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School News Section

Art Competition

By Dayana Ríos Galván
Burgos, Spain

The Building Community Professional Learning Community (PLC), a group of AIS teachers who want to promote connection and community in the program, hosted an art competition. According to one of the judges, Lietty Roig Aloma, the theme of this year was: "Reboot The Earth: What's the glitch you're passionate about fixing?"

Contestants were challenged to create artwork related to a global issue, and inspire other people to help find solutions. The PLC selected the finalists and the AIS faculty voted on the winner, which was announced on February 20th on our program's official Instagram account @ais_dualdiploma. Let's meet the 4 finalists and the winner!



Sofia Pate is a French sixteen-year-old girl from Paris, who likes to play the piano, play tennis and paint. Her artwork is called: "Redesign Earth Landscape". The project took three hours to create with acrylic paint. It reflects the colorful and realistic personality of Sofia. The message she wants to give is that instead of rebuilding, we should focus on what we already have from nature to improve things. Replace the ugliness with beauty, replace pollution with nature.



Paula Toledo, who likes the theater, reading and playing football, is sixteen and lives in Navarra, Spain. The title of her drawing is: "Empathy." She composed it using watercolors, markers, acrylic paint, and stick paints. The youth is typically charged with living within their own bubble of irresponsibility, ignoring their environment and the problems. But in this picture, we see a young girl who not just looks at the elements that surround her but also changes them, thinking about the wellbeing of others.





Magdalena Gillon, is fifteen years old and of French and Croatian origin. She lives in Toulouse, France. She spends her free time working out and painting. In her drawing "Don't Forget Where You Came From," we can see a deep point of view of one of her favorite places, the sea. The Nature Mother is holding her baby, the Earth, while she looks up, searching for hope. We can see how the Earth is hurt, almost dead, however, there's still a point that the destruction has not touched yet, a white point full of hope and optimism.





María Martín, from Salamanca, Spain, created "Call for a Better World". She's 13 years old and likes ballet, basketball and piano. This artwork was made in two days with acrylic paint and alcohol markers. María tried to show her moral and social values, by creating a world where good things are added, while the bad ones are identified to eliminate them. In this image, we can see the world like a device connected to a phone, that can be reset, eliminating the bad version and adjusting the things that are not good enough.





And finally, the first-place winner is **Eloise Voog-Vivier**. At sixteen, Eloise lives near Paris, France, and likes painting, writing and playing sports. She sculpted “How Many Times?” with glue and cardboard. With it, she emphasizes the theme of war over time. Eloise states that the young generations should be protected in war times, due to their relevance to the future of countries.



I want to thank all these talented young women who shared a small amount of their personality, opinion and time with us, simply using art. I encourage you to participate next year in this contest and reveal to us, an eager artistic audience, what's going on in your mind.

Song Competition

By Dayana Rios Galván
Burgos, Spain

This year, the theme of “Reboot the Earth” was not just for the Art Competition, where drawings and sculptures were seen, but also applied to the Song Competition, with the same bases and criteria. Do you want to see what our two finalists and winner did?

The **third place** was won by Paula Alabern. This incredible girl of fifteen years old, lives in Barcelona, Spain and likes to dedicate her free time to composing songs, playing the piano and singing. This artwork was made in two days, using as inspiration the pop style of the American artist Olivia Rodrigo. Her song called ‘Singing As One’, suggests that instead of working each one by ourselves, we should join forces. Her work tries to show that you need to take care of you, but also of the ones who surround you.

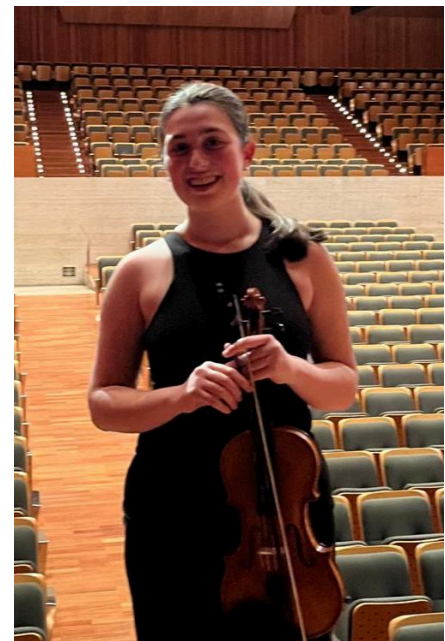


In **second place** we have Iris Le Gall. She’s from Brittany in France, is sixteen years old and loves movies, books and music. In the three hours that Iris made her song, she used as inspiration the British musician Asha banks, with an indie- folk style. If you listen to

her song, ‘United Together,’ you will be able to hear how she talks about the death of the Earth due to pollution and that we need to protect our planet. It starts slow and calm, reflecting the introverted personality of the author.

And finally, the **first-place winner** is Eva Soriano, a fourteen-year-old girl from Lleida, Cataluña, Spain. During her free time, she hangs out with friends or family, plays the piano, plays the violin and sings. She wrote “The Path” over two days, using the rhythm of the singer/songwriter known as Adele. She shares the message that to improve the world, we need to work together, collaborating and letting others help us when we need it.

All I can do is thank these incredible artists for their time and courage in sharing a part of themselves, a part of their talent, with us. I encourage everyone who wants to participate or try again next year. Surprise us with your creativity!



News and Opinion Section

AI and How It's Affecting Artists

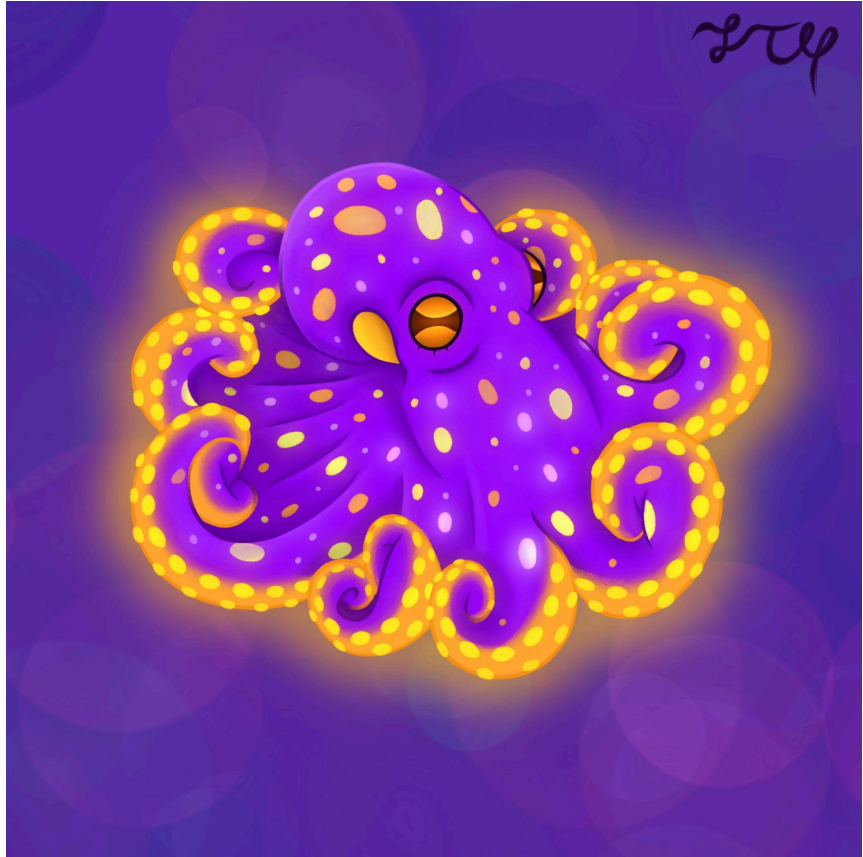
By Júlia Tomey Mir
Reus, Baix Camp

This image took me 9 hours to create using Procreate.

