



The Churchill

CHRONICLE

To Run a Museum

L.K

Home

Eva Whyte

**Starburst
Carnations**

Subashini T

Maybe, for Me

Ryan Tea

**Reflections of
Another**

Moumita Murshed

Spring Edition 2024

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Playlist for *Spring*

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



Bloom

Dabin and Dia Frampton



Man of War

Radiohead



Invisible

Duran Duran



Almost Over You

Jeff Satur



Magic in the Hamptons

Social House



Linger

The Cranberries



Akhiyaan

Mitraz



Double Take

Dhruv



Those Eyes

New West



True Faith

New Order



Darl+ing

SEVENTEEN



A Different Age

Current Joys



WOW (Remix)

Sabrina Carpenter, Zara Larsson



Partners in Crime

Set It Off



Lost in Japan

Shawn Mendes



HOPE

NF



A Trout, No Doubt

The Bean Tones



Paranoid

Black Sabbath



Beethoven Virus

Diana



Beautiful Things

Benson Bone



Loco

ITZY



Marry You

Bruno Mars



不该

Jay Chou



Pride

Kendrick Lamar



Experience

Ludovico Einaudi



pink + white

Frank Ocean



To Run A Museum

by LK

If you are loved by a writer, you will be remembered forever. They will sit and think of the best words to capture who you were in their poetry, or maybe subconsciously they'll include the things they love about you in the undertone of their art. If you have taken the time to read my work, you are likely a part of it.

A spacious museum gives a place for the pieces made by famous artists and modern contemporary creators who make an empty room for people to walk through. The room feels hollow compared to previous exhibits, an empty and unfinished project that was once filled with vibrant colours and stories.

There is nothing familiar about this place, thinks the museum curator, who gained this room as an art piece, but not by choice. The vibrant portraits and music that once filled this room slowly were moved or bought, leaving a dim, insubstantial room. He sits in the corner, wishing for something more.

The museum is not melancholy. It has an abundance of other rooms and colour. It's just this one, where the absence is so loud that it's hard to even acknowledge it. Yet the curator likes to sit and stew in the emptiness of it all because it was the one and only place he knew comfort in the past.

At 7:30, everyone starts to wander in and explore every exhibit. Some the curator has closed, because he feels the pieces in them are far too serious topics to be dealt with. He leaves the empty room open, because it is empty; there are no doors he can lock. And the people who wander in are mostly strangers. *There are a couple I know, and a couple I knew.*

The strangers don't care about the absence; it is art, after all. But in the curator's eyes, he can only see what used to be there. A colourful room full of paintings and books. Stories told through art and connection. The warmth that someone might feel when baking something with a grandmother. The footsteps of a dancer on the ground, or the scrawled penmanship of a writer on the wall. Whether it's the excitement that comes from scoring a goal in a game of soccer or the solemn quiet ring of an instrument that you now listen for in every song, something always will linger in an empty place. Because a room is never truly empty.

Even with all its familiarity, it is still too difficult to exist in it without searching for what used to be part of it. *For now, I will keep this room empty and mourn the silence.*



Home

BY, EVA WHYTE

The wood creaked back and forth at a steady rhythm. The man let the liquid in his glass slosh back and forth in time with his chair. His snow hair was swept back, still rustling in the slight breeze.

The cabin behind him was glowing quietly in the last light of day. It seems to soak up every peaceful moment, trying to hold onto this last precious memory. The house was as chipped and worn as he was, yet it still weathered every storm thrown at it. He sighed to himself quietly, tapping the glass against the side in a simple 'cheers'. He had never thought that he would ever part with his creation, but it was time to let go.

Gravel cracked and popped as headlights seared through the orange dusk. A door swung open as a lone figure stepped out.

"Hey, sorry I'm a bit late," said the girl. "Are you ready to go, Dad?"

The chair creaked forwards as the man stood from his seat, setting the empty glass on the railing. His daughter handed him his cane, hand hesitating beside his shoulder as he descended the porch stairs.

"Are you doing okay? I know this place has been a home to you for as long as I can

remember..." the daughter sighed. "I can't imagine how hard this is for you, but I'm glad that we can be a little closer now. We'll be able to see each more."

The man glanced up, his foot faltering before the car.

"That house and I have shared some fine memories over the year, but it was time to let it go," his lips curled softly. "I am content knowing that it will be waiting for you and your family whenever you are ready. Just as it's time for me to move on, it's also time for that house to have new owners able to love it in the way it deserves."

"Just remember, this will always be your home, no matter who owns it."

"Thank you," the man smiled as he pulled himself into the seat.

With a rumble, the car sparked to life, the radio buzzing on with soft words. They pulled out of the drive, beginning down the winding mountain path. Silently, the man watched as the last rays of light were swept away by the horizon, and his little cabin disappeared with it.

Maybe, For me

by Ryan Tea

I'm lying beneath the Christmas tree, staring up at the prismatic array of lights that adorn it. It's hypnotizing. I don't know why we haven't taken it down yet, but at such an ungodly hour in the morning, I don't care to scrutinize it.

60 days. 1440 hours. 86400 minutes. That's how long it's been since the year began. One-sixth of the year has gone by, and I have accomplished what? Nothing. Maybe I haven't done enough this year. Maybe I should be trying harder. Maybe I need to start a drastic change in my life...

But I won't.

Because it's far too late for a New Year's Resolution, I reason. Yes, I'll have to wait for next year so the world can hold me accountable. I know it's an excuse, but at the moment, I can't help but wish that time would let me lie here forever.

I can't blink. I won't blink. My eyes are burning, but I won't blink, because if I do, the world might just leave me behind. Instead, I keep my eyes trained on the Christmas lights, listening to my own breaths as nostalgia floods my body.



I've been here before. Many years ago, yes, but I know I've been here before— more than once, in fact— underneath a set of string lights and waiting for "enough" to come. No matter how much I grow, or where I live, or how much changes, I always come back.

So much has changed, but I'm still here.

A glimpse of sunlight peeks up over the houses across the street, and the lights already seem less vibrant. I sit up; it's time to start the day. And I know that things will change— probably more than I'll ever be comfortable with. But one day, I'll be back, and I'll realize just how much hasn't changed.

Maybe I can start now. And maybe it won't be as impressive, or shareable, or braggable... but maybe it doesn't need to be. Because I'm doing this for me—not for my family, not for my friends, not for the world.

And maybe that's okay.



starburst carnations

BY SUBASHINI T

it's been five months. five months of each night being shrouded in four different thoughts. one - wearing a dress in crimson and dancing under a chandelier to the latest cover of "lavender haze" with the curls in my hair bouncing and sparkling under shimmery gold glitter.

and I will look towards the sky instead, my hands cupped as if I am praying for more than this - for a past that I cannot return to.

