



QUILL

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QUILL, TED Ankara Koleji Vakfı Okulları'nın ücretsiz yayın organıdır



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*pictured from left to right:
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dear readers

Dear Readers,

Seeing your love of literature and reading your delightful submissions, we can't help being excited to present the fifth issue of *Quill*, our high school's English literary magazine.

We are so happy that we are able to share the great works of our contributors with you. We assure you that you'll find something that suits you since there are many different pieces from many different genres in varied art forms. So, prepare yourself for a thrilling ride between the pages of our magazine!

Also, there are some people who supported us all through the way and made it possible to publish this magazine. Firstly, we would like to thank our English department, our faculty supervisor Mr. Resnick, and our principals Sedef Eryurt and Tamer Atacan for their endless encouragement. Last but not least, we'd like to thank our wonderfully talented writers for their significant contributions and enthusiasm.

We hope you enjoy the 5th issue of *Quill*!

Sincerely,
Quill's Editorial Team

The Letter

Ege Kurtoğlu 122148

Sound of the rain, peaceful yet chaotic. Every individual drop rushing towards the earth... They're in a hurry I guess. Finally, I see her, walking towards her 67 Chevy Impala. Careful steps I hear. With no haste, she gets in the backseat and signals the driver. I watch as they ride into the pale moon. That's what I want to see. I know it won't happen, as I seem to come at interesting times.

Everyday I meet thousands of people who greet me, want me, fear me. I feel sorry for them. I didn't feel that way before, in fact I didn't feel anything before I met that tiny old man. I met him maybe a decade, maybe a century ago... Confusing the time is. As usual I was doing my duty...

I slowly walked into a room. The room was in great condition. No doubt the building was built recently. The only distinct feature about this room was the scrapped papers. They were everywhere. Some had writings on them, some had tears. There he was, sitting on the bed with his pyjamas. He must have been in his 60s. He was staring at the chandelier with misty eyes. Then, noticed me and waved at me with a little smile. Suddenly, the tears on his cheek disappeared. I closed on him and just as I was about to take him he asked me a question. A question no man had ever asked me before: How are you? My mind went black. Time stopped. How could he ask me a question like that even though I was the cruel one. Was I? I am just an executioner, not the judge nor the jury. Time, it was all about Time.; the only verdict...

He saw the struggle in me and patted gently on the bed. I lied down and stared at the chandelier. I remember thinking, my whole existence was a waste. How come I didn't see the beauty of humans? How come I didn't feel before? "Can you do a little favor for me?". His eyes were gleaming with hope. I responded with a simple nod. He reached towards his desk and grabbed a letter. "Will you take this to her, when the time comes?". I took the letter, then I took him. I didn't want to, but I had to. There was no time.

Again, I'm alone. The only thing I have is this letter. I know I should wait but I don't want to. I have had these primitive urges for some time. I'm done waiting. I start opening the snow white envelope. It starts "My Lisa,"

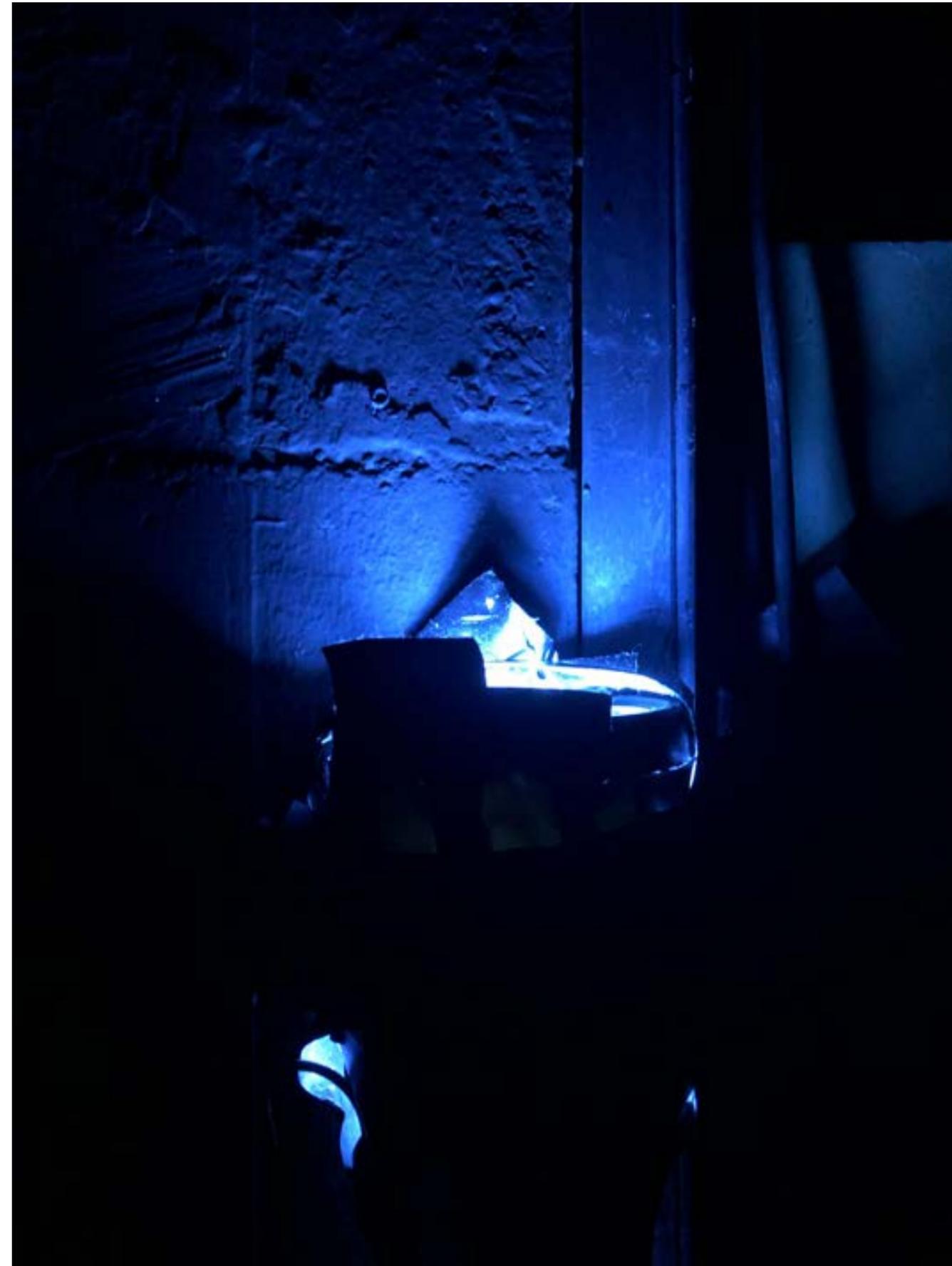
My Lisa,

I know you hate me. I know why you hate me. I wasn't there for you. Not when you started school, not when you graduated from college, not even when Mary died... I understand why you left home. I was so obsessed with the death of her that I didn't even notice the one last connection I had with her... you. I ignored you, pretended that you didn't exist because you reminded me of her. I couldn't bear to see her face everyday. You moved on, I couldn't. You got married, had children yet neither of us bothered calling. I would do anything to change the past, but I can't. The only thing left for me to do is regret.

I don't seek redemption, I only want you to understand... Understand the state of mind I was in.

The father you should have had...

Why am I crying? How am I able to cry? These questions are not to be answered. I feel something, something I thought was impossible for me. I feel compassion. I see the rusty door opening slowly. The old woman steps out. As the rain surrounds her, a car stops by. 67 Chevy Impala, a classic. She gets in the backseat of the car with planned steps. She signals the driver then the Time comes. She feels her heart pounding rapidly as her lungs desperately try to suck the air. I get in the car. She asks "Is it time?". I respond "Unfortunately.". A reach into my pocket for the letter then I hand it to her. She carefully opens the envelope and asks "Have you read it?". I nod with a little drop of tear sliding down my cheek. The time stops and becomes irrelevant as she reads. She reads for centuries. With red eyes and a face full of tears she says "Thank y-". She fades away. Time rules once again.



Simin BİÇER

Forever is over!

