



# The Churchill CHRONICLE

**Red Light**

Nola Biglin

**Through the Door of Possibility**

MS

**Life Like a Fig Tree**

Siena Norton

Cover Photos by Mikayla Girard



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# MESSAGE FROM THE EXEC

DEAR READERS,

AS THE EXECUTIVE TEAM OF THE CHURCHILL CHRONICLE, WE ARE THRILLED TO PRESENT TO YOU THE LATEST EDITION OF OUR SCHOOL'S OFFICIAL PUBLICATION! IN THIS ISSUE, WE WISHED TO CAPTURE AND HONOUR THE FUTURISTIC VISIONS AND ASPIRATIONS OF OUR STUDENT COMMUNITY THROUGH THE THEME: WHISPERS FROM THE FUTURE.

THE FUTURE IS BOTH A QUESTION AND AN ANSWER. IT INVITES US TO REFLECT UPON THE ROAD AHEAD WHILE APPRECIATING HOW FAR WE HAVE COME. FROM THE CURIOSITY THAT DRIVES US TOWARD FOREIGN FRONTIERS TO THE PERSISTENCE OF NOSTALGIA FOR THE PAST, OUR WRITERS EXPLORE THE INTERWOVEN COMPLEXITIES OF EXCITEMENT, DREAMS, POSSIBILITIES, AND PERSONAL GROWTH IN THEIR LIVES. THIS EDITION ALSO CELEBRATES THE EVOLUTION OF OUR SCHOOL COMMUNITY ITSELF, AS OUR REPORTERS SPOTLIGHT THE LIVELY DEBUT OF THE WINTER FORMAL, ALONG WITH THE IMPACTFUL WORK OF THE INTERACT CLUB AND THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF OUR WRESTLING TEAM.

WE EXTEND OUR DEEPEST GRATITUDE TO EVERYONE WHO CONTRIBUTED TO THIS ISSUE, WHOSE DEDICATION AND CREATIVITY ARE WHAT CONTINUOUSLY DRIVES US TO BRING THE DIVERSE VOICES OF OUR COMMUNITY TO THE LIMELIGHT. AS THE 2025 YEAR DAWNS UPON US WITH ENDLESS NEW POSSIBILITIES, WE HOPE THESE CREATIONS INSPIRE YOU AS MUCH AS THEY HAVE INSPIRED US.

HAPPY READING, AND SEE YOU SOON!

SINCERELY,  
THE CHURCHILL CHRONICLE EXECUTIVE TEAM



# PLAYLIST FOR WINTER

This playlist, curated by The Churchill Chronicle, embodies the spirit of winter and the holiday season. Whether it be for a karaoke party, evenings by the fireplace, or just jamming out, this playlist is sure to have something that suits your taste. These melodies offer a mix of old and new, making for a perfect start to the new year!

 The Churchill Chronicle



## THIS DECEMBER

Ricky Montgomery



## LITTLE DRUMMER BOY

FOR KING + COUNTRY



## LAST CHRISTMAS

Wham!



## DISEASE

Lady Gaga



## CHRISTMAS DREAMING

Laufey



## I LOOK IN PEOPLE'S WINDOWS

Taylor Swift



## HEARTBEAT

Childish Gambino



## JUNO

Sabrina Carpenter



## FICTIONAL

Khloe Rose



## SWEATER WEATHER

The Neighbourhood



## NUMBER ONE GIRL

Rosé



## YOU'RE STILL A MYSTERY

Bleachers



## CHANEL

Frank Ocean



## MAKE IT TO THE MORNING

PARTYNEXTDOOR



## FIRST SNOW

EXO



## CALLING AFTER ME

Wallows



## HEATHER

Conan Gray



## BLUE

yung kai



## LOW LIFE

Future (feat. The Weeknd)



## NOBODY

OneRepublic



## STARMAN - 2012 REMASTER

David Bowie



## LOVE 113

RIIZE



## THE TIME

Gunna



## SHE'S SO HIGH

Tal Bachman



## RUG ISLAND - FULL VERSION

Joff Bush



## PASTURE CHILD

Dominic Fike

ART BY CHELSEA LI





# THE RED LIGHT

*By The Crumbs Underneath Your Oven*

User: Nola\_Biglin

You are stopped at a sort of intersection  
Between childhood and adult life;  
You can't reverse back down the road  
Nor can you force a green light.

You are stuck between a life carefree  
And one full of responsibility.  
I watch your nervous feet walk by  
Unaware of the weight of each step.



A bell rings, and kids sing and race out of school;  
A pink pigtailed blur jumps into softly strong arms,  
And you watch from a distance introspectively.  
Are you the girl? Innocent, bubbly, and sweet?  
Or are you her father? Weathered, worn, but complete?

As you sweep to the sound of ear-splitting music,  
Profane words drowned out by the rush of the sink  
As you do dishes, making beards with the bubbles,  
I know, as you know, you're neither father nor daughter.

You remember your childhood like it was yesterday:  
Playground marriages and unmarked projects—  
You played at life with a free pass.  
I remember how your little feet used to run across the floor  
With an unbridled excitement I don't see much anymore.

You anticipate your adulthood with anxious wonder,  
A backward nostalgia looking forward to live  
A life thus far undecided yet hopeful.  
I anticipate purposeful steps with shoes that finally fit  
Paired with steps of people who make your work worth it.

You are stuck between the past and  
future  
So make the most of this short red  
light:

Kiss the girl, belt the song,  
Cry out loud, spill the tea,

5

*Because before you are ready, the light will turn green.*





# THROUGH THE DOOR OF POSSIBILITY

M . S .

