

Teacher in charge: **Ms Memi Katsoni**

**1<sup>st</sup> Seminar 1<sup>st</sup> person singular point of view:** Students were asked to write a 1<sup>st</sup> person narrative. The 'I' was **not** to represent a person, ghost, zombie or extraterrestrial. They could write as any type of animal life or inanimate object. Length: About 300 words. The following pieces were produced:

### **I'm Free**

I lived in a sidewalk of a bustling city with tall buildings. Nobody cared about me, everyone passed by without paying the slightest attention to me. I had never felt the freshness of the forest or heard the birds chirping. I could not see the sun, but sometimes a sunbeam would touch me. It would secretly slip between the dull and uninviting buildings, which surrounded me. One day I heard two engineers talking about widening the road. I could not do anything to change my destiny.

It was Christmas Eve and I felt more neglected than ever. Looking inside a window and through the curtains I saw a Christmas tree which children cheerfully decorated with red candles, bells and angels. I was so jealous.

That night it was bitterly cold, heavy snow started falling and I could not sleep.

Suddenly in the middle of the night the sun shone and a bright light hit me. It was the first time the sun had come out at night.

The sun approached me and asked me: "Why are you so sad?" I answered that people did not respect my living space and my existence. However, I gave them the most essential thing for their lives: oxygen. The sun answered: "Don't be sad, it is Christmas after all, let's go for a tour over the world." I was flying in the sky and it was the first time in my life I felt free and alive. I was so happy because my friend, the sun, took me to see the birds and the animals, the meadows and the forest, the seas and the rivers, the cities and the islands from above. That was my last, but my best Christmas.

*Helen*

## **1<sup>st</sup> Seminar 1<sup>st</sup> person singular point of view**

### **INSIDE ME**

“You should have heard her talking on the phone. She wants to change everything in her life and first of all to get rid of me. I can’t accept that. I spent ten years with Kate. Ten years close to her more than anyone else. At every single special moment. During the morning coffee, after lunch, during a drink in a bar. I cannot even remember how many films we have watched together, how many pages I watched her typing on the computer, how many nights I spent in front of her looking at the stars. And now she wants to do all these things without me.”

Zippo looked at me carefully and said: “Are you sure that she will make it this time? She has tried several times in the past but in the end she always returned to you”

“I am afraid that this time she means it,” I said, “Don’t forget that she is getting older. And all these ads about healthy living have influenced her. And this boring new boyfriend of hers is putting pressure on her. I am desperate. I will end up all alone in a dark drawer or, at best, next to some sticky papers.

*Kate came into the room. She opened her cigarette case and threw away all the cigarettes. But then she looked at it, smiled and put one cigarette back in it. She put the cigarette case and Zippo in her bag and left the room.*

Zippo smiled: “You see... I told you Kate is not ready this time either. “

I sighed with relief and I rolled the cigarette inside me.

**Georgia**

## **1<sup>st</sup> Seminar 1<sup>st</sup> person singular point of view**

### **THIRST**

So it all has come to this, it's my time I suppose, well there comes a moment in our lives where it all ends. He called Jaime today, as always, Friday night is Jaime night, I don't know how I survived so long, I have seen Jaime more than 5 times, my friends were lost at his hands, they would go down easy with a slice of pizza and onion rings. The bell rang, here he was, the killer, he came in with a huge box of pizza and was shouting "Let's see some ball, Bill". I suppose since the match hadn't started yet I had a little time to say goodbye to my friends. Mr. Rasp was first, Eggy, Milky, Strawb and Lemo were next. It was a rather emotional moment, knowing that my time has come, Mr. Rasp whispered "bye Blacky, I will always remember you, pal." It was the most depressing moment of my life, beings that I had known only for 5 days were such good friends, but we were all sharing the same fate: Bill.

