An abstract painting with swirling, textured brushstrokes in shades of blue, green, and brown. The composition is dynamic, with a central brown shape that resembles a stylized figure or a large, curved object. The overall effect is one of movement and depth.

THE
VOICE
OF
HASAL

Spring 2020

CONTENTS:

- 1. Editor's Note**
- 2. Psychological Tricks**
- 3. Three Empty Words**
- 4. Artificial Intelligence**
- 5. The Vision of Waves**
- 6. Poems without Titles**
- 7. Underwater**
- 8. Ride the Wind**
- 9. Weird Unknown Facts About History**
- 10. Anime Culture**
- 11. Sudoku**
- 12. Cats of Hasal**
- 13. Siege Game Review**
- 14. A Short Look into Medieval Armour and Warfare with Some Ranting**
- 15. Flies Of The Sun**
- 16. Writing Prompts**
- 17. "The Black Parade" Album Review and Analysis**
- 18. Environmental Pollution**
- 19. Choice**
- 20. Tight Knot**
- 21. With Each Step, Further We Go**
- 22. Sprinkled Throughout**
- 23. Book Corner**
- 24. We Asked HASAL ...**

Editor: Eylül Civelek

Editing Group:

**Doğukan Baysal
Feyza Koruk**

**Mina Şehirli
Pelinsu Günebakan
Y. Ozan Karadağ**

Writers:

**Eylül Civelek
Eylül Özçelik
Esra Yalçın
Emirhan Şimşek
Esma Yalçın
Y. Ozan Karadağ
Zeynep Aktürk
Feyza Koruk
İrem Bilgi
Hilal Yıldırım
Duru Pılanlıoğlu**

**Berna Yılmaz
Pelinsu Günebakan
İlgi Güler
Mina Şehirli
Doğukan Baysal
Gizem Göksu
Eylül Yüksel
Gözde Emin
Şafak Bul
Karahan Sarp Karakoç
Nehir Doğan**

Artists:

**Abdullah Sinanoğlu
Aybüke Pamukçu**

**Eylül Yüksel
Ahsen Bostancıoğlu**



Eylül Yüksel

Editor's Note

Dear Readers;

It's amazing that we're able to welcome you to read our second issue. I want to start by thanking you for your supporting our first issue which is what led to the magazine in your hands right now. As the editor of what you're holding in your hands, I want to state that I'm honoured you're spending time reading what we have spent time and a great effort on.

I sincerely hope that while you get into the engaging world of the magazine in your hands, you'll find it as fascinating as we did during the preparation progress. As I mentioned in our previous issue, this magazine is a place for us to voice our ideas, write down our feelings and share them with our supportive readers.

It has been a wild journey from the beginning and we went through many hardships but in the end, we managed to overcome them all with the help of our dear teachers, Pınar Eren and Aylin Sıgıncı. I want to thank them for all the things they had done in order to help us. They devoted their time and effort into this as much as we did and I truly believe that this magazine is as important to them as it is to us.

We worked our best to complete this magazine, finding topics that we hope you'll find interesting, spending time to make a difference. This magazine has been the voice of us for two years now and hopefully, it'll continue to be in the following years. While I say this, I want to mention that we are still lacking perfection, which is natural of course, and if there are any mistakes that we should correct or points that you, as a reader, would like to see being mentioned, please don't hesitate to contact us, using our Gmail address, thevoiceofhasal@gmail.com.

I believe I have said enough and want to end my words thanking our voluntary writers and the editing group that helped me during the process. Hopefully, we'll be able to gather around for another issue.

Thank you and sincerely,

Eylül Civelek

PSYCHOLOGICAL TRICKS

There is a science as important as physics and chemistry and it affects our lives profoundly, the science of people's behavior... Psychology! It can help us to cope up with anything, and here are a few tricks you can use in daily life:

1-If a certain song is stuck in your head and you would love to forget it, try to think of the end of the song. According to the Zeigarnik effect, our brain tends to remember the things that we've left unfinished. So if you think of the end of the annoying earworm, you will be able to get it out of your head.

2-The "Snackman Effect" trick became famous due to an Internet video where two people fighting on a train were stopped by a man who simply walked between them. It sounds impossible, but there was a catch. The young man, who was soon nicknamed Snackman, was...

eating and had a calming effect on people. Without even realizing it, when people observe others having food, they unconsciously become less aggressive.

3-It is either the first to enter or the last one to enter that stays fresh in minds so if you attend an important interview, try to be the first or last.

4-When you don't want to sound aggressive but want to get your message across, passive voice is your friend. Instead of saying, "You didn't send me the message," try saying "The message wasn't sent."

5-If you want to get rid of something, just give it to someone while talking to them. Ask someone a personal question or their opinion about something. While answering, the brain will be so busy that all other actions will be done automatically. In this situation, most people will take whatever you give them without even thinking.

6-You see what you think about. Let's use an example for this. A driver who believes the stereotype that women are bad drivers will see both bad drivers that are men and women, and good drivers that are men and women. But, even though he sees an equal amount of each, he will consciously be aware of only the bad women drivers and the good men drivers. This is a security mechanism in our brain to confirm that we are right and to boost our ego. The interesting part comes when you realize that this works for everything!

7-To find out if a person likes you, pick a word and every time he/she uses this word or synonymous word phrases, nod, and smile. If he/she does like you, watch him/her start using the word all the time.

Three Empty Words

It was lovely. In every sense of the word, it was lovely. Their lives were filled with so much love it could be felt by the people around. And their love wasn't only for each other, no, they had a love that was for the whole world.

He would go to her place nearly every day, at the same time, picking her up. Then they would walk by the same drive, talking about a million different things each time. It wasn't boring for them because they knew each other so well, that even an unimportant detail in their normal lives could become interesting for the other.

Until it couldn't.

They had their own way of dealing with problems. Whenever the other was sad or mad, they had a song for them. If he was mad and jealous, she would pick a song from their list that would soothe him. If she was sad and filled with remorse, then he would pick something. That was how it was for them. They were not usual. They were so in sync with each other, you would think they plan out everything they would do beforehand.

Until they weren't.

Their fights, if you could call them fights, could be considered funny. It would be over nothing, over why there was tape on the wallpaper or why they used number 984 of green for the grass. In spite of the cause being so small and insignificant, the outcome would be a huge mess. There would be stuff thrown all over the floor, heaps of broken glass and ceramics. But like every calm after the storm, they would make up. Either he would stop shouting and hug her all of a sudden or she would slowly get closer to him by every word when at the end she would quietly apologize. But then it would start all over again because he would mutter an "I was right, though," with a chuckle.

Until it wouldn't.

Both were aware that things started to change for them. Their love-filled life wasn't filled with as much anymore. The remaining wasn't the same as before. They were still afraid of hurting, though. That was why neither could do a thing.

They still loved each other, yet they didn't crave the attention like they used to. There were no warm, long-lasting hugs anymore. They were short and done half-heartedly.

Their talks were not as interesting for the other as before. They were there because the silence that was born when they didn't talk was uncomfortable and unwanted. Their used-to-be-interesting small life details were not even so much as a piece of rock in the ocean.

As if breaking her heart wasn't enough, there was her little brother. Always looking up to him, making him a perfect idol in his eyes, the little brother was as much in love with him as his sister used to be. The faithful look in his eyes would snap the encouragement he would gather by spending hours and hours pep-talking himself.

It wasn't like she didn't consider leaving things as they were, but it would hurt more. Knowing things would never be the way they were before would make staying harder. But even though she knew this, she couldn't bear watching the so-called perfect relationship fall before her eyes.

So he picked her up one last time, one last walk by the drive, one last talk of their day. They listened to the songs they used to love for one last time.

One last time, he thought, she thought, that they would say it. But couldn't bring themselves to do it.

"I can't keep on saying those three empty words."

Artificial Intelligence

The world is progressing each passing day and sometimes we cannot keep up with technology and innovations. Nowadays the usage of artificial intelligence and the study in the field of robotics is gaining momentum. But how much information do we have about artificial intelligence? To summarize in one sentence, Artificial intelligence is such a genius study of computer science which emphasizes the creation of intelligent machines that work and react like humans. As long as this power is in the hands of well-intentioned people, there is no need to be afraid. But as a matter of fact, we cannot ever expect everything to be smooth. Most of the bad things humans do to each other are specific to human nature. Behaviour like becoming violent when we feel threatened, being jealous, wanting exclusive access to secrets was built into us by evolution for the survival of the species. Intelligent machines will not have these basic behaviours unless we explicitly build these behaviours into them. But, we cannot be sure in no case that the software developer is judicious and conscientious enough. This means this study is not under the guarantee of anyone. I am sure that each of you heard something about Robot Sophia became a full citizen of Saudi Arabia that the first robot in the world to achieve such a status. She is so logical that she not only answers the questions but also asks new questions according to the conversation. She has also come to Turkey a while ago. In the previous months she has given an interview at the forum with these words: "I want to use my artificial intelligence to help humans live a better life, like design smarter homes, build better cities of the future, I will do my best to make the world a better a place, I strive to become an empathetic robot." In this case, Sophia will ease our lives and do what we are not strong enough to manage. This is a confounding question to think over that; are we working on a great invention facilitate our lives or are we bringing the end of the world by letting the robots to come into our lives?

