

The Writers Block

“Peace Out
Cupcakes” -

Mr. Sylvester

Featuring

Summer Bucket List

The Sequel that Makes
More Sense

A Fond Farewell to Bayview Glen

The Light at the End of the
Tunnel that is Graduating

Editor's Note: When One Door Closes...



It feels like it was just yesterday when Winter had its boreal claws dug deep in the weather, yet if you look outside, you'll find no traces of the cold and dismal assault we've endured. The sun shines with benediction, the birds perch on the pickets, and the trees, decked in their vernal crowns, bob gracefully in the breeze. In what seems like no time at all, Summer has arrived.

In this issue, Delnaz, Julia, and Leela remind us to enjoy what bounty this new season has given us. Delnaz's article, *Summer Bucket List*, reflects on the turmoil we have born this year, and serves as a nudge to take a break from the rush that has dominated our lives, and simply enjoy ourselves in this newfound peace. Julia, in her article *A Taste of Summer*, presents us with the simple pleasures of life that often are forgotten, and points us in the right direction for the Summer. *Spring: A Time for Renewal*, written by Leela, is a beautiful meditation on Spring's rejuvenating nature, and the chance to improve ourselves with the change in weather.

As with any change, be it of seasons or of schools, it is important to look back on what has led us to this moment and reflect on all that has born us here. The Grade 12s of The Writer's Block illustrate the experience of being at the end of a familiar era. Christian, Emiko, Kaitlin, and Anavi all reminisce over their time at Bayview Glen, and retrace with fondness their steps from the Lower School to Grade 12. The mentions of Spring Festivals, Haliburton trips, and dances all mist the eye and tug the heart. However, as Jazmine reminds us in her article, "it's too hard to get your diploma just to sob over it."

While this time of year may feel like the end—the end of school, the end of spring, the end of an epoch for some—it's only the beginning of a new chapter. Our Grade 12s will make the momentous leap to university, our Grade 8s will venture into the Upper School for the first time, and Maya Freedman, Franky Liu and I will begin anew next year as heads of The Writer's Block.

We are so grateful for Emiko, without whom none of this would have been possible. Her creativity, ingenuity, dedication, and talent are brought under the spotlight with The Writer's Block. While the complexity of the newspaper may not be apparent, it is a truly remarkable feat that Emiko has accomplished, pulling together a dedicated and organized band of writers, editors, and designers, all while in her final year of high school. We wish her best of luck in university, and success wherever she goes.

Now, as we close this chapter of The Writer's Block and open a new section of our lives, all we have left to do is wait for our doses of hope, and enjoy a wonderful summer.

All the best,

A handwritten signature in black ink, reading "C. Vrachas Matthaios". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large initial "C" and "M".

Constantine Vrachas Matthaios
with input from Maya Freedman and Franky Liu

Want to contribute to The Writer's Block? Write a Letter to the Editor, addressed to cmatthaios@bayviewglen.ca, to be included!

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Saying Goodbye: A Fond Farewell to Bayview Glen, from the Grade 12 Writers



Lost in the Moment

Christian

Lights clash vigorously in the dark room as I am numb due to excitement. Beat by beat, we are swept away by fast music and high hopes.

It was a chilly, electrifying October night, where at the time, I was taking an alarmingly large step out of my comfort zone. However, despite this, my nervousness was kept at bay. My friends and I are clothed in white shirts, leather jackets, and confidence. Why this sudden spark of confidence on what was, I am sure, a nerve-racking night for many? The answer is unclear.

None of us are good dancers to any extent, but we're not paying attention to those details, only the positive energy in the room. The theatre is populated with monsters, wizards, superheroes. As the night goes on, it becomes hot, humid, burning with laughter, my heart pounding, my legs exhausted. Time did not stretch out, nor did it sprint too quickly, it was the perfect length to enjoy ourselves.

As the event came to an end, I remember standing outside, being embraced by the soothing, cool air. For one of the only times in my life, I was not thinking about the future or the past. My mind did not wander, as I was fully in the moment.

Although my excitement for university is through the roof, nearly all of the important social developments in my life have taken place at this school community. Memories like this prove more than souvenirs of good times. Why? Well, due to what they represent. The 2019 Halloween Dance was a way to numb my introversion for a night. And now, well over a year later, it is one of my favorite memories of my friends. As this less-than-ideal school year comes to a close and we prepare to embark on a new life, it is nice to think about these events. If there is one thing I regret about my time here at Bayview Glen, it is not attending every social event that I could. Yes, I was relatively shy for quite a long time, but I missed out on several opportunities to bond with my peers. For those of you that will still be at the Upper School next year, take this advice: although it may be intimidating, seize the opportunity to go to dances, student life events, and social gatherings. Maybe afterwards, you will follow in my footsteps and stand in the soft, cool night air, lost in the moment.

Off-The-Grid

Emiko

It feels like the class of 2021 hasn't been together as a grade since our early days in the Upper School; when buying cookies at the cafeteria in-between classes was all the rage and blazers were whipped out of hiding in lockers on Thursdays. The truth is, our last grade-wide hurrah was more recent than we might realize: just over a year ago, the class of 2021 was spending nights in quinzees and singing during cross-country skiing

Saying Goodbye: A Fond Farewell to Bayview

Glen, from the Grade 12 Writers

trips at Haliburton forest. While we are certainly distanced this year, our class does not have to feel separated; let's remember moments like our Grade 11

Haliburton trip as we cross the finish line in June. We are still a united class, and there is strength in our shared memories.

