



The Churchill CHRONICLE

Whispers of Renewal
Aiya Kinawi

Autumnal Heart
Parnian

Shattered Reality
Sienna Norton

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Playlist for *Fall*

Curated by The Churchill Chronicle, this playlist captures the essence of fall with a mix of introspective melodies and energizing beats. Perfect for rainy walks, cozy nights, or crisp autumn mornings—let these tracks be your seasonal soundtrack.



The Churchill Chronicle



ANYTHING>HUMAN

Bad Omens



That's So True

Gracie Abrams



hit different

SZA, Ty Dolla \$ign



pretty little birds

SZA, Isaiah Rashad



Dystopia

ONE OK ROCK



Can't Take My Eyes From You

Gloria Gaynor



Sailor Song

Gigi Perez



I think they call this love

Elliot James Reay



360

Charli XCX



The Doll People

Sofia Isella



Fable

Gigi Perez



Die With A Smile

Bruno Mars



Solar Dawn

Enna Alouette, Elira Pendora



Headlock

Imogen Heap



Problem

Becky G



It's going down now

ATLUS GAME MUSIC



Red Rover

YUQI



Somewhere Only We Know

Keane



Something Super Sweet

Rory Webley



Onesies

Bluey



Imploding Dimensions

Alistair Hetherington



Heart Racing

Kanii, Riovaz, Nimstarr



No Doubt

Enhypen



July

Hozier



I Think I like when it rains

WILLIS



Cinema

BLOWSOM, Tao Mon Amour



Whispers of Renewal

From,
Aiyra Kinawi

Khushi Grewal

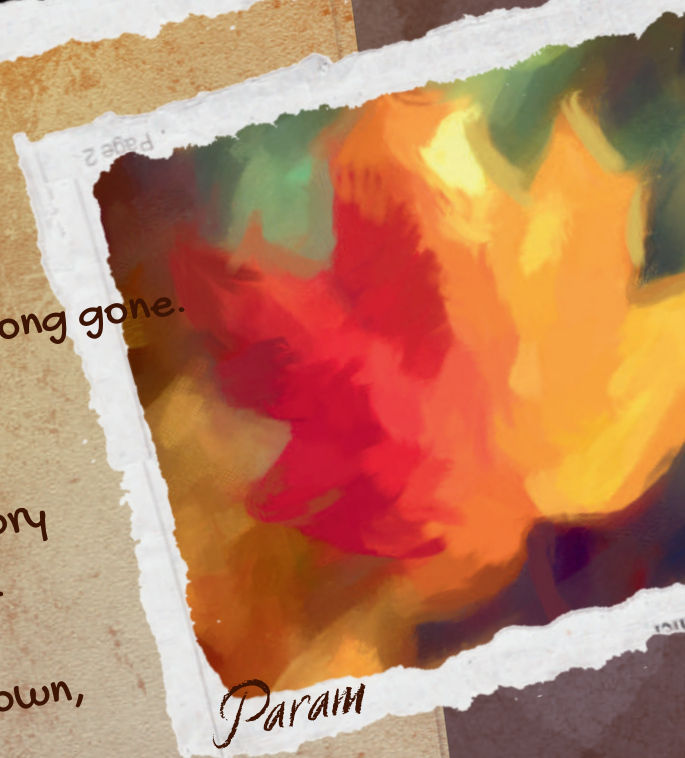


Mistakes forgiven, lessons made,
In the warmth of light, shadows begin to fade.
New beginnings, so tender and bright;
What fades with the dawn, rises at night.

The dawn awakens with a soft embrace, the night long gone.
Whispers of promise linger,
Under the sky, lies her figure.
The past fades gently, like a distant memory
Carried fondly, by hearts for centuries.

Each step taken on a path remains unknown,
Seeds of hope in silence sown.
With every breath, many silently stride—
A fresh horizon,
May time be our guide.

The Earth renews in endless spins,
Flourishing, blossoming with each pirouette.
Each strand of fate, twisting, turning, spinning—
Every ending is a new beginning.



Param

Autumnal Heart

Parnian

The dwindling of chlorophyll deprived of verdant vibrance,
Atrophying leaves scattered and scarred in arrays of rotten
pigment.

Hair, falling like the withering petals of a dying rose.
The steady deterioration of flesh—black and blue,
Alkylating agents permeate through skin and bone.

The pungency of senescent greens; crisp and earth-like,
Its sickly sweet aroma disperses through the atmosphere.

Toxins diffuse, putridly stinging the air;
A chemical smell that graciously invites Death's door.

The harvest season arrives and declines, leaving
an elaborate display of the evolution from Life to Death,

Viciously mutating with vigour,
it consumes the very essence of your core.

The seasons remain ever-fleeting;
With the end of one begins another,

And by some divine miracle,
The root of your condition cured.

