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ΓΥΜΝΑΣΙΟ ΘΡΑΚΟΜΑΚΕΔΟΝΩΝ

E.M.B. ERASMUS MINUS BULLYING  
PRACTICES IN PREVENTION AND INTERVENTION IN  
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ΠΟΙΗΜΑΤΑ  
POEMS



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Τα ποιήματα γράφτηκαν στο πλαίσιο των μαθημάτων Λογοτεχνίας  
Νέων Ελληνικών των καθηγητριών Ρ. Πορφύρη και Μ. Μπέτση  
και του μαθήματος Αγγλικών της καθηγήτριας Α. Βαγουρδή.  
Τα ελληνικά ποιήματα μεταφράστηκαν από την κ. Βαγουρδή.

Ευχαριστούμε θερμά τον κ. Θ. Κοντάρρα και την κ. Ε. Κουρή  
για την προσεχτική ματιά που χάρισαν στην επιμέλεια των κειμένων.

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of professors

R. Porfiri, M. Betsi and A. Vagourdi.

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Σχολικό έτος 2015-2016



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## A cry

I shout so loud,  
but no one comes out.  
Hey, there! Can you help me?  
I want to go home.  
Please, don't reject me.

Please, return,  
I want a friend.  
I don't understand why you left me back,  
I can't be like that.

Come on, let's play!  
Let's enjoy my day!  
I can't be here all the year.

**Stella Karaiskou, Class A2**



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## A lonely person changes

I feel alone in a world with a million people.

I haven't got someone to talk to, someone to trust,

so I'm alone in this big world.

In this big school I'm alone.

I feel darkness in my heart.

I don't want to leave my room,

I don't want to talk to anyone,

I want to turn to myself.

Until one day a child talks to me.

It floods my heart with hope,

I feel joy and happiness,

not hanging in a thin white rope.

Since then I love school, I feel confident.

I found someone to talk, someone to trust.

I am not alone, goodbye loneliness

I found a friend and that is enough.

**Magda Papoudi, Class A3**



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## A lovely fairy tale

I am happy,

I am excited.

A new school year begins.

In a new school,

with new friends,

I feel as if I'm in a different world.

I have hope

and I am worried

if the girls will accept me.

I will be brave,

I am on cloud number eight.

I feel that it is a fairytale,

I am a girl who wants to be mermaid

and she is looking for the tail.

Or I am a detective

who wants to look into the crime of friendship?

But I am in panic,

I am in agony.

It is so tragic.

Can I have a pick?



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My parents say:  
"Don't stop believing, have faith,  
we are always on your side,  
If something happens everything will be alright".

So the story begins,  
I'm getting in,  
I am nervous.  
What will happen to me?  
I am alone,  
alone in the corner,  
against the wall.  
I see a girl,  
far away from others.  
I come near to meet her  
and  
I think this fairytale will have a happy end!

**Errica Nianiakoudi-Cohen, Class A3**



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## Afraid of YOU

She's studying these without a move.

She's so afraid, afraid of YOU.

You call her loser, you call her a fool,  
and now is this, without a move.

At the break she's crying again  
and you do nothing, you just yell.

She doesn't talk about that  
'cause you say not to.

You call her loser again and again.

She starts believing it,  
she thinks she's a freak and nothing else.

Are you happy with yourself?

Now YOU feel stronger, ask yourself!

Are you happy when you see her?

Ask yourself: Is that right?

Is it good to make her cry?

In every break she tells herself:

“Please just don't find me” again and again.

She means you, YOU do all that.

It is a joke without the fun.

I go to her and just say: Hi!

Then she smiles for the first time.

**Irene Stathopoulou, Class A4**



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## Alone

He is sitting alone in the corner.

He weeps,

nobody wants to play with him.

He patiently takes the kid's kidding.

Arriving at home,

"What's your problem"?

his parents will ask in despair.

He'll just go to study,

but that's not at all fair.

**Dimitris Naltsias, Class A3**





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## Anger and Fear

Anger and Fear, Fury and Terror,  
Full of Frustration, that's my situation.

I am being chased by a black wave  
and nothing can push it away.

I am surrounded by this black cloud,  
I want to scream, to shout out loud.

Anger and Fear, Panic and Sorrow,

I am sinking in a world  
where there's no tomorrow.

I can't wake up from this nightmare that haunts me,  
a merciless face that looks at me and taunts me.

All calling me names. What should I do?

I've never hurt anyone.

It could happen to you!

Anger and Fear, Fury and Terror,  
Full of Frustration, that's my situation.

**Elia Koukoutsis, Class A2**



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## Bullied

There was a girl who was feeling bad  
as she was bullied, so she was sad.  
She was bullied every day at school  
and everyone was saying she wasn't cool.

No one understood her,  
she was on her own.  
Everyone was saying she was fat  
and she was the one everyone was pointing at.

One of those days  
a boy came closer.  
She wasn't a loser, he told her.  
He helped her to take a stand.

**Maria Xanthopoulou, Class A3**



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## Courage

I always felt nervous before I went to school.  
Do you think it was because I'm not so cool?  
My mum got worried when she saw me crying.

But what could I do about it?

I didn't want to try.

When I tried to make new friends,

I always felt dead tired

And when I was in class,

I felt as if I was fired.

But if I had some friends, I wouldn't be scared of Danny.

If I wasn't alone, he wouldn't make me look funny.

May one day come I dare say no.

Maybe I could yell: stop killing my feelings.

Suddenly I decided! I told myself quietly:

"Stop playing the victim. Be brave. Contradict him"

There I was in the centre, yelling at Danny and trembling:

" You are a bully. That makes you look really funny".



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He kicked me.

That's all he could do, and he knew.

Never again did he hurt me,

I promised myself not to let it.

**Stephanie Danae, Class A3**

Inspired by a short story from the book "Kosmodromion"

by Helen Katsama, Pataki Publications.

In this story Danny is responsible for a serious case of bullying in a UK school.

The poem was started in class A3 during the English lesson

and students were free to continue the way they chose.



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## Danny

If I had some friends,  
I wouldn't be afraid of Danny.

I'd never be alone  
and nervous next to Danny.

Help me please,  
I need a friend,  
to put an end.

