

I will tell you a story about a girl who lives with her family in Symi, an Aegean Sea island. Life on the island is difficult and her father is forced to sell his boat and move the whole family to Athens, a month before school ends. Astradeni, the girl, adores for life on the island, her home, her school, her neighbors, her friends. She feels alienated from her new environment, especially when she is treated with contempt in her new school.

**In Athens school now:**

Nice! Well, that's my class! She says entering her new class for the first time. I have to put a sign to find it. A teacher just opens the door ... He gently pushes me inside ...

First I saw our teacher. I do not know if she is young or old. She has her hair in a tight bun and wears glasses.

- "What's going on, Mr. George?"

- "A new schoolgirl, Miss."

- "They send her in my class ... They already have 26 children. Anyway. Thank you, Mr. George. "

I was standing looking at the classroom. It was big with many children. It had four rows of desks.

- "Find a seat and sit down," the teacher told me.

There, in the second row on the third desk sits a girl. I think she is nice. I'm moving towards there. But when I arrive ... she pretends she does not see me.

- What to do now; I look around. Everyone is looking at the notebooks. But I know they are looking at me. What am I going to do...

There is an empty desk below. I'm going there.

A boy is sitting. When I arrive, he looks around. What should I do? ... I hear some laughter ... They do it on purpose ... They do not want me to sit next to them. Why? ... I must have turned red I turn my head and look at them. I stand there in the middle. Something is going up and down my throat ...

- "Still standing?", The teacher asks from her seat.

What can I tell her ... That they are making fun of me? ...

- "Come and sit at the side desks," she tells me.

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"Well," the teacher said, opening a green notebook, "let me ask your name."

I stood up next to my desk and said: "Astradeni Hadjipetrou".

The teacher was not looking at me, she was getting ready to write my name in the notebook - - but the children started laughing ... Why?

"Quiet you! "How did you say that name?"teacher asked again.

-Astradeni Hadjipetrou "

-. Astradeni ... Is it Christian? ...".

"Yes," I nodded. Shaking. She did not like my name, it seems ...

"That is, HOW did the priest baptize you?" she asked .

"Asterope, he baptized me, but they call me Astradeni."

"And is ... Astradeni Christian?"

"Indeed. Our lady — my previous teacher — Itold me it's an ancient name. It is a name of a star ... ".

The teacher shouts:

"Shut up!".

"I do not know such a name. "When is your name day, anyway, so I can understand."

"I only have birthday. "

Other children laugh. But why are they all laughing SO? ...

"Some Asteroids, madam, I say, have a name day But I do not ... ".

Teacher got angry. The director came and asked me how the priest baptized me. I told him. He opened the school papers and saw that Asteropi was written for me. He told the young lady to call me Asterope.

That was a story I was told about the girl who changed schools and felt very lonely and embarrassed in the new class, teased by other children. She was being bullied .