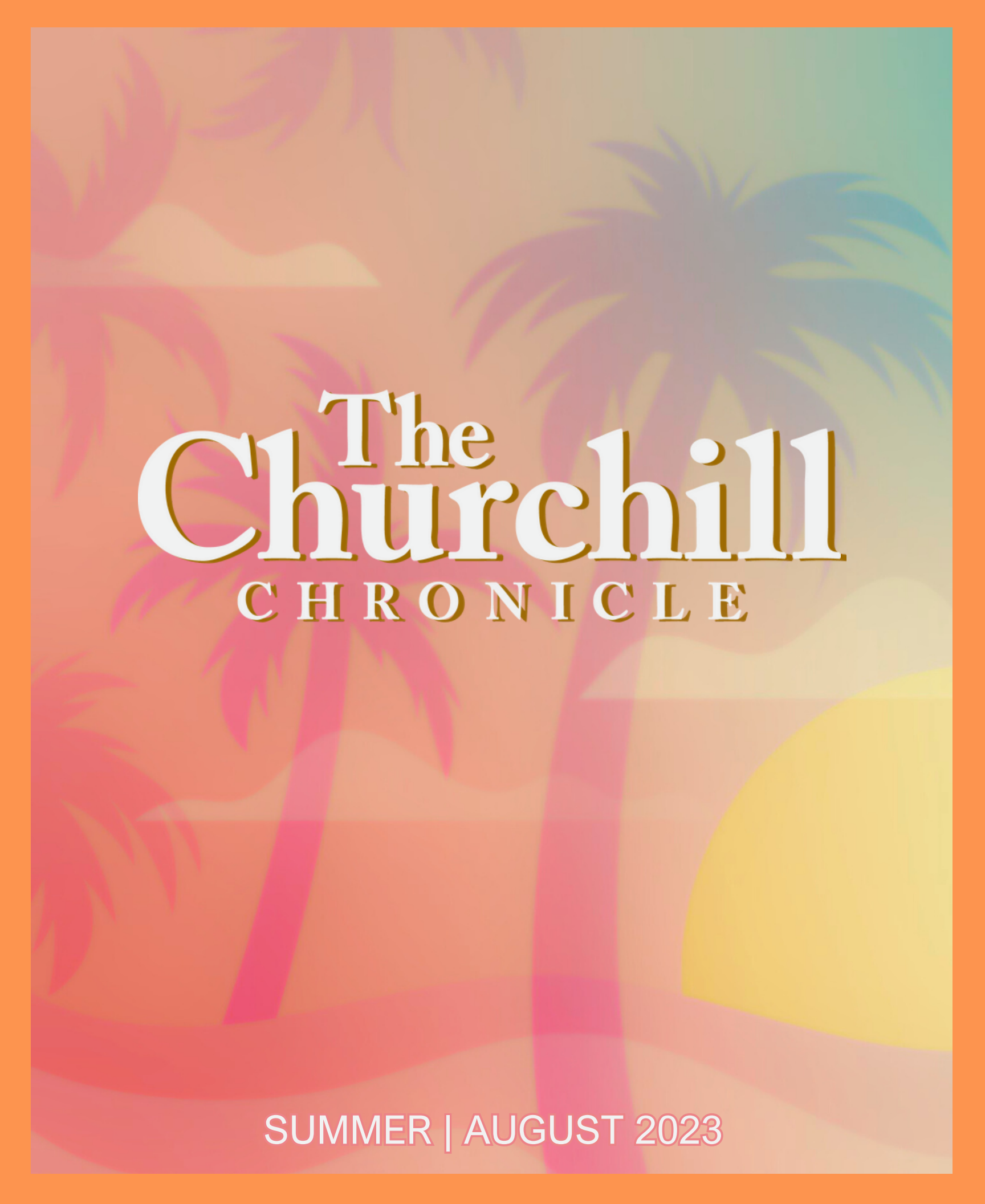


The background of the cover is a vibrant, stylized illustration of a tropical scene. It features several palm trees in shades of pink, red, and blue, set against a warm gradient of orange, yellow, and green. A large, bright yellow sun is partially visible on the right side, suggesting a sunset or sunrise. The overall aesthetic is modern and artistic.