Derin Kutlay



Simay ATALAY

“Queen, Queen, I’ve got something to say,
Your majesty, you must fly far away,
Run even if you can’t escape being their prey!”

“I know, Little One,
Though my kingdom shines like the sun
My vision will soon be gone.”

“Oh, Majesty!
Forever is over,
And you couldn’t be any merrier!”

“But my child,
All the Celts and Franks have seen it all!
And I am like another worthless soul.”

“But highness should it be you
Who thinks, surely not
At least until our rope is cut.”

“My dear friend,
When all is light
No one will need the dark.”

“Yes my lady that is what I mean,
Who cares about those barbaric men
When there is life, amen!”

“Oh well, I want to live that life kid,
But it isn’t possible as I was told
I can’t return to the same old.”

“But queen what is the same old
When you haven’t seen anything?
And have only read the stories of our king?”

the Regret

Simay Atalay 11-İ quill submission

-adapted from Guy de Maupassant's "Regret"-

Mademoiselle Grey - who was called in London "the Nightingale"- had just risen from bed. She checked her phone and then headed to the bathroom. As her phone was *beeping* she asked herself: "What am I doing with my life?" Being surrounded by people she didn't even care was one of the hardest struggles of her life. She didn't belong.

She was an outsider.

It was a dull autumn day. The leaves were falling. They fell slowly in the rain, like a heavier and slower rain. Mademoiselle Grey was not in good spirits. She walked from the fireplace to the window, and from the window to the fireplace. Life has its somber days. It would no longer have any but somber days for her, as she had reached the age of forty-two. How sad it is to die alone, all alone, without anyone who is hopelessly devoted to you!

She pondered over her life, so barren, so empty. She recalled former days. The days of her childhood, high school memories, that song which played on the radio all the time, the perfume she used to wear just because her friend liked, her hometown, the city she belonged: Paris. Not only did she study med-school there but also that was the city where she grew up. When she finished university, she decided to move to England. It was a sudden decision, she had to leave. She dreamed of starting all over but memories never left her. How sad life is! One day, she will disappear and that will be the end. There will be no more of Mademoiselle Grey upon the earth. Yes, people will go on amusing themselves, and she will no longer exist. Is it not strange that people can laugh, amuse themselves, be joyful under the eternal certainty of death? If this death were only probable, one could than have hope; but no, it's inevitable, as inevitable as that night follows the day.

If, however, her life had been full! Academically she had always been successful. She worked hard, became a doctor, finished school with a degree, always had the highest grades. But, she knew life wasn't a matter of statistics and that those grades were never going to lead her to happiness. She was never "successful." She was in a foreign country all on her own, she was lonely. She was the legal alien in that famous song and she liked her toast done on one side. Her childhood dreams never came true and she never knew what real happiness felt like. The only satisfaction she got in her life was saving people's lives. But other than that she had done nothing;

nothing but rise from bed, go to work, examine some patients, perform surgeries, work for days and days and finally fall asleep somewhere in the hospital as she lost track of time. Her days had been passing like this for years. She had not even taken unto herself a husband, as other women do. Did she even need a man in her life? She was a doctor and she earned enough money. Had she lacked an opportunity? Perhaps! But no one can create opportunities. She was shy and quiet, that had been her greatest drawback, her defect, her vice. How many people wreck their lives through being too shy! Maybe it was only her.

She had once been loved, however. It was like a fairytale, but with no happy ending. She had experienced the delicious anguish of expectation, the divine vibration of a hand in hers, the ecstasy of triumphant passion. But that was the past, it was many many years ago. What superhuman happiness must overflow your heart, when lips encounter lips for the first time, when the grasp of four arms makes one being of you, a being unutterably happy, two beings infatuated with one another.

(...)

Madam Grey was sitting before the window. Assuredly her life had been spoiled, completely spoiled. She had, however, loved. She had loved secretly, sadly and hopelessly. Yes, she had loved an old friend, Monsieur Shepherd. Ah, if she had acted differently then, everything would have been different right now. But she had made some stupid mistakes. The biggest of them started with a "p", followed with a "r". Pride... Unquestionably, she would have spoken to him in order to make things different. About how she had loved him, nevertheless, without respite, since when she was just a young woman. But, she was the one who turned the opportunity down and now, it was too late for everything.

She recalled how she felt every time she thought about him. During walks by the River Seine, flights, long car rides; as she kept losing track of time. She would get excited, her heart rates would get faster and she would simply be happy. She always had him in her mind, being aware of the fact that he was thinking about someone else. But what about the many nights she could not sleep because she was thinking of him?

"You were always on my mind." –Elvis Presley

On rising in the morning, she was somewhat more rational than on the previous evening.

Why?

That was the only question mark she had on her mind twenty-four hours a day, and also the one she was never able to answer.

How nice he was formerly! He wasn't the most handsome man on earth or anything but he was somehow attractive to her. It was his intelligence which won the love of Grey. Every single time she talked to him, her happiness would switch to an ethereal feeling. She never wanted it to be true, because she knew every good thing eventually came to an end. However, the fact that fairytales only happened in bed-time stories hit her like a bullet in the back.

Madam Grey was the girl he had chosen years ago, when all they had was nothing but a childish innocence. After four years of a very intimate relationship, everything ended. His attitude towards her had changed all of a sudden, without any explanation, only leaving question marks behind. Isn't it one of the biggest pains a human being has to experience at some point of his/her life? Losing a friend without any reasonable explanation and not being able to do anything.

Ah, if only he had loved her! She would have been the happiest woman on earth. Had Monsieur Shepherd not guessed anything, seen anything, comprehended anything? Couldn't he see that she had never stopped loving him even though he had given up on her? She always wanted to talk, she kept demanding for answers but something had always driven her back. If she had spoken to him, how would he have reacted? She kept writing scenarios in her head (at least nine of which would make her win Academy Awards), but they never came true. While she was too busy with her scenarios, she didn't realize the time passing by.

And Grey asked herself a thousand other things. She reviewed her whole life, seeking to recall a multitude of details.

She recalled all of the memories from the time she spent in France. Years passed, but she kept every single detail in her mind because Monsieur Shepherd had been living in her memories for years and Madam Grey was cursed with an unyielding memory.

She recalled their walks after lessons in the garden. They would walk. Sometimes they wouldn't even speak, but they kept wandering around. For the two of them, that silence was full of confessions. But their favorite place was the tiny bar at the end of the road, with the best wine and music in town, where you could feel as if you were a part of a festival movie.

Of course, it was important that two people shared the same opinions and had a common perspective of life. But the importance of "chemistry" was always there and it could not be denied. Every single touch of Shepherd had left a mark on her life. How his hands were trembling, as if he was trying to protect her from himself.

She recalled many things that he had told her, the intonations of his voice, the little significant smiles that meant so much.

Life has always been about the small details.

"Nightingale" was one of the many things he used to call her. She was the smart, beautiful, shy nightingale of Shepherd. She only sang her song when she was with people she loved. She loved Shepherd.

Madam Grey always tried to think about good memories, so that she didn't have to feel sorry about the present and could find some peace in the past. She knew that she was just fooling herself, but sometimes people had to tell each other lies, especially to themselves. However, the fact that there was something wrong about the way they treated each other was too hard to turn into a sweet memory. At the end, they were two strangers who didn't know anything to do.

But how could you go back to being strangers with someone who has seen your soul?

Madam Smith had always loved him, even when she didn't. It was painful for her to stand right next to him without saying anything. However, there were some moments when the two of them would stare at each other. Those stares confused her mind every time they happened. Was something hidden under those looks?

Madam Grey felt herself blush, she got up to a bound as if she was twenty years younger and heard Monsieur Shepherd say "I love you."

Was it possible? The idea which had just entered her mind tortured her. Was it possible that she had not seen, had not guessed?

Oh, if that were true, if she had let her only opportunity of happiness pass without taking advantage of it...

(...)

Now that she had a new question with no answer, Grey could go back to bed. When she just reached her phone to turn it off, she saw an e-mail in her inbox. Apparently, this year's medical reception was going to be held in Paris. "This must be a sign." Grey said to herself. She was going to have that talk with Shepherd which was supposed to be made twenty years earlier.

