

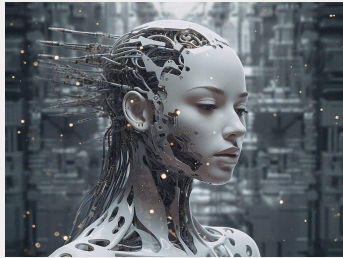
The Dual Diploma Times

Spring 2024

Written by students around the world

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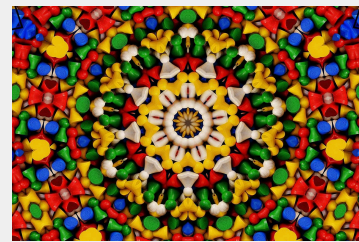
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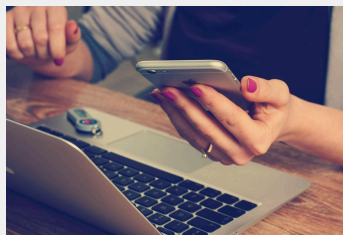
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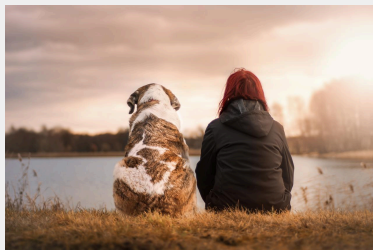
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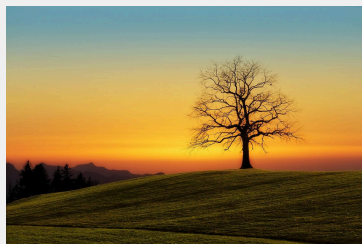
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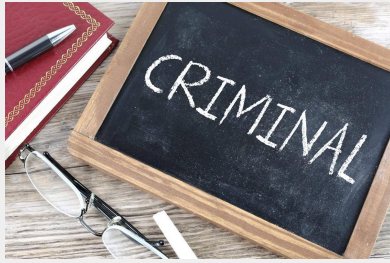
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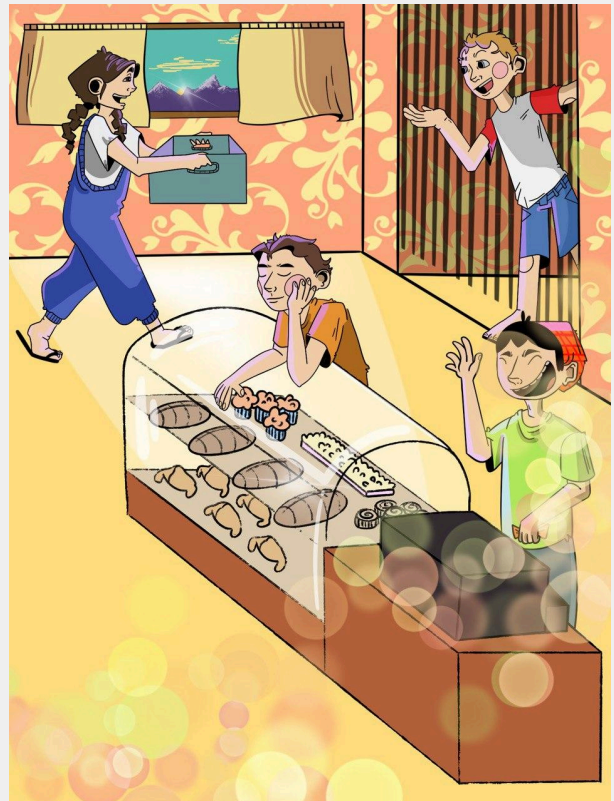
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Featuring Guest Artists:



Lucia Moreno Fernandez



Alba Gómez García

ChatGPT, Data and You: Your Relation With AI Is Deeper Than You Think.

By Laia Condes Martí



MADRID – Artificial Intelligence has become a popular topic as technology evolves. However, many ethical and political problems arise from these tools. In this article, data privacy with Artificial Intelligence will be reflected on with two case studies to learn the conflictive relationship between data and AI.

Case 1: When You Share, AI Reads.

Long story short, Reddit's data has been used to train massive language

models such as ChatGPT and others. Reddit is known for being a social media platform where users post on different niche groups, called subreddits. When asked ChatGPT how much it knows about what is posted on Reddit, it answers that its training includes a diverse range of internet text including publicly available and licensed data until its last training cut-off in January 2022. If you ever shared a story, asked a question, or just happened to participate in an online community, your footprint might be present in AI models. Many companies with relevant presence in the internet sell their data to train AI language models, such as Tumblr, WordPress, Reddit, Shutterstock, Facebook, and Instagram, to name a few.

When you post on the internet, you consciously decide to create a digital footprint that is visible on the internet and stored in the datasets of different platforms. With resources such as Reddit, you always have the freedom to delete your post, to

delete your account, and maybe reduce that part of your digital footprint. But when your post is being used to train an artificial intelligence, you might not have this right to delete your information online. And maybe, you wanted to delete that post because you knew that the information that was used was wrong or outdated. So when you delete it from your Reddit account, it might not be deleted from the AI data information, and that outdated information will still be there for users to perceive as truth.

How can we be sure misinformation was not used to train ChatGPT? We humans are capable of filtering information when, for example, visiting forums where we cannot make sure that the information given is true. However, AI is not capable of making that type of connection. The action of taking content from online communities to train AI models proves that AI companies do not want quality data, just data.

Case 2: The Big Company is Watching You.

The European Union, Data and Regulation.



Nonetheless, there are more issues with AI's usage of data. When using a commercial AI platform, users are subject to the company's policies, which at times can pose a risk to the user.

On March 31, 2023, Italy became the first Western country to block ChatGPT due to privacy concerns. Italy's Data Protection Authority (DPA) stated that OpenAI collected users' data and that there was a lack of

age-verification systems that could prevent minors from accessing the platform, as they could be exposed to inappropriate content. OpenAI replied

that they want their AI "to learn about the world, not about private individuals". Even though this ban has already been removed, it signaled the policy challenges that AI generates. Shortly after ChatGPT's ban in Italy, The Office of the Privacy Commissioner of Canada started an investigation into OpenAI, due to numerous complaints alleging the use and collection of user's information without direct consent.

How a government can regulate this type of service is still being discussed. The EU has already created a set of regulatory ground rules to regulate the development of AI in European countries. Written in 2021, the so-called EU AI Act categorizes technology depending on the risk they can suppose, going from "unacceptable" - which could forbid the technology - to low risk.

AI can be an advantage to society, helping us to solve the social problems still present today. Despite this, concerns are rising as these big models evolve. Big tech companies, such as OpenAI, have proven that they do not care about their users' privacy data. They have shown how they only care about making a profit from the tool that they have created, using data from people who are journalists, photographers, musicians, writers, or just people who participate online.

Bloom

By Jane Segers



PARIS – I slam the door behind my back, my heart beating out of my chest. My breathing is heavy, but my gestures are firm. An exalted will burns within my soul; I can't hold it back a second longer. A bottle of water in my bag, nothing more. The rest doesn't matter.

The miles fly by under my frantic stride. Landscapes dance, waltz and follow one another along the way. A wind of freedom blows across my face, drawing a shout of victory as I lift my head to the sky under the summer rays. I burst out laughing as I continue my run: a light, reckless laugh that

burns with sincerity. The laughter of escape, the laughter of my feet treading the earthy ground, the laughter of those mountains in the distance, calling to me, smiling at my carefree attitude. The free laughter.

I no longer feel the pounding of my feet on the ground, nor the burning of my lungs compressed by the race. Weightless, as if freed from the burden of norms and duties, my body seems to float above the ground, above a past life. The spray of fresh grass tickling my nose marks a sign of renewal.

I start to climb the nearest hill, alone in this towering vastness. My hands cling to tree trunks, rocks and roots to pull myself up. My palms are clogged with fresh, damp soil, and the earth under my fingernails blackens them. I no longer care about the scratches on my calves, nor the dirty, torn blue fabric of my skirt. I laugh as my legs still pull me forward, as my will still pulls me upwards. I laugh at these

earthy fingernails that no one will leer at with disdain, I laugh at these skinny, fragile legs that bravely support the weight of my determination, I laugh at these bare feet and tangled hair that no one will blame.

The sun slowly declines, fades and draws closer to the mountain ridge, closer to me. The summit of the hill is not far off; I approach it, a childish smile floating on my lips, dried out by this journey. I slow my steps as the sun slows its fall, streaking the sky with its soft orange glow.

I push aside the remaining branches in front of me with a surprisingly peaceful hand, my breath coming in short gasps.

A blissful exclamation suddenly escapes my lips. The landscape unfolding before my eyes leaves me stunned, like an explosion of colors, smells, flavors and sensations after a dull existence; a genuine bomb of enchantment after having known only the insipidities of

everyday life. I take a confident step forward.

In front of me lies a crater of foliage, a floral foam as far as the eye can see, speckled with nascent buds, surrounding a small pond of translucent water. The sun's rosy hues reflect in harmonious calm; they dance in the lapping water, moving with the gracefulness of a flame stirred by a slow breeze.

