

The Churchill

CHRONICLE

Connection
L.K.

Four Days
Ethan Wu

Barricades
Eva Whyte

Lightbulbs in Space
Raiva Shipra

Design by
Nathan Niu



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Congratulations to the Class of 2024
for graduating!



Photo by Lucy Sun



Playlist for Summer



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



Too Sweet

Hozier



So high school

Taylor Swift



Extraordinary Life

Gordi



The Anthem

Good Charlotte



Cruel Summer

Taylor Swift



Highway

Jeff Satur



Looking at Me

Sabrina Carpenter



sore throat

malcolm todd



So Long, London

Taylor Swift



TFW (That feeling When)

ENHYPEN



Firestone

Kygo, Conrad Sewell



Is there someone else

The Weeknd



Magnetic

ILLIT



Summer of Love

Shawn Mendes



Iron Man

Black Sabbath



Good Day

Forrest Frank



Now I'm In It

Haim



The Drain

Bad Omens



Who's Afraid of Little Old Me?

Taylor Swift



Sunbeams

Elira Pendora



Awkward

SZA



Good Luck, Babe!

Chappell Roan



Contact

trocadero



Moon River

Frank Ocean



Ruler of My Heart

BL8M, Rubyeye



One Day

Imagine Dragons



Your Perfect Vacation Quiz

Since we are closing at the end of the school year, it is a time to reminisce. Not only am I looking back on 2024, but rather to a time where magazines were a dominant source of entertainment. Magazines were the TikTok of the past, and I think that it is about time we bring them back into fashion. There are certain aspects of magazines whose experience can't be copied, the main one being magazine quizzes. This is exactly why I have created a quick quiz in theme with the upcoming break, and by the time you finish you will find out exactly what your perfect summer activity is! Keep track of your letters to reveal your match! So without further ado...

1. What is your perfect weather?

- A) Clear skies, warm and sunny
- B) Cloudy and grey, maybe even a bit rainy
- C) Freezing cold and snowy
- D) I want it to be storming!

2. What is your favourite time of day?

- A) 4am-10am, early in the morning
- B) 11am-3pm, perfect daytime
- C) 4pm-8pm, afternoon
- D) 9pm-3am, night owl

3. What is your favourite part of a vacation?

- A) The pool
- B) The food and drink
- C) Being in a hotel
- D) Hiking

4. Are you an extrovert or introvert?

- A) Extrovert
- B) Introvert
- C) Ambivert
- D) Um idk!



Photo by Amie Naqvi

Time for the answers!

Beach Day: enjoying the sunshine, with a cool drink in your hand of course!

AAAA AAAC ABBB ABBC ABBD AAAB ABBA AAAD ACAC ACAA

Sunset Watching: cool breeze, with your friends by your side!

ACCA ACBA ACBC ACBD BCB D BCCA BCB D BB CA BCCC BCCD

Movie Night: chill night in!

CDCB CDCA CDCC CDCD DDCC DDCA DDCB DDCC DCCD DCCA

Mountain Hike: enjoy the great outdoors!

AADA AADB AADC AADD ABDA ABDB ABDC ABDC BADA BADC

Lightbulbs in Space

By Raiva Shipra

I always dreamed I'd make it to space...but it was only that, a dream. I never made it. I never made it anywhere. I was a measly electrician. It doesn't sound like a measly career, but that's only to people in my world.

But what world am I even referring to anymore?

I have no world...if we're considering Earth my world. I guess it was, I had everything. Everything means a life worth living according to the capitalist and overachieving nature of society. Lucky me, I have no more society to conform to anymore.

Now it's conforming to the rules of the galaxy, which is far greater than I or anyone back on Earth could ever imagine. The rules, as simple as they are, go as follows: create, live, die. Sounds familiar, but in the colossal lightbulbs of the universe, it's everything.

It's the stars that kids look up at through telescopes and a saying used to propagate the idea of excessive achievements and greatness.

But where are the stars now?

I don't see any stars. Stars that once looked like marbles displayed on the ocean that was the sky had drowned into the bottomless pit of the dark sea. There were no glowing fireflies that complimented the sky at night, only the endless void with no hope of finding the light.

Strange how a universe so big can feel so suffocating.

I am suffocated. I no longer can breathe looking out into the vast nothingness with the naked eye. Perhaps looking at it through a kaleidoscope would at the very least, present the nothingness abstractly.

Why would I bother?

It will only lead to more emptiness. There are no lights to chase after, only shattered pieces of glass to run over. What good is a lightbulb if it doesn't have a container to shine in? What good are stars if it doesn't have a universe that contains it?

Crack!

I turn my head sullenly to the noise, a familiar one at that. The 57th lightbulb had finally reached its end, shattering like a star at its final breath. It's a shattered piece of glass... created, lived, and died.

Just as I am now, I haven't fixed a lightbulb in days. Why would I when there are no lightbulbs left for me to see? So, I sit under the last remaining bulb, wondering when it'll give out like the universe around me.

Crack.



Connection

written by L.K.

In the depths of a city lived a giant, a creature that had never felt the touch of organic. A mass of metal, a collection of old scrap and bones that could not sleep. It was made to build, to take a place of disrepair and create a brand new city. But it could not create, for the monster was too busy repairing itself in a capital of smoldering ruins. The machine considered itself a ghost of the place, repaired with old scrap pieces and wires.

The guardian was left to create something from the wreck, searching for a purpose in a place long destroyed. It could not speak but announced its presence through the creaking whine of its limbs. It leaned unnaturally, lumbering through the heaps of garbage and scrap to approach the city limits. Grass crept to the edges, mirroring the still-standing power lines in the sky. The machine could not leave, or at least, had never made the attempt to leave.

It wanted something organic. Something raw and real to build with. Something other than the leftover metal in a wasteland. It was not meant to long, not meant to desire for anything past its previously established boundaries. It was not built to *want* for anything.