Madam Grey rarely went to Paris, since every corner of that city reminded her just too much than she could handle. However, she thought this reception was worth a try since she didn't want to remain this state of doubt. She bought the tickets that same night and went to bed. Now, all she had to do was nothing but wait. For nearly a month... Time never seemed to pass that fast at the hospital before.

She had a lot of things going in her head. All she thought was Shepherd. Was he married or seeing anyone? Did he accomplish his childhood dreams? She definitely couldn't, so she at least wanted him to be happy. How did he look like? While she was struggling with her questions, she suddenly remembered how they wrote scenarios with Shepherd, when she was just a young woman. She was going to fall asleep on the couch and he was going to put a blanket on her while the dramatic music was playing on the background. Perhaps, this

was just another scenario which wasn't meant to come true.

(...)

Hello, I've just got to let you know

'cause I wonder where you are

and I wonder what you do

Are you somewhere feeling lonely, or is someone loving you?

Tell me how to win your heart for I haven't got a clue

but let me start by saying, I love you (...)

And the big day had finally come. It was time to go. A strange feeling tortured her inside. She was going to see Shepherd and all of her friends after all that time, she couldn't help but being nervous. She kept thinking about the years she missed without her friends on her way to her hotel from the airport. When she finally got there, she didn't know what to wear so she thought a black dress would be a good choice. She wore her hair loose and left the hotel. What did she have to lose?

There she was, at the place of meeting, one of the luxury hotels in Paris. She stared at the cars at the parking lot, wondering which one belonged to Shepherd. Then she stepped inside and her eyes directly started searching for him. There he was. The same face, the same looks... Just gained a little weight. She decided to go next to him, trying to maintain her state of cold-bloodedness.

Shepherd was as surprised as Grey. This was the first time they were seeing each other after about twenty years. At first, they didn't know what to ask each other and the silence was deafening. Thinking that it would be better to leave "the talk" after dinner, Grey couldn't help noticing the smell of sweet perfume lingering on her.

"Shepherd, we need to ta-"

Suddenly, she saw a woman coming towards them.

A.

Pregnant.

Woman.

A pregnant woman who was holding Shepherd's hand.

"This wasn't a part of the plan." said Grey to herself and then felt as if she couldn't breathe. She wanted to believe that there was a logical explanation to the view in front of her eyes, but there wasn't. Everything was so clear that Grey didn't want to believe it was true. Shepherd wasn't talking either. As her dizziness and breathing went worse Grey left the lobby and started running to a cab. All Shepherd could say was "Wait!"

As she threw herself inside the cab, a single drop of tear came down her cheek. This wasn't sadness that she was feeling, it was anger. She wasn't angry at Shepherd or his wife, she was angry at herself which made everything harder for her. All of a sudden, all the bad things she wanted to erase from her memory started invading her mind.

She remembered when she first came to England. She kept telling herself that she was here to be free, that she was strong enough to move on. She wanted to believe that these were the actual reasons why she left France so much that they finally became the truth for her. She was neither strong nor free. A strong woman would have stayed there and fought for her love, but she chose to run away. She chose to be weak. That's what she was: a coward.

"I'd never dreamed that I'd meet somebody like you and I'd never dreamed that I'd lose somebody like you"

When she first came to England, she was never able to trust anyone. The scar opened by Shepherd was so deep that it never completely healed, not even now. She spent half of her days at bars and woke up every morning in a different bed. But she always had Shepherd on her mind.

Always.

"No, I don't wanna fall in love with you"

Hopefully, she was able to put the pieces of her broken heart together once more. She held onto her job, to her patients. Maybe she should be thanking Shepherd because she owed him her strong personality. But was she strong? What was strength at all? This is what love does. It makes you upside down. But it teaches you, a lot. Maybe what didn't kill Grey made her stronger.

Tears were streaming down her face.

The last time she cried was probably years ago, if that's what people call strength. She tried to stay firm no matter what happened, but she couldn't keep playing her little game anymore. There was so much that she had been holding back, even too much for herself.

"Nothing can stop these lonely tears from falling"

She hated the fact that it was still Shepherd who had the control of her life even after twenty years. She hated the power of love. Maybe what she felt wasn't love at all. Sometimes she loved him so much, that it hurt. She loved him so much, that she hated him. Apparently Shepherd was wise enough to move on, get married and even have kids. Which one of them was doing the right thing? Or was there anything right when it came to love?

She was still crying.

She was facing the hardest exam of her life. She was facing herself. The lies she kept telling herself didn't lead her anywhere. Things had to change. She had to make a decision. If Shepherd moved on, so could she. From that day on it was going to be only herself, not in a selfish way but no more tears were to be shed after Shepherd.

She had to change.

She took a deep breath.

She was going to survive.

(gloria gaynor-i will survive)



Kerem OKTAY

SKY

Pelin Mertcan 11V

The sunlight
 angelic enough to illuminate lives
 but mighty enough to fade your whole world out
 the greed
 the intention of having the brightest life.
 and the sun
 the sun that punishes greed
 with seconds of darkness
 and those enchanting phosphenes.
 they always give the wrong impression.
 Aren't they?
 Aren't they?

And those cloud
 mostly misinterpreted, occasionally alone
 blamed with a felony
 blamed with shading in the sun
 blamed by all principle criminals, liars, obstacles
 Obstacles that cover up the lustre
 the lustre of nature.

Anarchist Of La Vita È Bella

Naz Karagöz

1.Requiem

I was a kid, afraid of the dark
 Darkness was brutal, painful
 It made me go to places that I didn't want to go
 I stretched out my hand to light, but never could I reach
 Light was an expectation that could never be reached,
 And expectations were ridiculous dreams that led people to misery
 That moment I understood
 If there was something scarier than darkness
 It was light.

2.Rigoletto

I looked at their faces
 The ones that called me an actress
 They performed better than me,
 Trying to find happiness in empty bottles and cigarette boxes
 And when the curtains opened
 They started their usual monologues
 The audience, waiting to be deceived,
 All clapped loudly
 No one had an identity other than a jester.

3.V'ho ingannato

They were on a straight path
 Running to catch their lives

Shuttling involuntarily
 Broken glasses they had
 They were alive if you asked,
 But truth be told, they were all dead
 Taking up a room as if a corpse
 We were all fools
 Corpses that lived a lie
 Drawing smiling faces to our empty faces with pens
 Now they were sleeping deep
 Unaware
 Their ears were closed
 Innocent as an "apple"
 Yet so content
 Of the lie they were living.

4.Symphony No. 3, Górecki

For the first time after a long while
 I stopped and watched
 My eyes opened
 I started seeing
 I cleaned my smokey glasses
 It was loud and clear, standing simply
 At that point they tied my eyes
 Threatened me with chains
 Must not see, must not hear, must not know
 You'll be happy only if you're ignorant they said
 They saw, heard, knew
 They closed covered everywhere with a veil curtain
 So we went back to our usual positions
 We could look, but we were not allowed to see.



Simin BİÇER

THE BELL JAR

DESCENDS ULTIMATELY

Sude Çapoğlu 9/N 80351

The Bell Jar is ironically a novel about a poet who tries to end her life which is written by a poet who did. Sylvia Plath managed to get her only novel published just one month before committing suicide and under the pseudonym Victoria Lucas (1). It is mainly a fiction which can be read partly as an autobiography, mainly because it coincides with Sylvia Plath's own experiences of education, life, and mental illness (2). Plath tells the story of Esther Greenwood, a college woman who tries to come-of-age without following the usual ways of the world to reach adulthood, but she ends up falling into madness which she calls her "bell jar". Throughout the novel symbols, motifs and extended metaphor are used to help portray Esther's struggle with her identity and madness in the context of 1950's American society in a cynical and somewhat girlish tone.