I step onto the damp grass with my bare feet, approaching the small pond without a sound. A few solitary water lilies float on its surface. The timid croak of a frog can be heard among the jovial chirping surrounding me. I let my lips stretch into a broad smile, and risk the tip of a toe on the pond's surface. The water is pleasantly cool, silently inviting me to take the plunge. I venture into the pond until the water reaches my waist. I shiver, struck by the contrast between the summer heat and this new freshness, sliding under my feet and up my legs. I close my eyes for a moment, then immerse

myself completely, lulled by the slow movement of the ripples around me.

A regular creak disturbs the silence. A tiny sound in the midst of a vertiginous silence, it

the colors buried behind an obscure cloak; it retains that simple, natural charm that wouldn't disappear with the fading of daylight. The creaking continues beside me. I turn around



moves away then closer, wavering back and forth, or perhaps right and left, up and down. I listen for a few moments without moving, still motionless between the water lilies, my lower body immersed in this little pond. My eyelids blink gently, then slowly half-open. The sky has darkened; the orange glow has been replaced by the pearly light of the moon. I sweep my gaze around, observing this little paradise that surrounds me, now plunged in half-light. It remains beautiful, despite

and see a slow, steady movement by a large tree. Two ropes stretched vertically, a shape sitting on a plank, feet a few centimeters off the ground. A... swing.

I reach the dry land, my eyes fixed on this troubling scene in the middle of the night. The cool night air on my wet legs sends a slight shiver down my spine. Still, I step forward, closer to the calm, carefree swinging silhouette.

"Hi"

I'm suddenly startled. The voice is soft, melodious, neither low nor high-pitched, far from the childish tone I'd expected. The simple word echoes off the trees, through the foliage, slides across the flowerbed and floats between us, in those few meters that separate us. Softly, calmly. I hold my breath and squint to make out this unusual silhouette. The swinging motion stops. His feet land on the ground with a sound muffled by the moss carpet.

I should probably back off. I should be wary of this strange man, in this unexpected place in the middle of the night. Yet I don't. I'm not driven by fear but curiosity, coupled with a certain unexplainable confidence in that face obscured by the half-light, this shadow slightly taller than me approaching with a light, reckless step.

Courage or foolishness, I don't know. All that remains is the belief that any heroine would have held her head high.

"You're soaking wet."

I frown at this simple observation. His voice sounds strangely familiar. The odd impression of having seen this man before - no, of knowing him intimately - awakens in me. Or is it him? Him, reading me like an open book?

I can now make out masculine features on his face, sharp but delicate. He looks a little younger than me, or maybe he is my age, I'm not quite sure. A pearly ray lightens his gray eyes, tinted with a lively sparkle of mischief. A few brown curls fall on his forehead, on the back of his neck; he curiously reminds me of one of those Greco-Roman statues.

"Come on", he whispers.

His warm palm touches my forearm. His delicate fingers wrap around my wrist. He takes a few steps forward, then turns lively back to me.

We share a brief glance.

His eyes smile at me, before he dashes forward, dragging me behind him

in his crazy race. The wind lashes my cheeks, tossing my hair in all directions. I smile as my gaze follows the hypnotic movement of his curls. My footsteps follow one another in rapid motion, crossing the grassy fields. The rushing pulses against my chest echo through my entire body.

The young man suddenly stops, his hand still lightly gripped around my wrist. He doesn't say a word. Only my fast breathing disturbs the silence. All around us, a huge field of sunflowers tickles my calves. The small pond is reflected in the moonlight, farther behind us.

Finally, the young man's fingers release my forearm. His legs seem to give way under his weight, he slowly lets himself fall and lands in the grass with a burst of frank laughter. His contagious amusement draws a smile on my amazed face. I admire him without a word, without daring to make a single movement that would disturb this warm scene. The sound of his crystalline laughter, his arms stretched out on

either side of his chest, his eyes fixed on the sky, and his curls spread out between the blades of grass, encircling his serene face. I'd like to anchor this harmonious memory forever.

"What are you doing?" he suddenly calls out in a soft voice.

was shining in his pupils a few moments earlier.

"Come!" he adds, nodding towards the flowerbed beside him.

With no attempt to conceal my enthusiasm, I rush to his side. I lie down, with my head resting on his arm. His scent, a pleasant blend of

towards the sky again. The slight frown on his eyebrows reflects his concentration, but the smile on his thin lips and the admiring glow in his pupils reveal a deep wonder. I turn my attention to the Milky Way above us.

"See ?"



His eyes settle on me. Deprived of judgment, prejudice or any kind of animosity, he observes me with a sincere smile. I notice the same malicious sparkle that the moonlight

lavender and jasmine, tickles my nose. His chest lifts slowly, in rhythm with his steady breathing. I watch him in silence, soaking up the soothing sensation of a daydream.

The face of the young man beside me turns

His voice is now a melodious whisper, lost in the immensity around us.

"Yes... "

The imposing cobalt-blue cloak covers the sky,

embellished by its sovereign moon, this imposing immaculate sphere spreading its pearly subjects all around her. An army of luminous soldiers scatters this obscure sail, fighting against the half-light to impose itself in this vast infinity.

I sighed in admiration. Nothing had ever seemed so beautiful.

"Take a look."

The young man raises his arm, finger pointing forward.

"That's Eridan" he murmurs in an inaudible breath.

I look in the direction his finger points until I spot the natural alignment of the stars. The vast constellation floats above us, towering over us with its solemn presence. I admire it without a word, lulled by the steady breath of this stranger, yet so familiar beside me. The cool night air wraps us both in a tiny, calm, carefree bubble. The touch of my neck against his arm, the shy hoot of

an owl in the distance, and the spray of the earth mixed with floral flavors awaken my senses.

I lose any notion of time or space; my attention is entirely focused on the celestial vault facing us.

I'd seen it before. Yet never truly observed it. Never realized the singular beauty of this struggle, this constant battle between light and darkness - between the gold of the waning sun and the indigo of the twilight, between aurora pallor and nocturnal shadow. The beauty of everything around me, the breeze on my face, the corollas of the sunflowers touching my ankles, my arms, my neck, the simple harmony of this moment. Beauty in the ordinary, the natural; beauty within reach.

A salty drop shyly tickles my lips. I blink, letting myself be invaded by this intense feeling of fullness. Tears roll down my

cheeks, droplets of bliss exhume every last ounce of captivity, every last shadow of unease, leaving only the sweet scent of freedom.

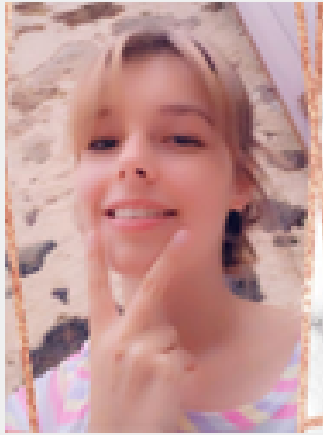
I lift my pencil for a moment, my hand suspended over my little blue notebook. A sincere smile floats across my lips as I tip my head back with a satisfied sigh. My legs are still swinging above the streets, which are beginning to wake up to the city's first movements. My face gradually lights up at the sight of the first pale light of dawn. They're so beautiful.

My attention returns to these few crossed-out lines. I stare at them with blooming eyes, before closing the pages of the little blue notebook.



“How to be happy or even happier?”

By Manon Roy



PARIS - Happiness, this feeling that makes us fall in love with life, does not always seem reachable to us, sometimes we just have the impression that happiness is not made for us... With the aim that this kind of thoughts do not ever cross our minds again, specialists of

different nationalities came together to study the main factors of happiness, which they published in the Psychological Bulletin. Some advice, you will see, is quite surprising, but what wouldn't we be willing to do for a few moments of happiness? First of all, an adult needs at least six hours and fifteen minutes of uninterrupted sleep to have a happy day. For children and adolescents, on the other hand, no less than eight hours of sleep are necessary to get through a day in a good mood. Then, it is scientifically proven that people who set short and/or long term goals are more fulfilled than those who do not set them, since it gives meaning to each of your

actions, a structure of life, habits and allows you to establish strong social relationships. So, maybe it's time to start a personal project, don't you think?

What if you dressed in blue? In fact, it may seem strange, but researchers from the University of Sussex, in England, have demonstrated that exposing yourself to the color blue helps increase "self-confidence", "reduces stress" and will therefore stimulate happiness.

Also, being big-hearted allows you to spend part of your money to please the people you love and gives you the feeling of having pleased the other and therefore, it will make you happy.

Finally, as the Beatles said "« All you need is love ».

That way, having someone to count on, who is there to listen to you and help you in difficult times, someone who warms your heart with his/her little attention and their presence, is THE ultimate factor of happiness.



The Effect of Pets on People

By Eva-Victoria
Schneider-Reine



RABAT - Our beloved furry companions not only keep us company, but also improve our physiological and psychological wellbeing. Research has proved that dogs, cats, fish, ferrets, rabbits, birds and snakes all have some



sort of positive impact on our mental health. Us humans learn and benefit so much from them.

