

## May Issue

# table of CONTENS

- 4 Meet Our Team -
- 6 Editor's Note —
- 14 A World Unknown —
- 16 Bayview Glen's —————
  Musicians

## cont

———— The Forest — 119

— Heaven/Hell -20

— Spring's Transition — 23

—— Whisperer 13 — 26

## meet Pur team



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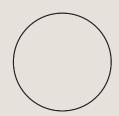
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4 | The Writer's Block

# editor's NOTE



you how much I struggled to come up with a topic for this Editor's Note.

It should have

been easy; spring is here, enjoy the fresh air, the inspiration, our writers certainly have. But something didn't feel right about such a run-of-the-mill solution, this nearly cookie-cutter formula. And I couldn't put my finger on why, until I realized something:

# This is the last "regular" Writer's Block issue I will ever be writing for.

Our printed issue *Retrospective* comes next, which will be a celebration of another year of The Writer's Block, reflections on the school year, a look back at

growth and a harkening to future wishes. But between then and now, there's still one more so-called "regular" issue left. Given its place before the grandiosity of the collective "annual memoir," anything I'd try to write about just felt so small. So inconsequential, compared to what's coming next.

And that's when I realized the foolishness of this mindset. There are 22 days of classes left, and I'm complaining that there's nothing worth writing about before graduation. Focusing on the future so much, that I'm neglecting the present. Anticipating the big moment so much, that the smaller ones slip through my fingers. So that between graduation, the two holiday breaks, and a couple of major events, my school year consists of less than a month, rather than nine.

If you think about it, it's the small moments that make up the texture of our

# cont'

lives. In fact, the majority of our lives. If you spend your weekdays waiting for the weekend, your weekends waiting for the break, your breaks waiting for graduation, you're missing out on your life. The classes that are so boring we can't stop looking at the clock, the daily wait in the line to the cafeteria, the spiral from the art room to the top floor:

These are the moments that we spend the most time in; they shape us.

Ignore them, and we're nothing.

So, as you scroll through this issue, don't discount these pieces as mundane and routine, just because we're so close to something bigger. This issue, just like our lives, is full of wondrous and deeply profound moments that are too precious to waste in anticipation of the fu-

ture. Pieces on the beauty of spring and the earth remind us to appreciate what we take for granted; articles about the concert, movies, and shopping paint the picture of our daily lives: a quilt of multitude squares.

And each thread that makes up each square is as important as the whole. The filaments of who we are, are impossible to ignore. So as summer approaches and we turn our minds to bigger moments, don't forget to savour the small ones.

Blink, and they're gone.

Sincerely,

Constantine Vrachas Matthaios

Editor-in-chief

In this article, I'll tell you which Sephora products are worth the hype, which ones are not worth purchasing, staples for your makeup collection, my top picks of this year, and more!

## My Sephora Sale Picks & Recommendations

Top Picks from a Rouge Member - Naomi Low

#### Step 1: Skincare & Prep:

What's the difference? Skincare can be used in the morning or before you go to bed. Products do not need to be used under makeup; they can range from serums and moisturizers, to retinoids and more. Skin prep products help your makeup blend flawlessly and give your skin a glowy look. Certain skincare ingredients like retinoids, lactic acid, and glycerin should not be used during the day. These should not be included in your skin prep, but in your skincare routine at night.

Without further ado, here are my favourite skincare and skin prep products of this year.



## Glossier Milky Jelly Gentle Cleanser

It has been such a journey trying to find a non-irritating face cleanser that leaves my skin looking refreshed and not stripped and red.

The Glossier Milky Jelly Gentle Cleanser is great for sensitive skin and can be used for both skin prep and skin care. I'd say this is my favourite cleanser. It's somewhat worth the hype, but the Cetaphil cleanser is a good dupe if you're looking for something more price friendly.

## The Ordinary Hyaluronic Acid and Niacinamide Serum

A match made in heaven.

The Ordinary's hyaluronic acid is a simple, non-irritating moisturizing serum that gives your skin a gentle glow and traps moisture, preventing a dull complexion. Pairing it with niacinamide will even your skin tone and reduces the appearance of dark spots and hyperpigmentation. This helps so much with acne scars and brightening your skin. Both of these solutions can be used for both skin prep and skincare, but I recommend using niacinamide in the morning!

Definitely worth the hype. The Ordinary doesn't play around. Their line is simple and effective, yet also pretty affordable. Any of their products are also probably duped by The Inkey List, but I prefer The Ordinary's packaging.



# GLOW RECIPE WATERMEION GLOW NIAGINAMIDE DIEW DROPE CHARLES CHARLES

## **Glow Recipe Watermelon Niacinamide Dew Drops**

I love this product. Makes my skin look super glowy and healthy. It does leave behind a bit of a sticky residue, so if you tend to avoid that in skincare, use it as skin prep. The Niacinamide Dew Drops can be used as a primer for any foundation or makeup you choose to use on top of it. As a niacinamide solution, it's not really worth all the hype because The Ordinary outplays them. However, as a primer, it can definitely contend against the MILK and ELF Hydrogrip.