It lumbered forward, beginning to walk, its head narrowly avoiding the drooping power lines. It continued along the worn-down trail out of the city, leaving behind a series of metal footprints as it flattened the plants along its journey. It did not look back. It felt the ground beneath it and heard the soft patter of rain as it made its way towards a place it had longed for.

It could not have been more than a couple minutes before the machine slowed, its lumbering pace creaking to a sudden halt. It stood in the rain, gazing at the forest a few strides away. If it was built to desire, it was not built to fulfill them.

On the outskirts of a wasteland lived a giant, a creature stuck in the grassy fields to stare into the forest.

And so it slept.



photographed by
Khushi Grewal

Barricades

BASED ON THE POEM "WALLS" BY
OSWALD MTSHALI

By

Eva Whyte

Once, the heart had been carried proudly, lovingly. It had basked in the sun, serenaded by the sweet melodies of harps and the luscious fragrance of the roses. It had been filled with passion and adoration, daintily wrapped with a lacy bow. It was freely given to anyone who wanted it. Now, it lay shriveled and cracked, a whisper of what it had once been.

The heart had been gently placed in a glass jar, reassured that it was only a temporary precaution in times of turmoil. Light still danced playfully against the crystal, settling the heart's unease. It lay in wait, anticipating the warmth of the sun once more. The heart was checked on every now and then, assured that it was never forgotten. For a brief, wondrous time, the glass dome was lifted, leaving the heart to swell once again. It swayed with the breeze, soared with the doves, and basked in the current. However, it was soon placed in the crystal bell once more, coaxed in with soothing words and promises.

It wasn't soon after that the first brick fell, suddenly and without warning. They continued to pile, higher and higher, moving up to dome over the heart's glass case. The sun could not penetrate the prison. Every fault swiftly patched, slathered thickly in cement. The heart could hear the endless construction, the continual building outwards. The glass too, seemed to grow endlessly unmoveable, bulletproof, layered richly in dust. Every now and then, a murmur of apology would echo through the darkness.

"I'm sorry," it said. "I am doing this to protect you."

The heart was not so sure.

Years trickled into centuries into endless millennia. The heart tried its best to hold on, to remember the warm embrace of the sun's rays, the world that lay just beyond the wall. It searched for a door, a window, even a crack to the outside world. Yet every time yielded more despair. So, the heart finally gave up. Hopelessly curling in on itself. Even when the walls finally fell, the heart had nothing left to give. No amount of sun, of music, of love could ever coax its revival. It was nothing but a mere shadow of what it could have been. Its jailer crumbled and cried in dismay as it held the lifeless form of the heart, forever doomed to curse and regret their blunders. The walls had served their purpose, leaving them both starved and strangled.

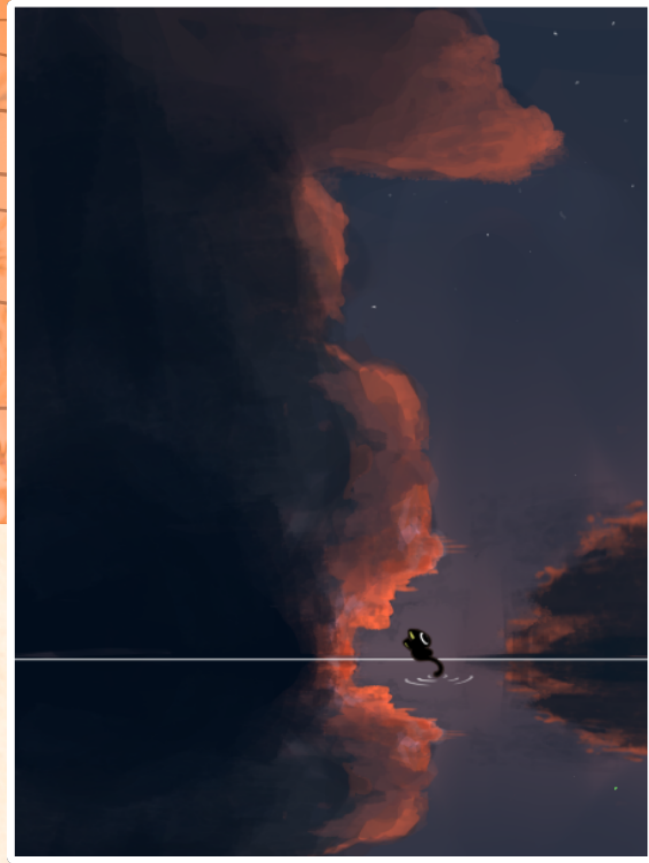


Photo by Jonathen Su

This belongs to: Ethan Wu

Four Days

Day 1,

On the ceiling, there was a glass pane, showing the sky. It was cloudy. Small droplets of rain scattered everywhere. The roof was on an incline. Water slowly fell down to the left, out of view from the window screen. The rain kept beating down. It seemed like it was going to snow, but it didn't. The rain clung onto the window, like it was a law on the Earth; how unsightly it was, witnessing two completely different beings latch onto each other. Nature never contained a single straight line, nothing ever natural was happening.

Day 2,

The window is gone. I can't see outside anymore. I wonder if I ever knew what the weather was like. Maybe the window was just a part of my imagination. I wanted to take a step outside, just one step. But the door was holding the sun up. It was unmovable. "Curiosity would have killed the cat", I thought. So I walked back, staring at where the window was, now something indiscernible.

Day 3,

I heard thunder pound the ground outside. A wooden frame fell down near me. Lightning nearly struck the wood with a flash as the wind drew the remaining bits onto the ceiling. Cold air pierced through the wall and almost took me away. I spread what remained unmended like a map on the floor. The sounds of cymbals and drums can be heard from a distance as I frantically dance around. I try to put a lid on top of it. I should have taken a closer look at the glass pane two days ago and. Rain kept on falling, but I didn't feel guilt, anger, or despair. I felt empty.

