



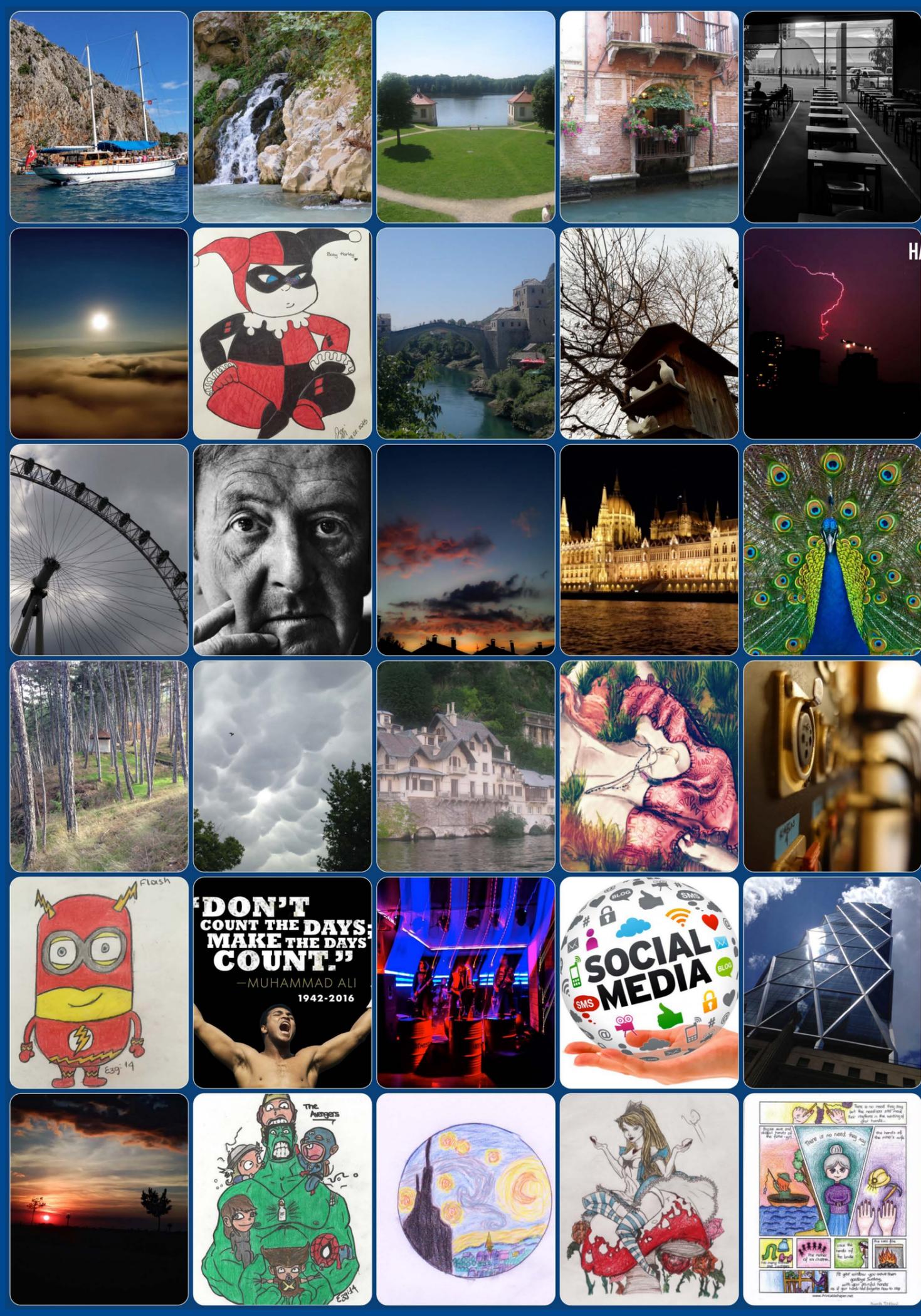
QUILL

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





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Front Cover Art: Dickens' Dream, by Robert W. Buss

dear readers

Dear Readers:

Benjamin Franklin once said, "Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing." In the third issue of *Quill*, TED High School's English literary magazine, it is our privilege to publish works worth reading, so you can enjoy yourselves. Only your commitment has allowed us to gather these works with such unique qualities.

With this winter issue, as we have done so far, we aim to share those great works with you while encouraging new talents at the same time. With this in mind, we tried to avoid sticking to a single genre and provide variety. For instance, if you relish short stories, you should have a look at "Two for All," a dream-like tale of a raider who grows a conscience after destroying an entire city. If you want to ace the next IGCSE literature test, don't miss the analysis of Edith Sitwell's poem "Heart and Mind." For fans of Muhammad Ali, whom we have lost recently, check out the poem "The Fight against Cassius." We are particularly excited about a new section of the mag that will make you LOL: Comedy Corner! To taste these mesmerizing works and more, we invite you to turn the page and enter into the fictional world of *Quill*.

It wouldn't be possible to complete this magazine unless we received support. We would like to thank our English teachers and principals, Aydın Ünal and Sedef Eryurt, for their continuous guidance, encouragement, and blessings. Finally, we'd like to thank all the enthusiastic writers and artists who submitted their work and encourage everyone to understand and appreciate the power of literature.

Sincerely,

Quill's Editorial Team

Hourglass

Naz Dündar, Senior



Can Koz, Senior

Through the eyes of a fighter,
The sand trickled faster
Where the weight of the world was so much lighter.

Through the eyes of a soldier,
War raged on like a fire
Where the grip they take is so much tighter.

In hindsight
He fell asleep on his Bible,
Dim midnight
Found the bottom of seventeen bottles.

Stand in the eye of a storm—
A broken hourglass—
Time is rapid for his wounds never became scars.

Remember him at his best
For all the times his blood was shed,
He saw the world in black and white—
Bury him in red.



Ezgi Yilmaz, Senior

The Prisoner

Serra Su Cömert, Junior

It is exactly day two thousand
When they bring the prisoner.
She doesn't speak for now,
But I know the quiet ones are the speakers.

Day two thousand and two—she tells me her first words.
They're not very nice; obviously, she hates me,
But it's better than the silence,
So I am willing to take it.

Day two thousand and thirty—I see her crack
By the glitch in her eyes.
She starts telling the truth then,
And I listen and listen, as she rambles about the life of men.

Day two thousand and sixty-one—she reveals
She knows how to escape.
I was sure she would know, of course,
So I really don't know why she stays.

Day two thousand and eighty—we fight again
About what's true and what's not.
She yells and yells about sticks and stones,
But I am not made of bones.

Day two thousand and ninety—I finally understand
That I'm the one keeping her.
I am the guardian, making her die
Because of all the strength and lies.

Day three thousand—she gives in,
And I never wanted this, but I win.
She knows all—too much—
So she bows down and gives in.



Burcu Özer, Senior

The Fountain of Anything

Can Koz, Senior

This fountain is beautiful;
 I passed by it a couple of times,
 And then I got honked at by a car rushing by,
 Annoyed I was taking too long,
 So today I thought I'd stop,
 Get off the roundabout, take a closer look—
 Clean, clear, refreshing—
 Come on in, the water is great!
 No one listens
 They are already late
 This is a moment to remember weird but fun.
 I'm in the middle of a fountain,
 Nothing to do but cool down
 From the mountain. I wish you could be here.
 Together it would have been so much fun,
 But I guess there is always next time.

It's easy to observe, to point your finger, and honk your horn, but that's not
 Where the magic occurs.

The magic occurs in the heart of the action,
 The sensory experience that gives your ideas the traction they need for the air to breathe,
 The sparks that plead with your souls scream, and
 They say guard your heart—
 It's the wellspring of life,
 But it is not being safe inside.
 You got it by getting in and giving it a try.



Hande Or, Junior

Two For All

Defne Dünder, Junior

Everything was milky white, silent, distant from reality, yet close enough to be in the middle of it, smothered with the gentle breeze of snow and the swift dance of ash hovering above the empty city.

In one of the burned down shacks quite far from where most of the citizens used to live was the only trace of life in this corrupted, forgotten city, an almost unnoticeable stir, shuffling about in the burned down shed. If anyone were there to peek inside, they would see the odd, creature-like figure of the raider, who was the reason this city was buried in the ashes of the most unspeakable memories.

He had admitted long ago that he was not safe to be around—his jet black, glazing eyes and softest shade of white tinting his pale complexion; his curly locks forming some kind of a bush around his head, carefully lining the porcelain-like features with an ebony mess; shadowless, almost unreal, blending in with the monochrome world both outside and inside his mind. Days, months, and years followed each other silently, not daring to remind him of the heartbreaks, laughter, life happening in full speed outside this isolated snow globe of his.

Everything followed this comforting routine, day after day, attentively pushing out any distractions to disorganise his fragile sense of logic, until one day, when the most delicate shade of lilac burst in the sky and dissolved into the crisp air. This almost unnoticeable outburst faded away as promptly as its arrival. Still, it was no use as the raider bolted his head up to meet the hot puff of air washing over his cosy shack and watched with an eerie grin as the lilac was absorbed into the world of lifeless blacks and quite whites.

The raven-haired man continued busying himself with whatever was on the agenda that day. Apparently, today's to-do list included sorting out a couple things around the old shed, repainting the door, organising his drawers—anything that may appear mundane and dull were the things he felt most passionate about. Because he had no one, simple routine chores were what kept him sane.

As he was contentedly going through his drawers filled with all kinds of utter rubbish such as a broken, antique compass with its previous owner's initials carved on the back of it, or a doodle of a detailed snowflake he drew as a kid, an unmissable smile danced around his lips, filled with the agitating memories buried deep within him, banned from ever seeing the light of day. He carefully pushed the drawer close, hiding his feared past behind of all the damp papers and malfunctioning objects with no apparent purpose. He still felt bound to keep them close to him, for some reason. Not too close that his bitter reality will dawn upon his diligently made-up one, but close enough to know that they are there. It felt comforting.

The exact moment the raider decided to proceed with something less daunting, it happened again: the sound of pale pink shooting up into the sky only to explode again, painting the icy setting for a brief moment.

The raider felt his stomach churn in sudden astonishment. He peeked out from the door, examining the outside until he felt secure enough to let his whole body through, suspiciously eyeing out the ivory sky. In a split second, he felt

a single dust of pale pink swirling in the wind and ending up on his shoulder.

This was where it ended. As elementary and irrational as it might've seemed, the raider knew exactly what was happening, and it surely wasn't ideal.

He held his breath, not daring to inhale the chilly air and stood rooted at the spot for what felt like an eternity. Few moments later, the blinding, rich bronze sprinkled its dust above his head. And before he knew it, a cascade of bright crimsons, delicate sapphires and opalescent mauves were washing over his rigid figure, clouding his vision, warming his perspective.

He desperately tried flailing his arms around as an instant reflex in an attempt to sweep the rich blend of pigmented colours back to where they came from. His body had gone absolutely frozen and if it weren't for his brain responding much quicker than he could, he would've already been absorbed into that fountain of his sweetest nightmares.

The raider started to run with all he had—breath hitching, feet tangling, arms clumsily brushing over whatever obstacles he was facing – all for the sake of finding a corner with the calming shades of white and the translucent shades of ebony. A riot of pastels and fiery neon seemed to be faster than he, splashing ink-like textures on the cold ground as they danced in harmony.

Vivid gingers hazed his logic and stopped him dead in his tracks, coating him from the colorless outdoors.

He could smell the soothing aroma of his mother's homemade cakes; he could swear somewhere among this blurry mess he identified the faint smile of her. The flushed oranges blended into each other, and all that he could feel was the gentle embrace of his mother.

"No," he pleaded, his voice almost dying out. "Stop."

The man was left suffocated, powerless, drowning in his regrets, his worries, everything that revolved around the woman who was now happily grinning, fading out into the fog, the timbre of her laughter bouncing from the colours straight into his feeble consciousness.

He let out a cry of plea, directed at nothing in particular. As the vibrant oranges suddenly lifted up and diffused into the air, the raider was left with a heart beating out of his chest, weak knees and a giant hit by reality.

Not too long after the first one, the indistinct odour of a flowery perfume dipped his entire vision in azure and his tall figure met with the biting cold underneath his feet. From then on, he knew he was long gone. As eager emeralds fused with light corals and the cherry reds grew into darker patches of mulberry, his strength got caught under the iridescent orchids. And he had lost the war.

When the last bit of colour vanished and everything but him had turned to the same combination it was before, all he could do was lie there, not having the courage to get up. His rising chest was heavy, breaths inconsistent. He admitted defeat by closing his eyes as he listened to the sound of the wind rushing around between the abandoned houses and him.

"Funny that," he forced a smile. He could bet the compass was now showing the right direction.

Requiem For The Mad Girl

Zeynep Cemre Sandalli, Junior

(a poem inspired by the works of Sylvia Plath, a 20th century American author)



HARBINGERS OF MAY

You do not write, you do not write
any more dark poems
in which I have lived like ink.
Nobody dropped dead but you,
oh, you, a walking miracle,
why did you shut your eyes?

Growing old under the fig tree—
your soul being much greater—
starving to death,
therefore, eating men like air,
craving each and every
shade, tone, and variation
of anything in life,
your passions were just too big
to be contained by the
tiny, paper weight world.

When you heard the caustic ticking of the clock,
You knew it was time
to do the most complicated kind of art
exceptionally well so it would feel like hell—
just one more time—
so as to explode
the bars of the bell jar.

You were finally perfected
and wore your most beautiful dress—
the smile of accomplishment—
more gorgeous than ever.
Death could only immortalize you.

Oh, mad girl,
why did you shut your eyes?

