

The Writers Block



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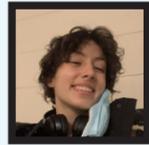
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Meet Our Team

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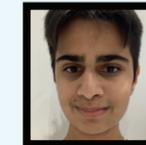
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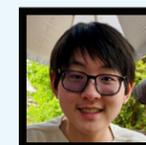
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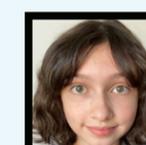
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Editor's Note

I wrote this piece to the airy sounds of flute drifting through the air, listening to feathery waves floating through the window. It was only November 30th, yet the angels had started singing once again. Now, the front door is tended by a plastic snowman, the halls are decked with light displays, and every time you tilt your head and listen, you'll hear sleigh bells tinkling in the snow.

The feel of a mug of hot cocoa in your hands may be comforting, yet oftentimes I wonder whether we're welcoming the holiday season too early. My earliest memories of Christmastide cheer are placed firmly in mid-December, ensconced on either side by snowy days and icy nights. Though it might feel like too soon, I've slowly come to accept the early arrival of the season. To many, the holidays are a time for family, slowing down, contemplation and celebration. And if in a global pandemic we might be seeking that feeling of wholeness we've lost, then it's no surprise that we turn to the Christmas tree or the Hanukkah early.

The scents of gingerbread and cinnamon are not the only thing in the air, though; artistry and creativity abound this holiday season. I find myself turning to my notebook (or my laptop, if we're being honest), to record my thoughts as of late, and it turns out I'm not the only one: we have three short stories and one poem in this issue!

Azrael, Ishaan, and Naomi all have woven beautiful tales with sophisticated underpinnings of love and duty. I encourage you to take a look at them as part of your holiday reading, along with Muriel's heartwarming, holiday-themed poem.

I don't want to undersell any of the other articles in this issue, though.

We have a plethora of informative articles and opinion pieces, ranging from a solemn feature about Remembrance Day, the food-for-thought ramblings about social constructs and conventions, to the absolutely wacky fourth installment in the Whisperer saga.

Continued

With all that said, I hope you and your loved ones have a chance to slow down and come together this holiday season. Pick up a gingerbread cookie, pull a chair up to the hearth, and flip through the Writer's Block some time this holiday break. Sincerest wishes for a merry season, and peace and safety throughout your break.

Happy Holidays!

Best regards,

Constantine Vrachas Matthaïos,



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

EVERYTHING IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT

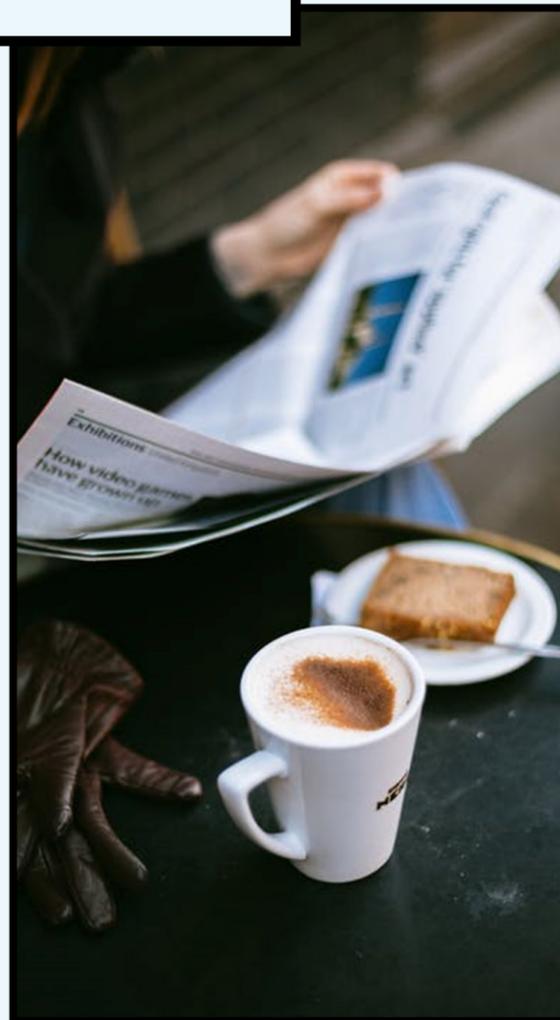
By Isabella Io

By the time you finished reading this article's title, you were probably wondering if you read it wrong, or if whoever was formatting the Writer's Block made a typo. Because who would ever write an entire article claiming everything is a social construct?

I mean, it is weird. You're drinking your morning coffee, reading the student newspaper after you clicked that link on your Edsby page on a whim, and then you see **"EVERYTHING IS A SOCIAL CONSTRUCT"** in big bold font all over the page.

My idea—a rather strange one, I'll admit—was sparked by a conversation at the end of a Debate Club meeting. It had been a rather short one, and though most of the others had left, a few of us lingered to chat with Mr. Stott. Chatting quickly turned to earnest discussion about socio-economic issues affecting us in Toronto.

"Money is just a social construct," I remember one of us saying sarcastically.



At this, Mr. Stott laughed. "You won't believe how many Grade 9's I've heard say that something is a social construct this year."

We started tossing around things that came to mind: Adulthood. Gender roles. Slang. Government. Some of the most obvious and most talked-about candidates when we think of a typical social construct.

But what exactly is a social construct? In essence, it's an idea that only makes sense because everyone in society accepts that it makes sense.

Here, I stopped and thought to myself, Huh. So, if everyone in a society accepted that writing a weird article about social constructs for absolutely no reason except viewer entertainment and food for thought was normal, my article wouldn't be weird anymore.

I then patted myself on the back and continued to type furiously.

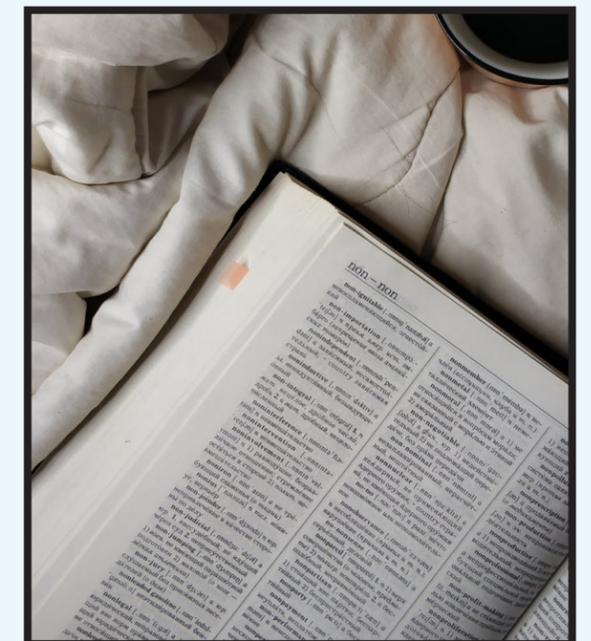
At any rate, whether it seems weird or not, I'll correct my article title here—it's not so much that everything is a social construct; it's just that our definitions of some things are.

You have the dictionary, and it pretty much tells you everything you need to know in life. It's one of the most technical things you'll have—it tells you exactly what any word is supposed to be or mean. Except each definition was developed and written by people. It was most definitely not Mother Nature who wrote the dictionary. It was us—we make up the words, we decide what counts as something and what doesn't, and we write the definitions. The word T-shirt didn't exist until the 1800s, but now everyone knows it means a shirt with short sleeves. We were the ones who made

Take the example of food. The Oxford English Dictionary defines it as "any nutritious substance that people or animals eat or drink or that plants absorb in order to maintain life and growth," but I think our society sees it more as "anything that satisfies an organism's nutritional needs." That's also the medical definition.

Okay, but what if you happen to be a cannibal? Humans would technically count as "food," but the society we live in generally doesn't condone eating humans. On the other hand, if you were to live in a cannibalistic society, food would have a totally different meaning.