The book follows the life of a character named Esther. Esther is a very successful college student who earns prizes, scholarships and respect with her intellectual abilities and aims to be poet. However people around her, including her mother assume that she would become a wife and a mother. Esther feels pulled between her desire to write and the pressure to settle down and start a family. Even her dormitory friends start showing her respect when her high school sweetheart Buddy who is generally accepted as an ideal husband candidate visits and invites her for the graduate dance. Buddy who is a medical school student also expects her to drop her poetic ambitions as soon as she marries him and becomes a mother. After getting to know Buddy better, Esther realizes that he is a real hypocrite; he confesses that he had an affair with a waitress

while still dating with Esther and to make things worse he still expects her to remain a virgin until they get married. Esther cannot bare this double standard and they split up after which Esther tries to enjoy herself and live adventures to get even with Buddy and declare her independence and adulthood (3). Unfortunately she is terribly unsure about what to do in life and feels anxious about her future. Life becomes unbearable leading her to attempt suicide and eventually to madness she describes as the descending of the bell jar. Her mentality shows us that Sylvia Plath was a true feminist even if world was not aware of feminism in 1950's.

Plath made use of extended metaphor as well as symbols and motifs in The Bell Jar. Primarily she used the "bell jar" as an extended metaphor in three different ways (7). The bell jar is generally used to display an object of scientific curiosity (3) however the bell jar is the primary metaphor used by Plath to portray Esther's imprisonment in her thoughts of self-doubt and despair even in the best of situations, "because wherever I sat, on the deck of a ship or at a street café in Paris or Bangkok, I would be sitting under the same glass bell jar, stewing in my own sour air." She explains that she is trapped inside the hell of her own mind when the bell jar descends meaning when she is gripped by insanity. At the end of the novel after a lengthy treatment she is said to be cured so the bell jar ascends. Her mother suggests that they treat this as a bad dream that they should forget, however, Esther is not sure about her idea and says that "To the person in the bell jar, blank and stopped as a dead baby, the world itself is the bad dream." Her negative mind can

always find a way to pull her into a depression, which is the recurring theme of mental illness. In other words the bell jar can descend again, anytime or anywhere; "How did I know that someday the bell jar, with its stifling distortions, wouldn't descend again?" Furthermore, the bell jar is also a metaphor for society in general, in the way that people can be trapped in social conventions, traditions and expectations. Finally, the bell jar also refers to social pressures of 1950s and the difficulty of being an individual and how, that lead Esther to her madness (6). The bell jar distorts her perspective of the world and isolates her from the society and even from her most loved ones.

Apart from the extended metaphor of the bell jar, the most important symbol in the novel is a fig tree about which Esther reads a story. In this story a nun and a Jewish man meets under a fig tree until their relationship doomed just like her relationship with Buddy. "I saw myself sitting in the crotch of the fig-tree, starving to death, just because I couldn't make up my mind which of the figs I would choose. I wanted each and every one of them, but choosing one meant losing all the rest." This shows that eventually, the fig tree becomes a symbol of life choices for Esther and she can choose only one fig whereas she cannot decide and actually wants all of them. While she sits without a final decision, figs rot and fall from the tree to the ground meaning the time passes and she is missing the opportunities (5). This situation creates further stress on Esther and enhances her madness. Moreover, "starving to death" quote foreshadows Esther's later suicide attempt, offering a warning to the reader of the seriousness of her unhealthy mentality and inability to decide. One cannot help but wonder why Plath had chosen the fig tree instead of

any other tree. The fig tree is one of the more frequently mentioned trees in the Scriptures therefore this is a religious connotation (10). Adam and Eve made their first covering from its leaves to hide their shame and sin after eating the forbidden fruit. The fig tree was valued first of all for its delicious sweet fruit as well as for being the symbol of prosperity and security (9). However in Bible it is indicated that one of Lord's miracles happened when his curse of the fig tree caused it to wither. This is in parallel with God's favor turning away from Jews as shown in the withered tree as a result of the rejection of Jesus on part of them (8). To sum up with this religious connotation Plath links nun and Jew, Adam and Eve and Buddy and herself to stories in the Bible. Esther's indecisiveness suggests that Esther feels shameful about her confusion and her dooming relationship coincides with the withering of the fig tree whereby fig tree represents life as well. Apart from the metaphor and symbols there are many motifs in the novel and the "beating heart" is one of them. When Esther tries to commit suicide she notices the beating of her heart and that her heart is determined to live despite her unwillingness. For example her heart beats saying "I am, I am, I am" when she tries to kill herself. Therefore we can note that the beating heart symbolizes the bodily desire for life. Esther believes that she must find a way to bypass the heart's desire to live if she wishes to die.

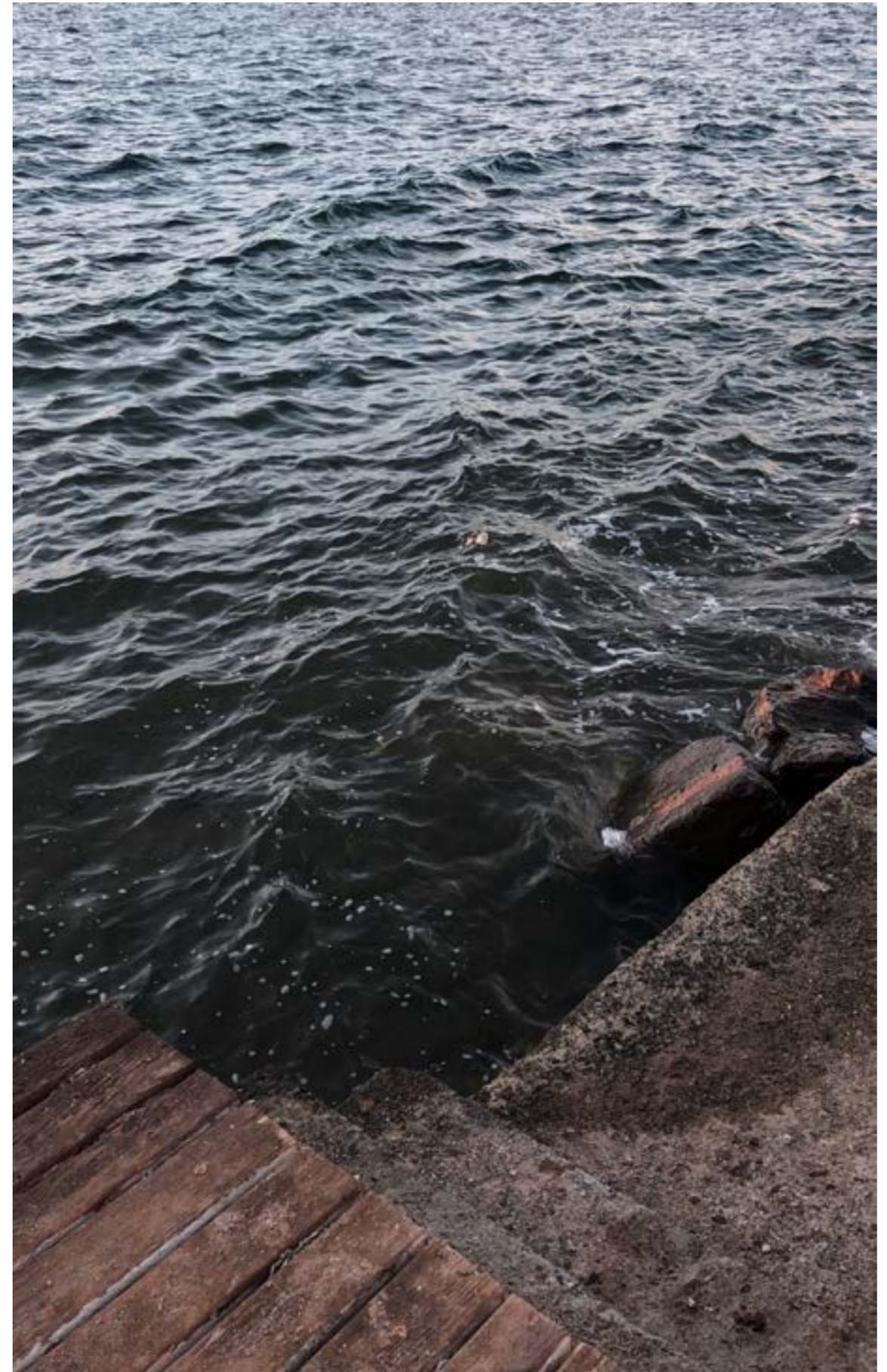
Another important motif used by Plath all through the novel is the mirror. Esther continually confronts herself in the mirror but she fails to recognize herself just like in Dr. Nolan's hospital after having her first shock treatment. Her failure to recognize her own reflection stands for the difficulty she has understanding herself.

