



The Churchill

CHRONICLE

Summer Edition

Memories that Remain

Luna Tekie

Why Does Summer Feel So
Different and Nostalgic

Nathan H

The Kilowatt Kingdom

Aayush Kumar



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Playlist for SUMMER!



Serena Ng

Whether you're driving with the windows down, relaxing by the water, or making memories with friends, the perfect summer playlist sets the tone for the season. From upbeat hits to laid-back favourites, these songs capture the energy, freedom, and nostalgia that make summer unforgettable.



Wish You the Best

Lewis Capaldi



Accutane

Malcolm Todd



Roses

The Chainsmokers



pretty little birds

SZA, Isaiah Rashad



Can't Take My Eyes From You

Gloria Gaynor



Headlock

Imogen Heap



Juno

Sabrina Carpenter



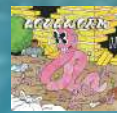
Heather

Conan Gray



Disease

Lady Gaga



Apple Cider

beabadoobee



Lightning Child

Raiko and Remi Willow



You Are The Reason

Callum Scott



Everest

beabadoobee



That's So True

Gracie Abrams



Now That She's Gone

Destiny's Child



eternal sunshine

Ariana Grande

The Kilowatt Kingdom

By: Aayush Kumar

GPT-Mania has been spreading throughout the world, and in the last two years, Canada's AI power demand has surged by 400%, with a single new "AI Factory" in Saskatchewan now slated to consume more electricity than 225,000 homes combined. From Vancouver to Halifax, AI companies are trying to build new data centres to train, deploy and run Large Language Models (LLMs).

In the wake of these huge power demands, Prime Minister Mark Carney has announced his push to double electricity production on the Canadian grid by 2050, focusing especially on natural gas, to not only reduce electricity costs for the average Canadian, but to allow more AI Data Centres; this works well in Canada's cold weather. This policy is based around the belief that these data centres are good for the Canadian economy for a few reasons: they create Canadian jobs during a time of high youth unemployment, they allow Canadian startups to train their own AI (free from American, Chinese, or any foreign influence) and they create new tax revenue for future governments that boost the economy. It is a huge source of money as many believe that AI is the future of the world.

However, this is not without question. For many, AI is a bubble, driven on by investor speculation as opposed to concrete reality, a bubble that will eventually pop. If AI, or at least our current version of it, is really this short-term, then building new data centres will be a loss once the bubble pops. Additionally, especially if AI doesn't turn out to be a bubble, physical infrastructure is being built faster than the federal government can implement "guardrails" for AI safety and privacy.

Additionally, many critics of AI point out that AI is immoral in a sense that it takes away human skills, and we should not be encouraging this. Plus, AI Data Centers devour huge amounts of water and electricity that harm the environment, destroying ecosystems, and raise prices for the average family to be consumed by an ever-growing AI. We may essentially be building huge, unregulated data centers that consume large amounts of water and electricity to conduct immoral creation.

MEMORIES THAT REMAIN

Luna Tekie

I wait for summer every year. I crave the feeling of sand between my toes, sticky lemonade residue on my lips, and the sun's hot beams on my skin. Yet, by August, I can't wait for summer to be over. That once-pleasant sun feels as though it's beating down on me, slowly burning every one of my cells alive. Despite this, for one day at the end of summer—one moment really, before that suffocating and sickly feeling returns—the air feels the same as it did five years ago: stuffy and humid, still warm from the day.

When I drop down on the swing, my bare feet brush against damp soil and slivers of grass, getting tiny bits of gravel stuck between my toes. Streetlights start to flicker on, and the rhythmic thumps of a basketball being dribbled and distant hoots of laughter echo down the street. My fingers are sticky, smelling like artificial sugar from the wooden popsicle stick in my hand. The smell of char and fire engulfs me as my dad burns another burger, and my mom laughs softly to herself while bringing out condiments from the house.

My brother announces his arrival with the ding of a bell and the skid of bike tires. He runs up to the table, kicking around a beaten-down and deflated soccer ball before grabbing a blue popsicle. He then runs up to me, getting on the other swing and kicking off the ground with all his might. The setting sun shines between the lush trees, casting a golden hue over the side of the house. It's getting chillier now, wind rustling my clothes and sending broken flower petals into my hair, as the sun begins to say its goodbye.