Before AI, even going as far back as the medieval ages, people used to hire artists to paint or draw art for them. Since it's a skill that takes time and effort, it became common to, whenever you wanted a specific drawing, commission an artist so they could bring to life whatever you imagined. Nowadays, because of AI, it seems like artists are no longer needed, and as an artist who is part of the social media community, I have seen what AI has done and how it continues to harm fellow artists. It's very sad to see that people prefer to have AI-generated images to represent them and their businesses rather than hiring real people who would put much more thought and care into creating something original, because what AI creates isn't original.

To start, AI can't create anything new; it copies other things and styles that already exist and uses them to create something that, because of this very reason, isn't original or new. To put it briefly, it "emulates" what it finds about the topic that the prompts ask for and does whatever it thinks fits best.

This became obvious with the "Ghibli Studio trend" from 2025, and if you don't



know what Ghibli is, it's an animation studio that was founded on June 15, 1985, in Japan, and it stood out because of its incredible animation and stunning style, the same style that became very popular in late March 2025.

This "trend" meant that people were using AI extensively to create AI images of themselves or other themes with the Ghibli style; this outraged the art community on social media because AI was stealing the Ghibli style that so many animators fought to create.

According to a recent article by Roselyne Min of Euronews, AI produced between 32.6 million and 79.7 million tons of carbon dioxide in 2025. AI power

plants consumed between 312.5 and 764.6 billion liters of water, needed to cool down data centers.

Rather than consume these resources typing prompts into Gemini or ChatGPT whenever someone wanted an image with the Ghibli style, they could have just commissioned one of the hundreds of artists online or in their local community and contributed to the life of a real person who would put in more effort and creativity than any AI.

Moreover, it seems like the so-called "AI slop" invades our For You pages like a parasite in today's age, and it's a big problem. Now, if you go onto TikTok or Instagram, you will find AI accounts. These accounts

are owned by people who think typing a prompt and posting the result onto the internet counts as "content creation," which isn't considering so many other people who spend hours editing, drawing, painting, or animating their own videos, costing them time and energy, both of which the owners of AI accounts don't have to sacrifice for their "content". The worst part about this is that these accounts have followers; people actually don't consider this immoral and wrong. But it is, because AI steals and copies other creators and their content to carry out those prompts.

But at least those AI accounts are honest about using AI, unlike other accounts owned by scoundrels who use AI to generate "art" to pass it off as their own, deceiving their followers and every person who gives their posts a like, because that drawing took them a second to generate; the only effort they put into it is writing a simple prompt on their computer or any electronic device. This is harmful beyond measure because this means that now some artists who do draw their art themselves are accused of using AI, and people use arguments against them like "Your art looks like AI," and they are right because AI uses their art and the art of many others to generate the images that people ask it to generate. And all this creates a hostile environment where you are

always on the lookout for who's deceitful and who is true, and it can be exhausting sometimes.

This is a big problem, but not just for artists; it's also a problem for musicians, for content creation, for customer support, for accounting, and for many more. I do believe there are some tasks AI can do better than us, and it will be progressive for AI to take over those specific tasks; however, art and creating aren't these things.



This is a drawing I drew myself on Procreate that took me seven hours and thirty-five minutes to complete.

In conclusion, the art community is suffering because of AI, and before you decide to generate another image through any AI platform, please, I beg you to think twice, because you could not waste the

resources that the AI image would produce and just spend twenty or even ten dollars and commission a real human artist. Yes, it might take a day or two for you to receive that artwork, but I assure you that if you just resort to AI every time you want a specific image, you are doing a disservice to all artists and to underdeveloped countries whose resources are being used to create that image you desire so much. Finally, as an artist in the community, I have seen many times how AI has done a disservice to fellow artists who are very talented and have worked hard to get to where they are now. Because of that, I'm going to leave some of my favourite human artists whom I admire deeply with links to their social media so that our readers can ask them for commissions or support them by buying their art.

Colehairlesscat:
Instagram:
<https://www.instagram.com/colehairlesscat/>

Nirami:
Instagram:
<https://www.instagram.com/nirami2020/>

Scott Christian Sava:
Instagram:
<https://www.instagram.com/ssavaart/>

KK derObst:
instagram:
<https://www.instagram.com/kkderobst/>

Anti-Intellectualism

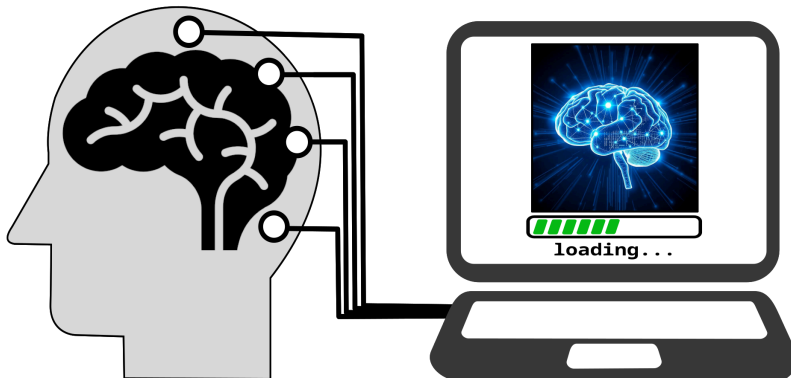
By Dayana Ríos Galván
Burgos, Spain

A perfect storm is brewing. Ignorance, misinformation and artificial intelligence culminates in anti-intellectualism. This affects us not only currently, but also affects our environments and future. Can you tell if you are a victim of it?

Anti-intellectualism is a phenomenon in which an opinion without bases is as valid as the one given by an expert. It rejects all types of knowledge, degrading science, education and deep reflections. It is very visible in media consumers who base their arguments on what impressions they have received from short videos of under 2 minutes. This behavioral pattern resembles functional illiteracy, which is the inability to understand or write a text correctly even after having received education. Time spent scrolling social media without filtering or thinking critically tends to make consumers unreceptive to different opinions or points of view.