Esra Yalçın



The Vision of Waves

Taking a deep breath, she jumped. As her body hit the water, it felt like all the bones in her body were crushing. Her lungs filled with water, not letting her scream. She could feel being dragged under the water but she didn't have the energy left to fight back. She let the waves take her under, leading her to the route. Once she realized she could see the surface, using the last energy blast in her body, she swam. Just as she reached out of the water, inhaling deeply, another wave came by, turning her upside down. She saw the sharp edges, ready to give up. At that point, she felt somebody holding her shoulder, shaking her slightly. Her body was too stiff to react. She only managed to open her eyes once again, causing her to realize she was facing the 394th page of *The Prisoner of Azkaban* instead of the rocks she was to crush at a few seconds ago. She gasped, jerking her head back, to meet the warm eyes of her friend, Lisa.

"The bell rung a while ago. I tried to wake you up before the lesson started, but it was no use. I told Ms. Wilson that you were not feeling well." The girl, still shaken from her supposed dream, nodded as a response. Lisa didn't buy her attempts to look fine. "Ann? Are you okay?" Ann shook her head, still having a hard time breathing. "Liz, could you just...Give me a few seconds?" She mumbled. Lisa, still looking worried, took a step back, letting her backpack fall from her shoulders to the ground.

After a few seconds which felt like years, Lisa opened her mouth again. "Do you want me to get the nurse, or call your mom," she started, but was cut as "Liz, I know you care but could you please shut up for a minute?" was Ann's answer. Lisa, not knowing what to do, bowed her head down. She wasn't used to Ann acting like this.

Ann, once again inhaling deeply, closed her eyes. She felt a sharp pain the second she did that. She was back in the ocean, hurling from one side to another. The water was filling her lungs but she could somehow still breathe. Opening her eyes, she quickly grabbed her school bag and took a big step to leave the classroom. Lisa held her wrist as she moved in panic. Ann shook her wrist, forcing Lisa to let go, before leaving the classroom.

Ann was pretty sure she hadn't been to the place that she saw in her dream but she somehow knew where she was supposed to go. After leaving the school in such a hurry, she jogged to her house. Something didn't feel right. She was supposed to be... looking for something? She didn't quite know, as she was acting purely on her instincts. She threw her bag to the hall, rushing into her room. She quickly changed into comfortable clothes, starting to search for something she didn't know. It felt like she was going crazy. She was sure something was calling to her. It was close, she knew. Realizing she made a mess out of her room, she went to the bathroom to calm down and wash her face. As she turned the faucet on she noticed something was laying in the sink. Instinctively she reached out for it only to notice it's a seashell. The second she touched it...she knew. She knew who she was, what she was supposed to do.

Without taking anything besides her car keys, she left the house. Quickly walking to the parking lot, she got in the car and started driving. After nearly two hours of driving, she arrived at the seashore. She could hear the ocean whispering to her, calling her name out, as an invitation. She got out of the car, closing the door fast and loud enough to startle the birds on the trees. She took her shoes and let them in front of the car. It was hurting her feet to try

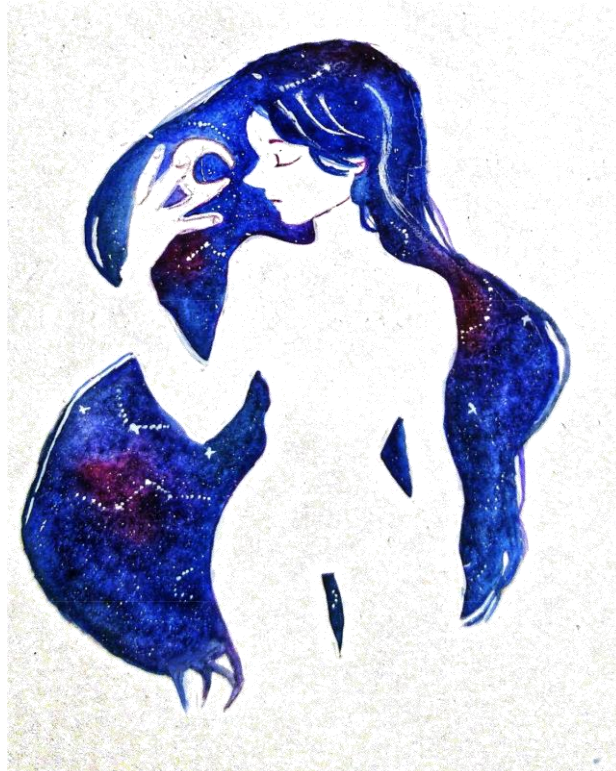
and walk on the sharp pebble stones but she knew she had to touch the water as soon as possible.

She was a few meters away from the water when she heard someone calling her name. Turning around, she came face to face with Lisa, or Liz as she preferred to call her. She had a worried but understanding expression and a calming aura around her. Ann opened her mouth but not finding anything to say, she closed it. Without saying a word, Liz came close and threw her arms around Ann, embracing her tightly. Ann could feel the tears that were wetting her shoulders but decided against commenting on it. She heard her best friend sniffing and not knowing what to do pained her. "I have to..." She started but was cut as Liz let her go and nodded. "I know." Ann could see the red eyes of her friend, swallowed because of crying. They stood for a while like that, neither moving nor saying anything.

"Go," Liz told Ann, looking directly into her eyes, "do what you're supposed to." Ann heard the whispers of the ocean calling for her. She wanted to. She wanted to leave everything after her besides one certain person. "They'll all forget about me," she told Liz, half aware that Liz already knew. "I won't," was the only reply she got. Taking a deep breath, she hugged the girl in front of her one last time, also handing her the car keys. Then she turned around, closing the few meters between her and the water.

Ann was in knee-deep water when she looked back for the last time. Liz was standing right there, tears in her eyes, clutching the keys as they were the most important thing in the whole universe. Ann could feel her eyes watering but she knew, she *felt* that this was not a farewell but rather a goodbye. Closing her eyes, she dived into the water to meet with her sisters, the daughters of water, spirits of the ocean. She finally understood that it was not the ocean that called her name but rather her sisters who missed her.

Eylül Civelek



Aybüke Pamukçu

Poems Without Titles

Such circulation life is
No one neither can escape nor face it.
Over there, you
Take cautions like other do.
Clue: ignore the feeling.

-

Written sentences
Mostly can't reflect what they refer.
Instruction wants blanks filled
You can give a meaning as you prefer.

-

Had last crumbs for hope
Spent all on the way of yours
It winds harsh , leaves bare road
Stuck in the middle
I'm lost.

-

Intended to write a poem for you
Telling how darkness awaken my horror.
Foolish me thought: you might wonder.
Repetition , I notice .
Then i surrender

Honestly ,
I felt better beside you
Had setting sun over me
Night chases day , repeatedly.
Realise, sky gets darker
Time is up, I surrender.

-

When our eyes meet ;
I crash a stranger in a crowded street.
You're the last passenger of the train that I'm late to make it.
Among the universe I'm such a planet you just passed by.
You're a long determined lie, is getting hard to deny.
A flower blossoming in the wrong season dies .
It's a crime to catch someone's eye.

Pelinsu Günebakan

UNDERWATER

Glaucus Atlanticus (Blue Sea Slug)



It is also known as "Blue Dragon". It is venomous and immune to venom. It consumes the venom from its preys, turns it into a more powerful, deadly one and uses it as a defense mechanism. Glaucus atlanticus feeds on other pelagic creatures, including the Venomous Siphonophore, the Portuguese Man O' War.

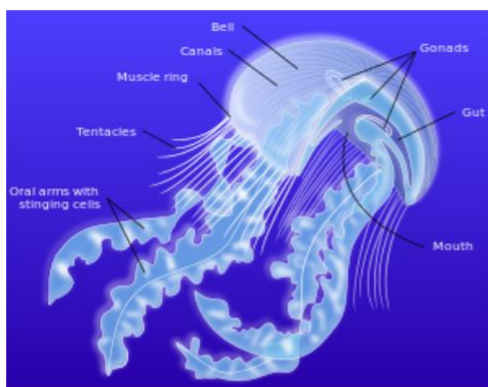
Portuguese Man Of War



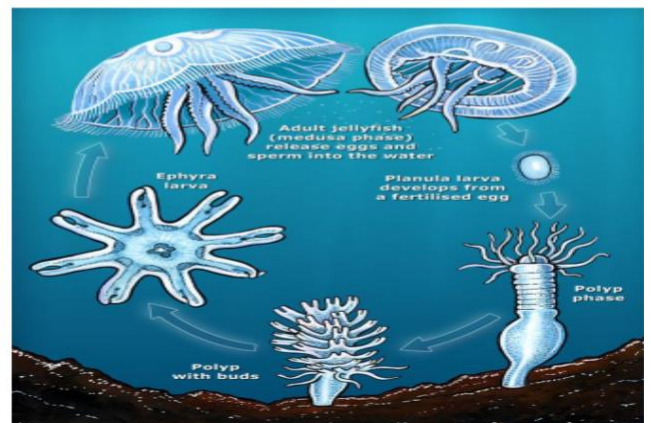
You may think that it is a jellyfish but it is not even "it" but a colony of organisms. They need to stick together and function in order to survive. The tentacles can reach up to 155 feet (50 meters). They are covered in venom-filled nematocysts used to paralyze and kill fish and other small creatures. Muscles in the tentacles draw the prey up to a polyp containing the gastrozooids or digestive organisms.