I jump off the rusted swingset, avoiding any sharp pebbles, as I hobble my way over to the same plastic table and chairs I've sat at for years. There are marker stains all over and the cover is ripping, with bits and pieces sticking to my skin. My brother drops a hotdog bun on the floor by accident, leaving it for the ants to take away. My dad comes over to us with burgers and hotdogs in hand, more crispy than they should be, and sets them beside the water pitcher.

At the end of every summer, year after year, I think back to that feeling of sunlight pouring endlessly into me, with blades of grass under my feet and the buzz of mosquitos in my ear. The memories of summer never leave my bones, just like the feeling of sand still in between my toes.

SUMMER VISITS

BY GRACE LO

SOME SUMMERS, I WOULD VISIT MY GRANDMOTHER IN HER SMALL APARTMENT IN OUR HOMETOWN. IT CARRIES A DISTINCT SCENT, HER SCENT. AS I STEPPED INTO HER HOME, SHE WOULD RUSH US INSIDE, INSTRUCTING US TO EAT THE FRESH FRUITS THAT SHE HAD ALREADY CUT FOR US WHILE PREPARING MORE FOOD IN THE KITCHEN. SOME THINGS JUST NEVER CHANGE; THE WAY SHE SHOWS HER LOVE FOR ME TODAY IS THE SAME AS THE WAY SHE SHOWED HER LOVE FROM A DECADE AGO WHEN I WAS SIX. AS A KID, AFTER MY SWIMMING PRACTICES, SHE WOULD TELL ME HOW GOOD I WAS DOING WHILE HANDING ME THE PORK BUNS THAT SHE HAD MADE; SHE WOULD TELL ME THE HISTORY THAT OUR FAMILY AND SOCIETY AS A WHOLE HAD EXPERIENCED AS I LISTENED ATTENTIVELY AND WE WOULD EXCHANGE OUR IDEALS OF SOCIETY. BUT NOW THAT I MOVED TO ANOTHER CITY, HECK, AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT CONTINENT, THE INTERACTIONS THAT WE HAVE CAN ONLY EXTEND TO OCCASIONAL VIDEO CALLS. THESE CALLS BARELY FIND TIME BETWEEN THE WIDE TIME ZONE DIFFERENCE AND MY BUSY SCHEDULE WITH SCHOOL AND LIFE. BUT IN THE SUMMER, WHEN I COME BACK TO SCHOOL, I ATTEMPT TO BE THE BEST THAT I CAN BE, SO MY GRANDMA CAN BE PROUD OF ME. FOR HER, IT IS IMPORTANT TO KNOW THAT THE DEDICATION AND CARE SHE PUT INTO MY PARENT'S AND MY CHILDHOOD ISN'T JUST BEING SQUANDERED AWAY IN A CONTINENT 6, 600 MILES AWAY. IT'S IMPORTANT THAT I AM PUTTING THE TOOLS THAT I AM PRIVILEGED TO HAVE, HANDED OVER BY SOCIETY (LIKE A DECENT EDUCATION AND A GOOD QUALITY OF LIFE), TO BENEFIT THE INDIVIDUALS AND SOCIETIES AROUND ME. I HOPE THAT ONE DAY, SUMMERS WITH MY GRANDMOTHER AREN'T RUSHED AND CHOPPED, AND EXTEND OVER THE REMAINING THREE SEASONS, AND THAT I WILL BE THE ONE CUTTING THE FRUITS FOR HER.



PHOTO BY AMOGH KUMAR



A QUIET SUMMER NIGHT THOUGHT

By: Alexander Li

My room's window faced East as always. The position always annoyed me because of the way the sunrise shone into my face. Yet, I continue to feel an irresistible charm to it. Tonight, the glass reflected the room back into the glimmer of my eyes. The unmade bed, half-opened textbooks, the half-full coffee pot from yesterday's all-nighter, and my own faint, ghastly expression were all so clearly reflected back. I loved it.

Beyond the ravishing reflection of my room, the moon hung pale over the city, illuminating the empty night sky with its own ethereal light. The moonlight shimmered on the floor, looking just like frost despite the summer atmosphere.

