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QUILL



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11

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## Letter from the Editors



Dear Readers,

In a world constantly grappling with the meaning of justice and freedom, the concept of “rights” is not merely a matter of politics or law; it is a matter of humanity itself. In every corner of the world, rights shape the way we live, speak, dream, and stand up for what we believe in. They are not just legal definitions printed in textbooks — they are living, breathing ideals that echo in our voices, every protest for justice, and every story of courage. As we move toward an uncertain future, the importance of protecting and fostering the development of rights becomes increasingly significant.

This issue of Quill is dedicated to the significance and complexity of rights. Each piece takes the concept of rights and shapes it into something personal: a poem protesting injustice, a demand for respect, or a celebration of humanity. These works are more than just words on a page; they are acts of free thought and expression. We are proud to have this issue of Quill serve as a platform for asking difficult questions about justice, freedom, and rights — and for imagining a better future.

We would like to express our gratitude to our esteemed principal, Serenay Tarhan Güler, and our vice principal, Çağrı Yurttaş Dirlik, for their unwavering support, as well as to our supervisor, İrem Gönen. This issue would not have been possible without the efforts of our talented writers and artists. Finally, we invite you to read and reflect on the powerful pieces created by Quill’s incredible contributors.







# A Fundamental Aspect of Society: Human Rights

*By Melis Aydın*

Human rights are rights given to people regardless of gender, color, nationality, ethnicity, language, or any other status. They serve as the basis of equality, justice, and dignity worldwide. International laws and agreements protect human rights, allowing people to live freely without inequality or prejudice.

A just and equal society depends heavily on human rights. These rights protect people from abuses such as violence, discrimination, and improper detention. Human rights also enable access to healthcare, education, and decent working conditions, all of which support social and economic progress. They also maintain political stability by defending the rule of law and democratic ideals.

In 1948, the United Nations adopted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, which marked a significant turning point in the history of human rights. It consists of 30 articles detailing fundamental rights, including freedom of speech, the right to education, and protection against torture and slavery. Countries use it as a guide when creating laws to protect these essential rights.

Human rights are divided into three groups. These include the civil and political rights of freedom of expression, the right to a fair hearing, and freedom from unlawful detention and torture, all reassuring individuals of their ability to engage in public life and voice their thoughts without fear. Basic necessities, including access to healthcare, education, and decent living conditions, are the focus of economic, social, and cultural rights, ensuring people can work fairly and achieve a reasonable quality of life. The rights to self-determination, development, and a healthy environment are examples of collective and solidarity rights, prioritizing the well-being of communities and countries.

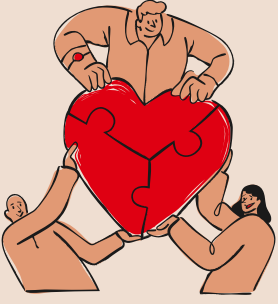
However, even with such significant advancements, difficulties still exist in promoting human rights. Rights continue to be threatened by issues such as poverty, prejudice, violent conflicts, and authoritarian governance. In some regions of the world, many people continue to face persecution and limited access to essential services. Furthermore, modern human rights protections are increasingly needed considering issues such as digital privacy.



Governments, international organizations, and civil society are significantly involved in defending and advancing human rights. Organizations such as Human Rights Watch, Amnesty International, and the United Nations monitor violations and advocate for victims' rights. Legal frameworks, including national constitutions and international human rights agreements, provide mechanisms to address violations and hold perpetrators accountable.

Every person can live in dignity, freedom, and security in a fair and equal world based on human rights. Despite progress, ongoing work is necessary to address present and future challenges. Societies must first protect human rights to create a future that is equitable and respectful of human dignity.





# Human Value

*By Almila Özaydın*

From afar, you look at the human world,  
And the loudest sound is the rich man's word.

No other is heard; only money speaks  
In a world where honesty cannot be seen.

Your worth is questioned on a pair of scales;  
If you're worth enough, you'll go on sale.  
If not, you're seen as a worthless wreck;  
You'll be excluded, and you'll face disrespect.

The upper-class call it all a game,  
A shooter that'll bring them money and fame.  
But the massacres, the terror towards the innocent,  
Are all just unfair — it's making you sick.

And how can you stand when all they say is scams?  
Promises so empty of peace and equality.  
You give them a chance, you trust a rich man,  
But all they do is lead you to fatality.

Yet there are billions of people, and no one is different;  
There's no point in this world to act inconsiderate.  
At the end of the day, you're still just a human —  
It shouldn't matter to anyone if you're a man or a woman.





# Humanity

*By Efsun Neva Altıparmak*

Everyone has the right to recognition everywhere as a person before the law.

(The Universal Declaration of Human Rights, Article 6)

I am sitting in an empty room, trying to capture every single detail without being able to make any sense of what is in front of my eyes. I call it empty because I don't even think there is any air filling this room. Even if there is, I refuse to believe it because I know this isn't how real air feels on my skin or when I breathe. I can't even make myself believe there is anything real here — including the room itself, let alone the air. It feels like I am stuck in a nowhere made of nothing. I can't even be sure if I am real anymore.

Years ago — or perhaps days, because it has been a long time since I lost my sense of time — I was outside. I had a family, some friends, and a job that I loved, one that I was good at. I used to feel things: the joy I felt when I took my kids to my favorite ice cream shop for the first time, or the sorrow I felt when I walked past the café where I met my wife the day after she died.

It was the war that took all of these from me. A meaningless war that arose because of one of the millions of issues on which so-called human beings have been unable to reach a consensus for centuries. I don't even know what the reason was for this one — and I believe neither did they. It was just a war with millions of different sides, all gathered under two banners. A war that resulted in thousands of innocent deaths and probably millions of orphans. Two of those orphans — two whose whereabouts, well-being, or even existence I no longer know — were my own kids. They had already lost their mother years before the war, and now this war has taken me from them as well.

During the war, I was taken hostage. It wasn't because I knew something, or because I had an important role in my government. I had no knowledge of my nation's war plans — something clearly impossible, as such strategies were kept secret even from high government officials — and I was just a nurse working in a rural hospital. My only fault was being in the wrong place at the wrong time, and I am sure that those who kept me hostage were aware of that too. Nevertheless, it didn't stop them from accusing me of hiding things, treating me like an animal, and torturing me nonstop. I experienced all kinds of torture, both physical and emotional, which led me to develop memory problems and chronic seizures.

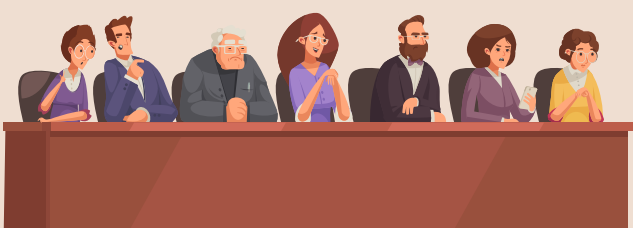


One day — approximately two years after I was taken hostage — when I was lying on a piece of cushion that doesn't deserve to be called a bed, in a corner of a room shared by twenty people, a man came and sat right next to me. He said the war was over and that they had won. It was finally time to decide what to do with the hostages, with me. He told me that I would appear in court in a few hours, where it would be decided whether any of my human rights had been violated while I was held captive. I didn't know what to think, what to do, what to say to those judges, but a tiny glimmer of hope shone in me — that I could see my kids again, that I could finally escape this hell. I limped into that courtroom, my clothes stained with dust and blood, my face covered in all different tones of bruises. I told my whole story as honestly as I could, sometimes repeating the same words over and over often pausing because my memory was playing tricks on me. After speaking for an hour without a single interruption, the verdict was announced:

“No human rights were violated due to the hostage being ruled as inhuman.”

They immediately dragged me out of that courtroom and threw me into this room — a room with no windows, no bed, not even a toilet. I think they get me out sometimes, but I'm not sure, because I've started to forget everything. I have bruises that never heal. In fact, they grow bigger and hurt more with each passing day. However, I really don't care anymore; as I said, I no longer believe anything is real.

I don't know how much time has passed since the last moment I was considered human. I don't know what defines a human or if I really don't deserve being one. All I know is that an inhuman has no rights. As a man who first lost his wife, then his home, then his kids, and then his memory, I have now lost my humanity — therefore all my rights, including the right to live. Anybody can do anything they want to me without any punishment. If someone kills me one day, they will continue their lives with their human status, while I — a grieving father and a former nurse who once did everything he could to save people — won't even deserve to have a grave. Because even the right to have a peaceful death was taken from me, an inhuman.





# Right to Be

*By Ela Berfin Göllü*

In the heart of every soul,

A spark of freedom, pure and strong,

The right to speak, the right to stand,

The right to move with an open hand.

The right to love, to laugh, to grow,

To choose our future on our own,

The right to live without tears,

To feel the air, have fun without fears.

No man, no law can stop us from

Living our dreams, stepping forward.

Our rights are not just granted or sold,

But engraved deep in the hearts of gold.

So let every voice rise, clear and bright,

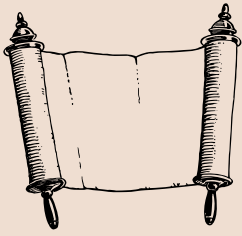
To defend ourselves and our own rights.

In justice, love, and eternal grace,

Together, we will find our peace.







# History of Human Rights

*By Efe Türe*

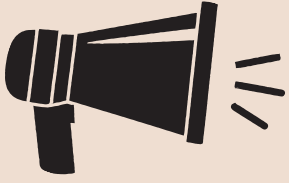
Rights are an important part of our lives. They make life easier by defining what we can and cannot do, but it wasn't always the case. It took humanity a long time to reach the level of rights we have today.

Human rights date back to ancient times. Although not technically called "human rights," the concept of "Natural Law" in Ancient Rome suggested that certain rights were inherent to human nature. In 1215, the people of England limited their king's power with the Magna Carta, which stated that even the king must abide by the law. This was an early step toward equal human rights. In 1776, the United States Declaration of Independence declared, "All men are created equal," introducing a basic understanding of human rights. Shortly after the French Revolution, the French Declaration of Human Rights outlined universal rights for everybody. After World War II, the United Nations adopted the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

Although human rights existed throughout history, they were not for everyone. In addition to kings and nobles having higher status and rights, even peasants had different rights depending on their position in society or their race. Slavery was very prominent in the past. Captured soldiers during wars in the Middle Ages were often forced into slavery. These slaves were not considered equal to peasants, so their rights were strictly limited, and they were forced to work under unfair conditions. Discrimination was not only based on social class but also on race and beliefs. Minorities -including Asians, Native Americans, Black people, and Hispanics- faced discrimination and were not treated the same as White people. They were enslaved for a long time in history, and even after gaining freedom, their rights were not the same as those of White people. In 1964, it was finally prohibited to discriminate against people based on race in the U.S.