Regret always seems to whisper louder than progress, doesn't it? It creeps into every other thought, portalling you back to that one mistake you made. It's like a mirror. It doesn't lie, but it doesn't tell you the entire truth either. What it doesn't tell you is that progress whispers too, but it just hasn't had its turn to hold the mic. It's in the moments where you fall behind on assignments and feel the paramount pressure of it all as time slips through your fingers. You wonder how you'll ever catch up-or if you even will. As much as negative feelings arise in these situations, it's important to note the lessons that surface. Too little time? Learn how to schedule your time wisely. Too many deadlines? Learn to prioritize tasks. Too much work? Learn to divide and conquer. It's easy to find scapegoats, but hiding behind each blame is a lesson waiting to be acknowledged.

And here's a truth that regret never reveals-a lesson about life itself. Picture life as an infinitely long hallway, filled with doors at every corner. Some are ajar, and others are sealed shut. But don't be disheartened by those that are closed; with effort and the right knowledge, you can potentially unlock them. Each door represents potential choices, relationships, or challenges. So don't get fixated on a door that's shut because when one is closed, another is opened. Neither should you worry if you've chosen the "wrong" door, because no perfect door exists-just doors that hold different experiences. It's up to you to choose which ones you want to enter, close or unlock.

**CHOOSE WISELY, BECAUSE EVERY DOOR YOU OPEN IS A REFLECTION OF  
THE PATH YOU CHOOSE-AND THAT PATH IS YOURS TO CREATE.**



# Like a

**By: Siena Norton**

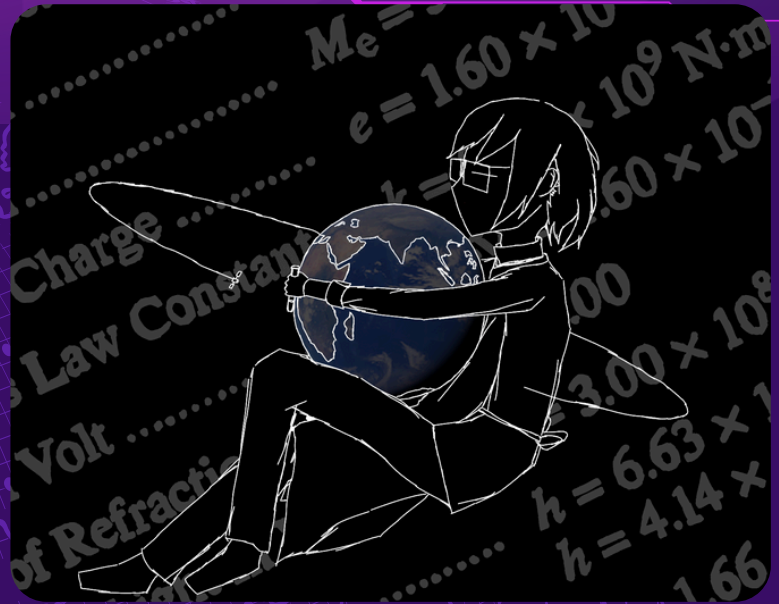
**I often picture my life like a fig tree.**

There are so many figs to choose from, yet so little time in life to taste them all. As Sylvia Plath once wrote in *The Bell Jar*, “from the tip of every branch, like a fat purple fig, a wonderful future beckoned and winked,” making it impossible to choose one path. Every time I look in the mirror, it feels as though five possible versions of my future self are staring back at me, each representing a figment of my wild imagination.

Upon my tree hang many figs, but there are a few whose visions beckon to me the strongest. Sometimes I imagine myself as a prestigious journalist for The New York Times, covering the most spellbinding stories of the era, while other times I see myself as a famous pianist for the Calgary Philharmonic Orchestra, turning what I love into a lifelong career. Despite this, my future beckons me towards a life of science or law. As much as the discoveries of the scientific world have always fascinated me, I also often dream of working at a law firm, wielding the power to preserve justice and the rule of law in an unjust world. International justice is something that I have always yearned for and would be honoured to contribute to, yet I cannot help but crave a taste of the other figs as well. I do not want to end up living a life constantly wondering what it would have been like to go back in time and do things differently. I already know who I should be, but what if there was more to the story? Indecisiveness has been the theme of my life thus far, but little did I know it would meddle with one of the most important decisions of my life.

It is clear that society honours decisiveness; people who know the person they want to be from day one often have the most clear-cut path in life. They do not have to worry about living alongside an imaginary fig tree, because they have already chosen their fig. They are content with their one fig and would never think about exchanging it for another, even if they had a million trees at their disposal. I cannot help but think it must be nice to be so certain of what you want in life—to never worry about imagining a different path because you already have everything you could ever want. What scares me the most is that the moment I delve into the world of science or law, the other figs will vanish into thin air, leaving no chance to return. Unlike those who seem to have everything figured out, I constantly live with an imaginary fig tree hanging over me, feeding my indecisiveness. Sometimes, I picture the glamorous New York Times journalist or the talented professional pianist calling out to me and wonder if I should follow their beckoning. Each whisper pulls me closer and closer to an ultimatum: I only have one chance to choose the one fig that I will be forced to live with for the rest of my life. For an indecisive soul like me, it is a terrifying thought.

It was not until recently that I realized that it will never be too late to exchange the fig I end up choosing for another if things do not work out. Recently, I started watching a YouTuber who was experiencing the same dilemma as me, but ended up deciding to dedicate some time to each of her passions to discover what she truly wanted to do with her life. Experimentation is one of the many beauties in life and something everyone should embrace. Since I want to live the best life possible, I am willing to try all of the **figs** on my beautiful fig tree until I find the one that tastes just right for me.



