

Soon information about the book (such as the release date, press information) will be put here. The Book starts at Page 4.

Stinson's Flowers

A book written by Salih Keskin, 2018-2019

All of the people depicted in this book are fictional with inspirations from real life. Similarities are completely normal, however no one in this book is exactly the same with someone in the real life, and if there is someone out there who is the exactly the same with any of the book's characters, this is completely a coincidence.

It was a nice sunny day with a little bit of wind in September. Osman, a student at the Stinson College got up with excitement from his bed. It was the first day of the school and he liked his school. He thought to himself;

"Same excitement every year, I am now in the 7th grade, time just flies by, doesn't it? I can remember the 6th grade like just yesterday! Well, time to get ready, or I will be late!"

After thinking this, he went into the bathroom to wash his hands and later on he ate his favorite breakfast that was prepared by his mother, fried eggs with Turkish Sujuk. After eating his breakfast, he dressed up his new school uniforms, as a tradition Stinson College changed their uniforms every 2 years. However, unlike all of the changes that was previously done, this change was big this year. The old blue-black uniform of the past was gone and was replaced by the all new red-golden color as a part of the mass design change that was happening recently. After wearing his all new school uniforms, he went back to his room to get a pencil and a notebook, as a tradition, he brought a pencil and a notebook at the first days of the school. So, he could note interesting or important stuff.

Osman was now ready to go to his school. As there were no school bus service provided for the first day of the school, his dad kindly accepted to take him to the school via his car. While Osman was preparing to go to the school with his father, Millions of children in Turkey were having similar events happening. Some children were excited, some were scared and some were annoyed by the fact that the summer break was now over. Teachers at the other hand were having different feelings.

It was finally that time of the year again, Teachers were already going to their schools as a part of their seminars. However, the schools were dull and lifeless. Teachers were happy that finally they would be with students again, students full of fun and joy. Sometimes they could be a little bit trouble makers filled with mischief, however it was all worth it.

One of these teachers were Bilge Teacher, she had joined the Stinson Collage last year as an English Teacher to replace Well-done Teacher, who had to leave the school due to her family. Now she was the class teacher of 7/A, which happened to be Osman's new class. Bilge Teacher knew Osman from the last year as he was her student. He was a respectful and shy student who liked english. She had convinced Osman to participate in her lessons as she though his future was bright as the stars. She was now wondering how were his students, including Osman, and she also was as excited as any other teacher that day.

Her co-worker, Montana Teacher was also excited and happy that school season had started. She was finally going to teach her students about english. She loved teaching english to her students and she liked her students a lot. Montana Teacher was originally from United States Of America and was in Turkey for education porpuses. She was the teacher for "Montana Montana" Lessons, a different type of english lesson where speaking and communicating skills in english were the main focus.

As Montana Teacher and Bilge teacher were both present at the school due to school opening program purposes with all the other teachers, Students were heading towards the school, with each student having different feels about the school.

Osman arrived at his school approximately 25 minutes before the supposed hour of the beginning of the school program. As he got out of his father's car, he thought to himself;

"Woah! Look at the exterior of the school! It has been changed! It used to be blue, like our old school uniforms. Now its red, just like our new school uniforms!"

He headed inside the school, to once again see the design change. He eventually found his new class, 7/A. As Osman stood in front of the door, Osman breathed deeply, He was thinking the usual stuff he always thought during the first day of the school;

"How will this school year be?"

And opened the door, To see some of his classmates sitting like how they usually do. There were also new people whom he did not recognize. Osman found a chair to claim as his sitting place for the entirety of the entire year. After deciding the position of the chair was good, He sat on it. After sitting on the chair, he thought of

various minor thoughts about school, mainly about the major design change. He also wondered if there were any new teachers.

Little did he know, Majority of the teachers had left the school to move on to the new school that Stinson Education Foundation had opened. It was called "Stinson Life Collage" and while it was still called "LifePark AVM", He had visited the building as a part of school trip. He would learn that the majority of the teachers had moved to the new school in time, and this would cause deep saddening in him.

As time moved forward, more and more children entered the 7/A. Osman immediately noticed that majority of the students were in fact new students, but he did not care too much about this fact. Since he did not have many friends, in fact he only had one friend, who was sitting right 1 desk next to the Osman. His name was Doruk. Doruk had only been on Stinson Collage for a year, unlike Osman who was in Stinson Collage since 1st grade. However they were good friends despite them knowing each other for a little time, they had similar interests and lots of topics to talk about. They even had a literal race which Doruk won on who would memorize Arabic letters first last year.

As majority of the students arrived, Bilge Teacher entered the class.

Every student stood up as in procedure and for respect. As in procedure, Bilge Teacher said;

"Good Morning Class, How are you today?"

She received the usual Response;

"Good Morning Teacher, We are fine thanks and you?"

She replied with her usual response,

"Im fine too class, Sit Down"

As everybody sat down, they looked with worried eyes to their new teacher, what had happened to the old class teacher Esen Teacher? And the most "important" of all, would there be any long and boring school opening program this year? As students were thinking about questions like these, Bilge teacher introduced herself;

"Hello, i am Bilge teacher. I am going to be your class teacher this year. Some people from here know me already, but i see some faces that are unfamiliar and new. I would like to meet you all after our school opening program, which will start up shortly so please line!"

Students lined up as they said, Osman was at the final row of the line as always. Then they began to move to the backyard of the school, it was a small backyard compared to the most of the other school's backyards but it could still handle all the students of the school. After entering the school backyard, The students saw other groups of students, carefully lined up in groups of 2 in the places they were reserved for. 7/A Students moved to the place that was reserved for them with the class teacher and formed a line with 2 students in a row. Like usual, The class teacher stood in right front of the 7/A Class group line. They were all now waiting for the school program to start.

After a moment of waiting, the school principal Mr.Halit appeared and started to walk to the the rostrum that was placed in the northern center of the yard, reserved for him and several other

teachers for their speeches. As always, there were musical instruments in both left and right sides of the yard for the school orchestra, which was playing the school's own march in a low volume. They stopped once Mr.Halit arrived at the behind of the rostrum and began his speech;

"Mr. Teachers, students, and parents, Welcome to the 2013-2014 education year!

As he said this, everyone on the yard clapped for 10 seconds, then Mr.Halit resumed his speech;

"We are very excited and honored to have you back on our school, we are very proud to rise a new generation of children for the good of our nation and the students themselves, as my old teacher said -"

While Mr.Halit was resuming his speech, some of the students behind Osman were uncouthly talking between themselves about sundry topics that were not even important, Osman got annoyed by not only the fact that they weren't paying any attention, but also he got annoyed because they disturbed other people as well. Doruk, which was standing several lines behind Osman, couldn't hear anything from the speech at all because the students were too busy talking about a recently released action-adventure game and how

school was a very bad place, doing nothing but wasting their time and inhibiting things that they could do. As moments were passing by, Mr. Halit said a sentence that took the attention of Osman very

much;

"I have noticed that 7th and 8th grades are unusually calm. I wish them their best luck in this school season"

About 5 minutes later, Mr. Halit finished his speech and the classical entertainment partition of the School Opening Program began. The school orchestra, which was preparing for the program since the beginning of the seminars were waiting in excitement and enthusiasm for their School Orchestra chefs orders, who happened to be the new music teacher of the school, Mr.Barbarossa. However they knew they still had to wait some time since poetry would be readen first according to the schedule, and as expected Mr.Halit invited invited someone from the second grade to read the national anthem, not just the first 2 part, all 10 parts of it.

As the second grader walked slowly but with courage to the front of the podium, Everybody immediately thought the beginning of the program would be bad, because as they though, a second grader couldn't have say the all 10 partitions of the National march with full efficiency and without a screeching sound. Osman could hear one of the children in the line of 6 graders complaining;

“Oh boy this is going to be baaad. I mean look at that second grader, they can’t even do math, or even read properly! They have could chosen someone else for a better opening!”

Osman, could not believe what he just heard. A student complaining about the program in such an unprincipled, disrespectful and loud way. Some students were even claiming the school opening program existed just for stultifying the students for easier control.

And the second grader had arrived in front of the podium, background music for the national anthem started to start playing as some students covered their ears, some teachers watched this in disappointment, nevertheless they acted like this disrespect hadn’t happened. It was the first day of the school, Students were still in the summer mood. They would get over it in a week or so. Suddenly everybody heard a roaring sound, no, it was a line that was being readen;

“Fear Not! For the Crimson banner that proudly ripples in this glorious dawn, shall not fade!”

It was filled with emotion, in such professional way, everybody wondered where did the sound originate from, but the origin of the line was actually no surprise. It was from the little second grader who everybody just did not take seriously. Now everybody was taking the second grader very serious as the second grader continued to say the all 10 parts of the national anthem. When the second grader had finished, a loud applause could be learned from the students.

It was not the time for orchestra to play their songs, as the orchestra chief MR. Barbarossa stood up and moved in front of the podium, standing backwards to the student audience, student watched him very closely. He was a new teacher that nobody knew of, what had happened to the old one? He was not the only person they saw today. Osman, also was thinking about the same particular topic. Where were all the old teachers?

Would he manage to establish good communications with the new teachers? He realized only the time could tell him about this as Orchestra Chef gave the orders to Orchestra to start.

As the Orchestra started playing, members of it were playing pretty well, and as always, flawless. Even though they had nervousness due to sudden orchestra chief change, they were overcoming their nervousness and continuing the school opening program. Even though it was expected for majority of the students to listen to this particular part of the program, some still didn't. And some of these people caused people who wanted to listen to not listen too. Doruk, was experiencing this right now. Apparently that new, recently released Action-Adventure game was more important than the entire program itself! This situation continued for about 10 minutes.

After 10 minutes, Orchestra stopped playing their songs and they received applause from the student audience, Osman was thinking;

"This school year has started great! I hope this school year also continues to be good and ends with a good ending as well!"

To himself.

School opening program was now over and they were expected to return to their classrooms. And so, they did as groups one by one. First graders first, second graders second, third graders third...

School opening program was over, but the first day of the school was not over. As Osman and his fellow 7 graders entered their class, The students ring belled, indicating that a lesson period was about to start and students were expected to enter their classrooms at once. One of Osman's classmates quickly looked at the school watch and calculated the time, "It's 10:40, 3rd class is about to begin!" Osman quietly sat in his chair and started to wait. His classmates, did the same, however they were talking to each other, some complaining about school, some talking about what did they do on the summer break, some gossiping about other people, some speaking about how classes are united again.

Yes. Classes were united again. Osman hated the divided class system of the 6th grade. Partly due to slowly growing feeling of laziness in him. He hated the fact that he had to switch classes for each lesson, for example English had a different classroom assigned, Mathematics had a different classroom assigned, etc. There were no physical 6/A. It was just a name, it had no classroom. Even during the counseling lessons, where they talked about stuff about (but usually played chess or other games related to mathematics or mental skills) they met at Mathematics Classroom due to fact that their head class teacher was the mathematics teacher, which also had left the school.

But why classes were united now? Why classes above 6 do exist physically again? Just when Osman was thinking about these, Bilge Teacher entered the class. He had not noticed that the second bell, The teachers bell, which had indicated that it was not the time for teachers to head to their classes, had ringed.

Osman and other students stood up, As teacher said “Good morning class” as procedure, they replied with “good morning teacher”, and as the usual, Teacher told them to “Sit down class”

Right after they sat down, Bilge Teacher introduced himself;

“Hello the class of 7/A, I am Bilge Teacher, I’m going to be your head class teacher for the entirety of the 2013-2014 school year. I am also one of the English teachers. So I will be entering to some of your English lessons, if you have noticed, I said “some of” it’s because in English lessons classes are divided to 2 groups, The A group and the B group, But we will talk about this later because we are here to introduce ourselves, not to talk about how our lessons are going go be, so let’s save the introduction to the English lesson for some time later and let’s introduce ourselves, from right please. Name, Surname”

Students had started to list their names and surnames,

“Aslı Işık” “Ahmet Yeşilköy” “Zirve” and after some time, it was time to say his full name, Osman stood up, and said “Osman” and stood down, and the student after him did the same and so on...

Eventually the last student introduced himself. Bilge Teacher, sitting in his teachers chair located behind his teachers desk, asked the classic question;

“How was your summer holiday? Has anything interesting happened? Let’s start again from right again, shall we?, yes Ali, how was your summer holiday?”

Ali, Sitting (Students didn’t had to stand up when not intruducing themselves) started to speak;

“It was a pretty ok and normal summer, I went to my homeland with my parents for a week, I hanged out with my friends when I was in istanbul, which I generally was. I also studied a little, and that was all it”

Bilge Teacher replied;

“What a good summer holiday Ali! Hope you enjoyed it! I am also happy to heard that you have studied a little, This sure will give you some advantages in the future! Next,”

As Bilge Teacher was speaking, Osman was thinking about what was he thinking right before Bilge Teacher entered, Why were classes united again? While thinking again, he suddenly noticed several things; His new physically existing class of 8/A was at 3rd floor, But 3rd floor uses to be reserved for High School only! And High Schoolers seemed to be lost, He hadn’t sent any High Schoolers

anywhere, including at the School Opening Ceremony. Could it be? Were High Schoolers finally gone? He then realized the answer was “yes”. Right after realizing this, he became so happy that he stopped paying attention to students intruding themselves. The bad, cruel reign of terror or the high schoolers over the school had come to an end. Middle Schoolers now could navigate how they wanted, could eat how they wanted, could purchase from the school cantina how they wanted, all these without getting bullied or without any other difficulties like this. He also remembered the riot of the last year, where they had put innocent students on top of the school closets, bullied them, and literally did lots of bad things and protested, all because of some cantina worker that was about to get fired. The riot itself also justified his hate for the divided class system. He was classless at the time and had no class to hide. Class Closets were outside the class (they were in the hall) and were hard to interact with. The closets also had no protection either. During the riots, Osman survived without any damage by hiding behind a door very carefully.

After thinking about this topic, He continued to pay attention to his environment. Students were being asked how their summer holiday went, and students were answering the questions one by one. When it was his turn, he simply answered;

"My Summer Holiday was a pretty dull holiday. I did nothing at all, all I did was sitting in the house."

Bilge Teacher, disappointed simply said;

"Alright Osman, everyone doesn't have to have an interesting holiday, do they, Next."

