



ISSUE 6 | (2019 - 2020)



# QUILL

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



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# dear readers

Dear Readers,

Henry James once said, “It takes a great deal of history to produce a little literature.” alluding to the fact that in order to be able to create a fictional world, a society must live through distressing, dreary or even nefarious times to reflect their own experiences and convey a thematic message. In the sixth issue of Quill, TED High School’s English literary magazine, it is our utmost pleasure, privilege and fulfilment to present you our skilful writers’ works so that you can take some time to set foot into our authors’ imaginary, yet, creative and inspiring world. With these colourful works, we are able to create our rainbow-like magazine which appeals to anyone who wants to add a new colour to their life.

In the beginning of the year, when Quill editorial team gathered together, we were so excited for this issue to be published yet our academic year has been marked and adjourned with the Covid-19 pandemic. Therefore, we decided to include several essays on this issue to highlight the impact of the pandemic in our lives.

Furthermore, another significant event of the year has been the “Black Lives Matter” protests all over the world initiated by the death of George Floyd as a consequence of systematic racism and police brutality. Thereby, we present three essays on racial discrimination in the sixth issue of Quill.

Moreover, along with these works, we have two short stories and four poems namely: “Remorse”, “Impossible Love”, “Sculpture” and “Silent Poems”. There are also several essays on: reduction of indoor smoking, judgement of people on the issue of crime, changing eating habits, Matrix together with photographs and authority in “The Crucible” and “The Burial Thebes” as well as, literary analyses of “Ports of Call” by Amin Maalouf”, mass hysteria in “The Crucible” and “Mary Ventura & the Ninth Kingdom” by Sylvia Plath and the biography of Amin Maalouf. Last but not least, you can access to interviews of new and retiring teachers from the English department.

Ultimately, we would like to thank our English department, our faculty supervisor Mr. Resnick and our principals Sedef Eryurt and Tamer Atacan for their unabating support and heartening all throughout our journey. To delve into our talented writers’ stirring, ingenious and impassioned universes, we invite and highly encourage you to turn the page and contribute your own verse to our inventive world!

We hope you relish the sixth issue of Quill!

Sincerely,

Quill’s Editorial Team

# Ashes in the Wind

Selen PEHLIVANOGLU 10-E 80299

A spectacle of hell. I could feel the fire burn me through my eyes. The wind was blowing through my face, a hot wind. The flames were killing everything alive, everything that could have been a threat. The leaves were shading into ashes before they could hit the ground. With all dead, the flames were the only thing alive, killing everything else in a militant approach, turning all into his child, to ashes.

The light coming from the fire was hitting my face. It was light, and it was dark. The flames were getting higher and higher. The world was burning. Was it that easy? It was like a paper held on a match, started burning from the tip and got to the top leaving everything behind dead, and as silent as under the sea.

The fire got stronger and stronger by every second passing. He controlled everything, he ruled the time. I could feel the spirits moving through me while leaving the earth. They were running away. The sky invisible with the darkness of the smoke, the kind which would trust a trepidation in you and the ground too bright, the kind which would hurt your eyes. The violence he used to create fear was his weapon of creating power. He had nothing to lose. He couldn't have been burnt, he was the one who put things on fire, he was fire himself. All he wanted was to show his power, and there occurred fear. That view in front of my eyes was a perfect example of the horrible consequences of power, destruction.

The trees screaming with misery, shouting for help. Birds flying as far away as possible before burning in the flames. Time stopped for a second and gave me a chance to look around. The

trees with the acceptance of losing the battle, the birds hang on the sky, carrying the ashes under their wings. The wind taking away what's left, blowing the ashes into the sky, making them disappear in the smoke. For me, ashes weren't the only thing the wind took away, for me it took away the life, the memories, the hope, leaving only distress behind.

The wind was his slave like everything else. It helped him spread and control everything that he hadn't yet. I can't forget the image of the flames moving around with the wind, using it as its legs. It was so clear that the fire controlled the wind, showed it the direction, rid it like a horse in a battle.

Nothing was brave enough to stand up to him, there was nothing holding him back, and so, there was no fear in him. He moved and moved. He was a wave of fire, a big wave in the ocean which would destroy everything in case it hits the shore, no wall would hold him. He would swallow the tears coming down the cheeks before they could be felt.

I could feel it; it was a fire that would never go out. He was rebellious like a teen, motivated like an adult, omniscient and preponderant like an elder, spoiled like a child as he always got what he wanted, destruction was his chocolate. He was dangerous like a human.

That uncontrollable, dangerous, angry fire... He would hide horror deep in your mind. Everything alive would fear him, they were scared of burning in him, becoming his slave. He would hunt their dreams. Deep in their souls, they wanted

to take him out of their lives, they wanted to make him their slave, to feel stronger than him. They knew it was impossible. They were peaceful within this lie they believed. They captured it in their fireplaces, made a cell for it in their homes. They showed their children how they were stronger. So funny how they thought they really owned him. They actually just gave him a place in their homes, gave him a chance to observe them, to find their fears and weaknesses. They fed him to make sure he would stay alive. I can't believe how blind they were. They were his slave and never noticed. I also can't believe I am one of them.

They were neither stronger nor braver. They were scared of him, that's why they believed this lie. They didn't even want to believe the truth; they didn't want to believe how strong it was. They couldn't have lived with the idea of not being the ruler, not being the strongest. That's why they made him the symbol of hell, a place no one wants to go to. A place they know that fire would beat them, a place where they would burn in him. They ran away from him.

One second was enough for me to see all these hidden truths screaming to get out. The clock started clicking again. As I watched the world ignite, I had this profound feeling. In that thick, I noticed those hidden truths weren't the worst part. The obnoxious truth hit my mind then, I felt comfortable within the fire. As it surrounded me as if I was in a cage, I had this peculiar feeling in my stomach. I can't think of a word to describe it, but I can say that it was something far from fear. I welcomed its warmth and harnessed its power. I could feel it go through my veins.

For me it was beautiful, royal and strong. It was a fighter, I found myself in the fire. The ashes, the flames, they completed something missing inside me. All I wanted to do was let it go, so that it would burn my lifetime out. It was a weapon which shone with splendor. He gave me a welcoming feeling, but still I knew he would bite if I got closer. I saw him as a real beauty that destroyed reality, he would take away everything loved with a nip. For the first time in my life, I felt home.

The wind was throwing the ashes to my face. I

took them in with a breath, let them go through my body. For a second, I felt the power going through my spirit. I felt like I was on the highest point on the world. I regret telling the truth but, that second was the most delightful moment of my life.

I could see the thick greyish smoke billow into the sky and swallow what had once been pale blue, and leave it into darkness. The burnt skeletons of the trees could be seen trying to find a way out of the fire. The fire ate the forest as if it was a meal, the smoke choked the clouds, the ashes fell down like dirty flakes of snow.

The flames got stronger, and the fire took the control as he was holding the world in his hands. A plume of fire exploded with a roar. There were flames coming towards my face, and I didn't move an inch. Then everything went dark and blank. The silence was less violent when I had nothing to see. So funny how vision is what creates violence. I could hear the sizzling sound the fire made in the background, but it was rather calming.

Darkness disappeared and again, I was in hell. Maybe I had just closed my eyes as a way of running away. Lying was easier than accepting the truth. As I forced myself to look closer, I noticed that it wasn't hell, it was the earth we all know, the one we walk on every day. Differently, instead of seeing the stage, I was in the backstage. It hit me in that moment. I had judged the fire falsely. He wasn't tricking people, he wasn't the one spreading fear around, he wasn't the one who was thirsty for power, for showing his power. He was only a reflection, he was the reflection of the humankind, and the spectacle in front of my eyes was only a mirror.

When I noticed the truth, all I wanted to do was let myself into the fire, to forget about it all, and become a part of the ashes in the wind. I couldn't. As much as I tried to get away from it all, I couldn't come up with a good enough lie to believe in. Maybe sometimes you just have to accept what you are. Now every time I look into the mirror, I see the fire burning in my eyes, and I know I am only waiting for it burn me too. I am looking forward to that day, to the day the ashes in the wind will accept me and take me away.



Asude GÜLTEKİN

# Silent Poems

Asude Gültekin 12/B 121731

Get Set Go  
 "You accepted the challenge!"  
 Life yelled at my face.  
 "Now; pack your baggage,  
 You have some words to chase."

"Meaning...", whispers the heart.  
 Rhythm finds the perfect dance hall, my soul.  
 Creativity is the desire of art,  
 Order has a big role, it needs to be neat and whole.

The Hidden Murder  
 A stain on a wall,  
 Shapeless and dark coloured  
 The stain, on the wall in an office  
 The office of a psychiatrist  
 The psychiatrist glanced at the spot  
 On the last coat painted white

In a cotton field, wandering around  
 Except the tiny, tenuous spot  
 When you came across a truck

Thought nothing;  
 Seeing just a spot

A patient of the psychiatrist  
 Sat silently, staring at the stain in the office  
 With ghastly, dreadful expressions  
 On his face full of slashes  
 Said: "You are guilty from murder,  
 What to do to stop you from going further?"



Asude GÜLTEKİN

When you're in a courtroom  
Tense wait, deep breaths and gloom

Thought nothing  
Else than it's inexcusable;  
Left the room

The psychiatrist looked at the stain  
Afraid of getting caught  
It was a fly,  
Its blood was all over the wall

Hospital Bed  
A demand was each cough  
A way my body saying enough  
Stay away!  
All those food, toxic  
All those people,  
My head, throbbing  
Seeking for solitude  
Ending up in loneliness  
But, ends every illness  
Soon will be in hopefulness

Natural  
Is fear becoming  
A natural disaster  
Where  
The hope must be  
The most natural response

Your Turn  
Light up a fire on the beach  
Burn your heartaches every and each  
Set your hope on fire  
Miseries will expire

Live like you hold all the aces  
Be confident, tighten your shoelaces  
Get a taste of freedom  
Be the king of your own kingdom

# Sweeping reform seeks to reduce indoors smoking by 90%

Tolga Artun Koçak 11-G 70142

*Kigawalese politicians agreed on a bill in a historic landslide vote pushing for the reduction of indoors smoking.*

*Tolga Artun Koçak  
Kigawali Herald*

It is a historic day for Kigawali, as all 237 members of parliament voted unilaterally to make indoors smoking of any brand other than Marlboro Red a crime. Such a move by the parliament seems to be a sign of peace and unity for the fledgling nation and is expected to decrease indoors smoking by as much as 90%.

However, such a revolutionary vote is not without its critics, or is it? The leader of the anti-government terrorist group FDLA (Kigawali liberation front) claimed that "While their vote may have been extremely justified and shows no signs of corruption we still cannot stop fighting against this evil regime.". The only statement resembling criticism came from outside Kigawali's borders from the ICAI (International Corruption Investigation Association) stating that "The relations between high ranking Kigawalese officials and the Chairmen of Phillip Morris international (the parent company of Marlboro) should be investigated"

When questioned about the new law and why indoors smoking wasn't banned outright, Mark Nboue, The prime minister of Kigawali and the person who spearheaded the bill, responded by saying "What do dictators do? They ban and restrict. What do democracies do? Through compromise and understanding (they) reach a fair solution that will satisfy everyone. This bill was a simple result of democracy where we, instead of restricting our people, offered a better alternative." In response to the following inquiry also questioning the minister over the choice of Marlboro Red rather than any other brand and the allegations of corruption Nboue talked on the reasons for the choice "In many studies it has been proven that Marlboro Red is the

healthiest and the tastiest brand of cigarettes and is actually crucial in maintaining social relationships because it is also the manliest and coolest of all cigarettes. I know my cigarettes and I can honestly recommend it to every single citizen of my nation."

