QUILL, TED Ankara Koleji Vakfı Okulları'nın ücretsiz yayın organıdır
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Page</th>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Grade</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>03</td>
<td>Dear Readers</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>05</td>
<td>Bearded Barley</td>
<td>Naz Dündar</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>07</td>
<td>Raindrops</td>
<td>Ege Öndeş</td>
<td>11-A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>09</td>
<td>Animal Farm: Gripping and Enlightening</td>
<td>Zeynep Sandallı</td>
<td>10-S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>My Wish to be a Sun</td>
<td>Uraz Çınar</td>
<td>11-D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>Dream me to Life</td>
<td>Naz Dündar</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Parisian Dreams</td>
<td>Cemre Kılıçarslan</td>
<td>10-O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Biography of Virginia Woolf</td>
<td>Zeynep Sandallı</td>
<td>10-S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>The Red Dragon</td>
<td>Serra Su Cömert</td>
<td>10-D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Discombobulation due to Relative Sense-Perception</td>
<td>Kaan Ünlü</td>
<td>12-D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>The Bar</td>
<td>Defne Dilbaz</td>
<td>11-B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>The Day’s Silence</td>
<td>Burcu Gülşah Alıcı</td>
<td>9-L</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>Composed Upon Bosphorus Bridge</td>
<td>Neslişah Hanzade Sungur</td>
<td>11-A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Thank You</td>
<td>Selen Çakmak</td>
<td>10-Z</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Dear Reaper</td>
<td>Naz Dündar</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>Letters Map the Journeys</td>
<td>Elif Oktay</td>
<td>11-P</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>Four Poems</td>
<td>Lara Oral</td>
<td>10-B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>Crossword Puzzle on Lies of Silence</td>
<td>Ayşe Ece Aslan, Burcu Özer</td>
<td>11-C,Burcu Özer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Ash and Rain</td>
<td>Elif Sıla Akbulut</td>
<td>11-G</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>The Mask and the Ghost</td>
<td>Zeynep Sandallı</td>
<td>10-S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>53</td>
<td>Rūlės</td>
<td>Defne Dilbaz</td>
<td>11-B</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>55</td>
<td>Between a Sandpiper and a Plover</td>
<td>Neslişah Hanzade Sungur</td>
<td>11-A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>57</td>
<td>Living was an Escape Plan</td>
<td>Cemre Kılıçarslan</td>
<td>10-O</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>59</td>
<td>To Whom the Stars Covet</td>
<td>Kaan Ünlü</td>
<td>12-D</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>65</td>
<td>Where has the Moon Gone?</td>
<td>Naz Dündar</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>67</td>
<td>Dreamcatcher</td>
<td>Eda Şenol</td>
<td>10-K</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>68</td>
<td>Shadow of the Final Melody</td>
<td>Naz Dündar</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>71</td>
<td>The Rain Horse</td>
<td>Neslişah Hanzade Sungur</td>
<td>11-A</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>73</td>
<td>Write</td>
<td>Zeynep Sandallı</td>
<td>10-S</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>75</td>
<td>10-Newpage</td>
<td>Mehmet Behnan Türkeri</td>
<td>11-M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>76</td>
<td>Velvet Darkness</td>
<td>Başak Özkan</td>
<td>11-I</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Dear Readers:

As the editors, we are so proud to present the second issue of Quill, TED High School’s English literary magazine. When we first became a part of the magazine, we were not expecting to see such incredible enthusiasm for literature in English. With your thoughtful and creative submissions in various genres, we were able to publish a magazine that appeals to everyone.

With this winter issue, we hope to share the precious works of all our students while encouraging new talents. From the day we hung our posters to the last minute of the submissions’ deadline, we received many exciting pieces in varied art forms. In the literary world of Quill, we introduce you to not only short stories, poems, biographies, essays, but also photos and drawings. It includes poems of different tastes from “Raindrops” with an extraordinary structure to “Imagine Dragons” for music lovers. For fans of fiction, there is “Thank You” which will deeply touch your heart. If you are curious about the stunning lives of classic literary authors, the biography of Virginia Woolf is not to be missed. For the ones who are passionate about literature classes, we offer “The Rain Horse,” a story rewritten in the form of a poem and a crossword puzzle on Brian Moore’s Lies of Silence. Whatever your interests are, we think you can find it here.

We wouldn’t have been able to publish this mag without the support and contributions of several people. We need to mention Kaan Ünlü, the designer of the logo and the cover art for Quill, who has been a part of our team because of his unique talents. In addition, we would like to thank our English teachers and our principals, Aydın Ünal and Sedef Eryurt, for their endless encouragement. We also can’t forget Mine Mavioğlu, whose importance to the magazine’s existence is indescribable. Last but not least, we’d like to thank our wonderfully talented contributors for their spectacular work and encourage everyone to keep writing.

We hope you enjoy the second issue of our magazine.

Sincerely,

Quill’s Editorial Team

PS: Apology
We sincerely apologize to the writers and artists whose works were misnamed or had publishing errors in the first issue of Quill and have republished them at the end of this issue. Since spring 2015 was the first issue of our literary magazine, we encountered such problems during the editing and printing processes. We will work to avoid similar problems in the future and hope that every issue of Quill will be more and more inspiring than the previous one. Once again, keep up your good work.
Bearded Barley

Naz Dündar 11-M

Your face pale as a candle;
My eyes are like matches,
Fireworks in empty space,
Snowflakes on eyelashes.

Warm breeze of spring,
Listen to the crickets sing;
Trees are watching the passing cars
While the passion arises under the stars.

Colors—
Colors are raining wild;
Hear the young blood race
Right before the fire died.

In the hands of fate
No one knows what awaits;
Blackbirds follow
Destiny unsure.

The view of a battered tree house
Tickling like a bearded barley;
Who knows how it might turn out?
Maybe it’s all just a dream.
Raindrops

Ege Öndeş 11-A

Raindrops falling onto the deserted trees dancing with the wind as if they are in the middle of a passionate moment as if they are filling the space we left for our civilized and modern temptations without the fountain where fertility and eternity exist.
Think of an impeccable realm where there is no poverty, no inequality, no murder, no sorrow. Does such a place exist? According to George Orwell, the author of the incredibly thought-provoking novella, Animal Farm, the answer is no. An allegoric book, it was written to satirize the totalitarian communist regime of the former Soviet Union. Each animal symbolizes a historical figure in the Russian Revolution, so it is helpful to know how the revolution affected the citizens and who were the leaders of it in order to really get into the novella. On the other hand, even a child without knowledge of the history of Russia could get some of the most important messages from the book.

The story begins with an old, respected pig, Old Major, gathering all the animals in the barn. Sensing that his long life is about to come to an end, he wishes to impart his wisdom he has acquired during his lifetime to the rest of the animals. He draws animals' attention to the repressive atmosphere created by Mr. Jones, the owner of the farm. He explains that they are treated unfairly and they have the power to stop this suffering. He motivates animals to rebel against Mr. Jones and live freely without humans, and the rebellion takes place after Old Major dies. At first, everything seems perfect. Starting from now, they will work just for themselves living in prosperity. However, when the pigs, start to take over the farm without other animals noticing it, all the promises made before the rebellion disappear and suddenly there is a far worse tyranny than the one eliminated.

One of the most salient things about the novella is that it never gets boring to read. Although we can guess what will happen next associating the animals with the figures in Russian Revolution, we keep wondering how the events will develop and come to an end. Orwell advertently uses a plain style to prevent the readers from getting confused and losing their interest in the story. He knew well that politicians use language to manipulate and brainwash people. Therefore, he aimed to use a strong and direct language as much as possible. The book accomplishes to indicate that as long as different people live together in the same place, one of them or a group of them will have a tendency to govern the others since some always have more desire to obtain wealth. Additionally, if somebody has power, they are very likely to abuse it. It’s simply human nature. Expecting the mighty to reject all the priviliges and treat everyone fairly is highly unrealistic.

Animal Farm is recommended for those who are looking for an engrossing book that can stay with them for a long time. The book will not only make you think about the subjects that you sometimes ignore in your daily life but it will also provide you with new points of view on them.
I wish to be the sun
Giving all my warmth to you;
Just want to thaw your hair’s snow;
Only you can save me from my demonic inner World.

I wish to be the sun
Withering the tears rolling down your face;
My glance will be just for you;
Please smile against my face for once.

I wish to be the sun
Rising for you even at nights;
Flares will be all yours;
I am closer to you than your carotid artery.

I wish to be the sun
Connecting all my light to you directly;
Your eyes will be brightest,
Which wake me up from the daydream.

Your love’s caustic fire,
If enough to make me a sun,
I will get warmer with your fever;
I just wanted to be a sun.

If I were the sun,
I couldn’t stay in the same place;
I’d go for a fly to communicate with stars;
This sun has no aim;
All the aim is just you,
Only roaming around you.

I wish to be the sun,
Which is now a life source for animals;
I’d sacrifice myself for your sake
In the middle of dead coldness.

Don’t worry, I am not the sun;
Just open your arms for once;
I don’t have any cure except loving you,
Don’t have any difference than other lovers either.
Prologue (This is the introduction to a novella I wrote.)

When I was leaving Colorado, I felt obligated to miss the place. After all, I had been there my whole life and now I had to say goodbye to all the memories and the good times. I forced myself to at least shed a tear or two.

However, nothing came. As an awkward boy who lived in his own little world, I didn’t have much to miss. Was I gonna’ miss the friends I never had? Or the bullying? Or being an outcast? Or eating my meal with the janitor while he was cleaning the boys’ bathroom? I don’t think so.

I was the little kid who was too small to be in the tee-ball team. How embarrassing was that? It was almost equal to being too short to be a jockey. It just self-consciously made you hate yourself.

The only thing that was gonna’ change in Utah was gonna be the view. I was pretty sure I could watch Netflix anywhere. It didn’t matter if I was gonna’ have to look out the window and not see that dark corner by the house across the street where cats oddly chose to breed. I guess seeing cats having sex was one of the many things I was NOT going to miss.

Maybe I would miss my house. I was born and raised there. That was the place where I first learned how to walk, how to read, how to write, and how to do the other things that teenage boys do that I’d rather not say here. But you know what I mean—and don’t act like you don’t.

Anyways, it could barely be referred to as a house since my brother Jason learned how to play football. All windows were cracked, holes were dug in the grass, hot water was running low and we sure had a mold problem. My sister Monica was almost definitely sure that there was the ghost of a squirrel up in the attic. A squirrel did die in our house but I don’t wanna’ talk about it.