After couple of minutes, just as Bilge Teacher asked everyone her question, The school bell ringed. It was now the 3th break time, it was now 11:20. Everyone started to talk with each other as Bilge Teacher quit her class to head towards the Teachers Room, which was right next to the class of 7/A. She was not the first teacher to enter the room, Montana Teacher was sitting in his chair, checking documents about her responsibilities for the entire school year on her laptop. After noticing that Bilge Teacher has entered the Teachers Room, she slightly tilted her head and said;

"Hi Bilge, how are you?"

"Im good Montana, how's it been going? How were your students?"

"Bilge, you know that I am not a head teacher. I was here all this day, except for the opening ceremony of course, reading my documents and checking my plans."

"Oh, I must have forgot haven't I. How silly of me, look other teachers are entering the room"

As they talked, other teachers started to fill the room and talk within themselves, Students and Teachers were acting alike, Talking within themselves about various topics and life.

"My class asked me about the new exam system! It was exhausting to answer all of their questions!"

"Do you think the new exam system is good or bad?"

"I hope my class doesn't break the class windows like the last time"

"How could they break a window when their classroom wasn't even stationary? When did they find the time to do it?"

"I suggested to decrease break time, but it got refused!"

And more dialogs were all around the Teacher's Room.

Meanwhile at the class of 7/A, Osman was doing nothing but sitting lonely when his classmates talked between themselves about various topics. Osman tilted his head up and looked at the wall clock, 11:37. The school bell was about to ring, and just as Osman looked at his own desk, the students bell ringed.

Meanwhile Teachers, at the Teacher's Room started to get prepared for the next bell ring, The Teachers Bell. Teachers stood up from the chairs they were sitting, checked if they forgot anything and waited for the bell ring, Montana Teacher however, didn't had this issue as she didn't had to visit any classes. She continued to sit, as she was about to tell Bilge, the Teachers bell ringed and Bilge Teacher left the Teacher's Room to head towards the class of 7/A. It took 20 seconds for her to enter 7/A, as she entered children didn't stand up as it wasn't necessary. She entered the class and jumped straight into her topic;

"Now that we have learned your names and how each of your summer holiday's went, let's move on to our main topic, My dear English lessons. In this school we divide our classroom to 2 courses. We call each courses "The Course A" and "The Course B". We place

each of you in these courses in an exam that we do every year, you are going to enter it tomorrow so get prepeared!"

Suddenly "Aw" sounds and their echoes could be heard from the class. Teacher, disgusted at this uncouth situation.

"If your knowledge is good, then you will be placed under the course of B, if, however, your knowledge is bad, then you will be placed under the course of B. Each course will be teached in their level, now that I have said everything that I have said, any questions"

Just as there was a brief moment of silence, The door knocked. Who could it be? Was a student late? Or was it someone who heard the uncouth "aw" echo. Not waiting for a reply, The person who knocked the door entered the class. It was clearly a teacher since she wore the Teacher's uniform, a white coat. Osman didn't knew her so she must have been new, she started to speak as she entered, hiding a water bottle behind her back;

"Hello. I am entering all classes to introduce myself like other teachers. I am Cansu, I am going to be your Science and Technologies teacher this school year, we'll talk more in our next lesson, bye!"

As she exited the class, Osman questioned in his mind "like other teachers? What does she mean? Teachers are visiting classes to introduce themselves? Well that's weird. I haven't seen something like this before. She is the first teacher to do that. Interesting."

Little did he know, she would not be the only one.

As time progressed and Bilge teacher continued to speak, the door knocked again, and like the science and technologies teacher, he also didn't wait for "come in" call and straight on entered the class right after the he knocked the door.

It was another teacher, but who could it be?

He quickly entered the class of 7/A and said;

"Sorry for interrupting you Mrs. Bilge, Hello, I am Akgün teacher, I am going to teach Turkish to you in this 2013-2014 school year, if you excuse me I have to go now, I have other classes to introduce myself and im in a hurry!"

And left in a hurry.

And for the rest of the day, teachers came in and out

"Hello I am..."

"Nice to meet you children I am ..."

Near all of the teachers who spoke were not Osman's old teachers, what had happened to all of them? Were all of them gone? It seemed like they were all gone, Even Ebru teacher, His Art teacher and Ayşe, his Arabic teacher who had promised to teach him arabic next year was gone. No one had remained, The School Teacher and Administrative cast had completely changed, the remaining teachers Osman had known were now surprisingly in the administrative cast, Mrs. Osman, A former Turkish teacher with the same name with Osman the student, was now The Vice-Principal of the school while Mr.Halit was the Principal.

When it was 12:20, The school bell ringed, School lasted for half day because it was the first day, Osman wondered if his School Bus number, driver and the vehicle had changed. When he arrived at the school yard, he approached the man who was announcing student names and their school busses, He was reading the list of 3/B

students and their school busses (as he was reading by class order) so Osman waited for a while for him to read 7/A's list. Eventually, he started to read 7/A's list.

"Osman, B9!"

Osman was in shock and disappointment, not only have his teachers had changed, but now his school service was changed too! Osman felt like he was in a completely different school, New look, different teachers, different classmates, different school busses, everything was different but the administrative cast!

Osman thought to himself "Well, here it goes, everything is different now, you can't stop the change, it'll take some time to get used to this"

After thinking these, he searched for his new school bus, and found a seat to sit in after finding the bus itself, A long time later –at 1:00 PM- the school busses started to drive off the school yard to bring children to their houses, Osman's School bus, B9 drove off the school yard too.

Osman was the third person to be brought home, as bus arrived to his home, Osman exited his school bus and walked towards home.

After entering his house, he did what he usually did, open his computer and browse the web and plays with it all day. He, of course still had the shock of all the recent changes within.

Ms. Bilge and Ms. Montana stayed in the school until 16:20 –the usual hour when school ends- for a teachers meeting where they continued to discuss school plans for the year as they did in seminars, however they were now going to start doing things they planned and not only talk about them in long seminars.

A day later at 7:00 AM, Ms. Bilge woke up, changed her clothes and ate her breakfast, reading her newspaper meanwhile. It was all the same news, another celebrity doing crazy stuff, another car crash, another war news from Syria,

“News these days normalize violence and suffering” Mrs. Bilge thought while eating her breakfast.

After eating her dinner, it was already 8:00 AM, she quickly got out of her house, sat in her car and started driving towards the school, she arrived at 8:30 AM, however due to parking problems, she was able to enter the school at 8:45.

Mrs. Montana had a similar morning too, however instead of reading the newspaper, she talked over the phone with her Kazakh friend, Zhuldyz, and she also had no problems parking her car. Despite that, she arrived later than Mrs. Bilge, about 8:50.

Osman had a much different morning, he woke up at 7:40 AM, ate his breakfast quickly and changed his school clothes and waited for

the school bus to show up. The school bus finally showed up about 8:30 AM, and despite his house being near the school, he was about to be late! He arrived just in time, about 9:00 AM.

Osman had noted the lessons for today, however he hadn't received any class books yet, a list of classroom materials to be bought wasn't also released yet, so he just had brought his bag and a big notebook.

He ran towards his classroom and arrived on time, he had to climb up lots of stairs due to his classroom was at 3th floor. When he had arrived, he quickly sat on his desk and waited for the teacher to come, it was a Turkish lesson. Meanwhile Mrs. Montana was preparing to enter the class of 6/B and Mrs. Bilge was preparing to enter the class of 5th grades to test their English levels. She had to test all of her students English level, from 5th to 8th grade.

Mrs. Montana got out of teacher's room and started walking towards the class of 6/B, she grasped the doorknob and opened the door, every student in the class stand up and said

"Good morning teacher".

Mrs. Montana replied;

"Good morning students, please sit down as I introduce myself to you further as I had a little time yesterday like all other teachers"

Students looked at the teacher confused, she wasn't speaking Turkish at all. Maybe she was a foreigner? Was she a temporary replacement for an ill teacher? Was she a Muslim? (This was doubted despite the fact Mrs. Montana wore a headscarf) What was she talking about yesterday? She hadn't visited 6/B Yesterday...

Mrs.Montana continued to speak;

“I am Mrs. Montana, I will be entering your speaking lessons, also known as Montana Montana, cool name isn’t it? Now, since I am a foreigner and my main tongue isn't Turkish, I will need you guys to write your names on a paper and carry it with you when I am present ok? so I can try to pronounce your name right, please correct me if I say your name wrong, now let's start learning each other’s names...”

While Mrs. Montana was in her lesson, 5th grades –all of them- were being tested for their English level, Mrs. Bilge, at 5/A at the moment had already given English placement test sheets to the children and she was walking around the class, checking for any potential cheater and cheating action. She could not understand it, why would children cheat at a placement test? Wasn't the entire point about learning your current status? Was prestige more important than the truth to the children? It seemed like so.

Just as she was checking, she saw a student acting suspicious, the student seemed to be nodding and talking to himself at all the time, at first she thought that student was attempting to get answers from any of his classmates around him, so she started to silently walk towards his desk, however as she got closer she started to hear what he silently said, “Why, Why can’t I do this question! This exam couldn't get worse, oh my god, why?” and his nodding style didn’t allow him to see his environment, he could only see the exam paper.

40 minutes passed quickly, now it was time for students to give their paper to Ms. Bilge. Some gave their paper with confidence, some with sadness, some with no noticeable emotion. The ring had rung and first lesson was over, but the exam wasn’t. Listening and speaking part now had to be done, and it had to be done fast. Ms.

Bilge already had the stress of exam from beginning of the day, but they had to be done even though they were extremely hard and stressful. It wasn't only the students who felt stressed.

Back in 7/A, Osman was sitting as usual, Turkish Lesson was not over too, lessons normally lasted about 2 lesson times (90 minutes with 10 minutes of recess). Other than Osman, everybody was hanging around in the classroom, students were talking to each other, sun was shining and Osman was expected to find a friend and talk to him too, however Osman was asocial, he didn't like to talk with people. So, he usually stayed in his seat during recess, In the 6th and late 5th grade, he used to draw comics into his notebook during the recess.

But he didn't have any free small notebooks with him this time, what could he possibly do? "Nothing" he thought and he proceeded to continue sitting still, doing nothing during the recess.

As Mrs. Bilge was going to the Teacher's room to get supplies and paper for the next part of the test, Ms. Montana stayed in her classroom during the recess to get to know children better and Osman continued to sit still. Children were on the corridor laughing and playing games, as usual.

After 10 minutes, bell ringed again.

As such, the day continued like this, Full of introductions for Mrs. Montana, Full of English exams for Mrs. Bilge and full of learning and boring recesses for Osman. At around 16:00 Everyone in the building was tired, however students acted like only they were tired, they were counting the time until school ends and, in some classes, they

were even disrupting the lessons and was giving the reason “But we are tired! We are here for 8 hours!” However, this wasn’t the case in Osman’s classroom. It was the Science and Technologies lesson and the lesson was quite peaceful. Around 16:20 the last bell of the day ringed and students literally got out of all the classrooms really fast and raced each other to the exit door of the school, while this was happening students that loved school and students who used one of the school buses calmly walked in the school corridors to their destination (the exit of the school or the backyard door of the school where school buses were parked and waited for the students to come). Osman, too calmly stepped down the stairs, went to the backyard of the school and sit in his chair on his school bus, Bus Number B9.

Teachers stayed in the school for another hour, then left the school via their cars, public transport or they simply walked to their houses if they lived nearby. Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana, by coincidence met eachother at the exit door of the school.

“Good evening, Mrs. Bilge” Mrs. Montana said.

“Good evening to you too, Mrs. Montana” Mrs. Bilge replied just before she left and headed to her car.

And so on, days continued after each other, The English Exam results came in and students were assigned to classes, except for the 8th grades. They had to focus on study on a new, unknown exam system called TEOG so they were not assigned to an English level class.

Osman, despite his horrible mood in the exam, was assigned to the A Class, the best English class in all of the 7th grade. There also was a B Class for people who didn't speak English so good. Osman was happy that he was assigned to the A Class again, he hadn't failed. This was a good sign of the good upcoming days.

When Wednesday arrived, Teachers knew it was a very special day, because they were going to be able to speak with their students freely during the "Guidance" lesson, a very important lesson for Class Head Teacher and Student relations.

That day started as another usual day for Mrs. Bilge, Mrs. Montana and Osman. They wake up, changed their clothes, ate their breakfasts and headed for the school. It was a usual school day until the last lesson.

In the last lesson, everybody was in excitement. Teachers were happy and had a surprise planned, while students were excited about how the first "Guidance" Lesson was going to be.

The bell ringed and everybody started to wait.

It was a disappointment.

As Teachers entered their classed, Students were in complete shock.

"NOT AGAIN!" "OH COME ON!" "FORMS AGAIN?!"

These reactions filled the atmosphere in the class of 7/A, as students complained about the "We would like to learn more about you!" forms, Mrs. Bilge handed it to every student in the class.

"Just fill in the forms and we can talk later, how fast you do it, that fast we'll talk" said Mrs. Bilge

But unfortunately, no one finished the form in less than 35 minutes, with 5 minutes left they talked about nothing at all.

First week of the school was full of introductions, early lessons, always changing daily lesson programs and confusion. This happened every school year, but eventually stabilized itself.

After a while, second week of the school started, it was going well until Wednesday.

The next morning (Wednesday), Osman wake up, abnormally. He was feeling tired and his nose was...

“Oh no, I'm not feeling well, Achoo! I think I am sick! My nose is comparable to the Niagara Falls!” Said Osman.

Osman was sick, as if it was like a tradition for Osman to get sick in every school year beginning, he was sick again, however this time it was so big that he couldn't come to the school. So, he stayed in his house, in his bed, lying sickly and unwell. Everybody in the house hoped that Osman would get better over time, so no one took him to the hospital or any place like that. Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge Woke up normally as usual, students woke up normally too. Excitement of the Guidance Lesson day could be felt in everyone.

After Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge drove to the school, they meet at the entrance of the school,

“Oh hello Montana, what a happy coincidence, we arrived at the same time today” said Mrs. Bilge

“Yes this is indeed a happy coincidence, shall we continue our conversation upstairs in the teachers room?” said Mrs. Montana

“Sure” said Mrs. Bilge

They entered the school and headed to the Teachers room in heavy steps, after arriving there, they sit in their chairs and then they continued their conversation there, and after the rings ringed, they headed to their classes. Meanwhile, there were rumors in the class of 7/A...

“I heard Osman slipped because of a banana and hit his head! Hahahaha how funny!” Said one of students as some of the other students laughed.

Mrs. bilge entered the class, however no one noticed her and they continued talking...

