last months. When the voice touched his heart, he felt an ancient emotion: belongingness without a trace of contempt. At last, this emotion bounced back to his mind and he thought about the owner of this voice, his mother, who was the first victim of the greed of others, the ones who were idle to care for her and her son when the respirable poison first stole the daylight from them with a great, loud but sudden announcement in advance.



Defne Dilbaz

# Bloody Ivory: Some Thoughts on Orwell's "Shooting an Elephant"

Defne Çekirge - 102881

The story "Shooting an Elephant" presents the evils of imperialism while revealing the unique style of George Orwell. His novels (1984 and Animal Farm) and essays are based on how 20th century politics have created dystopian and totalitarian regimes. The honest author criticizes big countries and the injustice of the regimes. Another similarity in his works are the inner conflicts of his main characters. In most of his works, there are two different sides defending two opposite ideas, and the main character tries to choose which side is advocating the truth.

"Shooting an Elephant" takes place in the town of Moulmein in Burma (present-day Myanmar) in the 1920s, when the country was a province of India and India was part of the British Empire. According to the study guide prepared by Michael J. Cummings (2009), [F]or two-and-a-half centuries, Britain expanded its economic interest in India. In 1858, Britain transferred control of India from the East India Company to the British government. The British overlords directly imposed their will and their ways on three-fifths of the populace in what became known as "British India" and indirectly on two-fifths of the populace in autonomous native states. Meanwhile, after fighting three wars with the Burmese—the first from 1824 to 1826, the second in 1852, and the third in 1885—the British gained control of Burma and incorporated it into India. Britons dominated the economic, political, and social life of their conquered lands. The British got the best jobs, held the top government posts, and exploited the natural resources. They also erected social barriers between themselves and the natives. All the while, native resentment of the English was building. In the twentieth century, this re-

sentment continued to increase. George Orwell and other writers, including E.M. Forster, were among dissident voices that called attention to the evils of British imperialism.

The story is highly autobiographical: the narrator works as a sub-divisional police officer in Moulmein, a town in the British colony of Burma, at the time the story occurs. He is conflicted about his place in British colonialism and about the whole imperialist-economic-system in general. The narrator explains,

With one part of my mind I thought of the British Raj as an unbreakable tyranny, as something clamped down, in saecula saeculorum, upon the will of prostrate peoples; with another part I thought that the greatest joy in the world would be to drive a bayonet into a Buddhist priest's guts. Feelings like these are the normal byproducts of imperialism; ask any Anglo-Indian official, if you can catch him off duty. (Orwell)

On the one hand, he recognizes it is a disgraceful and restrictive system. On the other hand, he hates the locals who insult him because of his role in the imperial police force.

Besides Orwell's way of writing and language, one of the most remarkable techniques Orwell uses is the opposite ideas that are combined together (oxymoron): "grinning corpse," the description of the death of the "Dravidian coolie," Orwell's own contradictory ideas for killing an elephant, his weak feelings about the powerful weapon he has and also his antipodal opinions about British imperialism. In this way, he draws a detailed picture of both the story and the atmosphere in it: "His face was coated with mud, the eyes wide open, the teeth bared and grinning with an expression of unendurable agony. (Never tell me, by the way, that the dead

look peaceful. Most of the corpses I have seen looked devilish.)" (Orwell). He compares the expression of agony, the absence of peace by the devilish look on the faces of the dead. The narrator continues, "But in falling he seemed for a moment to rise, for as his hind legs collapsed beneath him he seemed to tower upward like a huge rock toppling, his trunk reaching skyward like a tree" (Orwell). The simile in this context focuses on the toppling of the great beast and emphasizes the glorified death of the elephant. On the other hand, in the same paragraph the simile is found, the sentences become shorter. Thus, Orwell reflects his shocking and saddening feelings while highlighting the vividness of the elephant's death.

The elephant plays a really important role in the story. Actually, it is the central symbol of the story. There are two different interpretations: According to one of them, the elephant shows the effect of colonialism, both the colonizer and the colonized. The elephant, like the colonized herd, has everything limited: his liberty, his rights, and such. Besides, he becomes savagely insurgent as a reaction to its captivity. On the other hand, like the colonizer, the elephant damages the Indians' ownings, their homes. (Cummings)

Furthermore, like the British public the elephant should be demeaned as it is expected. The narrator describes, "For it is the condition of his rule that he shall spend his life in trying to impress the 'natives,' and so in every crisis he has got to do what the 'natives' expect of him. He wears a mask, and his face grows to fit" (Orwell). The second interpretation of the meaning of elephants focuses on innocence, especially the loss of innocence. By shooting the elephant the narrator thinks he has completely destroyed it even though he doesn't want to. That's why he thinks bullets can no longer damage it: "He was dying, very slowly and in great agony, but in some world remote from me where not even

a bullet could damage him further. I felt that I had got to put an end to that dreadful noise" (Orwell).

The indecisiveness of the main character about killing elephants is what the story is mainly about. Yes, he kills the elephant, but at the same time he experiences feelings of sorrow and remorse. However, it is really interesting that generational gaps create a huge difference between two comments. The narrator says, "The older men said I was right, the younger men said it was a damn shame to shoot an elephant for killing a coolie, because an elephant was worth more than any damn Coringhee coolie" (Orwell). Instead of going with the "road not taken," he did what he was socially programmed to do, and according to the old man, killing the elephant, obeying the majority, is more rational than tackling a truth which requires courage while younger people defend the opposite. The divergence between old and young is because of experiences. The old man's wisdom makes him lose his idealism and give up following his thoughts because he realizes some hard realities of life. On the other hand, the young man is not aware of the regularity of the world and simply follows his pink dreams. "Somehow it always seems worse to kill a large animal" (Orwell). Even if the people don't want to admit it, it's true that the incidents in large, industrialized countries influence and impact the world more than incidents in smaller, undeveloped or less-developed countries. For example, a bombing in Sudan is not as influential and forceful as a bombing in Paris because there is a perception that bombings in African countries are normal. Both in this one sentence alone and throughout "Shooting an Elephant" Orwell effectively characterizes several countries' actions throughout history, and generally—and sadly—humanity's tendentiousness attitudes that often have tragic consequences.

# Letters

Serra Su Cömert - 71947

The unfinished, unsent letters  
at my desk  
are begging me to complete them.  
They stick and scream and increase my pain  
as I stare at my hands, once a gem.  
My poems seem to tease me nowadays,  
as they lie flat on the floor  
and mock me with metaphors.  
They laugh and tease and hurt my head  
as I lock myself by closing the door.  
My oldest friends, stories  
have given up  
on me long ago.  
We don't talk anymore; they torture me with silence  
as it's been long since they bowed down, I know.  
But it's the letters that bother me the most,  
because it's too late  
or too meaningless to complete them now.  
Time flew really quick—too quick—  
as I was too busy letting myself down.  
So the letters keep staring at me  
with teary eyes  
and shaky writing.  
My hands remain silent, too,  
as if they are as well crying.

# if only

Serra Su Cömert - 71947

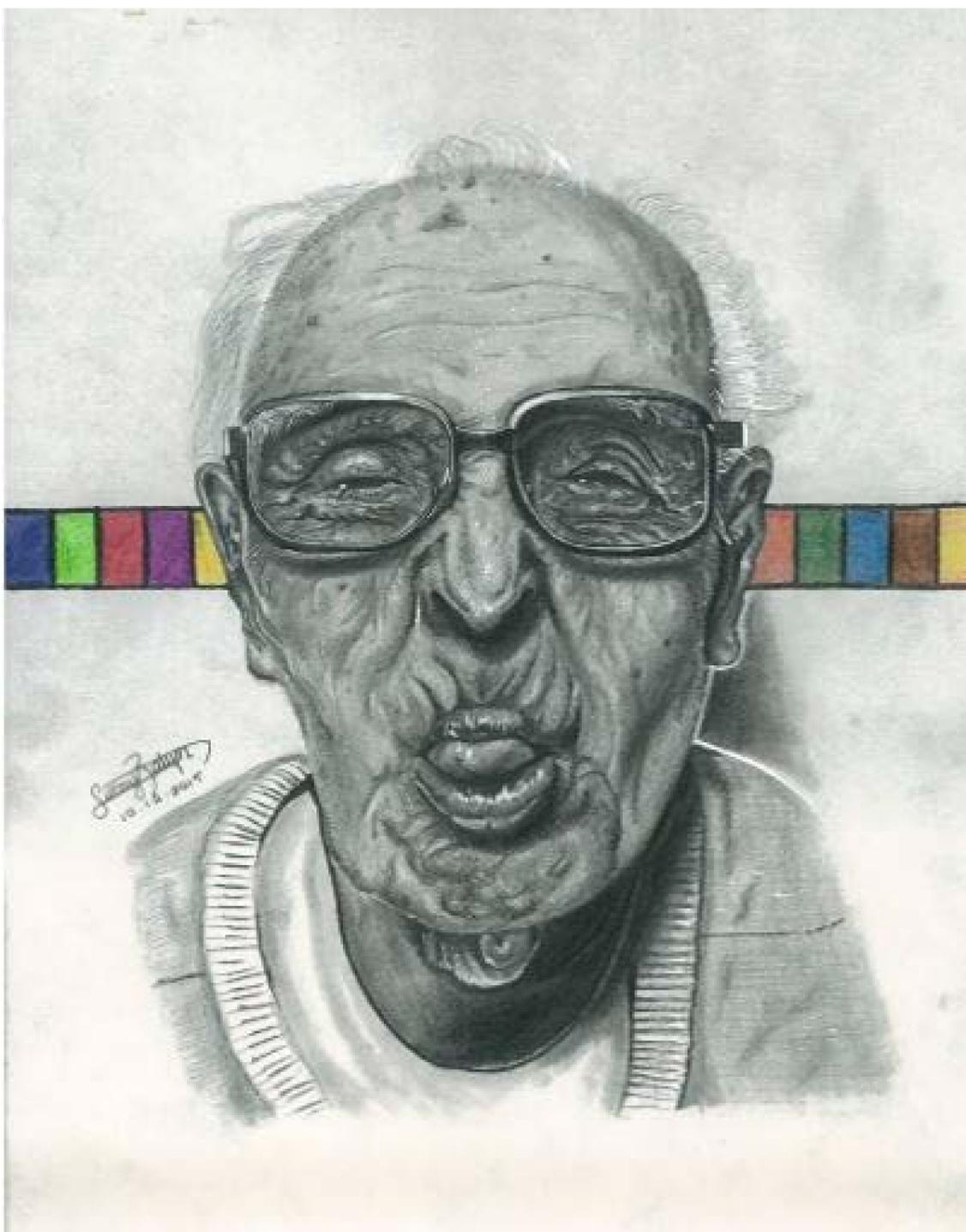
if only  
i could build  
a paper boat  
and sail away  
from this depth i'm in  
if only  
i could make  
a sand plane  
and fly off  
to the sun  
if only  
i could create  
mirror flames  
and melt the ice away  
from my glass heart  
if only  
i could have  
a paper life  
so i could fill  
the emptiness with words



Defne Dilbaz

# The Couch

Elifsu Gözen - 92805



Simay Batum

While Daniel was sleeping on the big brown comfortable couch, his lips were crushing each other so tightly that they were getting a purplish color. His eyelids were shut; his breath was fast and furious. Before he woke up, his hands squeezed the soft white pillow that he was sleeping on. His muted moans were spreading through the walls and furniture. With a deep, noisy breath which sounded like he was coming out of underwater, he woke up. Tears were streaming down his red cheeks, and he didn't even know why he was crying at all. His blue shirt was soaking wet.

He tried to push himself from the moist couch and stand up. He failed. His mind suddenly remembered all the blurry memories extracted from his gloomy dream. The fear, the black weird creatures chasing him, the vacuum he felt... He knew the "amnesia attack" had arrived which made him lie on that couch for hours while he couldn't help himself and think about things which were not real, and scared him to death. Like monsters or creatures of black holes that sucked up his thoughts, he felt like these were real. He never told anyone as people would probably freak out and call a doctor, but he knew he couldn't keep a secret from his own mind. He believed these were real. Actually, he believed he would wake up someday from this enormous nightmare.

He was terrified. His mouth was shut and his eyes were wide open, scanning the areas he was able to see as he couldn't turn his head right or left. He only managed to see the plain lamp which was off and the black desk right next to his couch. His face was getting a bright color and his breaths were sounding like he wasn't inhaling air at all. The force on his shoulders, the fear he was going through made him anxious. His mind started making up things. Even though there was no movement in the room, he felt like something was coming towards him. He couldn't help but try to scream like a little girl, but his throat was choked up. He knew the paranoia was going to take him down and crush

his mind like a truck crushing the street if he didn't stop this.