The final motif is the blood that appears numerous times in the novel. To give an example, she tries to cut her calf before the failed attempt to commit suicide by cutting her wrists. The shedding of blood marks major transitions in Esther's life and suggests a ritual sacrifice. Esther intends to sacrifice her life for peace of mind.

To sum up *The Bell Jar* is the story of a young woman's coming-of-age introducing extended metaphor, symbols and motifs. It begins in New York in a light and entertaining mood, grows darker as Esther goes back home in Massachusetts then finally slips into madness. Set in 1950's America, a time when American society was predominantly shaped by conservative values and patriarchic structures, the novel shows that the women like Esther were crushed by the pressures of the society to be a homemaker, wife and mother rather than to pursuing their own careers (4). Their resentment of these pressures inspired the feminist movement of the 1960's and 1970's at the cost of getting trapped into the "bell jar" descending and ascending against their will.

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Simin BİÇER

Is CAS just an obligation for the IB Diploma?

Deniz Karagözoğlu

Nearly all IB students have concerns about completing their CAS hours, but they have no awareness of why it's an obligation to take the IB diploma. The IB program aims to make students global citizens and to make sure that the life of an IB student isn't only about studying for school. Another aim is to develop the candidates' awareness to their community and what's going on in the world. In order to accomplish these aims, the IB made a restriction for candidates to complete a certain amount of CAS activities, referring to 7 different outcomes as a part of the diploma program. Besides the fact that it's an obligation, CAS activities have many advantages for the candidates themselves.

Firstly, the CAS activities increase the awareness of candidates and make them more sensible to the world and their community. While completing CAS hours candidates realize the community's problems and demands; they spend time finding solutions and thinking about ways to supply these demands. In this way they gain a different perspective, and they are more likely to show greater awareness to the things happening around them. The increase in their social consciousness results in being more beneficial to their community.

Secondly, CAS activities enable students to work as a part of a group which has positive impacts to their friendship and leadership skills. The solutions based upon the CAS projects which are found by candidates to solve problems of the community must to be conducted by candidates throughout the whole process, including planning and performing stages. This planning and

performing process includes group-work and as a result the candidate's social skills are improved. The developments distinguish them from other students which privilege them to employers. A research carried out by London School of Economics and Political Science shows that university gradutors who have the IB diploma are more likely to find a job throughout the whole European Union.

Thirdly, the sense of responsibility of candidates are increased by completing their CAS hours. The candidates are obliged to complete their duties according to the work distribution. If a candidate does not complete his/her responsibility in a CAS project, he/she will get negative feedback from the other members of the group and everything will suddenly get out of control. Under these circumstances, once he/she receives negative reaction from the others, the candidate will realize the importance of fulfilling his/her responsibilities and the sense of responsibility of the candidate will also be developed. As their social skills are improved, the candidates will also fulfill the highly wanted criteria of employers.

Besides being a part of taking the IB diploma, the CAS activities have many benefits in individual development and business life as listed above. By CAS activities the candidate's awareness to the community, leadership and group work skills and sense of responsibility develops. The CAS activities provide a great influence in candidates' personal development and also, it contributes to International Baccalaureate Program's aim which is to raise global citizens with developed awareness to their world and community.



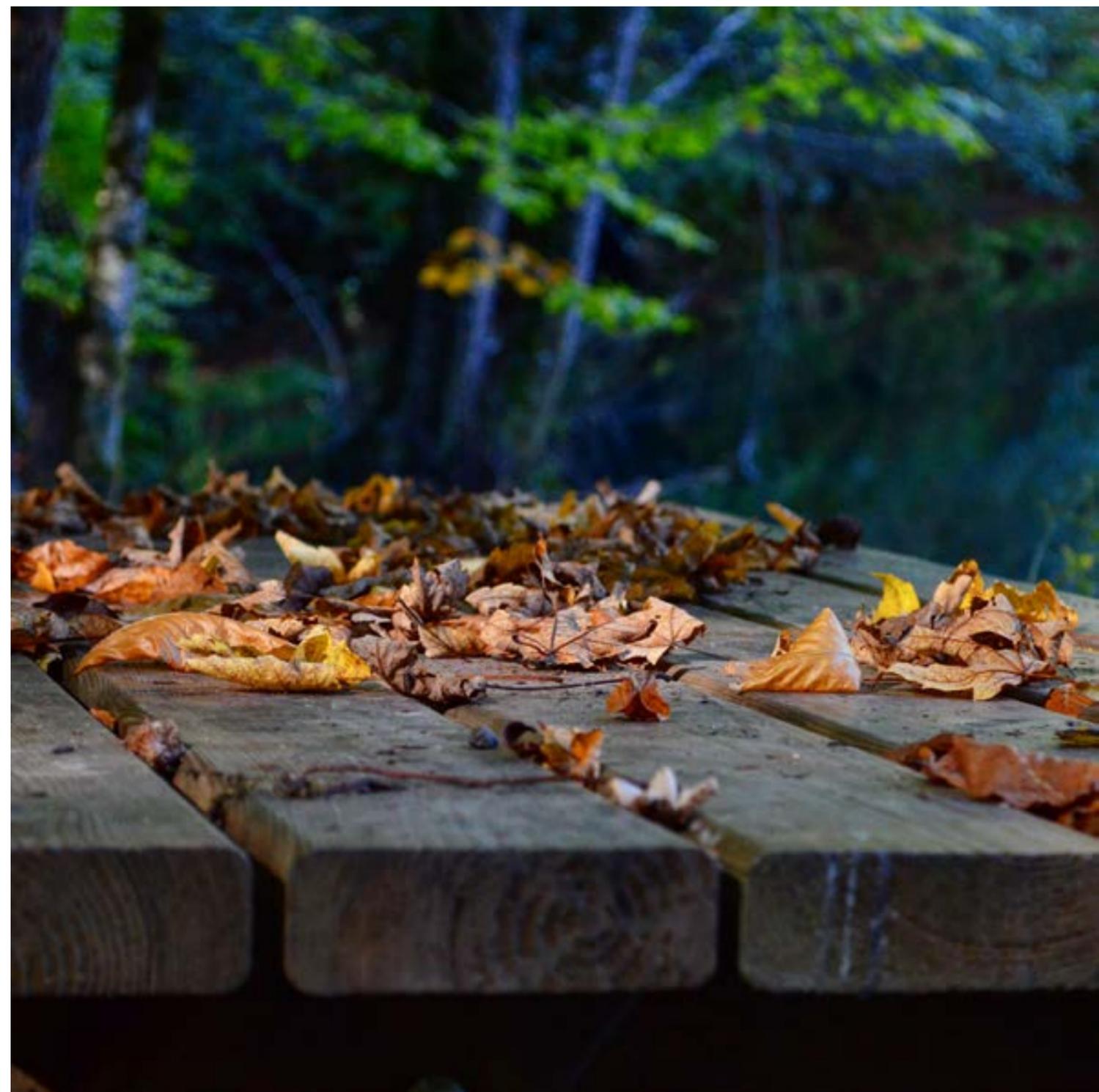
Kerem OKTAY

Love You with All of My Molecules

Doğa Yaluğ 9-V

Before I met you, my feet were on the ground,
Now I'm flying on a cloud;
I've been searching for you in the crowd,
Only your voice echoes in my ears—even there's something too loud;
Your words are the only words to my ears permit sound.

You are the song I play on the guitar,
How lucky am I? You are my dream boy and here you are;
With you, I discovered one more star;
You fixed my biggest scar,
Now troubles are too far.