I will walk past your house. Three, four, five times before I decide that I cannot bear to face you. It will be the same as I remember, yet everything will be different. Sidewalks that were once coloured with chalk will be washed dry. The split in your driveway will have been patched up, filled with pavement that is too dark to match. You will watch me from the window where flowers wilt in a cracked vase and wish that I would come to the door.

You will hate me but you will not be able to erase me from who you are. I will hate you for trying.

But, for now, we are the same. We sit at the windowsill, and the vase falls when you turn the page of your book. The water seeps under the floorboards, and it will stay there even when nothing is the same anymore. You will see the stain and the mold underneath the wood will make you feel sick with remembrance.

Tonight, I will be selfish and not think of a future where you eventually forget.

two - working at a chocolate factory as i gracefully paint across the edges of an edible teacup thinking of the next novel awaiting me on a couch with a carefully knitted blanket.

three - zipping up a \$15.00 dollar thrifted jacket as i walk the pebbled streets of Galway waiting to walk through a storybook castle.

four - a vase of carnations, orange, pink, and yellow. simple yet complicated. as i fall asleep there is a ray of starbursts, i sink away from my worries into a realm of pitch black.

reflections of another

BY MOUMITA MURSHED

I know things will change. The features of my friends will blur together, and I will not be able to separate their eyes from the crinkle of yours. I will see you in the shadows of the streets,



ART BY:
ATHENA
XIAO



SILK AND CASHMERE

by E.M

I drape my dupatta over my chest, feel the delicate chiffon settle on my black silk suit. Opening my treasured jewellery box, I search for the stunning gold jhumkas my mother gifted me many years ago. It's been so long since I last dressed in my traditional clothes, I think as I pull together all the threads of my ancestry and dig up the pieces of my culture. It's been so long since I've felt like myself. I think about how much has changed since I was a child. I once despised being desi, avoiding anything that tied me to that identity, anything from clothes to food. I was led to believe that being anything other than "western" was a crime, something worth punishment. So, that's exactly what I would do. I would scold myself for even thinking of wearing a sari or drinking chai. As I got older however, my mindset shifted. The more I learned about my beautiful culture, the more grateful I became. I am one of the lucky few who's been blessed with an exquisite background and that's not something to be ashamed of. Now, I embrace my culture, and allow it to define me. My ancestors didn't work so hard for me to forget their efforts. Now, as I touch up my "unruly" yet beautiful curls and look at myself through kajol-lined eyes in the mirror, I smile. That gorgeous smile of silk and gold, cashmere and cardamom. After what felt like an eternity, I finally feel like me.

I Hope This Doesn't Find You

By: Connie Chang

Title: I Hope This Doesn't Find You

Author: Ann Liang

Rating: 4.5/5

I Hope This Doesn't Find You by Ann Liang is a young adult, contemporary romance novel. It follows Sadie Wen, an overachieving people pleaser, who writes hate emails about those who have wronged her. To her detriment, these emails are sent out to everyone at her school, and she has to deal with the repercussions.

The majority of these hate emails are addressed to one particular person, her academic rival, Julius Gong. However, despite most of the hate emails being addressed to him, he never ends up hating her. In reality, he ends up supporting and standing up for her when everyone hates her. The part of their dynamic that I love the most has to be the bickering between the two, more specifically the insults Sadie comes up with in her hate emails addressed to Julius. They are both amusing and extremely creative – the section where Sadie insults Julius's name by saying that he was named after the tyrant, Julius Caesar, was probably my favourite.

However, the part I enjoyed most while reading this book has to be Sadie's character development. She starts off from being really superficial to those around her – to expressing her feelings more and caring less about what others think. As she breaks free from her facade, she stops getting pushed around and having to endure everyone's requests with a smile on. Moreover, I liked seeing her "I can fix it" mentality change into a more "things will work out in the end" mentality.



By Ryan Jiang

Although it took a while, it was nice seeing the way things worked out and changed for the better once she stopped trying to force things to be okay. She ended up learning a valuable life lesson, where it is sometimes better to let things unfold themselves.

Overall, I would give this book a rating of 4.5/5. The ending of this book was well done and not rushed. In fact, I believe that Ann Liang chose the perfect ending with Sadie sending an email to Julius and him replying – it left me wanting more. So, I would highly recommend this book to those who enjoy the academic rivals to lovers trope and those who liked *To All the Boys I've Loved Before*.

THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

BY LIAMARA

"Sooo," Cheryl says, far too energetic for my liking. "First day of high school! How was it?"

I shrug. "Like all the others."

"Come on, give me more than that! Did any of your friends end up in your class? Oh! My crush is in my Math class, I'm literally screaming!"

I let out a small smile. I love my best friend but she can be a little much. Especially on days like today when I already don't feel well.

"Okay, put your anxiety aside for a minute. Did you see that list of clubs I sent you?" I nod. "So?"

I look at her. "So?"

"So, are you going to join any of them?"

"No."

Cheryl groans. "You're so frustrating! What is the point of even coming to school then?"

I frown. Despite how close we are, Cheryl and I have opposite outlooks on life. Where I do whatever I have to get through it, she enjoys every moment. Where I can't stand the thought of change, she looks forward to it. The switch from junior high to high school has been no different. "There you go. I don't want to be here."

Cheryl sighs. "At least consider it. It could come in handy for your resume or your application to university. Before you tell me that there's no need to think that far ahead, just try it. Just join something.."

I sigh. "There's nothing here that I'm even remotely interested in. Why would I bother wasting my time at a club I don't like?"

Cheryl rolls her eyes and pulls out her phone to show me the screenshot her sister had given her. "You're telling me that out of this long list of clubs, not a single one interests you? Fine. Let me see." She scrolls for a few moments before her face lights up and she shoves the phone under my nose. "Here! This is up your alley."

I frown and shove it away without looking at what she's suggesting. "No."

"It's time to take that first step to love your new school!"

"No, I'll decide when to take that first step."

"Just try."

I frown. "No."

Cheryl puts her hands on her hips, almost in a childish way.

I roll my eyes, knowing she won't back down from this one. "Fine. I'll go once, if I'm not interested, you back off. Deal?"

Cheryl gives me a satisfied smile. "Deal."



PHOTO BY AMIE N

A MOTHER'S LAMENT



CARTOON BY: SARAH PENG

In her heart, where shadows loom
A mother weeps in a darkened room.
Her child, once filled with laughter and life's grace
Now lost in the void, an empty space.