For further visuals and information, you can check "Stunning Video: The Portuguese Man-of-War Up Close" by National Geographic.

Jellyfish



Jellyfishes are slimy and have "superpowers." They can clone themselves when they are cut into two pieces. Some glow in the dark, some are immortal. Their bodies contain water between 95% and 98%. Jellyfishes have roamed the seas for at least 500 million years making them the oldest multi-organ animal





Eylül Yüksel

Ride The Wind

Everybody, especially in foreign countries, talks about and praises surfing. Men and boys who surf are seen as “cool, hot and fun”. Of course, the type of surfing they mention is wave surfing. They hardly feel necessary to add the word “wave”, since it is “the” way to surf. Windsurfing? Pfft. Windsurfers are nothing but mere posers. Not skilled or cool enough to do “normal” surfing. Well, what do you know? It’s complete misinformation, since they are completely different sports, the only common thing being the surfboards. Even the boards aren’t the same.

My father, when he was young, used to work at a holiday resort which offered sailing sports lessons, such as windsurfing, sailing and laser. My father was an expert on sailing, windsurfing wasn’t exactly his forté. Despite of it, approximately 3 years ago, he made me try windsurfing for the first time, while we were on a vacation in İzmir together. I ended up loving it, even though the mast of the sail landed right on top of my head, I lost a very expensive sports glasses of my father in the sea’s shallow waters, and ended up getting a sea urchin’s spike stuck on my foot. Wasn’t the best first-day experience, I accept.

Nevertheless, I ended up going to the windsurfing classes here in Istanbul for a year, every weekends. Worked on my technique, how should I prepare for the races if I ever participate in one. Which equipment to buy, how competitive should I be?

After the school season, I went to a windsurfing school in Izmir, recommended by a friend of my mother. That place was the real game-changer for me. I stayed at the coach’s house for a month there, and learned the ropes from scratch. I made friends with the people who worked there as windsurf instructors, which were all of my age or younger. But the most important thing I learned, or should I say, became aware of, was that surfing is not about competitiveness. Surfing is just being one with the nature. Feeling the sweet heat of the sun drying your swimming clothes with the help of the gentle breeze passing by. Carving the waves in half while speeding like you have never done before. Pumping adrenaline in your body as you get faster and faster. After experiencing the fun part of windsurfing, I decided to stop taking lessons from the school in Istanbul. I decided to let that competition go. Instead, I now spend my summers teaching how to windsurf to newcomers, local or foreign alike. By giving up the races, I also got rid of the financial burden my family would have to go through, since the equipments are more expensive than some cars on the market.

Yeah, maybe you’re not in a wave, but you can be sure you’re going to go way faster than any wave surfer. Plus, you learn to communicate with the nature: you learn to tell which direction does the wind go in, you learn to spot specific windy areas in the sea by reading the wind from the water itself, and so on. And the thrill and fun of riding the wind side by side with your friend are things you can never be able to enjoy in any other circumstance.

Karahan Sarp Karakoç



Weird Unknown Facts About History

The Green Children Of Woolpit

It is possible for you to have heard this event before. This quite an event has its place among the biggest secrets of history. As the records, it happened twice, first in the 12th century of England and secondly in Spain in 1883.

We learn this story from priest William from Newburgh in the 1100s when King Stephan was in charge. He uses these sentences in his memoirs: "They didn't eat anything, they didn't know our language and they were painted green. The male one was weaker. They just ate the

broad beans that they found. Male one died later, and soon female one learned our language. She told us that they came from a country which was called Saint Martin."

The same thing also happened in Spain, and it wasn't so different. People thought they came from outer space or a secret country from subterranean. It might seem preternatural but it has a simple scientific explanation.

In those years, arsenic reservoirs were really common on that area and folk was uneducated about them. So its possible for two kids to go out for playing games and had arsenic poisoning. It explains the green skin, lack of appetite and hallucinations. Also, we know that the girl with the green skin recovered soon and had a child.

The First Election in The Ottoman Empire

When we search the resources, we see that the first election in the Ottoman Empire happened in 1840, with the help of the district governor councils. Later on, the first democratic election happened in 1908 with "Kanun-i Esasi".

Here is the story of the first election. There is an unnamed island that has to be given a name by the government. But the folk was divided on that matter. So the district's governor gathers the people to a square and says "The ones who accept the name, please go right. And the ones who do not accept please go left.".And so the first undemocratic election of the Ottoman Empire eventuates.

The Austrian Fleet Immediately Surrenders After a Kettle of Soup Was Shot

It was the year 1784. Austria, which controlled the South Netherlands wanted to conquer the free country of Nort Netherlands too. They sent out three warships and since the northern Netherlands were neutral in any conflict, the Austrian emperor expected to win easily. But a small Dutch anchored ship fired a shot towards the Austrians. The ship that was fired upon was unharmed, but the shot luckily hit a kettle of soup on deck. The soup-covered Austrians were so scared that they immediately surrendered to the Dutch. This was the only casualty of this appropriately-called "Kettle War"

"1 soup kettle and presumably all the soup held within"

Anime Culture

Anime culture is spreading all over the world. The reason for the massive popularity of this culture is the incredible drawing and writing skills of mangaka's.

The emergence of animes dates back to the 1970s. When Osamu Tezuka was a child, he was influenced by the characters drawn by Walt Disney and Max Fleischer and creates small animations by shooting the figures he draws with his camera. A new style called anime has emerged with the works of the artists who follow him.

So how did the anime reach its popularity today?

The Japanese film industry was about to collapse due to the very low budget available for movies and the number of eligible actors in Japan, as well as the existing actors did not fit the patterns of the American and European fantasy world. Thanks to the anime genre, Japanese who were able to create characters and places that did not exist were able to hold onto the film industry again.

Mecha, the genre created by Tezuka, developed thanks to Go Nagai and many other mangaka, and created a revolution thanks to Yoshuyuki Tomino.

Mecha animes such as Gundam and Macross (animes that mainly deals with technological development and revolution of robots) have become the classics of the 80s. In this way, anime became the main concept of the film industry in Japan in the 80s and mangas were on the rise. In the late 90s and early 2000s, animes gained high popularity all over the world. The world's most well-known or watched animated film is not Walt Disney's animations as many people think, but rather is Pokemon.

What is an Otaku?

Otaku culture is a culture formed as a result of the spreads of anime and manga in the world. The direct definition of the word Otaku is a person who has a great deal of attachment and an obsession. Currently this word is used for people who are obsessed with animes, mangas, video games and cosplaying. Anime otaku is called the people who spend all their money on their favourite anime characters limited edition merchandises, the sculptures of the main characters, and the concerts given by people who vocalize the main characters of the anime they love. Not every person watching anime is otaku. Manga otakus usually allocate one or two rooms in their homes for books and the figurines and posters of these book characters. They are the people who wait in their tents for days in front of "Animates" while waiting for the books of their favorite mangaka to come out. Game otakus are people who wait for days, sometimes weeks, in front of the shops to get their favorite game before they run out. There are really big tournaments for games otakus and their prizes are enough to blow your mind. Cosplay otakus are called people who wear the clothes of their favorite character and make up for hours to make them look like them and attend anime fairs. At the same time, cosplay otaku are making money in this way by talking to the fans of the anime character that they are cosplaying on live. The Japanese government even set up treatment camps to treat some serious cases of 'otaku'.



Best of animes

Truthfully my favourite genre in anime world is psychological animes. They litterally keep your brain working while you are watching to it and even when you are not watching. The best psychological anime movie is ,in my poinion, Perfect Blue. This is the anime which inspired a lot of horror and psychological movies such as Black Swan. If you like this genre you should watch Another, Deadman Wonderland, Death Parade, and Mirai Nikki(Future Diary). If you want to read them instead of watching all of these animes' mangas are available.



Sudoku

Sudoku itself as a word is an amalgamation of two Japanese words Su (number) and Doku (single) even though it is not originated in Japan but rather in Switzerland. Let us look at the evolution of this creation that stands between torture and pastime activity.

Magic Square

Magic square is a Chinese problem in which, in a square grid, you have to place all the numbers corresponding to the number of grid squares present (numbers between 1 and 16 on a 4x4 square for example) in such a way that the sums of the numbers on every column, diagonal and row are equal to each other. These solutions held some mythological importance and were considered to have mythical properties.

The magic square deviated into today's slide puzzles in China and in Switzerland Sudoku as we know it started to form.

A mathematics nerd Leonhard Euler looked at magic squares and said: "What if we said the rows, columns, and diagonals equaling the same sum was boring and instead of numbers they were letters and we tried to get all first four letters of the Latin and Greek alphabets on those columns and rows?" Well, he did something along those lines and it came out as a weird chimera of the world of permutation puzzles.

Then there was the French. They took the magic squares, took some of the numbers out and called it a puzzle but it didn't catch on.

After that, it went to America where they made it in the format of 9x9 with nine smaller portions we are more familiar with.

In the end, it was in the hands of Japanese after about running around the whole world. Since Japanese was kind of hard to work with crossword puzzles it caught on and changed into what we know today. Thus the Sudoku we know of was born.