**John Papoudis, Class A3**



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## Danny and Errica

I always feel nervous before I go to school.  
Do you think it is 'cause I'm not cool?

My mum gets worried when she sees me crying  
But what can I do about it? I really don't want to try.

When I try to make friends I feel dead tired  
and when I'm in class I feel as if I'm fired.

Come on, teachers! Help me now!  
I feel so unhappy, I'm always out.

Every day is a new day, I will do my best.  
Let's wait for the rest

I am sad, is it bad?  
I cry in my arms, what if Danny comes?

But I will fight; I will hold my courage tight,  
I will not be an easy prey, I will make him pay.

But if I had some friends, I wouldn't be afraid of Danny  
I'd never be alone, he wouldn't make me look funny.

**Errica Nianiakoudi -Cohen, Class A3**



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## Help

If I had some friends,  
I wouldn't be afraid of Danny,  
I'd never be alone,  
he wouldn't make me look so funny.

I need a friend,  
I need some help,  
I have to put an end.

I feel nervous when I'm next to Danny at school,  
because I think he makes me feel less cool.

**John Paschalidis, Class A3**



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## Here

I saw him sitting away.

I went to talk to him, but he sent me away.

I asked him: "What happened today"?

And he told me: "Some bullies are destroying my day".

Come on, it's happiness day!

Have fun with us and put fear away!

Remember your friends are near,

your life is full of beauty,

Don't be afraid, dear!

Remember, my friend, all of us are here.

**John Karabasis, Class A2**





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## **I can't understand**

I feel fear with their threats.

They make me shy away,  
without me being able to understand,  
Why this to a heart which doesn't fail,

To love

To support

To mean well

And do even better.

The bystanders don't seem to understand.

This mockery is a sealed letter to them..

They don't care

I hate every day to go to school,  
each day waiting for something new  
to make me feel bad and unhappy.

I'm looking forward to the bell,  
to go back in the classroom and stop all this hell,  
the breaks.

I'm not saying that everything can be fixed on the spot,

I'm just saying that they never stop.

But maybe they will

when a boy reaches his limits and something tragic happens.

**John Papoudis, Class A3**



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**I feel**

Out.

Like fish out of water.

What can I do?

If I had some friends, I wouldn't mind.

I wouldn't be stressed, I'd feel so fine.

Out.

With shame at heart,

closed again,

in a small world without friends,

that's how it ends.

**Anastasia Orfanoudaki, Class A3**



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## My school life with Danny

My school life is tiring and I'm always alone,  
I can't keep doing everything on my own.  
I want a friend to help me with my sadness,  
I want a partner to be here when I face shyness.

But when I try to make friends,

I feel dead tired.

And when I am in class,

I feel as if I'm fired.

Come on teachers, help me now!

I feel so unhappy if I'm always out.

My greatest fear is being made to look funny  
and I'm always in panic when around there's Danny.

He always bothers me and I get disappointed,  
after him I am constantly annoyed.

But I made a decision: to seize the day!

I'll talk to Danny without delay.

I'm ready to face my fears.

I'm ready to stop the tears.

**Maria Xanthopoulou, Class A3**



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## No shame

When I pass the doors of school,

I feel again good.

The shame I'll try to send away,

friends are not always cool.

The heart of child is innately warm.

In it there's nothing wrong.

Shame is unjustified,

shame is harmful and useless.

When I pass the doors of the school,

I feel again good.

The shame I'll try to send away,

and find friends who stay.

**Anastasia Orfanoudaki, Class A3**



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## Peace

Peace

Equals

Acceptance

Charity

Equality

Fight for you

Respect you

Include you

Encourage you

Need you

Deserve you

Stand by you

See

Miracles

In

Life

Everyday

**Dimitris Papageorgiou, Class B3**



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## School

Going to school is a pain in the neck.

Homework, projects, and tests in a row

make me feel really low.

What can I do about it?

I really don't know.

**Hara Plata, Class A3**



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## Solidarity

I'm going to tell you a story about solidarity.

Please listen carefully, it might be reality.

A school trip was going to take place.

Everyone would go except for Grace.

Her family couldn't afford it,

her friends had to support it.

They organised a school bazaar.

Many people came from afar.

All items were sold,

even those which were old.

They raised a lot of money,

thank God, they were lucky.

They gave it to Grace the next day.

She started to cry, she didn't know what to say.

They all went on the school trip,

together like a team.

Best friends are forever,

Always together.

**Georgia Papadopoulou, Class A3**



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## Speak

School, a place to learn.

Beating is not for me.

Mocking and grief out and away.

School is a challenge but also to play.

When someone hurts me,

to the teacher I go,

I voice my troubles,

so should you, you know!

Don't hide it inside you,

say it loud and proud.

Even shaking from fear,

feel better and go near,

speaking to an oldie,

do not depress,

the bully might follow you

but the teacher will do the rest.

**Angelos Bakitzopoulos, Class A3**





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### **That's what I am**

When I try to make friends I feel dead tired,  
and when I'm in class I feel as if I'm fired.  
Come on, teachers, help me now,  
I feel so unhappy if I'm always out.

I'm trying to be happy and seem to be cool  
but I make myself look funny, that's the best I can do.  
And then I am crying and seem like a fool,  
that's what I am-what can I do?

Help me children, let me join you.  
That's what I am-I will not try to be cool.  
So help me children and show me what to do,  
or just let me be one of you.

#### **Nefeli Oikonomou, Class A3**

The poem was started in class A3 during the English lesson and students were free to continue the way they chose.



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## The girl

Alone in a corner,  
she is supposed to be at school.  
Bending over, holding her knees,  
and her mind is full.

“Don’t find me, please!”

Alone in pain,  
her mind travelling far away.  
She is supposed to be at school,  
but it’s only her body,  
her heart is flying and her mind, too.

Is she a victim?

Here is the voice of her “friend”:

“The photo was uploaded”...

Sadness is overwhelming her,  
embarrassment is coming again and again.

Footsteps approaching.

Raising her eyes, she sees a smile.

Somebody found her-a boy from the club!

“Stand up, it’s EMB time!

We are not in school, we are on cloud number nine”!