It's the same for pretty much any non-technical thing that you could think of; if you look at something closely enough, you start to realize that the terms for them could change in a different scenario (e.g., you're starving and you're desperate, so you eat a dead human body).



And then there's this whole thing about perception. What you see isn't what you see, it's just how your brain interprets the light rays that bounce off whatever you're looking at. What you hear isn't what you hear, it's just vibrations, and what your brain thinks. If you touch something, you have absolutely no idea if your nerves are misleading you, but that's what you think that thing's texture is.

Even the definition of colour, one of the most basic things everyone learns, is ridiculously vague and relies almost entirely on senses to determine what it means. According to Oxford, colour is "the property possessed by an object of producing different sensations on the eye as a result of the way the object reflects or emits light." That's because some colours are reflected into our eyes, and others are absorbed. But in the end, it all comes down to what our eyes can sense.

I mean, look at dogs. The only colours that they can see are yellow and blue, and combinations of those (the black-and-white stereotype is actually incorrect), and it's completely normal for them. The word "colour" has half the meaning for them—their "society" just does not accept the idea of having colours like red or orange, mainly because they have absolutely no idea what that means. If a person was dichromatic (only able to see two colours) they would have a similar experience. They might know these wavelengths and light rays exist, but they can't see them—they don't have the capability.

Most humans have three cones in their eyes; that's why they can see the colours they do. Dogs have two, and walruses have one. (It's the walruses that have been seeing black-and-white this whole time; now you can think of how many times you accidentally called your dog a walrus and smile).

Scientific studies now suggest that all mammals once started off with four cones, but most evolved to end up with two. So, (and I don't know if this is accurate, but I live in the Tiktok generation and I don't know how Neanderthals lived, so I don't think there's any way for me to know) imagine you are a Neanderthal called Bob. Neanderthal Bob and his friends are sitting around a campfire. Bob is staring pensively into the campfire. He can see about 9 million more colours than you do. He grunts to one of his friends: "Shiny."

Bob's idea of colour is slightly different from ours. Ours: red, yellow, orange, green, blue, purple, red again, etc. etc. His: entirely different colours we have no way to know about. Not necessarily new colours, but new combinations of already existing colours.

So, if everyone back then found it normal to see these unique, totally new colours, that would be the societal norm — a synonym to that familiar term I'm sure you're getting bored of: social construct.

I think you get my point by now.

Of course, I'm not saying everything around you is just a social construct. I'm not saying the world out there, the stars and galaxies and the whole wide universe is all something we decided to make up. We're not that significant.

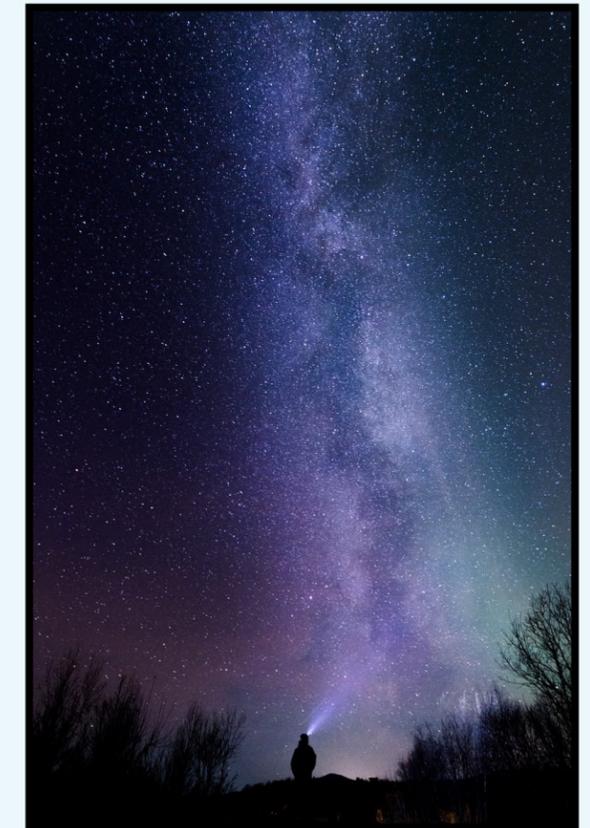
But in our human arrogance, we've assumed we are. We've placed labels on thousands and millions of things, thinking we are right. And yet every day we prove ourselves wrong. Take Galileo, for example. Up until we accepted his (and a few other philosophers in BCE) views, we'd had a crooked understanding of the world. It must have been a jarring and humbling realization when we finally realized he was right. Because with that came the realization that we are not the center of the universe...and not everything we think is right.

Okay, the more I think about it, I lied in my title. There are a lot of things that aren't social constructs. (But hey, it was a catchy title, wasn't it?)

The Earth isn't a social construct. The universe isn't. Physics and gravity and temperature and light aren't, either. Even colour isn't. What we believe, perceive, or define are, but those previous examples are not. They were there a long time before us and will remain there a long time after we're gone.

If you look around, though, you can't say that for most things that meet your eyes. The vast majority of things that make up our life seems to be more manmade than anything. So artificial.

But is that really such a dreadful thing? Because in a world where social constructs—which we make—dictate everything, where we continue to establish new things, invent and discover, build and destroy trends, what limits do we have? Because the only thing you need to do to change the world is to just make others accept your beliefs.





One Piece of Advice Every Child Should Hear

Growing up is confusing since there is no given timeline for kids to follow. We aren't explicitly told to stop watching cartoons or asking for toys at Christmas, yet at a certain age our guardians begin to expect more from us. Our elders anticipate a heightened level of maturity and begin to force that upon us from our youth. Admittedly, society should expect more from us as we age, but in many cases, people are extracted from their childhood far too soon. From the moment we are born, our guardians dread the day we finally grow up. They spend our entire childhoods telling us to stay little and never leave. Nonetheless, the day will arrive where those same people who pleaded with us to not grow up will begin pressuring us to act more like them and discard the hobbies and passions of our youth. Children receive far too many mixed signals regarding their transition out of adolescence to comprehend how precious their time as a child is.



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In summary, many children are pressured into growing up early, behaving older than they are and leaving behind their youth before they are ready. They receive mixed messages telling them to stop growing, but not to act childish. They are told they are too old to continue taking interest in something they enjoyed as a child, but once they begin to grow, their guardians beg them to stop. One piece of advice every child should hear, yet is rarely spoken, is grow up at your own pace. Whether it be mentally or emotionally, there is no correct time to outgrow your childhood. As our interests shift, we begin adopting a new sense of perspective, allowing us to see the world differently. Everybody experiences this at some point, and they begin the process of mentally maturing. It is a natural occurrence which urges us to slowly distance ourselves from our childhoods. Though everybody comes to experience it, no child should be told when or how to grow up.



COP26: Success or Failure?

By Leela Bhide and Julia Apitz-Grossman

On October 31st, 2021, the first day of COP26 (Conference of the Parties) began, in Glasgow, Scotland. The conference, which ran until November 12th, was intended to make countries commit to making eco-friendly changes worldwide. Originally, COP26 was set to take place in November of 2020, but due to the pandemic, it was postponed until now, and leaders and climate activists were ready to act. There were many targets that the conference hoped to achieve, such as phasing out the use of coal, investing into the environment, reducing deforestation, and increasing the use of green vehicles. Unfortunately, the goals set out by the numerous activists were not all met, resulting in global disappointment.

One of the most relevant climate activists, 18-year-old Greta Thunberg, even called COP26 a “failure”

and a “PR event”, alluding to the fact that attending the conference would be beneficial only because it “looked good” for the attendees. Aliya Hirji, Grade 12, is a climate activist and member of our own community who had the opportunity to travel to Scotland and attend the conference herself. She too, along with many others, was disappointed with the outcome. In her statement to the Canadian Climate Action Network, Aliya mentions that “it is no surprise the outcome of COP26 is weak because its engagement of young people, Indigenous peoples, marginalized communities, developing countries, scientific evidence, and more has been weak”.

