



to click or not to click

Stories and poems composed by students of the Model Lower
Secondary School of Agioi Anargyroi as part of a writing competition

To click or not to click should always be the question
Before you click on a link, take it into consideration
And do not share personal information

Protect yourself from internet – it can be harmful
So be careful
Your safety in it
Can always be a trick
The human who has made it wants it to appeal

But you are very clever
Never have I seen anyone like you ever!

So, since you are intelligent
You won't give anyone your personal 'elements'

Do not post things which are embarrassing
Protect your friends and you from blushing

And think before you click,
You post,
You send whatever can make you or others hurt

The cyber world is full of tricks
It can be bad if you think too quick
Keep your anger out of posts
Or you will regret being the host

And if you accidentally click
I advise you to press 'delete'

Avoid others' negative attention
Or you will face much frustration

Just ignore suspicious links
Don't take a look, even an eye blink

Do not share your password, keep it to yourself
It's easy for others to destroy your mental health
And if this happens don't hesitate to ask for help

Hoping you take my advice
Things on internet can stay for ever and are not always nice!

Internet posts are like dice,
No change is possible, so don't tell lies

Inform your parents and family
I know it's difficult but badly needed
Don't be afraid and tell the truth
Just show the ignorance of youth

I understand you, really
How difficult it is to feel me
So take some last advice from my clever mice
And hear them talking twice:

Make sure a link is safe
Type it on to your browser first

And if you see the danger coming
Close your eyes and it's morning

Be cautious and ask for help
Wherever you are say how you felt

Reveal your problem to your loved ones
Do not trust the other ones

Ask and learn
Warn the others
They will earn

And what I most would like to say
Is share your problems
But not your personal day

Keep it to yourself
Be careful
Because the Web can well be hurtful

Don't click, don't click
On any link
Be careful forever
And I promise we will be together!

Rania Antoniou (A' Class)

What if our whole life is a dream? If we knew it was a dream, we would have made different decisions...

Aisha and Alex were 15 years old. They were two different people living the same life, not knowing about each other's existence. Their lives were absolutely identical but they were dealing with it in different ways.

Both of them were bullied. Receiving anonymous bullying texts and e-mails was a routine for them, but they reacted very differently.

"To click or not to click?"

Stolidity. Alex didn't care about them. He acted like he wasn't being bullied; was self-confident and never bothered about them at all. "They are written by people who don't know who they're meant to be." He knew that bullies lack self-respect.

"To click or not to click?"

Excruciating pain. Aisha felt awful. She couldn't sleep because of the nightmares; she wasn't self-confident and she refused to talk to anyone about her experience. "Aren't I good enough? Why do I have to go through this?" She couldn't understand that it wasn't her fault.

Neither of them had confided their problems to somebody else.

Alex had never clicked on the e-mails and texts. He refused to open them... until one day, curiosity started whirling inside his head. "What if they're important?" "They're not." "Some of them may help you become a better person." "What? No way." Two little voices inside his head were arguing. "To click or not to click?" He was confused. It felt like he was drowning and had to choose the way he was going to save himself. "If I open them, they may afflict me, but if don't, I will never get to know who and what is hidden behind them ..." Suddenly, his room started filling with water. He was drowning. "Let me breathe!"

Aisha always clicked on them. She felt an urge to open them... until one day, she started thinking that they were harming her. "I think you have to stop opening them." "How will I get to know what people think about me then?" "They're hurtful." "I don't care." Two little voices inside her head were arguing, too. "To click or not to click?" She was helpless. It felt like she was flying and someone was nipping her wings. "If I stop opening them, I'll become more confident about myself, but if I don't, I won't get to know what people think about me anymore...". Suddenly, her wings started falling to pieces. She was falling. "Let me fly!"

At school, a few people used to stare at Alex persistently every day. He was convinced that they were the anonymous bullies and that they vehemently disliked him ... but why? "What's wrong with me?" he asked himself. One day, he received a strange message. It went: "Click the link below to get to know who you're meant to be. This message is going to change your life forever."

"To click or not to click?"

If the message was going to change his life, he would open it because his life wasn't really exciting ... But, of course, trusting a random message which exhorts you to click on a link didn't seem logical to him. Although he was convinced he should not click on the link, the thought had taken control of his mind. He couldn't sleep; stopped eating and going to school.

"To click or not to click?"

He went crazy.

"To click or not to click?"

Alex became obsessed. He couldn't think of anything else besides the link.

"To click or not to click?"

He had panic attacks. His life wasn't the same and he wasn't acting like himself anymore. The worst part was that he started reading the bullying texts and e-mails. This was not Alex.

A few days after Alex received the confusing message, Aisha received it, too. Her reaction was nothing like Alex's. At first, she wasn't sure if she wanted to click on the message, because she was trying not to open all the messages she received, but ultimately decided to click on it. Aisha was astonished. She didn't expect to see something like this. Contrary to Alex, she clicked on it without thinking about it twice. She hated her life and thought that she was useless. She had even thought of committing suicide, so if there was one chance for her to change her life, she would do anything. When she clicked on the link, a video appeared. A man with a corrupted voice wearing an anonymous mask said:

"Hello, my dear. I think that your life doesn't seem to be very interesting these days... Would you like to change your life once and for all? If yes, call 5626945389. If not, then I'm afraid that you're in very big trouble."

The man laughed and the video ended. Aisha started crying. "In very big trouble? What's that supposed to mean?" she wondered. She tried to stop

crying and think about it. If she kept getting bullied, she would end her life, and the worst thing that could happen to her if she called the number would probably be much milder. She wanted to call the number more than anything. Aisha kept crying until she started drowning because her room was full of tears...

"To click, or not to click?"

Alex finally decided to click on the link, too, and the same video appeared. He didn't want to call the number and he wasn't afraid of that mysterious man...

"In very big trouble? Is this man trying to scare me or what?" However, curiosity started whirling inside his head again. "What if calling the number is actually going to change my life forever? I want to know what's going to happen." He was about to call the mysterious phone number, but started drowning, too.

"To click or not to click?"

Something strange happened to both of them and they forgot everything that had happened before...

They decided to call the number and they got told that they had to meet the mysterious man, who would change their lives forever. When they went to the predetermined place, they didn't see the man anywhere. However, they saw each other. Aisha waved to Alex and they started chatting. They realized that their lives were very similar, although their character was different. A very strong friendship was about to begin. All of sudden, the man with the anonymous mask appeared. "So, you met ... That's nice, but now you will have to make a very hard decision, which may kill you" he said. "If you click here, you will..." Suddenly the man disappeared.

Aisha woke up and checked her phone. Fortunately, she hadn't called the number. It was just another awful nightmare. Who was that boy, though? She really wanted to meet him even, though she knew that it was her imagination that had created him...