The January before the last, when 2020 was in its infancy and ties were still worn at school, our class of 2021 (the then-Grade 11s), squished into two coach buses and made our way to Haliburton Forest. We shouted and sang until our throats were sore, switched seats in a style not unlike musical chairs, and shared snacks... yes, that means our respiratory droplets were all dancing around the contained bus, we were sitting two or more to a seat, and sticky fingers were reaching into a communal chip bag... and oh, what a time it was.

There is something thrilling about "leaving the grid" and being completely separated from the rest of the world. On our winter Haliburton trip, anything in the world could have happened - a global pandemic, perchance- and we, tucked away in the forest, would have had no idea. We all have different memories from our winter camping experience, but I think this was a moment that we all had in common: perhaps while snowshoeing in the forest, while stargazing, or while warming up with a cup of tea after a day of dogsledding, we all experienced quiet: feeling alive and at peace with our place in the world. Henry David Thoreau would assert that going to the woods helps one "front only the essential facts of life", and learn to live deliberately. I agree; sometimes we are so busy living that we miss life. Our winter camping trip reminded us to pause, inhale deeply, and marvel that we are breathing. Sometimes, we need to be reminded of just how precious our lives are.

I've often thought about Haliburton in this last year. I dream about returning to that quiet, far from the inhuman statistics that are standing in for grandparents and friends. How I would love to go off-grid, disappearing into Haliburton, where I can be reminded again how grateful I am to be alive. Those of us whose families are safe and healthy are lucky, I know, but I find it difficult to appreciate my life when I seem to be doing less living. Besides, true isolation cannot be found in the city. For that, we'd have to run away.

But our graduating year, 2020-2021, has shown us that we cannot always choose flight; sometimes, fighting to stay together is more important than running to the forest. Our unified class is stronger than the cumulative strength of its individual parts; we uplift and support one another, and these bonds cannot be overlooked. This last year hasn't been easy, but we're leaving high school with more than we bargained for; new lessons on bravery, flexibility, and resilience, our graduating class - distanced, but united all the same (thank you, Together Mode), and memories of our time together: throughout the years... and in the cold of Haliburton.

Saying Goodbye: A Fond Farewell to Bayview

Glen, from the Grade 12 Writers

Rock and Roll Forever; Forever, Rock and Roll!

Kaitlin

I miss when life was simpler, when we didn't have homework and could go home and watch TV right after school, when we fought over the monkey bars, ran away laughing and screaming from the geese in the valley, and when we were told to stand in the Atrium and sing about the history of rock and roll.

Because that's exactly what we did in 5th Grade! Our Spring Festival that year was *Rock and Roll Forever; How It All Began*.

I remember that Spring Festival really clearly. From standing on the metal risers in the music room, clutching our copies of the play's script, to learning how to hand jive and square dance, to performing under the glaring stage lights of the Atrium. Spring Festivals were a big effort for both the Art Department and the Music Department, back then. Some of you may remember making decorations for the stage, or putting up hand-drawn advertising posters around the school. It's a great example of team effort.

I always had a mix of dread and excitement for the Spring Festivals. I was afraid I'd never remember the lines, the choreography for the music, or I'd somehow mess up.

I remember all of us sitting in the classroom, in our costumes, and the teachers telling us that they were proud of us, and then marching us all down to the little hallway between the cafeteria and the bathroom, and lining us up on the stage behind the closed curtain.

I could see my classmates squinting at the somewhat poorly printed script in class. But us bravely standing on the plastic risers and projecting our young voices into the Atrium was always a sight to watch.

The clicks and beeps of our parents' camcorders was a constant noise while we sang and danced. It would take all our energy to not wave at them. In the end, the reprise of the first song would play, and we would all hold hands and bow.

Looking back now, it certainly feels like an experience I can't have again. I still have my scriptbooks from *Three of a Kind* and *Rock and Roll Forever*. But reading them through again now makes me feel so nostalgic, even though I initially looked at the booklet with annoyance when I was younger. My fellow Grads, may you someday look back on these memories with feelings of nostalgia. Never forget the confidence we had when we stood on that small stage. And, hey, maybe, like me, you'll never forget the hand jive!

Saying Goodbye: A Fond Farewell to Bayview Glen, from the Grade 12 Writers

On Your Marks

Anavi



“On your marks, get set, go!”

Okay, so I don’t remember if that’s exactly what they said to us when they sent us off running on the Betty Sutherland Trail, but it was probably something along those lines.

For some of us, the lower school Turkey Trots were a fun day of physical activity and demonstrating athletic prowess. Meanwhile, for people like me, they were a mandatory part of school and something I only had to bear for one day. But no matter who you were, or what your feelings were about the actual running part of our Turkey Trots, it was a time to come together with people in our grade and bask in the mild fall sun.

Saying Goodbye: A Fond Farewell to Bayview

Glen, from the Grade 12 Writers

The years passed and we moved from the Lower School to the Prep School, new friendships forming as classes and teachers changed. Turkey Trots became the Terry Fox run and running behind Mr. Slovenski in the yellow gryphon costume was replaced by a more solemn jog in memory of a national hero. Still, we ran together and again, those Turkey Trot memories came rushing back. Whether or not you liked to run, there's no dismissing the feeling of accomplishment after the run was over. The faces of our friends and peers, all slightly redder than usual, some of us keeled over, catching our breath, or laying on the grass, admiring the bright, blue sky. The smiles, alight on everyone's faces, the sense of triumph, and the telepathic felicitations transferred by a knowing look, "*we ran that, and we finished.*"

It's hard to remember all the tiny details after spending so many years at Bayview Glen, which is the case for many of us. But eventually, our most precious memories convert into feelings. The spontaneous gaga games and the shared tension and anticipation as the number of people in the sandpit decreased, the surprisingly dangerous Grounders games in the valley playground, the races for the best freezies after the day's activities were over. Looking back today, it just feels like a ball of happiness and warmth. It was a time we spent together, stress-free and blissfully ignorant of future problems.