“I love how karma works, he saw us as low living creatures, now he is a low living creature, he is sick!” Said another student.

“Don’t jump into conclusions! Maybe he got kicked out of the class by the disciplinary committee!” Said another student

“Why are you talking bad about a fellow student? Is this how low we have fallen into?” Said another student, some students agreed while some did not.

“I AM HERE” Mrs. bilge screamed to gain attention.

“Why aren’t you on your assigned English class yet?”

“The lesson is not English” Said one of the students bravely.

“The lesson is English, haven’t you readen the new lesson schedule?
Said Mrs. Bilge

“The new Lesson schedule?! No new lesson schedules were given to us!” Said all of the students at once.

“Oh so that’s why members of 7/B tried to enter our class... I wish we hadn’t kicked them out of the class by force just now” Said one of the students, as he and some others were rushing to go to the 7/B class.

“Good morning class” said Mrs. Bilge

“Good morning teacher” said the students.

“The Teachers bell didn’t ring yet, but sit down it doesn’t hurt to start early” said Mrs. Bilge, while giggling a little.

As English lesson was about to begin in the class of 7/A and 7/B, Montana Montana was about to begin on 6/B, Mrs. Montana left the class just as the Teachers bell ringed.

Then it was a regular day for the rest for the day, a day filled full of Teaching... the classed they taught acted well, especially 7th and 8th grades, The School principal was right, they were indeed calmer than the previous 7th and 8th grades.

It was now the last lesson; The Guidance Lessons were nothing but empty lessons until now. They were finally going to choose their club. Clubs were one of the most exciting parts of the school for many students.

Since Mrs. Montana wasn't a class teacher, she spent her time on the teacher's room while Mrs. Bilge went to the class of 7/A to let the student choose their club with the forms she was carrying with her.

As Mrs. Bilge entered her class, students greeted her as usual, Mrs. Bilge lost no time and straight on told the students what they were going to do; Fill in more forms! However, this time students didn't complain because of the forms they were filling were the club forms! There were lots of clubs such as Kurt Gödel Mathematics Club, Van Gogh Arts Club, Oktay Sinanoğlu Science Club, Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club and more! Students choosed up to 3 clubs they wanted to join in their forms. After they choosed the clubs they wanted to join and ranked them from 1 to 3 (1 being the most and 3 being the least"), they gave the forms to the teachers. After everyone gave in the forms, they had a talk about Adabi-Muaşeret.

On Thursday morning, Osman woke up well, he was not sick at last, he could go to the school. Unlike many students, who would prefer being sick rather than going to the school, Osman preferred school over sickness, so he was happy, he was going to be able to go to the school again at last! Like how he did always, first thing he did when

he got out of the bed was to eat his breakfast, then change his clothes and prepare his school bag by looking at the school program, which was outdated since the school program had changed just 2 days ago. After packing his bag, he exited the building and started waiting for the school bus, at around the same time Mrs. Montana was having a chat with her Kazakh friend, Zhuldyz, about how the week was, and Mrs. Bilge was driving her car to the school.

Around 9:00 AM Mrs. Bilge, Mrs. Montana and Osman were present in the school, No one of them arrived late.

In 7/A, First Lesson for Thursdays were English like how it was English too in the day before, Wednesday. This wasn't changed in the new program, so Osman wouldn't forget his English books in home, however this wouldn't be the case for other lessons...

Students had to change their classes before the class began due to the level class system of the school. Lots of people shifted their classes before the bell rang. Osman didn't have to change his class because his class was already located in 7/A. The Bell ranged a while after Osman entered his class.

Mrs. Bilge entered the class of 7/A as how she always entered the class, and students greeted her as how they greeted her always.

"Good Morning Class" said Mrs. Bilge

"Good Morning Teacher" said students of the class

"Sit Down and open your books children, we are about to start Unit 1; Animals, People and Caring" said Mrs. Bilge

“Animals, People and Caring” was the first unit of the English curriculum. Student’s opened their new Blue English book’s in excitement, mainly because they had paid a hundred dollars for it and wondered what was the content of it. The Price Tag of the book and how it was bought separately had created a little bit tension a week ago. But now it was mainly over.

“In case you don’t know children, this is the last week you can get your books from the cantina, where the book is sold. The book costs a hundred dollars as I repeated lots of times this week. I see the majority of you have bought the book, but some of you still hasn’t. Please buy the books as soon as you can” said Mrs. Bilge.

One student raised his hand and said;

“But the books cost too much! I have never spent a hundred dollars for a book in my entire life!”

Mrs. Bilge replied;

“Well, change is good my dear student, plus there is nothing I can do about the price of the book, the books are a little bit of pricey due to fact that they come from The United States Of America.”

The student who had asked the question sat down after receiving the answer from Mrs. Bilge.

“Alright, lets start, shall we? How do animals and people show they care? Any answer? Said Mrs. Bilge

Several students raised their hands, Mrs. Bilge looked carefully through the class and chosed someone who hasn’t had raised his hand

“You, Arslan, please answer my question, How do animals and people show they care?”

Arslan started to shake because he was nervous and shy, and he was asked to answer a question in public. Mrs. Bilge didn’t knew that he was a shy person because of the fact that Arslan was a new student and Mrs. Bilge hadn’t had any enough time to know him well.

Arslan answered in a low tone;

“By helping each other” Said Arslan

“Such as?” said Mrs. Bilge.

“Such as ummm... uhhhh... We domesticate dogs, we give them food and a place to live, and they protect us and fulfill our social needs”

Some people who knew Arslan was surprised by this answer, they thought Arslan would be unable to answer because of his shy attitude.

“That’s a good answer Arslan, What about you Zehra, How do animals and people show that they care?” Said Mrs. Bilge.

“People show that they care for animals by providing homeless animals food, water and sometimes even a place to live in” said Zehra

“And how animals show that they care? Said Mrs. Bilge

“By not eating them?”

Everyone in the class suddenly started to laugh after Zehra gave her answer. Zehra couldn’t think of things animals did for us.

“Well, Zehra, animals don’t show they care by not eating us, so how do they show us?” said Mrs. Bilge

“Uhh ummm... I don’t know”

“Does anyone know that’s answer? Let’s write our answers to the whiteboard” said Mrs. Bilge as she took her Board-Marker.

“We said that dogs protected us and we protected them, that’s a good start for our chart” said Mrs. Bilge, Writing the Headline (How people and animals show that they care” and the answer.

“We said that we helped homeless animals by giving them food, water and shelter but we failed to receive an answer, What do they do for us? Any ideas?”

Several hands were on the air, Mrs. Bilge has to choose one of them.

“Doruk, could you give us the answer please?” said Mrs. Bilge

“Sure thing, We do it because we are humane, we don’t expect them to do anything for us. This shows that we care” said Doruk.

And so the lesson continued with lots of questions and learning for the students and the enjoyment of teaching for Mrs. Bilge.

When the school ring ringed, Mrs. Bilge had the satisfaction of a successful teaching, she was smiling as she was heading to the teachers' room. When she arrived, she saw Mrs. Montana sitting and looking at her.

“Hello Bilge!” Said Mrs. Montana

“Hi Montana! I had a great lesson just now!” Said Mrs. Bilge

“I had a great lesson too! It looks like it’s going to be a great school year, do you agree Bilge?” Said Mrs. Montana

“I agree, Mr. Halit was right about the status of the 7th and 8th grades, they actually calmed down a lot! Last year, they were already causing trouble in the first weeks of the school, but now look at the new 7th and 8th grades! They are just nice” Mrs. Bilge

“Yes, they are nice” Said Mrs. Montana.

Mrs. Bilge then sat down, something seemed wrong, where was the other English teacher, and was Mrs. Montana supposed to teach a lesson in this hour?

Mrs. Bilge turned his head to the direction of where Mrs. Montana was sitting and asked her;

“As I remember, you weren’t supposed to teach in this hour, am I correct?” Said Mrs. Bilge

“Yes, but the other English teacher is sick today, I suppose as she didn’t come today. So Mrs. Halit nicely asked me to enter 7/B and teach. Even though they couldn’t express themselves much, we still had a fun lesson.” Said Mrs. Montana

“Oh that explains everything” Said Mrs. Bilge

The school ring ringed just as they were talking.

“We’ll continue to talk during the next recess, ok?” Said Mrs. Bilge

“Ok, Have a nice lesson” Said Mrs. Montana

“You too” Said Mrs. Bilge as she was leaving the teachers room.

After the second ring ringed, Mrs. Montana left the teachers room and headed to the class of 7/B

She straight on entered to the class without saying “good morning class” as it was the second consecutive lesson. However students stood up when teacher entered the class and sat down when the teacher sat down and said “sit down class”

The lesson, for both of them (Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge), was about the same as the previous lesson. Mrs. Bilge has the enjoyment of teaching things, while Mrs. Montana has the enjoyment of improving speaking skills of her students.

When the school ring ringed and the second recess started, Mrs. Bilge left the class she was in, Osman, later on out his books into his bag and got out the next lessons books -which was wrong books since he was unaware of the school lesson plan- and some paper. He had brought a scissor and a glue today. Osman loved making things out of paper with scissors and glue. This time, he was planning to do a comic viewer and then write a comic for the comic viewer afterwards. He first had to decide the style of the comic viewer.

“Which style should I choose, a video console style? Computer style? Smartphone style? Classic style? There are so many styles to choose from!” Osman thought.

After thinking for a while, he finally decided;

“Classic Style! Let’s see if I can make improvements on the classic style, i haven’t made any of these classic style model comic viewers recently!” Osman thought.

However, just as he was about to begin making the comic viewer, school ring ringed. Now he had 2 choices, he could either do it now, quickly or he could delay it to the next recess.

He decided quickly;

“There is plenty of time to do this, I’ll do it next recess” Osman thought (and decided), as the second school ring ringed.

The lesson was Social Studies, as the teacher entered Osman got confused, wasn’t the lesson supposed to be Science and Technologies? After Students greeted the teacher and sat down, Osman quickly asked a question to one of his classmates;

“Wasn’t the lesson supposed to be Science and Technologies?” Said Osman.

The classmate he asked, Ahmet replied;

“No, that was in the old school lesson program, remember? Oh wait I forgot, you were sick when the new school program was announced!”

“What” Said Osman, worried.

“Oh no, The Lesson program changed! Who knows how many wrong books I brought to school today! Oh no!” thought Osman.

While Osman was panicking, Mrs. Bilge had already entered the class of 6/A, and Mrs. Montana had entered to the class of 5/B. Osman was panicking, he didn’t knew what to do.

“Osman where are your books?!” Said The Social Studies Teacher, Mr. Mehmet.

“I didn’t know there was a social studies lesson today, my lesson program was outdated sorry about that.” Said Osman.

“Ok, Ahmet, share your book with your classmate please” Said Mr. Mehmet.

Just as they were about to begin the lesson, a lady entered the class.

“Hello, I am sorry but your lesson programs have been changed again!” Said the lady, smiling.

“Again?” Said the whole class, with a sound tone of complain as the lady gave the new papers that had the new lesson program written on it to the students.

“Now all of your student programs are outdated” Said Mr. Mehmet, with a smile on his face.

After the lady left, Mr. Mehmet continued;

“Ok class, open your books. Page 11, The Human Being And The Community Unit...

The lesson in 7/A was starting, Just as in 6/A and 5/B. They received the new lesson programs soon afterwards, and the students reaction was the same, even teachers were getting sick and tired of lesson program changes.

“Why are they doing this?” “What’s the purpose?” “What is this” “Not again!” Was just several of these responses.

The rest of the day was about the same, a day filled with education and nothing too bad or good to be noticed... Except for the fact that Osman forgot to make his paper comic viewer,

“I Forgot to make my comic viewer!”

Or the fact that Mrs. Bilge forgot to talk to Mrs. Montana

“I wonder what she was going to tell me, I forgot to talk with her after i left the teachers room after that recess”

Or the fact that Mrs. Montana forgot to talk to Mrs. Bilge

“What were we going to talk about anyways? I’ll call him when I remember, we are good friends.”

It was a day where everyone forgot to do something.

The next day started like every other day, Osman woke up at 8:00 AM, ate his favorite food –Turkish Sujuk- , Dressed up in his school clothes, and entered into his school service and sat down in this usual sitting location when the school bus arrived at 8:30 AM and Osman arrived at his school about 9:00 AM, just before the school ring ringed and the first lesson started.

Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge started the day very similarly, with the confusion and frustration of the new school lesson program. They ate croissants, drank their Turkish Teas, then they prepared for the busy school day and went to the school at around 8:00 AM, they arrived about 8:30 AM.

Today Montana had a lesson with 7/A, Osman's class, and they were in the 3rd and 4th lesson. Osman's first 2 lessons were Social Studies.

7/A was in the unit "The Human Being And The Community" in Social Studies.

Mrs. Bilge was about to enter 6/A, They were on the unit "Music".

Mrs. Montana was about to enter 5/A, they didn't had an unit as their lessons were solely focused on speaking skills and they just talked in their lessons.

After the first lesson (and in the first recess), Osman got his papers, scissors and glue out to make his "Classic Comic Viewer".

He started to do this by getting an A4 paper and folding it 2 times, creating 4 equal rectangles, then he took a glue and glued the end of the paper to the other end of the paper, creating a 3D rectangle with 2 sides open, he then cut 2 stripes (for 2 sides, being opposite of

each other) for comics to be pulled. And the comic viewer was now done. He now needed to make a comic for it to be watched. He quickly cut a paper in a form of a thick stripe and then placed it in the hole of stripe he just cut in and gently pulled it to from top to bottom. Comic viewer worked! Now he could start making real comics and show them to his teachers. But what comic could he make? Maybe he could bring an old character back that Mrs. Bilge used to hate –Mrs. Demayo- and make a comic about it? This seemed like a good idea but no, he needed something better, maybe a new character to replace Mrs. Demayo was needed? -Mrs. Catherine-. This seemed like an original and good idea, he could start making comics right now.

But the school ring ringed just as he was about to begin, he had to delay it to the next recess.

After the 2nd lesson (and during the second recess) Osman was excited for 2 things, Montana Montana lesson was about to start for the first time this year and he could finally start drawing his comic starting this recess. He quickly got his pencil, scissors, glue and papers and started cutting papers as a form of thick stripe (about 3 inches wide) and glued them together from each other's end to create a very long stripe, after doing that he folded the paper in 3x3 inches square form, creating a "film". Now he could start the actual important process, The thinking of an idea process and the drawing process. These processes were the hardest processes for Osman, as they required mental power, originality and creativity. There were lots of ideas that came into Osman's mind, He could remake an old comic, for example he used to have a "Dangerous Comics" Series (which strangely only had one comic, so it couldn't be considered as a series), he could remake that. Or he could make a comic to say

goodbye to Mrs. Demayo and say hello to Mrs. Catherine. He could do anything he wanted, while he was still thinking about the idea, the school ring ringed, It was time for the 3rd lesson, Montana Montana.