**By (EMB CLUB members): Cleopatra, George, Ilectra, Ilia, Irini, Katerina, Marianthi, Panagiotis.** Inspired by the painting “The girl” by J.Moralis, exhibited in the Greek National Gallery



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## The sky

The sky is blue and I flew up,  
in the clouds where there isn't any crowd  
because I like to be alone like a bird I know.

It's sweet up here.  
Come and feel how easy it is to be like me.  
When I'm in the sky I don't need any right.

When the world is so black I need to take a map  
to see which way I should follow to break loose and go.

People say I'm not smart and treat me like a dummy.

I hope that this is not true  
but you, that you are reading this right now,  
you have to tell me if I'm a fool

**Helen Lagos, Class A2**

Inspired by "Adam" of Michelangelo. The image of God and Adam touching hands has become iconic of humanity.



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## Time for a change

When I try to make friends I feel dead tired

and when I'm in class I feel a bit like fired.

Come on, teachers, help me now.

I feel so unhappy if I'm always out.

I need a hero to save me from sorrow,

'cause I'm in a big hollow.

But now I'm thinking: It's time to act,

To show all that I react.

### **Ilia Poriki, Class A3**

The poem was started in class A3 during the English lesson and students were free to continue the way they chose.



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## Together

Why are you standing there crying?

We are in school so don't be shy.

Take my hand and carry on,

I will be your friend from now on.

You are strong

and don't forget:

no one can tell you something else.

Stand up for your rights.

Be brave and start flying.

Don't forget you are the best,

so ignore them all the rest.

You and me will fly the world,

let them say any bad word.

**Katerina Barakou, Class A3**



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## Years go by

He tries to speak but nobody listens.

He goes home and cries for days.

Months get by and weeks and days,

with him alone without a clue.

Years get by

and leave him alone.

**Christina Orfanou, Class A3**



### **Ανάμνηση**

Ένα συγγνώμη σε όποιον πλήγωσα,  
στην οικογένειά μου και σε όσους  
απογοήτευσα.  
Όχι στη φωτιά,  
αυτή με έκανε και μίλησα.

Στο παρελθόν κοιτούσα τις αναμνήσεις,  
μα δεν ήσουν εκεί.  
Θα 'μαι απών,  
ώσπου να σβήσει η πληγή.

Στο παρόν μου μοιάζεις τόσο μακρινή,  
που απορώ αν είχαμε ποτέ συναντηθεί.

**Ίρις Καλογράνη - Ελένη Δουκάκη  
Τάξη Β1**

### **Memory**

An apology for those I hurt,  
to my family and to those I failed.  
Not to fire,  
it was it, that made me speak.

In the past memories I stared,  
but you weren't there.  
I'll be missing,  
till the wound heals.

In my present you look so distant,  
I really wonder if we've ever met.

**Iris Kalograni-Heleni Doukaki  
Class B1**



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### Αυτές οι μέρες

Όταν σε έβλεπα, ένιωθα φόβο.

Ήμουν μόνος με τον πόνο.

Έψαχνα μια αγκαλιά δίχως κακό,  
μόνο χαρά.

Μα πού να βρεις τέτοιες αγκαλιές,  
σε μέρες σαν κι αυτές;

**Μίλτος Βακερτζής Τάξη Β1**

### These days

Fearful at your sight.

Alone with pain.

I was looking for a hug without harm,  
just joy.

But how can you find a hug to cherish,  
in days like these?

**Miltos Vakertzis, Class B1**





## Δεύτερη ευκαιρία

Ο μόνος του φίλος είναι το κουκλάκι.  
Το κρατάει με αγάπη στον τελευταίο του ύπνο.

Του το έδωσε η μητέρα,  
καθώς ξεψυχούσε στην καρέκλα.  
Θυμάται τα παλιά, τα άσχημα και τα κακά.

Κρύος ο χειμώνας στην πόλη.  
Στέκοντας το αγόρι σε ξένο κατώφλι,  
Θυμάται τα παλιά, τα άσχημα και τα κακά.

Τελευταία σκέψη, επιθυμία,  
να έχει το παιδί δεύτερη ευκαιρία,  
να μη ζήσει, δε θέλει,  
αφού είναι όλα κακά.

Αναλγησία.

Στη μάνα του να ξαναβρεθεί κοντά.  
Ευτυχία.

**Κατερίνα Καλαϊτσίδα, Τάξη Α1**

## A second chance

A ragdoll his only toy.  
Holding it in his last sleep.

His mother's gift,  
while she was gasping her last breath.  
His memories old and nasty.

Cold the winter in town.  
Him sitting at a stranger's threshold,  
his memories old and nasty.

Last thought, last wish,  
a second chance the boy could have,  
not to live in this world full of frustration.

To be back on his mother's lap.

Elation.

**Katerina Kalaitsidi, Class A2**



## Διαφορετική

Διαφορετική είμαι, το ξέρω.  
Καθημερινά το ζω,  
όταν στον καθρέπτη κοιτώ.  
Δεν είμαι σαν τ' άλλα κορίτσια  
με πλεγμένα τα κοτσίδα.  
Το προσπαθώ  
να γίνω σαν τις άλλες.  
Το θέλω, το αναζητώ,  
αλλά όταν στο γήπεδο πατώ,  
η μπάλα μου φωνάζει:  
- Έλα να παίξουμε, παρακαλώ!

Δε με νοιάζει πια, θα είμαι όπως είμαι  
και θα κάνω παρέα με όποιον θέλω.  
Τώρα είμαι εγώ! Εγώ! ΕΓΩ!  
Δεν κλαίω πια στο σπίτι μου.  
Κάθε μέρα τα μαλλιά μου κοτσίδα  
δεν τα κάνω.  
Ή τουλάχιστο δεν προσπαθώ.

Είμαι εγώ! Μόνον εγώ!  
Και μαντέψτε...  
Κάθε μέρα μεγαλώνω  
και χαμογελώ!

**Γεωργία Χαραυγή, Τάξη Α4**

## Different

Different I am and I know it.  
I daily live with this,  
when into the mirror I look.  
I'm not like the other girls.  
I don't wear my hair in plaits.  
I try  
to be like the others.  
I want it, I yearn for it,  
but when in the pitch I step,  
the ball to me is speaking:  
- Come on, start kicking!

