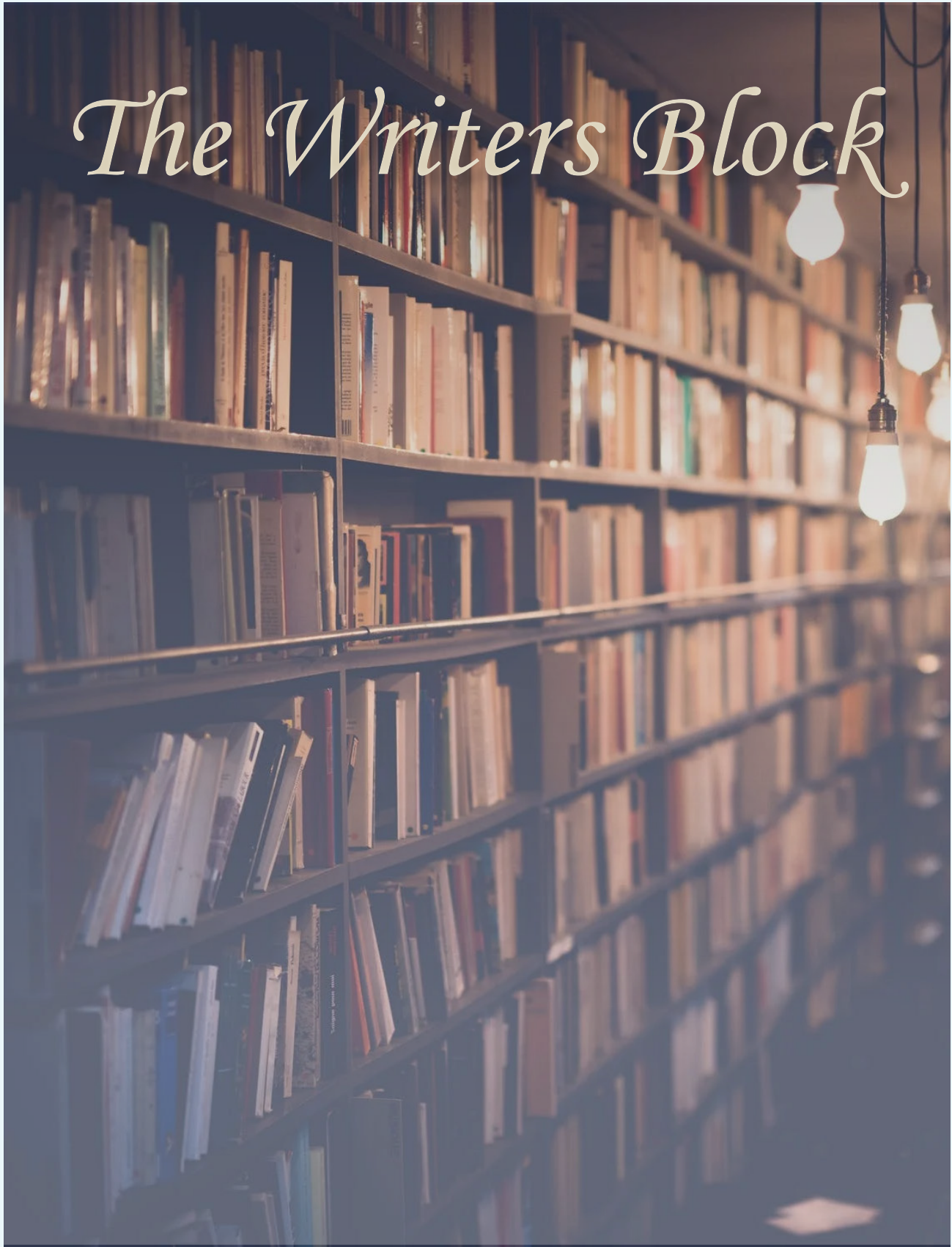


Spring 2022 | ISSUE NO. 4 | All The Difference

# *The Writers Block*



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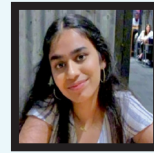
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# Meet Our Team

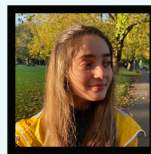
## WRITERS



Sunil Wijeyesundera



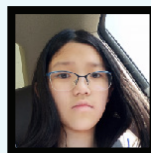
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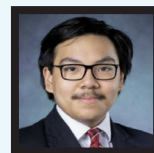
Julia Apitz-Grossman



Naomi Low



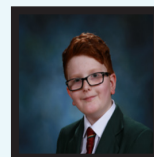
Isabella Io



Ishaan Goswami



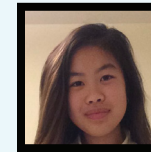
Zara Liris



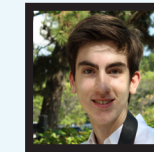
Callum McKinnon

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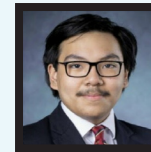
## Editors



Ashley Yeung



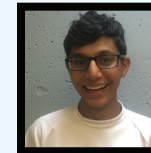
Constantine Vrachas  
Matthaios



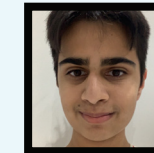
Ishaan Goswami



Alan Gao

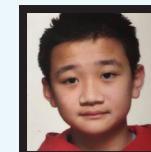


Rohan Sane

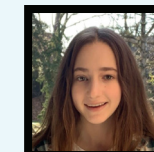


Kayden Bhanji

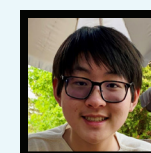
## Graphics



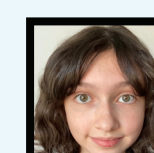
Franky Liu



Maya Freedman



Michael Gee



Olivia Lauterbach

# Editor's Note

**T**here is a rabbit that comes, every so often, to our backyard and sniffs around for a minute or two before finding the leftovers we put out for it, in invariably the same spot. On the nights that it pays our yard a visit, I find myself glued to the dining room window, watching it nibble away at the vegetable peels, twitching its little cotton tail in the grass. I'll stay there for a minute or two, until someone comes along and notices the human-shaped lump behind the curtain, at which point they'll join me to watch our nightly visitor munch on its leafy snack.

Lately, watching the rabbit (whom I've started to call "our rabbit," though it doesn't know we exist) has become a nightly ritual. It's partly due to the fact that it comes more often, (and partly to fill the cuteness shortage in my dog-less life), but also because of the simplicity and innocence that it contains. In a world full of tragedy, and in an age where we are instantly and acutely made aware of these tragedies through live news, there is something to be found in watching a tiny rabbit eat a piece of lettuce. Our minds are subject to constant and intense streams of information, coming in from television, social media, online news, and it's so easy to get lost in a whirlwind of tragedy after event after tragedy.