Without a doubt, he knew there must have been a solution to this issue he was dealing with. He shut his eyes and started counting from one to ten. The only thing he knew from the very first start of these attacks was when he counted or thought about his exquisite, much-adored sister, the calamity surrounded his fear and demolished it. He didn't actually know what was going on as he never wanted to see a doctor or tell someone. His mother, in particular, would freak out and even want him to come back to their house. He loved living alone even if he was sick of nightmares and amnesia attacks.

His thoughts about his sister, his family, home, and his counting-downs were making him more tranquil now. At that moment he opened his eyes, and breathing more regularly this time, pushed himself again from the soaked couch. This time he felt the cold air tickling his back like a feather. These sensations reminded him of a woman's touch. These were the good symptoms he got used to after a while.

Now, he was sitting on the couch, hands over his sweaty hair, trying to prevent his feelings from falling apart. He was exhausted even though he only laid there. He coughed to get his voice back. "Okay, I am fine," he told himself, yet he knew subliminally it was a lie. He was never fine. From the beginning of the fearful journey, when he was fourteen, he knew he was always afraid of something, but he never named it. He was too shy to admit that he had talked to himself while doing something at home alone aiming to protect himself. He believed these creepy creatures were afraid of human voices.

As always he had believed lots of things which were not nearly true at all. While sitting on that brown, harmless looking couch, the thoughts he couldn't stop were surrounding him like a flood.

He didn't know why he was desperate and why he felt like he needed immediate help, but he was enormously afraid of telling someone about having such nightmares which he enjoyed unconsciously. He was sick. He was very sick. Even though he never wanted to admit it or never did, he enjoyed feeling this fear and adrenalin running unceasingly through his veins. This was insane. Was he insane?

The brief thought of being insane and excluded made his heart beat fast and his legs tingle. Running his hands quickly through his wet spotted hair, he drew a long sigh. Was he a normal guy? Did everybody have those terrifying yet somehow lively nightmares or dreams? What will his sister and his mother, the two women he actually cared about in his entire life, think about him when they learn that he, Daniel, had a habit of having nightmares regularly? Those questions kept turning in his mind like a tornado, were of no importance to him, despite the fact that he clearly knew that every second of the day, a voice on the back of his mind kept asking these questions. This voice actually reminded him of the creature, the black shadow in his nightmares.

"Okay, it is time for me to get up from this freaky couch and go eat something," he said with a shaky voice cutting his thoughts. His voice was somehow powerful and harsh. At least that was what he thought.

After stretching his muscles and bones, he yawned and slowly went up from the two stairs to his mini kitchen. When he heard the rumbles coming from his stomach, he giggled. After five seconds, he forcibly stopped himself from giggling although he didn't know why he was doing this to himself. How insane of him. The pathetic feeling of not loving himself has always appeared ever since he was fourteen, so he never wanted to laugh at anything. Of course, he did laugh when he was with his friend or family, but he never felt like he trusted himself about being funny like other people, or he always felt like there was something wrong with him, so he shouldn't laugh. He was different. It was like the way he punished himself for being miserable. He was miserable and he had nothing but problems to deal with. He didn't know why he was like that. Actually, he didn't know lots of things he was doing. He was just acting the way his conscience wanted him to.

He propped his hips to the bench and opened the fridge door. His eyes searched for something sweet because adrenalin and fear almost had eaten up all

the sugar in his body. He was shaking with hunger. The pudding his sister made the other day was still in the fridge, looking delicious and yummy. His blue eyes got wider and darker as he quickly grabbed the bowl. Pushing the fridge door with his foot, he opened the cutlery drawer; finding a clean spoon, he rushed to the table over the bench and sat dropping out of his body. The hunger made him such a monster.

As he finished the bowl, he rested his back on the chair, looking more alive with color in his cheeks. Contrary to his emotions minutes ago, his mind was now empty. Even though he didn't realize it, these actions made him forget about the terrible nightmare he had a half an hour ago. He only remembered the dreams if he saw them again, which meant at least one of the two days. However, right now, he only recalled the horror he felt, nothing further, not the shapeless monsters, the dark creatures, or the heavy breathings—just the black fog and nothing more. This was the worst part of having nightmares: as he could not call up the details, he couldn't tell anyone.

Another thing that made his sight blur was the fact that he could not realize which dream was true and which was not. He was in a situation where he had no control of anything. Actually, this feeling was like being a puppet in a game not knowing who the master is controlling you. The reason for this anxiety stemmed from the nightmares he kept waking up from. After a while he adjusted to the realization that he may never wake up from one, and he may never know if it is real life or not, resulting in a paradox going on and on. What if he wakes up again and it was all a dream. Sometimes, even the people he met in the dreams were not real. Sometimes the school he went to was not real. Sometimes his whole life felt unreal. The paranoia was eating his mind like a zombie. He could not stop the fear.

Looking at the living room without blinking, he suddenly had shivers and stood up. He stretched, again standing up for a while. Afterwards, he took the bowl to the sink and washed without thinking about anything. He put the clean bowl on the bench to let it dry by the air. Suddenly, he remembered he had to go to school for his business lesson. The sigh he made was full of rage. He quickly climbed the stairs to the second floor and, having reached his room, started to look through his drawers. When Daniel finally found his jeans and pressed shirt, he smiled and got out of the untidy room in a rush. He didn't want to be late as his teacher was a little bit of a weird and angry man. Putting his socks on,

he ran in the house with fury trying to find his car keys. "Where are you?" he said in an irritated voice. He exhaled while looking under the soft pillow on the brown couch in which he was sleeping an hour ago or so. He finally found them under the chair he was sitting on while eating the pudding. Trying to get up from the floor, he hit his head on the table. "OH COME ON!" he yelled out into the empty living room. He pushed the table, his eyes burning in anger.

Again, he tried to count from one to ten to calm down and chill with deep breaths standing in the middle of his living room. There was something wrong with him—mentally. He just breathed out the anger and quickly walked to the door. Due to the fact that there were no windows and the lamp was broken for two weeks, he barely saw his reflection on the mirror, which was next to the shoe cabinet. Squeezing the perfume his mother bought one week ago, he knew that something was wrong. He had a sticky taste in his mouth which made him thirsty. He gulped, scared of what he was going to see, looked at the mirror. His instinct was right. There were a lot of things wrong. His face was blurry and wrinkled. His eyes were half closed looking like he had been using drugs even though he felt the stretching of his eyelids being wide open. He felt a touch on his arm and saw that it was a pure dark shadow, but as far as he remembered from his physics lessons, no objects could have a fully dark shadow.

The flames of fear this time rose from his stomach to his throat smothering him. He felt the adrenalin, which felt like he welcomed a good old friend, and he felt the anger in his veins running with his blood fast. While his heart was beating like a drum, he could only look at himself in the mirror with the interminable shock. He should have noticed there was something completely wrong.

At first he tried to move his head, but as always he could not. He had this shock and amnesia attack problem at least in every dream and every day he woke up. After the third try he finally moved his fingers. Still looking at the reflection of his black eyes in the mirror, he slowly stretched his fingers and toes. He was like a tiger trying not to wake his food. His black eyes were shining like black marbles. "Oh no!" he whispered. "My eyes are not black." His voice made an awful echo even though his mouth didn't move at all. "Oh, God, No!" said the shaky voice again sounding like coming from another space.

After a few minutes, he was able to move his muscles,

but the second shock was even more awful. He felt the dark and cold creatures vacuuming his body. His breaths were getting heavier and slower as he felt like someone was choking him. He saw them again. They were indescribable. They were soaring as though they had cloaks and hoods. It felt like they were practically eating his feelings. However, he was sure this wasn't the right day to die. Not now at least. He kept telling himself that he needs to move a step further and get away from these maybe harmful, maybe occult creatures. Quickly moving towards the metal heavy door with big steps, he opened the locks as the dark shapes followed him slowly as if they were shooting a scary movie. He could swear that he heard the basic horror movie song playing in the background as he opened the locks as fast as his hands allowed. Opening the door with his glutinous hands, he ran from the stairs to the front garden where his dog was sleeping. As soon as the dog heard him and saw Daniel running, he started yelping with a playful sound. Daniel saw one of the creatures flying like a ghost towards his dog, Loki. He hesitated before opening the door to get out of his garden. He felt like his house was a meeting point for these ghost-like creatures as they were expanding creepily from his home to the sky, creating this gloomy and sorrowful thick air. He had nothing to do. After taking a step outside, he heard a voice with a beautiful timbre. "Brother?" his sister Erin said sounding like an innocent angel.

His blood rushed in his veins; his hands started shaking; his breaths were heavy. He said he had nothing to do, didn't he? He was incredibly afraid to turn back where he stood in the middle of the road, knowing the creatures were coming towards him and maybe his sister who just came out of nowhere, unstopably. He felt the horripilation on his skin. Before he started to turn around, he took a deep breath; his head and body, slowly like a ghost, turned around. His blue eyes caught Loki's brown eyes which made him remember the day he adopted him when Loki was just a little puppy. "How foolish of me," he told himself with the love burning in his eyes like flames. He felt like his dog was his child.

He scanned the area without moving a finger, but he couldn't see any sign of his sister. He swallowed hard before calling out her name: "Erin? Are you here baby?" His voice was shaky as the cold and dark were spreading through. He felt like he was in a massive cloud as the creatures were spreading around him and taking him in a circle. He was going to be eaten by them. His dog was long gone. Everything was over. At least those were his

thoughts in these kinds of situations, which was often, to be honest.

His thoughts were cut by the angelic voice coming from his dog's direction: "Brother? Daniel are you there? Isn't it getting cold in here? I want the sun back, what is going on?" Again, it was only the voice but not her appearance. He knew he was out of his mind, but this was too much for someone to handle. He had to find her before . . . something he did not have the courage to say happened.

"Erin where the hell are you? Come out!" his sharp and thick voice interrupted the peaceful but shaky voice of Erin's. Once again, he understood he was a minacious person next to anyone, especially Erin whom he loved with his whole heart, whom he loved with everything he had in this universe.

"I am right here, you idiot! Can't you see me?" she cried still with the same unhuman, exquisite voice. "Am I invisible or something for you?"

"No . . . What? No, I can't see you. Where are you? Don't play Erin; it is not the right time. It is dangerous. Come out!" his eyes were searching for her pretty elliptical face and golden hair with huge anxiety while he was turning all around like a dog trying to catch its tail.

"I am in front of you! Stop yelling at me!" she shouted. Daniel could imagine her red face with white points and lightning on her brownish grey eyes.

"What are you . . . talking about?" his mouth tightly shut when he realized what was actually going on. For a while he just looked at her—if you could say her and forgot about the creatures absorbing the air.

He had to wake up.

Now.

But he didn't. He was still stuck in this creepy nightmare, and he didn't want to die in one as well. He actually had no idea if the life he had now was real. However, he couldn't control his thoughts slipping to the side of craziness, could he?

Now all he wanted to do was get away and not die while doing it. The truth was, despite the fact that he had plenty of—well many—dreams since the day he moved to his own house, he had never died in one. And he certainly didn't want to risk that

experience.

"DANIEL! Help me out, you stupid idiot! Those . . . those . . . things are coming closer . . ." cried his sister. "What . . . what the heck are those things? Daniel, what is going on? Help me!"

Daniel stepped out of his thoughts and ran to his dog even though the creatures he decided to call "Absorbers" were coming closer every second. He opened the wire door of his dog's mini garden and rushed towards it. He picked Loki up to his lap, trying not to fall. Finding his balance, he ran to his car. Opening the front door, he threw the dog and jumped inside while cursing loudly. When he finally started the engine of the car, he pushed the gas pedal like he was in a Formula 1 competition. The sun was disappearing in front of his eyes. Before the whole sky was full of so-called "Absorbers," he had to find his parents, and he had no idea what he was going to do if he didn't wake up.

"Daniel, you are going so fast I am scared . . ." a girl's voice filled the car. Daniel was way too terrified to look at her, so he just continued as fast as he could.

"Daniel, what is . . ."

"Keep quiet!"

"Why don't you tell me? Is this a kind of joke? Oh God, what is . . . what is goin' . . ."

"Shut up a little please, I cannot concentrate."

"Did you just . . . Daniel, I am your sister; you're going 200 kilometers per hour. I am in this car; there are some kind of . . . things spreading through sky. You better explain!"

"If I knew, I would, wouldn't I?" Daniel yelled without moving a muscle. "I don't know! I do not . . . this is a . . . this is some kind of a . . ." He couldn't pronounce the word "nightmare." He never could in his dreams. "I am just as scared as you; just shut your mouth."