Alex woke up, too. He had seen the same nightmare... It was weird. Who was that girl, though? He really wanted to meet her, even though he knew that it was his imagination that had created her...

What if our whole life is a dream?

Mariza Lambropoulou (A' class)

It was a hot summer morning, and I was lying on a soft pillow on the sofa. I was about to fall asleep, when I suddenly saw my owner rushing towards me. She quickly picked me up and put me into my transportation cage. Oh yea, I forgot to introduce myself. My name is Cathy, and I'm a house pet, and, more specifically, a cat. And today I decided to tell you about a lesson that I learned with my friends, one I like to call 'To click or not to click'.

But enough of that; let's get back to the story. God, I hated that place, my cage, I mean. I could feel all the bad memories coming up from when I had gone to the vet. But then, my owner, Olivia, had got down on her knees and said "Don't worry, we aren't going to the vet. We're going to go somewhere new and exciting". "Somewhere new? What did that mean?" I wondered. But my thoughts were quickly interrupted by Blaze, the house dog. He was also in a cage. "Hey! How are you? I heard we are moving and going to a new house. Are you excited? I am for sure", he said in an excited voice, as always. "No, and I would rather sleep and think it is just a bad and weird dream", I said, still being confused by the fact that we were moving out. "Well, for all I know, it isn't, and I can't wait!!!!".

Suddenly, Olivia picked up both of our cages. She got out and put them on the bag seat of a car. Of course, back then I didn't know what the word 'car' meant or where she was taking us, but I found out later. I decided to see what was in the cage. There was a mouse toy and a blanket. I quickly glanced on the left. There was Blaze, playing with a toy. Then I looked right. I saw Ollie. Ollie is a parrot and, actually, a very smart one. I could even say that he is smarter than me. He was actually the one that told me what a car was. Well, back to the story, like I told you, I saw Ollie eating some seeds. So I hid under the blanket and slowly fell asleep.

Suddenly, I heard a familiar voice going "Cathy, wake up, we are here. Cathy!" I opened my eyes. It was Olivia. "Cathy, we are here. Isn't this exciting?" she said happily. I quickly looked around in shock. This place was way smaller than our last house. But, that wasn't the weirdest part. The weird thing is that it was all empty. I mean, it only had a bed and a small kitchen, but you get the point. "Why would you want to go to a house that has nothing?" I thought. Olivia said that she needed to go to work and that we should take care. Not even to this day do I know what work is. The only thing I know is that almost every day humans have to leave and get back home at around noon.

Anyways, this place was pretty cold. I mean, where we were before, it was warm, big and cozy. But now we only had a small, cold house. Why would Olivia make this decision? It was so dumb. But then an idea crossed my mind. What if I helped Olivia and got her some furnishing? So I decided to call a pet meeting. "Hi everyone", I said. "I called you here for a very important purpose; to help Olivia". "Why does Olivia need help?" Ollie asked, confused. "Did somebody hurt her? Oh I am going to kill them", said Blaze, looking kinda scary. "No, of course not. As you can see, the house is both spaceless and empty. So I thought what about if we got her some furnishing. We could use the Internet." "Sure" they said in chorus. "And what about the money?" asked Blaze. "Oh, don't worry, I see humans always leaving some behind, so I can go fetch some," said Ollie, while proudly showing off his wings.

So, after unlocking Olivia's computer, we started searching and thinking what to click or not to click. "So, what should we look for first?" I wondered. "Oh, I know. A bookcase! What about that?" "So we can store all our toys there!" said Blaze excitedly. "Okay, great, we now have to choose a color." "Okay, then, what about purple? Purple sounds fun." "You don't even know what the color purple looks like. We are color-blind" "Yea, but purple sounds fun. And I have seen Olivia talking about purple, so purple. please?" "Fine!" I said, rolling my eyes and pressing the button 'add to cart'.

"So, what about a cozy carpet next? So I can sleep for hours on it?" "Sure, so I can play on it. Make it purple, too!!" "Sure!" "What? No, purple is ugly. Get the brown bookcase and the red carpet", retorted Ollie. "What, no, purple sounds cool!", cut in Blaze. "You can't even see color, what are you talking about?" "Okay, stop. We are going to get the brown bookcase and the purple carpet, so everyone can be happy" I said.

"And what about getting a table next, then? And maybe some chairs too?" "And what color?" shrieked Blaze, angry at Ollie. "Dark brown, so they can match the bookcase" answered Ollie, while Blaze started to get angrier. "And purple pillows that we are going to put on the chairs" "Yeah, purple!" said Blaze, excitedly. "So how about getting some white flowers with a black vase?" I suggested. "No purple flowers". But Blaze would not agree. "No, purple" "No, red!", "No, purple and red are ugly, white ones are better", we went on arguing.

After a while, we stopped. We realised that what we were doing was pointless. We had decided to do something good, but had ended up fighting over whether to click or not to click for our own needs. We were selfish. So we got back, and this time focused on what Olivia needed. So, Blaze's suggestion "So, what about getting a brown bookcase with a red carpet?", was succeeded by Ollie's "No, I insist we get a white carpet instead, right, Cathy?" and my "I think a purple one suits the place better". And we went on like that, for the whole day, and the next month the new furnishing came. Olivia was over the moon when she saw it, but kept wondering who had sent it, while me, Ollie and Blaze looked at each other proudly.

"So, did you like the story? Pretty cool, hah? And the title 'To click or not to click', very creative, right? What, no? Well you know where I got it from ...".

Ioanna Orfanou (A' class)

As my father used to say
Put your shoes on, go out and play
But I only heard just stay
Home, and click all day

I learnt how to turn on my pc
Only from there could I see the sea
The whole world one click away
But no friends across my way

Of course, I had a little chat
Now and then with my friend, Patt
This is the only thing I know
His face, for me, is all unknown

I used to click all day long
Rather than playing real ping-pong
One day I wondered all alone
Is my mind thinking wrong?

Do I have a real friend?
Can I touch the waves ahead?
Is the world one click away?
Or are there more things to say?

I became another Hamlet
"To click, or not to click"
But the answer was so quick
I should keep away my tablet

Well, I had imagined right
All the people were outside
I started chatting with some kids
And forgot about the clicks

We instantly became good friends
And that's how every click ends
I cannot say the pc world is awful
But the real one is cool and joyful

Aristides Panas (A' class)

Have you ever wondered how many clicks are made by users all over the world and about the effects of some of them on other people's lives? Have you ever wondered whether to click or not to click?

My name is Lydia. I am 12 years old and I am writing this story to share a cyberbullying experience a very dear friend of mine had, so that other people can see that they are not alone and hopefully learn from that experience. I would like to highlight the importance of thinking carefully about what you are going to post -once you post it, you can never take it back!