**Illustrated by: Lucas Mei**





# A NIGHT IN THE STARS!

**Behind the Scenes Of SWC's  
Winter Formal** - Afiyah Sajid

This year, Sir Winston Churchill High School hosted its very own Winter Formal, spearheaded by Raisa Tathoi, a grade 12 student at SWC. The Winter Formal, with the dazzling theme of *Starry Night*, was held on Wednesday, December 4th, 2024 from 6:00 to 8:00 pm. The event attracted an attendance of over 500 SWC students of all grades, with lineups winding around the front doors of the school. Over 50 volunteers were recruited to help facilitate the event and set up decorations. Upon entrance, you could immediately see that there was something for everyone. With a dance floor in the main gym, a concession room, and an overflowing photobooth, the Winter Formal planning committee gave SWC students a perfect night in the stars.

In the months prior to the dance, the Winter Formal gained support and attraction through an event Instagram page that amassed some 520 followers in the span of just 4 months. Candy gram promposals were made available for purchase by students and hand delivered around classrooms all over the school by volunteers. Marketing and media, volunteer recruitment, and finances and ticket sales were simply a few of the roles tasked to the Winter Formal planning committee, a group of students who worked alongside admin and teacher sponsors to bring the event to life. Although the event was originally meant to be a Fall Formal, due to logistical reasons and administration issues, the event was postponed to a Winter Formal, and what a success it was! Through countless anxious moments and even threats of cancellation, the committee persevered to bring the students of SWC a much needed break. The planning committee mainly communicated digitally on Instagram, typically meeting in-person bi-monthly throughout the semester, with more frequent meetings during the weeks leading up to the dance. Below are comments made by members of the Winter Formal planning committee regarding their thoughts on the process and experience.

The creation of the Winter Formal, originally inspired by a romcom, brought over a quarter of Churchill's vast student population together for a night filled with dance circles, glow sticks and Brutus the Bulldog. The unlimited photo booth was a major hit among all demographics, creating timeless memories, and providing students with a physical piece of the night to take home with them, and cherish for the years to come.

"I would say that the whole process was filled with so many different situations that allowed me to grow not only as a person but also as a team player. Regardless of the situation, we all did our best to make it through it all."

- Shivanshi Solanki

"It was really a team effort. All of us worked collectively to bring you this massive event."

- Abdullah Azhar

"It was a test of faith. Every week we were constantly on our toes about whether the dance would happen or not, but we pulled through all the ups and downs. Seeing the finished product made it all worth it."

- Nehir Parvez

"At first, the decorations didn't look amazing to me, but when the lights shut off, I was like 'oh wow'."

- Kevin Xiong

Photo by Khushi Grewal





# Dear Little Me

By Shalom F.

Dear Little Me,

Though not much time has passed, I still remember those days when you were riddled with anxiety, constantly worried about what direction your life was headed in after high school. Those times when you'd feel like the storm would never end, sails torn and anchor long gone. Any sense of direction lost, clouded by heavy downpour.

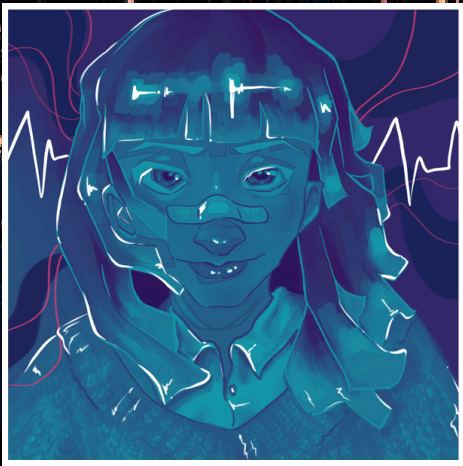
I want you to know that you will be okay. That you're just fifteen, and you don't have to know your destination, just trust your sails. Stop feeling like you are behind in life, you are right where you need to be. Neither behind nor late to anything. Learn to embrace the hands of failure. You're never going to be perfect, so why expect perfection from an imperfect being?

I want you to remember that social media is fake. A hoax, set up by society to trap you in a ceaseless cycle of self-wallowing and hate. Hours spent scrolling on TikTok and Instagram are the equivalent of days, maybe even years, of time that you could have spent bettering yourself, becoming the person that you envisioned yourself to be at the start of the year. Quit comparing your life to someone else's thirty-second clip of theirs. For all you know, they're making it all up. Some false facade that they crafted, a facade that you fell for. Focus and put all your energy into becoming the best possible version of you rather than chasing some unachievable fantasy. Put down your phone.

And most importantly, choose your friends wisely. High school is such an uncomfortable learning experience that you're going to make stupid choices, but don't let your friends be one of them. Know that those big friend groups you see hanging out most definitely have some underlying hate for each other. More than likely, they gossip about one another, and there is some secret animosity present in their group. Rather than feeling like you're missing out on the "high school experience", have a small group of friends of whom you can trust and put your faith in. Quality over quantity. Always. Never forget that. Take the storm head on; learn to trust and adjust your sails along the journey.

A reminder of personal growth,

Future you.



Cartoon by Ryan Liang



# Watch the Stars

By Ryan Tea

I write to you to watch the stars:  
To watch them close, and watch them far.

Please heed my words and chart the sky,  
And burn the stars into your mind,  
So in the night, you'll know which ones are  
new.

And when one winks into existence,  
Know you'll trek a greater distance  
Through your years spent yearning in the  
blue.