It was a night like every other summer night. It was a moon that existed like it had every other summer night. It was a room I had been in like I had every other summer night.

I wanted to sleep but I couldn't. The atmosphere was too hot. Despite the constant, radiating buzz of a fan, I found it impossible to stay still. I simply gazed out at my room. What else was there to do except to admire the frost painted on my bedroom floor? How was it possible that a patch of ice was sitting in my room?

I looked up.

My gaze met the divine moon that rose in the East with the night. Warm air continued to graze my skin, and sent shivers down my spine. Next summer, I wouldn't be able to feel any of this anymore.

I began to be mesmerized by things I had never even considered before, things that stood directly before me all this time. Where will the hallway light that never fully turns off go? Where will the grumbling snores of my father disappear to? Where will the creaking sounds of my staircase dissipate to? Where will my view of this moon vanish to? When will I have to depart with the summer that I love?

Most importantly, who will I be when these familiar, sweet things stop surrounding me everyday?

I looked down.

The next year would be a long one, away from home. I would return as a visitor in my own home—how strange. I would help carry laundry, and maybe I would tell new stories that displace the old, proving these memories were at their journey's end. A bittersweet taste spread on my tongue.

My room will stay the same, this summer will stay the same, and the moon will stay the same.

However, I will not.

It was a night like every other summer night, but that's why I miss it. Quietly, without meaning to, these night thoughts had begun to make me miss home before I even left.

Photo background from, Yang
Huafeng/China News
Service/VCG/Getty Images

CHINA FACTORY EXPLOSION

By Vanko Luu

A fatal explosion occurred in a fireworks factory located in China on May 4th, 2026. The tragedy raised a considerable number of questions regarding factory safety issues. In total, the explosion claimed at least 26 lives and left approximately 61 injured, despite the presence of over 1,500 emergency workers consisting of firefighters, drones, robots, and dogs searching for survivors.

The explosion was severe enough to force evacuation from all buildings within a radius of approximately three kilometers due to a large amount of smoke spreading throughout the area. Following the event, fireworks and firecrackers production was ceased in the region while the investigation is ongoing to determine the causes of the accident. Additionally, the person in charge of the company has been detained in order to ensure proper investigation. The causes have not been officially identified as of now; however, the possibility of inappropriate storage and transportation of gunpowder, as well as violations of safety regulations, is under examination.

This event is important across the world because China poses as one of the most important countries when it comes to producing and exporting fireworks globally. The demand for fireworks is constant, which furthers the need for producers in the country to make products quick and cheap. This leads to ignorance of the safety of both workers and their working environment, which is most likely what had happened on the day of the explosion.

Since the explosion has been reported globally, the topic of workplace safety is now something that all nations will have to take responsibility for. Organizations such as the International Labour Organization already encourage nations to support safer labor practices; after an incident like this, many other governments and organizations will need to get involved to encourage stricter safety measures.



Grandfather With

We did not go out much, and if we did, my grandfather would have to have his teleprompter. It was the only way we could be proper. He lived in the hinterlands and otherwise didn't know how to act.

I can still remember when we would go out to Madison's on July nights after my brother finished a swim meet. We would eat fish and chips with coleslaw on the side. My mother used to say that the people were looking because we were Ashkenazi Jewish, and fried fish wasn't kosher (it didn't matter if we were non-practicing - people couldn't tell). Truthfully though, I knew it was because of my grandfather's teleprompter.

For the first few years of my life, it was quite normal my grandfather had a little screen connected to his wheelchair, where he would read off the lines. The meetings with grandfather were so special because, again, he lived in the hinterlands, my dad would assert again. We really only saw him at July dinners in that dimly lit bar with the exposed pipe on the ceiling and big windows on the side where other people sat basking in the sun. I repeatedly would ask my parents if maybe we could sit outside, but my father would shake his head again, telling me it was too embarrassing. So there I would be, drowning in the smell of salad dressing on grandfather's croutons he couldn't eat but I wanted to, and my mother might pick at his salad to feed to me. Could grandfather even eat? Or did he have a feeding tube? He could read off the teleprompter just fine. When we walked into the restaurant, grandfather might make a face at us kids, like the way my cat might if he was trying to shake off a flea by scrunching up one side of his face. We would look at each other worried. Did we somehow displease grandfather? Simon had gotten a medal for swimming, but maybe grandfather hated the first time Simon won a swim medal. If Simon knew that, he would complain to dad for the rest of the week. Then the screen flashed and he started to move his lips and blow the air out of his throat, "Children! I've missed you! I love you!"



the Teleprompter



Our worry eased and conversation would become kind with grandfather. He said the things grandfathers said, cracking jokes and offering life lessons out of a fable.