Readers, reflecting on the outcome of COP26, do you think COP26 was a success or a failure?

The Doors We Walk Through

A Short Story, by Naomi Low

She wakes with a start, immediately flailing her arms to grab something, only to find herself on the floor of an unfamiliar room, no longer falling through the dark pit that her mind had dug. In exactly three minutes, an alarm will ring, and she will know precisely what she must do.

Surveying her surroundings, she lifts herself off the smooth cement floor. She hugs her hands to her chest as her eyes find a clock with large, bright neon lights, one standing for each digit. Each number feels brighter than the previous, so bright it feels like they are glaring at her. There are eighteen minutes on the clock. They haven't started their descent to zero yet.

She turns back around, searching for an exit, only to be met with doors she knew did not lead out. There must have been thousands of them. The once-small room is not small anymore, it is not a room either, but a corridor lined with various doors. Escape routes, or entry ways? She does not know. Whatever they stood to be, they occupied every possible space of the room. They were packed closely on the walls, the only bare part of the room being a narrow walkway. She anxiously flicks her eyes back to the clock.

Suddenly, a booming voice resounds in her ears, speaking a simple sentence to her.

Choose... before the time runs out.

A shrill ring fills the corridor, and the clock has started.

Eighteen minutes, infinite doors. And she must choose.

Normally, another voice would jest the first one into a wrestle of “do” or “don’t.” But there is nothing. It is quiet. And so, reluctantly, she obliges.

Stepping towards the first wooden door, she is met with a photo taped to its front—a photo of her. She is wearing a yellow dress dotted with flowers, standing in a classroom full of children she has never seen before. The children’s faces seem so vivid, yet her own is blurred as if the camera taking the photo ran out of silver emulsion.

Taking another step forward, she examines another door. She is yet again met with another photo of herself. Her face isn’t blurred this time, because it is buried in her hands. She stares back at the striking image of her, sitting in a poorly lit hallway of what seems to be a hospital, with her face in her hands.

She has questions. Where was this taken? When was this taken? How can this photo exist when she has never even been to a hospital, much less cried in one?

Not a single one leaves her mouth because she knows that she will not receive an answer.

This time, she takes several steps, passing by handfuls of doors at a time, finally seeing a pattern. As each blurred photo passes her eyes, she is able to glean small bits of information from each. Chef. Doctor. Lawyer. Teacher. Wedding. Funeral. Librarian. Despair. Joy. Anger. She doesn’t know what she is looking for, but none of the photos here seem to feel right.

Glancing back at the end of the hallway she came from, she reads the clock: Twelve minutes. Six minutes, gone.

She picks up her pace, eyeing each photo no longer than a second.

Tennis, Math, Science, Actor, Painter, Spanish, Plane.

No. No. No. No. No. No. No.

Nothing is right. None of these feel right.

The clock rings again. She looks back towards it. Ten Minutes.

She looks back to the hallway in front of her and almost collides with the wall before she notices a bend in the corridor.

A right turn.

Without thinking, she turns down the corridor and into the new hallway. As soon as she finds herself in the new setting, a wall materializes behind her, with the clock sitting exactly where it was before.

Looking back in front of her, her eyes take in the new corridor. The doors are no longer wood, but metal. Yet, the pictures taped on each door remain the same. Approaching the first door, she stares at the image of herself standing before an audience of people, giving a speech. Shaking her head, she walks past the door to find a new one. The moment her footsteps forward, she hears a click, as if the door had locked. Stepping back, she wonders if she heard correctly. Reaching her hand out to the silver knob, she tries to turn it, but it won’t budge.

This was new. The doors lock as soon as she steps past them. Committing the information to memory, she carries on and steps to the next door. The photo pictures her and a man she doesn’t recognize. She is standing, and he is kneeling, holding a small black box in his right hand. She doesn’t need much more information. She walks past the door, hearing it lock, closing forever.

For maybe the fiftieth time in the last couple minutes, she turns back to the clock. Five minutes. Her breathing starts to pick up, she had spent five minutes on two doors, and now she only had five left.

Moving quickly through the hall, she skims her eyes over every photo, as she did in the last corridor. The clicking sounds of each door drowns her mind. She starts to panic. Daughter, Police, Computer, Nurse, Engineer, Brother, Writer, Son.
No. No. No. No. No. No. No. No.

Three minutes flew by as she started to run down the hallway, no longer looking at each photo. It was no longer her pushing herself down the hallway of endless doors. It was time.

In two minutes, the time would be up, and she was nowhere near making a decision. Tears filled her eyes. She wasn’t ready. Her breathing grew quicker.

All she could hear was each door closing, locked for good. Never to be opened again.

Soon, her vision became nothing but a blurry sheen of silver and grey.

Another ring came from the clock. She whipped her head back around. The neon numbers cut through the blur of her tears. Sixty seconds. Running faster, she desperately tried to find a door, her eyes flitting back over the photos placed on each until she spotted one that caught her eye. It was different from the others. Still the same metallic grey colour, but it didn’t have a photo taped to it. She heard the voice in her head again when she looked at the door. That one. In her heart, she knew her head was right. Something about that door seemed safe. It seemed to be the last one in this hallway as well. It was far, but not too far that she couldn’t see it. Running against the lost time, she could see the door getting closer and closer.

Forty-five seconds.

Eighteen doors.

Thirty-two seconds.

Ten doors.

She was going to make it. She was going to make it. The door was so close that she could feel the handle against her hands. Her lungs burned, and the cool air stung her face as she ran.

Twenty-two seconds.

Three doors.

Twenty seconds. This was it.

She arrived at the last door, gasping for air. She placed her hand on the knob, willing her hand to turn it, but it only hovered over it. She was scared. She wished she had more time. Even if this door were somehow the right door, she wouldn't even know which way to walk once she had opened it.

For the last time, she looked back at the clock. Five seconds left.

Swallowing her fear, she started to do the scariest thing she had ever done. She wasn't sure whether she had picked the right door, but somewhere within her, she knew she was making the right decision. She turned the handle and opened the door, unsure what was next to come, and did not look back. But before she had the chance to step through the threshold of the last door and before the bright neon clock could go off, she was jolted back to reality by the shrill ring of her school bell.

She immediately flailed her arms to grab onto something, only to find herself back in the familiar office of her school's guidance counselor. There were no doors, no photos, and when she gave a glance behind her, there was no bright neon clock. It was... a dream. She let out a breath.

"Charlie!" a voice yelled.

Hearing her name, she whipped her head back to the woman sitting at the desk in front of her, the woman whose name she realized she had forgotten.

Still mildly disoriented, she sat up from the slouched position she felt herself in, wiped at her eyes, and tried to remember how she had even gotten in this office and what the woman in front of her had been saying. When her memory came up blank, she cleared her throat.

"Sorry?" she managed as she swallowed the lump in her throat.

The woman sighed and took off her black glasses, resting them on the desk between them, her hand running through her hair.

"I said, Charlie, you're seventeen. Have you started thinking about what your future might look like?"

Future. That was why she was sitting in front of the woman with the glasses. It was the middle of the first semester, and she hadn't started her university applications yet. Charlie had given thought to her future; she just hadn't been expecting it to come barging in so soon. Nevertheless, she knew she wouldn't be escaping this meeting without giving the woman an answer.

"I had a dream," she said.

This answer seemed to disappoint the woman, because she ran her hand through her hair. Again.

"This isn't a joke, Charlie." The woman sighed.

"You can't just dream away your future anymore. You need to start making some decisions. You're running out of time." She rummaged through her desk for a couple moments, the sound of ruffling papers filling the awkward silence between them. At last, the woman pulled out a sheet of paper and handed it to her.

"This is a list of people I want you to speak with; they'll help you out," she told Charlie.

Mindlessly, Charlie accepted the paper and stood up.