It was a bumpy road to achieving human rights. They took different forms, had different names, and applied to different people based on their status or race. Even though people in the past lived under harsh conditions and unjust laws, we should be grateful to live in a time when equal rights are recognized for everyone.





# The Courage to Speak

*By Öykü Özbek*

In a small town, there was a young girl named Maya who had always been curious about the world around her. She often wondered how some people could speak freely about their ideas, while others were silenced. Maya lived in a place where people didn't have the freedom to express their thoughts. Many were afraid to speak up, fearing the consequences that might follow.

One afternoon, Maya was sitting in her favorite café when she overheard a group of people talking. They were discussing a new law that made it even harder for people to speak out.

"This law is going too far," one man said. "We are losing our right to say what we believe." The others agreed, but none of them seemed willing to act. Maya felt anger in her veins. She knew that everyone deserved the right to express their thoughts, but she also understood that standing up for these rights could be dangerous.

That night, Maya couldn't stop thinking about the conversation. She remembered what she had learned in her school history lessons about human rights—the right to speak, to protest, and to live freely. She realized that if people didn't take action, their rights would continue to be taken away. She knew she had to do something, but what?

The next day, Maya decided to write a letter. She wrote about how important it was for everyone to have the right to speak about their ideas, to be treated with respect, and to live without fear. She planned to share the letter at the local community center, where people gathered every week.

When she arrived at the center, Maya felt nervous. She wasn't sure how people would react to her words. However, she took a deep breath and began reading the letter aloud. To her surprise, people started listening. One by one, they agreed with her. Some even added their own thoughts about the importance of standing up for human rights. Maya realized that by speaking out, she wasn't just sharing her own thoughts—she was giving others the courage to do the same.

The town's leaders, who had always tried to control what people said, took notice of the growing movement. But this time, they didn't stop it. Instead, they understood that the community wasn't asking for trouble; they were simply asking for their basic rights.

Maya's letter didn't change everything overnight, but it sparked something important. It reminded the people of the town that their voices mattered. It showed them that even in a place where speaking out was difficult, one person could make a difference.

From then on, Maya continued to speak up for human rights. She knew that change could take time, but she also knew that the courage to speak was the first step toward making the world a better place.





# UNITED BY HUMAN RIGHTS



RESPECT

PEACE

SECURITY

EQUALITY

FREE  
SPEECH



# Free Speech: How Far Is Too Far?

*By Eylül Erol*

The freedom of expressing your thoughts, opinions, and beliefs as an individual without the fear of punishment is a principle that lies in the very heart of democracy. Nevertheless, this right does not come without a set of controversies of its own. Freedom of speech is undoubtedly crucial in many areas such as politics, psychology, and sociology; however, the question of speeches that result in the spread of misinformation, incite hate, and violence remains. The importance of freedom of speech, the challenges it may present, and to what extent freedom of speech can be implemented without harming society will be discussed in this essay.

Throughout history, the concept of free speech has been a major issue. Even in highly oppressive regimes, people have fought for their right to express their opinions freely. Events such as the American and French Revolutions, Civil Rights Movements, and Enlightenment, highlight the strong desire for free speech that people have and how hard they are willing to fight in order to gain this right. Many democratic nations protect the right of free speech for their citizens with their constitutions such as the American Constitution which ensures free speech without government censorship with its First Amendment. Nevertheless, there are some disputes, even in the most democratic societies, regarding this issue, especially when it comes to spreading misinformation, hate, or violence.

Despite the crucial importance of freedom of speech, in situations where there is a rise of hate speech, misinformation, and extremist rhetoric, its absolutism is tested. While some believe that it is undoubtedly absolute, others believe that in such situations, the government must prevent it in order to prevent the spread of misinformation, hate, and violence. For instance, on platforms such as social media, both the benefits and dangers of free speech are amplified, with them giving voices to marginalized communities while also enabling the rapid spread of misinformation and online harassment. Particularly considering that many young individuals are extremely present on social media and have access to a large amount of content, this misinformation and even disinformation can cause more harm to society than it can do good. Therefore, many believe that the government should step in and prevent these issues to some extent.

The issue of government intervention in free speech is very tricky, particularly in more democratic societies since there is a very fragile balance between freedom and preventing the harmful aspects of this freedom within society.

Not only governments, but technology companies have also struggled to find this balance because of the thin line between censorship and content moderation. Therefore, there are a lot of challenges that demonstrate the complexity of achieving freedom of speech and preventing the corruption of society.

One of the main aspects of this debate about freedom of speech is who should regulate it. In many democratic countries, their constitutions and courts regulate this right with firm sections and legislation. However, this still does not eliminate the chance of the misuse of the power that the governments have to control public discourse -like in 1984 or Fahrenheit 451 or pretty much every dystopian narrative ever-; thus, while some people argue that government regulation is the safest, others argue that private companies should regulate their platforms; therefore, be the regulating organ of freedom of speech. Nevertheless, the dispute to find a regulator once again shows the complexity of the issue of freedom of speech.

Freedom of speech and its absolutism have been and most likely will always be one of the most complex and intense debates in democratic societies. While freedom of speech enables the battle against oppression and fights for open dialogue, progress, and voices being heard, the problem of misinformation, spread of hate, and violence remains. The ongoing debates and arguments only further prove the fragility of the issue and the need for democracy without undermining democracy. Ultimately, maintaining the balance between freedom and a safe and healthy society remains a complex issue, and as humanity evolves, the concept of freedom of speech must adapt to new mediums and platforms of speech and expression of opinions, ensuring that this fundamental right remains a means to resist against oppression rather than causing harm to society.



**FAKE**







# Depends On You

*By Ela Berfin Göllü*

Our freedom depends on our rights.  
Don't just ignore them; they shape our lives.

So, we shall let our voices rise,  
To be sure that we are free and bright.

We are getting older now,  
Our time is coming; it is closer now.  
Let's defend ourselves and what is right,

So we may live in peace and light.

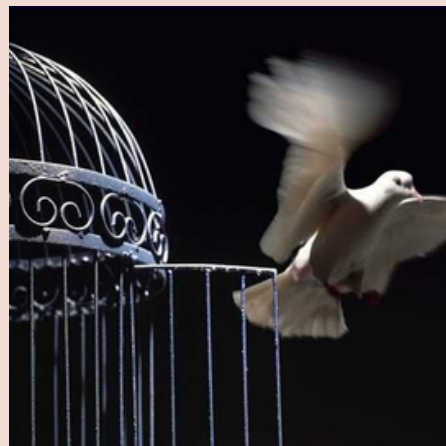
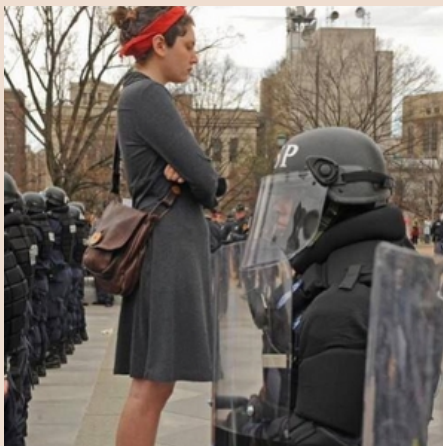
We are like birds in a cage,  
So give us the key and let us be free.

We will spread our wings and fly,  
To a star, a spark of our lives.

Lose your fear, do what you want!

I know it can be very hard,  
But not when it's truly what you want.

So defend yourself and your rights!



# Voices for Justice: A Conversation On Human Rights



*By Sedef Usluel*

**Can you introduce yourself and talk about your background in law?**

My name is Türkan Ertuna Legrand. I studied law at Ankara University and completed my master's degree at Erasmus University in Rotterdam, the Netherlands, specializing in business and trade law. After graduating, I returned to Türkiye because I wanted to become a practicing lawyer. In Türkiye, I completed my traineeship and then returned to the Netherlands, this time to pursue my PhD. My PhD focused on refugee and immigration law, which also included issues like student migration and family reunification. Therefore, it was a broad and complex topic. Currently, I teach European Union Law at Utrecht University.

**What are the most common human rights violations you see in your work?**

Before answering your question, I would like to say a few words about the concept of "human rights," because it is a very broad field. On one hand, we have the core human rights conventions under the United Nations system, which means we are talking about a vast area of law protected by international frameworks. In my work, the most common violations I encounter are discrimination against women and violations of refugee rights. For example, if someone is sent back to a country where their life would be at risk, this constitutes a serious human rights violation. These are some of the most frequent violations I observe.



### **Are there any specific human rights issues that young people should be more aware of?**

In my opinion, the right to privacy is particularly important, especially today when we all carry smartphones. Sometimes we leave our phones unattended, so it's crucial to be aware that no one is allowed to access our private information without our consent. In addition, the United Nations Convention on the Rights of the Child protects people under the age of 18, granting them specific rights such as the right to education, equal opportunities, and freedom of thought. Furthermore, there is also a Convention on the Rights of Persons with Disabilities. For example, if someone has difficulty walking, public buildings should be accessible to them. Lastly, young people should be aware of the right not to be discriminated against. For instance, if a teacher treats a student negatively because of their ethnicity or religion, the student should know that they have the right to challenge that treatment. These are some of the key rights young people should be familiar with.

### **Can you share a case or experience that had a significant impact on you?**

There are several cases, but currently, what affects me the most is the situation of women in Afghanistan. I read a lot about it: women are prohibited from driving, receiving an education, and even going to the hospital without a male guardian. I often find myself empathizing with these women; it must be horrible and suffocating to live under such circumstances. There is also widespread violence against women in Afghanistan. This situation has had the most significant emotional impact on me recently.





## **How can ordinary people, especially students, contribute to promoting human rights?**

I believe that empathy is a crucial first step. Empathizing with people who are victims of human rights violations — such as violations of privacy or discrimination — helps us understand their pain. Once we empathize, we are less likely to commit unethical acts ourselves, such as bullying or excluding someone. For example, when forming a study group, we should not leave someone out because they are different. Another important step is to speak up when we witness discrimination. If, during a class discussion, someone expresses an opinion and is mocked or attacked, we should intervene and say, "Wait a minute, this person has the right to express their ideas." Treating others the way we want to be treated is fundamental.

## **What role does social media play in spreading awareness and advocating for human rights?**

Social media plays a very important role because it has become a huge part of our daily lives. In fact, we often spend more time on social media than with our friends in person. Therefore, social media should be a safe environment, and it is partly our responsibility to make it so. Everything I mentioned about empathy and speaking up applies here too. Bullying online is a form of discrimination and, in extreme cases, can even amount to inhuman treatment. We must stand up against it and support those who are targeted. Moreover, social media is a powerful tool for following human rights organizations such as Human Rights Watch or UN agencies. By following their pages, we can stay informed about global human rights issues. In my view, social media can be used very effectively to raise awareness about human rights violations.