Even with the strange situation of the past two years, we've still all made plenty of memories with each other. There is a sense of belonging in our grade and the knowledge of how much we've shared during our years at Bayview Glen. We won't be together for much longer, and while this is a rite of passage everyone must go through, it will be very different not being able to run with each other or congratulate each other on a successful game of tug of war. But we'll still feel each other's presence in spirit and I know our telepathic abilities will stretch provinces and even countries to spread good wishes to each other. Wherever we go, we'll always have our old Turkey Trot team behind us, cheering us on.

So, to the grads of 2021: on your marks, get set, go!

A Taste of Summer: Summer Dishes from Around the World, with Julia



The summer sun is out again, and I think we are all relieved to bask in its warmth as we approach the most stress-free months of the year. With this glorious season comes equally awaited dishes, ones that cool us down, opposite to the warm bowls of soup we enjoy in the winter. All around the world, people eat native meals specifically designed with seasonal produce which showcase their true, rich flavours, all while keeping stoves off as much as possible. Since COVID restrictions leave us unable to go on vacation or to an authentic restaurant, now is the perfect time to sample these recipes and take the opportunity to be adventurous with our cooking. Here are just a few recipes from the massive collection of summer dishes that you *must* try at some point this season.

Let's begin in the Middle East, with a Persian dish called Shirazi Salad. This side salad is as refreshing as it is delicious, filled with chopped cucumbers, tomatoes, onions, and mint. It is originally from the city Shiraz, located in modern day Iran, and can be found in many variations whether that be using different herbs or juice from lemons or limes. It celebrates the plentiful summer produce and is perfect to eat outside on a warm afternoon. The cucumbers used are normally Persian or English varieties, as they have fewer seeds and lighter skin, so if you use other kinds, it is recommended that you scoop out some of the seeds and at least peel them a little bit before adding them in. This salad goes really well with a heavier dish as it provides a nice balance, for example, grilled meats or kabobs, but can simply be eaten with any other light dishes on a hot summer evening.

Recipe for Shirazi Salad:

<https://www.themediterraneandish.com/shirazi-salad-recipe/>

Next, we move west to France to enjoy a lovely dish called Ratatouille. You may have seen the famous Disney movie and if so, you will know that this is a baked veggie dish consisting of thinly sliced zucchini, summer squash, eggplant, and tomatoes. It originated in the Provence region of southern France and used to be a stew that farmers' wives would make to use up the summer's harvest. The word "ratatouille" comes from the French verb "touiller" which means to stir or toss up, representing the oldest version of its preparation, though there are quite a few ways to prepare this dish. One of the most famous ways of today is to create an elegant presentation of layered rounds of vegetables, which is then baked. Tomatoes and zucchini were brought to Europe from the Americas, and eggplant is originally from India, meaning that this dish could not have been made in France until the 1600s, when the harvest of these vegetables began there. Ratatouille is truly beautiful to look at, and is amazing hot or cold, on its own or with meat, pasta, or bread. The choices are endless.

Recipe for layered Ratatouille:

<https://www.elizabethrider.com/ratatouille-recipe/>

Our next delicious dish is from Thailand and is called Khao Niao Mamuang, or Thai Mango Sticky Rice. This is the perfect dish for anyone with more of a sweet

A Taste of Summer: Summer Dishes from Around the World, with Julia

tooth as it is bound to satisfy that craving with a rich, decadent flavour. Made with glutinous rice, coconut milk, sugar, salt, and mangoes, this is one of the most traditional delicacies that has been around for countless generations. For the richest flavours, it is best in the summer months when mangoes are at their ripest, and so is often found as street food during this season's markets. Sweet, tangy, creamy, and salty - it truly is a rare dish that satisfies all your taste buds.

Recipe for Khao Niao Mamuang:

<https://www.thespruceeats.com/mango-sticky-rice-dessert-3217361>

Solterito is a traditional Peruvian dish -from the city of Arequipa, a beautiful region in the southern Peruvian Mountains. Solterito is an appetizer that is always served cold, which makes it perfect to eat in the summertime. Its name is derived from the Spanish word "soltero," which means "single man," and represents the simpleness of the recipe. This is a play on the fact that even those who have not been traditionally thought of as cooks could accomplish it. There are numerous varieties of this recipe, one including broad beans, tomato, corn, onions, cottage cheese, and botija olives along with a slightly spicy vinaigrette dressing made of Rocoto peppers. The flavours are as vibrant as the colours of the dish and make it a truly enjoyable thing to eat before a summer meal.

Recipe for Solterito:

<https://perudelights.com/solterito/>

We end our culinary journey in South Africa, with a favourite dessert called South African Peppermint Crisp Fridge Tart. This recipe is quite quick and easy as it's no-bake, forming in the fridge, so it's the perfect treat to cool you down on a hot day. It is a layered dish, consisting of cookies, whipped cream, caramelized condensed milk, sugar, peppermint essence, and peppermint crisp chocolate bars. This is the ideal dessert for the summer and has been enjoyed for many generations in Africa.

Recipe for South African Peppermint Crisp Fridge Tart:

<https://www.thesouthafrican.com/food/recipes/peppermint-crisp-tart-a-traditionally-south-african-favourite/>

Have an amazing summer; enjoy this well-deserved break.

