

NOVA Times

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7th Edition

It's All Greek to Me: Greek Theater, Greek Mythology and the Festival of Dionysus

By Lina Nikolovska

Dating back to approximately 700 BC, Greek theater was - and still is - one of the most important and long-lasting theatrical influences in the world, as its concepts and ideas laid the foundation for many aspects of theater and storytelling. Some Greek plays are even still performed to this day. The Ancient Greeks immensely valued their entertainment. They used drama to investigate the world they lived in and what it meant to be human. Theater became significant to Greek culture when it combined with the festival honoring the god Dionysus.

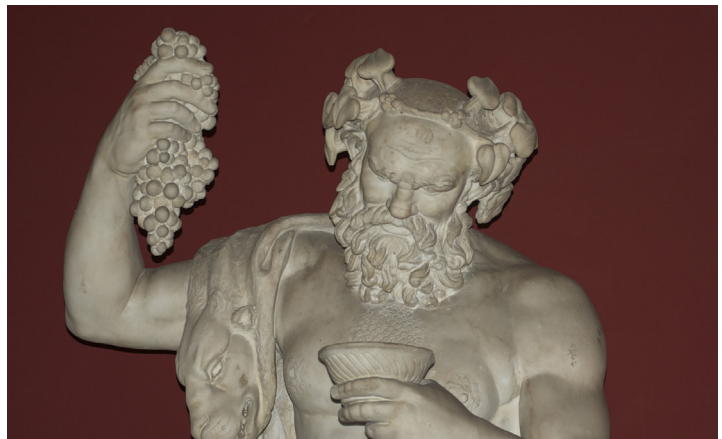


Image by Wouter Engler via Wikimedia Commons

Body Positivity: The Good, the Bad, and the Downright Outrageous

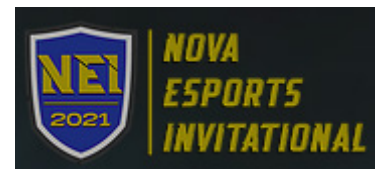
By Leona Simeonova

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Courtesy Photo

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On February 5 and 6, the Kyiv International School organized a Speech and Debate tournament for high school students. 5 CEESA schools participated. There were teams coming from Bucharest, Warsaw, Prague, Kyiv, and of course Skopje. NOVA contributed two teams to the tournament. Debaters argued for or against the motion, which stated, "This house believes that voting should be compulsory in democratic nations." Arguments included gathering data from countries that have compulsory voting, philosophical texts about the ethics of voting, in addition to the practicalities of such proposals. On the first day, three preliminary rounds were held. Both teams from NOVA...

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By Jovana Vasilisa Jovanovikj

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Image by Amazon.com

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The morning of February 13. I was relaxing in my room. At 19 minutes past noon, I suddenly received three messages from a friend of mine with only my name on them, as he was shouting for help.

"Yes?" I responded, not knowing what was going on. "Do you have League downloaded?" he asked me. I again replied in the affirmative. "Do you want to be our substitute?" he inquired.

Confused by what he was talking about, he explained to me that the game started at 12:30. I turned my computer on and suddenly turned from spectator to member of NOVA 3. My first experience with the modern phenomenon of e-sports started.

Two students from NOVA organized an e-sports tournament for CEESA schools. The game we played was League of Legends. Four teams from NOVA - divided by their age - participated in the tournament. Apart from the NOVA teams, teams from Tirana International School (TIS) and Istanbul International Community School (IICS) also competed. Students from all CEESA schools came to observe and comment.

League of Legends is a tactical five-versus-five game where players can control hundreds of different characters in a large arena. Simply put, the characters then gather resources, kill monsters and enemy characters. The final goal is the destruction of the enemy base. The games last anywhere from 15 minutes to hours and require a highly coordinated team.

On a professional level, League of Legends takes tens of thousands of hours to learn and master and requires many hours of practice per day to "stay in shape". Though this tournament was not professional, the players were dedicated and eager to play, and everyone had lots of fun.