It was still hard for me to let my father drive away from my old neighborhood to never look back. I didn’t have many friends since I was the loner kid, but that didn’t stop my neighbors from throwing a party for my departure.

It wasn’t a going away party.
I didn’t have the guts to ever cross her way but I liked fantasizing about how her life could be. She seemed like a rebel in a good way, like a runaway who was just fed up with the lies and the cheats in her life and was looking to starting new.

I didn’t care if I was in the middle of something, I would always look out my window exactly at 8 o’clock every night. I knew she would be there. And she always was.

I’ve seen many people ride bikes. It was a very common thing and I had a bike myself back in Colorado as well. But I’ve never seen such enthusiasm while doing the action. I would ride my bike to get groceries or run some other errand. I’ve also seen pros ride their bikes. I had watched BMX races while the bikers were pulling off some sick tricks. They were riding for a living.

But she rode in a different way. I wasn’t a deep-thinking kinda’ person, but I could see that she was riding to be free. There was something liberating with the way she rode. I would try to read her mind, but I felt that she was a complex person in many ways, so I was never able to.

At some point, seeing her from the window just didn’t cut it, and I started running to the garden fence at 8 o’clock every night to get a closer look. I wasn’t trying too hard to hide myself, but I didn’t think she would notice me anyways. I was sure that she didn’t give a hoot about the world around her.

My siblings loved to make fun of my obsession. I refused to talk about why I was doing what I was doing which just made them more curious. Honestly, I would tell them why I was doing it, but even I didn’t really know.

Just when I was starting to think that I was only gonna see her ride past my house; I saw her in another place—the beach.

Well, Utah didn’t really have a beach because we didn’t border an ocean but we had the Rainy River where sweltered citizens of Utah went to get a sense of what it felt like to be in an actual beach.

She was there, too.

Using she kinda’ feels like objectifying her, so from now on I’m gonna’ refer to her as Iris because I’ve never seen her eyes, but I was sure that they were beautiful. Okay, I don’t know if this is strictly platonic, so I might have a slight problem.

Anyway, I saw her on the beach on a Wednesday afternoon. At first, I wasn’t sure that it was her but her bike was standing on the sand next to her towel so I knew.

I don’t care how creepy this will sound, but I watched her all afternoon. I was never a crazy stalker, but I just couldn’t keep my eyes off of her. She was there alone. So far, the only thing I knew about her was the fact that she liked being alone. Usually, when people saw someone alone, they would just call them awkward or a loner, but she seemed nothing like that. I was getting the sense that if she wanted friends, she would have friends. It looked like she just enjoyed spending time alone, and knowing that did not help my obsession. Now, I wanted to get to know her even more because she was kinda’ like me.

Her every move was magic to me. She was like a mermaid in the water. She must’ve been a professional swimmer at one point in her life because her technique was flawless. Whenever she got sick of the sun, she would jump into the water and just swim.

She would dive into the waves and let the currents carry her. She looked like she belonged to the water. So swift and graceful. The only thing missing from her was fins. She was like that red-haired fairy tale character Ariel. With a body like hers, she must’ve had a lot of candidates to be her Prince Harry.

I think just the fact that I know about Ariel and Prince Harry helped you understand that I don’t have a very high level of testosterone like those other show-off jerks. I’ve always been more of a quiet type who lives in his own little world, so I never got a chance to grow up and thrive like the others. I found this quality of mine quite useful because it gave me a better understanding of life and people. I could see and realize things empty minds just failed to understand or pick up.

Despite that character trait of mine, I was definitely not gay. So it was no secret that I was seriously attracted to Iris, and I was feeling things even though I didn’t know her or anything about her, but I simply couldn’t keep my eyes off her the whole time we were at the beach. I gave her various personalities in my mind. She had the body of a model, but I could tell that she was also genuinely smart. In fact, I was surprised not to see any hungry vultures circling around her. People must’ve been checking her out, but she was giving the impression that she didn’t need anyone.

That night, I saw her in my dreams for the first time. I don’t remember my dreams that often, but I remembered her face. After getting a chance to actually see her for real, I started meeting her in my dreams. We had long conversations and got to know each other. I knew in the mornings that everything I saw in my dreams were inaccurate, but it was still nice to experience them.

I was seriously falling for Iris, and I didn’t even know her. That’s why I think it’s better if we moved on to the story, when it all began.
One of the most peculiar authors in English Literature, Virginia Woolf is generally known for her successful experiment with something called stream of consciousness, a method of narration that aims to depict the psychological and emotional motives of characters. She was born in 1882, to her father, Sir Leslie Stephen, a renowned author who would play an important part in her passion for literature. Her mother, Julia Prinsep Stephen, used to work as a model for painters and photographers. Both of her parents had been married before and they had children living with them from their first marriages. Therefore, the young Virginia grew up with her seven siblings under the same roof.

While Woolf’s brothers were given the opportunity to receive a formal education and sent to Cambridge, Virginia was taught at home, something she would later resent and for which she would rebuke her father. This unfair disadvantage is probably one of the things that caused her to grow as a feminist. Woolf strongly disapproved of the fact that women did not have access to the learned professions, such as the church, academia, the law and medicine. Even in literature, women were expected to write about their fathers and husbands. Seeing all the chances her brothers were expected to write about their fathers and husbands. Seeing all the chances her brothers had and that were denied to her had a negative effect on her. On the other hand, she could read from her father’s library of literary classics. This enabled her to develop an early passion for books and writing.

In addition, as her parents had a connection to the eminent writers, she was raised in an environment influenced by the Victorian literary society.

In 1895, at the age of 13, Virginia Woolf lost her mother. What is more lamentable, before she had time to completely get over her mother’s demise, she was devastated by her father’s death in 1904. These tragic events caused Virginia to have two breakdowns. During this time period, she first attempted suicide. Virginia then moved to Bloomsbury. In King’s College, London she came into contact with the intellectual group of literary society including Leonard Woolf, who was to become her husband. Virginia described her marriage as “the most beautiful thing in her life.”

The couple founded the Hogarth press in 1917 and wrote and published quite a few books. Virginia Woolf’s most popular works during that time include Night and Day, Mrs. Dalloway and To The Lighthouse, a semi-autobiographical novel.

During World War II Woolf lost many friends, losses which caused her to lapse back into severe depression. She was afraid that her husband, who was a Jew, would be arrested by Nazis. She began to lose her gift little by little, a fact which was unbearable for her. The depression was so debilitating that she couldn’t even write a paragraph. On 28 March 1941, she committed suicide by filling her coat pockets with many rocks and wading out into the River Ouse. At the age of 59 she died by her own hand when it all seemed too much. Her body was found days later and buried by her husband in the garden of their house in Sussex. Leonard then completed her unfinished works and edited her prodigious collection of journals.

The first time I came across Virginia Woolf was with A Room Of One’s Own in which she discussed why women had not been active in literature like men. She claims that even if there were an extremely gifted woman, she wouldn’t have been able to develop her gift for she had to get married at a young age and do the housework. The women who rebelled against this system were either punished harshly or ridiculed by the men having power to make them shine in the literary world. At the end of the book, Woolf tells young women with a passion for literature just one thing to do: Earn money, create some time and have your own room and just write. Write without worrying about what men would say. I was mesmerized by this book and Woolf’s ideology. She must have had great courage to stand up for women’s rights when men were still too dominant in this area. I hope you will read it as well and let it instill in you the vital thoughts you need to live freely and write devotedly.

Interesting Facts About Virginia Woolf
1. As a child, it took Woolf longer than usual to begin speaking in coherent sentences.
2. Woolf once discovered a diary she had written during one particular sane and lucid period in her life, and laughed upon rereading it.
3. At an early age, Woolf would torment her older sister, Vanessa, by scratching her nails against the wall.
4. After getting married, Woolf thought she should learn some domestic skills, so she enrolled in a school of cookery. Shortly after, she accidentally baked her wedding ring in a suet pudding.
5. During the height of World War II, when it looked as if the Nazis would win, Woolf and her husband, Leonard, considered committing suicide via poisoning themselves with car exhaust. The couple kept a sufficient amount of petrol in their garage just in case.
The red dragon with quite extraordinary eyes—
You used to fly with might in the sky.
Every fresh day, every dark night, and I
Would wonder why
Your wings were so beautiful to sight.

Then, one day, man came to land,
Desiring the redness to end.
They had slayers, reapers to send,
So you had no choice but to blend . . .
Blend in so no one could see.

You had to hide, act like one of them.
They hated dragons, after all;
You knew how to pretend, as if you were a man.
They searched for you, but little did they know . . .

Some actor you are—soon enough, you, the dragon,
The myth, the thing that scared the kingdom,
Denied being one so long that you forgot
Who you are.
Being red became a memory for you, as
The other dragons slowly disappeared.

You say you feel like a man now, but I know
That you don’t exactly feel in the right place.
That you feel the remains
Of a red dragon—
With extraordinary eyes
That flew with might in the sky.
Discombobulation
due to Relative Sense-Perception
Kaan Ünlü 12-D

Among the squirming,
The obnoxious party screaming,
You see a horse, talking,
and question your sanity . . .
Then join the screaming.

Ezgi Yılmaz 11-N
I entered the dimly-lit bar. The pungent smell of scotch vaporized my ideas and made me feel already hooked up. The eerie environment was new to me.

I looked over a small table at the corner of the stuffed area. Barely noticed. That’s how I wanted myself to be. Instead of hunting for a fluff as others do, I was actually looking for somewhere to feel comfortable. “Entering the bar is too rational!” I thought to myself.

I took a grip of the ancient chair. Scared that it would break, I tried to sit down slowly and forget the awful look of dust on it. The bar was new to me. Unlike the other places I observed, the bar was a place for both the upset and the poor. “Interesting experimental group,” I thought to myself and grasped the ripped off menu in my hand so that I could be noticed by an attendant.

A female attendant, rather attractive with a short skirt which seemed to show her lingerie. Trying to behave myself, I tried to look away while she was leaning on me with her nearly bare clearance, covered with an inefficient top. “What will you have?”

That’s what is wrong about attractive people. They always have horrible voices. No wonder why they don’t attend Christmas Carols. “Jack Daniels. No lemon.”

My voice sounded even harsher than I had expected it to be. The maddening French music aside, I thought I might have even faked Tom Jones. While trying to imitate him, I emerged from my seat with the cringing sound of the female attendant. “The lady on the booth sent it to you. It’s the Catz Special.”

So the place was called Catz. More interestingly, a woman had sent a drink to me.