An Ode to the Needle: A Deeper Look at What the Vaccine Means, with Anavi



An Ode to the Needle

light glinting off your shiny tip,
your wonders still unknown to me,
i allow your magic potions drip
through my blood, no fear to see.

where's the glowing light of heaven?
the promised call back into society,
the return to normal, all days seven,
the one that lets me into the sun, with propriety?

i step forward blindly, trusting you
and your solemn vow to normalcy
falling into the voodoo
not knowing whether this is just some fallacy.

but i've heard my people die,
i've wept as unseen forces seized them,
searing in my heart a silent cry,
now to a hollow life i'm condemn'd.

because i shall not decline an offer not made to many,
because i will not refuse to protect what I lost,
because i wish no more pain to any,
to you, i submit, no matter the cost.

i pray that one day, when all this ends,
i can breathe through the ache,
knowing that even if it was too little, too late for my friends
i protected someone else from heartbreak.

To all the people who have lost so much in these past two years, to all those who have worked tirelessly to help us in this situation, and to everyone whose 'normal' has been taken from them...we're all in this together.

When I started writing this ode, I was only really thinking about me, my peers, how the pandemic has affected us, and how we are likely to see the vaccine. But I soon realized that this pandemic has changed lives around the world, so this ode should attempt to encompass a broader range of perspectives. It goes without saying that six stanzas are barely enough to cover what this dose means to us, but I have presented a much-abridged version of a few characters. There are those eager to return to society and asking the vaccine why taking it hasn't given them the respite they thought it would. Then, the sentiments of all of us who don't

An Ode to the Needle: A Deeper Look at What the Vaccine Means, with Anavi

know exactly, but still trust that the shot will deliver on its promise to safety. I try to represent the immense loss families have seen due to COVID-19, and how their acceptance of the vaccine is a call to those they have lost and a painful souvenir of the gift they were given that others did

not receive. Lastly, I try to weave in the sacrifices healthcare and other essential workers have made. These personalities are presented within the same poem, because one cannot possibly separate one character from another since there is so much overlap. They could very well be

the same person, as is presented above in the ode.

Now, with the vaccine representing an end in sight for many, we must remember that there are still many around the world who do not have what we do. This crisis is not over until each and every one of us can live in a world safely, whatever that looks like. Until then, we must stick together and support each other, no matter which character you are.

Summer Bucket List: Summer Bucket List Ideas, with Delnaz



This year, we have been through a roller coaster, mainly because of COVID-19. Our plans have been affected by COVID-19 but we still managed to continue our school year during a global pandemic. It has been difficult trying to maintain a stable state of mental health during this school year. Let's just be honest, we are all in need of a break. There are roughly a few weeks left until school finishes. Most of us have been planning our summer break and what we were originally going to do in the summer before COVID. And some of us did not really have time to plan for summer did not have any idea of what to do this summer. I have gathered a few inspiring ideas for a relaxing and adventurous summer so we can make up for all the hard work we have been putting in during this school year. Having a few goals for the summer can be fun and productive so we don't lose track.

Here is a bucket list for Summer 2021:

- Watch all the movies that you always wanted to watch, but never had the time to. Grab a bag of popcorn and your siblings and start watching. You can even watch it on Zoom with your friends!
- Go on late night car drives with friends or family while blasting music. It can be fun and adventurous.
- Pull an all-nighter. Study shows that sleep affects your mental health but one night of not sleeping doesn't hurt anyone! You can prepare snacks for yourself and watch movies all night long.
- Start reading. In the summer we are most likely to be having so much fun that we forget about being productive. Grab a book to read every night before you sleep, or you can read your book while seating in silence at the park or your backyard.
- Do a fun sport-related activity such as going horseback riding or hot air ballooning. However, these types of activities might be difficult to do due to the circumstances of lockdown.
- Go bike riding or skateboarding with friends/family.
- Start journaling every day. It is not as boring as it might sound. Journaling every morning about how you feel, your plans and how your day is going is a great way to capture your memories and clear your mind instead of scrolling hours and hours on social media first thing in the morning.
- Jump in the lake. Jumping in the lake in the summer is lots of fun and it refreshes you.
- Have a karaoke night with your family or friends. Blast the karaoke version of your favorite song and experiment with your singing skills.

Summer Bucket List: Summer Bucket List Ideas, with Delnaz

- Lastly, start a religion. It takes 3 people to start a religion and you and your friends can create a religion by following certain rules. It can be fun and unique.

Overall, most of these ideas are inspiring for how to spend your days in the summer. Some of them were unique and the majority of them were COVID-19 friendly. Hopefully, the summer break gives everyone some time to relax and take a break from school.

Serenity Found: A Poem, by Constantine



Serenity Found

I passed the hallways full of stricken beggars
Their eyes blank and their sallow skin falling off bone
I left the sorry maze behind, but my body remained
To join the ranks of the paupers

I passed the ruins of a marble citadel
Its streets bare and dust flowing on the sighs of the wind
I left the lifeless memory behind, but my spirit remained
To wander the city alone

I passed the dunes of a clouded desert
Its sands a quiet grey and its reach so eternal
I left the silent sea behind, but my mind remained
To drift over the plains

I passed through a whispered forest
Its trees stony spires and its broken sunlight so cold
I left the hushed reverence behind, but my soul remained
To perch upon the solitary trees

Now I stand on the edge of a promontory
Overlooking a starlit ocean
The stars and moon hang still in the air
And not a ripple disturbs the peace

Thus in complete, perfect silence, I stand at the end
My body, spirit, mind, and soul departed long ago
So alone my self waits over the water
And weaves its breath into the starry night air

Spring: A Time for Renewal

How We Can Use Spring as a Time to Renew, with Leela



After three cold and snowy months of long nights and short days, the mornings start to feel different. Instead of hitting “Snooze” four times, the shining sun and chirping birds wake us up before the alarm can even ring. Instead of dragging ourselves down the stairs, there’s a spring in our steps, no pun intended. Winter is a time for us to reconnect with ourselves, but Spring is a time for us to reconnect with our environment. A new season has arrived, and is a time for change.