"Is this a kind of nightmare?" she asked. "Where is Loki? Did we leave him with the . . . you know . . . those things?" She couldn't get an answer. "What is . . . oh God . . . oh please no . . ." she cried. It sounded like someone was torturing her. Daniel felt his heart crushing into million pieces. He didn't look at her again.

He couldn't.

"I am going to find mom and dad. We are going to be okay."

"Daniel, what . . ."

"Calm down. Just calm down."

She did not answer.

"Why are you wearing all black?" she asked in a shaky voice.

"No, I am not," he replied, while noticing his black jacket and pants. He was wearing an all-black suit. "Wait, I wasn't . . ."

"You were."

"I was going to school. Why would I wear black?" His answer was just an unyielding sigh. Thus, he kept driving insanely fast. When they arrived at their parent's house, Daniel rushed out while saying to his sister, "Stay here." There was nothing manifest right now. He was just using his instincts to deal with the situation. He was stuck. He was stuck in this black-hole-like tornado, rolling over and over, trying to find the exit. He was not able to wake himself up, was he?

He rang the doorbell many times until his father showed up. He mumbled and yelled trying to explain what was going on. "Quick . . . get in the car. Erin is . . . Loki is here . . . We were dying . . . Get my mom; you need to get in," he said.

"Daniel, my dear boy, what are you talking about?" his father said with a cracked voice. While he was preparing himself to explain all in detail, his mother came, half crying, half sniffing. Daniel took a step back with anxious looks in his eyes.

His mother was sobbing uncontrollably. Her hiccups were infesting the entrance hole of the house.

"Oh, Daniel . . . oh, honey you arrived, finally. Finally to . . . to . . . the funeral . . . oh honey . . ." Her sighs were gloomy like she just escaped World War III. When she hugged him firmly, he felt something coercing his heart. Daniel's heart nearly stopped. "Whose funeral?" he finally asked without making an awful sound.

"Daniel, my boy, are you okay?" his father asked while patting his back with curiosity and his eyes

burning like flames. "Erin's . . ." His father's eyes were wide with tears. For as long as he could remember, Daniel has never seen his father cry until this day.

"She is in . . . in . . . she is . . ." His voice faded with every word: ". . . in the car . . ." He was so feeble.

"Oh, boy," her mother sniffled. "Oh, boy . . ."

"Get in, get in." His father pushed him inside the house he once called a home. He got back from the colossal entrance. "No, no the "Absorbers" . . . Loki . . . you have to understand . . . the sky is black. You need to be . . . Just come," he mumbled again. He was feeble.

"What are you talking about, my dear son? The sky is sunny . . ." said his father lifting his head up while squinting his eyes.

"Just the way she liked . . ." said her mother joining his father.

"Go, get Loki here, then," said his father without looking at him. Daniel noticed the one and only tear, streaming down his father's white cheek. His heart literally hesitated to beat. Daniel turned his head slowly to the sky. The sky was not this lucid five seconds ago, was it? All of these were jokes that God made just to laugh from up there, weren't they? His heart was beating fast like he was running a marathon again.

He needed to wake up so badly.

He ran to his car to get Loki . . . or Erin: he really had no idea. He was aware of the fact that this time he had no control over anything. He was exhausted. He opened the car door and Loki jumped on him jubilantly without knowing anything at all. Daniel embraced him while asking, "Erin? Are you there?"

He did not get an answer.

Daniel closed his eyes slowly hoping that when he opens them up again, he will wake up on that freaky couch. Nothing happened. He was still standing in the middle of the same car park, carrying his heavy dog—confused, angry, and miserable. Where were the black creatures, the "Absorbers" sucking the sky's blueness? Where was his sister? What happened to his sister?

When he came back to the house, he left the dog in the garden and went inside. Daniel saw his mother

standing in the middle of the kitchen, looking unconscious while the tears were soaring down her red cheeks. She looked feeble as well. His father hugged her and cuddled her behind her back while sniffing.

“Wake up! Wake up! Wake up!”

It was not working. Why could he not wake up? This was all just a stupid dream. Just a dream, was it not? He should have been awake. He should wake up.

At the exact second while he was feeling something he had never felt before, he heard the ululation of Loki from the corner of the garden. Loki screamed his lungs out, while his voice made an awful echo on the walls of the empty house. There was no one left to make the house full. The house he once called home was empty just as his own house.

He woke up.

His deep breaths almost made him die. Daniel pushed himself as fast as he could from the brown couch. His blue t-shirt was wet, his hair disheveled. That was all a dream. He lost no one, all just a dream.

He was standing in the middle of his room, breathing heavily, running his hands through his hair. Just like in the first one. Amnesia was over. No more waking ups.

“All a dream,” he said out loud to convince himself, trying to protect himself from his own thoughts eating his own mind. He was so sick of this feeling. This insanity, he was so done . . .

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When he got out of the shower, he felt like he was finally awake. This time, however, he was not hungry. He just needed to see his parents, especially his sister. He did not want to call up anything related to his dreams or nightmares. So he did not. He just changed his outfit, opened the door, pet his dog for a while and started the engine of his car without thinking a word. These were casual things he did every day.

He drove to the parking lot of his parent’s house. He left the car, breathing heavily again, having no sign of thoughts. He rang the bell three times. No one answered. He rang again, and yelled, “Oh, come on!” through the door. No one answered. He kicked the door with his feet so many times that he lost

count. He was crying, not knowing why. He knew he put too much pressure on himself. Something was wrong again. It was a dream again, wasn’t it?

Daniel called his father. The phone rang four times, and finally his father answered. “Dan . . .” His dad’s voice was shaky.

“Dad where are you? Why didn’t you told me that you . . .”

“Calm down, son,” said his father. “We are at . . . the hospital.”

“Dad . . .”

“Just shut up, okay?” he said in a half angry, half anxious voice. This reminded him of his sister and their conversation in the car. “She is . . .” he said. Daniel knew he was talking about his beloved sister, Erin. “She is . . .” his father sniffled. Was this a dream again? “You need to come here. Don’t even think about driving. Take a taxi.”

“How can you be this calm?” Daniel’s voice was wavering.

His father did not answer. “I cannot lose you, too. Do not drive.”

Daniel just sat on the corner to the entrance of the house, reclined his back to the metal heavy door.

“Just a dream. Just a dream again. Wake up! Wake up! Wake up, you idiot! Wake up . . . Please . . .”

He sat there for minutes or hours. He had no clue. He had lost everything.

“A nightmare. Wake up!”

He looked up to the sky. It was sunny, just the way she liked.

“Wake up! Just open your eyes!” he did not know whom he was referring to, himself or the things he lost.

This time he knew that the Amnesia was over. He knew it was real. He just did not believe it.

“Wake up! Wake up!”

# The Girl with Glasses

Idil Bilici - 111359

Dear Starvation,  
You kept happiness from the girl with glasses.  
You took her brain, eyes—  
You took her life!  
Why?

Dear Mirror,  
You should have shown the truth;  
You showed her fears; you betrayed, too.

Dear Scale,  
You did not warn her.  
She was dying; you didn’t care!  
Why?

No one saw her; she was lonesome,  
With her bones, thin hair, and sadness,  
She was crying to death;  
No one gave her a handkerchief—only endless languor.

Imagine her epitaph!  
Her family, friends, imagine!  
Even you, dear mirror, imagine. Did you see?  
You buried her under that epitaph.  
See, you have stowed away mercy; you pushed her to hell. She was so young.  
She had never even fallen in love, breathed the scent of her baby.  
She was a young girl; you took her one and only right.

Are you happy? If so, remember her epitaph.  
Her fear, misery and disappointment will welcome you.  
She was so young and anorexic;  
She was too young and pure for your appetite.

Dear Anorexia,  
She is young, desperate and painful.  
But she is powerful too.  
Where are you now?  
Did you get scared, feel the horror?  
What a pity! I can see your sadness, I am sorry

You failed; her brain won. She won. I am she.

Anorexia, you will never ever take my life from me.  
It is mine.  
Should you dare, I will punish you. You will suffer in pain.  
Don't attempt coming near me—don't!  
I won; you better get used to it.

Dear Me, the girl with glasses,  
Thank you.  
I am breathing, you excused my family.  
Thank you.

And Anorexia, can you do me a favor?  
Don't visit the others!  
They don't deserve you.



İdil Bilici

# A Tale of Three Lords

Mert Cemri - 123320



A Special Thanks:

I want to thank Ensemble Studios® and Microsoft® for developing and publishing the real-time strategy game Age of Empires II: The Age of

Kings which has been a significant inspiration to me. Moreover, in the script, a total of four sentences are used from the game's campaign modes. Also, Derek Fiechter's "Black Wolf's Inn" is thought to be the medieval theme song of the



script although the acting part of the script is not certain. Therefore, I am really appreciative and thankful for his fine work.

**CHARACTERS**

- Steve HEISENBERG (Lord of the North)
- Alice HEISENBERG (Lady of the North)
- Eddard WHITEMAN (King of the Great Kingdom)
- Karl WHITEMAN (Lord of the East, brother of Eddard, twin of Henry)
- Henry WHITEMAN (Lord of the West)
- Katharina WHITEMAN (Lady of the West)
- Clark WOLFSTEIN (General of Northern Legions)
- Alex the Priest (General of Eastern Templars)
- John EHRMANTRAUT (General of Western Warriors)
- Peter WHITEMAN (Son of Eddard, general of Royal Guards)
- Eastern Templars (Army of the South)
- Western Warriors (Army of the West)
- Northern Legions (Army of the North)
- Royal Guards (Army of the Capital)

- Merlin (Head of the alchemy)
  - Lord Commander (Commander of the King)
  - Lieutenant (General of the city watch)
  - Guard I
  - Guard II
- CHAPTER 1: TREASON**
- Scene 1
- (In the dining hall of the Great Castle, Steve HEISENBERG and Eddard WHITEMAN)
- E. Whiteman: Greetings, my friend, protector of North, wise Heisenberg. You've arrived right on time. You, Northerners, you are always punctual.
- S. Heisenberg: It is nice to see you too, old friend.
- E. Whiteman: It has been a long time since we last saw each other. Did the cold walls of the North capture you?
- S. Heisenberg: Yes, your Grace. Invasions coming from North have been increasing. It is my duty to protect our edges.
- E. Whiteman: Oh, it is. By the way, where the hell are my brothers? Aren't they coming to the feast?

S. Heisenberg: I do not know, your Grace. If there is something I know, it is the fact that I am really thirsty. (laughing)

E. Whiteman: (laughing and commanding to the servants): Bring some wine to the thirsty man!

(Peter WHITEMAN enters)

S. Heisenberg: Is he your son?

E. Whiteman: (laughs) Ah, he is. Meet Crown Prince of the great kingdom, Prince Whiteman!

P. Whiteman: It is an honour to meet with you, Lord Heisenberg.

(Guard I enters in a hurry.)

Guard: Apologies...your Grace.

P. Whiteman: What is your hurry for?

Guard: Your Grace... an army approaches.

E. Whiteman: What army?

Guard: Your brothers...your Grace... have betrayed us...the combined armies of East and West...are coming towards us.

\*\*\* \*\* \*

Scene 2

(At the military camp, P. Whiteman, Guard I, Guard II, Lord Commander, Lieutenant, E. Whiteman, S. Heisenberg)

Lord Commander: Your Grace, we have to take action. Your brothers' armies are too strong for us to defeat. I am afraid we shall not manage to deal with them.

P. Whiteman: We shall not surrender! No one can dare fight against us and our mighty kingdom.

Lieutenant: The combined armies also do not have enough technology or weaponry to destroy the Great Castle.

Lord Commander: I am afraid I disagree. Brothers of the majesty have gathered an army which has never been seen before. Even if they cannot destroy our castle, they can force us to surrender by cutting off our supplies, which shall cause us to starve to death!

E. Whiteman: Give me a solution then, you idiots!

L. Commander: Your Grace, you should leave the city with as many peasants as you can take.

S. Heisenberg: The walls of the North are open to you, your Grace. We shall defend your blood!

E. Whiteman: No! I cannot abandon my city without a royal heir on my throne. The capital is nothing!

P. Whiteman: Father, I shall stay here, to face the enemy in the name of our great kingdom.

E. Whiteman: No, my son! It is too dangerous.

P. Whiteman: Father, it is time to sacrifice.

**ALL TOGETHER: GOD BLESS OUR MIGHTY KINGDOM!**

\*\*\* \*\* \*

Scene 3

(At the camp in the forest, Karl Whiteman, Alex the priest, John Ehrmantraut, some man from Warriors of the West and Eastern Templars)

(Men are discussing war plans and shouting each other, and Karl Whiteman enters.)