However, Mark Nboue wasn't the only victim of this questioning, many other prominent leaders in Kigawalese politics were asked about their justifications for the bill. Leaders like Charlie N'goku, the devout leader of the opposition party KWGA (Kigawali Labor and Workers Party) whose reasoning was explained by the statement "Red is the color of our workers and any person that smokes anything other than a Marlboro Red is not a true worker. Also the workers should open their eyes against imperialist capitalist organizations seeking to destabilize the great nation of Kigawali using lies and rumors of corruption". Or like the Minister of Internal Affairs Carl T'chaki that whitelisted Phillip Morris International from corruption investigation on the grounds that "Any law that promotes Phillip Morris International products only does so because of the inherent superiority of the products."

In the modern world, it is easy to be pessimistic because of the amount of horrible news that surrounds us. But once in a while we should focus on the good rather than the bad. Doing so will teach us about the parts of the world that are developing and healing such as the nation of Kigawali where the leaders have worked for the people's good, not chasing monetary or political gains. And while Kigawali seems far off and foreign, I assure you, there is a little bit of Kigawali in all of us.

## Untitled Story

Sevinç İdil Erzen 10-C 132187

Throughout the plane ride Madison had wondered what she had missed most about this city.

Was it the crowds of people that filled the streets at any given time? Or perhaps the many cafes and restaurants that infused those streets with smells of good wine and fresh baked bread?

Neither, she thought now.

It was the lights.

Every single surface your gaze landed on was graced with lamps of many sizes, shapes and colors. They illuminated the city so well that it was impossible to miss Los Angeles when flying through, it had become a trademark of sorts.

Unlike Madison, many locals had hated this shower of lights. "I can't see the stars." they had complained.

She, at least, could not argue with that, in all that time she had lived here, she had never seen a single glimmer in the endless black of the sky.

But then she had left, chose rose gardens over Madison square, as the songs said.

And there it was, the stars surrounding her, embracing her.

She had been mesmerized the first few nights, braving the bitter cold to sit outside, to look and count and wish upon them all.

Then she had grown bored.

Madison was so used to being a star herself, it had seemed illogical to give this title away to something else. Especially since every time her

gaze accidentally slipped upwards, they had reminded her of here, her place here.

The first time she was asked to pose for a magazine, cover page no less. All those VIP bars and clubs, sending her hundreds of mails a day, begging for her to grace them with her presence. The thrill of walking around with a cheap disguise, flanked by two guards, knowing that if she were to take it off, people would lose their minds over shopping from the same grocery store as Madison Morris.

So you understand, out there the stars were what brightened the sky.

Here, she was the star that saluted the lights.

In moments like these, Madison wondered why she had ever left.

Then it came back to her like a wave of nightmares.

All the manipulation and the need for perfection.

All the mails of hate and treat of spite.

But the real thing that pulled her of the edge had been worse, much much worse.

It had been Jocelyn's murder.

Life in the spotlight was lonely above all else. You couldn't trust any one or you would be taken advantage of, you couldn't confide in anyone or all your precious secrets would be out before sunrise. This was the first lesson taught in the agency.

Madison was an obedient girl, that was how she rose up the stairs of fame so fast. "Lose weight! Get job done! Pose naked!" they had said and she had obeyed. There was no part of her she had not sacrificed for her career.

Yet, the immense loneliness of Hollywood had been unbearable, so Madison had trusted someone, confided in her.

They had met in an audition for a teenage drama, neither had got the role.

Madison was used to rejection by now, all the cruel "We'll get back to you."s and "You did great!"s, Jocelyn was not. Her warm brown eyes had been rimmed with red and a sickly paleness had taken hold of her bronze skin, a side effect of too many nights with too little sleep and food. A concept Madison was all too familiar with.

Driven by this thought, Madison had asked the girl if she would like to get some coffee with her, before she had even realized.

A few cups of the hot beverage along with three buttered croissants had cured Jocelyn's sluggishness, revealing the kindest, the brightest soul Madison had ever met. It had been impossible to resist her charm after that, deeming them best friends till one's last breath.

The ex-movie star closed her heavy-lidded eyes, heaving a deep, pained sigh.

God, she hated it when her thoughts wandered there, a corner of her mind housing all the insecurities, doubts, regrets...

But this time she had to.

She had to remind herself why she had been lucky to make it out alive.

It was the summer of 1952, the suffocating heat of the evening had long given way to a balmy night. Madison and Jocelyn were walking back to their hotel after having one- too-many cocktails. Rivers of sweat glided through bare shoulders to narrow waists, intoxicated laughter bubbling out in tiny bursts...

They had been so close to their hotel, to safety when the infamous director had caught up to them, Madison sometimes wondered what

would have happened if they had quickened their pace a tiny bit.

But they had not and the middle aged man had seized Jocelyn's arms with brutal force, leading her to a secluded corner. No amount of begging on either girls' part had stopped him. It had only taken a few second for the shadows to embrace the two, making them appear only in silhouette. Madison was too far away to hear what they were saying but the topic of discussion was written in the tense lines of his face, the way she averted her gaze...

Jocelyn had broken up with Kane a fortnight ago, it appeared that this, was the repercussion.

Madison knew she had to get help. Knew that with the director's infamous temper things would get ugly really fast.

But before she had time to collect herself, a glint of silver cut through the darkness surrounding the two figures, a sorrowful scream followed.

The smaller shadow collapsed, the other one took of running. Madison ignored him and rushed to the bleeding girl's side.

There, on the filthy cobblestones, Jocelyn laid. Shallow breaths shaking her broken body, sticky blood oozing out from everywhere at once. Madison hadn't known where to put pressure on, it seemed that the girl was made of holes, the thin threads of flesh and bone barely holding it all together.

"Get out." Jocelyn had chanted over and over again, a prayer dying on her cold lips. They had been her last words, uttered to protect her best friend from a fate she hadn't managed to escape herself.

Madison had run, faster that she knew she could. The need to get away from that dark alley where the body of the only person she had ever trusted currently cooled had panged like a physical ache. It snatched her breath away, drowning her in her misery.

The only thing she was sure of was the need to get away, she owed Jocelyn that much.

Upon reaching the hotel room they both shared Madison had began packing frantically, wanting to leave this place filled with ghosts and pain as soon as possible.

By the time she was finished, the first lights of dawn had started to creep up into the night sky, turning it into an ugly, murky yellow. Madison had been waiting on the marble steps of Chateau Marmont, a tattered duffel bag slung over her still bare shoulders. She had only taken the essentials. A few pieces of clothing, some books and all the cash.

But none of Jocelyn's things.

Looking back now, almost twenty years later, she realized how little of death she knew back then. It had felt like a dream, a nightmare, like she would wake up the next morning and Jocelyn would be there, seated at their grand toilet powdering her nose and complaining to Madison about the foul weather.

"I should have," she thought now. "I should have taken her mother of pearl watch and her favorite satin shawl and her mother's old copy of the Little Prince."

These things had not crossed her mind then, as she watched the bright lights of LA get dimmer and dimmer until they were nothing but small specks of dust in the vast expanse of the morning sky. Indeed, she been had purposely avoiding thinking about Jocelyn, a pounding headache blooming at her temple from the sheer effort of it.

However, her headache was nothing compared to the heartache she felt as the last traces of The City of Angels vanished from view, leaving her alone with memories of a life she had adored, resented and cherished all at once.

That night, when Madison finally reached her estate in the outskirts of the glittering city, she mourned.

She mourned for two angeles, lost in the same day.

She mourned for her lost juvenile years, dedicated to an acting career now abandoned.

She mourned for all the pretty younglings that were surely lining up to take their places, oblivious to the venom dripping from the cameras, mesmerized by the spotlights.

# The Man Behind Hysteria

Mustafa Bora Ulusoy 111498 11-G

*This literary Analysis has been submitted to the annual magazine, Quill, for its upcoming issue in 2020.*

## *The Man Behind the Hysteria*

The term “hysteria” could be most prosaically defined as the greatest degree of panic incited, by any individual, in a specific place and time. In the allegorical tragedy *The Crucible* by Arthur Miller, a mass hysteria is aroused in Salem as a result of some characters’ delusional nature and intolerance. Above all, however, a single character has the most malignant influence: Reverend Parris. Instead of maintaining calm behaviour when most needed, Parris goes about capriciously regarding his position and unintendedly leads himself and his family into a never-ending loop of panic –and presumably, danger.

Parris’s overall attitude has helped him act as a torch, kindling up the stick of delirium in Salem. He, first of all, grasps radical awareness to the predicament, the so called “dance”, by not reserving it to himself, and as agitation spreads much more quickly between those who are confused than it does among others, this, in turn, caused the villagers to become even more agitated than they were before, planting the very first seeds of an upcoming frenzy. “The town’s mumbling witchcraft” (Miller, 28). Alternative-

ly, if Parris had behaved more tentatively since he was the only one who had “discovered [the girls] dancing like heathen in the forest” (Miller, 19), his “discovery” could have been kept as a secret between the two parties. Moreover, as described by Abigail Williams, the girls’ dance and the “abomination” (Miller, 19) could have all been nothing other than “sport” (Miller, 19); precisely, one done as a result of common superstition or maybe even complete boredom merged with teenage fantasies, bias and ignorance. Though, thanks to Parris, this information is never unveiled. The second factor is, it is evident enough that Parris could not evaluate what the outcomes of his newscast would be. And even after some extent, he loses the grip of the events too, putting his own place under peril; this quotation from him gives an idea about his precarious situation: “They will howl me out of Salem...” (Miller, 22). Despite the aforementioned remarks, it should also be acknowledged that Parris still tried to take action so as to throw himself out of his quagmire. Most importantly, he sent for a religious authority, other than himself (Miller, 18) –Reverend Hale, a religious minister about whom there is a general agreement to be “sensible” (Miller 41). Regardless, this pre/post-caution he initiated caused nothing but to make the overall conditions worse as the presence of a well-known and looked-upon person like Hale drew more recognition to the case, resulting in

the socio-economical upper class and the likes of Putnam to intensify their interference.