Day 4,

An unbreakable line cut straight between the inner walls and the outside. The invisible barrier was severed so cleanly it was like it wasn't there to begin with. On the exit, there was a box holding something within. It opened itself. Inside, a battered hoodie, drenched with water, somehow keeping itself together with the most abnormal pieces of filament stitched together. The hoodie was a perfect fit, and it was the window to the rising sun.

Hamba Kahle

By Otha Mazamisa

Hamba kahle!*

To the learners, whose minds reach out to knowledge as a tree's roots to water

The ones who are never satisfied with, "That's just the way it works"

The ones who are convinced that this current state of affairs can be and must be made better if we're going to sleep comfortably in our beds every night

Hamba kahle!

To the artists, the ones whose hearts see before their minds
The ones whose hands create life and emotion and awe and
Recall memories you didn't even know you had

The wet trails of paint running into one another to draw a story of our lives

The rush of adrenaline as a torrent of notes crescendos into a big finish and then-

The satisfaction when it all ends so sweetly, so neatly- calm.

Hamba kahle!

To the comedians,
The kids in class who always give a reason for us to show up
Who have a word of wisdom to impart every now and then

Hamba kahle!

To the athletes,
Who somehow balanced school and practice
Did their best to stay awake in class,
Even when all you wanted to do was eat and sleep

Hamba kahle!

To the class of 2024
You've fought the good fight
Ran your race well and finished it
We did it together, and in the end, we made it

Amandla!*

Ngawethu!*

Amandla!

Ngawethu!

Viva, Bulldogs, viva!*

Godspeed to us all.

Godspeed.



PHOTO BY ISABEL



Translations

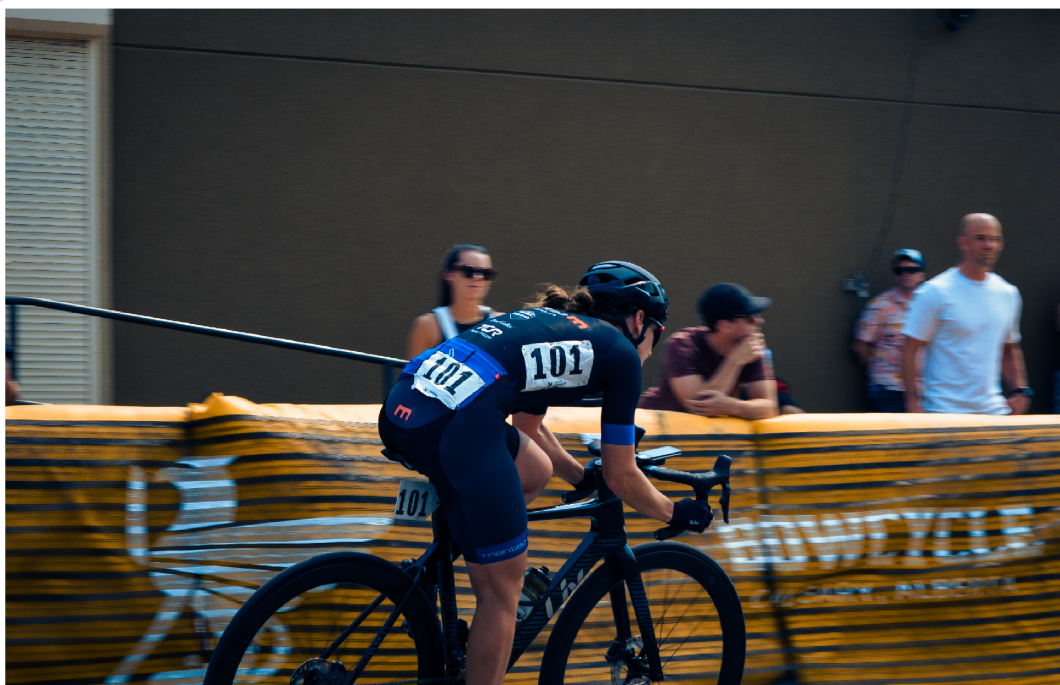
Hamba Kahle:

A Xhosa phrase of farewell, particularly to guests leaving your home or traveling long distances, literally translating to "go well".

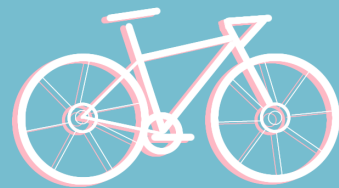
Amandla: Strength.

Ngawethu: To the people.

Viva ... viva: Long live ... long live
The above phrase was a common way of addressing crowds in anti-apartheid rallies before speeches/protest began, and is now used to uplift or encourage a group, like a cheer.



PHOTOGRAPH BY



DANIEL
YANG

girl: a noun

by Mikayla
Girard

what is a girl?
aren't i supposed to be one?
how can i be something that is only defined by those who aren't?

men define us as never strong enough to fit in at gyms, never
smart enough to contribute to conversations and never allowed to
wear anything that shows we have organs (or shoulders)
never pretty enough and never humble enough, never able to
wear both headphones and never allowed to have an emotion that
isn't the punch-a-wall kind

boys define us as sluts or prudes, never in terms of anything but
their horniness
one once asked me "has anything ever happened to you?" (and we
both knew what he meant)
my answer was "no, but"
but that doesn't mean most other girls are the same but i'm still
terrified but it will probably happen someday
my "no" will change but he can't expect hers to

women define us in relation to themselves, dolls onto which to
project their lost dreams
shattered mosaics of all the former girls who came before us
if i take anxiety from my mother and complacency from her
mother
and back through history we go
who will i become?

will i finally discover what a girl is?
is it the opposite of man or the desire of boy or the outcome of
woman?
must we be dependent on someone else's definition purely to exist?

girls spend our time in extensive discourse about 'girlhood', the
Eras Tour and *Barbie*, crying on our birthdays and reading spicy
books
one brush isn't enough to paint us with, we pick the whole set: we
own all our emotions, our longing for romance and for
independence and everything in between
girlhood is the camaraderie, trading friendships bracelets and
proudly declaring ourselves a girl's girl

one thing becomes clear: our definition is about collective
experiences, not just the individuals
is our lack of definition due to our reluctance to define ourselves as
anything but whatever we want to be?
are we afraid to do to ourselves what everyone has been doing to us
for centuries?

maybe *girl* is a verb, a choice to belong and to say 'i am one of you'
maybe *girl* is an adjective, denoted by some to mean weak and others
to mean impossibly strong
or maybe *girl* is nothing more than a noun with eight billion
definitions
without a single correct one

Change, Enduring yet Mysterious

Abdullah Azhar

As much as one desires to live the same life,
With no unease or thunderous storm or strife.
The happy memories clinging for eternity,
Wrapped in a cocoon of blissful serenity.