K. Whiteman: What the hell is this noise! Oh, my brother, are you always going to make such plans? Why don't you have some rest and pray to the Lord?

H. Whiteman: Ha ha, you Eastern people, are entertaining me. We need plans, not gods! I am offering you to bring more attention to these war plans.

K. Whiteman: The gods are hearing you, my brother. Are you becoming like those hellish Northern heretics?

H. Whiteman: Never! Well, I'll pray after the meeting.

Alex the Priest: Your Grace, we are planning to attack the Great Castle in two days.

John Ehrmantraut: Unfortunately, we could not find out how to break their walls and destroy their capital.

Alex the priest: However, we may surround them

and cut off their supplies. When they go mad and leave their castle to avoid starvation...

H. Whiteman: We shall kill them all!

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 4

(One day later)

(In the military camp of the castle, P. Whiteman, Lord Commander, Guard I)

P. Whiteman: Has everything been done, Lord Commander?

Lord Commander: Yes, my prince. I guess, we should wait as long as we can in order to gain some time for your father's journey. Enemy cavalries will understand that your father escaped.

P. Whiteman: If only we had some spearman for those cavalries. They would be so efficient. Increase the number of your archers, commander.

Lord Commander: Yes, your Grace. I think you had better alert the capital. Our resources must be taken under control.

(S. Heisenberg enters)

S. Heisenberg: Everything is done. We are ready to leave.

P. Whiteman: Where is my father?

S. Heisenberg: He is praying in the temple of Leo the Magnificent.

(Guard II enters in a hurry)

Guard II: Your Grace, my commander, the enemy approaches. They will be here in 30 minutes.

Lord Commander: Wait, what?

S. Heisenberg: Dammit! They were supposed to come tomorrow.

P. Whiteman: You should leave the capital, NOW!

END OF CHAPTER ONE

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CHAPTER TWO: A GRACELESS HILLOCK

Scene 1

(At the siege of The Great Castle, the first meeting of the commanders of both sides; Lord Commander, P. Whiteman, Henry Whiteman, Karl Whiteman, Alex the Priest, John Ehrmantraut; soldiers of the Royal Guards, Eastern Templars and Western warriors)

H. Whiteman: I was not expecting such a small number, Lord Commander, I am fully surprised (Others laugh.)

Lord Commander: But your pride and ego is not a surprise, your Grace.

H. Whiteman: I will cut your throat, you swine!

Lord Commander: Then do it! (walking toward him)

K. Whiteman: Stop it! I cannot see the king. Is he too afraid to meet with us?

P. Whiteman: I am representing his highness's will and word.

H. Whiteman: A boy!

Lord Commander: Know your tongue!

P. Whiteman: Speak the reason of this meeting!

Alex the Priest: The allied forces of the Eastern and Western lords are officially denying the authority of the King and invading this castle.

H. Whiteman: You have three dawns to make a decision. You either accept our authority or die.

P. Whiteman: Never! We shall burry your bodies under the soil of the capital.

K. Whiteman: Then, I shall see you on the battlefield. And mark my words, there will be blood on my sword and on your neck.

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 2

(In the fortress of Elysia, capital city of the North; S. Heisenberg, Alice Heisenberg, E. Whiteman, Clark Wolfenstein)

A. Heisenberg: It is an honour to welcome you to our fortress, your highness.

E. Whiteman: The honour is mine. Steve, you have to be the luckiest man in this land to find a woman like this.

S. Heisenberg: Here, my king, let the servants take care of you.

E. Whiteman: Thank you, old friend. I shall be waiting for news coming from you. You have to train men; the battle is near.

(E. Whiteman goes.)

A. Heisenberg: Is everything ok? Is the news real? Is the King betrayed by his own brothers?

S. Heisenberg: Unfortunately. (To Clark Wolfenstein) Begin the battle trainings of the Northern Guards. I want to see the head alchemist in my chamber.

Clark Wolfenstein: As you wish, my lord.

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 3

(At the siege of the Great Castle, the 2nd month of the siege; Lord Commander, P. Whiteman, Lieutenant, Henry Whiteman, Karl Whiteman, Alex the Priest, John Ehrmantraut; soldiers of the Royal Guards, Eastern Templars and Western Warriors)

(The side of the traitors)

John Ehrmantraut: Your Grace, it has been two months since we started to siege the castle. But they are still refusing to surrender!

Henry Whiteman: Then we should attack! Waiting is unnecessary.

Karl Whiteman: Don't worry, brother, they will surely starve to death and surrender, eventually.

Henry Whiteman: Are you hiding something from me, brother?

Karl Whiteman: If you would stop dallying with women of ill repute, you would know. Anyway, you will learn later...or maybe not.

(The side of the king)

Lieutenant: Your highness, the people are starving. Some of them are rebelling. Some men of the city watch have heard their plans for rebellion.

P. Whiteman: Hmm, I see. Lieutenant, what do you suggest?

Lieutenant: Your Highness, we cannot resist this battle any longer. We should deploy.

Lord Commander: This is madness! The enemy forces are too strong to defeat. They will slaughter us all.

P. Whiteman: Then, take a few men with you. Escort the remaining women and children to the North. All other men will stay here to defend the castle. Tomorrow, with the first light of dawn, set the wood on fire. This will create a fog in which you can hide and go. We shall elude the enemy at that time, the fog will hide us.

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 4

(A poet comes, with a lyre in his hand, telling the battle to the audience)

A great battle has occurred, between two lions.

One of them, the traitor, had lots of cavalries, under his hand.

The other one, had a castle, a castle that has been blockaded for sixty dawns.

This one also had a few men, wearing golden armours, carrying swords,

And a few in the back, the naked ones, carrying some longbows, longest bows of the realm.

In the dawn of the sixty-first day, they have fought, the armies of two lions.

The traitor's army was too crowded and powerful.

However, suddenly, the army of the traitor began retreating, leaving his brother and a few men in the field.

The army of the other lion slaughtered the brother of the traitor, with the rain of longbows' arrows.

All those men who were following the brother of the traitor began to follow the traitor himself,

When they saw their leader had fallen, man said the traitor left his brother to his death in order to control his men.

And when the lion of the castle, thinking they were winning,

Chased the traitor to his death, an astonishing wooden castle appeared.

The army of the lion of the castle is crushed

By the arrow-fire coming from this castle

And the heavy cavalries that surrounded them.

The lion of the castle was wounded badly, and captured by the enemy, and asked about his army.

The traitor, who was going to behead the lion of the castle,

Slaughtered them all.

The following words fall from the mouth of the lion of the castle, just before he was beheaded:

“Too many birds flew over mine kingdom!

A graceless hillock rose too near mine capital.

No wonder thou wert victorious! I shalt abdicate.”

END OF CHAPTER TWO

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CHAPTER THREE: A NEW KING

Scene 1

(At the Fortress of Elysia, S. Heisenberg, Alice Heisenberg, E. Whiteman, Clark Wolfenstein and Lord Commander, and some men of the Northern Legions and head of alchemy)

(Lord Commander returns to the North with the women and children he was escorting, and reveals the news.)

S. Heisenberg: Oh, dear Lord Commander, what happened, where is the prince?

Lord Commander: My Lord, my king, the capital has fallen, as well as our prince and many of our soldiers and traitor Henry Whiteman.

(Others are shocked.)

E. Whiteman: And where the hell were you when my brothers were slaying my son!

Lord Commander: Your Grace, the prince commanded me to escort the peasants to the North.

E. Whiteman: And you accepted this with pleasure and ran from the battle. Lord Heisenberg, behead him!

Lord Commander: But...but this was his excellence's order.

S. Heisenberg: Guards, you heard the King. Arrest the Lord Commander, now!

(Lord Commander is arrested and leaves the stage.)

Clark Wolfenstein: I am truly sorry for the loss of our kingdom. However, it is obvious that the traitor Karl Whiteman, now ruling all the armies of East and West, are coming towards us. We don't have time for mourning.

S. Heisenberg: You are right. Are the halberdiers training?

Clark Wolfenstein: Yes, my lord.

S. Heisenberg: Fine. You, head of alchemy, what is your name? I couldn't see you last time I wanted you in my chamber?

Head of the alchemy: It's Merlin, my lord. I am working on a great project which will save us from the enemy.

S. Heisenberg: Then you had better be quick. You wouldn't want your head to be cut off, would you?

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 2

(At the Great Castle of the capital, Karl Whiteman,

Alex the Priest, some men from the Eastern Templars and Western Warriors)

(1st week of the fall of the capital)

Alex the Priest: I am deeply sorry for your loss, your Grace.

Karl Whiteman: However, he was a heretic. But no more heretical than the Northern fools. As our duty, I shall honour my brother and destroy the North.

Alex the Priest: Yes, my lord. And now you control the whole combined armies of the East and the West on your own. After Ehrmantraut fled and your brother fell, Western warriors have declared their loyalty towards you. No one shall be able to stop you.

Karl Whiteman: You are right! We shall march to the North!

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 3

(At the military camp of Elysia, S. Heisenberg, E. Whiteman, Clark Wolfenstein and Lord Commander, and some men of the Northern Legions and Merlin)

Clark Wolfenstein: My lords, scouts have reported that Karl Whiteman is heading to the North to slaughter us and take the crown.

S. Heisenberg: Well, make sure that the halberdiers are prepared for heavy cavalries of the enemy. However, if the traitor again surprises us with another trick, then it means we are dead. And sorcerer, are you done?

Merlin: Yes, my lord. I was working on a weapon which was brought to me from far, far lands. I call it the dark dust.

E. Whiteman: Are you planning to beat the enemy with dust? You fool, they have killed my son!

Merlin: My king, this dust is nothing alone, but when you put it in some metal mechanisms, it can make the toughest men bleed and the strongest castles crumble. However, in order to construct these weapons, I will need three weeks, no more.

Clark Wolfenstein: My lords, we cannot trust the words of a faithless sorcerer!

Merlin: How much time did your god spend to find a way to save you?

S. Heisenberg: Do not fool us sorcerer, or you can kiss your head goodbye!

\*\*\* \*\*

Scene 4

(At the siege of the Elysia, Karl Whiteman, Alex the Priest, men of the Eastern Templars and Western Warriors)

(End of the 2nd month of the beginning of the march, 5th week of the siege)

Karl Whiteman: Give me the report!

Alex the Priest: Your highness, after the fifth week blockade, we have finally constructed three wooden castles surrounding Elysia.

Karl Whiteman: Nice, what about heavy cavalries?

Alex the Priest: They are ready to deploy. However, your Grace, we should wait for their attack. Since, we have blockaded them, they will starve eventually, and our castles will surprise them when they come!

Karl Whiteman: Resting for a few more weeks may not be such a bad idea. Ok then, let the gods decide our fate!

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Scene 5

(A poet comes, with a lyre in his hand, telling the battle to the audience.)

A great battle has occurred, between two lions.

One of them, the traitor, had lots of cavalries, under his hand.

The other one, had a fortress, a fortress that has been blockaded for forty dawns.

This one also had a few men, wearing golden armours, carrying halberds, the longest halberds of the realm

And a sorcerer in the back, commanding other men, holding metal weapons and some dark dust

In the dawn of the forty-first day, they fought, the armies of two lions.

The traitor's army was too crowded and powerful.

And then, they engaged the lion of the heavens.

The army of the lion of the heavens slaughtered the traitors' cavalry.

Axes of halberds couldn't be seen,

From the heads of poor horses and men riding them

Then the traitor, on seeing his army melt away,

Ordered his men to retreat, hoping wooden castles

Would protect them,

However, the lion of the heavens was ready for those castles,

Or one must admit, his sorcerer was the ready one,

Who ordered soldiers to fill the weapons with metal, with dark dust, and heavy balls,

Heavy balls, erupting from the weapons of metal, filled with the dark dust,

Made the toughest soldiers bleed,

Wooden castles break,

The traitor afraid.

The army of the traitor lion is crushed,

By the dark dust coming from the heavens,

And the heavy halberdiers with sharp heads.

However, there was a master of the lion of the heavens,

A master ruling the realm, a master who was wounded fatally,

And about to die.

Before he fell, he ordered the lion of the heavens, in front of the witnesses:

"Thou shalt be king after me,

With the name Arctur,

Meaning the leader of the heavens."

Then, they all swore loyalty to the lion, named Arctur.

In the end the traitor was wounded badly, captured by Arctur, and asked about his army.

Arctur, who was going to behead the lion of the castle,

Slaughtered them all.

The following words fell from the lion of the castle, just before he was beheaded:

"When I sent my villagers to hunt wild boar, it slew them.

Mine men couldst not defend mine castles.

No wonder thou wert victorious! I shalt abdicate."

