

Teacher in charge: **Ms Memi Katsoni**

2nd Seminar, 2nd person singular point of view: Students had to be people this time, they would use the 2nd person singular to address either another person (recommended) or themselves in the mirror, or they might be split personalities. A black cat should play some vital part. Maximum length 400 words. Student output:

Black Cat

You are in your car, the driver's seat. The radio is on and your partner is next to you. He looks concerned. From the radio, that new song is heard, "Black cat". Actually, you don't like it enough to know the lyrics. The beat, the lyrics, the melody...it's all the same to you. And now your partner announces that he doesn't want to be with you anymore. Just like that. Without an explanation. From one moment to the next. The "Black cat" is still on. You have no time to get angry as he gets out of the car. He leaves. At last, the horrible song is over. Your break-up song. You turn off the radio, hoping you'll never hear this tune again. You go shopping. Relax. While you're entering the shop, the sound of "Black cat" is blaring. You can't believe your ears. You need to do something with yourself. Go out. At night, you are invited to a party. The only fear you have is the "Black cat". You enter the bar and, fortunately, the "Black cat" hasn't been heard yet. You order a drink and – oh no— there it is. The monotonous sound of "Black cat".

"What on earth?" "You think. And then..." "Who is he?" This handsome man coming to speak to you.

Amazing song, isn't it?"

"Oh yes. From now on it's perfect." You answer. And a new adventure starts.

Michailidou Chrisa.

2nd Seminar, 2nd person singular point of view

After.Life

And here you are, just like everybody else. You were the so called black cat, the undertaker, no one could bring you down. Was it worth it? Among your comrades you were supposed to be the chosen one, yeah right ... You were heavily wounded when they brought you here. You didn't even know where you were, even **you** are human after all. You were struggling and no one could see you, screaming and no one could hear you, you were pitiful. You were once a proud "warrior" the one to lead this pathetic revolution.

Then a black man came and it was a lot harder, but you wouldn't step back you were a "true fighter" for your people. The one true God had chosen you they kept saying. So many were killed in order to protect their beloved hero. Look at you, the holy warrior was brought down by a black man, your people are ashamed of you they wish that you were never born but what can you do now? Absolutely nothing, you are weak, your dissolution started the day the black man came to lead. They tried many times to eliminate you but you kept on going you didn't give up, but your people do not know that. Some of your people believed in you and started an insurrection but the black man's forces were way more powerful than theirs. You were condemned to death and brought here, to face your doom. After the news was spread throughout the globe the revolution was almost over. You see there was no one to lead the holy legion. And the battle in the name of the one true God was almost lost...

You must be prepared, you don't have that much time left. You have to look like you are not you so your people can still have faith and hope that one day you will return from the grave. Hurry now, try to look comfortable, your funeral is in five minutes.

Then I shall bid you farewell Osama Bin Laden.

ANGELOS

2nd Seminar, 2nd person singular point of view

Farewell

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You always cared for others far more. "Think!" you always said when one of your friends did something stupid. But you never stopped to think. Now look at you. Alleviated from your "burdens". Not that you had many at your age.

The thing you loved most was your cat. Your black cat, Mr. Blacky. Was it worth it? That Friday Mr. Blacky was missing and you went really wild. You were determined to find him and take him home. You found him that night in a trash bin, having dinner. Cats act by instinct but develop emotions for a special person, you said. But when you grabbed him, you felt his arms and legs clawing at you. You must have known he was afraid. But you didn't let go. When he slipped through your hands, you were desperate. You saw him rush to the middle of that street. You never noticed the truck coming at high speed, or maybe you did and ignored it; who's to know now? You dashed forward and grabbed your cat...

And now here you are. I wonder if you ever saw me across the street. Was it worth sacrificing yourself for that cat? Maybe it was to you; if you had let it die you would have regrets, haunting you for your entire life. Were you so focused on getting the cat out of the street that you neither saw nor heard the truck? It doesn't matter anymore. You cared. Which explains why you acted like this. Now you know that cat has lost its owner but at least it's safe. If that's what you were fighting for, then you've achieved it. At what a cost, though.

You always said that stereotypes such as "Black cats, bring bad luck", were stupid.

Surprise...

ARI

2nd Seminar, 2nd person singular point of view

Black heaven

It was 30 years ago. Do you remember? While travelling with your family a devastating storm destroyed the ship. You were the only survivor. After swimming for hours, you managed to reach a shore. You were exhausted.

When you came round, you saw only animals. Was it a nightmare or reality? At the beginning you were scared, but then you realized that these animals had saved your life. You were on a remote island — the only place in the world where animals could speak. Although the members of that society were completely different from each other, they spoke the same language and lived in peace.

The island was covered with black flowers and fruits, which were very juicy and nutritional. These fruits were consumed by the animals and kept them happy and frisky. That was the territorial wealth and the secret of that island.

The animals had founded an ideal community; all the members had the same rights and responsibilities. Every day when the sun was shining, all the animals would go to work. All the employees had the same salary regardless of the work they did. The animals had a normal life without problems and they loved each other truly. You envied them.

After five months you were strong enough to leave that black heaven and return to your country. You felt lucky to have had such a unique experience but you wouldn't tell anyone; no one was to know of that island.

Last week you heard that an oil tanker had contaminated a cat-shaped island in the middle of the ocean.

The next day you were on your way. It was your turn to save your friends. Many animals had died, the others were suffering from diseases and the flowers had withered.

Do not lose faith now! Your friends need your help.

Helen