Kerem OKTAY

The Light

Ege Kurtođlu



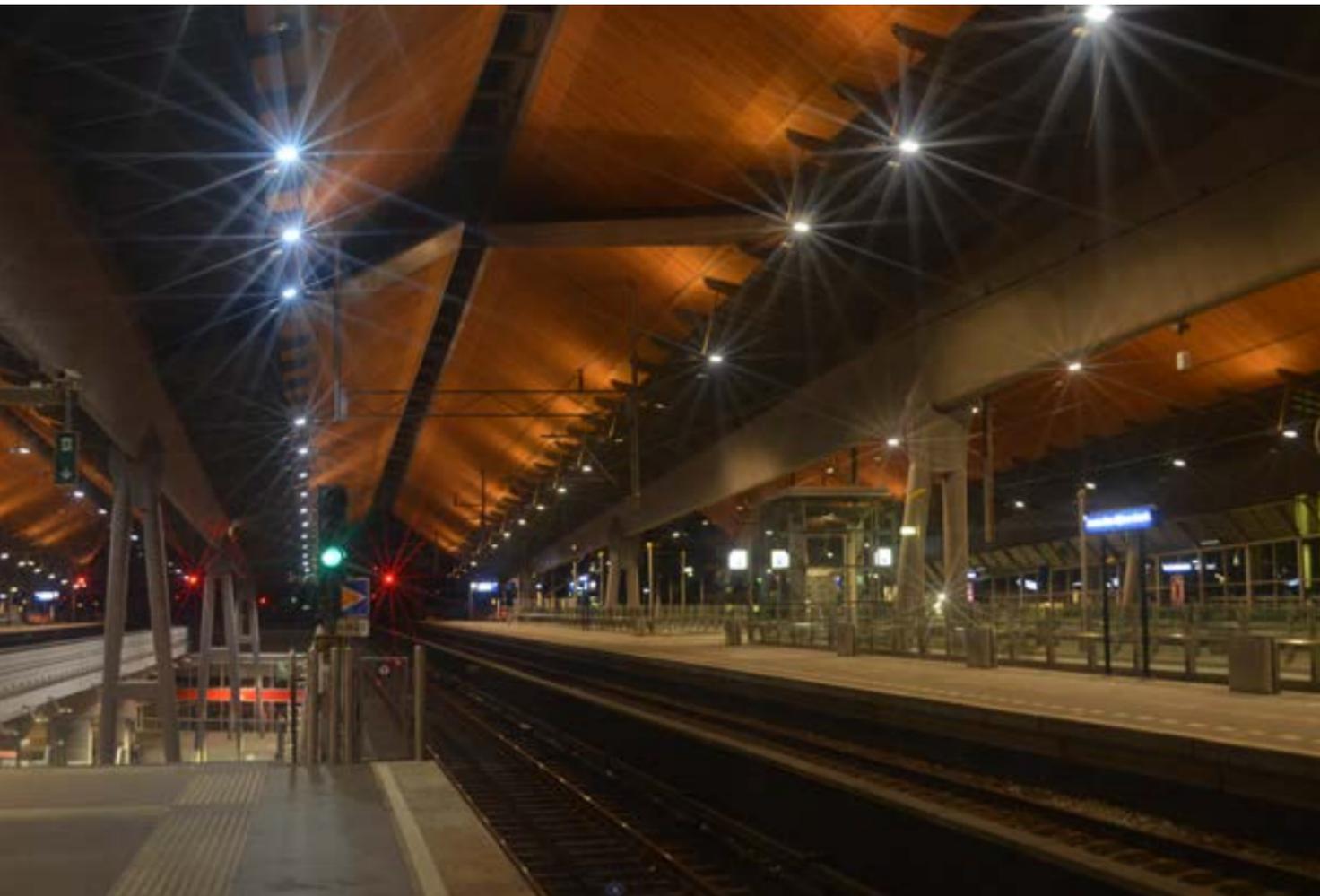
The Light shone upon the boy;
One hand on his mother,
One hand on his toy,
With a gleeful smile.

The Light shone through a window
Smelling the fresh food.
Friends talking joyfully,
With comfort and humor.

The Light encountered a curtain
Covering up the dark room
The Light refused to shine
Upon the man
With his feet twitching in air
As his hands grasp
The necklace of mercy.

The Mask

Anonymous submission



Kerem OKTAY

As I walk into the classroom, I remember what they do not:
the words they told me, what they assume. The difference I have, they cannot spot.

I have to conceal what I feel every day; it feels like hell but I do as I was taught.
I smile to their faces as their cruel joke fades away and I stand there still, distraught.
“This whole show must end eventually”
I hope when I think of the future I sought
“but for now I have to deal with it, no one but me.” I put on my mask and I once more
become a robot.
“It could have been her smile that made me happy,
why is it any different when her smile is his smile?” They would not understand me even if I
told them normally
I know that it is not their fault.
They make fun of those who are like me, I go away.
But their words haunt me even when they are out of earshot. I speculate: “What if my friends,
much to their dismay, discovered I was not who they thought?”

As I walk into the classroom, I remember what they do not:
to act a certain way and to never remove my mask
which I was made to wear by those who allow no other thought.

S.O.S! Procrastination or Tomorrow For Sure

Mikail Akgümüş 132570/9-A

An advertisement that college Quill magazine staff accepting submissions for its new issue appeared two months ago. I got greatly fascinated with it and was full of strong desire to write something really worth being shared with and published. Since then I was cherishing ideas, imagining plots for my story, questing to create a solid 'gold classic' thing. Time was passing and passing...

Being honestly overwhelmed with various ideas, I tried hard to determine to compile numerous thoughts into a form of a trophy masterpiece. Alongside some inner 'monster' voice kept whispering to me : 'You will do it tomorrow', as if constructing a barrier by preventing me from fulfillment of my intentions and plans. It was my so-called 'alibi' like studying for exams, participating in a concert, doing my homework, go swimming that forced me to postpone carrying out the task. Though all these weighty arguments might seem to be rather convincing and self-justifying, frankly speaking, it was nothing but shift and excuses.

Submission deadline was announced to be prolonged. I became animated feeling the revival of enthusiasm. At the end, it was merely the delusion. The situation turned back to square one not bringing my 'great expectations' into an effect. Does it sound familiar? This 'monster' inner voice is named procrastination. It appears like a bat out of hell keeping a vise grip on you.

The word 'procrastination' comes from Latin 'crastinus'-'tomorrow' and 'pro'-'for'. Procrastination is commonly associated with the habit when people put off doing things or postpone unpleasant thoughts till tomorrow, till next month, for later on and start dealing with the task at the very last moment what leads to negative consequences and problems. At this point all of us can remember folks' wisdom set phrases as 'Time and tide wait for no man', 'Take time by the forelock', or 'One of these days is none of the days'. It witnesses that procrastination dates back to really old times.