In July, there was a big party at a club called "Life", in Naxos, the home island where we usually spend our summer vacations. A lot of girls and boys of our age were going to go. My friend and I also really wanted to go, but her family had other plans for that night. She was very upset about the fact that she could not go. So she wrote a post on her Instagram account that was immature, mean, angry and rude, addressed to some of the people going to this party. About a week later, a girl in our group somehow came upon this post and shared it with other kids. People started to say terrible things about my friend while I was within earshot. Finding out, my friend decided to go to some of the girls, apologize for the post and do her best to put things right. They all said that they understood and that misunderstanding was going to end there.

Fast forward 2 months later, she posted a photo of herself on Instagram with the caption "Life is good". A bunch of people attacked this post with really mean and rude comments about her. My friend was so upset that she privately texted the girl who seemed to be leading these comments asking her why she was writing these hurtful things and she replied by saying "It's a joke and we're just having fun". And she continued writing more mean things about her and even posted a story about her on her spam account deliberately, so she could see it. She threatened her by saying "you deserved it" and she said she would continue to hurt her and live stream it for other people to watch. My friend was scared and devastated when students from her class, who she thought were her friends, commented about how funny she was and how annoying was my friend. People from other schools that she didn't even know chimed in. She felt attacked and all alone. Her close friends tried to comfort her privately but the truth is no one actually had the courage to defend her on social media.

She said she felt she was sinking and thought everyone hated her and talked about her behind her back. Her sadness at the time had hit sky rocket, at least she thought it had, and she spent days in her room crying. After that, things got worse for her. During the preparation of a project, a teacher came into the class and asked for a name to give their imaginary donkey for the presentation - and everyone yelled out her name laughing... She was on the verge of tears and yet didn't let herself give them the satisfaction of seeing her cry and stayed alone with no reaction ...

Some of our "sympathetic" friends even wrote to her that they would "hang

themselves" if people were writing these kinds of things about them. She was so confused and sad that she decided to do the right thing: tell her mom and dad. Her mom reached out to our school director. The school contacted the mother of this girl. She defended her actions by sharing with them a screenshot of the mean post my friend had written way back in July. Although she didn't know it, what she had written came back to haunt her and that girl claimed that was the reason she had decided to write those horrible things about her on social media.

Everyone at school came to the decision that this was actual cyber bullying and decided to report and talk about this incident to ensure our safety and to try to make our school community better and educate others about cyber bullying. And then the school was to encourage all members of the school community to report all incidents of bullying, regardless of who the offender may be. And it should take prompt, reasonable action to prevent, investigate and remedy bullying in future.

I have thought about this a lot and realize now how important it is to be careful about what you put online. We are living in a new era, the era of social media, and we cannot deny it. In itself, social media is not dangerous, but it's the manner in which we use it that can be the problem. I have learned that, even though people forgive and forget, things stay on the Internet forever and can come back to haunt you later in life. It is my hope that my story will help other people to understand that, even if you feel like an innocent victim, there are always two sides to every story. The Internet is definitely not the right place to let out your emotions and angry feelings towards a person or situation. She was very hurt by this experience and I can imagine many other people involved were also hurt and upset. Recently, the girl who wrote all those things about her and my friend got together. She apologized to her for the things she had posted and they decided that moving forward was the best thing to do along with looking out for each other and only spreading kindness out on social media.

So... to anyone going through this, remember you are not alone, it can and will get better, I promise! Just be careful and think before... clicking. 'To click or not to click?' should always be the question!

Lydia Periali Panagiotopoulou (A' class)

Even though I've known her long
For the past few months, I feel like I don't
She was a really good friend of mine
But she has changed a lot

I feel like something's gone
When I asked she said everything's fine
I know I have done nothing wrong
Can't sort out what has gotten into her mind

Her change is like a puzzle I can't solve
The pieces simply will not click
All this makes my head ache
Do I really want the pieces to click or not?

I'm too tired to try and fix this friendship
And I'm not sure what I need to do
It's like a complex mystery story
In which you don't know whether to click the bomb button or not

Irene Zacharia (A' class)

It was two years ago when my friend Thomas, who had been hooked on his mobile phone, asked me to tell others his story in order to help cure them of addiction to the net.

Well, it was a warm Saturday morning, but not so ordinary for Thomas, as it was his birthday. Up until then he used to be a quiet and peaceful boy with not too many close friends and really focused on his studies, but that year was going to be extremely different. His parents had bought him his first mobile phone. At first, he wasn't so interested in it since he thought it wouldn't be as useful as everyone believed. However, several months later he had already stopped reading as many books as he used to read, doing homework, and just cared for social media and how many "likes" or views his video had been gaining. When I tried to tell him that his behavior had changed, he rolled his eyes indifferently and told me "Don't be silly! I only spend a couple of hours on social media and an hour playing cool video games. Now you'd better go – I must post another great video". I was a bit disappointed but kept on warning him, although he wouldn't listen.

Time passed and school was over! It was summer! Everyone was tremendously excited since my family had planned to go on a trip with Thomas's family, but where was Thomas? I didn't see him at all. He never came for swimming or walking ... He spent all his time with his laptop. Whenever we went for a walk together, he didn't react to anything and just ignored us all, avoiding even short exchanges. The problem now was not that he spent so many hours using his devices but that he had started talking to strangers and entering illegal and dangerous sites, which were recommended by his new online 'friends'. As you can imagine, this resulted in him becoming isolated and rude. For instance, when we decided to visit some ancient monuments, he got frustrated and shouted that this would be a waste of time, so we all tried to persuade him to join us. While we were enjoying the sight of the impressive ancient temples, he was standing aside, chatting with some strangers online. I decided not to express my views openly because we were on holiday, so as not to spoil the trip, but when we reached the hotel I decided to reveal my feelings and told Thomas that his attitude was extremely odd and that he acted really selfishly and made me and his family particularly sad. I also added that it's not safe to chat with strangers either in real life or online, but his reply was very disappointing. He said that I

oughtn't to care about what he does, it was none of my business, and that I shouldn't be afraid of the net. He even invited me to a dangerous site. After this incident, I got very angry but also concerned, so I told his parents.

Unfortunately, they did almost nothing but take his mobile away only for a day, evidently because they believed that their son was responsible and would never get into trouble through the Internet. After this, he wouldn't speak to anyone, as he was angry at his punishment and, when school started, his grades decreased dramatically since he never did his homework or studied for the exams. He lost all of his real friends, who truly cared for him, kept arguing with his parents, who had started realizing the problem, and went on doing whatever he wanted on his laptop. The truth is that I also stopped being interested in him for a couple of months, since he had become really impolite, but, since he used to be one my best friends, I knew I had to help him no matter the cost. So, I decided to spy on his room and found out, to my amazement, that somebody had stolen his personal data and he had been bullied for months on end – by being told that, if his videos didn't gather more than 2.000 'likes', all of his secrets, photos and passwords would appear online. Unluckily, I wasn't able to do anything on my own because, after several days of spying on his laptop, I discovered that the bully was a member of a gang of adults who blackmailed children to gain money from their parents. So, I hastened to call the police cyber crime department and explained everything to them in detail.