The tournament was organized through the messaging and voice-chat application Discord, which proved to be an excellent way of swift coordination with teams and the tournament organizers themselves. The rounds were live-streamed via the platform Twitch. The viewership ratings fluctuated based on how interesting the game was but usually stayed between 20 and 50 viewers for each stream.

The tournament played out like any other sports tournament, with teams eliminating each other until only one team remained on the top. In this case, the victors were IICS. The silver medal went to NOVA 1, which was composed of the oldest NOVA players. My team, NOVA 3, came in third place. There was a charitable side to the tournament, as well: during the streams, people were able to donate money for children's mental health, and during the two days, almost 100€ was raised. The e-sports phenomenon will continue to challenge the definition of modern sport. With one more tournament coming in late March, the organizers are keen to invite everyone interested to take part.

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Debaters argued for or against the motion, which stated, "This house believes that voting should be compulsory in democratic nations." Arguments included gathering data from countries that have compulsory voting, philosophical texts about the ethics of voting, in addition to the practicalities of such proposals. On the first day, three preliminary rounds were held. Both teams from NOVA made their way to the quarter-finals.

February 6 was reserved for the quarter-finals, the semi-finals, and the finals. NOVA 2 lost its battle in the quarter-finals, while NOVA 1 managed to get to the finals. The finals were the tensest round. Unfortunately, NOVA 1 lost the finals to Kyiv International School's first team, thus securing a second-place finish for our school.



Courtesy Photo

Advice Column: Bullying, Weight Issues, Loneliness

By NOVA Cyber Buddies

I sit alone because I have no friends, and I get made fun of that.

Agony aunt replies: Even though your thoughts and feelings are valid, I do not think you should take sitting alone as a negative thing. From my personal experience, I can say that being your own company is not entirely negative.

Nevertheless, I agree that it is much better sometimes to spend your time with a peer. When I was younger, I was quite shy, and not a lot of people wanted to sit with me because they already formed their cliques. What I did and what you could do is focus on things you enjoy doing, such as writing, reading, drawing. That way you will enjoy all the time you have for yourself.

My advice is to try and approach someone who has common similarities or interests with you. Friendship is built naturally, so don't try to force the situation - open up to new people. You will see positive results.

I get bullied because I like ponies and my friends say that I am weird for that.

Agony aunt replies: I can relate to this, as I was also made fun of in middle school for the video games I like to play. However, once you get to high school, nobody will care about what you do in your spare time. You should think whether a few years from now, you would have enjoyably spent your time, or did activities just because others did them. The second option is not a way to lead a happy life.

As for the friends in school, I think you should become more open about other activities and hobbies and see if you like the things they are doing. If you like them - that is great - you will have new friends and a new hobby. And if you do not, that is fine too. You can continue enjoying your hobby. Remember that there is no such thing as a hobby made for only one gender. If you enjoy doing what you love, that is all that matters.

I get bullied because I'm fat.

Agony aunt replies: I'll start by saying that everybody is different and that any aspect of your appearance doesn't make you any less worthy than anybody else. If you have an aspect of your appearance that you are insecure about you can either change it or simply accept and not let the opinions of others affect you.

If you decide to lose weight, it shouldn't be because others are telling you to do so. Rather it should be based on how you see yourself and what you believe is the best thing for your body and mind. So although getting in shape may be beneficial to your health, you shouldn't do it because others are making fun of you.

The new advice column in NOVA Times is part of a joint school-student initiative against bullying in general and cyber-bullying in specific. Students may share their problems with the NOVA Cyber Buddies, who respond both to them individually and to the whole school via this column.