The hysteria Parris has inadvertently brewed showed its effects not only on the “random folk” of Salem but also on himself and his family. Accordingly, Parris’s uneasy and manic behaviour can be examined through his dialogues with his daughter, Abigail Williams, where he repeatedly refers to a fraction of people, namely “my enemies” (Miller, 20). Notably, he does not point out to this once but many times, which bolsters the possibility that there is no hyperbole, but only solidity in his expression. Another point is, Parris’s emotions differ in a volatile and an unstable way, referring, again, to Parris’s angst. For instance, he goes from “through sobs” (pg. 18) to “pressed” (pg.18) and “with anger” (pg. 20) in only two pages in which little contribution to the plot development is made. The second point is, his distraught state of anticipation can be further identified through his everlasting temper in his dialogues with Abigail. “[with anger]: I saw it!” (Miller, 20), and as the words “[with anger]” qualify for, this quotation mainly accentuates that Parris’s vexation reflects itself not only on strangers but also on his relatives, like Abigail, ad-

vocating to the far-reaching extent of his anxiety. However, in contrast with the overt, the prime cause of this delirious conflict between him and Abigail is not the “dance”, but the final member of the family’s, Betty’s, blackout. “at the stake... perhaps your cousin’s life” (Miller, 20), equally, this vivid and open remark from Parris alludes that Betty’s blackout could be the most plausible explanation for his nervousness. In other words, Betty’s blackout may constitute one of the main aspects of Parris’s derailed and unstable pack of emotions.

On the whole, Reverend Parris plays the superior role in arousing the hysteria in Salem. Parris could have ignored the dance or overcome it in a much more covert fashion for the sake of maintaining tranquillity in the town; however, he instead chose not to ponder about what the consequences of his actions could be and tolled the bells of panic in Salem. Not only that, but he also caused dilemmas in his own household and in his own mind, multiplying the overall anxiety further. For the above given deductions, therefore, it will be the most appropriate, labelling Reverend Parris as the prime founder of the mass hysteria in Salem.

# Remorse

Ege Kurtoğlu

Behind the bars, he sits  
With teary eyes and weary thoughts,  
As he gazes upon the throngs of people,  
And the moon stares into his soul.

The same moon who envied him,  
When his hair was brushed by the wind,  
As he passed the faceless figures,  
To meet his destiny.

He could feel the ground beneath him  
Shift with anticipation and doubt.  
Though he was long gone,  
Only now could he feel the loneliness.

Isolation and despair were his companions  
In the cold, blanketless nights.  
His shoulder was a map  
In the misty, stranded lands.

He tried to go back,  
But his thoughts would not let him.  
He begged the moon of a life,  
Once he thought lifeless.

The moon granted his wish.  
He was sent back, back to life it seemed  
He could see the joy in those visages  
Yet his eyes were dull, his mouth shut.

Now he sits behind the bars  
With silver lines along his cheek  
As he gazes upon the people  
Yet no one looks back.

# Cell

Ege Kurtoğlu

A mind of unrelenting thoughts,  
Refusing to let my eyes close,  
Soothing me to sleep with warm blood  
Of my memories, of my cries.

Though days have passed,  
Since the cold steel scorched my skin,  
The mind demands more,  
Like a restless leach..

I can resist no more  
The sweet voice of darkness,  
Calls for me, seeks what was once mine,  
Now staining the damp concrete.

Once more I fall,  
Into the trenches of yore.  
Bound in solitude  
By this mind of mine.

# An Outsider Window

Irmak Sözen

'When does the path we walk on lock around our feet? When does the road become a river with only one destination?' Do we, as human beings have good intentions? Let's see if we can find an ajar door which opens to our real questions. What is crime? Crime is a blank paper that everyone would sign it up without no doubt, as well as any idea. Since the immemorial, we are unquestioningly making commends on crime. Now it is time for finding new perspectives which will be mostly about Time, person or purpose and the situation.

There were two brothers. Cain and Abil. Cain; the firstborn was a farmer and his brother was shepherd. Each one made a sacrifice to God. However, God preferred Abil's gift instead of his brothers. After that Cain was overwhelmed by superiority complex and killed his own blood. This made him the first murderer in the history. Considering the event and time, was the whole thing ethical? In anno domini, this was ethical just because people did not know about the ABC's of seeing beyond the emotions. Cain, the first murderer was also the first one who was the prisoner in his inner-world. All in all today, if you kill someone (who is not your wife) you will end up with being a prisoner in jail.

These days we can easily encounter two types of 'human'. The one who can see the beyond and the one who cannot. There are new hell hunts which are full of rage and also disgust. These anti-human creatures are killing, beating, bullying their own kids or a total

stranger for no reason and get 2 years in prison. Unlikely the 'hell hunts', 'protectors of heaven' are the ones who walk down that road aspiringly. Yes, they might have stolen a bread or aid material but this is not the main idea. They had no choice to steal because no one helped them, yet they got a lifetime prison. They were suffering from a major illness and they could die because of starving. In this case, perspective has a really big role. Now, think again. Is the hell hunts or protectors are the ones who fall a victim to the unfair injustice system.

Last but not least, the problem of our generation is judging people with their appearances or their achievements. We only care about the high statue. In the same way we blame the others. To give an illustration for that; Soma holding did a plenty of illegal work and now look at them. They got acquitted but somehow an employee got arrested. So, as you can understand if you are wealthy and are in a good position you are not a criminal. You are just an innocent employer (!)

To sum up, wheter it is crime or else, the judgment is up to us. It is up to our perspective. In my humble opinion we create the world with our emotions. If we want to see the good side we can.' I am not the law, but I represent justice so far as my feeble powers go'

*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*

*Now, we can close the door.*

# The Possible Scenario of the Universe: The Matrix

Alptuğ Polatkan 70284 11/F

In my point of view, 'The Matrix' which is the sci-fi masterpiece is more than just a film. It has been a key for me to put myself a sceptical attitude towards the life's reality. The simple claim 'Everything is real.' now seems not to be absolutely true for me. Is it possible that we are living in a simulation with codes and stuff which is created by highly intelligent extraterrestrials? Do our personalities are programmed and we are not still aware of it? The term 'reality' can be easily manipulated for perceptions of different people. Plato's allegory of the cave is a great example. Just like the society which are living the life of a slave in the film, the prisoners are chained in a cave and their mental map is only affected by echoes and shadows cast by objects. In the film I think the methodology of the evil machine civilization for dealing with humans by jailing them into a simulation makes sense. A lot of human being are unaware of the fact that our sense perception is gullible to mistake the appearance for reality. We have a bias of preferring the blissful ignorance. Sometimes I wonder if it became certain for all the people that we were simulated by aliens, what would happen to all the essential subjects in daily basis? Ethics would definitely get in the process of a paradigm shift or Religion could be even ignored by humans that day. Maybe it is the best for us to live in the reality which is given to us without questioning it, what matters if we can hardly distinguish the reality between the perfectly designed simulation; some would say. This attitude of the character 'Cypher' suffers from the case 'pain of the reality'. His common

sense has made him to prefer the satisfaction of ignorance in the simulation and betray the team of the human resistance even he actually knows his mind is nothing much than a code there. I don't think much people would choose the red pill if Morpheus had offered the two them. Bearing the consequences of the red pill isn't that easy in such state of affairs as you realise any type of information you had acquired in your life was not obtained from the right source. This kind of a regret could be enough to drive one crazy, as the film suggests. I also think even if there was a chance that the universe we are present right now is absolutely real, the process of the system in our world which starts from the elementary school education of a child and then continues to the business life of an individual is nothing different than the cells filled with some fluid where the humans were kept sleeping in the film. In similar words it doesn't matter if we are real or not, the current system of the world swallows us and stops our act of questioning. In the scene which Neo removed the filter of the Matrix in front of the agents, he was able to notice all the codes and the numbers in that simulated world. Than the rumours of him of being 'the one' was proven as Morpheus figured out. As this scene sums up all the plot, especially it implies such filters can appear in any type of subject. It is possible that we may be framed, deceived or influenced while acquiring the knowledge which is presented to us; but let's remember what did Morpheus say in the beginning of the film: It is the most natural right to revolt and to question the path which is put in front of you.

# Impossible Love

Zeynep Naz Tuğlu

My mom said it is my pretty age,  
Leads me to a happy marriage  
Bonding lives with another,  
Until death tears us apart from each other.

Marrige means a huge honour,  
That I responsible for,  
But,will it lead to intimidate happiness,  
When your heart belongs to another's?

The valiant Paris seeks for my love  
They say he is the one worthy of my truelove  
Perfect as a Verano summer,  
As a faithfull flower.

Our paths intersect in that dance,  
Romeo gave me his precious smiles.  
Suddenly everything made sense,  
For him, I would walk a million miles

That was the shortest,  
But longest moment,  
When I realised what love means,  
Nothing like it seems.

Who is this gentelmen?  
Who is this stunning man?  
Stole my heart without my permission,  
Casting a spell on me without petition.

Needed to learn my soulmate's identity,  
Stop this painful misery,  
But, what if the truth drag me into darkness,  
Pull me into invisible loneliness!

He is a Mountague  
Has the name which causes my family's endless  
argue.  
My only love  
Sprung from my only hate

Begged for mercy from father,  
Could he go further?  
Enough to refuse,his own daughter,  
Could life become more harder?

Romeo is gone,  
But he will come and earn back his only love.  
When all of the eyes will be in tears,  
We will escape from here, into our happiness...

*William Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet,55*

# Change Your Diet Change Your Life

Fulin Tacettin 10-S 132275

Did you know that in every 10 seconds 24.000 animals are being killed for food? And that adds up to 75 billion each year. In fact, the number of animals have killed just for food is expected to be 455 million tons or more by 2050. As we look to 2050, United nations has projected that world population will reach 9.8 billion. The biggest issue rises when we'll need to feed approximately 10 billion people. It is really critical to understand the food that we eat in the coming decades will have dramatic effects for the planet. Long story short, normal human diet which includes meat and dairy would have a greater consequence than consuming unrefined grains and vegetables.

From the beginning of humankind meat has been seen as a valuable source to continue our life. Until agriculture was developed, hunting, gathering and fishing were three common things to obtain food. Especially as farming emerged, instead of hunting people have started raising farm animals. As they were benefiting from these animals' products, these animals were contributing to their income as well. Even though it is still a huge income source to farmers, nowadays not only people have started seeing the negative effects of eating meat, also the world's resources are getting affected.

Meanwhile, unless animals are kept in sanitary environments diseases and viruses can be transmitted as well. These are called zoonotic diseases. For instance, mad cow disease, swine flu, bird flu and especially corona virus which has now started a pandemic and has been currently going on by taking lives of people. Besides the possible pandemics, meat consumption is risking the human life by causing lots of other health implications. It is proved that diets that are high in saturated fats, trans fats, and cholesterol which are only found in animal foods lead to heart disease. Heart disease is the leading cause of death in the world according to the World Health Organization. It is proved that diets that are high in saturated fats, trans fats, and cholesterol which are only found in animal foods lead to heart disease. Unfortunately, meat consumption does not only cause heart diseases. It is known that meat consumption increases risks of cancer, obesity, diabetes, dementia and Alzheimer's disease.

Although ,many people think of humans as omnivores who eat both plants and meat,based on the research made in University of California Berkeley, there is a strong evidence that humans are in fact herbivores which proves that majority of their diet must be designed to be plant based. Actually even our jaw structure suggests us to be herbivores. For example, we tend to chew our food throughly instead of eating big chunks of food. Similar to

other herbivores like cows, and unlike omnivores who cannot break down their food this way .Moreover, research group members investigated a lion's teeth and a girrafe's teeth.Result was not unexpected, they found that, our teeth structure isn't shaped like other meat eaters, especially when it comes to our canines. They simply aren't designed to pierce skin and eat flesh. Also, human tongue doesn't have fat or meat receptors. This means that we cannot taste much of anything when we eat raw meat. However, we do taste salt and plant seasonings, but neither of those are animal products. Last but not the least, people who are against the vegetarianism trend, argue that if humans were supposed to be herbivores, then the B12 vitamin wouldn't come only from meat. The truth is that B12 actually comes from bacteria in the soil, which is how many herbivores get it. You can also get it from unpurified drinking water which is what most of the vegans choose to do.