The next day police officers knocked on Thomas's door. His parents were surprised by those unexpected guests and started asking a lot of questions. So, a police officer called me. I went to Thomas's house to explain everything. Everyone was so confused and worried! Since Thomas had gone out to buy some new accessories for his smartphone as usual, I had plenty of time to describe all evidence I had found through spying on his computer. When Thomas came home the policemen had already finished the investigation and found the address of the bully. By then, I had explained to them everything. Thomas was very surprised but at the same time relieved, because he didn't have the stamina to deal with the situation, and burst into tears. He couldn't have managed to face it alone. A week later, Thomas had started returning to normality and socializing anew. I was so glad I helped and proud of myself for my achievement and Thomas himself was also very grateful.

What is happening now, you may wonder... Well, right now I am sitting among the audience listening to Thomas's speech about cyberbullying. Let's listen to him: "...and the most important thing I have learned through this story is that I should never have entered that awful site... so let's all think twice before we do anything online... before we decide to click or not to click ...".

Evina Zenetou (A' class)

C.L.I.C.K.

Communication is the main reason why internet exists
Love something, you buy it with a click
Impatience running through your veins
Click is the most popular sound, even in space
Keeping an eye on your computer every day

Control is now nowhere to be seen
Living for social media alone, addiction has appeared
Incapable of putting an end to this
Commanding my brain to stop, but it's too late
Keen on clicking, I posted a photo by mistake

Comments are all over the place
Likes and dislikes, making my heart break
I'm in my room, isolated now
Crying, trying to stop but I never learned how
Kicked the wall, but my embarrassment isn't gone

Now I'm all alone,
because I had never thought
what C.L.I.C.K. stands for.

Vassiliki Chionidou (B' class)

To click or not to click OR There is something rotten in the kingdom of the Web

Have you ever felt that you are lost,
lost in a kingdom of web and digits ...
Have you, have you not?
Feeling like you are absorbed by a web made of illusions and fake dreams,
not knowing what you truly want.
Tired but devoted to a lost utopia.
Finding pleasure in the scouring of society,
whatever that means.
Hurting other people's feelings, without knowing them, believing you're a
little god, because you hide behind a wall that eliminates reality.
Are you sure you want all this?
People didn't use to be like that ...
when that kingdom hadn't peasants,
but now,
it is the kingdom that every peasant wants to be a king of.
And those peasants do not know they are enslaved.
Enslaved by their desires and addictions.
Their mind is chained with iron chains.
But those enslaved souls believe that they are free.
Free as a bird.
Not knowing that they are birds closed in a diamond cage.
And those creatures will end up having no feelings or emotions for the world
outside their cage.
Now, you know a number of things about this kingdom's laws and people.
So next time you find it on your path, think:
To click or not to click ...

Vassiliki Kotsi (B' class)

There was once a normal teenage boy like everyone else. One day something really interesting slipped into his mind. It was a question, to click or not to click. He had gotten that idea from a video that he had watched. So after thinking carefully, trying to find an answer, he finally came up with his version of to click or not to click. It was that we click many things in our everyday life. We click buttons in video games, we click videos on YouTube and so on. By clicking we make a decision, and we take a risk. It might be as small as choosing whether to go left or right to even choosing the career that you want to pursue in the future. To find some information about this, which had struck his interest, he went on to visit some of his friends to see what they did when they wanted to make a decision and to click.

He first visited the most extroverted person in his class, who was a person named Alex. Alex was the type of person that would make a lot of decisions, sometimes even unconsciously. He was extremely energetic and was the popular kid in his school. He knew that Alex was living life to its fullest. But when he visited him, Alex told him that he had a problem. He had made a bit too many decisions and now he knew he couldn't fulfil them all. After he had made that realization, he had just panicked and did not know what to do. The boy told him to calm down and try to come up with a good plan to get out of that situation. After a while they were not able to come up with an idea since they were pretty sure it was just impossible to find one that would actually work. I guess that Alex fell into a trap and now he is suffering the consequences. He knew, though, that he was not having a fun time since almost everyone, including himself, had at least once gotten into that predicament and learned from experience.

After that he went to visit someone completely different. He went to visit that one type of child that almost every class had and still has to this day. He went to visit the child that literally almost no one knows anything about. That, though, is weird since he clearly remembered him hanging out with all the others but he never really did something that made him stand out. It is like he went under the radar completely unnoticed. He did not really have any specific opinion about him. Neither bad nor good, just ordinary, plain and completely neutral. That person's name was Gus. After he talked with him for a good while Gus said to him that he did not want to make many decisions and click a lot because he did not want to make a wrong choice. The boy was kind of confused with what Gus said because what point is there in life if you

are not making a lot of risky decisions. Life is all about risks, they are there for you to experience them and feel the emotions of excitement and fear of what may happen next. They are the ones that get your heart pumping fast. But the best feeling of all is the sigh of relief that one gets by taking a huge risk and then things going your way in the best way possible. In that state you feel like you are unstoppable, that nothing is impossible anymore, that the universe is finally on your side. Risks are the one and only thing that does that!

Later, he went to visit his good old friend George. He knew that George was not the type of person that has a lot of friends. A lot of people would be inclined to think that this was because he was probably an introvert but in that case they were wrong. George was not an introvert, he was shy and, unlike people like Gus, he wanted to make decisions and experience risks but the only thing stopping him from doing so was his complete lack of confidence and courage. Whenever he hung out with George, he tried to ease his anxiety by trying to make him feel a lot more confident but, even though he was making steady progress, he was still a far cry from being able to click a lot and make decisions. Nobody would be able to imagine George giving a speech in front of a big crowd, it would be almost impossible.

Lastly, he went to speak with his grandfather to question him about making decisions and clicking; he understood that we say that the older are wiser because they have clicked and have made a lot more decisions than we have and thus have a clearer understanding of what may happen after one makes a decision. That is why they try to pass on the wisdom to the younger generation, which will decide the future of the world we all live in. If we all learned how to click correctly, this world could become a fantastic place. For everyone, for yourself, for your friends and, most importantly, for your family.