But life, like a river, never stays the same,
It twists and turns, refusing to be tame.
The whispers of change echo through the air,
A reminder that nothing remains unchanged or fair.

Yet still, we cling to the familiar, the known,
Afraid to let go, to venture into the unknown.
But beneath the surface of our tranquil facade,
Lies a world of secrets, waiting to be thawed.

The Smiths' arrival, a harbinger of change,
Their presence in Brooksville, enigmatic and strange.
Their house, a beacon of mystery and dread,
Casting shadows that linger, filling hearts with dread.

And as the days pass, the tension grows,
Like a storm cloud gathering, ready to impose.
The truth, a fragile thread hanging in the air,
Teasing us with glimpses of what lies there.

But as much as we resist, the truth will emerge,
Like a phoenix rising from the ashes, ready to surge.
And though it may bring turmoil and despair,
It also brings the promise of a future, bright and fair.

So let us embrace the change that comes our way,
For in its embrace, we find the strength to sway.
To dance with the unknown, to sing with glee,
For change is the essence of what it means to be free.

But amidst the uncertainty, a revelation looms,
A truth that threatens to upend our quiet rooms.
What secrets lie hidden in the Smiths' abode?
What mysteries wait to be unraveled, what stories are yet to unfold?

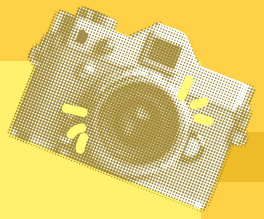


Photo by Khushi Grewal



snapshot of life

BY SIENA NORTON



Winter blurs into spring and spring blurs into summer. Every year is the exact same thing. When spring blurs into summer, I am reminded of the time my best friend became my ex-friend two years ago. When school starts up again in September, I cannot help but ruminate on the time I missed the beginning of the school year, recovering from a major surgery at the sheer age of twelve. Summer is such a beautiful season, or at least that is what they say. However, my heart feels somewhat heavy from the hardships of past years. I might take a second to enjoy the growth of many beautiful flowers just to be hit with the reality of past years affecting the present moment.

These realities don't just involve me, but also the world that continues revolving around me. Issues that arise in the spring likely stretch into the "jolly" months of summer. There are even problems from a year ago that have hardly been resolved to this very day. A plethora of evidence could be found in the margins of the news and within the stories of power struggles and governments abusing their power time and time again. It is all too easy to let the heaviness of the heart consume our very beings, or at least that is what I thought until very recently.

It took me such a long time to figure out a way to relieve the heaviness from my heart until I discovered the power of the camera. There is nothing like being surrounded by the wonders of the natural world, watching a black bear frantically searching for berries in the wild or a ladybug slowly moving about her environment. There is so much beauty that can be found in the Rocky Mountains or the stunning Aurora Borealis. It is truly that rare moment when you get to experience life at its purest that you start to grasp that nothing else really matters. It's all just background noise at that point.

It is just me and my camera, capturing the flow of a waterfall, the glint of a lake at dusk, the gracefulness of a deer, or the tranquility of an elk that relieves the heaviness from my heart. Taking a snapshot of the moment reminds me that life is more than just the blurring of seasons and the corruption of human nature, but instead a series of magical moments that remind us why we were created in the first place.



IMAGE BY CHELSEA LI



Spaceman, Rocketman

Ryan Tea



When I was a kid, I thought that I wanted to be a spaceman—to sail amidst the stars and watch the world from afar. I'd run around my room, caped in a blanket, staring at the stars on the TV screen and wishing to bask in their presence one day. Now I realize that I want to be a rocketman, one that peers from within their quaint pocket of safety, never far from the ground beneath their feet. I never wanted to be a spaceman; they only drift.

When I was a kid, I was a rocketman, always looking onwards to where my ship would take me. Sensation was not a commodity back then, nor was it so paralyzing, and I took the freedom for granted.

I took it all for granted.

Because in a rocketship, the portholes are the jail bars, and I wanted out. Then one day, I got my wish. I became a spaceman.

Space is eerily silent, nothing like the cacophony of noises I was promised. And sure, the stars are still as beautiful as they've always been, but they're so far away. Oh-so far. Was this what I've been chasing all along? The galaxies are less vibrant than I remember, and I've begun to realize how futile it is to try moving towards them: swimming in a void is much more effort than I can afford. Life is stagnant, and so am I.

Time scrambles in my mind, hours turning to minutes, and seconds, to days. Somehow, the weeks are inconceivably long, yet they pass terrifyingly quickly. I drift in the midst of it: unmoving, unthinking, unwanted.

After all, what more could I want? I got my wish, didn't I? If I truly have come so far, then what gives me the right to desire more?

Thus, I drift.

I can't remember how long I've been drifting for—when the last time I felt the ground beneath me was—but I know that someday, I'll think to reconsider whether I'm selfish for wanting more. And then, when the ship passes by in its eternal orbit, I will latch on and never let go. Navigating back to gravity may prove perilous, but I will dream for better if I must, just like I did all those years ago: caped in a blanket and staring at the stars.

For once, I will dare to dream.

IS THIS HAPPINESS?