Mrs. Montana, upon hearing the ring, prepared for the lesson with all the other teachers, including Mrs. Bilge, who was about to enter 8/A, which was an interesting class because in 8th grades, lessons were focusing in the new exam system, TEOG.

After the teachers ring ringed, Mrs. Montana exited the Teachers room and headed to the class of 7/A.

The usual dialogues were said;

“Good Morning class”

“Good Morning Teacher”

“Sit Down”

Mrs. Montana sat down in excitement, it was her first lesson with the class of 7/A -she couldn't have any lessons with 7/A before due to the never-ending change of The School Lesson Program.

Mrs. Montana introduced herself;

“Hello class, my name is Mrs. Montana”

And requested something from the students;

“I'm going to request something from you students, I'm going to give you empty stickers, please write your name on them and stick them into your school uniforms. I'm bad at spelling and memorizing names at first. So that's why I am requesting this” as she gave the stickers to the class students.

Class students immediately wrote their names on the stickers and stuck them into their school uniforms as teacher had requested from them. After everyone wrote their names, Mrs. Montana requested one more thing;

“Please spell me your names. Let's start from the right, how's your name spelled?”

And so, the students started to spell out their names as the teacher had requested from them. After this, Mrs. Montana started the class by, of course, by making students speak.

“How was your Summer Vacation like? Anybody want to answer this question?” said Mrs. Montana

And answers started to come...

“We had a lot of fun!”

“We went skiing in a foreign country!”

“I went to an English learning course to improve my English!”

Lots of interesting answers were being said by the students, Osman on the other hand, was silent. His summer vacation wasn't filled with adventure or anything interesting, he had just sat down the whole

summer vacation. So, naturally he didn't answer the teachers question.

The teacher talked about summer vacations in detail on whose answered his question, while others listened with full attention.

This continued for the entire 2 lessons of Mrs. Montana, it was full of speaking. Both sides had learned something new.

The rest of the day was like every day for everyone, Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge entered the classes they were supposed to teach and teach, while Osman entered the classes he was supposed to enter and learn.

At the end of the day everyone left the school like the usual, some students running and screaming like there is a huge fire in the building while others walked civilly.

And so, the time passed quickly, it was 2nd week of the school and now the 4th week of the school was over and it was Saturday. It was the end of the first school month, and that only meant one thing for the teachers...

At the end of the month, like every end of the month, it was time for the coterie meeting.

Stinson Foundation didn't only have one school, they had several schools. The original one was referred as "The Stinson Collage". There was also a Stinson Collage called "The Stinson Life Collage" which was a bigger school than the original Stinson collage. It had

kindergarten, elementary school, middle school and high school inside of it (while The Original Stinson Collage only had Kindergarten Elementary School and Middle School inside). All the teachers met once in a month to discuss about the English Curriculum, the year, how's it going, projects, ideas, problems and more.

The English Coterie President was Mrs. Bilge, so she had more responsibilities than anybody else. She woke up early -about 6:00 AM- to get to The Stinson Life Collage –where the coterie meeting was being held- and prepare the documents early. She arrived to The Stinson Life Collage about 6:40 AM and prepared the documents and prepared the school for the coterie meeting with the staff of the school. Other teachers arrived to the school about 8-9:00 AM. About 9:00 AM, the Coterie started and every single English Teacher was there. Including Mrs. Bilge, Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Zhuldyz, The Kazakh friend of Mrs. Montana, which was teaching at The Stinson Life Collage as an English teacher.

They started the coterie meeting by looking at the School Lesson Plans and The Curriculum. Each English teacher compared where they were supposed to be with where were they. Luckily, no teacher was behind the scheduled school plan and the curriculum.

“Good we are all fine here, good for us!” said Mrs. Bilge after this part of the coterie meeting ended.

Next, they looked at the excursion list and excursion plans, and activity list and activity plans, there were no planned excursions for the first month of the school so they focused on the next month's excursions and talked about them.

Next, a teacher who had come from Canada to talk about more effective ways to teach English gave a speech.

“I think it was a pretty good speech” Mrs. Montana thought, right after the speech.

After the speech, An English teacher did a lesson example with a new technique. He used a website called DojoClass to persuade students –in this case, teachers- to participate in the lesson by giving them positive and negative points in the site.

“What an interesting way to teach English! We should consider adopting this system!” said Mrs. Bilge to the teacher who had gave a demonstration of a lesson with DojoClass.

These lasted an entire day, and everyone left the building about 6PM after Mrs. Bilge wrote the report and sent it to the General Principal of The Stinson Collage, Mrs. Stinson.

The next week, Monday of the 5th week of the school was a busy week for all the teachers, because they had to prepare Exams for the students, Mrs. Bilge’s job was even harder, she had to check all the exams made across all Stinson Collages and see if there were any edits (such as making it harder or easier, checking out the errors etc.) needed to the exams, and she had to do this while writing her own exams too.

Mrs. Montana on the other hand was lucky, her exams were easier to make since she didn't had to check all the other exams for errors, mistakes, the easy or hard level etc.

Osman didn't worry about his exams, the lessons seemed easy and he guessed exams would be easy too. He was wrong.

The very next week, 6th week of the school, Monday started just like any other school day, Osman ate his Turkish Sujuk, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana ate his croissant, Osman sat on his School bus, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana drove to the school, they arrived at their usual times in a usual way. Osman was confident about himself and was pretty sure Mathematics exam would be easy. The Mathematics exam was today, Monday at 2nd lesson. He entered the first lesson as usual, It Was Science and Technologies. The teacher didn't let the students study since she wasn't supposed to do that. During the lesson the door knocked.

"Come in" the teacher said.

A lady, the same lady who gave the new Lesson Program when the Lesson Program had changed arrived. At first some students though the Lesson Program had changed again, however this wasn't the case this time.

"I came here to give the list of places students are going to enter the exam in the next lesson" said the lady

"Alright, thank you for the list" said the teacher, as she took the list.

In the Stinson Collages, there was a system called "The Butterfly System" Where students had entered the exam in different classes than their original class.

After the lady left, teacher started to read the names and the places they were going to enter the exam, Osman waited his name to be read.

“Osman, 5/B!” Said the teacher.

Osman felt excited, the exam season was here and he was going to see how well he was in the lessons. Was he good or was he bad? He thought he was good but was he really good? These were the questions that were going to be answered by the exams soon.

As the school ring ringed, the first thing Osman did was to prepare his bag and look at the list that was given to the teacher so he could learn which desk he was supposed to sit in the class of 5/B , he later went to the class he was supposed to go, he found his place to sit and sat. After waiting a while, The school ring for the students ringed.

Mrs. Bilge was preparing to enter the class of 5/B, he got the list of students, and the exam papers and waited for the school ring ring for the teachers, after waiting for a while, it ringed and she started walking towards to the class of 5/B.

After entering the class (and being greeted as usual), He gave the exam papers to the students and started to guard.

Osman looked at the exam paper, and the exam paper looked at Osman. Osman was shocked, The exam was hard. Was he going to fail? He was about to fail once last year when he was in 6/A, was he going to fail again?

“Exam isn’t as hard as it looks, let’s see...” Osman thought as he answered the questions.

The exam was tense for Osman, however it wasn’t as bad as the exam in the 6th grade, he had enough time to finish the exam and he knew the topics in the exam. He gave the exam paper as soon as he finished, the school ring rang after some time. After the exam, Osman was frustrated, he went back to his class, only to see people complaining about the exam;

“The exam was way too hard”

“What did I just see?”

“Did I enter this exam? Is this the reality? Am I having a nightmare?”

Osman however, didn’t think the exam was hard, he thought it only looked hard because he didn’t study enough.

“I should study harder next time!” Osman thought to himself, as he sat on his chair.

“I finally found an idea for my comic!” Osman thought, as he got his comic “films” from his bag and placed them on his desk.

“I am going to reintroduce Bula and Mrs. Demayo! And add an evil person called “Jacob The Destroyer”. It’ll be fantastic! Let’s start writing and drawing the comic! First film... What should I do...? I think I’ll draw The SalihTech Company Logo and the year! Let’s draw it... SalihTech... 2013... Done! Now I can actually start drawing the comic itself!” Osman thought to himself as he started to draw the comic.

The school ring ringed after sometime, by coincidence, the lesson was mathematics.

The teacher arrived just as the second school ring ringed.

After the teacher entered, students greeted him, right afterwards the standard greeting, he was also greeted with many questions;

“Why was the exam so hard?”

“WHY? WHY?”

“You said the exam was going to be easy, but it wasn’t, we are sad.”

The teacher responded;

“It indeed was easy, you just didn’t study enough students.”

The class of 7/A on The Stinson Collage weren’t the only ones to complain, the entire 7th grades complained in the entire Stinson Collages. So naturally, exactly a week later, an announcement had to be made by their Mathematic Teacher;

“Ok students, the exams were prepared by a teacher in Stinson Life Collage, and we accept that the exam was too hard for you so we have added an extra 10 points to all of your exams. Now I am going to read your exam results, the new ones of course!”

Osman waited and listened to the results of people as he waited for his results to be announced;

“You, 67, You, 56, You, 87, you, 78”

The Teacher looked at Osman;

“You, 70”

Osman was shocked. How he could get to this low? And this was just the first exam with 10 extra points! Was this a sign of his fall? Or was this just a temporary situation? Osman knew something now, for the next exam, he has to study more.

Over the course of the week the results of exams got announced;

“Osman, 92!” “Osman, 91!” “Osman,94!”

Mrs. Bilge wasn’t shocked when he saw Osman’s English Exam Paper;

“Osman, congratulations, you did well as I expected, 100!”

All of Osman’s exam results were over 90, with mathematics being an exception.

The times looked great for everybody, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana was having fun teaching while Osman wasn’t being bullied much and was able to have fun learning. However, near the end of the year of 2013, things started to change slowly...

3rd exams were just finished, it was near the end of December. It was December 23th 2013.

The day was cold, but for Osman, Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge, it was like any other day of the school.

Mrs. Bilge had readen the exams early and was a little bit of shocked (and not shocked at the same time, knowing about Osman and his English) about Osman's results. Osman, had consecutively successfully answered %100 of the exam paper true 3 times in a row!

Mrs. Montana, on the other hand had a paper ready. The paper said "Star Student! Congratulations to Osman for achieving the highest score in English Test! , Stinson Collage, English Teacher; Mrs. Montana"

The day started usual for everyone, With same morning schedule, Eating Croissants for Mrs. Bilge, Eating Turkish Sujuk for Osman and, of course, talking with his Kazakh friend for Mrs. Montana.

They arrived to the school around 9:00 AM, just as the first lesson was about to begin.

The School lesson program had finally stopped changing, so everyone knew which lesson belonged to which lesson. For Osman, his first lesson of the week was, Social Studies. For Mrs. Bilge, the lesson was with 6/A, For Mrs. Montana it was free time.

Osman's daily lesson program was as following;

Social Studies, Social Studies, Montana Montana, Montana Montana, Science And Technology, Science And Technology, Mathematics and Mathematics.

When it was 3rd lesson, Osman was excited about about the recent English test done on Montana Montana lesson, he wondered about his result.

During the lesson, he was not surprised to learn that he had the highest score, he also happily received the certificate of success that had been prepared for him.

The rest of the day continued usual, or did it?

The children looked nothing like the start of the year, they were talking a lot before the lessons, and some had started to speak a little during the lessons too, during the science and technology lesson, one of his classmates, Baha tried to goof off during the lesson, this was met with a little bit of anger from his teacher;

“Baha! Stop goofing around and pay attention to the lesson!

The teacher also had to remind children to pay attention to the lesson 2-3 times. However, this wasn't such a big issue.

During the recess, people talked a lot. Osman, on the other hand was trying to learn German and had stopped writing comics, he had even killed of Ms.Demayo in France in a comic to ensure that he would never return. He didn't need to write comics these days too since Mrs. Bilge was not making the children write comics or draw pictures like she used to do in the previous year, when he asked her why did she stop making people write comics she had responded with;

“We need to be more academical, we need to be dynamic, not stationary!”

He also spent the 4th Recess (the long recess) in cantina to evade from the teacher who always called people to prayer, Osman found that teacher annoying, this also was a sign of Osman's personality changing as he didn't find any teacher annoying before.

The next day, Osman got a notebook that he had bought from a charity sale from school recently and started writing on it. He was going to record the day! In the front page he wrote thing in German, the rest of the book was going to be Turkish. This was to prevent other people from reading by making them say “This book is German, we shouldn't read this!” as Osman thought.

He failed to record the first 4 lessons because he gave importance to lessons and preferred to listen to the lessons rather than recording them. However, he was able to record the other 4;

The 5th lesson was Religion, Baha had written something on the board by the teacher's command and students were writing it on their notebooks too. Osman also wrote this on his notebook as;

“Baha wrote something to the board, I wrote the things he wrote strangely to my lesson notebook”

Baha, started to clean the board from the bottom, Elif objected;

“Baha! Do you know that we clear the board starting from the top, not the bottom right?” said Elif.

“Oh, Elif, you should have told me earlier, how sad!” said Baha.

The class also objected as majority of people were unable to write the things on the board. Osman, however was able to write the things on the board due to his speed. He also wrote about this incident in his new notebook.

Teacher got angry because of this incident and made Baha read an paragraph, and other students wrote the paragraph as he read. While this was happening, Music sounds were coming from the class next door. Osman silent asked one of his classmates;

“What are they listening to? I can't hear probably” said Osman.

“I think its religious music” said his classmate, Isa.

During the lesson, teacher got angry by the illogical and absurd things the students did, such as messing with each other during the class and talking with each other during the class. Class was there to be listened, not to be ignored!

During the 5th recess, Osman searched for Doruk, but couldn't find him. He noted about this on his notebook.

When he came back to his class, he found people arguing for the first time on the entire school year, however it didn't escalate and it ended quickly. The class was calm in no time, Ramazan approached Osman and asked;

“Will you tell teachers about this incident?”