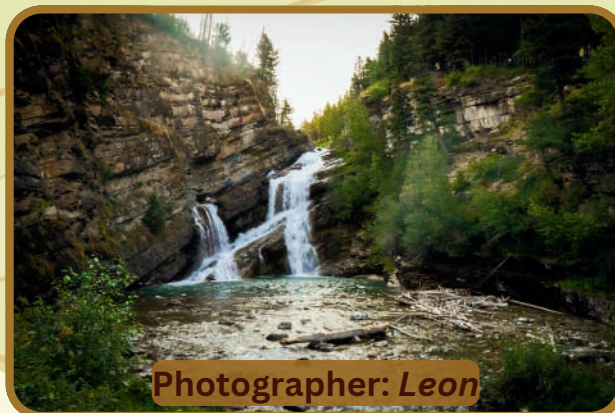
Photos by : Clara and A. Chauhan

SHATTERED REALITY

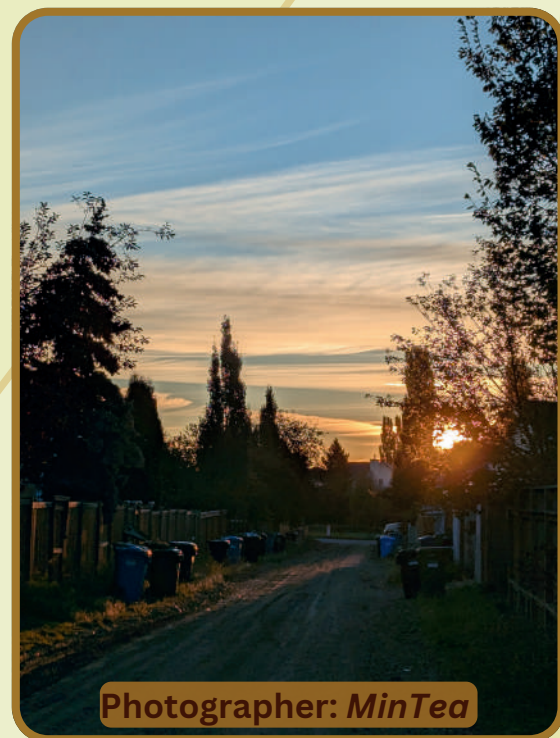
By Siena Norton

What does it mean to be beautiful, popular, and loved – practically everything a person could only hope to be? Everyone has a different definition of what it truly means to be all of these things, but it was obvious to me who checked off all of those boxes, or at least I thought it was.

I remember craving popularity when I was younger, gushing over the people in my life that seemed to have it all. These people would push the limits of beauty and popularity by pretending they had more than they actually had. From exaggerating appearances to personalities, they sparked a feeling of self-loathing in me. I could not help but reimagine my entire life in their presence: my wardrobe, my hair, my personality, and every little detail that made up who I was as a person. It was almost as if I was living in a fantasy world. I was avoiding every single trace of reality that reminded me that I could never be like those people who seemed to somehow find a way to blur fantasy and reality together into one world.



Photographer: Leon



Photographer: MinTea

Akin to a little girl desperate for attention, I bought clothes that I would not usually wear, styled my hair in a different way, wore makeup that exaggerated my natural features, and surrounded myself with people who I wanted to be. I thought that I would be more confident in myself by doing these things, but in reality, I felt more deprived of myself than ever before. I thought that it must be exhausting for these people to maintain their popularity amidst the unforgiving, fickle nature of society. It was as though, like me, they were assuming a fake persona for the sole purpose of pleasing others. Pretending to be someone I wasn't was like a sugar high, fading as quickly as it peaked. The girl that I envied started wanting to hang out with me and even called me her best friend at one point. Life was actually looking up, but little did I know, the tides would shift way quicker than I could actually process what was happening. As the girl I was now friends with started drifting further and further away from me, I realized how capricious she truly was.

One day, I looked at myself in the mirror and couldn't even recognize the person on the other side of the glass. The glass on that mirror was partly shattered, as if the line between who I was and who I felt like I should be was a great canyon dividing the two. I was losing more of myself every day, but for what exactly? I missed the natural colour of my cheeks and the way my natural hair would bring out my best features. I missed the way I used to not worry about what people thought of me, and the optimistic mindset that allowed me to find the good in everything. Essentially, I missed being myself. Now, whenever I look into a mirror, I see a reflection of my true self as if I am witnessing beauty in its purest form. I realized that reimaging aspects of ourselves can shatter what is most true in life when taken too far. There is no better feeling than looking into a mirror and witnessing what is both true, bare, and beautiful.

all because i wanted education

The land was overshadowed by great empires,
As if the walls of this vast land would fall,
The backbone of something greater than all.

Something we imagined we'd call our home,
Where souls were free beneath the bright-blue
dome,
Where the living outnumbered the dead on the
ground,
Where daylight ruled, and darkness was rarely
found,
Not filled with horror, nor blood flowing like
streams,
But a place where freedom danced in our
dreams.
Yet, they never breached our humble abode,
We clung to hope, even when the darkness
showed,
With torn clothes and wrinkled hands held
high,

For our nation, our pride, we would never
die.

We gave our children a future bright,
Never knowing they'd face the same cruel
plight.
Our hopeful hearts, our tattered seams,
Our wrinkled hands couldn't stop their
dreams,
From being silenced, lost in the fight—
All because I sought the gift of light.
All because I wanted education.

—**Khanjar S**

Mikayla Girard

Natalie Liu

A Shift In Perspective

By H. Rauf

Photographer: *Khushi Grewal*

Reminiscing the past
Only to pick out the flaws
The destroyed ends

Projecting to the future
Only to envision the chances
The possibilities

Where one idles
Believing their past taints their
future

Another forges forward
Believing their past builds their
future

It may be
Fresh blood
But the same old story

Do they not realize
Their outlook ignites
To light up the future?

Dear fragile one,
Remain divorced from reality
Then face the consequences
Of vast loss in opportunities

Rather seize your reality
And build upon it
For greatness comes to those
Who shift their circumstances



Photographer: *Amogh Kumar*



FULL DISCLOSURE:

A CLOSER LOOK INTO THE ADDAMS FAMILY MUSICAL

By Max Layton

This year, Sir Winston Churchill High School's amazing directing team is reimagining the well-known *The Addams Family* musical. Lawrence Bolokoski and Julien Young, the play's lead directors, are incredibly talented; they are devoted to both the work they do and the productions they create. They are very excited to work with the cast and crew they have attained for this year's production.