# A Journey beyond the Piano Keys

Defne Şahal - 52445

Music, a mysterious path to an inexplicable dimension and a strong wave which is the custodian of all our emotions.



# 1984 Meta -review

E. İlber Manavbaşı - 82842

I really wondered what to review: I had a few things in mind like *The Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy*, but I had nothing good to say about that, or most of what I wanted to say had already been said or was blindingly obvious. So I'm going with George Orwell's *1984*, one of my favorite books, so you can call me Billy McBiased. And as you read these lines I can already hear you say, "Oh, look everyone, it's another nitwit who is reviewing a book everyone and his / her dog knows is great." But I'm not one to just spew nonsense for CAS hours . . . oh, wait, I totally am. Anyway, a review has more to do with why something is good than simply if it is good or not. Oh, by the way, if you are one of the embryonic life forms who haven't read the book or don't know what it is about, spoilers ahead.

Before I go and start dissecting the book, it will be disrespectful of me not to remind you that this book was written as a response to the significant power structure that emerged in 1940s. Thus, it doesn't represent our current situation and should not be taken as a commentary on the world as we know it. Perhaps before I go either ripping the book apart or bathing it in my saliva, I should tell you what it is about. There is a guy called Winston Smith, who lives a dull life under the party, and oddly enough, he is a member of the party. Now, I'm not going to write two pages explaining the totalitarian regime and the boring and predictable aspects of the party, so please insert the generic fascist

/ totalitarian regime and continue. In his stagnant work Winston sees a woman, Julia, who, he thinks wants to bust all those who oppose the party by, let's say, writing a diary, for example. Then he starts keeping a diary and writes it in a corner of his house that is not under constant surveillance. Because you know if you want to resist oppression, you ought to start small: he just didn't know how small. Later, Winston and Julia begin an intimate relationship and meet in all sorts of weird places because it turns out she also wants to mess with the party. Afterwards, they attempt to join a rebel organization to bring down the party. But it turns out that the rebel organization is a bait thrown out by the party to lure rebels, so they get caught. Eventually, through really descriptive torture, Winston's will is broken, which leads to them accepting the party and the party's version of reality because an organization with power always has to manipulate reality for the commoners. It must be one of the Ten Commandments, given it is in every dystopic story ever written. Anyway, once he accepts the party's reality and loves Big Brother, the figure that technically has all the power but might not exist, he is released and later killed because the inner party members are all Texans who like to toy with their prey first, then kill it.

Like your favorite coffee shop, it is hard to point out why *1984* is great, but it's not because you are euphoric or depressed. Actually, depression might have a hand in it

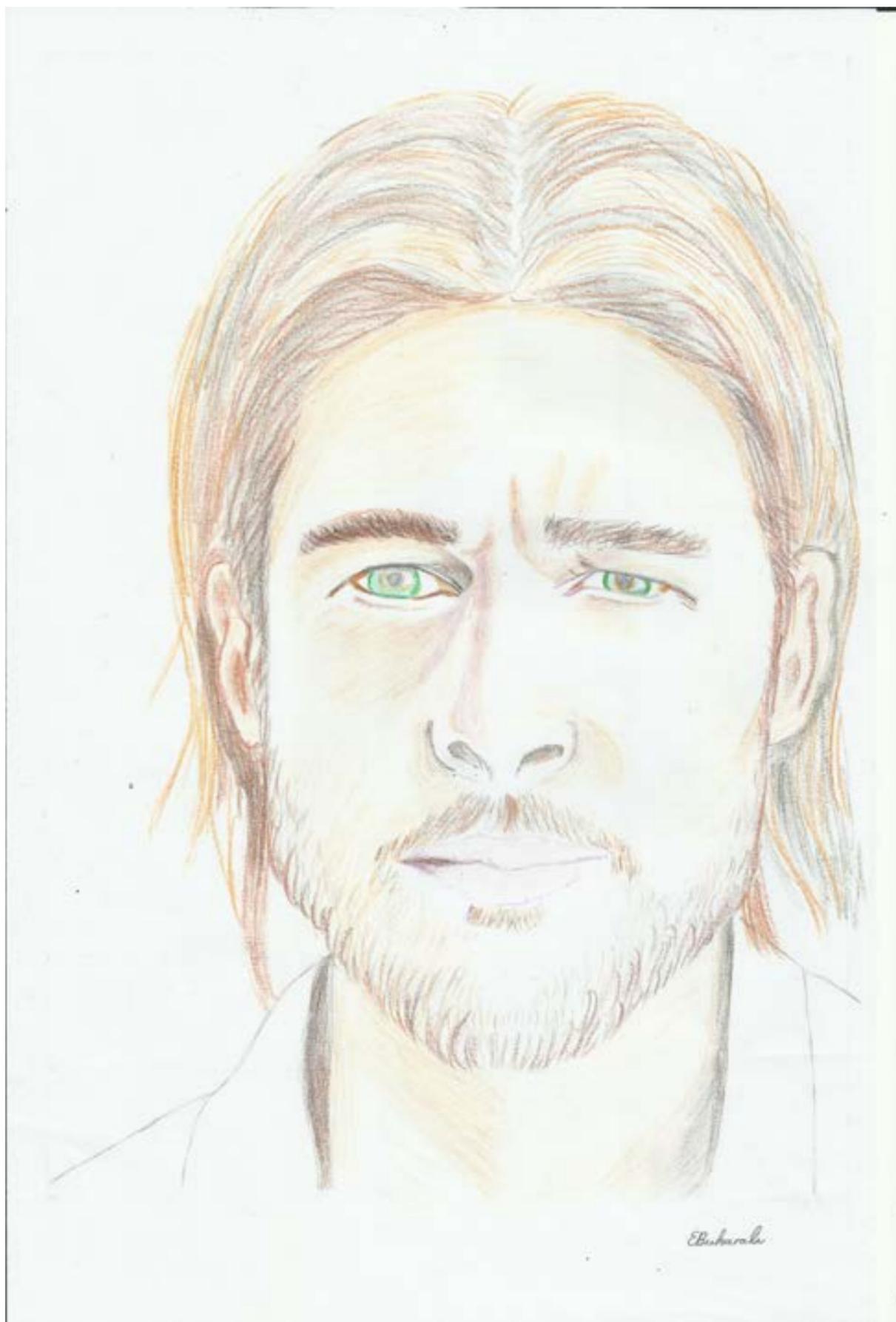
since the book is quite dark, descriptive, and dystopic. Most people assume that *1984*'s strength comes from its social commentary and totalitarian state, but I'd disagree. It is not because the social commentary of the book is good; quite the contrary, it is the best I have ever read. The party is nearly omniscient, and it only possesses power as an organization. Since nearly 14% of the population are members, only the high party members have even semi-decent lives. However, even they don't really have power. This system, with the regular people being denser than a rock when it comes to it, genuinely guarantees the party will hold power forever. But even such a carefully crafted system is a stretch when it comes to just how possible it is to exist. And here lies the problem: dystopic social commentary is good and all, but it just becomes boring after a while, since it can never be truly believable or it becomes too real to enjoy. Even those who were nailed to the book, read it like 15 times, and hold it as the best book ever, didn't do so because of the social commentary. Now, with the hand of cards slammed onto the table hard enough to bounce and slice someone's eye socket, let me back up.

The real interesting bits come from the character drama present in the book and what mainly happens between Winston and Julia, the one woman he's ever been with. If you still think *1984*'s stellar reception was—and still is—because of the social commentary, just ask yourself if you continued reading, practically glued to the pages, to see what new law the party would pass, the next prisoner it would prosecute, the next magazine it would rewrite, or which one of its cronies would get promoted. Of course, you didn't! You kept reading to see what would happen to Winston and Julia.

It is not to say that the party and the dystopian setting had no effect on the book. They are the antagonist; of course, they affect

the story. However, the book is not focused on them; it is focused on Winston, Julia, their relationship, and their reactions. The book is like a model plane: Winston's story is the pieces and the party with the dystopian setting is the glue. The reason the model is good is that the pieces are good, not the glue. Now the glue is necessary; it strengthens the plane and gives it structure, so having a good and strong glue helps. But saying the book is great because of the setting and commentary is like saying a model plane is good because of its high quality glue. The worst thing, however, is that some later dystopian social commentary books failed to realize this, and based their books completely on social commentary, which is like grinding the pieces of the model plane and sprinkling the dust to strengthen the glue. In the end you don't have a model plane, do you now? The main reason Winston's drama is so effective is that there are stakes. Not steaks, the kind you buy from the butcher. Winston has something to lose. If you want to oppose a nearly omnipotent organization (in this case the party) that can torture you in every way imaginable, impale your loved ones and showcase them to a cheering crowd as their bottoms bleed out, it would be wise not to have any loved ones or anything to lose, which is why most dystopian stories have such protagonists. But then we're left with a really boring story. Winston's torture sticks with readers because he has something to lose that he holds onto dearly. When he eventually loses it, the effect is all the more devastating.

PS: If my review is published in Quill, first my sincerest apologies; second, I'd advise that you not copy it for a class assignment because you'll earn a failing grade—for more than one reason.



Ece Buharali

# The Lion

Remzi Yıldırım - 133586

Arnold had blond hair with blue eyes, which was weird since neither his mother nor his father had either of those, and he was taller than most other kids. He was five and had just learned how to read, which no other kid in kindergarten could do, so it made Arnold feel confident in his future. And he could count to one thousand! He could also count to a hundred in French and had just started playing the piano, which Arnold hated. Arnold liked animals and Africa more than the piano and England.

Thinking of death scared Arnold. His mother had told him he was way too young to worry about it, but little Arnie couldn't help himself. What if an alligator had caught his hand leaving him to bleed to death? He needed blood to live! What if an earthquake hit the North, where his small town was, and he got the squishes under the fridge in his mom's room?

Arnold was completely lost in his thoughts when Mrs. Mirth approached him and hesitantly asked, "Arnold, why don't you play with all the other kids?" to which he gave no response as he hadn't noticed her until she repeated, "You must go and play with your friends! Tony has brought a new toy today." Arnie answered, "They're not my friends" and frowned. Shocked, Mrs. Mirth questioned Arnold further, "Don't be silly Arnold. Just until yesterday you were the best of friends! Why would you say that?" He wanted to say it was because of Tony's incompetence in offering Arnold the smallest bit of understanding, because of how weak he was, and because of how he could never... . But then Arnold thought maybe he could try to improve Tony. It wasn't Tony's fault that his

family was incapable of teaching him about the truth, was it? He could help Tony see the world like he did, and he could let Tony live by learning death.

Arnold approached Tony, who was holding his enormous lion plushy in his hands tightly pressed to his chest. Arnold started laughing after seeing the lion plushy, the mass murderers of nature were portrayed as adorable by this toy. Arnold knew murderers were not adorable. They were hard. The wide blank eyes and the fluffy fur of this toy lacked one important feature of lions found in nature: blood. Arnold greeted Tony with a blank "hi" to see how Tony would react to him, the one who knew more than anybody else in this entire room, even Mrs. Mirth, so he thought. Tony responded, "Oh...Arnold...how are y-" Arnold stopped him, "I'm fine. All fine," he said with a cringing look on his face. Tony knew Arnold's father had died recently; he knew he couldn't be "fine." There was no way! He didn't want to push Arnold too far. However, he couldn't help but interrogate him: "Arnie, my grandfather died last year, and I was sad. I was so sad. It's okay to be sad when someone you love dies." Arnold stopped for a moment thinking of how to react to this comment. He squinted his eyes looking at Tony and trying not to cringe.

It was at this moment that Arnold knew he had to choke Tony to death. Arnold jumped onto him wrapping his hands around Tony's neck and squeezing as hard as he could. He pushed him onto the ground making him smack his head on the hard tiles as Tony had started screaming faintly as much as he could with the boy's hand wrapped around his neck and waving his hands in agony dropping his

lion on the ground. Then Mrs. Mirth realized what was going on and stood up wrecking the tea table where Lizzie was drinking tea with Mr. and Mrs. Snuggies. She started shouting, "Arnold, STOP!" as she was sprinting to Tony's help. She crashed into Arnold as she was running throwing him to the wall.

As Arnold was flying in the air he thought about what he had just done. He had let his thoughts get to him again, and he was furious at himself for that. He thought about the time his mom got mad at him at the police station because he talked about the second gunshot and how he smacked the police officer. He thought of how stupid he was that night so he decided to act more wisely this time. When he was on the ground, he saw Tony lying with the red bruise around his neck and the lion next to him. He started running towards the door that lead to the yard grabbing Tony's lion, which, he thought, wouldn't be considered stealing since Tony was most probably dead, and left the kindergarten. He was alone. It was darker, darker than it was in the morning. He stopped, only for a moment. He couldn't stop thinking. His stomach hurt. It hurt so much.