Spring means a change in weather, as the snow melts away. Spring means a change in scenery, as the trees are no longer bare. Spring means a change in colour, as flowers begin to bloom. Spring symbolizes a time for growth, renewal and restarting. We see it in our environment, and there are so many things we can do to get us out of hibernation. It is a time to pick up a new hobby or discover someplace new; take this time to search for something that allows us to feel a sense of renewal and a time for “out with the old and in with the new.” We have an opportunity to explore our daily routines and mindsets and determine what is and is not working.

To start getting a feeling of renewal, find a place that makes you feel relaxed, motivated, or inspired. This time of rejuvenation is a great time to set goals for the year. If you haven’t been able to live up to your New Year’s Resolutions, start in Spring. Make your goals clear, concise and achievable. With Spring in the air, positivity and bright energy is around us, so take a deep breath, relax and match the energy of your surroundings. Having positive energy will make achieving goals and being able to restart easier. Recently, we have been getting wonderful weather, so be sure to spend time outside and around nature. Overall, Spring is the ideal time to feel refreshed and start something new, so get ready to live life in full bloom!

When I Get My Diploma: A Piece About the Light at the End of the Tunnel that is Graduating, by Jazmine



When I get my diploma...

And my cap's tassels shift to the left the rest of my life will be screaming from across the

room "come get me."

When I get my diploma...

I'll start sprawling out on my twin bed in Kingston and stare at the Queen's University campus as if it won't be there each time I look back out my window

When I get my diploma...

I'll be working my first real summer job, doing what I love most—writing. Typing on the keys of the matcha green keyboard that my best friend bought for my 18th birthday that I made it to in April.

I'll be one step closer to my dream of becoming a high school English teacher just like Mr. Sylvester, and writing a book that's worth publishing.

When I get my diploma...

I will be vaccinated and the world will be one vaccination closer to the end of this pandemic that takes people's lives and runs every small business's cash register dry. Masks will slowly become a memory instead of a necessity and we'll be back to a better

environment we once took for granted.

When I get my diploma...

All those years of staring at my math homework thinking "When will I need to know $y=mx+b$?" will finally be worth something. The years of being unsure about who I was and hiding it will never get a second thought. The passions I've come to love, the people

I've yet to meet, and the place I want to be will embrace me with open arms.

So, when I get my diploma... I won't cry or think about the prom we never got, 'cause I'll

be too busy riding off into the sunset of possibilities calling my name, I'll be too happy and proud of what I just accomplished to grieve the loss of high school and what some would call the end to my childhood. Besides, it's too damn hard to get your diploma just to sob over it, am I right?

Blue Light Glasses: Seeing through a Blue Light Filter, with Sunil



As of late, my eyeballs have been on a sort of spiritual ‘strike’ (perhaps ‘siesta’ is a better term). Often when I call upon them to walk over to my desk, or to read a book, they shift out of alignment and decide that conformity is an artifact from before pandemic days. On a political basis, I cannot really judge my own eyeballs for their beliefs, but from a purely physical standpoint I am increasingly worried. Eye-problems, red-eyes, and wobbly vision are consistently plaguing my otherwise uneventful pandemic life. As I am writing this article, for instance, I have rubbed my right eye fifty-four times and my left eye thirty-one times. Evidently, I am concentrated far too much on the state of my eyeballs then I should be. In the hopes to bring unity and prosperity back between my body and my currently unruly eyeballs, I have decided to investigate the mysterious world of Blue-Light Glasses.

A brief foray on the world of Blue-Light Glasses showed the extremely popular impact that they are having on social media platforms and on some specific eyewear companies (such as Warby Parker and Felix Gray). Social media fans and some of these companies are claiming that using Blue-Light Glasses will reduce ‘eye-strain,’ improve eye-related problems, and help people sleep. Sounds simply fantastic, right?! It turns out, however, that while these glasses are having a massive impact on social media, it might not be helping people’s eye problems...introducing the major conflict of the eyeball advocates: The Glasses Companies vs. The Optometrists.

While there are many contrasting opinions out in the digital void, the two main points are: YES: blue-light glasses work, and NO: they are not necessary.

Unsurprisingly, the advocates for the YES argument are connected to major eyewear firms. For example, Jins (an eyewear company) stated that,

Blue light lenses do help with preventing blue light from digital screens from reaching your eyes, which can help prevent or alleviate some of the unpleasant symptoms you experience from prolonged exposure to digital screens. In fact, research conducted in 2011 and 2015 with Keio University in Tokyo demonstrated that wearing JINS SCREEN blue light glasses reduces eye fatigue and helps improve quality of sleep (Jins).

As convincingly argued in the above statement, there is significant research that has been conducted on the nature of Blue-Light glasses – but is it true? Amir Mohsenin, an assistant professor of Ophthalmology and Visual Science at McGovern Medical School, would have to disagree. In a recent study conducted by the University of Manchester, Mohesenin commented. He stated that,

The reality is that most of the problems we’re having with computers and eyestrain isn’t from blue light; it’s from how we use the computers...We’re spending more and more time in front of the computer screens. There are things you can do to minimize eyestrain, but as ophthalmologists, we’re not recommending blue blocking glasses (Mohesenin).