Young says, "I'm very excited, we have excellent students to work with, both on the tech team and the performance team." Bolokoski has directed an *Addams Family* musical production before, and has expressed excitement in doing it again this year, reiterating that "it is such a fun show to be a part of". Being a bigger production than the last two productions Churchill has put on, the directing team has grown. Abby Fenwick, a recent graduate, and Harrison Saunders, graduating this year, are taking on the roles of assistant directors, working alongside Jihane Znaidi, this year's brilliant stage manager.

Being involved in the mainstage this year will be different than all the years that came before. In prior years, participation has been completely voluntary and time spent being involved was seen as an extracurricular. This year, the production is credit-based and considered to be a class. Mr. Arvin Rajan, Churchill's principal, says that he sees this new addition to the credit system as necessary and beneficial to student participation. He believes this will motivate students to get involved in more extracurricular activities. He's excited to see how this new system works out and what can potentially be improved upon in future years.

Max Weber, one of last year's very talented and incredibly hardworking production leads, has expressed optimism in being a part of another Churchill production, getting to work with many familiar faces and also many new characters from all grades.

Having been in Churchill's production of *Bye Bye Birdie* last year, and having viewed many other productions either directed by Bolokoski himself or by one of his students, I can proudly admit that anything created by him or individuals influenced by him

will be something worth seeing. Both Young and Bolokoski take great pride in what they do, whether that is teaching, producing, directing, or even simply being a teacher students feel safe conversing with.

Bolokoski has previously said that he doesn't believe in safe spaces because nothing will ever be completely safe, but that he does believe in brave spaces because it takes immense courage to take part in something like the mainstage, knowing how critical the world and people around us can be sometimes. I would greatly advise that if given the opportunity, students in and out of Churchill should come to support the incredible and dedicated actors, technicians, and directing team who give their time and energy to create a show that is not only for them, but for the entertainment of others.

Many of this year's cast and crew is in their last year of highschool, and for most, this will be their last production. Help make this a memorable senior year by buying tickets! If that didn't convince you, in the words of Julien Young himself, "Every year, we put on a good show and I'm proud of what we do; I suggest everybody comes out and supports both the students, the school, and me; 'cause I'm great."



Photograph by Amie Naqvi

In The Shoes of A...

By Ainsley C. Grade 10

By Leon

Model UN Delegate.

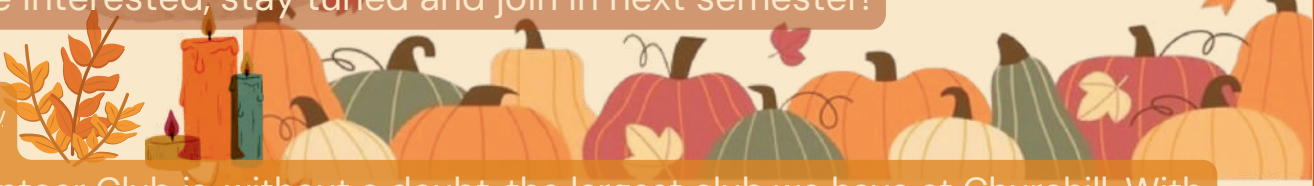


Model UN is one of the most prominent clubs found at our school. However, unless you have had the opportunity to participate or observe the delegates in action, the concept of this club itself can be initially confusing or fly under the radar for many. So, first of all, what is it? Model UN is an academic simulation of the United Nations, offering us a glimpse into the intricate and complex world of international diplomacy. Participants are assigned countries to represent and take on the role of delegates. The key tasks of a delegate are to research their assigned country's views, areas of contribution, and limitations; participate in formal debates; and identify viable solutions to the world's most pressing issues. Additionally, delegates work in tandem with others to present a resolution paper.



This club will significantly help develop your critical thinking, collaboration, leadership, and public speaking skills. You will also learn about global issues and become part of a group that aligns with your interests. The current Model UN session is already underway; however, if you're interested, stay tuned and join in next semester!

Churchill Volunteer



Our school's Volunteer Club is, without a doubt, the largest club we have at Churchill. With decades of service in the Calgary community, Volunteer Churchill has allowed many students to engage in a variety of volunteering opportunities, while fostering both responsibility and empowerment. Being part of this club develops leadership skills and offers a place where students can take charge of projects, improve their resourcefulness and problem-solving abilities, and acquire the experience sought by employers and universities. Additionally, this club enhances social skills by encouraging members to work with others, promoting



By Soupie

collaboration across a variety of socioeconomic, religious, and cultural groups. Members get a taste of what it means to give back to the community and develop a healthy understanding of empathy and gratitude. Moreover, recent studies indicate that volunteering is linked to mental health improvements, boosting self-esteem and providing a sense of purpose and belonging.

In essence, joining Churchill's Volunteer Club not only enriches the lives of those who are helped, but also transforms the mentalities of its volunteers, giving them the tools and space to grow, learn, and have fun throughout the process. If you're interested, look for the QR codes around the school, sign up, follow the Instagram page, and listen for upcoming meeting announcements.

THREE SPOOKTACULAR WAYS THE HORROR GENRE HAS BEEN REIMAGINED

BY GEET P.

AS THE 31ST OF OCTOBER APPROACHES, CHURCHILL AND ITS CITIZENS PREPARE FOR THE LONG-AWAITED SPOOKY SEASON. AND WHAT BETTER WAY TO CELEBRATE HALLOWEEN THAN BY CRANKING UP THE THERMOSTAT, DIMMING THE LIGHTS, AND SNUGGLING INTO A COZY BLANKET WHILE STAYING GLUED TO THE TELEVISION FOR A HORROR MOVIE MARATHON, SURROUNDED BY THE SCENT OF CARAMEL POPCORN NESTLED IN YOUR LAP?