In conclusion, after having questioned everyone, he finally understood what clicking really is. What he was finally able to realize was that the way that one clicks will decide their future and how it unfolds. By clicking correctly one can achieve success easily. Knowing how to make a decision is one if not the most crucial part of one's life. Everybody should look ahead and try to see what they will become and how their clicking will affect them. It can either corrupt one's behavior or make it be the one that is the most fun to be around. Clicking is a wonderful thing and you just need to learn how to utilize it. Some people may find it extremely difficult to do so, for some it might be a piece of cake. However, either you were gifted with the knowledge of how to

click or not, with just a bit of practice you, too, can learn how to click correctly. So, try to be considerate and try to click correctly and make the right decisions even if you do not know how to. How else will you learn? By making mistakes. Do not be afraid to click wrongly and do not click too much. Try to reach a state where your judgement and your clicking are aligned in some way. Even if it might seem hard at first. The younger you learn the better. So go and click the way you desire. Just try to think of the consequences. Have fun and become a person that you yourself are proud of. It is never too late to start again. I truly believe that the absolute best way to live your life is to know when it is better to click or not to click!

Panagiotis Tsakardanos (B' class)

A boy in class did something stupid
many laughed: "what a goofy"
did all class see the event? no
did all school see the event? no!

and there's a question very deep:
to click or not to click?
to share or not to share?
to hurt or not to hurt?
to help or not to help?

we move on through life, day by day
and it's always about a great decision
will you click?
will you judge?
or will you accept somebody's extraordinariness?

these decisions make our hearts either light or very dark
open minds and light hearts
make the world glow in the dark

Mary Vellianiti (B' class)

I just want to press
reset Erase all the
memories, Mixing up
inside my head.

One move to become past
And with the gun tight inside
my arms To click or not to click,
I can't help but wonder
Is there a third option to pick?

Eleni Kioussi (C' class)

I would like to share my story of one of the most stressful spells of my life that lasted one quarter but I swear I felt every single minute of.

It was a Saturday afternoon and I was watching some videos on my computer. Suddenly my friend Erica sent me a message saying 'Omg, is this you???' followed by a link from an unknown site. Normally, I would click on the link with no second thoughts but Erica and I hardly ever exchanged messages, so I would expect her to have called me. I thought to myself 'It must be something really important for her to text me, unless...' And then it hit me! What if this was a virus? What if someone had hacked my system or Erica's? I tried calling her like I usually do but she didn't answer. Then I just texted 'Erica, is this a virus, should I click on it?' hoping for the best. She once again didn't answer. I decided I should simply wait.

A few minutes elapsed, I don't exactly know how long, and all I was thinking about is whether I should click on the link or not. It had become an obsession. What if this was actually something significant and it was only a matter of time before my reputation was ruined? At this point you should know; I'm a content creator and there are a lot of things said about me on the internet. This was making me really stressful and there seemed to be no way of contacting Erica whatsoever. She lived in another country and our only way of communicating was over the phone, but she just wouldn't answer! I have to admit that the idea of flying to Spain did cross my mind. However, if this wasn't a virus after all, I would seem completely paranoid.

So many thoughts in such a little time. Minutes were coming and going, each one with a present for me filled with stress and anxiety. The more I waited for Erica to reply, the more nervous I got. I didn't know what to do, how to act. My heart started beating so fast that I felt the need to put my hands on my chest so it wouldn't pop out. I could feel the sweat on my temples and soon my legs decided to join the play and started trembling. On top of all that, everything that could possibly cross my mind at that moment suddenly inflicted so much pain on my head. More and more symptoms appeared. My legs weren't the only ones that were trembling anymore, my jaw and shoulders started dancing as well.

I thought that it couldn't get worse, but it did. During this awful panic attack, I managed to take a quick look at the digital clock right next to the computer. WHAT!? This entire time that has been feeling like living hell had only lasted seven minutes!!! I thought to myself that there is still time to check out the link and save my popularity. Eight minutes in, what if the virus ruins all of my personal and extremely important

data? Nine minutes in! But my fans are everything to me. I couldn't let them down. Ten! Everything in this computer is so significant I couldn't ris- Eleven! I screamed.

Quiet...

The headache soon came back and this time determined to make me regret every life choice I had ever made that led me to this point. I covered my ears, inevitably letting my chest go and putting my heart to the risk of getting uprooted. What was wrong with me? Where is Erica? If she actually sent this, then why isn't she replying? What is going on? I was so confused and for a second I could swear that the earth continued to revolve but I stayed still, though no one would believe me. Twelve minutes in and I managed to pull myself together and think. I focused on my breathing. Breathe-in, breathe-out, breathe-in, breathe-in...oops, I messed up a lot. But after I cleared my thoughts a bit I came up with an idea. I was going to transfer everything on to a USB and then click the link. 'Forget it, that would take too long', I said out loud, so I could make sure that everything was now working properly.

So, I did forget it and I could finally see clearly. I had only two choices. Either click it and risk everything in this device that my life so desperately counts on or ignore it and jeopardize my career. Thirteen minutes in and I decided to go for it. Nothing could stop me. It had taken me quite long to finally decide but, once my mind was made up, there was no going back. So, yes, I clic-

'No, it's a virus, do NOT click it!!!', my screen flashed exactly 13 minutes and 58 seconds after the previous message.

Erica? Thank God! I felt so relieved words can't describe it. It almost felt like tasting the best food in the world, winning an international competition, finally getting some sleep after an exhausting day, seeing that your phone hadn't broken after a pretty epic fall. I would best describe it as a huge bubble of toxic air, in this case full of stress and anxiety, coming out of your system instantly and flying away.

I still vividly remember this moment and, even though I didn't know why this message affected me so intensely, I now see the entire story behind my panic attack. I was at a very low point in my life at that moment and such a decision completely broke me down, letting all of my emotions out. However, I feel like this made me wiser. I not only bought the best equipment I could find to make sure that nothing like this would ever occur again but a clear mind also helped me see everything from a better point of view, allowing me to flourish as a content creator and, of course, I treated my friends with the same equipment as well to keep them safe.

When you are in such a dilemma of clicking or not, which is often a hard and stressful decision, my advice is: Think before you click. Because, if I hadn't thought about the suspicious action of 'Erica', I would have clicked instantly.

Electra Nanou (C' class)

Sarah wearily clicked on the notification that quickly flashed in front of her eyes on her mobile's screen. Her pulse quickened as the device chimed lightly; another message craving her attention. It was 12 a.m. and she wasn't allowed to use her phone that late. "I shouldn't have created an Instagram account in the first place. It's super addictive", she thought, subliminally trying to justify herself.

She was neither a bad person nor a bad daughter. It was just that she found the digital world much more interesting than the real one. Incessantly checking her phone for those tiny notification badges which never failed to catch her eye... . Clicking on every single one of them was part of her everyday life. Those little buttons were like the in-betweens which forged a bond between her and the online world.