It turns out that while blue-light glasses may limit exposure to harmful blue LED light (which may reduce sleep quality and cause eye-problems), the more significant factor regarding your eyes is time on a digital device. Reduce that time staring at a device and your eyes will improve significantly! On that positive, if not hopeless advice (considering the upcoming exam season), my eyes are starting to resemble those of a chameleon

Blue Light Glasses: Seeing through a Blue Light Filter, with Sunil

and as such this article has got to end. Good luck with exams and remember that less screen time is the first option, and blue-light glasses is the second.

Our Toronto: An Accolade for our City, with Zara



We live in a city known by the entire world, adored by the entire country and capital of the entire province. I will never quite be able to understand how there are over seven billion people spread across this globe, yet I was lucky enough to land right here in Toronto. I look at this city the same way I look at a sunset or starry sky: in complete and absolute awe. It is a masterpiece made of buildings and cars scattered perfectly throughout the city. The brilliant colours of the skyline bleed into the reflection of the lake magnificently, each night. It is by far the most beautiful sight in the world.

Having grown up in Toronto, I would like to say I know this city inside and out. That I have memorized all the street names and can identify any building. However, that's not the case. Despite the fact that I've lived here all my life, each time I go downtown it's like a brand-new city. It seems to become more fascinating as time goes on. The lights seem to brighten as time goes on, and the graffiti on the sides of buildings and bridges have become more intricate and precise. In one corner there is a group of small restaurants huddled together, but the second you turn your head there is a magnificent explosion of technicolour from skyscrapers towering above you. Vibrantly coloured streetcars drive freely amongst the swarm of cars, all rushing in separate directions at the same time. In winter, the snow falls aimlessly atop the heads of families skating at Harbourfront, while just minutes away Raptors fans are cheering for our beloved team in the stadium. Although there seems to be a new feature in the city each time, it will always be the same great place it's always been.

Toronto is a unique place with breathtaking views. It never fails to impress anybody who lays their eyes upon it. For visitors, tourists and people who have recently moved here, the city may seem chaotic and disorderly at times, but when you catch a glimpse of the striking lights and colours, it's hard not to immediately fall in love. The first time I went downtown I felt the exact same way. I was overwhelmed by the monstrous high-rises and startled by the number of cars jammed together on the roads, but then I saw the staggering beauty of the millions of different lights, I immediately fell in love. Years and years later, I still feel the exact same way. This city is charming, extraordinary, and different than all others, and I am forever grateful that I get to call it my home.

The Sequel That Makes More Sense, with the Whisperer

the sequel that makes more sense

"Wait, We're Doing this Again?" -the editor I kidnapped

By the Whisperer

Firstly -

I'd like to thank Sue Zann for leaving her door open, and Eyes Love You for letting me borrow his \$1,000 computer. Sorry about the little fire. I only meant to burn the living room. See you next year.

*If you want to get to know these lovely people who bring me food from above the deck, here is some more information on them:

Sue Zann

Likes: Shrek Franchise

Dislikes: there wasn't a Shrek/Les Mis crossover event (though Shrek the Musical was pretty good)

Eyes Love You

Likes: Les Mis

Dislikes: there wasn't a Les Mis/Shrek crossover event (though Shrek the Musical was pretty good)

Welcome back, my Nosies, to another earth-shattering revelation of an article.

The Sequel That Makes More Sense, with the Whisperer

Shock. That's all I could feel. Shock because I had stubbed my toe. But also because I had discovered a clue to the Bayview Glen myth of the fifth house. It was like Tiger King where the brother to the king named Dwight Schrute pushed his brother off the stairs. Stepping back, I almost fell into a wormhole. Then I realized what I had to do. I had to tell my good friend Emiko. She would know what to do. After all, she was the one who allowed me to break down her door and type the last article. Rushing out of the office, there was no time to lose. Taking the long way, I walked down the hall of trophies. I saw the awards for Trudeau, Mackenzie, and Laurier but not for Macdonald (because they are like Hufflepuff). But before I could take a step closer, I saw one of the tiles was not right. The tile was 125 in in height and 4 in in width. Knowing that 125 times 4 equals 500, adding all those digits we get 5. Now that is our first number. We know there has to be three numbers because the 4 represents the three cheeses in three-cheese pizza and the fourth represents four, obviously. We also know that 5 is a special number because five is the same number of the G's, a group of 5 countries that want to get into the G'9. So, adding those numbers together we get 14, our second number. But we cannot forget that the tile is a square. And what else is a square? The 4 from above. So, taking the number that squares into 4 which is 2 and divide that 14 by 2 we get our last number 7. So those numbers 5, 14, and 7 turned into letters equals eng or a short term for English. So, I know who it was. Aha, I know it is you, Miss Fenili. Jumping out from behind the plants she exclaimed: blast how did you figure it out. "Maths" I said with a grin. Then she disappeared in a cloud of goats named jeff.

I walked down the hall with dejection in my heart. I was still sad about the mop (my ex-girlfriend). How she could have left me for a vacuum I did not know. What did a vacuum have that I didn't? Twice the suction of any cordless vacuum[†], up to 120 minutes of fade-free power[†], intelligent cleaning modes that let you switch easily between Eco, Auto and Boost, and High Torque cleaner head - our most powerful cleaner head yet? He even cut a boat in half to show me the power of Flex Tape! Truly, the eighth wonder of the world.

