

A person wearing a hat and a jacket stands on a rocky outcrop, looking out over a vast valley. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a golden glow over the landscape. The valley is filled with rolling hills and a sea of clouds. In the distance, mountains are visible under a hazy sky. The overall mood is serene and contemplative.

The
writers
BLOCK

FEATURING:

Parallel Worlds

Reflections

*Locker's
Memory*

and more!

Retrospective

The **table of** CONTENTS

4 = *Meet Our Team* —

6 = *Editor's Note* —

10 = *Parallel Worlds* —

11 = *Reflections* —

12 = *Departure* —

cont'

— *Reflection of* = 16
Freshman Year

Reflections From a = 17
Soon-to-be Senior

= *Locker's Memory* = 18

— *Whisperer 14* = 19

meet OUR team



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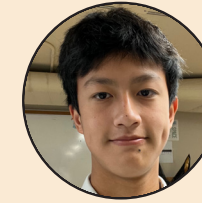
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The Editor's NOTE

WHEN I FIRST JOINED the “Upper School Newspaper” in Grade 10, I was expecting to write stories. Reports on school life, commentaries on our hybrid system, pieces inspired by and reflective of the world from the student perspective. Though nearly all my articles were stories of one sort or another, I haven’t written a piece like that in two years. So as I write my final Editor’s Note for *The Writer’s Block*, I feel the urge to return to my original passion. Let me tell you a story.

September 2020, lockdown. An email ad for the “Upper School Newspaper Team.” A widened eye, a tilted head? A feeling of curiosity and trepidation, curling, like a question mark in the air. A boy who had a burning wanderlust, who suffered from stifled far-sickness, who yearned to be somewhere

and someone else—a boy who clicked *Reply*.

The first expedition: enter the meeting, four blurry heads floating on a film of glass. I’m Constantine, I said. I loved all forms of writing, I was so excited to get started, I could not be happier. I was ready to get going.

I was out in the field; I was hunting a story. I was interviewing a Grade 9 student, my fingers flying away at the keyboard, the words urgently flailing into existence on the page: *In terms of the owkrload I think it’s a bit unbalance because thers only four subject Unusual because I have to do lots more work.*

It was perfect. I had successfully drawn out the story, snared it in my nets, was ready to hammer this raw jumble of facts into something marvellous and drag it home on a pedestal, for everyone to read and see and ponder.

Then it was publishing time, publishing time, sweet savoury publishing time; the articles were uploaded onto the blog, packed into containers like luggage on a ship and I was waiting at the gate, ready to embark, to set sail into the triumphant realm of publication.

When I first set foot in that land, it was like stepping into the sky.

A heady rush of pride, the dizzy sensation of delight, a feeling of falling up. I explored everyone’s articles, lost myself in the different stories, until there wasn’t a single word unread.

Flash forward to five months later, when Emiko Wijesundera asked me to be the next Editor-in-Chief of *The Writer’s Block*. I was shocked; I couldn’t picture a future at the Newspaper where I wasn’t happily chasing stories. But I

could not pass up the chance, so after a month in training, I took the helm of *The Writer’s Block*.

That first year was a difficult journey. A landscape of anxiety, self-doubt, and stress fought to bar my path; storms of nervousness swept through my first in-person meetings and battered my self-confidence. But I found an escape. An escape through writing.

When I wrote, I was anywhere else, anyone else. There was no responsibility or duty, there was no anxiety or stress. I only had to follow the words, see where they would take me. I passed through jungles choked by vines and darkness, tundra marked by ice and starkness, deserts where the sun won’t rest, ocean waves spanning east and west. I climbed mountains crowned by snow and glory, crossed miles of fields of wild territory, walked sprawling chains of cliffs and

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cont'

highlands, to barren wastes and fallow islands.

And whenever I completed a journey, and lifted my hands off the keyboard, I felt more able to confront reality, because I brought back strength from those journeys through the imagination. By my final year, I had nearly mastered the anxiety that came with the position, and I was thrilled to embark on the next leg of my journey at *The Writer's Block*.

And now that I'm at the end of this journey, I cannot help but look back on it with fondness, gratitude, and a little bit of sadness.

There were so many lessons learned, milestones reached, memories made.

My three years in *The Writer's Block*

have been an invaluable and treasured experience, and I am reluctant to stop writing because I know that once my fingers leave the keyboard, they won't come back.

But any sadness I have is tempered by the faith I have in the continuation of *The Writer's Block*. I'm very happy to leave the newspaper in the hands of Julia Apitz-Grossman and Isabella Io. I know they'll help *The Writer's Block* thrive in the coming years.

As I write my final sign-off, I invite you to do what I have, and reflect upon your journey. Our writers have taken this angle, with beautiful reflections on the high school experience, personal growth, and changing perspectives. My hope is that this issue will inspire you to pen down your thoughts, your hopes and dreams and wishes, and maybe even share them with someone.

So that is my final message to you.

Write.

*Follow the words, and follow the stories.
They'll take you to the cities floating in the sky, the dreams hiding in the clouds.*

They'll take you places you never could have dreamed of.