With no logical explanation, I sniffed the drink. Taking a sip, I saw a very young yet unexplainably attractive lady looking at me. She was a lady. She had been wearing a black, glamorous dress which had details of actual pearl and the necklace she was wearing must have been a hazelnut-sized huge diamond. She was looking directly at me with a crooked smile. In an elegant way I only had watched Marilyn Monroe do in her movies, she held out her drink towards me in a toast. “I’ll drink to that.” Taking a big huge sip, I was kind of brainwashed in the bitter taste of alcohol. I shivered as if it would help me stay sober.

Slowly drinking my beverage, I looked at my demolished clothes. Must have been wearing them for three days. They were definitely not gentlemanly. Instead, they looked like any office clothing.

The lady stood up and paid her bill. “Please don’t go,” I said and hoped that any one of the gods that existed in the world would help me out. She turned around and walked towards my seat. Not ready for that, either.

She seemed to be paler under the vibrant smoke than I thought she was. She had a sorrowful look in her smoky eyes.

She pulled the chair towards herself. I’m such a fool, I thought, as I should have pulled the chair for her. She delicately piled her wavy, charcoal black hair at her back. Then she held her elbow in front of me, sipping her last drops of drink.
"Hello, young lady," I said in the most British way I could imitate. I got a grip of her hand and gently squeezed it, trying to warm it. Then trying to look like one of those actors in romantic movies, I fetched her hand, raised it to my mouth and kissed it dryly. She smiled wryly. I just hoped that she wouldn’t think I was looking for a partner for tonight, so I could only say, "Thank you for your delicate treat, madam."

She looked at me, rather embarrassed yet confident. "I have been trying them for two months. Along the northern coast, it was the best drink I could get. When I looked at you, I thought that you might be a man with a great knowledge about drinks."

Her thinking was rather shocking as it involved a lie. I coughed a little. "Well, I don’t necessarily go out; I prefer drinking at home. But your treat, well, it was much better than the ones in my cellar." I felt like Pinocchio. My nose was just getting longer and longer.

"But then your life is so lonely, I guess. Drinking since morning. Don’t ruin it," I reminded myself. Nobody could know; all I wanted to hear her comments about their mental situation and all my nerdy knowledge. I was just a bit of brain but nothing else. Had neither a social life nor feelings.

I was feeling different. Normally, people wouldn’t care about me so much. I would date maybe once in two months for at most two weeks, at the end of which I would probably find myself crying. Had I lost weight or anything?

"It’s Andrew, young lady. I would definitely like to know your name, too," I realized that I was just starting to look like one of those French fools from thirty years ago. Women weren’t respected then, and to imitate them was nothing but silly.

"It’s Emma, and I would definitely like to see you again, but I have to leave. Maybe we could meet again here tomorrow, at the same time?"

I was extremely happy. My first intention was to yell out "Yes!" but that would just scare her. So, I calmed myself down, and after a few seconds of delay, I kissed her hand and said, "Looking forward to it, Mademoiselle Emma."

My words were just so funny and made her laugh a little yet quite invitingly. She left me with the explosion of feelings. It was not a night to ruin with drinking and fall asleep so early. It was a night to dream about something bright and something that I was looking forward to. Nearly fifteen minutes later after she left, I walked out of the Catz Bar with three quarters of my drink behind.

She was embarrassed by her question but relieved with my offer.

She held my elbow and smiled at me, but this time, she was more comfortable about showing her actual feelings. I just stared at her and she didn’t find it one bit weird.

I brought her delicate hand to my lips again. She smiled in the most beautiful way similar only to that of my mother. God! I was really in love with her, and the randomness of it just made me question my mental health. Was I somebody’s fool or was there an evil plan or truth? I just couldn’t help myself.

"Hello, Madam. ‘Nice to see you on such a beautiful night,’ I said, and even though we weren’t in open-space, I looked up. She laughed again, this time a bit happier than yesterday to my childish reaction.

She looked around, considering. It was maybe the first time I saw her pause.

"It’s kind of bustling, isn’t it? Kind of in an uncomfortable way. Maybe we should... um..... Go out somewhere else?"

I was embarrassed by her question but I gave one of my sincerest smiles. I was, too, embarrassed about what to say.

"Well, I know a café just on Reginald’s Road. They have beautiful macaroons and tea. Maybe you like them... as well."

Her excitement cut her off. "That’s a nice idea," she assured me. I understood that she was relieved with my offer.

We arrived at Les Gateaux around 8 and a half. As usual, it was bustling with bunches of people. Because I was a permanent customer, Danois showed me the way to my booth. Emma still clung to me and she was surprised about this atmosphere I had brought her into. When Danois pulled her chair, she removed her snow white jacket, which I initially thought to be her dress, and sat with the most beautiful emerald-green dress anybody could ever have. It was the appropriate height, and it sparkled on it. At the back, there were laces which seemed to show her bare back. I couldn’t stop thinking what she wore inside her dress.

"It is a lovely place, and they have a French band too!" she said with childish excitement.

Stop it, Charlice, you’re ruining my clothing! I yelled out to the new internee. She just kept stomping on my feet. I must have been so furious that she looked she would pass out. Whatever. I have been down that road, too.

I clicked on Thomson’s door twice. "I’m going out early today." He seemed to be interested in what I told him even though he had been drinking since morning.

"Well, another observation?"

I struggled again between telling the lame normality and the time consuming truth. I just nodded and went out. Even though he called out for me, I wasn’t going to listen him.

Not sure about entering early or late, I simply wasted my time in the library below our department. Just biology books.

I sat next to the shelves where my books were. Such an ego. But it wasn’t sitting; it was just looking around uncomfortably with a statue like posture. I even could not hold out my hat when somebody passed, so I just sat there, looking through the window. Melancholia.

It was maybe years, maybe days, maybe hours or only half their instincts. Night of going to the bar, even if just to prove to myself that I wasn’t completely useless and pathetic. I needed to be there, waiting for her. Maybe that was love. But love was something I wasn’t possibly going to get, with all the smart looking fine gentlemen around. I wasn’t such a handsome man; I had dark brown hair with brown eyes. I was just simple with an unexplainable mind.

The bar was nearly full when I arrived. I searched for Emma with my eyes, and saw her yet again in a dazzling dress. But there was somebody disturbing her. He seemed to be unaware of the elegance of the lady he had been sitting next to.

Resolved, I tightened my fist and walked towards him at an uneven pace. Not today. I wasn’t going to let another funk get in my way. I didn’t even care that he might have been drunk or something.

Women are more intelligent than men. They can control their instincts. When Emma saw me coming with my furious look, she emerged high and clasped my hand. She smiled with a beautiful tone of red lipstick.

"Well, hello again, Sir Andrew." She said soothingly. She did seem to care about me. I calmed down and realized the idiocy of my action. Of course, to somebody so beautiful, there would be a lot looking after. We just have to play our way we could imitate. I got a grip of her hand and gently squeezed it, trying to warm it. Then trying to look like one of those actors in romantic movies, I fetched her hand, raised it to my mouth and kissed it dryly. She smiled wryly. I just hoped that she wouldn’t think I was looking for a partner for tonight, so I could only say, "Thank you for your delicate treat, madam."

She looked at me, rather embarrassed yet confident. "I have been trying them for two months. Along the northern coast, it was the best drink I could get. When I looked at you, I thought that you might be a man with a great knowledge about drinks."

Her thinking was rather shocking as it involved a lie. I coughed a little. "Well, I don’t necessarily go out; I prefer drinking at home. But your treat, well, it was much better than the ones in my cellar." I felt like Pinocchio. My nose was just getting longer and longer.

"But then your life is so lonely, I guess. Drinking since morning. Don’t ruin it," I reminded myself. Nobody could know; all I wanted to hear her comments about their mental situation and all my nerdy knowledge. I was just a bit of brain but nothing else. Had neither a social life nor feelings.

I was feeling different. Normally, people wouldn’t care about me so much. I would date maybe once in two months for at most two weeks, at the end of which I would probably find myself crying. Had I lost weight or anything?

"It’s Andrew, young lady. I would definitely like to know your name, too," I realized that I was just starting to look like one of those French fools from thirty years ago. Women weren’t respected then, and to imitate them was nothing but silly.

"It’s Emma, and I would definitely like to see you again, but I have to leave. Maybe we could meet again here tomorrow, at the same time?"

I was extremely happy. My first intention was to yell out "Yes!" but that would just scare her. So, I calmed myself down, and after a few seconds of delay, I kissed her hand and said, "Looking forward to it, Mademoiselle Emma."

My words were just so funny and made her laugh a little yet quite invitingly. She left me with the explosion of feelings. It was not a night to ruin with drinking and fall asleep so early. It was a night to dream about something bright and something that I was looking forward to. Nearly fifteen minutes later after she left, I walked out of the Catz Bar with three quarters of my drink behind.

She was embarrassed by her question but relieved with my offer.

She held my elbow and smiled at me, but this time, she was more comfortable about showing her actual feelings. I just stared at her and she didn’t find it one bit weird.

We arrived at Les Gateaux around 8 and a half. As usual, it was bustling with bunches of people. Because I was a permanent customer, Danois showed me the way to my booth. Emma still clung to me and she was surprised about this atmosphere I had brought her into. When Danois pulled her chair, she removed her snow white jacket, which I initially thought to be her dress, and sat with the most beautiful emerald-green dress anybody could ever have. It was the appropriate height, and it sparkled on it. At the back, there were laces which seemed to show her bare back. I couldn’t stop thinking what she wore inside her dress.

"It is a lovely place, and they have a French band too!" she said with childish excitement.

Stop it, Charlice, you’re ruining my clothing! I yelled out to the new internee. She just kept stomping on my feet. I must have been so furious that she looked she would pass out. Whatever. I have been down that road, too.

I clicked on Thomson’s door twice. "I’m going out early today." He seemed to be interested in what I told him even though he had been drinking since morning.

"Well, another observation?"

I struggled again between telling the lame normality and the time consuming truth. I just nodded and went out. Even though he called out for me, I wasn’t going to listen him.

Not sure about entering early or late, I simply wasted my time in the library below our department. Just biology books.

I sat next to the shelves where my books were. Such an ego. But it wasn’t sitting; it was just looking around uncomfortably with a statue like posture. I even could not hold out my hat when somebody passed, so I just sat there, looking through the window. Melancholia.

It was maybe years, maybe days, maybe hours or only half their instincts. Night of going to the bar, even if just to prove to myself that I wasn’t completely useless and pathetic. I needed to be there, waiting for her. Maybe that was love. But love was something I wasn’t possibly going to get, with all the smart looking fine gentlemen around. I wasn’t such a handsome man; I had dark brown hair with brown eyes. I was just simple with an unexplainable mind.