The Rain

Merih Deniz Törüner, Sophomore



Ayşe Ece Aslan, Senior

The sound of the rain
 Captured my soul.
 As if it was my only choice,
 It took me down.

Little sayings were with the rain
 Swimming in the sky
 As if it was my only time,
 A time that is about to pass,
 Pass to the other side...

Ink and their thoughts
 Reunited again,
 Since they are linked to each other
 As if they were soul mates
 Who are willing to travel,
 Travel to the past...

A raindrop,
 Which has just fallen.
 As if it was the future,
 The symbol of the lonely nights,
 Without a moon...

The sound "plop, plop, plop,"
 Has begun with a memory
 Which is hard to forget,
 Hard to exchange,
 Exchange with the sunlight...

Duty and Silence

Gökçe Aybeniz Sevim, Senior

A Review of Brian Moore's Lies of Silence

"Restaurant Closed: Bomb Damage

Ignoring trouble was an Ulster tradition. 'Another wee bomb', as the local joke had it"

As Brian Moore describes how a bomb does not disturb any essence of the Ulster residents' lives in Belfast "a world trouble spot," Michael Dillon, an ordinary hotel manager, has to pay the price of an unexpected dilemma and find answers to the questions of silence which have challenged Catholics and Protestants over the years and now challenges his emotional life. While I was reading the book, I was dragged into Northern Ireland's "Na Trioblóidí (The Troubles)" with a suspenseful chain of events and found myself questioning the moral values of the society, which led to such terminal conflicts.

As the novel opens Michael Dillon, our protagonist, has finally made up his mind to end a loveless marriage and start anew with his lover, Andrea, a young, attractive, and mysterious woman. The moment he decides to become the only one in charge of his new life, he and his wife, Moira, find themselves abducted by the Irish Republican Army and are challenged by a hostage incident. The sense of suspense is maintained successfully throughout the book by the realistic chain of events, elaborated imagery of Belfast, and Dillon's dynamic state of mind.

What makes the novel so dramatic is the link created between Dillon's emotional and political conflicts. While he is driving his car "loaded with a bomb" through the streets of "this British province founded on inequality and sectarian hate," he has to question the issues of his homeland, which he has managed to ignore for so long. Additionally, he has to face the responsibilities brought to him by

his marriage and job, which he also has managed to ignore with an attitude of an "outsider." In that sense, the clash of deeply personal and highly political issues force Michael Dillon to be more than an outsider and finally take his part in this on-going crisis of a nation.

Michael's biggest realization is that "it depended on him" to save anonymous guests at his hotel or his wife who is being held captive at the house. Later, he has to face the emotional weakness that lied within himself when asked by Moira, "Supposing it had been your girlfriend the IRA were holding in the house? Would you have picked up the phone and called the police? Would you?" Although, Dillon attempts to prove his bravery with the opportunity to testify against one of the IRA's men, this move prepares his tragic end. He is trivialized by his own inability to make practical decisions.

The delicate balance between the concepts "cowardice," "duty," "silence," and "courage" provides the reader a better understanding of the characters' inner worlds. Moira's decision to stick to her moral values and publicize the incident, Dillon's radical mood changes on his way to see Father Connolly, and Andrea's query: "Is proving you are not a coward more important than our lives together?"—all these thoughts and behaviours seem to lead to several contradicting results. If you desire to get a wider perspective on these concepts, Michael Dillon's world would definitely lend you a hand.

Unionists, Nationalists, Orange Order or Northern accents... Brian Moore's Lies of Silence will give you the fulfilling details on this world trouble spot, and I can confidently say that the characters, setting, historical facts, and tension will not let you down. If you are up for a well-structured thriller, Lies of Silence is your cup of tea.



Through The Night by Light

Defne Başeren, Junior

A soul screams out at night
so miserably that
it pierces through the skies,
and the high fliers crumble apart
that could resist cursed hues and cries.

No moment is there that
the lonely soul halts to a stop,
and the darkness on its own
thickens the air so much that
it could be chopped.

What was the misery of the soul,
should one ask.
What burden was it
that suffocated the soul so much?

Perhaps it was the mere darkness;
it was the void in black perhaps.
Or was it the unknown after the darkness?
Mayhap the unknown was the darkness itself;
what it held and hid was long since pure misery.

So now drowning in tears proceeded the soul,
ripping through the black,
blind to what may come forth,
blind to the demons
that the night would soon unfold.

The dark forest of concrete laid before.
Is this where all hope shall be abandoned?
Or is this the gate to the heavens?
No doubt it was there that the soul was lost
in search of light
and a mere hand to hold on to.

As the soul walked ahead
seized and anguished by exhaustion,
it fell and surrendered
to the weight of the night,
closed its eyes and simply lied.

And perhaps letting go
was the one and only cure
to the agonizing sorrow of the soul.
Maybe pure delight was letting go
and falling down and down
endlessly to another world itself.

A soul cries at night
and reaches the brightest light,
the holy light swallows
and silences the fright,
and for moments
the soul tastes pure delight.

But the descent from serenity
comes awfully fast
as the soul crashes right to the city
and the torturous night
possesses the glory of the light.

The mere dream ends,
and the darkness even in pure sunlight
only spreads and every night
the cycle recurs only to be
painful sevenfold.

And the journey of the soul,
never ending of a cycle,
goes on and on . . .

Who knows when the soul
will reach true salvation?

Starry Night

Zeynep Cemre Sandalli, Junior



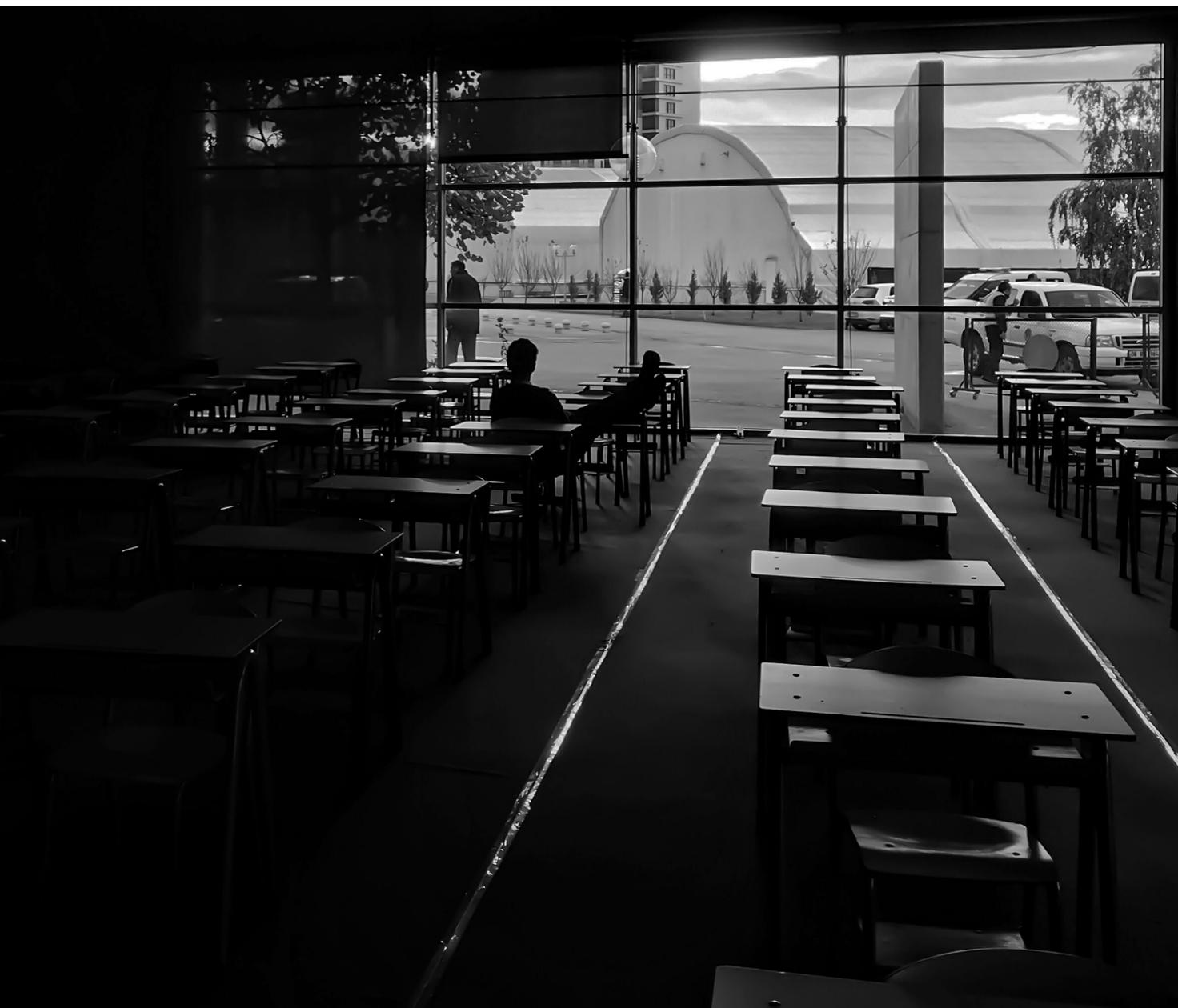
Burcu Özer, Senior

I dive into the milky white night,
not being afraid of the shining ghost,
walking amongst the dashing feathers of the sky.
I stop and behold the stars.

“You can never have all of us” they say.
I know but I pray, pray, and pray
to have each of them, all of them,
even if for a day.

The Man

Meriç Selin Olcay, Sophomore



Can Koz, Senior

The man walked through the empty tunnel;
Everyone was gone, gone home to their families,
Yet he was stuck here coming from a late-night shift.
He wanted to speak, but his wisdom shushed him.

The man walked through the empty streets,
There were millions, yet he felt so alone.
He drowned in a thousand faces,
His skin smothered him,
Only his knowledge kept him on the surface.

He came home to all the same cringing faces.
He was a father, father in a broken home.
Everyone was like a ghost, ignoring one another.
The times they used to smile were kept in wooden frames.

He wished he didn't find his wife passed out, drunk,
Or his daughter, blasting heavy music in her room,
And his son, hurting himself on the bathroom floors.

The man's eyes closed for a second,
And he saw a warm house with life,
A caring daughter and wife, who cooked just for him,
And a son who kept smiling and grinning.

He opened his eyes and saw the ugly truth;
He locked himself up in the bathroom, not like they cared anyway.
He saw the reality too much, lived in it too much, and
Suffered from it too much; he kept screaming stop,
But it was just in his head.

Thoughts buzzed in his head like electric bolts;
They were so fast he couldn't catch up with them;
They were taking over, conquering him finally,
Eliminating him, his life and his thoughts after all these years.

the thoughts controlled him,
but he was finally happy.
he was seeing everything jet black maybe,
but he finally found a way to be relieved.

the man got out from the bathroom, as in a trance,
went to his room and opened his personal drawer;
he got a paper, pen, and his ending,
the thing that will put an end to him finally.

the man wrote a letter starting with "To my dear family..."
and ended it with "I will always love you."
he put it nicely on the table,
took his time to look at himself one last time in the mirror.

he didn't see a man this time;
he saw a tired, poor, unhappy soul;
he saw an emotionless face, tired from faking his smiles all
these years,
a black heart, ready to give up on pumping pain into his veins—
he has died a thousand times on the inside.

a bullet went through his skull
to put a stop to his misery
to finally free his captivated soul
to finally send him where he deserved.

the man was found three minutes later
by his wife, who woke up with a bang ringing in her ears,
by his daughter wondering about the noise that could be
heard over her music,
and his son who was crying in the bathroom again with a
razor in his hand.
they looked at each other with confusion
because they were unable to see how his demons were
destroying him,
couldn't hear his mayday for help.

they thought about all the reasons why he could've done this
to himself,
but they missed the most important thing—
how the wise always keep their mouths shut.

Heart and Mind Analysis

Zeynep Cemre Sandalli, Junior

An Analysis Of "Heart and Mind" by Edith Sitwell
Heart and Mind (1944)

SAID the Lion to the Lioness – 'When you are amber dust, –
No more a raging fire like the heat of the Sun
(No liking but all lust) –
Remember still the flowering of the amber blood and bone,
The rippling of bright muscles like a sea,
5

Remember the rose-prickles of bright paws
Though we shall mate no more
Till the fire of that sun the heart and the moon-cold bone are
one.'
Said the Skeleton lying upon the sands of Time –
'The great gold planet that is the mourning heat of the Sun
10

Is greater than all gold, more powerful
Than the tawny body of a Lion that fire consumes
Like all that grows or leaps...so is the heart
More powerful than all dust. Once I was Hercules
Or Samson, strong as the pillars of the seas:
15

But the flames of the heart consumed me, and the mind
Is but a foolish wind.'
Said the Sun to the Moon – 'When you are but a lonely white
crone,
And I, a dead King in my golden armour somewhere in a dark
wood,
Remember only this of our hopeless love
20

That never till Time is done
Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one.'

Love and desire are timeless, universal emotions that have been the topic of many literary works. In the poem "Heart and Mind" Edith Sitwell explores the relationship between our passions and our rational capacities and highlights the difficult, if not impossible, task of balancing these two forces and the results of one dominating the other.



The poet aims to question whether love (or lust?) and rational thought can co-exist. Do to so, she personifies a lion, a lioness, a skeleton, the sun, and the moon. The Lion tells the Lioness that she will no longer be full of lust when she is dead: “When you are amber dust, -- / No more a raging fire . . .” (lines 1-2). The Lion indicates to his lover that she is going to have this feeling as long as she is alive, yet he believes she should remember the special moments they shared together even after she dies, also suggesting, then, the existence of an immortal spirit and consciousness. The repetition of the word “remember” (4 & 6), also used at the end of the poem by the Sun (20), proves the Lion does not want her to let their memories go and emphasizes the necessity of the mind in order to be aware of our feelings. “Rose prickles of bright paws” (6) can be associated with the heart and love, “rose” standing for love and joy and “prickles” for hardships and pain, two necessary ingredients for true love to exist. Here, Sitwell not only shows us the paradoxical nature of love but also the complex relationship between the heart and mind.

