

Fall Playlist

*Curated BY Churchill
students for the
PERFECT fall vibes!*

What's Next?

*How high school makes it seem
compulsory to get into a relationship.*

The Churchill CHRONICLE

Advice Column

*Where serious wisdom
meets hilarious
nonsense!*



Fall Edition 2023



Fall 2023



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Playlist for *Fall* 🍁

Unlock the rhythm of the month with our handpicked beats suggested by members of the Chronicle!! From infectious grooves to soulful melodies, this playlist is your passport to a musical journey that transcends genres. Get ready to hit play and let the good vibes flow! This playlist can accompany you while you cry to your homework or try to just kick back and not stress about the Unit test tomorrow!!



The Churchill Chronicle



this is what autumn feels like

JVKE



Japanese Denim

Daniel Caesar



Falling

Harry Styles



Bewitched

Laufey



Before I Die

BoyWithUke



From the start

Laufey



let it happen

Tame Impala



Eat Your Young

Hozier



Alrighty Aphrodite

Peach Pit



Homesick

Dua Lipa



Black Math

The White Stripes



Ruler of Everything

Tally Hall



diet mountain dew

Lana Del Rey



Paint

The Paper Kites



the way things go

beabadoobee



Black Tie

Jeff Satur



All Too Well (10 minute) (TV)

Taylor Swift



Trust

Brent Faiyaz



Give me an Answer

Low Roar



Don't be so Serious

Low Roar



Now that we don't talk (TV)

Taylor Swift



Tolerate It

Taylor Swift

TRICK OR TREAT

By Anonymous

"I'm a chicken!" Suzy squeals, while holding up the fake feathers she had stuck all over her clothes. "I'm gonna be the best chicken in the neighborhood today!"

"Uh..." She looks ridiculous. This is going to be the worst costume she has ever come up with and personally, I think that's a record, given her previous history with homemade halloween costumes. I look over at our mother who gives me the 'don't you dare break her heart' look. "Yeah, yeah, best chicken."

Suzy smiles proudly and throws a jack-o-lantern bucket at me and waits expectantly. I let out a small laugh. "Yeah, I'm not sure a teenager is gonna get much candy."

"Huh? Why?"

"Because I'm too old for it? I'm only going because someone has to take you."

Suzy's face falls a little. "Oh." She stays quiet for a minute, then runs off to the other room.

"What is she doing now?"

Mom shrugs. "Ask her yourself when she comes back." I open my mouth to tell her that might be anywhere between three minutes and three hours, but Suzy waddles back into the room and stuffs a plastic bag over my head.

"What on Earth is that?"

"Your costume!"

I blink at her. "And what exactly is that?"

"A ghost! And no one knows how old you are now, so we can go and get lots of candy. She gives me a sly smile. "And you can give me yours."

I roll my eyes although I know she doesn't see it. "What makes you think I'd do that?"

"Cause you don't like a lot of candy! So I get it all!"

Mom laughs. "Okay, off you go." I try to pull the bag off my head and she slaps my hand. "Oh no you don't. You're gonna be a good ghost today."

"But I look like an-" I look over at Suzy and sigh. "Fine. Whatever. Weird little ghost it is."

Suzy jumps around and grabs my hand. "Okay! Bye mom! And when we come back we're gonna have lots of candy!"

Mom laughs "I'm counting on it. Don't eat too much on your way or you'll get a-" Neither me nor Suzy gets to hear the end of that sentence because she's already half-way down the street.



By Sarah Peng



By Daniel yang

HALMEONI

Emmeline Li

8:47 P.M. October 15, 1889

The downlands of the gorge are so still right now that the treetops do not quiver. The descent of the low marshland drains down to a soft sink edging the side of the coulee. The heads of the tall wheat shoots flop this way and that, coincident with the wind's breath. The expanse of the night sky is dotted with infinite luminescent stars, and only a quarter moon rises from its slumber.

We arrive at late dusk, briefly before the sun's rays fall under the hills, just Halmeoni and I. This area under the stars is half a mile from Nakane's farm and from the small village of East Coulee, where Uncle Halmeoni and I moved to in 1875. The southern prairies and isolated valley coast are far from the lights of the nearby towns, enough to make out the minuscule, meticulously placed stars overlaying the damp coulee. As autumn rises from its slumber, its breath shakes the blood-orange leaves from the sycamore tree, wilting its mighty stature to naked stalks. It seems as if the topography is lined with rivers of red and Sungold; it is truly a serene experience.

"Got-teun," Halmeoni says, her skin-flaked lips straining open as she tries to speak. Her mouth makes an 'o' shape as she tries to suck in air from constrained lips. She slowly extends a quivering finger to the soft depression of the rising hill.

"Yes, dongsaeng, like the ocean."

The coulee surface, as if responding in command to the soft flick of her finger, undulates under the warm chinook breeze, ripple after ripple, stretching across the stretch of prairie land. The wind blows the tops of the high grass repeatedly, rhythmical as the strong ocean waves. Halmeoni stands with her feet placed meticulously with grace like a tightrope walker making their way across the staggering cliff below. It seems surreal as we cross the valley, its splendor spitting red, orange and brown under our feet.

Everything in front of us is virgin land, untouched, undisturbed, and far from the hustle and bustle of the city. Everything touching the waning sunlight of the distant crest, to this stretch of prairie land, the grass along has not been touched. We stand for hours, seeing the last subtle rays paving their golden allurements over treetops.

"Halmeoni?"

"Eung, dongsaeng?"

"Let's come again next autumn."

Her weak grip clasps mine as we descend down the coulee.



Esha S.

Comfort zone? What a Cliché Topic

I still vividly remember my grade 10 debate intramural when I had just 10 minutes to prepare a speech. I shivered on stage, and my words vanished. Making a speech in front of any audience felt like an impossible feat to me – truly uncomfortable, as I had to confront my inner embarrassment while potentially facing the jeers of my peers.

My path in public speaking since then has been challenging yet incredibly satisfying. I understood that going from a complete novice to a comfortable speaker in front of a large audience overnight was unrealistic; a step-by-step process had to be followed. For my next English presentation in class, I memorized the script word by word, my voice trembling as I blurted it out mechanically to the audience. It was still embarrassing I thought, but this time I succeeded in delivering my prepared thoughts.

From there, I kept trying, kept speaking. I failed, I failed again, I failed better. I learned to not tremble as I speak, to control my voice and to use hand gestures. I learned to speak with paper notes. Eventually, eighteen months after the intramural, when I received 2nd place in Canada International Model UN, I realized that I had inched to the "impossible feat" a little closer. I persisted, and the path was satisfying.

I have come to see my journey in public speaking as the epitome of my quest for knowledge. The inclination to quit when faced with significant setbacks and the unease of embarrassment is undeniably real – it resides within me. However, the path of hurdling over my comfort zone for my passions is nevertheless enlightening. It is this mindset of persistent pursuit of passion despite countless obstacles that makes me proud as both a lifelong learner and an individual navigating through life.

William Zhang

CHURCHILL CHRONICLE

The In-Between of Fall by Hananiah Hill

The season in between summer and winter
The bridge connecting the gap.
After the summer heat, and before the winter chill,
Is the fall breeze, that's gone in a snap.

But this year, we were lucky.
Because fall wasn't just a quick hello and goodbye
Instead of such an immediate interaction,
The season stayed, as if it was no longer shy.

I understand the intimidation,
Summer is that sun-kissed season,
And winter, to our dismay, likes to leave a bitter bite.
So autumn doesn't like the fact that it has to squeeze in.

But what we tend to overlook
Is the endearing scarlet hue,
That blankets over us
When we feel blue

The crackling of the leaves
That crunch beneath our feet,
That honey golden crisp
That just sounds so sweet

Even the need for sweaters,
Because it's that perfect chill
Drinking a warm cup of tea
Somehow feels like all time fell still

So autumn, we thank you
For the nurture and care that you bring us.
For the warmth among the breeze
That seems to come along without a fuss.

For the excuse to hibernate,
And hide under the covers
Until the chill passes us by,
Until the fall flannel lifts from its hover.

Sensation by CP

I wake up eventually, remnants of the
setting sun in my eyes. The room feels
more distant from this warmth. It's
blank with a few exceptions, the walls
being adorned with a window-like
contrast of albescent and sharp red. It's
almost as if it were painted, sharp lines
brushed into a gradual blur. I trace with
my fingers, clumsily defining the
silhouette of the foliage with my own
darker strokes.

The walls will be adorned with
emptiness soon. The plain neatness of
the next morning will take over the
vividness today, but it's not likely that
I'll notice. My thoughts tend to not
return twice with the gust of too much
and not enough time.

My footsteps are soft against the wood, the approaching winter grazing over my cheeks and
hands as I exit.

Striking with wanderlust, the crisp sharpness of the air is something that I can, in a sense, feel
the edges of. Petrichor fills my lungs. The scent of changing seasons, a direction I cannot
distinguish between west or east, interlocks today. Too faint to taste, though enough to
inhale.

The trees cradle emptiness into intertwined fragments, awkwardly graceful in their
outstretched grasp. The breakthrough of tomorrow, framing hues of brilliantly, sweetly,
sickening light.

Walking and growing, we're both dimmed with certainty. Only me, really.

Ebony skin lines the interstices of pine, its sickly frame woven in with needles. The horizon
tarnishes the corpses of the last years. In mid-movement, their roots splayed and branches
hunched, leaves pale and dark. The dry frailness of bone and skin piece themselves under my
feet. The earth's calluses and hair are barely tangible, as if a reverse course of events leads
them to nothing as it had in the start. The noises of birds and movement of animals are
hushed and silent now. I go to sleep eventually, the remnants of the setting sun in my eyes.



Photograph by Daniel Yang

What's Next!

by Elizabeth Ganga

"If you start dating by Halloween, you can kiss in the snow by December!"

When you spend all your days at the same local school with little change and variety in your time, you begin to worry. You see your peers in relationships, always walking past in the same hallways and always seeming so content. You hear from friends about them talking to someone new and entertaining several others. You get asked if you have your eye on someone and usually, you say yes. Parents dote and grandparents nag.