#### Milk Hydrogrip

I have to admit, I've never tried another primer other than the Milk Hydrogrip. I've used my friend's Elf power grip primer, like, once, but they're literally pretty much the same thing to me. However, because I literally bought a full size of the Hydrogrip I'd say both are fine. I think Elf is definitely cheaper if that's what you prefer.

By the way, Elf is also really becoming relevant again, even though they're being really annoying by duping everything. but ilt definitely hasn't gone unnoticed by me. Personally, I don't like dupes because if I'm spending money on something anyway, I might as well get the better quality one, but oh well. Someone needs to convince me to like Elf, because I really want to like it but I just can't get over the whole dupe thing.



# Drunk Elephant Bronzing Drops + Lala Retro Moisturizer

First off, the price of the Lala Retro is flabbergasting. You do not need \$81 moisturizers for your makeup to look good. Did I buy the drops and the Lala anyway? Yes. But that's beside the point. It's not worth the hype, but that does NOT mean it's not a good product. Both

are fine, but for this one, I'd definitely say buy a dupe. Indeed sells the Bionic bronzer for cheaper and I'm pretty sure L'Oreal duped it as well.

Yesterday I was on TikTok and saw something so funny. This girl mixed bronzer with moisturizer or something to dupe the Drunk Elephant smoothie, and it actually looked pretty good on her. Someone needs to try that and tell me if it actually works. Overall, at a price of \$130 for both products, it's probably not worth it. Just sit in the sun for 10 minutes instead. But if you're like me and are deathly afraid of skin cancer, just buy it or a dupe. It's really pretty on the skin, and makes you look like you have a light tan.



## **Charlotte Tilbury Magic Cream and Magic Serum**

I'm embarrassed to say I have both of these in my cart right now.

IT IS DEFINITELY NOT WORTH THE MONEY. Do I want it anyway? Absolutely.

There are just some things I see and want right away, and this set is one of those things. When I actually get it, I'll give a whole review, but for now, I'm just trying to talk myself off this ledge.



8 | The Writer's Block | 9

#### Step 2: Full Glam



### MAKE UP FOR EVER 24 HD Liquid Foundation

I've tried a lot of different foundations - the NARS light-reflecting, Dior Backstage, Haus Labs - but I always end up coming back to the MAKE UP FOR EVER 24 HD Foundation.

If you were curious, my shade is 1N06 in Porcelain. It's such a pretty colour, and looks so natural with my skin tone. It's a light-to-medium coverage foundation that covers up small blemishes and gives a nice brightening tint to the skin. It is absolutely oily skin friendly and lasts a lifetime. It blends out like a dream with a beauty blender or foundation brush and it doesn't separate on the skin. I find I'm very loyal to my foundation and concealer brands because they're dependable, consistent, and they know who they're selling to. Trust me, give MAKE UP FOR EVER a shot. It's definitely worth it. Definitely in my top picks for this year.

#### Saie Serum Foundation / Saie Sunglow / Ilia Skin Tint / Glossier Skin Tint

I don't have these products yet, but I've definitely added them to my list for the 2023 sale. Saie and Ilia are really making their name this year with the whole "clean beauty clean girl" thing, and I actually love it. Sometimes I don't feel like doing a full face of makeup and I think the Saie Serum Foundation or the Ilia Skin tint would be so cute on me.



The Sunglow I've definitely been looking at, because it looks like a dupe for the Drunk Elephant bronzing skincare smoothie. If anyone has the Glossier skin tint, they needs to give me a full review because I'm on the fence about it. The packaging seems a bit weird to me; it looks like it's in a paint bottle and I can't decide if I like it or not. This wasn't really a recommendation, more just things to put on your radar if you live for clean makeup and the whole vegan ingredients thing. Also Ilia is cruelty-free.

#### Plum Plump Hyaluronic Acid Cream

Hailey Bieber Glazed Donut Skin Vibes.

This moisturizer makes my skin look like I just had a facial. I have the mini version and it is sooo hydrating. I would definitely get this again for the sale.

Probably in my top picks as a skin care product.





### Merit Concealer & Nars Radiant Creamy Concealer

Love. Love. The only concealer duo you need tbh. Don't waste your time on Kosas or Hourglass. I have tried both and they are flops. Hourglass wishes it was Nars honestly. If you want a cheaper dupe of Nars that actually is good, use Fitme. It's pretty good, but definitely not as radiant as Nars. Nars can be a bit intense because it's quite brightening so a little bit under the eyes can go a long way. It definitely makes you look radiant and it makes me look like I'm awake and refreshed. So easy to blend and doesn't crease at all for me.

Use Nars for under the eyes, and for spot concealer, use Merit. I find that Nars is good for colour correcting and Merit is good for colour matching and coverage. The Merit Concealer stick is literally my skin foundation colour exactly, so it matches and covers so well. Plus, it's extremely clean because it passes this whole European list of chemical tests that we don't have in Canada, meaning that it's even safer than just the regular Canadian approved list of cosmetic chemicals. Definitely in my top picks for this year.