The bar was nearly full when I arrived. I searched for Emma with my eyes, and saw her yet again in a dazzling dress. But there was somebody disturbing her. He seemed to be unaware of the elegance of the lady he had been sitting next to.

Resolved, I tightened my fist and walked towards him at an uneven pace. Not today. I wasn’t going to let another funk get in my way. I didn’t even care that he might have been drunk or something.

Women are more intelligent than men. They can control their instincts. When Emma saw me coming with my furious look, she emerged high and clasped my hand. She smiled with a beautiful tone of red lipstick.

"Well, hello again, Sir Andrew." She said soothingly. She did seem to care about me. I calmed down and realized the idiocy of my action. Of course, to somebody so beautiful, there would be a lot looking after.
I tried to look interested, but I had this uneasy feeling. Suddenly, it was hard to enjoy a pleasant time with Emma. I blinked a few times and took a sip of the wine I had ordered while she was talking.

...Well, when we moved to London, I started working with my father at his business. So now here I am. I kind of like it here in London but home is special, you understand?

What was going on with me? She was smiling to show her acceptance of being with me, but I couldn’t just listen to her. I smiled in an uneasy way. “Lovely story.” That was it. I was one of the jerks in the world.

“What’s wrong? Were... did you bore you? I thought... maybe... you would want to know.” I stared at her eyes for a while, sorting what to say. “I’m sorry. It’s just... I have to... just give me a second. I’ll be right back.”

I made my way to the men’s room with an uneven pace. I could hear the gasps and the stares of the strangers sitting around. I had just left a beautiful young woman at a table by herself. Who was I? Not a gentleman of course.

How could I have left her alone even when I was being so unattractive? I had everything to lose, and I was there, ruining a start of a relationship.

I forcibly swung open the bathroom door. The man inside looked at me as though I was mad or drunk. I suddenly held the tap open with floods whooshing my hands. I looked at the mirror for a while and tried to soothe myself. After a few deep breaths, I was ready to go inside.

I shut the door and the table next to the lavatory looked at me disappointingly. I tried to find the table, and then my eyes found it. There was a man sitting with Emma, and they were definitely having a pleasant time.

Not sure about weather leaving or not, I walked to the table and waited for a few seconds next to it until Emma realized me.

“Oh, um... I’m sorry... um Andrew. This is my friend, Timothy.”

It was definitely an uncomfortable hello we said to each other. He looked at me as though he was saying, “You pathetic fool,” and I, agreeing, was looking at my feet and the old woman sitting next to me.

I saw the band. All those times before, even though I wasn’t with somebody, I had never noticed the band. It was like one of those ordinary things in life which we lived through but didn’t notice when it was missing.

The most interesting thing about Emma was that she was most excited about the band being French. She looked around to the French posters and kept smiling with a simple excitement.

“So, I was born in France. My father, Pascal, worked in the backstreets of Paris. She wasn’t as wealthy as my father. The tailor she worked with made my grandfather’s dresses...”

I realized I had been looking around with an uncomfortable distraction. I realized she had brought up the topic of being French on purpose. Even though I wasn’t as much interested, I could manage to say, “Were you born in France?”

She nodded with excitement. “Yes, I was; indeed I was. Well, first of all, before we go any further, do we have to talk in this ancient manner? Mademoiselle and gentleman?” Then she started imitating Charlie Chaplin just to show her acceptance of being with me, but I couldn’t just listen to her. She nodded and smiled at me. “I am actually French,” she replied in a hurry, “I am definitely having a pleasant time. My mom, Veronique was a fine French working with my father at his business. So now here I am. I kind of like it here in London but home is special, you understand?”

Emma sat with a sigh, clenching her hands together. “She’s such a gentleman.” Yeah, yeah. Bravo Timothy. You’re great!

“Shall we leave?” I asked Emma. She had probably forgotten me, so she was kind of surprised when she heard me speak. She looked at me as though she had never seen me before. “Yeah, yeah sure,” she said. She got up and held his hand, but his annoying little smile was there in front of me reminding me of my failure. Then she left saying a last “Bye-bye!” to Emma.

“It’s okay, Timothy. We’ll... we’ll get in touch.” She said nodding while smiling. Then Timothy got up. He embraced Emma and told her that he would come tomorrow. I got up and held his hand, but his annoying little smile was there in front of me reminding me of my failure. Then he left saying a last “Bye-bye!” to Emma.

I sat there sucking back three glasses of wine while Timothy and Emma reminisced about their past and flirted. Timothy even got a date with her for the other day! How was I not going to get pissed about that? At nearly half past ten, Timothy looked at his clock and smiled at Emma. “God, I forgot everything. I... I had this... I had this meeting at... right now! I totally forgot it. It was... It was about this bridge project on the Thames. I’m so sorry Emma, I really am. I should have told you.” He was totally making up this story, but everybody had been fine with him. And according to my knowledge, Emma had a crush on him. Great. Now steal my date too, and ruin my reputation in my favorite café. I love you so much Timothy. Bravo.

“Absolutely okay.” I tried to erase the blank impression on my face and look up to see who the hell Timothy is.

He was absolutely British with a gentlemanly touch. He had this classy tailor-made suit with a fine, slim smile. He had a large chest which I thought was muscular through years of exercise. I was again one point behind him as I had never been a professional sports player in my life. Apparently, he’s a tennis player at a posh club. And also, he had bright teeth; silk, blonde hair and hazel eyes. God, how worse could this night get?

It seems that Emma and Timothy used to date until Timothy had to leave for Cambridge. Such a spoiled brat. I was also educated in the Institute of Zurich but I don’t bring it up. I was one of the best graduates and my name plate was put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars. I have ten books on neurology which have been put on its honorary wall of scholars.

Suddenly, we were miles apart. All the gooey love feeling was gone. I was a man to die lonely. I remembered the song “Lonely is a man without love.” It just suited me so well.

“I’ll just walk through here.” She said, whooshing me off. “Are you sure?” She nodded while not even looking at my eyes. Then we started walking in opposite directions.

It was the end of a chapter that could have been a great love story.
The Day’s Silence

Burcu Gülşah Alici 9-L

The sun is rising
Like a fireball that burns everything.
I want to hear bird’s singing,
But I can’t because of something.

Maybe it’s my deaf ears,
Maybe the horns and swears,
Or the city itself is too loud,
Not connected to our natural fears.

The cars are gone instantly—
The silence appears finally—
I listen very carefully—
Can’t find what I want really.

The dark is coming
While my hope is leaving.
Sparrows are now ghosts;
Lamps are the night’s host;
The sun is gone like it’s forever lost.
Composed Upon Bosphorus Bridge

Neslişah Hanzade Sungur 11-A

Composed Upon Bosphorus Bridge (Inspired by Wordsworth’s “Sonnet: Composed Upon Westminster Bridge”)

“Earth has not anything to show more fair”:
Vacant, forlorn spirits of those who don’t see
What lays tenuously in royal blue eternity,
Shall be risen from appalling, dire despair.
Now, accompanying lonesome castles to its lair,
Where one does not simply ignore and try to flee
From this glorious city of angels, high majesty,
Or it will be bonded to the sea, like the Maiden’s Tower’s heir.
The misty silhouette that steps into a vague dream,
Chained to the depths, rising to reach a cloud
And glides through the unbounded tranquil stream—
Mosques, forests, towers, castles, domes—as its shroud;
In every nook and cranny, there’s something to gleam,
Despite overcrowding, stays unbent, unbroken, unbowed.
Today the sky is a day that... The sky is crying and shouting with me. The storm inside me is not going to cease. Feelings are our only and infinite weapons. We decide with our feelings; we live with them. Without them, we are empty. But now they are in a war against me. All my fears came true. All the good feelings I had, died, died with him. Why him? Why isn’t he here but under two meters of dust? All these questions won’t go away unless he is here to help me. Even if he doesn’t speak, just a look in his face is worth a thousand words.

People tell lies and use meaningless words, but he cherished every word he said. Every kiss made me feel like I was so special. How can a creature like him, so very special and marvelous, die so soon? Just yesterday we were running along the forest, cuddling on the sofa.

The thing that they call pangs of love is exactly this feeling that I am feeling right now. I can actually feel the pain: it is like someone keeps stabbing me. It is really like that. He is really not here. They keep saying that he is in a better place, but I am here, the same place but darker, more cruel, raucous, and empty. He looked at me with a curious expression, trying to figure out what I was trying to say and what he was trying to say. He was just a little boy.

His life started in dust, finished in dust. Isn’t it ironic—the same place, a different result, two different emotions? I remember getting angry at him, hitting him, shouting. He didn’t say a word to me or try to harm me. He wasn’t guilty, but he looked at me like he was the one who was carrying the burden of life. He treated me as if he knew of the load on my shoulders. Funny, how could he have known? He was just a boy. He saw the world just for eight years, but it was like he was here for 100. Everything was under his control. But in some way it was like he was here just for an hour. He looked at everything with interest and he wanted to see new things. He loved hitting the road.

Our story is done here. But his story just begins. Fluffy, cute, and pure-hearted—these are the words to explain him. No single word suffices. Now I am sitting in his shed, looking at his collar, and thinking. Where is he? What is he doing? With whom? My best friend, my companion, if I could give him my life, I would. I want to hug you one more time, look at your dark brown eyes. Another dog? Never again, because you left a huge paw print on my heart. Thank you for your purity and patience. Thank you for teaching me happiness. There is none without you. I love you.
He greeted me like an old friend;  
I heard him in the wind;  
I felt him howling—he made no sound;  
I saw him in a descending comet.

I can’t remember his face,  
But I remember the warmth—  
It was swift and sound;  
It was gone in a heartbeat.

He told me  
Soldiers are the hardest ones;  
They fought so strong and proud,  
And now they’re done fighting.

He told me he took a baby once,  
Who never saw the sun,  
Who will never put a smile on a mother’s face,  
Who will never learn how to pray or how to laugh.

I thought I heard him cry,  
His head between his knees,  
His hands pointed at the sky,  
Blown in the lightest breeze.

He looked at me as if to demand a way out;  
I think I knew the answer,  
A way he would make everyone proud.