Osman replied;

“No, I didn't even understand what happened”

Ramadan replied;

“Thanks”

The music sounds from the next room continued to come, As Osman was continuing to note thing happened, a classmate got interested in the notebook and wanted to check the interesting cover,

“Sure” Osman said and gave the notebook. After the classmate checked the notebook’s cover, he got his notebook back.

The ring ringed several minutes later, He saw Doruk and asked where was he, Doruk responded;

“I was in the upper floor”

After several minutes, the second ring ringed as Osman waited patiently and silent.

The class was the opposite, they weren’t silent or patient. They talked about Soccer loudly while some cursed. The class wildy looked different than the situation in the first month. However, their actions mostly stayed in the recess and didn’t reflect to the lessons. Just as they were talking about Soccer, an argument happened.

“What is happening today! Today is wildly different than any other day!” thought Osman, as he noted the things happened down.

Even the class president had gave up and stopped people who were talking, there were just too many people talking and arguing.

Osman waited and waited... But no teacher was coming, it seemed like teacher would never come.

However, he was wrong and teacher came, late.

During the lesson, Isa and Esma argued, while music next door continued to come. However, this didn’t prevent the lesson from continuing, in fact lesson was fun for everyone, especially when

Ramazan said “Çilehane” was a “Torture room”, everybody laughed at that.

During the 6th recess, Osman finds Doruk and talks with him.

After talking with Doruk, Osman goes back to his class, and gets asked a very inappropriate question by Ramazan. He immediately notes this and tells this to a teacher.

The next recess, he writes an inappropriate thing on Osman’s desk, which angers Osman.

“Something is clearly strange with our class today!” Osman thinks to himself.

Ramazan approaches Osman and ask him about inappropriate topics, and talks about inappropriate things too, while one of the class bullied block’s Osman’s escape route to the Teacher’s room. It seemed like that Ramazan was well aware of complain Osman made the recess before.

Osman, in rage throws his Pencil case, while bullies laugh at him, Tears come to his eyes, but he doesn’t cries.

The recess ends with the school ring ringing, for some reason, people wait for the next lesson with great excitement, this also causes Osman to get excited too. The lesson was English.

Mrs. Bilge arrives to the class right after the second bell rigns, when she arrives she saws children laughing at a chair.

“Oh so we are laughing, that’s good, what an amusing day! Today’s a good day, isn’t it children?”

Students agree, however Osman highly disagrees but doesn’t says it.

The teacher gives his Phone number during the class, which Osman notes in both his notebooks (English and the German one)

The lesson was a normal lesson and the day continued normally and calm. When Osman arrived at home, he opened his notebook and started to read it;

“Achtung! Zutritt Verboten, Kein Eintritt!”

This was written in the first page of the notebook, There were 2 arrows on the bottom saying “Osman?” “Ja” and “Nein”. Osman had mistaken Yes for Nein and No for Ja. So, opening in the direction of “Nein” gave access to the entire notebook. Osman opened the next page;

“Today, I opened my locker and took a notebook, Montana had gave me the notebook a year ago. After seeing the context, I decided to continue, by the way congratulations if you understood the first page!

- What am I continuing?

To record of course! Here is an example;

Zeynep: What's your horoscope?

Bula: Sagittarius.

- What use is there? Are you like, going to record bad things and show them to other people with proof?

Thanks for the idea!

- What is your purpose?

My purpose is to look at the past in the future.

The second page of the book also had Ms. Demayo -somehow not killed in France- that said "Salih Knows that this recording stuff will not be viewed as good in the class"

"

The other pages basically were the records of the day, after reading the record Osman put the notebook on his closet, little did he know that he would forget to record the other day and never record any day again...

2 Days later, Osman suddenly got sick so much that he couldn't come to the school again, in fact at midnight he rushed to the hospital to

get treated, he came back to his house in the morning but was unable to go to the school for several days.

Mrs. Bilge noticed the absence of Osman immediately during the guidance lesson,

“Osman is missing! I think it’d be nice if I called him” thought Mrs. Bilge

“Hey class, want to call Osman and talk with him?” said Mrs. Bilge to the class.

“Yes” said the class.

“Ok, I’m calling him now” Mrs. Bilge said as she dialed Osman.

Osman meanwhile was trying to play an Action Adventure game, which wasn’t suitable for his age but Osman didn’t care anyway, this was a sign of Osman’s changing personality. His phone suddenly started to ring, when Osman picked it up he noticed that his English teacher, Mrs. Bilge was calling, He said;

“Hi”

“Hi Osman how are you feeling?” said Mrs. Bilge on the phone

“I'm feeling better what about you teacher?” said Osman

“Oh, I'm feeling good, want to say hi to the class? We can make you do that by connecting speakers to my Phone” said Mrs. Bilge

“Oh, I am sorry but I can’t talk much right now” said Osman

“That’s alright, see you on the school soon, get well!” said Mrs. Bilge, as she hang up the phone.

After calling Osman, Mrs. Bilge asked the class;

“I heard that there was an argument in the class yesterday, can someone explain what happened?”

Hüsniye stood up and said;

I and Isa argued twice, it's all his fault thought! I didn't do anything!

Isa stood up and answered;

“Look who's talking? She is lying!

Mrs. Bilge sensed another argument was incoming, so she said;

“Ok ok I don't care whose fault is this, I just want to learn the story, can someone other than Isa and Hüsniye answer my question please?”

And the lesson continued on, when the ring ringed everybody left the school as usual.

Osman was able to go to the school by Friday. And he continued to go to the school after friday.

The first School term passed like this, with interesting events and usually calm atmosphere.

Osman had completely forgot about his comic, the “films” got lost not a long time after Osman forgot about the comic.

The worse happened during Semester Vacation.

It was just another evening in the Semester Vacation, Osman was happy and had a good day, he had played lots of games and continued to produce a game called “Adventures Of Jack”. When continuing to produce “Adventures Of Jack”, Osman noticed something wasn’t just right, he turned back, only to see his mother with a trash bag, placing every papercraft and hard work of Osman to the trash bag.

“Stop!” said Osman.

“No, these are all trash! Stop giving them so much value! I won’t let this house become a trash yard!” said Osman’s mother.

“Stop! They aren’t trash! At least save the ones with Demayo! Please! They are so valuable to me! Why are you getting rid of my old school books? Are they trash too!?” said Osman

“Yes” said Osman’s mother

“I am going to donate the books and the papers to the nearby school” continued Osman’s mother as she left the room with a huge, filled Trash bag.

Tears came off Osman's eyes, all of his hard work was gone, never to be seen again. This was the worst semester vacation for him. This contributed to his changing personality. He was getting angrier and changing every day by the events happening, the old Osman people knew were vanishing, The good on Osman seemed like disappearing, but no one was noticing the changes in Osman because he wouldn't speak much. Osman's changing personality, however, was noticeable on FeetBook where he made rage posts about the events happening in school, world and even, in house!

However, no one cared because everyone seemed Osman as a selfish person due to his isolation policies.

After the 2 week semester vacation, the school continued, Osman was still bearing the pain of all of his hard work gone, and he needed to replace much of them as soon as possible by making new works, while others didn't had much problems like this as they cared about one thing; Enjoy the moment. Students in 7/A just enjoyed the moment and didn't care about being productive, some of them didn't even care about the lessons, some of the students of 7/A had even begun being aggressive, this was a bad sign for the reputation of 7/A.

The first day of the second term of the school started usually, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana ate their breakfast in excitement, they were finally going to see their students again after 15 days of vacation. Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana had missed their students. For Osman it was a day of new opportunity, He still bared the pain of losing all of his hard work and this was the opportunity to fill in the blank.

After eating their breakfast, they went straight into the school. How would their first day on the second term of the school be like? Would it be good? Would it be bad? These were the questions in Osman's mind as he thought while sitting in the school bus.

After arriving to the school, he went straight into the class. The school ring rigned just after Osman entered his class. The lesson was Social Studies and the lesson program hadn't been changed for such a long time, Osman was now confident that program would never change again. He didn't want to get embarrassed like how he got embarrassed after bringing the wrong books in the first school term.

As he waited for the teacher to come, people were talking in the class loudly and class president was doing nothing to stop it, the helper of the class president also looked like he was not caring at all too. Osman was getting angry at the situation and was planning to complain to the class teacher, Mrs. Bilge very soon.

"Why didn't I complain several weeks ago!" thought Osman.

The teacher arrived just after the second bell rang, he was greeted as the usual. After the greeting teacher said;

"Welcome to the second term of the school children!"

Baha interrupted;

"Let's not study and meet again! Get it? It's the first day of the school!" said Baha

Everybody in the class laughed.

“Ok class, let’s be more serious. You are in the 7th grade now, you are no longer the 6th grade, why don’t leave the jokes and focus on your studies and your future? Ok class now open page 127, Our unit is Science, Technology and Community, who wants to read the first question on the page, Baha?” said the Teacher.

Baha started to read the question;

“Which devices do you think will be used in future to record things?” read Baha.

“Anyone know the answer of this question?” said the teacher.

Meanwhile Mrs. Bilge was in 8/A, Giving the students some tests to solve to prepare them for the upcoming exam, the second session of TEOG.

“Now students, I know you are getting frustrated by these tests but believe me, this is the only way to successfully pass the TEOG exam. You should get used to tests, so you won't panic in the exam like some of you did back in November. We don’t know how’s the next TEOG session is going to look like since you are unlucky enough to be one of the first classes to enter this exam and there are no test books on the market that has been designed for TEOG. We only have these tests that The Ministry Of National Education has given us. So please, solve them very carefully as its very important for your future” said Mrs. Bilge

A student said;

“But teacher, you already said these in the beginning of this year, why did you say this again?”

Mrs. Bilge replied:

“Well, I saw a person with an extremely low English result in this class, every one of you is dear to me, you are our future, so please prepare for this exam very well, The Ministry Of National Education already made our jobs way easier by giving us example tests. Please prepare for the exam, now students, solve your tests and please don’t hesitate to ask me any questions you have”

Meanwhile, Mrs. Montana was in 6/A, doing the speaking lesson as usual.

When the ring ringed and recess started, Osman immediately got out his paper, glue and scissors and started to make “films” for the comic viewer again, however there was a little problem... The Comic Viewer was in the Trash Yard. So, Osman had to make a new one. He choosed Smartphone style this time and carefully cut paper, for this style he needed to use glue and this style needed extra carefulness since a single mistake could ruin the model. Luckily, Osman made the comic viewer without any mistakes. The aspect ratio of the comic viewer’s “screen” was 16:9, the modern screen aspect ratio used in most Television and Computer screens. Osman couldn’t start to make the “films” since the ring ringed and the recess ended, however he started to make them the next recess, now he only had one problem; He didn’t have any ideas.

In the 7th lesson that day, something interesting happened. The lesson was mathematics, and Osman thought that they were going to continue their lesson as usual, little did he know, he was wrong.

After 2 of the school rings ringed consecutively, The Mathematics teacher entered the class.

Osman was confused, The Mathematics Teacher looked different.

“I guess the normal Mathematics Teacher is sick today, but who is this teacher? I never saw him before.”

The teacher soon afterwards introduced himself.

“Hello students, I am Adil, I am your new Mathematics teacher” said the teacher.

The whole class was shocked, It was not normal for a lesson’s teacher to change in the next term. The Teacher continued to speak;

“I Also teach in Stinson Life Collage too. So, you see; I teach in 2 schools of Stinson Collage foundation” said the mathematics teacher.

Gülizar, one of the students suddenly remembered of Seda, who used to be her best friend last year, but they had lost contact this year due to Seda changing her school and going to the Stinson Life Collage. Gülizar, in hope raised her hand and asked a question:

“Do you know Seda?” said Gülizar

“Yes, She is in 7/B, how do you know her?” The mathematics teacher said.

Gülizar got excited, she might have found a way to reconnect to her old friend.

“She used to be my best friend, I have a question, could I write letters to her and could you deliver them to her? Said Gülizar.

The class laughed,

“I am not your messenger” The mathematics teacher said, responding to Gülizar.

Gülizar became sad, her dreams were ruined. For Osman, the most interesting event of the day was this event.

For the rest of the day, he had no ideas on what to do. So, he ended up with blank film sheets and a comic viewer at end of the day. He left the comic viewer and the “films” at his locker and went straight to his home.

There he suddenly had an idea, He could make his teacher, Mrs. Bilge happy with a gift, if he had Jumping Clay, he could make a medal – something like The Iron Cross, or The Iron Crescent- and present it to his teacher, possibly making her happy. Osman thought about this, but he had no Jumping Clay available and there seemed to be no place available near him to obtain one.

“There is no place to obtain Jumping clay to make something like a medal to thank my teacher for teaching us despite the worsening situation of our class” Osman thought.

Worsening class? Yes. Osman thought that class was getting worse every single day, he had already started to get bullied and arguments inside the class seemed to me more common by each passing day. Osman was scared of a serious argument, or even, a fight erupting.

“Well, I'll just wait for the right opportunity, maybe I should ask our Arts and Crafts teacher if she has any spare Jumping Clays, or if she knows a place where I can buy them”

The next day, Osman forgot about asking his Arts and Crafts teacher about the jumping clays, for Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana it was just another usual day.

On Wednesday, in English lesson an announcement was made by Mrs. Bilge to all classes she entered, this included the class of 7/A and 7/B.

The announcement was made to 7/A in the 7th lesson

“Alright students, I have an announcement to make” said Mrs. Bilge

The students looked curiously, what was she going to say?

“Story Telling Competition is going to be held this March, and Spelling Bee is going to be held in the beginning of next month! If anyone wishes to participate, contact me or Mrs. Montana any time before the competitions begin, Now, anyone want to join Spelling Bee Competition?”

A Student raises his hand;

“What is Spelling bee?” He asked.

Mrs. Bilge explained;

“Spelling Bee is a competition where you try to pronounce every single letter of a word given to you. You must pronounce as many words as possible to get the highest score and win!, Now that I have explained what is Spelling Bee, anyone want to join?”

Some students including Osman raised their hands, Osman hadn’t joined a competition like this before and he had wondered how would it be if he joined. Osman was also excited over the Story Telling Competition. He loved Story Telling Competitions since he was forced to join it last year. He already had planned what to do; The play he did last year. This time it was going to be better, since he had worked very hard on it the last year, he didn’t want it to go to waste and be forgotten forever.

So, he started to re-write the script. This time it was going to be better than the last one. While re-writing the script, he also studied for The Spelling Bee competition, papers with words to spell were given to Osman and other students in the competition every week so that they could practice.