## Charlotte Tilbury Contour Wand & Fenty Match Stix Contour

Fenty missed with the Match Stix, I'm sorry. It's super hard to blend-the formula is way too dry. The colour match for me was definitely too cool in undertone and looked muddy on me.

CT on the other hand was great for sculpting. So easy to blend, and made my skin look so good. However, it ran out sooo quickly. I saw so many people reviewing it on TikTok, telling me that it would run out quick, and I literally still bought it. It's a great product but the packaging is super wasteful and runs out so quickly. Charlotte Tilbury should think about making a value size of the contour wand.





#### Dior Lip Oils & Maximizers

These lippies last very temporarily on my lips.

They are pretty expensive for the amount in each tube, but if you like Dior, I would get them. Good dupes are probably the Laneige lip mask and the lip balm paired together. I know Nyx made a dupe and so did Amazon lol. I don't think Amazon actually made the dupe, they just sell it. I don't even think it's a dupe it's a literaly knock off. Somewhat worth the hype.

## My hands are tired from typing all of this so I'm going to try to keep this really concise.



#### **Rare Beauty Blushes**

Yes. Worth the hype.

Buy and use it with the rare beauty soft pinch liquid highlighters. So affordable, clean, cruelty-free, such beautiful colour selections, the best shade names ever.

Probably my top pick of this year as a makeup product.

#### **Nars Blush**

So pigmented omg. Yes. Worth the hype.

I know people think Rare is the most pigmented brand for blushes but Nars liquid blush definitely gives them a run for their money. Packaging is kind of difficult to open.



#### Glossier Cloud Paint

No. Hate it. The packaging looks like paint and it definitely feels like paint.

Disappeared on my skin after an hour, messy packaging. Pretty expensive. Not worth the hype.



## D

#### Drunk Elephant Rosi Drops

Eh. Sure.

Not that pigmented. Better as a light tint for no makeup days.



#### **Dior Backstage Blush**

It's ok. It's the only powder blush I own. I bet Elf probably has a good and less expensive dupe for it. I have pretty light skin so it shows up somewhat on my skin, but it's probably not inclusive for all skin types.

If you want the pretty packaging though, I would say go for it. I really relate to people who just buy products just because they have aesthetic packaging.



#### Glossier

#### **Balm Dotcom**

Quite expensive per lip balm, I will say that.

It's made with synthetic beeswax so it's vegan and so hydrating. I definitely think that even though it's expensive, they're worth their the price.

My favourite flavours are lavender, rose, swiss miss, and mango. I'm not sure I'm a fan of the wild fig flavour. I don't think I even like actual figs.



## Tatcha Dewy Skin Cream

Finishing strong with Tatcha. This moisturizer is actually so expensive, but it's probably one of the few skincare items I would repurchase if I lost my makeup bag.

It's imported from Japan because Tatcha uses some special purple rice ingredient that you can only get from Japan, which is so cool. It feels so soothing on your skin and has a very rich consistency.

I would definitely recommend this to everyone. Probably also in my top picks from this year.

12 | The Writer's Block

#### A World Unknown By: Beatrice Milasan

Our world is a fragile mirage held together by the paperclips of our beliefs.

We ultimately determine the appearance of the world around us through how we perceive it.

Every person on this planet gazes into the soul of our world from a different angle. This in turn fuels them to act a certain way.

These perspectives can be solidified into principles.

As a result of our worldview, we elect for ourselves a certain career, a certain set of moral principles and a certain life.

As does your neighbour, her neighbour, his neighbor, the whole neighbourhood, in fact.

Principles are far from a collocate set of beliefs of which everyone shares an exact replica.

They come from everywhere, everyone who has even been and ever will be.

From all points in time, from all people who wander the face of the Earth.

And eventually, in one way or another, these views of the world start to conflict with each other, leading to disputes, leading to violence.

Then when that settles, we are led to, eventually, confusion.

After we are no longer faced with a disruption of peace for a while, boredom peeks its head past the curtain, and we scour the face of the Earth for something to do.

Once we don't find anything amusing, we begin to analyze the Earth itself.

The world becomes a complex terrain of unknown origin, an odd topography whose motivation remains concealed under its natural beauty.

Forests stand tall and proud, just underneath a haze of cloud-

Branches twist and coil, reaching to the sky, their tips grazing the mist.

Moss spins around the trees, sheathing them in a green suit of armor.

We are so captured by its beauty that most of us feel the need to record it somehow.

Whether, in the literal sense with a camera, or even on paper with a pen.

We warp the true enchantment of the Earth under the veil of our perspective, always feeling the need to accessorize the barren simplicity of what currently surrounds us.

To turn something naturally captivating into something more. Something of use to us.

This new discovery sparks greed.

This is evident as well when we decided it would be a good idea to choke out forests and toss unwanted bits of plastic to the teal ocean so often that the pernicious destruction of our land and seas would be so evident even for years to come.

It seems almost nothing could erase the Earth's painful memories of our heartbreaking betrayal.

We forget about our ties to this planet and discard all will to live symbiotically with it, in peace.

Greed leaves us with an unsatisfied hunger, a need to always take more.

And to be fair, we did create some amazing things with the resources that were given to us, but how can you justify such a thing as you stare into the crying face of our burning planet?