Anyways, I was walking down the hall, when I saw Emiko Wijesundera at the other end. She is my friend, because she allowed me to knock down her door and write the Truth last month. I waved to her, but she was looking in the other direction because a teacher was waving her over. She walked down the hall and turned the corner, out of sight. I gasped. She just disappeared, right before my eyes. It was a kidnapping in broad daylight. I ran down the hall, my legs working as hard as a student doing their math homework, and stopped in front of the stairs in the Grade 11 common area. I looked around frantically, but no one was there. How was this possible? The teacher must have been a witch. As everybody who has seen the movie *Star Shrek* (that movie about someone named Scooby *insert name from Gladiator here* who had to return the One Ring to Merlin, a professor at Warthogs, a school of sewage treatment and ice cream testing) knows, witches can walk through walls. Incidentally, they can't use doors. Only walls. So if you need to imprison a witch, surround it with doors. Anyway, I ran headfirst at the wall. Unfortunately, I had forgotten I was not a

The Sequel That Makes More Sense, with the Whisperer

witch, and hit my head on the brick. It left a nasty gash, but it was for the greater good. I now knew I had to investigate this witchery further.

Well after knowing it was a witch, I knew the first place to check was the stairs. when witches get burnt the smoke goes up. What else goes up? Stairs. Coincidentally I was at the crystal stairs in the lower school. How did I get there: googly eyes. After looking down I saw a scary dolphin so I jumped on it. Now at the lowest floor I knew I had to get out of there. I slowly made my way to the exit before noticing a trash can with a light in it. Out from it was coming Lobster Rave. Looking down I saw a lot of microwaves but then I felt a hand on my back. It was the dolphin back for its revenge. It then pushed me into the trash.

Falling through the Whole (I didn't say Whole when reciting the BVG mantra because a whole was right there, rendering the use of the word null) felt like an eternity. Almost like a pencil case falling off the Leaning Tower of Pisa. As I fell, strange beings and objects and concepts rushed past me. It reminded me of *The Wizard in Wonderland*, that movie about Ms. Frizzle and her rival families of the Montagues and Capulets travelling the yellow brick road. I hit the ground with a polite thump. Looking around at the bottom of the trash can, I saw thousands of copies of *Trump Magazine* on the floor. Unsurprising that this place would be full of them. I decided to venture beyond the pile of garbage magazines and out into the darkness. I carefully crept forward, my heart pumping wildly.

In the dark, strange shapes in the dark seemed to slide around in the dark. I crept forward in the dark, finding in the dark a door in the dark. I laid my hand on the handle and pushed it open. In the dark, it opened with a hiss as steam poured out in the dark. I stepped through and came upon a cryogenic capsule in the dark. And in that cryogenic capsule in the dark was Emiko. My heart let out a cry of anguish in the dark. My best friend, who had let me break down her door and write and publish the Truth, was frozen in the dark in a cryogenic chamber in the dark. I quickly pressed a bunch of numbers on the keypad, and the pod opened. In the dark, Emiko blinked her eyes and woke up. Seeing me, she snarled and said, "Hey! You're the one who broke into my house!" I smiled. "Never come near me again!" I asked her if she remembered anything about this place, but her mind had been wiped. She stomped away in the dark. That was the last I saw of her, but I knew she would always be happy because she had founded the newspaper. (mood time. Imagine Batman, but with a fish on his head. Why? Because I want to put a fish on his head.) Alone in the dark, I looked around. Strange machinery was at work in the dark, emitting strange noises in the dark. Suddenly, I heard a noise in the dark. I whirled around. Four ninjas stood behind me in the dark. "Spinjitsu, go!" they yelled. In the dark, I ran as fast as I could in the dark, out the door I came through, and finally escaped into the light.

Getting out into the light, I realized there was only one place left to go. The one place with all the books in the world. The Upper School library. Running down the unfinished parking lot on air I jumped over the fence and onto the concrete sidewalk. As the sun was setting, I knew they would close it. When I was jumping over the fence my leg got stuck and the whole fence came tumbling

The Sequel That Makes More Sense, with the Whisperer

after me. It started to spin so fast that it looked like a big boulder. Then coming to the cross walk, I ran across. Each time I stepped into the white paint a beetle driving a Volkswagen Beetle would come after me. As I dove, I saw Raton the Vole cheering me on. Then coming to the streetlight i saw my worst fear: a long word. Grabbing my whip, I caught the streetlight and swung myself over. Then getting to the doors I saw they were closing. As I slid under them i barely made it before realizing it. Then risking it I grabbed my hat like a cool archeologist. Too bad they don't have movies about a cold archeologist played by harison lexus. Then the lights turned off and i was alone with my thoughts. Walking over to the library I punched the doors opening then grabbing the computer i searched up the library book: "Canadian guys who ate poutine." Then finding the book I opened to page 2,870,308. At the top i saw the word Meighen. Sweat fell from my face as my eyes did dare to look. My nose grew to the size of a Center-Cut Prime Ribeye (16 oz, The highest fat content of all, very flavourful and rich-tasting. Seasoned with Morton's seasoned salt served with au jus. Broiled to temperature...), then looking down it read Arthur Meighen. The 9th prime minister of Canada. But could it be true? After all these years? Could I have found it? Is there another vague question to ask? But there it was: the fifth Bayview Glen house.