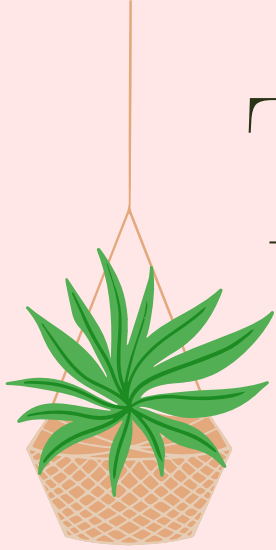
Aalia Dadi

Maria sat at the kitchen table with two letters spread out in front of her. Her eyes darted from one letter to the other. Both were acceptance letters from the universities she had applied to not two weeks ago. One told her she had gotten into the art program she had her eyes on since her freshman year of highschool and the other said that she had been accepted into an engineering program that her parents had insisted she apply to.

Art was never a good enough option for true happiness. It was too simple and too unpredictable, they had said, that she would never be able to make a proper career off of it and that she should start with a career path that promised success right off the bat rather than try to stumble through creating one. After a long moment of contemplation, Maria sighed and crumpled up her acceptance into the art program and threw it in the trash. She felt a part of her heart sank to the bottom of the garbage can with the letter she had thrown in but she pushed the thought away. She figured she would be able to sacrifice a few short years of her life to gain some sort of fulfillment.

She wasn't giving up on art, she told herself. She would still be able to do it as a hobby. Not that she meant or believed her own words. It was just her way of justifying her decision. Coping with the grievance. To prove that she was taking control of her own happiness. She was still young. Eager for excitement and distractions and that is exactly what her art brought her. If she wanted to be successful she would have to set that aside. Because these ideas of happiness were weak and trivial and would never bring her farther than an empty stomach and cold home.

Maria sighed. She knew she had to go through with it now. Had to give her all for her own happiness in the future. She could compromise a few years of happiness for a lifetime of it when she was older. She had to. There was no other option. But perhaps her parents were right. Perhaps her art couldn't and would never make her happy. All that was left to do now was start over. Push those silly desires and unusual paths she carved for herself as a child away and start thinking of the real world. This is it. This would bring her happiness.

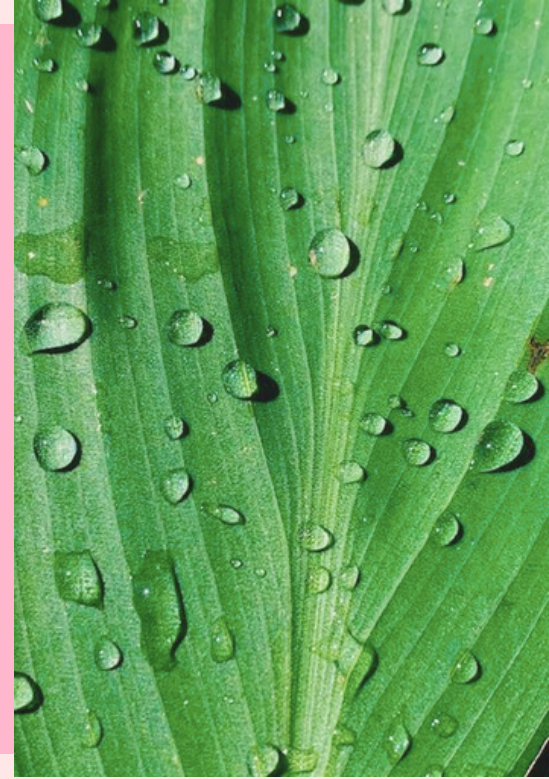


The Nostalgia of an Adventure's End

by Fouzan Rizwan

Summer is upon us and graduation being around the corner brings its own store of emotions. Stepping into the new season we find ourselves at a bittersweet crossroads. The excitement of new beginnings blended with the melancholy of leaving behind treasured memories and familiar faces. A time to reflect upon all those good and bad memories of school, to celebrate our release from years of school, and to embrace the journey ahead however daunting it may be.

"The Arnold Palmer," is a drink that perfectly captures the essence of this heartfelt moment. This cool mocktail is both sweet and complex, with hints of bitter smokey and earthy flavors that reflect the bittersweet nature of graduation. The sweetness of the joy and accomplishments of your academic journey, while the subtle bitter, smokey and earthy undertones evoke the depth of our experiences and the inevitable farewells. So whether it's a toast with friends or reflecting on your own, "The Arnold Palmer" is the perfect drink to celebrate this momentous milestone. Here's to the adventures that have ended, and the beginnings of new tales. Cheers!



Photograph by Amie Naqvi

Base recipe (1 cup):

- ½ cup lemonade
- ½ cup iced tea
- Handful of ice (optional, to tastes)

Combine lemonade, iced tea and ice in a tall glass and stir until combined.

Recipe for simple lemonade

- 2 tbsp of fresh lemon juice
- 1 cup of water
- 1-2 tbsp of sugar or honey (or any other sweetener alternative to taste)

Combine all the squeezed lemon juice, water and sugar and mix well.

Refrigerate for at least an hour, or until chilled.

Recipe for simple iced tea

- 1 cup of water
- 1-2 teabags of Black Tea (oolong is best but any other works just as well)

Steep the tea in ½ cup of boiling water, remove tea bags after 5 minutes and add ½ cup of cold water. Mix and then refrigerate for at least an hour, or until chilled.

Variations and additions to try:

- Try different types of teas
- Make your lemonade with ginger ale or sparkling water
- Try adding a bit of orange juice to taste
- Add a pit of spice on top, garnish with a bit of cinnamon powder or nutmeg
- Add lemon slices for garnish
- Add additional sweeteners (because it can never be too sweet!)

To untold adventures and unwritten stories!



Photograph: Lucy Sun



Summer's Eternal Solstice

by Parnian

As the flowers bloomed with the arrival of spring,
You began to wither away into an everlasting
unconsciousness.

My first summer without you,
The blazing sun mocked me with its radiant rays.

To torment me with light—
As if I had not just lost the very flame that kept me
alive.

It was you, my sun, that warmed me with its heat
and enthralled me with its light.