After a bit of scrolling, she turned to the other side of the pillow, facing her fluorescent alarm clock. Hardly had she glanced at the small indicators when she realized how much time she had spent on the app; it was 1:30 a.m. "Okay, I'm screwed", thought Sarah in despair. She was certain that she was going to be given a lecture about 'sensible mobile phone use' and the 'crippling effects of internet addiction' when she woke up the next morning, eyes red and swollen. The lecturer certainly had a bee in her bonnet about it. Her mother was no fool; she wasn't going to fall for the sleep deprivation excuse Sarah was so fond of using. "After all, I've already said this a bunch of times", she said to herself grumpily. Only problem was she forgot to use her inner voice.

"What are you talking about?", asked her mother while preparing the breakfast. Sarah rolled her eyes; that wouldn't be weird as she is an "obstinate, habitual eye roller!", as her mother likes to say. She didn't want anybody to understand how troubled she felt after coming to the realization that she spent most of her waking hours on her iPhone or MacBook. Regardless of this, she couldn't be angry even if she wanted to. It was better to let sleeping dogs lie. After all, a scrumptious breakfast was awaiting her -one she wouldn't leave un-instagrammed - and her stomach demanded she ate it.

She started getting ready for school. Of course, she checked with Pinterest to see if what she had in mind was fashionable at that time. Pleased with it being one of the hottest trends circling around the internet, she wore the outfit. Her relatively good mood was ruined a couple of minutes later, though, when her lazy glancing at the passers-by was interrupted by the realization she had completely neglected the existence of homework. Sarah sighed. She knew they were bound to call her parents one day, as the bright mind they once knew had been long gone. "Nope, I'm not going to attack myself by insulting me." She repeated it thrice, as if it was a prayer - she often got hooked on idolizing ideas the internet continuously provided her with; making them seem like religion to her. This one suited the current situation nicely. It was something she had picked up from an Instagram self-love influencer. "I might not be book-smart anymore, but I still have my savviness", she proceeded to compliment herself.

The first two sessions had then been over, same as the breaks between them. The 3rd session had commenced but Sarah was too preoccupied to pay attention, although the subject's beguiling nature inclined her to. After all, she used to be a bookworm whose favorite class to take was literature. She used to read not only books but theatrical plays as well, with Shakespeare's "Hamlet" being her all-time favorite. She was specifically keen on reading the soliloquies. Their dramatic nature used to be something which really tugged at her heartstrings.

She was sketching on her textbooks, although she found drawing mundane. Electronic device use was strictly prohibited by the school head, so she didn't really have a choice. "I wish I had my MacBook with me", Sarah thought sadly. She was roughing out the design of a tree when her teacher's nearly apologetic voice interrupted her train of thoughts. "What about you, Sarah?", she asked her. "What do you think about this phrase?" Sarah wondered what she was talking about. "The legendary Hamlet saying, 'To be or not to be'; I'm sure you've heard of it."

She knew her teacher was indirectly encouraging her to participate more in class, to give her GPA a small push. Little did she know it was like trying to flog a dead horse. Nonetheless, Sarah gave what she heard some thought. "Mrs Smith used to be one of the teachers I used to like", Sarah concluded. "Disappointing her wouldn't be nice". Cutting to the chase, what she could remember from reading the play was Hamlet's despair in dilemma. He was wondering whether his life was worth living. That made Sarah question her own life's worth. She astonishingly couldn't recall herself laughing or even smiling in a very long time. Suddenly, it hit her: The moment she had started being so addicted to her devices, her life had changed. It was like she had clicked a button that had transferred her to an unknown path with no return. Only it wasn't just one button; they were many. There were the notification buttons, the 'instant reply' buttons, and there was this other button, the most dangerous and invisible one: the DELETE button she pressed that had completely isolated her.

Realizing this, Sarah was petrified and a little panic-stricken. How could she possibly make up for the lost time? She was at her wits' end. Having been treating technology as the most important aspect of her life, to the detriment of her family, friends, and former passions, Sarah had entered her own little world. "What am I going to do?", she asked herself. To her mind, the solution to any problem had always been this: To take the bull by the horns. She needed to make urgent changes in her lifestyle. She really wished to change. "I'm known to be as stubborn as a mule when it comes to reaching goals, either way", she thought to herself.

The picture had just started becoming clearer, when something else added to Sarah's psychological torment. "Now that I think about it, how long has it been since I talked to Jessica?" Jessica was, or used to be, her bosom friend. They shared everything, from their clothes to their passion for Shakespeare's plays. It was as if Jessica was Sarah's tower of strength and the other way around. Until one day Sarah began to change. Jessica soon realized that Sarah valued her mobile more than her

and, even though that hurt, they reached the conclusion that their connection had been severed and that they should put an end to it.

This thought automatically placed Sarah on a rollecoaster of emotions, one she couldn't get out of. Tears started wetting her already reddish eyes. Meanwhile, her teacher had lost her patience and turned her attention to one of her classmates, to Sarah's relief. An incident had crossed her mind. What she had remembered made it imperative to find Jessica right away.

As soon as the bell rang, she got up and left the classroom running. She racked her brain to remember Jessica's locker's number, but it turned out to be unnecessary. Jessica was coming towards her, her face graced by a worried look. "I know we've lost contact, but I noticed you didn't go online when the bell rang, so I thought about checking on you". Sarah was touched by the noble gesture! Jessica frowned as Sarah's crying situation was exacerbated but when she put her arms around her, she couldn't help but join the crying session. "Remember the last time we spoke, when you asked me: "If you had to choose, would it be to click or not to click? ", asked the sobbing Sarah. Jessica nodded. "Well, I didn't know what that meant or why you had to say that at that time, but you should know it troubled me. It's not like I didn't think about it; I just couldn't get it just then." Jessica tried to stop her by saying it didn't matter, but Sarah insisted on making her point. "I now know. If you asked me this very moment, the answer would be 'not to click' all the way".

Her friend's enthusiasm proved to be contagious; it was as if not a day had passed. They ran and laughed and went out into the schoolyard. Sarah felt that lurking feeling of anguish she'd been experiencing fading away. The sun smiled down from the sky and so did she. She gave the still bewildered Jessica a benevolent smile, for she felt contented after a very long time, as Shakespeare would have put it. Everything was good now.

Olga Tzedaki (C' class)

Before you click, just think
Is it safe, or some kind of fairy-tale?

Don't decide fast, remember:
I'll be the one to laugh last

Get your eyes off that screen
before becoming an addict
Haven't you already seen?
The only thing it brings is conflict

Isolation, obsession
Be careful!
You are in your computer's possession

Use your computer with sanity,
because if you don't,
it will only cause you insanity.