Arnold started running again which made his stomach feel better instantly. He was sprinting across the garden to the street where his mom would usually leave him in the mornings. He didn't think much about which way to go as he was running, so he turned left. He ran across the blue and red houses in which his worst nemeses (Tony, Lizzie, and Eliza) lived. He couldn't stop running when he saw the sign pointing to the direction he was going, which read "BEACH."

Arnold felt relieved when he realized he was going to the beach. Uncle Evan had a store there where people could rent a bike for days at a time, a policy which always confused Arnold since people could just run away with the bike, but they never did. Arnold loved that place mainly because of how Uncle Evan was always so nice and understanding. Uncle Evan had blue eyes and blond hair and was very tall. Arnold liked Uncle Evan more than his mother or his father. He couldn't really like his father very much since he'd only seen him thrice in

his entire life.

When he reached the beach, Evan's store was closed, which made sense since it was a winter evening, so he decided to sit on one of the stairs in front of the store. He started thinking again...about his dad. His dad was...dead. And he was fine. He didn't know him well. But why was he dead?

He thought of the fight his dad had with his mom: "Louise, are you frickin' kidding me? You're such a wretch!" (Arnold always wondered what "wretch" actually meant.) "I can't believe you've done this after five years of marriage, waiting for my child...he turns out to be..."

Arnold was still holding Tony's lion in his hands. He tightened his grip and pressed her against his chest firmly. She was soft and quiet in Arnold's arms. Arnold then started hearing Tony's lion: "Think more..." she said. Arnold then asked, "What should I think about?" to which she didn't reply. She just stared into Arnold's eyes as he was staring into hers. This was a special moment for Arnold because he didn't hate the lion. He had hated every single girl he'd ever met; he thought they were stupid and pointless, but she was different. She'd never said anything to Arnold until this point. She broke the pact she made with him when she threw herself into his arms as he was fleeing the prison. She was a wretch just like any other girl. Arnold threw her away, but she landed nearby on one of the stairs staring at Arnold because he didn't exactly have what you'd call a good throwing arm.

"Shut up, you wretch!" he shouted at her. "Shut up!"

"You have to think."

"About what?" he screamed and burst into tears. "About what, you wretch?" he shouted as if his chin was going to rip apart.

The lampposts' bright white lights were directed into his face. He wanted to think, but he couldn't. He didn't know what happened.

He could go through everything he'd seen. His uncle and his mom were in front of the house. Arnold had heard two loud bangs. He couldn't answer any more questions. His mom would kill him, he thought. While hugging his mom, his uncle was calling the cops.

His dad had visited his mom and had the fight two days before his grey matter was spread across the Afghani rugs. Small pieces looked drier than what Arnold expected brain to look like.

"Kevin Loucester committed suicide on Dec 20 1998" was the final verdict.

Arnold knew he didn't kill himself. No one would ever commit suicide: it was dumb. People can't just kill themselves, he thought, and the pistol was not in his father's hand until he put it there as his mom told him to. Arnold didn't think it'd change anything when he'd done that, but it was used as "evidence" in the court that he'd killed himself. Arnold, however, knew otherwise. He put it there. He was made to put it there.

Then Arnold started thinking about the word "suicide." It meant someone killing oneself like how a homicide is someone killing somebody else or a genocide is what one ethnic group does to another one.

The lion was standing there looking at Arnold. She said to him, "Arnold, if the waves kill you, I won't lie to anyone about it being a suicide."

"Thanks...sorry for calling you a wretch."

"It's no problem, Arnold."

"I think you would lie to people about my committing suicide if the sea murdered me," Arnold murmured.

Then he walked to the beach and let his boots soak in the freezing water: cold, bitter cold! He walked a little farther and let the cold water reach his knees. It was freezing. He looked back at his lion. She was looking at him with approval: "You can do it Arnold!" she shouted, and then he walked a little farther and let the cold water touch his tummy, which made him squeak.

His body did not stop getting colder and colder. He was turning into ice cream as he could see his hands turn purple, just like the blueberry ice cream his mom once got him. He couldn't feel his face when he touched it.

But then, all of a sudden, Arnold felt like he was burning. It felt just like how it felt when Tony's birthday cake had touched his fingers, but all over his body. He took all his clothes off to get cooler and prevent third-degree burns all over his body, but he didn't feel cooler. He looked back at his lion who told him:

"You're doing great sweetie!" just like Tony's mom had told him once.

Arnold dove into the deep water to please his love.

# Ismene's Eulogy (A Dramatic Monologue)

Zeynep Sandallı - 113205 (Alum)



Defne Dilbaz

To My Dear Sister, Antigone, In Memoriam

The daughters of Oedipus, whom Gods damned,  
Were we—I and my beautiful Antigone.  
I had foreseen it all,  
That we would suffer just because we are who we are—  
The daughters of the incestuous Oedipus—  
This I had told her too—she listened, appalled,  
Yet being the reckless girl she was,  
She did not seem to take notice.

And yet this much of that ill-luck—  
I was not expecting that—  
Isn't it too much? Isn't it too much?  
Aye, it is, indeed it is.  
By God, I wish I could stop weeping.  
But wherefore weep I? I know not.  
I wish I knew. Because my sister's wedding bed is now her grave?  
Because I—her ever-loving sister—was the one that dug her grave  
And laid her into that horrible hole?

Or perhaps it is because I miss her presence dearly—  
Even more than I do mourn for her?  
For whom is this lamentation?  
For Antigone?  
For myself that doth not know how to survive without Antigone?  
I fear all I do is feel sorry for myself, and when this shall come to an end,  
I cannot tell.  
But these wounds will not seem to heal  
As this pain is simply too real.  
Had I prognosticated all those,  
Then these woes.

But maybe I did, did I?  
I did not want to, if I may say—  
Oh, I cannot live with this.

Antigone's body doth still hang  
 In front of my eyes  
 And the image plucks out my eyes.  
 It was many and a many year ago  
 But with a guilty conscious I still woe.  
 Yet who would know?

Ah, Oedipus, father, adulterer—  
 Our fate was tangled up with yours  
 And yours with your family's.  
 A curse rippling through generations,  
 My baby to come, will it not see a fair day?  
 Here is the neckless Antigone did wear—  
 Pretty as she was—  
 My husband expects me to get rid of it.  
 How can I?  
 Perhaps I shall present my future daughter with it.  
 Nay, my husband is right—  
 Our children will not share the common destiny of our family,  
 Especially not that of Antigone.

I have been hearing some noises lately,  
 Some of which belong to poor Antigone,  
 Some of which I cannot explain,  
 Each and every night.  
 I fear a madness holds me.  
 I need to get my life together.  
 It is high time.  
 I do not know how.  
 Oh, God, help me.  
 I need your immediate help.

But even before that I need some silent sleep.  
 But one cannot tell what may happen during a sleep.  
 For sometimes sleep is a sweet repose,  
 But sometimes a surly storm striking one's heart.  
 To sleep . . . but what if I dream of Antigone again?  
 No one can tell what one might encounter  
 Once he steps into the realm of dreams.

Oh, Antigone, with fantastic garlands  
 You ought to have been seen off.  
 You insisted that your brother needed a burial.  
 Now I say you needed more color.  
 Paleness never did look good on you.  
 Yet now your face is as white as snowdrops on the lea—  
 Even when you were dying red accompanied you.  
 Tomorrow morning, I shall bring you some flowers.  
 I do remember well how you liked them.  
 Some violets, maybe?  
 Ay, blue violets, I will plant them where your present bed is set.

But soft! What light through yonder window breaks?  
 Is it you again?  
 Whence come you to me?  
 With your golden hair all fallen below your knee?  
 And your voice as hollow as the hollow sea?  
 I beseech you, do not go away,  
 At least for one more day, I pray,  
 Thereby I can still feel gay.  
 It is certain that you hear me not.  
 Let it be that way.  
 I will never resent you.  
 You did not think that I would, did you?

Go then, let me sleep,  
 Though I, along with Creon, your murderer, have murdered sleep.  
 Sleep no more!  
 I have murdered you.  
 I have murdered myself.  
 I have murdered our future.  
 He—Oedipus—has murdered us.  
 Who is to blame?

I have been blaming myself for too long.  
 But blaming yourself means nothing  
 Unless you can fend off your shame.  
 Self-accusation demands no action.  
 I can blame myself till it be tomorrow, which I will.  
 Yet what signifies it?

How I need somebody to talk to!  
 My husband finds it too obsessive.  
 He may have a point.  
 I must go seek some priest.  
 He can perchance comfort me.  
 Tomorrow, to a nunnery I will go.  
 What is this good for?  
 He cannot possibly give my joy back to me.

Besides, what joy is joy if Antigone be not by?  
 Joy is the butterfly that flew away from me when I tried to hold it tightly.  
 That was foolish of me.  
 I shall sleep silently now,  
 Though my brain will incessantly make noises  
 That will taunt me, haunt me.

I actually know a way to stop them.  
 No, I am too weak for that.  
 Have I the courage to do it, too?  
 First, I have to pay a visit to Antigone.  
 Then maybe...  
 Oh, God, help me! Please, help me!



Simay Batum

# Brady

Remzi Yıldırım - 133586

Do you remember how much  
You missed your friends?  
So you planned to meet up  
Next to the beach near your home.

Isabel said she was busy,  
Still hung up on Brady.  
You didn't really care that much  
Since she was a total wretch.

Thomas was also busy,  
As always chasing after girls.  
You thought, "Wow—what an asshole!"  
As you hung up faintly.

Then you saw the blue fray hanging  
From your coat covering your body—  
That, and only that, was  
What made you start crying.

Then you decided to call Brady  
Whom you assumed would also be busy.  
To your surprise, he was not—  
So he'd come over by three.

You went to the beach with him.  
He smiled at you faintly;  
Then told you all about  
His extreme exercise routine.

His body was perfectly chiseled  
Since he spent hours every single day  
Lifting, squatting, and running,  
As he'd told you all about it.

In the exact twentieth minute  
Of his telling you all about  
His very detailed exercise routine  
Every single day, all day, every day,

You let out the biggest scream,  
Pushed him into the barbecue pit;  
Then ran into the depths of the sea,  
Preferring to drown over Brady.



Misra Serenay Özgök

# Sailing Clouds

Derin Kutlay - 60241

Everything seems so distant  
As we move on with a parrot and a sextant.  
Will our ship cross oceans  
As I imagined,  
Or will it go down miles  
As I trembled?

As we moved further, this sea of clouds  
Sailing far away from absent-minded crowds—  
Should we fear this distance?  
As they wanted,  
Should we wait for the sunrise to decide  
As they lay exhausted?

Aye, Captain, that's enough  
For tonight; we shall rest  
As I will write and you will dock  
At an unknown harbor,  
Our minds, out of order.

I yearn for the old paved streets,  
Where crowds used to stride;  
We have made up our mind:  
Let the moon be our only light  
And the waves, our fight.

The abyss, it appears in our dreams,  
Mostly nightmares, sometimes sweet.  
Will this journey have an end?  
We are just too tired.  
Will this be the last farewell we send,  
As we expected?

The sailor with the hazel eyes,  
He reminds me of myself sometimes.

# Shakespeare in Love: A Movie Truly Worthy of the Bard

Zeynep Sandalli - 113205 (Alum)

Are you fed up with lame romantic comedy movies? Are you looking for a movie that impeccably conveys the true nature of love? Do you relish the magical world of poetry? If so, without a doubt, you will be fascinated by the seven-time academy awards winning movie Shakespeare in Love. Directed by John Madden, the movie stars Joseph Fiennes, Gwyneth Paltrow (best actress award), Geoffrey Rush, Ben Affleck, and Judi Dench.