Do you know what started this storm?

There are many reasons that caused this situation, but I would say the main one was the use of AI. Many people who use it think it's a useful tool that can save you from receiving a bad grade in one task. Nevertheless, the problem is when it is not



just a one-time solution, and becomes normal. The use of AI limits your own thinking, because why would you bother if the option of asking a machine to do it for you is available?

Impact now

If we enjoy how AI helps us complete tasks faster, summarizing longer texts, or synthesizing multiple sources for us, then speed of completion has become more important than depth of understanding. For example, imagine if reading has changed from a pleasure to a race of who reads more books. Don't misunderstand me, if you tell me that you've read 200 books in a year, I'd give you a round of applause! But if you read, for example, *Crime and Punishment* in one week, can you claim that you really read it? Works as deep and complex like this one, with metaphors, ambiguity and moral reflections take time, more time than one week.

Of course, if the quality of the reading decreases, so will the quality of the new books published. Authors (not all, but the majority) create what they know can be sold, they have

contracts with a lot of money involved, and they need to be sure they will be able to sell those books. If most of the new books that can be bought at book shops are adapted to quick and superficial reading, we will lose well-planned backgrounds, reflections and complex genres like poetry or theatre.

Impact in the future

Imagine that in 20 years you are visiting the Louvre, Paris's famous art museum with your family. While walking through the corridors, one of your sons points at a picture and says, "Look, this is incredible! And it really is, perfect structures, perfect techniques." You look below and see: "Made by Mr. ChatGPT". Artificial Intelligence is hurting the art industry with its perfection and impossible artworks. In the future, artists will earn a low salary, because anything they can think about, can be done by AI cheaper and faster, so probably the museums will be full of AI creations. However, we can have an opposite situation where we change from the research of perfection, to the research of imperfection that shows

mistakes, the human essence.

What will happen to the children who grow up in this environment? In my opinion, they won't be able to think on their own. They will stave off the development of their minds, being childish for half of their lives. This will end in wars that could've been avoided by dialogue, because they won't listen or understand other points of view. In addition,

they won't feel curious about things, won't have passions or at least not at the level that we or past generations did. When these children become professionals and workers, they will lose beautiful aspects of work and family life due to their incomprehension of the importance of the small details that make life special.

It's worthless to point out a problem without giving a

solution. I encourage you to support manual and artesian work, to think and be curious, corroborate information from many sources and never ever stop dreaming. We don't want to turn off the engine of creativity, success and passion. If everyone participates against the anti-intellectualism, we will make this age just as the "Dark Age" of the Greeks, a bad memory.

Eritrea, The North Korea Of Africa

By Naëlie Thezenas

Eritrea is a small country located in East Africa whose capital is Asmara. It is often nicknamed "The North Korea of Africa," and it is populated by 3,546,000 inhabitants who speak Tigrinya, Arabic, English or many other local dialects.

Eritrea became independent from Ethiopia in 1993. Isaias Afwerki took the lead of the country as he was the old leader of Eritrean resistance. He was extremely appreciated and admired by the population as he was perceived as a national hero, the man who saved their country.

In his youth, Isaias Afwerki discovered the Maoist doctrine as he was following military training in China. This ideology would influence him grandly later on to lead Eritrea.

At the beginning of his presidency, he was not only seen as a hero by his people, but by the entire world. He ensured that he wanted to establish a democracy, which he did. For the first few years of his presidential term, Eritrea was a democratic country. But this great situation did not survive every obstacle.



In 1998, a war broke out against Ethiopia due to territorial disagreements. Ethiopia won this war, but Eritrea was still able to gain the city of Badme, one of the territorial reasons that started this conflict in the first place. Yet, this small victory wasn't great enough to make Eritrean citizens forget about this humiliating loss. That's when Isaias

Afwerki's public opinion began to switch and more and more people started criticizing him.

This harsh criticism was so bad that some members of the presidential party ended up publishing a letter in 2001, asking the president to set up new elections. Seeing that the President refused to listen to the population's voices, pacific demonstrations appeared in the country. He arrested all his opponents. Isaias Afwerki's identity had now shifted.

On September 18, 2001, the President made every independent media close, arrested opponents and all of the authors of the letter were reported missing. It was the beginning of the Afwerki purge. The man who once seemed to be a symbol of freedom and democracy to the eyes of the entire world gave himself full powers, crushing everything he ever promised to his people. He chose each and every single individual for each seat of responsibility in the government. In only a few

months, Isias became a dictator.

He decided to make Eritrea into a self-sufficient country, making it fully independent. He banned most NGOs so that they would be unable to come to Eritrea. He also made control at the borders of the country more severe. He even refused hundreds of millions dollars of financial aid from other countries. Sanctions by the United Nations against Eritrea were adding up like the United Nations' decision to forbid arms sales to Eritrea which they accused of supporting terrorist groups in 2009. But the dictator used it to feed into his propaganda, saying that other countries were teaming up against them, that Eritrea was all alone against the rest of the world.

In Eritrea, a slight slip can get you to prison. A mass monitoring of the population is established. Everyone is watching everyone and can

report them any time, making the atmosphere very tense and paranoid there. By the way, prisons are numerous and the quality of life there is inhumane to say the least. Even if there are lots of prisons, there are even more prisoners. It is possible to be locked up in transport crates without any furniture or even any light at all as a cell. Moreover, this dictatorship is often ranked no. 1 in terms of censoring (Eritrea and North Korea often trade between first and second place). And, last but not least, we can take a look at the military service there. At the age of 18, every Eritrean man is picked up from his home to be sent to military service. If they don't comply, their family gets sent to prison, where they might be victims of lots of crimes against humanity and poor quality of life.

But this is not the worst part. The actual twist with the Eritrean military service is

that its length is undetermined and varies from three to ten years, even a lifetime. This means that men have to leave their family as soon as they hit adulthood, not even knowing if they'll ever see them again. This military service is often compared to modern slavery.

Eritrea is the country that loses its population the fastest. Five thousand Eritrean people try to leave the country every single month. And one Eritrean out of five actually lives outside of Eritrea.

Today, Isias Afwerki is 80 years old and has been President of Eritrea for more than 30 years. As some people are glad to believe that dictatorship will disappear with him, others are afraid to think about the possibility of a civil war after the dictator's death and the uncertainty of who will eventually obtain his inheritance.

Beyond the Headlines

By Laia Gámez Palazón
Barcelona, Spain

After a long day of classes, the last thing you want to do is overthink the news. So, to catch up quickly and avoid feeling uninformed, you open Instagram (or any other social media platform), scroll through brief summaries, and glance at a few headlines. In a

matter of minutes, you feel informed. You think you understand what is happening in the world, and you go to sleep peacefully, convinced that you are a little more knowledgeable than you were ten minutes ago.