One day, sitting with my cousin Jed, he asked me if I had ever seen grandfather make an upset face at me or my father, because he certainly had. I didn't see why it was worthy of mention, because grandfather would dote on me so vibrantly.

In August, a day after my eleventh birthday, they wouldn't let us bring the teleprompter into the hospital; we couldn't know what grandfather was yammering about. My dad insisted I should not visit, but in lieu of my lack of a party from grandfather's health crisis, my father relented. When I walked in the room, my grandfather started twitching and my father kept his hand on my shoulder. There he was, making disgusted, scrunched up expressions at me. Then, with a curving grace, a wad of spit flew at my face, landing in my eye. I wailed and ran out of the cold white room before I heard the voice of my grandfather. I blocked it out as I ran away in fear.

He passed away a while later in the hospital. In the days before that, I was a little wary of grandfather; father said he 'wasn't himself,' especially now he had no teleprompter.

Soon my father found his will, which was most generous, distributing his hinterlands property to my father, little money to his siblings, and lots of money for my young cousins and I. Simon was not included in the will, but he cleaned my room for a year and I gave him some of my share.

I suppose all our loved ones are a little odd, but they love us very much all the same no matter whatever hazy recollections of summer glares and unhappy stares you think you remember.



The Season That Stays

By Brienne Parfett

You know that feeling when, in the moment, you couldn't imagine how much more perfect things could get, and you end up beginning to mourn the moment despite still experiencing it? Summer nostalgia hits the hardest when you realize that you're living the memories that one day you'll be longing for, and suddenly every second feels too short. Whether it's the friendships that are made, the trips, or simply going out with friends and enjoying the warm, sunny weather, the nostalgia of this season hits so hard when you realize it won't last forever. Summer has always been the months that people feel the most nostalgic over since they seem so short. In reality, it has been our only real sense of freedom from stress and deadlines since we're busy with school for most of the year. It's so much easier to feel everything deeper in summer when we're given our own time too.

We get to enjoy the moments without rushing through them, or feeling that it's just another thing to get through because we have to. Being present to enjoy the relaxing and peaceful weather we are seldom able to have in Calgary, and being able to notice the little things we wouldn't normally observe are just some of the few things that make summer so special. Especially for our graduating class, summer is just another reminder that we aren't little kids anymore and we're moving on to the next chapter of our lives. Each summer is different from the last, and it is, for more people than ever, our last chance of getting to be free and spontaneous before getting serious about deciding our futures and choosing our paths in life. This summer is the time to do all the things we might not get the chance to do, and to make memories that we'll reminisce over once the season ends.

It's truly a bittersweet feeling to know that time is slipping away even while you're still standing inside of it.

Why Does Summer Feel So Different & Nostalgic?

Summer nostalgia reflects our desires for simplicity, freedom and connection. For most of us, still students, summer is linked to vacation, a period to be free, and times when all we have to think about is playing outside. Activities like riding our bikes, going to camps, playing at the playground, are all nostalgic memories that symbolize relaxation and joy. Even if you didn't do these activities when you were little, most people would still agree that summer is a time for us to relax, like we did in the past.