If he wanted to retire  
And give away vitality,  
He was the only one to die  
While unleashing immortality.
In Cry, the Beloved Country by Alan Paton, letters received by Stephen Kumalo at the beginning and the ending of his journey to Johannesburg forcefully frame Kumalo’s shifting mood and inner conflict while also crystallizing the two of the main topics: fear and emancipation. Despite the small place they capture in the novel, the letters are the superstructure between the characters channels the course of events. Everyone should feel ready to hear what a letter or a piece of envelope. Out of nowhere, all of a sudden, the sudden letter that hits the umfundisi’s house like a catalyst for Kumalo’s exertion of bringing every single member of the family, home, safe and sound. Another key point worth mentioning is that the letter is seen after an intercalary chapter. Paton’s style and diction in these chapters could be defined as calm and pastoral. This approach helps him to generate a motionless but still a rhythmic moving atmosphere. The collision between the tranquil background and the sudden letter that hits the umfundisi’s house like a meteor prepares the readers for a journey that will heighten its tension chapter by chapter. Close to the end of the novel, Kumalo receives a letter from James Jarvis as a reply to his letter. Although what is written might seem like a completely ordinary conversation between two old men, as Stephens puts it perfectly: “This is from god” (Paton 296). Until this letter, Kumalo’s suffering continues, as his journey doesn’t succeed on rebuilding the family. Nonetheless, since his environment is not Johannesburg anymore where he’s nothing but an outsider, he gets the support that he needs for recovering at his home in Ndotsheni. However, the fact that he receives this letter at the moment of another downfall from James Jarvis puts this piece of paper in a holy position. The letter clearly shows that there is neither hate nor hostility in Jarvis for Kumalo; therefore, he doesn’t have to leave, as the bishop demanded it. At the exact moment Paton reflects the changes in Kumalo’s own personal quest. He explains exactly how these words were written out of understanding and compassion” (Paton 296). He also sends an agricultural expert, Jarvis, who doesn’t wish to see the rebuilding of the church alongside. These are surely huge enough incidents to make Kumalo believe that the change will not be with Jarvis but will rather continue. Nevertheless, Msimangu’s fear is one that will not die until peace is fully ensured and compassion is kept alive. The fear is even more pronounced as his words show: “one day when they are turned to loving, they will find that we are turned to hating” (Paton 71). Lastly, zooming in on James Jarvis’s change in attitude towards the natives by virtue of Arthur Jarvis’s beliefs, he’s still in a place where he’s still hating and who fears losing that power to the weak ones. It is full of those who fear God and those who do not fear anyone else but themselves as illustrated by John Kumalo. Nonetheless, as the last line that is full of the poor fears nothing but the crop, hopefully waiting for a drop of rain. Ironically, the letter, which gives the signal of this overpowering theme, comes from Msimangu, who is the symbol and the source of hope and faith in the novel. This intercourse sums up one of the main themes in this novel; there is always hope to hold on to where there is fear. Furthermore, the second letter from James Jarvis displays the existence of another main theme, emancipation. Since the story takes place between the natives and the British, the oppression is not implied but made obvious by the Paton. However, not all the Africans and Zulus are in the same place in the sense of accepting the despotism behind colonialism. For example, Kumalo does not believe that there is a tiny chance to change this iniquitously balanced relationship between men, and he doesn’t even look for one until the moment he receives “god’s letter,” which is from the white British man whose son was killed by his son. Indeed, Jarvis doesn’t just show an optimistic and sagacious approach to Kumalo, as can be seen in Kumalo’s own words, “how right people are to become fearful of a man who does not know who he is” (Paton 297). Jarvis’s need for specifically pointing out how Johannesburg hasn’t affected his wife’s worsening condition displays the first, but still small, reformation in the lands of South Africa. “it became the law that the only relationship between the black and white would be master & servant,” writes Paton, but these two old men manage to break the silence of apartheid by connecting to each other, empathizing and sharing what’s left from the journey to Johannesburg and their sons (312). Jarvis makes it clear how we feel the dust from the streets of the city not only on our hands when they went out into the dark. Aye, but into the thirsting mouth, had stolen into the father’s hand when they went out into the dark. Aye, but the murderer afraid of death had once been a child afraid of the night” (Paton 249). At this point, it’s vitally important to remember that Kumalo values his clan as much as he cares for the harmony between morality and life. This is where it’s made clear by the author that by the time he arrives in Johannesburg, he will roughly see the sunlight again even though the sun will stretch to his pieces, and he will constantly feel the dust from the streets of the city not only on his shoes but in his aged soul. Despite these outcomes, the strongly constructed friendship between him and the author of the letter provides him the necessary medicine to bear the burden of this journey—profound faith. In addition, this letter that he wishes he had never received is like a catalyst for Kumalo’s exertion of bringing every
Different faces
But all masked
Just ordinary people
Said to be multitasked.
“Is everything okay?”
They are all asked,
As if it matters,
As if it depends.
There is only one answer
They all know:
“I’m fine,” it is;
All others are wrong,
Judged by society,
Dealing with anxiety,
Nobody reached their capacity,
Afraid of themselves.

The monster
That they’ve searched for under their beds
All those years
Then found out
That it was living inside them,
The voices
Whispering evil things
All night long,
Keeping them awake
And afraid—
Afraid of life—
Causing them to hide—
Or at least try.
II

Among all the people on earth,
You are the one who gave me birth,
And since everything happens for a reason,
I can say that your love is the reason
Your soft, peaceful voice
Seems like a lullaby when I can’t sleep.
Your eyes, full of love
Will break my heart if they are full of tears.
Happiness is when I see you smile;
Sadness is when I see you cry.
You can make my day
Just by reminding me it’s a brand new day.
You put me under your wings
And protect me against all the enemies.
When I fake a smile
You know that something is wrong;
You ask me if I’m fine
Like the lyrics of a song.
I don’t need to let the rain
Wash away the pain of yesterday
Because when I’m in pain,
You give me an aim.
You are my sunshine, brightening my day;
You are my map, showing me my way;
You are my queen, making them obey;
You are my mom, making sure that I’m okay.
I’ll never think of running away,
And don’t you dare pass away
Or I’ll be alone on Mother’s day.
She starves herself to death
So that she could be pretty;
She skips dinner for another night
So that she could be lovely.
Her lips move
Saying that she is not hungry,
Though she would kill
To have some spaghetti,
But the only thing she sees
When she stares at those yummy things
Is the intake of calories.
She cries herself to sleep every night
Screaming with pain in her mind.
She wishes upon a star
So that everything would be alright.
Food is the enemy
And Ana is the friend, apparently,
So far from recovery
She defines beauty
As “everything other than me.”

She hates all of her scars
And tries to sleep every night
Covered with tons of lies
Mostly consisting of her saying, “I’m fine.”
Although she never succeeds
To see beautiful dreams—
At least she tries.
Yes, she cries
Deep inside, while smiling;
Yes, she hides
From every single face judging;
Yes, she tries
To be normal, always failing—
And she dies
Every day living
Step by step
Day by day
She slowly disappears
Into the darkness
Maybe to be in a place
Where she finally belongs
To actually live
And not just exist.
IV

Everything started
When the days were cold;
We were surrounded
By the saints made of gold;
We were living in a dream
On top of the world let’s say,
Ignoring all that messy stream,
An empire falling day by day.
We then woke up
And felt it in our bones.
It was not a warmup;
They occupied all our thrones;
The world was drifting away,
Welcoming a new age;
There was no way
For us to sit back imprisoned in a cage—
We were the warriors,
Aimed to rebuild the town;
Darkness would fall indeed,
Yet the sun hasn’t died,

I’d like to thank the band Imagine Dragons for inspiring me to write this poem.
Crossword Puzzle on Brian Moore's Lies of Silence

Ayşe Ece Aslan 11-C
Burcu Özer 11-C

Across
4. Michael Dillon's dream job
5. Name of the room where Revered Pottinger would give a speech
6. Genre of 'Lies of Silence'
7. The literary device created with the death of Dillon's cat, Teddy
10. Best word to describe what Michael Dillon feels for Moira while the IRA is holding her hostage and he calls in the bomb threat
12. The place described as 'ugly' and 'troubled' by Michael Dillon

Down
1. Brand of Michael Dillon's car which has a bomb planted in it
2. Name of the newspaper whose reporter has learnt about Michael Dillon seeing one of the IRA member's face
3. Father Connolly tries to prevent Michael Dillon from identifying his _________.
4. The literary device created with Michael Dillon's memories about Moira in chapter one
8. The type of shop that Peg Wilton runs
9. The literary device created with Michael Dillon's books which are difficult for him to leave behind
I wanted to paint the city in midnight blue,
To protect it from the sin of red.
Here, the sun barely shows her face
To prayers,
Those who never feel
Love or kiss,
Those who know everything,
But never teach or show
The taste of sin on their lips;
With their bare eyes
See everything but the guilt of yesterday.
Oh, they are everywhere—
In trees, stones and water,
And it rains—
Rains and never stops,
As if it is nothing but tears from above.
I pass from the bridge
Where I leave all of me
In a path, all alone;
Light beyond me
And darkness, too, behind,
I laugh at the ones who had warned me before,
As I slowly reach the light,
And I watch them burn into ashes.
One day, the person thou hast pretended to be
will turn into a poisonous mask
glued to thy face, thy impalpable imperfection, it shall kill thee
little by little when it hath done its task,
inside thy soul shall a ruthless ghost grow as a sea.
Then it will be too late to ask:
Why me?
This thou wouldst never prognosticate.
The ghost thou hast made,
the ghost, the reflection of thy oldself
thou art afraid of, shall incessantly thrive.
And from thy weakness its strength it shall derive.
Thou then canst not scream: Help me! Help me!
For it shall be irrevocably tormenting thee!
You, standing in the parking lot with some rugged shorts and a pair of sneakers while the uninterested guy driving in front of you is trying to get a grip of the handle and is looking past the window to see if there’s anything he might run over. You, who’s not hearing his honks and staring at your WhatsApp chats in which you see that your girlfriend texted an hour ago and has not replied to your offer to go to the cinema. Yes, you, the one who wavers between moving back and forth while there’s a honk scratching your ears and disabling your sense of focusing on anything vital.

You don’t know whether it’s the best to move right or left, and you have never been able to face stress as you wished to do so. You look tense when you realize that your pulse has risen and your eyes are wide open. But the guy honking has now lost his grip, and he can only yell while he sees you being run over as if a piece of paper. You lay down as hard as stone when you see some familiar image approaching with others. Like an experiment rat, you wobble for a while with your eyes dull as water and your flesh cold as ice. You look dead until a licensed doctor approaches and announces you as deceased. You are everywhere: the news talks about you; there are many interviews with people you were closest with; your name is hung on your college on the Honorary Wall, and your girlfriend repeatedly talks about you as if she has lost some function of her mind.