Opinion

Body Positivity: The Good, the Bad, and the Downright Outrageous

By Leona Simeonova

It comes as no surprise that the topic of body positivity is brought up when discussing current body standards. At the same time, the persistent beauty standard for both female and male bodies being lean, tall, and tanned comes just as little as of a surprise. With social media flooding our brains with images of 'beautiful' bodies, one common type of post I've often stumbled upon is advertised as 'body positive,' which celebrates unconventional bodies: bodies that do not particularly fit societal beauty standards. Body positivity is not identical to body acceptance, which is defined as accepting one's body regardless of not being completely satisfied with all aspects of it. This type of media is not only present on social media platforms, but it is slowly starting to make its way into the fashion industry and - to a certain extent - healthcare. However,

with the positive notion of acceptance and normalization of different bodies, the consideration of the dangers of the same notion is often neglected.

One of the first encounters I had with body positivity was seeing advertisements for "My Big Fat Fabulous Life" on TLC, a reality TV show following the life and 'weight loss' journey of Whitney Way Thore. Naturally, - being reality TV - the show was based around the fact that Thore, considered medically obese, was unable to lose the weight she had wanted to. The TV show went viral, and she traveled the world, promoting her show. Unlike the original narrative used to market the show; Thore advertised herself as a person who, in fact, wants to keep her excess weight and claims that she was in perfect health. Later on, the so-called 'body positive' movement started

taking over social media, and soon, I started seeing posts with the hashtag 'body positive' attached to them. The vast majority of posts that advertise themselves as body positive focus on advocating for mostly larger bodies. There are two issues with this narrative: the first one being non-inclusivity, and the second being the negligence toward the health issues that may arise with having a larger body.

The 'body positive' movement from the get-go has been morphed into a majorly hypocritical one. The notion of the movement adopting a positive attitude to societal acceptance of all body types, especially ones which do not fit a particular mold of the perception of beauty, has not been true to itself. Instead of advocating for ALL body types, the movement has closed itself off to advocate almost exclusively to larger

bodies. It also goes even further in isolating itself by advocating for larger bodies that are considered to be medically unhealthy. With the ever-rising obesity epidemic in the United States and Europe, the movement seems to be advocating for adopting a positive attitude toward an unhealthy lifestyle - with accordance to the BMI scale. A very outspoken 'activist' for the body positivity movement has been Tess Holiday, a 'plus-size' model that was featured in the October 2018 issue of the Cosmopolitan magazine. Tess Holiday and her significant influence on the body positivity movement serve as a great example for both the non-inclusivity of the movement and its potentially dangerous health effects. At 5ft 5in (167cm), she weighs 129kg, which is not only considered obese but morbidly obese. The acceptance of one's own body is not something to be shamed, nor is it something negative. Neither is one's definition of beautiful in terms of their body. However, this is the extent to which the body positivity movement can justify its claims. The claim that a clinically obese body can be considered by any western societal norms positive or normal is simply absurd. Holiday has also been outspoken about the discrepancies in the fashion industry regarding body types. This outspokenness has often turned into bashing smaller bodies because they possess 'thin privilege' - thus shining a light on the exclusivity of the body positive movement toward very large bodies.

An example of an inclusive advocate for

the body positivity movement can be Ashley Graham, a plus-size model like Holiday; nevertheless, Graham advocates for the



Image by Cosmopolitan.com

positive outlook on all body types, including disabled bodies. The main and possibly the most controversial difference between Holiday and Graham is the state to which their bodies fall into a 'plus-size body.' Speaking in strictly medical terms, Holiday is at a much higher risk of having a stroke, suffering from joint

pain, and many other health issues that may arise with being severely obese. The medical dangers of the body positivity movement don't apply only to large bodies but also to the advertising and promotion of extremely thin bodies, especially to bodies belonging to people who are known to be struggling with an eating disorder. However, as mentioned previously, body positivity has morphed itself into an 'obesity movement' group that claims it advocates for all body types, not considered traditionally 'beautiful.' The outrage that this group has expressed toward healthcare and actual factual information that can be inferred from a person's size is the biggest problem this movement has created. No doctor should be afraid to offend someone when telling them about the current or possible future conditions their patient may have due to their weight; nor should a patient take offense to their healthcare provider doing exactly what they are supposed to, informing the patient of their health and doing their best to protect their patient's health.