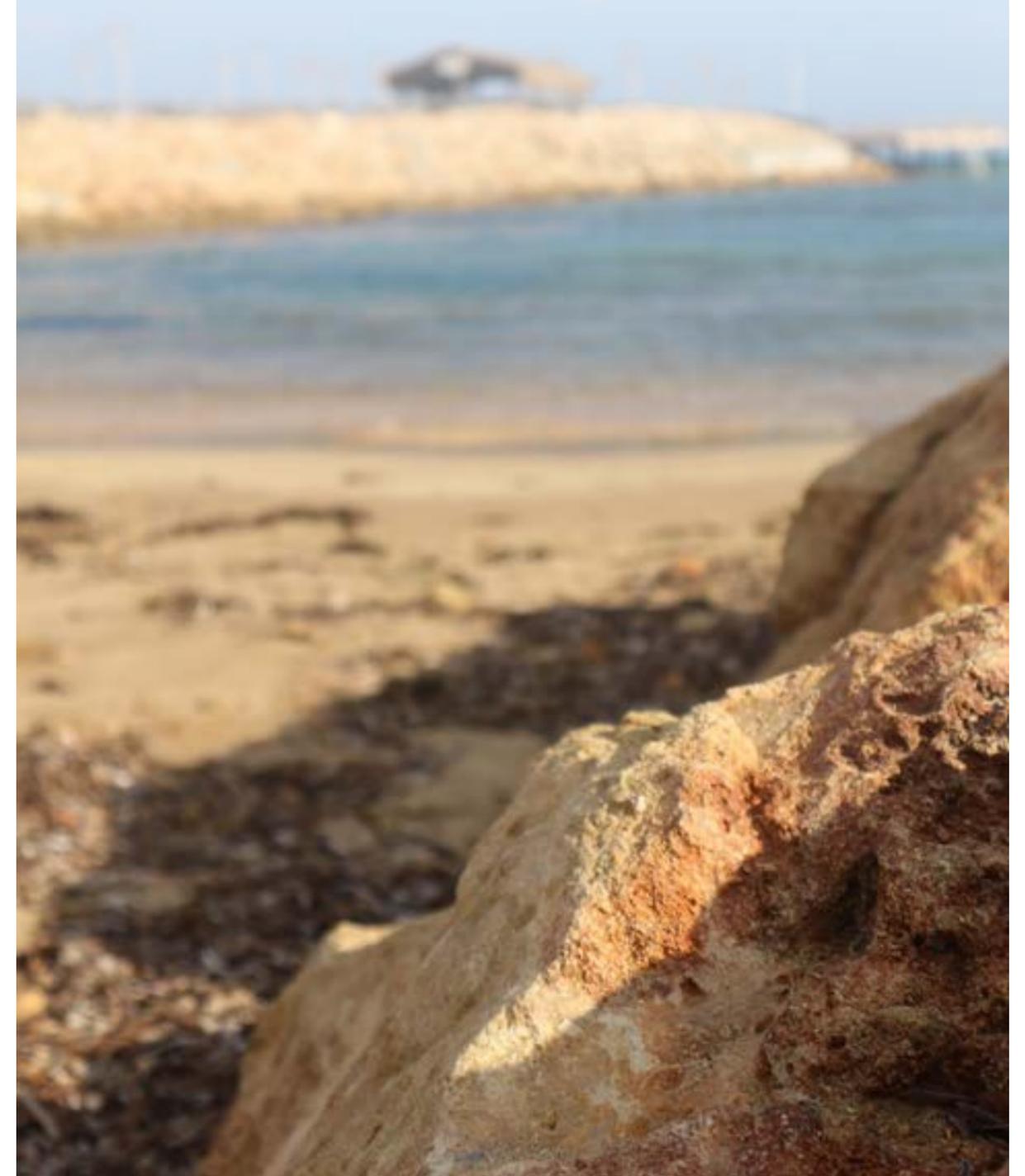
Contemplating over procrastination and analyzing my own examples of procrastination, allowed me both to define the reasons of being in the condition of procrastination and to elaborate certain criteria of overcoming it. I revealed that in every particular situation procrastination camouflages into several features : idleness in alliance with lack of motivation, lack of self-confidence, false perception of time, and lack of freedom.

For instance, to avoid idleness that originates from the lack of achievement motivation requires to obtain specific benefits, awards, or real subject dedication. Usually it is a good practice addressing yourself with the question whether in future you want to pronounce a regret phrase: 'If only I could have done it!'. Lack of self-confidence reflects in fear to fail, makes you stop trying new things you find challenging. After all, an attempt is no sin – if you try you may win. Falling into a trap of modern network technologies (social networks, internet, online message correspondence, etc) is among the most dangerous and addicting things when we lose all sense of time and time ceases to exit. We start to perceive time in terms of philosophic everlasting eternity. Self-control and time-management are of vital importance in the stage of the struggle with false perception of time. Severely yearning for freedom and sacrificing freedom in contrast to public concepts of 'must', 'obliged', 'dealine' results in the form of rebel and thus affects in procrastination. But this momentary pleasure of freedom gained on account of 'stealing', as a rule is followed by inevitable pangs of guilt, stress, and anger with yourself.

I suppose there is no universally applicable countermeasures to prevent or get rid of procrastination, but I came to the conclusion that this phenomenon can be defeated or at least controlled, from one side, by effort and willpower, by self-discipline, by the sense of obligation, by awareness of duties, and from the other side, by strong determination to succeed, by satisfaction to reach goals, by intellectual curiosity, by being praised, by getting financial credits, not being punished and finally by not letting close people down.

We live in the world of rules and laws, in the community where all aspects of our lives are strictly regulated. It seems wise to accept the nature of current state of affairs for the sake of our safe, calm, convenient and well-organised existence in the modern society. Otherwise we risk to stay in chaos with procrastination causing a threat to humanity.

Enjoy the beauty and magic of life!



Simay ATALAY



Disillusion

Ege Kurtoğlu 10/T 122148

Oh wise Death,
Here I lie with eagerness
Waiting for you to-
Lower me down to the earth
Lift me up to a caring hand
Announcing my death-
And my birth.
My journey, I believe,
Is far from over.

I close my eyes without haste-
Thus surrendering my vessel-
to the cold floor-
and - you.

Yet I had much to see,
“ I’m blinded”
Yet I had much to hear,
“ I’m deafened”
Didn’t expect such blackness
Couldn’t accept such vainness
Wouldn’t, except, then I saw
the light that lights the skies
the might that molds the grounds
tears of revelation
caused a slight revolution
cleansing my soul
with mere realization
Then I covered my eyes
And prayed for veracity.

I couldn’t see, I couldn’t hear
The fantasies beyond my mind...



Simay ATALAY

Poems

Asude Gültekin

Winter's Wife

She believed
Her wounds will stop bleeding
If she freezes her body.
She couldn't imagine
Her soul case would be a cage for her soul.

She believed
Her breaths and heartbeat will slow down
If she inhales the stone cold air.
She couldn't imagine
Her veins would ice over.

She believed
Her mind will rest easy
If she opens the window on a cold January night.
She couldn't imagine
Her memories would scud along the street.

She thought
She should have left well enough alone.
She was shivering,
She was shuddering,
She was quivering.

She wore her skates,
Glided over her icy soul.
She held her frozen heart,
As it is a crystal mirror.
Then, she smiled.

Panacea

"I'm falling into the ocean." said Gloria,
"I'm chocking, I'm crumbling
Beneath the feeling of being
Not a mermaid, but a human being."
Gloria was going to leave the water behind
Either swimming to the surface
Or sinking to the bottom.
"I apologize." she said,
"I don't blame you anymore,
I forgive you."
She was lighter.
Ocean praised her to the skies.
"How will I recall good memories?" thought Gloria,
"How will I find the panacea?"
She hoped.
She healed.



Kerem OKTAY

The Gift of Darkness

Hello darkness, my old friend. *
 Did you remember the ancient times?
 We used to share our sorrows.
 You had the magic to hide our tears,
 To help me run away from myself.
 Have you ever looked back at the times of old?
 The sacred asylum of mine,
 We used to talk about others.
 I've never understood people
 Who don't really like you.
 They are scared; you are unsafe, precarious.
 I love you my friend; you are private, and gorgeous.
 People will soon fathom
 How you welcome the desperate, how you hail the evanesced
 How you re-teach to them
 Walking, running, dancing
 How you prepare them to the sunlight,
 To the heavy burden of having
 It's all because you grace them
 With your gift
 A precious gift from darkness to his friends
 People will soon remember the antiquity,
 The time when there's no light
 Except the sun and the stars.
 People will soon understand.
 The stars need you to shine.
 *Paul Simon - "The Sound of Silence"