There is a lot of pressure to connect with someone romantically. Be it to gain a better social standing with friends, fill the void, or because you are young and the world puts an emphasis on things of this nature. And because of this persistence, it seems compulsory to get into a relationship.

But this is where most people fall. I asked my friends if they wanted to be with a guy they liked, even though he's bad at communicating and quick to lust. They said yes. I asked if they wanted to be an adult with taxes and bigger chores, and to have an inconsistent man text them to "come over, i'm bored." They said yes. It went fast because we were bantering, but the principle of the issue remained.

In order to enter a relationship with someone, you need to establish what you need in it. Do you need healthy boundaries, a good moral foundation, and someone who is smart and athletic? You need to ask yourself if you truly want to connect with someone or if you just want the cute sides of the relationship. Do you want a partnership or to only hold hands and go on dates? Would you want them to meet your parents and would you want to come home to them? How would you get through anger directed at your partner for their shortcomings?

Typically, these questions are too big and so far off to teenagers; so serious and so adult-like. As youth, we learn best by action and failure. Failure is inevitable, no matter how wise or mature you are. So, get into a relationship by October and kiss in the snow by December, but when months or years are eaten up together, you won't want to ask yourself "is this it?"



by Dana K



by Dana K

bones - Mikayla Girard

i try to love fall
to smile at the leaves who paint a vibrant sunrise across the horizon
and use nothing but candles and fairy lights to find my way
but all throughout autumn i feel
too much too often
listening to 'this is me trying' or watching season five of 'gilmore girls'
is seeing myself through another's eyes
and when darkness creeps in quicker, cold will sink deep into my bones
those who weathered one too many summer storms
to carry me through every first day of school and every halloween
to write every test i took
to bear every costume i donned
and yet i don't believe they are the same ones from all my years past
how can they be? i'm not the same person i was
although i spend my days doing a poor man's imitation of her
i can never again be her
that stupid brilliant girl with the perfect grades
and always enough time for everyone who asked for anything
she was
kind/generous/the mirror of erised
always precisely what others wanted her to be
or maybe she was
invisible/barely there/a wisp of wind
only seen when people want something from her
and then gone again
like a ghost who's much too afraid of inconveniencing others to haunt them
so maybe i don't love fall
but i hope i can learn to love my skeleton
instead of my ghost



Adanna Grimes

Do You Know Why They Call it a Freight Train? - Ajax Seto

Somedays, fear seems as sparse and sporadic as the razors in your candy bars. Between the horns, whistles and the constant rolling of life's mighty wheel, there is no time for fear. Most often, all that can be squeezed in during off-peak time is itching anxiety, like the scuttering across the platform that isn't there. It's the sharp, cutting-high note in a horror score, fast and repeated until it becomes a drone. You feel detached from the other side. All you can see is the end of the tunnel, your destination. And then, your fear hits you like a freight train.

Do you know why they call it a freight train? Because it carries freight, of course. They arrive laden with baggage, cargo that will compound the weight which collides into your body, obliterating you on the spot. Its burden becomes your burden; its freight your fright. How can you presume to supersede the succession of cars that you overlooked so thoughtlessly before? One moment you are on the platform and the next you are shattered on the rails below.

Fear is not the moment of over-cranking while you stare down the headlights. Fear is the gaunt, uncompromising realization that your track is nowhere near as clear as it was just a diminutive second ago. There is no horn, no blaring sound telling you when to move out of the way. Some questions might float in your mind while you lay oozing rationality. Where did all this freight come from, what did I do to deserve all of this freight, and how do I lose it? These are inappropriate questions because your eyes still drift to the light at the end of the tube, rather than the darkness creeping into your vision. The proper question, the only question you can ask in a moment like this, is what are you so afraid of? Is it the thought of missing your train that has you calcified to the rusted lane, or is it your sticky platelets caking to the steel? Is it truly the clean, papery smell of your ticket stamp thickening the air or is it the tangy, metallic iron? In true fear, there is no prioritizing, there is no ranking of wounds, there is only getting off of the track.





I don't know how a moment,
A minute,
A millennium,
Can ever be enough time.

How can
A sentence,
A novel,
A declaration,
Communicate what I know.

How can the weight of
Prosperous farmers,
A just king,
And raging nations,
Be conveyed in a single touch.

How can I wrap
A single star,
A solar system,
A galaxy,
With a pretty bow.

How can
Battling dense boscage,
Slaying predators,
Traversing the jungle,
Fit into a sole gesture.

How is it that three small words are
Meant to sum up,
The vastness of the ocean,
The depths of a lake,
And the quiet morning dew.

LANGUAGE OF THE HEART
EVA WHYTE



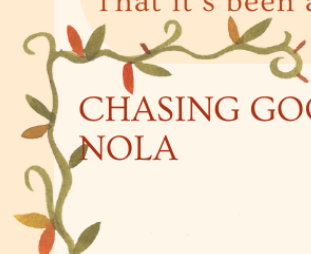
Chasing Goodness
We all chase goodness
Like a dog chases its tail
Round and round in circles
Never to be caught

We want to be "good"
Be a good student
Be a good daughter
Be a good friend

We want to get "good"
Get good grades
Get good at our instrument
Get good at our sport

We want to find "good"
Find good relationships
Find good in humanity
Find good in ourselves

We all chase goodness
Like a dog chases its tail
Never realizing
That it's been a part of us all along



CHASING GOODNESS
NOLA



ESHA S.



ZAARA F.

FOURTH WING: BOOK REVIEW

BY: CONNIE CHANG

BOOK SUMMARY:

Title: Fourth Wing

Author: Rebecca Yarros

Rating: 3/5

Summary: *Fourth Wing* is a contemporary romance set in a fantasy world full of dragons, people who ride dragons, and lustful young adults.

COMMENTARY:

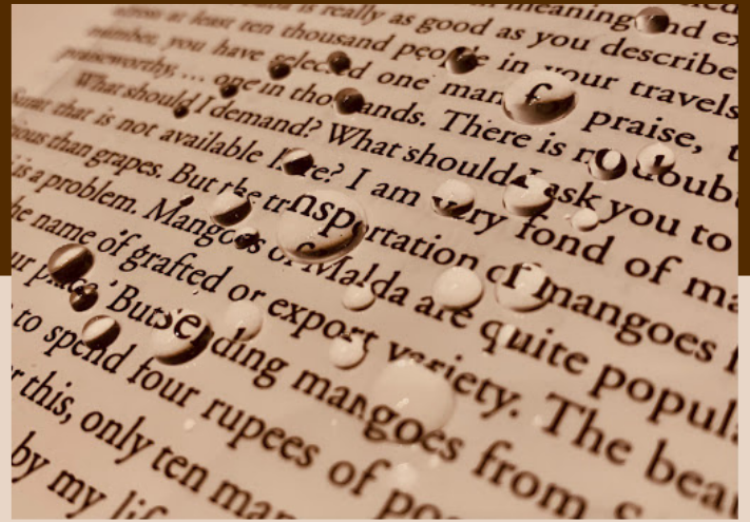
Overall, I would say that *Fourth Wing* is an average book. Although I enjoyed some parts of it, I found its worldbuilding lacking, especially compared to the hype. The book also seems to be more focused on romance than fantasy, which was a bit disappointing.

Fourth Wing

Fourth Wing is a contemporary romance, being set in a fantasy world full of dragons, people who ride dragons, and lustful young adults. Violet, the main character, is struggling to keep up with the world around her as well as navigate her romantic interests. My main criticism is that both of the male lead candidates are major red flags. Dain, the childhood friend of Violet, has little to no loyalty towards her and treats her like she is incapable of surviving any physically taxing thing. While Xaden, son to a rebellion leader and an enemy to Violet's family, lacks communication skills and continuously lies to Violet. Now, at first his lack of trust towards Violet is justifiable, but he continues to lie to her face even as they develop a deep and meaningful relationship.

As for how the book was written, I found the dialogue to be quite cringy. There were even times in the book where a character was dying, but the dialogue was so unnatural, it made me stop reading. Additionally, when some plot elements were being introduced, there would be times where it seemed somewhat forced and random. I felt like it was thrown into the book to tie into what will happen later, but ties it together really poorly.

Regardless of this criticism, I still enjoyed the book to an extent. I enjoyed watching Violet develop as a character both mentally and physically. As the story progressed, Violet showed more of her intelligence and became more cunning, which was really interesting to see. I also was fond of the interactions between Violet and Tairn, her dragon, one of the more reliable characters. As a whole, I would give this book a rating of 3/5, and still recommend it to those who enjoy these types of contemporary romance novels.



Photograph by: Amie N

TGCF RANTS: HUALIAN'S PERFECT RELATIONSHIP

BY: FARAH NUZHAT

Warning: Contains spoilers for the series "Tian Guan Ci Fu" or "Heaven Official's Blessing"

A vicious Ghost King and a God that formerly was a crown prince doesn't seem like the ideal couple, right? Well Hua Cheng and Xie Lian will surprise you on how mature their relationship is. Although many people may find it more interesting to read about couples with tons of miscommunication or drama, this relationship manages to be both healthy and captivating at the same time.

If I had to describe their relationship in one word, it would be devotion. For eight hundred years, Hua Cheng devoted his life and afterlife to Xie Lian. In this universe, powerful ghosts are created if they die with "unfinished business" in the mortal realm, usually due to a strong emotion like resentment or anger. However, Hua Cheng's "unfinished business" is his love for Xie Lian. He would do absolutely anything for Xie Lian and protect him from everything without expecting Xie Lian to reciprocate.

Xie Lian, on the other hand, unconditionally loves every part of Hua Cheng. Even before knowing everything Hua Cheng did for him, Xie Lian always treats Hua Cheng with the utmost respect, despite all the warnings from the other Gods that he's a despicable creature. After knowing about Hua Cheng's deeds for him, Xie Lian was more than willing to endure the hardships Hua Cheng went through to be with him. If Hua Cheng could wait eight hundred years for him, Xie Lian could wait a thousand more.