SCREAM (1996)'S POPULARIZATION OF META-HORROR

SCREAM REMAINS A CLASSIC FAVOURITE FOR MANY HORROR FANS (MYSELF INCLUDED). THIS FLICK IS CONSIDERED A ONE-OF-A-KIND IN HORROR AND HAS ARGUABLY CHANGED THE GENRE FOREVER. BY THE TIME THE MOVIE WAS RELEASED, THE SLASHER GENRE HAD BECOME STALE. MOST SLASHER MOVIES RELIED ON SOME PRETTY SILLY CLICHÉS, SUCH AS JUMPSCARES, CHARACTERS ALWAYS RUNNING UPSTAIRS WHEN CHASED, INVESTIGATING A CREEPY NOISE, AND WHATNOT. OVER TIME, THE OVERUSE OF THESE TROPES LED TO A LOSS OF INTEREST AND A DECLINE IN THE POPULARITY OF HORROR MOVIES.

HOWEVER, SCREAM, WHICH STARRED THE MOST FAMOUS ACTORS AND ACTRESSES OF THE TIME, POPULARISED THE CONCEPT OF "META-HORROR," A GENRE THAT IS SELF-AWARE OF HORROR MOVIE TROPES. IN SCREAM, THE CHARACTERS CONSTANTLY DISCUSS THE RULES FOR SURVIVING A HORROR MOVIE. THE ANTAGONIST, GHOSTFACE, RE-IMAGINES THE SLASHER VILLAIN ARCHETYPE BY INTRODUCING A HUMAN INSIDE OF A COSTUME RATHER THAN THE SAME SUPERNATURAL VILLAIN THAT APPEARED IN EVERY MOVIE (AHM... JASON... AHM... MICHAEL) TO ADD A LAYER OF REALISM AND RELATABILITY, ELEVATING THE "WHODUNNIT" OR MYSTERY ASPECT OF THE MOVIE.

WRITTEN BY KEVIN WILLIAMSON AND DIRECTED BY THE LATE WES CRAVEN, SCREAM IS A MUST-WATCH FOR YOUR BINGEING SPREE. ALSO, HERE'S A FUN FACT; THE USE OF CALLER ID TRIPLED AFTER THE PREMIERE OF SCREAM!

BETTER LOCK YOUR DOORS AND CHECK YOUR WINDOWS... GHOSTFACE MIGHT BE TRYING TO BREAK IN. ACTUALLY, NEVER MIND THAT—HE'S PROBABLY ALREADY INSIDE.

JU-ON: THE GRUDGE (2002) AND THE RISE OF FRAGMENTED STORYTELLING

JU-ON: THE GRUDGE IS A FRESH TAKE ON THE HORROR GENRE, SPECIFICALLY FOR ITS UNIQUE FRAGMENTED STORYTELLING. RELEASED IN 2002, AT A TIME WHEN MOST HORROR FILMS FOLLOWED A CONTINUOUS NARRATIVE, THIS MOVIE PRESENTS MULTIPLE CHARACTER PERSPECTIVES THAT TAKE PLACE AT A CURSED PLACE KNOWN AS "THE SAEKI HOUSE". THE FILM GRADUALLY INTRODUCES NEW VICTIMS, SLOWLY REVEALING THE BACKSTORY OF THE MAIN ANTAGONIST, TOSHIO SAEKI, AND HIS FAMILY, WHOSE SPIRITS HAUNT THE HOUSEHOLD.

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY TAKASHI SHIMIZU, THIS FRAGMENTED STORYTELLING APPROACH IMMERSSES VIEWERS IN AN UNSETTLING ATMOSPHERE, LEAVING A LASTING SENSE OF DREAD.

SO, IF YOU'RE READY TO WATCH, REMEMBER; ONCE THE CURSE BEGINS, "IT NEVER FORGIVES, IT NEVER FORGETS." PREPARE YOURSELF FOR A TERROR THAT CLINGS... JUST LIKE THE CURSE ITSELF.

ELEVATED HORROR AND THE BABADOOK (2014): SOCIAL COMMENTARY MEETS FEAR

A GROWING SUBGENRE OF HORROR, ELEVATED HORROR PRIORITISES CHARACTER DEVELOPMENT AND THE PRESENTATION OF REAL-WORLD ISSUES OVER TRADITIONAL HORROR TROPES. SIMILARLY, THE BABADOOK SERVES AS A METAPHOR FOR MENTAL ILLNESS. VIEWERS ARE LEFT TO INTERPRET THAT THE MONSTER IS AMELIA'S, A SINGLE MOTHER'S, MANIFESTATION OF DEPRESSION, BORN OUT OF HER UNRESOLVED TRAUMA AND REPRESSED EMOTIONS FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND. THROUGH THIS LENS, THE MOVIE SHOWCASES HER BATTLES WITH HER 'INNER DEMONS'. MANY BELIEVE THAT THE CONCEPT OF "ELEVATED HORROR" DIVERTS FROM THE ENTIRE PURPOSE OF A HORROR MOVIE; TO ELICIT FEAR IN THE AUDIENCE.

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY JENNIFER KENT, I WOULD SAY THE BABADOOK IS DEFINITELY WORTH A WATCH!

"IF IT'S IN A WORD OR IT'S IN A LOOK; YOU CAN'T GET RID OF THE BABADOOK!"



EBUBE A
MIKAYLA GIRARD

I WATCH YOU FALL

by The Crumbs Underneath Your Oven

To crumbs like me,
The sky is just a ceiling,
The earth is just a pile of dirt,
The sun is just a light.
But I watch you from under here,
And see that's not the case for you, my dear,
For your life is reimagined, darling,
When I see that you are falling.

And I watch you fall in love;

With your rose coloured glasses, the sky is something new.
The clouds are fluffy masses, in the most gorgeous shade of blue.
The sunrise's colorful dances smile softly down on you.
A shooting star gently passes and you're over the moon.