In streets where echoes weave a tale
Through shattered dreams and broken cries.
Amidst the ruins, where fear commands
She searches for her child's pure eyes, pierced by death's cold dart.

Yet still, her love, a beacon strong
In defiance of all that is wrong.
Though pain runs deep, she carries on
Her heart shall keep the memories, like waves at sea.

In profound grief, may solace find you.

BY: Aleena Khilji

THE AFTERLIFE

It seems that since the dawn of time people have wondered, what comes after this life? Humans seem to intrinsically believe that there must be something after our time on Earth. Some goal, some destination, or perhaps another life must be waiting beyond the intimidating permanence of death.

Many religions and cultures believe in reincarnation. The idea that we do not only get one life, but instead we cycle through lives repeatedly, gaining and losing memories as we go. In Hinduism, there is a belief in reincarnation. The rebirth cycle is called samsara. This belief works on a karma basis in schools like the Vedānta School. As you gain good karma, your following lives improve in circumstance which would mean a higher caste and increased opportunity. Gaining karma is essentially points for being a good person within the rules of Hinduism. A "good Hindu" is likely to gain karma. The goal is for an individual to gain "moksha" meaning being free of samsara or liberation from the rebirth cycle. It is thought that over continuous lifetimes, a person can gain ultimate knowledge and free themselves from the constraints of the material world. After this is accomplished, your soul no longer needs to continue within samsara and can once again join with Brahman, which is the essence of all existence, or in other words, God.

This belief of the afterlife is very inspiring because it is meant to encourage people to live as the best versions of themselves, but along with this, there are unsavoury parts to it as well. I think everything boils down to what you believe has the most impact on a growing person, nature, or nurture?

If you believe humans are born with intrinsic characteristics that trump any teaching from the world around them, then the system of Hinduism seems a satisfying tiered system. But if you give the nurture and surroundings of a person weight when determining who that person is, the karmic system of Hinduism seems a bit cruel. When you think about the idea that because of a past life with entirely different experiences and thoughts, you are currently being riddled with numerous struggles, you will garner resentment for the system. So, the real question is, do you believe that a person's nature is determined from their first breath, or do you believe nurture plays a larger role in any resulting human?

BY: Manaar Fatima



PARNIAN

AMBIVALENT CHANGE

My closest bonds are severed with time, becoming a memory of the past - proximate yet blurry, feeling like they had just ended yesterday. I became an adult without knowing it. In my childhood, I felt like I had a head start and was well beyond my years. Now, it is clear to me that I am falling behind. With age, I threw away my childish ambitions and watched them wither away like leaves—ones that seemed so attainable before have now become buried dreams. The home I grew up in became nothing but a distant memory that faded with time. Nostalgia is a bitter-sweet emotion I can never quite accept without discomfort. It is a struggle to see everything I once knew change rapidly before my eyes, but it cannot be undone. It has already occurred. Growing up brought conflicting feelings; leaving the safety of childhood behind and facing the difficulties of adulthood is unpleasant and confusing. But it is a stage of life that is ultimately inevitable, and I grew to accept it.

We are in a race against time; our experiences can feel transient and fleeting, limited by our temporary life. “Forever” is an illusion, a lie told by the memories etched into our minds that inevitably fade when we die. It is impossible to stop the hands of time that advanced ahead—the cosmic clockwork is unstoppable. Instead, one can adapt to the pace, mourn the losses of the past, and anticipate visions for the future. Change is unavoidable, but it doesn't have to be dreadful. It can cause a person to become resilient and make way for opportunities and growth that may not have occurred otherwise.

ESHA SETHI



GRIP AND GRIN

Aurora

THE INVASION OF THE COMP KIDS

Change, my friends, is inevitable. Need proof? Look no further than your local climbing gym. Here's a fairly common scenario: the last precious jug is waiting at the top, like a beacon of light. You slowly reach towards it ... and a monkey with wide, feverish eyes jumps across your vision. Your concentration goes awry, and you fall. Your vision reddens, and you look towards the monkey. Except it's not a monkey; it's a 9 year old girl who just paddle dynoed (on holds the size of credit cards) from one end of the gym to the other. Behind her, more 10 year olds stare at her "mediocre" warmup. Welcome to the age of the overpowered comp kids.

If you compare the IFSC (International Federation of Sport Climbing) competitions now with the ones from around 2008, one will notice a huge difference, especially in the discipline of bouldering. The main difference is the devil of climbing: coordination moves. All I've got to say is this: coordination moves suck. Climbing is supposed to be fun. We don't need something else making fun of our clumsy, frail bodies. That's what ballet is for. And it becomes even worse when kids half our age get onto the wall, and put us all to shame. That's just infuriating. So, why have recent competitions been including more and more coordination moves? Simply because they're flashy, and attract more people to the sport. Imagine someone watching the 2021 Olympics, with no prior knowledge of climbing. As they start settling down to see what the heck is so interesting about pulling on plastic, they instead see people doing acrobatics on the wall. Which, granted, is a lot cooler than watching some guy send a V17 outdoors. However, the outdoors that so few of us visit is where it all began.

Before indoor gyms began popping up in cities around the world, climbers would get their climbing done almost exclusively on natural rock. Nature was the ultimate route setter. The first indoor climbing gyms were built for the sole purpose of training during the winter, when the weather was too cold to go outside and touch grass. Those days, people doubted the usefulness of these establishments. Now, indoor climbing has evolved to be another sport altogether, separate from its roots. Overpowered comp kids are slowly but steadily taking over our sport, jumping and swinging like orangutans in the trees. Gone is the age of the glorified, unemployed dirtbag who has devoted their entire life to driving between crags. Now, we live in the age where showering once a week is shunned. How the mighty have fallen. Who knows where the next few years will take us in the dimensions of climbing? Whatever happens, we can only hope that human evolution will wipe out those pesky comp kids. That's it for this time, folks!

A Curious Dilemma

By Alexander Fu

Curiosity is the principle that defines our subconscious interest in the world around us. It is what separates us from artificial intelligence and makes our thoughts so complex. However, it is also something that we pay less attention to as we grow older and are ever more occupied by the homework of our education, especially in the IB programme. Curiosity is an important aspect of our lives and is what motivates us to attempt and wonder about different possibilities. Although curiosity often relates to the real world, it is equally important to our academic success. This sense of interest is a bridge between the real and academic world that can impact the way we approach life and academics.