Even with their differences in opinions and morals, their love for each other stays strong. Xie Lian accepts Hua Cheng's morally ambiguous nature while Hua Cheng accepts Xie Lian's kindness towards people that may not deserve it. Any misunderstandings they have, like the reveal of Hua Cheng's true identity or Xie Lian's time as a State Preceptor, are resolved within mere paragraphs. It's extremely satisfying to see a couple that can communicate their problems properly and not rely on unnecessary drama to keep you hooked.

an autumn read

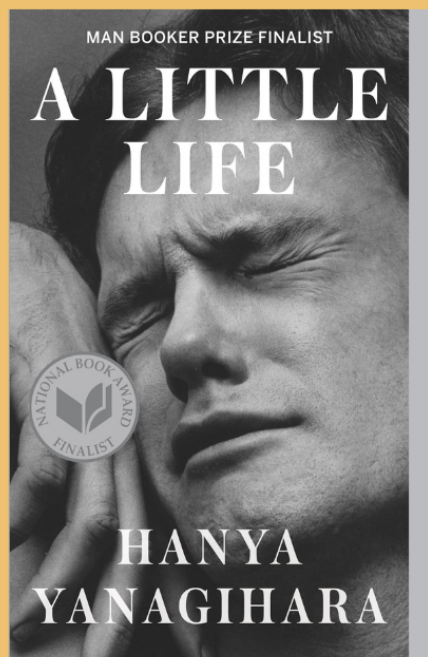
by:

Himanshi



Nothing beats the tranquillity of a chilly autumn evening with a good book. 'A Little Life' by Hanya Yanagihara is a phenomenal read, hitting you right in the feels. With the tumult of school right out of summer break, that vehement emotion is a natural craving. To live outside the math equations and textbooks and feel human again. Yanighara does an infallible job at painting Jude's story, keeping you hooked for hours. This book was crushing at times, leaving me speechless, and in a haze. The blatant manner through which Yanagihara communicates the plot will send shivers down your spine. It sure did for me.

Jude's character development and his relationships have their highs and lows, which I felt. Jude was broken, far beyond repair. He lost so much of himself to what happened that he lost himself in his story. It'd be a crime to spoil this book because the unfolding of Jude's story attaches us to him, his people, and his life in a way that a simple sentence couldn't suffice. A pertinent theme in this book is family and friendship, with Yanagihara taking us through the evolution, loss, endurance, and change in those relationships. The relations with Jude's people. Willem, Harold, Julia, Andy, JB, Malcolm, and Richard, all contributed to who he is and who he will be. But just as substantial were the people who took from him, if not more.



CHURCHILL
CHRONICLE



11



PHOTOGRAPH
BY: **AASTIKA
MOR**

Brother Luke, the clients, Dr. Traylor, and Caleb. Jude was petrified that once anyone saw him for who he really was, a self-loathing, unworthy, used cripple, they wouldn't dare to turn and look at him again. He himself struggles to look in the mirror. This book deftly navigates the theme of identity and coming of age through the hardships of life and the beauty of friendship.

This book leaves an indelible impression on anyone who reads it, and reading it at least once in your life is imperative. Its poignant narrative lingers. At least for myself, I couldn't help thinking about it for months. Without giving away too much and analyzing the book for you, a robbery in itself, take my word and spend a couple of weeks while the leaves fall, and the wind blows outside your window, to live vicariously through a book that'll leave you teary-eyed and in a reverie of endless thoughts. A little life.

HALLOWEEN

WATCHLIST

2023 *By. Sauda Usman*

*Cartoon by
Ebube A*

HALLOWEEN THEMED MOVIES THAT YOU SHOULD WATCH!

Hey Churchill Bulldogs! Get your costumes and tricks ready because Halloween is just around the corner. It's finally that time of the year again to start dusting off those scary decorations, looking for the perfect pumpkin, and eating way more candy than you should be... although we're all getting a little too old to go trick or treating (but who is that going to stop?). Be ready to scream, laugh, and hide behind your blankets this year because the up and coming horror movies for 2023 are better than ever! Some must-watches include Talk To Me, where a group of teenagers find an embalmed hand and learn how to conjure spirits ... until one of them goes too far.

Another must-watch would be Scream VI, the sixth edition to a total classic Halloween franchise, Scream. After the worldwide hit The Nun, get your popcorn ready for the sequel, The Nun II which will surely have you at the edges of your seats. And lastly, a classic that can't ever be forgotten, is Hocus Pocus following three witches on Halloween night that are aiming to steal the essence of life out of children. This year's lineup is sure to bring a spooky good time, so turn off the lights, grab your bags of candy, and let the Halloween movie marathon begin!

Cartoon by Chelsea Li



As we bid farewell to summer's warmth, we embrace autumn, which means that Halloween is just around the corner and it's the perfect time for some movie marathons! If you're looking for some thrilling but age-appropriate films, we've got you covered. Here are the top 10 Halloween movies that are perfect for teens:

1. "Hocus Pocus"

- Fantasy/comedy film about a teenager named Max who moved to Salem with his sister Dani, where they accidentally free a trio of evil witches, the Sanderson sisters. With the help of a talking black cat, they have to stop the Sanderson sisters from becoming immortal and having eternal youth.

2. "Casper"

- A halloween film about a friendly ghost named Casper, who befriends a young girl and deals with the mischief of the Ghostly Trio.

3. "Halloweentown"

- A Disney Channel Original Movie about Marnie, a girl who discovers she's a witch on her 13th birthday. She goes to Halloweentown, a mysterious place, and must battle wicked warlocks and evil curses. The movie has three sequels.

4. "Monster House,"

- A group of kids discover a seemingly ordinary house in their neighborhood, which is actually a monstrous entity. Now, they must find a way to the town from terror. It's a thrilling film that will keep you at the edge of your seat!

5. "Hotel Transylvania"

- Dracula runs a hotel for monsters, but his world is turned upside down when a human boy stumbles upon the hotel. Chaos and hilarity ensue as Dracula tries to keep the human's presence a secret from the other monsters. It's a fun and heartwarming animated film.

6. "Coraline"

- a young girl named Coraline, and moves into a house, where she discovers a secret door to a utopia parallel reality. However, she soon realizes that this 'other world' is more ominous, and she must find a way to escape before she becomes trapped forever.

7. "The Nightmare Before Christmas"

- A 1993 film about Jack Skellington who discovers Christmas Town and tries to take over, but learns the importance of his own holiday. A fun mix of Christmas and halloween!

8. "Beetlejuice"

- After a young couple dies tragically in a car accident, they are stuck as ghosts and unable to leave their country house behind. When another family moves into their home, the couple tries to scare them away with the help of a spirit named Beetlejuice. However, his help turns out to be a danger for the ghost couple and the new family.

9. "Ghostbusters"

- A classic halloween movie about a band of paranormal investigators as they battle ghosts and save New York City. The Ghostbusters franchise has 5 movies and 2 tv series. Who you gonna call? Ghostbusters!

10. "The Haunted Mansion"

- A 2003 film about the Evers family. Join them as they explore a haunted mansion filled with secrets and supernatural capabilities.



These movies offer just the right amount of fright and fun for friends and family to enjoy during the Halloween season. Grab some popcorn and your pumpkin-spice latte, and get ready for a spooktacular movie night!

Tyler The Creator and the Brilliance of IGOR

By: Emily Chen



Photography by: Isabel L

IGOR can be split into two seasons, the first season about falling in love and the second season dealing with heartbreak and moving on. "IGORS THEME" sets the tone for the album and we are immediately greeted with a fuzzy synth, a musical theme that echoes throughout the rest of the album. Lyrics in this song are also repeated, acting as a foreshadow for what's to come. Two lyrics in "Igors Theme" particularly stand out, "Ridin' round town, they gon' feel this one" introduces us to the themes in season one of the album. A version of this phrase is seen again in season one's opener "EARQUAKE", "Riding around, your love is shaking me up..." Through this line we understand that the first half of the album is about Tyler riding around searching around for his love interest. The second line in the opening track, "Got my eyes open." signaling the turning point in the album, again being repeated in season two's tracks as Tyler realizes the relationship is not working and must move on. These two lines set up the rest of the album, acting as a trailer for what is to come. Stay tuned for the next edition of the Churchill Chronicle to read more about the tracks in Tyler's album.

Tyler the Creator, a name that truly needs no introduction, is listened to by almost every teen in this generation. He is known for his outrageous personality, vulgar lyrics, and his ability to tell stories in his music. Born Tyler Gregory Okonma in 1991, Tyler quickly rose to fame as the founding member of hip-hop group Odd Future. Tyler's solo career gained traction fast with a daring and innovative approach, changing the hip hop scene as we know it.

In May 2019, Tyler released his fifth studio album titled *IGOR*, as he takes on a new persona reflecting a complex exploration of love and relationships. Like his past works, the album tells us a story. However, this time, on a much more personal and raw level, this is the first time in an album where Tyler opens up about his relationships, making the album so much more vulnerable. *IGOR* is often described as a fusion of rap, RnB and pop, but elements of funk, synth pop and soul can be heard throughout. The album received critical acclaim for its creativity, ultimately winning Tyler a Grammy for Best Rap Album.



Photography by: Leon H

OUR SOUL SIGHT

-Alexander Fu

Self-respect is the principle that defines a person's soul. Without it, you would be lost. It is an internal sense that allows you to love and treat yourself with care. It is an essential part of your identity, and determines all the decisions you make. However, self-respect is something that must be achieved through understanding your soul and the establishment of your identity. It can empower your spirit for the entire duration of your life, and its absence can leave a crippling impact. If you lack the ability to respect yourself, it will leave you in a state of mind that is hard to escape, especially during high school. Self-respect results from staying true to your values and it is the primary source of your confidence, dreams, and success.