With your views now rebirthed, there is beauty in the dirt,
For life grows from the earth. Roses thorns can not hurt
When you're together by the hearth, and I watch as you flirt.
You appreciate dirt's worth when your love is overt.

With your new attitude bright, there is wonder in the sun.
The snow sparkles in its light, and all that's green becomes golden.
The sun makes all a pretty sight, and shines on all things fun.
This optimism you can not fight, when you're in love with someone.

But I also watch you fall apart;

With your vision clouded by tears, the sky is big and heavy.
Your reflection in cracked mirrors forces you to see
That even after lucky years you cannot always be happy.
You are drowning in your fears knowing you are unworthy.

With your optimism utterly crushed, dirt has a new appeal;
A way to have your thoughts hushed, you wouldn't have to feel
Would it be warmer beneath its crust? Life feels so surreal
As your soul begins to rust, I just hope that you can heal.

With your dreams feeling broken, the sun just seems too hot;
It only accentuates how frozen your poor old heart has got.
Your light has been stolen, or you're not as bright as they thought.
A pain has been awoken from this sickness that you've caught.

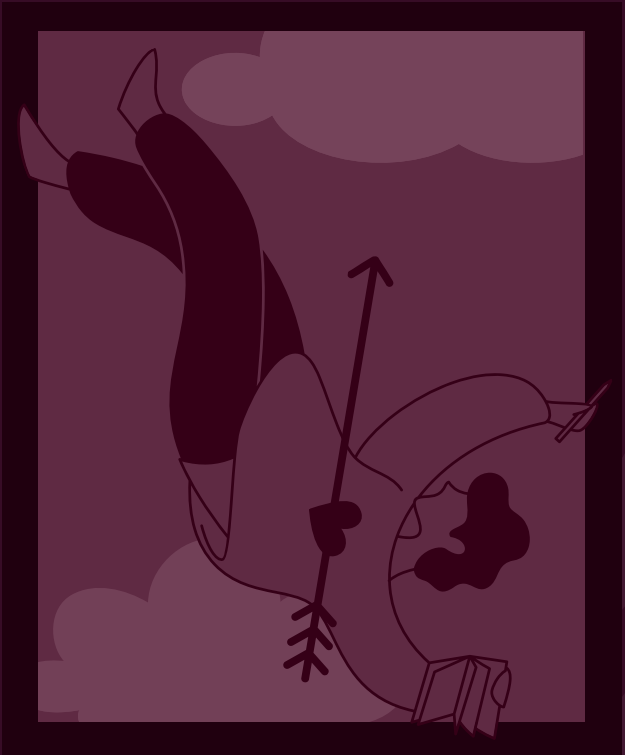
You are falling like the leaves,
But unlike the bleeding trees,
I promise you have people to call,
Who will catch you when you fall.



Cartoon by King Mango



Photograph by Jaskirat B





Hurricanes



In the span of just three weeks, two devastating hurricanes managed to hit Florida and other states, leading to loss of life and billions of dollars in damage. These impactful hurricanes, named Helene and Milton, delivered huge back-to-back blows, with hurricane Milton marking the strongest tropical storm of the 2024 season so far.

Helene hit first, causing over 250 casualties and 45 billion dollars worth of damage. It struck six states—North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Virginia, and Tennessee—with North Carolina being hit the hardest, where about half of the deaths occurred. Hurricane Helene formed on September 25th, made landfall on September 26th, and lasted for three days before dissipating on September 29th. On October 7th, just as the affected areas were recovering from Helene, Hurricane Milton was identified, this time on track to hit the coastal areas of Florida and the Gulf Coast of Mexico. Milton was identified as a Category 5 hurricane, meaning that it is one of the more severe hurricanes faced in the area.

Just days before Hurricane Milton was about to make landfall, Florida declared a state of emergency, and over one million people were placed under evacuation orders. This proved difficult for many residents, seeing as evacuating that part of Florida was very expensive. Most flights were either fully booked or cancelled, and traffic leaving Florida was so heavy that gas prices surged. Many people also had nowhere to go, seeing as most hotels and shelters were still full from Hurricane Helene.

Hurricane Milton fell to Category 3 status as it made landfall on October 9th. It initiated a massive tornado outbreak and widespread flooding throughout Florida. Milton finally dissipated on October 12th, leaving behind about 28 deaths and over 30 billion dollars worth of damage.



Photo credits: Leon

These two hurricanes have undeniably taken a toll on the affected areas, and we can expect more of such events in the future. Due to the effects of climate change, the risk of these dangerous and unpredictable weather patterns will only increase with time, becoming ever more devastating as our climate continues to worsen. In the words of Andra Garner, “One thing this hurricane season is illustrating clearly is that the impacts of climate change are here now.”

Cartoon credits: Ai



Author: Aurelia Nazarko

ANNUAL INGLEWOOD NIGHT MARKET

Written by Himanshi

Calgary's Annual Inglewood Night Market is right around the corner: Take your family and friends to this gorgeous community event!

Are you passionate about shopping locally and supporting vendors right here in Calgary? Do you want to spend an evening with your loved ones as a break from the busy nature of life?

As Halloween finishes and Christmas is awaited while away, in late-November, there is a beautiful community event to go to with your friends and family. Inglewood Night Market is taking place on November 15th, 16th, 22nd, 23rd, 29th, and 30th from 4pm to 9pm located downtown at 'The Quonset at the Crossroads Market. This is a wonderful opportunity for you to support over 50 local vendors, artisans, and small businesses right here in Calgary. You can get a diversity of goods like handmade crafts, collectibles and antiques, vintage clothing, and so much more! All while enjoying a wonderful night out with live music while shopping with food and beverages for an entry fee of \$5. If you're looking to be a bit more productive this fall, you can also apply to be a volunteer at this popular event on their website (www.https://inglewoodnightmarket.ca)!