I really don't bother to say,  
I'll be who I am.  
And to whom I give time will be  
my decision and mine only.  
Now it's me. Only me!  
And my hair I do not want to wear in a  
plait.  
I do not even try.  
  
It is me. Only me!  
I grow every day, and guess what...  
I smile!

**Georgia Haravgi, Class A4**



### Ένα στραβοπάτημα

Περπατάει μόνο χωρίς να μιλάει.  
Δεν έχει τι να πει.  
Σε ποιον;

Η μέρα κυλά χωρίς να σταματά.  
Δεν μπορεί να την περιμένει  
ούτε μια φορά.  
Στου σχολείου το προαύλιο περπατά.

Από τα μαύρα κοκκινισμένα μάτια  
στάζει νερό.  
Τα πόδια μπροστά κοιτά,  
στραβοπατά.

Χαχανητά πολλά.

Το κουδούνι χτυπά.  
Περπατά προς την πόρτα.  
Βασικά τρέχει απ' τα δεινά.

Γρήγορα το νερό κυλά  
από τα κοκκινισμένα μάτια  
στο σκούρο δέρμα.

**Λευκοθέα Τάτση, Τάξη Α4**

### A stumble

She only walks.  
Not a word from her mouth.  
To say what, to whom and why?

The days goes on, an incessant relay.  
It will never for her wait.  
In the schoolyard she walks.

From her red eyes water is dripping.  
Her feet in a line,  
her look on the ground,  
she stumbles.

Chuckles.

Then the bell, there it rings,  
and she briskly to the exit is walking.  
Let's say running instead,  
to avoid the hell or the mobbing.

Fast the water with her eyes is parting.  
On her darkish skin it is glimmering.

**Lefkothea Tatsi, Class A4**



## Η αγάπη και η λύπη

## Love and sorrow

### *Αγάπη*

### *Love*

Όταν δακρύζεις, εγώ κλαίω.

When your tears well up, I cry.

Όταν πονάς, εγώ πεθαίνω.

When you feel pain, I die.

Όταν γελάς, εγώ πετάω.

When you laugh, I fly.

Και όταν θα με χρειαστείς,

And when you need me,

εγώ θα σ' αγαπάω.

I'll be there to love you.

### *Λύπη*

### *Sorrow*

Όνειρα κομμάτια.

Dreams in pieces.

Λίμνες από δάκρυα.

Lakes of tears.

Μάτια βουρκωμένα.

Wet my eyes.

Καρδιά κομμάτια,

And broken my heart,

μα γεμάτη περηφάνεια.

still full of pride.

**Ματθαίος Κοϊμτσίδης, Τάξη Β1**

**Mateo Koemtsidis, Class B1**



## Ισορροπία

Δίκαιος να είσαι στη ζωή σου,  
χωρίς υπερβολές.  
γιατί οι άλλοι θα σε κρίνουν  
από αυτά που λες.

Να 'σαι χαρούμενος και χαμογελαστός,  
όποτε μπορείς,  
ώστε να 'χεις πλάι σου  
όποιον επιθυμείς.

Μη θυμώνεις εύκολα και μη παρεξηγείς.  
Να είσαι με τον κόσμο  
όσο πρέπει επιεικής.

**Κορίνα Αρβανίτη, Τάξη Β1**

## Balance

Be fair in your life and moderate.  
Don't exaggerate,  
'cause the others will judge your word.

Be gay and smiling,  
whenever you can,  
so that people around you feel happy.

Don't see red or bear grudges.  
Don't misunderstand.  
Be good with the people around you.  
Lenient as possible.

**Corina Arvaniti, Class B1**



### Μη φοβάσαι να μιλήσεις

Ένα παιδάκι αδύναμο και μικρό,  
με ένα προσωπάκι πολύ χλομό,  
με ένα βλέμμα τόσο λυπημένο,  
που θαρρείς  
πως είναι πάντα βουρκωμένο.

Ένα παιδάκι αδύναμο και λυπημένο  
δεν ήθελε να πάει καθόλου στο σχολείο,  
γιατί πολλά παιδιά το ενοχλούσαν  
και πολλές φορές  
το φαγητό του πετούσαν.

Παρέα δεν το έκανε ποτέ κανένας  
και αυτό αναρωτιόταν  
γιατί να μην το θέλει ούτε ένας.  
Στο διάλειμμα όλα τα παιδιά γελούσαν,  
αλλά εκείνο πάντα το παραμελούσαν.

Πολλές φορές τα παιδιά το απειλούσαν  
πως αν δεν τους έδινε τα λεφτά,  
θα το χτυπούσαν.  
Κι όταν τα χρήματα αυτά σπαταλούσαν,  
όλο και περισσότερα του ζητούσαν.

Όταν στο σπίτι του γυρνούσε,  
δεν έλεγε ποτέ τι τον απασχολούσε.  
Η μητέρα του απορούσε,  
άρχιζε και ανησυχούσε.

Τελικά αποφασίζει  
να πει αυτό που το βασανίζει.  
Το βάρος από πάνω του ξεφορτώνεται  
και με όλους συμφιλιώνεται.

**Μιχάλης Φράγκος, Τάξη Α4**

### Don't hesitate to speak

A weak and pale child,  
with a white face of sheet,  
with such a sad smile,  
you'd say he was always  
just about to cry.

A weak, unhappy child,  
to school he didn't feel like going,  
'cause other kids were teasers,  
Even his food away they were throwing.

Company wasn't offered.  
He always wondered:  
"Am I not enough?"  
In breaks the mates were smiling to him,  
though, so indifferent.

There were times threats were launched  
for money or for kicks.  
And when it all was spent,  
They then came back for more.

Back home his lips were sealed.  
His secrets all concealed.  
His mother's heart was pounding.  
She found that silence frightening.

Then, one day comes the decision,  
with clarity, precision,  
to say what was the trouble,  
and put it off like saddle.

He makes friends!

**Michalis Frangos, Class A4**



## Μόνη

Μου άρεσε που ήμουν μόνη.  
Ήμουν εκείνη που κρατούσε  
της ζωής μου το τιμόνι.  
Συχνά με δάκρυα γέμιζαν τα μάτια.  
Ύστερα το ξεπερνούσα και γύρναγα  
στα δικά μου μονοπάτια  
Πονούσα να περιπλανιέμαι άσκοπα  
στο σπίτι τα βράδια.  
Μου έλειπαν και είχα ανάγκη  
από αγάπη και χάδια.