So watch the lights and be incensed.  
Consensus states that, in a sense,  
These years of innate innocence are the most  
precious few.  
So cherish while you're child-sized  
The world seen through child's eyes,  
And if you would, write what you could so I  
may have a view.

I whisper from the future, for my memory's a  
haze,  
And miasmas can't be sutured to make them  
not fade away.  
These years, I fear, still seem unclear through  
yesterdays galore,  
But looking back through these small stacks, I  
wish I'd kept some more.



Art by Ebube A.

So, see the stars, so scintillating.  
Stop there, stay there, simply wait, and  
Sit and ponder, let that wonder wane your  
woes, so satiating.  
Make some memories, take some pictures;  
Before your mind's but murk and mixture.  
History turns derelict, so write it—fight it—  
be the victor.

Watch the stars and be engrossed.  
Fold paper cranes up by the gross,  
And even if it's not a thousand,  
Know you tried and made the most  
Of your few years of fewer fears;  
Revel, relish, and revere.  
But know that when the going's tough,  
That I—or you—am still right here.

This future you is still existing,  
Found a 'why' to keep persisting,  
So watch the stars, and follow far;  
Those guiding lights are hope-subsisting.



# Reflections

have some faith in yourself  
you're really not all that bad  
you turned out pretty okay  
despite that phase you had  
there was that age where  
you were kind of a pain  
there was no getting through to you  
stubborn as a bull, dense as a brick  
but then you learned to listen  
learned how to live and love  
you had to rely on intuition  
and get over those stupid fears  
you can be proud of yourself for that  
it's a pretty damn hard thing to do  
so what if you've acted like a fool  
but what's more important is that you grew

by Gorankshi Nandrajog





# WHISPERS FROM THE FUTURE

Singing along with the birds,  
Skies shifting as I move along the hidden road,  
Whispers threading through my silent receiver,  
My hands trembling at the cool breeze of midsummer wild.

Walking beside *the dervish*,  
Outside is cloaked in a silence profound,  
Never before has stillness spoken so loudly.  
“*They have come*,” murmurs the air,  
“*They have come to take you where dreams take root.*”

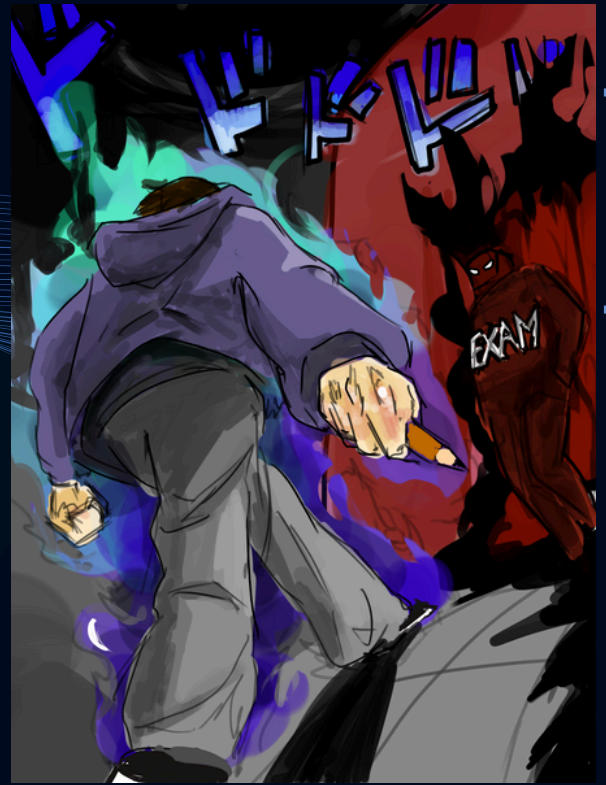
The whispers rise, a chorus of shadows.  
“*Step closer*,” they beckon, “*to the edge of the known.*”  
We carry the map of what’s yet to be,  
Scrawled in stars, in winds, in seeds not sown.”

Time joins us, veiled yet familiar,  
A rhythm in the echoes, a pulse in the night.  
It hums in unison with the voices unseen,  
Revealing the path where futures ignite.

“Do you hear us?” they ask. “Do you trust the unknown?  
The horizon holds secrets your heart must unveil.  
For every silence conceals its own revolution,  
And every whisper carries an uncharted trail.”

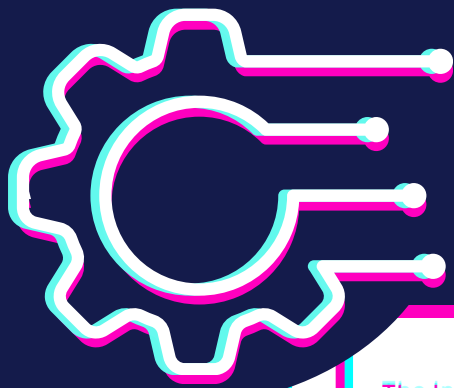
Through this journey, the future unravels—  
Not in answers but in questions that yearn to be found.  
Whispers ripple like waves through eternity’s ocean,  
Guiding me gently where dreams are unbound.

*By Khanjar S.*



*Jonathan Su*





# INTERACT WITH THE INTERACT CLUB!

Written by NP

The Interact Club is sponsored by Rotary International—a renowned global humanitarian organization. Rotary found its roots in Chicago on February 23, 1905. It aimed to create a community of professionals discussing and exchanging knowledge to form meaningful connections. The organization has now stemmed into humanitarian service. One impactful project they have led was their fight against polio in 1979 to immunize 6 million children in the Philippines. The Rotary Organization works to promote global understanding, goodwill, and peace by improving health, education, the environment, and reducing poverty. The 14,000 Interact clubs around the world work as an extension of their mission. The club motto is to value “Service above Self.”

Now, what does “Service above Self” mean? “Service above Self” is a motto that emphasizes prioritizing the well-being of others over one's own interests. It encourages individuals to put the needs of their community, society, or humanity first, through selfless service and action, which is often associated with Rotary International and other service-oriented organizations. The phrase embodies the idea of helping others without expecting personal gain or recognition.

Some notable projects of our Interact Club here at SWC include the Valorant Tournament, the Polio Poster Design Competition, and the Christmas Candy Grams. Projects like these strengthen our community and help individuals find a sense of collective purpose within our school!

One amazing aspect of this club is that they provide leadership experience for any interested Churchill students. Those interested in leading projects that illustrate “Service above Self” can connect with the SWC Interact executive team and make their dream project a reality! The club even provides funding for these initiatives. These leadership experiences not only help create a positive impact in the community, but also provide valuable skills and look fantastic on college or job applications!

The most arguably attractive portion of the club is how it offers scholarships to its club members. Its main scholarships are the Van Visvanatha Memorial Scholarship, which provides those in STEM fields \$2000, and the Doug and Jean Forsbrooke Scholarship, which funds the same amount to those pursuing a career in Business or the Arts. Last year in the 2023-2024 school year, they provided over \$13,000 in total for scholarships. Scholarships are open to all students but with more preference for Interact Club members and those who illustrate Rotary's key tenants!

Get connected and join our school community through the SWC Interact Club! To learn more about this integral part of our Churchill ecosystem and explore more outreach opportunities, check out their Instagram at @swcinteractclub, or visit the Rotary International website at <https://www.rotary.org/en> to find out more about the organization's message!





# Soul Soul Soul

Sol glanced through the window beside his desk, his eyes trailing along the path of snowflakes fluttering aimlessly from the sky. Narrowing his eyes with a subtle annoyance, he felt rather blinded by the reflection of light that bounced off the snow in the distance. Sol's mind instinctively tuned out the sound of his teacher's lesson, reducing it to a faint hum in the background. He made a mental note of the time that had passed and the time remaining until the cycle of his unbreakable routine would come to an end.

Sol's immersion in the scenery outside the classroom window was then interrupted by the bell. Soon, students would be swarming through the doors and flooding the hallways. Sol dreaded the bustling halls, the suffocating lack of space, the constant push and pull of people all around him. His senses would become overloaded with various sights, sounds, and smells—all invasively unfamiliar and unpredictable. Amidst the chaos, Sol felt as if he couldn't breathe.

He waited for the hallways to clear before deciding to gather his belongings from his locker. His eyes lingered only on the floor as he walked through the halls, fidgeting with the strings of his hoodie as he avoided meeting the gaze of a potential onlooker. But, it wasn't as though anyone would pay any mind to someone as insignificant as him anyway. He would gather his possessions with haste, careful to avoid running into anyone who viewed him unfavourably.

Sol had made it his ritual to linger in the empty classrooms after school; the silence and serenity, free from the students that usually occupied the space, brought him an immense sense of comfort.

He particularly favoured his English teacher's classroom, but as he walked in, he was met with a vaguely familiar face. Sol stared in confusion at the boy seated at one of the desks. His eyes met Sol's with a look of surprise, as though he himself was shocked that Sol could see him. His golden-brown curls shook slightly with alarm, but he remained silent as he inspected Sol.

The boy's clothes stood out the most—he was wearing a hospital gown. Sol struggled to recall why he looked familiar; this was not someone he knew personally, but he was certain he was a student. Sol had seen him before... or rather, a picture of him, at a memorial service the school held recently for a student who had supposedly passed away.

Yet, here he was. The boy from the picture—looking very much alive and a little disappointed. His amber eyes glossed over with a disoriented expression, almost as if he wasn't aware of his own existence.



*Piper Lupick*

*by Darnian*

# THE SINCERITY OF THE PRESENT

## JIHANE ZNAIDI

A. Chauhan



I exist in moments of perpetual nostalgia; it doesn't matter whether the past whispers to me or the future shrieks out its warnings. The moments in which I hold the most grief are in the present. It is as if I am outside a speeding train, willing myself to keep pace with the beauty inside, but it is too quick, much too swift for me to grasp the details. And thus, I am left mourning the distorted present, a gift I wish only upon the horrid creators of this soft torture.

The trees were green, I'm sure, with their stoic nature and unfeeling pine, though I cannot quite recall if they were softer under light or rigid, emeralds in their precious security. The speed at which I am recording these transient impressions is miraculous, almost impossible—and that's because it is. Inside the train, the world seems to slow down for those who occupy it. I see them through the windows, their faces turned toward moments I cannot reach: a child's laughter erupting like sunlight through clouds, the gentle rustle of a book's pages stirred by a breeze. I am outside, a spectator to this absurd spectacle, watching figures revel in the little things I long to touch.

They reach out to the wind, their fingers trailing through invisible threads of silk spun by the air. The flowers, mere dots of color to my eyes, must surely be fragrant. A woman tilts her head as though listening to a melody only the leaves can compose, her face turned upward, eyes closed, catching sunbeams as if they were blessings. It is agony to witness, a yearning so sharp it cuts—to let go of this consciousness and step into their shoes, to feel the cool kiss of the breeze on my cheek, to laugh without a second thought. But I am chained here, to this vantage point outside the train's windows, chasing a present I cannot inhabit.

The earth rushes by in its infinite forms: hills that rise like the cresting of a wave, rivers that twist and curl like the delicate thread of a story left unfinished. Nature's indifference is both a quiet solace and a loud cruelty all at once. Do the mountains care that I am here, dissecting their fleeting impressions? Do the clouds shift themselves out of spite or indifference? The grass bows not to me but to the will of the wind, and I am left wondering when, exactly, will these fleeting images transform into something precious enough to remember.

At what point, I ask myself, do they become the core of one's being? At what point do you turn back and realize it wasn't just yesterday? At what point does the present—so fleeting, so elusive—begin to solidify into memory, hardening like amber around the fragile insects of our joy? Snarky I may be, but do not belittle my hurt. It is a wound carved by time's sharp edge, by the weight of yearning for what has already begun to slip away, even as it unfolds.

The passengers inside the train seem untouched by this ache. One of them smiles at something unseen, some secret only they know. I want to ask them: what is it that makes you so unburdened? Is it ignorance? Is it grace? But I cannot call to them. I can only watch as they press their hand against the glass, leaving a faint trace of warmth behind, a fleeting testimony to their existence.

The leaves change as the train barrels on, their green giving way to amber and crimson. And then they fall, leaving room for the snow, the cycle repeating itself without concern for my musings. This, I suppose, is the gentle reminder—that despite all the shifting, the cycle continues. And so I stand here, mourning the voice that speaks to me from the wind and the leaves and the sun. It is a sad thing, to be so aware of the fleeting nature of it all. Yet it is a happy thing, too, for I will remember. I will remember even as the train speeds on, even as the moments blur together into an incomprehensible stream.

And so I am left, your wistful narrator, clinging to the ache of remembrance, waiting for the next chapter to unfold.

Clara





# DRAMA REVIEWS: THE JUDGE FROM HELL

BY: FARAH

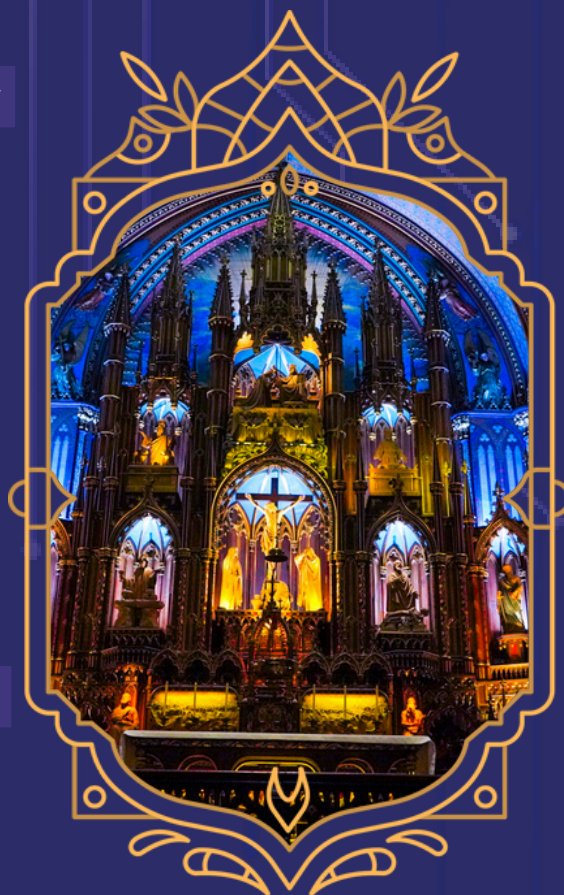
**WARNING: SPOILERS**

I love this drama, especially because it's such an interesting concept. It reveals the flaws of the justice system and how much the families of victims are affected from the lack of justice. Kang Bitna's character is especially intriguing because she starts as selfish and morally dark, but has a large character arc to a more caring person. Her personality is also hilarious, largely due to her lack of empathy. Han Daon's character almost has the opposite character growth to Kang Bitna; he starts out morally just, but soon becomes more accepting of Kang Bitna's violent methods to bring justice. The progression of their relationship is also very well done. It's truly an enemies to lovers situation because they had the opposite moral beliefs at the start which led to many arguments. By the end, however, they would both die for each other. I do have some criticisms/questions though: What happened to the original Kang Bitna and Justitia's soul? Why did Kang Bitna decide to spend two out of three years she had left on Earth away from Han Daon? Overall, this was an amazing drama and I would definitely recommend it to those who love thrillers with a touch of romance. However, there are explicit depictions of violence, so be careful if you're sensitive to that.

This dark fantasy k-drama starts off with the murder of a judge, Kang Bitna. Unexpectedly, the doors to hell open up, pulling her soul inside, where she meets the demon judge of hell, Justitia. Justitia's job is to punish the souls of murderers and send them to hell.

However, Kang Bitna is not a murderer, and her soul was pulled in by mistake. Justitia impulsively attempts to send her to hell, but is stopped by a higher-ranked demon, Bael. Due to her mistake, Justitia is punished by having to possess Kang Bitna's body, where she must kill and send ten murderers to hell within a year.

In order to achieve this, she must act as an incompetent judge and let the murderers off with an easy sentence so she herself can kill the murderers. This catches the attention of detective Han Daon, who was the sole survivor of Serial Killer J when he was a child. Serial Killer J killed Han Daon's entire family, so he is determined to catch and arrest him to bring justice to his family. Eventually, the two end up working together to find the serial killer, and fall in love in the process.



PHOTOGRAPHY: LEON



# STORIES FOR THE TRANSCENDENT

## STORY 1 - INDUSTRY

*Written By: Qinkai Li*

My great-grandfather used to tell me stories of the global industry that dominated the world once, the silver factories and the gleaming barrels still visible through the vintage pages. I held on to these depictions in my mind, their glory so illusory yet so palpable. Perhaps "glory" is not the right word to describe them. Nobody glorified them except for the authors of science and technology textbooks. Ironically, I found history textbooks to be more informational.