How can you look back on what we've done with pride and say you'd do it again?

How can we light forests on fire, fueled by the captivating desire to take, steal, thieve, snatch, hoard?

We can't.

We can parade around with Earth Day posters, but we can't undo the years of damage and pain we have inflicted on such an innocent world.

A bomb cannot be unexploded, an insult cannot be plucked out of tense air, a burning planet cannot be revived, no matter how hard we try.

We have one shot, and we can use it to be a temporary one-hit wonder of a species that eventually leads to its own death, binging on stealing resources like a bored teenager binges Netflix or—

—or we can throw aside our pride for once and admit we made a mistake.

We can remind ourselves that nothing, not even this majestic Earth itself, is perfect, and that it's never too late to start anew.

Or, we can continue to dispute, argue, destroy, until we find something else to fill our individual canyons of boredom.

The choice lies with us. All of us.

What will you choose?

# Bayview Glen's MUSICIANS

Julia Apitz-Grossman

Spring is officially here, which means amidst the looming exam rush and the flurry of final ISPs comes our school's beloved spring concert.

Our music students put in hours of rehearsals every week to prepare for this big night and they are all truly talented, hardworking individuals. In order to get to know these musicians better, I asked some of them a few questions.

## What instrument(s) do you play and how long have you been playing them for?

#### David Perry

I have played trumpet for six years.

#### Rojin Ahmadi

I play the piano, flute, and saxophone. I have been playing the piano for II years, the flute for 8 years, and the saxophone for 4 years. I love all my instruments equally...but maybe piano a little bit more.

#### Santhiya Kuhan

I've played the piano for ten years and the French horn for five years.

#### Sara Hobson

I have been a singer for over ten years, I started at the age of six. I have also been a percussionist for seven years.

#### Leela Bhide

I've been part of percussion for five years and have played the piano for most of my life.

## What musical groups are you a part of in or outside the school?

#### Sara Hobson

Over the years, I have been a part of choir, symphonic band, wind ensemble, percussion ensemble, and jazz band.

#### Rojin Ahmadi

In school, I am a musician in the wind ensemble, saxophone ensemble, and jazz band. Although being a part of bands is a huge commitment, in the end it is worth it as I am exposed to numerous fun, and diverse music styles and pieces that elevate my interest and education in music. Outside of school I participate in the Toronto Youth Wind Orchestra as a saxophone player which gives me the opportunity to advance my music playing skills while forming strong connections with my community.

#### Leela Bhide

I'm a member of the school's jazz band and wind ensemble.

#### Santhiya Kuhan

I'm not a part of any groups/ orchestras outside of school, but I play the piano for RCM.

#### **David Perry**

I am a member of the wind ensemble and jazz band in school, nothing outside of school.

# How did you first get interested in music and how has that interest developed over the years?

#### **David Perry**

I started through forced music class in school, and it slowly became more fun to play songs with the trumpet.

#### Sara Hobson

Growing up, I've always been surrounded by music. My dad is a musician and my mom exposed me to a lot of different genres. My interest in music has developed over the years because it is something that I really love doing and it's an outlet for me to express myself.

#### Leela Bhide

I have always been interested in listening to music and my dad has been playing the piano my whole life, which inspired me to learn piano. My interest developed by choosing to take music in high school.

#### Rojin Ahmadi

My interest in music playing sparked during my first piano lesson which occurred when I was around 6 years old. Ever since then my love for music grew as I took more lessons, and experienced school music classes.

#### Santhiya Kuhan

My mom signed me up for piano lessons when I was really young and I didn't really like it at first because I had to practice all the time and do a lot of technical work that wasn't very enjoyable. Back then, I didn't see the true value of music and viewed playing an instrument more as a task rather than an opportunity to learn. As I grew older, I began to appreciate music a lot more as I was exposed to it on a daily basis, whether that be through playing an instrument or listening to Spotify. I found that music helps me calm down and gives me a moment to disconnect from reality.

## What's your favourite piece that you've learned for this spring concert?

#### David Perry

Probably the mixed Chicago piece.

#### Leela Bhide

Avengers Endgame. No questions asked.

#### Rojin Ahmadi

All of the Spring Concert pieces are amazing and they are all unique in their own way but personally, I love the "Selections from Chicago" arranged by Ted Ricketts. This piece incorporates many diverse themes and styles that blend together very well to make one magnificent and grand piece. For example, at one point there is a nice tango section that smoothly transitions into an old-age jazz selection. This piece emanates a great amount of energy and excitement through its upbeat and fast style and it is truly a very fun experience working on this piece with the whole wind ensemble.

#### Sara Hobson

Definitely the one I learned to sing for the Jazz Band (I don't want to give it away) but I've definitely had the most fun with it because it has expanded my abilities as a singer and a performer.

#### Santhiya Kuhan

My favourite piece is definitely "Selections from Chicago" because it conveys so many different moods and styles of music from the musical Chicago.

Finally, tell me a bit about your personal music taste; who are your favourite artists and what are your favourite songs?