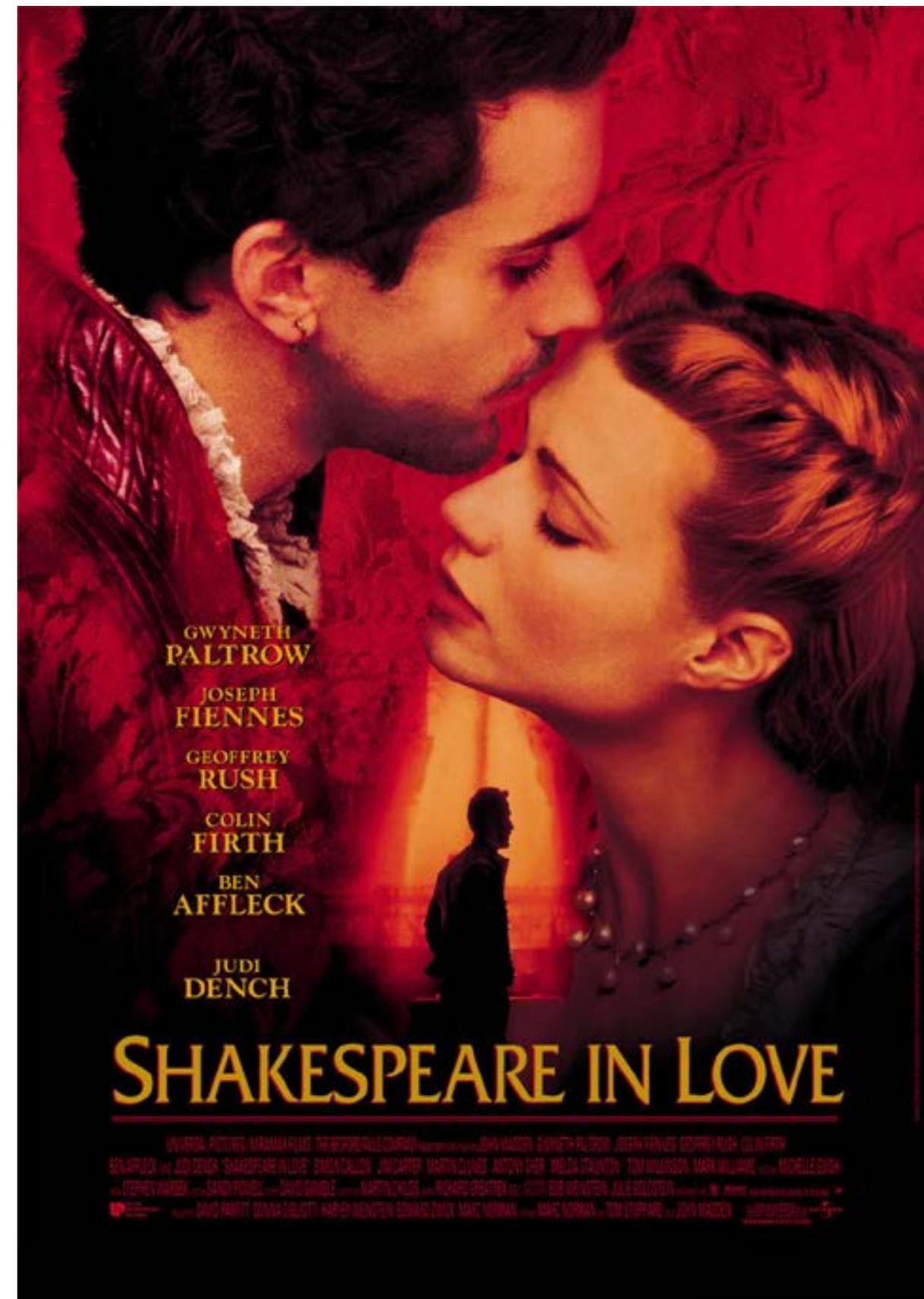
Set in London, in 1593 when nobody knew Shakespeare was a genius, Shakespeare in Love focuses on what might have inspired a young, struggling man—who was not even famous compared to Christopher Marlowe, his rival—to become the greatest playwright ever. As the movie opens, the young Will Shakespeare has been disastrously struck by writer's block, which is the last thing he needs right now as "The Rose," the playhouse for which he works, is under the threat of closure. Mr. Henslowe, the owner of the theatre, forces Will to write a hit; otherwise, they will all go bankrupt. What Will needs is a muse, and she appears in the form of the beautiful, wealthy, and betrothed Viola De Lesseps. Lady Viola admires Shakespeare's plays, having missed none of them. Loving theatre so much and therefore dreaming of becoming an actor, Viola dresses up as a young man named Thomas Kent (since women were not allowed to be on the stage in that period) and wins the part of Romeo in Romeo & Ethel, The Pirate's Daughter. Shakespeare soon discovers her real identity and goes along with it for he has already fallen in love with her. Yet as Shakespeare himself knows very well, "the course of true love never did run smooth" (A Midsummer Night's Dream).

The movie is so convincing that it takes you on a breathtaking journey in to late 16th century England. The performances of the actors are undeniably impressive. For instance, Joseph Fiennes portrays the struggling, amorous poet flawlessly,

almost making us believe that William Shakespeare really experienced every single event that takes place in the movie. Moreover, the costumes and decorations have been carefully chosen for the perfect reflection of that time period. They show us how the London of 1593 was a place of contrasts. On the one hand, we see lords, ladies and Queen Elizabeth the first, of course, all dressed in sumptuous clothes heavy with gleaming accessories; on the other hand, there are impecunious people in scruffy clothes trying to escape their lives for a couple of hours and enter a new world where there is no poverty—but often no happiness either—by coming to theatre. While I was watching this movie, I understood that the theatre not only entertained the rich, but it also enabled the poor to continue their lives more colorfully. It showed me that literature has this amazing power to captivate anyone's and everyone's heart; all people need to do is give a chance to it—nothing too difficult, right?

One of the most salient reasons why this movie is impossible to forget is that it blends comedy and tragedy surprisingly well—two opposite genres that are usually considered to be irreconcilable. I both burst into laughter and was moved to tears. I should mention that this is the only movie which has been able to make me cry up to now. Therefore, if you decide to watch it, make sure you have a box of tissues with you! Secondly, it touches on an impressive number of Shakespeare's oeuvre, considering it only lasts for two hours (three plays: Two Gentleman of Verona, Romeo & Juliet, Twelfth Night and Sonnet 18, as well as many allusions to his other works).

Shakespeare in Love is the most engrossing movie I have ever watched, and I highly recommend you watch it, too since you will be rewarding yourself via doing so.



# Somedays

Derin Kutlay - 60241

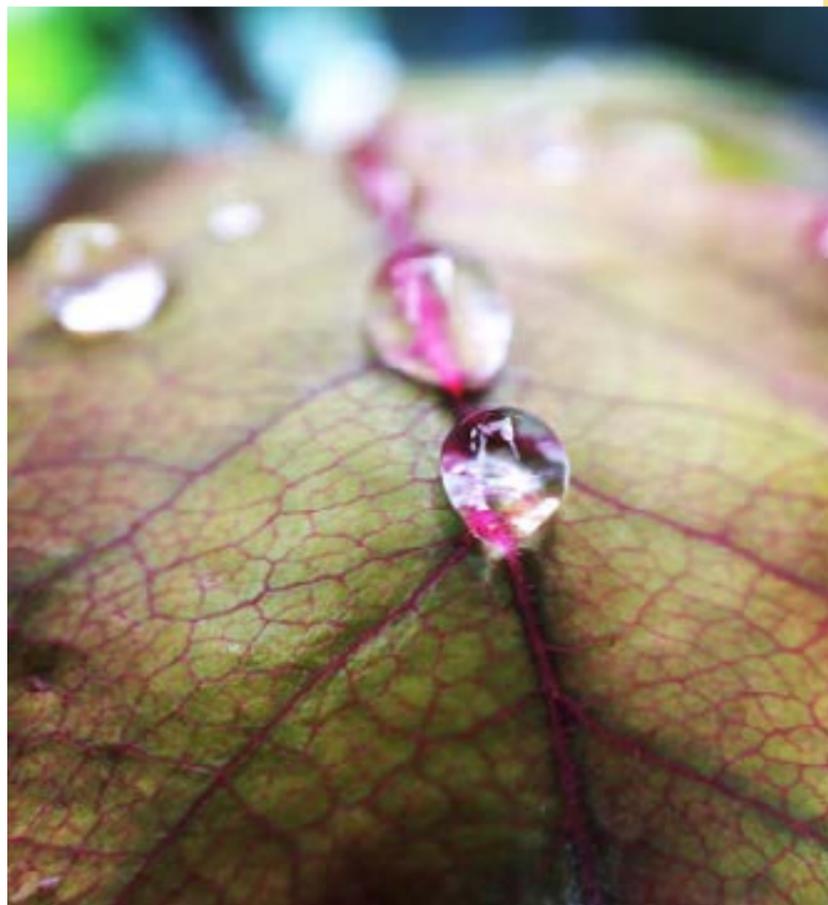
When the winter finishes late,  
When the spring gives up,  
When the summer stops singing,  
When the fall departs,  
I'll leave for good,  
So I won't see the rude and the crude.

You left too,  
For a thing called "family,"  
Moved to a ghost town,  
Where you wouldn't be bothered with looking like a clown,  
Rented a house near the railroad track,  
Where the winds make your lips crack.

They left as well,  
For "power and more,"  
Took a train to infinite prairies  
For their search of deep quarries,  
Went further north;  
They said they had business to sort.

She left, also,  
For "an issue yet unsolved,"  
Kept it a secret from others,  
Apart from her very reserved brothers.  
Some still managed to find out  
And teased her until she moved out of town.

Maybe we'll be gone today;  
Maybe we're here to stay.  
We'll be far away  
From this blindness someday.



Misra Serenay Özgök

# The Vanity

Serra Su Cömert - 71947

It starts  
with attractive colors  
and a sad reflection.  
The hands move shakily towards the concealer first –  
knowing that's what elder hands would do,  
to hide the secrets,  
the face attached to them  
would give away,  
to feel pretty again.  
Curious eyes flicker;  
they want to be the next,  
so the hands then move to the black;  
afraid of messing up, they start gently.  
They paint and paint and paint,  
so that the eyes would, too, give nothing,  
nothing but a joyful caress.  
It gets easier after then,  
almost as if it were not the first time,  
almost as if the hands  
were created to make  
the reflection happy again.  
It's pretty self explanatory,  
crimson,  
and the lips will look kissable,  
blush,  
and the reflection will look glad again.  
It's too easy to hide,  
to become likeable.  
And the hands hope,  
as does the face in front of them,  
that they managed  
to look tasteful yet again.

# Interview with Çağrı Yurttaş Dirlik, a new English teacher in our HS

Defne Çekirge (102881) - Deniz Kurt (101094)

## 1. Could you briefly introduce yourself?

“My name is Çağrı Yurttaş Dirlik. I am 32 years old, and I have been working as an English teacher for almost 10 years.”

## 2. What kind of student were you when you were in high school? What were you like in high school?

“Hmm, I was not a very hardworking student, but I was really responsible and also social. I think my teachers loved me.”

## 3. In which university did you study? Did you like your university?

“Ankara University. I liked it because I had great professors there. I learned a lot about English language and literature.”

## 4. Why did you decide to become a teacher?

“I always liked helping people learn and being a part of others' lives.”

## 5. How did you decide to become a teacher?

“I decided after university. I think I kinda' knew it could be an endless journey for me, too.”

## 6. Do you like your job?

“Yes. I really do!”

## 7. What is your favourite part about your job?

“Learning while teaching at the same time.”

## 8. If you didn't become a teacher, what would you do?

“An actress or a wildlife photographer.”

## 9. What were your expectations about Ted Ankara College before coming to Ted?

“I wanted to be a part of somewhere that has responsibilities towards society and has real goals for the future of this country.”

## 10. How was your first day in Ted Ankara College?

“It was exciting. I had a lot of things to do and learn, but I had no idea about them. Then everything became clear during the day.”

## 11. What do you think about the students here?

“They are open-minded and enthusiastic learners who seem to enjoy the school.”

## 12. What is your advice to the ones who want to become a teacher?

“Be sure you like children and improve yourself in that field as much as possible. Young people will always have new questions. Get ready!”

## 13. What are your hobbies?

“Travelling and cinema.”

## 14. If you didn't live in Turkey, where would you want to live?

“Greece...because its natural beauty and history are enchanting.”

## 15. Do you have a dream you want to accomplish?

“Not a dream but a plan. I want to travel around the world.”

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“Mrs. Dirlik, thank you very much for taking the time to talk with us.”

“It was my pleasure.”

# Interview with Ayşe Yalım, a new English teacher in our HS

Idil Bilici (111359) - Simin Biçer (133377)

## 1) What were your expectations when you came to this school, and are you disappointed?

“When I came I had very high expectations from the students’ level because, you know, this school is very famous all over the country. When you say TED Ankara College, everybody thinks, “Oh yeah, everyone in the school speaks English like natives. Of course, we know that’s not the case. But for many classes I can actually say that they are amazing, very dedicated, and accomplish all the work we covered in class. So even though some students aren’t that eager, I’m quite pleased with many students’ level of English and actually very happy here.”