Take your hands off that keyboard
instead, go study a little
I know you'll get bored
but, this is how our world works

Watching videos, chatting non-stop with your friends
this is how your reality ends.

Anna Pilioura (C' class)

"More!" Erik said to his maid. "I've told you time and again that I drink two cups of coffee in the morning!"

Erik was peculiar for his age. A blond twenty seven-year-old, who dressed like an aristocrat and always had this look... Neither sorrowful, nor wrathful, something in between. "Look! It's him!". Every child, adult and elderly person addressed him with personal pronouns, never by his name. Not because they were afraid of doing so but because he just was unusual... somehow negatively so. No one could explain why he was so distant. He just was.

His house was huge, like a mansion, and he had two maids; one for cooking and one for cleaning. But he was not at all nice to them. He was always taunting them, even over the smallest detail in the house.

He seldom went out. As a programmer, he spent most of his time in front of computer screens and keyboards. Not even his maids knew what he was doing all those hours locked up in his gigantic office. The walls were light green but the most eye-catching thing in there was the four screens and the colored keyboards. His maid Ann, who was responsible for cleaning, heard him once talking to the largest screen. He did not seem to be talking to an actual person but to a photo of what looked like a couple. She could not see very well. She immediately went to Mary, the maid responsible for cooking, to tell her what she had heard. Of course she wasn't surprised. Typical! "If you knew how many times I've seen him do that !" said Mary, with a listless look on her face.

Days passed and passed and Erik never deviated from his routine. Waking up, drinking two cups of coffee and working endlessly at his computers. Always clicking the keyboard buttons. Until one day ...

It was a typical Tuesday but around lunch time Erik heard screams and bomb blasts. He looked through the window and what he saw was so repelling that it gave him the chills and for the first time ever his maids saw him change facial expressions. From his sad and angry look, he now switched to that of pure shock and seemed not to be able to decide what to do. He just stood there like a statue.

"Are you ok, sir?" asked Ann. "Wh..., what is happening?" mumbled Erik in a trembling voice and with terrified eyes. Another explosion occurred but now it was much, much closer to his house. "Leave!" he told his maids. "Are you sure, sir?" asked Ann. Mary looked through the window and a little boy was lying there... "Yes. Leave, go as far away as you can. Take some money and don't ever come back." "What will you do?" asked Mary. "I'll try to find a solution to all of this and then get out of here", he said in a calm and fond voice. "Ok, sir. Good luck", said the maids. And they left.

"Ha, I knew I should have become an actor! At last! All alone! I hated them so! Always hovering above my head ... Now I can final..." There was yet another bomb eruption before he could finish his sentence and this time his

screens and keyboards flew in mid air. Fortunately, Erik was standing behind a wall and escaped with only a few blood scratches. "Oh, my God! It really is serious out there. Ah! It hurts!" he uttered, looking at his mess of an office. He then grabbed a laptop and some supplies and left, with grief on his face. "My home, my computers, everything lost", he thought.

A couple of days passed and the situation worsened. A lot was lost and the most annoying thing was that no one really knew who had done all of this. Who had made those bombs and who had done this to this poor city... Erik was lucky enough, or wealthy enough, to find shelter. It was quite big for a shelter, with everything needed for an emergency. Of course, he went on working at his laptop but now he wanted to track down the culprit. But the search was fruitless. One day he couldn't take it anymore and went out with his laptop in his hands.

"Ok. This will never get better. Who cares? I will just leave. Go elsewhere. But where? Nowhere is it better than here. Here I have all of my tech things. My hard drives. My amazing keyboards with those melodious clicking sounds. Everything. But now..." he said out loud, as he was walking in a dark alley. When he stopped talking, a weird, scary and unexpected sound came out of his laptop. "What? How? I've shut it down!" He was speechless. And then, on second thoughts, "Let me see. What could this be?" As he turned on his black portable computer, a faint sound came out of his mouth. "It's a link. Let me see what it is about": *You have THREE DAYS and two options. Here's the first. If you click on this link you will immediately receive a plane ticket to get out of here and go to a place where you can finally find what or who you have been looking for so long but you will be all alone for the rest of your life.* "What?" He was now more shocked than ever. A tear was about to drop on his cheek. *The second one now. If you do not click on it, you can wait until all of this is done and the so-called 'bad guys' just go away. Your life may or may not be normal again.*

"I will obviously click on it. Who wouldn't? I don't care if I'll be alone for the rest of my life. I've always been alone since they..."

Before he could finish his sentence he heard a sneeze. "Who is there?" he asked. "Please, don't hurt me. I'm sorry. I'm no one, really", a girl's voice answered. "I'm not going to hurt you, girl. I'm a victim here, too. You are not the only one", answered Erik, with a cold look. "Wait. It's you, isn't it? You are the one who lives in that giant house, right?", said the girl. "Yeah it is me, but I have a name, you know. You can call me Erik." "Well, Erik, it's nice to meet you. I'm Kris and I'm fifteen years old." There was this awkwardness between them, so Erik asked her about her life so far and her parents. "I don't have parents. And I don't know whether they're alive or not, whether they got lost or just left me. You know, I have always lived on the streets and this alley was quiet, so I came here everyday to just relax and think". Erik was about to cry. He then spoke: "We're not that different. I have also lost my parents. Car accident. Twelve years ago. I got so mad and sad and I was home

all alone. I broke almost everything and swore I would find the one who did this. I'm still looking." Kris didn't speak. Instead, she just hugged him. It was the first time since the accident that he had felt loved.

"Well, I have to go now. I have a link to click", he said. "A what? Come on, we're having fun, aren't we?" She sounded disappointed and spoke bitterly: "That's why everyone hates you, you know. You only care about yourself. I don't have parents either. So what? This doesn't make you more vulnerable. You needn't act like somebody rich and distant to be someone!" She sounded angry. Erik was feeling terrible now. He had started to realize she was right. Even if he kept far away from everyone and everything, he would not achieve anything. Not having friends and not being kind to his maids would not get him anywhere. "Thank you!" he said, with a smile on his face. "What for?" She sounded confused. "Well, it's just something ..." he said, almost playfully.

He told her his whole story from the beginning. About his parents, the accident, his cold and monotonous life and now the link. "If I were you, I wouldn't click on it. Believe me, I would do anything to learn what happened to my parents but I wouldn't choose to be alone for the rest of my life." "I think I won't", he replied. "At first I was sure I would but I'm glad I didn't because I met you and you changed my life in seconds. Now I know why I couldn't find who caused the accident. Because I was destined to meet you." Erik's face brightened up.

He raised Kris like a sister and was happier than ever. On and off, Kris would ask him playfully "To click or not to click?" And he would answer "No! Of course not!"