But are you really seeing the world in its entirety? Or are you only seeing the version your phone has decided to show you?

These days, most of the content we consume is not selected by people applying critical judgment,

but by algorithms designed to process enormous amounts of data and keep us engaged. According to the Pew Research Center, much of what we see online is filtered through systems that prioritize interaction over balance or accuracy. As a result, we are not exposed to as many perspectives as we think, but to versions of reality shaped to keep us scrolling.

Being constantly connected creates the illusion that having access

to more information automatically means being better informed. However, in reality, people may be seeing completely different versions of the same event. A clear example is the war between Russia and Ukraine. Depending on where you are, the same situation can be described in entirely different ways. What appears to be a shared reality is often fragmented or biased.

UNESCO warns that we are facing an "information overload," where the sheer volume of content (whether true or false) makes it increasingly difficult to identify what is actually reliable.

At the same time, the way information is presented

has become just as important as the information itself. Headlines are designed to be fast and emotional, images are chosen to capture attention, and content is often simplified or taken out of context.

And this is where the real question arises: how can we be sure that what we read, see, or hear is true? How do we know it is not biased, incomplete, or even artificially generated?

The answer is not simple, because being informed today is not about consuming more content, but about becoming more aware of how we consume it. It means slowing down, questioning in a space designed for quick reactions, and

understanding that what we see is often only one part of a much larger picture.

This doesn't mean distrusting everything, but rather, learning to pause, compare other reliable sources, and question before accepting something as true, asking yourself: does the article contain evidence to support its thesis?

So, before you move on, ask yourself one last question: how do you know that what you have just read is true?

In a world where information is everywhere, the difference is no longer who reads more, but who questions better.

Propaganda! Everywhere And Nowhere At The Same Time

By Lucía Caro Herrera
Madrid, Spain

Knowing what propaganda is and where we can find it is very important in our current world. With constant news about wars and political advances where citizens take a big part. Choosing what we promote or share can be crucial to how informed we are. With the newfound quickness of the internet and Google, it's even easier to sell fake news or biased information.

For those who don't know, propaganda is a form of communication to distribute information that is usually biased and designed to make people feel a certain way or believe something specific. It's often political, and what most people don't realize or notice is that it's practically everywhere; in music, books, paintings, news, and it can be both accidental and intentional.

Even though it can be found anywhere if you look closely, it is mostly found in programs that sway mass audiences, television and newspapers that usually have biased information on certain topics or that are bought/produced by

someone to write in their favor.



This is an example of how propaganda has been used in favor of politics since a long time ago, an example of how men were coaxed into joining the army in World War II, by

different types of propaganda, using the Bandwagon strategy and Emotional Words, among others.

This shows that everybody is affected by propaganda, and that is why we need to learn to perceive it and watch things from an objective point of view, even if it might be difficult to be aware at all times.

To detect if something you are watching, reading or listening to is propaganda you should check where the information comes from, if it's fact checked and if there are any other websites or similar research places that have similar information or the total opposite. Nevertheless, checking every piece of information

you see might be tiring, and most people don't have the time for that, so at least knowing about the most common types of propaganda can be useful.

The bandwagon approach is one of the most known ways to persuade people; persuading consumers to join in by telling them that everyone is doing the same. Even if it's such a common tactic, many people fall victim to it, due to products going viral or clothes that are suddenly trending. This tactic is commonly used in social media to promote the use of certain products. Another tactic commonly used by social media influencers is called "Testimonial," when a product is sold by using

words from famous people or authorities.

Still, these are pretty easy to notice and watch from an objective point of view, but in political propaganda one of the tactics most commonly used is the use of emotional words, strong words that will make the consumer feel a certain way about someone or something, swaying them to feel strong opinions. Knowing that you are being persuaded this way might be more difficult to notice, since our feelings and emotions hold a big part of who we are and how we act, but as previously stated, we must fact check information before we decide to share it or act on it.

Myths of Appalachia

By Chiara Pinzerato

San Martino di Lupari, Italy

Have you ever found yourself in a place wondering about its hidden stories, legends, and myths? I must be honest; it happens to me many times. Not only with places I have visited, but also with places I have only seen online. One of these places is the highlands of the Appalachian Mountains. Some time ago, I saw a video of a famous YouTuber that talked about them and I became very curious. So, I did some

research and discovered many interesting stories that I will tell you about. C'mon, follow me during this amazing journey in the depths of the legends that surround the Appalachian Mountains!

The Appalachian Mountains are a massive highland of North America. They extend from the Canadian provinces of Newfoundland and Labrador to central Alabama, for almost 3.2 Km or 2 miles.

Before European settlers, these lands were inhabited by different indigenous tribes, such as the Pennacook, Mohicans, and Susquehanna. In the southern territories there

were the Cherokees. These populations had been removed from these lands around the 19th century, after congress passed the Indian Removal Act. You may have learned about the forced migration of the Cherokee known as the "Trail of Tears," during fall and winter of 1838-39.

The first European settlers arrived around 1540, when they were escaping from the difficult political situations there were in Europe. During the 18th century many other populations arrived. English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, Dutch, German, and French, among others, immigrants joined the Cherokees. These populations brought many

innovations there and they blended with the indigenous civilizations in many different fields, such as law, music, economy, myths, rituals, language, and spiritual expression. Each population reshaped Appalachia's identity.

Appalachian folklore intrigues me. I searched for some legends and myths, I listened to some podcasts, I read some articles, and what I found out was absolutely engaging.

The first story I want to talk about is about the Hopkinsville Goblins. Try to picture a summer night in 1955 on an isolated farm in Kentucky. A family sees a mysterious light in the sky, and a little after something moves in the fields. When they go out to check, they find small creatures in front of them with a disquieting appearance: big heads, bright eyes, and long arms. The family, terrified, seeks refuge inside the house, but these creatures keep on coming closer. The family shoots, but everything seems useless: the creatures don't stop. For hours, they live in terror, when finally, they decide to escape and call the police. Agents find obvious signs of the shooting, but no traces of the creatures. From that moment, the case of the "Hopkinsville Goblins" has still been a mystery. There is someone who talks about aliens, and who talks about animals confused with something else in the fear of darkness. But a question

keeps on living in almost everyone: that night, what did the family really see?

The second story is "The Lost Chestnut Creek Silver Mine." This legend was born in a small mountain village, between the forests of Virginia. It recounts that two blacksmiths, who were brothers and apparently honest, found a silver vein hidden between the hills near the small river. During the day, they worked like everyone else, but during the night they used to extract the metal in secret and create false coins, almost perfect. For a bit, their plan seemed to work. Nobody suspected anything. But, with time, some voices began to circulate, and people started asking questions. When they understood the danger, the two brothers suddenly disappeared. They buried their instruments, took away whatever they could, and nobody ever saw them again. From that moment, the mine became a legend. Many tried to search for it: treasure seekers, curious people, and passionate people with maps and metal detectors. But the territory keeps changing: the river changes its banks, trailers disappear, and reference points get lost. And so, nobody has ever succeeded in finding this silver mine. Maybe it never existed. Or maybe it is still there, hidden under the ground.