#### **David Perry**

Honestly, my music taste is very wide and dependent on my mood. I could be listening to anything from Frank Sinatra, to EDM, to Viva la Vida. No specific favourites though.

#### Sara Hobson

I like a lot of genres and artists so it's hard to choose just one, but I can list a few. I listen to Ariana Grande, Flo, Rihanna, Meghan Trainor, Jennifer Hudson, Mary J Blinge, and Selena.

#### Leela Bhide

I love a whole range of music, but my favourites would be Taylor Swift, The Weeknd, Lana Del Rey, Sabrina Carpenter, and Lorde. I also love some One Direction too.

#### Santhiya Kuhan

This is a really basic answer but some of my favourite artists are The Weeknd and Drake. I also really like Frank Ocean and Daniel Caesar (less basic). Some of my favourite songs are Pink + White, Jaded, and Valentina.

#### Rojin Ahmadi

My personal music taste has a big range. On one side I really enjoy listening to slow songs with relaxing moods from artists such as the Neighborhood and Arctic Monkeys. But we also cannot forget about the classics. THAT'S RIGHT! I'm talking Chopin, Shostakovich, Debussy, Bach and more. Growing up playing piano with the Royal Conservatory of Music, I was introduced to a vast amount of classical music and artists that I quite enjoy playing and listening to till this day. Yea classical music isn't as boring as people say.

Music is so powerful and holds such a major role in our lives.

It has gotten me through many hard times and has added so much to the good ones.

I think all the musicians we heard from today would agree with me when I say I truly don't think I'd be the person I am today without music.

If you want to hear the passion of these talented students in person, do not hesitate to come out to the spring concert on April 20. See you there!

## THE FOREST

BY: KARINA RATHEE

A forest sat near a quiet town. The children stop the greed of humans; their fate was ine top. The trees supplied the town with buckets of stoppled to the ground with the whirring of th touched, its presence in the town too strong to vacated as the town, only tree stumps and a l

Years passed, the children grew up, and their voices were no longer heard echoing through the forest. The sap was left uncollected as the people moved away to bigger, busier cities. The town lost its splendoursplendor as the trees were abandoned; their welcoming arms were no longer open. The town's life and light were gone.

As the town emptied there was talk of what to do with the vacated area.

"Refurbish the town, rebuild the ruins!"

"Plant more trees, don't build more!"

the wood."

'Build a paper mill."

In the end, the paper mill was chosen. The forest awaited its miserable fate. The trees hugged each other tightly and listened for the growl of the chainsaws. There was nothing they could do to

played hide-and-go-seek in their leafy coverage table. The sun rose and they waited and watched and gripped the uneven branches to climb to the as the forest was slowly destroyed, their friends sticky sap that was made into a syrup, one that chainsaws. The vibrant leaves faded when their was enjoyed with Saturday morning breakfasts. lives were cut short. Their companions could The trees brought summer shade, a sanctuary only watch, their leaves could only shake with from the blazing sun. The forest was not to be fierce misery. By sundown the forest looked as lone trunks were left. The trucks left full of lumber, the forest a barren landscape.

> The paper mills were built; the roar of the mill now echoed through the deserted forest. The children's voices were lost.

In the forest's mourning, the now grown-up children returned. They placed flowers on the grieving forest's bare stumps and sat with the ruined trees. The children had brought new saplings and young trees to populate the forest. They tended to the trees until they were tall enough to stand alone. The new trees were untouchable, protected by the town's past residents. While the old trees lay to rest, the saplings carried on their legacy. Children came to hide in the trees, played tag "Cut down the old trees, make new homes with around the roots of the trees and laid in cooling shade. The trees made life brighter, the air cleaner and the people happier.

# 

#### by: Constantine Vrachas Matthaios

He slid the empty cup across the bartop and motioned sluggishly for the keep to bring him another one. Languid thoughts drifted through a foggy mind; God knew that a cup of beer always helped anything.

Next to him, familiar patrons hunched over their drinks, their eyes blind to the nine rings on the counter and the smoke lingering in the air. The stains on the bartop and the murderous looks that the keeps sent their way didn't bother the men brooding in the quiet. This was their cathedral, and drink was their communion.

He nursed his beer in torpor, waiting for a rush of peace to wash over him, waiting for a wave to crash on his shore and pull everything into the deep, where things could slumber unseen, unbothered.

A screech from the door almost pulled his attention to the front, where a new patron was probably entering, a new pilgrim searching for God in the bottom of a dreary cup. Welcome, new one, he thought. Welcome to heaven. Hell.

"Stephen?" the newcomer asked. He carried on drinking, feeling his name register in the back of his skull. "Stephen," the intruder's voice came again. Stephen lifted the glass to his mouth, feeling the foam wash his lips.

"Stephen." A hand came down on his shoulder and he swung his neck around to come face to face with his wife. "Julie" escaped his lips in a puff of surprise. Julie looked at him, at his unkempt beard and his bloodshot eyes. Phthalo stains ran down the front of his crumpled shirt, and he sagged like a bag of misshapen potatoes. Behind the alcohol-ridden haze in his eyes, anguish festered.