For you dog loving folks, your pets are also welcome to come along with you. And for those of you new to Calgary or have friends or family visiting, this is a perfect opportunity to introduce yourself and your loved ones to the city. Don't miss out!



Rizwan



Jaskirat B

BSU: THE BACK STORY

By Minnah



Cartoonist: Chelsea Li

The Black Student Union club, commonly known as the BSU to the students at our school, is an inviting club open to all. It is a safe space to learn about many different cultures and celebrations of black people. In previous years, the club has hosted events such as cultural days, potlucks, basketball games, and many more. Although there are teacher supervisors, this club is mainly run by the students, in order to ensure all voices are heard.

Sir Winston Churchill is proud to say that we are the first High School in Calgary to run a Black Student Union. When asked what the motivation behind the creation of the BSU was, the founder responded with “I just felt like the black population at SWC was significantly underrepresented and we needed to make our voice heard.” With that, they got the club approved, and that is how it came to be in Churchill. This club goes to show how representation plays a big role in the lives of people of all ages. After speaking with Posi — the Founder Of BSU, she concluded “I wanted the doors of the BSU to be open to everyone to listen and be allies as we voiced our concerns and came together to make change in our school community.”



To this day, we are very grateful to the founders of the club Posi Olaloku and Victoria Aborowa for creating a space where students can go to learn and feel like they belong. – M.O

DRAMA REVIEWS : BAD BUDDY

By Farah

This twelve-episode romantic comedy series follows two childhood rivals, Pat and Pran, on their university journey. Growing up, their parents ran competing businesses next to each other, which created the initial rivalry. The parents' contention was passed down to their children, who competed against each other in every aspect possible. As they grew older, they started to become friends, but still appeared to be enemies to appease their parents. However, their friendship ended in high school when Pran's family found out about their secret and sent him away to a boarding school. Years later, they met again at university, with Pat studying engineering and Pran studying architecture. These two faculties were notoriously known for being rivals, which caused their respective friend groups to engage in many physical fights—one of which ended up with a broken bus stop. The university, fed up with the fighting, forced them to rebuild the bus stop as punishment, which they hoped would put an end to the conflicts as well. Pat and Pran were then forced to prevent any further fights between their friend groups while simultaneously working together to rebuild the bus stop. This caused their friendship to bloom once again, but this time, romantic feelings arose. Eventually, they ended up dating, but still had to pretend to be enemies so their parents wouldn't find out again.

Bad Buddy is the first Thai drama I've watched, and it definitely set a high bar. What I love most about this series is that the conflict comes from an external source, so we get to see how each person navigates through challenges completely out of their control. Their relationship is strong when they're alone, but having to pretend to hate each other while in public takes a toll on both of them. The relationship dynamic is also amusing. Pat is mischievous, flirty, and easygoing, while Pran is almost the opposite: he's strict, reserved, and a perfectionist. Their clashing personalities make them bicker like an old married couple, which is very entertaining to watch. The actors did an amazing job portraying them; every scene they share is filled with chemistry and tension. My favourite scene has to be their first kiss. The dialogue leading up to it is packed with angst, and the actual kiss is a satisfying release of all the pent-up emotions the characters have been holding in. Overall, I highly recommend this drama, especially if you're into romantic comedy sprinkled with angst.



Seasonal Debate

Clara S.

Autumn is the most beautiful time of the year
So it would be impossible to convince me that
Crisp Winter days are better than cozy
evenings by the fire

And those
Sunny Summer mornings can outdo the warm
embrace of Autumn
And of course, even

I'd be entranced by those color changing
leaves during Fall
So it would be foolish to tell me that
Flowers on a Spring day could outshine those
Autumn leaves
Now read it from the bottom to the top.

Yours sincerely, M

Jonathan Su

Beethoven, Kendrick Lamar, and the Art of Innovation

Shalom Falade

We have been taught that plagiarism is an unforgivable sin, akin to Eve eating the apple or Icarus flying too close to the sun. Both stories allude to the delicate balance between right and wrong, similar to the ideas of plagiarism and inspiration. We have been told that taking someone's ideas and work is unlawful and morally wrong. But what if it really isn't?

Rather than viewing other people's work as off-limits, guarded by cautionary tape and lawsuits, why don't we shift that negative narrative and view other ideas as something we can take inspiration from, build off of, and reimagine?

Take Beethoven, for example—one of the best composers of all time, the father of the Classical Renaissance, sovereign of all composers. Yet he too, to some degree, took heavy inspiration from other composers of his time without giving credit. And to this day, we modern listeners enjoy and bask in the works of Beethoven without a single thought of who it was 'stolen' from.

Or take Kendrick Lamar, who has adopted many styles from other artists in the music industry: the punchlines of Lil Wayne, the complex rhymes and rhythms of Eminem, and the sense to speak on unjust societal issues like 2Pac. Taking elements from each of these artists has formed not only a lyrical genius but pieces of music that have a particular and undeniable uniqueness that stands out to the ear.

We are bound by the chains of 'plagiarism', a barrier stopping people from creating notable pieces of work. Instead of attaching a negative connotation to the word, why don't we see it as an opportunity to mold others' work into something new and different? Something that is greatly influenced not by our own minds but by someone else's can be just as great, if not even better, when rebranded and reimagined. However, understand that there lies a fine line between cheating and using someone else's work as a catalyst for your own piece of text. Recognize the effort an individual has put into their work, and acknowledge that by referencing their influence in your piece, you give them the respect and credit they deserve.