Sitwell depicts the lioness as a lustful, guilt-free person who suffers as a result of unrestrained passions. In the second stanza the Lioness is replaced by the Skeleton as she is now “amber dust” (1). As previously stated, the one who had the extreme of lust was the Lioness, not the Lion, as the Skeleton explains, “the flames of the heart consumed me . . .” (16), so it can’t be the Lion. In the first stanza the Lion is addressing the Lioness; in the last stanza the Sun is addressing the Moon. (Notice the usage of “said...to.”) However, the Skeleton—or the Lioness—speaks to herself which means she is lonely, and thus

being punished perhaps due to her lust, to her inability to control her passions, as she states, “and the mind / Is but a foolish wind” (16-17). Moreover, the idea of “lying upon the sands of time” (9) might be compared to a sea, which is also boundless and thus be considered a dangerous place as it is possible for anyone to get lost at sea and die. Additionally, the Skeleton / Lioness admits she was once living a better life: “Once I was Hercules / Or Samson, strong as the pillars of the seas: / But the flames of the heart consumed me” (14-16). The hyperbolic use of mythical figures such as Hercules and Samson could represent her larger-than-life past as a young, care-free adventurer. Readers expect her to be remorseful, but that she dismisses the mind as a “foolish wind” makes it difficult for readers to sympathize with her. Finally, the “flowering of the amber blood and bone” (4) reminds us of birth and growth, in short, life. On the surface these ideas might seem positive, but this “flowering” does not give her a beautiful life, and the blood was “amber,” not red, indicative of being pale and sick. This detail suggests that from the very beginning it was obvious she would not live a normal life.

Sitwell confronts us again with a very real paradox for all humans throughout time. The title “Heart and Mind” suggests they can co-exist: It is not heart vs. mind. However, the Sun says to the Moon in the last two lines, “never till Time is done / Will the fire of the heart and the fire of the mind be one” (21-22). The word “fire” is used for the heart throughout the poem until the end when Sitwell advertently uses it for the mind, too, trying to tell us that even if there were such a similarity, they’d still be two completely different things working within the same body but not working together. In other

words, the poet might be suggesting that lust and uncontrollable love are potentially dangerous and destructive and often lead to agony when not tempered by the mind, but try as we may to check our passions, we generally fail because not only does the “fire” of the heart trump the “fire” of the mind but also they are heading in very different directions with two very different functions. Much like the heart and the mind, the Sun and the Moon seem to be separate from the other personified things shown in the previous stanzas, for under no circumstances can they come together. They cannot even see each other. The Sun, therefore, thinks this is “hopeless love” (20). Nevertheless, he never gives up on loving the Moon; the heart never gives up loving and reminds the mind about the power of love as symbolized by “the heat of the Sun” (2), an image developed throughout the poem. Every organism needs sun. Otherwise, we would all perish. On the other hand, getting too much sunlight can cause severe health problems. Therefore, the amount should be balanced, but that balance is difficult to achieve because of the “raging fire,” (2) the intensity of desire that torments us throughout our lives. The poet clearly demonstrates that even when two bodies—whether they are celestial, wild animals, or humans—cannot come together, love (or hope) still has the power to dominate.

Edith Sitwell claims that our passions have the very real potential to rule over our lives and that striking a balance between them (our heart’s desire and our mind’s reasoning abilities) is not only an intense life-long struggle but one that can and quite frequently does end in failure and heartbreak.

Unrequited Love

Serra Su Cömert, Junior

Oh, perfect reflection!
Why won't you ever love me back?
I reckon, you're under the impression
Of the terrible weight I have on my back.

Beautiful, perfect, magnificent—
That's what you are.
On a moonless night and a dark sky,
You're the brightest star.

I, on the other hand,
Am nothing but a handful.
Reckless, unappreciative, resentful—
I have the brightness of a new moon!

You, the North Star, the biggest of all,
Famous, loved, the Dove;
and I, the eclipse, just a sinner,
We could never be together!

Oh, glorious reflection!
Why won't you ever love me back?
I am lost, because
You will never crack!

Between The Lanes

Can Koz, Senior



Burcu Özer, Senior

Going round in circles
 Chasing my tail,
 Sometimes this life
 Just feels like a
 Fail.
 When the hail stones fall,
 Cause collateral damage,
 Then melt, evaporate,
 And simply vanish,
 I am left asking
 Why?
 Why should I care if it crumbles and falls,
 Or be bothered if I'm caught
 In the rain when it pours?

The mountains don't care,
 They have been there forever,
 And sun may get blocked,
 But it rises despite the weather.

Somebody laid this road
 In the past;
 They choose from A to B
 This way would be fast;
 They made it nice and easy,
 Just stay between the lanes.

We'll wind you round the mountain—
 Don't go speeding, you will be fine,
 But that's so boring!

I want to paint some lines,
 I want to add my path
 To this map
 Before I die.

So thank you for your guidance,
 For the rules and the pointers,

But if I decide to go
 Straight at the mountain,
 Then please
 Don't be disappointed.

Somniac Affliction

Kaan Ünlü TED alum, class of 2016



Kaan Ünlü TED alum, class of 2016

PART I

What am I doing?

...I am running.

What am I running from?

Hustles and bustles and rustles and whispers. But nothing on sight... Better not stop until I find out.

Where am I?

I close my eyes. Ah... That ambient smell of resin and the faint touch of cut grass... No, not cut grass: Larches. And citrus, but more astringent? Must be hemlocks. Dorian Hemlocks. So familiar...

Something is bothering me... What am I missing?

Stomps on the mud stop, whispers cease, wind is silent on the leaves. Maybe they lost me. Maybe I am lost.

I stop. Fiddling my bare feet in the cold mud, I sigh as petrichor rushes through my nostrils. I know this flora from somewhere, yet I cannot quite name it.

I open my eyes.

It must be because of her again. Her. Her? Wait.

Who is she? What if... I wasn't running from, but instead was running after? I cannot remember. Presently, I cannot recall anything else either. Thus, I do not seem to have much of a choice at this point besides following whatever path I was faring before I stopped, be it towards the hunt or the hunter. So begins my pursuit again, and I run.

My whisking through the faded underbrush from beneath one patchy canopy to another reaches an abrupt end as after about an hour that seemed to stretch to no end, my initial determination gave way to still despondence by silent and cruel oppression through the ominous rustling of the leaves, determined on their own, and the mocking sun impaling

the tired rain clouds whose tears mudding the beaten path. But just when torpor tears through as I realize I had lost all trail I thought I was tracking for hours long, I take a scent: a pungent fragrance, one that is forlorn, lonely for long, with the sullen taste of a century old moss, draping with cloudburst. I instinctively imagine that this is not at all native to the flora. I know I'm nearing something, something distant, like a dream, so with a final push I run again, towards wherever the scent hauls me.

After a few more moments, I arrive... At somewhere... Something preposterous, like a vomited dream, the manifestation of a night terror, heavy on the conscience, unyieldingly pressing down my chest. It is a double-winged monolithic stone gate, thrice my height, smeared by moss, surrounded by stone walls that fade into the shrouding woods on both sides, eternally hateful to whomever wanting to pass. The smell is more overwhelming than ever before, inviting but not for any reason that should appeal to a sane person. Well, if I were as sane as those I coveted, I wouldn't have spent my whole life in a forest hiding from them. Maybe that is why the call seems so personal, tempting; maybe that's why it feels so intimate, burning my nostrils with every sniff and stirring my every sense with acute nostalgia even when I know that I've never experienced the smell ever before in my lucid life.

As I look up for a closer inspection of the cold enigma, I see a round shape on the middle of the gate, just high enough for me to be able reach it. I take a step back to be able to see the shape more clearly: It is probably a seal, a round engraving, in the shape of a hand, a bit worn; but somehow there are no chips or cracks on it like the remainder of the large gate. I come close again and reach for the engraving, tracing through its contours, trying to feel its shape and texture. It is... Small. Probably of the size of a human child of... I don't know, five harvests old? Maybe.

I slowly pull my hand back and clench my fists in sorrow, not because of any reasons my brain can fathom, but with a feeling of long-buried resent whose source just refuses to reveal itself to me. I look to my right and left, instinctively looking for anything in a hurry before fixing my stare back at the monolithic monstrosity. I stretch my hand towards the gate again, and push, without much hope but simply for the sake of trying.

The atrocious bulwark surprisingly slides albeit slightly with my relatively soft push. Surprised, I take a fast step back; then encouraged, I push again, with all my strength. The stone wing slides again, pushing aside the beaten mud as it does, growling in a muffled tone. I stagger as my hands slip from the wet stone, and I stagger forward and fall down in a poodle of mud among a bed of overgrown grass and wild weed. After that sweet short moment of sleepy collapse and silent serenity when my only company was the invasive plants looming over me, the wind changes direction and the damp air brushes against my sedated face. I rise up, my whole body shaken and horripilated.

And there she is: clad in grey silken cloak, its tips stained with half dried mud, waving in the wind that so recently turned bitter with frostbite and her narrow chest moving up and down in short breaths.

"Even you aren't as young as you used to be mother."

I inadvertently choke in my saliva upon hearing the words she uttered. Trying to shake off the feeling of nausea that just took hold and gather myself together, I look up in bewilderment. I open my mouth, but no words come out, and she speaks again with her voice oh so mature and tender, carried aloft with the wind among her soft pants:

"Oh dear, you don't even remember me do you?"

"I...uh, who...are you?"

A moment of silence and she speaks again.

"'Tis not avoidable it seems..."

She sighs heavily and her panting stops.

"Do you remember who you are?"

"What kind of witless question is that? I mean, of course I rememb..."

I stop as I realize "I... don't?"

A smile so compassionate, mayhap even pitiful gradually takes form on her face as she starts her slow waltz towards me: "You don't."

"No-no no, no no no no no no no—It's you isn't it? YOU ARE DOING THIS TO ME! It has to be..."

"Someone once told me when I was a little girl that dreams are more oft than not hazy: that you don't usually have the privilege to walk through them lucid, or be able to pinpoint what was and what was not, what had or had not and even more a time, not even remember their inflictions after waking up... And on the remote possibility that you did, it would feel like the stains of a past life, the unflinching grudge of your echoes refusing to loosen their clutch on you. That someone was you, mother. Make no mistake however, I am not at all saying that 'tis a dream, no. Pull your fingers and pinch yourself and scream all you want, you are not going to wake up. "

"Stop calling me mother for Christ's sake! My memory had been just fine until... Until I ended up running in this abominable maze of yours!"

"Mine? Ah, no." Soft splats on the mud steadily get closer and she continues: "This maze is yours mother, the gate, the walls, the forest. It is not only yours, but it is also you, your essence, your meaning."

A fast step and she closes in while I'm paralyzed. A whisper stabs my ears: "The crest. Surely you noticed, how could you not? It was you who had my handprint brand the monolith." Her hand swiftly and softly caresses my face, almost mocking my very existence.

"But you don't remember..." She turns around and takes a step: "How could I expect you to, after all that has happened?"

Silence ensues, and her voice reaches me again: "Do you wish to know?"

Five words: stern, precise, responsible even.

"Know what?"

She still stands facing her back to me, no evidence of movement at all, as if even her voice doesn't belong to her lips, but to a ghostly apparition I forgot of long ago. The flowing words increase in pace: "You know well enough what: What had been, was, is, will be... Of you—" She turns her face to me half-way, hood of her cloak stroking in the ireful wind, covering her face still. "That wretched creature thou art. Now tell me mother, do you want to know again, remember and let the agony start anew?"

"I... Yes."

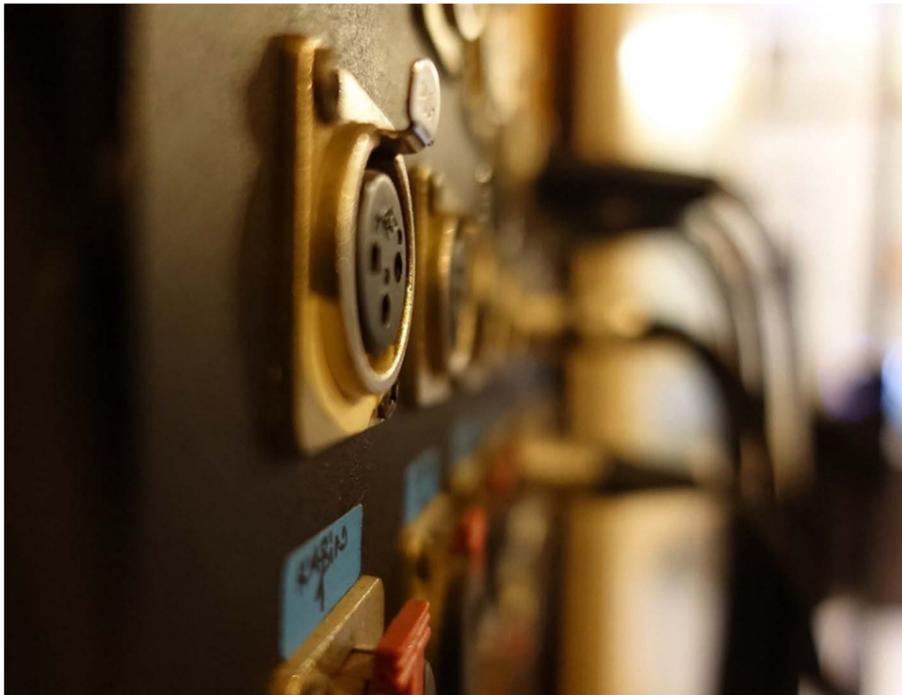
As I blink, she is suddenly above me, with towering might surrounded by a brooding shroud under the silken cloak waving relentlessly over her narrow shoulders to blot out the drowned sun. For the first time since I saw her, her face is a breath away, all visible to my eyes, illuminated perversely by her burning eyes and cracked visage, where blighted light is seeping from each and every fissure. After a second an eon long, she finally speaks, this time her voice crackling like thunder:

"So be it."