Confidence is a person's ability to stand up for themselves and their identity. Without it, you would not be able to take action, or more importantly, accomplish anything. Of all the qualities of your identity, your confidence is one of the most important. You can change the world by simply having faith in yourself. For example, Albert Einstein, who was widely acknowledged to be the greatest and most influential physicist of all time, did not just develop the theory of relativity by dreaming of it. He was made famous for his contributions to the development of the atomic bomb and quantum mechanics, which would not have been possible if it were not for his confidence to expand on his dreams. Without him, the Allies would have never won the Second World War, and our world would not be as we know it today. Just one man and his confidence saved the world.

Self-respect can take many forms, and with it, you could change the world. Without self-respect, you would be lost to yourself in the blizzard of high school. But with it, you would gain a heightened sense of your capabilities, identity, and qualities. In high school, you are given the opportunity to develop your skills and fabricate your dreams. How you choose to respect yourself will forever change your life, as it did for me. Even just as a fraction of yourself, it knits together your entire identity. Self-respect can empower not only yourself but also those around you. With confidence, dreams, and courage, you too can change the world.



Photography by Isabel L

HOW TO START (AND) FINISH YOUR HOMEWORK

-Aaira Memon

Take care of your needs.

If you are hungry or tired you likely won't be able to hold focus on something. If you are stressed that could also affect concentration. Eat something if you are hungry and take a little nap if you are very tired. Just make sure to set an alarm and tell your parents or siblings to wake you up! If you are feeling mentally unwell, write down how you feel or talk to someone about it.

Tip: Keep a filled up water bottle next to you as you work. Water is vital for focus and your health. It also relieves headaches.

Make a list of the work you need to do.

If you are hungry or tired you likely won't be able to hold focus on something. If you are stressed that could also affect concentration. Eat something if you are hungry and take a little nap if you are very tired. Just make sure to set an alarm and tell your parents or siblings to wake you up! If you are feeling mentally unwell, write down how you feel or talk to someone about it.

Tip: Keep a filled up water bottle next to you as you work. Water is vital for focus and your health. It also relieves headaches.

Ask for help when you need it.

Ask for help when you need it, and attend tutorial for the classes you struggle in.

Follow each step.

If you are hungry or tired you likely won't be able to hold focus on something. If you are stressed that could also affect concentration. Eat something if you are hungry and take a little nap if you are very tired. Just make sure to set an alarm and tell your parents or siblings to wake you up! If you are feeling mentally unwell, write down how you feel or talk to someone about it.

Tip: Keep a filled up water bottle next to you as you work. Water is vital for focus and your health. It also relieves headaches.

Remember to take breaks.

Be sure to time these too. A 5 minute break for every 20 minutes of work should be good enough. It is okay to do whatever you want to do during that time, as long as you can pause it within 5 minutes.

Tip: Exercise is shown to increase focus. Sitting at a desk (or your bed) for too long is not comfortable and can affect your concentration. Therefore walk around, dance, and get your body moving!

Doing the above has helped me, and I hope it helps you too!

AUTUMN GRIEF

2 % BATTERY LIFE

BY: SHUBASHINI THANGADURAI

How do you balance being kind to someone,
while realizing they're no good for you?
How do you work around the guilt of calling someone
the bad guy
when friends try to convince you otherwise
because perhaps they're misunderstood?

I stare at yearbook photos from 2016
I was young and naïve then
So what changed?
If everything I say
isn't taken seriously anymore

So when did this become
a judgment call
When someone messes up,
an alarm goes off

Am I any better?
Do people feel the same way?
like they are sitting next to a void where they can't breathe
And have to force a smile
A laugh
A moment of reliability
Instead of laying their head down and saying
This is me today
2% left
I would give them the look
The "I got you" look
Not that I know them, or know what they went through last
night,
But I too am flawed and imperfect and have felt
Lost beyond repair

I walk through a hallway
See someone I know
And turn away
I can't talk today
It takes too much effort
Too much energy
Don't ask me why
I won't have an answer
Don't stare me down and question me with your eyes

An unvoiced echo of

"Are you okay's?"

"You look tired's"

Silence
A nod
Cause
Deep
Deep
inside

I know
Battery life is draining



Artwork by; Adanna Grimes



When Death Consumes Me

By; Parnian



When death consumes me swiftly
And my soul departs from my rotting flesh;
My core decaying beneath the stifling earth.
Advancing further no longer; an eternal secluded slumber.
The dreams I sought to remember now endlessly replaying.
Through my short-lived consciousness, a film strip of
reminiscence.
The uncanny detritivores feeding off my husk against my
will;
A life dependent on the death of another.

Dreading the torment of departure-
Shall I fail to answer the questions of the grave.
Regret that the life I lived had been nothing,
But a momentary exhaustion of time.
Despair that I may be outcast to everlasting damnation.
Life can never be returned.
Leaving behind only remnants of what once was,
The memories, agony, and bliss.

Once death consumes me,
Time will cease to hold purpose-
Until the very moment,
I'm released from my timeless trance,
By the sound of Judgement Day's trumpet.
I fear not death, but what awaits in the afterlife.



BLOOD FROM A STONE

By Matthew Osunde

Forced to watch the sunrise,
There he sits,
Stewing in wants, cursed with wits
When he can neither fret nor flit.

He wishes to be
As ephemeral as the butterfly,
Mocking him as it flutters by
With indifference to his every sigh.

A doe comes along
And he envies her grace,
Her dappled dress, her thoughtless face,
Her weakness to years—her conquest of space.

He protests unheeded
As her hoof approaches,
And powerless to what a glancing blow is,
Takes a wound ferocious.

An involuntary stoic,
He plunges down the hill,
Knowing trees and grass that could end his spill
Mind the sky—not the ground—and always will.

Beside the creek now,
Encroaching water flows,
Where he, millennia ago,
Samely languished—samely eternal, samely alone.

He hears the doves sailing
And the meadow breathing—
No one cares that the rock is bleeding.

FALLING

By Eshaal Malik

I watch as the world turns orange and yellow.
The leaves swaying in the breeze,
Falling ever so slowly to the ground.

I watch as the world is stripped bare in front of me.
Hear the crunch of leaves
As people walk all over them.

I watch as my soul starts to leave me.
Suddenly I feel more naked
Than the trees in front of me.

I watch as I get stepped on,
Like those leaves on the ground.
No one bats an eye.

I watch as the sky darkens
And gloomy days become more common.
Raindrops pitter-patter on the sidewalk.

I watch as my mood darkens
And dull spirits become part of my routine.
My tears fall to the concrete.

When the desolate fall ends,
Life begins again.
Flowers grow and animals cheer in joy.

As the seasons change,
I stay the same.
I am a fallen leaf, crushed and defeated.

The leaves that nip at the backs of his heels are old leaves, dead ones that crinkle in harmony with the sound of howling wind. If he let himself get lost for too long, he would swear that it was whispering, like a voice forgotten. Maybe, if he squinted his ink filled eyes, he could make out the sketch of someone's face in the dregs of dirt at his feet. A girl he didn't know the name of anymore.

His hand clenches into a fist, and the cellophane around the bleeding flowers makes a wailing noise. The eyes on the street turn to look at him in horror. His grip tightens. The stems are long, skeletal against his fingers, melting into the ivory bones beneath his skin. Thorns prick at his fingers, and he feels that the crimson color of the flowers could very well be his own.

He doesn't go to the funeral. The watchful eyes of Autumn sink into him. They begin to hammer against his will, beneath his ribs, curling up next to his heart, shaped like the girl lost to his memory.

She screams, wailing and weeping and kicking at his insides as the bouquet falls from his skeleton hands, getting drenched in the rain. The petals are quick to be covered by the carcasses of leaves. Soon he can't remember if they were ever real. The girl gives up, exhausted. He feels as though she is transforming into leaves as well, but he cannot tell if they are new or old. Green or orange, flowers and fruit, or barren branches waiting for the coming of snow.

He does not speak when the man across the street asks him if he's alright; he is afraid that he will cough up the children of trees.

He lets his feet drag. He knows autumn will end soon, but he finds no joy in knowing his torture will be over, that his guts will spill out of his mouth in the form of ice and crystals instead of grotesque memories of a girl made from leaves. He clutches his chest, begging her to wake up, to warm him up with the sound of laughter over coffee.

He worries that the cold will be infinitely worse.

A Girl Made From Leaves

-By Moumita
Murshed



-By Amina T

It was the best and most exciting day of the year. This would be the first you would see it. All the older kids talked about it and now you were finally old enough to take part in the event. The event happens every year and now that you are finally able to participate this year it is quite exciting. As you turn

the corner you see it. The blue exterior and red door make it stand out. It wasn't particularly large, but instead looked warm and cozy, even from the outside. It was quite a beautiful house. The house was pitch black but even then the paint and warmth of it stood out. As you walk up the steps to unlock the door, you get a foreboding feeling in your stomach and walk inside wondering what could happen? What was so exciting that it could captivate people's attention but so very secretive that only a few people knew?

And why did it feel like something bad was about to happen?

The woman tiredly walked into the house. She was young, maybe a fresh college graduate. She sat down, opened her laptop to unwind and seemingly scrolled for a few minutes before coming upon an ad:

WOMAN MURDERED. [CLICK HERE TO WATCH.](#)

She clicked on the link and a video of a woman staring at her through her screen appeared. A woman who looks exactly like her. After a while, she realizes that it is her. Shocked and confused, she didn't notice the black figure behind her.

The police officer

After a long work day, he was finally home. A woman had been murdered in her home. It seemed as though she had no physical injuries and yet was dead. There was nearly no evidence. It was going to be a long case, he thought. As he walked into his house, the blue dirt and odd but red exterior stood out like a sore thumb. In the dead of winter and around Halloween, darkness seemed to attach itself to the home. A single raven sat on the rooftop. After going through the day and motions of his evening, he got ready to

unwind for the night he saw an odd link:
MAN MURDERED [CLICK HERE TO WATCH.](#)

As he looked confusedly at his TV screen, he never noticed the black entity behind him.

