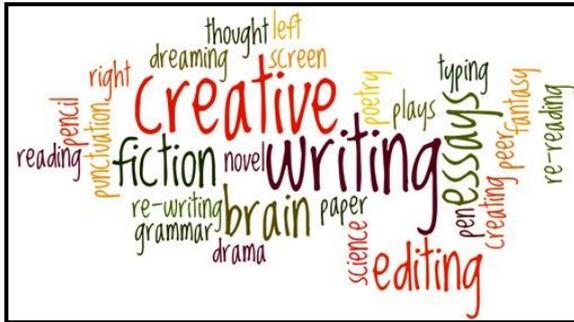


Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής στα Αγγλικά

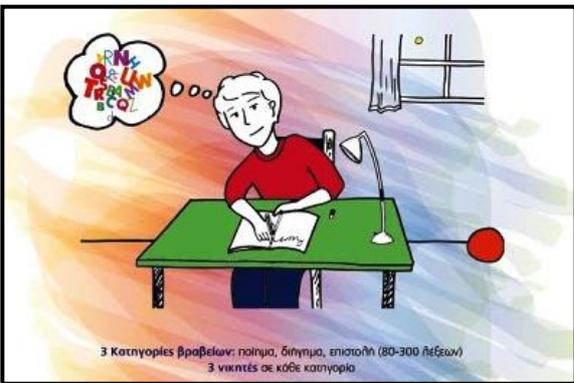
Διακρίσεις για το σχολείο μας!

Διοργανώνεται από το **Τμήμα Αγγλικών Σπουδών του Κολεγίου "ΔΕΛΑΣΑΛ"** σε συνεργασία με την ΕΚΑΔΕΒΕ, για τους/τις μαθητές/τριες της Ε΄ & ΣΤ΄ τάξης των Δημόσιων & Ιδιωτικών Δημοτικών της Περιφέρειας Κ. Μακεδονίας



Οι διακρίσεις μας ξεκίνησαν στον 3ο Διαγωνισμό Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2016-17 με τίτλο: **So close, yet so far apart**, η μαθήτρια **Ανανιάδου Άννα** της Ε΄ τάξης, κατέλαβε τη 2^η θέση στην κατηγορία **Short story**.

Στον 4ο Διαγωνισμό Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2017-18 με τίτλο: **"When 'I' is replaced by 'WE', even i-llness becomes we-llness**, η μαθήτρια **Κλέρι Βαγγέλι** της ΣΤ΄ τάξης, κατέλαβε τη 2^η θέση στην κατηγορία **Short story**.



Στον 6ο Διαγωνισμό Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2019-20 με τίτλο **"Be part of the solution, not part of the pollution"** ο μαθητής **Σαλίασι Αρσίλντο** της ΣΤ΄ τάξης, κατέλαβε τη 2^η θέση στην κατηγορία **"SHORT STORY"**.

Πολλά συγχαρητήρια στα παιδιά και στην εκπαιδευτικό της Αγγλικής του σχολείου μας **κα Ζωή Μαλιβίτση** που δεν παύει ποτέ να αναζητά δημιουργικούς τρόπους προκειμένου να διεγείρει το ενδιαφέρον των μαθητών/τριών της πάνω στην αγγλική γλώσσα.

2016-17, 2^η θέση **Ανανιάδου Άννα, Ε1-** στην κατηγορία **Short story**



'Top Dance' was the best ballet school in the country. Some great ballerinas graduated from this school. Marilena was sure she was going to be one of these great ballerinas. She was almost perfect! In her class there was also Stella, who was quite good but she never believed in herself. One day, the ballet teacher announced to the young ballerinas that there was going to be a global contest where only three dancers from 'Top Dance' could participate. A special committee would choose which of the ballerinas would go to the contest. At the audition Marilena was fantastic. Stella began dancing but lost her steps. Later, her teacher told her that unless she believed in herself, she wouldn't succeed. "It takes effort and self-confidence," she told her. Stella couldn't sleep because she was thinking about her teacher's words. The next day the teacher announced the dancers that would represent 'Top Dance': Marilena, Mary and ... Stella!!!! Stella couldn't believe it. She was scared, of course, because Marilena was among the best ballerinas and she was certain to win! She started training hard repeating to herself "I can do it!" On the day of the contest Marilena entered the scene so confident of herself. She danced gracefully and when she finished she was joyful! She was positive she was the winner! Stella's turn came. She concentrated to overcome her fears and started dancing passionately. In her mind she had her teacher's words.