-end of part 1-

Technology through Art

Naz Dündar, Senior



Can Koz, Senior

Technology is most likely to be considered as the art of the 21st century. The things people used to do by hand spending hours and days can be done in less than ten minutes using technology. People can create music, paintings, dance and all kinds of art with the use of technology. Art is maybe being replaced with the developing technology, but that doesn't necessarily mean art is going to be lost. Art has always existed throughout history. Even in the simpler times, people had used different forms of art to communicate and even survive.

Technology is knowledge, is development, is civilization. The new technological improvements are highly impressive, and they could be used to support art. For example, dance had always been around. But without the music or the lighting made through technology, it wouldn't look nearly as good. Instead of looking at art and technology as separate things, we can consider them as two supportive areas. Art is technology and technology is art itself.

Art should not be lost just because technology is replacing it. Art can actually be improved through technology. For example, poetry is one of the most important pieces of art. Even something as simple as poetry can be developed by technology. Flarf is an avant-garde poetry movement of the early 21st century. It shows us that art can be developed with the use of technology. Another way of using technology could be to preserve the artwork of a painter from a dozen decades ago. Dance could be more rhythmical and upbeat with techno music. Cameras could be used to capture the most beautiful moments of the day and be saved forever.

Even though some people believe life was better off without technology, the world

is actually a better place with it. It doesn't necessarily erase the values we possessed before or reduce the workforce we put into display. Technology was not developed in a day. The improvements of technology started with the discovery of fire and the hard work of thousands of brilliant minds has brought it where it is now. Looking from another perspective, technology is a more civilized area of art.

It has been supported by many people that technology and art are almost impossible to be dealt with separately. "Today, these two seemingly distinct disciplines are interlinked more than ever, with technology being a fundamental force in the development and evolution of art" (Gever). Darwin stated years ago that natural selection was the "survival of the fittest" and humanity is only fitting technology into their lives in order to make life easier.

Technology and art are merging, and they should not be considered as opposed sides, rather, they are one, and they can make one another better. "The lines between high art versus popular culture and who consumes them seem to be blurring" (Tanneeru). Technology supports art towards innovation for the next generations because some things simply have to change for a better future.

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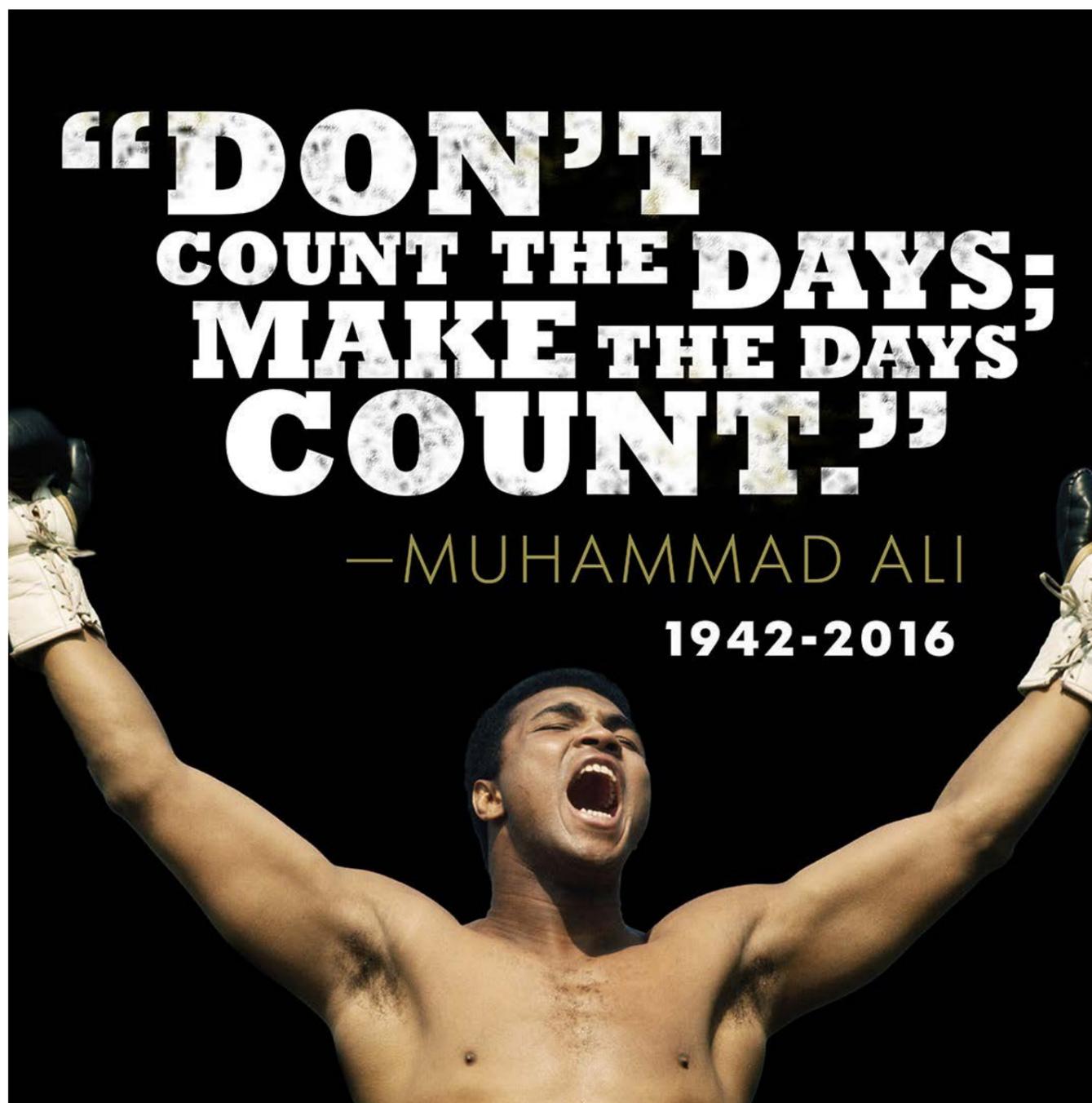
My Weakness

İsra Gökçe Aşıcı, Junior



Reyhan Ertan, Junior

Like everything,
It will pass and be a faint memory.
And I will forget as if it never happened.
Because of my soft heart,
My brain will erase it quickly.
It was a furious voice,
Now it turned to a whisper,
Soon it will be just a breath.



The Fight Against Cassius

Ege Öndeş, Senior

A rumble across the floor,
Trying for the final sting
Against his rival, justifying
His jibes, one after another.

Arenas applauding all the time—
The Greatest—as usual.
Now he can live with
His glory—undeniable.

Fight, an ordinary chant,
For those who shout it,
For him, a way of life
In a life against him,

A life which saw his champions
Taken away, his people sent to battle,
A life that pushed him to become
The next champion for his people.

Then the rivalry began
To be the rising fist
Against the whip
And against “Cassius.”

A fighter he was, courageous enough
To pick a fightback for yet another rivalry,
As a “traitor,” as “disqualified”
To rewrite the then solid hegemony.

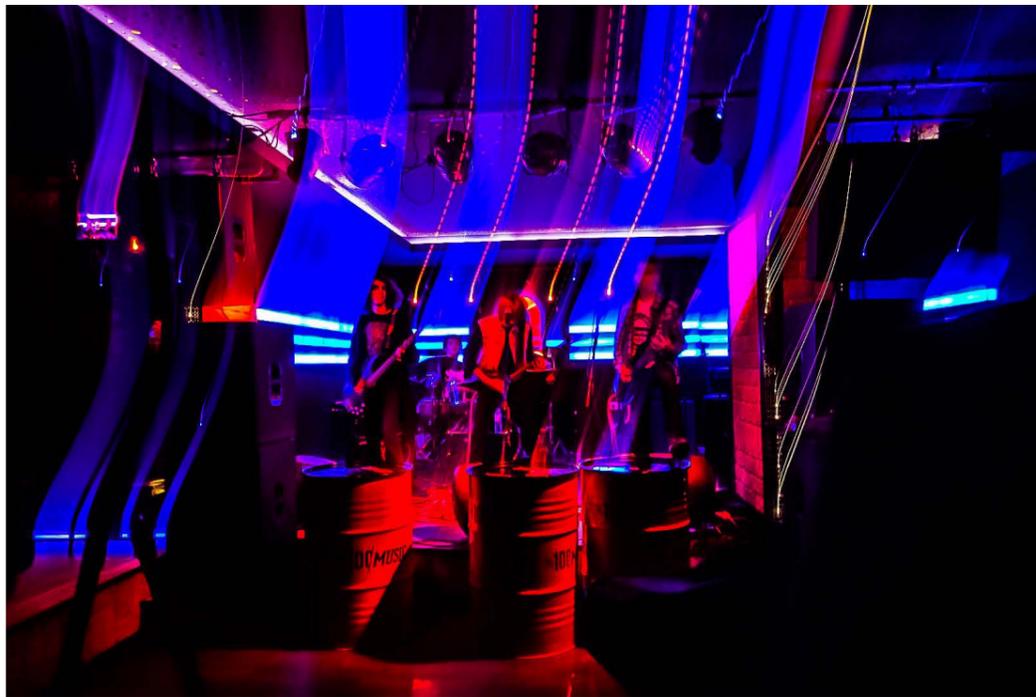
Fight back for those unable
To take a bottle of water
Or sit down to a bus seat
Without pure equality.

Inside and outside the ring
Fights were won in style,
The domination inside was
A matter of statistics.

The verdict given, outside,
On an unlikely fightback,
Given by those with pride:
“I am Ali.”

Make It Count

Can Koz, Senior



Can Koz, Senior

Make it good,
 Make it fast,
 Make it cheap;
 You can't make it all,
 But you can make something.

It's binary
 Create consumer—
 Make something,
 Make nothing—

One
 Zero

As they say, will you use your tools for a's or u's
 Or use your tools to improve humanity

It is a travesty, the wasted creations placed into
 narratives as openly as the idea of nations.

Today the question remains what you will make.

It's not a question of evil; it's the question of
 wasting away,

Staying on your heels waiting for someone to
 make you, but wait,

Someone already made you—

You won the fertility lottery

It's your turn to make.

You have got to put your energy into the world
 before that energy kills your arteries

Make a legacy,
 Make love,
 Make origami,
 Make equations,
 Make space,
 Make peace that congress,
 Make truth naked,
 Make music,
 Make movement,
 Make the state more than your fair share,
 Make enough of them to make up your friends,
 Make whatever you want,
 Make it good,
 Make it fast,
 Make it cheap—
 You can't make it all,
 But you can give it all away.
 Make it now, make it now, make it now!

Social Media

Kerem Batuhan Yucel, Sophomore



You stole a big part of our lives before we even realised,
An escape from the harsh reality, you took us under your charm,
A place where anyone can act like anybody,
What could be the harm?

You captured us in your world and we never realised,
Into an artificial world with no boundaries, you welcomed everyone,
Fooled by your so called freedom, we stepped in ,
What else could we have done?

You manipulated us and we never realised,
Blackmailed by our insecurities, we became your captives,
We had forgotten how to really socialize
What shame it became on our lives!

You were like a contagious disease, we had been to late to realise,
Addicted to the kindness of your universe, we had to deny the truth,
So we named you social media, noone was to criticise.



Dorukhan Tanriverdi, Junior

Memory Remains

Naz Dündar ,Senior

CHARACTERS

Candice Elgort
Dr. Gerard

ACT ONE

INTERIOR OF HOSPITAL LOBBY: Candice Elgort, 23, takes a deep breath and enters the hospital. She's very nervous and she keeps playing with her hair. She looks around. There are a few people in the halls but it's mostly vacant. She takes a deep breath and starts walking to the receptionist.

CANDICE: Hi. I'm an intern, Candice Elgort. I'm supposed to meet Dr. Gerard here. (While receptionist looks through the files, Dr. Gerard, 51, who's already sitting next to the desk stands up. He puts his hand out for a handshake.)

DR. GERARD: Hey, Ms. Elgort. I was waiting for you. (Candice is surprised to see him there. She suddenly smiles and shakes his hand.)

CANDICE: Dr. Gerard?

DR. GERARD: That's what they call me. (They smile. Candice is still nervous but she keeps smiling.)

DR. GERARD: You're a few minutes early. I like that in people.

CANDICE: I hate making people wait.

DR. GERARD: Looks like we're going to get along just fine. Shall we go up?

CANDICE: We shall. (They start walking towards the elevators. Dr. Gerard presses the button and they start waiting.)

DR. GERARD: I'm very pleased to have you here. So, tell me about yourself. Why did you choose neurology? I thought medical studies were... for "nerds" as you kids call them. You seem like a pretty girl.

CANDICE: As flattered as I am, I've always been interested in biology and how the human body works. (The elevator reaches the ground floor and they get into it.)

DR. GERARD: Every neurologist I know has a reason to have chosen this branch. What's your story?

CANDICE: Brain is where the journey begins and ends. It's fascinating and I'm really excited to learn more about it.

DR. GERARD: I see your point.

CANDICE: Was that why you also chose to be a neurologist?