THE END

The Black Cloud

-By Arsema "Ema"
Getachew

Light The Night: The Perfect Halloween Art Idea

BY: AFIYAH SAJID

Now that Autumn is in full swing - the leaves are falling, the colours are changing, and the days are getting shorter - it's the perfect time to enjoy a relaxing evening drinking some tea, watching scary movies, and of course, crafting. At this time of year, many students tend to feel overwhelmed and exhausted; with midterms approaching, we could all use a creative outlet to deal with the many responsibilities that life throws our way. If you're looking for a fun, easy, and affordable art idea to take off some of the tension, we've got you covered! Here is a step by step tutorial on how to make the cutest halloween themed decoration that can look great all year round.

HOW TO MAKE: GHOST TEA LIGHT COVERS

Materials Needed (In Order of Usage):

White Air Dry Modeling Clay, Rolling Pin, Knife, Plastic Straw, Small Jar / Cup Flipped Upside Down, LED Tea Lights, Modge Podge (Optional)

Steps:

1. Using your hands, knead the clay until softened and form the clay into a ball.
2. Use a rolling pin to flatten out the clay and then use a knife to cut the clay into the shape of a circle (*Tip: use a bowl to indent the clay, this makes it easier to achieve a perfect circle).
3. Using a straw, poke out two eyes and a mouth into the clay, this forms the part where the tea light will shine through the ghosts.
4. Place the clay over an upside down cup or small jar (*Tip: place any small round object on top of the cup/jar to get a rounder shape for the head).
5. Pinch the ends to form the ghost, making sure that your ghost is large enough to fit over a tea light.
6. Let the ghost dry and then add in your tea light underneath!
7. Optional: Apply a coat of modge podge when dry for a shiner and more polished ghost.

IMAGE BY: onelittleproject



ARTWORK BY:
PRIYANKA GUPTA

Halloween Costumes DO's and DON'Ts

BY: ADELA ALAKBAROVA

"Who are you going to be for Halloween?" is the inevitable question that we as students, and as kids, have been asked every October since elementary school. Some people carefully plan their costume months in advance while others put on a pair of cat ears and call it a day. While the cat ears can be considered a "costume classic," it is time for them to be put to rest. A big aspect of Halloween is the creative freedom one gets with their costume, because you can literally be anything. A cartoon character. A famous celebrity. A hot dog. The sky's the limit when it comes to your costume. So, with that in mind, here are 10 (recognizable but not overdone) costumes that you can use for inspiration for Halloween 2023.

- Men in Black (single/group): This is a great example of a classy costume. A suit, a tie, as well as some cool sunglasses is all you need to complete this look.
- Toy Story (single/group): Put a spin on the extremely overdone cowboy costume and dress up as the characters from a classic movie from our childhoods. Woody, Jessie, Rex, Slinky, and Mr. Potato Head would make an amazing group costume.
- Singers (single/group): This category is wide open and full of costume ideas. From Taylor Swift and her eras, to Olivia Rodrigo, Drake, and even Elvis, you could be as modern or as classic as you want.
- Barbie (single/group): In honor of the highly successful film, an obvious costume idea for 2023 would be this iconic character. Whether it is a group costume with all of Barbie's looks and characters or a single Barbie outfit, this costume will be a guaranteed hit.
- Superheroes (single/group): This could include Avengers, DC heroes, and many others. In any case, everybody wants to be a superhero at one point in their life. Why not become one this Halloween?
- Other costumes include: Cupid (single), Winnie The Pooh (single/group), Professions (single/group), Disney Villains (single/group), and Food Combos (groups).

Of course, you don't have to dress up as any of these, as the whole point of Halloween is to express yourself, but most importantly to enjoy the day and some free candy. Just in case though, these costume ideas are here to inspire you. With that being said, have a spooky Halloween!

DEADPAN DISCOVERIES: ONE SMALL STEP FOR MAN... ONE QUANTUM LEAP FOR MANKIND

by Raif Zaman

Welcome to the first edition of **Deadpan Discoveries**, where I try to explain science and current events in the most uninteresting way possible. Why bother trying to interest you in when we all know I wrote this in an hour without much thought or care. For the first edition of this university resume padder, I'm going to talk about quantum computers.



Yuri Manin & Richard Feynman, credit to IHES and Caltech Archives

You might have heard of the term 'quantum computing' before and wondered what it meant. After all, the word quantum has been appropriated into pop culture and movies to such an extent that it's become just another buzzword. However, quantum computing is so much more than just something Marvel throws into every awful Ant-Man movie. It is also the next frontier of scientific innovation that has far-reaching implications for all areas of science and technology. To be brief, it is a computer that is able to calculate unfathomably large amounts of data in microseconds, the same task would take even our best current supercomputers millions of years.

First proposed by Richard Feynmann and Yuri Manin in the 1980s, a quantum computer would use qubits (quantum bits) in superposition to exponentially increase the processing power with each qubit added. The idea of superposition is that a qubit can be in both the state of a 0 or 1 at the same time, hence why quantum computers are able to deal with so much more information at once. If you compared a standard 32-bit computer to a 32-qubit computer, the former would obviously have 32 bits of computing power, while the latter boasts an astonishing 232 bits of computing power.

Unfortunately, quantum computers are far from perfect, and still in their infancy, which is why they have yet to be commercialized. However, companies such as Google, IBM, and D-Wave have made significant strides in just the last few years, sparking something of a quantum revolution. Perhaps we will see commercially viable quantum computers on the market in the next few years, but until then we're stuck with normal supercomputers like plebs.

Apparently I've exceeded the word limit already, so I'll just end it here without a proper transition to the closing statement. Come back next issue if you want to be bored again, I have to feed my family somehow. They don't pay me enough for this. I'm just joking, they don't pay me at all. See you.

TO MAKE MARS HABITABLE

2 ★ ★

Mars doesn't have a breathable atmosphere, but it does still have frozen water in deep reservoirs and in the polar ice caps this is enough to make a shallow ocean on Mars. A lot of Mars' oxygen is stored in its minerals, like in iron oxides that give Mars its red colour and carbon dioxide is stored in carbonates. To gain access to these gasses, we would need to reverse their solidifying processes through the use of thermolysis, which only happens at temperatures higher than the Sun's surface. In other words, we have to melt the surface of Mars into oceans of lava. The best way to do this is with lasers, aiming their beams down on the red sister planet. Earth's current most powerful laser is the ELI-NP, it can produce up to 10 Petawatts (10¹⁶ Watts) for a trillionth of a second. This is not enough, as to melt Mars, we need a laser that is twice as powerful and can run continuously. The most efficient way to do this is to use a solar-pumped laser, that can be powered directly by sunlight. It should be made with metal-infused glass to absorb that sunlight as energy and convert it into laser beams. If we created an array of these mirrors in space, around 11 times the size of the United States, enough Sunlight could be focused and concentrated to Melt Mars. As the lasers hit the surface, an estimated 750 kg of O₂ and some CO₂ emerge from each cubic meter of rock melted. If efficient enough, the lasers only have to melt about 8 meters deep into the surface of Mars to get enough oxygen. After the lasers are done and deactivated, the ground cools quickly. Ashes fall from the sky as dark snow, and the ground is made of obsidian, now Mars is cold again. All the water that was heated up before, goes from steam to precipitation. They carry away harmful elements that have accumulated on the surface and fill all the cracks and crevices to form shallow oceans saltier than the oceans on Earth. Something we could easily fix and purify. It would take continuous lasering for 50 years before Mars can have an oxygen atmosphere. This time could be used to dig deeper in some places for the oceans, and even spare some landmark features like Olympus Mons & Valles Marineris.

4

Will this last? Mars lost its atmosphere before, and it can lose it again because it does not have a magnetic field to hold it all together by protecting it from solar radiation and cosmic rays, dangerous to the long-term health of Martian populations. We need to make our own magnetic field, it doesn't have to be as big as Earth's, it just needs to deflect the solar winds so it doesn't touch Mars. The most efficient way is to create an umbrella magnetic field in front of Mars that deflects the solar winds to the side. A large superconducting ring powered by nuclear facilities is all it takes to achieve this. It will orbit at the Mars L1 point (the point between the Sun and Mars), keeping Mars safe from the Sun.

So, that all sounds easy right? Well if we know how to do it, why can't we? Sadly, it's not that simple, terraforming Mars takes a lot of time, work and resources and we as a human species just haven't reached that capacity yet. We can't build large mirror arrays and burn down a whole planet. We don't have a good enough space transport system to move fast enough to reach Titan, and Mars transporting trillions of tons of material. Maybe someday in the not-so-distant future, we can begin this time-consuming, astronomical project. Hopefully, this project will not come as a life-saving necessity.

1

More than four billion years ago, Mars had a breathable atmosphere much like Earth, and was full of rivers and oceans. Sometime in the past, its atmosphere got blown away. Now exposed, Ultraviolet (UV) rays broke down the atmospheric gasses and the many bodies of water until they were swept away by solar winds. Mars is now known as the dry red planet, impossible to sustain human life, but what if we could change that? Maybe Mars is not destined to be empty, but teeming with life. Here's how we can achieve that.

VOCABULARY

SOLAR WIND - THE CONTINUOUS FLOW OF CHARGED PARTICLES FROM THE SUN WHICH IS SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BAR - UNIT OF PRESSURE.

SUPERCONDUCTING - ABLE TO CONDUCT ELECTRICITY WITHOUT RESISTANCE.

OLYMPUS MONS - A LARGE SHIELD VOLCANO ON MARS.

VALLES MARINERIS - SYSTEM OF CANYONS THAT RUNS ALONG MARS' SURFACE.

MASS DRIVER - AN ELECTROMAGNETIC CATAPULT.

BIOSPHERE - SUM OF ALL ECOSYSTEMS, THE PART OF THE PLANET WHERE LIFE EXISTS.