And yet it perished, having long outlived its
capacity for life—
leaving behind the remnants of a star.

The boy whose manufactured smile beamed with
artificial sincerity,
If only I had witnessed life leave your eyes far
before it left your body.

Perhaps the short stage play of your life would not
have ended so quickly,
You may have been able to see the final days of
summer in all their splendour.

I ceased to feel the sun's gentle warmth again;
its heat plagued me with misery,
as if I'd been cast away to the depths of hell.
Life metamorphosed into hell without your
presence.

Alas, the summer had reached its end,
and along with it, extinguished the light of my life.

The Many Joys of Life

by Noor Ahmed



Photography by Khushi Grewal

Finding the purpose of life is a problem that plagues everyone's minds. A goal is not a purpose. Finding joy in everyday life will allow you to have a purpose. If you focus only on one sole goal you may find your life landing at a plateau. This happens often to people who invest everything into a singular job, turning them into desperate souls. If you are in the zone, this can be a positive experience but once it has occurred for too long you run the risk of becoming a desperate soul.

Moreover, finding joy in everyday life and focusing on the small details changes your perception of life. If individuals neglect these little aspects of joy, they will lose sight of their motivations. Obsessing over one vision will cause an individual to ignore and neglect all the small things that make life great.

We need to also understand that we have control over our view of life and can try to positively change others. We should constantly put everything we can into noticing and dictating our motivations in life, but also actively making sure that we are not in the way of others. Being consistent in this viewpoint will allow the greater society to view the world positively, in turn causing the way one treats others to be more generous and considerate.



THE INQUISITOR'S PRISM

ALEXANDER FU

EDITED BY JANICE XIE



Inquiry is a prism capable of focusing the energy of our curiosity and imagination. Similarly, it can divide our knowledge and reform it at an alternate frequency. Essential to our success and discovery of the world around us, it is the driving force that confronts the unanswered questions humankind continues to ponder. As the act of questioning and investigation, it is a fundamental part of our creative development and a key factor of the IB learner profile. As we learn and absorb new ideas, we are left to inquire about the context and future understandings of the concept. Critical thinking is the gateway to unlocking, establishing, and communicating new understandings and knowledge.

If we allow ourselves to inquire about the past, present, and future, we will be able to achieve a higher understanding of the reasons behind our inquiries. For this reason, all of the greatest contributors to the scientific world were inquirers with an unmatched curiosity of their surroundings. One individual in history is especially recognized for his retrospective inquiry of anthropology and evolution. Charles Darwin, born in 1809, is known as the founding father of evolutionary biology and all modern understandings of our existence. Entranced into the study of human biology, Darwin attempted to grasp the study of evolutionary history. Initially motivated to inquire about the biological history of humans in order to encourage the end of slavery around the world, Darwin's discoveries contributed to the modern understanding of life on Earth. Researching back to the farthest known date of human existence, Darwin attempted to prove the similarities possessed by all members of the human species. Eventually developing the theory of natural selection preserved in his book, *On the Origin of Species*, Darwin would be forever immortalized for his inquiry of human biology and contribution to human knowledge on evolution.

Limited solely by our curiosity, our inquisitive nature can be linked to our academic ability and further applied to our lives. The natural ability to inquire about the world around us is our main difference between artificial intelligence and the reinforcing factor behind our complexity. As we have begun to experience in high school, our ability to inquire and develop our own knowledge has become essential in our education and success. Similar to Darwin, we can utilize and apply the knowledge that we have gained throughout this year and those before in order to find success in the future. In high school, we are given the opportunity to expand our knowledge and inquire about concepts that we were not taught yet. As the prism of our minds, inquiry will continue to serve as a pathway to many skills that are essential to our success and discovery of the world around us.



Deadpan Discoveries: The Science of Nostalgia



by: Raif Zaman



Welcome back to Deadpan Discoveries, I'm your host Raif Zaman, and I'm glad to say that this will be the last time you ever have to read this column, because this is the last edition of the Chronicle. All I can say is thank heavens. No one even reads the paper anyway, so I don't know why I bothered writing these ridiculous articles for a whole year. But I digress.

Since the school year is coming to an end, I thought I'd do the cliché thing and talk about nostalgia. Nostalgia isn't just a quirk of the human mind; it's a complex emotional state with real psychological benefits. When we wax nostalgically, we're not just reminiscing about any old time; we're often revisiting the "reminiscence bump"-a period in adolescence and early adulthood packed with formative experiences. This is why your high school mixtape still gives you the feels, even if it included some truly questionable musical choices.

But why does nostalgia feel so good? It's because it triggers the release of dopamine, the brain's feel-good chemical. Imagine your brain giving you a little pat on the back every time you remember that embarrassing school dance or your first road trip with friends. It's a reward system that keeps us hooked on our own history, like a drug addict (coffee is legally classified as a drug too, and that's what I was referring to, you degenerate).

And it's not all about feeling warm and fuzzy. Nostalgia serves a purpose. It helps us maintain a sense of self-continuity, connecting our past to our present. It's like a mental glue that holds our identity together, reminding us of who we are, and where we come from... the horror house known as Sir Winston Churchill High School.

Nostalgia also activates the prefrontal cortex and the hippocampus-parts of the brain involved in emotion and memory. This is why those nostalgic memories are so vivid and emotional. If you were to scan your brain you'd see it light up like Hiroshima on August 6, 1945.

In the end, while this might be the final curtain call for this column, it's fitting to sign off with a nod to the past. So here's to all the ridiculous articles, the ignored insights, and the forgotten issues of the Chronicle. May they be fondly remembered, if only for a fleeting moment of nostalgia.

And with that, I'm Raif Zaman, bidding you farewell. Just remember, you could have done anything else and you chose to read this, so maybe re-evaluate your choices, my friend.



TGCF Rants: Mu Qing's Inferiority Complex

BY FARAH

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

Mu Qing is a character you either hate or love. He is snarky, rude, stubborn, prideful- you get the idea. Personally, I love his sarcastic remarks and cold personality, but even if you don't, you have to understand that there's a reason behind it.