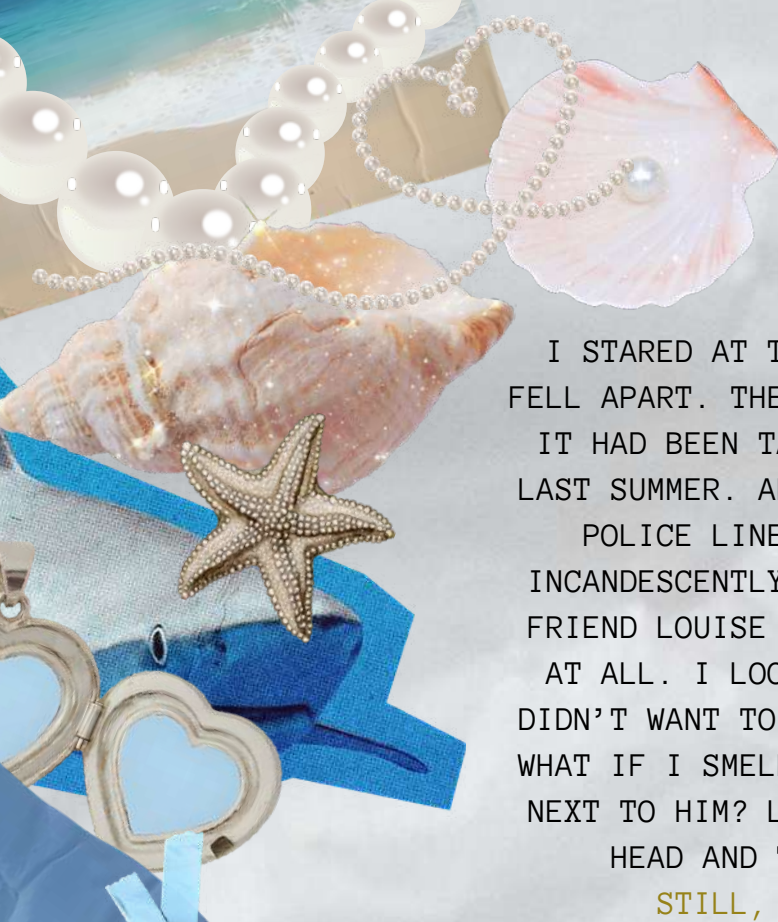
Socially, summer is a time to hang out with your friends and family. Most of our vacations are probably taken during summer, since we students get two or three months of break during this time. Secondly, it feels a lot better taking walks, having picnics, or just being with your friends during the summer, both because of the weather and the feeling of being free from school. These shared experiences are unique compared to the rest of the year where we work or go to school since they are less structured and stressful, making them more personal and enjoyable.

A big factor that strengthens summer nostalgia is the complete change in environment and daily routine. Compared to a time like winter where it's way too cold and insufferable to even step outside, summer is a joyous occasion that is filled with the vibe of celebration and freedom. During summer, daylight hours are longer and the warm, comfortable temperatures encourage us to go outside to play. In a city like Calgary, there's not really that much time for us to experience something like this in a year, which makes activities in the summer stand out more.

Another factor is that many people around the world, not just Canadians or Americans, see summer in a similar view. Films, music, and videos often portray summer as a warm season filled with adventure and youth, and many people compare their summer experiences to this idealized version. It doesn't matter if it's the smell of flowers, the comfortable breezes or the sound of children playing, many activities or events can help us remember what summer was to us as children, and remind us what we still can do in the summer now.



Photo By Amogh Kumar



Our Last

I STARED AT THE PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN MONTHS BEFORE EVERYTHING FELL APART. THE QUALITY WAS GRAINY YET VIVID AT THE SAME TIME. IT HAD BEEN TAKEN AT UNIVERSAL ORLANDO RESORT WHERE WE WENT LAST SUMMER. ALL MY FRIENDS STOOD SHOULDER TO SHOULDER LIKE A POLICE LINEUP, SOME FORCING A SMILE AND OTHERS BEAMING INCANDESCENTLY. AND THERE I WAS, STANDING BETWEEN MY CLOSEST FRIEND LOUISE AND THE BOY I SOMETIMES WISHED I HAD NEVER MET AT ALL. I LOOKED UNCOMFORTABLE IN THE PHOTO, NOT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT TO STAND BESIDE HIM, BUT BECAUSE I WAS TERRIFIED. WHAT IF I SMELLED STRANGE? WHAT IF HE SECRETLY DIDN'T WANT ME NEXT TO HIM? LOOKING AT IT NOW FELT EMBARRASSING. I SHOOK MY HEAD AND TUCKED THE PHOTOGRAPH BACK INTO MY DRAWER.

STILL, MEMORIES OF HIM FOLLOWED ME EVERYWHERE.