The extent of our curiosity is only limited by our imaginations and our willingness to let our minds wander. The ability to link our imaginations to the academic world is how many geniuses have been able to develop the concepts that we appreciate to be the work of prodigies. Of all the contributors to the scientific world, one individual genius in history was acknowledged to have the greatest curiosity of them all. This person was Sir Isaac Newton, the mathematician, physicist, astronomer, alchemist, theologian, and philosopher who was responsible for the discovery of gravity, the development of calculus, and the laws of motion which would eventually lead to the creation of the theory of relativity. His most recognizable feat was the discovery of gravity which was sparked by his curiosity for the real world. The apple that had fallen to his head was as natural as Newton's curiosity and is within all of us.

Curiosity is the gateway through which we connect real-life concepts with academic ideas. For example, our curiosity can be utilized when solving questions of any sort, by exploring different possibilities and approaches to finding an answer. Along with our personal abilities, allowing our minds to wander can allow us to make an impact in the world similar to many scientists, artists, and inventors. Especially in high school, we are given the opportunity to grow our minds and expand on our knowledge. However, this is only possible if we have the curiosity to question our current knowledge, similar to the way that Sir Isaac Newton had done in his understanding of gravity and the laws of motion.



**Fanart for Metal Gear Solid 3:
Snake Eater
by Jaden Liao**

CAN WE JUST STAY THE SAME?

Tamar Iyoho

I know, I know, “Always embrace change”, but what if that change is so great you want to avoid it? Being in high school, you always battle with emotions like this. The biggest change you’ve ever had to deal with is happening right now, perhaps in a couple of years. Yes, I know, “Be open to trying new things”; but this is not simply a new ice cream flavour - it’s a change of pace. It’s a change you’ve got no real experience with. By trying out a new cake flavour, for example, at least you’ve tasted some kind of cake before. Oh, I get it, “There’s always room for change”, but I’m not talking about redecorating your room or trying out for a new sport. From age 5 you count down to it, from age 13 you’re excited but from age 16, you are anxious. I’m sure you know the change I’m talking about; you only want half of it. The staying up, sleeping in, freedom and the fun, but we don’t want the bills and the responsibilities that we are preparing to face, sooner or later - you get the gist. What I’m trying to say here is... can we just stay the same? Maybe you’d turn the clock back and tell your younger self to simply stop waiting and enjoy the moment; enjoy it while it lasts...

Change is like a storm

Destructive

Unbecoming

Inevitable

But
We
cannot
Stay

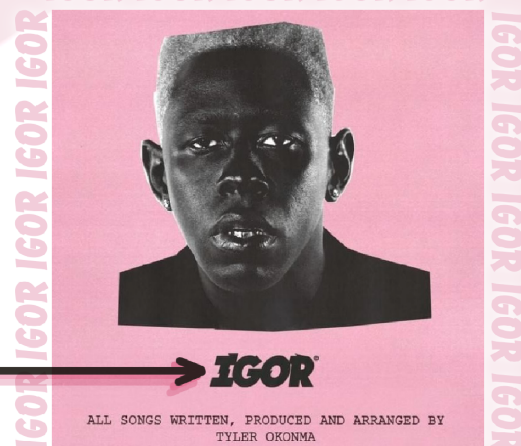
chained
to the
Past

Change Yes
inevitable is
but it is
not all bad

in the For it is
eye of the storm
that we can find
Peace

Ebube Abarikwu

TYLER THE CREATOR AND THE BRILLIANCE OF CONTINUED...



BY: EMILY CHEN

As promised, in this edition, I will continue to delve more into pieces in IGOR, including "NEW MAGIC WAND," "A BOY IS A GUN*," and "PUPPET."

"NEW MAGIC WAND," shows that the lover has run out of time and Tyler has to take action into his own hands. This track is so much darker than the earlier tracks and demonstrates how out of control jealousy can get. "I saw a photo you look joyous. My eyes are green...I need to get her out the picture." Green is often the colour associated with jealousy as Tyler watches his lover with another woman, he grows increasingly jealous, eventually deriving a plan to take her out. "She's gonna be dead, I just got a magic wand. We can finally be together." He wants her to disappear "like magic" referencing the title of the track, however it could also be a reference to a gun, a "magic wand" he uses to get rid of her.

As we arrive at the season finale one part one, Tyler is a mess from the love triangle and complicated relationship. "A BOY IS A GUN*" is the title of this track, a gun is something dangerous and should not be played with. It has the ability to ruin someone's life. He sees his lover as a gun, someone who is killing him as he begs "Don't shoot me down." Tyler is hurt by this relationship and he understands that, but still has hope that one day they will work out, "When the time's right, baby." Tyler is on a rollercoaster of emotions, he's aware of how dangerous this boy can be and he must learn to let him go, "I'ma leave it at that, I'ma leave us as friends."

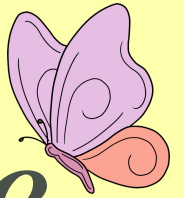
Entering the second half of the album, Tyler is still attached to this boy, he is still the "PUPPET" as he struggles to let this boy go. He finds himself again at the hands of his lover, his "puppet master." Tyler struggles to exist without this person reflected in lines such as, "I can't manoeuvre without you next to me" and "I do not have self-control. I am starting to wonder if this is my free will or yours?" Kanye acts as Tyler's inner voice throughout this track, telling Tyler to "Breathe on a song," advising Tyler to vent in his music. At the end of the song, Tyler eventually snaps out of this state ending the song with, "But at some point, you come to your senses."

Stay tuned for the next edition, in which I will delve into the last pieces of Tyler's album, and the emotional resonance of his work.



Inescapable Change

Noor Ahmed



Studies have shown major rises in suicide rates, even within this past decade with a rise evident specifically in female teenagers. One of the many diverse causes of this is the simultaneous rise in social media usage. While social media has increased the spread of knowledge in society and overall raised the development of the community as a whole, it has proven that overuse can worsen one's mental health. Change, with certainty, has been going on forever but in the past couple of years, social media has sped this process up.

Through knowledge being more diversely spread amongst the youth, a generation with varying perspectives and skill sets can flourish. On the other hand, this has also caused the problems within these societies to be assorted. This has caused a sense of being alone in problems causing mental health rates to fluctuate. With the rise in mental health issues, people try to gain knowledge on how to manage their issues, primarily through the study of psychology.

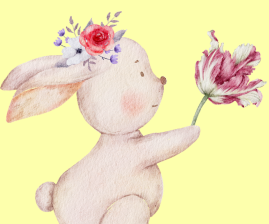
With varying problems, comes fixed school systems feeding into this growing issue. Because school systems have stayed almost the same from generation to generation, the teachers receive the same training. When these teachers receive this training, they aren't



Cartoon by Adanna Grimes

equipped with the skill set to deal with how to manage a class with many students with varying problems.