It was time for the contest results: A girl from England took third position, Marilena took second and Stella took first position. Stella was shocked!!! Her teacher hugged her and told her "This prize must always remind you that what seems so close for some people, is in fact far away from them! Always believe in yourself!"

2017-18, 2^η Θέση Βαγγέλι Κλέρι, ΣΤ2- στην κατηγορία Short story



There was once a man who lived in a crowded neighborhood but he never interacted with the people in it. He wasn't always like this, though. After losing his dad at an early age and seeing his mother fall into depression, he became closed to himself. He started hanging out with the wrong people. Eventually, he got trust issues, as many of his friends had let him down, and got into bad habits. When he grew up and became more mature, he still wouldn't open up. He was surly and people avoided him as they thought he was a big bore. That wasn't exactly wrong, his life was pretty monotonous: he would wake up, go to work, come home and go to bed. The next day, he would do the same all over again.

As time passed, he found out that he was suffering from a serious illness due to heavy drinking and smoking. Doctors gave him only four months to live. Being in such poor health made him think that it was time to change. He started talking to neighbors, called people for dinner and his sad mother to come and live with him. Everyone was caught by surprise but were happy with this change. When they learned about his condition, they all tried to make his last months his best. The months passed; everyone was waiting for him to go. Although they were all sad, they managed to smile, kept him company and discussed the important things in life. He was grateful. He thought these months were the best in his life. He couldn't believe what he was missing all through his life. His last day never came. With this little help from his loved ones, the man got over his health problem and started life from zero.

2019-20, 2^η Θέση Σαλίασι Αρσίλντο, ΣΤ2- στην κατηγορία Short story



Fighting the rubbish king

Once upon a time, there was a kingdom. Like all kingdoms, it had knights. A brave knight was the most famous of all because he had a magic sword with amazing powers and the unbreakable shield. One day the king sent the messenger to the knight. The knight wondered why. 'The world's full of rubbish,' was the answer. The knight said 'I will save the world but who's responsible for this evil thing?' The messenger replied 'The rubbish king! Our kingdom isn't safe. Take your armor, sword and the legendary shield. Go and save the world.'

So the knight started on this top priority mission. He was informed that the rubbish king was in Paris and he had thrown tons of rubbish on Eiffel Tower.

Such a mess! The brave knight wouldn't give up. The rubbish king got furious. 'I can pollute the whole world not just Paris,' he shouted.

The knight turned on the TV and saw an enormous rubbish tornado destroying everything in Canada. The Prime Minister gave him a super fast jet. The knight took the jet and the clever parachute and disappeared in the clouds. The tornado stopped! The rubbish king not only lost another battle but he was also caught and locked in a cage.

Unfortunately, the 'King' escaped from the cage, flew to the Pacific Ocean and created a rubbish tsunami, huge like Mount Everest. The knight fought the king and won. The king started crying. 'I don't create the rubbish, I just play with it. Unless you stop littering, I won't stop playing!' The knight realized that the king was absolutely right. He decided that it's us who must change and not the rubbish! And so, with the help of his magic sword, shield and the rubbish king he started his anti-rubbish campaign!