But what you don’t know is that your girlfriend was the familiar image whom you had seen approaching because she had initially been making plans of sneaking up behind you as a surprise while seeing you waiting to cross the road. You also realized your death in just a few seconds, whereas for her, this loss means a lifetime. She saw everything, and she literally lost you in front of her eyes. She saw you read her texts and your mistake of not making a critical maneuver in an instant. She was a true witness, and she told the police everything so your soul can rest in peace. She reported that you were standing on the sidewalk, whereas the drunk driver was driving recklessly on the pavement. She said the driver was one hundred percent drunk as he did not even wait an instant after honking. She cried with the police and at the funeral in front of everybody. She wanted you next to her, but she knew that now you have run away from your burdens. However, she, herself, is not in peace, and you have to save her.

You must cut her rope before the veins around her neck start turning a muddy blue and her eyes drop down looking at the distance of death. But you know, as much as everybody else who has read the news does, that you are dead. So you have no choice but to watch her death.

You always used to say that life liked karma, and oh boy, you were right!
Between a Sandpiper and a Plover

(A poem based on Ahdaf Soueif’s short story “Sandpiper”)

Grains of sand on my one wing, drops of seawater on the other,

We were under the same dome that clouds cover,

Flitting sand and waving stream promised each other

That they would not let anyone take away their dearie plover.

Sudden downpour, deluge, whirlwind—it does not matter.

They vowed that there shall not be any unfelt pleasure left,

Yet still, there will be more captivating memories to discover;

However, in the end, no one knows who will remain bereft.

Not that I envy her; I only know what will befall;

Dysphoria that descended upon me, someday, will make her squall.

I am appalled that ever-lengthening sea will take her as its thrall;

She will die away through the depths of the ocean with an unprecedented bawl.

No sooner had she tried to flee than the Water and the Earth collided,

As if she was prey to a tremulous soul that desires the purge, stood there, benighted.

Her grace has faded away from her heart in my native land.

Who knew I would be the one who remained bereft in the end?

As the echoes of deadly silence have appeared to blight,

Fallen spirits of each one of us had wished to be contrite,

Even though I was destined to be doomed, and doomed not to fly,

I will be shining dimly in the midst of despair like a dull light.
Living was an Escape Plan

I knew you on the edge of impossibility—
Your dreams over the hedge,
Your thoughts in deepest forests.

I knew you on the edge of brotherhood—
Your feelings on the horizon,
Your inaccessibility on the peaks of mountains.

I knew you on the edge of a nightfall—
When sun was making us go down,
When wheat was shining yellow beyond the hedge.

Because . . .

I loved you
When you were an escape plan,
While keeping our dreams alive behind the edge,

And . . .

When another train, thundering, took you away from me,
I understood
Life was not running away,

But . . .

Living was an escape plan.
“Sit down.”

Heiskorn was addressing whatever just entered the room.

“That whatever” was a tiefling in his mid twenties. “That tiefling” was a figure of ashen grey skin, with a tail tipped with spikes resembling a thousand needles and the crooked horns of a goat, some of it hidden beneath a layer of one might call the swallowing tendrils of outer space; which, upon closer inspection, would instead be revealed to be plain simple hair: Dark and messy. A demon-spawn he was.

Heiskorn remembered a tiefling mate of his, from the times when he was a pirate. Their visual similarities were apparent he decided. But what made certain that they were both tieflings was also what told them apart: as both had horns and a tail, but had very different characteristics in retrospect.

Creak.

Heiskorn shook free of his train of thoughts as “that tiefling” took a seat on the rotten chair on the other side of the wooden table.

“Do you know what we do to thieves around here stranger?”

“A stranger is by definition someone who is not familiar.”

Heiskorn grunted as he stretched; one of the guards by the corner freaked out by the large man’s move. He slammed the table, yet it wasn’t that man who sat on the other side of the table who was impressed by the show, but again the two guards who stood by the door.

“I’m not in the mood for jests demon-spawn, so tell me, why did you even come here in the first place? What were your real motives in the herbalist robbery?”

Silence.

Irritated, Heiskorn abruptly stood up, then started to slowly pace around the room, with a face full of disdain. After a few steps accompanied by the creaking of the floorboards, he stopped by “that tiefling.”

“You should know that witchcraft is not tolerated around here. Not even by thieves and brigands. Not even by mad-men and bastards. And something tells me you didn’t break in to make yourself some tea. So before I have to take harsher courses of action, I advise you to answer my questions.”

“You do not want to hear my answer.”

“Are you a frickin’ telepath now?”

“That tiefling” interrupted: “You wouldn’t believe me anyway.”

Heiskorn exhaled: “Try me.”

The figure turned around in his chair, looked at Heiskorn and gestured to the door on the other side of the room.

Heiskorn lifted his head up in frustration, then lowered it, pointing to the guards watching the scene in utter confusion. The guards complied and silently left; they were probably happy to do so anyway.

The large man moved back to his chair. The only sounds in the dark and damp room was the constant dripping on the floor and the occasional squeak of a rat. He took his mug and drank some of the sour beer.

“Now will you start or do I have to smash your mug?”

“I’m trying to slay a god... No: A great old one.”

The large man a second ago so sure and mighty slouched as his
choke his beer: “Say, what?”
Cough.
“l just said no gits. Yet here you are messing with me! Are you so eager to die, freak?”
“You aren’t so normal yourself; besides, I said you wouldn’t believe me...”
Heiskorn was supposed be the interrogator. Yet the figure standing across the table somehow just made things weird. The lingering hesitation was becoming unbearable: “Then... You will have to be more persuasive.”

“As you wish.”

“That tiefling” sighed after another short moment of silence. It was as if what he was trying to remember was distant and foreign, like an old book in an old shelf that was never meant to be there; reminiscent of a mystery, such as the tomorrow.

“My name is Alarys the Mad...”

So this is what “that tiefling” was called.

“...Or at least, this is what they call me today. I was born 37 harvests ago, with a brother, nameless then, from a nameless mother. I thought we shared the same damned fate with the remaining of our kin then: I was wrong... Partly.

When we were kicked out of the orphanage for our newly sprouting devilish appendages, we were both newly out of infancy; actually, my brother was still very much an infant. We had to look out for ourselves; I had to look after my little brother. I failed miserably. For weeks, we had to drink from ponds of piss and rain on the streets, and eat from the dens of the rats if not the rats themselves.

For all those weeks, not one man on the street even bothered to look at our faces, but one: Margin Storgo, an Easterner, free and diplomatic. I’m sure you’re familiar with the type.

He looked at us begging for mercy, and a compassionate smile slowly formed on his face after a second of astonishment.

Storgo took us to a majestic building where we would be taught called “The College of Mannshoger,” a college for the ones worthy enough to become wizards. Storgo announced to his colleagues that he saw potential in us and that he would look after us. How? Frankly, I do not know.

His so-called companions replied in disdain and disgust, however, but he was insistent, and after giving us the names of some long-dead God-kings, Alarys and Solaran, they let us in. For the following harvests, Storgo provided us with food, clothing, a home and a decent education. We were happy, and I was hopeful about the future. Sadly, happiness is not made to last.”

Wizards’ College... Names of fallen God-kings... This was still sounding like a ruse for this so-called Alarys to escape from the town in some way. But amidst a thousand conspiracy theories in his head, Heiskorn remembered his own past. His suffering. The slow corruption that engulfed his village.

A spark of sympathy flashed in Heiskorn’s head and the shroud of suspicion suddenly, even if maybe for a second, stopped. And he continued to listen.

“The old man’s demise hung like a dark gloom over the college for a time, and life was suddenly suspended. However, Solaran was not convinced; after a month of solitary mourning, he suddenly got out of his room, and plunged into the libraries, not be seen of or heard from for sometimes days at a time. I was concerned about him, and that brought my desolation.

One day, I decided to confront him, to ask him what he was up to, so I went down to the library. Unfortunately, he was not there. Thinking that he may have taken a book with him while leaving, I skimmed the shelves searching for clue. No book was missing; however, one was displaced. Thinking that it may have been displaced while someone was taking the book next to it; I pulled the book to its right: Libris Mortis, or the Book of the Dead, stood in my hands all bloody and wild, I could feel the souls of a thousand men trying to scratch their way out from the book to me. After a second that lasted a century of agony, I heard footsteps. To my horror, I dropped the book. Blood was pounding in my head and my hands were shaking. I took the book from the ground and tried to fit it in the shelf, desperately fiddling it to do so. The formerly displaced book fell down as I finally managed to fit Libris Mortis in the shelf. Inadvertently juddering, I tried to fit the other book back in, but incredibly, it wouldn’t fit in, as if it was never meant to be there. I jolted in pain as I realized that the steps were coming in closer. In panic, I toggled and secured the book under my armpit and started running... I ran like I was bailed out by a pack of hellhounds and I didn’t know why. All I knew was that I had to.

Alarys fell silent and his eyes turned blank. He was lost in what seemed to be a torrent of thoughts—memories that should have been left undis turbed, embers that should have been left to die out, but with a bellows invigorated.

Inhale. Exhale.

“By the time I arrived in my room, I wasn’t sure whether I was still alive or not.

I didn’t leave my room that night. After I caught my breath, I wanted to think about what had just happened. But staring blankly instead of thinking for some time, the book caught my attention. I picked it up from where I had thrown it to earlier. It was simply decrepit—hundreds and hundreds of torn and ragged pages clamped between a leather cover. When I opened the first page, I realized that it wasn’t a book at all, but rather a diary. Out of curiosity, I started reading it. The diary contained astronomical observations and extensive amounts of information about far and ancient celestial objects. It piqued my interest that’s for sure; indeed, it was so interesting that I was soon lost in the book and found myself filing a notebook of my own. I spent sometimes even weeks non-stop, charting, taking notes, calculating and deciphering.”

“Deciphering?”

“I’d... rather not turn this into an astronomical lecture; but simply said, it isn’t all stars that you see up there, even the ones you think that are stars. And I’m not talking about other planets either.”

“Then what else?”

“Just listen.”

Heiskorn was irritated because he was hustled like a small kid interrupting an important story. But just like those little children, he was wondering about the rest of the story and excited about what would happen next. Would he be able to find Solaran? Why didn’t the Diary fit in the shelf? Was it a diary even doing in a college library? So he obeyed, and continued to listen.

It had been long since I had forgotten about my little brother, for as I had said, I had been in my room during the day and in the cloister at night, seldom stopping for needs. But again, something changed. In one silent winter’s night, I heard strange mutterings. When I got closer to the source, I heard some strange mutterings. When I got closer to the source, I recognized among the clamar, a familiar voice: Solaran.