While the generations before us endured many difficulties in their lives, those issues were more similar in root cause. Those generations were also raised with very different mentalities in dealing with their thoughts, which propagated a little into this generation. That is because of the way the youth are raised and taught about mental health. This ideology amongst youth has lessened, but the stigma towards mental health still needs to be worked on and developed.





Man Was Born for Love and Revolution; To the UCP

By: Ajax Seto

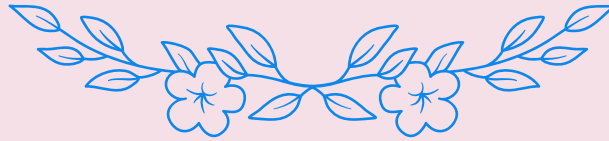
I believe that the experience I have had throughout my, admittedly, short life has solidified the fact for me that change is an inevitable part of life. As if the shifts everyone my age goes through as a part of growing up hadn't proved it already, nothing is certain about who you are. But what happens when I decide I do know? When can I say I'm sure and start to act in my best interest? Lately, that answer seems to be never. Despite living with myself for sixteen long years (that's almost three doctorates worth, all on me), I am still told that I don't know who I am at this age.

Image By: Esha Sethi

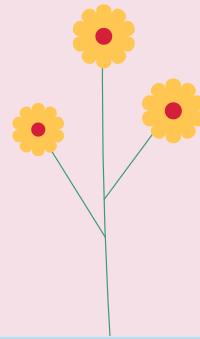
The populace seems to want to see no sight less than my skin grow thicker and my voice lower, as if it's subject to vote on. If I could vote for someone to govern my development, it would be me, a total autocracy. There would be no opposing party to put limits on how much of myself I am allowed to be. People seem to think that growing up this way is dogmatic. It's not what they are used to, no one knows if such foreign policies are safe for the common man. People fear what is alien to them, and the only way to accept it is to see that none of this is real change, only progress. The truth is that this piece of my mosaic identity hasn't grown since it was welded into me, the only thing that has grown is my pride in it.



They may call me conservative for it, but I am not a fan of all governmental red tape that has been put in place. I wish we could go back to the good old days when acceptance was majorly unconditional and growth was seen as something to be proud of. The nation shares this sentiment. They look back with fond nostalgia at the times when they would receive lifetime almanacs in the mail and nothing ever deviated. To say this is a debate would be giving people like me credit we don't get. If I were to slap a comic book brushstroke over it all, it would spell Revolutionaries vs Fascists. But this is real, not fiction. So "where we go from here is a choice I leave you".

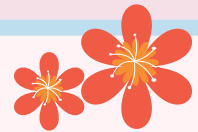


Photographed
by
Lucy Sun



Moments in Time

Written by Ethan Wu



There are some things in life that you cannot let go of. No matter how hard you try, they stick with you. Other things move and grow, but that one closeted memory stays in a glass bell as the years in sequence occur underfoot. Though one day will come, when the leaves fade and fall. The glass shatters and drops down to the ground. That memory will be thought of again, through a different lens. You may not even notice. To you, the casing has not been subjected to a single touch. However, the memory inside is already changing, suiting the person in the present. We may think that we can indefinitely save bits and pieces of our lives, but just as we grow, they grow too.

It's a forest, life is. You're the scavenger, left without a map, and told to find your way out of the thicket. When you're young, you don't see the path. It's all fog soon to be forgotten. Well, I can't say that for myself, because youth is a time to forget about once you have grown. In the forest, the first hue is golden. Leaves all used to look like flowers. The bushes were all cut and trimmed. Weeds used to be majestic, part of the whole cycle. It makes you wonder if there ever was a path to walk through. Aimless wandering continues until a change of scenery. It always happens at different times for everyone. None of it ever happens suddenly. The forest always made you think it always was there. We always thought nothing would change.

A wheel turns. In the middle, a piece of clay. A potter is spotted, molding the piece. A touch can make, but a touch can also mar. You stare at the clay. You can never discern what it is. The figure is spinning; what was a bud turned into a leaf, and what now is a leaf will soon decay. What the potter molded to be blue eggs in the robin's nest, in the next turn of the wheel, had already developed wings and fluttered away. You wanted that bird, that bird the potter made. Or was it a bird? All it was was a memory, a memory not to be forgotten. That was the first time, when you saw the potter place a small glass cup in the palm of your hand, just large enough to capture the figure.



Deadpan Discoveries: AI in the Modern World

by Raif Zaman

Welcome to another edition of Deadpan Discoveries where I tell you about nerd stuff you didn't ask about. Today I present to you the closest thing to human interaction many of you will ever experience, ChatGPT.

ChatGPT, once a rudimentary conversational tool, has quietly undergone a transformation, gradually adopting characteristics that approximate human interaction. Through sophisticated natural language processing, it has become proficient in understanding context, detecting subtle nuances in language, and generating responses with a semblance of coherence – all with the enthusiasm of a malfunctioning vending machine.

This gradual shift toward human-like communication has sparked debates about the ethical implications and societal ramifications of AI mimicking human conversation. While proponents argue that such advancements could enhance user experience and foster deeper engagement, skeptics raise concerns about the potential for deception and manipulation in online interactions.

Despite these discussions, ChatGPT's journey toward human-like interaction remains a slow and incremental process. While it may occasionally exhibit flashes of linguistic brilliance, its responses often betray a lack of genuine understanding and emotional intelligence, leaving users as emotionally fulfilled as a conversation with a brick wall.

In a world increasingly reliant on digital interactions, the blurring lines between AI and human communication raise profound questions about authenticity and trust. As ChatGPT edges closer to mimicking human conversation, it challenges our perceptions of what it means to truly connect in a digital age. In fact... this is all AI generated. That's right, I told ChatGPT to "Write a deadpan article about how ChatGPT is becoming human-like" and I guarantee most of you didn't even notice.

Of course, it hasn't quite reached replicating truly intelligent conversation quite yet, but who knows, maybe in 10 years we'll have truly human-like AI. But in the meantime, most of us have had our brains rotted so much by TikTok anyways that we're already robots with a very limited vocabulary beyond "bruh" and "slayyyy". Or get a hobby.

Anyways, that's all from me. Remember that, whether you enjoyed reading it or not, I don't care. Just go outside and have a genuine human interaction with someone, you basement dwellers.

