

George (Ζωπζ) Sari, ***At school again***

The classroom celebrates the joy of the first day. Hugs, kisses, laughter, voices and whispers, small and big secrets, freshly ironed aprons, new shoes, new bags, short hair, long hair, pigtails, clips, barrettes, combs, ribbons. Bright eyes filled with seas and mountains, filled with games, filled with madness. The classroom is overflowing with summer memories. Each student has something to say about their own summer.

Lena went to Kifissia, stayed at a large hotel, the "Semiramis" ... She ate lunch and dinner at the restaurant ...

Ida went to the island of the Knights, in Rhodes ...

Athenoula went to her grandmother's house, in Palioseli of Konitsa.

-Grandma did everything for me.

(Her father and stepmother went to Europe again ...)

Alkie in the eternal Marousi with its walks.

-... and in the evening we went to the movies with Lenio ...

Annoula in Faliro with a hat until the sun sets and then a woolen jacket, so that the child does not catch a cold ...

-Ah!

George (Ζωπζ) barefoot in Kavuri.

-We left with Rene in the morning, very early, to catch the sea in oil, and we returned to eat at two o'clock. In the evenings ...

-Where did you go on vacation? I asked Lily.

And she, without coloring the word, answered:

-In Paris.

-And how is Paris?

-How do you want it to be? Paris.

Kiki went to Mani.

-Well, and you should have seen my grandfather's tower! The ancestors hang on the walls, and at the carved long table twenty-four people sit, and above the table there is a bronze chandelier with twenty-four lamps ...

The fancy. Try to distinguish, when he speaks, the lie from the truth ...

Athena went to Kerasia, at her grandmother's house. She read, wrote to her friends, wrote poems.

Olga went - where else? - to Chiliomodi. Popi in Loutraki, Tilda in Glyfada, they have their own house there ...

Poseli will not come to school this year. Last year she was very tired, waking up early to make it to class. How does the nightingale song match the Girls' School? After all, now her name is written in large letters outside the Attica Mandra. Around it, at night, colored lights flash. Goodbye, little Poseli ...

-What's your name? They asked the new boarder.

-Marianna Kovou.

-What school did you go to?

-In Thessaloniki ... Now my parents sent me here.

Thin, small, with a head full of curls and curls. Pretty.

Marina almost didn't come either.

-My father wanted to send me to Toronto, to an uncle of his who has no children, very rich ... I didn't want to, I was afraid to leave, and my mother shouted: "I don't give my children to anyone, I want them all near me ...".

Marina has eleven siblings.

And Alba, the quiet one, told them that she went to Aegina and that she had a great time.

(She didn't tell them that Emil, Marina's brother, slipped a note in her pocket on the last day of summer. "I love you," it read, and she didn't sleep all night. Now she's thinking about him ...)

Aegina is the most beautiful island in the world.

She didn't have time to say anything else. George (Ζωρζ) cut her off:

-But I've been to Aegina, by Vagia. I rode a donkey, and the Temple of Aphaia was above our heads. Panagiotis, my friend ...

-We know ... we know, you've told us before! They shouted her friends.

And it was a party on the first day of school.

When Mrs. Erasmia, in her cassock and black slippers, entered the classroom, all the students were flushed.

-Dear students, I wish you good progress ... Miss Clara will announce the program to you.

As soon as Mrs. Principal moved away, there was a commotion from the many applause. The beloved teacher climbed to the seat - she was beautiful, more beautiful than last year. New jacket, blue with white dots, and blue tie. Fantastic! She thanked for the welcome and made them a sign to stop. She said:

"Dear friends, I am very happy to see you again. I believe that this year we will say much, much more than last year ... There is no need to call the roll. Only one new one came to us. Welcome, Marianna ... This year, Miss Clara continued, we will give great importance to language. We will read classical and contemporary writers, and, of course, poetry. I will be very demanding in the essay. We will discuss every grammatical error, even the punctuation. The imagination of the text will be your personal choice. You will be free to write correctly, I

emphasize, correctly, whatever you prefer ... And, to make a good start, I ask you for next Thursday to write an essay on the topic: My summer."

The students were excited. It was the essay that matched their recent past. Each student would have her own things to say. Nineteen separate summers. Miss Clara had chosen The topic!

Before the bell even rang, without pencil and paper, just in the air, each had started her essay. "My own must be the best ...", thought George. She wanted to wash away the shame of last year's copying. If she managed to get an A or even a very good, then she would confess to Miss Clara the deception and apologize. She would not have a hard time writing the essay, she had so much and so much lived in her Kavouri! She would write everything, about the wooden hut, the sea at their feet, the dives from the high rock and the songs of the group on the beach with the rising full moon. Ah, how to describe this silver line that splits the still sea in two!

To stop time on a sheet of paper, to live forever the beauty of her summer! When like Athena goddess she descended the hill, with the sheet white robe and the golden spear, the wood that Rene had painted! Master of the world!

-Hey, Alkie nudged her, you're daydreaming; Let's go down to the yard.

In the yard, big and small students were taking walks, talking, and their words were white birds fluttering around them.