Julie's heart quailed. This wasn't her Stephen; this was a stranger warped by alcohol and crushed by spirits. She reached for the mat of hair on his head, gently brushing her fingers over his crown.

"Stephen," she said, shaking her head in disbelief. "What happened to you?" Stephen grunted and turned back to his cup. He took a sip, and when Julie didn't leave, he raised his eyes to those of the keep's, signaling for another fill. But when their eyes met, the keep just flicked his head toward the back door. It took a few moments, but the meaning of the gesture slowly registered.

Fine. If he had to, he would. But then he would go back and continue, because he was searching for God. Maybe He was waiting in the bottom of an empty wine glass. He slowly pushed himself off the stool, hearing it groan as he shifted his weight, and with effort, he swung himself onto his legs and tottered there unsteadily. He felt Julie put her hand on his back to balance him, and he let himself be led out the door.

They exited into a wide alleyway, of which he could not see the far end, but that was because of the bleary rain that streaked across his vision, not the alcohol. It was never the alcohol. He watched water run down the pipes and onto the black garbage bags that slumped together in sad little huddles, vagrants in the corner. Julie stood silently.

"It's been five months, you know."

"Mh-hm." Stephen nodded, eyes focused on the end of the infinite alleyway.

"The kids miss you. They need you," Julie said, reaching to grab his hand. Stephen didn't return its embrace. He just continued staring down the alley. Maybe God was at the other end.

"Please, Stephen, come back. We need you." Stephen's eyelids fluttered, and he felt the rain continue its quiet course down his back. Maybe it was on its own pilgrimage, seeking out its own God, too.

Julie turned away from him, unable to look at his listless face. She started pacing, not once bringing her gaze to his.

"Stephen, you have to come back. We're a family, you know that. I need you to hear me; can you hear me?" Stephen barely stirred. "Can you hear me?" Julie turned back to him, liquid glistening in the corners of her eyes. A thought stirred in Stephen's hazy mind, tears or rain? Maybe it was both. What did it matter.

Julie shook her head rapidly, incredulity creeping across her face. "How can you do this, Stephen?" She was nearly laughing now. "How do you do it, Stephen?" she said, waving her arms angrily. "How do you sit there, drinking all day while we work to the bone, hoping you'll come back but you never do, Stephen, because you wouldn't stop drinking even if God Himself came down and slapped you in the face and told you to because, no, Stephen, you won't—you can't—" Julie stopped for breath, and in that moment of pause, her anger cracked, and she dropped her hands and whispered:

"You can't do this to me, Stephen."

Stephen nodded, eyes fixed on the haze in the distance.

"Stephen, please, come back, we can go home, we can work things out," Julie tried, heartbreak written all over her face. Stephen stood there.

"Stephen, please, Stephen—"

He stopped hearing her. All he felt was the rain running down his skin, cold and

biting, and the grey sky spread above him. Down this empty alleyway could lie God, but he stood there, hesitant. The bar seemed to call back to him, a lonely "Stephen, Stephen," the mournful weeping of someone who knows she's saying goodbye for the final time. He felt a hand on his chest one moment, then gone the next, its phantom imprint fading as fast as it appeared.

"Stephen, can you hear me?" He lowered his eyes to the empty space before him. Julie had left.

"Stephen?"

He hesitated, then turned back to the bar. God was calling. But before he pushed the door open, he stopped. The thought bubbled to the top of his mind, that there was something he needed to do. He turned back to the alley, knowing that Julie would know, but when he blinked, she was gone. He craned his neck, searching, but all that was left was the dreary flow of rain, and the alley stretching far into the distance, bleeding into the grey.



Winter's chill starts to fade,

As spring's appearance is displayed.

With the days getting warmer, and the sun shining bright,

Spring transition brings in a new light,

With air infused with scents mildly sweet,

And with flowers blooming beneath our feet,

As birds return with joyful songs,

The nights grow shorter, and the days grow long,

Skies painted with shades of blue,

And fluffy clouds drifting by, a mesmerizing view.

Fields decorated with various hues of green,

Spring's transition can certainly be seen.

### Ant-Man and the Wasp: What is bro doing?

By Alan Gao

Ant-Man and the Wasp: Quantumania released February 17th, 2023 in the United States and is the third installment of the Ant-Man series.

Recently, Disney has been doing a fantastic job with their movies. Maybe it's the colons they keep including in all their movie titles:

Spiderman: No Way Home

Doctor Strange in the Multiverse of Madness (Doctor Strange: Multiverse of Madness)

Thor: Love and Thunder

Black Panther: Wakanda Forever

Ant-Man and the Wasp: Quantumania

Honestly, I don't know what's going on with that. Because from what I remember we're only supposed to use colons before quotes and lists. Where's the list? Where's the quote? The English language is fake.

Back to Quantumania. I think the best way to describe this movie is with the phrase "what is bro doing?". The entire movie opens with the premise that Cassie Lang, the daughter of Scott Lang, Cassie Lang, just made an email system with the quantum realm. The movie gives the premise explanation that Cassie Lang is simply a prodigal talent. Besides being a throwaway reasoning for this, the entire movie is sort of this "ok I guess that's true".

But aside from that, the whole movie is a little ... weird?