I TRIED TO RELIVE OUR OLD CONVERSATIONS WITH HIM, SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN MEANINGS IN EVERY JOKE, EVERY GLANCE, EVERY MOMENT THAT HAD ONCE CONVINCED ME HE MIGHT FEEL THE SAME WAY. I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY I LIKED HIM SO MUCH. HE WAS PLAIN, REALLY. HE DRESSED WELL FOR HIS AGE, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING REMARKABLY SPECIAL ABOUT HIM. MAYBE IT WAS THE WAY HE SMILED AT PEOPLE, OR THE WAY HIS LAUGHTER SOUNDED RICH AND WARM, LIKE HONEY MELTING INTO CEYLON TEA. WHATEVER IT WAS, I HELD ONTO EVERY MOMENT WE SHARED AS IF IT WERE THE BEST SCENE IN A MOVIE OR THE MOST MUSICAL PART IN A SONG. I LOVED HIM FOR REASONS I STILL COULDN'T EXPLAIN.

TODAY MARKED ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN DAYS SINCE HE REJECTED ME.

THINKING ABOUT IT NOW, EVERY LITTLE THING HE DID AFFECTED ME.

IF HE REPLIED TWO HOURS LATE OR IF HE HADN'T RESPONDED, I WOULD BELIEVE THE DERANGED IDEA THAT HE HATED ME. IT WAS STRANGE BECAUSE I HAD NEVER BEEN THE KIND OF PERSON WHO CARED ABOUT THINGS LIKE THAT BEFORE. AT LEAST, I THOUGHT I WASN'T.

MY FRIENDS LAUGHED AT ME FOR MY CHILDISH NOTIONS, BUT I COULDN'T HELP IT. I REALLY DID LIKE HIM. I WAS KNOWN AS THE GIRL WHO WAS A HOPELESS ROMANTIC, BUT LESS OF THE ROMANTIC AND MORE OF THE HOPELESSNESS. AND DESPITE ALL THE TIME THAT HAD PASSED, I STILL HADN'T MOVED ON.

MAYBE IT WAS BECAUSE REJECTION WAS UNFAMILIAR TO ME. LOUISE TOLD ME REJECTION WAS NORMAL AND THAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO HURT. BUT WHY DID IT CONSUME ME? WHY DID IT STAIN LIKE TURMERIC ON WHITE CLOTH? WHAT WAS IT ABOUT REJECTION THAT MADE IT SO HARD TO LET HIM GO?

Summer

THE WORST PART WAS THAT HE HAD BEEN KIND ABOUT IT. I REMEMBER HIS WORDS IN CRYSTAL CLARITY.

"I VALUE YOUR BRAVERY." I HATED THOSE WORDS. WHY DID YOU HAVE TO CALL ME BRAVE WHEN MY FEELINGS MEANT NOTHING TO YOU? WHAT IS BRAVERY MEANT FOR IF I GOT NOTHING OUT OF IT?

I WENT HOME THAT DAY AND CRIED UNTIL THERE WERE NO TEARS LEFT. THE TRUTH WAS, I NEVER EVEN WANTED TO CONFESS TO HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE. I HAD ONLY DONE IT BECAUSE EVERYONE AROUND ME INSISTED I HAD A CHANCE. THEY FILLED MY HEAD WITH FALSE HOPE UNTIL I BEGAN TO BELIEVE IT MYSELF.

AFTERWARD, I STOOD IN FRONT OF THE MIRROR AND SEARCHED FOR REASONS WHY I WASN'T ENOUGH. WAS I TOO UGLY? TOO AWKWARD? TOO MUCH? I REPLAYED EVERY INTERACTION WE SHARED, TRYING TO FIND THE EXACT MOMENT WHERE I RUINED EVERYTHING. MAYBE I TEXTED HIM TOO OFTEN. MAYBE COMPLIMENTING HIS HANDWRITING HAD BEEN STRANGE. MAYBE I HAD SIMPLY CARED TOO MUCH.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MY LIFE, I FELT UNDESIRABLE, UNWANTED, UNLOVABLE.