## **What are the most common human rights violations against women today?**

Women's rights are violated on many fronts. However, I believe the most horrific and widespread violation is violence against women. It cuts across all socioeconomic statuses and racial backgrounds — any woman, anywhere, can become a victim. A major reason for this is the lack of awareness about violence against women. I once heard about a case from someone I know who lives in the Netherlands.

They reported domestic violence to the police, but the police dismissed it as a "private matter" and said they could not intervene. This highlights two problems: first, that violence against women happens everywhere, and second, that even authorities often fail to fulfill their responsibilities. Private spaces like homes should be the safest places, not spaces where violence is tolerated. It is shocking that in 2025, we still have to explain what violence against women is and why it is unacceptable. Therefore, violence against women remains the most common and concerning human rights violation today.

## **How does education play a role in advancing human rights?**

Education plays an enormous role in advancing human rights. From a formal perspective, many school curriculums now include human rights education — teaching students what human rights are and what their specific rights include. This is a very powerful and straightforward way to promote awareness. Beyond the curriculum, the way educational institutions operate is equally important. When students are respected, allowed to express themselves freely, and treated equally, they learn how to treat others in the same way. Teachers should act as ambassadors of human rights and non-discrimination. If a teacher discriminates against a student based on race or religion, it sets a terrible example for others. Finally, students themselves have a significant impact on their peers. Even small interventions, like telling a bully to stop, can have a huge effect. Teenagers have a strong influence on one another, and when one student stands up for another, it can change behaviors in a powerful way.





# The Importance of Human Rights In The Modern World



*By Zeynep Özatay*

In today's world, human rights are more important than ever. They are universal and belong to all individuals, regardless of nationality, gender, ethnic origin, color, religion, language, or any other status. These rights are inherent; they exist simply because we are human beings—not because any government or authority grants them. They include fundamental essential rights such as the right to life, as well as those necessary for a truly fulfilling life—access to adequate food, quality education, meaningful work, proper healthcare, and broad personal freedoms.

Human rights are built upon the principles of universality, indivisibility, and interdependence. Universality means that all individuals inherently possess these rights. Civil, political, economic, social, and cultural rights are equally important and must be protected together, as they are indivisible. The realization of one right often depends on the fulfillment of others. For example, the right to education is closely connected to the right to employment and a decent standard of living.

Human rights have a rich and complex history, shaped by philosophical, religious, and legal traditions. Key milestones include the Magna Carta (1215), the English Bill of Rights (1689), the United States Declaration of Independence (1776), and the French Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen (1789). The atrocities of World War II catalyzed the creation of the modern human rights framework, culminating in the United Nations General Assembly's adoption of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR) in 1948.

The UDHR outlines fundamental rights such as the right to life, liberty, security, education, work, and freedom of expression. It laid the foundation for modern international human rights law, inspiring key treaties, including the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR) and the International Covenant on Economic, Social, and Cultural Rights (ICESCR). Together with the UDHR, these covenants constitute the International Bill of Rights, a core set of documents guiding global human rights protections.



Stronger protection of human rights is essential for achieving justice, peace, and sustainable development. Without it, these remain unattainable. Human rights aim to eliminate discrimination, oppression, and injustice while promoting equality and inclusion.



Countries that uphold human rights often enjoy greater social stability, economic prosperity, and political freedom. Conversely, serious human rights violations are frequently found in contexts of armed conflict, deep poverty, and authoritarian rule. In democratic societies, the protection of rights depends on the rule of law, independent judiciaries, and active civic participation. Governments are responsible for upholding these rights through policies and legislation addressing gender equality, freedom of expression, labor protections, and environmental justice.

Despite the existence of legal frameworks and international agreements, human rights violations persist worldwide. Authoritarian regimes, warfare, systemic discrimination, and economic inequality continue to endanger human dignity. Political repression, censorship, forced labor, and racial injustice hinder social progress. These violations severely undermine efforts to improve global well-being.

Modern challenges such as globalization and technological advancements also pose new risks. While technology has enhanced awareness and communication, it has also raised concerns about privacy, surveillance, and cyberbullying. Moreover, the escalating climate crisis presents a significant human rights threat, disproportionately affecting vulnerable populations by limiting access to clean water, nutritious food, and safe housing.

Safeguarding and advancing human rights requires collaboration among governments, international organizations, and individuals. United Nations agencies, non-governmental organizations like Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch, and numerous grassroots movements play vital roles in advocating for justice and holding violators accountable. Individuals can contribute by staying informed, speaking out against injustices, supporting human rights organizations, and participating in elections. Education is also critical in fostering a culture of human rights and ensuring future generations understand their importance.

Human rights are the cornerstone of a fair and equitable society. They ensure dignity, security, and opportunity for all. While meaningful progress has been made in recognizing and protecting these rights, significant challenges remain. Addressing them requires sustained effort and global cooperation. Achieving a just, equal, and peaceful world depends on our collective commitment to defending and promoting human rights for everyone, everywhere.

# Not Yours

*By Dora Yıldız*

In the mirror glass, a shattered thing-  
Her body, swatched in flickering light,  
A hymn of aches, of whispered sins  
They seize, they carve, they claim-  
But her blood, her skin,  
Belong to no hands but hers



XXIII



**RIGHTS**



# Human By Choice

*By Fizenaz Nayci*

His blue eyes opened with curiosity to the life ahead of him. His mother's warm smile was an invitation to the privileged life awaiting him. The world around him was so perfect in his undeveloped mind that all he could do was giggle at everything. No care towards the dead, the increasing rate of unjustified crimes... He didn't even know the word "crime." He was pure and innocent, just like the make-believe world he was living in.

However, as every good thing comes to an end, his perfect little world collapses onto his 12-year-old self. The world, bare and naked, was pure evil. The homeless people on the street, the cruel and devastating looks of the unprivileged gazing upon him — the only thing dividing them was the black limousine he was sitting in. He looked around in pity, his blue orbs slowly observing the poverty he had been protected from since his birth.

Even the hospital he was born in was named "Las Vegas VIP Privileged Care and Birthing Centre." It was absurd, to say the least. However, he hadn't even gotten the chance to choose his own life: what he was going to suffer from, or what he was going to eat. They were all served to him on a silver plate at the arranged time. He couldn't make a wrong choice because he hardly knew the word "choice." He was deprived of will — a basic human right.

As he was observing his surroundings, his gaze fell on the blonde-haired woman, covered in pearls, gold, and all the designer brands, reading a magazine — his mom. He looked at his mom and then outside. It was the embodiment of juxtaposition: the rich and the poor.

She turned her head to look at the window. The moment she looked outside, she turned her head towards him.

"Jimmy? Sweetheart, don't you think it's overwhelmingly hot here?" she asked while fanning herself, her movements causing her jewelry to jingle.

"Oh, I can't take it anymore! I'm opening the window," she said in a high-pitched tone.

The moment she lowered the window, the sun shone down on her jewelry. The gold and the sunshine created an eye-blinding sight. As little Jimmy's eyes adjusted, he caught the looks the poor gave his mother. They were looking with hatred, but also with admiration... Some reached toward her, some tried to take in the sight, and some looked down with sadness, disappointment, and perhaps a hint of pity.



As he sighed, he noticed that they were crossing the bridge, the ocean's refreshing breeze filling his nose. He took in the beautiful sight and air. He felt reborn with every breath he took while crossing the bridge. All the negative emotions he had felt before were erased. No more pity towards the unfortunate. It was a new day. As they came closer to the other side of the city, his ocean-blue eyes lit up.

"Mom, do you think I will see Charlotte?" he asked, excitement evident in his voice.

His mom replied with a simple nod. His eyes softened in response to his mother's action. Was it so hard to say, "Yes, sweetheart"? Or was a simple look in the eyes enough?

His eyes welled up with tears. No, he couldn't cry.

"Strong men do not cry," he whispered while wiping his tears away and softly slapping his cheeks to toughen up.

As they arrived at his school, he quickly got out of the limousine and turned to bid farewell to his mother. To his disappointment, the limousine had already left the school grounds. He sighed and looked at his enormous school. It was as big as a castle. His lips curled into a smile at the view.

His moment was interrupted when he felt a touch on his shoulder.

He turned to see his one and only love, Charlotte Rosewood. He couldn't help but admire her beauty in the sunshine. Even the sun was outshined by her beauty. Her long chestnut-colored hair... oh, and those beautiful doe eyes. He was mesmerized by outlook.

"So? What are we doing, Kraser?" she asked in her honey-dripping voice.

He felt his heart beating faster with each passing second.

"Oh, whatever you want, Rosy," he murmured, and the moment she smiled was the moment he knew that he wanted to give his last piece of chocolate-covered strawberry to her.

It was a sociology lesson. The lecture was on how to have rights. Of course, they already had rights because of their family's status, wealth, and appearance, but some people were greedy and wanted more and more.

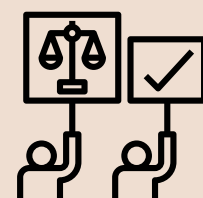
When Jackson asked how to earn more rights, the classroom collectively rolled their eyes at him. Charlotte whispered in Jimmy's ear:

"Can you believe how greedy he is? It's unbelievable. And isn't he one of the richest here? I heard his father was the president..."

Jimmy looked at her and then at Jackson. He rolled his eyes and whispered in Charlotte's ear:

"No doubt he is greedy. It's genetic."

Charlotte chuckled at that comment. Snarkiness was one of the common grounds they shared.



As the years passed, their love for each other grew stronger and stronger, with a bond so powerful that even if they hadn't talked for months, they would still be the same towards each other. However, the bond described as “unbreakable” by everyone was actually fragile. With every fight rising from the tiniest details, the bond was damaged bit by bit. The moment he laughed at her wine choice was the final blow to their relationship.

“I can't believe that you would do something like that, in front of the people I hate the most!” Charlotte yelled at Jimmy.

However, he stood there, rolling his eyes. His actions enraged Charlotte so much that she grabbed the nearest object and threw it at him.

Jimmy was quick — he was an athlete. He dodged the object. He looked back to see if it was something valuable.

“That’s the best you can do? A vase, really?” he teased her.

Her expression grew bitterer and bitterer as she frustratedly left the penthouse, screaming, “We are over!”

Jimmy only rolled his eyes and mumbled,

“Such a relief, you psycho,” to himself as he made himself a coffee to celebrate on his own.

“If she can't take a little criticism, it’s her problem,” he complained to Jackson.

The moment Jackson laughed, Jimmy felt that something was wrong. He quickly asked what it was.

“Oh, you know the necklace that costs a fortune? I think I lost it.”

Jimmy observed his surroundings but something was off. Where was his watch?

The watch he had inherited from his grandfather was gone — the watch that cost more than his kidney.

The black watch that was supposed to be on his white desk.

There was no way he could have missed it.

Maybe he had put it in the drawer?

He quickly got up, leaving the phone on the bed. He searched his drawer, but there was nothing.