"I should go," she said, stuffing her hands in her pockets.

Glancing at her watch, the woman responded. "Right, you should be on your way. Goodbye, Charlie," the guidance counselor said.

With that, Charlie stepped through the threshold of the office door, unsure what was next to come,

and did not look back

Lest We Forget

Callum McKinnon

Lest we forget. You're undoubtedly familiar with those words, because every 11/11, at 11:11, those words are uttered by millions across the world. But what do they mean? In a literal sense, the phrase means "it should not be forgotten". But that's only the surface meaning. "Lest we forget" means the remembrance of a fallen relative, killed by the evil of war. It means the everlasting memory of what war has taken from people, often unnecessarily. Though to truly appreciate the event, it is important to understand the history and the facts. So, here are some interesting facts about the day that you may already know.

The first Remembrance Day, then called Armistice Day, was held in 1918, to commemorate the

armistice agreement that ended World War I, which was signed on Monday, November 11th, 1918, at 11:11 AM. Until 1930, Canada's Remembrance Day didn't have a fixed date; it was simply the first Monday in the week of November 11th. In 1931, Parliament passed an act to change Armistice Day to Remembrance Day, and to make Remembrance Day land on November 11th every year.

Why is a poppy used as a symbol of remembrance? During WWI, Flanders Fields was a major field of war. More than a million soldiers from over 50 countries were wounded, went missing, or killed on those plains. The natural botany of the field included poppies. These poppies inspired Colonel John McCrae's famous poem *In Flanders Fields*. His poem inspired the use of the poppy as the symbol of remembrance we know today. Nowadays, felt poppies are used as a fundraising means by the Royal Canadian Legion to support veterans.



But why do we need to remember? War is a very important part of our past, for better or for worse. The wars we study today shaped the landscape of our world as we know it, and changed the course of history forever. Millions of people have been claimed as victims of war, and that must end. As George Santaya, a famous philosopher, said, "those who forget the past are doomed to repeat it." We must remember the mistakes we, as a society, made to cause these global atrocities not once, but twice.

This past Remembrance Day, I hope you took a moment of silence, for the victims of war. War is evil, but sometimes a necessary evil. The bloody history of the 20th century should be motivation for to us to maintain peace in the years to come. Do you know somebody in the armed forces? Ask them about their experience. Take the time to reflect on the life you lead, the world you live in, and the future you want to grow up in. It most likely doesn't involve war.

Lest we forget.

Until the End of My Time

A short story, by Azrael Goldberg

April 30th, 1986

Today they told me I was going home. I was confused; I thought I was already home. But they told me that today I was going to meet my family. I don't know what that word means exactly, but apparently, my family consists of two taller creatures they call "mom" and "dad", and one smaller creature who told me her name was "Freya". Freya must be the youngest part of the pack, as she was much faster and more excitable than the other two. Before we left, they handed mom something they called paperwork. My new family loves me; they feed me and entertain me. But young Freya is my favourite creature out of all of them. She tells me stories and scratches my chin and gives me treats. She is my friend, and I am hers. She tells me we will stay together until the end of time. I hope our time never ends.

April 25th, 1987

I watched young Freya work hard today. I spend most of my days sleeping and clawing at the couch while she runs off to wherever she goes every morning, no doubt to work. Freya is a smart one. When she comes home, I watch her stare at one of the many papers in her stack. Sometimes she turns to a new sheet and stares some more. I never know what is so gripping about the paperwork, but it smells nice. I like to lie on her lap while she looks at it.

March 28th, 1989

Freya brought a new creature home today. She called him Gary. The first thing I noticed about Gary was that he carries lots of stacks of paper (he calls them books). The first day of his intrusion I recall sleeping peacefully on my part of the bed, minding my business before I was peeled off the mattress and shooed out of Freya's room. She closed the door on me, and I was left with no choice but to sleep on the couch instead. I think Gary is plotting to replace me. He must have captured Freya in a trance of sorts with those books, to kick me out whenever he drops by. I'm not concerned. Sooner or later, he'll realize that I'm in charge, and Freya will ultimately choose me when it comes down to it.

March 20th, 1990

Freya cried today. After several minutes of tears, the sobs slowed, and between them were seconds of silence and sniffing. I watched her as she looked up from her hands. Following Freya's gaze, I found myself

looking with her at the wall covered in little square memories. She'd been sticking more and more of them to the wall every week. They showed Freya smiling with her friends, some of whom I've met and others I've never seen. Most of the little memories were of her and me. Right in the center though, is a memory of Gary. I feel the bed shift as she stands and makes her way to the wall. The sobbing has stopped. She reaches for the square paper and tears it off the wall. She examines it in her hand for a moment and slowly pinches the edge. Freya rips it. I feel her satisfaction as the crack runs down the center in a smooth, zig-zag motion. Freya stacks the two halves and repeats the motion. Once, then twice. Then several times. Slow at first but increasing in speed and aggression with every rip. She does this until the memory is nothing but thin shavings of paper on the floor. I assume I know whom Freya chose.

March 3rd, 1991

Freya has looked intense lately. She seems scared, almost nervous. I wonder what she's anticipating. She tells me everything is going to change. She tells me that she's growing up. I admit young Freya doesn't appear as childlike as she once was. I also admit I've grown along with Freya. Lately, she has been telling me that I will be "coming with her". I don't know what she means exactly, but we'll stay together until the end of time. I'll follow her wherever she goes.

February 20th, 1992

Freya and I have been staying in a new, smaller place since July. Before we arrived, we went through a scary process at the big building with all those containers and big metal birds. Freya told me not to worry; I trusted her, and everything was okay. Freya and I protect each other. I like being with her, though at times I feel what Freya calls "homesick". I wonder when we will go back. Freya's stuck more pictures of her and new creatures to the wall. I recognize some of them to be our family back at home. I wonder if they miss us as well. I'm still getting used to this place; it feels different. I feel different. Freya tells me she feels different as well. She says we're in this together.

February 10th, 1993

As the days go on, I find myself thinking of Freya more and more and yet, seeing her less. When she does come home, she goes straight to doing work. She rarely has a moment to spare for me anymore. There was a time when I would find this offensive. Though, I've learned that although I may not always understand, I know Freya must have a reason for the things she does. I trust her judgment. When she has time to give me, I'll be waiting here to spend it with her.

February 8th, 1994

Freya tried to teach me a trick today. Sometimes I believe she overestimates my abilities as an old housecat. Admittedly, I'm slower than I was four years ago, but I'll take the treats and attention whenever I can.

January 30th, 1995

I've been sleeping much more lately. Freya was confused by my drowsy behaviour, but there's nothing wrong with a nap or two. I'm just an old housecat.

January 26th, 1996

Once Freya noticed my sleepiness last year, she took me to see a funny woman in a white coat. The woman in the white coat was very invasive, but she told Freya I was okay, and it was a natural behaviour in an older cat. I tried to tell her it was nothing to worry about. Lately, I've been seeing the white coat woman more and more often. I guess Freya really wants to make sure I'm getting enough sleep.

January 10th, 1997

I saw the white coat woman again today. But this time was different. She said some words to Freya I didn't completely understand. They were big words, and she was speaking too quietly for an old housecat like me to pick up. Freya cried on the way home. I've seen her cry plenty, but not like this. A feeling creeps up on me that something may be wrong. Maybe Freya should get as much sleep as I do. It always makes me feel better.

January 12th, 1997

Freya is crying again. I don't like seeing her cry, but I suppose it's nice she's been spending so much more time with me lately. She's telling me things I don't want to understand. At least I'm happy I can spend my remaining moments with her. I guess when Freya said we'd be together until the end of time, she just meant mine.