Pets teach humans and especially children moral qualities that are necessary throughout one's lifetime such as altruism, compassion, respect, responsibility and unconditional love. Our four-legged friends love us no matter our gender, height, weight, skin color, disability or age. Their love is pure which leads us to develop a parent-baby like bond with them.

Pets are a lifeline for lonely people: they allow them to make daily encounters, have conversations with other pet owners, and most importantly they make them feel loved and let them express all the love they are able to give. Dogs are the pets that most effectively support lonely people.

Animals also prevent anxiety issues and depression by providing their owners with

immediate and non-judgemental assistance.

Pets encourage their owners to have a more healthy lifestyle by eating better, doing more sports, and meeting like-minded people. Our furry-companions are now more and more part of

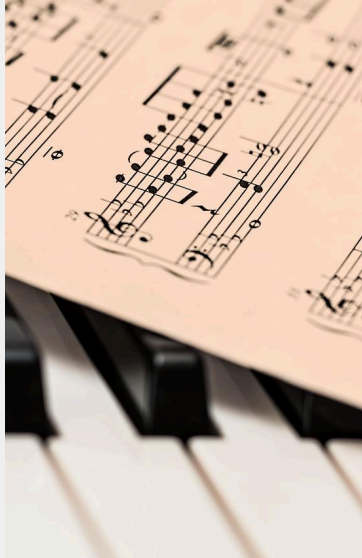


different therapy modalities. It is possible to encounter them in prisons, classrooms, psychiatric hospitals, palliative care units, or war veterans support groups.

Our four-legged companions have surprising effects on us. Here are a few fun facts : owners of pets survive longer after a heart attack, have a lower blood pressure during stressful situations, live longer and make 30% fewer visits to the doctor after the age of 65.

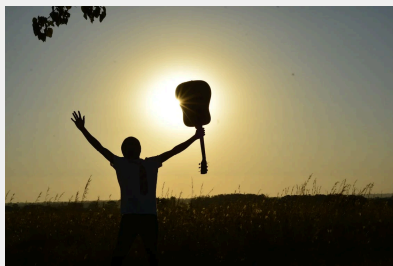
Our Best Friend

By Laia Gámez Palazón



BARCELONA – At a funeral, a wedding, a graduation, when we run, when we take a shower, before going to sleep, when watching a movie, and in thousands of moments, if not all, music accompanies us.

Music can communicate with others and move us; that's why it is present on the most important occasions in our lives,



whether good or bad.

When a small child starts playing with a rattle, when you laugh out loud with your friends, hear your father snore, or when your heart beats, it is music. Homemade melodies, yes, but full of rhythm and feelings.

Music can make us disconnect to the point of transporting us to imaginary worlds where we empathize, cry, and feel.

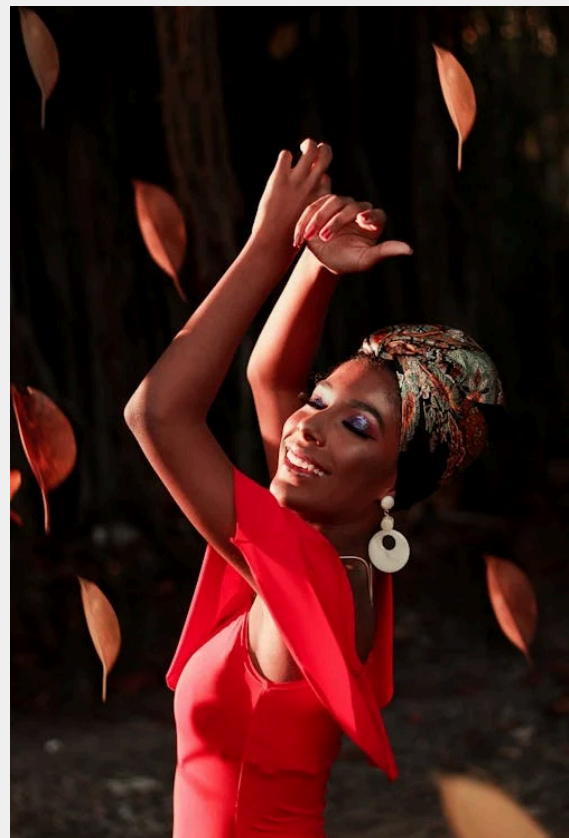
Furthermore, when we talk about music, we refer to it as a healing tool, both for mental and physical health. It helps

relieve pain and enhance memory, activating various areas of the brain. In mental health, it helps us increase optimism, combat moments of pain, and reduce stress. Therefore, when you feel sad and listen to good music, you become happier. And for that reason, when you are stressed, it is the only thing



capable of calming you down and making you feel at peace.

In conclusion, music is our best friend. Our constant companion will continue to be there no matter how many years pass. So, we have to care for it, just as it takes care of us.



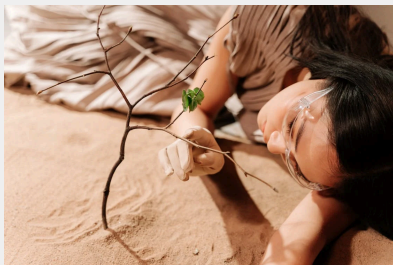
Not Enough Time

By Naiara Revuelta



MADRID – Our world has always been changing. It is not difficult to see that nothing remains the same as it was 70 million years ago, when dinosaurs still walked the Earth, or 2.5 million years back from today, when the first human being was born on Earth. But it is not necessary to go that far back in time -our planet is not even the same as it was 20 years ago-.

Over the last years, those changes which had always been normal have been happening at a worrying speed. To explain it in an easy way, during your life



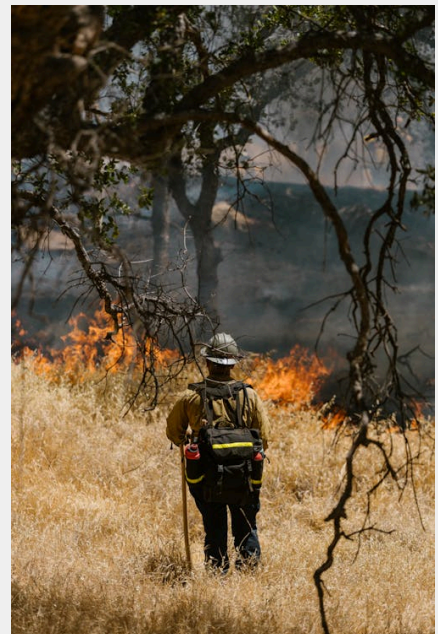
you get used to the changes that constantly occur in your body as time passes, but if after 50 years with the characteristics of a young person you woke up one morning looking like they were 60 years old... Well, it would be difficult to assimilate.

That is what is happening to our planet. Many plant and animal species are getting extinct due to their inability to get used to the fast changes happening in their environments. Extinction is now occurring up to 1,000 to 10,000 times faster than it used to. "There are over 900 extinct species and over 80 species extinct in the wild, over 16,000 species are labeled as vulnerable, over 17,000 categorized as endangered and over 9,000 as critically endangered", says the IUCN in its Red list notes.

Of course, not only species' extinction, but also all the other effects of climate change affect us humans. From the increasing number of extreme weather events (storms, heatwaves and

flooding have caused 85,000 to 145,000 human deaths over the last 40 years), to the increase of the spread of disease and the loss of habitats with all of which that entails (including lack of food and oxygen). Climate change will cause us to suffer numerous and imminent atrocities.

We should not ignore this. Everyone must do their part in order to fight climate change. Every small action counts and is worth it considering what is at risk. So, what are we waiting for? If we keep doing nothing, there will not be enough time. We can be our own heroes.



Do we Control, or are we Controlled?



By Irene Higuera

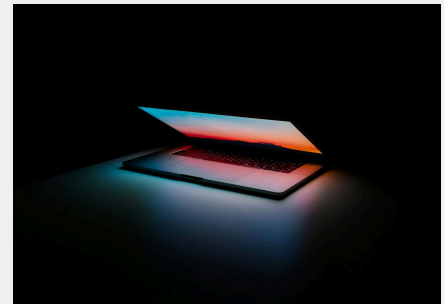
MADRID – Technology is defined as the application of scientific knowledge to the practical aims of human life or, as it is sometimes phrased, to the change and manipulation of the human environment. Among the milestones of technology we can find the development of the compass, the steam engine or the printing press. On the other side, focusing more on the present day, technology has had advances such as the creation of computers,

smartphones, wifi, and finally, artificial intelligence. All these advances have been made thanks to the work and ideas of human beings, however, are we aware of what we have really done and how it can change the whole reality and way of thinking?

Speaking of the relationship we humans have with technology, it can be said that it is becoming increasingly interdependent and approaching symbiosis. Our capabilities and those of our machines complement each other, allowing us to pursue goals that neither we nor they could achieve separately. We rely on technology for communication, information, and convenience. It has become an integral part of our daily lives, and it is in a continuous change.