“Jackson, I lost my grandfather's Rolex,” he murmured.

He was still in shock. He sat in the corner of his bed. Jackson’s voice muffled in the background. Jimmy sat there for a whole 40 minutes, while Jackson had already ended the call and started driving to his house.

The doorbell’s ring broke Jimmy’s trance.

He looked towards the source of the sound and got up to open it.

“Charlotte? What are you doing here?” he asked in a surprised tone.

“Oh, Jackson called. He said that you lost your watch,” she replied casually, like they hadn't just broken up.





“Oh right, your father owns the parent company of Rolex,” he sighed as he made his way to his room.

He looked back to see Charlotte still standing there.

He chuckled; she always had a habit of not entering unless told to.

“Charlotte, you can come in. We’re broken up, but we are still friends. I’m not a monster.”

He observed Charlotte’s expression. She blushed.

“Oh, okay,” she replied quietly, almost a whisper.

“You could have come to me, Kraser,” she continued.

“I would have helped. That watch is an old model, but I would have found a way to ask my father to give it to you for free,” she said, looking deeply into his eyes.

“I know, but since it was previously owned by my grandfather, that watch would have cost more.”

Jimmy looked back at her, and all the good memories came flooding back.

A throat clearing interrupted their moment.

They looked in the direction of the sound to see Jackson.

“Oh, I should leave. It was nice catching up,” Charlotte said, waving, and quickly left the penthouse.

“What was she doing here?” Jackson questioned Jimmy.

“What?” Jimmy was confused. Why was he asking?

“You guys are broken up. You shouldn’t be together, and you know that. You were just complaining about her just now.” Jackson continued, frustrated.

“And I see you two about to kiss? What’s going on, man!” His hands moved in an absurdly dramatic way.

Jimmy sat there, confused, looking at him, dazed.

“Wait, didn’t you send her here because her father owns the parent company of Rolex?” he pointed at Jackson.

“Oh, so you think I’m a bad friend — no, the worst friend — who asked his devastated friend’s ex to come console him?” Jackson said, offended.

Jimmy interjected, “But she knew about the Rolex, and she knew that you knew...”

Now both Jackson and Jimmy were baffled.

“So... I didn’t call her. Let’s get that straight. Wait, is she listening to our phones?” Jackson wondered.

“No, it’s not the ‘90s.”

Jimmy looked at the ground, his hands covering his face.

“She stole it.”

“Jack, that’s absurd. She is the daughter of a multi-billionaire. She doesn’t need it,” Jimmy quickly retorted.



Maybe she needs it to earn more rights. She could be greedy — you know it.”

Jimmy rolled his eyes, but deep down, he knew there was a possibility she had stolen it.

She didn't have anything to her name. She was the daughter of a multi-billionaire, but she only spent her father's money.

She didn't really own anything herself.

Meanwhile, all of them had their own net worths, either inherited from grandparents or given half the company's earnings by their parents.

“You are right,” he agreed in a low tone.

He was determined to find out why she would steal his watch — but also upset that the system was so broken that even the children of the rich didn't have any real rights unless their parents bought them.

Charlotte looked at all of the things she had stolen, giving them to a brunette girl.

“Hey, Celestia. Now you can have the right to go to a hospital or even the right to 'freedom of thought.' Now you won't get beaten up when you say something is messed up,” she explained with a comforting voice. The girl in front of her looked at her as if she were a saint — her savior — and she wasn't going to let anything happen to her.

“Okay, so how are we supposed to get them back?” Jackson asked while buying a coffee.

“I don't know. She is our childhood friend; we can't just ask her where she got them,” Jimmy articulated. While he was sipping his coffee, he realized something.

“Let's go to the beach,” he added. “I have something to show you.”

Jackson looked dumbfounded.

“Why are we looking at a seashell?” he queried.

Jimmy looked at his light green eyes with sorrow. He remembered all the heartwarming memories she had gifted him: how she was always there for him, even when he thought he didn't need her; how she would always make him laugh when his grandfather passed away. She could make him forget the terrifying truth about the world — and that was something special.

Her laughter brought him joy on all occasions; her tears made his throat dry. Their emotions were united in a divine way.

“This seashell is our oath to never break our rules,” Jimmy recalled, his voice dripping with heartache.

“We promised that we would never steal from each other,” Jimmy continued after swallowing the lump in his throat.

“Even if it was not physical — our happiness, our sadness, our love for each other. We promised to never take it away.” A tear ran down his cheek. Jackson could only stare at him, unable to move. He moved his eyes to his hands. He was holding the purple seashell.



Celestia looked at Charlotte, her elongated blue eyes observing her every movement. In her opinion, she was majestic. Her rosy lips, her almond eyes, and her pale skin were reminiscent of a princess. How she could still maintain her childlike innocence in this money-greedy world was ethereal in a way — it was applaudable. How she pushed her morals aside to help those in need. Her act of stealing wasn't wrong in Celestia's eyes; it was a cry to change the world. She did it for good.

She desired a world where everyone had rights by birth, not earn them through wealth.

"You know, Einstein said, 'It is harder to crack prejudice than an atom,'" Celestia said. "I don't know... I don't know who Einstein is," Charlotte looked at her, shocked.

"You don't?" Celestia nodded.

"You don't go to school." Celestia hummed a yes to her comment. She was upset about not having the right to go to school, learn, or even be curious.

"With these—" Charlotte pointed towards the valuable objects she brought her, "you can go to a school and learn all about Einstein!" She beamed with excitement as she took Celestia's hand. She looked at her eyes with joy.

"Thank you, Charlotte," Celestia said, a tear running down her cheek.

"No, thank you, sister."

Jimmy sighed with frustration.

"Why isn't she picking up her phone?"

Jackson replied while eating his sundae, "Well, maybe she is too busy selling them?"

Jimmy glanced at his phone once more.

Celestia looked at the buzzing phone in the pile of expensive materials.

"Don't you want to answer?"

Charlotte looked at the caller, "Kraser," she exhaled.

"I don't want to," she said.

"Thinking about it, I think she planned this heist all along," Jackson surmised.

"And how do we know that the seashell wasn't replaced by someone else?" Jackson inquired, his chocolate sundae dripping on his hand.

"We were the only ones authorized to enter the beach; no one else was allowed in," Jimmy muttered. He stood up and made his way towards Jackson, snatching the sundae from his hand. He was obviously irritated by his question but he knew deep down that he was scared of losing his Charlotte.

"We have to find her. Where would she be?" Jimmy wondered.

"Where would I hide belongings that are actually not my belongings?" Jackson mimicked sarcastically.



“Where would I find unfunny, insensitive people?” Jimmy continued.

“Apparently here,” he said as he sprinted to his car.

Jackson huffed.

“Where are we going?”

Jimmy glared at him before replying,

“Her house.”

“Celestia, please lie down,” Charlotte pleaded.

Celestia was refusing to lie down.

“I'm sure Father won't visit me right now,” Charlotte reassured her.

“What if he did?” Celestia doubted.

“He abandoned his own blood. Do you think he would come check up on me?” Charlotte continued.

“Just because I was born from his wife, he takes care of me...” she trailed off.

“Oh, and by the way, when I say 'takes care,' I mean he gives me money and sends me expensive clothes to maintain his reputation.” She scoffed.

The doorbell rang. Celestia looked at Charlotte with fear evident in her eyes.

“Don't worry,” Charlotte mouthed to her.

“Charlotte?”

“Jimmy?”

Celestia stood there, perplexed.

“Who are they? Are they police? Are they Father's men?” she rambled but was quickly silenced by Charlotte.

“What are you guys doing here?” she asked with crossed arms.

“Well, we wanted to know why you were going around stealing people's stuff!” Jackson blurted out.

“You little—” Jimmy was intending on punching Jackson but was quickly shut down by Charlotte.

“No need to fight.” Jackson rolled his eyes at her action.

“How heroic,” he snarked. Jimmy glared at him.

He turned to face Charlotte.

“Who is that?” he asked, pointing to Celestia.

“My sister,” she blurted out.

The room went silent.

Everyone was shocked. They didn't know she had a sister all this time.

“What — no, it can't be possible,” Jackson added.

“Look at what she's wearing, there's no way she is your sister.”

Charlotte explained how her sister had been abandoned by their father because she was a "mistake."



Jackson and Jimmy approached Celestia, who was lying down on the sofa. She quickly sat up.

“So, you are a Rosewood,” Jackson started. Jimmy quickly apologized on his behalf.

“How did you and Charlotte meet?”

Charlotte smiled at this little interaction. As Celestia started to tell the story of their coincidental meeting, Charlotte entered the kitchen to make tea for everyone.

“And that is how we met,” Celestia concluded.

“I made tea, would you like some?” Charlotte offered Celestia.

“Oh, thank you!” Celestia replied gratefully.

Charlotte placed the tea on the coffee table in front of Jackson and Jimmy.

“Can I get three sugar cubes, please?” Jimmy asked.

“Oh, I already added three sugar cubes, but if you want more—” Charlotte said.

Jimmy smiled at how she remembered how he liked his tea.

“My sister is poor. And that means she has no right to do anything,” Charlotte continued after a sip of her tea.

“She doesn’t know who Einstein is and she doesn’t go to school.”

Everybody was all ears.

“That is why I stole all of those things,” she ended her sentence with a little huff.

“Why didn’t you ask your father?” Jackson quizzed.

“Well, he would not let me if I said it was to help someone. He is very strict about not helping people from the street,” she added while glancing at the mirror.

“He says that’s why there are charities. However, we all know that charities do not truly help the less fortunate.”

After hearing those words, Jimmy was determined to bring justice to the world—to build a world where people had rights by birth, where wealth couldn’t determine a person’s worth or humanity.

After multiple alternative plans to change the law, they landed on the plan **"Operation: Human by Birth."**

They were an ambitious group of people. What could go wrong?

The plan was as simple as it could be.

“We will go to the president—Jackson’s father—and somehow persuade him to contact people to hold a meeting to change the law. Easy, right?”

Jackson interjected, “No.”

Charlotte scoffed.

“Even Jackson thinks it’s hard,” Jimmy said, looking at everyone in disbelief. But deep down, they all knew the other plans were harder to execute.



“Hey, Father!” Jackson greeted him with a big smile on his face, opening his arms.

“Hey, son,” the president murmured while holding a magazine.

Jackson looked around and closed his arms.

“So, we have something to discuss with you...” Jackson started in a low tone.

“What is it?” the president inquired, raising an eyebrow.

“Well, do you know how frustrating it is to not have any rights?”

Jimmy facepalmed at Jackson’s clumsy entrance.

“Tell me, why are we eavesdropping again?” Charlotte whispered from the other side of the door to Jimmy.

“Well, Jackson said his father hates me,” Jimmy muttered.

Charlotte couldn’t understand why she was there with Jimmy.