**Πέγκυ Φραντζολάκη, Τάξη Α4**

## Alone

I liked it when I was alone.  
I was the one  
with a steering wheel of my own.  
Often tears welled up my eyes.  
But then I confronted them,  
to my paths I would run in disguise.  
Painful to aimlessly wander, I admit.  
Love I needed, a hug and a kiss.

**Peggy Frantzolaki, Class A4**



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### Να ξανάρθει το χαμόγελο

Κοιτάω έξω από το παράθυρο.  
Αντικρίζω ένα κόσμο άγνωστο ,  
αφιλόξενο, σκληρό, αδιάφορο.  
Ρίχνω το βλέμμα μου αλλού,  
προσπαθώ να βρω κάτι αισιόδοξο,  
αλλά τίποτα.

Θέλω ένα κόσμο όμορφο,  
χωρίς αδικίες και πολέμους,  
δίχως προσφυγιά και πνιγμένα παιδιά.

Νέοι όλοι του κόσμου,  
ας υψώσουμε τη φωνή μας  
για ειρήνη και χαρά!

**Κλεοπάτρα Καρανίκου, Τάξη Β1**

### The smile should come back

Staring out of the window,  
I see an indifferent world.  
Unfamiliar, harsh, inhospitable.  
I glimpse elsewhere,  
in vain for a trace of optimism.

I need a world with a quaint beauty,  
without wars and unfairness,  
without refugees and drowning children.

Youth of the world unite,  
raise your voice  
for peace and joy!

**Cleopatra Karanikou, Class B1**





## Νίκη

Νιώθει αναποφάσιτος.

Παλεύουν

ο αμήχανος κι ο θαρραλέος εαυτός του.

Τα πάντα γύρω άγνωστα

και κανένας σύμμαχός του.

Κανείς δεν ξέρει τι θα γίνει

στην πάλη αυτή,

αν θα το υπομείνει ή θα αμυνθεί.

Εκείνη τη στιγμή ξεπροβάλλει η Ελπίδα,

τα φτερά της Νίκης και η Ελευθερία.

Στο τέλος την Νίκη διαδέχεται η Χαρά,

γιατί με κούραση και πίστη

κέρδισε πραγματικά.

**Ίλια Πορίκη, Τάξη Α3**

Εμπνευσμένο από το αρχαίο γλυπτό

Η Νίκη της Σαμοθράκης

## Victory

He feels uncertain.

His embarrassed and courageous self

are in fight.

Everything around unknown

and nobody on his side.

Who knows what becomes in this fight?

Will he be patient or will he defend?

Then Hope arises,

Victory's wings in tandem with Freedom.

And Joy succeeds Victory's time

'cause labour and faith the prize define.

**Ilia Poriki, Class A3**

Inspired by the sculpture of Victory

(Niki of Samothraki)



## Νιώθω

Υπάρχουν φορές που νιώθω  
ευτυχισμένη, αισιόδοξη, γεμάτη ελπίδα  
για τον κόσμο που μας περιβάλλει.  
Κι άλλες φορές,  
φοβάμαι τις περισσότερες,  
νιώθω απογοητευμένη, δύσπιστη,  
απαισιόδοξη  
για πολλά από αυτά που συμβαίνουν  
γύρω μου.

Νιώθω χαμένη  
σ' έναν κόσμο που δεν ξέρω,  
μα ανυπομονώ και θέλω να γνωρίσω  
και σαν παιδί νιώθω ελπίδα, αισιοδοξία  
για το αύριο που θα 'ρθει.  
Και δεν θα επιτρέψω σε κανέναν,  
να με εμποδίσει να ονειρεύομαι γι' αυτό!

**Στάθια Ζυμάρη-Ίρις Καραμάνη**  
**Τάξη Β1**

## I feel

There are times  
happiness exudes my pores.  
Optimism, hope I wear and carry.  
There are others, frustrating and gloomy.  
Devastation,  
distrust and despair is my clothing  
for what is happening around.

I feel lost in a world I don't know about  
but I'm willing and eager to learn.  
Like a child with hopes and dreams,  
I paint pictures of future encounters.

And I'll never, oh, never permit  
To prevent me from using my colours!

**Stathia Zymari-Iris Karamani**  
**Class B1**



## Ξύπνησα

Ξύπνησα μια μέρα και ήλπιζα  
πως δεν θα είναι εκεί,  
μα μόλις πήγα, με περίμεναν.  
Προσπάθησα να τους αποφύγω,  
αλλά με πρόλαβαν.

Με έβρισαν, με κλώτσησαν,  
με έριξαν κάτω  
και έφυγαν γελώντας.

Ξύπνησα μια μέρα και ήλπιζα  
πως δεν θα είναι εκεί,  
μα μόλις πήγα με περίμεναν.  
Με αγωνία προσπάθησα να φύγω,  
μα με πρόλαβαν.

Μια μέρα όμως πήγα εκεί, ανήσυχος εγώ,  
και μόλις με έσπρωξαν,  
τους ρώτησα γιατί.

Και το γιατί μου αυτό  
τους ξεκουφαίνει ακόμα!

Δεν είναι πια εκεί!

**Δημήτρης Παπαγεωργίου, Τάξη Β3**

## Awakenings

I woke up one day with the hope  
not to see them.  
They were waiting for me, though.  
I tried to foresee that and run away  
but they reached me.

They swore, and kicked,  
and put my back on the ground.  
And they left laughing.

I woke up one day with the hope  
not to see them.  
They were waiting for me, though.  
In despair was my try to escape them  
but they reached me.

One different day,  
I was there again, with a startle.  
But with this and with that after punches  
I asked: WHY?

This why is deafening them  
They are not there any more!

**Dimitris Papageorgiou, Class B3**



### Παραμύθι με περίεργο τέλος

Υπάρχω και είμαι οκτώ χρονών  
και δεν είχα σπιτικό.  
Απόκτησα μετά σπίτι, μια γωνιά,  
και γονείς, μητέρα και πατέρα.  
Κι αυτοί στην ίδια γωνιά καθόντουσαν,  
λες και είμασταν κάτι ξύλινο και πλαστικό.