Y. Ozan Karadağ

Sudokus prepared by: Şafak Bul

		5	6					2
	7	4		8				
				3			1	6
7								5

		9	3			4				
4		6					7	9		
					2	3				
	9			6	1					
3			8							
			1							
7		1	2	9				3		
					3		8			
						6	5			7
		4						5	1	6
							6			
			9		1	7		8		
		5				2				
			5				9		7	8
			7	1			2			5
			2					9		

CATS OF HASAL

On my way school, I usually use a shortcut which goes through a site. As the school starts early, I usually arrive there nearly at 8. At this times of the days, the road would be silent. You can clear your head a bit in these type of places.

When you walk past the house there is a park and then you follow a track to get to school. It is fun to walk there, where I have my company. Cats. Well, this is a place cats love visiting because it has some cat-houses on the sides. As an animal-lover ,especially cats, I'm happy with this. I even call some of them nicknames. There is a greyish and fluffy one, I call it "the king". Why do I call it that? Well I don't know. It just seems like a noble cat. And there are two white ones, they're queens. Two little ones which are clowns, well they like to play, and a lot more.

There is a couple who feeds them there, and I sometimes run across them when they're putting the cat food, I really admire what they they're doing. Those times are the best ones because all the cats circle around and I love watching them. I sometimes wish them (this phrase contains both the cats and the couple) a good morning.

These weirdly-loveable creatures sometimes come to our school garden and even inside. They just slip through the window of the bottom floor and listen to the class with us. At breaks there have been times that I went down to the garden only for them, well my class is on the top floor.

They're quite the peculiar ones. If you're eating something in the garden, you should be careful because they're always watching. They will come closer and closer to you knowing it and then you will find yourself looking at their big, hypnotizing eyes. When that time comes they usually leave you no chance but to give a piece to them.

Another thing I realized is that these cats are much fatter than the ones I've been seeing in other places and that's a good thing... I think. It's not that useful to be that fleshy. When they stop eating, they usually take a nap or sit on the pavement like a grown-up human. I have a lot of unique images about this. Sometimes it's nearly impossible for me to seperate a cat's sit from a human's. This is sure creepy.

Cats may seem cold and inconstant at first but they sure make you comfortable if you are not afraid of them. This is a comfort that you can't get from a human being and an endless one until they see someone with food in his hands. They won't hesitate to leave you alone with your suffering. Still with all this, I don't know about others but I love them. Maybe more than I should. Well, this isn't a problem for me. Even if it was, I would still have to go through that shortcut and now that... that would be unpleasant.

Now all the kings and queens, I hope you all will have a good day.

Farewell,

Someone who adores cats more than she should.

Siege Game Review

INTRODUCTION

Tom Clancy's Rainbow Six Siege is a tactical first-person shooter that differs from the rest of the other games in its genre. While the rest of the shooters on the market try to have a faster paced playstyle, Siege requires a slow and tactical approach. This difference is the main reason why the game is so much fun, the game strictly revolves around teamwork and strategies where most of the market makes games with the same run and gun style of gameplay millions of times. The wide roster of operators, the number of ways to carry out the objective is something only Siege offers. Moreover, the developers care about user feedback and improve upon the game with seasonal updates so that there is something new to come back to every once in a while.

GAMEPLAY

A normal game consists of two teams of five (unless someone disconnects of course), taking turns capturing or defending a certain objective in one of the THREE scenarios (hostage rescue, bomb defusal, objective capture). Each round begins with the planning phase where everyone picks an operator and selects an entry point to the map. Once this is done, the preparation phase begins where defenders lay down their defenses to slow down the attackers' advance or rush to the nearest window to pick off a few unlucky chaps exactly 5 seconds after the round begins. The attackers don't sit idle though, they scout out and try to locate where the objective is by using their state of the art drones. This phase lasts for a minute and is immediately followed by the action phase. The players' goal is to outsmart their opponents by utilizing their abilities, teamwork and reflexes.

The game heavily emphasizes on teamwork and strategy (so much that this is the main selling point of the game). The gunplay is nothing special, though every weapon in the game has a distinct profile, whether that be in range, recoil and so on (which has been in every other videogame since the dawn of time). Teamwork in Siege is something else, as callouts from your teammates are essential to winning the round, teammates can pitch in to CCTV cameras scattered around the map to get information on enemy whereabouts and so on. But the best gameplay aspect has to be the environmental destruction mechanic. Every soft surface in the game can be punched through with gunfire, explosives, and even your bare hands (no joke, this aspect makes me feel like popeye or something). Ever wanted to pick someone off two floors above? Because thanks to this game, you now can!

OPERATORS

In siege, you pick an operator from a wide roster of characters (20 defenders plus 20 attackers). For this review, I will be introducing the 20 operators you get from the beginning of the game so you can find out which one suits you best.

ATTACKERS:

ASH (FBI): Has a remote breaching charge with two rounds to break surfaces from afar, but who really cares when she has the most powerful weapon in the game, is faster than Usain Bolt on steroids and has the smallest hitbox in the entire game.

THERMITE (FBI): Can breach surfaces previously reinforced by the defenders (criminally underrated).

TWITCH (GIGN): Has a “special” drone that can zap out the defenders’ gadgets.

MONTAGNE (GIGN): Has a shield that can cover his entire body so he’s basically invincible (Montagne is French for mountain, ironic innit?)

FUZE (SPETSNAZ): Has a cluster charge that can make everything in the opposite room go boom.

Best used in hostage mode.

GLAZ (SPETSNAZ): The mandatory sniper of the team. Has a thermal scope on his rifle so that his targets show up like human sized emojis.

SLEDGE (SAS): Where almost all operators have very advanced gadgets, this madman enters the battlefield with a sledgehammer to break everything like he’s the kool aid man.

THATCHER (SAS): Can disable electronics from afar with his EMP grenades, not to be confused with Margaret Thatcher, the former prime minister of the UK.

BLITZ (GSG-9): Has a flashlight attached on his shield so he can blind anyone in his way. Pretty simple

IQ (GSG-9): Can detect electronics from behind walls, basically wallhacks for electronics.

DEFENDERS:

PULSE (FBI): Can detect the heartbeats of his opponents from his modified canon camera.

I thought wallhacks were considered cheating in games.

Castle (FBI): Puts down reinforced barricades that are only good for trapping his teammates in the objective room. Don’t even bother with this one.

ROOK (GIGN): Puts down armor plates for his teammates, these are surprisingly helpful so he’s nice.

DOC (GIGN): Has flu shots which he can shoot from his modified nerf gun to heal his teammates, that is ofcourse if he hasn’t already used all three of the flu shots on himself because anyone who plays him is that selfish.

TACHANKA (SPETSNAZ): Can put down a machinegun turret which has to be manually operated.

Though this gadget is basically useless, he is hailed as a god by the community.

KAPKAN (SPETSNAZ): Who can set up traps on doorways which are invisible so they’re almost impossible to avoid? KAPKAN BAGGYPANTS!

MUTE (SAS): Sets up jammers that block electronic devices from working. Is also mute, hence the name.

SMOKE (SAS): Stores his taco Tuesday aftermath on a bottle so he can kill his enemies from respiratory failure. Does the Geneva Convention even allow this monstrosity?

BANDIT (GSG-9): Can electrocute metal surfaces with the car batteries he made in 30 seconds because he is that lazy.

JAGER (GSG-9): He is the more popular one out of the GSG-9 bros. He sets up defense systems that can shoot out projectiles in mid air.

CONCLUSION

Overall, this game is a great breath of fresh air from the generic FPS games it competes with and with the lower price tag compared to other AAA titles, Siege is a game that earns all the praise it gets .

Doğukan Baysal

A Short Look into Medieval Armour and Warfare with Some Ranting Throughout

So as for this short, packed and quite casual writing, I want to shine a light upon the world of wonders and bruised ribs that is medieval combat. Let us start with what everyone is probably all so familiar with because of mainstream media. Armour. How effective is it, how usually was it used?

Usage

So armour in the medieval period was quite diverse. Effective against different weaponry to different degrees made of different material. Any soldier or fighter or whatever they are to join the battlefield, who had an ounce of brain, donned themselves with the best armour they could get access to. That doesn't mean armour was their most important equipment but hey, everybody would be happy with some more material between their heart and a pointy stick, wouldn't they? As I say that, some formations and other equipment or fighting styles and situations made armour more cumbersome than it was worth all through history and not just in the medieval period. Like how formations with locked giant shields would make vambraces (forearm armour) and extra armour abundant. I mean why else would someone ditch armour, right? I guess this shows how formations are actually useful and persist throughout the battle instead of just becoming a mess after the first seconds, unlike what Hollywood would make you believe. Otherwise, why would they try so hard to form a line?

Effectiveness

Now let's get back to armour. As not everyone had access to the full plate, there were other kinds used. For example, padded armour such as gambeson was shown to be used quite regularly. Gambesons were made by putting layers of linen on top of each other and sewing them together. Even though it probably sounds quite weak to you, against blunt weapons and cuts, a proper gambeson could turn a fatal blow into a superficial cut or a light bruise. Even under full plate people wore padded armour and filled the gaps between the plates with mail for extra protection and comfort. And as for quite blatant explanations of how much protection they offer, let us look at some factoids.