“Why am I here with you?” she asked.

Jimmy’s eyes widened; he didn’t know why. He just wanted her with him.

“Well, if his father hates me,” he emphasized the me, “do you really think he likes you?”

Charlotte looked offended. Only Jimmy and Jackson knew that Jackson’s father adored Charlotte.

Jackson’s phone buzzed in his denim jeans pocket. He quickly unlocked his phone to see Jimmy’s text.

His green eyes scanned the text and he replied with a quick ok.

“Dad, don’t you think this ‘earning your rights’ thing is absurd?” he air-quoted as he observed his father’s expression.

The president looked startled. After clearing his throat, he started to explain why this system was important.

Jackson nodded, occasionally wanting to cut in and yell at his father.

“...Well, do you still think it is absurd?” the president asked, cocking an eyebrow.

Jackson made his right hand into a fist.

“No,” he replied monotonously.

“I’m sorry?” the president pressed.

Jackson locked eyes with him.

“Apology accepted by me. Not by all the people you have hurt and made suffer in inhuman conditions.”

The president opened his mouth but was silenced by his son.

“I’m not finished.”

Jackson walked toward his father until he was inches away.

“You listen to me,” he said, his voice trembling with anger.





“You will change the law. It’s not an option. It’s an order.”

His father was befuddled.

“You know the Charlotte you love so much, Charles?”

The president was taken aback by the sudden use of his name.

“Well, her sister was abandoned by her father, and now she can’t go to school, she can’t vote, she can’t even comment on anything, scared that she’ll get beaten up or end up in jail.”

Charles was speechless.

Jackson poked his father’s torso while continuing to list all the cruel things the people had to endure.

Charlotte and Jimmy listened to the whole conversation, their mouths agape.

Charlotte quickly regained her composure, dusted off her plaid skirt when she heard the door unlocking.

Jimmy looked directly at Jackson with a proud look on his face.

He did a quick thumbs-up and pulled him into a tight hug.

The embrace was so tight that he could barely breathe.

Jimmy mumbled "thank you" into Jackson’s ear.

Jackson smiled, and they hugged for a while longer as Charlotte sat there, waiting to be acknowledged.

“So he likes me?” Charlotte asked as she sipped her boiling hot espresso, while they talked about the tantrum Jackson had thrown.

Charlotte noticed how Celestia looked at her coffee with a protective demeanor; she sniffed the coffee suspiciously.

Seeing her expression, Charlotte reached for the sugar cubes. Her dainty fingers grabbed three and plopped them into Celestia’s cup.

Celestia looked at her sister. Seeing her smile softly, she quickly took a sip of the now-sugary coffee.

“Do you like it, sister?” Charlotte asked sweetly.

Celestia’s dry lips curled up into a smile she never knew she would experience.

Watching this interaction, Jimmy’s heart started beating faster.

Jackson’s voice muffled into the background, and everyone else blurred from Jimmy’s vision—except Charlotte.

“Open the news!” Celestia exclaimed, pointing at the TV with excitement.

Everybody burst with joy as the news reporter announced the new law: everyone now had all the rights that declared them human.



As they hugged each other—Charlotte and Jimmy, Celestia and Jackson—they celebrated the special occasion.

Later, Charlotte and Jimmy noticed they were alone at home.

Jimmy reached into his pocket, but for a split second, he hesitated.

His mind raced with what he thought was anxiousness, but it was really excitement.

“Will you do me the honor of making me your husband?”

He popped the question as sweat ran down his temple.

Her eyes widened in astonishment.

Her mind raced with excitement.

“Yes!” she exclaimed, hugging him tightly as a tear ran down her right cheek.

She quickly placed the purple seashell on her ring finger.

As they overlooked the sea, Charlotte turned to Jimmy.

She noticed his crooked bow tie and fixed it without noticing the loving gaze Jimmy was giving her.

Jimmy held out his hand to Charlotte, smiling warmly, inviting her to hold his hand.

Charlotte fixed her wedding dress as the wedding bells rang from afar.

“Let’s go!”

They rushed to the beach.

“I promise that her sin will be mine, my eyes will be hers, my muscles will be her shield, her wish will be my command, her beauty will be my muse, and her joy will be my duty,” Jimmy vowed, holding out his palm.

The sunset shone down on them, as if the sun itself was congratulating them, its orange-yellow lights accentuating her beautiful features.

Jimmy fell in love with her once more.

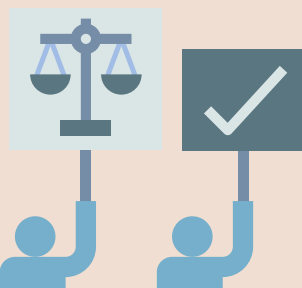
He caressed her pale skin and planted a kiss on her forehead.

“I promise that my love will be his, my mind will be his guidance, my words will be his supporter, and his sickness will be mine to cure,” Charlotte vowed, holding out her hand.

They looked into each other’s eyes—his light blue ones meeting her honey brown ones.

As everyone went silent, they cheered loudly.

Not only because they were now sharing a life together, but because they had changed the society they lived in.



# Human Rights In The History Of Music



*By Umut Atar, Uras Bağrıaçık  
and Gökhan Küçükdemirkol*

There has been a lot of ages of development in the history of music. Nowadays music is for everyone; however, it was not the same in the past. The people who were allowed to do music at the first times of classical music were only wealthy people and mostly men. Musical genres changing through history lead to changes in the musicians' personalities. There are differences in the ways of composing musical pieces between men and women.

## **Medieval Era of Music**

Medieval era is a musical period which takes time between the years 600 – 1400. The main characters of this era are Hildegard von Bingen, Leonin, Perotin and more. One of the most known pieces is "Messe de Nostre Dame. 80 Guillaume de Machaut Mass". This piece hosts the key points of medieval era. In this era, music was only made in Christian churches. This era used only harmonies of human voice. In these churches only men were allowed to do music.

Women not being allowed to join the music made at church was nothing compared to the other prohibitions they were facing. While they were supposed to have the rights to get a job, freedom, education, in some places they didn't even have the right to live.

The people who look at the Roma style notations of the era's works wouldn't understand anything if they haven't heard it before. A notation that even the most educated and informed people couldn't understand would definitely block the popular base from making music.

## **Renaissance Era of Music**

Renaissance Era is considered as the continuation of the Medieval Era. It's an era that started in the region of today's Netherlands, France and Belgium. It's the first step of beginning and spreading of unreligious music. With the popularization of printing press, it got easier to spread this era's musical styles. Also known as the "Early Instrumental Music Era", the counterpoint features that got more complex by this time increased independence and variety.

Major and minor lines that are still being used today started to pass the church style. This era also provided us the first examples of opera form. Since it's an innovator era, it also helped at the spreading of music to the popular base in an era that human rights are significant.

## **Baroque Era of Music**

Baroque era consists works of composers like Johann Sebastian Bach, Antonio Vivaldi, Jean-Baptiste Lully, Arcangelo Corelli, Claudio Monteverdi, Jean-Philippe Rameau and Henry Purcell. Composers and musicians in this era started using more detailed and skilled musical ornaments and changed the musical notation style. Baroque Era is the era that opera visual art was created, developed and popularized. The music terms and concepts we use today are mostly found in the Baroque Era and are being used since then. This era is named as the transition era of music because modernization, development and usability increase of music took place in this era.

## **Classical Era of Music**

This era has used more basic language comparing to the Baroque Era. While we expect the era to be as complex as Baroque, we see it has a more basic and simple appearance after we study the Classical Era. The invention of Piano played a big role in these developments. After piano was invented, it took the soloist role in the orchestral plane permanently. Another thing that singled out the era is the popularization of symphony. The famous composers of the era are Joseph Haydn, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, Christoph Willibald Gluck and Muzio Clement. In the era. In addition, since there's no longer any judgement or feeling strange about women involved, music started to get more comprehensive about emotions, and this became the factor that implemented variety in classic music and different techniques.

## **Romantic Era of Music**

In the romantic era, music transformed in to a more artistic concept that appeals to emotions. With this, the requests and requirements of the artists has changed too. These requirements were mostly emphasize on the emotionality, uncover the emotions and share them. When we take a look at the musical form of the era's works, we see that it has a more harmonic structure. The basis elements that forms this harmonic structure are emotional voice needs. Since it has a poetic structure, the evaluation of the works of this era are in a more basis level. The most important five composers of the era are called "The Mighty Five", who are 5 Russian artists. These artists are: Mily Balakirev, Cesar Cui, Modest Mussorgsky, Nikolai Rimsky-Korsakov and Alexander Borodin. On the other hand, the most popular artists of the era are respectively Ludwig van Beethoven, Franz Liszt, Franz Schubert, Robert Schumann, Johannes Brahms and more.



Also, the romantic concerto was found in this era, and Beethoven wrote five piano and one violin concerto in a concerto kind he invented himself. When concerto highlighted the individual performances; Niccolo Paganini with violin; and Frederic Chopin, Robert Schumann and Franz Liszt were on the spotlight with their piano performances. The basic instruments of this era are piano, violin, horn, trumpet and tuba mostly.

In this era, even though they weren't popular, there were a lot of female composers. The reason behind the number of female composers got closer to male composers is there was no sexism, even the educators stopped with gender and race discrimination and started educating composers regardless of all those.

### **Modern Era of Music**

The modern era of the music is the era we are in right now. It is an era that no one is strictly committed to any pattern or anything. Most artists of this era are doing music in their own way freely, and that's why it is also called "Independent Era". The primary composers of this era are Richard Strauss, Edward Elgar, Gustav Mahler, Hans Zimmer, Maurice Ravel and James Horner. The primary instrument is piano.

### **Rights and Music: A Powerful Connection**

In today's world, human rights are both crucial and fragile. They are represented in various ways—through symbols, social movements, and influential public figures. Yet, one of the most universal and emotionally impactful methods of spreading awareness about rights is music. Among all genres, rock and metal music stand out as powerful platforms for expressing social and political issues, especially those related to human rights. These genres have deep roots in rebellion, resistance, and emotional expression. Created out of pain, sadness, anger, and a desire for change, rock and metal have long served as voices for the voiceless.

### **Inequality in Genders in the Music Industry: The Case of Linkin Park's New Lead Singer:**

One major issue in the fight for rights is inequality in Genders, particularly in male-dominated industries like rock and metal music. A striking example can be seen in the recent history of the iconic band Linkin Park.





In 2017, the music world was shaken by the death of Chester Bennington, the band's legendary lead vocalist. Following his passing, Linkin Park went on hiatus, and for years, fans speculated whether the band would ever return. Rumors began to spread that the band might make a comeback—with a female lead singer. This idea sparked controversy and criticism. Many doubted whether a woman's voice could ever replace Bennington's emotionally raw and powerful vocals—purely because of her gender.