Although many humans choose to eat both plants and meat, we're anatomically herbivorous and a natural human diet is, in fact, vegan. Unfortunately, enslaving and killing animals to use their meat, milk and eggs isn't simply what nature has intended.

Therefore, don't you think that it's time to change our diet?

Today, approximately 8 million adults in the U.S. do not eat meat, poultry or fish, according to the 2016 National Harris Poll published by the Vegetarian Resource group . Another study from the University of Oxford found that vegetarians have a 32 percent lower risk of heart disease, lower blood pressure and cholesterol levels. Additionally, large studies in England and Germany showed that vegetarians were about 40 percent less likely to develop cancer compared to meat-eaters , the most common forms being breast, prostate, and colon cancers. Meat, dairy products, and eggs all contain cholesterol and saturated fat which cause Alzheimer's disease and dementia. Simply put, low qualified short life for the meat-eaters.

Attention! Meat is only a commercial product which provides great opportunity for earning money, nothing more than that. Although, the taste of the meat has not been imitated yet, it's very easy to obtain the same nutrients coming from meat just by eating different vegetables. Even though it is still not fully proven, it is believed that meat consumption has worse effects on humans than its beneficial contributions to human body. Meat is not indispensable, your life is indispensable. Change your diet, change your life!



Ekin GÜR SOY

# Sculpture

Başak Demir 11-P 133449

Being erected, I stand in the dreary corner  
of which is illuminated with sparkling spot lights  
Refined with the nuances of aesthetics,  
I am satiated with my resplendent presence as  
the façade of beauty shimmers with the eyes of  
others.

Seeing the content watchers,

I endeavor to urge a smile behind the surround-  
ing glass.

Though the fakeness is transparent, connivance  
surpasses cause

Splendor is real

Beauty is real

Excellence is real

I'm real because my unblemished appearance is  
real

As ennui merges in the room,  
my work becomes arduous.

My strenuous efforts to captivate the watchers  
are of no use as

my dissolving body riots against to abase.

Tainted with indifference, resentful arms fall  
down,

My countenance gives up the ghost with the re-  
linquents,

By and by, the spot lights fade away to leave me  
with me.

With that, I try to pull my legs up with the hope  
of finding a cache

from my memories of being the perfect,  
from the impeccable illusion of me.

Being bogged down with the scattering glass

I fathom that It's a deadlock.

Revealing reality manifests itself

That...

Loneliness is real

Selfishness is real

Hopelessness is real.



# An Analysis of How the Theme of Authority is Conveyed in the Plays, The Crucible and The Burial At Thebes

Mustafa Bora Ulusoy

Authority could be most generally described as the governmental power a group or an individual has on its surrounding community. In the allegorical tragedies, *The Crucible* and *The Burial At Thebes* by Arthur Miller and Seamus Heaney respectively, the theme of authority is conveyed in a similar manner on the grounds that King Creon and Judge Danforth both establish a decisive control that is built upon religion and is the most arbitrary force within their portrayed cities.

Danforth and Creon are relatable characters who both allegorize the main source of vigour as perceived by their society. Their determination, however, appears to be unique from each other's. While Creon takes a step backwards, by renouncing Antigone's death sentence at the end of *The Burial At Thebes*, Danforth, in contrast, does not. Although Creon is the uttermost form of authority in the town of Thebes, the pressure that the society and the Gods employ on him, through the conjectures of some characters such as Tiresias, gradually increases. Ergo, Creon makes an abrupt change in his stances as he becomes more and more distressed by the thought of having oppressed the Gods. Likewise, Creon thinks it mandatory to reconsider his ideals and to go for a shift between "sides". This demeanour of Creon's unequivocally implies that he has accepted defeat and his "invincible" determination has collapsed; these words from him are a good illustration of Creon's resignation, "Here and now the judgment is reversed" (Heaney, 70). In contrast, Danforth never cedes towards his protesters. He keeps alleging, until the very end of *The Crucible*, that a particular group of people—exquisitely, his dissidents—are involved in witchcraft, despite the fact that he has no substantiated evidence to maintain this idea. As one instance, Danforth chooses to overlook Reverend Hale's words about the possibility that the evidence bolstering the whole trials' foundation could be nothing other than fraud. "Mr Hale, you surely do not doubt my justice."

(Miller, 89) says Danforth in response to Hale's plea. This attitude of Danforth's towards a plausible outcome, that contended by Hale, advocates to how concluded he is with his judgments, explicitly when the newer concept refutes his current position or ideas. Yet, this aspect is to be looked from another perspective later again in this essay. In contrast with Creon's, Danforth's position is under great threat by his adversaries. If he turns out to be the actual fiend, thus collapsing under his own ideologies in this tangled conflict, he will have to be condemned for murder by the state's court. This shaky ground Danforth is standing on undoubtedly plays a profound role in bolstering his dedication for preserving his authority; hence, making him do whatever is needed to be done for its sake. Though, the same cannot be said for Creon as there is no stronger stance—despite the godly ones—above his and his faults would not fire back on him as physical penalizations. In the wake of the given comparison, it can be most reasonably inferred that Danforth has a stronger determination than Creon does with his intentions.

Creon and Danforth both rely on the allure of religion to reinforce their authority. To begin with, both characters announce their doings as "divine" and "in consensus with the town's religious doctrines" for buttressing their authority. Danforth, for instance, announces in the third act that the court's deeds are "for a sacred purpose" (92, Miller). Not only this, but also he carries his presumptions even further so as to label his protesters as "potential witches". Through these steps, he aims to gain support from Salem by self-promoting his decisions, while milking religion in doing so. Notably, Danforth's real intention here is to maintain his authority and to diminish that of his demonstrators by secretly implying that their notions and actions contradict with the town's credos. One apposite demonstration to this idea is, "Will you confess yourself befouled with Hell?" (105, Miller) inquires Danforth of Proctor in the pursuance



of denigrating his reputation. Similarly, Creon uses the same “strategy” in enhancing his authority. He tries to portray Antigone, whom he has dismissed his orders, in front of the public as if she were an adversary to the Theban Gods. Despite the similarities on how both rely on religion to belittle their enemies in the public’s eye, Creon’s and Danforth’s stances differ at one point. In a vast contrast to Danforth, Creon starts weighing his judgments and himself equal to the judgments of Gods’ and Gods themselves; thus, demanding his laws to be taken as grievously as if they were legislated by them instead. “I disobeyed because the law was not the law of Zeus nor the law ordained” (29, Heaney). This quotation from Antigone accentuates that after some while, Creon exerts so much whimsical pressure about his Godly-authority on Antigone that she feels the urge to speak up to this, resulting in her making such defence.

So far, how Creon and Danforth maintained and bolstered their authorities was depicted in this essay. This body paragraph will chiefly make a comparison between and focus on the extent of their power on the common people. A major discernment between the authorities of Creon’s and of Danforth’s is, the reach of Creon’s authority is contingent on his free will; meanwhile, Danforth’s is bound by laws. Therefore, he cannot take any action that impugns the laws, while exerting his authority. This quotation would be apropos in delineating Danforth’s adherence to legislative proceedings, “You are certainly aware of our procedure, Mr Hale” (Miller, 79). On the other hand in Thebes, a theocratic one-man-rule is seen. There, Creon holds the overarching power and so, can act as his free will demands; there will be no one refraining him, too. For instance, if Creon wanted an innocent Theban to be executed –despite the objections that would presumably be made by the Chorus and other

characters that have a little say on the government, such as Tiresias– Creon would be the only one to place the period on the upcoming proceedings. The latter would have a minimal effect on the process; whether if it would genuinely affect Creon’s decisions would only and only depend on Creon himself. “Your regulations hold for the living and dead.” (Heaney, 18), these lines from Chorus implicitly point out to the extent of power that Creon possesses for anyone living in “his” community. Conversely, Danforth works for a legitimate government, so he is acknowledged to be the “man of the people”; he cannot sentence and condemn on his free will. Besides, his “doings” must never dismiss what his governmental directives suggest. Furthermore, if he were to be reported –by the majority– for disobeying the town’s charter, he is aware that he would be dismissed from the governmental constitution. Therefore, it would be an apt conclusion to draw that Danforth’s authority is very much contingent on the people of Salem. Whereas, Creon is constrained to the throne by Oedipus’s blood, so wearing the crown is a right of his; hence, preponderance does not have a part to play in his case. The above listed contentions confirm that Creon signifies a greater authority than Danforth does.

In short, both of the leaders discussed, Danforth and Creon incorporate a great measure of authority-derived power on them. As if life was a board game itself, both factions employ their own tactics and methods to strengthen and maintain their authority. Even though the deliverance has slight variations, this concept is nothing we are novel to in today’s world. In other words, such cases as the ones presented exist, and in not very distant places. One only needs to open the news channel in his or her television and a race for predominance, a circus of sovereignty.



# Footsteps of a Great Writer: Mary Ventura & the Ninth Kingdom

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“And by the way, everything in life is writable about if you have the outgoing guts to do it, and the imagination to improvise. The worst enemy to creativity is self-doubt.”

Sylvia Plath was a 20-year-old literature student in Smith College when she wrote “Mary Ventura and the Ninth Kingdom” as a class assignment. Subsequently, she submitted this “vague symbolic tale” as she calls it to *Mademoiselle*, the publication whose writing prize she had won the previous year and where she would intern the following summer. Nonetheless, the magazine rejected the short story. As a consequence, the story has been languishing in her archives until Harper & Harper printed it in a slim 50-page edition in February 2019 which was a stylistic pioneer to her ensuing works.

Principally, in this short but dimly potent tale the protagonist Mary Ventura is hustled on a train which travels to a destination solely known as the Ninth Kingdom by her parents despite her objections, demur and dissent. Throughout the story, she struggles to control her own fate which is

quite strenuous especially if you are female. In the beginning of the travel, Mary revels in the sumptuous environment on the train with the old sage lady sitting next to her and who seems to be convivial to advise her about the train journey which she claims to have taken many times previously. Nevertheless, as the train accelerates along, she starts to discern uncanny things happening like “it is getting late fast”, train going through “dark tunnels”, black-suited conductors force “a woman” to exit the train at Sixth Kingdom. Mary steadily gets more alarmed and by retrieving her voice and autonomy, she decides to get off the train and return home. In spite of the old lady telling her that this is unattainable since the journey is one way and that she managed to take this journey many times as an exception which evinces that she represents a godly/goddessly figure in the story. By the same token, the old lady is associated with the brown and green colours of nature symbolising the creative forces in contrast to the blood red decoration and dark atmosphere of the train. When Mary insists on leaving, she advises that there is “one trick left” which is “one assertion of the will remaining”. Mary decides to follow the old lady’s plan and does

outright as she suggests: pulls the emergency cord, gets off the train, runs up the unlighted stairway until the darkness melts into sunshine and smells “the forgotten fragrance of sweet air, earth and fresh-cut grass”. Indubitably in this heart-breaking vision of freedom, Mary rises to heaven upon her true will and sees the old lady who comments “I have been waiting for you.”