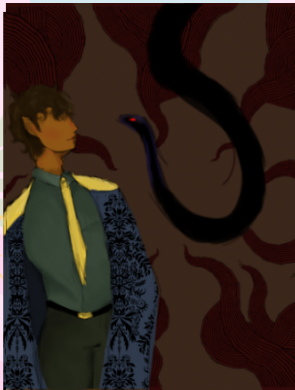
Before his ascension into godhood, Mu Qing was born into a poor family and worked as Xie Lian's personal attendant to support himself and his mother. He almost didn't even get the job working for the royal family because he was poor; it was Xie Lian who saw his skills and personally recommended him. However, he still faced the effects of classism with the other staff disliking and harassing him. Mu Qing would often pick fruits in the mountain tops to bring back to his mother, which was never against the rules, but he would get accused of stealing. Constantly being looked down upon and accused of foul play made Mu Qing develop an inferiority complex.

Now, he always assumes others think the worst of him, so he is constantly ready to defend himself. Specifically, he assumes that Xie Lian and Feng Xin detest him and wouldn't hesitate to go against him. I strongly believe that Mu Qing uses a cold and snarky mask to cover up these insecurities, likely because he never learned how to communicate his feelings.

Despite this, Mu Qing cares deeply about the people closest to him- he just shows his love through his actions rather than words. This was seen after the reveal of Jun Wu's true identity, when Mu Qing was personally interrogated by him. Jun Wu ordered Mu Qing to harm Xie Lian, but he refused to comply. Eventually, Jun Wu lost his patience and put a Cursed Shackle on him, restricting his spiritual powers. He clearly cares about Xie Lian, but would never admit it outloud.

Other readers may hate how Mu Qing rarely communicates his feelings through words, but I honestly love this aspect of him. I can't help but feel pity for him because I know his attitude is a result of his upbringing.

A quote said by Xie Lian perfectly sums up Mu Qing's character: "He might spit in the cup of someone he doesn't like, but he would never poison the water."



BY: ADANNA GRIMES



BOOK REVIEW ~ Connie Chang

Title: A Good Girl's Guide to Murder

Author: Holly Jackson

Rating: 4/5

A Good Girl's Guide to Murder by Holly Jackson is a young adult, mystery, crime novel. It follows Pippa Fitz-Amobi, a high school school student in her final year, who works to uncover the truth behind Andie Bell's murder five years ago for her school project. She believes that Sal Singh, Andie's boyfriend and supposed murderer, is innocent and works with his younger brother, Ravi Singh, to prove it.

Overall, I enjoyed this book. There were quite a few plot twists/correct deductions from Pippa that left me flabbergasted, but also got me hooked. It was interesting to see how Pippa's character developed, some things changed and some stayed the same.

One thing I loved about Pippa's character that stayed the same from start to end was that whenever she was flustered or feeling awkward, she would start spitting out random facts. Additionally, her and Ravi's interactions/sharing bad jokes was quite amusing and acted as comic relief in a way.

However, I found that the pacing was really slow for the first third of the book. In hindsight, it makes perfect sense for this genre and plot, as Pippa was quite literally grasping at straws because there was no real lead. There was limited information she could start off with because she couldn't access parts of the police case, which is why it was slower paced and not as interesting, but it made it difficult to get into the book.

I am the type of reader that likes to finish a book in as few sittings as possible, but this book took me weeks to finish. After the first few chapters, I would read around one chapter every couple of days and only when I finished reading the first third of the book, could I start reading more chapters at once.

As a whole, I would give this book a rating of 4/5. It ended with a time skip of a couple of months, which really allowed it to get wrapped up nicely. I do recommend it to those who enjoy murder mysteries or want to read a series as this book is the first of a trilogy.



OPINION: WHY I THINK AVATAR THE LAST AIRBENDER NETFLIX LIVE-ACTION IS A WASTE OF YOUR TIME

WRITTEN BY

EMA GETACHEW

Over the last two days, I have spent my time in my parent's basement binge-watching Avatar the Last Airbender, and I have many things to say about this adaptation. The original show may be the closest thing to perfect that has ever been created, making it very difficult to equal the quality of the animated show to the live-action, and I acknowledge this. I also think Netflix wanting to recreate a classic like Avatar the Last Airbender, which was the staple of my childhood and millions of other people, is something that can't be replicated. Before binging this series I was genuinely excited but slightly apprehensive after the disaster that was the 2010 movie (which was probably the worst movie I have ever seen in my entire life).

There are some things the show did well, like the casting, other than Sokka's actor. I like that there was a lot of effort to get actors with the right ethnic backgrounds, which was amazing on Netflix's part as it's rare in today's world where whitewashing characters seems to be common. What I did not like about this show was how it ignored many character qualities. At the beginning of the show in the original adaptation, Sokka was misogynistic because he would improve later on and become a better person. This showed great character development and allowed for the setup of his relationship with Suki. Netflix's take on this, almost entirely erased this whole plotline. As well, Netflix did not cover the mother role that Katara took in the original show. She lost her mother at a young age, which led her to deal with survivor's guilt and act as a mother towards everyone in her life. Throughout the show, Katara complains that Sokka is "protective of her" and "doesn't let her do anything", which shows that her character is also misunderstood.

More streaming channels are making live actions of their earlier animated work or the work they've bought. As this becomes more popular we should ask ourselves, is it better for the almost perfect animated works to stay animated? Should we ask for new art instead of the same regurgitated movies? I think that no matter what show or movie it is, some animated works should stay animated.

PICTURE BY
ISABEL



To-Do:

- Report due 7th



The Correlation Between Climbing Performance and the Excretory System

- Aurora Li

In this day and age, improper waste management within the body will have probably crossed the minds of most climbers looking to improve their performance on the wall. It's no secret that climbing is a strength-to-weight ratio sport, so climbers are naturally looking for ways to cut down on weight, without getting RED-S (Relative Energy Deficiency in Sport). There are some benefits to timing climbing sessions right after a bowel movement, or mildly restricting the drinking of water before a session (to prevent the buildup of excess urine). So to what extent does the burden of bodily excretions really affect climbing performance? For lack of a better introduction, read on to find out!