BUT EVENTUALLY, I REALIZED SOMETHING HUMILIATING: WHY WAS I PINING OVER A SHOE THAT NO LONGER FITS? I HAD TURNED HIS REJECTION INTO A MEASURE OF MY WORTH WHEN IT NEVER WAS. IT MADE ME REALIZE THAT UNREQUITED LOVE HURTS BECAUSE IT CONVINCES YOU THAT SOMEONE ELSE'S INABILITY TO LOVE YOU IS PROOF THAT YOU ARE DIFFICULT TO LOVE AT ALL.

BUT THAT ISN'T TRUE.

IF HE COULD NOT RETURN MY FEELINGS, THEN HE SIMPLY WAS NOT THE RIGHT PERSON FOR ME. LOVE IS SUPPOSED TO BE MUTUAL. IT IS SUPPOSED TO FLOW NATURALLY BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE INSTEAD OF LEAVING ONE PERSON BEGGING FOR SCRAPS OF AFFECTION WHILE THE OTHER STANDS AT A DISTANCE.

AND SUDDENLY, IT ALL BECAME SIMPLER THAN I HAD MADE IT OUT TO BE.

HE WAS JUST A BOY WHO DID NOT LOVE ME BACK.

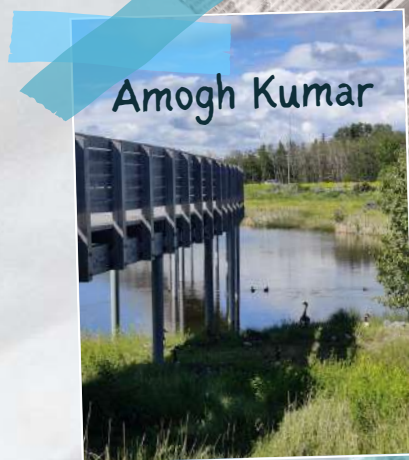
NOTHING MORE.

HE WAS NOT THE JUDGE OF MY WORTH ON WHETHER I DESERVED TO BE LOVED. HIS SUBJECTIVE OPINION OF ME DOES NOT DEFINE WHETHER I AM ENOUGH. HE WAS SIMPLY SOMEONE INCAPABLE OF GIVING ME WHAT I WANTED MOST.

I UNDERSTOOD THEN THAT THIS WOULD BE THE LAST TIME I LET MYSELF MOURN HIM AND SELF-LOATHE. THE LAST TIME I WOULD REVISIT OLD MEMORIES SEARCHING FOR HIDDEN MEANINGS. THE LAST TIME I WOULD IMAGINE A VERSION OF THE WORLD WHERE HE LOVED ME TOO.

THIS WAS IT.

OUR LAST SUMMER.



THE UNSEEN SINGER

BY Aiden Xiong

She spits five open notes out from
A tree with conviction that outshines
The warm howl of summer's breeze
And the runner's gentle footsteps
Which soon fade; the street is quiet.

But hark!

She reveals herself once again:
Five singing notes full of life
Like the appeal to a small break in
The clouds on a tempestuous day;
Like the dolphin's fin which stands
Otherwise concealed above the
Element yet rises profoundly.
The sky to the canopy conversed and
Agree there not be a singular
Bird which sang such soulful a song.

Yet, when I try to see, when the rare
Light perfectly pierces the green bush,
Her taunting song rings again, but
The singer remains unseen. Compare
It to a fair summer's day; it is enjoyed
Yet never is its sweet magic unveiled.