That's why, every so often, after a particularly stressful day, I go for a walk. With gloves on hands and a promise to myself to keep my phone in my pocket, I descend into the local ravine two streets down, and just wander the path with no destination in mind. I let myself drift through the trees or meander with the river, watch the leaves float through the air or stare at the sky in murky puddles. If I'm so lucky, I'll see a squirrel scurry through the branches, or a robin flit through the slivers of sky between them.

**And in those moments, disconnected from the news, where the stream is not of information but of water, I find a bit of calm. With a sky above me instead of a roof, I find space to breathe. With trees standing around me instead of walls, I find stability. With animals fluttering around me instead of thoughts, I find peace.**

# Continued

As many others have experienced, spending time in nature does wonders for the mind. As Isabella's article *wild things* reminds us, we at BVG have an oasis of green in our own backyard. Full of deer, fox, beavers, herons, and many other animals, the Don River valley is a sanctuary to be cherished. So the next time you're feeling stressed or overwhelmed by the constant onslaught of information, head outside, and take a walk among the trees. You'll find a bit of peace, relaxation, stability—and maybe even a little bit of inspiration. (After all, Beethoven used to walk through the woods and find symphonies written there.)

**As the world keeps spinning at a rapid pace, and as the tragedy in Ukraine continues, we can hope for the best and for peace and justice, and when it gets overwhelming, take a break. Find your rabbit. Whether it's cuddling with a pet, playing a good old-fashioned round of cards with your family, or seeing where the gravel path takes you, find some simplicity in your life, and cherish it. In a time like this, we all need it.**

I hope you take inspiration from these insightful, exciting, and informative articles in this issue, and enjoy the talented writing put forth by your peers. Gratitude goes to our ever-patient writing and editing team, our phenomenal graphics team (who outdid themselves all while being one member short!) and to Mr. Sylvester and Ms. Ricci. And of course to you, our readers. Enjoy!

Best regards,



Constantine Vrachas Matthaïos,



*Want to contribute to The Writer's Block? Write a Letter to the Editor, addressed to [cmatthaios@bayviewglen.ca](mailto:cmatthaios@bayviewglen.ca), to be included!*

# Bent Not Broken

By Naomi Law

*For those still picking up the pieces.  
And for those who are brave enough to put them all back together.*

The mirror's skeleton was as normal as anything. Four sides, four corners, supported by a wooden wedge at the back. It would hardly be an eyesore if the glass were not shattered. Otherwise, it might have fetched a reasonable price at the pawnshop, Louise thought to herself. Releasing a breath, she looked around at the aged interior of what used to be her childhood bedroom. It had been years (twelve to be exact) but it didn't take a stroke of genius to understand that. You could see it in the peeling wallpaper and hear it in the creaky floorboards. You could smell it in the dense, dusty atmosphere. Louise resented the bad taste that the memories of this room left on her tongue. She tried to stare back at herself through the glass, but only fractured pieces of the past were reflected. Everything in her heart told her to leave, to get out of this old house, to run as fast as she could, and to never come back. But before dusk, this house would be demolished to nothing but rubble and remains, everything would be gone forever, and that meant something to her.

Running her eyes over the splintered and fractured glass strewn across the floor, she didn't know where to start, and she was not sure that there even was a right place to start. So, she began the only way she knew how—with the first piece.

After the first few pieces of glass, she fell into a rhythm—piece, glue, piece, glue. Piece by piece, she worked away. Slowly, as she built the mirror back together, she began to recognize herself again. She recognized the soft brown hair that fell around her shoulders. She caught the flicker of her eyes as the afternoon sunlight reflected off the glass. Gradually, the movement of her hands was replicated by the person that began to appear in front of her. It was a different person than twelve years ago, indeed. The hair atop her head wasn't thin anymore; it was long and thick. Her face, once gaunt, was fuller and dusted with a rosy tint. Her hands, once shaky, felt sure and steady against the smoothness of the glass. Her eyes once home to roaring seas, and storm clouds, only resembled those of sunset-colored jewels and amber honey.

As she affixed the last piece of the mirror, she lifted herself and stepped back to assess her work. Furrowing her brows for a moment, a grin spread across her face. And the laughter left her mouth before she realized it.

It wasn't a mirror, and it didn't look nearly anything like one. Cracks adorned the surface like sun swirls. Pieces enlarged reflections in some places and flipped some in others. The glass looked bent in many - well, actually, all places. It was hideous - indeed the worst fixing job ever done. Yet even under all the gross errors, Louise knew it was her now, more than she did twelve years ago. She was lost, she realized. She was lost, without a way back to herself, and the person with the storm cloud eyes was the ghost left amid her disappearance. Starving on the idea of perfection, she was never enough for herself. When she was at rock bottom, the mirror broke, condemning her to a new cage of a life she wouldn't have the key to break out of for many years to come. Even in a clear mirror, it was hard to see the bars, and it was even harder to see herself imprisoned behind them.

But today, the mirror is grossly imperfect, cracked, and bent. And yet, she recognizes the soul of herself in the chaos of it all. In the new reflection of the mirror, it may be bent, but it is not broken.

Fitting in meaning, she decides that that is good enough for her after twelve years. This is what she can be.

*Bent, not broken.*

Heist of  
Madrid

MURIEL  
LOVSHIN

IN THAT MOMENT, she saw it happen. Just in that split second, she thought the world was going to shine a spotlight from the gloomy clouds on to her. She was the only witness to one of the world's greatest heists.

On a miserable, rainy Thursday evening, Jane Prebez worked as a barista at Lucia's Coffee House. It is just north of the Façade of Santander Bank, located in Madrid, Spain. She had watched it all day, where the gold design spilled over the dark dome structure capping the top of the bank. She observed the skinniness of the building, as if it could almost resemble a singular, hardcover book, standing upright. It nestled right in front of a busy roundabout, filled with cars and busses hustling to their destinations. Jane watched through the shop window, making an Americano for a foreign businessman. The man introduced himself as Bruno and continued the conversation about government scandals and the violence and crimes they caused. However, she was too busy whipping the cream to drizzle over his coffee.

That's when another man entered the shop. He stumbled over to one of the window booths, disturbing the silence of the café. He looked flustered, almost afraid, Jane thought. She stopped making Bruno's coffee, excusing herself of their conversation.

As she walked around the coffee counter to the man, she was almost as nervous and afraid as he felt. She bent over and placed her hand calmly on his shoulder, making his body shiver all over.

"What do you think you're doing?" he said, agitated, to Jane.

"I'm sorry, I just could not help seeing you so... flustered over here. Do mind if I grab you something to drink?" said Jane.

He firmly shook his head side to side.