Humans have developed all these technological tools, and in addition, have created ways to try to control them. This is because the unregulated use of technological breakthroughs by

governments around the world and large corporations puts human rights, especially of historically marginalized groups, at serious risk. Laws have been created in hundreds of countries to prevent technology from getting out of hand. However, the regulations that some make are excessive, reaching the point of illegality, as in the case of spying on various leaders.



However, despite our attempts to control technology, there are aspects in which it is undeniable not to admit that we are victims of technology. Many of us work or study connected to the network or with an electronic device and we find it difficult to get out of our routine, to disconnect. In addition, we are faced with the problem of social networks. Addiction to social networks is a

behavioral disorder characterized by the compulsive and uncontrollable need to be connected to them, leading to a loss of control and significant interference in the person's daily life. We are continually bombarded by an influx of information, notifications, and comparisons.

Studies carried by multiple health organizations, such as Medical New Today or NIH (National Institute of Health) have shown that overuse of social media and mobile devices has been linked to eyestrain, difficulty focusing, and depression. Additionally, the overuse of technology may have a more significant impact on developing children and teenagers.

Examples of how technology "takes advantage" of us includes addiction to computer games, the alienation between people in terms of face-to-face conversation or

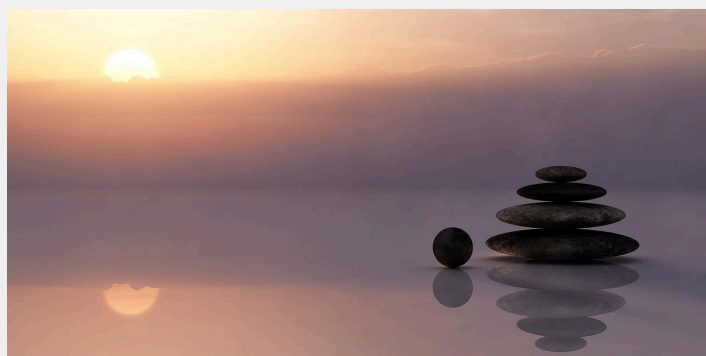
the exercise we lost when playing with our cell phones rather than taking a walk outside.

Looking at the influence of technology from another point of view, we can focus on how we make decisions today. Information technologies have transformed the way we make decisions in all aspects of our lives. From personal to business decisions, technology has enabled us to collect and analyze data, creating new opportunities to make informed decisions. With the help of big data analytics, machine learning algorithms and decision support systems, organizations can identify patterns and trends to gain insights that can drive innovation and increase profitability. In addition, technology can help people make better-informed decisions

by providing access to relevant and accurate information that was previously inaccessible. Looking at it from this point of view, we can say that technology has benefited us when it comes to making decisions. However, although most of what it brings us is positive, we are still dependent on technology, relying on it to make even the simplest decisions.

Being aware of all of the above, we can learn to control the influence that technology has on us by taking measures such as changing the time we use the cell phone for some activity that fills us, not taking the cell phone to bed or leaving it aside when doing things that require our full attention. In this way we will be able to say that we humans are the ones who control

technology, because, at present, we have all the certainty to ensure that we are capable of doing so.



The Sunset on The Hill

By Lucía Llorens García



CASTELLÓN - "Marcos! Could you help me out with this, son?" I heard my mother's voice calling out.

I got up reluctantly, as I had been doing the last few days, and went down to help my mom.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I'm cleaning the living room, you can start emptying out the shelves," she said. I snorted. "Please don't complain, all you do lately is lock yourself in your room doing nothing." I didn't want to argue, so I walked over to the bookshelf and started

pulling out old notebooks, books, and papers.

"You know," my mother began to speak, "lately I feel like I've lost one of my children."

"Understand it, mom. My brother has always liked languages, it's normal that he wanted to study abroad."

"I'm not talking about your brother." She gazed into my eyes. "Marcos, I feel like you're

a body without a soul, and I don't know what to do in order to help you."

My mom seemed to be worried. I was already an adult, I had finished university a few months ago. Now, my life remained the same. Nothing, I hadn't looked for a job, or a house, nor had I gone out with my friends (I couldn't even say I had friends, at all). Sometimes, I wondered why I couldn't live like all the people my age.

I pushed my thoughts away when I saw a notebook that caught my attention:

"Rabindranath Tagore, Quotes." I looked inside and read something that was probably going to change everything:

"If you cry because the sun has gone out of your life, your tears will prevent you from seeing the stars."

Perhaps I was a boy who didn't understand anything.

Perhaps I had understood everything.

"Mom, do you think I can still change?" I asked.

The next day, my mom held me the keys from our old house in the village. I hadn't gone to my village for 14 years. We moved out because of my mom's work. Leaving meant leaving behind friends, dreams, places and my home. Because it always felt like home. And I felt that same way the moment I saw the sign that confirmed my arrival. Even though years had passed, everything was exactly as I remembered; as if time had never passed. I walked aimlessly around the village. Everyone continued with their lives without realizing that I was there attempting to rebuild mine.

I stood still when I heard someone calling me.

"Marco?"

Only my friends called me that way.

"Oscar," I said, when I recognized him. He was my childhood best friend.

"Have your family and you returned?" he asked.

"Well, I came alone, I had a change of heart about living in town."

"You haven't changed, at all. I knew you'd return at some point," he smirked.

There was a silence. He started talking again. "If you need anything, you know where to find me. My house is the same." He left and I saw him approaching a boy and a girl our age. Were those his friends?

The next day, I went to Oscar's house. The girl who was with him yesterday who opened the door.

"Excuse me, is Oscar home?" I asked.

"You must be Marco," she said.

"Do you know me?" I stuttered.

"Oscar told me about you," she said and walked inside. I followed her in. I saw Oscar sitting next to a boy with brown hair. I met Oscar's friends: Cat and Matt.

I already knew Oscar, but after all, 14 years had passed, it was as if he had become a

stranger again. Cat, the black haired girl, told me that her family and her had lived here all their lives, but we had never met before. Her parents owned a fruit shop and she used to help them with the business.

Matt had indeed come years after I left. His parents owned the best bakery in the village. Oscar told me that he had been working as a lifeguard at the municipal pool for the past few summers. It brought me back memories of when we were young and he dreamed of that job, which made me feel nostalgic.

During that afternoon, I connected with them in a way I hadn't with anyone before. I was enchanted by their lifestyle. It was a completely different pace than the city.

Three months after my arrival, I was still there. The 4 of us were on the hill in the village. We watched the sunset. During that time, I had found people who had

taught me a lot. When I arrived I had no idea that they would change my life.

"Hey, guys," Matt began talking. "I'm unaware of your future plans. But I've decided I want to continue with my parent's bakery." I admired Matt because he never hesitated.

"I have an idea!" Cat said. "We should work in the bakery all together. That's actually my dream." I envied Cat because it seemed like she wasn't afraid of anything.

"What's your dream, Marco?" Oscar asked. Nobody could read me as well as Oscar.

"I want to stay here. I don't want something temporary. I want us to keep living our little life together. I want this big world to stop mattering. I want to keep going everyday to Cat's parent's fruit shop. I want summer to come so I can laugh whenever I see Oscar working as a lifeguard. And I want to work in that bakery with you, Matt. My dream is here. With you all."



Drawing by: Alba Gómez García

Adolescent language: a new form of communication?

By Yasmine Diani

RABAT - It is undeniable that the language of today's youth is constantly evolving, shaped by new technologies and popular culture. The use of abbreviations, emojis and expressions specific to this generation shows a desire to communicate in a faster, fun and identity way.

This rapid evolution of language can sometimes lead to misunderstandings with previous generations, who struggle to follow these new linguistic trends. However, more and more efforts are being made on both sides to foster intergenerational understanding. Parents and the elderly adapt to understand this new language, while young people can also learn to express themselves more formally in certain contexts.

Beyond linguistic differences, it is important to value the richness of each language and find a balance between the different ways of communicating. This linguistic diversity reflects the richness of our society and promotes more open and inclusive communication between generations.

Ultimately, this evolution of the language of young people reflects the profound changes in our

On the other hand, it is interesting to note that this change in the language of young people also has repercussions on the language itself. New expressions and terms are emerging, enriching our vocabulary and our way of expressing ourselves. These new words and expressions reflect the concerns, lifestyles and aspirations of today's youth, contributing to the diversity and vitality of our language.

It is therefore important



society and our modes of communication. It is essential to be attentive and open to different forms of expression to promote harmonious and enriching communication, thus allowing everyone to express themselves and understand each other fully.

not to see this development as a threat to the language, but rather as an opportunity for enrichment and renewal. By encouraging the creativity and linguistic innovation of young people, we help maintain the vitality of our language and preserve its ability to

evolve according to the needs and realities of our ever-changing society.

In conclusion, the language of young people is constantly evolving, nourished by new technologies, popular

culture and intergenerational interactions. It is important to value this linguistic diversity, to foster understanding between different generations and to enrich our language through this

linguistic creativity.

By embracing these changes and integrating them in an open and constructive way, we contribute to a more harmonious and enriching communication for all.