However, those doubts began to fade after the band returned to the stage on September 6, performing with Emily Armstrong as their new vocalist. The concert was a turning point. Fans were impressed by her performance, and public opinion began to shift. The band later released a new album featuring Armstrong, and several of their new tracks have become some of the most-streamed songs in their entire discography.

This transition not only marked a new era for Linkin Park but also challenged gender stereotypes in rock music, proving that talent knows no gender. It became a powerful statement against sexual inequality in the music industry.



# Voices From The College Street on Rights



*By İrem Ergen and Melis Aydın*

“The amount of value a person already has from his or hers born and respecting those values. A person is born with inherent value, and respecting that value is essential.”

**-Uras Bağrıaçık**

“The value or freedom that’s supposed to be given to a living being by the moment they are born, letting them exist in a way that will protect their being as a whole. From the moment of birth, every living being is entitled to freedom that protects their well-being and identity.”

**-Zeynep Naz Özensoy**

“Rights are some rules that protect all living beings to continue their lives. Rights are fundamental principles that protect the ability of all living beings to live safely.”

**-Ayşe Naz Erkol**

“Rights are what allow a person from a third world country and a person from a first world country have equal opportunities, rights are what makes parents not worry if their children will come back home. Rights ensure that individuals—regardless of whether they are from a developing or developed country—have equal opportunities. They also provide a sense of security for families, allowing parents to hope their children will return home safely.”

**-Egemen Deniz Balkız**

“The freedom to be able to live life the way we want considering the ethical legal frame. Freedom means being able to live according to one's own choices, within an ethical and legal framework.”

**-Doruk Ekin**

“All the liberties given to humans just on the account of them being humans. Human rights are the liberties granted to every person simply because they are human.”

**-Emre Deniz Yılmaz**

“The freedom people should have. Freedom is a right that all people should possess.”

-Nil Tuncer

“Rights exist to ensure the quality of life of all living beings.”

-Elif Ceylin Kaya

“It balances equality in all ecosystems. Rights ensure a balance of equality in all ecosystems.”

-Katre İrfanoğlu

“Rights, especially human rights, are a set of given privileges to people as soon as they are born. However other types of rights may be given to certain groups of people depending on some other privileges that they might have like the family that they were born into. Human rights are the basic freedoms that everyone should have just because they're human. But there are also other kinds of rights or privileges that not everyone gets, which can depend on things like what kind of family you're born into or where you live.”

-Zeynep Beril Karartı



# Your Pain, My Pain

*By Mina Ilhan*

We all live in one diminutive world  
Breathing the same air, drinking the same water  
Diverse hair color, different skin color  
But we are all the same, human in the end  
So why can't we get along?  
Why can't we live in peace?  
Every one of us with the same rights  
Right to live, right to nourishment, right to shelter and more  
Your pain is my pain  
My suffering is your suffering  
We are not identical  
We are not alike, but equal.





# Between the Past and Tomorrow's Promise

*By Duru Ceyran*

The place looked as if someone had drawn it in a rush and then forgotten about it. It was distorted and weird, but somehow, it lured you in like you were its prey.

"Miss, what is this place? Where am I?"

I was taken aback when she turned and looked at me. Her face... was covered in tape, with self-drawn eyes and a mouth. The woman just smiled — well, at least the drawn mouth she had taped on did. She leaned into whisper, her wavy dark blonde hair covering half of her face as she did.

It was faint, like a small cry from a distance, but the urgency in her voice unsettled me.

"Go," she said. "Wake up." Her voice grew louder.

"Wake up!" "Wake up!"

I flinched when she finally started shouting, and the smiling lips plastered onto her face didn't look so suitable anymore.

"DON'T TRUST THE PEOPLE YOU SEE!" "WAKE UP!" "WAKE UP!"

I woke up. I was seated at my desk, which was placed in front of a wide window. It was night—dark and quiet. Good for many things, and not so good for many others, I thought. Only then did I notice the movement of a shadow in the distance. Very faint, but it was there. Or was I just too tired...?

It's morning now. The kind where the sun shines like it doesn't care, and birds sing as loudly as they can. Well, it doesn't bother me, to be honest with you. I get up and change into more appropriate attire. Then I go downstairs to have breakfast with my husband, Fred. I greet the maids.

"Good morning, girls!"

They bow, as usual. I sit at the long, lifeless table. This table was once a tree. I wonder how it feels now. Does it even feel at all?



My husband clears his throat. "Morning, Clarisse." Cold and piercing. He has under-eye bags and a rather sloppy attitude, meaning he stayed up drinking.

"Morning, Fred." Saying his name makes me nauseous.

He doesn't raise his head from today's newspaper as he answers, "I'll be going on a business trip for the next few weeks — not that you would know what that is. You are just a woman, after all." He laughs as if what he just said was the funniest thing on earth. I clench my teeth as I force a smile, trying not to start speaking my mind. I focus on quickly finishing my breakfast so I can go on my daily stroll.

"Girls, I will be enjoying a walk. Please see my husband off for me."

They bow again.

I take my coat and start walking in our luscious garden.

"Take deep breaths, Clarisse. You cannot let that man get to you."

I walk and observe — something I enjoy in my monotone and simple life. As I do so, I notice a crumpled-up paper sitting right under the window of my room. I open it, not expecting anything. However, I am surprised when I see words written inside:

"Slept well, prey?"

Suddenly, I feel as if I'm being watched. I look around frantically. Who might have...? That's when I remember the shadow I saw right after my creepy dream. Could it be...? But this residence is protected by armed guards. How could anyone possibly have gotten past them?

On a bitter note, I end my daily stroll and head straight back into the mansion. I ignore the bowing maids who are seeing my husband off, and go straight to my room — upstairs, second door to the right. I close everything that is see-through and cover the ones I can't just "close."

My mind is racing. The main questions are "How?" and "Why?"

My breathing quickens with each passing second.

"Relax, Clarisse... Relax."





I close my eyes and focus on my breathing, trying to push the thoughts aside so I can hear myself.

"Relax. It's okay. You haven't been hurt yet. You can still do something about this."

I suddenly open my eyes and go to my desk, the window in front of it already covered.

"It's safer this way," I repeat in my head as I finally open my clenched fists and let the paper fall onto my lap.

"Slept well, prey?"

I read it again and again, until it no longer scares me — until it's just a bunch of words on paper.

I exhale and brush my hands through my wavy chestnut hair. Would the police accept this paper as it is? Would they even care if I had actual evidence?

I decide to go to the library and research stalkers and criminals — how they think and act. I also decide to get a self-defence book, just in case.

I notice the maids are giving me puzzled looks. Should I tell them?

"Just reading a new murder mystery series," I say with a smile.

I had lied to my maids. It wasn't such a rare occurrence — normally, anything I told them was soon talked about by all the guards and the only gardener we had. I also didn't want them to worry and make it harder for me to manage the situation.

This was a duel between me and my so-called stalker, and he was waiting for me to make the next move.

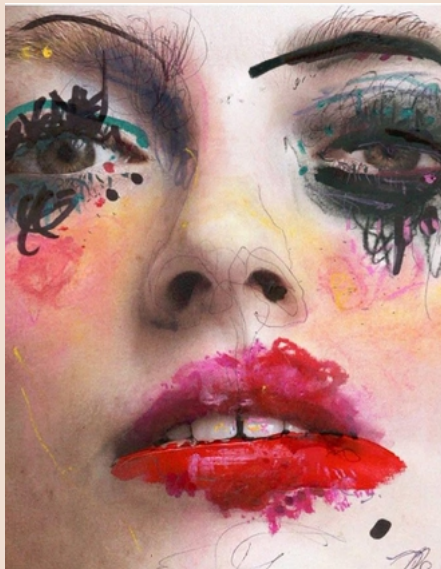
When we get to the mansion, I carefully look around. No trace of anything heinous. I pace towards the house and open the doors, looking inside as if there could be a knife pointed at me if I blunder. I hold my breath as I go up the stairs, tiptoeing for some reason. I peek into my room before I enter. Is everything in the same place I put it? Are there any creepy, crumpled notes? When I notice that nothing has changed, I relax.

Maybe this was just some good old prank? Yeah, I don't believe that either.

I set my books down on my desk and grab the one about how stalkers and criminals act. I check my surroundings, marking off the little boxes in my mind to shut the whispers that expect the worst of the worst. When I'm done, I head towards my bed and lie down in a comfortable position. I open the book, "Not Found Yet," and start reading...

A cold breath near my temple makes me jolt and my eyes snap open. I immediately move backward, trying to adjust to the red light and the striped shadows.

"Who are you?" I yell, terrified. "Where am I?"



*You can read the rest of the story  
through the QR code below:*





# That Of The Rat

*By Ali Kağan Şıvgın*

The spirit of the human,  
So vast, yet,  
Chained by its own impulse,  
Like that of the rat.

Feasts that dare to  
Satisfy the insatiable hunger  
Of those who  
Mock their own brother.

In a cage made up of our minds  
Made by the cuckoo we call our eyes  
Which look at one with despise  
And which can't see through the lies.

In an attempt to limit our own,  
Is it really us to benefit?  
If the freedom be taken from all,  
Will it really be the remedy to persist?

However advanced may we appear,  
When the impulse called greed,  
Takes over us to chain our kind,  
Shall we be seen for what we are,  
Like that of the rat.



# An Experiment on the Vacuum Pump

*By Deniz Çilden*

Its genetic inheritance from the very ancestors of its species were played about by the humiliating, ruthless and none of them merciful Gods; all wearing milk or rather moonstone -white jackets which had covered the whole of their disgraceful, greedy, greasy and non-muscular anatomies. The jackets were as thick as the cover of a ten-volume book series, it was clearly easy to state that these jackets were signs of apparent selfishness, in which the Gods would sacrifice any other being on the sacred ground where they compiled their non-ethic and non-scientific tortures.

With eyes as pale as a mist-containing night, and wings as thin and weak as the wet, mucous-covered underbody of a desperate snail, the brand new species of the Ecological Maintenance Programme, created by the Gods of genetic engineering, could feel from its instincts that it could only and only retain a better chance in flirting with its mates with such traits, as its lungs and thus its distinguished intensity of voice were rather approximately three times larger than a regular turquoise-feathered mockingbird, of course if any other member of its species could tell if it were a mockingbird with their much more primitive mind-sets that are not regularly used for reasoning. Nonetheless, it – or Moc-X, as the Gods would call – could still feel deep from the astronomically enormous, and alveoli-specked lungs that it still had a chance in not being out casted by its own species, not as the Titans that were punished forever by the Olympians, regardless of the fact that Moc-X contained several other abnormalities such as pupils as large as a black hole the size of a huge marble, or feathers of the colour of miserable and dark blue, just like the pigments used for the paintings from the Blues Period of Pablo Picasso.