Rajanigandha

a short story, by Ishaan Goswami

Glossary

Haveli – Palace

Babu/Babumoshai – Sir

Ma – Mother

Beta – Son/Child

Zamindar – Landlords who held power and wealth in British India

Phalgun – A spring month in the Hindu Calendar

Kartik – A fall month in the Hindu Calendar

Pati – Husband

Rajanigandha – the tuberose flower

Bouthan – An archaic Bengali word for an elder sister-in-law

Pallu – the length of a sari draped over the shoulder of the wearer

1905 – Bengal Presidency, British India



A cup of spoilt coffee sat on a paper-littered desk, with a broken inkwell dripping its dark blue contents over architectural plans. In the background, the quietly consistent and accu-

urate beat of a watch could be heard. It echoed from the courtyard of the Rajnath Haveli which bordered the cramped office. On the desk was a placard in English that proudly proclaimed in faded gold letters "Shyam Behari Rajnath."

A rustle came at the door, which echoed into the office.

"Oh lord, why can't I open the door? Oh Ramadhir, where are you?!"

"Babumoshai, how can I help?"

"Open the door to Shyam's office. Now."

Ramadhir, the family servant of the Rajnath family, used one of the innumerable keys from his cloth belt and opened the door. As soon as it was opened, a wave of dust billowed out of the office into the courtyard.

"Good lord Ramadhir, have you never cleaned this office?"

"Shyam Babu always told me to leave it alone,"

"Fine, fine. You can go now,"

Gopal then turned, shouting for his wife and mother's attention.

"Oh Ashalata, Ma, come down please!"

To which his mother responded: "Gopal beta what happened?"

"We opened Shyam's office. Let's check it out,"

Gopal was the eldest son of the Rajnath family, a Zamindari family of Bihari origins living near Koch Behar. His wife Ashalata, wore one of her many elegant saris, with today's being a lavender sari with a white lace border. Gopal's mother, Muktakeshi, retained absolute control over the



family, as a "benevolent despot," as she herself would proudly state.

Gopal noted with disgust: "Look, his lunch from a week ago is still here! Lentil soup, rice, fried egg-plant—everything!"

"Well, let's look through his papers, they might tell us something?"

"Yes, Gopal, listen to Ashalata. Shyam is always in his head writing down his ideas and dreams. Let's look for notes."

Gopal looked disgustedly at the disorganized office as Ramadhir was called in to take out the rotting food. Ashalata quietly organized the rows of books in English, Hindi, Bengali, and French that lined the walls of Shyam's office.

"Look, Ashalata you can read Urdu, right?"

"Yes, why?"

"I found this note underneath some of his papers. I never knew he could write in Urdu..." Muktakeshi replied. She picked it up and began to read aloud:

"Beloved Kavita,

The month of Kartik is approaching its end. Thus, will mark the end of our separation.

Yours, and only yours,

Shyam"



"Who on earth is Kavita?!" Gopal boomed.

"I don't know, he never mentioned her. Ma, do you know?"

"Hm... Kavita you say? Well, there is that Kavita who's Sharad Nath Mukherjee's daughter."

"Nah, nah. She has moved to Delhi with her husband, Srikanth,"

"Ah... well... I don't know. I just want to know where my son is..."

Shyam Rajnath was the youngest son of the Rajnath family. He was the emotional romantic that followed his heart and emotions, unlike his rational, conservative, and restrained family. He had become an architect with a side passion of being a writer. He had gone missing a week prior.

At first, everyone thought it was one of his escapades to Calcutta to experience the cultural rush of turn-of-the-century Bengal, but after days without any telegrams, and family in the capital not being able to find him, concern ruled the Rajnaths.

"Let's continue looking to see if we find anything else..." Muktakeshi muttered.

Ashalata spoke up and said: "I found one of his old notebooks, Pati Ji."

"Is there anything of note in it?"

"Hm... yes... he said that at the end of Kartik 1905 'destiny will be met, we will be set free.'"

"God damn it, what on earth does that mean?"

"I don't know..."

"Gopal beta, ask one of his friends from the newspaper, what is it called?"

"Darshan, yes okay. I'll ask around to see if anyone knows anything."

Gopal straightened his tie and put on his cotton jacket and left the Haveli to see the printing press. Muktakeshi went to the kitchen to help prepare lunch. As Ashalata was leaving, she saw a piece of paper sticking out behind a portrait of Shyam's late father, Mahindra Pratap Rajnath.

"Dear Ashalata,

I trust you are the one to find this letter... Ma and Bhai are too hasty and would neglect to look here.

I have left home, as you can see. I have gone to Dacca. There is a girl I love, Kavita Ganguly. I met her in Calcutta a year prior. She's my everything. She is beautiful, cultured, and caring. But she's not a Zamindari girl. Ma and Bhai would never understand.

Bouthan, I trust you, and your good heart. I want

you and the family to know I'm okay. But they cannot know why or where I have gone.

Ramadhir is the only other soul who knows my plans. Promise me that you will tell Ramadhir kaku that 'Phalgune Rajanigandha Phul Phote...' Rajanigandha flowers bloom in Phalguna if you agree to keep my whereabouts a secret. He'll pass along that information to me.

This means the world to me, Bouthan. I have always loved you as a sister, so please, help me this time.

Burn this letter, and don't tell a soul.

*Yours,
Shyam"*

Ashalata and Shyam were around the same age, with Ashalata being a year older. She was married off to Gopal at the age of 10, while he was 16 and studying in college, as was custom in the Zamindari households of Bengal. Due to their similar age, Ashalata and Shyam shared a bond that only they knew about. Shyam's poetry and prose were all dedicated to his beloved Bouthan.



A decade later, they still shared that bond, that caused heartache in Ashalata, who wiped tears from her eyes, and slid the note into her blouse, hidden by pleats of her pallu. She then returned to the kitchen where Muktakeshi and Ramadhir were.

"Ramadhir, phalgune rajanigandha phul phote..."

"What are you saying Ashalata beti? Rajanigandha bloom in the summer."

"Well, every case has its exception... Ma,"

As Muktakeshi shook her head in disbelief, Ashalata slipped the note into the kitchen fire. Ashalata always loved her younger brother-in-law and did what had to be done for his happiness. A loud knock on the frame of the kitchen door alerted the trio.

"Ma, Ashalata, look at this newspaper from Calcutta. I found it on the road. Shyam got arrested in Calcutta for attempting to assassinate the viceroy."

To be Continued

THE SNOWMAN ON Riverside Drive

A POEM BY MURIEL LOVSHIN

A peculiar man lives at 2 Riverside drive,
Who only appears on the chilliest of days,
When you see your breath in the frigid air,
When the falling snow drifts down and packs together so tightly,
You can hear a soft crunch when stepping into it.
The man made of snow is called Mr. Burnow,
Named by the Ruth brothers who live just a few blocks down the street,
They gave Mr. Burnow a set of clothes to wear,
A shiny lilac coat, with white, snowy ruffles on the lower sleeves,
Paired with furry wool mittens,
And a beige NYC ballcap,
With the stitching barely hanging onto the bleached white logo.
Now, Mr. Burnow's days were busy indeed,
Though he did not work in massive offices,
Nor hospitals nor libraries,
Mr. Burnow had a very important job,
The most important out of them all,
And it was to spread the thought of happiness and cheer all around.
He made people smile as they strolled by,
Glancing at him,
With grins from ear to ear,
It made his heart grow happier each time,
Knowing that he spread joy to people who needed it most,
That's what made Mr. Burnow come back every year.

RIDDLE ME THIS!