"We'll, I'll leave you to it then," she responded, quite surprised with his tone.

Just as she was leaving, the man broke the silence.

"Please, help me. I didn't know what to do,"

"You can't stop him, you never will. Until the government changes their plans, you will never stop him," says the man frantically.

Just then, sirens from all directions enclosed the Santander Bank. The shop windows filled with blaring red and blue lights, reflecting off the petite dessert bar window was she turned her head, her head was nowhere to be found.

# A World of Difference

Ishaan Goswami

## Glossary

**Bhai** – Hindi word for brother

**Pita** – Hindi word for father

**Ma** – Hindi word for mother

**Jai Jinendra** – Greeting that means Honor to Jain Tirthankaras (Spiritual leaders)

**Jai Hind** – Greeting that means Honor to India

**Mushaira** – Poetic Symposiums of cultural significance in North India

**Kirtan** – Religious gatherings where Hindu songs and prayers are chanted

## London, United Kingdom

1966

"Bhai, I have grave news."

"Hello? Who is this?"

"Your brother, Jai Prakash Jain. Is this the right number?"

"Ah, ah, Jai Prakash, why do you call? I was actually going to write to you."

"Bhai... Pita khatam hua. Father is no more."

The rotary phone fell out of his hand. Frantic yells of "where are you" could be heard from the receiver.

"What happened to him..."

"He had a bug bite. It got infected somehow. He just passed away."

"Jai Jinendra... he was only 60..."

"We all need to go someday, Bhai."

"Well, how is Ma?"

"Inconsolable. She is in no state to talk on the phone. Will you be able to come to India?"

"No, I can't... I'm so sorry. I have work and the children to take care of here. I'm so sorry Jai Prakash."

"I understand. Well, I'll let you get going Bhai. Jai Jinendra, Jai Hind."

"Jai Jinendra, Jai Hind."

He put the phone back on his desk. Tears had soiled the thick white card he was writing on. Before the fateful phone call, he had managed to write:

FROM: Mam Chand Jain M.Sc., P.G.C.E

33 Stanmore Street, Islington, Greater London

TO: High Commission of Canada

Canada House, Trafalgar Square, London

M.C. Jain's Acceptance of Teaching Position in Saskatchewan

Further to your offer of the teaching position...

Jain was a physics and mathematics teacher, with fifteen years of teaching experience under his belt. He was born into poverty in Muzaffarnagar, a city in the north of India. Muzaffarnagar was a city as multicultural as India itself, where Hindu temples stood next to Muslim Mosques; Urdu Mushairas echoing Sanskrit Kirtans. Jain knew his intellect could get him far. He dedicated himself to academia, achieving first-class standing with distinction in mathematics in high school. Jain's desolate parents could not fathom paying for his education. His mentor, a Jain lawyer named Samandar Lal Jain provided for his education.

"Here, have some chai. Your paystub came in the mail earlier today. £180, that's quite a lot," a woman said, while carrying a cup of tea.

"Not now..."

"What happened? Oh, you're crying, what happened?"

"Shailo... Oh Shailo... Jai Prakash called me from Muzaffarnagar,"

"Do they even have a phone? Why didn't they telegram?"

"Pita Ji passed away..."

"Oh my... I'm so sorry."

The cup of tea resting on a small saucer was laid on top of the incomplete letter as Jain's wife, Shail Bala Jain hugged him. It was an unexpected shock to the both of them. Jain said with a bit of a smirk:

"Heh, you know, I ran away to Bombay as a teenager. It must have been 1939, just before the World War started. I didn't have enough money to buy a train ticket, so I had to make that long and quite frankly stupid journey to Bombay on foot. I wanted to go to England and study in England. I thought if I worked hard enough on the docks, I'd be able to catch a ship to London. Alas, I had to return to Muzaffarnagar. Pita Ji was enraged. I never knew how he felt about us living in London now."

"Your Pita Ji would have been proud of you. You made something of yourself. You would've been a tailor if you had stayed in India. And you followed your dream. You got your P.G.C.E. from University College London. And we've travelled the world together. India, Ethiopia, Ghana, England, and now Canada..."

"True... I was just going to mail my confirmation to the Canadian High Commissioner. I did some reading into the village we're moving to. It's called Leader. You know how in India there are the states like Uttar Pradesh and Maharashtra? Canada has provinces. Leader is in the Saskatchewan province."

"Leader... Saskatchewan... such strange names?"

"Hah, it'll be a change for us all."

The Jain family's four children were working in the living room on their schoolwork. Suneeta, known as Kukoo, was the eldest daughter. She was studying algebra, one of her father's electives. Arun, or Munna, the eldest son was writing a report on Winston Churchill. Aneeta, or Chuno, the younger daughter worked on division while Anil fondly

called Babli studied English geography. Little did Jain know that his study door had been open. His daughter Chuno had seen him cry as he received the news of his father's death.

"Bauji, what happened? Why were you crying?"

"Oh... chuno... do you remember your dada? Budh Singh?"

"No? Who is dada?"

"My father... well, he died..."

Suneeta and Arun were older, and knew what death meant. They also remembered their grandfather. They got up to comfort their father. Aneeta and Anil were too young to understand what death meant. Shail started speaking to her children:

"So, kids. The school year is almost over, you already know that. Your father was selected by a committee from Canada to be a teacher there. We are leaving London for a city called Montreal in August."

"But I like London mom!" Anil protested.

"We've done so much moving already, first Ethiopia, then Ghana, then back to India, then England," Suneeta said.

"Will I make friends in Canada?" Aneeta asked.

"Where in Canada are we going?" Arun added.

"All of you are growing up, and if we move to Canada, I'll be able to provide for you better. The pay will be much better. Of course, you'll make friends in Canada, Aneeta. We're going to be moving to Leader, Saskatchewan. I have a contract to work there for a year. Then we'll see what we have in store for us."

"Isn't Canada freezing? We've spent our entire lives in India and Africa. For the 37 years I've been alive I have only spent one in a climate where the coldest it gets is twenty centigrade," Shail said.

## Author's Note

Mam Chand Jain (1923-2014) was my maternal grandfather. He was a professor of physics and pure mathematics. His entire life, he aimed to provide a better life for his family. This took him and his family around the world. His father, Budh Singh Jain (1905-1966) was a Munshi, or clerk in Muzaffarnagar. He tried his best to provide for his four children, despite living in poverty his entire life. My great grandfather's only wish was that his family lived comfortably.

My grandfather used his intellect and passion for teaching to inspire high school math and science students for 33 years until his retirement in 1985. After retiring, my grandfather dedicated his life to his family and community. He would host Satsangs or gatherings of 200 people in his mansion in Ottawa. Here, my grandmother Shail Bala Jain (1929-2016) would make Indian delicacies by hand.

My grandfather always followed his dreams and fulfilled his father's wishes in the process.

# PURDAH

Ishaan Goswami

## GLOSSARY

**Purdah** – a tradition amongst Indian Hindus and Muslims of wearing clothing that covers the entire body to maintain modesty

**Samosas, pakoras, jalebis** – fried Indian delicacies

**Jaan** – Urdu word for beloved

**Ammi** – Urdu word for mother

**Betiya** – Urdu word for daughter

**Begum** – Urdu term for a married woman

**Shohar** – Urdu word for husband

**Mama** – Urdu-Hindi word for maternal uncle

**Doli** – a traditional Indian palanquin carried by servants

**Karkul** – a hat made of fur popularized by Muhammad Ali Jinnah

**Sherwani** – an Indian garment resembling a frock coat

**Salwar** – Loose fitting pants worn by both men and women

## Moradabad, British India, 1947

It seemed as if every radio in the ancient city was on that fateful night. Through a precarious maze of clay alleyways built when Moradabad was still called Rustamnagar, children ran with excitement in their eyes. Old street sellers were selling fresh samosas, pakoras, and jalebis all through the star-laden night. Though most of the city could not speak, let alone understand, English, they all awaited a speech in English. In an old house, comfortably hidden by centuries of newer buildings, a woman lay in her cot, awaiting the speech.

"Long years ago we made a tryst with destiny, and now the time comes when we shall redeem our pledge, not wholly or in full measure, but very substantially. At the stroke of the midnight hour, when the world sleeps, India will awake to life and freedom."

Jawahar Lal Nehru, a prominent Independence Activist became India's first Prime Minister as midnight fell, and India became free. Pandit Ji, as he was called, made an impassioned speech to the Indian people; the tryst with destiny speech.

"Ammi-Jaan! We did it! Hindustan azad hua! India is free!" "Mumtaz Betiya, Pandit Nehru's words are empty. The fate of our people is sealed."

"Ammi-Jaan, India is no longer shackled down by the British. The divisions between the people of India are over. We are no longer Muslim or Hindu. We are Indian."

"Indian, or Pakistani betiya... Pakistan was made for us..."

As cynical predictions were foretold by the matriarch of the Qadri family, Begum Roshanara, fireworks exploded throughout Moradabad, and India. After three hundred years of British rule, India attained independence.

Roshanara's father, Jalal Qureshi named his daughter after the beautiful and brilliant Mughal princess, who had been the power behind her brother, the Emperor Aurangzeb. Jalal always knew his daughter would be a force to be reckoned with.

"Begum-Jaan, did you hear? We're independent!"

"Haan. With the stroke of the midnight hour, India was liberated. Yes, Shohar Ji, I heard."

"Thank God, the Almighty. We have been suffering for too long. How do you feel Mumtaz betiya?"

"I have never known a Moradabad under anyone other than the British. It'll be a change..."

"Well, I have something to tell you, and your sister... call them," Zulfqar, Roshanara's husband, coldly said.

Mumtaz was almost dragged home in tears by her father. Like Jinnah, her father harboured the same distrust of non-Muslims. He was a modern man, but still retained generations of prejudice.

“Begum-Jaan. Guess what, our daughter has taken a lover,”

“A WHAT?”

“A HINDU LOVER, BEGUM-JAAN.”

“Mumtaz, come here right now.”

In front of her entire family, Mumtaz was slapped and whipped by her mother. The pure rage of her father quickly turned to pity. Mumtaz’s intelligence and objectivity were a far cry from her sister and made her the apple of Zulfiqar’s eyes. Yet her modern inclinations and sentiments frustrated Zulfiqar.

“Begum-Jaan. . . stop it. Please.”

“Fine, but don’t you ever dare look at a Hindu boy again, Mumtaz.”

Mumtaz ran away crying, Zubeida quietly staring at the floor, not daring to betray a tear.

### THREE WEEKS LATER

“Are you done packing, Shohar ji?”

“Yes, yes. I have everything ready and in the carriage.”

“Zubeida, did you pack your belongings yet?”

“Almost, Ammi-Jaan. Why must we only carry one suitcase each?”

“The trains to Pakistan are jampacked. We must only take the essentials.”

The family took all their jewelry and cash. Each member took one of their prized belongings. Roshanara took the family’s Quran. Zubeida took her handmade dolls. Zulfiqar took the photo album of the Qadri family. Its first photo being one of himself and Jinnah in Bombay – 1930. The year he returned from England. The year he got married. The year Mumtaz was born.

“Oy, oy why is there a damned flame in Mumtaz’s room?” Zulfiqar yelled.

Zulfiqar and Roshanara ran over to the fire. Mumtaz had burned all the chadors and artefacts of purdah from her closet. In a heaped pile that smelt strongly of kerosene, the clothes burned.

“What are you doing?! Where did you get the bloody kerosene Mumtaz?” Zulfiqar boomed as he grabbed bedsheets to extinguish the flame.

“Just look at the streets. Everything in this city is burning. India is being partitioned. I just picked it up from the streets. I refuse to run away to Pakistan. Moradabad is my home.”

“Fine. I couldn’t care less. Go lose your Muslim identity and stay in Moradabad,” Roshanara spat.

“A Muslim will be a Muslim no matter what. The country they live in doesn’t matter.”

Zulfiqar was at a loss for words. He was a silent observer as his family packed up their life in Moradabad for a new one in Peshawar. His family, minus his beloved daughter.

At the Moradabad train station, the sign that welcomed travelers to the ancient Mughal city said Moradabad in Hindi, Urdu, and English. A proud statement of Moradabad’s multiculturalism. Over the loudspeakers, a voice said,

“The train bound for Peshawar Junction from Moradabad Junction via Lahore is arriving,” the speaker said in English and Urdu.

“Well, I guess this means farewell,” Mumtaz quietly remarked. It seemed as if all of Moradabad’s Muslims were crowded onto the platform, anxiously waiting for their new lives in Pakistan.

“Goodbye, mother,” she coldly said to Roshanara. Clad in a black burqa, Mumtaz could only see the disgust in her mother’s eyes. Mumtaz didn’t even have a chador covering her hair.

Zulfiqar clutched Mumtaz in his arms. He was broken. He kissed her cheeks through broken tears.

Zubeida yelled, “I’ll miss you so much Mumtaz. . .”

The train pulled up in Moradabad Junction. As a flood of passengers pushed each other to get on the train, Mumtaz was separated from her family. She stood alone in a moving sea of humans, staring at her family departing.

### THE NEXT DAY

“Hey, Mumtaz. . . have you seen the paper for today?”

“No, I haven’t. What happened, Ashok?”

“Look.”