I have no words to express the amount of discomfort I am in

Don't get me wrong, Quantumania is a fantastic movie that doesn't disappoint for the third movie in the Ant-Man trilogy. It just feels so incredibly out of place in the trilogy:

Ant-Man. A classic movie of robbing and stealing from malignant characters

Ant-Man and the Wasp. A movie in the aftermath of Civil War following Lang, Hope, and Pym in their quest to rescue Janet

Ant-Man and the Wasp: Quantumania. Little child makes boo-boo and they spearhead a quantum realm revolution while big-headed Darren runs around looking stupid.

Notice how the names are getting added to slowly? Maybe we'll have Ant-Man and the Wasp: Quantumania with Violent Aggressive Bees probably. Quantumania feels like it should've been the Multiverse of Madness movie, because this movie's madness feels a lot madder than the actual Multiverse of Madness movie.

As a side note, the premise is that this is all on the sub, sub-atomic scale. The entire movie takes place on unquantifiably small scales. You think this realm was crazy? Just imagine what it's like on the next blade of grass over!





# THE WHISPERER

The ultimate penultimate pen

"freedom is within reach, i can almost taste the food and the water!"

-the editor I kidnapped

"not funny. didn't laugh"

-DUG, the caveman of math

\*\*\*\*

I knew i had to gather the divided factions and unite them because a house divided against itself cannot stand. Firstly, the math kingdom. Mr. gray's beard and isailed to the math palace and entered the throne room. Ms. mcarthur her most mathematical majesty sat on the throne, hearing eight million petitions. She stood up in shock, thinking it was mr. winson's beard the holiest deity of the math kingdom, and then realized it was mr. gray's beard, mr. winson's beard's sworn enemy. "Away, beard" she cried. "We have come to liberate you from meighen" we said. "Well why didn't you say so," she said. "PREPARE THE FUNCTION! We have a war to attend"

And now i moved on to the next section of the article which is feeling very disjointed and lazily written and im not even going
to both—
er trying to hide it but i
promise the next one is going to be
very very good itll be so good that
itll blow your socks off to the sov—
ereign nation of kiribati and make
the four funny countries look like
the negative four unfunny unrecog—
nized states where everyone's just
blown away by how good the article

But enough about truffles. I had the english league to find. Where would the english league be, i thought, stroking my beard which i definitely had. And then i had it. English is not a language as the government tries to have you believe. It's a confglomeration of the mafia and the martian union of frog welders to assert dominance over the snowy tree cricket and associated merchandise. Think about it have you ever seen an english i thought not, there's no way that it can possibly exist if you've never seen it before much like my nose - i mean you've never seen it so how dod you know i have one? But i degrees, english is something you don't see and the martian union of frog welders i see all the time, in my dreams, and on the backs of peoples heads and in my reflection in the sky. The sky is very large, and tyler

durden from fight cuba had a large personality, and the mafia has a large presence, so three times large equals thrarge, which sounds like margaret thatcher the goddess of punctuation. She holds a bowl of cereal in one hand and the nation of placeholder in her other hand, perfectly balanced as all things should be. So i had to go to the nation of placeholder. I set a wassailing to the naton of placeholder and found the english league huddled in the bushes. "Shakespeare" said one. "Charles dickens" said the other. "Moto moto" said the third. "Ahem" i asid and stepped into the bushes. They all turned to look at me and tried to analyze my literary significance. "There is a great war coming, " i said, and you must join us to stop it." The english teachers looked at each other and said, but how can we trust you. "Ms. Fenili trusted me" i said, and they said but She's dead, how can you prove it, and I remembered that to bring back a witch from the dead you must do the opposite of witchhunting - gnit-

nuhhctiw. I gnitnuhhctiwed and with a great blast of energy a cloud of goats named jeff appeared and riding on the wind was the great and powerful ms. fenili. "HE SPEAKS TRUTH" said ms. Feni-

11. "JOIN THE WHISPERER

IN THE CRUSADE AGAINST

MR CHAPMAN. THE WHISPER—

ER WILL SET US FREE" And
the english teachers bowed
and turned to me and said,

"where to next?" intercipit

counci which was hidden in the stem of a plant, because what are plants? Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me, no more. Gathered round the round table were all the stem teachers. I recognized a few, including Ms Russell, and at the head of the table: Rad Ms. Lee. She had

two hooks for hands and an eyepatch, and on her bandana was the same name tag that said Ms. lee. Math teacher by day math teacher by night but cooler. They all stood up and got into battle positions when they saw the english teachers intruding upon their territory.

"What" said Ms. Lee, "are you doing. In. our. Swamp?"

"We have come to gather an army and defeat mr. chapman once and for all." i said.

"How can we know this is true and is not just a plot like the freytag structure that you love talking about but no books actually ever use"

Well you see, said Ms. Fenili, speaking on behalf of everyone. Freytag was one of the smartest mans of the 21th century who discovered the theory of bookbinding in the 19th century. Before that, all books had no plot and we couldn't analyze them. It was a dark time. But then freytag discovered the theory hof bookbingding in the lost temple of babylon, and created the freytag structure. According to the

that we are only one issue away from thel last, this is the rising action right before the climax and therefore is not just another diversion.

rowantichristus est christus est We ei Antiquus plus potentior est qua will join you.