## 2) Did you use to like language classes, and were you talented?

“Yes, actually I was. I studied in public schools all of my life. When I was in the primary school, according to the Ministry of Education, we started learning English in fourth grade, and I loved learning English. I told my parents that probably I will be an English teacher because, you know, especially in primary school, teachers have a big impact on the students, and after that they got really happy because neither my father nor mother speaks English, or any other foreign language. They supported me very much. I went to an English course in Bursa. I started the course and it was not like a traditional lesson; rather, it was like singing songs, talking, speaking and reading and learning, and they are all a very, let’s say, compact kind of thing for me. You know, I got very bored at math but learning English was not like any other lesson I had had before. It was actually fun. The more successful I got, the more

I liked it. That’s why I like language classes.”

## 3) Do you have any recommendations for students who want to be an English teacher?

“Actually, first of all, I advise all of my students including the ones who are not going to be English teacher to go abroad and see other students’ lives. If you want to be an English teacher, you have to be fluent. And to be fluent in English, you should visit foreign countries . . . at least for six months. That’s why it’s the first advice of mine. I lived in New York when I was a student. Before I went there I was not very fluent. I was very good at grammar, reading but when it comes to speaking or listening I was like ‘ugh . . . I . . . um sorry . . . want . . . mmm’ kind of thing. I struggled because I was first thinking in Turkish and then doing the translation in my head. You should go to another country and see their culture and language. You definitely have to learn loads of things in that country.”

## 4) What was your passion or hobbies in your college years?

“I was a folk dancer for seventeen years. I started dancing when I was in primary school. I spent my days and night in rehearsals, learning different dances from different regions of Turkey. It was my passion. It taught me lots of things, like time management and discipline. It helped me a lot, and I was able to study easily for my final exams. I always encourage hobbies and extra-curricular activities.”

## 5) What college have you been to?

“I graduated from METU. I completed a dual-di-

ploma program. I studied in METU for the first two years then I spent my third year in NY then I came back to METU. After four years, I got two diplomas from two different universities. I still visit NY. I was comfortable there. I am really looking forward to go New York again. When I visit there, I realize how much I missed the old days.”

## 6) Where would you like to live?

“If I had a chance to choose, I would definitely choose New York because I spent my best time in New York. Other than being free, being a student there was totally different. I learned so many invaluable things and had a chance to remain there, but in the end I decided it was best at the time to return to Turkey. It was a really tough decision.”

## 7) What would you want to be if you were not a teacher?

“A dancer.”

## 8) What were your high school years like?

“I do not want to be a bad example for you, but I was really bad at physics, chemistry, biology, and math. Oh, I was really bad at math and physics. Those years, the university entrance exams were based on Turkish and social sciences for language students. I wasn’t supposed to be responsible for numerical lessons, but they changed the system. I was responsible for covering each and every lesson. I couldn’t manage it. But I was successful at language. I was in love with it.”

## 9) What are your hobbies?

“I really love reading books. I was in love with novels. When I got married, we moved to Sam-sun and there were 30 boxes containing my books. I needed somebody to get me a bookshelf. Since I started working in this school, I read students’ essays, but I still read novels in my free time. Also, I am a big fan of football, I support Beşiktaş.”

## 10) What was the TED Ankara College entrance exam like?

“I started studying English as a foreign language, but I graduated from teaching English. I had many pedagogical lessons. In the entrance exam there were many questions about educational sciences in Turkish. It was the hardest part because the terminology differed, and it was so hard. After that I took the English part which was easier for me. A week later I had an interview with principle, head of English, and director of the counselling center. There were seven people there. They wanted me to do a lesson. They sent us a poem, and I prepared lesson plans for different students. Actually, it was quite challenging, but it was logical because students also challenge you, and you have to stay calm all the time.”

“Mrs. Yalım, thank you very much for talking with us.”

“My pleasure.”

# Interview with Darin Crowell, a new English teacher in our HS

Simay Atalay - 60107

- **Could you briefly introduce yourself?**

- “My name is Darin Crowell. I’m American. I’m from San Francisco, California. I’m retired from the military. I was in the Air Force for 25 years. I’ve lived all over the world. I’ve been living in Turkey on & off for 11 years: Izmir, Diyarbakir, Adana, Ankara...but I’ve been teaching for 4 years.”

- **Why did you decide to become a teacher?**

- “I’ve been thinking about it for a long time. To be honest with you, the reason I first thought about it was because I knew I would retire in Turkey, and I was looking at what type of job I could do. But then, I also realized I’d been doing teaching my whole life and it’s something that I always enjoyed. So I just put everything into it, and I love it so much more than everything else I’ve ever done before.”

- **What’s your favorite part about your job?**

- “This one is pretty easy. It’s when I’m able to help a student achieve some type of goal. And in the military, it was travelling because I got to travel all over the world.”

- **What do you think about our school?**

- “It’s very different. It’s really big, very crowded. A lot of the ways that things are done are very different from anything I’ve ever seen before. So that takes some adjustment. I’m used to teachers having their own rooms and the students moving. Here, the students stay and the teachers move. I guess it’s good for my exercise, but it’s a bit weird. And the exam schedule is crazy. And what I mean by that, it’s very difficult on the students and there’s so many lessons. I find it really surprising that as an English teacher I’m giving physics or geography exams. It’s just so different from anything I’ve seen before.”

- **What are your expectations from your students?**

- “I think my biggest expectation is that they care, that they do their best and take it seriously. I don’t have an expectation as far as I’ll grade because that’s not what I think is the most important thing.”

- **What do you think about the students in Turkey?**

- “I’ve taught adults before I came here, so it’s my first time teaching high school. I think the level of English is excellent. Most of the students are really good. I think, there’s a high level of talent here. And it’s nice to be able to have the opportunity to help them, to help them achieve their dreams and what they want to do.”

- **What were you like in high school?**

- “The first two years I was the nerdy-brainy one, and last two years I was the trouble maker.”

- **If you could live in a movie, TV show, or book, what would it be?**

- “I would probably live in the Amazing Race. It’s a TV show where competitors race around the world, and they visit all these crazy countries doing wild stuff. So it’s like a global adventure, and I think that would be really cool.”

- **What are your hobbies?**

- “I’ve got one hobby and that’s jigsaw puzzles. I build huge puzzles, thousands and thousands of pieces. I’m a fanatic. I always have a puzzle in progress. I’m working on a three-thousand piece right now, I did a five-hundred piece on the weekend. I did a twenty-four thousand piece once. It took three years. I’m just an addict. And travelling, I love travelling.”

- **How do you want to be remembered?**

- “I just want to be remembered as someone who has made a difference. I just want someone to remember and say, ‘He was somebody who helped me achieve my dreams.’”

- **As an American, why did you come to Turkey?**

- “Because my government told me to come. I didn’t have a choice. I first went to Izmir and then I liked it. Then I got married and had a child. And then I kind of went back & forth between other countries and Turkey. Now, I’m just here.”

- **What do you think about Turkey?**

- “Turkey is a wonderful place. The people are very warm, the food is delicious, the weather is great, and the cost of living is extremely low. It’s centrally located where you can travel easily to Europe or Africa or Asia. If I didn’t like it, I wouldn’t be here, and I’ll probably be here until I die. But I need to escape a couple of times a year, just to go somewhere and come back.”

- **Since you’ve been travelling a lot, which country was your favorite?**

- “My favorite country that I ever visited was Italy, because it’s just beautiful and they preserved their history very well unlike Turkey. Korea was very nice, too. I lived there. But I think my favorite place I lived was in Holland. I lived there for six years, and it was wonderful.”

- **Do you think travelling this much had been somehow hard for you?**

- “No. Some people don’t like it. Some people just like the comfort of home, and they don’t want it to change. I have high-school friends that are still living in the same neighborhood, doing the same job after 30 years. And to

me, that’s the definition of boredom. They have worked in the same job doing the same things every single day. I’ve been living and working and travelling all over the world. I think it’s more exciting to travel. And you learn so much, too.”

- **Do you have a dream you want to accomplish?**

- “A dream? Hmm. I have two children. I want them to have happy, successful lives and that’s the most important thing. My daughter goes to TED University here, and my son is in high school. So I think my first dream is for them to be happy and successful doing whatever it is they want to do. For me, personally I would like to just help as many people as I can in the following 6 or 7 years and then retire. Maybe open up a gallery for all my puzzles I’ve built over the years. Maybe buy a summer home somewhere nice and warm and just relax . . . with a couple of trips every year.”

- **If you didn’t become a teacher or had your career in the military, what would you do?**

- “I would have been a National Geographic photographer. You just travel the world and see all sorts of crazy and wonderful things. But it would have had to be connected to travelling. I used to love photography. I don’t do it anymore because I like old-school photography. I think digital photography is all computerized now, and the art is gone.”

- **Do you think it’s important for people to do what they love?**

- “Yes, and I tell my students all the time if you do what you love, you’ll never work a day in your life. Because it’s so true. People who do jobs that they’re passionate about,

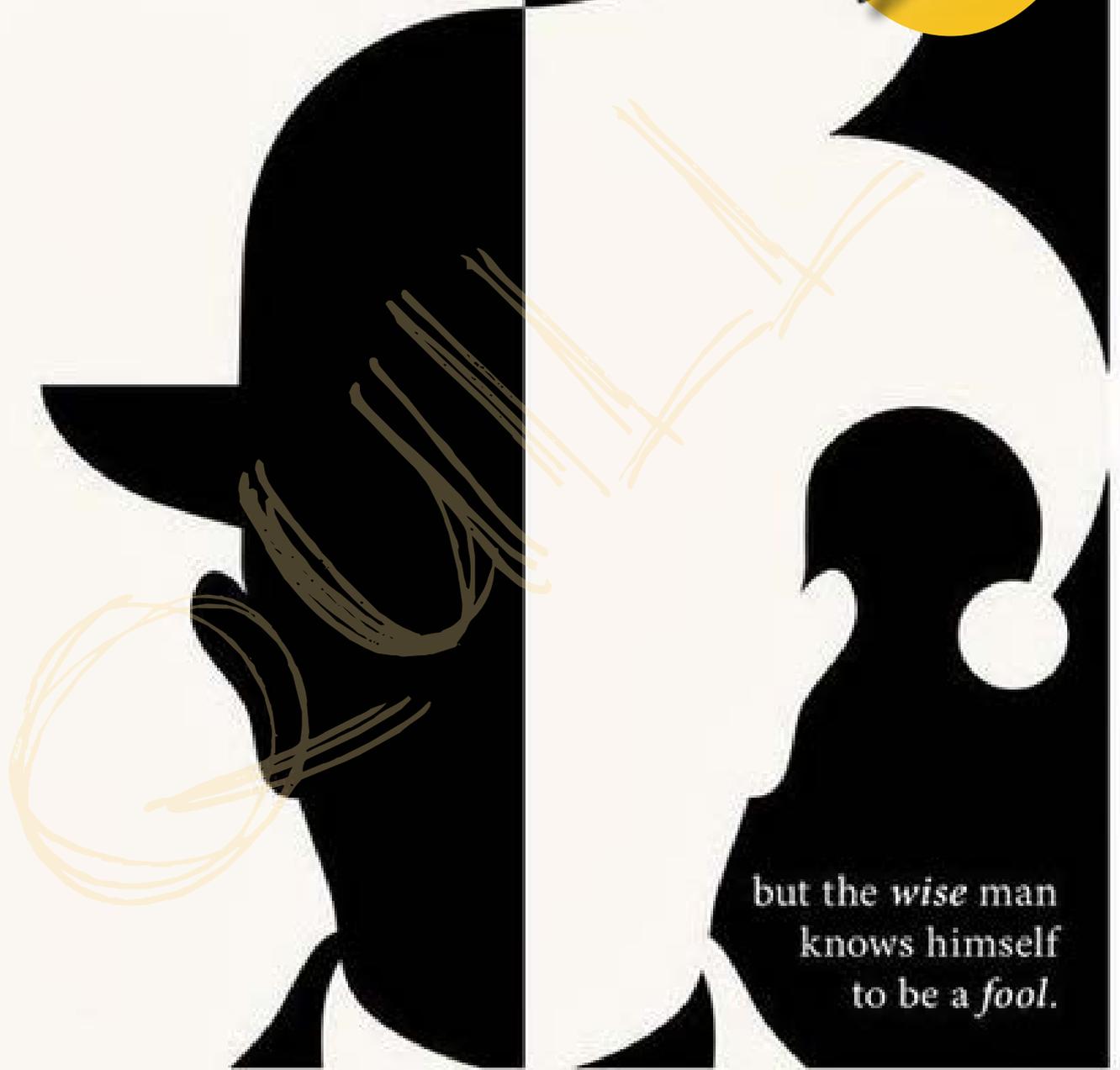
don’t really work. It’s more like play, and they’re really good at it!”

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“Mr. Crowell, thank you so much for talking with me.”

“My pleasure, Simay.”

The *fool*  
doth think  
he is *wise*



but the *wise* man  
knows himself  
to be a *fool*.



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE