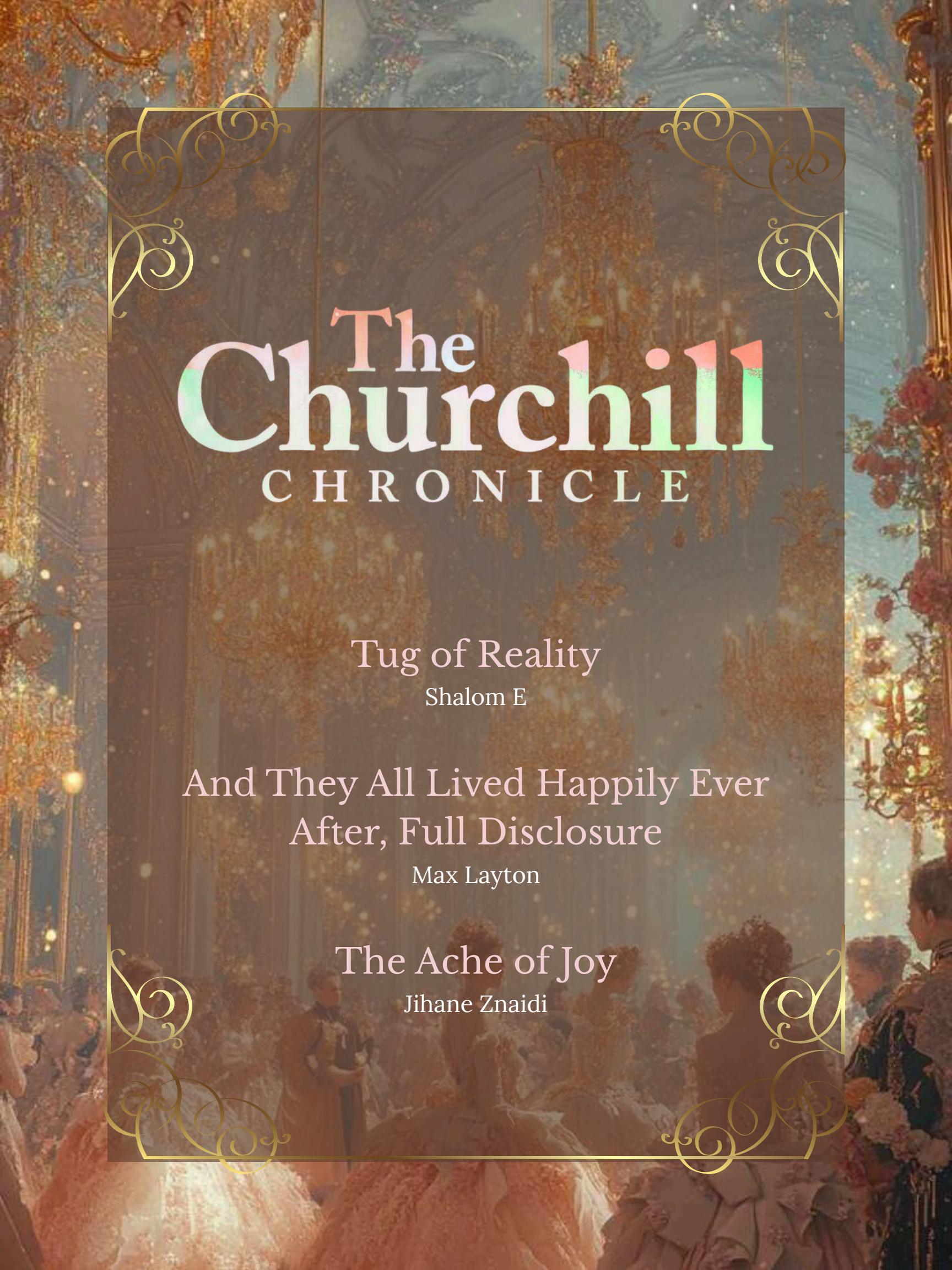




The Churchill CHRONICLE

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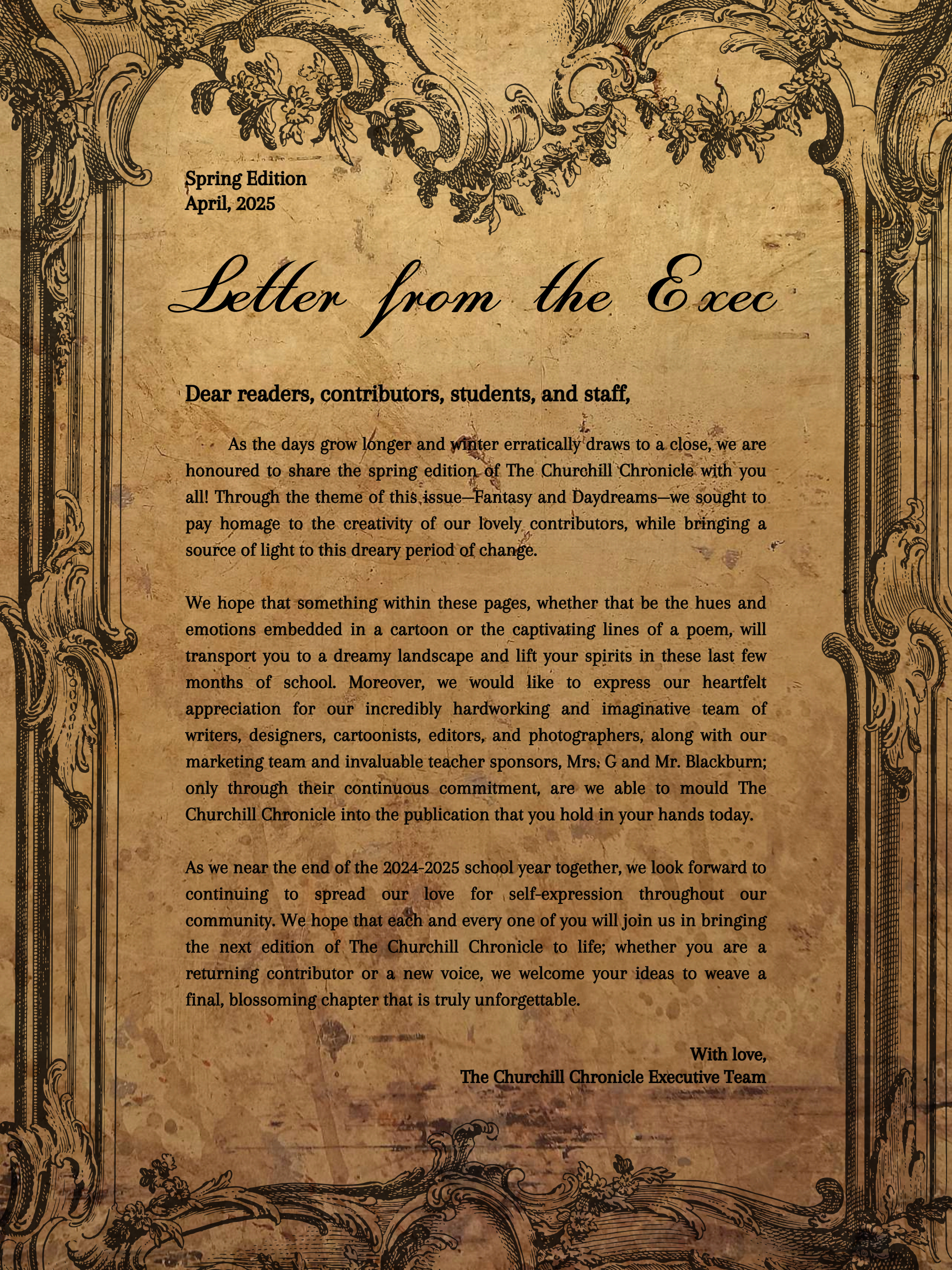
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Spring Edition
April, 2025

Letter from the Exec

Dear readers, contributors, students, and staff,

As the days grow longer and winter erratically draws to a close, we are honoured to share the spring edition of The Churchill Chronicle with you all! Through the theme of this issue—Fantasy and Daydreams—we sought to pay homage to the creativity of our lovely contributors, while bringing a source of light to this dreary period of change.

We hope that something within these pages, whether that be the hues and emotions embedded in a cartoon or the captivating lines of a poem, will transport you to a dreamy landscape and lift your spirits in these last few months of school. Moreover, we would like to express our heartfelt appreciation for our incredibly hardworking and imaginative team of writers, designers, cartoonists, editors, and photographers, along with our marketing team and invaluable teacher sponsors, Mrs. G and Mr. Blackburn; only through their continuous commitment, are we able to mould The Churchill Chronicle into the publication that you hold in your hands today.

As we near the end of the 2024-2025 school year together, we look forward to continuing to spread our love for self-expression throughout our community. We hope that each and every one of you will join us in bringing the next edition of The Churchill Chronicle to life; whether you are a returning contributor or a new voice, we welcome your ideas to weave a final, blossoming chapter that is truly unforgettable.

With love,
The Churchill Chronicle Executive Team

Playlist for Spring

As warmer weather begins to roll in, The Churchill Chronicle has curated a fresh and breezy playlist that captures the spirit of spring. As the hours of sunlight stretches on for longer, this playlist can be enjoyed on walks, while biking, or even during a picnic. Through these tunes, we hope to bring relaxation that makes spring an easygoing time of the year, despite all the exams!



The Kill

Thirty Seconds to Mars



Ride or Die

Jeff Satur



I Like Me Better

Lauv



Apple Cider

beabadoobee



Cheek to Cheek

Ella Fitzgerald and Louis Armstrong



Lighters

Bad Meets Evil and Bruno Mars



Lvl. 1

z3bb3



Picture You

Chappell Roan



The Lakes

Taylor Swift



No One Noticed

The Marías



Free

Florence + The Machine



Dream

SEVENTEEN



You Are The Reason

Callum Scott



DENIAL IS A RIVER

Doechi



(I've Had) The Time of My Life

Bill Medley and Jennifer Warnes



Room For You

Gretperez and Lyn Lapid



Spring Into Summer

Lizzie McAlpine



Tropical Therapy

ONE OK ROCK



Blinded

Carlo Redl



drive me crazy

Myles Lloyd



Metamorphosis

Infinity Song



wildflower

yung kai



Come Live With Me Angel

Marvin Gaye



Stereo Hearts

Gym Class Heroes



ブロードキャストパレード

叶 (Kanae)



Lightning Child

Raiko and Remi Willow



The Churchill Chronicle

Tug of Reality

Written by Shalom Falade

Abruptly woken by the tug of reality
A daydream so sweet, forgotten indefinitely.
You wipe the drool from around your lips.
Certain that whatever universe you were just
in, you'll miss

A abyss where imagination once bloomed
Closed up and sealed forever like a mummy in
a tomb.

But a mummy can be rediscovered.
And so can your dream, though buried deep

You hope to recall your time spent in an
illusion.

Often wishing that you could shift back,
clouded by delusion
The now-gone fantasy plagues your mind.
Making you grave the world left behind.

You draw the mellow sheets over your eyes.
Chasing the world where beauty and
perfection lie
But reality is a resilient string, impossible to
cut.

Tugging you back until the door is shut.



Photo taken by Clara



Photo taken by Clara

AND THEY ALL LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER, Full Disclosure.

THIS YEAR, OUR EXTREMELY TALENTED THEATRE DEPARTMENT AT CHURCHILL PUT THEIR VERY OWN SPIN ON THE ADDAMS FAMILY MUSICAL. WHILE MR. LAWRENCE BOLOKOSKI AND MR. JULIEN YOUNG ARE THE PRIMARY DIRECTORS FOR ALL PRODUCTIONS PERFORMED BY CHURCHILL, THIS YEAR THE PAIR GAVE THE GRADUATING CAST AND CREW MORE CREATIVE LIBERTIES.

ONE OF CHURCHILL'S GRADUATES THIS YEAR IS OUR EXCEPTIONAL HEAD TECHNICIAN OF LIGHTS AND SOUND, EUNICE YOUHANZHANG. EUNICE HAS BEEN A KEY COMPONENT OF ALL THREE PRODUCTIONS TAKEN PLACE DURING HER TIME AT CHURCHILL, BOTH LEARNING AND SIMULTANEOUSLY TEACHING BACK EVERYTHING SHE HAS LEARNT OVER THE PAST COUPLE OF YEARS. EUNICE SPENT A LARGE PORTION OF THIS YEAR WORKING ALONGSIDE OUR DEVOTED STAGE MANAGER, JIHANE ZNAIDI. THOUGH JIHANE HAS ONLY BEEN ACTIVE IN THE MAINSTAGE PRODUCTIONS FOR THE PAST TWO YEARS, SHE HAS EXCELLED AT THE ROLE SHE HAD BEEN GIVEN. CONNOR DANG, ANOTHER GRADUATING TECHNICIAN, COMMENTS, "[THE MUSICAL] WAS ONE OF...THE BEST EXPERIENCES I EVER HAD AT CHURCHILL." A COUPLE INDIVIDUALS IN THIS YEAR'S GRADUATING CLASS INVOLVED IN BOTH THE TECHNICAL ASPECT AND ACTING ASPECT INCLUDE DAVI GODOY ZVEIBIL AND MYSELF. FROM MY EXPERIENCES, WORKING AS A TECHNICIAN WHILE SIMULTANEOUSLY WORKING AS AN ACTOR IS INCREDIBLY TIME-CONSUMING, YET SO REWARDING ONCE THE PICTURE STARTS COMING TOGETHER.

ALONGSIDE THE TECHNICIANS, MANY OF THE ADDAMS FAMILY CAST WILL BE LEAVING BY THE END OF YEAR. INSTEAD OF RETURNING BACK TO THEIR CRYPTS, SEVERAL OF OUR BELOVED ANCESTORS WILL BE DANCING INTO THE WORKING WORLD: OUR ELEGANT FLIGHT ATTENDANT, VANESSA SANTELLA, OUR FABULOUS FLAPPER GIRL, SHARLENE ARCEO, OUR MAGNIFICENT GREEK, NIKKI TRAN, AND OUR KIDSPIRIT HIPPIE, SEV SIMBAJON. WITHOUT THE ADDAMS ANCESTORS, OUR SHOW WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN WHAT IT WAS. WITH MANY ANCESTORS BEING CROWD FAVOURITES, DRAWING ATTENTION TO THEMSELVES WITH AMAZING VOCALS AND INTENSE EXPRESSION, THE ADDAMS FAMILY MUSICAL WOULD NOT BE COMPLETE WITHOUT THEM. THAT BEING SAID, OUR ADDAMS ANCESTORS AREN'T THE ONLY ONES MOVING OUT OF THE MANOR. FIVE OF THE SEVEN IMMEDIATE ADDAMS FAMILY MEMBERS, ALONG WITH ONE OF OUR NEWEST BEINEKE MEMBERS, WILL BE WALKING AWAY FROM CENTRAL PARK. STILL UNSURE OF WHICH SIDE OF THE FAMILY SHE BELONGS TO, OUR DEAR OLD GRANDMA YANNI WONG WORKED EXCEPTIONALLY HARD IN HER ROLE AS GRANDMA ADDAMS. SHE, ALONG WITH THE CROWD-PLEASER, OUR PERSONAL FOOTBALL STAR, FESTER ADDAMS, PLAYED BY DAVI GODOY ZVEIBIL, WALKED AWAY BEING A VERY PROMINENT MEMORY FOR THE AUDIENCE.

TWO LOVE STORIES, BEING BOTH SOMETHING OLD AND SOMETHING NEW, HAVE BLOSSOMED INTO SOMETHING TRUE. ON THEIR WAY TO SEE PUPPY DOGS IN DISNEY WORLD, WEDNESDAY ADDAMS AND LUCAS ADDAMS (ONCE FORMALLY KNOWN AS LUCAS BEINEKE) WERE PLAYED BY THE VERY TALENTED AND KINDHEARTED SIMONE MICALAT AND MAX WEBER. THE PAIR CREATED A NEW LIFE FOR THE ADDAMS FAMILY MUSICAL AND COULD NOT HAVE BEEN BETTER FIT FOR THEIR CHARACTERS. NEARLY SENT TO EARLY GRAVES BY THIS NEWFOUND LOVE STORY, GOMEZ AND MORTICIA ADDAMS WERE PLAYED BY THE REMARKABLE DIEGO RIVERA AND YOURS TRULY. NO ONE COULD HAVE POSSIBLY CREATED A MORE COMPELLING GOMEZ THAN DIEGO RIVERA HIMSELF. DIEGO WORKED NONSTOP FOR THE ENTIRETY OF THE PRODUCTION, TO BE THE BEST HE COULD POSSIBLY BE. PLAYING HIS FABULOUS LADY WIFE WAS NOT ONLY AN HONOUR AND A PRIVILEGE, BUT AN EXPERIENCE I WILL TREASURE FOREVER.

EVERYONE INVOLVED IN SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL'S PRODUCTION OF THE ADDAMS FAMILY MUSICAL FROM 2024 TO 2025 WILL SURELY MOVE ON TO DO INCREDIBLE THINGS OUTSIDE OF HIGH SCHOOL AS THEY CONTINUE TO SPREAD LOVE AND TALENT IN EVERYTHING THEY DO. ON BEHALF OF ALL THE ADDAMS, THANK YOU FOR SUPPORTING US IN THIS JOURNEY, AND WE HOPE YOU ALL ENJOYED THE SHOW!

WITH COMPLETE DISDAIN,
MORTICIA ADDAMS / MAX LAYTON

THE ACH

Diane

Sadness is a critical point of the human experience - it is at the core of sincerity and the substance of connection. Without it, the world will exist as a muddle of plasticity. Constant spark means everything is on fire.

When an individual drops to the lowest depths of their capacity, it is as if the world itself is ripping at the seams, the stitches stretching thin, and the soul slipping through the wounds. Gargantuan, if you will, the size of these moments. Sorrow truly does make for sincerity, and when one has nowhere else to fall, nothing else to lose, and not one person to bother with the inconvenience of their emotion, these moments, as torturous as they are, are the proof of humanity. These are the moments I am grateful for; if not for their existence, happiness would be a shallow point on a map, a scuff in my timeline, however short or long it may be. Sadness is the reason that happiness is sought for.

A blizzard makes you appreciate the soft warmth of spring that much more, and the unforgiving heat of summer makes you yearn for the whistle of wind that fall provides.

And yet, happiness is a cruel thing. It does not arrive alone but tangled in the knowledge that it will leave. It is a flickering candle, casting gentle light only to remind us of the coming darkness. It wears the face of a friend's laughter, the warmth of a hand reaching across the abyss, the fragile quiet of a moment untouched by the weight of time. It settles into the cracks of sorrow like gold lining the fractures of old porcelain, never fixing, never undoing, only highlighting that there was once something broken, and even then there will still be a use for it.

LOVE OF JOY

In aid of

There is a peculiar ache in joy, an unspoken knowing that it is already slipping away even as it is felt. I have known this in the way friendships bloom with the promise of eternity only to fade like pressed flowers between the pages of an old book. I have seen it in the way childhood lingers like a ghost in places I no longer fit, in the way laughter from yesterday already sounds like an echo. Happiness does not stay—it was never meant to. It exists to remind us of what is fleeting, to make longing a permanent resident in our hearts.

And yet, we chase it. We build our lives around the pursuit of something we can never hold. But perhaps that is the point. Perhaps the tragedy of joy is what makes it beautiful, the same way stars are only bright because they are dying, the same way heaven is only longed for because we cannot stay.

Alas, sadness must remain. It is the counterweight to happiness, the tether that keeps it from floating beyond reach. To remove sorrow from life would be to strip it of depth, to exist in a world without shadows and therefore without light. The cycle is cruel, yes, but it is also the only way to truly feel alive.

Yet, just as winter collapses into spring, so too does sorrow give way to joy. And what a breathtaking thing it is—to step into the warmth after the cold has made a home in your bones, to feel the sunlight sink into your skin after months of grey. The laughter that comes after tears is sweeter and the embrace of a friend is more profound after loneliness. Even the simplest things—a song drifting through an open window, the golden light of late afternoon, the sound of someone saying your name with love—carry a depth they would not have without suffering.

We do not cherish spring simply because it is warm; we cherish it because we remember the frost. It is the ache of winter that makes the blooming of flowers so precious, the barrenness of trees that makes their revival so miraculous. So too, our happiest moments glow only because they rise from the ashes of pain. The human heart is a field that knows both the barrenness of winter and the wild, reckless bloom of spring. And it must. For without the cold, we would never know the wonder of warmth.

PROPERTY OF: *Clara S.* RETURN IF FOUND



Dopamine Daydream Behind a Screen

By: The Crumbs Underneath Your Oven

Photograph by Amogh Kumar

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THE END

TEN YEARS AGO, I WAS WANDERING AROUND THE STREETS AS USUAL. BARS, VENDORS, ARTISTS UNDER THEIR BOOTH'S STRIPED AWNINGS PROTRUDED OUT INTO THE SIDEWALK, WHILE VARIOUS PEOPLE OF ALL GATHERED AROUND IN THEIR VIBRANT COLOURS. THEIR CLOTHING SHONE IN THE SUN, ALL GLEAMING FLASHING COLOURS OF NEON. THERE WERE LIGHTS EVERYWHERE, BLINDING ME. EVERYONE WAS WEARING HI-VIS TO THE EXTENT WHERE THE VIBRANCY SEEMED TO BLEND INTO A COLOUR OF BROWN. IT WAS ALL BUSTLING BUSINESS, PEOPLE BUZZING AROUND THOSE LITTLE POP-UP SHOPS LIKE HOARDS OF FLIES.

WHAT WERE THEY EVEN SELLING? I DIDN'T BOTHER TO FURTHER LOOK INTO IT AT ALL. I NEEDED TO GET TO WHERE I WAS GOING. I BUZZED AWAY IN THE MIDST OF ALL THE FLIES, RAN DOWN THE SIDEWALK, PUTTING A VEIL OVER ALL MY SENSES. THE ONLY THING STOPPING ME WAS THE TEXTURE OF THE GROUND. IT WAS LITTERED WITH HEADLINES FROM NEWSPAPERS. IT MADE THE GROUND SMELL OF BURNT CHARCOAL. I PICKED ONE UP, "THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT? RESEARCHERS PREDICT..." THE REST OF IT MEANT NOTHING TO ME. PEOPLE WILL FLY AROUND LIKE FLIES REGARDLESS. THEY WILL CONDUCT BUSINESS LIKE HOARDS OF BLACK NEEDLES STITCHING THE AIR. WHATEVER GLOBAL DISASTER, WHATEVER THE FUTURE HOLDS, IT DOESN'T CHANGE THE PRESENT.

FIVE YEARS AGO, I WALKED ALONG THE STREET ONCE AGAIN IN MY UNCHANGING, DAILY ROUTINE. AT THIS POINT, I HAD LONG FORGOTTEN THE NEWSPAPER HEADLINE. NOTHING CHANGED. NEWSPAPERS NEVER FORESHADOW ANYTHING, AND THE FUTURE WAS SAID TO BE UNPREDICTABLE. THE FUTURE WAS UNPREDICTABLE BECAUSE EVERYONE LIKES TO SAY THAT SOMETHING GRAND WILL HAPPEN, BUT NO ONE UNDERSTANDS HOW THE UNCHANGING PRESENT IS THE BEST WAY TO PREDICT THE FUTURE. ON MY WAY TO CONDUCT BUSINESS, I SLIPPED ON THE GROUND. A PIECE OF PAPER STUCK ONTO MY SHOE. I PICKED IT UP, "THE END OF..." WHY HAS IT NOT HAPPENED YET THEN? IT'S BEEN 5 YEARS! WHY IS THE MEDIA FULL OF MISINFORMATION, THAT IS COLOURED IN ALL SORTS OF UNNATURAL WAYS? ALL JOURNALISTS ARE PHONIES. I CRUSH THE PAPER IN MY HANDS. THE INK WAS THE COLOUR OF HOUSEFLIES.

TODAY, I PASSED BY THE SAME STREET, ONLY TO FIND THAT THE STREETLIGHTS WERE DIMMED. THE VENDORS CEASED TO EXIST. THEIR AWNINGS TATTERED AND COLLAPSED. THE PLASTIC TABLES WERE COVERED IN DUST, WITH GOODS UNTOUCHED. EVERYONE SEEMED SMALLER, WRAPPED IN MUTED COLOURS THAT BLENDED WITH THE GROUND. PEOPLE EERILY WALKED, ALMOST LIMPING.

I STOPPED IN MY TRACKS, AND AN OLD NEWSPAPER FLEW INTO MY FACE, CLINGING ON LIKE A DESPERATE INSECT. THE INK HAD FADED, BUT I CAN STILL MAKE OUT THE HEADLINE, "THE END OF THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT. RESEARCHERS PREDICT THAT THERE WILL BE COMPLETE SILENCE IN TEN YEARS."

THE ARTICLE WAS TEN YEARS OLD.

FOR THE FIRST TIME, I UNDERSTOOD. THE END WAS NEVER A GRANDIOSE, FIRED APOCALYPSE. IT WAS NOT A SUDDEN EVENT ANNOUNCED WITH EMERGENCY ALARMS THROWING FLIES OFF THEIR BALANCE. NO.

THE END HAD ALREADY HAPPENED.

IT HAD TO COME SLOWLY, CRAWLING UNNOTICED LIKE ROT IN THE FOUNDATION OF A HOUSE. IT WHISPERED ITS PRESENCE IN QUIET VOICES, IN THE FADING URGENCY OF THOSE WHO RUSH TO COMPLETE BUSINESS, THOSE WHO RUSH THEIR LIVES IN THE PRESENT MOMENT. THE FUTURE HAD ARRIVED, AND I HAD WALKED RIGHT PAST IT.

I LET THE PAPER SLIP FROM MY FINGERS. IT FLEW DOWN TO THE GROUND, JOINING THE OTHERS. THE FLIES WERE STILL FLYING.



Written By: **M. S.** ————— Photograph By: **A. Chauhan**

In some sense, we are all escape artists. Some vanish behind the inky pages of novels, living lives beyond their own. Some immerse themselves in a wave of melodies, allowing music to take control of their emotions. Others escape through movement - running, skating, swimming - chasing a freedom found only beyond reality.

But is escaping truly synonymous with leaving?

When we step beyond reality, are we abandoning it or are we expanding it? Is it just seeing the world differently? A writer lost within words is no different from a painter lost within brushstrokes. Both of them create worlds they seek to exist in, beyond the one they inhabit.

Yet, many believe that escaping reality is being unwilling to face it - to be ignorant. Maybe it has nothing to do with our current world but more to do with searching for freedoms beyond our reach. A writer doesn't necessarily write stories of other worlds because they reject this one. They write to pull the curtain that separates imagination from reality, revealing what the rest of us haven't yet seen. They publish their imaginations, merging the mundane with the magical.

So maybe escape isn't about leaving realities behind - rather, it's about returning with the vision to reimagine it.

Hiba Rauf

WHEN THE SUN LOSES ITS SPARK,
AND THE MOON TAKES ON ITS MARK;

WHEN THE STARS STAND BRAZENLY IN THE
SKY,
AND THE WIND RESTS WITH A SIGH;

WHEN THE THOUGHTS THAT REMAINED
CAPTIVE,
UNSHACKLE AND BECOME ACTIVE,

IS WHEN THE WORLD OF ENDLESS STORIES
SHOW THEIR ABSOLUTE GLORIES.

IN WHISPERED DREAMS AND SHADOWED
LIGHTS
STORIES DANCE AND WEAVE IN THE SILENT
NIGHT.

SOMEWHERE, A LAMP IS RUBBED,
AND A WISH COMES ON IN A SURGING FLOOD.

WORLDS FROM ALL IMAGINATIONS COLLIDE,
LEAVING NOT A SINGLE THOUGHT TO REMAIN
DRIED.

WHERE THE WORLD TRIES TO STIFLE MY
DREAMS,
THE NIGHT COMES WITH ITS CAREFREE
BEAMS.

AS TALES OF WONDER, LOST AND FOUND,
ECHO SOFTLY ALL AROUND,

ITS MAGIC LINGERS EVERYWHERE,
ALL THROUGH THE MIDNIGHT AIR.

ONLY UNTIL THE DAWN BEGINS TO RISE
ONLY THEN DO THEY ALL RETREAT WITH
HUSHED GOODBYES.



Endless Stories And Glories 12

WE SHOULD ALL daydream MORE OFTEN

◆ Gorankshi Nandrajog

The human brain was not built to handle a constant barrage of information and sensory input being thrown at it. Think of the brain like a computer. If you stay on your computer for twelve hours a day running six different programs on it, it'll overheat. It'll start glitching and bugging. That is what the human brain does too, when it is made to process information constantly. Chronic stress causes wear and tear in the brain. Mental fatigue in teenagers and high school students is at an all-time global high.



Khushi Grewal

So then what is the solution? How does one defrag one's brain?

The leading experts in neuroscience recommend the simple activity of doing nothing, for twenty minutes a day; devoid of any visual or auditory distractions (listening to music or watching TV does not count as 'doing nothing'!)



Jonathan Su

Making space in your schedule to sit down on the floor and do nothing for a few minutes everyday allows your brain to process experiences, consolidate memories, and reinforce learning. Essentially, doing nothing for a while will make you smarter. It gives your brain a minute to catch up to everything that's been going on around it. While you are sitting there, taking in your surroundings, your brain is running important repairs behind the scenes to improve your executive functioning.

So incorporate breaks while studying, and consider not spending all your free time on social media. If you are able to, go outside and enjoy the fresh air, and look at a tree! Sit in a park and daydream to your heart's content, knowing that you are actively helping yourself by doing so.

STRANGENESS

Sometimes I get a strange feeling
a feeling of presentness.

It is abandonment of the past; ignorance of the future
in exchange for an instant of existence.

Sometimes I get a strange feeling
a feeling of pastness

It is a rejection of the future; ignorance of the present
in exchange for...

I don't even know myself.

Sometimes I get a strange feeling
a feeling of futureness

It is aspiration; it is hope. It is ambition.

In exchange for presentness.

No time passes with linearity
no river flows in a straight line

A droplet might turn, swirl, and get lost in the currents underneath
another might find themselves falling off a cliff

Droplet is not the word to describe the scene
in presentness, the raw power and beauty seizes me:
the rushing rapids, the roaring falls.

Is it not strange that in my futureness,
we fear the waterfall ahead
but in a split second it's gone
and it will be a one time trip.

Is it not strange that in my presentness,
I do everything to maximize the moment.
The waterfall is a dive into the unknown,
the beckoning of new life.

Is it not strange that in pastness,
I fear nothing?

What do I need to fear? The future? The present?
The past is upon me. I can see it.

You can see it too. Turn around, but not right now.

Wait, and once you start feeling strange,
it's probably too late.

Qinkai L.



Loonie



Daydreaming:



Once Applauded, Now A Distraction

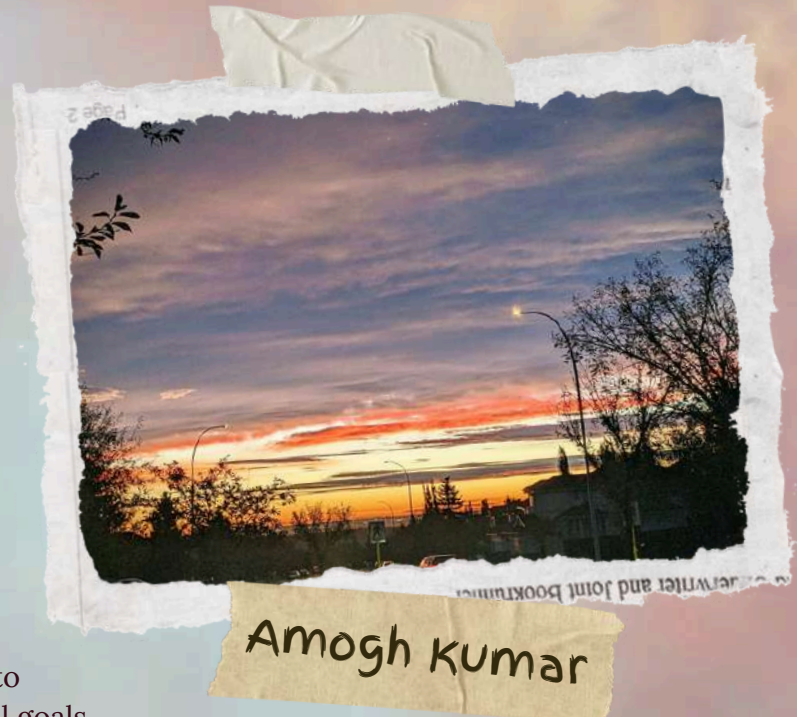
Geet D.