Οι υπόλοιπες συμμετοχές των μαθητών/τριών μας

1^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2014-15 με τίτλο: “Sometimes later is too late”

My best friend brother

We always fight
Outside and inside
And if you dare ask me why
I'll give you a simple answer
You know I love you
Because you are my best friend brother
If I get angry with you
Maybe I'll scream and cry
You needn't know why
Later I'll have you in my mind
And I'll be feeling bad about it
I won't even try
To hide it
So thank you for being my brother
If I were to have another
I'd feel more anger
So thank you for being by brother
This way or another
You're my best friend brother

Κοκκινομάτης Πολύβιος, μαθητής της ΣΤ τάξης

Bringing meaning in my life

Bringing meaning in my life
Rarely a day passes-by
Offering his love and friendship
To me as if I am his offspring!
Helpful being all the time
Every time I ask him why
Reliable answers he provides, he even has
the recipes!

Of ...

My favourite mince pies!

However with this poem
Every time he is the one to ask me “WHY?”
As if he can't
Really understand
That he is the treasure in my life!

Καρράς Παΐσιος, μαθητής της ΣΤ τάξης

2^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2015-16 με τίτλο: “I can't just look and do nothing!”

Κατηγορία: Short story (2015-16)

One day, while I was walking to school, I heard voices and screams. I looked around the corner and I saw a frightened little girl. There were two older boys who were screaming at her and were beating her. I got scared and I stopped a car. The man from the car got out and I told him to follow me. The man tried to stop them, but they didn't listen to him and they pushed the man away. Other people came to help them man and the girl. They started to fight with the boys. Then, I pulled the girl towards me and I told her to run. The girl was saved and now we are good friends. When she asked me why I had helped her, I told her: I can't just look and do nothing.

Ελένη Αποστολίδου, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

Κατηγορία: Letter (2015-16)

Dear friends,
My name's Christina and I'm 11 years old. You're going to feel tired if I tell you what my routine is like. But this is how I like it. You know, I dislike just fooling around doing nothing. Some people are couch potatoes. They like spending time in front of the TV watching sports but they never play themselves. They're passive and ... pathetic! I hate just looking. I'm fond of being active. That's why my everyday life is actually a bit difficult. I wake up early in the morning. I go to school and when I get back home I do all my school projects and my homework for the next day. After that I go to the gym and work out for at least 3.5 hours every day except Mondays. Oh, I forgot to mention that I love sports and especially gymnastics. I'm passionate and my instructor says that I'm at a very good level. She believes I'm talented and recommends that I do it professionally. Training is a good way to keep fit and live healthily. Are you tired already? This is exactly what I do every day. Thank you for reading my letter.

Best wishes

Christina

Χριστίνα Ζωσιμίδου, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Letter (2015-16)

Dear Mayor,

I am writing to you to tell you that I am very sad because the environment of my city is very polluted. I am sick and tired of just looking and doing nothing about it.

Every day we can see rubbish everywhere and this is dirty and ugly. That's why we want more garbage bins.

We want to recycle glass, paper, plastic and aluminum every day but the recycling bins are always full. Why don't you send your men to empty them? The water that we drink and use has bad quality because the environment is polluted by pesticides and fertilizers.

The factories are near our houses and the air is full of dust, smoke and chemical gases.

I am very sad for all these and so are all the kids of my age. We want to do something about these problems and we want you to do something about them, too. We can see that every day all these problems get worse.

Why don't you come over to our school and have a chat with us about this situation? We can give you a lot of ideas for the future and we can help as volunteers, too.

Yours,

Katerina Pantelidou

Κατερίνα Παντελίδου, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Poem (2015-16)

I can't see hungry people and do nothing.

I can't see thirsty people and do nothing.

I can't see ill people and do nothing.

I can't see people out in the cold and do nothing.

I can't see unhappy people and do nothing.

I can't see homeless people and do nothing.

All of us can do something ...

We can give some of our food.

We can give some of our water.

We can give some of our medicines.

We can give some of our clothes.

We can give some of our happiness.

They shouldn't be sad,

All they need is just a hug.

Δέσποινα Δελιανίδου, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

**3^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2016-17 με τίτλο:
"So close, yet so far apart"****Κατηγορία: Letter (2016-17)**

Hi Ann,

I'm writing to tell you my sad news! That's the way I feel about losing Mary. Mary happens to be my best friend. I've known her since kindergarten and we used to enjoy each other's company every day. I always thought that I was very lucky to have Mary in my life. We used to go to the same school, to the same afternoon activities, I used to trust and always believe her and that's how she felt about me. We used to play every day together and spend so much time together.

A couple of weeks ago, Mary came to school and she announced to everybody that she would go to England with her family. Her daddy has just found a job there and she must go there with her mum and sister. I was shocked to hear the news!

Before she left we decided to start an account on Facebook and talk. Now we talk every day and she tells me about her new school, her new friends and the place where she lives. She's coming for holidays next summer and I'll see her again. Till then I'll only talk to her on Facebook. This way we feel close to each other, although we are so many miles apart.

That's my news, dear Ann, and I'm looking forward to yours.

Love

Christina

Πογόσοβα Χριστίνα, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Letter (2016-17)

Dear Sophie,

Are you feeling any better? Or are you still down in the mouth?

I keep thinking about what you told me the other day. I feel lonely and sad too, but I really believe that you are overdoing it!

A lot of people that I know feel like that. Nowadays, communication is so easy and fast. We use the Net, we use social networks, we learn news fast and in real time, but I don't think that we care about other people's problems or needs. We only feel happy because we are healthy or because we've got a good job or a big house. But this is what makes us sad. My parents always help others and I want to be like them, caring and kind.

I'm sharing these thoughts with you because I believe that we have the same way of thinking. But, my dear friend, don't be depressed! I'm sure we can find a solution and feel better!

Love,

Thanos

Γιαννάκης Θάνος-Αντώνιος, μαθητής της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Short story (2016-17)

Six years ago, I could not imagine myself being in this situation. On the 15th of March, 1989, I was born in Damascus. I was just like every other girl living in a peaceful country. I had my family, we had a house, a car, I had my friends, my teachers, I had everything. I grew up as every normal kid does.

I was a good student and I wanted to become a doctor. At the age of 22 I finally graduated from the University of Damascus with a degree in Medicine. My dreams were just about to become true. I wanted so much to work at a hospital and treat sick people, people who needed me. And this was so close to come true, yet it proved to be so out of reach, so far apart from me!

The war started and everything changed. Gradually I realized that I couldn't treat the people who needed me. The war made me another person. It gave me a new name: 'refugee'. I lost my relatives and friends. I had to go, to leave my home, to leave everything behind and run for my life. I lost everything I used to love.

I hope this nightmare will end soon. I will still be a different person than the one I was before the war but I will be able to go back to my country and follow my dreams again. Don't you think I deserve it?

Γκαϊταντζή Μαρία, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Poem (2016-17)

Birds are flying away
And I try to find the way
That makes me happy, not afraid.

So close yet so far apart
Is the one that makes my heart beat fast.
I wish it will last.

My mind is broken
But my diary is open
And that makes me feel better.

So close yet so far apart
Is the one that makes me follow my heart.
I wish it will last.

Birds are flying away
Who told you I wish to escape?
I'll be here to wait!

Here's the one that makes my heart beat fast
I wish it will last forever
And I already feel better.

Παντελίδου Κατερίνα, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

Κατηγορία: Letter (2016-17)

Dear Alex,

In my last letter I forgot to tell you about this girl I regularly meet in the park. She must be twelve, like me, and when I saw her for the first time, she was sitting on a bench and she seemed to be lost in her thoughts, scared of the people around her.

I was exactly opposite her and also sitting on a bench, lost at *my* thoughts. Suddenly I realized that her eyes were fixed on me and I felt like smiling to her, her face was so friendly!

She looked down and something inside me made me go close to her and say 'Hello, I'm Mel'. She smiled, gave me her hand and said 'Yakeen'.

I caught her hand and smiled, she stood up and without saying more we started walking, laughing and playing. We didn't need to talk, this way or another we didn't know each other's language, but we communicated with our smiles and our eyes.

Yakeen is my new friend. Every day we meet in the same park. Now she can say a few words and I understand that she's a refugee from Libya.

Her country is so far away and, unfortunately, there is a civil war going on there. Yakeen doesn't speak Greek, doesn't wear the same clothes as me, and I keep wondering why she wears a head scarf. But I don't really care because every time we meet, we feel the same joy to see each other.

Although our worlds are far away, our religion, our culture, I feel her so close to me and I know that she feels the same, because, after all, we are not that different!

I hope she'll still be around when you come back because I'd love you to meet her!

Love,

Mel

Τζιώρα Μελομένη-Αθανασία, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

**4^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2017-18 με τίτλο:
When "I" is replaced by "WE", even i-llness becomes we-llness**

Κατηγορία: Letter (2017-18)

Dear Mayor,

I am writing to you because I am very concerned about two very important issues.

The first is the environment. I have noticed that there are not many recycling bins in my neighborhood. Am I the only one who is telling you something like that? When we recycle things like packaging, then both the atmosphere and the seas will be clear. The environment needs us and we need to do this together.

The second is the refugees. I want them to have a better life. We must all help them with clothes, food and accommodation. And we must help them find a job and one day they will be able to go back to their homeland. And I will ask you again: Am I the only one who is telling you something like that?

These things cannot be done by one person. That's why I am writing to you. Because you have the power to help. The environment's protection is in our hands. You can put more recycling bins in the streets and you can start a campaign about recycling. You can also organize help for refugees and you can persuade the local people to do the same.

Time to go now. But before I do, I would like to remind you the Greek proverb: "When people are united and work together, they are strong."

Best regards,

Thanos

Γιαννάκης Θάνος-Αντώνιος, μαθητής της ΣΤ τάξης

Breaking; not broken

He walks to school.
Nobody notices.
Underneath clothes
He hides bruises.

He walks to class
With his hoodie on.
Behind that
He's got a broken heart.

He walks home with a black eye.
His heart is frozen.
"Why's my life so long?" he asks.
Why can't I go and die?"

His mum won't ask
And he won't tell.
Nobody knows he's breaking.
Nobody knows that he's broken.

The teachers won't ask.
The kids won't tell.
His notebook says
"Buddy, you're dead"!

Who wrote it?
Who cares?
Is there anybody out there?
Can anyone help?
The next day
With the damage done
You never know
How a word can hurt.

Look into his eyes
And maybe you'll see
What it looks like
To be broken.

What makes me strong?
I know my time here
Won't be long
But I dare, I dare to be different!

It's time to care.
Don't you see? He's breaking!
Time to cure
Someone's wound.

Don't you say they're broken!
They're just a little bent!
If you only care a little
Everything is going to end.

Λαζαρίδου Ελένη, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

**5^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2018-19 με τίτλο:
“You can’t compare red and blue. How can you compare me and you, the
sun and the moon, the old and the new?”**

Κατηγορία: Poem (2018-19)

We are all equal

Hello, hello! What’s your name?
Welcome to our school, want to be our mate?
Here you will find only friends
So take your books and pencils and your pens.
The only thing we know and we keep
Is love and trust and lots of friendship.
Different skin colour if you have
Here you will make more friends.
Even if you come from that region
Or if you believe in that religion
And even if you are just a nerd
Again we will love you as a friend.
Here you won’t find enemies
No punishments, no fears, no penalties.
Please don’t be afraid of anything.
Don’t curse, don’t hit, don’t hurt my neck
‘Cause you won’t have my respect.
We only want to laugh and to play.
And if you leave away one future day,
We’ll always remember you
Our friend, our pal, our good mate.

Ειρήνη-Ελένη Παρίση, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

Κατηγορία: Short story (2018-19)

The little girl from Africa

She was thin as a stick, with short black curly hair and a fantastic chocolate-coloured skin. She was from Nigeria, but none of us knew where this was and we didn’t ask. Her name was Pamela and she really wanted to join us, play with us, be part of us. However, every time Pamela came to us, most of the children called her names and made fun of her. Nobody wanted her.