Δεν μας άγγιζαν.  
Κάποια μέρα όμως χάθηκαν,  
σαν να τους πήρε το τρένο  
ή μάλλον μια βάρκα με τον χάρο.

Στο σχολείο δεν είχα φίλους,  
αλλά θυμάμαι ότι με άγγιζαν.  
Όμως αυτά τα αγγίγματα πονούσαν  
και έτρεχε αίμα.  
Μάλλον γιατί με άγγιζαν  
με μαζεμένη την παλάμη τους, σαν πυγμάχοι,  
ή με τα πόδια τους, σαν ποδοσφαιριστές.

Κάθε φορά που πήγαινα σπίτι  
προσευχόμουνα  
μια στο Χριστό και μια στη μητέρα Του  
τη μαυροφόρα,  
να σταματήσει αυτό το μαρτύριο,  
αυτό το κακόγουστο αστείο.

Μια μέρα ξύπνησα κι ήμουν ντυμένη  
στα λευκά, με ολόλευκα φτερά.  
Μπροστά μου ένας κύριος,  
κι αυτός φτερά, κι αυτός λευκά.  
Μου έδωσε το χέρι,  
με ρώτησε αν θέλω να τον ακολουθήσω  
στο φως.

Δεν ξέρω αν θέλω.  
Αυτό το χέρι αν με χτυπήσει;  
Το φως αν με τυφλώσει;

Διάλεξα το φως.  
Και συγχώρεσα το χέρι όταν μ' άγγιξε,  
δεν ήταν για κακό...  
Δεν έτρεχε αίμα ούτε καν πονούσε...  
Η ζωή μου ήταν σαν παραμύθι  
με περίεργο τέλος.

**Σέφια Τάτση, Τμήμα Α4**

### Tale with a weird ending

I exist and I'm eight years old.  
And I didn't have a home.  
Then I had one, a cosy little corner  
with a father, a mother, let's say parents...  
Never touching us, what were we made of?  
Wood or plastic?

They were quietly sitting in the corner.  
Then a day came and they disappeared.  
By train or death's boat I can't say.

No friends at school,  
but I remember their touching.  
It was painful and cutting to bleed.  
Their hand, a clenched fist like a wrestler's,  
their feet those of a footballer.

Every time on the way back I would pray  
To Christ or His black-dressed mother,  
I can't say,  
for this torture to cease, this blunt joke.

One day there I woke in my white gown.  
White my wings, with a white Sir in my front.  
White his wings, white his hands,  
white his light,  
he was asking me if I would follow.

What should I know?  
Light and hand, a gripping fear.  
A hand to beat  
and a light not to let me see clear.

I chose light.  
And the hand sent forgiveness.  
No bad feeling, no blood and no fear  
no pain and my tale's end was near.

**Sefia Tatsi, Class A4**



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### Πόνος

Κάποιες φορές νιώθεις μόνος.  
Έπειτα σε πιάνει πόνος,  
χωρίς να υπάρχει λόγος.

Αυτό ξεπέρασέ το.  
Στάσου στο ύψος σου.  
Μείνε με τον φίλο σου.

**Παναγιώτης Καλλίνικος, Τάξη Β1**

### Pain

Sometimes you feel lonely.  
And then the pain starts  
and its reason is difficult to find.

Just get over it.  
Stand tall, at your height.  
Stand by.

**Panagiotis Kallinikos, Class B1**



### Σκοτάδι-Φως

Παντού υπάρχει σκοτάδι  
που θέλει να με κάνει να φοβηθώ.  
Μα μέσα στο βάθος φωτίζει ένα σημάδι,  
μου δείχνει το δρόμο και το ακολουθώ.

Πλησιάζω όλο και πιο κοντά,  
τόσο κοντά που μπορώ πλέον να δω.  
Βλέπω ότι είναι ένα φωτάκι  
κι απλώνω το χέρι με δέος και δισταγμό.

Και ξάφνου ο τόπος πλημμυρίζει με φως.  
Όλα αποκτούν χρώμα και μορφή  
Τότε το νόημα φτάνει στο μυαλό μου,  
να έχω πάντα ελπίδα στη ζωή.

**Θάνος Δαούλας, Τάξη Β1**

### Darkness-Light

Bleak darkness around  
to scare me, I bet.  
But a light in the distance is dimming.  
It shows me the way and I follow its glow  
Its beaming.

Closer I get,  
to see I need much,  
and a light I discern now more clearly.  
It lends me a hand and I do so with mine,  
in awe and with some hesitation.

Flood of light, all is bright  
and the colour is shedding its shadows.  
Then the meaning reveals,  
and my brain from fears is careless!  
Life needs hope.

**Thanos Daoulas, Class B1**



## Στρεσίτιδα

Τι κι αν νιώθεις ανία,  
να διαβάζεις Ιστορία;  
Όμως πρέπει να στρωθείς,  
άμα θες να προαχθείς.

Κι αν υπάρχει τόσο άγχος στην καρδιά  
πολύ στο βάθος,  
μάθε πρόγραμμα να βάζεις,  
όλα αν θες να τα προλάβεις.  
Κι άμα θες να χαλαρώσεις,  
στον κόκορα μην τα φορτώσεις.  
Στ' αλήθεια θα με θυμηθείς,  
όταν στις εξετάσεις  
μπαστούνια θα τα βρεις.  
Έχεις τόση αγωνία  
για το τεστ στη Βιολογία;  
Μεταφράζεις Αγγλικά  
μα σου λένε Γαλλικά;

Της στρεσίτιδας συμπτώματα είναι αυτά  
πίστεψέ με, δεν υπάρχει γιατριά.

Ή μήπως υπάρχει;

Αν θέλεις να σωθείς,  
στην αρρώστια να αμυνθείς,  
θεραπεία δεν ειν' άλλη,  
μην το σκύβεις το κεφάλι.  
Κι άλλη μία συμβουλή,  
υπευθυνότητα πολλή.