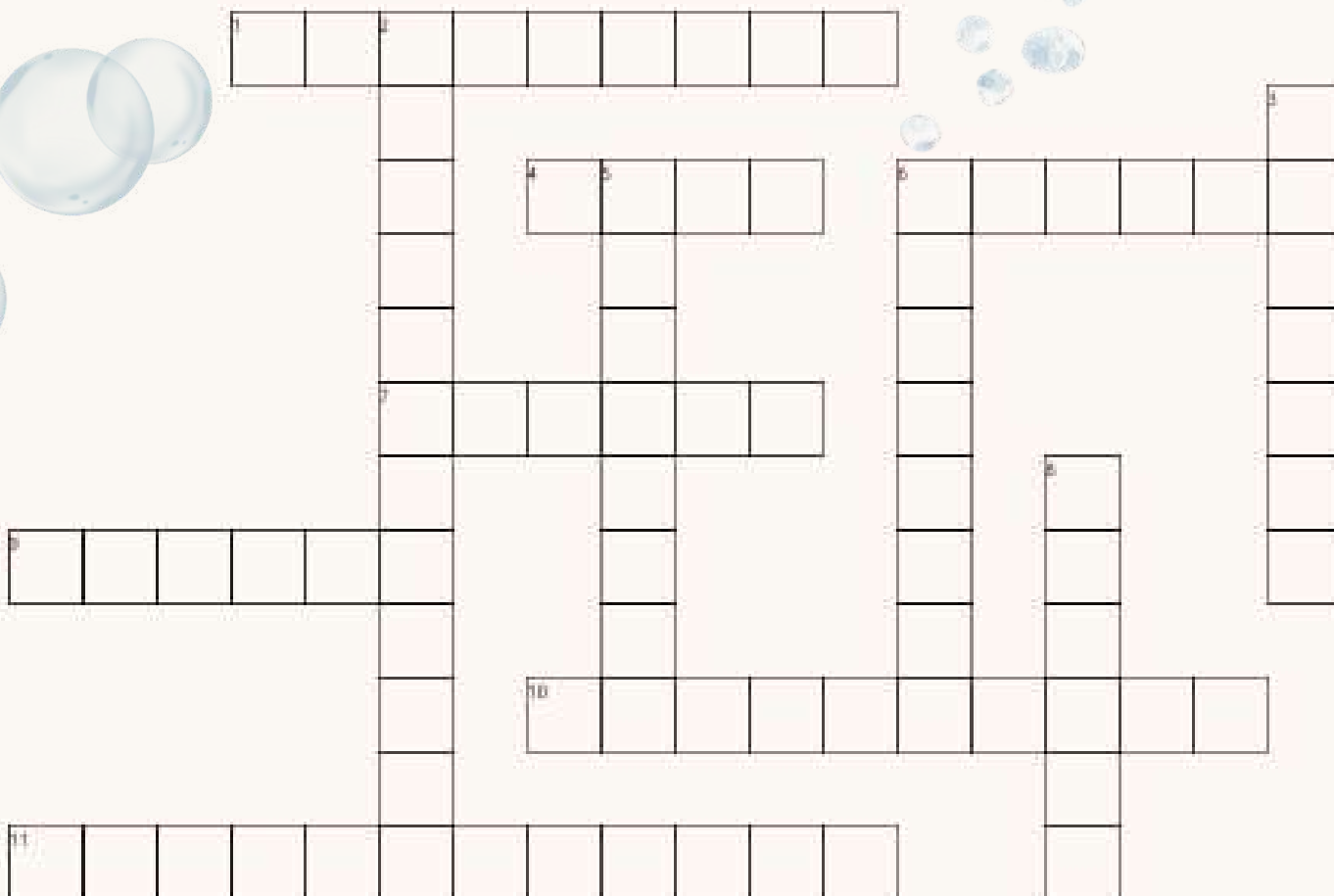
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 PUFFER FISH
 SEA TURTLE
 CLOWN FISH
 JELLYFISH
 STARFISH
 STINGRAY
 SEAHORSE
 LOBSTER
 OCTOPUS
 SEAWEED

MANATEE
 DOLPHIN
 PLANTS
 ANIMAL
 SHRIMP
 OCEAN
 BIRTH
 SHELL
 WATER
 WAVES
 SQUID

SHARK
 WHALE
 CORAL
 NEMO
 DEEP
 DIVE
 EGGS
 CRAB
 SEAL
 FISH
 EEL

Crossword



ACROSS

1. The smallest continent.
4. The continent with the most people (largest population).
6. The second-largest continent in both size and population.
7. The shallowest and smallest of the world's five oceans.
9. Many different countries are packed closely together here.
10. A desert of ice; the windiest and driest continent.
11. The third-largest continent.

DOWN

2. Has the world's largest rainforest (the Amazon).
3. The biggest and deepest ocean on Earth.
5. The ocean that officially surrounds the "bottom" of the world.
6. The second-largest ocean; its name comes from Greek mythology.
8. The third-largest ocean and named after a country.

Feel free to write on the page!

Hangman

Hint: marine animal



Illustration by Anisa Kazi

A	B	C	D
E	F	G	H
I	J	K	L
M	N	O	P
Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X
Y	Z		



Answer: axolotl