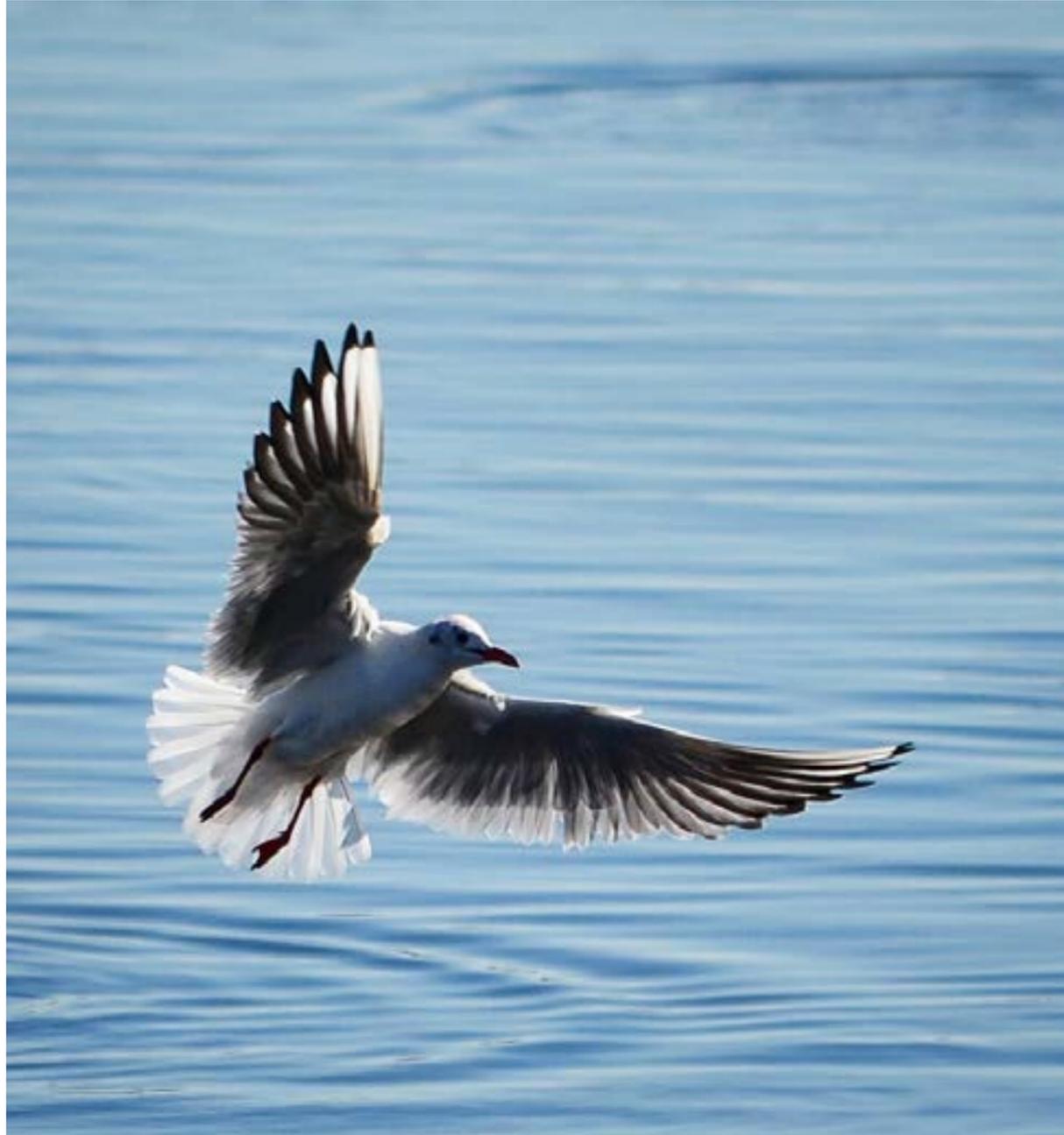
Loop

Gentleman invited Lady to the dance
 Together, they rewrote the book of romance
 With love
 With respect
 With loyalty

They knew it wouldn't last forever
 They didn't try the impossible
 It ended
 Without sadness
 Without madness
 Without any pain.



Simay ATALAY



Kerem OKTAY

I Have Never

İzgi Pilavođlu 11/f 60149

I am a poet
Who writes poems
With deep words
But I have never been out of words like this

I am a singer
Who sings in crowd
With a sonorous voice
But I have never been this much quiet

I am a teacher
Who teaches everyone
With the knowledge of years
But I have never been in need to be taught like this

In the end I am a lover
Who loves in the dark
With the warmth of your heart
But I have never been this lonely.



Simay ATALAY

Jokester

Ege Özkan / 9-P

+What is a potato's least favourite day?
- Fryday

+What starts with "e", ends with "e" and only has one letter in it?
-Envelope

+What did one ocean say to the other ocean?
-Nothing, they just waved.

+What do you call it when a midget waves at you?
-A microwave.

Iron Man is technically a FEmale.

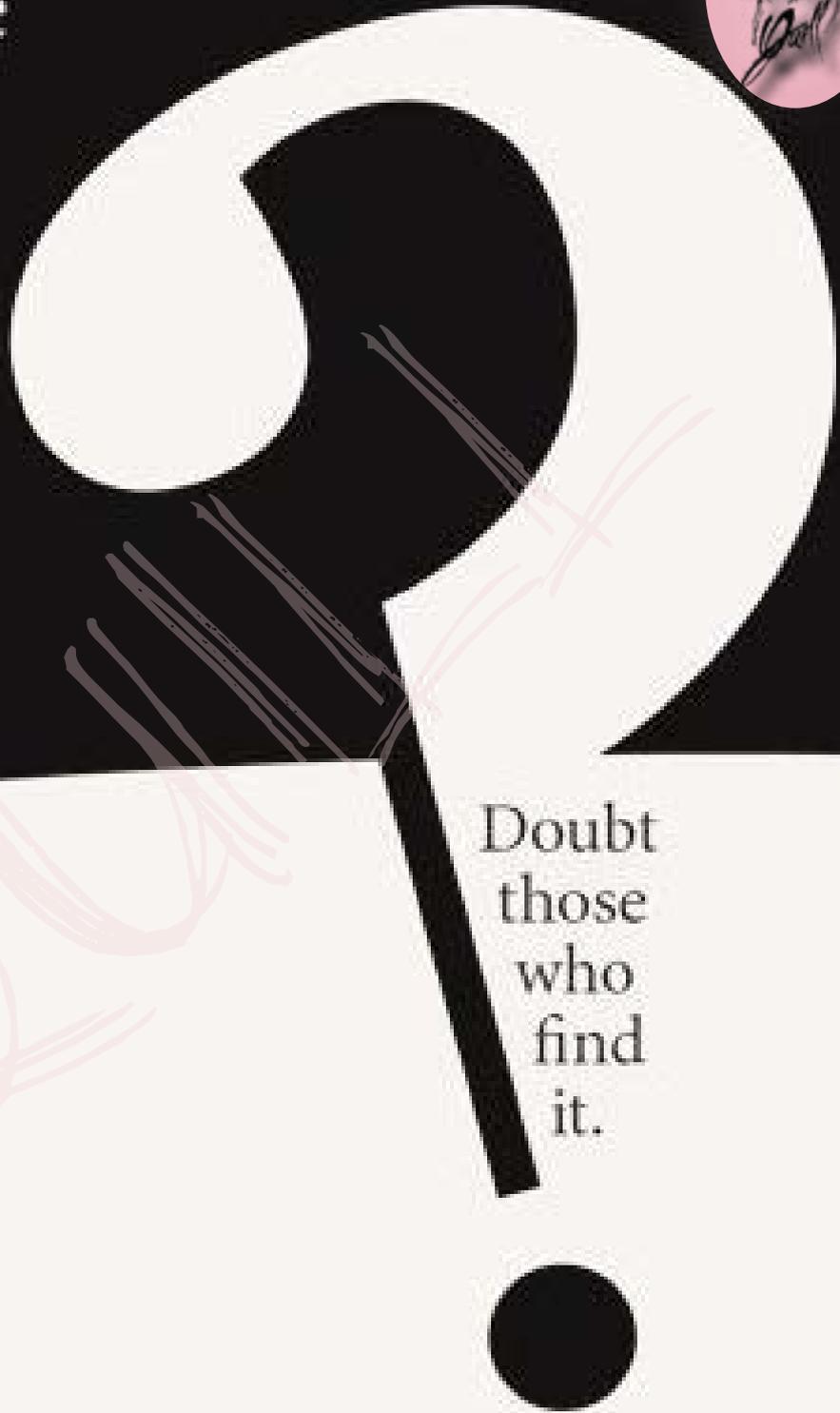
+What did sushi A say to sushi B when they crossed paths?
-Wasabi.

If your boyfriend doesn't like fruit jokes, you need to let that mango.

+Why was 6 afraid of 7.
- Because 7 8 9.
+Why did 7 eat 9?
-Because you're supposed to eat 3 square meals a day.

My friend told me to take the spider out instead of killing it. We went and had drinks. Cool guy, he wants to be a web-designer.

Believe
those
who
seek
the
truth.



Doubt
those
who
find
it.



ANDRÉ GIDE