I continued my walk further till I saw what was unfolding, only to see that he was accompanied by a little host of undead. I was utterly shocked. I carefully closed in on him and what he was up to. He said that he was trying to do what science couldn’t do—resurrect Storgo. I told him that learning from dark lore was forbidden and that he’d be banished from the college. He told me to stay out of it. I told him that it was dangerous, that he would hurt people on the way and that black magic would consume him, yet he wouldn’t listen.

With a sudden surge of rage I told him that I would report him, and that I was not going to let him harm himself. He shouted at me with anger and claimed that I would pay for this mistake. The last thing I saw before waking up in the court room of the college was a zombie hauling me down and hitting my head to the ground.

It was early in the morning and facing me sat the seven elder wizards, each symbolizing one aspect of wizardry. One of them started a long boring speech about the diary. Then she accused me of practicing necromancy, the forbidden eighth lore. It wouldn’t matter how I defended myself, as some evidence was rapidly piling up against me. Apparently, I summoned a small hoard of zombies which I failed to control and was saved from them barely by Solaran.

Long story short, I was banished. I packed my few belongings together with the diary which by chance or design nobody noticed and left. I never liked those geezers anyway.

Again, I was homeless. Neither shops nor taverns tolerated my presence. So, taking chances, this time I left civilization altogether and started living in the woods.

Surprisingly, it was easier to live in the wild. Nature, like Storgo, provided food, accommodation, but unlike his companions, it was not prejudiced. I could
conduct my research freely and each passing night, I thought I was getting closer to something far more ancient than the stars gliding this silent night sky.

Unfortunately yet unsurprisingly, prosperity doesn’t last long either. During a night in my seventh harvest in the wilds, I was ambushed while I was searching for some spell components. I thought the poor lads were probably bandits who noticed my presence or novice-hired blades paid to slay me for something I wasn’t aware of; for what could I have owned worth anyone’s interest?

“So you don’t know why they would have wanted your head? Maybe they were monster hunters?”

“Thank you but last I checked, I wasn’t so ugly.”

Heiskorn let out a small snort: “Well you aren’t exactly what a damsel in distress would want.”

“I suppose?”

Alarys interrupted Heiskorn just as he rose from the wooden chair with a fist aflame with the zealots of some cult. While noticing my presence or novice-hired bandits who were probably bandits who noticed my presence or novice-hired blades paid to slay me for something I wasn’t aware of; for what could I have owned worth anyone’s interest?

“Or have I? I am not as sure now as I was before, as lances made of starlight impale my brain and burn my head whenever I try to remember. When I saw what I did not notice before, I knew I was on to something, but that was it because evidently, the author of the diary wasn’t very successful about his or her research on this being either, and it seemed that his obsession on it brought his demise.”

And what was that thing?”

“Is it easy handled, I figured from their outfits that they were zealots of some cult. While looting for valuables, I found in a pocket of a zealot a trinket the size of my palm, the face of something of a cross between an octopus and a human... A disturbing trinket indeed, as an infinite span of astral bodies and streams surged through the corners of my mind in the blink of an eye and breath as old as the age of the universe emerged from the depths of an unknown ocean flashed in my brain the moment I got a look at it.

Somehow, the moment I looked at the trinket, I knew it was related to the diary, and that the zealots might have been here to take it. Immediately I returned back to my camp and started pouring through the seemingly endless diary. What I came across wasn’t there before. Or was it? No, it couldn’t have—I have been through these pages before... Or have I? I am not as sure now as I was before, as lances made of starlight impale my brain and burn my head whenever I try to remember. When I saw what I did not notice before, I knew I was on to something, but that was it because evidently, the author of the diary wasn’t very successful about his or her research on this being either, and it seemed that his obsession on it brought his demise.”

And what was that thing?”

“That is one of those things which you conveniently suspect to be a star, but is nevertheless not one.

Its name is Cthulhu.”

Chills... chills... chills... tears and blood—the name echoed in the Heiskorn’s mind and... he... gulped for what seemed to him a millennium of waiting for his own demise in a pool of nothingness. Why? He didn’t know. But he didn’t dare ask either, as his throat wouldn’t let him speak. He went for his beer, only to find out that none of it remained.

Silence.

Then Alarys continued, “I wholly diverted my research to find this ancient being, and to see what it was up to. Over many harvests, I found myself more and more into this being; however, the more I extracted from it, the better I realized that I was just scraping the surface. Such complexity, such intellectuality, such... beauty!”

Yet it probably wasn’t even aware about someone as insignificant as me trying to learn from it. Better, for from what I learned, this ravenous creature was forced into hibernation by some other force millennia ago, and was on the brink of waking up again, only to devour the whole universe. I had to stop it before it was too late, or there would no longer be a sky to explore...

And no one to explore it. I knew my chances of dealing with such a colossal power laid on the power that Cthulhu himself wielded; so I continued my research nonstop; however, the spell components I searched for got harder and harder to find in the wilds. I had to reach the stars if I were to save them.

After some effort, I recalled a spell that allowed moderate range teleportation. By using what I learned from Cthulhu and the diary, I tried to enhance the range of the spell. Again, lack of components. I had to go back to civilization.

I got lucky for the first few times; I passed myself off as an old beggar and burglarized several stores. This was the relatively easy part. The hard part won me my nickname: The spell needed souls. Animal souls could be used; however, because their souls were small and impotent, that would require many kills. That’s why I headed for a madhouse. I thought I would be doing them a favor, ending their misery. Sadly it didn’t really end up the way I planned as I couldn’t kill them, not when they looked at my eyes with such austere desperation.

So I escaped the madhouse that I entered under the cover of a mental hermit and fled to the alleys where only rats and beggars rule. However, I was spotted and forced to live in the sewers to avoid being caught. For months, posters reading “Alarys the Mad” was standing right across the table.

“I...”

Heiskorn wasn’t sure what he was supposed to believe. Did he catch the tragic hero of a far away tale, or was he just too good of a charlatan?

He grunted and wiped his face with his hand, then called for the guards to take him away to the brig.

As Alarys turned around to face the door, everything seemed a lot more distant.

“That tiefling” saluted the guards and walked with them towards the door.

“That whatever” and the guards went through the door and Heiskorn was now alone with an empty mug of beer and a faint candle.

Heiskorn sighed, a story of prejudices, indeed.

P.S. 1: Huge thanks to H.P. Lovecraft for being the creator of my nightmares.

P.S. 2: Simply said, a tiefling is the hybrid of any humanoid and a creature of the darker planes of existence that is intellectually more sophisticated, such as a higher demon. A typical description of them would include hooves, horns, a tail and sharp teeth, yet their bodily features are not limited to these stereotypes, and are especially less predominant on species of more dominant genes, such as Elves.
Door creaked as opened
Almost saying not to step in,
As intimidating as the darkness is—
This is where it all begins.

Is it the moon or the stars
or the ornate city lights?
But there’s a beam
that’s breaking through the window
Obscurely lit;
The objects never looked so monstrous;
They might’ve had eyes;
They might’ve had ears.

The girl made her way through the darkness
feeling the walls to keep it straight;
When it’s an eclipse of the heart,
feelings are the ones to dictate.

Reaching the window,
a soft breeze makes her shudder,
But the view she looks down upon
Makes the shiver bearable.

She wonders
How does the moon hold the stars;
How do the hills hide the sun.
A river runs down her spine—
There’s so much to learn,
so much to discover.

She sits by the sill;
The sky turns violet;
dawn—it breaks as she exhales;
She’s stunned by the beauty.

With another wonder displayed,
She feels a thirst to uncover the unknown;
She closes her eyes and creates a perfect storm—

Where has the moon gone?
I woke up from a dream
With all the blue inside me;
There was a cold scream
That came from the sea.

The colour of the ocean
Matched my soul;
The waves in motion
Looked dark as a smoking coal.

The dreamcatcher above me
Pulled me through;
It meant to make me free
Though that was my only clue.

The same dream every night,
Like a part from heaven
That made my vision bright,
Yet armed me with a weapon.
Introduction to a work in progress

It all started when chaos crept into every individual’s and every being’s minds. Some could have sworn the clocks were ticking more slowly. Hunger and thirst were taking over and hope seemed more distant than the sky. Stars were just shattered pieces of broken dreams. For centuries, people had tried everything to make things right, but the majority knew it was too late because humanity was long gone. The first amendment was changed. People no longer knew whom to put faith in or whom to follow. Overhead promises were made and none of it had followed through. Some could say even feelings were changed. By the end of 2256, nobody even remembered love. It was just a colorless four letter word. Ancient. It was a perfect dystopia.

The Earth was dying. How could people live in a world where they would hear the cries of the dying and it would sound like their favorite song? If fewer people were walking the Earth, there were more chances for the living to survive. The worst part wasn’t losing grip. The worst part was losing who they were.

On May 15th, 2250, the greatest earthquake known to mankind occurred. Every single fault line to ever have existed broke. Lives of hundreds, thousands, even millions of people were taken. The survivors were living off the grid like cannibals. Nobody even mourned after the ones who tragically died. Conscience was no longer getting in the way of survival.

Families were broken apart. No father of the year was taking care of his baby daughter anymore. Everybody was taking a stand for themselves and themselves only. There were only eight people left on Earth who cared enough to carry on.

People could barely remember what religion meant. The belief in a superior power had always been the strength for most people to keep going. At the conditions of the time, the question of either no God or he was sitting above the clouds mocking us. Maybe this time, he was the rebellious fallen angel. If he really was there, why wasn’t he doing anything?

That was the main question people kept asking themselves. Nobody would admit to it; but their awarenesses were substantially risen. They were all dying and they knew it.

It was undoubtedly the apocalypse, but it was not in a way that was described in any book—not the Bible, not the Qur’an, not the Old Testament, not the Psalter. This got people thinking that maybe there was a God and that it was completely made up by the people who were in desperate need for faith. But is faith taught or are people born with it? Perhaps a bit of both. Some of them still needed faith, so a majority of the people left on Earth believed that there was a new God in town. It had happened before. That’s how religions were created. Maybe this was the rise of a new religion, of a new faith, of a new order in the universe.

Science and religion had been dealt with separately for hundreds of years but the resemblances could not be disregarded anymore. Science could not be pursued without admitting to the existence of religion. Since the notion of religion was long gone, the very few people left in the higher positions of the remaining government chose to recruit a group of scientists to explain the impossible.

The studies were initiated by Jackson Bleeker, who had a major in biochemistry but was working in the FBI laboratories as a criminal chemist. After the world literally came crumbling down and while the government was still standing, he was informed that the earthquake could have been a conspiracy and not a natural disaster.