Kaleidoscope

By Maria Baena Arriaga

*Love is a kaleidoscope
no one understands how
it works
but somehow it's still
beautiful
you never know what
there's inside
colors shining in your eye
a spiral of confusion
a rainbow mosaic of
delusion*

*Love is a kaleidoscope
you can turn it into
something new
red, or white, or pink, or
blue
and even though it isn't
true
it's really hard to tell
apart the illusion from
the truth
and when you're leaving
with a broken heart you
realize you always knew*

The Meadow and The Desert

By Sara Mitchell



BARCELONA – My heart echoes in my ears, drumming to the rhythm of the gunshots outside. I hold my brothers close to me and squeeze my mother's hand in reassurance. They are all shaking so I cannot. They are all falling so I must hold them up. Nasir starts hiccupping, a sign he won't last much longer without crying. He's only four years old and crying is an instinct at that age, so before I can cover his mouth, he lets out a loud wail. I muffle the worst of it, but the distressed sounds still bouncing off the basement walls are loud enough to draw attention to us. Silent

tears slide down my cheeks as Ali's lip starts trembling as well. I bring my brothers closer to me, stroking their heads and mumbling a teary lullaby. I hold my breath when I hear heavy footsteps approaching our house, banging from the front door echoes above us, so we huddle closer into the darkest corner of the garage. Looking at my brothers, I tell them to close their eyes tightly, and to think of what the world will look like after this torture.

"What do you see?" I whisper slowly, my voice breaking.

"Blue skies and a green Meadow, like Abi used to sing about," Nasir whispers back, without opening his eyes, "all my friends and family safe." I feel a crack crossing my heart and fight my own emotions to stay strong for them.

"And you, Ali?" I look at his thin figure; his ribs are showing from beneath his shirt and his bones are too noticeable for a healthy child, we are all starving, slowly, to death.

"I see big plates of *Musakhan* and *Maqluba* and enough water to take a big bath with lots of bubbles." He opens his eyes, and through the curtain of glistening tears, there is still a flicker of childish hope.

"*Okht*, I'm really scared." I look at Ali, I'm scared too but I can't show it.

"Me too, Ali, but it'll soon be over, and we'll have the blue skies that Nasir dreams about."

"Can you sing?" Nasir says. I huddle them closer and begin singing the song that our dad used to sing before he died.

Give me your hand, I'll keep you close.

Walk with me as the grass grows.

We'll lie near the Meadow, and live in peace.

...

I sing the last syllable and find Ali and Nasir asleep. I stroke their curly hair soothingly. My mother is staring at the wall in silence, her eyes fixated in space.



"*Mama*, you should sleep, I can watch." She doesn't react. Ever since *Abi* died, she is numb to the world, even though she is pregnant with another child.

"*Mama*, I'm serious, you need to sleep, if not for yourself then for the baby," I raise my voice slightly, and instantly regret it when I hear voices outside our house. They are muffled but they are becoming clearer at an alarming rate. I cover my sleeping brothers with a sack, trying my best to

hide them from whatever terror will soon reach us.

"*Mama!*" I hiss, "hide." When she doesn't react, I drag her out of the chair, carry her dead weight and cover her with another sack. I hide behind the door, there are no more sacks left, and in the case they find Nasir and Ali, I can jump out and try to give them time to escape. Tensely, I wait behind the door, they are inside the house now and will soon find the basement, they will soon find us. The heavy footsteps stop in

front of the top basement door, and urgent banging starts echoing around us.

"Dalia? Nasir? Ali? Halima? Are you there?" our neighbor's voice rings through me; a low flicker of hope builds in my chest as I shout back.

"We're here." I bound up the stairs and unlock the top basement door, our neighbors Rahim and Omar stand in the doorway, their eyebrows knitted together.

"Come," Omar says, "they're taking us to Rafah, it'll be safe there." Rahim carries my mother on his back while Omar carries Ali and I carry Nasir. The truck taking us to Rafah is filled with other fugitives, we are all squeezed together with barely any space to breathe.

They leave us in the dark for hours - as we exit the northern strip of Gaza - until the door suddenly opens and a flood of dying sunlight shines on our faces. A dirty man guides us to a big building, judging by the soot-covered once-white walls it is a hospital. Instantly, the smell of desperation, fear and sickness washes over us. The wail of a child pierces the sickly silence that weighs over the area. Multicolored tents fill the space in front of us in a messy manner, strewn so close together we have to fight our way through the dirty sheets. The man doesn't speak, simply looks ahead, back slumped. Omar squeezes my hand encouragingly, but I can tell by the dark bags under his eyes that

he is scared too. I shift Nasir onto my other arm and hold Omar's hand tightly, never wanting to let go, fearing that if I do everything will fall apart. The group following the man slowly disbands as we are all distributed into tents. Omar and Rahim stay with us, and although the tent is tight, it feels more comfortable than the basement we were in earlier today. It is as though the world has collapsed onto itself.

I yawn deeply and try to cover it with my hand, Rahim looks at me sympathetically and whispers, "Go on, rest now Dalia, god knows you need it." I nod, my eyes heavy with sleep. I lay on the thin - broken - foam mattress and let my muscles relax. I dream of the *Meadow* Nasir mentioned, and all our friends and family sat around a big table - sharing our favorite foods like Ali hoped, laughing. That is, until the perfectly clear blue skies turn dark. A sound - a mix between thunder and a bomb - warps the calm scene in my mind. The food around the table crumbles

to dust and the greenery dies - leaving only an ashen gray landscape. Fire is now spreading across the table, igniting everything it touches, every member around the table turns to ash before my eyes. The fire continues slithering towards me like a snake, fear bubbles in my chest, I don't want to die. Before the flames can lick my skin, I wake - panting, shivering and covered in icy cold sweat.

I rub the grit from my eyes, it is still dark out and the cramped tent is filled with silence - only broken by the sound of even breathing. Barefoot, I walk out into the night, the air is thick with loss, and it is far from fresh, but it is better than the feverish heat in the tent - caused by too many bodies pressed close together.

I wander, but don't stray far. Although it is early, there are a few children sitting in the cold dawn air; I join them, most of them are shivering and their faces are covered with soot, but they make no move to cover

themselves or wipe off the dirt. They don't acknowledge me until I give them a reason to.

"Are you cold?" shyly, I hand them one of the spare, thin threadbare sheets from our tent. One of the boys mutters something as he covers himself and the other two sitting by him. We sit in silence, and watch the Sun rise over the horizon.

As the sky lightens, I stand up but one of the boys grabs my hand, "Thank you." I nod slightly and head back to my tent as tears prickle my eyes. We cannot live like this.

The weeks have dragged on – each day worse than the last – endless days and even longer nights bring everyone down, the camp settling under a depressive cloud. Thanks to Rahim's help, Mama is fed and cared for but while she stares into space, I can't help feeling a bubbling sense of anger at having to carry all the weight myself.

I have started working in a limestone mine after a month of being in the

camp, because I couldn't shake the feeling that I needed to help. So, to pay for the border crossing into Egypt, I need to raise money for all of us. Omar and Rahim insisted they pay for themselves, but I have to try to get as many of my loved ones across the border as possible.

I am aware that my 'salary' in the mines will not be enough to cover the expense, so I sign my family up for an 'adoptive' GoFundMe. The phone I use isn't mine, it is shared by everyone in the camp, so through the small cracked screen, I try my best to take care of my family in the only way possible nowadays: fame and social media.

Soon enough, I am contacted by a small content creator, named Claire, kind enough to take care of raising money for our escape; we talk every day.

The soot from the air and the dust from the mines cling to my skin. It is irritated from the burning sun and the lack of

hygiene. Sharing a shower with everyone in my tent would have already been hard; but having to share a bucket with everyone in the camp is practically impossible. We don't complain though, everyone's lives have been turned upside down, but we could be much worse.

Omar and Rahim had soon taken to working in the mines too, not long after I started. They separated us though; the older men were taken deeper into the rocks while I stayed with the younger kids and women closer to the surface. Inhaling the chinks of rock, eyes stinging and ears ringing.

My hands are bleeding as I hack away at a piece of limestone in the wall I've been assigned. Before I know it, I'm flying across the room, completely swept off my feet. I land with a thud on my stomach, and I scream in pain; I've broken a rib. Someone drags me up by the arm and takes me outside, but I hear nothing, my ears are

ringing loudly, drowning everything out. They've bombed us. My mind is reeling but I'm sure of this. They've just bombed us. Everywhere I look, people are crying, yelling, running; everyone is scared. Omar and Rahim are still inside. This thought crosses my mind the second another bomb lands on the mine. This time right in front of my eyes. I cry out desperately, and try running back inside, but a woman grabs me from the middle and pulls me close to her.

A small kindling of hope remains as some of the men stumble out of the mine's opening, but it dies out as the cave blows up from the inside. I struggle against the arms of the woman; she simply holds me closer until I go limp and hug her back, weeping into her chest.

The survivors walk back defeated, the wounded are carried, and the dead are buried beneath the rubble of the mine. The whole time my mind reels, they told us we were safe here. That

night I cry; I cry until the moon has forgone an entire cycle.

I am next to use the telephone, Claire and I had made an appointment to call today last time we talked. I cross my fingers and hope she has good news or even a small update would brighten up my day. I step inside the makeshift phone booth, and dial Claire's number. Ring... ring... ring...