The last legend is about the "Brown Mountain Lights." About this phenomenon, there are a

lot of different stories but today I decided to tell you the one about Jim and his wife, Belinda. Long before the Civil War, Jim and his young bride, Belinda, moved into the mountains that surround Linville Gorge. Jim was respected for his diligence, Belinda, for her healing and midwifery abilities. The couple was loved by the whole community, and when Belinda began expecting their first child, Jim became prone to sudden bouts of anger. Belinda, out of humiliation, neglected to visit church or the homes of her extended family. After a few weeks passed and no one was able to locate Jim or Belinda, neighbors decided to search their home. The concerned neighbors found evidence of injury or possible attack. Suddenly, mysterious lights began to flicker over Brown Mountain. The neighbors, curious, tried to follow them, finding in the end the remains of Belinda and her child buried under an accumulation of stones. They never found Jim. According to legend, the lights still flicker over the mountain as a warning: one day every sin will be revealed.

There are still many unexplainable mysteries there about other creatures and stories. So, remember: if you go to the Appalachian Mountains, always be careful. Something strange may be just an illusion. Or it may not.

Sports Section

Muay Thai, The Art of Eight Limbs

By Myriam M'Bouyou
Pau, France

Muay Thai, sometimes referred to as Thai boxing, or, the Art of Eight Limbs, is a Thai martial art and full-contact combat sport. It is one of the most powerful and respected striking disciplines in the world, known for its intensity, efficiency, and deep cultural roots. In Thailand, Muay Thai is more than just a sport; it's a national treasure. It symbolizes strength, resilience, and pride. This martial art has evolved from ancient battlefield techniques into a modern sport practiced globally. Behind the discipline lies traditions, history and values. Today, Muay Thai is not only practiced as a combat sport but also as a way to preserve Thai culture and tradition.

Muay Thai holds deep historical roots in Thailand. Muay Thai traces its roots back to a turbulent period in the 13th century. Evolving from ancient fighting techniques used by Thai soldiers, it transformed into the modern Muay Thai we recognize today. Initially crafted for warfare, it evolved from "Muay Boran," which is an ancient system of unarmed combat. This fighting style



enabled warriors to use fists, feet, elbows, and knees as weapons. Variants of Muay Boran also existed at the time.

Muay Thai's history is intimately linked to the rise of the Thai nation. It served not only as a battlefield tool but also as a method for developing strength and courage among soldiers. Over time, as it transitioned from military application to a regulated sport, the introduction of boxing gloves helped protect fighters and formalize matches. It is during the Rattanakosin Kingdom era (between the 18th through the early 20th centuries), that Muay Thai formally became a national sport with rules and regulations.

As the sport evolves, dangerous techniques from Muay Boran that may be deadly have become forbidden in Muay Thai, such as strikes to the joints or back of the head. Despite these changes, Muay Thai has retained its

essence as a formidable form of both offense and defense. Modern Muay Thai training focuses on building strength, speed, and endurance. It combines traditional techniques with modern fitness principles.

Practiced by millions of people worldwide, both as a competitive sport and as a means of improving physical fitness and self-defense skills, Muay Thai is a global striking art that allows fighters to use their entire bodies as a weapon. The fundamental techniques of Muay Thai include various punches, such as jabs, crosses, hooks, and uppercuts. Kicks are delivered with the shins and can target various parts of the body, including the legs, body, and head.

As for the benefits of the sport, Muay Thai improves cardiovascular fitness, strength, flexibility, and overall physical conditioning, such as improved hip mobility and

balance. It also teaches discipline, mental toughness, and self-confidence. In addition to its physical and mental benefits, Muay Thai is also a way to connect with Thai culture, as it incorporates rituals and traditions.

Finally, let's make a point on the cultural significance of the sport. The Wai Kru is a pre-fight ritual where fighters pay respect to their trainers,

ancestors, and the art of Muay Thai. It reminds fighters that Muay Thai is about more than defeating an opponent; it is about embodying values like discipline, humility, and honor. Other ceremonies such as the Krob Kru (which is a more rare and advanced ceremony) and Kuen Kru exist. And they all have a deep significance in the history of the sport as well as for the fighters who must respect all the principles they embody.

In conclusion, Muay Thai is a highly effective and versatile martial art. Beyond the ring, it represents a significant part of Thai heritage, blending sport with ritual, music, and history. Today, Muay Thai continues to grow in popularity and still influences other combat sports while inspiring people from everywhere around the globe, to test their limits, both physically and mentally.

Mental Health Section

Have We Forgotten How To Be Bored?

By Nazende Zeynep Aysun
Izmir, Turkiye

We live by a daily routine, and new tasks are constantly being added to our list. That's why we hardly have any free time left. The first thing we do at the end of the day—or at the slightest opportunity—is reach for the phone in our pocket. Thanks to our phones, we can stay updated on everything happening throughout the day, chat with friends, and play games to unwind. But is there any time left in this lifelong routine for us to reflect on our own thoughts or feel bored? Unfortunately, no—our minds are constantly occupied with the outside world and technology, so over time, we're turning into people who all look

alike. We have no time to get bored or daydream. And this situation affects us more than we realize. Imagination and creativity are fading, and we struggle to focus.

Contrary to what most people think, boredom isn't a waste of time; it's a great opportunity for our brains to make plans and come up with new ideas. When we're bored, our brains want to try new things—and might even find solutions to problems we've thought about but couldn't solve before. You can try new hobbies and work on self-improvement. It's also an opportunity to better understand our emotions. We reflect on what we've experienced and felt throughout the day and review our own behavior. This helps us become calmer and more positive people rather than suppressing our emotions and becoming more tense. After all, someone at peace with their own emotions is successful, confident, and creative.

However, for some people, boredom is nothing more than a waste of time. Some

people feel it is better to write another report, read the news, or arrange a get-together with friends. That's why they're always busy and set aside very little time for themselves—and when they do, they spend it on technology or chatting.

Ultimately, we are not robots. Thinking is a vital necessity for us, because we need to think in order to grow. Being constantly busy distances a person from themselves and stifles their imagination. When you ignore your emotions, you eventually have to deal with stress and anxiety. Feeling bored and having free time helps the brain think more and find new paths for itself. Through new hobbies, ideas, and projects, a person begins to develop themselves. That's why, whenever we have free time, we should stop reaching for our phones. We should focus not just on our own growth, but on growing, thinking, and creating for the world. Our lives are not just about work, responsibilities, and screens. They are about thinking, feeling, and truly living.