Accordingly, a team was put together to investigate the possible causes of such a major extinction. This was added to the mass extinctions list as the sixth item. It was bigger than the Permian-Triassic event. Most species were wiped out from the surface of the Earth and humans were barely hanging on.

The only difference between the past five mass extinctions and this one was the existence of highly developed technology. The improvements were at its peak. It was now being used for all kinds of purposes, both for good and for evil. The Earth was basically in self-destruction mode because of the excessive radiation, so people were thinking that was the cause of the earthquake, but the gathered data clearly showed that it couldn’t possibly cause these magnitudes of movement in the Earth’s crust.

The studies were distinctly altered and there was about a 68% chance the whole thing was a human conspiracy. The team put together by Jackson Bleeker was the last chance of salvation.

The group involved a diversity of sciences. Geophysicists, geomorphologists, pedologists, pathologists and mathematicians were recruited to get the most positive feedback there was. The government had 100% faith in them before it fell. After the President was killed by his own executive office employees over a hot bowl of soup, there was no longer a government.

The members of the team were on their own. With the leadership of Jackson Bleeker, who was known for his outstanding achievements in his field and reliability, the planet could be saved. There was only one way of doing it—restoring faith!

And that meant thinking out of the box—way out of the box. If their purpose was to make people believe that science could be explained with religion, they had to prove it to them that religion could be explained with science.

They knew what they had to do. They had to find God. When Ray Houston made it back, nobody was expecting to see him again in this lifetime. His appearance was still transporting back and forth with the frequency of the last universe he explored. He was basically a hologram that was being formed in front of the team’s bear eyes.

He was exhausted. The pouches under his eyes confirmed he had not slept for days. He was hungry; he was thirsty, but he was back. All eyes were on him. Nobody was making any sound. They were waiting for him to say the first words. Thankfully, Ray Houston had some words to say.

He opened his mouth to speak. His voice was rather static, but it only made the words more effective and relatively accurate: “I was searching for God. And I may have found her.”

Shadow of the Final Melody

Naz Dündar 11-M
I've left my home behind,
Forgotten all these memories
And abandoned my soul to the misery of desolation,
To mother nature who will never forgive
Those who betray and those who are perished in the future.

I've left my home behind,
Forgotten the past, held onto the future;
While an instantaneous flash of yesterday was pursuing me,
I was raised from the dead, escaping my own thrills and stuck
Between possessed consciousness and wilderness.

I've hidden behind my future,
Undertook to defy my nature,
Built ivies that cover and hold broken walls of my past,
Wore an armor made of bones which are whetted with moonlight,
Emblazed this dull soul with the flame of a shadow-eyed knight.

But I've fallen behind;
I've fallen a prey to time.
With my eyes wide open, I've seen those ivies bending, breaking, burning.
All have gone fleeing to the hands of the misty past,
Like shattered pieces of ice which my tears have become.

I bowed down to my mighty doom;
At the instant I shut my eyes, I realized
The future which has surrendered to foregone gloom was far away;
I was abandoned in an endless abyss to be devoured by my own qualm,
And the past was blacked out “as if some important part had been cut out of [my] brain.”
It is impossible not to write
When you have no right
To pursue your dreams,
Follow your heart, which means
You are forced to watch your hopes die
In a society where it is a weakness to cry.

It is impossible not to write
When nowhere can you find a light,
When you have to witness the tyranny
In your country, while others are busy with astronomy,
When nobody’s wounds seem to heal,
When the squall of mothers, the pain, the hurricane are just too real.

It is relaxing to write—
Just write and do nothing else when you have no more might,
When you see the ferocious people thrive
And endlessly more and more power derive
Where everybody is sad and going mad,
But nobody is gallant enough to say a word, not even the bravest lad.

It is excruciating to write
When all the writers are not wanted in our sight,
When muses are expected to linger no more than a day
And forsake one’s heart and go away, far enough away
When even your family or your best friend is not willing to read,
Where there is no food for your gift on which to feed.

I want to write,
Yet there is no end of the night
With what has been happening,
With innocent people silently screaming,
With the murder of the last hope, last muses, last words and the last knight—
It has now become impossible to write.
Apology

September, 17th, gulp,
Another beginning of pain,
Rooms of boredom,
Corridors of soullessness,
Attendance for us, preys,
Sand Piper, so meaningless.
My brain is overheated.

I am scared to death.
Minor arguments with bros,
Apples in hands of teachers,
Goals to pass, till the end.
Ears hear shouting;
Ranked races at exam moments;
Yelling in class is students' best.
Form fillings, letter writings, articles,
Oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen or water,
Revolutions, wars, presidents of history...
Enough for eight spooky months!

Somehow, the torture ends,
Hallelujah time for now!
All the desks empty,
Doors close,
Opening of freedom comes,
With new aims and wishes.

1 Class
0 fear,
Newpages for the ages.

*Newpage was our class slogan in 10th grade when we just couldn't get enough of literary devices.
The sky was a lovely peach color when I saw her. The sun was setting on the horizon, illuminating the lake she was sitting in front of. Her little feet were floating in the water as she played with her strawberry-blonde hair. I decided to sit next to her for a while to catch my breath. Children were not afraid of me, anyway. They were still pure, still believed in goodness. I was not so sure anymore. If you were to have observed this world as long as I have, you wouldn’t be either.

Heaving a sigh, I began to get closer to the little girl. She appeared to be 7 or 8, but one could not be certain. Her shoulders were hunched forward as if she was carrying the weight of the world. As I landed, I stepped on a dry leaf accidentally, and she let go of her hair. I knew she heard me, but she didn’t say anything anymore. If you were to have my breath. Children were not afraid of me, anyway. They were still pure, still believed in goodness. I was not so sure anymore. If you were to have observed this world as long as I have, you wouldn’t be either.

“Hello, dear sis?” The little girl interrupted my thoughts. Now that I was standing beside her, I could make out the little freckles dusted across her nose. She was definitely adorable.

“I’m sorry, you must have confused me with someone else.” I explained, hoping I wouldn’t scare the girl away. Children nowadays were told not to trust strangers. I understood why this became a universal rule; with all this danger lurking in the shadows. Luckily, she was neither frightened nor hesitant. Surprise filled her features as her posture straightened. She patted the ground on her left, gesturing for me to sit I suppose.

“Oh, I’m so sorry! Please come and sit,” she apologized. “You must be one of the campers. The season doesn’t open for another two weeks, but I can understand why you wanted to come early. I have lived here all my life, and I am still amazed.

This place is so peaceful that it’s unreal. Is this your first time camping here? What’s it like?”

“It is my world. Well, mine and my sister’s. She said she found the name from something she read. When she believed I was old enough to be the queen, she left it all to me.”

“It sounds lonely,” I said “only by yourself. Can I visit just this once even though I don’t know the password?” This little child’s solitude reminded me of my own.

She tapped her chin with her fingers; then started nodding. “You can come this time, but just so you know, the password is rainbow.”

“Rainbow?” I questioned.

“It’s the only thing missing in Neverland. Dad always says Neverland has its own velvet darkness. I like velvet though. It’s soft and warm. Also, the little desserts Mom cooks for my birthday are made up of velvet as well.”

Her imagination is so wide, I thought to myself. Did she really think that red velvet cupcakes are made with actual velvet?

Curiosity overwhelmed me. “What is Neverland?” I asked.

“Is it my world. Well, mine and my sister’s. She said she found the name from something she read. When she believed I was old enough to be the queen, she left it all to me.”

“It is my world. Well, mine and my sister’s. She said she found the name from something she read. When she believed I was old enough to be the queen, she left it all to me.”

“It sounds lonely,” I said “only by yourself. Can I visit just this once even though I don’t know the password?” This little child’s solitude reminded me of my own.

She tapped her chin with her fingers; then started nodding. “You can come this time, but just so you know, the password is rainbow.”

“I’m older than you can imagine.” I admitted. How could you explain eternity to a child?

“That sucks. You can’t come to Neverland with me if you’re old. At least you must know the magic password.”

“A penny for your thoughts, camper? Is the silence because you’re nervous?”

“I just don’t know what to expect,” I said, half lie, half truth.

“Come on you’ll love it,” she reassured. “Just close your eyes.”

I did, and she started talking.

“Neverland is right here. Notice the soft sand beneath your palms. Every, particle moved with smallest amount of vibration. Feel the water, the cold current mixing with warm, waves licking your feet, the sun sending its warm and gentle kisses on your skin, wind softly going through your hair, easing your troubles away... and so she went on. Little did she know that I had opened my eyes already. I wanted to see this bright soul as she wandered through her kingdom.

My heart dropped when I looked at her face. Her eyes weren’t closed either. I gazed deep into her stormy, unmoving, unseeing eyes.

The queen of Neverland was blind.

No wonder she was so open and daring. She had never seen evil in the world, isolated from the outside, both in her home and secret kingdom. She was innocence in its true form, perceiving the world with her feather-like fingertips.

Even I, an angel of the Lord, guardian of humanity, wasn’t nearly as pure as she. All these centuries had taken their toll on me. I was filed with a blinding need to show her all the trees, bears, and rainbows the world had to offer. Thankfully, I controlled myself before it was too late.

I left her by the lake to enjoy her unblemished world and lifted myself towards the clouds, not making a sound, afraid to distress the power of goodness radiating from her.

Later, when I remembered the strawberry blonde, sightless queen who gave me hope for humanity and a breath of life, it struck me that I didn’t even know her name. I just left her alone in her velvet darkness, like everyone else.
Crossword Puzzle on Brian Moore’s Lies of Silence

Across
4. Michael Dillon’s dream job (poet)
5. Name of the room where Reverend Pottinger would give a speech (emerald)
6. Genre of “Lies of Silence” (thriller)
7. The literary device created with the death of Dillon’s cat, Teddy (foreshadowing)
8. The type of shop that Peg Wilton runs (antique)
9. The literary device created with Michael Dillon’s books which are difficult for him to leave behind (motif)

Down
1. Brand of Michael Dillon’s car which has a bomb planted in it (renault)
2. Name of the newspaper whose reporter has learnt about Michael Dillon seeing one of the IRA member’s face (independent)
3. Father Connolly tries to prevent Michael Dillon from identifying his ________ (nephew)
4. The place described as ‘ugly’ and ‘troubled’ by Michael Dillon (belfast)
5. Michael Dillon’s dream job (poet)
6. Genre of “Lies of Silence” (thriller)
7. The literary device created with Michael Dillon’s memories about Moira in chapter one (flashback)
8. The type of shop that Peg Wilton runs (antique)
9. The literary device created with Michael Dillon’s books which are difficult for him to leave behind (motif)