3

Now the atmosphere is 100% oxygen and only 0.2 bar. This makes it hard to breathe, and the atmosphere is extremely flammable. To make it safer, we need to add a lot of nitrogen. A great source of this is from the not-so-nearby moon, Titan. This Saturnian moon has an abundance of nitrogen in its thick atmosphere, we would have to move about 3000 trillion tons of nitrogen from its atmosphere to Mars. To process and move all of that nitrogen, we would need to build giant automatic factories on Titan powered by our previously used lasers to suck in the atmosphere and compress it into a liquid, this could get pumped into tanks in the shape of bullets that get shot by a mass driver to Mars, where they explode and mix in with the atmosphere. This would take about 60 years to complete. Now Mars has an atmosphere we can breathe in. If the CO₂ released from the melting of the rocks on Mars is not enough to keep Mars at warm enough temperatures to sustain human life, we can just add some super greenhouse gasses. Mars at this point is no longer red, but black from the cooled lava filled with spots of the ocean and untouched red rocks from its old surface. This is no better than a desert on Earth, we need to add some life. Installing a biosphere on a new planet is extremely difficult, anything unexpected could happen, a sudden disease to the colony, or unthought-of interactions between species could cause the whole biosphere to collapse. We could start by adding phytoplankton to the oceans, with the lack of competition from other species, it would rapidly multiply and bloom, becoming the bottom of the food chain for other species soon to be added. Then we could add zooplankton, then fish, and maybe even sharks and whales! If all is well, the oceans will be full of life and thriving. Land however, is more difficult, plants cannot sink their roots through hardened lava and ashes, so we need to break that up into soil, the fastest way to do that is manually, using our lasers, we could turn them on and off in rapid successions to break up the surface into smaller pieces, add some water, and you get a dark mud. To enrich this mud, we can add fungi and nitrogen-fixing bacteria, able to absorb nitrogen and convert it into nitrate compounds, effectively plant food. It would be best to bring plants from Earth that are native to volcanic islands as they would adapt better. Eventually, the enriched mud would become the foundation for forests and grasslands. Since Mars has a lower gravity, trees become taller faster, and their roots gain the nutrients they need and dig deeper, turning more rocks into soil. This creates a self-sustaining ecosystem. Now we can bring in more plant varieties, insects and animals. This new biosphere has to be maintained, to prevent it from falling out of balance. If plants grow too quickly and absorb too much CO₂ the planet could become too cold, if the key species die out, populations could collapse faster than they could recover. It would take hundreds or thousands of years for Mars to become a stable environment. Eventually, the planet will be able to sustain large human colonies.

WE HAVE TO MELT IT
TERRAFORMING MARS BY TAMAR IYOHO

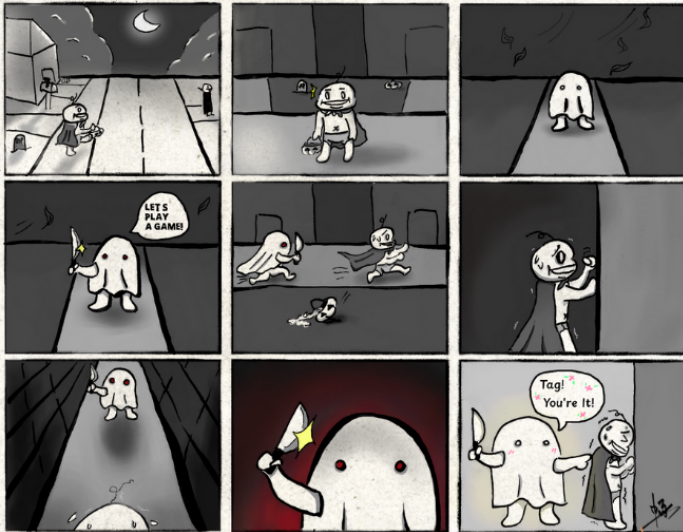
Halloween

BY YOLANDA

Every October 31 Halloween, people dress up anything they want (zombies, vampires, pumpkins, anything you can imagine) and go trick or treating. But have you ever thought about the history behind this fun day? Halloween started around 2,000 years ago, when Celtic people would celebrate the end of harvest. Commencing the start of a new year, they celebrated a festival called "Samhain" every November 1st.

It was believed that on this day, the ghosts of the dead return to earth. Costumes were worn and bonfires were lit in order to scare off any ghosts that might be haunting them, also exchanging food or drinks. The Celtic people would also sacrifice crops and animals. Today we celebrate Halloween every year on October 31. We carve pumpkins, build Jack O Lanterns, and trick or treat.

HALLOWEEN By Chelsea Li



History of Christian Girl Autumn -How a Meme Became Wholesome BY NEHIR PARVEZ

Leaves change in colour. They fall and eventually wilt. The air becomes crisp and frigid. So, what time does this represent? Wrong, it's not just fall... it's Christian Girl Autumn! Now's the time to bring out your beanie, knee-high brown boots, skinny jeans, and cozy cardigan. But wait, what is Christian Girl Autumn? Is it a genre of outfits? Is it a meme that made fun of Christian women styled similarly? Well, yes and no. So, grab your pumpkin spice latte because there is a latte to cover!

"Christian Girl Autumn" emerged as a playful twist on the 2019 hit "Hot Girl Summer" popularized by rapper Megan Thee Stallion. To keep this school-appropriate, HGS describes being unapologetically you and having the time of your life during the summer! Sadly, as summer concluded, the "hot girl" has to hibernate till next year. Netizens, specifically those brooding away on Twitter, needed a new icon. To their aid, Twitter user @lasangabby tweeted a post containing two generic-looking white women wearing fall attire captioned, "Hot Girl Summer is coming to an end, get ready for Christian Girl Autumn!" Thus, the polar opposite of Hot Girl Summer; Christian Girl Autumn, was born.

Quickly, the meme strayed away from "sugar, spice, and everything nice." It became associated with a cliché depicting Christian, Republican white people. Stan Twitter users began making imprudent assumptions about the girls in the photo, essentially white people, to project their displeasure at the bigoted tendencies of some conservatives. They began associating the meme with stereotypes like the refusal to use pronouns or complaining to the manager.

Enter Caitlin Covington, one of the women in the original meme. She went on to Twitter to post four more Christian Girl Autumn-themed pictures of her affirming she didn't mind the joke. Through a series of wholesome tweets, we learn she is an LGBTQIA+ ally, doesn't complain to the manager, and is not a Republican! Soon, Caitlin won stan twitters' hearts, deeming herself a legend.

And so, through the face of the meme associated with a white stereotype actually being an unproblematic queen. Christian Girl Autumn strays away from being prejudiced to being cozy! It represents the transition from a period of partying to unapologetically liking pumpkin-spiced lattes and wearing warm, modest clothing. Christian Girl Autumn is just another period to feel beautiful in your own way!



Hot Packs

WRITTEN BY

RAIVA SHIPRA



DIA DE LOS MUERTOS

ILLUSTRATED BY

PARAJMOT PATTAR

This is the time of year where pumpkin spice lattes and sweaters are in full swing. Where everyone is digging their coats and mittens out of their basements and getting ready for the coming winter. It's full of a sense of joy that you can't quite put your finger on. Maybe that's what's so joyous about it. That there is no direct cause or reason to feel this way. The soft and comforting feeling of blankets wrapped around your body or the warmth of a fire latching onto your skin. It sounds cliché and putting it in words doesn't make it sound any better either. But maybe that's part of the experience as well, celebrating the same things over and over again. It's a sort of repetition that is welcomed every year without any urge for a different result. In fact, if we did receive a different result, I have no doubt we'd wish to revert back. But what am I even talking about? Is it Christmas or Halloween? Fall or Winter? Not really. It's simply the little things that come with this time of year. The hot chocolate cupped softly in your hands as they absorbed as much heat as they could. The soft cotton pajamas that, while not having the best designs on them, keep all the warmth and mellowness within them. All of these clichés that accumulate together to present an unequivocal sense of welcome and solace. Maybe it's a little dramatic, but I would rather add just a dash of melodramatic flair to it than kill the little magic it has to begin with.

But that was last year, and every other year before that. Maybe this year will be different. That's not a bad thing, no one said it was, but perhaps routine and repetition is what's most to look forward to during this time. No one can guarantee the same result in anything, however, so it's merely a hope. It's the comfort and warmth you get from the hot chocolate and the blankets wrapped around ever so tightly. Maybe it's the fire crackling beside you and maybe it's the pajamas that keep you warm all night that does it for you. Whatever the case, whatever your hot pack may be, although it may not remind you of this time of year, it will remind you of this time of year, pumpkin spiced lattes and all.

FALL IS UPON US

BY: ETHAN WU



Fall is upon us. A night air breeze whispered as it rushed past, “A new beginning, a new beginning for us all.” The wind blew, spreading its message to creatures as little as the squirrel, searching for buried acorn treasure troves, to the owls hunting for mice to feed their young. Word spread of the change brought by the wind, reaching its final destination at the sun. “Fall is upon us,” expressed the wind. “I have fulfilled my duty. Once the moonlight fades, the rest is up to you.” “Fall is upon us...” The sun pondered. The wind returned to the shadows of the night sky, and the sun slowly stood up. A glimmer of red appeared at the corner of the web of stars. The night air was cool, with a slight warmth from the sun. While the sun gradually changed the weather, the cogs and gears of time started to rotate. “Fall is upon us, a new day has begun, and time should act accordingly,” said the sun to the never-ending system of gears and machinery. After resting for the whole summer, time, with a sigh, tiredly responds, “Yes, I’ll get to that.” DING! DING! Alarms start to ring and calendars quickly sync up to September 1st. Somewhere in a little house, a mother starts walking towards her son’s room. “Fall is upon us. It’s the first day of school!” The student thinks, “Oh Mom, why do you always have to wake me up so early?” He begrudgingly rises from bed, hastily completes his morning routine, and starts walking to school for a new beginning.