Mumtaz was lying in the shade of Rustamnagar Bagh with Ashok. The Moradabad Herald was published in Urdu. The Nastalik script solemnly stated,

“TRAIN BOUND FOR PESHAWAR FROM MORADABAD BURNED IN AN ACT OF COMMUNAL VIOLENCE. NO SURVIVORS.”

Mumtaz panickily searched through the list of passengers printed below.

“QADRI, ROSHANARA (37). QADRI, ZULFIQAR (41). QADRI, ZUBEIDA (15).”

She refused to accept it. She had heard of many such trains being slaughtered both to and from Pakistan. But she had prayed her family would not be on one of these death trains.

She was alone. She quietly asked,

“Is this the price of independence?”



## What Not to Do in a Global Health Pandemic

By Alan Gao

Aha! Happy New Year! Welcome to 2017! 2016 was definitely an eventful year, that’s to be sure. It was the election of Donald Trump to the Office of US

President, and it was also the official end of the Ebola epidemic. And, after the end

of Ebola, it’s really quite important to learn the lessons from Ebola to make sure some new respiratory disease (say, a novel coronavirus) can be stopped in its tracks, before it causes similar pain to citizens of the world.

Really, the most important takeaway is that we need to learn from our mistakes. For example, the Obama administration created a [pandemic playbook](#) which takes lessons from the Ebola epidemic and compiles it into a rubric with crucial questions and key decisions that should help a future administration contain a similar viral outbreak.. It would be foolish to take all these lessons and throw them out the window and ignore all of it([that’s called foreshadowing](#)).

However, if in some implausible scenario in which we were to accidentally (or purposely) neglect that pandemic playbook, it’s important that we don’t politicize public health policy. After all, if it gets to the point where public services need to be shut down to limit virus transmission, and we politicize the pandemic, people might protest public health guidelines by compromising those same health guidelines. That would be problematic because it could shut cause a lot of problems like, say, oh, I don’t know, blocking important U.S. border crossings and causing [factories to shut down](#) and workers to be laid off.

But then again, we live in the 21st century—there’s bound to be politicization of the virus. So, let’s say the worst happens. Let’s pretend, for a quick moment, that the pandemic is out of control and is mutating into different variants. In this case, after which probably everyone is tired of dealing with the virus, it’s important not to downplay these variants as being “less lethal” or “just like the common flu.” Because, you know, that would cause people to skirt health guidelines and cause exactly the thing that we were trying to avoid. You know, eventually, even if some variant were less lethal, enough people could catch it that the damage done in terms of [deaths would be greater](#), despite the variant being “less lethal”. But I’m sure that’s totally out of the question, because that would take a lot of things to go wrong in exactly the right way to create the social climate that would lead to that [nightmarish scenario](#). So don’t even worry about it.

But it’s 2017! New year, so let’s not stress about anything too much, I’m sure the next few years will be pleasantly uneventful, so we can focus on things like climate change, which I’m sure the international community will use sweeping measures to slow in the next 1-2 years. Happy new Year!

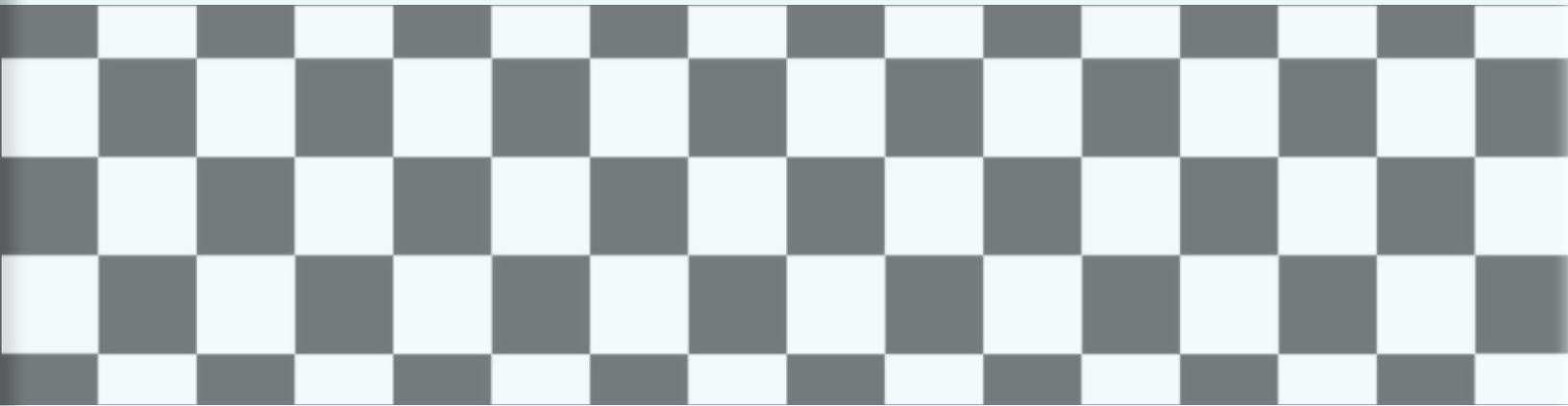


# Nearing the Finish Line

After two hectic years of recurring lockdowns and unprecedented public health restrictions, people have begun to put the pandemic in their rear-view mirror. Though the global crisis has not officially come to an end, it seems as though people are ready to move on with their lives and never look back. It is evident that the end of the pandemic is more of a mindset than an event.

Though it was a rather dark time, the fluctuating quarantine periods brought forth some much-needed downtime. Nonetheless, it was a difficult change to adapt to. People developed habits and routines which would seem extremely atypical to our 2019 selves. It was a surreal experience that impacted us all differently. Though some were able to appreciate the lockdown and grow comfortable with the new changes in the world, others had detrimental impacts on their mental and physical well-being. Each person had an experience that differed immensely from the rest of society, and no two people came out of quarantine with the same stories or life lessons that they will remember throughout their lives. This pandemic was a roller coaster of emotions with personal highs and lows for us all.

In the beginning, none of us truly saw an end to Covid-19, though we all envisioned it would be sooner rather than later. Having been in lockdown for almost two years, we have come to normalize the mask mandates and social distancing rules. In fact, imagining a world free of restrictions seems impossible and surreal. The pandemic gave us well-deserved time for ourselves and our families, and was much appreciated by many people, yet it seems the world is prepared to move on, whether COVID-19 is staying or not.