The winter started generations before my time. I come home to the sight of the world map, but what matters is that the winter cold has subsided a little, to the extent that I can make the journey to the city without freezing. The image reminded me of a line of poetry from a pink booklet I found the last time I went scavenging. "Making him swerve into a street which for..." was all I remembered because that was the only glimpse of the poem I saw before throwing the booklet into the fire. Anything was combustible, even cash. The underground vaults were emptied in a month over the summer, not because people desired money but because they provided reasonable warmth.

The next couple of turns led me into an unfamiliar area, whose landmarks I did not recognize. Most of the buildings were concrete skeletons, but perhaps there was something more here. There comes a point when wandering transforms from survival into discovery.

The air was strangely clear. The environment was obviously mocking me by clearing my vision, allowing me to admire this landfill, this atrocity – my retribution for setting foot. From the dawn of time, death was the norm, not life! Rebars and concrete were scattered around like cremated remains, with details of a superficial world still imprinted on fragments here and there. I bent down to take a closer look at all these imprints on the concrete. Oh, yes. I for sure need a vacuum cleaner. The newest model, perhaps to make the streets a bit cleaner? Laughter erupted. Out of nowhere. Uncontainable. Unlimited. Ubiquitous. The world understood the joke and laughed back at me. Interactions were rare, and friendly interactions far rarer, but I understand the moments when the joke-teller cannot help but laugh along and then unbridled laughter ensued.







As I stood there coughing my lungs out, a strange feeling chilled my heart. My loneliness faded, but simultaneously I knew that there was no possible way that somebody was around me! I was the lone survivor, the only one, and even the mere notion of that to me was sublime beyond comprehension. Vacuums aside, why in the world were there advertisements for concrete tunnels? There were even blueprints and planning sheets with people drawn inside of them. How serious were the people of that era to promote concrete tunnels? To promote "sustainable living" perhaps? Then why do I see the strangest sight emerging ahead of me?

The tracks were looted dry long ago by the first people who wandered here. The fence stretched out for fifty meters. Pitiful to think that fifty meters was all it took to discourage the people back then. Even more pitiful to think that nobody has ever given a second thought to the trains!



**Photographed By: Lucy Sun**

The end and the beginning of the trains had to be somewhere, stretched out into the distant horizon, heading in equally opposite directions towards the next city. A city where I meant to go so many years ago. Intentions left buried, now a conviction: there had to be people out there, somewhere. Life's existence was a matter of probability. Even migrants would suffice.

All these years I was waiting for an answer, a confirmation, a sign to break the chatter of our time. This is the great silence. Here – in front of me – where the grass was overgrown. I stood on the edge, waiting, breathing in the lifeless winter wind.

It whistled past the concrete pillars and I felt shivers down my spine, perhaps out of cold or out of romantic reverence. The train clunked and blasted its horn. The fence stood still, with its barbed wire glistened, upright, indomitable. People lived in the skyscrapers. The coldest months were yet to come. A little bit of snow scattered here and there, but the wind made everything feel so much colder, so much more tragic. The causes and the effects; if I turned around at that moment, for an instant – for the most infinitesimal fraction in time – normalcy would have had a place in this world.



# Echoes From Above

*H. Rauf*

Laughter once encapsulated the cabin –  
Until it dulled to silence.

Where friends used to crease bed sheets  
And swoon over faraway fantasies,  
Becomes a site to mourn their presence.

Whispers slipping through our mouths and tumbling through the wind  
Suddenly vanishes to ashes, drifting on with no end.

Seconds tumbled into hours as time wove its quiet threads,  
Supposedly providing solace for the endless craving –  
Until it all unravels.

Picking up all the frayed ends  
And hopelessly piecing them together,  
Only to find that the connection starts and ends on one side.

And that was I.

As the world places its weight on my shoulders,  
The realization of lessons and the unexpected bridges settles into focus.

Hold onto laughter while it lasts,  
But don't fear the silence when it prevails.  
For in the quiet, we grow;  
And in the stillness, we find our strength.

What fades takes new forms and opens possibilities,  
And what is lost becomes a margin for more to come.

So live fully, love deeply, and let go when you must –  
For every end sows a seed of trust.



# Whispers of Starlight

*Aiya Kiwani*

Under the soft light of the moon,  
Soft echos arise  
slipping through time's embrace,  
Hints of wonder, dancing through space.  
Beneath the light, stars softly whisper.  
A tapestry woven of light and shade,  
Their words divinely laid.

The night unfolds, her beauty elegantly displayed.  
A tranquil hum, lying beneath her shade  
Galaxies twinkle, dancing a silent ballet  
Guided by the cosmos, paths quietly laid.

Through starlit trails, they softly trod,  
Following, though the sanctity of their wisdom  
remains  
forever unknown.

Through space and time, their ballads echo,  
Prancing in starlight,  
Whispers from the future,  
guiding us home.



# CHURCHILL'S WRESTLING TOURNAMENT IN FEBRUARY!

HEY BULLDOGS! CHURCHILL IS HOSTING ITS FIRST WRESTLING TOURNAMENT SOON AFTER EXAMS. AS THE SECOND SEMESTER IS STARTING, JOIN US ON FEBRUARY 7TH AND 8TH TO CHEER ON OUR WRESTLING ATHLETES AT THEIR FIRST HOME TOURNAMENT! A FAMILIAR HOME CROWD ALWAYS HYPES UP OUR ATHLETES AND BRINGS AN EXCITING ATMOSPHERE IN OUR SCHOOL. CHURCHILL'S WRESTLING TEAM IS KNOWN FOR ITS RIGOUR AND POWER IN BOTH SIZE AND TALENT AND WE'D LOVE FOR YOU TO COME WITNESS IT, RIGHT AT HOME!