BY: JONATHEN SU

CHAMOMILE AND VARIATIONS

BY: FOUZHAN RIZWAN

Have you ever found yourself tossing and turning? Your mind racing when you should be winding down? Or maybe you're knee-deep in the chaos of student life, desperately looking for some “chill.” Chamomile might be your answer. A warm hug for your insides, coming from dried chamomile flowers. It has a mild flowery taste and an amazingly soothing aroma that demands to be savored. While other teas may carry an air of class or exclusivity, chamomile brings a distinctive “mood” - a uniquely “you” vibe. Beyond its delightful fragrance and taste, chamomile is renowned for its calming and soothing effects that tackle stress, facilitate better sleep and aid digestion. Chamomile is incredibly simple to make and comes with many variations to suit your taste and mood. Whether it becomes a bedtime ritual, a destressing drink, a part of your meditation routine, or something else entirely, one thing’s for sure: chamomile will not disappoint.

Recipe for simple chamomile:

1 tea bag of chamomile

1 cup of hot/boiling water

To make a simple chamomile tea, simply put a teabag into your cup and pour in your boiling water. You may use two tea bags for a stronger taste. And you are done. If you wish for a more rich flavor, steep the tea (let the tea bag sit in the cup for 2-5 minutes while it’s covered).

Variations include:

Honey Chamomile Tea:

Add 1- 2 tbsp of honey or maple syrup for a sweeter and more enriching flavor.

Chamomile Latte:

Maybe you like some milk in your tea for a more wholesome feel, or maybe you just like milk.

Following the steps above, use ½ cup of water and steep your tea while you boil about ½ cup of milk separately (for a 1:1 ratio, you may change it to your taste).

Once your milk has started to boil, remove your tea bag and add the milk into your cup, stir, and you’re done!

Iced Chamomile Tea:

Maybe you don’t want a hot drink at the moment but still want some tea. Don’t worry, chamomile still tastes great cold.

Following the above steps, use cold water, instead of boiling water, to steep your tea. You may add ice if you want, or leave it in the fridge to cold brew for up to 48 hours (unlike other teas, cold brew will not make it more bitter).

Enjoy!

IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE FIRST SNOW.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING, THE PEOPLE
WOULD SEE, FOR A LONG TIME TO COME.
THE SNOW.
AND,
THE *DEVIL'S* MIRROR.

The morning had been blissfully cold, reddening the cheeks of all the busy, bustling denizens. Despite the clouded weather, the casual market banter hadn't ceased. The small, quaint town stood at the foot of a mountain, in a forest, far from the big cities. Most didn't dare come near the Farebjerge Mountains, known to be so icy, that one's blood would freeze.

It was the first snow. Flowers and gifts were being bought. The first snowfall was said to incite blossoming love. People crowded the flower stands, eager to get a bouquet, or even a single rose to offer to their loved ones. Although, some were merely gifts of gratitude, appreciation, or adoration.

Snowflakes gathered on the lashes of the children, running about. They ran around, admiring the hoarfrost bestrewn trees. Kicking up puddles of slush, and causing mischief, the children played. They bent over the curb, picking the icicles off the parked carriages before the peevish coachmen told them off. Of course, the children would then go on to cause more trouble elsewhere.

Everyone adored the elegant innocence of snow, the wintry, cold milieu. They relished the wintertides, preferring them over the sultry, mediocre midsummers. The sound of splintering glass turned the heads of many townsfolks. With the snowflakes, fell minuscule shards of glass. The glittering display awed them.

They did not know that this sight would be the loveliest thing they
would see before the world went crooked.

The momentary reverence was thwarted, as the people let out shrieks of pain, convulsing, as they clawed at their eyes, and clutched their chests. The splintered mirror turned their eyes bloodshot, dripping with scarlet. Their hearts felt as if they'd been set ablaze. The agony was immeasurable, some collapsed, the pain being too tremendous for them to handle. Instead of fading, their shrill screams grew louder. They grew... angrier.

As they looked up, faces contorted, they saw ugliness, something so grotesque, that made them shrink away from each other in horror. The bleakness of the world never seemed so apparent, in the frigid weather. The once lovely snow felt cold, with pinpricks of ice on their cheeks. Feelings of warmth and love were instead replaced with a wave of harsh, biting anger that lashed out at the world.

The people's hearts seemed to have shrivelled, as cold as the stinging winter air.

Grip and Grin: A Bat's Eye View

By: Aurora

Hey Bulldogs, welcome to this lovely column where we discuss rock climbing each edition! As an introduction, this is a sport where you climb walls (pretty self explanatory). It's a perfect activity for when you're looking to get fit, but don't like the brutal lung-killing activities of cardio or the repetitiveness of weight lifting. It's an all-body workout which involves figuring out the easiest way to get to the top of the route. Some of the solutions are deceptively tricky, and even more so the higher the grade you climb. Something that differentiates this sport from others is the huge social element of it, and how it develops your problem solving skills. An easy way to start getting involved with this sport is trying it out with a friend, or a significant other. Find a climbing center near you, and purchase a day pass (for the cheap price of \$17.50)! Rental shoes are optional (another \$5), but highly recommended. Note that before climbing, you do need to complete a waiver that says you agree to not sue them if you happen to have an accident. When you get there, most climbing centers will have a staff member to "show you the ropes", so you, again, don't have any accidents.



Photograph by Ethne C

Cartoon by Faiza Nanjiba



Staying true to the spirit of Halloween, this edition's spooky move is bathangs! Note the use of the word "bats". A common way of imagining bats is picturing hordes of them hanging upside down on rocks. That's essentially what a bathang is. You'd hook your feet over a ledge or bar, flex them, and suspend your entire body weight over them. Though it is very rarely set on indoor routes, you can show off your physical prowess to your friends. I mean, who wouldn't want to do that? However, we all know that life is unfair. A trick as cool as that would obviously have its own risks involved. For example, if your feet just happened to slip, there is a chance of you cracking or spraining your neck. Don't forget those concussions! Regardless of those minor risks, this is a very fun and cool-looking move to try out. Go to your nearest gym today, and show all the gummies your new, sick moves!

Well, this is it. Stay tuned for our next edition, where our topic is TBD! Until then, stay buff! And, of course, stay out of accidents.

MOTHER NATURE NEVER LIES

Think about the last time you were cramming to finish a project or studying for an exam you knew you were going to flunk. Did you have a chance to go outside that day and if so, did you walk on a peaceful nature path or a bustling city path? Where and how frequently a person goes outside drastically impacts their mental health and overall quality of life. An experiment conducted at Stanford University split a group of people, with half of the participants going on a 90 minute nature walk and the other half going on a 90 minute stroll through the city. The participants that went on a nature walk had much lower sgPFC levels (subgenual prefrontal cortex) activity than those who engaged in a walk through the city.

Matthew White, a researcher at the University of Exeter, discovered that people cannot truly experience the benefits of nature unless they spend at least two hours outside weekly. The results of this study were quite robust amongst people of different backgrounds. As said by Richard Louv (the author of *Last Child in the Woods*), "The studies point in one direction: Nature is not only nice to have, but it's a have-to-have for physical health and cognitive function." White is one of many researchers that have attempted to discover the intricate relationship between nature and mental health. Spending at least two hours a week in nature not only lowers a person's hormone levels and blood pressure, but also increases self-esteem, improves mood, reduces anxiety and rumination, and strengthens immune system functions.

Many people do not feel safe outside their own home and therefore struggle to connect with nature. As humans, we are constantly surrounding ourselves with negative energy as we navigate our day-to-day life. We are slowly destroying what is left in nature with our everlasting apathy and covetousness. For decades now, our behaviour and actions have presented us with a breeding ground for climate change and other environmental crises. Ultimately, we have almost destroyed the key to happiness and self-fulfillment that we are now pining for.



Ultimately, we have almost destroyed the key to happiness and self-fulfillment that we are now pining for.

As the leaves change colours and the streets are covered with snow, consider spending more time in nature. Take a break from that essay you have to write and surround yourself with what we have left of the natural world. Rebuild our lost connection with nature just by appreciating the very essence of life. Let your worries get swept away, and know that everything will be okay. Remember that Mother Nature never lies.

HAUNTING By LK

There's something so peaceful about settling into your own tomb, your own bones. I can't settle. I'd rather haunt.

Ghosts have always been real in the ways most people believe. I haunt the sheets and plastic bags that get snagged on trees. I'm the flickering streetlight someone drives by on a late and foggy night. I'm the evening breeze in the fall, the chill you feel walking alone through an empty neighborhood.

I wander as far as I can from my body sometimes without even realizing it. I'll be in some distant, unknown place, haunting an empty October field full of trees that have lost all their leaves. I'll be in a bustling city full of people who shiver when they pass me by.

Sometimes it makes me wonder about the others in the graveyard. If they wander from their bones

and dried flowers. If they haunt and crawl up from ashen earth to take a look at the fall.

Or maybe

they're content in their own six feet deep embrace.

The Inhumane Working Conditions of Congolese Cobalt Mines

As we hope to continue towards a more moral society, we look at the ways in which people have been treated in the past and reassure ourselves that, by today's standards, such disregard for human welfare would cause global outrage. However, even in 2023, the supply chain for iPhones and Teslas alike can be sourced back to highly questionable working conditions in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

Why Cobalt, and why the Congo? Cobalt has a high electrochemical capacity, making it an essential resource for the ever-growing battery and electronics industry. The largest Cobalt reserves in the world can be found in the DRC. These factors alone are enough to catch the eyes of any capitalist. Optimization of profits among business executives is nothing new, however Cobalt mines in this country are currently one of the worst cases of this, considering the lack of humanity and dignity for these workers. Furthermore, this moral dilemma is amplified due to Apple's market share for mobile devices, more than half of North American citizens use an iPhone.

What are the working conditions actually like in the Congo? To start, these mines are not an exception to child labour. Workers come with their families and are seen to be crowded within less than a foot of each other. Health issues are rampant as cobalt exposure is toxic and mines have limited health regulations. This results in a plethora of cardiac and pulmonary health concerns, along with dermatitis as workers are typically made to use their hands. Birth defects have also been reported in nearby communities due to cobalt-water pollution. To gather the cobalt, miners climb into tiny holes and manually gather cobalt-containing rocks. Each worker sells their cobalt for between 2 to 8 USD a day to local traders. The cobalt then goes to refineries or exporters, and then to factories in China where iPhone or Tesla manufacturing occurs.