Beyond the Laptop: Learning Life's Best Lessons Through Volunteering

By Rocio Sanchez Aragon
Cádiz, Spain

Today, as students, we live surrounded by digital platforms and the constant pressure to achieve perfect percentages. In particular, those of us who are part of the AIS Dual Diploma Program deal with extra assignments and a larger commitment of time spent viewing screens. We live in a world of digital media, but the skills that will truly define our future aren't found only on a dashboard. The current challenge is not to let ourselves be absorbed by this digital bubble and to realize that our most important "assignments" are also happening outside, in the real world.

The most valuable "credits" we will ever earn are not digital; they are the experiences gained through service and disconnection.

Volunteering is the perfect activity for our extra-digital development: what often begins as a way to "fill your resume" ends up being a real-life reality check. It is where we trade the screen for a human face and realize that resilience, leadership, and problem-solving cannot be learned from a laptop. These "offline lessons" are what actually prepare us for the pressure of adulthood.

Despite these benefits, it is logical for doubts to arise due to our busy schedule. Many of us think: "I'm already drowning in digital assignments; I don't have time to go offline," or "If it doesn't improve my GPA, it's a waste of time." Some might even believe that academic content alone is enough to learn everything they need.

However, these concerns are refuted by clear data. You don't lose time by going offline; you gain perspective. In fact, Harvard's "Turning the Tide" report highlights that Ivy League universities prefer students with a "real-life impact" in their community over "perfect robots" with flawless transcripts. Facing a real-world challenge is the only place in your curriculum where empathy becomes a technical skill.

Furthermore, this "mental reset" is a performance tool. Stanford University studies show that purpose-driven activities, such as volunteering, actually make our brains more efficient at studying. In the end, this not only helps manage the anxiety that comes with the Dual Diploma but also provides the maturity that universities value more than any test score. By closing your laptop to help others, you aren't "logging out"; you are leveling up.

Career Choice Uncertainty

By Elsa Dickey Blanco
Barcelona, Spain

Students constantly face a recurring, heavy question: "What do you want to study?" The answer should be certain. Yet, even though it might sound unreal, about 66% of

workers today have career-related regrets. This shows how career uncertainty is a growing issue in today's society.

For many teenagers, this pressure causes stress and anxiety at a young age. Students who are unsure or scared about the future are not unsure about themselves; lack of certainty is normal.

Learning to manage these feelings is as necessary as it is helpful.

This phase, when young people begin thinking seriously about their professional future, typically happens during adolescence. Parents play a vital role in their children's development leading up to this moment. From a young age, they

often encourage their children to try various activities, such as music, dance, or sports, which help them start finding a path. This is a positive thing because exploring different hobbies gives children a better idea of what they actually enjoy. The earlier these interests are discovered, the better, as it gives them more time to explore and strengthen their skills in that specific area. However, some young people simply choose a specific path according to what they had enjoyed in the past during their studies at elementary school or high school.

Young people are expected to make a decision which might determine their entire professional life. It goes without saying that this is a decision that can create doubt throughout a long period of time. In this day and age, many teenagers have a sense of fear of making the wrong choice. This is due to several complex points such as social expectations, the

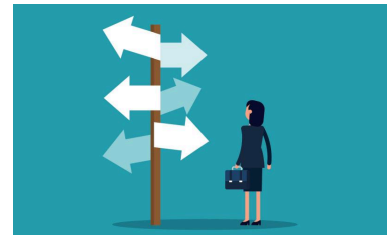
motivation to find success, the fear of failure, a lack of self-knowledge, or economic concerns.

Additionally, fear of career choice has increased significantly among students, driven by the anxiety related to the changes that will be brought on by AI.

However, once each student has personally identified these issues for what they are, it becomes much easier to follow a path. Some may argue that this uncertainty is a modern weakness, but in reality, doubt is as natural to human beings as breathing or eating. Being doubtful about an important issue or concern is a process we can control. Furthermore, being unsure about the next stage of life can actually lead to resilience and self-awareness.

The problem is that modern society is dopamine-driven, wanting everything to happen quickly and expecting fast

answers. Because of this, teenagers are afraid of the lack of a clear plan after they finish high school.



To combat this uncertainty, high schools should offer free orientation services specifically for students struggling with doubt. Beyond institutional support, individuals can develop strategies to overcome the fear of the future, such as meditating regularly, joining supportive communities or seeking psychological help, and discussing feelings with loved ones. By identifying personal strengths and weaknesses, students can move from a place of fear to a place of informed action.

Book Review Section

Review: The Prince by Niccolò Machiavelli

By Ali Benmessaoud
Rabat, Morocco

More than five centuries after it was written, The Prince by Niccolò

Machiavelli remains one of the most debated and influential political books ever published. Written around 1513 during a period of intense political instability in Renaissance Italy, the work explores a simple question: what does it actually take to gain and maintain power?

Unlike many earlier political writings,

Machiavelli did not describe how rulers should ideally behave. Instead, he analyzed how leaders behave in reality. Observing the rise and fall of Italian states, he argued that effective leadership requires pragmatism, adaptability, and sometimes morally questionable decisions. For Machiavelli, the survival and stability of

the state were more important than strict adherence to traditional ethical rules.

One of the book's most striking ideas concerns the relationship between fear and respect. Machiavelli famously suggests that while it is best for a ruler to be both loved and feared, it is safer to be feared if one must choose between the two. This statement shocked many readers and contributed to the long-lasting reputation of Machiavelli as a cynical thinker. In fact, his name eventually gave rise to the term "Machiavellian," often used to describe manipulative or ruthless political behavior.

Yet the book's importance goes far beyond controversy. *The Prince* introduced a new way of studying politics—one based on realism rather than idealism. Machiavelli examined historical examples of leaders and analyzed their successes and failures with remarkable clarity. In doing so, he helped lay the foundations of modern political science, influencing thinkers,

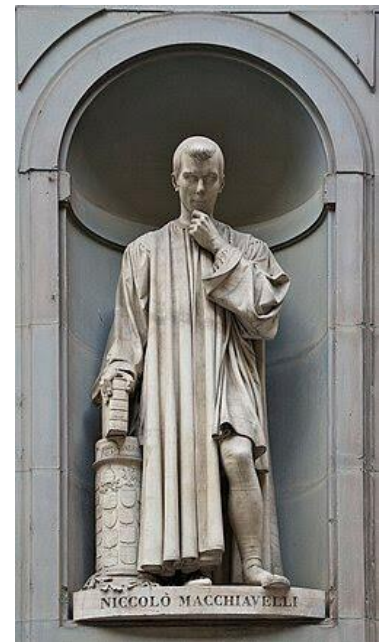
diplomats, and strategists for centuries.

Despite its historical context, the ideas presented in *The Prince* still resonate today. Discussions about leadership, political strategy, and the balance between ethics and effectiveness continue to echo Machiavelli's arguments. Modern readers often debate whether his work should be interpreted as a guide for rulers, a warning about political power, or simply a realistic description of the political process.