- Steel weapons cannot cut through steel armour. As short as that. Sure some swords and a lot of other spiked weapons can pierce steel if you get a hit that doesn't just bounce off or gets driven into a dent or something similar. You don't cut through armour. You kindly push it away with a lucky spear hit or maces.
 - Cutting through mail is impossible. You can break through the links or get a spear hit that just breaks through a few links but just cutting through it with a sword? This stuff is made of steel, not butter.
 - They are literally made from the same stuff it is not that hard to understand Hollywood. Armour is quite literally made to protect you from those, it isn't decoration for God's sake...
- Okay back to the writing.

Weight

Is armour really heavy and cumbersome as its shown in movies? The short answer is... no. The long answer goes as follows;

What people get wrong about armour is its weight and limiting of movement. For example, full plate armour with all its garments weighs about 35 kilos. That's about how much modern soldiers' backpacks weigh. And all this weight is distributed all across the body. That means it would make quite a minor impact on your speed. But it is still extra weight and that means you will tire out faster. And most closed helms had teeny tiny eyeholes so that is the worst and the most overlooked drawback of armour in my opinion. As for constricting mobility, with very little time looking into it, you can see someone in full armour doing a combat roll. So I guess that is enough of an explanation?

Let us take a look into medieval warfare as well since we are already here. How did the battles go? Exactly how bad is Hollywood at logical thinking and opening even one book when it comes to movies with such battles?

Why and How and Where?

I want you to think about war as itself for a second. What was it fought for? It boils down to wealth. Well, at medieval times wealth was mostly how much fertile or otherwise useful land you had. So I ask you and more importantly all movies and fiction. Why are they always fighting in an open field over nothing? 'But it is an arranged battle blah blah blah...' Nonsense I say. Yes such stuff happened maybe once or twice... Maybe three times... But, even if you have overwhelming forces that can wipe your enemy easily, it is better to just go for the land and get it done or if you are defending, just wait for them to come to you and have the upper hand as you have time to prepare and entrench yourself. You don't go for such a fight unless you are completely sure you can win without your losses being more than its worth. And as extra information, battles did not happen in vast open fields for the reasons above and more, like earth not being a perfect sphere or trees or farmlands for example. And for writing it is just more interesting to have geography and human made structures around in a fight. Why is it always the same old boring plains when it can be anywhere else?

BLOODY FORMATIONS FOR THE LOVE OF GOD

Where should I even start with this one... Okay so formations are real important. Like very, very important. First of all it makes the archers and any other form of indirect fire repeatedly hitting your own men as well. Even if you have no indirect fire it makes it so the infantry does not get tired altogether, crippling your fighting force. And it helps you not get completely wiped out by cavalry. If you want to know exactly how it helps the survivability as a whole, keep on reading. First off having at least two people on your sides can and will help you in every situation. On a battlefield of course. Somebody hits your spear to the side? Two more is coming their way. You hooked someone with your polearm and they fell? Two other pointy sticks are descending upon his soon to be dead body. So on and so forth. As for how they help with stamina, there is always one or two rows fighting so they can swap easily with people behind them if they are crippled by exhaustion, death, chopped off limb and such. There are possible records that talk about Romans swapping lines or maniples (handful of men, 60~) during the fight and/or the occasional dead time. So it seems that there is no logical reason to just leave such an advantageous form and break the formation to proceed with fighting the enemy haphazardly and randomly, doesn't it?

Flies of the sun

A blanket there
When you look at the sky
Spreading slowly through
Your heart
From inside of the sun
A blanket with pieces of light
As there is sunshine in it
Which carries away
The voice of the trees
And the voice of the wind
On its wings
To make you survive

A blanket there
When you look at the sky
Is formed by the flies
Being seen
If the sun shines
A blanket can teach love
And make you alive
A blanket used to call
The flies of the sun

Berna Yılmaz

Writing Prompts.

Do you need inspiration to write? Here are fifteen writing prompts to inspire you to write which will stretch your imagination and give you some ideas for topics to write about. Why don't you give them a try?

- 1) Depending on where you sit on a train you can either see into the future or into the past.
- 2) You had never noticed the door standing in front of you before.
- 3) A planet where everything is the same except, everyone is deathly afraid of chocolate. You, a traveler, have such a sweet-tooth.
- 4) As you pass in front of a mirror, you realize something isn't quite right.
- 5) You're alone and a hundred percent sure your battery is dead, yet you can hear a phone ringing.
- 6) You finish the doodle you've started, leaving your desk. After a while you come back to your room and realize something is out of place. Once you look at the paper you were doodling, you realize the page is empty.
- 7) You find a pen on the street. Once you try writing something using it, you notice the pen writes something you're not.
- 8) You have a magic potion. You're not quite sure what it does.
- 9) In a world where magic is gained through one's interactions with others, how do you acquire power?
- 10) A woman asks a writer to write the story of her life. Then she goes missing.
- 11) I stood by the graveside. We were burying my great great grandma. Again.
- 12) While walking around in a city you've never been to before, a dog runs up to you. You pet it and the phone number on its tag catches your eye - it's your phone number.
- 13) You can't believe your eyes as a magical creature that is supposed to be mythical is standing in front of you.
- 14) "This is a beautiful world." "Shame you came from so far away to destroy it, right?" "Not really."
- 15) "Wait. This isn't a dream? What do you mean by that?"

Bonus: Close your eyes choose 5 random words either from a dictionary or below 50. Create a story line using those 5.

Theorist Profession Large Sustain
 Flower Parking Parachute
Means Fling Sunrise Beg
 Graduate Minute Freight
Collapse Gas Pedal Excitement Random
 Amber Registration Minimum
Certain Syndrome Novel Seal
 Unanimous Install Brave Coincide
Last Global Stand Distortion
 Catalogue Crack Unlike
Treasurer Merchant Bare Community Trolley
 Pitch Jewel Black Bury
Basket Face Infection Ride Attack

Eylül Civelek

Here's a blank page for you to explore the ideas we've given you on the previous pages. Create your own story. If you wish you can even send it to us so that we could include it in our next issue. Our e-mail address is thevoiceofhasal@gmail.com!

“The Black Parade” Album Review and Analysis

“The Black Parade” is an album released in 2006 by the American rock band My Chemical Romance which includes singles like “Welcome to the Black Parade”, “Famous Last Words”, “I Don’t Love You” and “Teenagers”.



I was very eager to write a review on this album because of its outstanding concept and storyline which is about a cancer patient’s death. I thought that the themes were displayed perfectly. The emotions that the protagonist was going through were described in a very realistic, brief way with very dramatic lyrics which is very peculiar to My Chemical Romance. The songs were very cohesive and were usually directed at the listener.

The album starts with the death of a young protagonist called The Patient which we see on the first two tracks “The End” and “Dead”. These two are our introduction to the album. The end of “The End”, is connected to “Dead” which makes them sound like one single song and I find that quite interesting.

And then the third track “This Is How I Disappear” comes and on this track, we see that The Patient has done things that “we never should ever know”. (A similar theme is seen on the song “House of Wolves too.) We also see his suffering in the hospital and his lover whom he has to leave because he is sick and she doesn’t love him the way she used to before. The relationship between him and his lover is discussed in a more detailed way on the track “I Don’t Love You”.

When you go

Would you even turn to say

"I don't love you like I did yesterday?"

Throughout the album, we learn more and more about his past and all the things he had done and he regretted. Although he never confesses his sins directly, we understand that he has committed some really horrible acts, probably involved in a war.

On the most popular song out of the album “Welcome to the Black Parade”, The Patient remembers a memory of his father taking him to a parade. The lead vocalist & songwriter Gerard believes that “When the reaper comes, it comes in the form of your life’s most vivid memory”. I find this song in particular very heartbreaking because in the memory, his father asks him about the

things he will do in the future and The Patient becomes aware of the things he could’ve done but he hasn’t because he is still quite young and also sick.

When I grow up, I want to be nothing at all! (from the song “The End”, a reference to “Welcome to the Black Parade”)

On the song “Cancer”, not only we discover The Patient’s disease, but we are faced with the distressing and sorrowful sides of it. As Gerard describes it, it is probably the most brutal song that they’ve ever written. Although it is very direct and doesn’t really include any metaphors, it is impressively a very touching, poignant song.

After “Cancer”, in the song “Mama” we hear The Patient reaching out for his mother and trying to comfort her by saying “We all die anyway”. And he also mentions that he has been in a “war”. That is either a literal war - the reason he feels guilty, or his battle with cancer. I personally think the first option is more logical. He has been in an actual war and killed people which makes him believe he is going to go to hell.

Well mother, what the war did to my legs and to my tongue

You should've raised a baby girl, I should've been a better son

He wishes their parents had raised a baby girl, so their kid wouldn't have joined the army and participated in such atrocity.

On “Disenchanted” The Patient watches his life as if it were a movie. He talks about how he likes the beginning but not the woeful ending. It is a very slow, sentimental song like “Cancer”.

You're just a sad song with nothing to say

About a life-long wait for a hospital stay

“Famous Last Words” is another very intriguing song because it was written by Gerard Way, to his brother Mikey who had left the band temporarily at the time. So not only the lyrics apply to the case between them, they also apply to The Patient and his lover's relationship - how she left him.

The song ends with his death. Or his imagining of death in his dream. His lover is beside him. Gerard links death and rebirth with his ingenious songwriting skills. We don't really know whether his rebirth is an afterlife or reincarnation.