Khushi Grewal

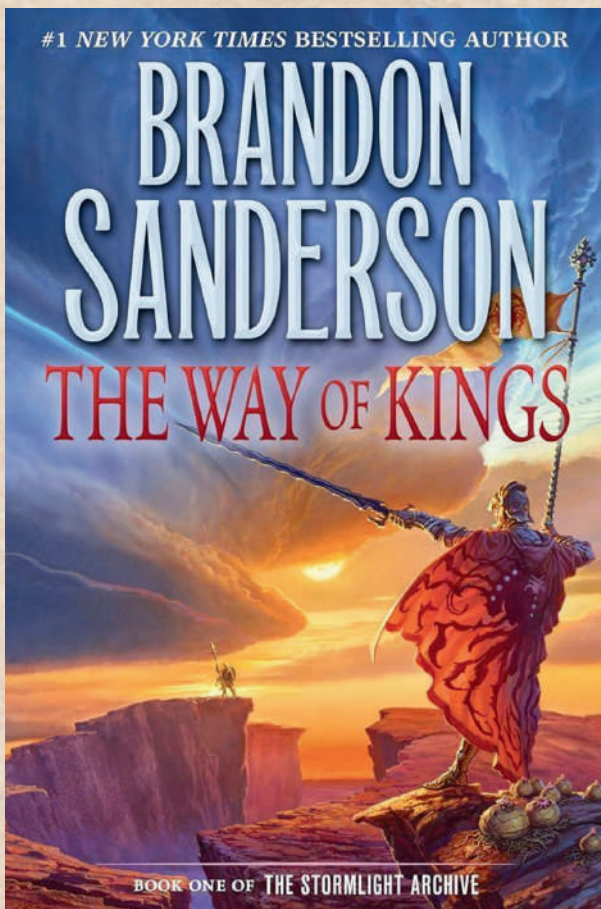


The Way of Kings

BOOK REVIEW

By: Gorankshi Nandrajog

Brandon Sanderson's *The Way of Kings* is a stunning journey into the richly crafted world of Roshar, where the unique environment and social dynamics shapes societal structures and cultures. From the get-go, we can see that it's a very different society than our own. Racism exists, yes but it's based on eye color instead. The Vorin religion prohibits men from reading and writing, an interesting stylistic choice, considering how sexism in our society kept women out of higher education until the early twentieth century. Sanderson's world-building also includes a land ravaged by powerful storms, which dictate not just the climate but also the very lives of its inhabitants. This interplay between nature and society is one of the book's standout features.



The Way of Kings

Brandon Sanderson

(epic fantasy, 2010)

In Roshar, society is stratified in fascinating ways. The frequent storms lead to the development of distinct architectural styles and agricultural practices, reflecting a culture deeply attuned to its harsh surroundings. The concept of "shardplate" and "shardblades" highlights a society that values honor and military prowess, while also prompting readers to consider the moral dilemmas tied to power and conflict. Characters like Kaladin Stormblessed serve as vehicles for exploring these themes, challenging the status quo and advocating for social justice.

Sanderson also explores complexities of race and identity, through the interactions between the Alethi and Parshendi. This exploration of cultural differences not only enriches the narrative but also highlights the importance of understanding and empathy in a divided world. The societal norms governing relationships and hierarchies provide a compelling backdrop, adding depth to character motivations and conflicts.

The *Way of Kings* isn't just a fantasy epic; it's a profound exploration of how environment, culture, and morality intertwine to create complex societies. Sanderson's masterful worldbuilding makes this book a must-read for anyone interested in the nuances of social structures within a fantastical context.



THE PICTURE BOX

There I am, standing in the centre of the room. The walls, plastered in paintings from floor to ceiling, not an inch left uncovered. The room that holds all of my memories so I can return to gaze upon the images of days gone by. The room that I haven't left for as long as I can remember. And there I am, sitting in the centre, surrounded by fading memories, unsure of what I had been doing not even a minute before.

Still, I've been around these paintings for as long as I can remember. Some part of me refuses to let them go, refuses to let them die.

And so, I pick up the paintbrush and palette conveniently by my side and hobble over to one of the paintings. It's simple in design and somewhat abstract, large amorphous blocks of colour giving off a nostalgic impression. What kind of person would let something so beautiful fade away? I have to try and improve it. It doesn't take long to start mixing the colours and begin painting in broad strokes. Broad strokes in blue, a little too washed out. Broad strokes in red, a little too vibrant. Broad strokes in green that are all wrong, not at all like how it used to be. It's all wrong. And yet, no matter how I mix the colours, they can't possibly live up to the original. I stand in silence for a few moments, the anger slowly registering in my mind. In less than a second, the palette is careening towards the painting.

I couldn't bear to lose the memories, couldn't bear to lose any of them. But if I can't repair them, then what's the point? The haze of anger that looms over my mind dissipates as I grow too tired to hold on. Soon, I direct my attention back to the painting, now boasting a section of paint scraped off from the impact.

I pause.

Beneath the scraped layer is another layer I haven't seen before. My breath stalls as I walk forward and scrape off that layer, only to find another. And another. And another.

Layers of paint on paint flake off, each one slightly different from the last, slightly more faded. I rip every layer off until I'm staring at the last one, faded beyond recognition, just a few abstract shapes. Looking around, it finally dawns on me just how long I've been in here. Each painting is caked in layers and layers of paint, reimagined so many times that the original has been lost. How many times have I painted over each one of these paintings in an attempt to preserve them? How many times? Was it all for nothing?

Maybe it's time to let go of them. Maybe it's time to make new memories to replace the old ones. Maybe it's time to leave the picture box.

If only I could remember where the door was; it's long since been covered by paintings.

So there I am, standing in the centre of the room.

by Ryan Tea

PHOTOGRAPHED BY LEON



An Old Tune

By Ethan Wu



On the ceiling, there was a glass pane jutting out, showcasing the sky. It was sunny. Rays pierced through the transparent glass. I heard a song being played outside of the window. It seemed familiar. I listened to the lyrics as the music told a story—a world where rain fell, lightning struck, and then it all calmed down. It also seemed to be lost to time, a song from years ago, without a fresh soul for it to be listened to. The more I listened, the less it seemed to be a tune, and more of a time capsule. I don't move.