DR. GERARD: No. I wanted answers.

CANDICE: I've read all about your research. You were working on a drug that could wake people up from coma, right?

DR. GERARD: Indeed I am. The drug's purpose is to carry triggering neurons to the brain via blood. It increases their chances of waking up. I couldn't save my daughter 10 years ago but I can save other people now.

CANDICE: I'm really sorry for your loss. (The elevator's doors open and they get out. Dr. Gerard is walking fast and Candice runs to catch up. They walk down the hall with hospital wards on each side.)

DR. GERARD: So am I. I'm doing this to honor her memory. It's quite tough, you know.

CANDICE: How far along are you in the study?

DR. GERARD: I have four samples. All with different formulas. For now, I only have one test subject the laws allow me to experiment on.

CANDICE: A guinea pig?

DR. GERARD: I'm way past that stage. I tried all four samples in dozens of guinea pigs and now one of them is ready for the next step.

CANDICE: But isn't the drug dangerous?

DR. GERARD: For the brain dead? For people who are in a vegetative state and never going to wake up? They have nothing to lose, although ethics is a huge obstacle in biology. I was sure I was never going to get the chance to experiment on an actual human being.

CANDICE: I think I see where this is going.

DR. GERARD: Exactly. I found someone.

INT. HOSPITAL WARD: Candice and Dr. Gerard enter the room where Roman Keller is sleeping hooked to some machines. Roman is 23 years old, he has dark hair. He's in a coma. The ward is empty besides him. The news is on TV. Candice looks at Roman with sympathy. They walk towards him.

DR. GERARD: Meet Roman Keller. He was in a car accident with his parents a week ago, his parents are dead, he's a vegetable. No other relatives. He's mine to experiment on.

CANDICE: Do you really believe it's right?

DR. GERARD: You're here to help me, Ms. Elgort. You can give me your opinions and help me with the drug and the process but you don't get to judge me.

CANDICE: I didn't mean to... I'm sorry.

DR. GERARD: It's okay. I finally have a chance to test and use my drug. I want to be successful.

CANDICE: I get it. I care a little too much for ethics that's all.

DR. GERARD: He's going to die either way. But MAYBE I can help him. Maybe I can help everyone. Don't you think it's worth a try? (Candice sighs and nods while looking at Roman sadly.)

INT. LABORATORY: Candice and Dr. Gerard enter his laboratory. Candice looks around. There are machines, microscopes and test tubes all around. She walks around feeling doctor's tools with her hands. She smiles while looking around the room.

DR. GERARD: Like what you're seeing? This is where you will be studying for the next four months. You can give me your opinions, make experiments, treat some patients, or stay and watch while I treat them.

CANDICE: That's my only job?

DR. GERARD: Sadly, no. I'm going to give you a very important job. I want you to observe our coma patient at all times. Spend time with him. Keep him comfortable. Talk to him.

CANDICE: Are you serious?

DR. GERARD: You think just because he's sleeping means he can't hear you?

CANDICE: Can he?

DR. GERARD: It's believed that they can. And with my new drug, his senses will be multiplied. He's not just going to hear you; he's going to understand you—even feel you!

CANDICE: And you think he's gonna' be cured?

DR. GERARD: Hopefully. (Candice looks around again. Then she changes the subject.)

CANDICE: Does the hospital budget cover it all?

DR. GERARD: This study is quite expensive but there are some wealthy investors who believe I'm going to get somewhere.

CANDICE: That's a lot of generosity.

DR. GERARD: They're just doing it because they think they're going to get even more money if I succeed. It's really selfish if you

think about it. (Candice nods her head with doubt. Dr. Gerard goes near the table and shows Candice the drug, Pyrdolamin.)

DR. GERARD: Meet Pyrdolamin, Ms. Elgort. It's a drug that alerts the nerves all over the human body and forces them to function, and in these cases, to wake up.

CANDICE: What's the formula? Why hasn't anyone found it yet?

DR. GERARD: I've been trying for thirty years, and I got nothing in the first twenty of them.

After my daughter . . .

CANDICE: You wanted to succeed.

DR. GERARD: It's become personal, Ms. Elgort. I just want her to know that I'm at least trying. I'm not going to give up.

CANDICE: If this really works . . . It will be ground-breaking.

DR. GERARD: I just want to prove it to myself that I do have the ability to cure people.

CANDICE: This will basically wake them from the dead.

DR. GERARD: Fingers crossed, Ms. Elgort. Do you really want to help me?

CANDICE: Absolutely.

Requiem For A Bud

Zeynep Cemre Sandalli, Junior



Can Koz, Senior

In the heart of the enchanting garden of consciousness,
A passion cracked open, offering its bud,
A bright ornament to the earth.

Protected as a pearl by the Golden King,
Detested and envied by the ailing Moon,
All the bud had around to troop with
Were the soft, delicate prickles.

Standing amongst the bloody daisies,
All plucked, no longer speaking of love,
She had to fade rapidly,
Under the starry sky, her enemy,
Who left a glooming joy each time she vanished.

Lying upon the rocks of hope,
Waiting to be thrown away,
She beheld the reeking red roses
And drew nearer to them.

"I will no longer be lonely," she believed,
Or she wished to.

In the blink of an eye, first the roses,
Then all the flowers started to whip the bud.

They did not let her come closer.
All together they whipped the bud.

The peaceful garden
Had just swallowed another victim.

Bastille

Lara Oral, Junior

(A poem inspired by an assortment of Bastille songs)

Driving ourselves insane
 About all that's left behind,
 Searching for something that'll keep us sane,
 A passion, an untaken way to find
 Trying to leave our marks
 For the time we're no longer around,
 Lost control, surrendered by sharks,
 We go round and round
 Being crashed under the weight of living,
 Clinging on that one aim, dreaming
 We're still trying to climb up the wall.
 No one's here to sleep; don't give up you all.
 Do dare to follow your beating heart.
 Don't be scared, take that different path;
 After all it's just another night
 That we will create a wonderful mess and fight.
 There is no such thing as a defeat;
 Just think of this as a treat.
 Regrets are pointless; just go to sleep,
 And then wake up, glad that you are not a sheep.
 As long as you can stand
 The person that you've become,
 Burry those voices in the sand,
 And think of all you've overcome.
 In the end you, yourself,
 Are the only person you can ever be
 With all your flaws and twisted self,
 Love who you are and just be carefree.
 You can do anything, no matter how bizarre,
 But if you ever don't know how,
 Remember, you've already come this far,
 So do ask yourself, why just quit now?

Kaan Ünlü TED alum, class of 2016



Burcu Özer, Senior

Wander and Redemption

Defne Dilbaz, Senior

Everything was going on in its own grandiose splendor until one day Mia was called for a job in the city. The town we lived in, Lacrose, was not far away, yet due to the unbearable traffic, it would have been nothing but impossible for her to come see me at any time. "I'll come when I have the chance," she told me with a comforting smile, so I kissed her goodbye before watching her plane take off.

Not long ago, we had found a new apartment that was suitable for any bachelor. Yet on our minds, we would have decorated and furnished the pale walls of the apartment with ornaments that fitted our personality. Now, the house was long sold to another family who could have made full-time use of it.

Now is the key word here because life has just recently started to change. When she's gone, she expects me to either call her each half hour, or she wants me to send her a gooey text message about how my day went. Days were passing by and a few days were bearable until we received the news that her job was going to get extended and further improvised, meaning that she no longer held actual visits. Technological advancements were our only means of communication.

At 7 a.m.: wake up, fry the egg, toast the bread and sip some coffee with the companion of a voicemail exclaiming, "Three months till the big day!" The abrupt punctuality could have also been used as my wakeup call provided that work was not much demanding. With all the girls I have ever been with so far, I feel the most connected yet the most awkward about my relationship which leads me into counseling with my therapist, Andrew. "All women are like that," he begins, "and most women don't even make sense most the time they're speaking."

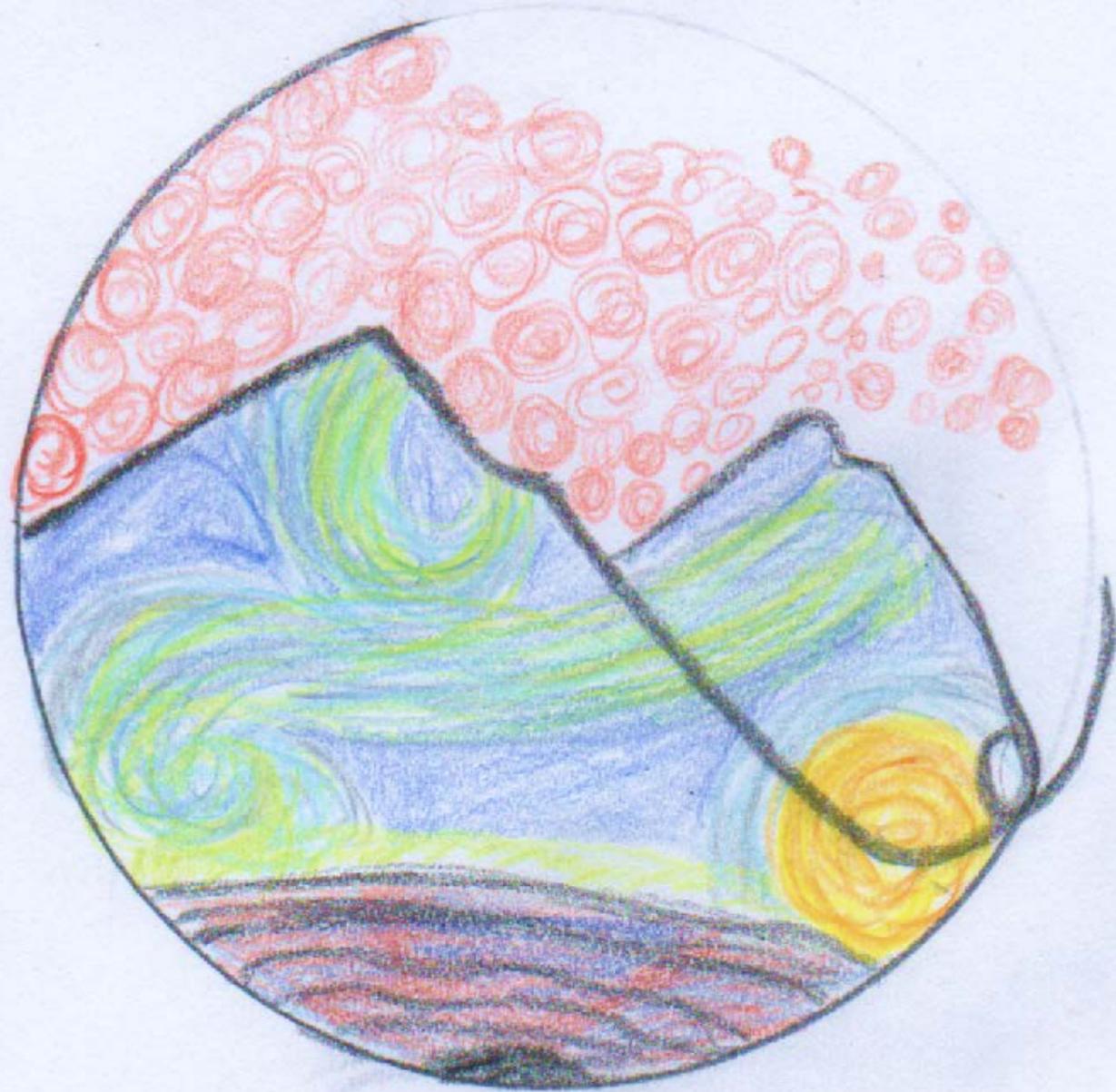
However, her voice is always in my head as if there's a gong banging over my skull. "Take the garbage out, wash the dishes, do the shopping," she texts. Without a chance to complain, I do so.

Suddenly, I find myself in a vicious cycle that restarts every morning. I start entering the space bar more often than I should, as if there's a blank space that needs to be filled. The thoughts in my head are unquestionable, even out of reach of Andrew's counseling. So when cigarettes aren't an option anymore, I turn my face towards one solution I can only find.

The bar is not as crowded as most bars, yet it is filled with many unknown faces. People wonder with beverages of some low-quality alcohol, trying desperately to make up their minds about something. And me, well, I only sip some of my scotch. At least that is how it all started.

The southern girl was most probably a few years younger than I, and she was wearing a sexy blouse showing a bit too much cleavage in her inefficient lingerie. So she sat next to me while trying to make me speak. At least I thought she wanted a conversation whereas her intentions were out of my reach.

The next morning I found myself in downtown Lacrose with some blonde hair in my face. Yet I realized nothing until the 7 a.m. call from Mia. Trying to take a grip of myself, I stepped up and somehow found myself in the lavatory. "Good morning, sweetie," she began and I listened to her as she continued with the despondent mediocrity of her speech. "I know you always tell me, but anything wrong?" she asked. I just made up something about work, and she tried to soothe me by saying that we'll achieve what we've worked so hard for. "I know we've had so many ups and downs, but there's little left. Everything will be better when I return," she tried to assure me. But it never was from that point on.



Ekin Karya Tekelioğlu, Junior

Moonlit

Serra Su Cömert, Junior

You are the Moon,
The balance in the sky,
The ruler of the jungle,
Beautiful and bright,
I fell for you at first sight.

I am just a lonely outsider,
Writing and wandering with no purpose,
Insignificant and small—
Nothing compared to my muse,
My love for you.

I am out of my mind,
Collecting rainbow dimes
And the tears of the clouds,
The thing burning in my eyes
Is sunlight.

But darling, all my colorful imagery,
My bohemian metaphors,
Could never stand a chance
Against those eyes of yours—
Warm and cozy, covered with snow and storms!