If you ask **most** teenagers what they think of their childhood, most of them would call it a blur, but also one of the happiest moments of their life. To be fair, when we were young, we lived a life full of wonder and imagination. New obstacles were subconsciously treated as opportunities to grow & learn, rather than a burden. In short, we actually lived our life, rather than just existing and watching it go by. One of the key reasons as to why we live differently now is the shift in societal perspective of daydreaming, and the fantasizing of our future.

How do societal perspectives change as we get older?

When we were young, we were encouraged to think big and have ambitious goals for the future. Many of us dreamed of being doctors, engineers, rocket scientists, and artists. Every drawing we made, every imaginary world we created, and every dream we spoke of was met with encouragement. "You can be anything you want," was a phrase we heard often. Daydreaming was seen as a sign of creativity, curiosity, and potential.

But as we grow older, the societal perspective of daydreaming shifts. The very dreams that were once met with applause started to be seen as distractions. Schools emphasize productivity, efficiency, and measurable success over exploration and creativity. Society labels daydreaming as "wasting time" once we're older and exposed to real-world challenges, and we are pushed to focus on practical goals, realistic expectations, and structured paths. The imaginative worlds we once created are now deemed childish, and our futures are shaped by responsibility rather than curiosity.



Why should we embrace daydreaming once again?

However, I truly believe that we should still adopt our previous mindset, and well... become a bit more delusional. In this way, manifestation of our thoughts & beliefs can turn into our reality. When we allow ourselves to dream without limits, we unlock a version of ourselves that we thought would have never thought would have come true, even in our wildest dreams. Some of the world's greatest innovators and visionaries were seen as dreamers before they became pioneers. The ability to imagine something greater—something that doesn't yet exist—is what fuels progress.

Manifestation is a mindset. The more we visualize our goals and allow ourselves to believe in them, the more likely we are to take the necessary steps to make them a reality. If we constantly tell ourselves that our dreams are unrealistic, we shut down opportunities before they even have the chance to materialize.

It's time we bring back a little bit of our childhood wonder, and let ourselves dream once again. Because at the end of the day, we only live once.

Reveries of a Distant Time Period

From Siena Norton

I often imagine myself as a girl living in the charming world of the past. Sometimes, I wonder how different my life would be if I lived in a time when phones did not exist and people were forced to find different ways of spending their pastimes. I wonder what it would be like to live in a time when what is now thought of as antique was then considered modern and quite advanced for the time. The second I step into an old home or catch a glimpse of a person's charming antique collection, it transports me into a completely different time period — one that seems so close, yet is so far away.

It is as if my mind has been rewired to only appreciate objects that come from the past, once owned by a person who existed in that time period. Rather than looking for the newest computer models, I look at typewriters and imagine myself writing literature on an antiquated typewriter that once belonged, perhaps, to a girl from the past who also shared my everlasting love for the art of prose and literature. It is easy for me to admire the times when people wrote love letters to their distant lovers or relatives with a pretty seal that added an element of authenticity to the letter itself, representing a strong connection between the sender and the receiver. There is really nothing more beautiful and authentic than the written language. Ultimately, it is more than just typewriters and letters that impress me about the past. With every remnant of the past comes an invitation to a distant time period and yet another fanciful dream.

I vaguely remember the days I stepped into a charming, old house in the countryside of Sooke, British Columbia, or into a family friend's cozy home located in the community of Varsity. Those homes brought me a kind of comfort that I had seldom experienced in my life just by stepping in a home. They were full of antiques and old furniture that were likely well-used by those who had possessed them. I always pictured what it would have been like to be part of the family who first called the Sooke place home back in the late 1800s to early 1900s.



Lucy Sun

They experienced living in the countryside, away from the bustling city life that many were accustomed to, and probably did not think much of it as they were used to living the quiet life. Little did they know that over one hundred years later, a girl would be sleeping in the same exact room as they did, musing about how wonderful their lives must have been, living a quiet life in a charming home out in the countryside. My fantasies and dreams did not end there. The family friend's home also had so many stories attached to it. I was always fascinated when he would enlighten us with the stories of his past - stories that were both heartwarming and depressing in their own ways. Every object in his house had a story behind it, and that is what made it feel so authentic and beautiful.

My mind was consumed with reveries from a distant time period and longing for something that was simply elusive. Even though the past is romanticized through antiques passed down from generation to generation, nothing was perfect about it. People had to fight for their rights and did not experience the freedom that we have been blessed with in the present.

The girl that slept in the same room as I did in the Sooke house probably felt limited in her options and restricted in her rights. She probably wanted to escape the very time period that I dream about. With that being said, I am content to keep my relationship with the past to mere reveries of a time period that has been romanticized, very much so, in my mind.