The acceptance and appreciation of one's own or others' bodies is not something to be shunned nor discouraged - quite the contrary - it is something to be encouraged and taught. Just as importantly, taking good care of one's own body is something that should be encouraged and taught, as well. The demand for a positive attitude towards medically unhealthy bodies regardless of size is absurd, illogical, and dangerous.

The views expressed in this opinion article do not necessarily reflect the editorial policy of NOVA Times. If you want to reply to this article, write an email to lp14699@nova.edu.mk or ek14343@nova.edu.mk.

Arts Featurette

It's All Greek to Me: Greek Theater, Greek Mythology and the Festival of Dionysus

By Lina Nikolovska

Dating back to approximately 700 BC, Greek theater was - and still is - one of the most important and long-lasting theatrical influences in the world, as its concepts and ideas laid the foundation for many aspects of theater and storytelling. Some Greek plays are even still performed to this day. The Ancient Greeks immensely valued their entertainment. They used drama to investigate the world they lived in and what it meant to be human. Theater became significant to Greek culture

when it combined with the festival honoring the god Dionysus.

Dionysus was the ancient Greek god of wine, winemaking, grape cultivation, fertility, ritual madness, theater, and religious ecstasy. He was the son of Zeus, the most powerful of all Greek gods, and Semele, who was a mortal woman. Nevertheless, Zeus's wife, Hera, quickly became jealous and disguised herself, convincing Semele to ask Zeus to reveal his true form. Zeus, bound by his oath, was forced

to grant her wish. When he appeared in his true form, Semele was instantly burned to a crisp at the sight of his glory.

Fortunately, Zeus managed to save the fetal Dionysus by stitching him into his thigh until he was ready to be born. His birth from Zeus conferred immortality upon him. Hera, who was still enraged that Dionysus was alive, arranged for the Titans to kill him. The Titans ripped him to pieces - however - the Titaness Rhea brought him back to life. After this, Zeus

arranged for his protection and sent Dionysus with Hermes, who took him to Mount Nysa, where he was raised by mountain nymphs and half-goat, half-human creatures called satyrs.

His birth story led him to be associated with the concept of rebirth. Furthermore, his dismemberment by the Titans and resurrection symbolically echoed in viticulture. He discovered the grapevine and taught (hu) mankind how to cultivate wine from grapes, becoming the god of wine. He demonstrated a dual nature - a direct representation of the good and evil of wine.

The festival of Dionysus, otherwise known as City Dionysia or Great Dionysia, was a theatrical event that originated in Athens in the 5th century and was held in honor of the Greek god Dionysus. The Great Dionysia was a dramatic festival in which tragedy, comedy, and satyr drama were performed.

It represented a spectacular combination of theater, music, and dance from late March through early April. Approximately 16,000 Athenians and people from all over Greece enjoyed it.

At the festival of Dionysus, Greeks would consume large amounts of wine, sing, dance, and revel in a state of madness in honor and worship of the God.

One of the first forms of tragedy was introduced at the festival of Dionysus, more specifically by the tyrant Peisistratus. Peisistratus introduced this new form of tragedy, involving chanting choral lyrics when he established the festival in 534 BC. The winner was the actor and playwright Thespis,

who received a goat as his prize. The earliest tragedy by Aeschylus, however, dates back to 472 BC.

On the first day of the festival, a large statue of Dionysus was carried from the temple to the Theater of Dionysus at the foot of the Acropolis. The mass number of people that partook in the parade found this procession of great importance.

Before the performance, the theater was sprinkled with the blood of sacrificial pigs for purification. As the ceremonies proceeded, dithyrambs would be sung by choruses of men who represented Athens' political tribes. The end of the day was marked by sacrificing a bull and throwing a communal feast.