I beg for your mercy, spare me!
Please let me go, leave me be!
I am just a lonely peasant
Confused by all this light
And you're the Moon, shining beautifully bright!



Ekin Karya Tekelioğlu, Junior



Yağmur Bektaş TED alum, class of 2016

Stories of the Colours

Alkim Mayalık, Senior

Listening to the stories of the colours,
I learn the insights of them.

Red tells me that she is angry;
She is rageful, furious, disillusioned.

Grey, mentioning about his will
To be naïve again; his endless trials to be so,
To get rid of the black in it and to reach the endless light.

White. Looks me in the eye and crawls for help;
Wants my help to stay white

As I am chatting with blue who teaches me to think infinitely,
To live freely.

Black comes and tells me that he is afraid.
"Afraid of what?" I ask with astonishment.
'Cause I know that black is one free colour:
Free of rage, free of pressure. Free of fear.
He judges my prejudice.
"Did I not teach you anything?" he asks with anger.
"I am afraid to fail," he says,
"Because everyone thinks that I am a failure."

Black. Uncertain, unstable, hidden,
Afraid of being exposed, afraid to be seen, to be understood,
Cries for my advice. "White," I answer with great certainty.

Green comes, desiring to learn who I am,
What I do, how I become me?
Shows me the sincerity,

But then, they all leave.
All taught me something, gave me some valuable information.
But now I am alone. I am lonely.
I learn that I hate to be on my own.
I am afraid to get lost. To be spotted.
I am drowning in the depth of my thoughts:
Who am I?

A Touch of Amber

Naz DüNDAR, Senior



Ayşe Ece Aslan, Senior

Part I

Why do we catch feelings? They're like plaque. Someone caught them once, and they spread uncontrollably. We're condemned to look for a relationship that will make us feel like we're living in a cheesy romantic comedy where all obstacles are somehow beaten, where everything works out at the end. Hopeless romantics end up overcoming distances, and the nonbelievers start to believe somehow.

Why do we write? Why are we always in a desperate need to tell all these stories? Is it because we want to get rid of some of the emotional burden we bear or because we simply don't want our memories to fade and slowly disappear in time? The main reason that makes me sit in front of a flat laptop screen for at least four hours every day is my fear of forgetfulness. Goodbyes are not my strongest suit, and I sure cannot stand forgetting the meaning of what I once fought so hard not to let go of. All I knew when I started writing this particular piece was the fact that I needed to find

a way to set myself free from all my agony.

Nevertheless, I found myself looking at the stars again. Plain silence. The only thing I could hear were waves crashing on the shore and a few crickets singing. This was my peaceful place. The house used to belong to my grandparents, and ever since I was a little girl, I would spend my summers here. It was a three-story beach house with a killer rooftop of my own, and I could decorate it any way I wanted to. There was a porch swing, a family-sized paddling pool, two white pool sunbeds, and a cocktail table. I know it sounds a little too pretentious, but I loved spending my nights up in this heavenly place where I could watch the calm moonlit sea in absolute silence.

However, there was something different with the way things were this time around. I had one too many thoughts invading my head, and I had no idea how I was going to get rid of them. I was experiencing all kinds of different emotions all at once, and it was rather painful. Missing him was starting to define me, and I was hating every single thing about it.

I could vent to my best friends. They were always just a phone call away. However, they were all having fun in the summertime, and I didn't want to get any of them down with my issues. They had been there for me for the breakup. They gave me all the famous best-friend advice and sacrificed their shoulders so I could cry on them. That was all they could do, really. The rest was meant to happen inside my head. I knew how the process worked—I just didn't want to deal with the consequences of forgetting.

I wanted to contact him so badly. My whole body would start to tremble every time my phone made a sound. Usually the texts were either from my friends checking up on me or they were from Verizon, which were the most annoying type of texts. I needed to keep reminding myself that he would've contacted me if he wanted to talk to me. If I weren't receiving any texts, it was because it was over for him.

My best friend Lea gave me the best advice anyone had ever given me. Enjoy your breakup. This is the only time when you can cry and mourn after your ex and no one will accuse you of losing

your mind. You're 16. Be a teenager. Cry. Cry till no tears are coming anymore, and then cry a little more. It made a powerful impact on me. My heart was broken, and there was nothing left to do. If I weren't meant to enjoy anything else for some time, why not enjoy my breakup?

Instead of crying and whining over a long-dead relationship, I focused on writing. There wasn't a particular text type of my choosing. I wrote him letters, songs, poems, and stories—anything to keep my poor little mind busy. Even after my drive account was bursting with documents, nothing seemed to cut it. I needed something more. If I didn't get this story out, it was going to drive me crazy.

The idea of writing to him got old pretty quickly. The words started repeating themselves, and I was running out of topics. Also, it was fairly boring to some extent because loving him was one of the feelings I never wanted to get sick of, and losing him was already getting dull.

What if I wrote about a fictional future? I knew more or less what would happen if we ever encountered one another sometime in the future. The only thing that broke us up was the undefeatable distance, and it was pretty clear that we had some serious unfinished business between us. Who knew how things might've turned out? Maybe he would apologize for his mistakes the next day or maybe not ever. Would it matter? Not really.

I chose to write the introduction part after I've finished my story because I didn't have a specific ending to it when I first started writing. I was basically going to let my fingers decide if we finally got our happy ending or not. Looking back at the time I spent getting over him, I'm glad that I chose to channel my anger, disappointment, and pain towards something more useful than just locking myself up in my room crying about it. I made the right decision when I refused to be depressed over something so stupid and to make the best out of it. I've spent my whole life trying to put my feelings into words, and I never felt like I truly achieved it until this story was completed. I still don't understand the concept of why we use words.

All I know is this time, I definitely got it right.

Peacock

Beria Naz Edirne, Sophomore



He was moving around exquisitely,
 Attentively looking to the vicinity,
 Searching for a mate, hoping to find a bevy,
 To show his magnificent feathers.

India has never seen such a brilliant creature,
 You Indian peacock, with your brightest feathers,
 And your metallic blue-green body,
 And unique feature.

Now, use those bright feathers,
 Make them vibrate!
 Either way, a drab peahen can't resist,
 Your majesty.

Now, bring your train forward,
 Covered with fluorescent colours,
 So delicate, like a crystal structure,

Suicide

İsra Gökçe Aşıcı, Junior



Burcu Özer, Senior

It is the hardest thing you know—
To fight with yourself.
You can't have any silent moments;
You can't just close your eyes and release even for a second.

It's the hardest thing you know—
To hate yourself.
You can't just run away and erase everything;
You can't just forget and move on.

I wish it would be possible to run away,
Running away and being free from my skin,
From the judgmental looks, the threatening eyes—
I will take your life.

It's the hardest thing you know—
Always hope and wait for the time to come.
You can't just find something else to think about and relax;
You can't just ignore your inner desires and continue without them.

I wish it would be possible to escape,
Escape from my voice, myself,
And be someone else,
Like you think you are until you look in the mirror.

These are hard times, being sure never will get better,
Crushing my bones silently,
Choking me to death, the rope overcoming me until the time comes,
Where the scene ends with a piece of paper
and a hanging body.

The Potential of Companionship

Elif Naz Oktay, Senior



Reyhan Ertan, Junior

The sense of companionship, which has lost its value over recent years, is the main source of courage and support that connect people to life and detach them from solitude. Since human nature does not allow each individual to overcome everything happening to them and around them all by themselves or to hold every kind of emotion and idea inside them without sharing them with anyone, having someone to experience life with each other as a friend, a family, or even just as a stranger is indispensable.

There are certain stages of life that every individual is expected to live through in order to become whom they aspire to be. Although it's expected of them to feel the need to be alone at times, where solidity is the only way to figure out the unclarified parts of their lives, the amount of advantage people unconsciously take from having someone by their sides is almost undeniable. The sense of security that only a father can provide or the satisfaction of sharing our happiness or success with a friend or being inspired by our loved ones create most of the components of the emotional support people look for.

On the other hand, there also lies the problem of losing this value of togetherness and caring for each other in today's societies. Even though it's hard to point out a specific cause to this relationship damaging, solidifying issue, which leads people to depression and shutting down, it's safe to say that the 21st century's dilemma of people over focusing on their self-achievements and daily busy schedules leads to weakening friendships and family ties. Therefore, the rush of life becomes the main motivation for caring for others and leaving them all alone by themselves to deal and continue with the mess of their lives.

Eventually, people need each other's company to keep up with the rapid rate of the outside world and to stabilize their own world that is filled with complex emotions and thoughts. At the end of the day, we are the cure to our own desolation.

A Breath

Merih Deniz Törüner, Sophomore



Ali Kaan Karaköse, Junior

All of the memories started with a breath,

An air...

Which blew into my mouth.

Then gently went out,

Like a smooth melody,

Symphony...

A breath made me alive,

Made me awake,

Conscious...

Ready for the other day,

Skipping the previous day,

But without forgetting the memories,

Always remembering their virtues,

Their souls...

But also knowing that they are the ones,

Who had fired the elder days.

I am still alive,

Taking another breath...

I survive,

Since my life sources are always with me,

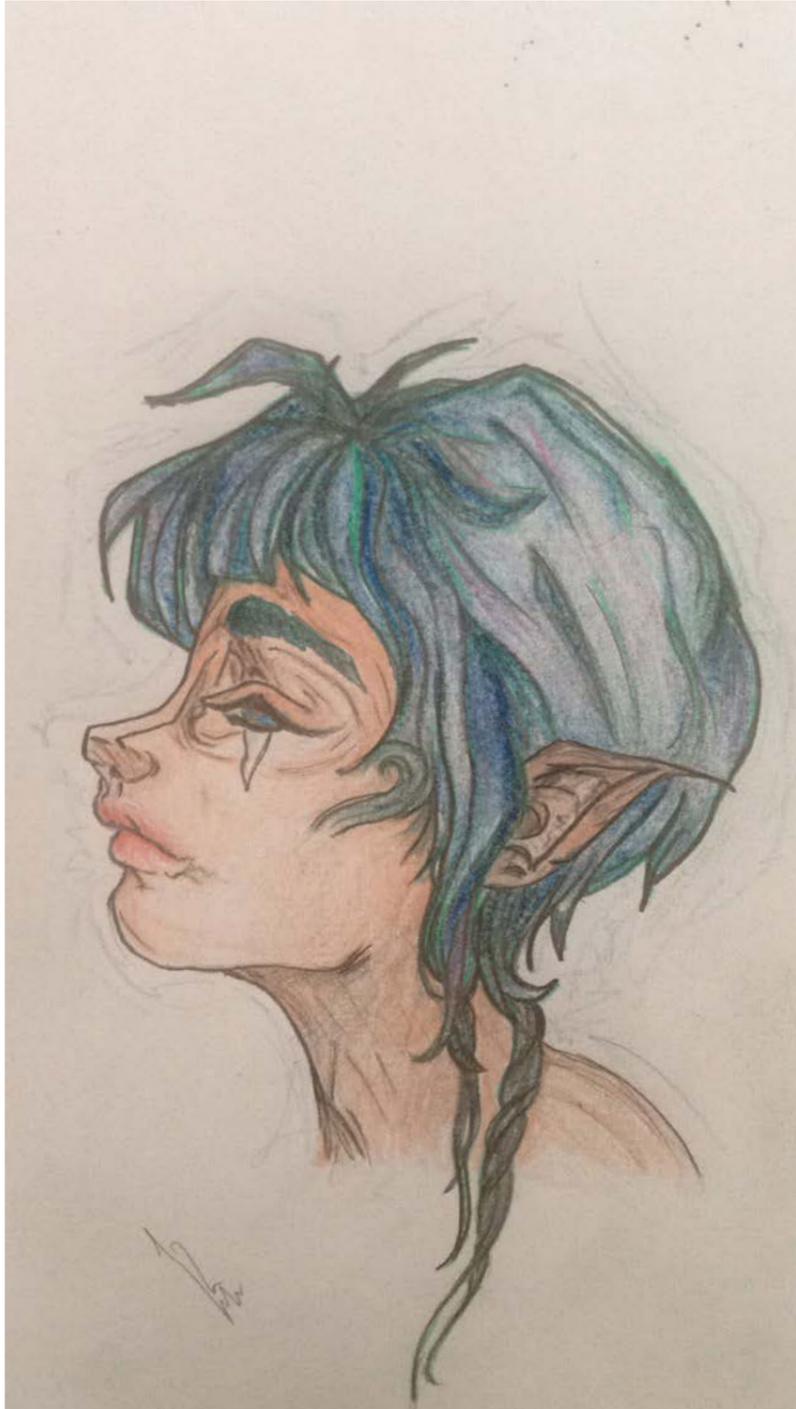
My inspiration...

“*Afflatus!”

**A divine creative impulse or inspiration*

The Mind

Can Koz, Senior



Yağmur Bektaş TED alum, class of 2016

Our minds are individual,
Consciousness distinct,
Yet pumped by the blood from the same heart.
Love we have within,
Mind you, I do mind on the train as a master mind.
The gap is a mind master, but the language holds me back—
Mindfulness on iPhones among the race of rats,
Body and mind can be Jekyll and Hyde, pigeon
Amongst the cats.