The American Nightmare Effect

The effect of the collective against any force has been seen to be successful through the course of history time and time again. Whether it be for a singular goal, a passion, or an ideology, there is a reason that people band together. However, sometimes this fervor is the only driving force that allows people to pursue a common goal. Take the passion of WWE fans during the #WeWantCody era. A wrestling match that everyone was excited about being replaced by one that the company and board of directors deemed was a better one. Essentially snubbing Cody Rhodes, the American Nightmare, out of a match that piqued the interest of many people. But why?

The WWE itself pushed the narrative that Rhodes had to finish his story. What this story is exactly was not just solely created by those at the top but by the people and their relentless passion towards the narrative. They have an immense sentiment watching Rhodes defeat the undisputed champion and win the gold, completing the ending of the story concocted by them. By defeating the champion, it not only completes his story but also acts as a symbol for the years of blood, sweat and tears that this fictional story has shown the world; now having a chance of becoming non-fiction.

Yet, this is all over a story that has been conjured by the very same company that wanted to change the ending to this story in the first place. A company forged on the entertainment of staged, choreographed wrestling, yet the people feel immense passion for a seemingly insignificant cause. However, the cause is only as insignificant as one feels about it. The passion one feels when it comes to the idea of Rhodes completing his story isn't just about his story, it's about the expendable nature of this story in the demands of a faceless superior. Opportunities that could be taken away immediately are now being faced with retaliation by a crowd of faceless people with one thing they have over their superiors, and that is heart and soul.

The effect of the American Nightmare is not only a reflection of the peoples' relentless passion towards a cause deemed "insignificant," but a reflection of the zealous nature people have towards their own stories. Our unyielding passion towards a goal to complete a story of our own but that we need help from others to get.

BY RAIVA SHIPRA



BY JONATHEN SU

The Hidden History of the ENIAC women

By Binudi Patabendi



Photograph by Esha Selhu

The ENIAC stands for Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer. This machine was the first electronic, programmable computer in the world. It was built in 1943 by John Mauchly and J. Presper Eckert Jr, with their colleagues at the Moore School of Engineering. The ENIAC was an enormous and complex machine that had over a million parts. It took up the basement at the University of Pennsylvania and was arranged with 42 panels covering three walls of the room. It was built during the second world war to launch missiles, so it had to be programmed to calculate the trajectory and landing spot of the missile accurately.

When the ENIAC was finally built, the U.S. Army hired the best mathematicians. Out of 80-100 applicants, 6 women were chosen to program the ENIAC. These were Kathleen Antonelli, Jean Bartik, Betty Holberton, Marlyn Meltzer, Frances Spence and Ruth Tietelbaum. They were known as 'Computers' because they calculated ballistics trajectories by hand. They programmed without coding languages like Python or C++, for these didn't exist at the time. Instead, they used logical diagrams to program everything. On top of that, these young women had to understand the circuitry, logic and physical structure of the machine. They observed blueprints and learned everything about the ENIAC inside and out.

When the coding process for the ENIAC was ready to be demonstrated to the public eye, the contributions of the 6 young women were never acknowledged for any of their hard work. Their names were left out, and they became invisible. Instead, the credit went to all the men in the project.

Why weren't these women credited? During that time, work with computers or engineering was thought to be more of a male-dominated thing. The work of women was often overlooked and considered "sub-professional." For this reason, these young women who worked so hard on the ENIAC were hidden from the public. When the news reporters and the media came to see this great machine, they directed multiple comments about the ENIAC, such as, "electronic brain," a "wizard," and a "man-made machine brain."

Now looking back, it's a fascinating story about the ENIAC women but it's unfair that they didn't get any acknowledgement for their achievement just because computers and engineering were a 'male' thing. However, through the spreading of awareness and the inevitable change of society's views, coding has become something that both men and women can do. Anything a man can do, a woman can do it too, or maybe do it even better!

Churchill Chronicle

Image by Chelsea Li



LOSS OF CHILDHOOD

Written by Mikayla Girard

i mourn the boy i once knew
i can't cry cause he's not dead
but he might as well be
i think i killed him long ago

i can't say this but
i don't think i like him very much
anymore
i don't think i know him very much
anymore

i won't mourn the boy i once knew
i don't cry cause he's not dead
but nothing would change if he was
cause he killed us long ago

i won't say this but
i don't know him very much anymore
i don't care very much anymore

TO GROW AND FLOURISH

Written by Anonymous

The same news same time eight years ago
marks the end of an era and the start of a journey of where I
one impossibly sought stability in changing winds and dimmed days
two dug through the water as its body crept frustratingly from my grasp yet still
three found home not in the loose soil but in the sturdy roots intertwined underneath;
this said journey as it may deracinates me is one i am no longer phased
to embark upon because as the flowers bloom unfailingly
after each desolate winter no matter the snow
i too will claw my way through
root myself in any crevice
of the tallest peak
and flourish,

Beanbag

Written by Adela Alakbarova



When her family moved into their new home, she wasn't excited. People often told her to approach this move by taking it one day at a time, but the only idea that had actually kept her from completely hating this experience was the promise of her own room. Away from her sisters snoring and the ugly decorations. She already had a picture in her mind of what her perfect room would look like, what furniture and cool posters would be perfectly positioned and where. But she was not anticipating the beanbag.

Some things come when least expected, but they often give you what you need most at the time. For her, that gray beanbag chair she saw sitting on the floor of the furniture store was an unexpected need and love at first sight. At that point in time, it was basically double her size and so carrying it to her second floor room was a struggle to say the least, but she didn't mind. It was fun and it was worth it. Now, that beanbag is half the size it was that day lying in the store.

Now, it is supporting a pile of thrown clothes and her backpack. Now, it is old. So old that one could argue that it was time she got rid of the dusty lump. And one did. Her parents' relentless begging to get rid of the chair had only made her want it more, and she didn't quite understand why. They were right - it was old and dusty, and she never really sat on it anymore. So why was she so intensely protective over something she had no use for? Was it the idea of something so familiar being taken away from her? Yes, it was.

Being scared of change, she soon realized, was a trait that she clearly possessed but one that was unwanted. She didn't want to be scared of not seeing a useless chair in her room one day. She didn't want to be scared of going to new places where she knew no one. And most importantly, she didn't want to be scared of starting a new chapter in her life, something that would inevitably happen next May when she walks across the stage at graduation.

So, she compromised. The beanbag stays and the mindset changes, one day at a time. Did it work? I guess we'll find out when I graduate.



Art and Persistence

By: CP

In the art industry, many people who make a career out of this area always find uncertainties. They cannot find sponsors, their art supplies secretly poison them, they fall into debt. Art has been a revered form of expression since primitive times, advancing with civilization.