Anastasia Pappou (C' class)

To click or not to click OR A stranger's life

Another usual boring day, without any spark. My face was pale as I woke up and the weather was really cold. I did not have any money to pay the heating bill, so I just covered myself up with a blanket that Stefanie, a friend of mine, had given me -- she is the only person I trust in this world anymore.

The big clock hand showed 12, so it was 8 o'clock. I was late for work, again. I had a bath really fast, my body couldn't cope with the cold water. I wanted so much to stay at home today but my income is not enough even for warm water.

I dressed up in my casual clothes and went to work on my bike. As I was cycling to the office, I heard vulgar comments again from abhorrent passers-by on riding a bike. "Nothing new, WELCOME TO REALITY", I said to myself, disgusted by the remarks.

I went up to my office and my boss was waiting there.

"Ms Ackerman, you are again late. This is the second time this week. I hope you have a good excuse", he said strictly.

"I 'm so sorry, Mr Holland, this will not happen again, I promise, please do not fire me", I begged.

"I wouldn't do it, not yet, but you have to understand, this place is for people with goals and if you want a satisfactory salary you have to work hard."

"I know, Sir, but I really work hard and others here get paid better and they do nothing but relax", I complained.

"That's because you are a woman, darling", I heard my collaborator Mario commenting from the other side of the room. "It's pretty impressive that you have this job. I really believe that the kitchen is the only suitable place for you, you know, cooking for your husband and children but, since you are still single, it's time for my lunch and your responsibility is to bring it, so do it".

"Listen here, you little sexist swindler, never in my entire life has anyone talked to me like that and I will never allow it. Go wash your mouth and dishes before I started throwing them at you", I screamed.

"ENOUGH", my boss cut in. "Ms Ackerman, it would be better for you to stay home today. This behavior is unacceptable and, if both of you continue like that, I will be forced to fire you both."

"No Mr Holland, you will not have to do it because I will gladly resign", I said and walked out of this horrible place.

I was so mad when I arrived home, now unemployed. I found a letter in front of my door. It was from the person who rents out my apartment. I opened it and read it carefully...

Ms Emma Ackerman,

I'm so sorry to have to tell you but my daughter is getting married soon and she will need the house to stay for a few months, so I will stop renting it out. I'm afraid you have to move soon.....

*I hope you have a nice day,
Thomas Wheeler*

This can not be true, now I have no job and soon I will be homeless! Again? I have been in the past but now that I had managed to sort things out, everything had changed. It couldn't be worse!

I started crying and hitting things. I went to bed hoping this was all a bad dream. Before I slept I was wondering what it would be like if I was rich -- everything would be perfect, no one would order me around and I would have all the facilities that I had dreamed of. But this would remain just a desire, what chance had I to be successful and rich?

It was 3:00 a.m and I woke up to a strange sound. I couldn't go to sleep again, so I decided that I should not waste time and start searching for a new job and house. I turned on my laptop and went through several websites. Waitress, secretary, shopping assistant, all these seemed good but, as regards the salary, not the best possible. My eyes landed on a website which read "Change your life". Pretty suspicious, I thought to myself, for how can one change one's life with one click. I read it carefully and saw that there were chances of working as a businessman without requiring many qualifications. The only thought that overwhelmed my mind at that moment was whether to click or not to click. What if I give it a chance, I have nothing to lose, literally, I'm only a click away from success. I provided my personal data and made a request. Now waiting... I don't know how many days, weeks or months it will take but I hope the news will come soon. I was so desperate and tired that I slept at my desk.

The sun of the next day had risen. I woke up to the alarm and the time was 12:00 p.m. "Oh, no! I overslept again". I looked around. I was in a strange room, pretty fabulous, I must say. I was in shock when I realized it.

"WHERE AM I, AM I DREAMING OR HAVE I BEEN KIDNAPPED"? I asked loudly.

"CAN SOMEONE HEAR ME, I'M HERE, PLEASE ANSWER ME", I started crying.

"Oh my God, boss, are you ok? I heard you screaming, what happened?", a lady entered the room looking worried.

"Wait, who are you, do I know you?", I said, now confused.

"Haha, you are so funny, boss, I'm your assistant", she said laughing".

"Your boss ... my assistant ... Since when?", I asked again.

"Since the beginning of your career."

"My what?" I was now fully confused.

"Boss, it's no time for jokes now, you have a meeting in half an hour and you are not even ready", she pointed out and showed me a closet bigger than a room. So many outfits that I could try on ...

"I will come back again soon, so, please, get ready".

I didn't care anymore where I was or who I was. This life was perfect.

I walked down the stairs, wearing a formal suit and noticing that everyone was sitting around a big table. They were waiting for me and, when I sat down, they introduced themselves. They were really respectful to me, something that I could never have imagined.

We talked about finance and my company, which I didn't know I had. To be honest, I wasn't really participating in the conversation, since I had no idea what to say. When we finished, they left and my assistant recommended that I go shopping. I stepped out of the building and a big black limousine was waiting for me. A man in glasses and a suit opened the door for me and I felt a bit useless.

When we arrived at the mall, I went to all the stores and bought whatever I wanted, even though I didn't need it. I had so much money that I could own the whole mall. As I was walking down a path with my assistant, I saw a poor man, probably homeless. My heart wouldn't let me pass him by, so I gave him 100 dollars and he seemed happily surprised.

"You gotta be kidding me", my assistant said ironically.

"What?", I asked annoyed.

"Why did you boss give him money?"

"Because he needs it,"

"If he wants money, he must do something about it, not beg others!"

"Hey, watch your mouth, not everyone is so lucky in life and in our society there is a lot of injustice". I took it all personally.

"Sorry, but I can't take you seriously, boss! You are one of the richest women on earth and you talk about justice while you have all these facilities".

I instantly froze. She was right.

"Whatever ... and don't call me boss, I have a name", I said and walked away.

While I was crossing a bridge, my eyes landed on a familiar lady. It was Stefanie. She had appeared at the right time, she is the one I needed right now!

I ran to her and hugged her.

"Oh Stefanie, so fortunate to meet you!".

"Sorry, do I know you from somewhere?", she replied, with a questioning look in her eyes.

"What do you mean? I'm Emma, your best friend!".

"You must have made a mistake. I don't know you and it's a bit weird that you know my name", she replied rather coldly and left.

“No no, that can’t be true! My best friend, the only true supporter I’ve had in life since childhood does not recognise me! What have I done?”, I kept asking myself, tears now rolling down my face.

I was in the middle of the bridge, crying without paying attention to anything around. Suddenly I heard a horn and a car was next to me, about to hit me. I froze, accepting my fate. Seconds before the crash, I woke up at my desk, in front of the laptop. Had it all been just a dream?

Lina Vangopoulou (C' class)