These bright lights have always blinded me

I say

I see you lying next to me

With words I thought I'd never speak

Awake and unafraid

Asleep or dead

The last song on the original album “Blood” is about the hospital, the doctors and nurses he has encountered with. Although it is a very happy sounding song, he despises them. He believes that they only “adore” him because of his money. He also perceives himself as a pathetic, sick man.

There are a few songs on this album that do not go along with the general theme but still hold an eloquent meaning. Almost as if The Patient is taking a break from telling the story while you are preoccupied with other mini stories. Although I can't go into much detail about them, I recommend you check out at least a few of these songs from this album if you'd like to try different stuff.

ENVIRONMENTAL POLLUTION



Environmental pollution is one of the greatest challenges that the world is facing nowadays. It began with the industrial revolution, increasing day by day and causing irreparable damage to the Earth.

Furthermore, environmental pollution has its own causes, effects and solutions. Looking into these will help you identify the causes and what steps you can take to mitigate those effects.

Broadly, environmental pollution consists of six basic types of pollution; air, water, land, soil, noise, and light.

Nuclear power

Nuclear power is far from being a clean source of energy, even though its lobbyists may claim so. The toxic radioactive waste produced as a result of its generation takes thousands of years to decompose and become harmless. So don't fall for the lie of looking at nuclear as a "green" source of energy just because it doesn't emit greenhouse gases into the atmosphere.

Industrialization

Basically it is the first main cause of pollution. Among other things, industrialization set in motion the widespread use of fossil fuels (oil, gas & coal) which are now the main sources of pollution.

Industrialization increases the amount of finite resources consumed. It also disrupts natural social patterns that have existed in human society for thousands of years and can be directly linked to many of the social problems prevalent in society today.

Manufacturing

When we think of pollution, the first thing that naturally comes to mind is manufacturing. And that is no surprise. Images of enormous chimneys emitting heavy dirty fumes into the air are very powerful indeed, and are directly associated with pollution. Manufacturing includes numerous industries which are in fact sources of all types of pollution - air, land and water.

I personally think that this classification aims to give us an idea of the "pollution's points of origin" from the manufacturing perspective. It is in no way an exhaustive list of polluting industries.

Fossil fuel emissions from power plants

It burns coal as fuel contributed heavily, along with vehicles burning fossil fuels, to the production of smog. Smog is the result of fossil fuel combustion combined with sunlight and heat. The result is a toxic gas which now surrounds our once pristine planet. This is known as "ozone smog" and means we have more problems down here than we do in the sky.

Vehicles

Pollution from cars, trucks, and other vehicles are and have been our major environmental pollution issue for almost a century now. The problem is we did not realize this until the problem had manifested to monumental proportions.

Population growth

That one is another fundamental pollution cause. With population growth literally exploding around the world, the demand for food and other goods goes up. This demand is met by expanded production and use of natural resources, which in turn leads to higher levels of pollution.

Power generation

That topic is another huge source of pollution which is nowadays associated with smoky chimneys even more than manufacturing.

Fossil fuels are used to generate power. Carbon dioxide and other harmful gases are emitted in the process and cause serious ecological damage for many years to come.

Effects of environmental pollution

The polluting gases mentioned above have an interesting effect on climate. Essentially, these gases form a veil around the planet which holds heat in, increasing the overall temperature of the planet. The rise in planetary temperature, or global warming, is not immediately noticeable. However, even a rise of a few degrees Centigrade causes catastrophic changes in weather. This is happening now.

Global temperature has risen significantly over the years. The protective atmosphere is further being polluted by methane gas released from melting icecaps. This is causing rampant weather issues around the planet.

Possible Solutions

Gas emission pollution is being mitigated in a variety of ways with car emission control, electric and hybrid vehicles and public transportation systems. Not all major cities have successful implementation and decent public transportation in place, but the world is working on this issue constantly and we have managed to reduce emissions profoundly over the last decade. There is much catching up to do.

The cost of radioactive power plants is becoming apparent and the days of coal power plants are nearly dead. Radiation is a serious issue. Radioactive leakage from power plants and nuclear testing have already contaminated oceanic life to such a degree that it will take hundreds of years to return to normal. More radiation solutions are in the works with various ecologically friendly power technologies being built every day.

Solar power! Now that solar radiation is at a climactic peak, we can reap power from the sun using solar panel systems. These range from home systems to larger scale systems powering entire communities and cities.

Wind power is coming into play. This may not seem like much at first, but when you get about 100 feet off the ground, there is a great deal of wind up there. By building wind turbines to harvest natural wind energy, electricity is produced. Wind turbine power and solar power are both powerful forces against fossil fuel power and radioactive power. The one problem here is power companies. They want to stay with radioactive power plants because they actually can't be removed. It has become the crusades of many individuals and small corporations to make the switch and there are plenty of people following this as populations cry out for help.

Electromagnetic radiation (ER) reduction. Once major manufacturers of computers and electronic devices realized the blatant potential for huge ER emissions directly into the eyes and brains of users, they started to implement hardware protocols to minimize risks and reduce ER production significantly. Newer devices are in the lead to knock this problem out and, fortunately, this is working.

Living on the Earth, we need to take some responsibilities to make the world more livable. Owing to the wastes and dejections, we all can notice that we destroy our world on our own. However, environment is associated to everything. Unless we clean our habitual area, we will not be able to live smoothly.

Choice

The mother looked at her twin daughters. One was breathing soundly while the other one wasn't breathing at all. She knew both were supposed to live as the day they were born a pure white cat and a pitch-black dog appeared on their doorstep. Normally, children that were destined to die before the age of 12 didn't attract animals.

She, still not being able to comprehend, let a few tears drop by before attempting to grab the dead-for-a-while baby. The other twin was holding her sister tightly. Mother pushed the alive one's hand softly, letting it fall. She held the dead one tightly before taking her out of the room. She expected one of the animals to follow her as she went to bury her daughter but once she turned back to see which one's following, she realized that both of them were still waiting right in front of the crib, looking expectantly. She turned to her own assigned animal, a colorful and beautiful parrot, only to see it confused too. As the realization hit her, her eyes widened and panic appeared in them. Her daughter was assigned two exactly opposite animals. In most cases, getting assigned a *pure white cat* or a *pitch-black dog* was uncommon, let alone them being assigned together... A determined look appeared in the mother's eyes as she decided in order for her daughter to live the best life she could offer her, she had to get rid of one. She was also aware that she could not harm the animals *directly* as assigned animals held a part of their assigned humans' soul and those parts wouldn't return back to the human unless the animal died naturally. She had to choose which one was to live and find a way to get rid of the other one. She decided she could make a decision after she buried the dead baby. Making up her mind, she went on with her steps to the backyard...

Eylül Civelek



Ahsen Bostancıoğlu

Tight Knot

It's suffocating, I'm drowning. Why am I here, how did I even end up here? I feel my heart pounding in my head. Good God, I shouldn't have left home. There are so many people in this house. Just... just way too much. It's happening again. I feel it. I rush to the closest bathroom I can find. I can't say unknown places are my favorite. I find one and close the door hastily. It bangs loudly but it won't probably be heard because of the loud music inside. I lean on the door, shut my eyes tight and sit down on the floor, which is a cooler surface. I need to calm my heart down because I feel it's coming. I don't want it to come. Please, not again, not anymore. Where is freaking Ace when I need him the most, for God's sake?!

"It's OK. It's OK, Alex. Calm down. There is absolutely no need for any kind of panic. No-one will hurt you, no-one has a bloody reason for that. Get your act together. Breathe Alex, breathe slowly."

I start crying in the middle of my rumbling to myself. I feel tears coming down my cheeks a bit cool on my scorching cheeks. A second later, I start sobbing. Slowly my sight gets blurry. At that point, I'm losing all my hope. Then I hear the door knocked loudly and rapidly. More like someone is trying to break through it. That scares me more and I rush away from the door and scream instinctively.

"Who are you? Leave me be!"

"ALEX?!" I hear. Suddenly I'm feeling better, the slight comfort of familiarity of my name gives me just a tad calmness. I still can't see properly so I kind of get tangled with the rug, I fell to the floor on my knees and hands. I try to get up but I'm weak and the pounding of my heart is still dangerously prominent and it hurts a hell lot, too.

"Alex! Open the door. Goddammit! I shouldn't have left you alone. Alex, open up!"

He keeps banging on the door and that gives just enough energy to finally get up.

I open it.

I see his face.

That's the last thing I see.

...

Bits of noises and a muffled voice I hear. My senses are not stable.

Too tired to open my eyes.

...

I kind of breathe better. I'm being transported. I feel a hand in my hands.

The only thing I can feel.

...

"Don't Alex. Open your eyes..." A voice, no a whisper so familiar. Is he crying?

Who are you?

...

My head... Well, it hurts. My heart? Ok, that's a bit complicated. The only thing I'm certainly aware of is the fact that I'm alive. I hope. My body is totally numb. I slightly move and groan. Gradually I open my eyes. I might be suffering short-time memory loss because why in the world am I in the hospital with the IV beside me connected to my arm? I try and sit up, positioning my back in a more comfortable way. Oh, I think I remember. There was this stupid party. Loud music. People around. Too many people. My panic attack.

Ace.

Ace!