However, the book is not without its limitations. Because Machiavelli wrote within the political environment of Renaissance Italy, some examples may feel distant or unfamiliar to modern audiences. In addition, the emphasis on power and political survival can appear morally unsettling, particularly when compared to modern democratic values that emphasize transparency and accountability.

Nevertheless, the enduring relevance of *The Prince* lies precisely in its willingness to confront uncomfortable

truths about leadership and power. By stripping away idealized visions of politics, Machiavelli forces readers to reflect on the complex relationship between morality, strategy,



and authority.

Five hundred years later, *The Prince* remains more than a historical text—it is a reminder that the struggle between ethical ideals and political reality continues to shape leadership and governance around the world.

Fiction Section

The Mission

By Ariadna González
Montero
Mataró, Spain

A string of sunlight strives into the living room through the unopened curtains. I'm sitting at the top of a closet, where I'm able to see the room filled with food containers and tissues. For a long time, silence has been the king of the house, only broken by Mom's tears.

It's been almost a month since I started working on my mission. Liam, my kid, always used to laugh at everything. He would hug me tightly, and whisper in my ear like we were the only people in the world.

"Teddy, it's time to achieve our mission, we ought to make mom smile!" he said. Then we would run and do the craziest things you could imagine just for a little smile from Mom.

I still remember our last adventure. We were in a white room. I didn't like the sharp smell of it. Liam was hugging me when a single tear came out of his eye. He looked like a ghost but I wasn't scared, after all, he was my best friend!

His last words, said in a sweet but devastating whisper, entrusted me the mission I'm working on: "Take care of Mom, Teddy." Since that moment, I do my best to try to make Mom feel better. Now it's

been days since I last saw her. She doesn't come out of her room and she barely eats anything. She just cries, and she hopelessly screams at the sky to return her son.

They suddenly knock on the door and a shadow appears from the hallway. It is Mom! She looks pale and her unwashed hair is tight in a bun. She slowly reaches the door, while the doorbell keeps sounding.

It's grandma. It's been a while since I last saw her. If I'm not mistaken she hasn't visited since Liam's funeral, almost a month ago. She brings lunch and words of comfort. She tries to hug Mom but Mom pushes her away. I cannot hear their conversation from here, but I can see Mom screaming at grandma. Her eyes are teary and her jaw is tight. Grandma leaves the house. Then the door closes making a dull sound.

As if her legs suddenly stopped working, Mom falls to the ground. She's crying, and it seems like she's unable to breathe. I can see how she's trying to make it all stop, but it seems to be impossible.

I know it is my moment, the one I've been waiting for. I make a small move, almost undetectable. Then, Mom's afflicted look focuses on my direction. As if calmness has suddenly



come to her, she gets up. She's coming toward me, and she grabs me from the shelf.

First she looks at me, shocked. Slowly her arms start to move around me, she's hugging me. Some warm tears fall to my head, but I don't care, I can sense something has changed.

Then, the hug stops. I wish I could say what was going through her mind, but I have no idea. She stands up, holding my hand, and goes to the hallway. She stops at Liam's door, takes a deep breath and opens it.

Together, we examine the room. It looks the same, but the air feels different somehow. I can see all of my friends in the same position they were the last time I had seen them. It is curious how a place can change this much yet so little.

Slowly, she puts me on Liam's bed. Then, she sees

it, the note. She gasps and quickly grabs it. She thinks about it for a second and opens the note, she then reads it, like each of the words there is gold. Her face lights up and some tears appear on her face. She isn't crying because of

sadness, she's crying because for the first time since the loss she feels hope. Then, she speaks:

"Liam, darling, you're right. Losing you has been the hardest thing I've ever experienced, but I have to

live. Not just for me, also for you." Then, with a knowing look she adds, "You don't have to be worried about me, I have my protector, right Teddy?"

Mission accomplished.

What I Love

By Lucía Llorens García
Castellón, Spain

The air started grew chiller as August came to an end, which meant soon I would start a new chapter of my life: college.

I had always been an average student, nothing out of the ordinary. Without even realizing it, I had graduated high school and I had gotten into a good university and for the next four years I would study something that my parents would proudly tell everyone about.

After graduating, I will probably get an average job from nine to five where I won't be happy but I will earn enough money to convince myself every day that it is worth it and that I couldn't have aimed for something better anyway.

My brain was hurting just from the thought of it, so I got up and decided to go for a walk.

It didn't take long before I arrived at a local park. I could hear the birds chirping and the children playing around.

The only free spot was on a bench next to an old man. I sat there and greeted him with a small nod of acknowledgement, which he mimicked in return.

The man was just staring into the horizon with a peaceful expression on his face. I took a moment to do the same. The sun was setting and the trees were starting to lose their bright green, welcoming the warm colors of autumn.

I took out of my bag a book I was reading and opened it with the intention of clearing my mind. A few words into it, I heard a voice next to me:

"I think I've read that one." I was a bit startled at first, I wasn't really good at small talk.

I hummed and pondered what to do next, I finally closed the book thinking he just needed to talk to someone for a bit. "Did you like it?"

He took a moment to think about his answer. "Well, the plot is pretty basic, it is the way the main character is presented as a relatable individual that connects you to the story once you realize how accurate it is to the real world."



I blinked, astonished by his answer. "Uh...Yes, I understand what you mean, in a way."

"What about you? Are you liking it so far?" The man slowly adjusted his cane while patiently waiting for my answer.

I found talking to this man easy. I almost chuckled as I analyzed the situation. A college student spending her last day of summer talking with someone's grandpa about a boring book. He probably read my mind because he brought it up:

"What brings you here, kid?"

"I don't mean to be rude, but this was the only spot left to sit." I scratched the back of my neck awkwardly.

"Got it. But I meant what brought you here. To this park, on a nice summer

evening, all alone, with a boring book.”

“I’m not sure myself. I just moved to this city so I figured I could start getting used to it.” He nodded as I explained. It wasn’t entirely a lie, but I couldn’t fool myself either. It was much more than that.

“A newcomer, I see. This is a beautiful city, I’m sure you’ll like it.”

“I moved here for college. I’m kind of afraid I’ll feel homesick.” I chuckled and looked up. I didn’t even understand my own feelings until I finally said it out loud.

“Homesickness is normal. But bear in mind, you can always go back home. Your time here, it won’t come back. Don’t waste it wishing you were elsewhere.” And those words hit hard, because that was probably what I had been fearing since arriving here.

I had always been scared. When I was a kid, I avoided swimming pools because I thought there could be sharks inside. As I grew up, I always chose the options that I was less afraid of, the easy path. Ultimately, that was my reason to be here. I just wanted to make my parents proud by

studying for a “prestigious” degree.

“What is funny is that I will waste these years anyway. For the next four years, I’ll study something I don’t even like.”

“And what do you love?” I turned to look at him. What a strange question to ask.

“Does it matter?”