"Hello?" Claire's voice is barely audible over the static on the phone, but I talk anyway, I have little time.

"Claire? What's the news?" My accent slips when I speak English, but considering the circumstances, just speaking the language and being understood can make all the difference.

"Yeah, so, I have raised enough money for the three of you!" She exclaims excitedly, but I blink, confused.

"Three? There's four of us..." So much for good news.

"Oh, god, sorry, um..." Her voice is breaking up, static filling in the pauses between her words.

"Do you think you could get enough for one more?" I cross my fingers from the other side of the world.

"I'm sorry, Dalia, but I've already closed the GoFundMe," through the static, I can tell she is crying.

"Thank you, Claire, for everything, really." My own voice is breaking now, but I thank her anyway, she has been a great help to us.

"Good lu-" Beep... beep... beep... Time is up.

"See you on the other side, Claire, hopefully," I whisper into the receiver, to myself and to Claire, who at least tried.

Explaining to my brothers the good news was easy, "You're going someplace safe, away from the noise." Claire will be picking them up from the airport tomorrow, so they have to cross today.

"And you?" Ali asks. His eyes glisten with tears when I don't answer. He hugs me and Nasir - although it takes him longer to understand - does too. We hold each other tightly, I would hold them forever, but I must do what must be done.



"Mama, you need to take care of them, wake up." I shake her, letting my bottled-up anger simmer. She looks up, her eyes shiny with tears. I help her up and hug her tightly, too. Against her chest I whimper, "Take care of them Mama. For me." She nods and holds me for as long as she can.

The cart I carry Mama in is not heavy, but the trip is long and by the time the border comes into view, it is midday - the Sun is at its highest point; therefore, it is the hottest moment of the day.

The time to part has arrived, I fight the tears that come to my eyes as I hug Nasir and Ali one last time, maybe forever. I tell them to be brave, to remember how much I love them. They nod quietly, tears rolling down their cheeks. I turn to Mama, and with one look she knows she has to be strong, fight for them and keep them safe. I linger in her embrace; one I haven't felt in a while. She kisses my forehead lightly, just like Abi used to do. In that moment. I break. They will be able to

see The Meadow dad always talked about. I won't, I'll stay in the Desert.

With the Sun at their backs, they hand over the money - given to us by the Western Union the evening before, via Claire's bank account - to border control. They usher them through with a small group of people. The moment the heavy door closes behind them, it feels like my life has ended.

(Artwork by: Lucia Moreno Fernandez)

The Taliban's Current Rule Of Afghanistan: A Time Travel To The Past



By Teresa Pereira
Fernandez

LEON - The crisis in Afghanistan has largely disappeared from the news, pushed aside by newer conflicts, but it is still ongoing as the Taliban announced on March 27 an edict to resume stoning women to death.

The Afghanistan conflict began in 1978 between anti-communist Islamic guerrillas and the Afghan

communist government. This initiated a conflict of ideologies which faced intervention by the major world powers, who were immersed in the Cold War and had the intention of taking the country into their hegemony. The Afghanistan War would later overlap with the U.S. invasion in response to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001.

Back in 1978, Afghanistan's communist government had overthrown the previous one by force, and therefore had low support from the population, but backing from the Soviet Union. The urban and tribal groups fighting against the government were called the Mujahideen which means "Soldiers of God." The following year, the Soviets decided to invade the

country to control their new client state, sending in 30,000 troops and bombing rural areas. The Mujahideen fought back with anti-aircraft equipment sent by the United States, Soviet Union's adversary.

This conflict ended in 1988 when the US, the USSR, Pakistan, and Afghanistan agreed on the Soviet withdrawal of troops. Meanwhile, a puritanical Islamic group which was led by a former mujahideen appeared in the unstable country in 1994 and occupied Kabul in 1996, taking the power with a coup. This Pashtun group emerged in the 90s in religious seminaries (believed to be mostly funded by Saudi Arabia) in northern Pakistan, a country that had welcomed millions of refugees from the conflict in Afghanistan.

They made the promise of restoring peace and security and enforced their version of the Sharia, the Islamic law, which was a fundamentalist



form of Sunni Islam. Their government was accused of human rights abuses, such as amputation punishments for thieves, and the banning of school attendance for girls over 10 years of age. Men were required to grow beards and women had to cover themselves completely with the burka.

The ties of this group with the terrorist group Al Qaeda caused the country to be a target in the US War on Terror after 2001 and the American special operations forces succeeded in establishing a republic, starting a 13-year war or "NATO's combat mission" in Afghanistan. This formally ended in 2014, but as the Afghan government troops were not thought to be strong enough to control the Taliban, a troop drawdown wasn't implemented until the summer of 2021. Within days of this withdrawal, the Taliban overtook the country again, this time with no international resistance.

The Taliban are a fundamentalist Islamic

group, and the United Nations has expressed concerns about whether this new government was going to respect human rights, especially that of women. They announced that they were going to be more progressive than 20 years before and respect human rights. Nonetheless, they didn't follow through with that promise, and three years into their rule they have suspended existing criminal and penal codes, replacing them with their rigid interpretation of sharia law.

Alarmingly, it has become the place where women's rights have diminished the most in the current world, as it is ranked last in the Women, Peace and Security Index. In 2023, the Taliban has issued 80 edicts, 54 directly targeting women. The Feminist Majority Foundation has depicted all of these on its web. For instance, it is the only country in the world where women can't receive education above the primary level. Related to this is the well-known attack against Malala Yousafzai in 2012 in

Pakistan, shot by the Taliban when she was returning from school. Moreover, women have been banned from going to parks, gyms, and public bathing houses, and outside of health and education they can't work outside. Furthermore, they have issued regulations that forbid women from traveling or leaving their houses without being accompanied by a male relative as a chaperone. In most places, women must wear a full hijab and have their faces covered. Unfortunately, the Taliban have systematically dismantled services for women and girls experiencing domestic violence. Samira Hamidi, an Afghan activist, and campaigner at Amnesty International, said: "In the past two and half years, the Taliban has dismantled institutions that were providing services to Afghan women." Of course, women who protest against this face terrible consequences including enforced disappearance, arbitrary detention, or worse.

These humanitarian rights abuses have caused countries and donors to cut aid to Afghanistan, causing a malnutrition crisis affecting millions. About half the population faces acute hunger and 97% are in poverty. Despite this, in December the Taliban also banned female aid workers from doing their jobs.

Recently, the Taliban has announced an edict to resume publicly stoning to death women who are considered to have broken the marital law, which has been met with silence from the international community.

The UN special rapporteur destined in Afghanistan informed the UN Human Rights Council about the situation of the country, explaining that it "constitutes gender persecution and an institutionalized framework of gender apartheid." To understand how women live currently in Afghanistan, the BBC has a page for testimonies named "Afghan women share what their lives are really like under the Taliban", collected by

Aakriti Thapar, Mahfouz Zubaide and Andrew Clarence.

Rightfully, no country has recognized the Taliban government in the year since they returned to power. On December 21, 2022, Australia, Canada, France, Germany, Italy, Japan, the Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Switzerland, the United Kingdom, the United States, and the European Union issued a joint statement condemning the ban on women attending universities.

On April 5, the UN issued a statement condemning the Taliban's ban on Afghan women working with the UN. The EU, the US and many countries issued similar statements of condemnation. The developed countries have a great impact on countries like this, given that a lot of the support for the Taliban comes from hatred of imperial powers or the fatigue of war and violence. Most of their arming has come from Western and developed countries, so there is a need for taking responsibility.

Women's lives in Afghanistan are only getting worse, it is clear that there is a need for the creation of a UN mechanism to collect evidence of international crimes being committed in Afghanistan and another to ensure that this doesn't happen in other countries in the region.

As a society, we ought not to forget about the women who are trapped under this regime, as there shouldn't be any tolerance for this to happen in the world, even if it seems far away. It shows that women's rights around the planet aren't guaranteed and that decades of progress on gender equality can be destroyed in months. The global community should stand strong along Afghan women and not leave them to fight alone so that they don't lose hope.

(Image - A girl looks on among Afghan women lining up to receive relief assistance, during the holy month of Ramadan in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, June 11, 2017. Photo by Parwiz/REUTERS)

From fiction to reality: Criminal Profiling

By Maïssara Seddak

Bordeaux - We all have seen profilers in movies, tv shows or documentaries. But how does it actually work?

A criminal profiler is a type of investigator who uses their knowledge of psychology, criminal investigation and law enforcement to create profiles of criminals. Also called criminal investigative analysis, criminal profiling involves observing the emotions, behaviors and personalities of past and present criminal offenders. Criminal profilers then combine this research with crime scene evidence and victim and witness statements to create a criminal profile of the suspect in an active criminal case.

Most criminal profilers have an extensive background in law enforcement and work in criminal justice for several

years before becoming a profiler. Indeed, we all know about and heard about the FBI, well this Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) requires its criminal profilers to complete the FBI's formal training at its academy; such as working on real cases alongside a host of law enforcement professionals including other agents, forensic psychologists, psychiatrists and medical examiners.