A week later, on Monday, Osman had already finished writing the script, however he needed to revise it. He had written the entire script only in school during recesses, so he would revise it during recesses too. The day had started normally for Osman, The first 2 lessons went fine for him. The 3rd lesson on Monday, like every other Monday was Montana Montana. During the 2nd recess, Osman continued to revise the script he had written. When the school ring ringed, he stopped and started to sit down still, doing nothing. Despite the fact that ring had been rigned and class president was supposed to write the names of who spoke during the waiting period between the first ring and the second ring, he was doing nothing at all. Students were talking loudly, supposedly waiting for the teacher to come, but they could continue talking loudly and not notice that the teacher hadn't come –with few people as an exception- if they could. However, like usual this didn't happen and Mrs. Montana entered the class just after the second ring ringed. The students greeted her with the usual way;

“Good morning teacher” said the students.

“Good morning students, please sit down” said Mrs. Montana

After students sat down, Mrs. Montana started to talk about the nearing competitions, The Story Telling Competition and The Spelling Bee competition.

“Alright students, Let's talk about The Story Telling Competition and The Spelling Bee Competition today! Who here is going to join these competitions? Can I see your hands please? Said Mrs. Montana

Some students, including Osman raised their hands.

“Osman, which competition are you going to join?” Said Mrs. Montana.

“Both” Osman replied.

“Good, Did you come out with a good idea for The Story Telling Competition yet?”

“Yes, I did, I'm currently working on it, soon I'll start gathering the cast and then apply to join the competition” Osman replied.

“Im looking forward to see your play Osman, im sure it'll be good” said Mrs. Montana

“Which competition are you going to join Hanife?” asked Mrs. Montana, looking at Hanife.

“I'm going to join the spelling bee! This is my first time ever and I am very excited! Said Hanife.

“Well, good luck to you! Said Mrs. Montana.

“Now, I know you have some questions about the spelling bee, so I am going to answer some of the questions you might have or not right now. First of all, about the situation of the letter “Z”, We will accept the American version of it since I am an American. Spell it like “Zee”, not “Zed”. Repeat after me class, “Zee”” said Mrs. Montana

The class replied “Zee” as the Mrs. Montana had asked them to do it.

“Good, now that you know it, let’s play the alphabet song to remind you about how each letter is spelled like” said Mrs. Montana, as she opened the video.

The entirety of the lesson was about The Spelling Bee Competition, students practiced for it during the lesson, even those who didn’t join the competition practiced.

A week later, Osman finished to write and revise his script. Now he had to convince students who had taken part in the play previous year to reappear again. He needed a Salih, a Betül, a Hasan, a Jale, a Kadriye and a Lale.

However, no one wanted to participate as the reception they got previous year was negative, Lale had even said that she got bullied because she looked like a pregnant person when she pretended to be a fat girl during the play. And so, Osman’s dreams were over in a sad way, he couldn’t participate in the competition because no one wanted to.

Osman later on decided that The Spelling Bee competition was too hard for him and he was also scared about making a silly mistake that could cause him to get emberassed in the front of all of the school. He had decided to quit The competition tomorrow, on wednesday. There just was a little bit of a problem that Osman didn’t know;

The competition was going to be held tomorrow too. But Osman didn’t knew that and thought that the competition was going to be held on Thursday.

The day arrived, It was Wednesday. It was a cold breezing day, but since it was still winter, this was a normal situation. It had rained a little before Osman wake up. Osman started the day with quitting the competition on his mind. Mrs. Montana started the day with the excitement of the competition, she was wondering how were results going to be like. The same could be said about Mrs. Bilge, she also was excited. Other than the excitement of the competition, Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge started their day as usual. Osman on the other hand didn't start his day as usual. Instead of eating Turkish Sujuk, he ate Menemen. He also nearly missed his school bus and was nearly late to the school due to the traffic. It seemed like a tradition for a traffic to form after a rain.

“Could this day get any worse” Osman thought to himself, while on the school bus.

“This is no time to complain, I should think of how should I quit, the competition is tomorrow, so this really is a bad time to quit, but I am scared of embarrassment too much, the competition looks too hard, and I couldn't memorize the words given to me, that's why I am scared of embarrassment despite the fact that I don't have a stage fear, I am also scared that teachers might get angry with me due to the fact that I didn't memorize the words given to me! I think the best course of action in this situation is to just simply quit the competition” Osman thought to himself while on the school bus, sitting.

After arriving to the school, he rushed into his classroom in a worry, and he barely made it on time, second bell rang as Osman sat in his chair. Teacher entered the class about 20 seconds later.

The recess after the first lesson, Osman went to the teachers' room – which was located close, it was right next to the class of 7/A- and looked for Mrs. Bilge, He found Mrs. Bilge sitting in his chair. He approached Mrs. Bilge and told him that he wanted to quit the competition.

“Now?! But the competition is today! Are you sure you want to quit the competition?” said Mrs. Bilge

“Yes” Osman replied.

Mrs. Bilge was disappointed. Osman had quit the competition just right before the starting of the competition. She took her notebook and crossed off the name of Osman from the list.

Just a lesson later, in the 3rd lesson the competition was going to be held. Everyone was excited about the competition, some of the students were excited because The Spelling Bee Competition meant less studying, however they weren't aware of the teaching part of competitions such as The Spelling Bee Competition, they were lessons too, just in a different way.

Mrs. Bilge got her computer and went downstairs to the floor where the conference hall was in, the -1th floor, after the ring ringed. She entered the conference hall and she saw Mrs. Montana decorating the conference hall with the pictures of bees, just as Mrs. Bilge entered, Mrs. Montana saw Mrs. Bilge and said;

“Oh hello Bilge, I was waiting for you, let’s set up this conference hall for the competition.” Said Mrs. Montana

“Let’s begin” Said Mrs. Bilge and started to set up the conference hall. They prepared the slides, The decorations, the computer and everything else needed for the competition.

They finished after the ring ringed -the ring that ended the 2nd lesson-

“I have the list of participants, is there any update on the participants list, maybe some of the students joined in the last second, who knows?” said Mrs. Montana

“No, I am afraid no one joined or quit the competition recently” said Mrs. Bilge, forgetting about Osman.

“Then we are ready! It’s time to wait for our precious students to come here and run the actual show!” said Mrs. Montana

“Let’s start waiting” said Mrs. Bilge

During the recess Osman tried to think about what to do, he was still thinking for ideas for his comic but couldn’t find any. It seemed like he had made lots of comics that he couldn’t think of any ideas now.

After the school rings ringed, Science and Technologies Teacher entered the class. After greeting the students, he said;

“Sadly, we won’t be spending time with each other this lesson in this classroom as there is a competition this lesson that will last 2

lessons, we are going to the conference hall now, so line up!" said the Science and Technologies Teacher.

The students lined up and went downstairs to the Conference Hall. It was a little bit of crowded there, but the 7/A Students had no problem finding seats to sit. The competition was about to start and Osman was excited to watch to competition.

After a while, Mrs. Montana got up stage, accompanied with applause and started speaking with her microphone:

"Dear students, teachers and principals, welcome to the first spelling bee competition of Stinson Collage!" said Mrs. Montana, as she got applauded.

"Now, let the competition begin!" She said as curtains behind her opened, with Mrs. Bilge and the projection of a slide behind him appearing, the competition was now about to begin. The people who had joined the competition had sat on the front row of the seats in conference hall, so they could get to the stage faster.

"Welcome Students, As Mrs. Montana mentioned before, we can now start the competition, are we ready? Let's go! First Person; Makbule Değirmenci please come to the stage!" said Mrs. Bilge with her microhpne as the slide for Makbule Değirmenci appeared behind her.

Makbule Değirmenci stand up and went to the stage, she was nervous a little but it wasn't noticable at all and was completely normal, it was the first spelling bee competition of the school.

Mrs. Bilge gave her the microphone that she had and after 10 seconds Mrs. Montana gave him the first word to spell;

"Hello Makbule, please spell "Kindness"" said Mrs. Montana.

"Kindness, K, I, N, D, N, E, S, S. Kindness." said Makbule Değirmenci.

"Thats correct! Your next word is "Peace" said Mrs. Montana

"Peace, P, E, A, S, E, Peace" said Makbule Değirmenci.

"Im sorry but that was wrong" said Mrs. Montana as Mrs. Bilge took the microphone from her.

"The next person is; Lütfü Küçük! Please come to the stage!" said Mrs. Bilge. Lütfü Küçük came to the stage afterwards, Mrs. Bilge gave her microphone to him as Mrs. Montana prepeared to ask the first word to him

"Please spell "Peace"" said Mrs. Montana.

"Peace, P, E, A, C, E, Peace" said Lütfü Küçük.

“That is correct, your next word is “Innate””

“Innate, I, N, N, A, T, E, Innate” said Lütfü Küçük.

“Correct, your next word is Combustible” said Mrs. Montana as Makbule Değirmenci thought that Lütfü Küçük was going to win the competition, because in her opinion he had already answered 2 hard words and didn’t look like he was having a problem. Osman, meanwhile was watching the competition in excitement.

“Could you use the word in a sentence please?” said Lütfü Küçük

“Dont build your house with wood solely! Wood is a combustible material!” said Mrs. Montana.

“Combustible, C, O, M, B, A, S, T, I, B, L, E” said Lütfü küçük.

“Sorry, that is the wrong answer” said Mrs. Montana as Mrs. Bilge took the microphone away from Lütfü Küçük.

“The Next student is Ender Teke. Please come to the stage!” Mrs. Bilge said, after Ender Teke came to the stage, Mrs. Montana asked the same word to him;

“Combustible, please spell this word” said Mrs. Montana.

“Combustible, K, O, M, B, U, S, T, I, B, E, L” said Ender Teke.

“Sorry, but that’s the wrong answer!” said Mrs. Montana as Mrs. Bilge took the microphone from her with great dissapointment.

“Alright, the next student is; Mehmet Sadık” said Mrs. Bilge. Mehmet Sadık came to the stage. Mrs. Montana asked the same word to him;

“Combustible, please spell this word” said Mrs. Montana

“Combustible, C, O, M, B, U, S, T, I, B, L, E, Combustible” said Mehmet Sadık.

“Correct! Your next word is “Forbear”” said Mrs. Montana

“Forbear, F, O, R, B, E, A, R, Forbear” said Mehmet Sadık.

“Correct! Your next word is “Assertion”” said Mrs. Montana

“Could you use the word in a sentence please?” said Mehmet Sadık.

“I don’t agree with his assertion that men are better speakers than women”

“Assertion, A, S, S, E, R, S, H, I, O, N, Assertion” said Mehmet Sadık with confidence that he got from spelling “Combustible” true.

“Im sorry, but you spelled the word wrong” Mrs. Montana said as Mrs. Bilge took the microphone from him with worry.

“His score looks the same with Lütfü Küçük, I wonder if we’ll have 2 winners” thought Mrs. Bilge. She looked to the list in her hand to read the next person; Osman. But had he quit the competition or not? Mrs. Bilge couldn’t remember properly.

“Had he quit the competition? I kind of remember him quitting the competition but when? and if he had quit why was he on the list that Mrs. Montana had given to me? Better not risk it” Mrs. Bilge thought.

“Next student is Osman-” said Mrs. Bilge, Osman, upon hearing his name and surname and seeing the slide made for him was shocked. He had quit the competition today, but still, he was being called to the stage.

“Where is Osman?” said Mrs. Bilge, as Osman raised her hand.

“Osman, I think you didn’t hear us, please come down to the stage to spell the next word, probably “assertion”.

“But I just quit the competition! I can’t and won't compete in the competition” said Osman as everyone looked at him, shocked.

“What” Mrs. Bilge said and just remembered that Osman had indeed quit the competition just before she came to the conference hall.

“What’s happening right now is vileness!” Mrs. Montana thought.

“Ok, It looks like Osman doesn’t want to compete, the next student is Eylül Tilki!” said Mrs. Bilge

The competition started to get interesting after Eylül Tilki, The students before her could only spell 2 words, but the ones came after him spelled more than 2 words, Eylül Tilki spelled 7 words right, everyone thought she would win until Aygün Avcı showed up.

“Please spell “Metaphor””

“Correct! Your next word is “Absenteeism””

“Correct! Your next word is “Convalesce”

“Correct! Your next word is “Inoculate””

“Correct! Your next word is “Philanthropy””

Aygün Avcı was spelling words like a machine, Mrs. Montana was worried that she would actually spell all the words given to students. However, she couldn’t just spell all the words.

“Please spell “Scrutinize”” said Mrs. Montana

Scrutinize? Scuritimize? What was that word again? Aygün Avcı looked like she had a bad luck today, because “Scrutinize” was the only word on the list that she wasn’t able to memorize the spelling of!

“Scuritinize, S, C, U, R, I, T, I, N, I, Z, E, Scuritinize, I mean Scrutinize! OH NO!” she said, and screamed afterwards.

“Judging by your scream, i think you already understood that this wasn’t the correct answer” said Mrs. Montana, while Mrs. Bilge took the microphone from her. She had spelled a total of 11 words, so she thought that despite a scream that could cause her to disqualify, she could still win the competition.

And she was right. After all participants participated, it was now time for Mrs. Montana to finalize the score. Had she disqualified Aygün Avcı? After finalizing the Score board, he gave the list to Mrs. Bilge. Mrs. Bilge got to the center of the stage and started speaking;

“Dear participant students, thanks for participating. Now here are the scores of The Spelling Bee competition!” she said, before starting to read out the names;

“Congratulations to Aygün Avcı for being in the first place! Congratulations for Eylül Tilki for being in the second place, and finally, Congratulations for Cevdet Macar for being in the third place! You may come to the stage to collect your gifts and take photos” said Mrs. Bilge

The students, whose names were called came to the stage with Mrs. Montana, they lined up and took a photograph together, then they collected their gifts, after collecting their gifts, Mrs. Bilge called out for other participants to come to the stage;

“Dear participants, please come to the stage for another picture, this time with all of us!” said Mrs. Bilge.

Other Participants came to the stage and took a picture with English Teachers.

“Thanks everyone here for participating in this competition, now let’s go back to our classes!” said Mrs. Bilge.

Right after saying the sentence, Students started to leave the Conference Hall and go back to their classes.

At the end of the day, At the beginning of the Guidance Lesson, Mrs. Bilge asked to 7/A;

“How was the competition students?” asked Mrs. Bilge

Baha immediately raised her hand and spoke;

“The girl named Aygün or something acted so uncouth! I mean she screamed so loud, that she should have been disqualified!” said Baha

“Says the uncouth” said Hüsniye, without raising her hand.