The DRC is one of the hardest places to raise a family for a variety of reasons. These companies finding a new source of profit in the country could have increased the standard of living for some families but instead has become the source of even more injustice and mistreatment. This is not the only example of modern day slavery actively happening but it is perhaps one of the most unjust, and without support, these families will continue to suffer.



Photo by; Aarchi Patel

Olive Trees of Palestine by Noor Ahmed

Science has proven the benefits of olives to the skin, hair, and nails. Studies also show olives are correlated with lower risks of heart attacks and the development of ulcers. Olive oil prevents colon, breast, and skin cancer. Palestinians believe that these trees should be protected, and the associated health benefits add to the protection of this opinion, keeping these trees as a representation of their collective identity. Muslims believe that olives and olive trees are blessed. In their holy book there is a chapter dedicated to the importance of olives, and it is encouraged to keep the usage of olives active, often for their health advantages. Because the majority of Palestinians are Muslim, this raises the status of importance that these trees have in their country. A major symbol to show people's pride is shown by the traditional head wrapping of Palestinians. The fact that the pattern of the keffiyeh has three symbols that represent their country, one of them being the olive trees, goes to show how glorious they feel these trees are. These trees aren't only special to the Palestinians, as there is a famous Arab phrase that states anytime the land of Palestinians becomes damaged, it translates to 'they are burning down our olive trees'. Olives are a symbol of peace to Arabs. A major portion of the population finds how rich and special the olive trees of Palestine are, and because of their religious significance and health benefits, they consider it to be connecting the world in a peaceful way. The thought of olives being a major part of Palestinian identity is shown when they represent it in clothing they wear to represent their heritage.

CHANGE

-ABDULLAH A

Change is an inevitable force.

Omnipresent, existing anywhere and everywhere, anytime and every time, and for anyone and everyone.

It pulls one, pushes another, influences others.

It is the leaves shifting from green to maroon, pumpkin, and ebony.

It is the days growing closer together, allowing the stars and moon to make their shining appearance in the night.

It is the humid, summer heat transcending into a cool, autumn breeze.

Change is an inevitable force.

It is the commencement of a new school year, glistening with brand new faces, new students, and new events.

It is forming new connections with lasting friendships.

It was me transferring schools and your eyes being the first to meet mine.

Change is an inevitable force.

It is the vast restaurants and cafes across this city modifying their menus to catch the cinnamon and pumpkin spice floating in the fall air.



-Nathan

It was you and I meeting in that one cafe, where time felt meaningless, and as the volcano of our memories erupted, we could have never been with another.

It was the nights I spent with you, walking down a street sparkling with the glow of lights, rather than at home, alone with my sole visitor being myself.

Change is an inevitable force.

It was the lunches we ate together, not alone, as we used to, under the bright daylight, as golden as we were.

It was the way you used to cheer me up and encourage me to do things I would never have before.

It was the Jack-o-Lanterns we made on your front porch, creating carvings that are still engraved in my mind.

It was how my life went from solitude and loneliness, to consisting of you and only you.

Change is an inevitable force.

Change was you.

But it was also how the attention in your eyes shifted from me to someone else, like a stage light glimmering on me, only to go to another, leaving me in darkness.

It was the way in which our visits became occasional as if the center of your world had been altered.

It was how the green that once filled our lives, went to shades of maroon, pumpkin, and ebony.

Like a leaf changing its colors, so did you.

Change is an inevitable force.

It was what had brought me to you and you to me.

But perhaps, it was also what had broken us apart.

-Zaara F



The cursor taunted me on the blank screen displayed before me. My arms were restless as I glanced at the corner of the screen. An hour had passed since I settled in to write my college application essay and the document remained blank. I contemplated getting up for a quick stretch but I knew I'd easily be sucked into the dangerous world of procrastination. I felt a chill travel down my neck from my opened window and it was then that I remembered that any moment now families would come parading down the sidewalks, ringing the doorbells. The lawn of my house was painfully dull. The task of decorating had been suggested by my parents as a way to get me in the spooky season spirit, but ever since I had learned about the essay, my mind couldn't focus on anything else.

Leaning towards the window, I saw the first family walk down the street with a little boy in a dinosaur costume. I watched as they reached the first house of the night; one decorated so exquisitely that the little boy couldn't help but jump up and down and point at sight. I fell into a trance as I watched the family visit different houses. Finally, they came to the end of my driveway. They stood looking downcast for a moment and without even checking if anyone was home, they moved on. I stood up abruptly and it was as if I had no control over my body; but before I knew it I grabbed a large bag of candy, dashed downstairs, and sprinted down the street. I breathlessly came to a stop in front of the family and held out the plastic bag.

"Sorry ... I'm from that house over there. I saw you guys go by without stopping for candy - understandably - and I felt bad so I got this candy to make up for it." My words came out fumbled and the family insisted that it was no problem, but I couldn't forget the boy's dejected reaction to the stark contrast of my house to the other houses. Finally, the family accepted my offer and briskly walked away. Soon, I was standing on my lawn with halloween decorations in one hand and a candy bucket in the other, joining in with the contagious Halloween festivities; and the thought of essays soon left my mind, because as Dolly Parton said, "Never get so busy making a living, that you forget to make a life."

-Amaka Eziobia

SWC's School Play Production

"Bye Bye Birdie" BY VIVIAN

The school play, "Bye Bye Birdie," is in the works to be performed by students of Sir Winston Churchill. Initially, I was unaware of the play's content, but after meeting with the lead director, Mr. B, I gained a clear understanding of the play's underlying theme and message.

"Bye Bye Birdie" satirically depicts Elvis's military draft experience, with the rockstar Conrad Birdie facing a similar fate. The central character, his publisher, seeks an exit from the music industry and arranges for Birdie to share one last kiss with a fan, which goes awry when the chosen fan turns out to be underage. The play humorously explores young girls' adoration for rockstars in the 1960s. Additionally, the plot follows the publisher's shift to an English teacher and his relationship with his girlfriend.

On Tuesday, I met the students who contributed behind the scenes to the play's success:

Victoria, a grade 11 IB student and co-manager of props for the first time, revealed that "The people here are nice [...] and I am enjoying it."

A student in the makeup and costume crew, Ethne, stated, "We have the best community here", and that she is making numerous friends.

When asked, "How are you enjoying being a part of this production?", these sentiments were shared among the technical and production team.

Despite having limited experience in the field, the technical/props/makeup crew are putting in their best effort to make this production a sensation. Rehearsals are underway, with students working diligently to master the songs, lighting, costumes, and more. Roles weren't casted on Tuesday, but from what I saw, everyone was being supportive of each other, and giving their utmost effort.

Mr. B confirmed my observations by declaring, "So far it's been really good [...] everybody's been working hard for the first few weeks as we've learned all the music."

During rehearsals, the directors frequently offered valuable suggestions to help the singers reach their full potential, such as, "You have to take charge [...] be the main person in the room.", as expressed by Mr. B during a practice run of the song 'A Lot Of Livin' To Do'.

I'm ecstatic to see everyone's hard work come to life when I witness the final performance of this play, which, according to Mr. B, is "taking a new approach this year, more like a show choir approach [...]'.



Photograph by Isabel Z

The Chronicler's Counsel – Advice corner.

The CC advice column



Photographed by Chelsea Li

Hello and welcome to the Chronicle's all new advice column, where serious wisdom meets hilarious nonsense—because high school is confusing, and so is life. If you're in need of some completely unqualified advice, you've come to the right place.

Advice here is offered like steak at a restaurant- rare, medium, and well done. As in, questionable, serious, and somewhere in between. In this batch of questions, y'all really asked for questionable advice only. That's mildly concerning. We also have a healthy dose of relationship problems sprinkled in.

What should I do as a queer person with hardcore romantic feelings for someone who's straight? (anonymous)

- Well, my rainbow-hearted friend, in situations like these, it's important to remember that you can't make someone change their orientation any more than you can turn a watermelon into a pineapple. If you're not okay with just being friends, keep being your fabulous self and appreciate yourself. Love comes in all forms and from the most unexpected places, so keep your heart and options open.

How to get passing grades, help (anonymous)

- The age old quest for academic glory ! A chipmunk would have better advice for you than me, but your options are pretty much limited to:
 - 1) sacrifice some chocolate to the math gods and hope for the best
 - 2) join a study group. Two heads are better than one, and four are even better

How do I approach boys ? I overthink everything. I just want to be friends with them (anonymous)

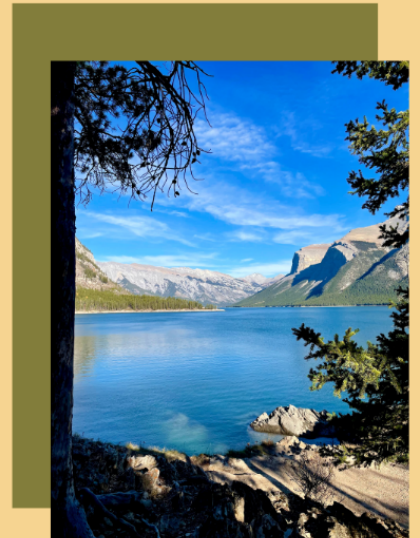
- Hmm, I haven't had much luck in that department myself. Increase your use of the word 'bruh'. Lay out a trail of cookie crumbs and ensnare them. Master the art of the 'sup dude?' nod. Consider wearing a disguise. Good luck.

What is the best way to not be a disappointment to your parents who are on the brink of sending you to a boarding school? (anonymous)

- Well if you're looking for some really questionable options, definitely don't try reasonable communication. Instead consider:
 - Faking your own kidnapping, joining a circus, becoming a child prodigy, becoming a world class unicyclist or craft a diy escape plan.

Favourite show you grew up with? (anonymous)

- None. My parents believed TV made zombie children (Mickey Mouse, because we share the same birthday).



Photographed by Isabel Z

That's all for this time folks, and to the person who reached out about being tormented by mushrooms - I'm out of my depth there friend, you're on your own.



*Photo and Design
by Nathan Niu and
Daniel Yang*