Becoming a criminal profiler is not an easy journey, the typical educational and experience

requirements for criminal profilers include bachelors in psychology, criminal justice, forensics and behavioral science, at minimum, then a masters or doctorate degree in criminal justice; depending on where you are practicing, you may also be required to have an extensive experience in law enforcement and investigative techniques, additional industry

certifications, and without surprise, no prior felony records.

Analyzing troubled personalities is not that simple, criminal profilers must study the psychology of past and present criminals and make correlations between similar criminal types, in order to identify key behavior patterns of current criminals. Moreover, having a law enforcement background



is extremely useful when studying and using investigative strategy, various law enforcement interviewing techniques and crime scene analysis, such as evidence, crime scene reports, witness and victim testimonies and any suspects to better form a profile. And that is not all. Profilers also identify potential criminal offenders and play a role in the case by

providing testimonies in troubled and can have aggressive



the courtroom.

Now that you have all the steps and tips to become a professional, I will tell you about a key element to succeed as a criminal profiler. First is critical analysis, advanced analytical skills can help a profiler analyze complex data that allows them to create accurate profiles. Another skill needed is communication, criminal profilers often work as part of a team within a law enforcement department, where they communicate their ideas and findings with their colleagues. Even if cases are disturbing and may affect you emotionally, objectivity is necessary so that they can view situations objectively and use their best judgment without incorporating emotional responses. Indeed, the individual you're analyzing is

reactions which may hinder the resolution of the case. That goes in pair with active listening, criminal profilers must listen attentively

to suspects, witnesses and victims during interviews to gather essential information for profiles. Finally, the skill we hear the most about is attention to detail. Criminal profilers assess complex situations and must pay close attention to detail to ensure they don't overlook small pieces of information. Those kinds of information usually result in the resolution of the case, they must not be forgotten.

You may think that profilers simply analyze the past, which won't make up for the crimes that were committed, and I am here to show you how Criminology and Forensics science can be useful in your daily life, but also to create a more secure world. Mary Ellen O'Toole, Ph. D. has spent her career studying the

criminal mind. One of the most senior profilers for the FBI until her retirement in 2009, Dr. O'Toole has consulted and worked on some of the FBI's most high-profile cases involving infamous criminals. She worked on the case and interviewed the 60-year-old park ranger David Parker Ray, who appeared charming and even seemed to admire women, and here is what she learned from it.

"When we try to figure out if someone is a good person or a potential threat, we focus on superficial qualities that don't tell us much about the individual. We assume that people who go to work every day, have a family and a well-kept home are normal—and we give them a lot of credibility. We also assume that our bodies will warn us when we're around someone dangerous. We'll experience the sensations of fear and know how to stay away," O'Toole explains..

But as the FBI profiler said, dangerous people

can have a way of making us feel extremely comfortable. For instance, they're friendly, courteous and make good eye contact. When O'Toole first saw David Parker Ray, he took her hand and told her how nice it was to meet her. He was also polite and well-mannered. Even though she had worked on the most notorious criminal cases, she had to keep reminding herself of his heinous crimes.

What also complicates our ability to read people accurately is that many of us aren't good listeners. The best way to tell if someone is dangerous is by observing their behavior. "In order to be a good reader of behavior, you have to watch and listen," O'Toole said. But if you're too busy talking the whole time, you may miss key pieces of information.

We also tend to admire and even feel intimidated by people in certain professions and positions, which additionally hampers our judgment. Indeed, we automatically give people a pass if

they're a religious figure, police officer or military person. We assign admirable qualities to them without much thought. We assume they're intelligent, courageous, compassionate and thereby harmless.

When reading others, people also "are clouded by their own emotional state," O'Toole declared. Being depressed or just losing a loved one puts you in a vulnerable state when someone offers to do something nice for you, she said. In our society, we also hold onto many myths that put us in danger. O'Toole calls one of the most common myths "the myth of the scraggly-haired stranger." That is, we think that dangerous people look creepy, unkempt, are unemployed and uneducated and basically stick out like sore thumbs. So, we overlook people who may be incredibly dangerous because they look like the rest of us.

Another myth is that good people just snap and act violently. However, individuals who "snap"

already have traits that predispose them to violence, such as a short fuse or physical aggression. It's more likely, she added, that dangerous people minimize the presence of these red flags.

In fact, it's also common for people to minimize signs of danger in general. We may choose to ignore certain behavior patterns, rationalize them, explain them away or talk ourselves out of acting, O'Toole said. Take the example of a couple where one partner becomes increasingly obsessive and jealous (and even physically abusive), which O'Toole commonly sees as a consultant to schools and universities. The young woman wants to end the relationship, but she's afraid of her partner. He has many good friends, plays competitive sports and comes from a well-to-do family. She doesn't want to get him in trouble and worries that their friends will hate her. So, the parents decide to deal with the situation on their own. They underestimate the danger.

But these are criminal behaviors, and they don't just begin in young adulthood. It's likely he's done similar things with other girls and has other concerning traits. Just getting your daughter out of this situation is not enough, and it "could cause your daughter to lose her life, according to O'Toole.

Red Flags When Reading People

Again, reading people accurately means going beyond superficial traits and seeing their behaviors. According to O'Toole, these are several red flags of concerning or dangerous actions.

So, how can you use Forensic science to protect yourself? How to recognize troubled individuals?

They get angry easily or talk about violence. A person who has a short fuse in one situation will usually have it in another. For instance, if a person has road rage, it's a good indicator that they also have anger problems outside the car, O'Toole said. Another red flag is if

they think that "violence is the answer to everything no matter what they're talking about."

If they are physically aggressive or abusive to others. Has the person ever been physically aggressive with you or others? How do they treat staff or servers at a restaurant? If they mistreat others or act like bullies, this is likely to spill over into other areas of their life, O'Toole said.

They tend to blame others. Let's say you're on your first or second date with a person, and they mention their past relationships. They not only have nothing good to say about their previous partners, but they blame them for everything, she said.

They lack empathy or compassion. O'Toole views a lack of empathy and compassion as important indicators of someone's character and their dangerousness. You can identify whether someone is empathetic or compassionate in a simple conversation, and in as little as 10 minutes. These

individuals hijack conversations by interrupting and refocusing the talk back to them. Psychopaths, who make up about one percent of the general population and 10 percent of prisoners, also lack empathy (among meeting other criteria). They may pretend as though they care, empathize and have feelings for their victims. But, as O'Toole and Bowman write in *Dangerous Instincts*, "Asking a psychopath what remorse or guilt feels like is like asking a man what it feels like to be pregnant. It is an experience they have never had." If you keep asking a psychopath about their feelings (such as "How do you feel about those victims?"), they'll become irritated, and their facade will start to crack, O'Toole said. For psychopaths, "emotions are a pain in their rear end." They see them as problems, not something worth having.

Reading people accurately isn't a gift; it's a skill that anyone can master if they start paying attention to the right things.

The Olympic Games: Only a Sportive Competition?

By Eva Nahon

PARIS - "Happy Hunger Games! And may the odds be ever in your favor", declared the famous movie character Effie Trinket at the start of Hunger Game. But unlike the latter, the participants in the Olympic Games won't be killing each other. It is, however, a competition in which everyone is prepared to give their all for victory, and implicitly for that of their country.

In doing so, the Olympic Games is a global event held every four years which brings together athletes from different countries to compete in a variety of sporting disciplines. Originating in ancient Greece and reintroduced in 1893 by Pierre de Coubertin, these games encourage the spirit of competition, athletic excellence and international cooperation.

Unfortunately, in a competition, there's always a winner and a loser. But as no one truly likes to lose, it's understandable that these games are also, and above all, vectors of inter-state tension, which you'll hear more about in the rest of this article.

Hosting the Games: What's at Stake for Governments and What Impacts on Civilians?

2024.... a year eagerly awaited by the whole world, but especially for the French, the lucky ones who will be host of the Olympics Games of 2024. So much at stake for the country on the international stage!



Indeed, organizing the Olympic Games is a complex task, with high stakes: they serve as a clear expression of a country's power.

On the one hand, the Olympic Games increase

the host's *Hard Power*, i.e. the expression of its economic might as an instrument of power over other states. Indeed, you can't host the Olympic Games if you don't have the means to do so, as they require a redevelopment of the territory to accommodate them. Infrastructure and facilities (transport, stadiums, Olympic villages) have to be built, which is extremely costly: the budget for Paris 2024 is estimated at around 4.4 billion euros.

But it's certainly not a waste of money, as it's a way for the country to show the world its economic power.

On the other hand, the Olympic Games are a way for the world powers to strengthen their soft power, that is to say their ability to influence other countries by the implicit diffusion of their culture. As the largest sporting event in the world, the Olympic Games focus the world's attention on the host country. In 2014, for example, the opening ceremony of the Olympic Games in Sochi was

watched by more than 3 billion viewers worldwide. The Olympic Games are therefore the ideal opportunity for host countries to showcase their national heritage through tourism, especially since it is a mass tourism: more than 15 million tourists are expected for Paris 2024. Thus, the Olympics are the perfect opportunity for the host country to increase the influence of its national heritage through tourism but also through the media.