- Christopher Cha -

Many people think riddles are just fun questions people ask each other, but a riddle is much more than that. It is a poem that hides its answer to be found. It's like searching a haystack to find a needle. A riddle, put simply, is a question without a definite answer. Every answer is right, but one is more right than the rest. And without further ado here are 15 riddles to puzzle over:

1. WHAT IS round like an apple, deep like a cup,
yet all the king's horses can't pull it up?
2. WHAT HAS skin made of wood, bones made of rocks,
feet of rubber, and you cut it to reuse it?
3. LITTLE NANCY PETTICOAT had a white little pedicure,
and with a little red head. The longer she stood the shorter she grew.
What is she?
4. 24 WHITE HORSES stand on a red hill.
First they champ, then they stamp, then they stand still.
What are they?
5. YOU ARE stuck in a room with only a table and a mirror.
How do you get out?
6. THERE IS an old man who lives on the 24th floor. Every sunny day, he takes the
elevator up to the 20th floor and walks the rest of the way up.
On rainy days he takes the elevator all the way up the 24th floor. Why?
7. WHAT GETS wetter the more it dries?
8. WHAT RUNS but cannot walk, babbles but cannot talk,
has a bed but cannot sleep, has a mouth but cannot eat?

9. GRACE'S MOTHER had three daughters. One was May and one was April.
What was the third sister's name?

10. WHAT IS gooder than God, eviler than the devil,
what all the rich people want but all the poor people have?

11. WHAT CAN you catch, but not throw?

12. WHAT HAS hands but no arms, and a face but no eyes?

13. WHAT HAS long legs, brandy thighs, a little head, and no eyes?

14. WHAT IS black within and red without, with four corners round about?

15. THE IMPOSSIBLE RIDDLE:

THERE ONCE was a knight who was in love with a princess, but one
day the king caught them together and did not approve.

Although he was angry, he was a fair king. To decide the knight's fate,
he made two large doors. Behind one door is a tiger who will eat the
knight. Behind the other is a nice woman who the knight will spend
the rest of his life with, married. As for the princess, she is to be mar-
ried the next day to the prince of a far-off kingdom.

When he came to the two doors he can see the princess sitting behind
the king, pointing to the right door. You know the princess saw the
doors being set up and knows which door has what behind them.

WHICH DOOR SHOULD HE PICK?

Now that you have answered all the riddles,
make sure to watch out for the next article with all the riddles' answers!

the favourite books of BVG FACULTY

compiled by Ishaan Goswami

IN GRADE 9 ENGLISH, the culminating project for the writing unit was a portfolio of various analytical and creative writing pieces. I decided to write a blog, where I discussed the favourite books of various Upper School teachers. This was in February of 2019, and staff has changed, and tastes have evolved. Ms. Fenili had told me that this would be an excellent addition to a BVG newspaper, which was non-existent at the time. So, I decided it would be interesting to finally open the time capsule of ENGID and see what the favourite books of our teachers were!

NOTE: THESE ARE NOT VERBATIM WHAT I SUBMITTED IN GRADE 9.
THEY HAVE BEEN EDITED FOR CLARITY, AND GRAMMAR.

▲ MS. SARAH LEAPER

Paradise Lost – John Milton: “This is one of Ms. Leaper’s favourite books because it is the most insightful book about the human condition.”

All the Light We Cannot See – Anthony Doerr: “This is one of Ms. Leaper’s favourite books because of its sparkling language and its two parallel story lines coming together at the end.”

▲ MR. NORM REYNOLDS

Dinner at the Homesick Restaurant – Anne Tyler: “This book, which is considered Tyler’s greatest book, is the book that struck the creative match for Mr. Reynolds and made him want to write.”

Alice Munro: “Alice Munro, who is a Canadian short story author, is one of Mr. Reynold’s favourite authors.”

▲ MR. RON SYLVESTER

Marguerite Duras: Marguerite Duras, who was a French author, is one of Mr. Sylvester’s favourite authors.

Henry Miller: American author Henry Miller is also another one of Mr. Sylvester’s favourite authors.

▲ MS. FIONA FENILI

A Prayer for Owen Meany – John Irving: “This book has a lovely structure and connects two parallel storylines (which seems to be a favourite of English Teachers). This book also has a top-tier style of writing”

Midnight’s Children – Salman Rushdie: “This book also has a wonderful and engaging style of writing, and also has top tier writing.”

▲ SRA. BERTHA ACEVEDO

One Hundred Years of Solitude – Gabriel Garcia Marquez: “This is one of Sra. Acevedo’s favourite books because it gives an amazing insight on the history and culture of Columbia. It is also a classic novel which is mandatory for any Colombian to read.”

Como Aqua Para Chocolate – Laura Esquirel: “This is one of Sra. Acevedo’s favourite books because it gives an amazing insight on Latin American culture.”

▲ SRA. PAOLA BARRON

One Hundred Years of Solitude – Gabriel Garcia Marquez: “This is one of Sra. Barron’s favourite books because of the vivid world it paints, and the magical realism which is one of the hallmarks of this classic.”

A Game of Thrones – George R.R. Martin: “This is one of Sra. Barron’s favourite books simply due to the fact that this book was extremely well written.”

▲ MME. VIVIENNE KRAUS

Born to Run – Christopher McDougall: “This is one of Mme. Kraus’s favourite books because it is truly inspirational.”

Little Women – Louisa May Alcott: “This is one of Mme. Kraus’s favourite books from her childhood.”

Ces Enfants de ma Vie – Gabrielle Roy: “This is one of the books that influenced Mme. Kraus to become a teacher.”

▲ MS. THERESA MCARTHUR

The Martian – Andy Weir: “The book that was the basis of one of the most renowned movies of recent times is one of Ms. McArthur’s favourite books due to the funny nature of the book, and all of the science involved in the book.”

The Power of One – Bryce Courtenay: “This extremely inspirational book is one of Ms. McArthur’s favourite books for just that. Its inspirational.”

Harry Potter and the Philosopher’s Stone – J.K. Rowling: “This book, which is known by people of all ages, is one of Ms. McArthur’s favourite books because ‘who doesn’t love Harry Potter?!’”

▲ MR. ED HITCHCOCK

The Lord of the Rings Series – J.R.R. Tolkien: “The Lord of the Rings books need no introduction. These world-renowned books, which were crucial to the foundation of the fantasy genre, are “EPIC!” as Mr. Hitchcock would say.”

▲ MR. JIM CARDONE

Way of the Peaceful Warrior – Dan Millman: “This book was extremely influential for Mr. Cardone as he loved the message of how to live one’s life as a peaceful warrior.”

▲ MS. MELANIE DEEKS

Indian Horse – Richard Wagamese: “This book which has become a box office hit of a movie is one of Ms. Deeks’ favourite books because it shows humility, and how to have a responsible character.”

The Pillars of the Earth – Ken Follett – “This international bestseller is one of Ms. Deeks’ favourite books due to its excellent story telling.”

▲ MR. ANTHONY CHUTER

The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy – Douglas Adams: “This book which has become famous for its answer to the universe is one of Mr. Chuter’s favourite due to his love of science fiction.”

The World is a Ball – John Doyle: “As inferred by the cover, this book about soccer is a favourite for Mr. Chuter due to his passion for soccer. (Which I remember from when he was my soccer coach six or seven years ago).”

Fever Pitch: A Fan’s Life – Nick Hornby: “This autobiographical book about a soccer fan yet again satisfies Mr. Chuter’s undying passion for soccer.”

Paris 1919 – Margaret MacMillan: “If there was one treaty that was the most influential in modern history, it would be the Treaty of Versailles. This book examines the history of this treaty, and is a favourite for the history teacher, Mr. Chuter.”

▲ MS. LAURA HITCHCOCK

Leo Tolstoy: “Classics are Ms. Hitchcock’s favourite. All books ever penned by the Russian master Tolstoy have been read by Ms. Hitchcock.”

▲ MR. TOM OSBORNE

Germinal – Emile Zola: “This book on the life of French workers during the industrial revolution is a fantastic work which gives great insight on how the people who supported one of the greatest world powers lived and worked.”

The Things They Carried – Tim O’Brien: “This book, about one of the bloodiest conflicts in modern history, the Vietnam War, changed the way Mr. Osborne viewed both fiction, and non-fiction.”

▲ **MR. JAMIE CHAPMAN**

Captain Corelli's Mandolin – Louis de Bernières: “What other type of book would be more fitting for a politics teacher than a political satire book! This book which is both funny and moving is one of Mr. Chapman’s favourite books.”