The PARADISE THORNS

MOVIE REVIEW BY FARAH

Summary

This Thai thriller takes place in the rural village of Mae Hong Son. Thongkam and Sek, a gay couple, tirelessly built a durian orchard together and created a home for themselves. However, after a tragic accident, Sek dies. Since same-sex marriage is not legalized in Thailand yet, Thongkam is left with no rights to the orchard as the land deed was only under Sek's name. Both their house and orchard belong to Sek's mother, who moves in with her adopted daughter, Mo, and Mo's brother, Jingna. Mo wants to gain ownership of the land, so she tries to persuade Sek's mom into signing over the land deed. Thongkam must now fight for the rights to his land.

Review: May contain spoilers

This movie is not for the faint heart. I wanted to cry, scream and punch things when it finished. I love that they didn't sugar coat this issue, or try to make the characters likeable; it's grounded in reality, and they reveal the darkest parts of human nature. It brings attention to the interplay between feminism and LGBTQ+ issues. These marginalized groups are pitted against each other when the real villain is the system society put in place to marginalize them. It's so frustrating to watch the victims fight each other instead of their oppressors, but this is the unfortunate reality that exists in this world. All of the characters are vile, but pitiful at the same time. You can't help but root for Thongkam because of how unfair the justice system is. He put all of his assets into building the orchard, but just because he is a gay man, he can't claim ownership. However, he often uses violence to fight, specifically towards Mo. At first glance, Mo seems selfish for wanting to take the orchard away from Thongkam, but she has her reasons as well. She barely has any power, being an uneducated and unmarried woman living in poverty. You can't blame her for wanting some semblance of power to better her life. I do have a few criticisms though: the pacing can be awkward at times, due to the time restraints. Specifically, Thongkam and Jingna's relationship isn't well developed. They're cute, but since we don't get to see their relationship fully develop, it feels superficial. Overall, I highly recommend this movie. The plot, the acting, the soundtrack—everything brings out the intense emotions. Heed the trigger warnings, however, as this movie contains gore, violence, and attempted sexual assault.



Photo by
Mikayla Girard

Lost

Beneath a sky of sapphire dreams,
Between the endless streets I wander.
I linger through the realm of magic and stars,
Disappointed when I don't see cars.

Trapped in a body that's not mine,
I feel helpless, I don't have time.
The road I knew has slipped from sight,
Though shadows appear in this fading light.



The air is heavy with silent fears,
A land of magic, and one of tears,
The fairies laugh, and most take flight,
But one fairy in particular just doesn't seem right.

She's different and she doesn't fit in,
More human-like than the rest.
Like me,
She was a guest.
In the end, we were both foreigners left to roam,
Strangers to this kingdom,
Longing for home.

Minnah Olajobi



To whom it may concern,

Parnian Kashif

You find yourself standing on the edge of bitter contemplation.
Letting life fly past you; trapped in place.
The hands of time spinning at a pace you can't keep up with,
Days turn into months, hours into seconds.
You've wasted your youth dreaming about a future that has yet to arrive,
But reclusively withheld yourself from a life of fulfillment.

How long will you continue to indulge in aimless reveries?
To give false meaning to the meaningless,
And let purpose slip right through your fingers?
How far can you make it—keeping your body alive,
But never your soul?

You clasp onto life's fragile hand with reluctance,
As if you'd let it fall at any moment,
Dwelling over the life you could've lived,
Yet forgetting about the one you have.

If only you could escape that morbid trance,
And relish in the elementary moments of existence.
Advancing forth and grabbing life in your arms,
You could find purpose within it.

Through being held in your loved one's embrace,
Or hearing the melodies of your favourite songs,
Or simply just by watching the sun rise another day.



Amie Naqvi

To Be Named by Thee

UNLEASH THY NAME, THAT IT BE SUNG ALOUD,
HIGH 'BOVE THE FIRMAMENT, WHERE SERAPHS TREAD,
TO BE THY WISH, THY WHISPER 'MIDST THE CLOUD,
TO SOAR WHERE BIRDS THEIR GOLDEN PINIONS SPREAD,
AND IN THY LONGING'S TENDER GRASP BE LED.

UPON MY BREAST, THY NAME IS GRAVEN DEEP,
NO GOD NOR FATE CAN BLOT THEE FROM MY MIND,
NOR WRETCHED TIME, IN ENVIOUS BID TO SWEEP
THY LOVE AWAY—AH, LOVE, FOREVER BLIND
TO MORTAL HANDS THAT SEEK TO STRIKE OR BIND.

I FLEE, YET NEVER FAR FROM THEE I GO,
FOR E'EN THE HEAVENS DO THY VISAGE KEEP.
I PLUNGE BENEATH THE OCEAN'S SHIFTING FLOW,
YET STILL THE WAVES THY BREATHLESS WHISPERS WEEP,
AND CALL THY NAME WITHIN THEIR BRINY DEEP.

I SEEK IN DEATH THE SOLACE TO BE FREE,
YET GRIEF ITSELF RESOUNDS WITH ECHOES THINE.
I TREAD WHERE DREAMS AND PHANTOMS SOFT DECREE,
YET ALL IS FILLED WITH VISIONS MOST DIVINE—
THY SHADE, THY SOUL, FOREVER PRESSING MINE.

OH, **TO BE NAMED BY THEE**, MY HEART'S DELIGHT,
TO BE THY WISH, TO SOAR WITH THEE IN FLIGHT!

Sahar K.



Lucas Mei

PHOTO GALLERY



MINH TRAN



LUCY SUN

PHOTO GALLERY