During the following three days, popular playwrights were allowed to have their plays performed in tragic contests. Each contestant showcased three tragedies and a Satyr play (a form of comedy that required the chorus to dress as Dionysus' satyr companions). Each playwright exhibited all four plays in one day, which resulted in the audience spending much of the day in the theater (the Greek ones were shorter than the modern-day ones).

After the three days, the judges from different tribes would vote for the best performance for each competition.

Moreover, in 487 BCE, the competition was modified to have one extra day - which included five playwrights that presented one comedy each. On the final day of the festival, judges would award the winners and hand out an ivy wreath for first place.

In summary, the festival of Dionysus was



Image by Dwaigt via Wikimedia Commons

a spectacle that was celebrated by thousands of Athenians and citizens from Greece. It was a crucial event in Ancient Greece, as governmental, law, and agricultural duties were suspended for the festival. The Athenian authorities would even release the prisoners.

Due to the length of this article, the second part of it will be published in the next edition.

Ancient Greek Myths Come To Life on the Streets of New York in Rick Riordan's Percy Jackson and the Olympian Gods

By Jovana Vasilisa Jovanovikj

The books of Rick Riordan, a former middle-school English teacher, explore the wonders of ancient mythologies. The world of Greek mythology comes to life in the contemporary age with a twist: Olympus is on the 600th floor of the Empire State Building, and the gate to the underworld is in Los Angeles.

The heroes are typical teenagers facing common everyday challenges, such as going to school, surviving boring teachers, failing tests, and fighting the Minotaur! Yes, we still have the Minotaur, the Medusa, and all the other mythological monsters roaming the Earth, hidden from the mortals.

Through the five books of his first book series 'Percy Jackson and the Olympian Gods,'

the readers rediscover Greek mythology and its eternal themes of love, hate, conflict, betrayal, friendship, jealousy, adventure, war, and hubris.

The key hero of the book series is Percy Jackson, a dyslexic 12-year-old boy. His world completely transforms when he learns that he is the son of the sea-god Poseidon. He also discovers that his best friend, Grover, is a satyr, complete with hoofs and horns. Unlike the ancient Greek heroes, which are demigods in shining armor, our heroes wear jeans and hoodies, play video games, and hide their weapons in their backpacks.

Throughout the books, Percy and his friends go on many quests to save humanity from



Image by Viktoria Ridzel via Wikimedia Commons

Arts Featurette

annihilation while simultaneously discovering the looming threats coming from the darkness of Tartarus and the scheming of the cursed titans and other purged deities.

The popularity of the first series resulted in the creation of four more book series that put other mythologies such as the Roman, the Nordic, and the Egyptian in a modern world.

If we measure his success numerically, Rick Riordan has sold over 69 million copies of his books in 42 different languages in 35 countries.

His writings increased the global interest in mythology to such an extent that Disney created two live-action movies about this book series, albeit Riordan was not very much

pleased with them. Another live-action TV series is currently in preparation for other popular platforms.

So, if you want to get lost in the world of Greek mythology on the streets of New York City, join Percy on his adventures and be a hero!

Info Section

About Us:

NOVA Times is a student-run newspaper that allows NOVA high school students to express themselves in the field of journalism.

If you would like to write for NOVA Times or raise a technical question, please contact either lp14699@nova.edu.mk or ek14343@nova.edu.mk. If you would like to respond to a particular newspaper piece, write a letter to the editor by using the same email addresses.

- Editors-in-chief: Elena Karchicka and Luka Pavikjevikj
- Designer: Stefan Nikolaj
- Writers: Ana Stevanoska, Jovana Jovanovikj and Lina Nikolovska
- Advice column: NOVA Cyber Buddies
- Opinion contributors for this issue: Leona Simeonova

Our gratitude goes to Ms. Iva Mickovska for her generous support for this publication.

Literary Corner

Gannet Soup

By Anonymous

To whom it may concern,

The story of the *Berenice* is a short and tragic one. A stubborn captain, a power hungry crew, and the tensions among them resulted in a total loss of civilization on the ship. Yet, alas, something much more sinister than just the loss of civilization happened on that fateful journey. In the two months between the sailing of our *Berenice* and my departure from it, it seems that the humanities of everyone who survived had also departed.