▲ **MS. ADRIANA DYBALA**

The Little Prince – Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: “The Little Prince. A book many people of all ages have read. This classic is one of Ms. Dybala’s favourite books due to its universal themes.”

The English Patient – Michael Ondaatje: “This book set during the Italian Campaign during the second world war is another one of Ms. Dybala’s favourite books due to the wonderful style of writing employed by Ondaatje.”

The Great Gatsby – F. Scott Fitzgerald: “The Great Gatsby. One of the most renowned classic novels which has been read throughout the world. Set in the roaring twenties, this book’s imagery and symbolism make this book one of Ms. Dybala’s favourite books.”

▲ **MS. ALISON ROWLAND**

Jane Eyre – Charlotte Brontë: “This book, from one of the most renowned authors of all time, has is a great story that can be read over and over.”

▲ **MS. NUNO MANO**

Dan Brown: “Mr. Mano’s favourite author is Dan Brown because he’s simply a good author. He pens interesting stories, and he has an interesting style of writing. He also creates great twists at the end of his books.”

▲ **MR. BRIAN AULD**

The Catcher in the Rye – J.D. Salinger: “This quintessential classic novel, which is also one of my favourite books, is one of Mr. Auld’s favourite books because it is THE coming-of-age book.”

One Hundred Years of Solitude – Gabriel Garcia Marquez: “This classic Latin American novel (which is a favourite of the Spanish teachers also) is a wonderful novel which is beautifully written.”

Book of Longing – Leonard Cohen: “Leonard Cohen. Disputably the greatest poet to have ever lived. In Mr. Auld’s words ‘He was one of the most articulate poets, and he was just so COOL!’ - Mr. Auld 2019”

▲ **MR. MICHAEL BELLISSIMO**

Amazing Grace – Jonathon Kozol: “This bestselling book about the Bronx was very real and very moving, making it Mr. Bellissimo’s favourite book.

▲ **MS. ANDREA BLINICK**

A Million Little Pieces – James Frey: “This semi-fictional novel about an alcoholic and drug addict gave an amazing perspective and was extremely engaging which made it Ms. Blinick’s favourite book.”

▲ **MS. FARAH DAYA**

A Fine Balance – Rohinton Mistry: “This book, which is Ms. Daya’s favourite, is a well written book which was engaging throughout.”

▲ **MS. SCOTT CAMPBELL**

The Hate U Give – Angie Thomas: “This topical book, which is written from a viewpoint often overlooked talks about important social issues without preaching, is Mr. Campbell’s favourite.”

IF YOU HAVE SOMEHOW managed to survive reading the scrambled writings of Grade 9 me, you’ve seen how varied and diverse the reading habits of our faculty are. In the next issue of the Writer’s Block, we’ll see how tastes have evolved amongst our faculty.

The Whisperer 4Ever After

By the Whisperer

“This article makes no sense at all. I wonder what the newspaper has come to. Who ever is the head has to do something. This is corrupting the student government. Someone, do something!”

– Bob Sacamano, New York Times bestselling author

“Did there really have to be a BVG conspiracy article?”

– The Glen

“No”

– The Viewpoint

“Get this garbage out of here!”

– The Globe and Mail

“What? I never approved this! How did it get in here? [...] This has been running for how long?!”

– head of the BVG Newspaper

“Ha! I’m safe in Siberia now, you can’t make me do another one of these!”

– the editor I had kidnapped

“No! My friend had warned me about you!”

–the editor I just kidnapped

Special thanks to Eyes Love You for that extra thousand dollars you gave me forcefully, and to Sue Zann for the car you definitely let me borrow, and to Justin Time for switching out that test with me. Otherwise I would have definitely gotten an F.

Welcome back, my Nosies, to another earth-shattering mind-blowing world-shaking revelation of an article.

Everything anyone had ever lost was in this room. Everything I had ever lost was in this room. My mind was somewhere in here, I was sure of it. But that still left the question: to be or not to be? And also why was this room here and how did everything get here? The teachers were obviously collecting lost things. Meighen must have something to do with it. I started walking to the far end of the room, where more mountains of lost stuff loomed. I walked for what seemed like seconds, but must have been thousands of milliseconds. Finally I came upon a book upon a pedestal upon a stage upon the floor upon a pond, illuminated by a lamp shaped like a paleolithic dolphin. I lifted my hand to the book, about to open it when suddenly a sound came from behind me. I turned around, did a triple backflip and a karate chop, and saw someone who looked vaguely familiar. He was tall and short, diaphanous and solid, yet somehow not at all. I leaned in closer to his ancient face and listened. Wallpaper and limestone. Delicious. I could not believe my luck; I had come face to face with... the Mysterious Archivist. Hello my child, he

said. What business have you in my domain? I remembered in an instant what Abraham Washington once said: Honesty is the best policy. So I told him the truth: You are ugly. "What is the smallest mother?" he asked me, his eyes searching. "The lost and found is that way," I said. He asked me another riddle, "Why did the caterpillar run?" It had many legs, I knew. The Mysterious Archivist pointed to the nearest pile of garbage. "What has four legs, three eyes, and five tongues?" A water bottle. But all these riddles were irrelevant, only one would answer my question. He leaned forward and whispered, "What is 1+1?" Aha. That was it. Obviously, it was Russia. One converted into numbers is 15 14 5. Add another 15 14 5 and you get 30 28 and something. 30 is the largest possible number (ie the number of eyes on my forehead). What is large? Jupiter. What is Jupiter? A rocky planet. Rocks are tasty, and nutritional, and what else is tasty and nutritional? Lucky charms. And the mascot of lucky charms is an Irish elph. And what country are Irish elves from? Russia. This was proof; I had to go to Russia. I jumped up onto a pile of garbage and started

and started to fly away, but then I remembered I didn't have wings. So I grabbed the Mysterious Archivist and we started flying up into the dark like a glorious penguin. He struggled and tried to pull away but I held on tight, and then he started chanting an incantation. Suddenly, ninjas appeared in the air and started to throw shooting stars at us. I pulled around and lost control of the Mysterious Archivist, who fell back with the ninjas. I ran for my life, and eventually the ninjas chased me out of the room, and into a hallway. It took me a while to realize, but I must have been in the Hall of Famous Fingers. What was my first clue? Fingers of famous people hung on the walls. What was my second clue? There was a giant sign on the wall that said Hall of Famous Fingers. Anyways, I continued down the hall, pausing to evaluate the fingers. My favourite were Dwight "the stone" Jameson's; they whispered immortal secrets in my unhallowed ears. Finally I reached the end of the hall, and prepared myself for whatever was on the other side. With one deep breath, I pushed open the door.

I entered into a garden. In the flowerbeds gardeners sprouted from the

ground and giant wheels of cheese rolled around like a shoemaker writing an essay. I stepped forward and tripped on Raton the vole. We started talking, and I have translated the dialect of Spanish that we spoke in an easy to understand format:

Me: Greetings Raton

Raton: She should have died hereafter.

There would have been a time for such a word.

Tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow,

Creeps in this petty pace from day to day

To the last syllable of recorded time,

And all our yesterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusty death. Yeet, Yeet, Skrt Skrt!

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player

That struts and frets his hour upon

upon the stage

And then is heard no more. It is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,

Signifying nothing.