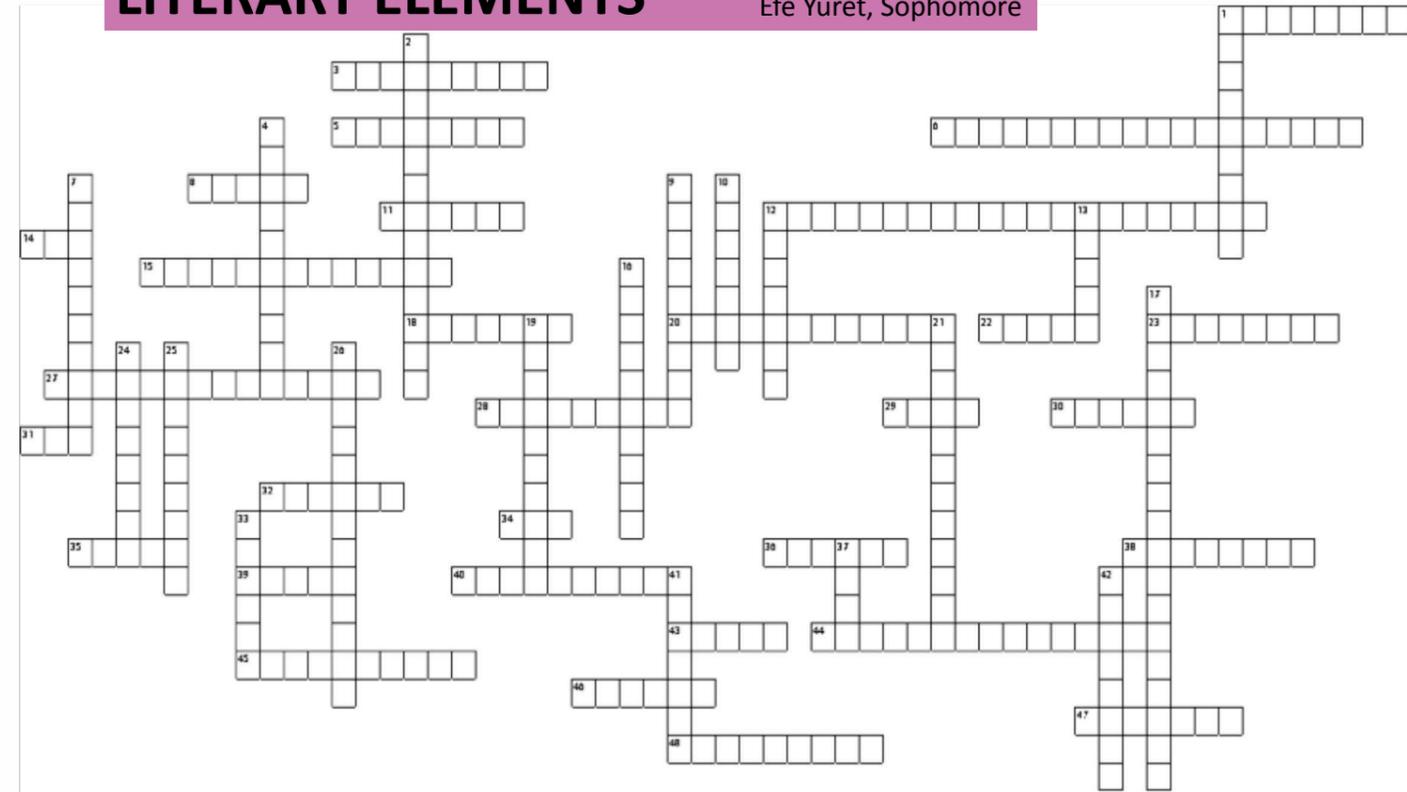
We will learn to diffuse the bombs, just mind the caps inside your head.



Ezgi Yilmaz, Senior

CROSSWORD PUZZLE on LITERARY ELEMENTS

Efe Yüret, Sophomore



Down:

- 1) An indirect, less offensive way of saying something that is considered unpleasant
- 2) The use of hints and clues to suggest what will happen later in a plot
- 4) The emotional mood created by a literary work
- 7) The repetition of consonant sounds in the middle or at the end of words
- 9) A speech made by one actor or speaker
- 10) A writer's or speaker's choice of words
- 12) Harsh words intended to hurt someone
- 13) A contrast between what is expected and what actually exists or happens
- 16) Two words that have some sound in common but do not rhyme exactly
- 17) Informal language; language that is "conversational"
- 19) When the writer or speaker knowingly repeats a word or group of words for effect
- 21) The repetition of the initial consonant sound in words.
- 24) A comparison between two unlike things
- 25) The repetition of vowel sounds
- 26) Rhyme that occurs within a line, rather than at the end
- 33) A figure of speech that expresses a resemblance between things of different kinds (usually formed with "like" or "as")
- 37) The attitude a writer takes towards a subject, character, or the reader
- 41) An inscription on a tombstone or monument in memory of the person buried there
- 42) A moment of sudden realization or insight

Across:

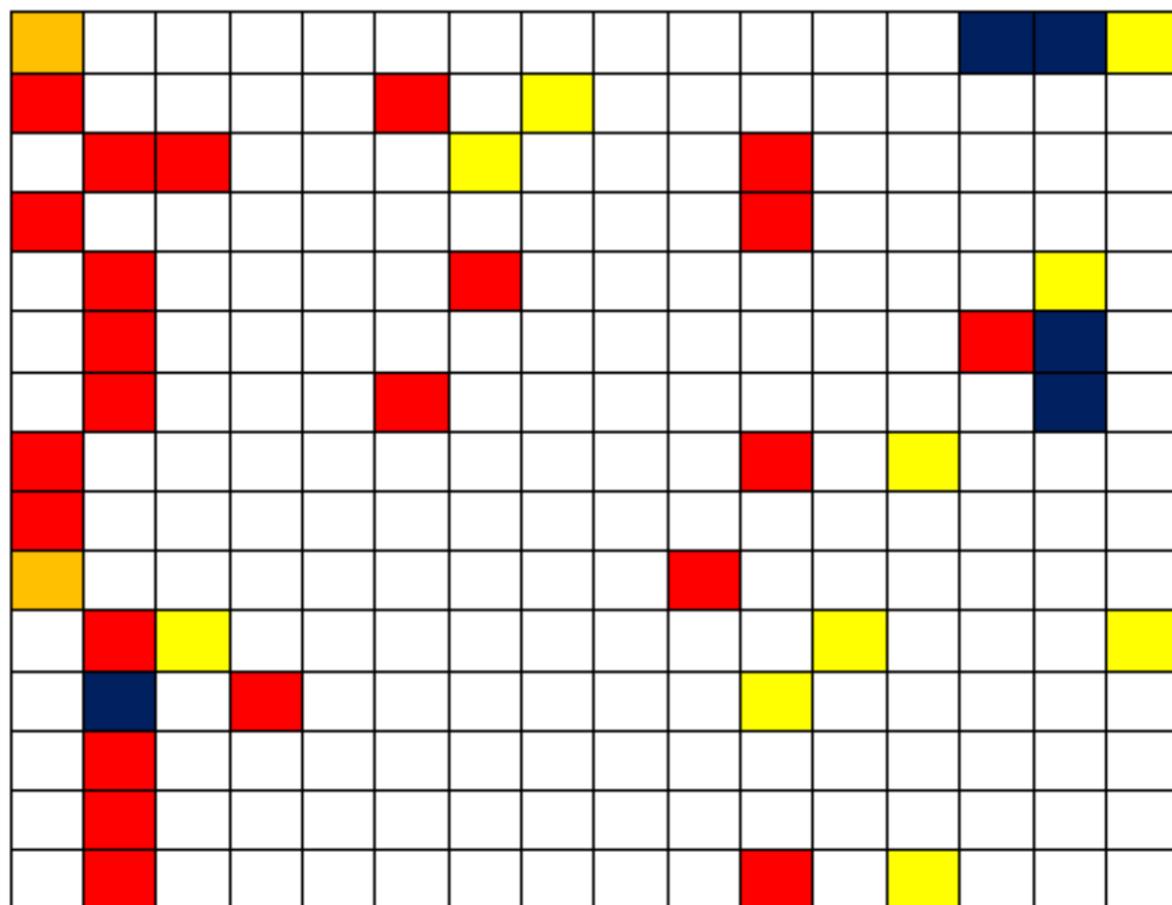
- 1) Rhyme that occurs at the end of two or more lines of poetry
- 3) Loud, harsh, or disagreeable sounds
- 5) A story, play, or picture in which characters or settings are used as symbols or abstract ideas
- 6) A question asked for an effect, not actually requiring an answer
- 8) When the end or final sound of two or more words are identical
- 11) A literary work that ridicules or criticizes a human vice through humor or derision
- 12) A style of writing in which the author tries to reproduce the random flow of thoughts in the human mind
- 14) A play on words, often achieved through the use of words with similar sounds but different meanings
- 15) Placing two elements side by side to present a comparison or contrast
- 18) When the writer or speaker uses their descriptions to access the senses of the reader of listener
- 20) When the words sound like what they mean
- 22) A sad or mournful poem, especially one mourning the dead
- 23) An expression in which two words that contradict each other are joined
- 27) Saying less than one means, for effect
- 28) Poetic form that does not have a regular meter or rhyme scheme
- 29) Two characters that highlight each other by their differences
- 30) Something that stands for or represents something else
- 31) A poem usually addressed to a particular person, object or event that has stimulated deep and noble feelings in the poet
- 32) Fourteen-line poem that is usually written in iambic pentameter and has one of several rhyme schemes.
- 34) Intellectually amusing language that surprises and delights
- 35) A short poem of songlike quality
- 36) When the arrangement of words creates an audible pattern or beat when read out loud
- 38) A reference to something literary, mythological, or historical that the author assumes the reader will recognize
- 39) A pattern of stressed/unstressed syllables in poetry
- 40) Poetic form written in unrhymed iambic pentameter
- 43) An accepted phrase or expression having a meaning different from the literal
- 44) Representing an abstract quality or idea as a person or creature
- 45) When the writer uses line breaks meaningfully and abruptly to either emphasize a point or to create dual meanings
- 46) A type of poem that is meant to be sung and is both lyric and narrative in nature
- 47) An apparently contradictory statement that actually contains some truth
- 48) A figure of speech that uses exaggeration to express strong emotion, make a point, or evoke humour

A Salutatory Quiz to IGCSE Literature

Ege Öndeş, Senior



Ezgi Yilmaz, Senior



As my fellow 12th grade students will recall, we had a very complicated past with the seemingly endless IGCSE Literature. Currently, BiY classes have their textbooks and IB students have their extended essays, etc., away from detailed literary analyses.

The mastermind behind this crossword puzzle genuinely thought that perhaps it's time for you to refresh your knowledge of IGCSE Literature. **IMPORTANT:** Please read the following directions carefully!

Dark Blue boxes represent no letters, while red boxes are the starting letters of horizontal words, and yellow boxes are that of vertical words. Orange boxes mean both these conditions are met. Remember, you may well need to write some words in reverse. Have fun!

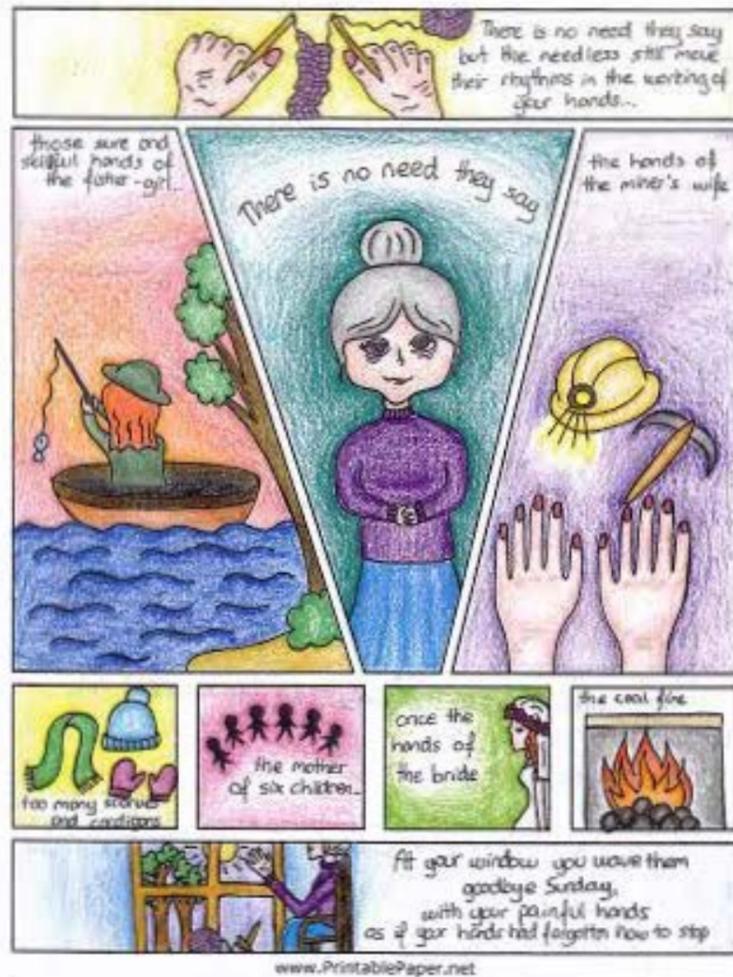
Horizontal

- 1) Judging specific behaviors from a point of view derived from ethnic and cultural focus, a dominant theme in "The Sandpiper"
- 2) 1. The description the father uses for money in "The Fly in the Ointment" 2. Author Penelope _____ (hint: same name as author of *The Great Gatsby*)
- 3) 1. The nickname of the new head of the Wormsley Common Gang 2. Author of the Fly in the Ointment: V. S. _____ 3. The protagonist in the story written by Penelope _____
- 4) 1. Poem of Dante Gabriel Rossetti 2. The genre that contains short fiction such as "The Custody of the Pumpkin"
- 5) 1. The name of the Scottish character who has a conflict with the protagonist in "The Custody of the Pumpkin": _____ McAllister 2. The repeated catchphrase at the end of "The Destructors": "There is nothing _____"
- 6) 1. A Ted Hughes poem, "_____ : three inches long, perfect" 2. Nickname of the owner of the house which is destroyed by the Wormsley Common Gang in "The Destructors"
- 7) 1. Protagonist in "The Sandpiper" 2. The prediction of the protagonist about the meaning of the name of the village in Penelope _____ story: "I think it means _____".
- 8) 1. The name of the short story written by Penelope _____: "At _____". 2. Name of a poem: "The Hunting _____"
- 9) Sudden shifts within locations in a story, significantly used in "The Sandpiper"
- 10) 1. A poem depicting a craftsman in the middle of the night: "The _____" 2. One of the greatest writers of all, coming from Irish descent: George _____ Shaw
- 11) Short story written by Graham Greene: "The _____"
- 12) One of the few means of communication available in "At Hiruharama": "Blue _____"
- 13) A poem written by Sujata Bhatt: "A _____ History"
- 14) Name of castle where the protagonist lives in "The Custody of the Pumpkin": "_____ Castle"
- 15) 1. One of Shaw's well-known plays, with the name referring to Greek mythology: _____ 2. Surname of the author of "The Destructors"