Adrianna was in the same class and she knew that she must do something about the African girl. Adrianna went near her, told her not to worry and promised to talk to the cruel kids. Indeed, the next day Adrianna tried to talk to classmates. She said things like “it doesn’t matter whether you have a different religion, colour or language, what matters is the kindness in the heart and friendship” but nobody would listen. On the contrary, they started laughing and making fun of Adrianna, too. During the Physical Education class, a ball nearly hit John in the face but Pamela went in front of him and the ball hit Pamela instead. Pamela fell down and she was in pain. Blood was coming out of her nose. All the children stared speechless feeling ashamed. They understood what Adrianna was talking about and that every one of us is different on the outside but in the inside we are all humans, as long as we don’t lose our humanity. This incident was just the beginning. Now Pamela has a lot of friends but Adrianna is her best!

Άννα Μπανταλιάν, μαθήτρια της Ε τάξης

The Magic Mirror

Once upon a time there was a family living happily in an old big country house.

One Saturday the elder daughter went to the attic to look for old photos that she needed for a school task. As she was searching, she found a mirror that she liked a lot and wondered why such a beautiful piece was there. She decided to get it down and decorate one of the dining room walls. The next day, as the mother was setting the table, she looked in the mirror and felt that her reflection was different; actually she looked much older. Her son noticed his mother was upset and asked what was wrong. She answered that she had seen her mother in the mirror. Then the kid realized that the day before he had seen his grandmother, too.

They decided to go to the attic again and search grandma's trunk that had been shut for decades. There they discovered her diary. They started reading and they learned that when grandma was sixteen she fell in love with a young man, George Ascott, and they were supposed to get married. However, George suddenly disappeared. Grandma thought that he abandoned her.

Years later, when grandma's father was dying, he confessed that he was the one that destroyed her relationship. Grandma's family was rich and George was poor, unemployed and without prospects. Her father threatened him that if he didn't leave her, he would destroy him. So George left their town and grandma married somebody else that she didn't really love but was her equal.

"There are no equals in life, my dear ones," concluded grandma. "Everybody is different. Only true love makes us forget our differences. This is my message to you. Every time you look in my mirror, remember: Find true love."

Άννα Ζωσιμίδου, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

**6^{ος} Διαγωνισμός Δημιουργικής Γραφής το 2019-20 με τίτλο:
"Be part of the solution, not part of the pollution"**

The time machine

In a small village far away from here lived three children, Sandy, Tania and Jim. They were very good friends. One day, they decided to go for a walk in the forest. While they were walking, Sandy heard a strange noise. The children followed the noise and they found something unbelievable: a time machine!

They started arguing about which chronology they would travel. Jim wanted to travel to the past but Tania and Sandy to the future, so they traveled to the future.

When they arrived, they came face to face with an awful sight. All the streets were full of garbage, the sky was grey, the atmosphere polluted and the air that the people were breathing was full of radioactive particles. The children were shocked. They found a girl and asked her what had happened to them. "We have destroyed our planet," she answered. "The earth suffers from air, soil, and water pollution". The three children were confused and sad about what they saw and heard.

They got onto the time machine again and travelled back to their time. They started thinking about what they could do to avoid the coming disaster. Tania had an idea. She suggested to her class at school that they should produce a school newspaper in which they would write about the earth pollution. All children were very excited.

Finally, the idea was very catchy: all kids participated in the making of the newspaper. They named it 'Solution not Pollution'. It is still published in the hope to save what can be saved and conserved.

Μανταράς Χάρης, μαθητής της ΣΤ τάξης

August, the newcomer

In the year 2039, a long time ago, that is, a strange boy turned up in our school. He was a different boy with an odd name: August. August was a boy with problems. Or, so everybody said.

August was always scared. However, he kept coming to our school where he had no friends, he was always alone. And lonely, I guess.

One day, all of a sudden, the sky became black as pitch. The atmosphere was scary and the people, petrified, started screaming and running to their homes.

Suddenly, a man appeared in front of August. August was terrified. The man calmed him down and told him that he was a super boy with super powers.