For the Gods, genetics were a kids' playground, filled with countless colourful balls of all characteristics and traits, where the balls could be squeezed and popped and loosened and stretched by the young kids that are addicted to satisfaction maintained from the torturing on those balls. The Kid-Gods of non-scientific “science” would be aware of the fact that they would always be renowned by the public as heroes who conserved the survival of post-humanity, though almost Moc-X could also sense that they tortured these animal prospects of Prometheus and ecological maintenance just for entertainment and the sense of desired satisfaction within their rather non-neuronal brains.

With the demographic inflation exponentially increasing year by year, both Gods with and without moonstone jackets needed a more serene place to settle in properly, and the most logical thing to do was to extend the humanity upon a less dense medium, that is, the stratosphere, using strongly repelling magnetic fluxes such that the skyscrapers would float like sky whales containing a material less dense than Hydrogen itself within their stomachs. Then there were no concerns for seismic shocks, and satisfying the air pressure condition within the monstrous buildings higher than that of the stratosphere was technically feasible with the current technology available. The only concern for most of the Gods was to maintain the ecology stable also upon the stratosphere, as always, for their traits of greediness and senses of comfortable survival, which was why all tropospheric animals would need to be adapted to sustaining on enlarging the scale of the lungs so that the Oxygen capacity increased, or have darker colours for better camouflage chances on the dark blue layer, or have larger brains in order to survive in creative ways.





And now was the time for the final test for Moc-X, the mockingbird variation of Oliver Twist, to see if the lungs could work properly in a half-vacuumed medium. The Gods were now griming with the greatest and ugliest grim ever in the world, although it could be read from their eyes that they knew the experiment would be set to fail. They would always keep trying, however; for them, popping the balls in the playground and ending their lives was part of the childhood phenomenon, facing enjoyably with the fact that thousands of trials, or victims, would cancel out by the end of the day. As Moc-X was set into the plas-glass sphere, any being inside would surely notice that the sphere was none other than the dirt on the ground, waiting to be cleaned up and destroyed by a goldish sweep. With the tiniest pumping machine starting up and pumping out the gas inside the sphere, one could almost sense the tiny and pale tick-tacks of the metronome of life running out of fuel, or at least hear the suffocated inhales of Moc-X, which now seemed none other than a balloon that is about to be popped by the sharpest needle ever due to its inner pressure being greater than that of the spherical environment. The panorama of the non-scientific experiment reminded of a futuristic interpretation of a canvas back in a country once named England: An Experiment on a Bird in The Air Pump; that would make anyone feel, except for the white jacketed Gods, like the humanity hadn't been improving itself since then, if they were to see such a biological catastrophe, that is from their point of view. Fortunately, all these experiments, or rather rituals of sacrifice, were performed as top secret missions. And once above the last tick of the metronome of life - if it shall be called "life"-; before the total black singularity of no return, the very first and last idea plunged into the graceful mind of Moc-X, who was now being mocked by the Gods, as if they had switched the roles: These are no God, but rather animals like we are... Only primitive monkeys that are much more immoral than we have ever been in history.







# **Animal Rights: An International View, with Particular Attention to the UK and Turkey**

*By Erdem Batu Küçük*

Animals have been a part of human lives for centuries. Whether as pets, farm animals, or wildlife, they play a massive role in our world. As a dog owner, I see my pet as a family member, and I believe all animals deserve respect and protection. But do animals have rights? And how do different countries, including our own, ensure their welfare?

Animal rights refer to the idea that animals should be treated with respect and not be used for human benefit in cruel or unnecessary ways. They should not suffer in factory farming, entertainment, or laboratory testing industries. Some organizations, like PETA (People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals), argue that animals should not be used at all. In contrast, others focus on improving their welfare rather than eliminating the human use of animals. The debate between "animal rights" and "animal welfare" is ongoing, but both aim to ensure that animals are treated with care.

Different countries have different laws to protect animals. In some places, animals are treated as property; in others, they are recognised as sentient beings capable of feeling pain and emotions. The European Union has strict laws on animal welfare, ensuring that farm animals are given enough space and proper care. However, in many parts of the world, animal rights are still not fully respected, and cruelty is every day in industries like meat production and fashion.



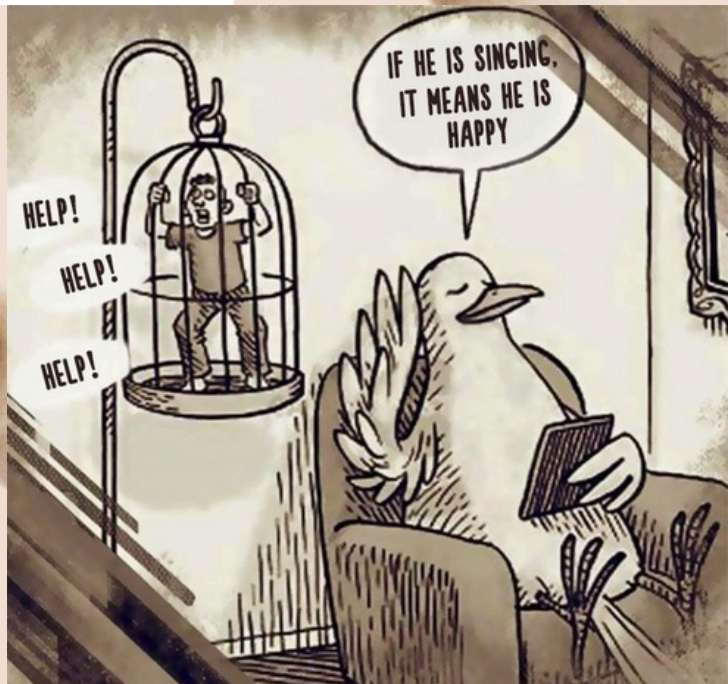
I lived in the UK for three years and have concluded that the UK has some of the strongest animal protection laws. Under the Animal Welfare Act 2006, it is illegal to cause unnecessary suffering to animals. This law covers pets, farm animals, and even wild animals. The UK also bans certain cruel practices, such as fox hunting and testing cosmetics on animals. Organizations like the RSPCA (The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals) work to rescue abused animals and ensure that pet owners meet their responsibilities. Despite these protections, there are still issues, like the mistreatment of farm animals in some areas and the use of animals in scientific research.

Turkey has made progress in animal rights, but there is still a long way to go. The new animal protection law passed in 2021 recognizes animals as living beings instead of property. It also increases penalties for animal abuse and bans the sale of dogs and cats in pet shops. However, problems like stray animal populations and illegal animal trade remain significant concerns. Organizations such as HAYTAP (Animal Rights Federation in Turkey) work to improve the situation by rescuing animals and pushing for better laws. Still, more vigorous enforcement and greater public awareness are needed to protect animals in Turkey truly.

Animals can't speak for themselves, so it is up to us to protect them. Whether it is a pet dog, a farm animal, or a wild species, all animals deserve kindness and a life free from suffering. Governments and organizations must continue working towards better laws and enforcement. As individuals, we can also help by adopting pets instead of buying them, supporting cruelty-free products, and spreading awareness about animal rights.



Animal rights are essential everywhere, whether in the UK, Turkey, or anywhere else in the world. While some countries have strong protections, there is always more to do. By treating animals with kindness and respect, we make the world a better place for them and all of us. As a pet owner, I know how much love and joy animals bring into our lives. They deserve the same love and protection in return.



# Creatures Brutally Neglected

*By Cansu İpek İnce*



We are not the only ones,  
Whose rights are violated.

Animals are living in this world together with us,  
Raising a crucial topic for us to discuss.

They are creatures that are often neglected,  
Because of our dominant, careless, and selfish attitudes.

They deserve to live just as we do,  
Yet not with discomfort or unease,  
With welfare, and clean air.

They have the right to be cared for and protected,  
Not being left out in the freezing streets,  
After having a warm home and trusting their owner.  
Don't you ever think about the dangers they may  
encounter?

Or the emotional breakdown they experience?

People still leave rubbish,  
Being lazy to find a trash can,  
Causing enormous forests to burn out,  
Leaving animals without a home.



The biggest cosmetic companies are still running tests on them,  
Without caring about the torture that befalls them.  
Not only companies, but customers are cruel too,  
Buying cosmetic brands that still test on them.

The belief that your actions alone  
Won't change the industry is wrong.  
A million individuals may help a company,  
To change its testing methods,  
For testing a product's safety.

The worst of all,  
Is the violence they face in the abandoned streets,  
Leaving them with numerous traumas or scars  
That will never heal.

As a human duty that should never be neglected again,  
Animals' rights must be conserved meticulously.

We and our world need them to survive,  
Or else, we will all soon face a cruel end.



# Animal Rights: Why Do They Matter?

*By Eylül Ada Balat*

Animals are an important part of our world. They live in forests, oceans, and even in our homes. However, many animals are not treated well. Some people harm animals for food, clothing, or entertainment. Therefore, it is important to speak up about animal rights.

Animal rights mean that animals have the right to live without pain or suffering. Just like humans, animals can feel emotions. They feel elated when they are loved, and they feel distressed or scared when they are hurt. For instance, dogs wag their tails when they are happy, and cats purr when they feel safe. These actions indicate that animals have feelings.

One major issue that violates animal rights is factory farming. In factory farms, animals like chickens, cows, and pigs live in small spaces. They cannot move freely and often get sick. They are treated like machines, not living beings. In addition to factory farming, animal testing is another serious problem. Many companies test their products, such as makeup or medicine, on animals. This can cause pain and even death for the animals.

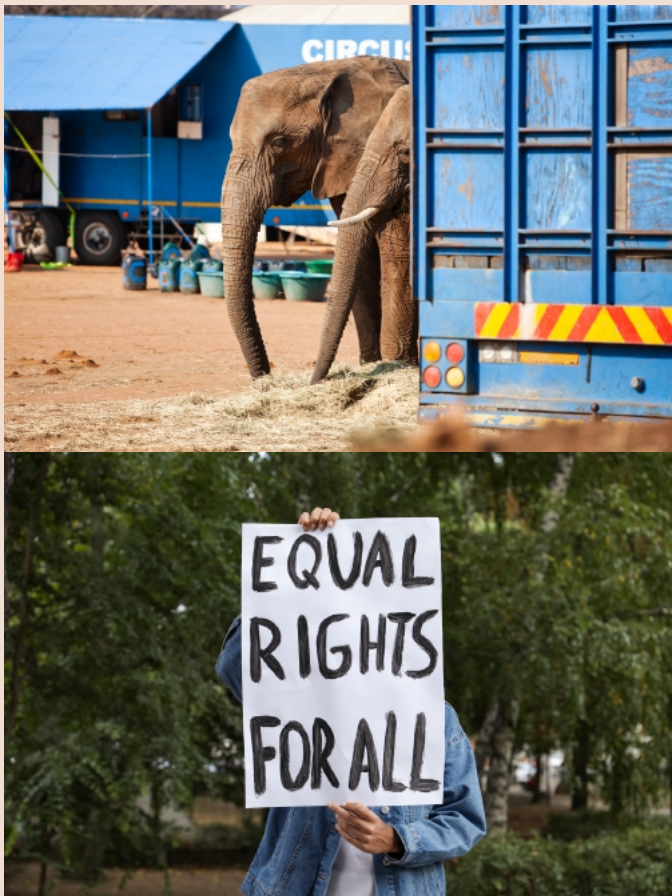




Moreover, there are concerns about animals used for entertainment. Some are forced to perform in circuses or live in small cages in zoos. They are taken away from their natural habitats and cannot live freely.