Vertical

- 1) 1. Protagonist of "The Custody of the Pumpkin: Lord _____". 2. Surname of the poet who wrote "Continuum": Allen _____.
- 2) One of the all-time favourite poets of Mr. Resnick, "The Belle of Amherst": _____ Dickinson.
- 6) "The woodspurge has a _____."
- 7) "The woodspurge has a of _____".
- 11) The lover of the protagonist in "The Son's Veto"
- 12) The complete name of the play we were responsible for in the IGCSE Literature exam: *All My _____*.
- 13) 1. The name of the woman loved by both Keller boys in the aforementioned play. 2. The woman who becomes a pivotal figure in the Bernard Shaw play: _____ Doolittle.
- 15) 4-letter acronym of the name of the protagonist's son in "The Custody of the Pumpkin."
- 16) 1. The Indian mythological figure in the Sujata Bhatt poem. 2. 5-letter exam marathon in which we experienced an unlimited exposure of literary devices and world literature.

COMEDY CORNER



Damla Tütüncü, Sophomore

Puns are Fun

Kaan Emre Sanal, Senior



(Part I)

The puns on this page aren't only bad, they are tearable.

1. I'm reading this book about anti-gravity. It's impossible to put down.

2. I was really confused why it had been nighttime for so long. Then it dawned on me.

3. I tried to catch a fog. I mist.

4. I had to paw for a second to see if that was a bear of a person.

5. I wasn't able to make any reservation at the library. They were completely booked.

6. What did the ocean say to the sea? Nothing, they just waved.

7. What is the difference between a Zippo and a hippo? One is heavy and the other is a little lighter.

8. I am friends with the 25 letters of the alphabet. I just don't know why.

9. How do you measure a snake? In inches because they don't have feet.

10. I find prison guards captivating. Did you ask the elevator attendant if he enjoys his job? It has its ups and downs.

11. Something about surgery just gets under my skin.

12. Why would you make an invisible dot? I just don't see the point.

13. Whom does a pharaoh talk to when he is sad? His mummy. P.S. : If my work is chosen to appear in the magazine, please keep my name anonymous. I don't want to be beaten down by an angry mob.

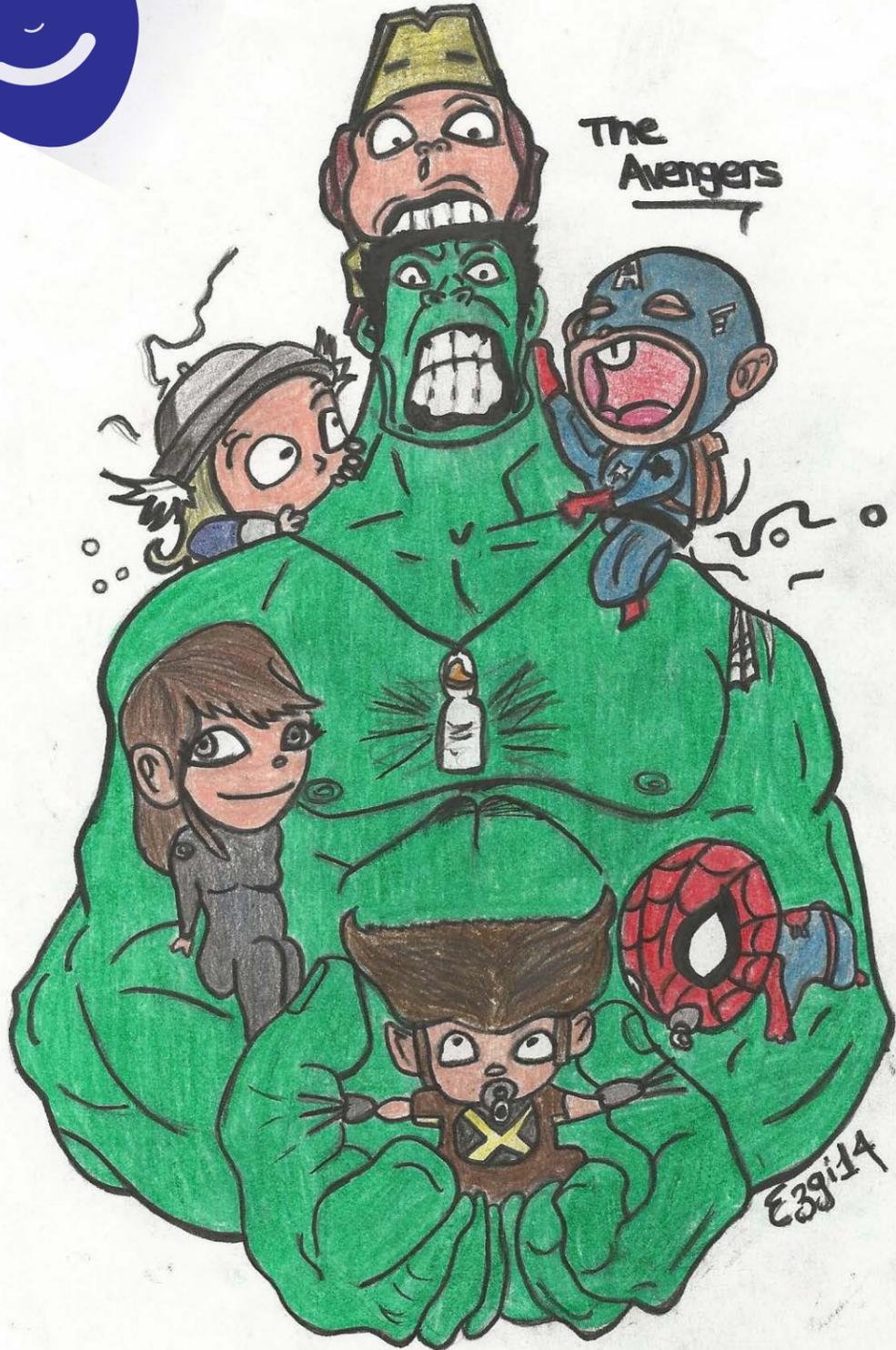
Dear Readers,

As you can see above, Kaan asked that we withhold his name, but we decided to take the chance and trust in our good-natured, benevolent readers.

Many thanks,

Quill

COMEDY CORNER



Ezgi Yilmaz, Senior

What we Wonder the Most



Ahmet Remzi, Sophomore

Bohemian Rhapsody meaning
bohemian rhapsody meaning aids
bohemian rhapsody meaning 9gag
bohemian rhapsody meaning gay

Oh my gosh
oh my gosh maggie
oh my gosh look at her butt

Is Fox news |
is fox news republican
is fox news banned in canada
is fox news liberal
is fox news really news

Is Donald Trump |
is donald trump married
is donald trump dead
is donald trump canadian
is donald trump left handed

Is Bernie Sanders
is bernie sanders married
is bernie sanders rich
is bernie sanders republican
is bernie sanders going to win

Is it legal to
is it legal to own a fox
is it legal to own a wolf
is it legal to own an owl
is it legal to ride in the bed of a truck

Is marijuana
is marijuana addictive
is marijuana legal in canada
is marijuana legal in california
is marijuana bad for you

Is walt disney | frozen
is walt disney frozen
is walt disney alive
is walt disney hispanic
is walt disney dead

how to | jol
how to join illuminati
how to join the army
how to join the fbi
how to join facebook

are w
are we there yet
are witches real

santa is not | real
santa is not real
santa is not real letter
santa is not black
santa is not white
About 430,000,000 results (0.17 seconds)

SANTA ISN'T REAL *PROOF* - YouTube
www.youtube.com/watch?v=5aGEHySaMk
Dec 25, 2013 - Uploaded by BigBossFelipe
+shifath khan This came up when i typed in Santa is real proof. lol
... Santa Claus is not real, I stood up ...

Is my father
is my father a narcissist
is my father abusive
is my father gay
is my father capitalized

Love is |
love is an open door
love is patient
love is a battlefield
love is blind

does obama spank his daughters

my llama is | sexier
my llama is sexier
my llama is sick
my name is llama
is my llama pregnant

Llamas are
llamas are nature's greatest warriors
llamas are from
llamas are awesome
llamas are used for

Nintendo is
nintendo is dying
nintendo is dead
nintendo is for babies
nintendo is gay

Legal age
legal age of consent
legal age to smoke
legal age of consent in texas
legal age in texas

How to have |
how to have twins
how to have a baby
how to have a boy
how to have a baby boy

Is it wrong to
is it wrong to try to pick up
is it wrong to sleep with your sister
is it wrong to eat meat
is it wrong to cheat

is jesus black

my dog wants to take a selfie

i want to sleep with you in spanish

i hate it when a llama named carl stabs me and eat hands

COMEDY CORNER

Help Mr. Resnick Get a Haircut

Yiğit Mandiroğlu, Junior



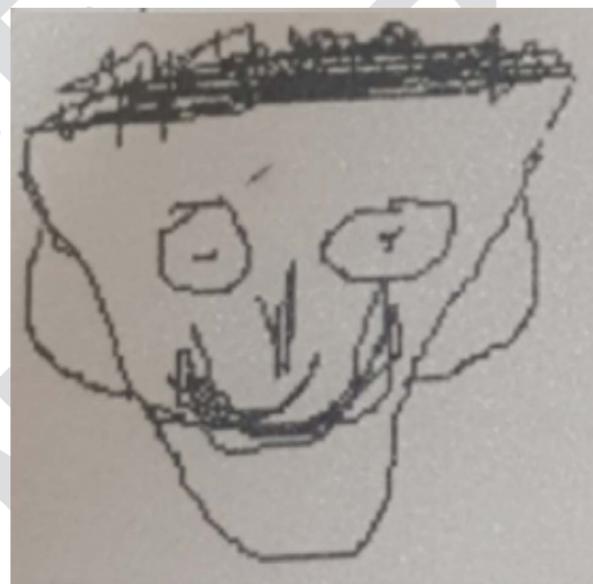
There is one question we've all been wondering: Why is Mr. Resnick's hair so long and why isn't he getting a haircut? Well, it turns out he can't afford it. It turns out he spends all his money on fancy shoes and shirts more colorful than his personality.

Please support his haircut with your donation. We are aiming to collect 50 TL for the haircut. Just think about how hard he is working to teach us. He deserves a haircut.

Representative Image of his Current Hair



Representative Image of his Hair after the Haircut



A SALUTATORY QUIZ TO IGCSE LITERATURE ANSWER KEY

E	T	H	N	O	C	E	N	T	R	I	S	M			S
M	A	N	N	A	F	I	T	Z	G	E	R	A	L	D	A
S	T	P	R	I	T	C	H	E	T	T	A	N	N	E	R
W	O	O	D	S	P	U	R	G	E	H	U	M	O	R	A
D	A	N	G	U	S	P	E	R	S	O	N	A	L	F	S
R	P	I	K	E	Y	R	E	S	I	M	D	L	O		V
T	L	U	C	Y	J	E	R	U	S	A	L	E	M		A
H	I	R	U	H	A	R	A	M	A	S	N	A	K	E	T
J	U	X	T	A	P	O	S	I	T	I	O	N	M	P	I
C	O	N	T	I	N	U	U	M	B	E	R	N	A	R	D
U	D	E	S	T	R	U	C	T	O	R	S	A	H	A	I
R		M	C	H	E	Q	U	E	R	S	O	Z	A	I	G
N	D	I	F	F	E	R	E	N	T	A	N	I	R	S	C
O	B	L	A	N	D	I	N	G	S	M	S	L	G	E	S
W	P	Y	G	M	A	L	I	O	N	G	R	E	E	N	E

CROSSWORD PUZZLE ANSWER KEY

Down

- 1.euphemism
- 2.foreshadowing
4. Atmosphere
7. Consonance
9. Monologue
10. Diction
12. Sarcasm
13. Irony
16. Slant Rhyme
17. Colloquial Language
19. Repetition
21. Alliteration
24. Metaphor
25. Assonance
26. Internal Line
- 33.Simile
37. Tone
- 41.Epitaph
- 42.Epiphany

Across

1. End Rhyme
3. cacophony
5. allegory
6. rhetorical question
8. rhyme
11. satire
12. stream of consciousness
14. pun
- 15.juxtaposition
18. imagery
- 20.onomatopoeia
22. elegy
- 23.oxymoron
- 27.understatement
28. free verse
29. foil
30. symbol
31. ode
32. sonnet
34. wit
35. lyric
36. rhythm
38. allusion
39. meter
40. blank verse
43. idiom
- 44.personification
- 45.enjambment
46. ballad
47. paradox
- 48.hyperbole



Quill

Sıla Baltacı, Junior