Αυτό είναι που ήθελα να πω,  
στρες ίσον πολύ κακό.  
Γεμίζετε σπυράκια  
και παίρνετε κιλάκια.  
Μένετε ξύπνιοι όλη τη νύχτα  
και την άλλη μέρα νύστα.  
Γι αυτό, λοιπόν, σας συμβουλεύω,  
στο άγχος πείτε: « Σ' αποφεύγω».  
Βάλτε τάξη στο μυαλό σας  
και θα ειν' για το καλό σας.

**Αλεξάνδρα Πράγια, Τάξη Β3**

## Stressitis

What if boredom hits  
with a history study?  
If you want to be good and continue,  
you suffer.

And if the fears in your heart struggle,  
just programme yourself,  
if you want to make haste  
and a difference.  
If by chance you need sleep  
and away to be from your lessons,  
remember to say no,  
'cause exams will come soon  
and the torture will be with no end.  
Are you freaking with Biology?  
Translating English  
and listening to French?

It's stressitis' the symptoms  
and believe me there isn't a way out.

Or, maybe, is there?

If you want to be saved  
and the stress to dispose,  
just remember:  
Level head up,  
responsibility is my advice,  
If you want Edelweiss.  
That was all I had to say.  
Stress is evil so to speak.  
It will fill your face with pimples.  
Let us not speak of kilos,  
insomnia an add  
and the next day  
a fad of exhaustion.  
Say no to stress.  
Take my advice and rest.  
Say "I'm leaving".  
A little order in your mind  
and all will be fine.

**Alexandra Praya, Class B3**



### **Συμμαθητές**

Εάν θες τους συμμαθητές σου να έχεις,  
τα συναισθήματά τους να προσέχεις.

Να θυμάσαι  
ότι κανείς δε θέλει να 'ναι μόνος,  
γιατί είναι αρκετός ο πόνος.  
Στους φίλους σου να έχεις πίστη!  
Μόνο αυτό θα σου διώξει την λύπη.

**Πέννυ Ανδριοπούλου, Τάξη Β1**

### **Classmates**

If you want  
your classmates to have by your sides,  
read the signs.

Handle emotions with care.

And remember:  
Nobody wants to be far from the centre.

The pain is too much,  
so to friends put some trust,  
if you want to send sorrow away  
and for ever.

**Penny Andriopoulou, Class B1**





## Συναισθήματα

Τα συναισθήματα είναι πολλά,  
και κακά, αλλά και καλά,  
κακά σαν τη ζήλεια  
και καλά σαν την αισιοδοξία.

Κάποιες φορές χαίρεσαι  
και άλλες αγχώνεσαι.  
Εμένα με ανησυχεί,  
εσένα σε θυμώνει.

Έχω πολλές προσδοκίες,  
αλλά και ανησυχίες.

**Γιάννης Βαρδανίκας, Τάξη Β1**

## Emotions

Emotions are many,  
evil or good.  
Imagine jealousy  
or flying cloud number nine.

Sometimes elation,  
sometimes devastation.  
What makes me worry,  
makes you see red.

Numerous my expectations,  
countless my frustrations.

**John Vardanikas, Class B1**



## Τι είναι φιλία

Είμαστε τρεις κι όμως νιώθω σαν ένα.

Είστε διαφορετικοί

κι όμως τόσο κοντά σε μένα.

Όλοι μαζί, όλοι μια παρέα,

πάντα περνάμε πολύ ωραία.

Μαζί γιατρεύουμε την κάθε πληγή.

Κι αν με ρωτήσουν τι είναι φιλία,

πρέπει να τους πω,

πως είναι η αληθινή ευτυχία.

**Πέννυ Δουβίκα, Τάξη Β1**

## Friendship

We are three and feeling like one.

You are different but so close to me.

All together in an air of companionship.

All in fun and recreation.

All in the treatment of any wound.

If they ask me

what about friendship in brief,

I'll simply answer: great relief!

**Penny Douvika, Class B1**



## Το παιδί – σκύλος

Είμαι ένα παιδί μικρό  
και κουτάκια από σπύρτα πουλώ  
στα λασπωμένα σοκάκια.

Όλοι μου φέρονται σα σκυλί,  
μα είμαι μόνο ένα παιδί.  
Αχ, τώρα έπιασε και η βροχή,  
πώς θα προφυλαχτώ;

Ο Θεός μ' έχει ξεχάσει.  
Πεινάω, διψάω πολύ.

Μακάρι όπως πήρε τη μαμά μου, να με  
πάει κοντά της, εκεί!

Το άλλο πρωί  
η ευχή του πραγματοποιήθηκε.  
Πήγε ψηλά στον ουρανό.  
Θα το έκλαψε κανένας άραγε;

**Αλέξανδρος Ζησούλης Τάξη Α1**

## The dog child

I'm a young child,  
and matches I'm selling  
in the muddy alleys.

They treat me like a dog,  
but I'm only a young child.  
Now it's raining, where is a shelter for me?

God has forgotten me.  
I'm hungry. I'm thirsty.  
Hope like Mum He gets me!

Next morning his wish was granted.  
There he was up high.  
Anyone for him to cry?

**Alexander Zisoulis, Class A1**



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#### Το ποίημα του Α4

#### A4's poem

Κρυώνω, κρύβομαι, κλαίω.

I shiver, I hide, I cry.

Προσπαθώ.

I try.

Προσπερνάνε, γελάνε.

They go by, they laugh.

Τα μάτια μου φταίνε, το ξέρω,  
που μέσα τους φέγγει η ψυχή μου.  
Οι λέξεις μου που ακούγονται ξένες,  
το χρώμα της ξένης ζωής μου.

It's my eyes to blame, I know,  
being lit by my soul.  
My words which sound strange, unfamiliar,  
the colour of my life as a stranger.

Προσπαθώ...

I try...

Προσπερνάνε, γελάνε.

They go by, they laugh.

Κρυώνω, κρύβομαι, κλαίω.

I shiver, I hide. I cry.

Σκέφτομαι, φταίω;

I think, am I to blame?

Πως όχι το ξέρω.

No, I do not and I know it.

Κρυώνω, κρύβομαι, κλαίω.

I shiver, I hide, I cry.