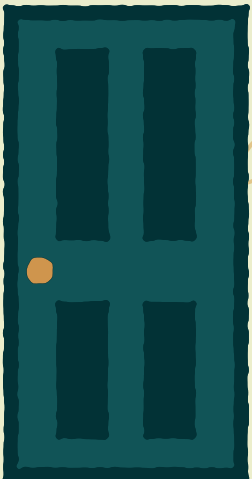
The sun was scorching; something had to be done. There were no barriers between inside and outside. The glass pane seemingly merged with the outside. A force directed me to open a door. The door was always there. It seemed that I'd never seen it, yet it was always there with me. I let my hand guide itself to the doorknob and turn it. For a brief moment, it felt like I had all the power in my hands, as though something that held the sun up had been torn down.

From the moment the door opened, the doorknob came off. It was resting in my hands, and I held it tight. But there was no noise. That song had died out; I don't even remember how it went. I didn't see anything. It was just black space. I took one step, then another. I couldn't go back; the inside was already merged with the outside. I asked the empty space, "Didn't I see everything? Why is there nothing?" There was no response. I stood there, pondering what had just happened. I wondered if nothing else was going to happen anymore, that the world was always like this, and I never knew. I clung onto the darkness, like it was a law on the Earth—two completely different beings latched onto each other in the most unnaturally natural way.

I was pulled away from the nonexistent door, away from the long-gone window. I fell down. And it was in this battle with nothing where I heard something. It was the song. I plunged deeper into the void, where nothing stopped me. I longed to find its source. It wasn't any particular sound, sight, smell, or touch that guided me, but I do know where it was, and I know what to do.



By Lucas Mei



It's raining, and another storm appears to be brewing. I'm sitting on a chair, looking out at the droplets of rain scattering everywhere. A cold breeze passes by, and I don't bat a single eye. Every day is like this. I wake up, I see the rainy clouds, then the storm begins. The storm continues until I fall asleep. I rock back and forth on my chair, waiting for the storm to pass. In an instant, half the sky flashed, and a burst of energy threw me off my chair. The cold air sweeps under me and takes me off into the sky. For once in my life, I don't know what's happening.

I land, head facing towards the sky, on the grass. The sky is clear—I don't know why, I don't know how. I feel like I've lost everything, but that I've also gained something greater. My hand feels heavy. Something is resting on it. My eyes were so fixated on the sky that I didn't notice, for what was resting on my hand was a doorknob.

The Improbable Prophecy

~ J.Z

It is a very curious thing to know something is coming and behaving as if it will never reach you. Some would say that it is a foolish thought, and of course, they would prepare if something were indeed advancing. These are the people who cling to the security that normalcy provides, hypocrites at best, and yet I am one of them, or at least I have been one of them for so long that I may not meet the criteria anymore; pieces of me are changing so fast that the person who lived in such beautifully mundane moments is now filled with the soft song of melancholy.

I present to you the improbable prophecy phenomenon, where one is aware of the giant boulder tearing through the air and hurtling towards them, but sits down and begins on their favourite fairytale. Their reasoning, "The mountain is a very tall one, and it will take years of my life before I even see its shadow, so I shall move when it is before me." You, as one of the wise, have seen the boulder before. In the memory you keep, it was an easy enough task to shift out of the boulder's way, but alas, it is a hazy memory. Yet you still call out insults to the reader—are they without mind? Without sanity? Where is their logic? Where is their sense?

It is a simple truth that they do not understand the peril they are in, is it not? No, the simple truth is that the wise remember the events but not the emotions that are thought to be so intricately woven within them. It is the emotions that hold the power to paralyse, to distort the clarity of reason. The wise may remember the facts—the movement, the action, the consequence—but it is the memory of fear, of helplessness, that makes moving out of the boulder's path seem like an insurmountable task. For the reader, it's not the lack of logic that binds them to their spot, but the overwhelming weight of the impossible, the crushing inevitability of it all. And so they will cling to the smell of the grasses or the way the wind whistles around the plants until the stress of it all

throws them to the side, forcing their choice. Or by humanity itself, the wise will give a hand, because who is to say that the reader could get up by themselves anyway.

To put it in perspective, because a folktale is not always understood at first glance, it is our futures that have been on the horizon all our lives. Dreams of touching the stars or being the ones behind the cameras capturing the grandest moments, a brightness is the beginning. When these dreams are at the back of our minds with nothing but childhood to push them forward, they are moulded into harsher, more practical goals, and soon childhood will change into something different; the memories of it all will be the fuel you need to accept the reality that is the change. It is a terrifying thing to realise the clock, to know that we must begin welding the bridge to our dreams ourselves because we cannot touch stars as tragic as the fact is; we cannot make potions in our bathtubs, as expensive as that was, but we can grow into people of the world, as interesting as that will be.

It is an anxious thing to realise that childhood is not forever. It is an embarrassing thing to admit that I wish it was. That the walks with the souls who truly know me will not be perpetual, and the laughter that accompanies them is not guaranteed to last. That the days ahead will change so much that I cannot imagine them. It is a state of unease but I am willing to put some hope in the coming months. We should have expected it, really. The leaves change and fall every year—a gentle reminder that, despite all the shifting, the cycle continues. I can only promise to prepare for the boulder, to move before its shadow falls over me. Or at least, I hope I will. But then again, this is a fantastic tale, isn't it? One where I remain frozen in place, knowing what's to come but not quite ready to rise. So here I sit, your unreliable narrator, until the next chapter unfolds.