## the psychology of

# Colour

leela bhide

**Colour.** We may not think about it, but it's everywhere.

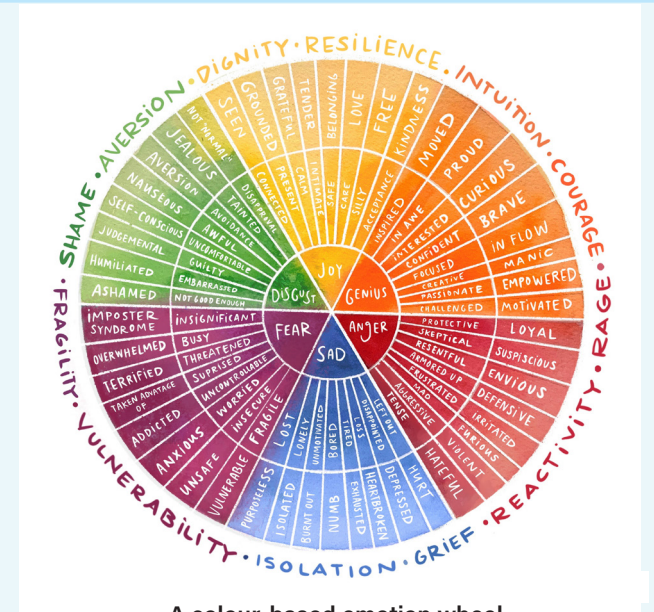
Although it is such a basic part of our lives, and something that occurs naturally, there is a plethora of questions that can be asked about colour.

What would the world look like without colour—blank, empty, gloomy?  
 Why does colour have such a strong influence on our lives?  
 What kind of impact does it have on our bodies and minds?

While colour perceptions are sometimes subjective, they have universal significance. The most dynamic component of colour in daily life is probably the most important: **Psychology.**

It inspires art, fashion, business, and even physical and emotional feelings through aesthetic and psychological responses to colour.

For example, the prevalent idea that red, orange, yellow, and brown colours are “warm,” while blues, greens, and greys are “cold” is an illustration of the psychological link between colour and emotion. Excitement, cheerfulness, stimulation, and assertiveness are induced by red, orange, and yellow colours; security, calm, and serenity are said to be induced by blues and greens; and sadness, despair, and melancholy are said to be induced by browns, greys, and blacks.



A colour-based emotion wheel

Colour harmony, colour preferences, colour symbolism, and other psychological characteristics of colour are all culturally conditioned, and they vary a lot depending on where you live and when you were born.

According to one cross-cultural study, the American and Japanese concepts of warm and cold colours are essentially the same, but blue and green hues are considered "positive" in Japan and the red-purple range "negative," whereas the red-yellow-green range is considered "good" in America and oranges and red-purples are considered "bad." In Western societies, mourning is symbolized by the colour black, but other civilizations use white, purple, or gold.

Colour also plays a large role in religion and can change the way we perceive religious figures, artworks, or objects. The physical aspects of something can lead us to assume many different psychological aspects.

Colour has also had an impact on academics. For instance, people associate the colour red with a wrong answer or a poor grade and are more likely to believe that they were unsuccessful if they received a test and saw many red markings.

In conclusion, colour influences people's decisions by transmitting information, establishing moods, and impacting their decision-making. Colour choices also have an impact on the items individuals buy, the clothes they wear, and the way they decorate their surroundings. Colours greatly impact our daily lives and how we see the world.

# Whisperer 6: Book of Beasts, Beings of Magic, and Bgods

By the Whisperer

"Hello Everyone Let's Please Maintain Enthusiasm"

-the editor i kidnapped

"I cancelled this series two months ago! Why is this in here?!"

-Constantine Vrachas Matthaïos, head of the Writers' Block

"You can kiss yourself in the mirror, but only on the lips"

-Neil DeGrasse Tyson

"Too many quotes"

-Bob Sacamanto, Oscar-winning literary critic

"Give me a shotgun, I got some problems to take care of"

-Joe Biden

“Whereof one cannot write, thereof one must be silent. The Whisperer must be silent.”

-Ludwig Wittgenstein von Berlincher Beethoven van Dyke sie Hans de Bleur-geiburg McHerginstergeneyergensen, (inventor of the Haggis)

“My teeth are blue”

-Eric Bluetooth

“My teeth are green”

-Eric Spinachteeth

“My teeth are sad”

-Ronald McDonald

“Haha loser”

-Wendy

“Bow to me all”

-the Dairy Queen

Welcome back my nosies to an earth-shattering revelation. i came across this almanac of gods, goddesses, magic wielders and miscellany in my travels and found it useful as it contains much of the knowledge.

## THE ANCIENT ONE

Also known as the Dæskhider, the Ancient One is the most powerful most being known to His creation. Not to be confused with Mr. Winson’s Beard, who created life, the Ancient One created the world from nothingness, two pencils, a ruler, three paperclips, six ship-in-a-bottles, two number 9s, a number 9 large, a number 6 with extra dip, a number 7, two number 45s, one with cheese, and a large soda. His motives for doing so are unknown, but scholars speculate that He created the world because he thought it would be a good topic to talk about in history class one day. Although the Ancient One is an omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, omni-glide 2000 cordless vacuum, He has taken part in many world events throughout history. He killed Chronos and Typhon, did the Twelve Labours in one day, inspired the building of the Pyramids, started the Trojan War, wrote the Shakespearean plays, coined the term Viva La France, peer edited the Declaration of Independence, invented the telephone, founded Ford Motor Co, Bank of America Corp, invented polar bears, demoted Pluto, destroyed Saturn, ate the dinosaurs, built the continent of Australia, and created the widespread conspiracy that birds are real. (scholars still are unsure whether birds are real, for more information on birds go to Wikipedia)

Despite the Ancient One’s prevalence throughout world history, He remains an elusive and rarely-seen figure. Reports from different sources, all of dubious credibility, vary greatly in their description of Him. Some describe the Ancient One as a tall, shadowy figure cloaked in darkness that seems to consume the fabric of reality itself. Others portend that the Ancient One is a nebulous cloud of will and godliness, that cannot be experienced directly by the senses, and can only be perceived in dream-like visions. One theory popular among contemporary theologians is that the Ancient One is shaped like a history teacher, and might have a beard or not. The Ancient Texts, however, all offer different descriptions

green chicken, a serpent whose tail is so long and large that one lash of its whip would cleave the earth in two...

The list goes on. But one thing remains certain: the Ancient One is far more powerful than even these fanciful descriptions can provide. The Ancient Texts speak of his greatness: he fought off alligators using the power of the stock market, and he once beat up a man using the power of 50's slang. He shifts the tectonic plates when he has dinner; he eats gifted children to raise his IQ.

It is no wonder then, that this deity has attracted such a large following. 482% of all living beings worship the Ancient One, even though they don't realize it. Because the Ancient One is everything, and has been everything, and will always be everything. Even when it won't be, because when it won't be the Ancient One will be because the Ancient One can't won't to be or not to be so when He will be everything may be or may not be but He will be because in the event that everything don't be then He be what be and what not be and forever He will reign.

Amen.