“Hey hey hey! Now please no arguments in the guidance lesson please!” said Mrs. Bilge.

Arguments in guidance lessons were becoming a thing now, Mrs. Bilge had noticed it but wasn't taking it too seriously since she thought it was a temporary thing, plus they were just children and this was expected to happen.

However, this wasn't a temporary situation and thus this situation was driving both Osman and Mrs. Bilge crazy. For Mrs. Bilge, the class was getting worse and worse, more tiring and harder to control by each day and there seemed to be no logical explanation for it at all, the classic "The Weather is heating" wasn't a reason because it was still winter!

For Osman, it was a problem because he was getting bullied more by each day. The paper models he made was being made fun out of, the comics made by him was getting edited by Ramazan, and more terrible things for Osman... This was making it harder for him to fill in the blankness that had been created after his mother put his entire comics and paper models into the trash can the last semester holiday. Osman was about to lose his temper by this speed.

At the end of the month of February, yet another coterie meeting was held like the usual.

Mrs. Bilge woke up early and ate her breakfast. After eating her breakfast, she went to The Stinson Collage, The school where she taught usually. The coterie meeting this time was going to be held in The Stinson Collage. She went to the class of 7/A and prepared the room for the coterie meeting.

Mrs. Montana arrived to the school about 8:00 AM, her friend Zhuldyz arrived about the same time. When they saw each other in the hall of the first floor, they greeted each other.

“Hey Montana, how are you today?” said Mrs. Zhuldyz

“I'm doing good, what about you?” said Mrs. Montana

“I'm doing good too, I am excited about the coterie meeting today, aren't you excited too?” said Mrs. Zhuldyz.

“I'm indeed excited, why are we waiting in the hall? Let's wait for the others in the class of 7/A, where the coterie meeting is going to be held” said Mrs. Montana

“Alright” said Mrs. Zhuldyz, and went upstairs to the class of 7/A with Mrs. Montana.

The coterie meeting started about 9:00 AM after other teachers arrived.

During the coterie meeting the usual stuff was talked about, The situation of lessons, the yearly plan, the status of teachers and the students, the activities and the new education methods. While at activities part an interesting conversation happened:

“So, whats the situation of the activities, this month we were supposed to do the Spelling Bee in all Stinson Collage schools, did we do it?”

All the teachers in the room nodded, the activity was done in all schools. Mrs. Zhuldyz even added a few words;

“I am so proud of our students, they did extremely well, Especiall Canan Barış did extremely well, she spelled near 20 words consecutively!”

Mrs. Montana was surprised, that was a lot of words and a big success. The students of her did worse than that, with highest spelling streak being 11. Mrs. Bilge was surprised too.

“Isn’t that too high?” Mrs. Bilge thought.

“Did we do something wrong when educating our students?” Mrs. Montana thought.

“Congratulations for you then, it seems like you educated and prepared your students very well that they did good on the competition” said Mrs. Bilge, the head of the English Coterie.

The coterie meeting ended at 6 PM.

The Month of March was about to begin, and this meant one important, actually 2 important things for Osman;

The Story Telling Competition and less time to fill in the blankness.

Mrs. Bilge was also in excitement, she wondered how would students perform. However, there were still days remaining to the competition and they had to wait.

In March 2014, Osman suddenly wondered about “Well-done” Teacher, the nickname of Bahar Teacher for her continuous usage of the phrase “Well done”. Osman didn’t like Well-done teacher as he thought that he was angry all the time and that he had unusual teaching methods, he especially remembered when she made the students write and translate the entire English book as punishment when he was at the 4th grade! Osman was kind of happy when she was replaced by Mrs. Bilge –who he thought was a student at first- when he was attending at the 6th grade. Like Adil Teacher, Mrs. Bilge had also come to The Stinson Collage in the middle of the school year.

Osman, as a side effect of his increasing rage, had started to act uncouth a little.

It was the first Wednesday of March, it was the 7th lesson, In the beginning lesson continued (the English lesson had started in the 6th lesson) as normal.

“Students, We have just read the paragraph about an American boy who helped the Bluecoats against the Redcoats, now let’s analyze the text and look for the key words, which are already listed as you can see from reading the right side of the page. Who might be the Redcoats?” said Mrs. Bilge

Osman was pretty excited about the lesson, because he knew American History pretty much unlike many other people in the class. However, he because he was shy a little, he preferred to stay quiet.

“No answer? Please read the informative box on the left side of the page, its already written there. Redcoats were the name given to the British Soldiers during The Revolutionary War.” Mrs. Bilge

After looking for such keywords about The Revolutionary War, The Teacher said;

“Lets turn to the next page, the vocabulary part. Now students, please look at your dictionaries for the words written on the page. You have 5 minutes” said Mrs. Bilge

While writing the words in the page, Osman approached the students who was sitting next to him at the moment and said;

“I can’t believe Bilge Teacher wants Well-Done teacher back!” said Osman.

Mrs. Bilge immediately turned to her back, looking at Osman and said;

“I can’t believe Bilge Teacher what?!” said Mrs. Bilge

Osman had done it. Disciplinary Council -the council that Osman had feared- was now inevitable. Despite the horrible things the class had done to him, he was the one to get in trouble. And this was just one of the bad things that happened to him recently, he was bullied, his creations were edited by other people and more. He unleashed his rage;

“NO!” Osman said, before suddenly standing up, scaring the student next to him.

“NOOO!” Osman said again, before ripping his book and throwing the things on his table at random directions

The entire class looked at Osman shockingly, Mrs. Bilge got even angrier at Osman, right before he was about to “GET OUT OF THE CLASS OSMAN!”, Osman did something even she didn’t expect, despite knowing Osman well, but honestly everything he did today was unexpected, as she knew, Osman was a nice and calm student, not the monster she was seeing in front of her.

Osman threw his desk, causing tables to turn literally. He then proceeded to throw the desk in front of him too. He screamed “NO!”, while the class ran away in screams and took cover in the left front side of the class, where there was a door. Ramazan had exited the class in fear to call the Vice-Principal of the school.

Mrs. Osman, The Vice-Principal of the school was sitting calmly in his office, he had wondered what were the screams he heard in the upper floor.

“I think I am hearing things again, screams, especially this sudden is unusual” he thought. Just before his door was knocked in a hurry.

“Come in and don’t break my door!” Mrs. Osman said.

Ramazan opened the door and proceeded to the office of Mrs. Osman.

“Teacher! I have extremely bad news! Osman, the student of course, not you, don’t get the wrong idea, has gone insane! He is currently throwing everything he gets in his hands, including the desks!” Ramazan said.

“Oh my god” Mrs. Osman said.

“Are you kidding me? Or are you serious!” Mrs. Osman added.

“I am of course serious, see it for yourself! Also, Teacher would never let me out of the class if this wasn’t happening!” Ramazan said.

“You are right, let’s go” said Mrs. Osman.

Mrs. Osman got upstairs with Ramazan and went to the Teacher’s room.

“Can 2 teachers follow me? I need 2 teachers to drag Osman out of the Class of 7/A if he is really throwing desks, chairs, and everything he gets in his hand” Mrs. Osman said.

“Sure, I'll come” said A The Science and Technologies Teacher with A English Teacher, both were on their free time of the day.

They saw Osman throwing stuff before entering the class –The Door was left open- The 2 teachers rushed into the class and got into Osman’s hands.

“Let me out!” Osman said.

“Thats exacty where he is going” whispered one of the students, but no one heard it.

The teachers didn’t say anything as they dragged Osman out of the class while Mrs. Bilge, The Students and Mrs. Osman watched the scene. Some teachers also got curious after hearing all the screams, and observed the scene behind the doors of their class.

After Osman was dragged into the Vice-Principal's office, he knew he was in trouble, meanwhile in the class, Students now had to take care of the mess Osman had created.

“Ok Students, I guess we will be doing spring cleaning now instead of English lesson!” Mrs. Bilge said before starting to reorganize the classroom with the students. Right after the re-organization finished, the school ring ringed.

“What did just happen” Mrs. Bilge thought, the same could be said for the students.

When the others students of 7/A who were in the B Grade entered the class, first thing they talked was the sounds of screams;

“Did you hear the screams?” said Baha to one student.

“We were the ones who screamed in fear!” said the student to Baha.

“What? Really?” said Hüsniye.

“Yes, Osman just threw about 2 desks, all of his books, his bag, his pencil, some of our books and pencils to literally every corner of the school. We were scared and I was shocked about what Osman just did” Doruk said.

This also was discussed in other classes, but none of them knew the story of what actually happened.

The next lesson, was filled with discussion about what did just happen.

This wouldn’t be the only Time Osman would get uncouth and unleash his rage.

After the school finished, everybody went to their homes, when Mrs. Montana was about to leave the school, Mrs. Bilge stopped him and talked about what did Osman just do.

“Oh my god, how could he done that?” Mrs. Montana said.

“I think we should forget this and let it slide, but this is a very clear message that the situation of our students are not good, they are getting worse and worse every day, I started to get tired to get them listen to my lessons!”

“You are very right about every word you just said, even Osman is not behaving well!” said Mrs. Montana

On the second Monday of March, Mrs. Montana made Osman stand up for the entire lesson for his uncouth actions and not behaving well in the Mrs. Bilge’s lesson. Osman, was angry so he got his scissors and started cutting the letters “H, A, T, E” in the worksheet that Mrs. Montana had gave to him. Mrs. Montana, after noticing this immediately ordered Osman to get out of the class.

“Get out of my class!” said Mrs. Montana, to Osman.

Osman, got out of the class and when he was asked why was he kicked out of the class he blamed the teacher for trying to pick up a fight with him. Of course, this was not true, but Osman was now a bad boy and definitely not the Old Osman. His personality had changed with the factors of the outside world, The very same day, during the Long Recess Osman and Mrs. Montana met in the stairs. Mrs. Montana approached Osman and said;

“Osman, you were one of my best students, what happened to you?” Mrs. Montana said with sadness and disappointment in her face. After receiving no reply, she continued her daily routine and went to the Teachers Room. There, she saw Mrs. Bilge sitting and thinking.

“Can you believe what Osman did?” Mrs. Montana said to Mrs. Bilge

“Yes, this is the second time you have told me about Osman’s uncouth actions during your lesson” said Mrs. Bilge

“Now he didn’t even respond to my question when I asked him about what happened to him when we met on stairs! Can you believe it?” said Mrs. Montana

“No, this is odd. Osman usually doesn’t ignore his teachers” said Mrs. Bilge

“Osman we know is dead, like it or not. We have a new uncouth Osman to deal with” said Mrs. Montana

“He is just like any other student, we can just warn him and he’ll return to being his older self” said Mrs. Bilge

“I don’t think this is a temporary change, and guessing by his age, I think this is his new personality and not just a side effect of the spring” said Mrs. Montana

“I honestly don’t know” said Mrs. Bilge

The rest of the day was horrible for Osman as people were gossiping about him now. Mrs. Montana had a sad day over losing one of his best students, Mrs. Bilge also didn’t have a good day because he may have just lost a good student.

In the 3rd Wednesday of the March, There was Story Telling Competition.

The day started horrible for Osman, who couldn't get good sleep and even woke up later than usual, causing him to nearly miss his school bus. The weather was cloudy and cold. Mrs. Montana started the day as usual, same could be said for Mrs. Bilge. They ate their breakfasts and went to the school.

Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana met each other at the Teachers room, they decided they would start preparing the conference hall in the long recess, since the competition was going to be held in the 5th and 6th lessons.

And they started to prepare the conference hall for the competition in the long recess, the participants were called early because they had to wear their costumes and prepare too. The slides for the Story Telling Competition were prepared, stage props were prepared, the costumes were prepared, everything was prepared nicely. When it was the 5th lesson, every student in The Stinson Collage Middle School part –The part that was able to watch the competition- was excited for the competition. It was going to be a fun show for everybody. Even those who hated English lessons were excited, only because they viewed the competition as entrainment and a break from the lessons, even though they were correct as the competition was entertainment, it was definitely not a break from the lessons, the competition itself was a lesson, a lesson where English knowledge, Acting skills, Teamwork skills and more were shown.

In 7/A, the lesson was Arts and Crafts, Osman was sad that such a valuable lesson was lost to a competition he couldn't even join. He thought the competition was going to be boring. When the teacher arrived, she ordered students to line up and follow him. They went

downstairs to the conference hall with other student groups. The class of 7/A found and sit on a good place they found. The competition was about to start. 10 Minutes later, Behind the curtains, Mrs. Bilge was standing and was about to welcome the students to the competition. The Physical Education teacher meanwhile was shouting several sentences such as; “Be silent children! The competition is about to start!” “Do we have to warn you every single time to be silent?” and “Silence please”.

The last sentence he shouted was “Silence please” as Music started to play and all lights but the stage lights were closed. Mrs. Bilge moved to the front of the stage and the curtain.

“Welcome students and welcome to The Story Telling Competition, we hope this competition will be great for everybody!” said Mrs. Bilge, right afterwards she received an applause.

“I hope you applaud after every single play, our students worked very hard on them and today they are going to show them without stage fear, without nervousness, with teamwork, with acting and English skills. Enjoy the competition everyone!” said Mrs. Bilge, she received an applause later this too.

“The first play is called The Rise and Fall Of Evil of the Robots, portrayed by the class of 5/A and 5/B!” Mrs. Bilge said before leaving the stage.

Curtains opened and music started to play, 2 students were on the stage. They seemed like they were the narrators. One of them started to speak;

“Its 2030 and Technology has improved, Robots with AI had been introduced many years ago, but it was, in 2030 that some of them got evil.” said the student.

“They robbed the bank for money at first, the world was shocked” said the same student.

The female student behind the student started to speak right after when the student stopped talking;

“They used the money to equip themselves with weapons. They had a goal” the female student said.

“To wipe out the human race from the face of earth!” Both said.

The slides were being projected behind them. The projected slide was now a scene of a park, the narrators left the stage and 2 new students in fancy costumes got to the stage.

“It's a very nice day, isn't it?” said one of the students, to the other student.

“It is! Too bad we have to go to the school” said the other student.

“But I like school, I would cry if the school was destroyed!” said the student.

“Umm, where is that smoke coming from?” said the other student.