To make a difference, we can choose to help animals in simple ways. For example, we can buy products that are not tested on animals. We can eat less meat or choose plant-based foods. Furthermore, we can support animal shelters and organizations that protect animals.

In conclusion, animals deserve respect and kindness. They are not objects for us to use, but living beings that share our planet. By raising awareness about animal rights and taking small actions, we can help create a better world for them.





# Waiting

*By İrem Ergen*

Martin was a patient dog, and if his owner was busy, he could wait until she came back. Though it was a bit odd because normally when she left for work, she made him wait at home, but today she took him out for a walk in a different part of the city, a little far from home for Martin's liking, and tied his leash to a pole. It didn't matter; Martin was a good dog — he would wait for her.

He waited until the sun started to set. He didn't understand clocks, but he knew she usually came once the sun started to set. He looked around with excitement. Any minute now, his owner would pop up from behind a wall and come get him.

The only problem was, she didn't.

*No problem*, Martin thought. She was probably working late — she did that sometimes. Good thing Martin was a patient dog; he could wait a little longer. Even though it didn't snow where he and his owner lived, it was still very cold, so Martin curled himself up to stay warm as he tried to sleep a little.

After the second day of his owner not coming, he started to think maybe she had forgotten him.

Still, no worries — she would remember. She was very smart after all, and Martin was a good dog; he could wait for her just a bit more. Assuring himself that his owner would come back tomorrow, he went to sleep.

In the morning, instead of his owner, he woke up to a grumpy and curious voice and a paw poking his nose.

*"Hey you, who are you? I've never seen you before. Are you a stray?"*

He opened his eyes to see the one who had woken him. Before him stood a black cat, all grace and poise, still poking his nose.



"Huh?" was the only thing Martin could say as he switched to a sitting position, shaking off the last bits of sleep.

"Who are you? I've never seen you before. Are you a stray?" repeated the cat, not even bothered by the fact that Martin was at least twice her size when he sat up.

"I'm Martin, and no, I'm not a stray. My owner just has a lot of work to do, so she left me here. I'm waiting for her," he replied.

"She left you to wait for her outside? When was the last time you saw her?" she asked, unimpressed by his trust in his owner.

"Yes, she left me here, and it has just been three days. She probably forgot, but no worries — she's smart; she'll remember me. In fact, she may have already realized her mistake and is coming to get me right now," he reassured both himself and the cat.

"I hate to break it to you, but your owner abandoned you," the cat said, as if she had said this exact same line thousands of times before.

This accusation made Martin furious.

"You don't know that!" he said, and to be fair, he might have raised his voice a little too much, but how dare this cat even say something like that about his owner? She didn't know her. His owner was the sweetest, kindest, and smartest person he had ever known. Yes, they had struggles; some days Martin didn't eat because there wasn't enough money, but he would still give his life for her.

"Whatever," said the cat with the same disinterested face, and walked away, disappearing into the shadows of one of the many alleys.

With the cat gone, he continued waiting. He waited until sunset again, but there was still no sight of his owner. As he was watching the stars, trying to find a new excuse for his owner's forgetfulness, he saw the black cat from the morning come up to him with a fish in her mouth.



"Are you still waiting? That's quite silly of you. She's not coming. I'm guessing you haven't eaten since your owner left you, so I brought you a fish from the market a few blocks away," she said as calm as ever, putting the fish carefully in front of him.

"She is coming! And what if I didn't eat? She will take me to have a big meal when she realizes she forgot me, so it's better for me to wait hungry anyway," Martin barked at the cat. She was getting on his nerves.

"Whatever you say. But if you change your mind, you can always come with me," the cat said. She didn't seem disturbed or angered by anything he said. She just took the fish back and disappeared into the shadows yet again.

Silly little cat. Why would he go with her and worry his owner when she came and couldn't find him where she tied his leash? Besides, his leash was tied to the pole; how was he even supposed to go? He was going to stay right here — he was a patient dog; he could wait.

The fourth day had come and was nearly ending. By now, Martin was very hungry and had lost a drastic amount of weight. He could hardly move, but he was still waiting.

Today, the cat

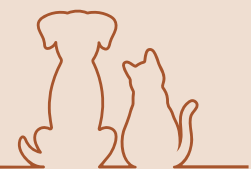
hadn't come to annoy him.

Although Martin wished she did — she was the only animal that talked to him. Humans didn't talk with him or try to help him anyway, so he was very lonely. He was slowly losing hope, but it was still okay — she could still come at any moment with the biggest treat and take them back to their warm home.

Martin was very, very patient; he was going to wait.

The fifth day was the day Martin lost all his hope, but out of denial, he still waited till the afternoon. He couldn't sit up, let alone stand up anymore. He didn't have enough strength for it; he was not the energetic dog he had been just five days ago.

"She's not coming, is she?" he asked to the shadows of the nearest alley.



The cat may have thought she was quiet, but it hadn't gone unnoticed by him.

"No, she is not. I'm sorry," the cat said, emerging from the shadows and sitting next to him.

They stared into the sunset painting the sky a glorious orange until there was little to nothing remaining.

Martin was starting to get sleepy, but unlike the last few days, he didn't feel hungry or cold as he very slowly let his eyes close.

"You knew that your leash was never tied to the pole, right?" he heard the cat's voice ask — ever so uninterested yet kind and caring.

"Yes, yes, I knew," Martin answered, closing his eyes and drifting into sleep, never to wake up again.





# The Spark of a Movement: Rosa Parks

*By Eylül Erol*

Rosa Parks, often referred to as the “mother of the Civil Rights Movement”, was an African American activist who refused to give up her seat on a bus in Montgomery, Alabama. Her courageous act of defiance was the spark that ignited the Civil Rights Movement, the battle for justice in the United States of America in 1955.

Rosa Louise McCauley was born on February 4th, 1913, in Tuskegee, Alabama. She was exposed to the pervasive racial segregation and discrimination of the American South in her early life. After the separation of her parents at her young age, she moved to Pine Level, Alabama, with her mother, Leona McCauley. There, she attended a segregated rural school and later the Montgomery Industrial School for Girls, a private school committed to the education of Black children.

She married Raymon Parks, a barber and active member of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People (NAACP), in 1932. She became deeply involved with the NAACP as well and served as the secretary of the Montgomery chapter. Since she had witnessed the segregation and oppression of the African American people from a very young age, she worked tirelessly through her involvement in the NAACP.

On December 1, 1955, Rosa Parks was ordered to give up her seat for a white person, which she refused. Her firm refusal was viewed as an act of deliberate act of civil disobedience; thus, it led to her arrest due to the violation of segregation laws. Her arrest sparked the Montgomery Bus Boycott, a 13-month protest during which African Americans in Montgomery refused to ride city buses. The boycott, which was led by a young Martin Luther King Jr., showed the effectiveness of peaceful protest and put a great deal of financial strain on the city's bus system. The boycott raised awareness of the injustices of segregation on a national and worldwide scale. After Alabama's state and local laws establishing bus segregation were declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, the Montgomery Bus Boycott came to an end in December 1956. This historic triumph demonstrated the effectiveness of coordinated, nonviolent action and marked a significant turning point in the Civil Rights Movement.



Rosa Parks carried on her activism after the boycott, spending many years in Detroit, Michigan, working for Congressman John Conyers Jr., where she addressed housing, education, and employment issues. Throughout her life, she was awarded multiple honors, such as the Congressional Gold Medal and the Presidential Medal of Freedom, and she continued to be a potent symbol of the fight for civil rights.

At the age of 92, Rosa Parks died on October 24, 2005. Generations after hers are still motivated by her legacy as a brave and significant figure in the battle for equality. Her straightforward act of disobedience on a bus served as a spark for significant change and proved that regular people can make a significant contribution to the fight for justice.



# Eleanor Roosevelt (1884–1962)

## The Life of a Human Rights Advocate

*By Öykü Özbek*

Eleanor Roosevelt was born on October 11, 1884, in New York City. Although she came from a wealthy family, her early life was marked by personal tragedy. She lost her mother, father, and one of her brothers during childhood, experiences that made her more empathetic toward the struggles of others.

In 1905, she married Franklin D. Roosevelt, who would later become the President of the United States. During his presidency (1933–1945), Eleanor redefined the traditional role of First Lady. Instead of remaining in the background, she became an active advocate for women's empowerment, civil rights, and social justice. She gave speeches, wrote articles, and often represented her husband in public when he became ill.

Following President Roosevelt's death, Eleanor continued her work on the international stage. She became a delegate to the United Nations and was instrumental in drafting the **Universal Declaration of Human Rights**, adopted in 1948. Her efforts helped protect the fundamental rights of millions of people worldwide.

Eleanor Roosevelt was not only a political figure but also a powerful voice for the poor, minorities, and women. She stood firmly against racism and championed equal opportunities for all. Through her writing and activism, she inspired generations.

She passed away on November 7, 1962, but her legacy endures. One of her most famous quotes reflects her strength and wisdom:

**"No one can make you feel inferior without your consent."**



# QUILL- WRITING CONTEST

**Theme: “When Rights Are No Longer Rights”**

**Genre: Dystopian Fiction**

**Word Count: Up to 1000 words**

**Eligibility: Open to all high school students**



## *Prompt:*

Imagine a future society where one or more fundamental human rights—such as freedom of speech, the right to education, privacy, identity, or protest—have been limited, controlled, or completely taken away.

In this dystopian world, how do people live? What has replaced these rights, and how do individuals or groups respond to the loss of freedom? Through the eyes of a compelling character, tell a story that explores how the absence of rights reshapes everyday life—and whether resistance, hope, or change is still possible.

Your story can be quiet or revolutionary, personal or political, but it should reflect the deep impact of losing basic rights that we often take for granted today.

## *Judging Criteria:*

- Originality and creativity in world-building
- Clear connection to the theme of human rights
- Strong character development
- Emotional impact and clarity of message
- Quality of writing (structure, grammar, and style)

**Due Date:** 27 February 2026

**Send Writings to:** [quill@tedankara.k12.tr](mailto:quill@tedankara.k12.tr)

*Good Luck!*

"There must surely be a universal sense of justice, and justice is superior to might."

Mustafa Kemal ATATÜRK





# QUILL

**2024-2025 Academic Year  
Ankara-Türkiye**

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