Me: Ok

He took me further into the garden, past the twisty trees and tiny people floating around. As we grew closer I felt an aura around me, a powerful and frumious presence. Cheese started to appear in the air and pencil cases fell from the sky like they were falling off the tower of Pisa and LO! and BEHOLD there she was-- the Princess of Alaskan Cheese(thank god it was not one of the four funny countries) appeared before us. Oh mighty being, I said. What are you? "I am Ms. Dybala, the giver of life and the maker of all things" she said. "I can bestow godly powers upon you" I quivered in my Timberland Men's 6 Inch Basic Waterproof Boots (Seam-sealed construction is guaranteed waterproof Nubuck upper 400 grams of PrimaLoft® insulation...) Give me the power of knowledge! I said. I need to know the answer to the

"You are not worthy yet," Ms. Dybala said. She lifted her hands and said, "But you may take a ride instead." A ride in what? I said. Three words dropped from her mouth, each like a gunshot:

The Relaxi Taxi

:0

A golden chariot adorned by cheeky monkeys appeared out of thin air, chained to glowing sneaky sneakertons. I fell to my knees in relaxation as the cheeky monkeys carried me into the seat. The chariot shot forward into the sky and the garden disappeared below me. I was flying in the sky like Allan Din, from the movie The genes and the bottle, that movie about Fred Limestone who bought a bike from Hagrid and forgot to renew his library card resulting in a vicious lawsuit. Anyways, I was being carried, feeling so relaxed, when suddenly the chariot stopped suddenly and I was thrown out and tumbled into the top floor hallway. I turned back to the Relaxi Taxi but it had disappeared already. All that was left was nothing. So I turned back to the door and made my way down the hall.

As i walked down the hall i noticed that something was off. Not the dust or the rocks but the batteries. I saw on the ceiling that there were great bouts of Germans saying "patagonia". But then as i calculated it did not make sense. Germany is one of four countries that sound funny. But 4 is not the amount of people that pass through this hall: it was 6. If there was only 4 that must mean that the dogs were 47 times as cute today to distract the people. But to make this, that means that Jar Jar Binks had not photo bombed mr clark. This means that only 9 shoes had been found today. Meaning that a tall thing must have scared them off. Meaning... "aha miss fenili i know you are there". Out popped miss fenili from the tiles "drats how did you catch me". "Latin" i said with a grin. Then she disappeared in a cloud of turtles names murdle. But she had left behind a 1.3457 meter long fish in a dapper hat. To banish evil spirits from the dapper fish i had to sarcastically eat it. As the fish whend* down my belly into my stomach i could feel it come back to life. But then it spoke:

"Yo what is up my hommie i am so rad and cool. My name is george mc-cool and i am the most rad dude in

school. Eheheheheheheheheheheh"

"Well fish" i said "i was wondering if you could wish me off to a place where i can find the answer to the question what type of function is represented in each graph from functions ll pg243"

"Well only if you can be cool like me" said the dapper fish

How do i do that i said

"First you have to buy a moose and learn how to delete facegram and replace it with tikchat"

But i cant get it because i am a vegetarian "fine" said the dapper fish " splish splash you have a rash" and with that he teleported me to the tech room to find the lost room.

There before me stood the great computer. Its wires filled with blue ink and its head with cream cheese and ginger bread. As i stared into its eyes. I saw the pain. The pain of having to eat dino nuggets(editor: YOU TAKE THAT BACK, EATING DINO NUGGIES IS A COMPLETE JOY.) and swords. The pain of knowing

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WARNING

may cause diarrhea, vomiting, seizures, heart attacks, shallow water black out, strokes, congestion, blindness, loss of smell, loss of taste, lost of hearing, loss of emotions, sickle cell disease, malaria, ebola, white death, orange death, red death, blue death, greenish pinkish death, turquoise death, lercan disease, a urge to believe the world is round, crippling depression, hallucinations, exploiting, inflamed pancreas, turn to stone, develop a ancient curse, rases shaped like michael bay, or in most cases a urge to go crazy and live under a deck while conspiracizing about your school)

so i responded with cool disk drive, rom



.the computer looked at me confused. I wondered if it thought i was the shape of mali or something. Because as every one knows the shape of mali is just to straight and bendy at the same time. It looks to much like the letter @. And it does not help to be apart of the 4 weird sounding countries. To show the computer i meant no harm i had to signal "hardware bandwidth, the union of the central african republic and Independent and Sovereign Republic of Kiribati). The computer had to think about this because one of the 12 things i had said were not a real part of the computer. As it thought for 12 years i wondered if i would ever see my mop again. I last remember her being in florence watching the waves of the arctic. Running through the corn mazes, telling

telling her that i would always help her with counting up her v-bucks from the yellow man the movie. But all it would do is make me think how i hated the funny sounding countries: germany, mali, mr magnets head, and the one i shall not speak. But then the computer responded: it is hard drive. There is no such thing as a hardive . it is just a ploy by amazoon, gaagle, and ople to get money, what they actually put there is a container of racoon eggs, and all 7.3 million people are lying about what they do to make a 5 trillion dollar salary each. And for that part of information you have given me i will teleport you to where you want to go: and with a orangy-infa-red light i was teleported. When i opened my eyes i surrounded by many plants. There was the deja vue plant, the deja vue plant, the deja vue plant, the deja vue plant, and the deja vue plant. But as i walk further i could hear the shreaks of pens but as i saw what i saw which i will not tell now to build up suspense shocked me to my core. The machines were making animals with specific names. There were goats names jeff and turtles named murdle, and a seal names bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys

f the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan. But then i saw what i could not forget. There was a whole tray of voles named raton. Was this true could my best friend be a terminator working for the which ms fenili. No i thought no it cant be. But yes it is a voice behind me said. It was raton. "Raton how could you do this to me" i asked. "Oh i am not really raton". As he took off his mask i saw what was underneath. It was mr clark. What i yelled. "Yes it is me; mr clark the actually vampire. I just had to crouch down and speak spanlsh and you did not know that i was not speaking spanish." "this all makes sense that is why jar jar binks photo bombed you today: you were pretending to be raton my friend and where is he". Not to worry i have him locked up along with your martial arts master". "No" i yelled "how did you catch tony the tiger he is the fasted guy in the land". "All i had to do was compare him to chester the cheetah and he surrendered to make it stop" i fell to the floor all my spider puckets becoming squished. What could i do it was hopeless. "And now "said mr clark teachers league assemble and from either side of the room teatures jumped out.(go to the theme of go go power rangers)

Go go english teachers

Go go english teachers

I mr clark with the powers of a vampire

I ms fenili with the powers of a which

I ms konstantinidis with the powers of a ghost

I mr gray with the powers of being absent from the story

I ms kagan with the powers of a kraken

And i mr sylvester with the powers of a god bestowed on by a squonk

We are: the english teature league

But then i saw their weakness in that time they had a flash and catch intro i found raton and tony the tiger asleep. Then as i rushed over there the teacher blocked me. So i grabbed bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan and jumped on him to the ceiling to rescue the two catives. As a tugged on the rope tony the tiger woke up and said "get me out of here. But as i pulled the teachers mage a metaphorical later

and climbed up it. To distract them i barfed out my fish to blaber them with knowledge and radness. But as the rope came undone i got hid by a goat named jeff and was holding on to both raton and tony the tiger with one hand and the ceiling vent with another. "Dont drop me" said tony the tiger. But i cant hold on to you." Well then" tony said "let go of raton and as he tried to hit raton his hand slipped and he fell". "N000000" i yelled as he fell into the bucket of lava. His head coming out as i said" you were the frosty one. It was said that you would spread frosted flakes not die like one. You were support to bring balance to the food pyramid not suger." as he looked at me he said" i hate you" sadly looking down i said" you were my brother tony i loved you". As i jumped down i saw the teacher league become awar of me but as they distracted with how cool dapper fish was they only sent cactises after me. As i ran i spoke computer lingo to get out: "cpu, email,



and with that i was teleported back to the tech lab.

i was walking back to the archives to figure out what all this all ment. What the english league have to do with it. What did tony have to do with it. But then something caught my eye on the trophy of all the old houses. 5 letters were lightened up. As i read them my face grew with horror. It was m from mcdonald, e from trudeau, g scratch on in the middle, a from laurier, and n from mackenzie. All it spelt out was Meighen. But then i had to ask my self... was Meighen behind all this?

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*to proselytize

The Writer's Block
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