However, with the current rise of technology, the threat of AI art has become another uncertainty for artists. AI-generated art steals the artwork of artists without their consent, using it in algorithms or deep learning. Attempts to combat this technological revolution will be apparent. Eventually, this change will become commonplace and AI will take over a majority of digital art jobs. This is inevitable and most digital artists will have to change professions or switch to traditional art.

Considering this, there are many variables within art, as well as many constants. As civilization changes, art changes. New trailblazers appear within each generation and continue to expand the field. Society grows to view art differently. Despite the uncertainty, the one constant within art will always be its significance in human expression.

It is certain that art will always attract attention and admiration. The visual collection of experiences, sights, and thoughts all evoke a sense of innate wonder and awe. Different styles reach out to varying people and carry out this sense of connection to a widespread audience. It is, in a way, a universal language. It is an aspect of human culture that we have been instinctively drawn to and will continue to do so. There are many reasons art will remain constant for social, biological, and emotional reasons.

AI technology, however, is something that has the capability to create an image that replicates art. So how can human-made art persist? A common answer is that human-art has a soul, or simply because it's made by a human. Instead of being an image generated by a stolen mash of other human-made works, it is original and therefore has a higher value.

Human-made art will always be considered higher quality and receive more admiration than computer generated art. It is impossible to imagine a generated image to be held at the same level as a piece of art with thousands of purposeful details and a real human to deliver that message. This is a guarantee that will persist against the inevitable change that will gradually take over more and more of art.



By: Priyanka Gupta

TGCF RANTS:

XIE LIAN AND BAI WUXIANG'S CHARACTER FOIL

By: Farah ✿

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

Xie Lian and Bai Wuxiang are the main protagonist and antagonist of TGCF, but their characters go far beyond the stereotypical "hero vs villain" archetype.

Xie Lian is portrayed as a sweet, kind-hearted character. Being over 800 years old, he has gone through many hardships that shaped his character. Xie Lian was born into royalty; the crown prince of the kingdom of Xianle. At only 17, Xie Lian ascended to godhood with high ambitions to fulfill his goal of saving the common people. However, trying to help everyone only resulted in chaos. Xie Lian watched his kingdom fall along with all of its citizens. This was only the start of Xie Lian's calamity; he had to suffer through Bai Wuxiang's torment, losing his friends, and supporting his sick parents. The tipping point was when Xie Lian was stabbed 100 times by the common people because of Bai Wuxiang's manipulation. That, combined with seeing his parents hang themselves, made Xie Lian hungry for revenge. He got to a point where he almost committed genocide, but didn't, because it wasn't in his moral character. Even after all these struggles, Xie Lian still ended up being a benevolent protagonist.

Bai Wuxiang's backstory is almost identical to Xie Lian's. He was also a crown prince that ascended to godhood with the dream of saving the common people, and failed to do so. However, what makes them foil each other is their characters. Despite all the trauma Xie Lian went through, his morals stayed the same. Bai Wuxiang, on the other hand, completely changed his morals. He resented the common people and wanted revenge. When he saw Xie Lian, someone with dreams exactly like he once had, he was set on making sure Xie Lian would fail. What Bai Wuxiang didn't account for was the fact that Xie Lian was completely different from him. No matter how much he tormented Xie Lian, he still upheld his morals in the end.

Although the characters are morally gray, both of them are written in a way that shows their humanity. Their final battle is a satisfying ending to the centuries of conflict and gives both characters closure.

"Remember, when humans ascend, they're still human. When they fall, they're still human."
~TGCF, Volume 2

Photo by: Pip Lupick





The Phoenix of Arizona's Desert

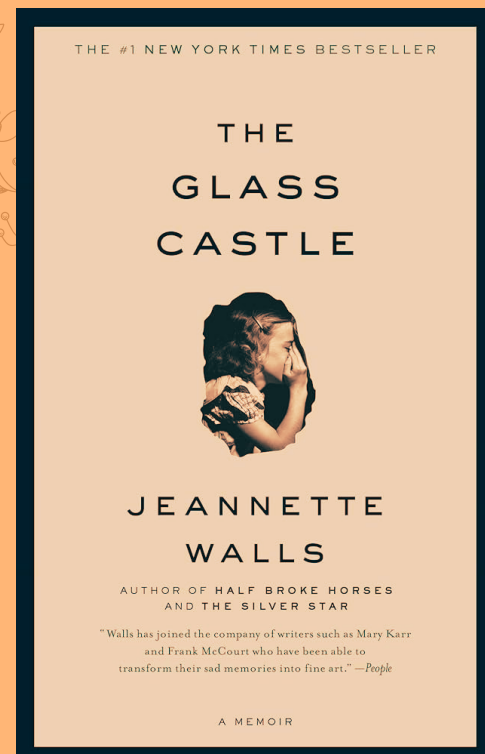
Himanshi Choudhary

As a collective of people living on Earth, there's one thing we've all experienced. Change. We start changing the second we're conceived. The world around us is never stagnant nor still. A blessing and a curse undoubtedly. As the flowers bloom the days become longer, and we slowly pull back our fear of change, I've brought you another book to enjoy. A memoir. Following the life of a child growing into an adult after living an eccentric childhood wandering from place to place. Constant change and a lack of stability, but in the end, change is what changes everything.

Jeanette lives a nomadic life with her concerningly unwinded parents struggling with addiction, parenting, poverty, and keeping a roof over the heads of their four children. Change is a central theme in this memoir written by this talented author, and I wouldn't dare to rid you of the joy of vicariously living such a hasty life. From naming cars, planets becoming gifts, and endless dreams of the glass castle, Jeanette grows into the fine author she is today. Like a flower growing amongst weeds, this book will change your perspective. Little Jeanette living in her family's shabby roofless shed-like house couldn't have had much idea that there was anything to change into other than her fantasy of the glass castle. From trying to paint the outside of her house yellow to hiding the beer bottles from her father, her little mind would always inevitably look to change. Her dreams changed, and she took shape into who she is today.