Finally, when the match started, I was separated from my friends and stood there, waiting for the end to come. The Bulls were having the upper hand, then Jaime shouted "Yeah baby, a 3 pointer", 3 pointers were his favorites, unfortunately he started getting thirsty, in the second half. I was sweating "It is time," I thought. Jaime was coming over to the table, he grabbed me and threw me to Bill, the gorilla found that amusing, I did not! I was nervous and full of air.

The end was near, I could sense it; the fool came running to the couch, where Bill had placed me and poured me down his throat shouting, "Just what I needed... a coke"

*Angelos*

## **1<sup>st</sup> Seminar 1<sup>st</sup> person singular point of view**

### **CATAclysm**

There I was, lying on one of our skyscrapers, when something unusual happened, followed by a disaster our civilization had never witnessed before.

About once a month, the skyscrapers in the outer region are cut down to half their size, thus killing everyone resting on them at the time. Slaves live there, while the rest of us enjoy the privilege of living close to the ground. So nobody really mourns their death, apart from the slaves themselves.

That evening all of us heard slaves screaming and saw parts of our slum-scraper falling. Nobody was shocked. I climbed down and started laying eggs, as every female has to every second day, when a drop of water came from outer space. We were familiar with that substance but only saw it pouring from our region's lower front, where no one was allowed to go, since it didn't have skyscrapers or a place to lay eggs. We called it "The Desert". But every desert has its oasis. These were thin lines of fertile ground, where instead of skyscrapers, there were mansions. Below them two huge waterfalls existed, one below each oasis, which once in a while poured water. But no one has ever touched it. In fact no one has ever returned from the oasis. That day we saw a perforated silver disc pouring water in tremendous quantities. I saw my fellow citizens drown as the ground flooded. We tried to climb on the skyscrapers, which seemed to collapse when water touched them. Some of us survived only to face a huge typhoon of heated air coming towards us with incredible force. Our skyscrapers dried and rose again but already dozens of us were flying in outer space facing the end...

When the deluge subsided I could barely stand on my six feet, only to hear

"You are done Mrs O'Connor".

"Thank you very much, dear".

"You haven't been washing your hair. I found lots of parasites".

I was getting angry listening to these insults

"I m getting on, Mary, I can barely move".

" I see." Mary answered. "Well, you are finally done."

Now I was mad.

"Yes I'm finally done". The old lady said smiling.

"NO, YOU ARE NOT ". I shouted, though no one heard me.

That's how the great cataclysm ended. Only I survived but I still had some eggs inside me. So we could eventually reproduce. We honour that tragic day every April. My grandchildren are proud of me and I'm happy to have fulfilled my destiny.

### **ARIS**

## **1<sup>st</sup> Seminar 1<sup>st</sup> person singular point of view**

### **All that glitters is not gold**

I never had a home. I used to wander aimlessly. I have been dirty since I fell into a hole, full of mud. And my adventure starts. One day, when I was still in the hole, a careless boy gave me a kick and I found myself on the pavement. He saw me and picked me up. I focused on his smiling face. I thought he was laughing at my awful appearance. Well, it's usual for a coin to be dirty and soiled. He cleaned me quickly with his sleeve and put me in his wallet. Although it was dark, I noticed some other coins.

'Hi,' I lisped in a hesitant tone.

'Hello,' said a ten-cent coin. 'You're a newcomer, aren't you?'

'Yes, and I would like you to introduce yourself.' I replied politely. After the first acquaintance, I noticed that a dirty, five-cent coin kept staring at me. Immediately, I fell in love with her. I just saw her appeal. She was dirty, too. I felt that we would be the best of friends or something more. As the days passed, I developed intense feelings for her. One day the darkness turned into light and the wallet opened. The boy's hand picked me up.

'No,' I screamed. I knew I wouldn't return. I was handed to an assistant. She looked at me strangely.

'This coin is a fake,' she said angrily. 'Give me another, or leave.' The boy didn't have enough money to buy his magazine. He put me back in and left without a word. He didn't seem very happy but I was.

Thank God for my lovely dirt.

*Michailidou Chrisa.*