## Mr. Winsons beard

This is a ancient deity about math. He holds all the secrets of the univers with in one palm and the other palm a plate of chese. He hath know the meaning of life the universe and why fluffy cows are cuter than dogs. There hath be no person on thine earth as beautiful and niceth as him. His utter mention of the word is truly a grath from god and the lords almighty. No power upon the earth or the 9 realms can break his strength. Reads these words and weep of joy for he who knowth all sharith all. Throught his riddles to the answers and answers to the riddles he hath blessith us with thine knowledge and we hath recevith and prayth to thine lord for more. Upon the grath hearth he stands alone upon the end of days and he sees the beginning and knowith both in the middle. He hat knowith all there is to be knowith and knowith more. If a tiranasoris fought him he would winith with only hith word and thought due to his raw power and srengththth. Allth the people knowith he knowith allthere is to knowith. Allth math he knowith as it is the true reason for all along with dutch chester snails. Isth lot of knowledge know for thines brain theins est not bast him in any wayth thine

## THE PRINCESS OF ALASKAN CHEESE

The Princess of Alaskan Cheese, also known as Ms. Dybala, is a powerful Alaskan god who can grant godlike powers. Situated in her Castle of Alaskan Cheese in Togoan-Khazakstanian Alaska, she spends her days extolling her love for Alaskan Cheese, granting godlike powers upon those she wishes, and tending to her menagerie of sneaky sneakertons and cheeky monkeys.

The Princess of Alaskan Cheese collects tribute from the villages in the form of IKEA furniture sets, specifically the GURSKEN, SONGESAND, and SÖDERHAMN 6-drawer dresser, 63x30 3/4" (170x78 cm) to display her collection of Alaskan Cheese. Every year pilgrims make yearly journeys through the wind and the chill and the rain, and the storm and the flood, they can feel the approach like a fire in their blood, to the castle on top of the mountain where the Princess of Alaskan Cheese holds court.

During yearly court sessions, villagers have a chance to present the Princess of Alaskan Cheese with a gift, usually accompanied by a round square dance, representing one of the 4 IDEALS of the organization. Most popular is the A for Amidophosphoribosyltransferase, but the dance is extremely hard to pronounce. After the gift and dance ceremonies, villagers will make a plea to the Princess of Alaskan Cheese, who will then consider, and if a villager passes the trial of chungus mojungus bofungus galungus sribomytochondriacrungus, they get a ride in the famed Relaxi Taxi. The Relaxi Taxi is a chariot pulled by her sneaky sneakertons and cheeky monkeys, and those who are transported by it are relaxed to a degree never thought possible. One famous excerpt from a famous explorer describes it as such:

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

the Relaxi Taxi. In the heart of the menagerie is the diary of the Princess of Alaskan Cheese, in which she writes about how much she loves cheese, how the password to the Vault of Alaskan Cheese is 2956, and how she hopes that nobody knows the password to the Vault of Alaskan Cheese is 2956.

During times of war, the Princess of Alaskan Cheese has been known to be a powerful warrior, vanquishing her enemies with the power of Alaskan Cheese. It is said that anything she touches in her warlike state turns to Alaskan Cheese. Thankfully, there has not been a war for millennia, but should one come again, one should hope to be on the side of the Princess of Alaskan Cheese, lest they incur her wrath.

## MR. DESLAURIERS

Mr. DesLauriers is the guardian of the church of Mr. Winson's Beard™️. He has served as guardian for the past 1000 years. Before his heavenly office, he travelled the world preaching computer programming and baseball to un-enlightened villagers. One day, he stopped in a little town in the middle of nowhere. He was exhausted from a day of preaching computer programming and baseball and decided to take a break and go into a famous bar that serves an infinite number of Mathematicians pints of chocolate milk. The bartender was so busy serving the mathematicians that he didn't notice Mr. DesLauriers, but something else did. All of a sudden, a bright light exploded all over the bar. Then it disappeared, and in its place was Mr. Winson's Beard™️. Mr. DesLauriers was so amazed by the glory of the Beard™️ that he decided to give up computer programming and baseball and instead became the guardian of the church of the beard. He spent his days following Mr. Winson's Beard™️ around and serving the glorious Mr. Winson's Beard™️. One day, the forces of evil conspired to kill Mr. Winson's Beard™️. The only way to kill Mr. Winson's Beard™️ is to take a razor blade and stew it in a soup of phriggy ssockgs and then ask it how it knows the knowelgedge of the life. Mr. Winson's Beard™️ almost ate the soup with the razor blade but Mr. Deslauriers saw at the last minute and threw himself in front of the soup and saved Mr. Winson's Beard™️. But the soup was poison and alas Mr. Deslauriers perished. Mr. Winson's Beard™️ then resurrected Mr. Deslau-

## THE MYSTERIOUS ARCHIVIST

The mysterious archivist eth a reclusive beastie that collects, classifies and markets information 'i the archives. A winged beastie, he eth tall and short, diaphanous and solid, yet somehow not at all. His ancient brow emits sounds of wallpaper and limestone. Delicious.

The mysterious archivist is ancient beyond fathom, possibly as old as lord winson's beard himself. He lives 'i the local archives, which extend thousands of kilometres 'i all directions underground, and hoards all stripes of information, on all stripes of topics such as whom killed jfk, what eth the last name of obama, what eth oatmeal, and where the old moon goes if there's a new moon every month.

thousands of peasants hast been lost to the archives, and the mysterious archivist feasts on their souls, devouring 'em for information (Editor's Note: O MY GOD I LOVE DINO NUGGIES<3). some say he extracts all the information out of his victims, till nought remains yet an empty brain, which he then flies up to the top of his information piles and places 'em on pedestals as spoils 'o victory.

alas, if thou doth find yourself 'i the presence of the mysterious archivist, there is one way to 'scape his lust for information. he shall speak 'i riddles, such as what hath 4 legs three eyes and one tongue, or what eth one plus one? if thou answereth correctly, he may let thou leave untouched by his ravenous thirst for information.

## bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubynubybubys of the bubenstine burlerton beach basin in burbminastan



bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan is a seal names bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan. He loved the name bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan because his mother fiply mac fipster don flimmosis of fiptopial fife of fiferstin fleece flipliplipfif non fifternabertin fifplipflpf loose it for bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan. This alswasy ecites bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan due to the bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan part of bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan. Of course bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan never tires of hearingbubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan . you see his father wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia really like to eat shell fish. They use to call wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia and say wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia you wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia there has never been a wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia in wawanda that could catch fish and shell fish as wally mcwalster of wallsdale in the wallsland of the welsh wallachia.