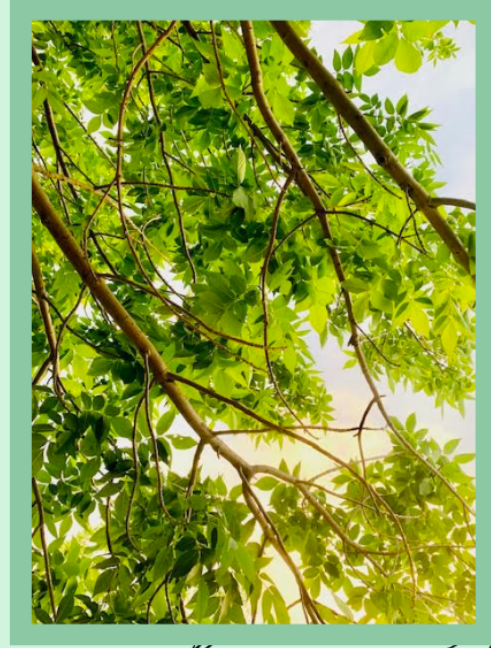
When we evolved from colouring bus wheels in preschool to dissecting hearts in biology class,

we changed along the way. This book gives you reasons to both miss and appreciate the past while also anticipating the future. A wave-like experience with both ups and downs. Personally, I really enjoy reading memoirs and diaries, learning and reading the story of one of the billions of people in our world. An immersive read is one of the most adored, most popular,



and there's nothing that beats sitting down during spring break and reading the inevitable yet compelling changes in the life of a girl sitting under the stars in a desert in Arizona with her father to a grown successful author in New York; like a phoenix rising from its ashes. "One benefit of summer was that each day we had more light to read by."

PAPER CLOCKS



I went to an antique shop once and asked to buy a clock. I was presented with the standard wooden circle which encased two ticking arms hidden behind a glass wall. I left the shop empty handed. Not too long later, I visited a kiosk famous for selling the best watches on the west coast. I was offered the typical leather bracelet that was either too tight or too loose around my wrist. I left the kiosk without a thing. Time. I still could not tell, and so an unknown amount of time later, I came upon a garage sale - one which, strangely enough, only sold hourglasses. I thought I had found it, the device which would finally differentiate april from august, january from november. I left the garage sale with my pockets empty.

Though I could not tell the time, I knew it was passing for as I ran across the lawn to catch the bus that was long gone. I could feel the crackling of leaves beneath my feet. Although an opaque brown, it was comparable to a mirror: ripped at the edges with only the stem holding it in tact. Fortunately, just like the leaves that once dressed the trees, that feeling disappeared. As the weather became colder and all that could keep the world warm was the thought of warmer days, I still could not tell the time, yet I knew it was passing. Trees stood barren and lonely in the thick of winter, seemingly longing for what made them trees to decorate them once again. And I knew time was passing, though I could not tell it, for the leaves were there one day, green and pink and white and of all shades of better times. They looked perfect, so perfect that any thought of the crinkly leaves or the desolate trees were eradicated immediately at the sight of such beauty. Once summer came back round again, the leaves had changed once more: all with a uniform appearance - green and filled with life. And so time had passed, ever so slowly, but it had passed and I had known, despite not being able to tell it.

At some date, random and unknown, I visited one last location. A tree. And I observed, with no price held over my head to be able to determine the passing of time. And although I could not purchase the one thing that would confirm the present moment I was in, I didn't leave with nothing, for I had found a clock. It was not made of wood or leather or glass, but rather, it was made of leaves.

Garden of flowers

By Siena Norton

Imagine a garden full of flowers, bright and exuberant against the luxuriant grass. Those flowers, as beautiful as they are, have suffered their own fair share of challenges throughout their lifetime. For instance, they may have been overwatered or neglected by humans. Although, humans are like flowers in a way; sometimes they'll wilt and other times they'll stand taller than ever with an air of confidence about them. Change may pick away at our souls, but that does not mean we cannot rise above it.

Like the Greek philosopher, Heraclitus once said, "change is the only constant in life." A tree starts as a seed and eventually, with time, it blooms into something worth living for. The seed, just like a vase of flowers inside of a house, requires attention and love.

Humans cannot and will not change unless they are given a spoonful of that love. Just

because an individual is wilting does not mean they cannot come back stronger than they were before. Do not be afraid to ask for the help of a loved one because who knows, they could be the water and sunshine that you need to blossom into the best version of yourself.

If you are going through a period of change, just trust the process; trust that you are doing what you need to do to exit the rut you are currently stuck in. A seed must trust that it is receiving the proper care to eventually blossom into its true colours. There are stages involved in the growth of a flower as there are in the growth of a person. Each stage must be fully embraced before moving on to the next. Time is a gift, whether we believe it or not, and transformation is the byproduct of change.

Most people live their lives comfortably, devoid of much change or transformation. It is important to always be looking for opportunities to grow in life. When a flower has fully bloomed, it doesn't stop there. Once it is pollinated by a bumblebee, it reproduces, creating many new seeds that will have an opportunity to embark upon their own journey of life. Eventually, a beautiful garden of flowers would be created from just one, single seed that started it all. Why only aim for one flower when you can get a whole garden full of colourful, magnificent flowers? If embraced, change can lead to beautiful things. So, dear readers, start creating your own garden of blossoming flowers and see where it leads you. You will not be disappointed.



Photo By Khushi Grewal



SPRING 2024

Advice Column

written by Gorankshi Nandrajog
edited by Evan Li

Hello and welcome back to the Churchill Chronicle advice column, where we give our questionably qualified advice, because why not? It's spring love is in the air, so naturally we'll talk about everything but that in this edition.

Should I take a class that isn't really useful for me but I want to take anyway? (ANONYMOUS)

Weigh the pros against the cons. If you can't use the class for your college applications and such, will it at least be a nice break in your day? Does it align with your personal goals? Would it help you develop new skills and interests? Colleges often appreciate students who pursue their passions and demonstrate a willingness to challenge themselves.

Is high school too late to start playing a sport? (ANONYMOUS)

Absolutely not. It's never too late to try something new. It may seem tough to catch up to other players who have been playing at a competitive level for years, but if it's a goal that is really important to you and you're willing to work hard to achieve it, go for it. It's not impossible, but like most things in life, it will require a lot of hard work and dedication.

How do I keep a good balance between school and my personal life? I'm struggling right now. (ANONYMOUS)

That's a big mood. Finding a balance really just depends on the person. Different methods work for different people. I like to make lists, for a means of accountability. Some people use planners, or planner apps. If you're not a list kind of person you might want to look at what unnecessary activities might be taking up time that you might use productively. I know that I spend way too much time procrastinating on my phone or on the old demon box. You'd be surprised how much free time you can find when you lock your phone away for a day.

Yep, that's all for this time. I will continue to ignore all questions about romantic advice until y'all come up with something original. Advice should be heeded at one's own risk because quite frankly I don't know what I'm doing. I don't know, people ask questions and I answer them. (Well, if they're interesting). Please ask more interesting questions guys. Okay bye.



*Photo and Design by
Nathan Niu*