WE'D ALSO APPRECIATE ANYONE WHO'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER DURING THIS TWO-DAY TOURNAMENT. VOLUNTEERS WOULD HELP WITH KEEPING THE EVENT RUNNING SMOOTHLY, SCORE KEEPING, AND MANAGING CONCESSION STANDS. TALK TO MR. HUTCH IF YOU'D LIKE TO VOLUNTEER AND IF YOU HAVE ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT THE CLASSIC CHURCHILL WRESTLING TOURNAMENT, KEEP YOUR EYE OUT FOR MORE INFORMATION AND WE'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR FACE CHEERING ON OUR ATHLETES!

ENCODED BY HIMANSHI\_C





## WHISPERS FROM THE FUTURE

Looking back on everything,  
I realize we should appreciate the beauty of rain.  
Even if it's the heavens crying away their pain,  
We should chase our dreams,  
Though they may seem far,  
With determination and grit, aim for the stars.

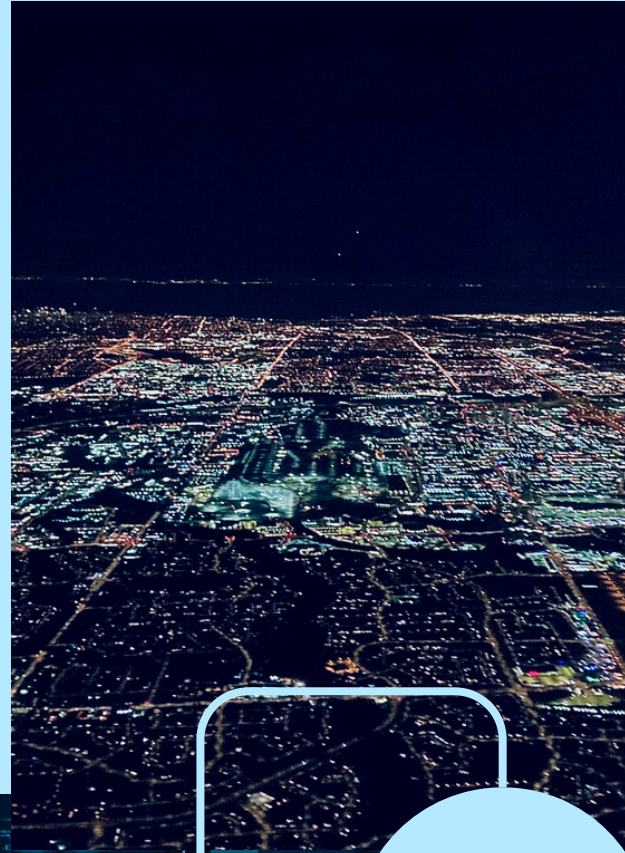
Just remember: everything happens for a reason,  
Some people come and go by season.  
We should learn to live in the now,  
Leave the past in the past,  
Because at the end of the day, life comes and goes fast.

I wish I'd had faith in myself,  
Though sometimes I tucked my feelings away on a shelf.  
Now, I have faith in myself and all my chapters;  
In order to raise a teenage girl, you gotta be an adapter.  
So, I love my parents with all my heart.  
Oftentimes, I realize life is a work of art,  
It'll twist you and turn you and mess with your mind,  
But with each passing day, you'll come to find  
Nothing is bound to last forever.  
Very soon, we'll be leaving this world behind.

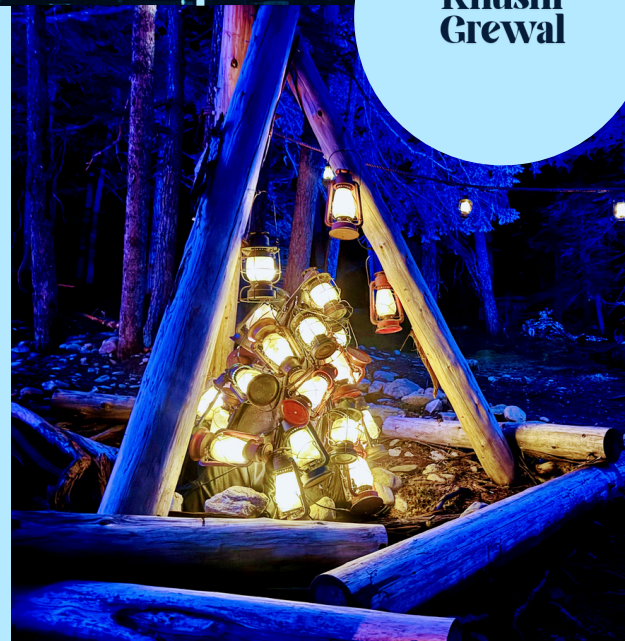
The only certain thing in life is death,  
And when the time comes to take your last breath,  
You'll think back on how you spent your time.  
Having fun and relaxing is not a crime.  
So don't waste life living someone else's dream,  
Because not everything is always as it may seem.

MINNAH OLAJOBI

Mikayla  
Girard



Khushi  
Grewal





I might  
in love  
with you  
@ 7 Souls Deep



one with  
the sea

Rob  
thanks  
for  
Bren  
her

Gin's ... Sorry Women no dubs thank

1/2 Cat's have 7 I have 8 or ~