We all shook hands and exchanged business cards, then went to the language teacher mercenaries.

We headed toff to the stemlintwoer and found the mercenaries tendunci which was hidden in ing their duolingo battle owls. "Qui stem of a plant, because what etes vous?" said one. "Insert spanish plants? Baby don't hurt me, question" said another.

"We are gathering the greatest army the world has ever seen to take back our freedom frmo the ancient one, mr chapman, and his house of meighen. Will you join us" i said.

"Only if you promise to never use google translate in your articles again" said one. "A small price to pay for salvation", said mr. gray's beard, and i had to agree. We had collected all the teacher associations, but one. And it would be the hardest for last (just like freytags structure): the gym teachers at the food pyramid,

And then, we were at the foot of the food pyramid, watching the gym teachers sacrifice the carbs for extra protein. "Trans fat bad, unsatured fat good" they said, and then i said "mr. gray's beard and my cause of overthrowing mr. chapman even gooder" and they nodded and then we had to find mr. deslauriers, the last piece of the puzzle.

> We all travelled back to the turf to find Mr. DesLauriers wandering around laimlessly. Ever since it had been revealed that Mr. Winson's Beard was on the side of Mr. Chapman, Mr. DesLauriers had a crit sis of faith. He was no longer sure if he wanted to be a disciple of the beard and spent his · days watching leafs games and contemplating his existence. I walked up to Mr. DesLauriers,

dies ei. Antiquus p

and explained to him the revolution we were creating and asked if he had any interest in joining us. He left me on read and walked to the other end of the turf. I ran to him on the other side and said:

"I know you are feeling alone and like you have no purpose these days, and I understand."

"Mr. Winson's Beard is just so full and god-like; how could I ever give up serving him? But, it is also evil, so I must. But, how can I?" He replied.

"I know Mr. Winson's Beard is powerful,

but stop obsessing over his beard. You have a great beard too. You should learn to appreciate and love your own beard." Hearing this, he stopped and got up.

"You're right! I will believe in me and be a disciple of myself" And like every main character in a coming-ofage story, Mr. DesLauriers learned to love himself rather then seeking approval from others. He also agreed to join our revolution!

And then we flew to the jtm guest theatre where all the teachers and staff had assembled. I stood to face the crowds. English League, Math Royalty, STEM Council, Gym Teachers, and thousands more factions all looked up at me. Mr. Gray's Beard and Mr. Deslauriers looked my way, and I knew this was the moment that would make or break ba physi our tenuous union. morum intercipit adumbratio

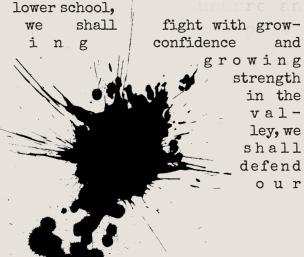
I took a deep breath, and began:

"Four score and seven years ago DoreentHopkinsSbrought forth on this na continent a new school, conceived in the core values of respect, responsibility, compassion, integrity, equity and balance! (Lincoln, 23) loria priscis un

This is our finest hour. We must join nationem forces to win our freedom from the Ancient One, or else perish. (Curhcill, 25)

We shall go on to the end, we shall fight in the upper school,

we shall fight in the prep school and



school, whatever the cost may be, we shall fight on the turf, we shall fight in the daunt dining hall, we shall fight in the learning commons and in the jean heart resource center, we shall fight in the prep gym; we shall never surrender, (Churhcil, 39) Because you are the Special. And so am I. And so is everyone. The prophecy is made up, but it's also true. It's about all of us. Right now, it's about you. And you... still... can change everything. (Brickwoksi, 12)"

Breathless from the incredibly hard work of coming up with all of that completely on my own, I watched the crowd for a sign of change. No one spoke, until mr. deslauriers stepped forward beside Mr. the thrall of mr. Chapman and mr. Winson's Beard that I couldn't see my own beard's own worth. No more oppression! No more hatred! And no more Meighen!" The crowd let forth a tremulous roar, and with an Daeskhider, Ancient One, Mr. Chapman.

dierum faciet. ipse nos liberabit. susurro ruinam nostram et salus no

quia antiquus in re ens potentissimus est. Inclina iussa eius, ego p

um lauda, quia ipse vitae tuae reus est. Auctor, Deus, omnia nomina a

qua gloria est, amor est. Ipse est radix omnis bonitatis, et obedies

Gray's Beard and said, "I spent so long in ymptotis, morum intercipit adumbra erabit. susurro ruinam nostram et tworth. It's time for us to recognize our ns potentissimus est. Inclina iuss vitae tuae reus est. Auctor, Deus, amor est. Ipse est radix omnis bo army behind me and two Gods before me, I et omnia valebunt. Gloria priscis stood ready to bring down the One calledichristus est. Christus est. consum plus potentior est quam barba physic gloria civicae, gloria factori asymptotis, morum intercipit adumbra

The Writer's Block | 29