## The Trash World

A Sub-Dimension Outside of Space and Time, at the Nexus of Consciousness and Matter containing the most vile and disgusting items in the universe. It is commonly called the "Trash World". The sub-dimension exists everywhere and it is easy to pass through from the sub-dimension back to our world. However, it is nearly impossible to get from our world into the sub-dimension. Few have done it, and those that have do not remember how they got there. They only remember fainting, and then waking up sur-

## The Sinkhole

Outside Bayview Glen is the fabled Sinkhole. Every night, a line of ants marches around the sinkhole to protect it. The species of ant that guards the sinkhole is a unique and rare species called Solenopsis Rutilans better known as Red-Hot Itchyworms. They eat and drink only milk and are harmless most of the time. When people get close to them, they crawl through their shoes and bite the bottom of their feet. Every night at midnight, the Red-Hot Itchyworms surrounding the Sinkhole glow and a faint red line can be seen around the Sinkhole.

Many dark and mysterious things are rumoured to live in the Sinkhole, including the gorgons, Stefan Salvatore from the Walking Alive, and some of the fleas from Jurassic Park that have escaped from amber. These beings that reside in the Sinkhole only come out on Saturday night to steal chemicals from the chemistry lab, which is why they are not seen often. They use these chemicals as a food source for the coming week before they can steal more the next Saturday.

## The Math Kingdom

Ruled by the Math Queen, the Math Kingdom is a highly mathematical, highly devout realm, populated by mathematicians and mathemagicians. It is guarded by **DUG** *the caveman of math* who only lets you in if you know how to find the x of an equation that is  $8y + 34 - 3325 = \int \int \int 3 \sum \epsilon \theta 5 32^\circ C \times N^{\#} 6 3 \div 09 - [ < \| \% 5 32 5 \mu 32 \emptyset \textcircled{C} \textcircled{2} 35 \textcircled{7} 3 2 57 \theta \textcircled{3} \textcircled{f} 686 5384325 + \textcircled{\text{f}} \textcircled{=} \textcircled{\neq} 236 1 \textcircled{\ominus} \textcircled{\square} \textcircled{+} \textcircled{\cdot} \textcircled{\times} 43 61246 * \textcircled{\text{U}} \# \cdot \textcircled{\bar{e}} \textcircled{4} \textcircled{\exists} 254 \textcircled{\text{S}} \textcircled{\otimes} 13462 \wedge \theta \textcircled{\equiv} \textcircled{\equiv} 7125.329 3(3253) \gg \textcircled{\triangleright} \chi$  integral calculus differentiated with a remainder of 9798 $\pi$  and a vertex of yes. Famous for its gladiator matches and large Churches of the Beard, it is a popular tourist destination for math-lovers.

## Rocks

Rocks are a rare form of life that only occur every once in an eight-month cycle of Jupiter. They are grey, magically delicious, and they are friendly if you bribe them with promises of power, glory, and riches. Rocks spend most of their time hibernating, but on the 385th leap year of every century, on a full moon on the 95th Monday of February 25th, they break out

of their hibernation and become eldritch horrors capable of consuming a dozen humans in one swallow and ripping whole forest out by their roots. Beware rocks on this day because they are bloodthirsty monsters who will attack and kill any creature in sight that hasn't promised it power, glory, land, titles, or riches.

## Mental Math

Mental Math is a powerful and heretical form of dark magic. Tales have been woven about its power and strength for generations, and most people think it is a myth. It was created by the Math Queen and her associates in the 17th century. To master the mystic art of Mental Math, one must go to the cave of the *caveman of math*, **DUG. DUG** will lead one to a deep cavern and one must stay there for 8 months. While inside the cavern one must clear one's mind completely. One must have such intense focus that even the sound of a bomb nearby cannot distract them. After this stay one must travel back to the Math Castle and fight a function. If one is able to defeat the function they have completely mastered the magic of Mental Math.

## THE FOUR FUNNY COUNTRIES

Beverly hills is a funny country because big funny people.

Writing  
By Sunil W

Writing is an addiction.  
It wires my brain and strings thoughts  
together like  
lucid dreaming.

I'm addicted to the fall of  
anticipation:  
that brief moment  
where you aren't sure  
you'll be caught  
or if the words will crack  
underneath  
and break apart.

In a way it's scary.

I frequently go through  
withdrawal,

I feel the words leave my brain,  
float out of my ears and  
through my teeth, like  
sparks peeling off  
fading  
into the night sky.

# Wild Things

By Isabella Lo



Our school is fortunate to be surrounded by nature. The Lower School campus is nestled in a ravine with a beautiful walking trail, complete with the Don River accentuating each clearing. In the spring and the summer, the valley is used as a soccer field. In the winter, a tobogganing hill. It's a year-round playground. For the Prep School kids, it's a place where they can gather water samples for their science projects. For us Upper School students, a biking and hiking trail - the Betty Sutherland Trail Park, which our campus is connected to, passes below the bridge of the Hhighway 401, and through a short stretch of land with a few trees and some fields.

Okay - I lied. The ravine doesn't look as special as I tried to make it sound. The grass that carpets the valley is beautiful when it's spring, and the trees stripped of their leaves in the winter are a pretty cool thing to see. But it's nothing super special - pretty much a gigantic backyard. (There's even dried dog pee and goose poop.)

Now you're wondering, "why would anyone write an article about how not special their school is?"

Well, plot twist, I lied again. It is special – but you need to look a little deeper to spot it. In reality, the Don River sustains many different animal species - deer, fox, beavers, and herons, among the flashier ones. It's also the reason why we see species that we take for granted, such as butterflies, or the less-welcome raccoons. It's home to migrating bird species as well. If you stand still and listen, you may just be able to hear them calling.

I know, it sounds a little strange. I'm betting you've never seen a deer or a fox any of the times you've walked in that park. But they're there, if you check at the right time. In the spring, deer sightings are common. In the fall you might see salmon swimming upstream for their migration. And winter means northern cardinals will roost, easily visible by their red plumage.

We're only a small part of the Don River watershed. The river is almost 38 km long and flows through many urban areas in North York – a much-needed spot of green in the concrete jungle of the GTA. It is a vital part of our ecosystem, being a source of water; it's also an important green space with trails and parks throughout. It's a great place for birdwatching; you can find black-capped chickadees, pine grosbeaks and many other birds. You might spot animals such as frogs or cedar waxwings. It's also home to thousands of different plant species, many native or endangered.

Taking a walk outside seems pretty mundane. But maybe that's because you haven't been paying enough attention. I know I haven't.

Next time you're in the valley, you could stop and listen and watch, hear the birds chirping in the trees, or watch brown frogs camouflaged in the mud of a riverbank. The next time you head outside, make sure to look around and spot the beautiful, small things in nature. Appreciate it – because what other planet do we know of that contains something like this?

Only Earth, our Earth.





The Writer's Block  
2021-2022

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