‘Yes, I know,’ said August sarcastically. ‘I am a super boy. My nickname is SUB. You know what it means? Super Ugly Boy!’

The man persuaded August that he could do amazing things. Suddenly August realized that he could fly. He flew to space, he didn’t know exactly where, but he knew that the only thing he could see from there was trash! Mountains of rubbish! Piles of garbage!

August used his super powers and hit the Earth violently. The Earth started shaking and got rid of all its trash. Now the Earth was clean again and the sky became blue as it had always been.

The good news is that the people changed. They stopped throwing rubbish and started recycling, upcycling, reusing and reducing.

The next day all the kids at school admired August and wanted to play with him. August became their hero and SUB became SAB, which stands for Super Amazing Boy.

If you think this is an imaginary story, you’re wrong! It’s a SSS, which means a Super Strong Story because everyone who reads it, stops polluting and littering.

Μπανταλιάν Άννα, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

For a Better Future

Dear Mayor,

I am writing to tell you about something that happened to me the other day, and I really wish you would do something to stop this situation.

As everybody knows, our area is facing a huge problem: odor pollution. Nobody knows where it is coming from, or so they say, and nobody does anything about it because it seems to me that they do not care.

When I woke up a couple of days ago, I suddenly smelled a terrible smell and the smell, I am sure, came from the oil refineries in our area. I just couldn’t breathe and I asked my mother’s help. She came and helped me out of my bed and onto my feet.

But this is the tip of the iceberg. The problem has been here for decades. Sometimes at school we breathe the smell of something burning. As you can understand, it is unbearable.

So, one day, I would like to go to the factories, not just me, but my friends too and our parents, to see how the work is done there. We all know that the oil is necessary for cars, buses, motorbikes etc. but it smells awful! Isn’t there another way to get all these vehicles going?

I am suggesting that everyone should go to the factories with us and shout “Let’s do something for a better future”. Can you help organize this march? You have the power to do it, for that I am sure. Just remember: If we only sit in our homes, nothing is going to change. I am really looking forward to your answer.

Best regards,

Κλλόγκρι Χριστίνα, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

Sharing with grandma

Dear Grandma,

How are you? I hope you are well.

We're fine, I'm fine, too, but I've got a serious problem and that's why I'm writing. I want to share it with you.

You shouldn't worry about me, though, because it's not a personal problem, and I told you before that I'm fine. I am really concerned about pollution.

It's so harmful to animals, the environment and, of course, to humans. So many factories and cars! We've been trying to find solutions but nothing seems to work. Instead, factories seem to multiply day after day. Most of the people I know use their cars and nobody seems to care about the environment.

We, kids, and the other people in our neighborhood make a lot of protests but nobody pays any attention and I'm so disappointed. In a few years the whole planet will be full of rubbish and dirt. The future will be terrible!

My school organizes lots of events about this topic. However, the planet is still suffering and we must do more to save the Earth. After all, it's our home, the only one we've got. We should all care about our future. If we don't do something, it will be miserable. That's an unpleasant fact.

The environmental pollution concerns all the people and we have to do everything possible to save our planet.

My lovely grandma, I'd like to know your thoughts about this problem!

Write back soon!

Love,

Κουτσουρίδου Αλεξάνδρα, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης

Our Planet, Our Earth

Just imagine...

If you were planet Earth,

What would be your emotion?

Would you have good health?

Attacked if you were by pollution?

Think hard...

Wouldn't you certainly prefer?

Happiness, safety and care?

Wouldn't it be unfair,

Being destroyed by him and her?

Think logically, think seriously...

If we cared indeed,

Wouldn't we gain a lot?

Consider what we did -

You're the only one we've got!

Consider that

Pollution in the air,

Pollution in the sea,

Everybody hates it -

It's clear to see.

Think again ...

We can change for ever

For that I always hope.

If we try together

Because you're our home.

Κυπριανίδου Ηλιάνα, μαθήτρια της ΣΤ τάξης