It is worth noting that, merely six months after writing this story Plath attempted suicide for the first time and started therapy after being hospitalized. She then returned to Smith College and graduated summa cum laude, received a scholarship from Cambridge, managed to publish a poetry collection and an autobiographical novel about her experiences with depression (*The Bell Jar*). Nevertheless, despite all her successes, ten years after her first suicide attempt, she took her own life in 1963. Thereby, one can presume that “Mary Ventura and the Ninth Kingdom” is a symbolic tale about Plath’s own mental journey which can be read as a foreshadowing of the events that took place in “*The Bell Jar*”.

Furthermore, another emphasis in the story is feminism and female agency. One cannot help but notice the male dominance in the story: the father making the final decision on Mary’s trip, black suited conductors who force the women traveller out of the train, crowded group of businessmen and even fighting brothers. On the other hand, when Mary discovers that she is in menace, she seeks assistance

from the old lady who demonstrates her the way out of the trouble giving reader the message about the aid women can provide each other. This support may epitomise the endorsement Plath is striving from the female writers of the literature world which she is endeavouring to become a member and which is male dominated exemplified by the train.

Last but not the least, the religious connotations in the story are notable. The number 9 which has been used 49 times in Scriptures is a token of completeness of God, finality and judgement meaning that God completed his creation and all his promises. Moreover, in Plath’s own words written for the introduction of the story for Christopher Awards which she later decided not to participate, “The quarrelling brothers are present day prototypes of Cain and Abel and Mary’s travel companion symbolizes the creative forces of the earth”.

Taking everything into consideration, one can argue various symbols in this story even though it is clear that the main theme is the suppressed voice or free will of the young female generation and perspicuously the story carries vigorous, pressing and ominous message of the ethos of autonomy. Plath urges readers to find their own voice and use it before the time is up since it is better late than never.

“Life has been some combination of fairy-tale coincidence and joie de vivre and shocks of beauty together with some hurtful self-questioning.”



# The Possible Scenario of the Universe: The Matrix

Name: Alptuğ Polatkan 70284 11/F



In my point of view, 'The Matrix' which is the sci-fi masterpiece is more than just a film. It has been a key for me to put myself a sceptical attitude towards the life's reality. The simple claim 'Everything is real.' now seems not to be absolutely true for me. Is it possible that we are living in a simulation with codes and stuff which is created by highly intelligent extraterrestrials? Do our personalities are programmed and we are not still aware of it? The term 'reality' can be easily manipulated for perceptions of different people. Plato's allegory of the cave is a great example. Just like the society which are living the life of a slave in the film, the prisoners are chained in a cave and their mental map is only affected by echoes and shadows cast by objects. In the film I think the methodology of the evil machine civilization for dealing with humans by jailing them into a simulation makes sense. A lot of human being are unaware of the fact that our sense perception is gullible to mistake the appearance for reality. We have a bias of preferring the blissful ignorance. Sometimes I wonder if it became certain for all the people that we were simulated by aliens, what would happen to all the essential subjects in daily basis? Ethics would definitely get in the process of a paradigm shift or Religion could be even ignored by humans that day. Maybe it is the best for us to live in the reality which is given to us without questioning it, what matters if we can hardly distinguish the reality between the perfectly designed simulation; some would say. This attitude of the character 'Cypher' suffers from the case 'pain of the reality'. His common sense has made him to prefer the

satisfaction of ignorance in the simulation and betray the team of the human resistance even he actually knows his mind is nothing much than a code there. I don't think much people would choose the red pill if Morpheus had offered the two them. Bearing the consequences of the red pill isn't that easy in such state of affairs as you realise any type of information you had acquired in your life was not obtained from the right source. This kind of a regret could be enough to drive one crazy, as the film suggests. I also think even if there was a chance that the universe we are present right now is absolutely real, the process of the system in our world which starts from the elementary school education of a child and then continues to the business life of an individual is nothing different than the cells filled with some fluid where the humans were kept sleeping in the film. In similar words it doesn't matter if we are real or not, the current system of the world swallows us and stops our act of questioning. In the scene which Neo removed the filter of the Matrix in front of the agents, he was able to notice all the codes and the numbers in that simulated world. Than the rumours of him of being 'the one' was proven as Morpheus figured out. As this scene sums up all the plot, especially it implies such filters can appear in any type of subject. It is possible that we may be framed, deceived or influenced while acquiring the knowledge which is presented to us; but let's remember what did Morpheus say in the beginning of the film: It is the most natural right to revolt and to question the path which is put in front of you.



Ekin GÜR SOY

# 8:46 Essay Competition

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“Racial discrimination” is a problem that has been going on for too long. Today; we have spaceships roaming through space and robots that can depict human-like actions, but racism remains. A lot of minorities are despised just because of their races or religions. Many incidents can be exemplified to justify the presence of racial discrimination: George Floyd’s horrendous case is only one of them. The scream George Floyd let out, the shriek “I CAN’T BREATHE” has reached even to the most deserted places of the world to make people wake up from their dreams of present racial equality, that only have been made up to put privileged groups in ease. Consequently, people have ceased to overlook the problem and have started to act against it.

Despite general belief, racism doesn’t affect only minorities. Although it affects minorities at the upmost level, it affects the society as a whole. The situation “racism” applies to all minorities, and even if we call them “minorities” they compose a big portion of the world. At the simplest level, the chance of our survival loosens as we crumble apart. Most importantly, racism is contradictory to humanitarian principles; that make us tolerant to difference, escalating us to be human.

Unfortunately, this problem is deep-rooting in our personalities and traditions. To break this chain, all kinds of racial discrimination should be frowned upon by everyone. The simplest reason why to consider solving this problem is that racism causes nothing but harm and chaos. Muslims are looked upon as terrorists in some countries; African-Americans are seen as criminals, and Asian-Americans are seen as “viruses” (regarding the latest virus COVID-19). If these misconceptions aren’t solved, a healthy and peaceful society for us to live in isn’t possible. As Harper Lee wrote in *To Kill a Mockingbird*: “You

“ Discuss racial discrimination, how it affects the society as a whole, and the ways to stop it from causing unequal treatment among individuals “  
*A Problem of Ages*

know the truth, and the truth is this: some Negroes lie, some Negroes are immoral, some Negro men are not to be trusted around women (...) But this is a truth that applies to the human race and to no particular race of men.”

Statistics show that African-Americans and Hispanics are more likely to be killed rather than white people by the police in the USA. In Germany, a Neo-Nazi terrorist group has killed 8 Turkish police officers and 1 Greek police officer just because of their hooligan belief on “racial privilege”. In brief, a lot of people have been killed, a lot have been imprisoned, and a lot have lost their families and friends.

An African-American mom wouldn’t want her son/daughter to get murdered, but a white mom wouldn’t want her son/daughter to be a murderer, either. Even if you’re not from any minorities, I believe you wouldn’t want to live in a world in which your child watches violent racial murders on the news. We are all human in core and soul, and one of our greatest desires is to be happy. In order to be happy, we should live in a peaceful environment with all discrimination (racism, sexism, homophobia...) removed.

The problem has to be accepted to be solved. There is no use in sweeping the mess under a carpet. Let’s stop denying and start to clean ourselves, others and future generations. Whenever you can say “I wouldn’t feel bad about being treated as a minority in the society” by heart, we will have reached racial equality. Small actions matter, big actions matter too; if you can change the world, don’t hesitate to do.



Ekin GÜRSOY

# Racial Discrimination and Capitalism

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I strongly believe that racial discrimination has a completely political basis and it is intentionally reinforced and fueled between people. It is even taught to children at their young ages. Presumably, babies have no concept of racism when they are born. In our universe, every living thing accepts each other as the way they are. No being can ask a horse 'Why do you have a tail?' or 'Why is your neck long?' to a giraffe. A horse has a tail and the giraffe's neck is long. That's the way it is. Same goes with the human beings.

However, the capitalist system in the world tries to divide, smash and make them incapable of unifying because of their different features in order to maintain their system of total exploitation. This is most probably because people can't be exploited when their unified. A living of justice and prosperity for everyone will be established. Every resource of our planet will be divided equally. But the leaders of the capitalist system won't be happy or satisfied with the equal division of resources. That can lead to the dramatic decrease of their profits while the exploited will start to gain enough to live the life they want. Hence, the people are taught that different people and differences are bad from the very beginning.

This also damages the society drastically because it hurts social peace, unity and togetherness. It then brings injustice, ill-treatment and even war

in some cases. Some poor people are forced to live in jeopardy while the exploiters live at ease. People should fight, so that the gunrunning market can expand. People should struggle with sicknesses, so that the pharmacy market can make profit. People should be hungry in poverty, so that their labor can be cheap. Unfortunately, hundreds and even thousands of these cases exist throughout the world.

Racial discrimination is completely a problem of our system and has political basis as I mentioned. Because the real desired thing is inequality amongst individuals. Even though inequality amongst individuals look like it is a result of racial discrimination, it is the main objective which is aimed to be maintained. The desire of inequality amongst individuals is the main cause of racial discrimination.

In this perspective, the only way to stop the inequality amongst individuals is doing this sincerely for the common good. The people who can do this are the system administrators all over the world. When they stop making the different people and differences look foul and polarize everyone, the prosperity, righteousness and justice worldwide will be following it. After this, the second phase is education which will make it everlasting and sustainable.



Ekin GÜRSOY

## Tracing and Eradicating Skin Grudge

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Growth of frivolous hatred for the opposite skin in people have caused many political and social disquietude; usually forming in cultural schism and authority mistrust. Causing mass ton of grouping enough to jolt welfare of states, these racial thoughts still could not cease existence since cradle of the civilization. This viperous hatred mainly caused people rather than states to take action, but movements after movements, speeches after speeches yet, still a complete eradication could not be established. In a moment unforeseen, that grubby spirit of "skin hatred" strikes back and becomes the last straw, causing vandalist strikes, overthrowing attempts, clash of clans, authority calumnies and riots sometimes large enough to agitate the whole community.

In order to examine the roots of this grudge, presence of the hatred in people is relatable when their family's socio-economic state is reckoned and dug up carefully, inside out. Professions of ancestors is usually a key point in comprehending one's family's ideological understanding. Often because of stricter social structure, children tend to have similar racial thoughts with their fathers. And as long as the chain proceeds, fluctuations are petty till clock hits mid-nineties, where technological and philosophical understanding are rather logically enhanced. From this point on, ancestors are not the key factor; education is. If children start to build an educational background, fluctuation ratios are much higher whereas possibility of embracing the same domestic values decreases.

As this hatred earthens persecutions and hardships of our history, there is no need to become the same old past. Thus, to stop that vicious cycle of racism; we need to go deeper enough to import a successful transaction for extermination of "race resentment". Since this hatred branches into nearly every setting of our daily life, some general resolutions of the main fields should be enough to establish long term results.