The consequences of this terrifying tale of inhumanity became known to me purely by chance, but it is not by chance that I write this letter. By the time some poor lad lays eyes on this letter, I will not be among the living any more. I encountered the *Berenice* by chance, an older sail ship in Bombay, obsolete to the modern steamboats. Yet, it still did its job.

The navigator had gotten very ill (some said that he had died), so the captain needed

a replacement. The ship had already been running late, and another delay would have severely undermined the unbuilt reputation of the captain as that of a serious and responsible seafarer. So, it was by pure chance that the captain ran into me, a military navigator fresh from the frontlines of the Afghan War. My uniform made me stick out like a sore thumb among all the turban wearing locals and Anglos who had almost fully assimilated with the local clothing cultures.

Luck seemed to be on both mine and the captain's side that day, as I could leave for home several weeks earlier, and the captain could set off without delay, all the while having an experienced navigator. I had travelled the route from our glorious Home Islands to the ports of India plenty of times during our ill fated conflict in Afghanistan and had grown quite familiar with it in the process. It was when I ran into the crew of the "*Berenice*" that a peculiar feeling of uneasiness struck

me.

The captain and the officers seemed to possess a mindset entirely different from the one of the rest of the crew. The common crew seemed unenthusiastic, even lazy about the impending voyage. The ship was transporting crates of Himalayan salt, but there were also two crates filled with muskets and ammunition, intended as supplies for the war, but they seem to have outlasted the war. From the moment we set sail, divisions arose between the crew and the officers.

Whereas the captain wanted to take the usual route taken by His Majesty's ships at the time - going straight to the horn of Somalia - the crew had other ideas in mind. The crew, which had only sailed in the Mediterranean Sea and had no experience sailing in the Indian and Atlantic Oceans, wanted to stop by the Aden Protectorate and restock on fresh food and rum. A day or two more in travelling time meant nothing to me, but the relationship be-

tween the captain and the crew became very tense, and I, a neutral observer, was caught in the crossfire.

In the end, the decision fell to me. I did not want to shake up my relationship with the captain, but when I looked into the mob of the crew, I knew whose decision I would uphold. We lost three days sailing to and restocking in Aden and one more to reach Somaliland. From there, the relationship between the crew and the captain only deteriorated further, and as much as I attempted to remain neutral, the fear of the mob forced me to always act in their support.

Still, the officers were the ones with the rifles, and we were dancing to their tune. The captain had demanded us to speed up considerably as we reached the Cape of Good Hope. At one point, the demands of the captain became so absurd that you would think he wanted the crew to blow at the sails to make the ship go faster. On the second week of the voyage, we had found ourselves on the other side of Africa. However, it was clear that at this pace, we had no chance of continuing the voyage without some disagreements among the crew and captain.

It was at the point when we were roughly 100 miles northeast from Walvis Bay that gunshots awoke me in the dead of night. Not wanting to get involved in what seemed like a mutiny, I stayed in my cabin and mere hours later heard loud knocks on the door. Who seemed to be the leader of the mutiny, a burly Scotsman informed me that all of the officers, including the captain, were dead. The cook was the only one spared.

Many crew members had also died, which meant that there was going to be a need for personnel on deck. The crew had taken the muskets from the crates and used them to ambush the officers. I was told that the bodies were disposed of and that I was spared because I showed solidarity with the crew back at Aden.

I do believe, however, that had I not had the navigational skills needed for our voyage back to England, I would have also been slain with the rest of the officers.

In the following weeks, things took a turn for the worse, as a dozen of the crew had stolen rowboats from the *Berenice* and silently escaped with almost all of the little food we had left.

When I was not working, I was observing the gannets, those silly seabirds. I noticed only that they were of great quantity, and they were extremely wary of human contact. By my calculations, we had around five weeks left to reach England at our current pace. The food supplies, however, were enough to last

us just for mere days.