“I’m afraid it does.” He smiled kindly. “At some point, humans came to the conclusion that we’ve just come here to suffer. But that isn’t the case at all. We are allowed to be happy. To chase our dreams, foolish as they may be.”

Pending . . .

By Sara Mitchell
Barcelona, Spain

The artist is leaning against the sink. A bowl of cereal in one hand. The corn flakes were soggy in the milk.

Then the spoon shifts — metal rim scraping ceramic. The artist puts the bowl into the sink. Carton Jenga towers of Chinese takeout. Pizza boxes. Coca-Cola cans. Hard-tipped paintbrushes resting stiffly in foggy water glasses. A half-finished painting on a pale wood easel. By the time the artist breaks their gaze away from the yellow-tinged milk in the bowl, still standing by the sink in grey sweats, time has passed and the artist is late.

The underground is crowded at this time. Briefcases and semi-rimmed glasses flood the passageways. The robotic beeping of the closing doors fills the silences between the bustle. The large clock at the station reads 9:02. The doors to the train close behind the artist’s back. Bodies idle in the moving can, pressing against each other. Each smell overpowers the next — deodorant, perfume, sweat, dust. The train moves and halts, methodically. A pattern of constant repetition. The artist holds onto the handrails. Cold metal on cold skin. The stops bleed into coloured streaks. Red, white, grey. ***

The journalist enters the exhibit’s first room. Black notebook in hand. Pen

clicking distantly. In the centre of the empty room, a running tap. Water on porcelain. The sound carries. But the air is still. The journalist continues to click a pen. The floor is cushioned. No footsteps infiltrate the sound of the faucet. A small white plaque reads Perpetuity: kitchen tap. ***

The artist stares at the coffee machine. Black liquid dripping into paper. The whirring of the machine echoes the artist’s brain. Sustained noise. Colleagues walk past and wave politely. Strained smiles pulling at their skin. An apologetic cough at their back. The artist mutters “sorry” and picks up the hot paper cup. The bitter liquid swishing around. Another person takes the artist’s place. Continuation. Sequence upon sequence.

The cubicles are periodic. Equally spaced desks. Screens of varying colours. The artist sits before their monitor, the typing bar blinking dully on a white page. Sixteen tabs atop the search bar. Many abandoned for days yet left open. The screen chimes with meeting reminders and deadlines.

The journalist walks through the sliding office doors of the next room. The walls are keyboards, stacked upon one another. There are no benches, rather office chairs with no wheels. A large keyboard hangs from the ceiling, a periodic clacking of the same letters: "C" "L" "O" "C" "K" "E" "D" "I" "N". The journalist nods blankly. Scribbling "relatable" in their small black journal. A digital clock counts upwards; The motion is constant and inevitable. The journalist walks forward, stepping on keyboards, the keys sinking under pressure.

The artist chews the pale green lettuce. For 30 minutes, the monitors turn off and the office is empty. The cafeteria fills with white and blue colors. Tupperware and spare cash. Small talk conversations float around the room. It's 12:32. The seconds clock hand ticks. Centimetre by centimetre. The back of the chair digs into the artist. The cold metal seeping through their shirt. Their hand brings the food to their mouth mechanically, the other hand scrolling uselessly through Word documents. The grey-white plaster walls surround the artist. Plastic forks and paper cups lay discarded on the

white tables. The artist talks about the weather and the weekend. The Word document continues to scroll. Laughter breaks out in synchronicity, almost metronomic. It's 12:49. The artist scrapes the chair back and discards the rest of the salad. They apologize to their coworkers about the time. Tupperware closes and is put into bags. Chairs are pushed into tables. Monitors turn on again. It's 12:58.

The journalist sits in on the next exhibit. Four screens line the wall. Each show a number. 3 0 0 0. A soft buzzer sound. The numbers change - 2 9 5 9. Each second a number changes - 2 9 5 8. The journalist notes "timer" in their black journal. Many empty chairs surround the journalist. Each bolted to the floor and facing the timer. An imperceptible low hum fills the room. The journalist wants to watch the timer click down. A distorted metronome clicks slowly, off time. But the exhibit is long and the article needs to be written. So, they rise from the plastic-backed chair and walk out. As soon as they walk out - the timer resets.

3 0 0 0.

The artist checks their watch for the fourth time. The platform is busy. The artist's phone is dead. Their brain needs distraction. The artist checks their watch again. A minute has gone by. They stare at the train arrival countdown. 02:13. People swarm the platform. They elbow and push around the artist. The minute hand finally inches forward. The train arrives.

The platform empties as they all clamber inside. No available seats. The artist stands for the seventeen stops of their commute. Their eye twitches. The electronic voice drowns behind the artist's thoughts. The artist tucks hair behind their ear every few minutes. Phone screens illuminate the forgettable faces around the artist. Dirty train windows reflect small rectangles of light. The advertisements for optometrists and car insurance companies swarm the compartment. Muscle memory forces the artist off the train. Through the streets. Into the dark, empty apartment. The keys clatter on the kitchen counter, the sound resonating.

Home. A black room. Illuminated by phone screens. An array of blurred, black and white wallpapers. The journalist walks on flyers. Snips of paper eyeglasses and cars. Bold "BUY ME" in red fonts. The journalist writes in the notebook: exhibit 4,??. The journalist checks their sleek black watch. They go around the room once and walk out. In the news article, this is the weakest exhibit. The forecast drones lowly in the background as the artist dozes on the sofa. The tap runs as the breakfast and dinner dishes lay discarded in the sink. The living room lights are on. The TV remote is in the artist's hand. Inert. The TV catalogue open on the screen. The artist's phone pings. Their eyes open and mechanically reach for it. The office group chat makes plans for drinks on Friday.

The artist scrolls the notification and forces themselves up. They turn the lights and tap off. Splash water on their face. The artist lays on their back and scrolls on social media, eyelids dropping and forcing them open.

The alarm clock reads 04:50. In forty-seven minutes the artist must wake.

A bed carcass stands in the centre of the white room. The lights flicker. No mattress is in sight, only metal springs and wooden beams. A bedside table

with a tilted leg. It looks unstable yet it is perfectly balanced on the odd beam holding it up, the three other legs jutting out of the wooden body. The journalist watches as nothing happens. No movement.

The artist stands by the sink, coffee mug in hand as the tap runs. The dishes still lay discarded in the sink. And the artist is late again. The train rumbles on the track as people elbow each other to fit in. The office is filled with the low murmurs of cubicle conversation and monitor

fans whirring. The artist's lunch is half-eaten and discarded in the cafeteria bins as they go back to sit in front of the blank Word document. The artist stands for seventeen stops again. The dinner they eat is cold, and the dishes continue to stack in the sink. The notifications are silenced as coworkers message in the group chat. The artist falls asleep again. 04:13.

The journalist exits the final exhibit. They are faced with a running tap. Water on porcelain.

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2025-2026 school year

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