“From our school! Hurry! Let’s prove I am wrong!” said the student, as they ran around the stage, the slide behind them changed into a

burning school. Osman was watching the competition in shock, how was this approved? Same could be said for Mrs. Bilge, how had Mrs. Montana had approved this? Although the topic looked bad, the acting, props and costume design was spectacular, Just as Mrs. Bilge was thinking about the costume design, a student with a robot costume entered the stage.

“I think I am going to faint” said the student.

“Its the Destroyer!” said the student.

“Yes that’s right, I am the destroyed, what about dying first before fainting? Muhahaha” said the student who portrayed the Destroyed.

“Who will save us now?” both of the students said, just as another student with robot costume appeared in the stage.

“It's the Protector!” said both of the students.

“I will!” said the student who portrayed the Protector.

“Protector, we met again, you are not going to survive this time!” said the student who portrayed the Destroyer.

“Says the loser” said the student who portrayed the Protector”

They started to fight as they stopped speaking in stage with props such as robotic sword and guns, a battle music was playing behind the stage. Osman though this was a good play, same could be said for Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana, however both teachers were displeased with the violence. However, the plot was good, in a moment of despair, a good robot had appeared for a better future for humanity and robots.

“I win” said the student who portrayed the Protector.

“Yay we are saved” said the students.

“Good AI robots will save the world now!” said the student who portrayed the protector. The female narrator got up to the stage and started speaking;

“And so, the war between the evil and good had started” said the female narrator. The other narrator appeared behind her and got next to her and said;

“Eventually the good won! The peace was back on earth! The end” said both of the narrators.

They received a lot of applause as the stage curtains closed. Now props were being prepared for the next play, 5 minutes later, the stage was ready. Mrs. Bilge got up stage and said;

“The next play is “Droplets can form a lake”, performed by the students of 6/A and 6/B” said Mrs. Bilge as she received applause. The stage curtains opened soon after.

3 students appeared on the stage, none of them were wearing costumes and were on their default school uniforms, one of them said;

“Allison, what are you doing in this beautiful day?” said the student.

“John, im studying.” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“But there are 2 more weeks until the exam!” said the student who portrayed John.

“John, daily studying is important, droplets of information can form a lake of information over time.” said the student who portrayed Allison

“Whatever, Jack, let's go! Let's have some fun while she gets bored studying!” said the student who portrayed John.

Another student appeared on the stage, it seemed like he had no role, he probably was a narrator.

“So, Jack and John left the class and ditched the school for the day” said the narrator.

“Come on Allison, Study! Studying is important for your future!” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“Allison continued to study in both school and in house, after 2 weeks it was the time for the exams, the first exam was just over” the narrator said.

“This exam was great for me! It went so well, it was just great! Hey John, how was your exam?” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“Horrible, it was terrible, it didn’t go well, despite my efforts and studying...” said the student who portrayed John

“Don't lie straight into my face John” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“What? I studied last night and showed some effort! Wasn't that enough for the exam?” said the student who portrayed John.

“No, it isn't. Droplets of information forms a lake, not a single droplet!” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“I regret my life choices” said the student who portrayed John.

“The past is in the past, now look to the future. Don’t do the thing you regret again, alright?” said the student who portrayed Allison.

“Alright” said the student who portrayed John. Narrator appeared again;

“So, John started to study every day from that day on, and his grades improved! The end” the narrator said.

There was an applause, however it looked like it was just for respect, not because students had liked the play. For some students it was just some boring educational play after all. Mrs. Montana and Mrs. Bilge had liked the play, it was a play that encouraged studying. The competition continued with more play's that entertained people and the teachers, it was now the time for the final play.

"The next and final play is "The Wallet"" Mrs. Bilge said.

4 Students appeared on the stage, one was dressed up as a businessman, while other 3 wore casual clothing. The projector was projecting a picture of a crowded street behind the students. No one moved for a little time, Osman wondered what was this play about, just as he was about to think "this is boring", a student approached the student dressed as businessman and took his wallet, the student portraying the businessman said;

"Someone, help! My wallet!"

2 Students then started to chase the pick-pocketer around the stage. The portrayal and acting was so bad that Osman thought "This has to be the worst play of the entire competition, I saw about 6 to 8 plays today!" after a while the pick-pocketer was caught by one of the students chasing him, but look at that, the student who caught the pick-pocketer turned out to be a thief and stole the wallet from the pick-pocketer! The student who portrayed the businessman said;

"You've got to be kidding me"

Osman thought "What". As the other student started to chase the surprise thief, he eventually caught him, he then found the businessman and gave him his wallet back. The student who portrayed The Businessmen said;

"Thank you very much for saving my wallet, little did those 2 thieves know, the wallet was empty! Here, have some money as an award"

And then the curtains closed. Osman was confused about the play. What had he just saw? Could that be called a play?

It was now time for the jury –The English Teachers- to vote on who which competition was the winner, It was going to be hard for the teachers to vote on who would be the winner because all competitions had hard work and effort put into it. Osman patiently waited for the results to be announced, after 5 minutes Mrs. Bilge got up to the stage and announced the results;

“Dear students, thanks for participating in the Story Telling Competition today. Here are the results of the competition; The first place goes to “Droplets can form a lake”!, The second place goes to “The Rise and Fall of Evil of The Robots!” and the third place goes to “A Story”!, Congratulations for the top 3! Their gifts will be given at the end of this week!” said Mrs. Bilge.

In the fourth Wednesday of the month of March, in the final (8th) lesson, it was time for club activities. Usually, only the first guidance lesson of the month wasn’t for the club activities. However, this sometimes changed, but such changes were announced before the guidance lessons. Osman was In the Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana was in the English Club.

Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club was a literature club only by name, while it was true that they did club activities such as reading a book written by Cahit Zarifoğlu, later on it literally became a TEOG Preparation Club where students solved tests to prepare for the upcoming TEOG exams. Sometimes, the club would not meet in the club activities lesson because of TEOG preparations. Osman, in

situations like this would go to the other clubs –usually the Van Gogh Arts and Crafts Club-. Today wasn't such a day and the Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club met at their classroom, 8/A while the English Club meet at their classroom, 7/A. When Osman entered the class, he wasn't shocked at all. The students were solving tests. Osman was the only non-8th grader in the entire club. Teacher arrived to the class after the second ring ringed. Osman, like usual opened a book and started to read it. Meanwhile on 7/A, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana had just entered the class. The English Club was one of the rare clubs where there were more than 2 teachers assigned to a club. They were about to do club activities while The Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club members did nothing but solve tests and not do any club activities.

“Hello students, today we are going to do some book analysis and then play a game!” said Mrs. Montana in excitement.

“Did you bring your English storybooks? Please open your English storybooks and look out for the words you don't know.” said Mrs. Bilge

Students immediately opened their English storybooks and started to look out for the words, they noted the words they didn't know and looked at their dictionaries for the meaning of the words.

Meanwhile in the Cahit Zarifoğlu Literature Club, Osman was continuing to read his book while other people solved tests.

Back in The English Club, After 20 minutes, Mrs. Montana said;

“Ok, enough word looking for today, now let’s play a game as 2 teams!” and then divided the club members into 2 groups. After dividing the students into 2 groups, they started to play the game they were supposed to play and had fun together while also learning. After the ring ringed, club members, including the teachers were sad that the club time was over. Osman, on the other hand wasn’t feeling sad or happy, he had liked the book that he was reading and without the club, he would have never discovered Cahit Zarifoğlu and his books. Because of the books written by Cahit Zarifoğlu, he was never bored during the club hours.

In the Fourth Saturday of March, The English Coterie met again to discuss the usual things they discussed. Also, the weather was going to start heating up soon and all of the English teachers were worried about the students. When weathers warmed up, students would start to act lazy and would get harder to control. This was a topic to discuss about during the coterie meeting. DojoClass was also discussed and it was decided that it should be tried on the students the very next year.

In the first Monday of the month of April, Mrs. Montana wake up normally, only to see a missed call from the tour agency he was working with, they had called when Mrs. Montana normally woke up as a coincidence. Mrs. Montana, after changing her clothes and eating her breakfast, called the tour agency back.

“Hello, this is Mrs. Montana; might I learn why was I called?” said Mrs. Montana.

“Hello Mrs. Montana, let me talk with the agency, I'll be right back” said the assistant who picked up the phone. A minute later, she responded;

“Hello again Mrs. Montana. You were called because your work contract is about to expire” said the agency assistant.

“What? Oh no I completely forgot to negotiate to extend it didn't I?” thought Mrs. Montana, before saying;

“Ok, thank you.” as he hung up the phone.

Mrs. Montana was in trouble. His work contract was going to end in June 4 2014, and with that she would had to go back to her home country, The United States Of America.

“I can just negotiate later and extend my contract, I'll only want an extra week since schools here close in June 13 2014” Mrs. Montana thought.

Over the course of the month of April, like teachers expected the students got lazier, more uncouth and harder to control. In fact, in the first Monday of April, the same day Mrs. Montana found out that her contract was about to expire, the first extremely uncouth behavior of students happened.

The students of 7/B broke one light and the windows.

No one was sure how it happened, however the most likely case scenario was that students were playing soccer inside the classroom when the ball got out of control, hit one of the lights and then the

window. This explained the sad look on students face, who had just lost their soccer ball and the circle shaped hole in the window.

Osman learned about this incident on Wednesday in Religious Lesson, when he saw the big hole in the window when he entered the class. The Religious Lessons of boys of 7th grades were done in 7/B as Boys and Girls separated during the Religious Lessons.

However, this wasn't the last damage to the class that 7th graders did, in the very same week someone damaged the bulletin board, some of the bulletin board was peeled off and someone had written "long live 7/A" on the bulletin board.

The things were starting to get out of control, 7th graders were becoming worse than the previous 7th graders, who were actually calmer when they were 7th graders and now even calmer in the 8th grade due to the nearing TEOG exams, which 2nd of the TEOG exams were in the month of April. This meant there were only days left for the exam now and 8th graders had no time to goof off. None of the 7th graders, including Osman, who had a little bit of idea what was TEOG and why was it so important due to being in The Cahit Zarifloğu Literature Club, was studying for the upcoming TEOG exam early. Their reasoning was either they knew nothing about the exam, some even not hearing the name "TEOG" ever before, or that the exam was for 8th graders and preparing from the 7th grade was useless.

Mrs. Bilge wondered how would 7th graders act like if SBS still existed. SBS was an exam that lasted 2 years, it was held in 7th grade and the 8th grade. Mrs. Bilge guessed that the current 7th graders

could be calmer and break the calmest 7th graders record if SBS still existed.

The school was starting to get dull, boring, and dangerous for Osman. Osman had the danger of getting bullied every day and was getting bullied in the majority of days. Students now commented on his actions the wrong way and tried to show every action of him bad since the actions he did the last month. Despite his growing hate and personality change, he managed to shake up and show respect to teachers again. He had stopped being so uncouth and showed respect and interest in English lesson again. In the 2nd Thursday of the month of April, Osman talked about his plan of holding an English comic competition in one of the English lessons. Osman said it would be fun because no such event was held in this school year. Mrs. Bilge agreed with Osman, and a student had came up with the idea of a self-hosted English competition, it could be a great opportunity for the students to take a break and still study English at the same time. So, it was only natural for Mrs. Bilge to accept Osman's idea. According to Osman, it was going to be an excellent and fun competition.

When the time for English lesson come, Mrs. Bilge entered the class and said;

"Dear students, today we are going to do something different. Osman, please stand up and tell the students what we are going to do"

Osman stood up and said;

"Today we are going to do a competition, Comic Writing Competition that is!"

The teacher had brought papers with her before entering the class, she handed them over the entire class and entire class started to draw comics. The students were given 30 minutes to draw comics, 30 minutes later (before 10 minutes to the end of the lesson), comics were collected by a team of judges selected by Mrs. Bilge. One of the members were, naturally, Osman. Osman voted on each Comic with other members of the judge. The winner of the competition was Gülizar, who was known for her excellent drawing skills. Right before she was about to crowned “The Queen of Comics”, the entire classroom objected and caused chaos mid-lesson. This caused Osman and Mrs. Bilge to cancel the competition. Osman was sad and angry while Mrs. Bilge was disappointed. After the lesson Naime approached Osman and asked if she could take the crown to make her younger brother happy, Osman accepted and gave the crown to her.

After the competition, no significant event happened in the school. Days continued with usual teaching stuff, 2nd and 3rd exams were held where Osman recovered his falling scores. The time passed quickly and it was now June.

Mrs. Montana, despite all her hard work could not increase the length of her contract, and had to leave the school soon. He had informed the school about this issue and they had approved of Mrs. Montana leaving the school early, the students had no idea of this until the early June when Mrs. Bilge told the students about the leave of Mrs. Montana. The announcement she made in 7/A was this;

“Students, I have sad new today, Mrs. Montana has to leave the school due to problems with her tour agency”

The final lesson that 7/A had with her was in the day of June 3 2014. She entered the class with a box of chocolate. She gave a small talk on the year she had;

“... and so, thanks for the wonderful year that you, the students gave me. Please accept these chocolates as a gift from me to you as a thanks. We had great times, but everything has an end.” she said these words before students lined up for chocolate, Osman watched this in distance.

The last word she said to students was touching and sad for Osman, the last word of her was;

“Goodbye”

Osman found the word so touching and the actions of the students so uncouth, students didn't care that Mrs. Montana was leaving, they only cared about the chocolate. Was this the situation of the class? Were students heartless? For Osman, it seemed liked so.

A week later, it was the last week of the school. In the Tuesday of that week, the school report cards were printed and nearly no one came to the school in 7/A, for Osman this was a proof of students not caring about the school and the people inside of it. Osman continued to come until the last day.

Mrs. Bilge was now all alone in the Teachers Room, with no close friends to talk to, she only talked to English teachers often as a part of business. Mrs. Montana was gone and her absence was felt.

In Friday, students came to the school and got their report cards, Osman got a Certificate Of Appreciation as usual. He had always got a Certificate Of Appreciation since the certificate was started to be given.

So, the school year ended in darkness for Osman, he was able to get a Certificate Of Appreciation, but at what cost? He had changed, his comics were gone and were not replaced, and plus he did not know yet but he had made his teachers extremely sad and had acted so uncouth.

Osman left the school via his school bus at noon. He would never enter the school until September.

Mrs. Bilge left the school about 4:20 PM. She still had business in school –the seminars of the teachers- and would continue to come until July. She would start to come back this August because of the Seminars.

The School year was finally over. It had started in hope and brightness, but it had ended terribly wrong and sad for Osman, Mrs. Bilge and Mrs. Montana.

The end.