As cited earlier in the transcript, education and cognitive world understanding are the key factors in racist thoughts. Thus, personell selectivity on every field of bureaucratic levels should be increased gradually in every profession regarding security, law and order, interior and inferior politics and military. And main aim should be to descry the most talented

and shipshape people among any socio-economic class ,not spoonfeeding upper class flatterers or any friend-in-court's attended for the same position. Rigid selectivity might seem as the killer idea itself, yet it is not sufficient. To detail the transaction and achieve better results, even daily actions of an employee should be regulated, if there is much choice in the position. If such case of pairing or grouping personell to fulfill their job's need is present, such as polices have to work paroles with colleagues, members of opposite skin should be the first choice instead of a slipshod pairing process. In long term, such petty alteration in quotidian business would lead grand evanescence of racist thoughts among people where interracial intimacy would have been the key factor.

Another long term transaction should be implanted on academic grounds. Starting from primary school, students should be instructed about past of every legit race present in country, not only the ones with greater population. Not evasively, every race section on syllabus should be equally detailed and blended with each other to avoid building a sombre sense of exclusion in pupil's mind rather than sense of "being part of a whole". From premature age, children should participate in many teamwork activities to cultivate a genuine perception of oneness, enough to suffice them in formidable multicolored world of grown-ups.

As clearly seen above, interracial structuring on every part of community is factually the most substantial trait of every action that should be taken against racism. Thus, in every action we take, main goal should be the proximity between opposite skin. Every verdict should serve as icing on our main goal, should just be a slick alteration of our principal notion.

In a nutshell, racist resentment among citizens is vastly perilous because of being able to procreate unexpected mishaps, even trifling bursts, that could be enough for whole order to agitate strongly , risking many ingenuous people's necks and welfare of states. Thus, taking precautions which take the main notion of "interracial structuring" on their center regarding educational and bureaucratic grounds should be adequate enough to achieve long term results on exterminating that venomous racist rancor.

# Amin Maalouf Biography

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Amin Maalouf is a Lebanese-born French journalist and writer. In spite of the fact that his books have been translated into more than forty languages, he is not well-known in English-speaking literary circles. Maalouf was born in Beirut in 1949, as the second of four children. His parents are from Maronite Christian and Melchite (Greek Catholic) community which are quite radical for the Middle East, as stated by Maalouf himself. He was sent to Catholic French Jesuit High School and studied sociology at the French University in Beirut. His family is known for famous writers. One of his great uncles translated Molière into Arabic and the "Maalouf diasporic clan" includes the Australian novelist David Maalouf and a Brazilian poet, Fawzi Maalouf. Amin's father was a journalist, poet and broadcaster of western classical music who owned a newspaper and wrote

essays on parliamentary democracy. At 22, Maalouf joined Lebanon's leading Arabic daily newspaper An-Nahar and began travels that have taken him to more than 60 countries. He interviewed

Indira Gandhi, witnessed the 1974 Marxist coup in Ethiopia and covered the fall of Saigon in 1975.

Soon after the Lebanese civil war broke out in 1975, Amin Maalouf, then a journalist in Beirut, took refuge in his ancestral village refusing to take sides and started wondering whether to join an endless family exodus. "During my youth, the idea of moving from Lebanon was unthinkable," he says. "Then I began to realise I might have to go, like my grandfather, uncles and others who left for America, Egypt, Australia and Cuba." Maalouf went as a refugee to Paris, where he has been living since 1976.

He published his first book "The Crusades through Arab Eyes" and received French-Arab Friendship Award in 1986 with his first novel "African Leo". His other fiction works include "Sarmarkand", "The Gardens of Light", "The First Century after Beatrice", "Ports of Call", "Balthasar's Odyssey" and "The Rock of Tanios" with which he was awarded the Prix Goncourt. For Maalouf, the prize was a source of "immense joy" and also anxiety that "you'll never have the same serenity or write with the same innocence again". He has also written two opera librettos (Distant Love and Adriana Mater). Apart from his first non-fiction work "The Crusades through Arab Eyes", he has written "In the Name of Identity", "Origins: A Memoir", "Disordered World" and "The Fall of Civilizations" being the latest published in 2019. Maalouf who was elected to the Académie Francis in 2011, additionally, received The National Order of Merit by the French government in 2020.

Maalouf's novels are marked by his experience of civil war and migration, the feeling of being "poised between two countries, two or three languages and several cultural traditions". Their characters are itinerants, voyagers between lands, languages and religions. According to the novelist and historian Robert Irwin, they "range across the Mediterranean and the old world of the Levant that's vanished since the first world

*"A life spent writing has taught me to be wary of words. Those that seem clearest are often the most treacherous."*  
Amin Maalouf

war when Greek and Italian mingled with Arabic and Turkish, and Druze rubbed shoulders with Christians, Jews and Sunni Muslims". As he wrote in his non-fiction book "On Identity", as a Lebanese Christian "the fact of simultaneously being Christian and having as

my mother tongue Arabic, the holy language of Islam, is one of the basic paradoxes that have shaped my identity". Maalouf recognises that identity is a complex process and he's not willing to subject himself to categories others impose.

Maalouf's main messages are tolerance, love and peace albeit the internal and international conflicts, migration and the civil wars of the region. He explores the "labyrinth of identity" which can be seen as a journey demonstrating how especially Europeans and Middle Easterners are one multiple entity. The destruction in his novels comes from the attempt to impose one culture, one language and one religion, on a multifarious, heterogeneous and miscellaneous world.

Be that as it may, Amin Maalouf made his own way; "I come from no country, from no city, no tribe. I am the son of the road... all tongues and all prayers belong to me. But I belong to none of them." His advice to his followers is straightforward; "Never hesitate to go far away, beyond all seas, all frontiers, all countries and all beliefs."

# The East Asian Difference in Containing the Covid-19 Pandemic

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Tedros Adhanom Ghebreyesus, who has been serving as the Director-General of the World Health Organization since 2017, articulated; “Without national unity and global solidarity trust us, the worst is yet ahead of us.” signifying the fact that Covid-19 can be prevailed over if only initially people from the same nation and subsequently people all around the World withdraw from their racist, xenophobic and bigoted beliefs and concentrate on vanquishing our very same enemy leaving no one behind. Incredulously, the global Covid-19 pandemic has revealed the differences between the East Asian and Western countries in mobilizing their national resources to contain the pandemic. The East Asian countries have handled and hampered the pandemic far more adroitly than the West on virtually all accounts.

The distinction is so perceptible when examining reported cases and mortality rates in either absolute or percentaged terms that it calls for a profound consideration. In the list of the top 20 countries for reported cases presented by [https://](https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/)



[www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/](https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/) as of July 5th 2020, there is no East Asian country in the top 20 list (Table 1). With regards to the Western countries, which are contemplated as the most developed and opulent, they occupy the top 20 list along with developing countries from Latin America, Asia and the Middle East. The US is in the number one spot, with Spain at number 6, the UK at number 8, Italy at 10, Germany at 15, France at 17 and Canada at 20.

The virus originated in East Asia although no East Asian country constitutes the top 20 list. The world’s most populous country, China, is in 22nd place. The East-West divergence in fatality rates is even starker. China (population: 1.4 billion) has suffered only 4,634 dead. Japan (population: 126.4 million) has lost 977. South Korea (population 51.2 million) has lost 283. Taiwan (population: 23.8 million) has lost solely seven. Vietnam (population: 97.3 million) has registered zero deaths.

Western mortalities are on a vastly disparate order of magnitude. The US (population: 331 million) has lost 132,530. The UK (population: 67.8 million)

has lost 44,220. Italy (population 60.4 million) has lost 34,861. France (population 65.2 million) has lost 29,893. Spain (population 46.7 million) has lost 28,325 and Germany (population 83.7 million) has lost 9,086.

As exhibited, East Asia, defined as the Sinic or Sinic-influenced countries of China, Japan, South Korea, Taiwan and Vietnam, has done better than the West on pandemic management. Even Germany, at the bottom of the Western list in terms of total deaths, has in effect doubled the deaths of China, at the top of the East Asian list.

### Accounting for Differences Between East Asian and Western Countries

Accounting for differences is very arduous since it is a complex issue encompassing multitude variables ranging from social habits and culture to attitudes toward authority and privacy, to political leadership and policy responses. There are prodigious divergences in variables even within country groups. To illustrate, the political structures of China and Vietnam are authoritarian, in contrast those of Japan, South Korea and Taiwan are democratic. In democratic countries of the West, policy responses have varied from country to country, even within the supposed unity of the EU and state to state in the United States’ federal union.

Moreover, no two countries share identical healthcare systems or demographics. In spite of the fact that, even the briefest glance at the numbers reveals a sharply delineated macro trend. East Asia has been far more adept at pandemic management than the West. Take age, a key risk factor for Covid-19. One reason Italy was conjectured to have suffered so many deaths was on account of its demographics: the world’s second oldest. Nevertheless, Japan, the country with the world’s oldest population, has seen a Covid-19 death rate 72 times lower than that of Italy’s, notwithstanding the percentage of aged persons living at home, rather than in specialist care homes, is similar in both countries: 96% in Italy and 94% in Japan.

Country	Total Cases	Total Deaths	Total Recovered	Active Cases	Tot Cases/INI pop	Deaths/INI pop	Total/INI pop	Population
1 USA	2,971,618	132,530	1,284,289	1,584,819	8,977	400	113,442	331,023,450
2 Brazil	1,579,837	64,383	978,635	536,839	7,432	303	15,668	212,574,666
3 India	697,836	19,700	424,891	253,245	506	14	7,093	1,380,122,647
4 Russia	681,251	18,161	450,750	220,340	4,668	70	144,375	145,935,301
5 Iran	299,080	18,412	189,621	99,047	9,970	316	53,432	82,974,896
6 Spain	297,625	28,385	N/A	N/A	6,366	607	116,543	46,755,821
7 Italy	295,532	6,308	261,832	28,192	15,459	330	61,821	60,461,735
8 UK	285,416	44,220	N/A	N/A	4,204	651	154,747	67,889,941
9 Mexico	252,165	36,366	152,399	63,400	1,956	235	4,925	128,944,998
10 Japan	241,611	34,861	192,388	14,642	3,996	877	93,256	126,470,615
11 Iran	240,438	11,571	201,336	27,537	2,862	138	21,566	84,000,693
12 Pakistan	228,474	4,712	129,830	93,932	1,834	21	6,330	228,908,487
13 South Korea	209,509	1,910	145,236	62,357	6,817	55	52,381	51,269,701
14 Turkey	205,758	5,225	180,680	19,853	2,439	62	43,842	84,346,550
15 Germany	197,558	9,086	181,790	6,772	2,358	168	78,101	83,787,168
16 South Africa	196,750	3,199	93,315	100,236	3,317	54	30,855	59,314,150
17 France	166,980	29,893	77,060	60,097	2,558	458	21,212	65,275,328
18 Kazakhstan	162,417	2,052	72,625	87,740	996	12	5,155	16,703,578
19 Colombia	113,389	3,942	66,563	42,884	2,228	77	16,502	50,887,391
20 Canada	105,533	8,684	69,239	27,610	2,796	230	77,227	37,745,217
21 Chile	83,553	4634	78,516	400	58	3	42,814	1,639,323,776
22 Japan	19,282	977	16,999	1,346	152	8	3,877	126,470,615
23 S. Korea	13,091	283	11,832	976	255	6	25,864	51,269,701
24 Taiwan	449	7	438	4	19	0.3	3,284	23,817,558
25 Vietnam	355	-	340	28	4	-	2,825	97,346,584

Countries are ranked in descending order according to reported total cases as of July 5th, 2020 out of 213 countries and territories.