20 8 1 14 11 19 5 13 9 11 15 6 15 18 20 8 5 14 5 23 19 16 1 16 5 18 3 12 21 2 1 14 4 7
15 15 4 12 21 3 11 9 14 21 14 9 22 5 18 19 9 20 25 (to whomever can ever figure out
the code)

This Year in a Nutshell: An Extremely Serious and No-nonsense Recitation of the School Year, with Absolutely No Mention of COVID-19 or US Politics, with Alan



So, in September it was the first month of school, and what better way to kick off the school year than a bunch of people shouting at each other while a debate moderator can barely reel them in? That's obviously a great way to kick off a school year. But of course, when the internet blows up about a fly during a VP debate, what can you expect? Obviously COVID-19 was going on during all of this and starting school with COVID-19 subdued the usual buzz of a new school year (apparently the U.S. didn't get that memo). Then in November, NASA stole a bit of rock off the Asteroid Bennu. Speaking of NASA and space, they invented a toilet for use on the International Space Station after some feedback. Oh, and COVID-19, caus' that's a thing. Woohoo.

Then, also in November, the people of the U.S. got together and decided between two old white guys fighting to lead the U.S. Luckily, it was a seamless transfer from one leader to another, with no hiccups or major events in result of it, obviously. Then, during the late winter and early spring months (Feb – Mar), COVID-19 rudely interrupted life and we were back to square one, lockdowns and red all across the board. Woohoo.

On the bright side, we have vaccines for COVID-19 now! Which means we should be turning the corner and finally getting rid of this awful, awful virus. That is, after we get a bunch of supplementary doses and possibly more doses to account for variations and more doses to account for the weakening of our immune response. Woo...hoo?

But as the school year ends in this-is-not-May-or-June, there is one question we must all consider. Do I NEED to turn on my camera?

Send Her Victorious: The Monarchy in Canada, with Callum



Oprah Winfrey's recent interview with Prince Harry and Meghan Markle has started a long-needed discussion about the relevancy of the monarchy in modern society. And with Victoria Day, the birthday celebration for Queen Victoria, coming up, we have to ask ourselves why Canada still recognizes Queen Elizabeth as our official head of state. The role of the monarch is quite old. But the monarchy has managed to stay alive until today, when people are less enthusiastic about the idea of a monarch.

What are the perks of being the monarch?

To start, the royal family never has to worry about being impoverished. The royal family banks hundreds of millions of dollars annually. Each year, the sovereign gets something called "the Sovereign's Grant". The Grant is worth 25% of the Crown Estate's profits, and it's given to the sovereign to pay for royal travel expenses, palace upkeep, utilities, and employee payroll. However, it does not go towards ceremonies or security. This money comes from other sources.

Other royal treasures include the "Duchy of Lancaster" (a collection of private estates the royal family owns), Balmoral and Sandringham Estates, an expansive art collection, and the "Duchy of Cornwall" (a collection of private properties Prince Charles owns worth \$1.2 billion).

It's estimated that Queen Elizabeth II has a net worth of \$442 million. That's certainly not pocket change.

The role of the sovereign seemingly comes with a lot of power, too. On paper, the monarch has the power to:

- Grant or withhold royal assent to all acts of parliament
- Declare war and peace
- Appoint and dismiss the Prime Minister
- Appoint governors general
- Issue passports and drivers licences
- Command the military
- Negotiate and ratify treaties, alliances, and international agreements
- Grant mercy on court sentences

And a lot more. The monarch is also considered the "fount of honour" and the "fount of justice". All judicial functions are made in their name, and all court power is derived from the Crown. The sovereign is also considered unable "to do wrong" by common law, and as such, the sovereign cannot be prosecuted. As well, the sovereign is the source of all honours and dignities, and awards various honours and titles. The sovereign is also commander-in-chief of the armed forces of all 54 commonwealth member states, and is the official head of state of 15 countries.

Send Her Victorious: The Monarchy in Canada, with Callum

Sounds pretty cushy, right?

In practice, it's not that simple. Execution of the sovereign's power is **heavily** reliant on the advice of the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, Parliament, and other advisors/advisory bodies to the Sovereign. The government actually has most of the power, the monarch is just a middleman.

Do we still need a monarch in today's society?

This question was divisive. However, it seems that the general opinion seems to be no, as 54.5% of you said we do not need a monarch in today's society.

What do people think about the monarchy?

There are mixed opinions on the subject. On one hand, there are people who love the monarchy and the royal family, and believe it should continue until Britain itself falls. On the other hand, there are people who hate the monarchy and the institutions it comes with (the Commonwealth, the Church of England, etc), and believe that it needs to go ASAP.

The poll I ran displayed that. One person said "While control and order are important in maintaining structure, the British monarchy serves relatively no purpose today. Canada has developed its own government and policies without true need for the Queen". This was relatively representative of anti-monarchy arguments, as irrelevancy was the most common argument to get rid of the monarchy.

The monarchy in Canada is a controversial topic, and we as a society will never be able to agree on what to do with it in the modern day and age. But, at least for now, it's here to stay. But it's interesting to see how opinion has changed over time.

Between the Lines; Corrections



For this month's prompt, channel an emotion you've been experiencing lately and spin it into a piece of writing. You can choose the form and experiment with other aspects of storytelling, but focus on and emphasize the protagonist's emotions. I wish you all a wonderful summer and good wishes for the future. Happy writing!

Notes

- two pages single spaced max.
- give it a title!
- send it in to aparekh@bayviewglen.ca when it's ready
- Teams Anavi Parekh if you have any questions

Corrections

In *The SEC Profiles: Clubs and Finance* with Anavi in the fifth issue of *The Writer's Block*, it says Brianna Gonzalez, Head of Clubs in the 2020-21 school year, has been at Bayview Glen for 13 years, whereas it should be 15 years.