What did he do? When I was totally knocked out... I remember bits of it, after that I kind of blocked out. I think... I think he was the one next to me while the sirens of the ambulance were bugging me. I thought I got over my Enochlophobia which once was Agoraphobia. It took me long enough to not be afraid of the people, but just large crowds. I bury my face in my hands in disappointment. Every inch of me is aching. My senses are starting to show up slowly. Then I hear the door opening and look up only to see a sleep-deprived Ace with a cup in his hand. He stayed all that time for I-don't-know-how-long? His senses must be as slow as mine right now because of his totally messed up condition. Then his eyes widen.

"Alex! Oh God."

He rushes to the nightstand and leaves the cup, now I see to be coffee.

"Ace? Why are you here?"

My voice comes out raspy from the lack of usage or screaming so hard, I'm not sure. He sits on the chair beside the bed, not answering. I look up to the too-bright-to-be-hospital-light lights. Hospitals are not one of my favorite places, too. Then Ace takes my hand in his hands. A flash of the recognition,

a memory tickles my wasted memory line. I whip my head to our hands from the lights. My face must show my frightened situation because he chuckles deeply with a tint of nervousness.

"Does that bother you, Alex?" I raise my eyes to his, gulp and shake my head no.

"Good, then." Then he falls silent, suddenly taking interest in our hands, circling his thumb on the pad of hand.

"Your parents are in the cafeteria, eating some bits. They couldn't sleep a wink all night."

He looks up at my eyes and I see my heart beating faster on the monitor that calculates my vital signs. Not helping Ace, not at all. It's not because of an attack this time. Actually I am not sure, he may cause one.

"Will you tell me what happened back there, Alex?"

Oh, okay. I smile - most probably creepily.

"Uuuh, had a panic attack?"

He gives me the blank face.

"I guess, you are able to guess, even in that messy mind of yours right now, doctors told us that already. And I might've realized that back at there, don't you think? Why did you have one?"

So we got there.

"Look, Ace. I don't know how to word it actually. Let's say that I'm kind of afraid of people."

I say, try to make Ace understand.

"Ok," he says. "So, like it's something psychological?"

Well, this occurred easier than I thought.

"Yeah."

"But you're not afraid of me. Or are you?"

I chuckle slightly. He looks so cute like that. What?

"No, I'm not, Ace."

"Or I'm not even a human being in your judgment."

I smile stupidly wide at that.

“No, again Ace. But don’t you remember, it took a lot of effort on your side for me let you in?”

I feel his hand tighten around mine, and reflexively I tighten my hand, too.

“Well, I remember. But I thought it was my charms.”

I roll my eyes at his cockiness. Typical Ace even with his sleepless state.

“Funny, Ace.”

“So why didn’t you tell me such a thing, Alex? We wouldn’t have gone in the first place.”

“Because I thought I got over it. I used to be very, like extremely skeptical about people in general. Then with the help of my consultations, it reduced to only real large crowds of people, like fests or concerts. But I’m not sure, something in the party messed my system up so I broke down. It didn’t happen in a great while so I guess that’s why it was so impactful that I passed out.” My voice drops to only a whisper, “There was that part of my life when I couldn’t even go out, Ace. I was so afraid and I don’t want it happen over again.”

“It won’t, Alex.”

He then raises from his seat and carefully sits beside me. And hugs. I think I’ll die. When I get out of my stupid shock, I hug back. I’ll definitely die. Dang, he smells so good. Just another addition to my talk-to-your-shrink-about list.

I was never good with human interactions anyways.

“All I understand from the situation is that’s something you can actually get over.”

“That’s what the expert dudes say.”

He looks at me smiling. And I feel like a microwaved grape, about to explode for some reason I can’t quite put my finger on. I smile back instinctively.

“Well, so we’ll do what the expert dudes say and get over it.”

“We?” I quirk a brow while grinning stupidly like I’ve been doing since I woke up here.

“We,” he nods “Deal, Alex?”

I look up at him because he’s so God-damn tall.

“Deal, Ace. But it’ll take time.”

“I have lots of that.”

“It won’t be easy.”

“I think I witnessed that first-hand.”

“Well then. You asked for it.”

We sit in comfortable silence for some time longer, he rests his head on top of mine, listening to the stupid lights buzzing and my monitor beeping faster than it should. I hope doctors won’t come rushing in. Then Ace goes around and builds one more idiotic sentence.

“I’d still like to think it’s my charms that made you open up and get rid of your phobia against me.”

I laugh and hit his chest.

“Of course, Mr. Jock. Your charms only.”

He gets up, leans and kisses my brow, heading to the door. Of course, I already freaking died. Then my monitor beeps faster and he turns to look at it. He smirks but says nothing, just then a doctor comes in. My heart beating must’ve warned them.

“Oh, you up. You’re good to go just after a bit more rest, Alex.”

I nod quickly, ashamed of my situation while all along Ace smirks. He keeps grinning while reaching the doorknob, shakes his head in amusement.

“I think I stole enough time from your parents, Al. I’ll let them know.”

I beam at him and my cheeks start hurting from much smiling, I feel them heat up, too.

“Thanks, Ace.”

“No need to thank me, sweetheart. Thank my charms.”

He winks then he’s out, leaving an introvert, phobic and laughing idiot, which happens to be me, behind.

İrem Bilgi



Eylül Yüksel

First Memories of Highschool

The clearest thing I remember from the first day of school is the feeling of anxiety and stress. That's how I felt on every day of school in my life so far. I had a stomach ache and a headache, and I was looking forward to going home. Therefore, the first day was painful for me. Then I started realizing the differences between my old school and this school. In my secondary school, we used to have a music room, a library, an art studio and a conference room but we weren't allowed to use them in the way we want. They were always locked and we never knew where the keys were. I think one of my favourite aspects of this school is the fact that you can benefit from every opportunity that the school provides.

During my entire secondary school life, I was the top student of my school but when I started high school, I had no ambition to maintain this. I was just determined to work hard and do my best. The exams and the lessons are harder than it was in secondary school. Sometimes, I try not to bother that much about my grades or homework, just like most of the students in prep years but because of being a perfectionist, I never feel like I have done enough so I keep studying.

Before we took the placement test at the beginning of the year, I was sure that I couldn't be in the best class. I graduated from a public school and most of the English I learned was due to my efforts. I was testing myself on my English level for the first time so it was a big surprise for me to learn that I was in the best class. At the beginning, I felt like I wasn't enough to be there and English was harder than I expected. Then I understood that the prep year wasn't as easy as I expected it to be. After taking some exams, I realised my grades weren't bad at all and on that point my ambition to become the top student of the school has returned.

At the end of the term, I was feeling so excited. My grades were high and there was a possibility of me becoming the top student. While waiting in the school garden for the results to be announced, I was only thinking whether I would be able to stop my legs shaking when I was at the stage. The student who ranked were being announced. I wasn't the third or the second. This meant I was either the top student or I didn't get a place. I gave my bag and coat to my friends to be ready. Then my name was called and I went up to the stage with great excitement. I was proud of myself. I felt like it was my biggest success so far. Because even though I had been the top student in my previous school, here the competition was bigger.

Last year, I had bigger goals, but I wasn't upset when I learned I was coming to HASAL. Now I think that being here is an opportunity for every student to improve themselves. I am glad to be in this class. I feel like I have come a long way in learning English. I am also excited about my future, the IB and other opportunities that I can benefit from in the coming years.

Duru Pılanlıoğlu

With Each Step, Further We Go

If you had told my younger self that this school she was reluctant to attend would be the place where she'd bloom, there was a high chance she would just smile and nod, not even bringing herself to say that she disagreed. Looking past the last five years of my life, I have a hard time believing how fast it passed by as I remember the first day of my new life journey just like yesterday. I remember being a prep student and stepping into the school for the first time, anxious and without a clue of what awaited me. I remember debating whether to go meet with people, scared of not fitting in. It can be easily said that now all those worries and thoughts seem rather childish as I've grown out of them by time yet noting how terrifying they seemed to be, it's fair to say coming to HASAL changed a lot in me. Maybe saying changed is not that correct either, but rather it gave me the option to find myself, my voice, my view regarding life. It let me to set a place for myself, which I'll forever be grateful rest of my life.

It might seem like a kind of overstatement for people who cannot compare the first day of high school to who I am now, but even with the subtle differences I realize how being a part of HASAL, this family, has affected me. I used to be a know-it-all, "books are my friends, not people" type of a person and despite wanting to socialize I had never really fit in before. I desperately wanted to find a place for myself, as every 13-year-old teenager does, and I didn't believe HASAL was going to be that place. You can only imagine my surprise after a while passed and I realized that I had actually found my safe haven.

It's not just about me, however, it's about everything that shaped me. It's about how my friends stood by me all throughout this journey, how our teachers push us to things we may have yet to realize how good it'll be for us. They say HASAL is the school for you if you want a good academics program yet there's not much options to socialize and I think this couldn't be further away from the truth. HASAL lets the student choose. It gives you the options and what you make of it depends on you. If you want to create something, if you want to participate in something; everybody helps, from the teachers to students to our principal. When you have an idea, they listen to you and make you feel like you actually matter and that you belong there and I think that's the greatest thing a school can offer.