Source: <https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/>

On the other hand, East Asia has more colossal cities and higher population densities as well as a culture in which food is apportioned from communal dishes which should facilitate the transmission of the pandemic. Nonetheless, the data presented in Table 1 confound expectations.

### Role of Social Habits and Culture

Social habits and culture may account for some of the built-in triumph of East Asia. The two principal sources of transmission for Covid-19 are airborne droplets and contact. It is an ubiquitous habit across the East Asia region to wear masks due to East Asia’s air pollution and harsh influenzas. As it is prevalently imparted now, mask wearing is a fundamental yet pivotal step in halting respiratory disease transmission by containing infected persons’ droplets within masks. By the same token, masks are

more widely accessible to buy, whereas we witnessed acute shortages of masks in Western countries.

Furthermore, there is less direct personal physical contact in East Asian demeanours, with its tradition of bowing, than in the West, with its traditions of cheek-kissing, hugging and handshaking. In other words, social distancing is built into culture.

East Asian countries share a Sinic-influenced, Confucian culture of collectivism and group identity, bolstered by greater levels of ethnic homogeneity than exist in the West. These may contribute to civic consciousness in grappling with pandemic in these countries. Since pandemic requires a community response and can't be addressed individually.

These cultural factors denote the trend of East Asians being more responsive to rules than "individualistic" Westerners. In East Asia, populations were more receptive to – and less fragmented in the face of – the measures needed to slow down the transmission. This "fragmentation" is prominently seen in armed Americans defying lockdowns. Such defiance would be inconceivable in Vietnam or China, where lockdowns are enforced by neighbourhood watch groups. Likewise, observers note that in South Korea, where no lockdown occurred, and Japan, where a "lockdown lite" has been instituted, dictates on avoiding large gatherings, on mask-wearing and on hand sanitization, are conventionally pursued.

#### Rights to Privacy

The prioritisation of society over the individual has also come into focus over rights to privacy, for a key pandemic countermeasure is contact tracing of the infected. This process has been eased by East Asia's high adoption rates of digital devices. In China, tracing is further empowered by an omnipresent state surveillance network. Even in democratic Asia, where credit card and cell phone data has been used in tracing, there has been minimal pushback on the issue.

Contrariwise, there are high cultural barriers towards the usage of personal data by governments in the West, most notably in the US. This is a contradictory comportment by the virtue of people willingly hand all their private data over to big corporations, albeit not to the government temporarily even for containing the outbreak.

#### The Significance of Experience

Recent disease containment experience granted East Asia an edge in its response. China, Korea, Hong Kong and Taiwan had been through this before with SARS and MERS. Prior experience impacted systemic response well beyond medical care.

In South Korea, a wide-ranging law passed in the wake of the MERS pandemic allowed authorities to access normally private data, such as location information from mobile phones and credit card records, enabling accurate contact tracing and being instrumental to the nation's comparative Covid-19 containment success.

#### Quality of Leadership

The leadership, in general, has been less politicised and more efficacious in the East than in the West. Name calling, blaming and deflecting responsibility seemed inappropriate as done in the USA and other Western countries. Indeed, there have been policy shifts and clashes with experts and inconsistent messaging by Western leaders such as the UK's Boris Johnson and America's Donald Trump.

Conversely, East Asian leaders have set examples. Chinese President Xi Jinping is routinely filmed wearing a mask and Japanese Prime Minister Shinzo Abe even wears his in the Diet. Taiwan famously had the exemplary leadership in place for the crisis: Vice-President Chen Chien-jen was an epidemiologist. Taking these facts into consideration, East Asia leadership has monumentally been on point in terms of consistency of strategy and following the lead of experts.

One of the major advantages in terms of containing the pandemic has been prompt action taken by East Asian countries. In the US and the UK, it took approximately six weeks, even to realise the urgency of the outbreak let alone to act upon it.

#### Policy Response

The key anti-pandemic strategy for centuries has been quarantine of the sick. The Covid-19 pandemic has seen quarantine implemented on an unprecedented scale, with both the sick and the healthy "locked down" in entire cities and provinces for weeks or months.

That policy was pioneered by China, where authoritarian governance has, in all likelihood, enabled more effectual lockdown than seen in many Western countries. Even so, a number of Western nations have extended the Chinese model beyond cities and provinces to cover entire countries.

On another note, the benchmarks for the salient tactics undertaken by countries worldwide – the "3Ts" ("testing, tracing, treatment") – are represented by the democratic East Asian nations. Taiwan not only reacted with great speed but also provided an early best practice for contact tracing, having integrated its health insurance, immigration and customs databases and subsequently mined the resultant big data with AI. Whereas South Korea provided a global benchmark for fast, efficient and extensive testing regimens by offering free tests for the infected and instigating drive-thru and walk-thru test sites which capacitated early discovery, isolation and treatment. The rest of the world has substantially followed these multifarious moves and combined the 3Ts with differing degrees of success determined by the quality, inclusiveness and integration of their medical care systems. This varies, but most of the affluent Western countries that have been hard hit have well-regarded medical systems with the exception of the US which does not offer universal health care. Integration of health system is also paramount when

it comes to effectively deploying the 3Ts. East Asian health systems are more integrated than those in the West. The process all has to work together. In the US, they profess that they need more testing, but testing without tracing and treatment does not yield any affirmative results as seen in the US with meagre tracing.

#### Manufacturing Capacity

East Asia's manufacturing capacity, combined with prior experiences with pandemics and its social habits of mask-wearing, has allowed regional economies to churn out massive quantities of masks, personal protective equipment (PPE) and test kits. China, Korea, Taiwan and Vietnam are all net exporters of virus-related products and are engaged in "mask diplomacy" by deploying cargoes to favoured nations. Western economies which have inordinately opted for allocating their resources to fabricate high technology aircrafts, bombs and other defence related products, suffered shortages of test kits, of PPE for medical workers and even the most basic, low-tech anti-virus supplies for their populaces.

#### Conclusion

The pandemic crisis is not over as clusters continue to emerge and concerns rise of a "second wave" as lockdowns worldwide are eased. Be that as it may, East Asia has perspicuously outdone the West in the early stage of pandemic management. Overall, the East Asian countries have been very effective in mobilizing their national sources to contain the pandemic whether they have more authoritarian or democratic governance. It is also veracious to enunciate that East Asian nations share a culture of collectivism and group identity that may be more culturally conditioned than Western nationals to proceed with rules from above and to prioritise society before individual. Despite everything, these do not intercept Western countries to opt for more human-focused systems than the ones based on corporate greed and inequalities.



Ekin GÜRSOY

# Interview with Esra Çalışkan, our new English teacher

Sude Çapoğlu 10/O 80351

*Question 1: Welcome to our school Ms Çalışkan. Would you like to introduce yourself to our readers?*  
 EÇ: I have been a teacher for 16 years. I'm from İstanbul. I have been living in Ankara for 7 years. I'm married with two kids. I have a cat.

*Question 2: Could you tell us about your education, which schools did you attend?*  
 EÇ: I had my MA and BA studies at Boğaziçi University.

*Question 3: Have you thought in another school prior to teaching in TED Ankara College High School?*  
 EÇ: I have thought in five different schools in İstanbul and Ankara before I start teaching at TED.

*Question 4: How would you describe your teaching experience in our school based on the half academic year due to Covid-19 pandemic?*  
 EÇ: I really enjoyed teaching high school students. Teaching literature was an enjoyable experience for me.

*Question 5: How was your life as a high school student? Did you enjoy it or were you looking forward to attending to the university?*  
 EÇ: As a high school student, I really enjoyed learning new subject matters and being with my friends. In high school, I knew that I wanted to be a teacher so I really worked hard to achieve my goal. I also enjoyed being a university student. Those years were the best years of my life.

*Question 6: Was the university curriculum enough for developing your academic and practical skills? Did you take extra courses or degrees?*  
 EÇ: Actually, I think we have been equipped with all

the skills we needed to become an effective teacher. In addition to the courses in the curriculum, I took German as a foreign language.

*Question 7: What are the things you like or dislike about teaching high school students?*  
 EÇ: I like their energy and their optimism. I think they should be more motivated for learning.

*Question 8: How do you spend your free time? Do you have any hobbies?*  
 EÇ: I like cooking and trying new recipes. I enjoy watching movies.

*Question 9: How would you describe yourself as a teacher? Do you prefer applying a specific teaching style or do you progress more liberally?*  
 EÇ: I think each and every class has a different learning atmosphere. For that reason, I try to adapt my teaching style to the needs and the expectations of my students.

*Question 10: If you were to give three major advises to your students what would they be?*  
 EÇ: Have a goal in life  
 Work hard.  
 Believe in yourself.

*Question 11: Taking into consideration the Covid-19 pandemic, what are your expectations and wishes for the next academic year?*  
 EÇ: I hope we will have an academic that is more fruitful.

*Thank you for your time and cooperation.*  
 EÇ: It was a pleasure.

# Interview with Zeren Sarıkaya, our new English teacher

Sude Çapoğlu 10/O 80351

*Question 1: Welcome to our school Ms Sarıkaya. Would you like to introduce yourself to our readers?*

ZS: Hey everyone! I am Zeren SARIKAYA.

*Question 2: How did you decide to be an English teacher?*

ZS: Well, I was actually planning to continue studying literature in university and become a professor but then life happened and I happened to be a teacher.

*Question 3: Is this your first teaching experience?*

ZS: Nope! Since 2009.

*Question 4: How did you find the social and academic environment of our school as compared to your expectations?*

ZS: I wasn't expecting anything but I am happy with what I've got. Energetic and helpful colleagues, sharp and humorous students like you! What more to expect?

*Question 5: What were your hobbies in high school and how did they affect your career choices?*

ZS: I've always been a bookish one so books and ditching school were two top in my hobby list. The former helped me build perspectives and the latter improved my skills in catching students red-handed.

*Question 6: How was being a university student when compared to being a high school student?*

ZS: Well, university is a place where self-study and

self-discipline works so I was happier. Plus you are an adult. That also feels goooooood! My high school experience was a bit weird as I was bullied and couldn't quite figure out the reason behind it. Then I left for AFS and finished high school there so my experience was a bit complicated.

*Question 7: What would you suggest to high school students who are interested in English language and/or literature?*

ZS: Read! Take notes! Ask questions! Write! Especially if you think you can't!

*Question 8: How do you spend your time after school hours?*

ZS: Thinking about school! Honestly I read some books and do some Netflix if I have time from you guys' exam papers or essays!

*Question 9: How would you describe your teaching style?*

ZS: Weird :)

*Question 10: Do you have short term and long term career plans? Could you share them with us briefly?*

ZS: Short term is not to catch any viruses and finish school. Long term I'm gonna be even weirder as a teacher. 😊

*Thank you for your time and sincere answers.*

ZS: Thank you

# Covid-19

Ege Özkan

Earlier this year, a virus broke out in China which was called "coronavirus" or scientifically, "COVID-19". It is said that it came through people eating bats in China. Just like we have some helpful viruses in our bodies, COVID-19 is a natural virus in bats' bodies. Shortly after, this virus became a global pandemic.