# The Churchill

## CHRONICLE

SUMMER | AUGUST 2023

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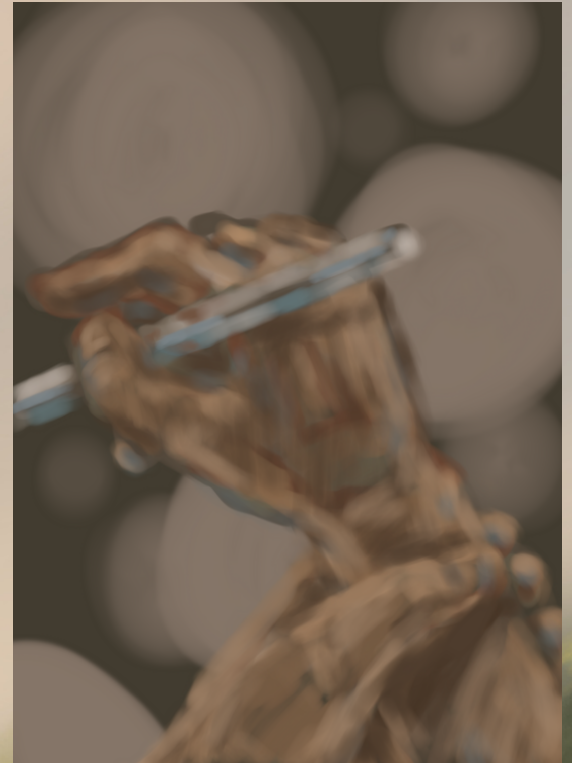
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# WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE TO OUR GRADE 10s?



Not to worry! Genuinely. It's not as scary as they say it will be and you will get used to it fast.  
~ Truth-Teller

Don't stress, just go with the flow  
~ Saif

Buy comfy shoes because you're going to walk A LOT  
~ Arsema

Don't hang onto people too tightly. People change and it's ok to let go sometimes.  
~ Wise Person

Don't stress too much about your grades. Grade 10 is the year to fit in and adjust.  
~ Unknown

Instead of staying up later to study, just sleep earlier and study in tutorials. It really helps a lot.  
~ Genius

Join clubs that interest you right away instead of waiting till grade 11  
~ Ziya

Attend tutorials frequently and do not be afraid to ask teachers questions.  
~ Daniel

Do not walk slowly, stop to talk to friends or run and shove in the hallways.  
~ Basically everyone

Be okay with getting lower grades when you are first adjusting to the classes and teachers  
~ Ziya

NEVER BACK DOWN, NEVER GIVE UP  
~ Samir

Make new friends from different classes  
~ Unknown



Drop out.  
~ Aspiring Entrepreneur





# WHAT IS YOUR ADVICE TO OUR GRADE 10s?



Don't get overwhelmed because of procrastination. Try your best and let everything else fall into place <3  
~ Unknown

Take a screenshot of the school map and like it to find it quickly.  
~ Davi

Be open to meeting others and stepping outside of your comfort zone  
~ Unknown

Do not sit next to a someone you think is cute first week of school  
~ Anonymous

Make a commitment to starting, it's much more motivating than trying to finish a goal you've set  
~ Motivational Speaker of the Year

Please don't procrastinate on your work, prioritize your health but also make time for homework!!  
~ Ryan

Roll with change, it's inevitable and will happen even when you least thing so just breathe and go along with it  
~ Change Surfer

Sit next to strangers, they're just friends you haven't met yet  
~ Friendship Master

Nobody is paying attention, they're too busy worrying about themselves. Go for it.  
~ Reality Check Sage

Memorize where the bathrooms are and the least busy one, your classroom numbers and what's near your locker  
~ Location Scout

Stay organized. Agendas and to-do lists are your best friend  
~ Nola

Do not wait until the end of the semester to start to bring your grades up  
~ Fax Machine



Run, don't look back.  
~ Anonymous



# GROWING PAINS

*Adora Chen*

When you were younger, you could travel across seas within seconds of your mind. The sand flossed in between your fingers with a certain warmth of the happy sun on the coasts of San Diego. Colours and cultures danced across your eyesight as you strolled through the eccentric streets of Spain. You saw Australia's oceans flush with excitement as wildlife tunnelled through the erratic, blue waves. And yet, your childhood home was still your mind's favourite holiday; you remember



RESTRICTED GROWTH  
CARTOON BY CINDY CHENG

watching the clouds go by in your backyard and tracing the shapes with the tip of your finger. If we dusted your heart today, I bet we'd find the prints from that same finger pressed on all the most vulnerable parts.

You once measured yourself in the number of friends you had at recess, and how high you could count up to before falling asleep. You once measured yourself in the grade on report cards and the numbers on the scale. There was once a time when you laughed as the world collapsed around you in crumbles, because it would always begin again in the morning, in the form of soft stuffed animals and fresh packs of pencil crayons.

But then it was over. Time passed and things changed. You found that loneliness morphed into the shadows of solitude, and you remember watching versions of yourself disappear and reemerge. But suddenly, there you were, in front of the big, lit, mirrors of the nearest mall outlet store, staring at yourself in the princess gown you bought for prom that surely would have made five-year-old you squeal in pure ecstasy.

How ironic - at the end of your childhood, you can remember her again.



August, 2023

“Time waits for no one”,  
It’s a bitter pill to swallow.

One good, yet bad.

I think to 5 years ahead, 5 years back  
Where will I be, where was I before?  
I see pictures of the little energetic girl,  
I smile, then cry bitter, bitter tears.

Where did she go?

Sometimes I hear casual things like;  
“The next World Cup is in 4 years!”

And it hits me.

Those years will fly by like my previous 15,  
I’ll be 19, but who will I be?

I remember being so excited to go to high  
school,  
To be mature and responsible like the older  
kids,  
To have freedom.

Now that I’m here, I want to tell little me  
that she was kind of right.  
Junior high was nothing like you expected,  
but if you saw the growth we went through, I  
think you would be proud.

I miss you and wish someone would’ve  
stood up for you.  
You’re such an amazing kid, and we’ll live on  
to do great things.

Time waits for no one, so all we can do is  
mourn the loss of our childhood, hope for  
the future, and live in the present as much  
as we can.

# THE UNIVERSE'S PARADOX

Even things so far away  
We cannot see,  
cannot imagine,  
cannot feel.

Do things work the same?  
Because even though the Universe has birthed  
An infinite number of stars,  
My line of sight does not end on one.

It should be a blinding wash of starlight.  
Yet all I see  
Is the plaguing  
Darkness.

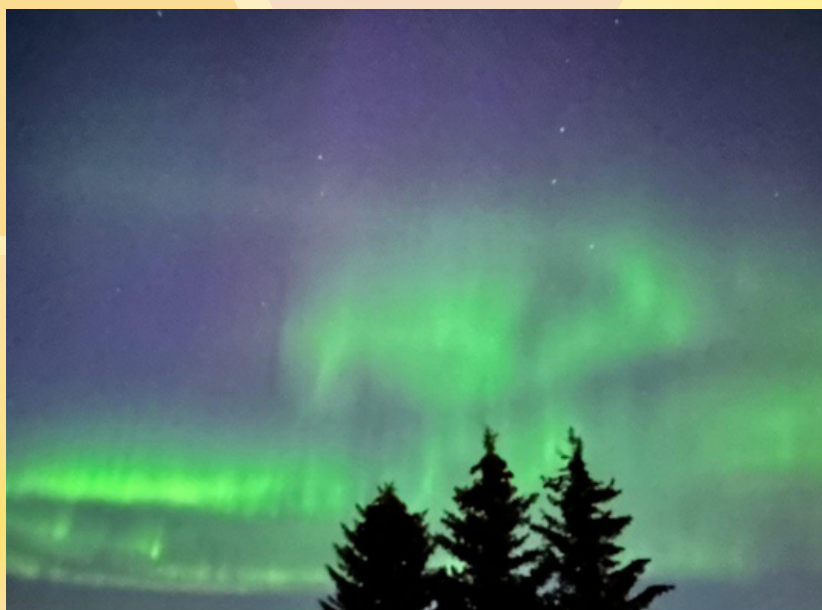
Do things not work the same?  
Are things not static?  
Not unmoving?  
Has every star not occupied the same space in our sky?

Therein lies the paradox:  
The universe is continually growing,  
Pushing and pulling—expanding outwards,  
It is embedded in its very nature.

Celestial bodies float in the black sea,  
Drifting farther and farther apart.  
Everything inside of the Universe becomes  
lonelier and lonelier and lonelier.

Things do not work the same.  
The darkness engulfs us.  
The light, if it exists, is cloaked in blackness.  
But then I realise:

It's you.  
The blinding wash of starlight.  
I could stand anywhere and I swear my line of sight would end on you.  
I swear I would find you in the dark.



PHOTOGRAPH BY RYAN YEE



# Outgrown Myths

by Sharlene Arceo

It is a staple childhood experience for many of us to be warned eerily by an adult in our lives that “if we sit too close to the TV we’ll go blind,” or that “swallowed gum won’t digest for years.” In our youth, the truth is that we most likely believed them and even whispered them to our friends at recess until they spread like wildfire. To help you overcome any unreasonable fears, here are three examples of common myths that are entirely false.

“If you go out in the cold with wet hair, you’ll catch a cold.” Catching colds come from viruses, so they most likely originate from contact with others. When you go out in the cold, the extent of your sickness may just be a runny nose.

“Sugar can cause hyperactivity.” If your parents told you this as a kid, it was all a ruse to stop you from eating sugar before bed. Sugar is more likely to cause spikes in adrenaline, which is different from your so-called “sugar rush.”

“Sit too close to the TV and you’ll go blind.” We often heard this as a kid, but a myth is all it is. There have been no genuine signs that link TV screens to sight loss. Although, it is still a good idea to keep a good distance, as continued exposure that close may build headaches.

As we get older, we begin to realize that those myths we thought were so crazy as kids, were never really true after all. We also realize that maybe there was a greater intention behind these silly old myths we were told. Who knows, maybe you’ll be telling your kids similar tales.



photograph by

Kelly He

# Learning to Grow as a Person

Written By: Sing Kan

Growth is a term used in various contexts. Whether it's personal growth, professional growth, or even economic growth, there are many ways the term growth can present itself in our lives. But what does growth mean?

Growth refers to the process of development or expansion, and it can take many different forms. For an individual, growth can mean learning a new skill, expanding our knowledge, and becoming better versions of ourselves. However, growth is not just about expansion or material gain. Personal growth can also mean improving our mental health or developing stronger relationships with the people in our lives.

I encourage every one of you to strive for growth in your lives and to never stop learning and developing. By embracing growth and embracing the challenges that come with it, we can achieve great things and make a meaningful impact on the world around us.

Time - By Anonymous

We  
surely  
and slowly  
As time goes by,  
realize,

Life should not

be pushed aside,

not too late,

And all

you can do,

For the

inevitable

fate to take place.

Yet sometimes it is  
sought  
xybnos

Raisa Tather



# MOSAIC OF MEMORIES

ANONYMOUS

I once read somewhere that everything that happens to you becomes a part of you. That, like a mosaic, the people you know and the people you once knew become part of the foundation of who you become, and you carry a piece of all the people you've ever loved in your back pocket. Like how you might smile the same way your best friend did in elementary school. Or, how you might make ramen the same way as your college roommate. Or, how you might revisit the same music your first love introduced you to, or how you might write your 7's with a line through the middle like your seventh-grade math teacher. Even as people weave in and out of your life, they become a part of you. Although many of them will stop being a core part of your life, you take a small part of them with you, whether or not you realize it.

But what about the people that hurt you?

The scars on your arms and the scars on your heart. Do they remain? Do they, too, become a part of you? Will they continue to haunt you, day in and day out, for the rest of your life? Will you remember the yelling, the screaming, and the crying? And what about the people you've lost—perhaps to distance, or perhaps to mortality?

Will you ever be free of those memories?

The bitter truth is that there might not be a way to “get over” painful memories. You might not ever fully outgrow these memories. They are a part of you. But that doesn't have to be a bad thing.

You don't have to be afraid. You don't have to be haunted by your experiences for an eternity. It's still okay to feel burdened by something that hurt you many years ago. And it's still okay to cry. Unfortunately, growing up can sometimes bear difficult memories. There are good, and there are bad. But rejecting these memories as a part of us gets us nowhere. It's okay to have those memories. And it's okay if they can't be shaken off. They don't have to shape who you are.

**It is the meaning we create from our experiences, not the experiences themselves, that shape who we are.**

# Strings

EVA WHYTE

Fingers dancing across strings,  
With a twitch and flick of a wrist,  
You dance--

Swaying to an unknown beat,  
Stumbling as the tempo swells,  
Faster and faster,  
Flying across the stage.

A still audience watches,  
Faces blurred against the glare of the light,  
Unmoved.

The soles of your feet bleed,  
Muscles ache,  
Lungs burn,  
Mouth stitched into an everlasting smile.

The silent melody crescendos:  
Threads jerked vigorously,  
Twisting limbs,  
Bending bones,  
Wrenching you through this sardonic dance.

Abruptly,  
The wire slackens,  
Pooling at your feet,  
Violently lurching you forward.

You take a bow,  
Hips hinging at the waist,  
Loosely,  
Your body hanging precariously,

Lifeless.

Dreading the next curtain call.

Over and Over  
again

RACHEL CHENG



*blanket.*

the boy sits, in the  
dusted shadows of a sunlit room,  
curtains half drawn  
his fingers work softly,  
continuing to sew threads together,  
even at the pricking of his prints  
he does not pay mind to the crimson that sinks  
into the cloth  
from his veins.

he seems like a puppet,  
needle and string cutting  
through his own delicate hands,  
all for the blanket he sews, day and night,  
made from his very own  
blood and bone.

the stitches of the quilt are made  
with his soul,  
the pieces of his heart, the very seams.  
until the blanket that he sews,  
is all that he can ever hope to be.

**blanket.**  
**blanket.**  
**blanket.**

*By Moumita Murshed.*

# IT WAS NEVER SAID

SUBASHINI

A faded piece of parchment was bound with a strand of twine and a fuchsia rose. The letter was found one night, left at the foot of a twin-sized bed as the hands tauntingly ticked to half past two. The words read painstakingly slowly, with the curve of every letter “l” and delicate placement of a dot on the “i” - Dear Ellisa. It would be enough to bring renewed wetness to her cheeks. She would find it infuriating that forever and goodbye coexisted. Ellisa placed the letter at the bottom of her dresser, underneath a curved nook, all the while her eyes licked shut like the seal of an envelope.

Ellisa sat at the edge of her bed, her knees tucked beneath her. Tears pricked at her eyelids, daring an escape. She made a futile attempt to wipe the evidence trailing down her face, but to her dismay, they kept falling without an end in sight. Each made a dark splotch on her white comforter. Ellisa let the shutters open but the aching in her body made it difficult to breathe in the rush of cool air. The loss consumed so much of her that it felt as if she was forced to swallow a gush of fast wind that caused her stomach to keel. Tomorrow would prove to be futile; as for every day after. It was all too much. But Ellisa promised to grasp the petals of every smile, every moment of goodness that left her feeling able to carry on - or at the very least, try to.

Ellisa stood. She bent down, her white gown suddenly veiled in dust, and she grasped the rectangular piece of paper once more. Blurry. Unrecognizable. Gone. Ellisa brought her feet closer to the heat of the fire, and let the ashes of paper waltz around her shadowed night dress.

Ellisa left the room for the first time that month clasping brown petals in her hand as she sang a soft melody letting her voice carry grief for what it was without end.



Photo by  
Cami Hsieh

# Zoned *by Jinjou Wang*



## Background:

Nearly all North American municipalities have some form of zoning, or rules surrounding land use. It's meant to be a tool that enables more effective city planning by designating certain areas as suitable for residential use and prohibiting other uses in those areas.

This is a particularly staggering obstacle when it comes to building affordable housing since large condominiums or townhouses are out of the picture. These zoning regulations are often held in place by local NIMBYs (which stands for Not In My Backyard) who are worried about increased traffic, noise, pollution, or about potential decreases in their property values. The power of NIMBYs is clear to see - over 82% of residential land in the Bay Area of California is single-family only, and proposals from as recently as 2018 to create affordable housing were petitioned down.

Are NIMBYs protecting their interests, or throwing low-income families underneath the housing bus?

## Pros:

Many NIMBYs believe they are simply advocating for their interests and protecting the character of the neighbourhood. Some of the concerns surrounding new development are extremely intuitive: many don't want to be surrounded by tall apartment buildings or busy roads. It can also be seen as the exercise of local democracy wherein people advocate on their behalf. It'd be unreasonable to trample over the voiced concerns of residents to serve the larger goal of increasing housing access. Overriding government control is a concept many are vehemently opposed to, and the just thing to do might be to prioritize clear citizen backlash over top-down attempts to create social utility.

## Cons:

On the other hand, preserving the "character" of a community may well be a euphemism for a fear of anti-gentrification. Many who attend city zoning meetings fear that an influx of low-income families will degrade the schools or the cultural unity of the community. This comes as diametric opposition to the principles in support of NIMBYism since a philosophy built upon locking other groups from bastions of opportunity cannot be justified.

Additionally, NIMBYism and the exploitation of residential zoning are not a phenomenon limited to a few communities. Instead, it's a nationwide challenge causing thousands of proposed affordable housing developments to be blocked and cancelled. When viewed at this scale, it is no longer an issue of individual advocacy, but rather a systemic issue where young families can rarely afford to buy housing without tapping into large reserves of generational wealth. Even if developments might cause noise or increased foot traffic, that is a minuscule impact in comparison to an entire generation of people who are prevented from building generational wealth or affording a house.



Photograph by

*Lissa Chen*

# GROWING UP AND EVOLUTION

Maida Azhar

**"It is not that we have a short time to live, but that we waste a lot of it... we are not given a short life but we make it short, and we are not ill-supplied but wasteful of it."**

**~ Seneca**

Growing up is a gradual transformation that we undergo from childhood to adulthood, much like a plant's journey from a seed to a mature plant. In our younger years, we are innocent, curious, and eager to learn about the world around us. As we grow and learn new skills, we become more independent, develop our sense of autonomy, and take responsibility for our actions.

This process of growth and change is similar to the concept of evolution, which involves gradual adaptation and change over time. Like species, individuals also change their lives, adapting to the circumstances and challenges they face. As we grow from childhood to adulthood, our brains expand, absorbing new skills, ideas, and knowledge. We continue to explore our purpose and identity, facing and adjusting to the challenges life presents us.

However, the process of growing up is not easy, and it involves facing failures, disappointments, and tough moments. But just like in evolution, the ability to adapt and grow is the focus of our growth as individuals. As we learn from our mistakes, educate ourselves, and help others, we begin to achieve our goals and experience the excitement and thrill of life's highs.

In conclusion, growing up is a gradual process of transformation that involves facing challenges and adapting to change. It is a journey that requires patience, perseverance, and the ability to learn from our mistakes. Like a plant, we can continue to grow and thrive throughout our lives, experiencing the highs and lows that come with it.

Photo by Raisa Tathoi





# A Playlist for the Sun

For those of you who, like me, starve for the sun like a desiccated plant in the winter - tired its dreary grey skies, bitter winds, and snow that isn't exactly snow, but also not rain - I can confirm that spring has sprung! (At least by Calgary standards.) The time for strolling outside, lying on the floor akin to a sunbathing cat, and an era of new growth is here, (also allergies. So many allergies.) thus, I'm here to fulfill the need for a recommended list of mostly pop songs to fuel your future endeavours!



Kira Becker



## Put Your Records On

Corinne Bailey Rae



## Peaches

Justin Bieber



## Flowers

Miley Cyrus



## Missing Piece

Vance Joy



## Cover Me In Sunshine

P!nk



## Sunshine

OneRepublic



## Bam Bam

Camila Cabello (ft. Ed Sheeran)



## Betty

Taylor Swift



## Invisible String

Taylor Swift



## Begin Again

Taylor Swift



## Run Away To Mars

TALK



## Heaven

Niall Horan



## Solar Power

Lorde



## Green Light

Lorde



## Walk

Griff



## Daylight

Harry Styles



## Paradise

Coldplay



## Thelma+Louise

Bastille



## Anything Could Happen

Ellie Goulding



## Unwritten

Natasha Bedingfield



## Karma

Taylor Swift



## Golden

Harry Styles

# BUTTERFLIES FLUTTER BY

## ANHAD CHAUHAN

Have you ever seen a butterfly flutter by and admired its beauty? Or have you gazed in wonder at the elegance of autumn trees? How about feeling inspired by looking at a fiery phoenix? All these examples are of change.

Change; is a word that surrounds us every moment, every day. We all say it's inevitable and should be embraced rather than fought against. Still, it's remarkable how few of us take on that advice. We've all felt the force of change at some point in our lifetimes. Generally, it influences the course and direction of things, which most humans do not accept. I, for one, did not find the idea of my rapidly approaching sixteenth birthday very exciting. I was downright dreading it. Everyone around me, my family, friends, and classmates, were all extremely happy for me, and yet I felt an impending sense of doom. It seemed as if turning sixteen would somehow make my responsibilities heavier; it would be the only thing people saw in me. Change, I realized, wasn't easy to welcome.

It's hard to adapt to some things, that's true, but we forget that improvement and the act of thriving are acquired only when things change. We must let go of the past to make room for the future. When I started accepting the fact that I was getting older, I saw things in a new light. There was no going back, so why not look toward the future and focus on making it the best I could? It was a long and slow process, as adapting usually is.

My responsibilities did get heavier, my parents raised their expectations, and for a while, people acted differently when I told them my age. However, that was only for a brief moment. Eventually, this new normal started to set in and became a reality.

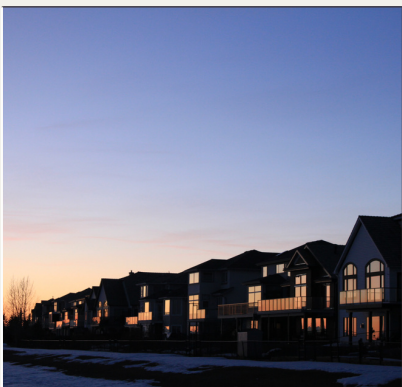


Photo by Kelly He



That's the thing about change; it's abrupt and different, and so many of us turn our backs on it. The fear of something new stops us from evolving into a butterfly. We stay stuck on the caterpillar stage, safe in the protection of our cocoon. But we must understand that change can be positive, whether we realize it or not. It's not easy, but it is inevitable. So why not make the most of what you currently have and prepare for whatever comes next? After all, there is nothing permanent... except change.

The Lonely Caterpillar  
By Eva Blakney

There was once a little caterpillar who spent his days alone. He liked the autumn leaves, the golden glow of the trees and the brisk winds that could almost lift him off the ground.

He passed his days in solace watching trains go through the yard, on rails that appeared dead until the metal wheels brought them to life with a deafening screech. He found a kind of comfort in watching them as they too were like him; Long, crawling along, leaving a trail behind them.

On one of these crisp autumn days, he fumbled to the bridge over the yard where he observed what had become his friends. He waited for all the trains to leave and arrive and settle in for the evening, then hobble back to his hole in the woods. Though his hole was small, he liked it. It was cozy and familiar.

The following day he repeated his usual routine. And the day after, and the day after, just like he had been for as long as he could remember. When he arrived at the tracks the next morning, he didn't know where all the trains had gone, as the yard was emptier than usual. He managed to squirm to a branch of a nearby tree to get a better look. Suddenly he slipped off but fortunately found himself stuck to the branch and dangling over the yard. He liked the view but being upside down made him sleepy. He began to grow very tired and fell into a deep sleep.

When he woke he felt foggy and confused. A strange comfortable coating was around him keeping his body nestled and folded tightly. He wiggled and squirmed and began to climb up out of his newfound shell. He felt different and lighter. He could not recognize himself or his new-looking figure. He had these flower petal-like things coming off his back and as he moved they moved with him. He pushed off the branch and lifted into the air as if he had known how all his life. He heard the familiar rumble of his friends as they started to pull out of the yard for the day. He felt butterflies in his stomach in excitement. He glided down beside the trains and matched their speed with ease. His heart filled with joy as he flew next to his friends. The sun beat down on his back as he flew, away from his hole and off into the bright morning air.



## All The Time I Wasted On You Was Still Beautiful

By Farah

Aria recognized him immediately. How could she not? Leaning against the counter with his long, dark hair and deep black eyes was the one person Aria hoped to never see again; Malcolm.

They were both 17 when they met at the auditions for a school play. Mal was extremely passionate about acting while Aria wanted to try something new, so they didn't expect to get along so well. Aria was quiet and reserved and at first, she didn't talk to Mal unless it was strictly about the show. However, since they played the main couple roles, it was inevitable that they would eventually start talking. Aria started opening up to Mal and suddenly they were inseparable. They would be able to read each other like an open book or know what the other was thinking with just one glance. When Mal overworked himself, Aria would make sure to take care of him. When Aria got anxious about performing in front of a crowd, Mal would comfort her.

That all lasted until graduation when everything fell apart. Aria went to a local university while Mal went to a special acting school in Italy. To be fair, Mal did try to keep in touch for the first couple of months. They would make it a routine to call each other every day until one day Mal got the lead role in a movie that became famous worldwide. Slowly, Mal's schedule became more and more full leaving less time to talk to Aria. Just like that, they drifted apart from each other.

At 17, Aria thought Mal was her future. Now, at 25, she couldn't have disagreed more. She glanced up at Mal again from across the cafe to see his eyes staring right back at her. His apathetic stare twisted into... apologetic? Aria sharply looked down at her feet, the sudden emotions overwhelming her. It wasn't his fault he got famous, but it still hurt remembering all the times her naive self would text him hoping for an answer. All of a sudden, the cafe seemed to be getting increasingly smaller and Aria couldn't take it anymore. She abruptly stood up, heading for the door but stopped to look at Mal one last time. He was still looking at her with the same longing eyes.

She left before she could change her mind.



Dana Klynstra

The background is a vibrant, stylized illustration of a tropical sunset. It features several palm trees in shades of pink, magenta, and blue, set against a warm orange and yellow sky. A large, bright yellow sun is partially visible on the right side. The overall aesthetic is soft and artistic, with a focus on warm colors and tropical motifs.

Ge