But what about civilians? Are there only positive aspects to the Olympics? Unfortunately, no. If the Olympic Games are a major event that makes host cities attractive, many Parisians intend to go on holiday throughout the Olympic Games. In addition to the extremely high cost of entrance tickets, the Olympic Games will make life in Paris difficult, causing disruptions in road traffic and on public transport lines. This makes it harder for Parisians to access their homes and workplaces.

Nevertheless, the opening of new opportunities has delighted the hearts of Parisians who increasingly rent their apartments during the Olympic Games—a good way to satisfy tourists and locals!

The Olympic Games: Between Interstate Cooperation and Rivalries:

As you know, the Olympic Games are an opportunity for many nations to come together to celebrate athleticism and mental strength. The International Olympic Committee (IOC) aims to promote sports competition and education without discrimination, "in a spirit of friendship, solidarity and fair play." The Olympic Games are a time when, supposedly, political quarrels are put aside, giving rise to moments of inter-state cooperation. The IOC even promotes the concept of the Olympic

Truce in its charter, a policy that was observed at the ancient Olympic Games. Indeed, in ancient Greece, the Olympic Games brought together all the Greek city-states that were supposed to be at war with one another. This Olympic truce proved that cooperation between states based on sporting performance took precedence over war, representing the height of inter-state relations.

But despite the IOC's



goals for international peace during the Games, politics has disrupted

them throughout its history, whether through boycotts, propaganda or demonstrations.

For instance, the 1936 Olympic Games are known as the most famous, where political tensions were the clearest. Indeed, Berlin was elected to host the 1936 Olympic Games in 1931. However, when 1933 arrived, the Nazi Party took power in Germany. Proposed boycotts of the Berlin Olympic Games have taken place in many Western countries, dismayed by Germany's racist policies and human rights violations. Here, this highlights ideological tensions between the world powers.

Another example where the Olympics were the scene of interstate tensions was in 1948 in London. Indeed, Germany and Japan were not invited to participate in the first Olympic Games after the Second World War. We can understand here that the world powers were still healing from the damage of WWII and wanted to punish

those responsible for war crimes. In addition, the Soviet Union was invited but refused to send a team, which shows the beginning of the ideological tension characteristic of the Cold War.

Finally, if we take a really recent example, we must talk about the semi-boycott of Russia and Belarus at the Paris 2024 Olympics due to the Ukraine War. Indeed, the International Olympic Committee announced on Tuesday, March 19, that athletes from both countries will not participate in the parade on the Seine and that their medals will not be counted. The IOC also set out on this day the protocol conditions under which athletes from both countries, called Individual Neutral Athletes (AIN), will be allowed to compete from July 26 to August 11. Medals won by delegations from both countries will not be counted in the ranking of

nations. In the case of a title, a flag marked with the inscription AIN in a white disc on a green background will be displayed, in place of the Russian and Belarusian flags, and an anthem without words, produced specifically for the occasion, will be played. Here again, interstate tensions are on display.

But as the news keeps track of tensions or cooperation between world powers, I strongly encourage you to watch and analyze the Paris 2024 Olympics which, I am sure, will not fail to reveal new geopolitical issues.



Dual Diploma Writing Contest Winner:

Maya Guillaume-Bourbault



MEAUX - Questions have crowded my thoughts ever since I left this hospital and I don't know what to do with myself. I take out my phone and stare at the hundreds of missed calls piling up in my inbox and I put it back in my pocket muttering "I don't have time for this".

The air is cold and I feel it pull at my skin from every side. The truth is that I haven't had the time for anything else than taking the car in the morning, spending my day next to that metal bed and driving home at night.

Soon I'll need to fill up the tank and it pains me

to realize I lied to her. After all, I was sure that by now it would be over but one wrong move and our lives tumbled into a dark pit of excruciating routine and daily pain. I hold on to her hand for as long as I can but there is always a time to leave, a time for the nurse to be the only company she gets as night tears her apart.

Her smile isn't what it used to be and I feel like maybe I have lost the ability to make it appear again. I looked it up the night it happened, I typed into my computer trying to find out the reasons for her not to be able to breathe, for the tube that helps fill her lungs and the reason she cannot

speak anymore. What came up was air quality, pollution, climate change and so many others. It is quite ironic and would have made her have that sinister laugh to know that what she has been advocating for her whole life would be what ends her.

After all, I think she's always known the risk, always going to those places that were a risk for people only for it to cause her own end. She became an example of her own words. If she could still talk she would probably make videos from that metal bed and say, "See! Look at what it did to me! How can you stand here and do nothing."





Today, I enter her room and she hasn't ever looked more tired yet when she sees me enter she manages to look at my sweater with a disapproving look and I shrug . "Mom bought it for me without consulting with me first." She shakes her head almost angrily and I can imagine her saying, "You could have returned it."

As I leave the hospital at noon and take my car, the reality of it doesn't really sink in until I reach my apartment, our apartment. I go to change and as I hold this sweater in my hands I realize this

was the last time she would ever scowl me about how much I don't care and that she can't be the only one in this fight, about how I have to refuse those stupid presents from my mother and that she just asks me to do this with her. I crumble at the thought that this is it, I'm here and she's not. How many families and couples are destroyed by the stupid diseases that spread across this earth because we can't seem to care for it?

How many share my pain without even knowing the cause for it all? I cry

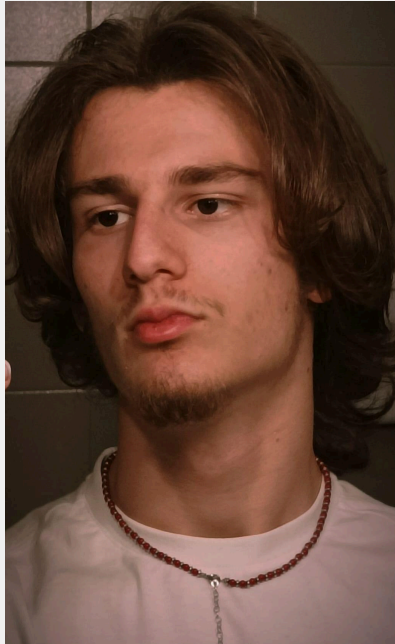
myself to sleep and let my bed swallow me whole, feeling a cavity growing in my chest.

It's been a few years and what I do now is what she would have done if she had recovered.

Taking action seemed like the only thing that could help me up from my grief. I've realized that I'm not alone and that more homes have been wrecked than we hear of. There is no new sweater and no plane in the life I lead, just the realization that we have killed enough and that it's time to stop.

Runner-Up - *Are New Technologies a Problem?*

By Marco Legori



With the advent of new technologies on the market there is no doubt that our life has completely changed, now there are many electrical appliances that can do everything and more, in short they are replacing what were many old usual jobs, certainly everyone can think "I don't have to do what the machine does, it saves me a lot of time." Well, is something wrong with this? Or maybe nothing at all?

Visually we are definitely gaining more than we are losing because we don't realize it. Labor is something unique, something that machines cannot reproduce because the human imprint is personal, machines certainly do it with faster means and with lower costs but what is done by hand stands out.

With machines we are losing the human touch from a physical point of view, but as long as there is functionality, a huge problem does not arise. However, with the advent of AI, everything is changing. Now by typing a few words you can create very long texts, books, images and even speeches with previously recorded voices. Not only are we losing our footprint but we are losing the humanity in the things we do, falling into the hands of the cyber world.

Let's imagine a life completely spent with the help of AI and all electronic devices. One day everything stops working. Would we at least know the reason for this or would we

immediately ask Google? Would we be able to resolve the situation? If there isn't a machine that washes and dries our clothes, don't we know that the sun was once used to dry clothes? Luckily, we are still in an era where all this is perhaps only just beginning. Should we worry about it? I don't know, but what I do know is that we will continue to grow in this field and we will get to a point where these thoughts will not just be thoughts.

Having technological advancement in various sectors such as the medical one is certainly not a bad thing. On the contrary, it would help many lives, but we must remain firmly rooted in our humanity without being rendered useless by AI. Probably, this new technology is the beginning of a new era, as long as all this does not create problems but solves them I don't see where the problem is. Let's just hope for the future of human faith to continue wanting to know the basics instead of letting Chat GPT do it all.

Editors' notes and Spotlight



Sara Mitchell - BARCELONA

My name is Sara Mitchell, I live in Barcelona but I was born in Sheffield, England. I'm fifteen years old and I am in my 3rd year of ESO (1st year of American High School). I've been doing the Dual Diploma Program for two years now and have participated in the Newspaper Club for the first time this year.

I love to write allegories and short stories with a hidden meaning, especially about flaws in society.



Laia Gámez - BARCELONA

I'm Laia Gámez Palazón, and I'm fourteen years old. I live in Barcelona, Spain. This is my second year in the Dual Diploma and my first time in the Newspaper Club. I love writing about things that can help people or make them aware of something. I'm fascinated by music, science, and animals. I firmly believe that you can always improve and learn more, and this year, I'm achieving it with the Newspaper.

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