### Το προσφυγόπουλο

Στεκόταν μόνος του στο κεντρικό φανάρι,  
και πουλούσε χαρτομάντιλα.  
Ίσα που έφτανε στο τζάμι των αυτοκινήτων.  
Χλομός και αδύνατος, σχεδόν άυλος,  
χαμογελούσε με δυσκολία  
και έσφιγγε τα λιγοστά του κέρματα  
στη μικρή του χούφτα.  
Δύο γαλάζιες λίμνες τα μάτια του,  
δύο γκριζα σύννεφα που ταξιδεύουν,  
γεμάτα από ανεξίτηλα σημάδια  
που του χάραξαν τη ζωή.  
Ο πατέρας του χάθηκε στην πατρίδα,  
Ήρθε με τη μάνα και τον παππού του, πρόσφυγας.  
Οι μήμες του μαυρίζουν την ψυχή.  
Θέλει να ξεχάσει,  
θέλει να σβήσουν  
οι θολές απ' τον καπνό εικόνες,  
θέλει να σταματήσουν οι κραυγές,  
να λιγοστέψει ο πόνος και η αγωνία,  
θέλει να μη φοβάται πια.  
Άφησε φίλους και συγγενείς, άφησε τον ήλιο  
και το τραγούδι, το παιχνίδι και τη χαρά.  
Κοιμήθηκε με όνειρα και ελπίδες  
και ξύπνησε χωρίς μέλλον, χωρίς ταυτότητα,  
χωρίς ανάσα.  
Απλώσε το μικρό του χέρι  
με τόση σιγουριά, με θάρρος και αξιοπρέπεια,  
και φάνηκαν οι τσακισμένες του φτερούγες.  
Το βλέμμα του διαπέρασε την ψυχή μου,  
έσπασε τις πέτρινες καρδιές της γκριζας πολιτείας,  
γκρέμισε τα ματωμένα σύνορα.  
Και έμεινε εκεί, μια βουβή σκιά,  
να αναρωτιέται το γιατί  
και ποιος το ορίζει ποια ζωή αξίζει και ποια όχι .

Μυρτώ Βαζάκα – Βόδενα, Τάξη Α1

### The little refugee

He was standing at traffic lights selling tissues.  
He was just a few feet high, barely seen  
from car windows.  
Pale and weak and transparent,  
he would hardly smile and held tight  
the coins in his hand.  
Two blue lakes in his eyes,  
two travelling clouds with eternal the signs of his life.  
His father lost back home,  
and his mum and grandfather his escorts.  
To this long, bitter trip, to the exit,  
memories are black, coal in the soul.  
To forget he wants, to erase them.  
To seal the cries, to diminish the size of his panic.  
He left friends behind, the sun and the songs,  
they toys and the joys of childhood.  
He slept on his dreams,  
but the future redeems  
without breath, no ID, just a hand  
coming out with decision.  
With courage and dignity,  
under his pride the wings could be seen,  
which were bleeding.  
His look a screw, a nail through my heart,  
which shuttered the walls of this grey town.  
It shuttered the borders of blood.  
And there it remained, a voiceless shadow  
in the crazy domain of no reason.  
Who defines who lives?  
Who decides on values and worth?  
Who the sinless?

Myrto Vazaka-Vodena, Class A1



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<b>Τώρα</b>	<b>Now</b>
Μια	One
λέξη είναι	Word is enough
αρκετή για να πονέσει,	To cause pain, to strangle
για να πνίξει ένα παιδί. Αυτό τώρα πρέπει	A child. It must stop now because
να σταματήσει, γιατί το παιδί θέλει να	There's a willing soul ready to move on
προχωρήσει.	
Τ	N
Ω	O
Ρ	W
Α	Things change
Τα πράγματα αλλάζουν. Το παιδί μαζί με	The child can start flying again
παρέα δυνατή μπορεί να πετάξει απ' την	If the company is there with a hand to lend.
αρχή.	
<b>Κατερίνα Κορμπάκη Τάξη Α2</b>	<b>Katerina Korbaki, Class A2</b>



## ΔΙΑΚΡΙΣΕΙΣ

Μετά από ψηφοφορία καθηγητών, επιλέχθηκαν τέσσερα ποιήματα τα οποία παρουσιάστηκαν στο ΕΜΒ κλαμπ για τελική επιλογή.

### *Ελληνικά ποιήματα*

**Α΄ Βραβείο:** «Ξύπνησα», Δημήτρης Παπαγεωργίου, τάξη Β΄

**Β΄ Βραβείο:** «Νίκη», Ίλια Πορίκη, τάξη Α΄

**Γ΄ Βραβείο:** «Το προσφυγόπουλο», Μυρτώ Βαζάκα-Βόδενα, Α΄τάξη

### *Αγγλικά ποιήματα*

**Α΄ Βραβείο:** «*My school life with Danny*», Μαρία Ξενοπούλου, Α΄τάξη

**Β΄ Βραβείο:** «*The girl*», τα μέλη του ΕΜΒ κλαμπ,

Ηλέκτρα Κουκούτση, Κατερίνα Ζήρου, Γ΄τάξη

Κλεοπάτρα Καρανίκου, Β΄τάξη

Γιώργος Καλαντζής, Ίλια Κουκούτση, Ειρήνη Σταθοπούλου, Μαριάνθη Κοκκίνου, Α΄τάξη

**Γ΄ Βραβείο:** «*Μαζί*», Κατερίνα Μπαράκου, Α΄τάξη

## HONORS

After shortlisting the poems by means of teachers' voting, four poems were presented to the EMB club for the final selection.

### *Greek poems*

**1st Prize:** "Awakenings", Dimitris Papageorgiou, Class B

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize:** "Victory", Ilia Poriki, Class A

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize:** "The little refugee", Myrto Vazaka-Vodena, Class A

### *English poems*

**1<sup>st</sup> Prize:** «*My school life with Danny*», Maria Xenopoulou, Class A

**2<sup>nd</sup> Prize:** «*The girl*», EMB club members,

Helectra Koukoutsis, Katerina Zirou, Class C

Cleopatra Karanikou, Class B

George Kalantzis, Ilia Koukoutsis, Irini Stathopoulou, Marianthi Kokkinou, Class A

**3<sup>rd</sup> Prize:** «*Μαζί*», Katerina Barakou, Class A