First of all, the most important factor in this is the average weight of poop. Sometimes, the excess bloating in the rectum can feel like a huge weight that's being added to your body. However, the internet says that the average poop weighs around 0.25-1 pound, which isn't too much when you first think of it. However, when you think about factors like the endurance aspect of roped climbing, that 1 pound (0.45kg) can really mean the difference between sending that route, or falling right before the final move. On the other hand, the average bladder can hold up to around 2 cups of pee. That equates

to around 475 grams of weight lost every time you pee. Therefore, if you go to the bathroom with a full bladder and rectum, you'd be around 2 lbs lighter afterwards. That extra, miniscule difference can mean a lot; just observe what happens when someone adds a measly 5 lbs to their maximum bench press. So, how can we work to solve this issue? Google states that generally, it can take anywhere from 10-73 hours for food to completely pass through the body to become poop. Therefore, the only plausible solution to get rid of the excess weight of poop forever is to not eat anything 73 hours before you climb, or do any sport. Or you could keep a planner to get to know your digestive system. On the other hand, pee takes around 5-20 minutes to pass through after ingestion. Therefore, we can be more relaxed with water intake.

Though the solutions above are all amazing suggestions curated by yours truly, these are only temporary solutions, which aren't good enough. Restricting the intake of food and water is bad for your health, even though it may help you to become a few pounds lighter for that one project. An alternative, more safe solution would be to just get stronger. And because that's just too tedious, the limitations of poo and pee on our performance will impact us, and future generations forever.

I've decided to make this edition's book recommendation a bit different, bringing you not one, not two, but twenty-four books to read this summer. After exams are out and the school year finally comes to an end, books are in. Entertaining books. During school days, ten or twenty pages into a book and I'm snoozing, so, summer around the corner is the perfect time for a list of books you can put on hold for late-night binge reads!

BOOK UP YOUR SUMMER OF 2024

Himanshi

1. The Last Time We Say Goodbye by Cynthia Hand
2. The Midnight Library by Matt Haig
3. A Little Life by Hanya Yanagihara
4. A Good Girl's Guide to Murder series by Holly Jackson
5. You've Reached Sam by Dustin Thao
6. The Secret History by Donna Tartt
7. The Bell Jar by Sylvia Plath
8. The Glass Castle by Jeannette Walls

9. Dead Poets Society by Nancy Kleinbaum
10. Frankenstein by Mary Shelly
11. Turtles All the Way Down by John Green
12. The Silent Patient by Alex Michaelides
13. The Book Thief by Markus Zusak
14. I Was Jane Austen's Best Friend by Cora Harrison
15. Right Behind You by Lisa Gardner
16. The Surgeon's Daughter by Audrey Blake

17. They Both Die at the End by Adam Silvera
18. No Longer Human by Osamu Dazai
19. Looking for Alaska by John Green
20. Twilight series by Stephanie Meyers
21. The Inheritance Games series by Jennifer Lynn Barnes
22. All the Light We Cannot See by Anthony Doerr
23. Atonement by Ian McEwan
24. The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde





in two parts

BY SUBASHINI

IT'S NOT EASY SAYING GOODBYE. SO I WON'T. YOU'LL HEAR FROM ME. NOT SURE WHEN OR HOW. BUT SOON. I'M LEAVING WITH THREADS LEFT UNCUT. LEFT TO THE ELEMENTS. I'M NOT READY. SO I HOLD ON A LITTLE LONGER.

U DON'T GOT THIS. NEVER MET ANYONE ELSE WHO SAID THEY KNEW THEMSELVES BUT DIDN'T KNOW THEIR FAVOURITE ICE CREAM FLAVOUR. THE MEDIOCRITY IN LIFE DOESN'T SCARE YOU ANYMORE. YOU EMBRACE IT. **IT DISGUSTS ME.** WALKING INTO OVERPRICED RESTAURANTS YOU READ SOMEWHERE WAS WORTH THE BUCK. CRYING INTO THE ARMS OF A FAKE FRIEND. WAKING UP AT 8 PM BECAUSE YOU MESSED UP YOUR SLEEP SCHEDULE. YOU CHOSE TO SETTLE. **I'M MAD.**

SHE DOESN'T GET IT. THE VOICE IN MY HEAD. HOW HARD IT IS TO APPEAR TO BE OKAY WHEN IT DOESN'T FEEL LIKE IT. THERE'S SO MUCH I DON'T WANT TO BOW DOWN TO. AND YET I'M LEFT WITH NO CHOICE BUT TO WALLOW IN SELF-PITY. I MESS UP, MORE TIMES THAN I'VE SUCCEEDED. AND IT MADDENS ME TO SEE THOSE AROUND ME FLY SO EASILY IN A CURRENT THAT ALWAYS SEEMS TO BRING ME DOWN. DON'T WISH ME GOOD LUCK. THERE'S NONE LEFT. GOOD LUCK. DON'T CALL. LET THE FATES BREAK THIS CHAPTER

YOU NEED TO MOVE ON. BECOME SOMEONE ELSE. SOMEONE UNRECOGNIZABLE. **GOODBYE.**





What is a eureka moment? What is an epiphany? Certainly not something anyone experiences often. Looking back at how the past year has unfolded, it's easy to remember those days filled with motivation and purpose, those days where your actions were conducted through passion. Yet, those days make up only a small fraction of the human experience.

The human experience is forcing through things due to pure necessity. Enduring the stress, the burnout, working through those days where the doom scroll calls you more than anything else.

Yet, by the immovable force that is our shared pursuit of excellence, we put our heads down to study, to write, to design, to compose. The idea of a single eureka moment is a dangerous lie. Don't let it stop you from getting started.

- Nathan Niu