In my country Turkey, the first case was reported on March 10th, and the Ministry of Health has postponed schools, starting March 13th. Since then, school has changed into online-schools. As of the date of my writing of this, (9th of June), we have had online classes for 10 weeks. We have been in lockdown for so long that even I, who isn't really the type of person to go outside is starting to get bored of staying at home. I cannot even imagine how bored the people who basically live outside, and love the outside must feel. During the lockdown, I have watched some series I was postponing to watch such as "Star Wars: The Clone Wars", "Avatar: The Last Airbender" and "Community". I am keeping on watching new shows. Movie wise, I have rewatched The Star Wars movie franchise for the second time and the Harry Potter movie franchise for the 4th time. I have also watched The Lord of the Rings

for the first time. I'm really happy that I've finally watched these pop-culture shows and movies because I just love pop-culture. The more I know, the happier I am.

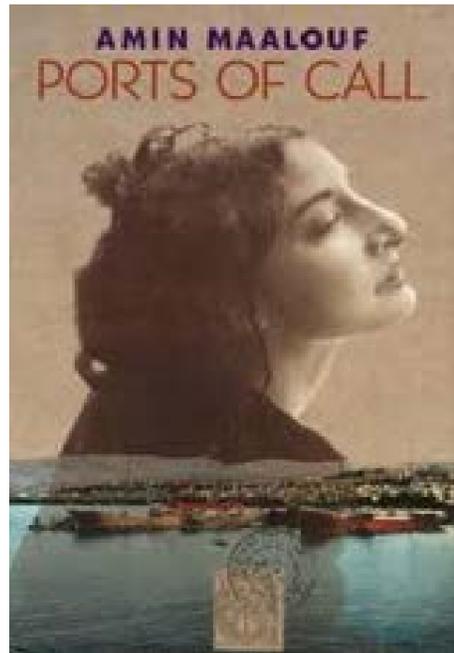
I think I speak for every teenager when I say that we haven't missed school, but we missed our friends. School has taught us way better than online-classes sure, but what we really like about school is friends and moments with them. To stay away from them for so long makes us feel more appreciative of the friends around us.

If we look at the virus' effects all around the globe, basically life stopped. All the businesses slowed down and people lost their jobs. We all started wearing medical masks when going out, the term "social distancing" came in our lives. It is staying 2 meters apart from each other.

In conclusion, the Chinese's weird eating habits made the world stop. People in the future will have problems understanding how a man eating a bat in China lead to people fighting over stocking toilet paper rolls. It is a real bizarre time, and it's a once in a lifetime experience so let's try to make the best of it!

# Ports of Call by Amin Maalouf

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## Introduction

Amin Maalouf once said that “You can’t say history teaches us this or that; it gives us more questions than answers, and many answers to every question” just like he attempts to ask the very same question in his ‘Ports of Call’. However, he leaves the answer to his readers’ pure imagination, perception and judgement.

Principally, Amin Maalouf’s novel ‘Ports of Call’ tells us the story of Ossyane, an Ottoman Prince, within a historical context starting from the last days of Ottoman Empire, passing through Resistance during the Second World War, Civil War in Lebanon, Israeli-

Palestinian conflict till the 1970’s Paris with settings as different locations including İstanbul, Adana, Beirut, Haifa, Paris and multinational characters. The novel is not only a love and a family story but due to the vast historical context, it has diverse themes told with ironies, conflicts, metaphors, questions and answers to historical milestones. Maalouf, with his magnificent storytelling, sails with the reader throughout the novel and at the end he literally enquires him/her to conclude the story with their own verse. Even so, he manages to deliver his humanistic message of tolerance, love, peace and his dream of a multicultural society where varying faiths, credos and moralities coexist. Summary:

Ports of Call’s protagonist Ossyane is the elder son of Ketabdar (the son of Iffet, the mad daughter of a deposed Ottoman emperor and a psychiatrist from Adana) and an Armenian girl called Cecile (daughter of one of Ketabdar’s private tutors). Raised in Beirut, he was given the name Ossyane (“Disobedience”) and educated to be a revolutionary leader which was the only purpose of his father. While he was studying medicine in Montpellier, in the outbreak of the Second World War, he joined the French Resistance, working first as a courier and then a forger. He met Clara, a Jewish woman who lost almost all her family members during the war. At the end of the war, he returned to home as a hero. Ironically, he went to France to live his dream and become a doctor whereas he came back to Lebanon after seven years not accomplishing his own but his father’s dream of him becoming a revolutionary leader. Even though, surprises were to meet him. He found out that his sister got married to an Arab banker and moved to Egypt and his grandparents and his uncle moved to America escaping the shame his brother Salem brought to the family. He got involved in smuggling and ended up in prison. Shortly after his arrival, his grandmother Iffet passed away and Clara visited him on her way to Haifa where she aimed to settle down with her uncle who is the last living member of her family. They got married in Paris with a civil ceremony and had two wedding ceremonies in Beirut and Haifa. After they got married, Ossyane and Clara saw Ketabdar mansion in Beirut, Uncle Stefan’s house in Haifa and their friend Naim’s house as their “Ports of Call” in which they were living in all three of them. Although the 1948 Arab-Israeli War came between them, fraternal abhorrence raised its head and Ossyane’s life was put on hold. His father passed away and he could not go to Haifa due to the war where his pregnant wife was waiting for him. As a result, he plunged into a deep depression. Salem took advantage of the situation and sent Ossyane to a private asylum where he would be heavily sedated. On this account, Salem would seize Ossyane’s share of their inheritance. After twenty years in asylum, he managed to get out with the hope that his daughter had given to him and likewise managed to get back to Paris where he awaited a meeting on a bridge that would decide whether his tale was a tragedy or not. This is the story Ossyane had poured out over three days to an unnamed narrator, who had recognised him from a photo in a history book.

## Main Themes:

(1) War & Human Conflict: The novel links the story of Ossyane and his family with three wars at the background. World War I results in Ottoman Empire to resolve which had brought instability to the Middle East region. In the novel, the uprising of Armenians and counter movements of Ottoman ensued in human tragedies and Maalouf’s response to this conflict was the marriage of Ketabdar (an Ottoman prince) and Noubar’s daughter Cecile (an Armenian girl); he offers love and friendship as a solution to the conflict. The World War II, shortly follows the First World War which called forth the colossal destruction in Europe. Maalouf portrays the Resistance which brought together many people from different backgrounds as the solution to the hatred, discrimination and war. The third war was the Lebanese Civil War mingled with the Arab-Israeli conflict. Arabs (exemplified by Mahmoud) are forced to leave Haifa and Israeli state is being established, immigrating Jews who left Europe after the war to this land (Uncle Samuel is the example in the novel). Despite that, these people are brought together by the wedding of Ossyane and Clara, once again proposing love and respect as the ultimate solution to the war, conflict and hatred.

(2) Nostalgia: Maalouf’s nostalgia for his homeland Lebanon is reflected in the novel through Ossyane’s feelings. Maalouf was forced to leave Lebanon and seek exile in France after the Lebanese Civil War, therefore he feels deep nostalgia for his homeland and the multicultural society of the time stated as “there have always been all kinds of communities who lied through both wonderful moments of harmony and moments of tension.” At the end of the novel, readers notice that the multicultural family is torn into pieces and each piece is thrown to a distant place in the world, his daughter got married and moved to Brazil, his grandparents and uncle moved to America where the grandparents died shortly after, his sister moved to Australia with his family, he went to France to meet his wife and his brother who managed to confiscate all family inheritance died during the war. This situations overlaps with Maalouf’s own experiences and adds to his nostalgia.

(3) Freedom of Thought, Education and Tolerance: In the novel both Ketabdar and his children receive a liberal education at home from highly intellectual tutors with different backgrounds and nationalities. According to Maalouf, “True teachers are those who

teach different truths.” As a consequence of this culturally rich and open education, both Ketabdar and Ossyane are able to think independently in terms of ideology, politics and religion. They are tolerant towards differences and are against all kinds of hatred. On the other hand, Salem does not benefit from this education and end up drowned in his own hatred and undeserved wealth.

(4) Identity: In the novel, Maalouf questions the coexistence of different identities in parallel with the characters of the novel. According to Maalouf, identity is complex, versatile and not only determined by the inheritance; rather it is a mixture of psychological, political and social experiences of a person. The major example in the novel in terms of identity issues is Ossyane and he defines his identity in various parts of the novel as “multidimensional”, in fact he claims to have “identities” rather than a single imposed “identity” like “an Ottoman prince” or “Turkish”. His father is a Muslim Turk, his mother is an Armenian; he is educated by tutors with various backgrounds; he lives in Beirut, France, Haifa; marries a Jew and stays in an asylum for twenty years, having his identity formed as an outcome of all these experiences as well as his inheritance. Ossyane states that he has more common identity characteristics with his wife Clara rather than his brother Salem by virtue of this, the identity is not solely inherited. The other character whose identity being discussed is Clara, who is a Jewish, lost most of her family during the German invasion, fought with the Resistance in France, joined a militant group known as PAJUW and when she went back to Haifa, she tried to avoid the Arab-Israeli conflict. Hers is also a complex identity out of the customary norms, complementing Ossyane’s identity and together they manage to build themselves a world with mutual respect, tolerance and peace which unfortunately did not last long due to Arab-Israeli conflict.

(5) Resistance: There are multiple symbolic uses of resistance throughout the novel. The initial one is the Resistance in France towards the German invasion during the World War II. It is not only the defence of

the territory, but also the efforts to condemn hatred, discrimination and bigotry towards any member of the human race. Ossyane is neither French nor Jewish but he joins the Resistance to fight against the hatred, discrimination and war. The second use of resistance in the novel is the experience of each individual to find his or her place in the world in order to become an independent person. Our protagonist Ossyane resists his father to continue his education in a regular school and go to France to study medicine and become a doctor. He considers his departure as his metaphorical rebirth. The final use of resistance used in the novel is the inner resistance. Locked up in the asylum, Ossyane had to resist his inner self, to gain control of his mental strength and regain his liveliness, vitality and animation.

#### **Conclusion**

In his novel Ports of Call, Maalouf tells both the family and love story of Ossyane, whose great grandfather was an Ottoman Emperor, mother was Armenian, wife Clara was Jew and had lived in Beirut, France and Haifa. His identity was constructed not merely by his inheritance but also with the people, places and historical events that have touched him. He despises hatred, discrimination and bigotry in a life suffered from the continuous wars and conflicts. He and Clara wish to live in a peaceful world where multiple faiths, cultures and languages coexist. Maalouf also included experiences, scenes and people from his own background connecting with the reader with a high dose of nostalgia. In spite of that, the novel is not utopic since Maalouf leaves the end of the story to the reader. It is up to the reader to decide whether Ossyane and Clara live happily ever after their meeting in Paris or part ways. It is worth noting that meeting on the “bridge” symbolizes the reconciliation of differences both in cultural, lingual and religious terms. The novel is a call for a world where rejection of hatred, discrimination and bigotry laid the foundations for forbearance, tranquillity and serenity in a society with sundry religions, cultures and languages.