After meeting with the leader, the cook informed us that he was going to cook almost exclusively gannet soup due to the abundance of gannets in the vicinity of the *Berenice*. I noted that this gannet soup was like nothing I had ever eaten before. It was chewy, and it tasted more like a pig stew than a bird soup. However, since there were no alternatives, I had to comply and continue surviving on this dreadful diet.

The conditions on the ship were miserable. Hygiene did not exist, and the sailors fell ill all the time. Many more died at the hand of this unknown illness. That meant that the survivors had larger workloads. The result was not pleasant: we sailed at slower speeds, and the directions of the ship were always somewhat suspicious.

It was dreadful to think that it was only that peculiar tasting gannet soup that kept me alive during those weeks. At one point, fearing for the general health of the crew, and of myself, I proposed we throw the salt crates into the ocean. After all, they were nothing more than dead weight, and if we did not survive, what use would that salt be to anyone?

However, to my great surprise, the leader of the mutiny instantly denied the idea and even refused to entertain it. It was only days later that the new captain explained to me the intentions of the surviving crew.

They knew that if they landed in England, they would hang by the docks of the Thames until their dead bodies succumbed to the elements. Hence, they meant to take the ship to the Mediterranean, a place they had experience sailing in, and sell the salt for riches. They reassured me that they respected me as one of them and that I was going to be left at the rocks of Gibraltar when we reached them.

I had a hard time believing this, as more and more sailors disappeared daily, and I suspected that some of them were being killed by the leader of the mutiny. Finally, precisely two months after we set out from Bombay, we reached the rocks of Gibraltar. To my surprise, the captain held his word and left me in a rowboat 2 miles off the coast of Gibraltar.

From there, I was brought back to my hometown of Ipswich and tried to forget the horrors of this damned journey. I resembled an ape more than I did a man. With time, though, I was able to recover from this journey. I did see a lot of men die, but then again, I had served on the frontlines of the war in Afghanistan for the past three years and saw horrors far worse than those on the *Berenice*. Or so I thought.

Seventeen years after my return to England, I had all but mentally recovered from the ex-

periences of the war, as well as the ones from the long journey back home. I had arranged to meet an old friend of mine, a former navigator from Edinburgh. I travelled to a local tavern in Edinburgh, where he and some other friends of his were waiting for me.

After a pint of beer and an appetizer, I noticed a very peculiar smell, some sort of chicken stew being cooked. My former colleague brought two bowls of this soup, one for me and one for him. I was starving and ate the soup in the blink of an eye. Hungry for more, I asked my friend to get us another round of this stew.

At this point, he had drunk more than enough, and instead of bringing the soup himself, called for the innkeeper. He uttered some words that I had not heard for a long time, "gannet soup". I thought to myself; there was no chance that this tasty soup was the same thing as the dreadful stew that had kept me alive for two months.

My hands started trembling as I realised what transpired seventeen years ago.

Everything made sense now. I ran to a room in the inn and tried to calm myself. But I could not.

I could not live with the knowledge that I had survived two months on sea exclusively off human flesh. I could not and cannot continue my life with such a burden behind me.

Hence, I took some papers from the stationary and quickly wrote about the misconception, the great lie that was my life in the last seventeen years.

To whoever finds this letter, I am not a savage. I will do as any honourable gentleman would in my dreadful situation. I can hear my colleague calling for me.

Farewell, you nasty lie, my revolver will be my salvation!

This author - that wished to remain anonymous - tells us the story of a sea voyage turned upside down. Like Golding, the author seems to believe that when left outside of the confines of civilization, human beings return to their primal instincts and become ruthless. Moreso, the author explores the idea of order and chaos, the latter naturally being more detrimental than the former. The story ends with a soft brush on mental health and how war and extremely dangerous situations affect the human psyche.

As this was our first literary piece to be published, we invite all interested authors to submit their works to 'NOVA Times'.