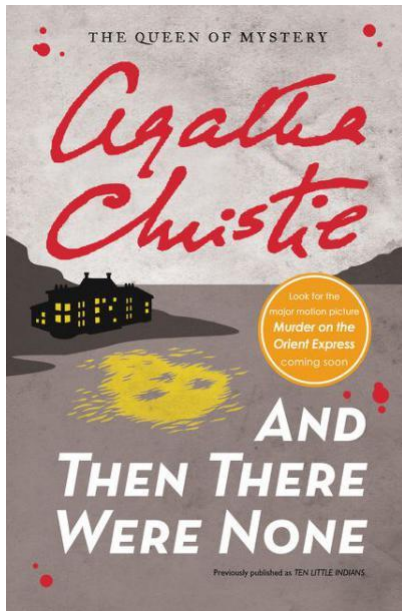
I used to be scared of change and even though the future still sometimes worries me with all it's unknown mysteries, I have learned to embrace it. Leaving all these years behind, I am content with taking the next step and using all the things I've learned here the rest of my life. HASAL for me was a journey of growth and despite having a long way to go, I believe choosing this path was the right one for me. I couldn't be happier to have come here and now there's no where to go but further.

Eylül Civelek

Book Corner



"Red Queen" by Victoria Aveyard is a fantastic young adult novel which takes place in a world divided by blood, determined as red or silver. The ones whose blood is red are ruled by the ones whose blood is silver. The main character is Mare Borrow, whose blood is red. Or is it?! Well, read and find out yourself.



If you like whodunits, "And Then There Were None" by Agatha Christie will satisfy you a lot and you'll be very surprised at the very end.

In the beginning, there are ten people invited to a private island as weekend guests. When they arrive, they cannot find the mysterious host. Their only common ground is their wicked past which they are unwilling to reveal, and one by one they are murdered...

İlgi Güler

WE ASKED HASAL

We asked the students of HASAL various interesting questions and here are your answers given:

BEING A STUDENT AT HASAL IS LIKE...

- knowing you'll not sleep 36 hours to study for the maths exam but still ending up watching Sherlock season finale
- being trapped on a crowded bus on the road
- to be written absent although you're present (not in soul)
- something that can't be explained
- exciting in the past, tiring in the present and a memory in the future
- working in a bakery while you're fasting
- being in a barn because everyone is cramming
- having fun in a nerdy way
- surviving on an island
- eating salad when you want pizza
- being in a race where you mustn't stop one single moment, or else you'll fail
- trying to reach something inexistent
- a bird in a golden cage
- being on a sinking ship
- a dream
- trying to hold the sun in your hands
- being unique
- becoming family with all the people because it's so small
- looking into the eyes of Medusa
- nothing special
- being in Azkaban
- being a butterfly no one can catch
- being a fish
- discovering the world again
- a very long journey from Kağithane
- being a fish trying to live without the sea
- being a student anywhere
- being in the moment when you say you are fine when you are not really fine but you can't just get into it because they would never understand
- being the girl with asthma in the horror movie, it is tough stuff but you'll survive in the end

IF I WERE THE ONLY ONE LEFT ON AN AIRPLANE, I WOULD...

- ummmm, pray?
- go and control the cockpit
- reach the captain cabin asap
- not know what to do but I'd know what not; read this magazine
- fly to the cities I've always wanted to go
- sing very loudly and hope for somebody to help me
- read this magazine and wait for my death
- die because I don't know how to fly a plane
- do exotic moves with the plane
- eat the food which is only served in the first class
- travel all around the world
- land the plane of course
- do my best
- press all the buttons
- watch the scene because I'm going to be dead in a short while you know not knowing how to fly a plane
- jump
- search around people's stuff
- steal the money and escape with a parachute
- use the plane as if it was my own property
- wait, am I the only one alive? Who is flying the plane? Am I gonna die? Oh, my God!!! The plane is crashing!!!
- just sit and enjoy it
- if it's in the air I wouldn't be alive any longer; if it's on the ground, I'd just go out

HOW WOULD YOU DESCRIBE THE COLOUR YELLOW TO A BLIND PERSON?

- the colour which suits red the most
- warmth, the sun
- the colour which makes you feel hot and relaxed
- I would do it the way you would do it
- think about the opposite of darkness that you always see; it's white and yellow is the colour which wants to be like white
 - as bright as the sun which gives light to the world as beautiful as your hair which makes my heart smoother
 - too distracting and tiring to look at; it's also happy which I think is ironic
 - like the light of the sun (a blind person can feel the heat of the light)

IF I WERE STRANDED ON AN ISLAND, I WOULDN'T TAKE...

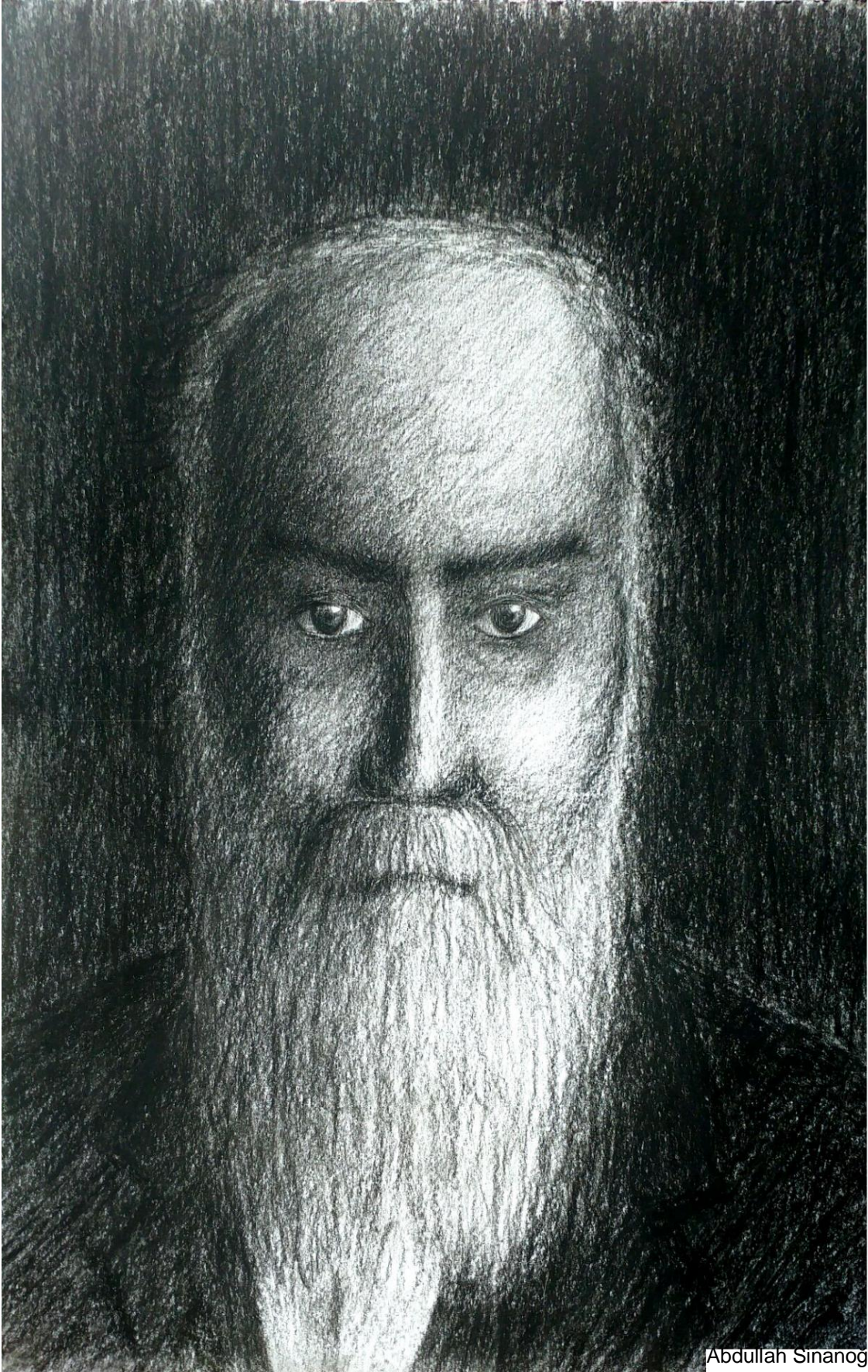
- HASAL, the things in it, MEB
- pencil case, people I hate, clocks
- wait! If I were on an island, it wouldn't be stranded
- Trump, mushrooms, kpop fans
- me, myself and I
- girls, girls, girls
- my instability, my fears, that's enough
- eggplants, low cut pants, scented candles
- guys who open the top three buttons of their shirts and smoke hookah
- this magazine
- questionnaires including island questions
- strangers, diplomats, rules
- those idiots, my pride and conscience

WHICH DISNEY CHARACTER IS YOUR FAVORITE AND WHY?

- Tarzan because he's half naked
- Doctor Heinz Doofenschmirtz because he's so bad at being bad
- what is Disney anyway???
- Rapunzel, long hair

- Sadness in Inside Out because it's really cute and stupid
- Loki, duh? What is there not to like?
- Snow White because she sleeps for a long time and we need sleep as HASAL students
- Harry Potter because he isn't from Disney
- Yzma because she never gives up and she's crazy
- Mickey Mouse because I couldn't remember the others
- I hate them all!!!
- Peter Pan because he has an island of his own
- MALEFICENT: SASSY BUT CLASSY

Eylül Yüksel, Gözde Emin, Mina Şehirli



Abdullah Sinanoğlu



Abdullah Sinanođlu