Best wishes,



Constantine Vrachas Matthaïos
Editor-in-Chief

PARALLEL WORLDS

Beatrice Milasan

When we were five, the walls of the world seemed to stretch out to the sky,
The pillars carrying our hope for our futures, at an all-time high.
We were excited, not fearful, despite being small,
Bright-eyed and bushy-tailed, no mountain too tall.
Back when all days were sunny, and everything was bright,
Our only fears, the bedbugs at night.
Life was simple, like an undisturbed lake,
No intrusive ripples to interrupt the peace, and everything was great.
When dread was the boredom of going to sleep and turning off the lights,
Instead of the twenty-something assignments that keep you awake all night.
When happiness meant sprinting through the tall grass on the edge of the park,
That special feeling inside didn't used to be tied to your mark.
We were going to be something, leave our mark on the world,
And the world would accept us, *or so we were told.*
Just play by the book, it will all fall into your lap,
But now we're stuck here, *how do we get back?*
This new place is desolate, blank, dark and grey,
Like a twisted game that no one knows quite how to play.
A mirrored reflection of what we had hoped,
A future that had been changed and warped,
And stuffed with thoughts that were not our own,
Doesn't that seem odd, despite it being ours, and ours alone?
But while heads may rest heavy sometimes, and tears may stream,
Sure, the world is different now *but what exactly does that mean?*
It means new perspectives and a whole world to discover,
So, chin up, no use hiding or crying under the covers.
Just remember when you feel alone and the piles of work are giant,
As cliché as it sounds, from heat and pressure rises a diamond.
You'll rise above it and be defiant,
Of whatever holds you back, *go up to that mountain and climb it.*
Arrive on the other side and start anew,
You're not alone, you're not just one of the few.
Change does not have a say in how you act or what you do.
You'll still go far, a whole universe to discover,
Go, get one out there, find a world to uncover.
The next time clouds are grey and this new world seems dark,
Take a deep breath,
And be prepared to leave your mark.

Reflections

JULIA APITZ-GROSSMAN

I look in the mirror and see my new yellow dress,
Picked out so thoughtfully by my mother.
I spin so that it dances like a kite in the breeze,
And her comforting arms wrap around me.

I look in the mirror and see my first backpack,
A hand-me-down from my sister.
It's bright pink and I love everything about it,
Even the pocket's jammed zipper.

I look in the mirror and see teary blue eyes,
An ocean of emotion like my father's.
I have to wear black if I want to sit with them at lunch,
But yellow is an ugly colour anyways.

I look in the mirror and see my awful tight dress,
I look nothing like them.
The dance is tomorrow but I don't want to go,
Maybe if I don't eat dinner tonight.

I look in the mirror and don't recognize the face I see,
One as tired as my grandma's.
I rub my eyes and sit back down at my desk,
Why can't life go back to being easy?

I look in the mirror and see two girls beside me,
Truer friends than I ever had before.
I bite back tears of joy and squeeze them both a little tighter,
And they tie my yellow dress into a perfect bow.

I look in the mirror and see a woman.
I have my mother's nose and my father's lips,
But for the first time, I don't compare myself to them.
For the first time, I look in the mirror and
I smile.

Departure: a diptych

by Constantine Vrachas Matthaios

1. I can't breathe here

too many memories
crowding
against the glass, my vision
streaks of light—
freeze frames from a blurry nighttime video
captured shakily in ice.
I arc across the road
multifarious incarnations
captured in half-remembered flashes
scenes illuminated for just a moment
as if painted by lightning
or a camera flash
to steal a moment from the hands of time
before the rest recedes
into darkness

2. The Valley

In the valley, the valley
Between the two hills
Where the river floats slowly by the old mill,
The pilgrims come and go, the road does spill
In the valley, the valley
Between the two hills

In the valley, the valley
Between the two hills
Where the barn-swallows sing and the goldfinches trill,
The frogs leap and burrow in the land no one tills
In the valley, the valley
Between the two hills

In the valley, the valley
Whose name is Idyll,
Where the wind whispers secrets to whomever it wills,
The sun and moon dance rounds with limber skill
In the valley, the valley
Between the two hills

In the valley, the valley
Beneath the wide sky
Where colourful ribbons and banners do fly,
Sweet flowers call to clouds passing by
In the valley, the valley
Beneath the wide sky

In the valley, the valley
Beyond the great peaks
Where rivers and streams and ponds and thin creeks
Unite in an ocean so vast and so deep,
Currents rush without pause as the world is asleep,
In the valley, the valley
Behind mountains steep

In the valley, the valley
Home to my soul
My sum and my end, my parts and my whole,
Contained between these two long grassy knolls,
In the valley, the valley
Home to my soul

In the valley, the valley
where I make my home,
I feel the clarion call of the unknown
To travel and wander, to marvel and roam
Beyond the bounds of my celestial dome

In the valley, a golden
Sky comes tumbling in
And the clouds melt away
And the ground seems to spin
Possibility my wind, excitement my sails,
Glory my treasure, wonder my white whales

Before me, a world stretches infinitely wide
Full of wonders and terrors, beyond the divide,
Cities of gold, forests of green, temples of old, feats of machine,
Plains of tall grass, seas of citrine, towns made of glass, dirt roads in between
—Thousands of stars, twinkling crystals of night,
Chased into hiding by blazing sunlight,
Glories of nature, and humanity's will
All await, buzzing, beyond these two hills.

But the valley, the valley
Between the two hills,
Remains a welcome anchor,
My starting point, my beginning, the question to my answer
It will wait, patient, with ceaseless goodwill,
This valley, the valley
Between the two hills

Reflection of Freshman Year

By: Brianna Lovshin

“No pain, no gain” was the quote I chose to illustrate on my cover page in Grade 6 art class and the quote I looked up to throughout this past year. It demonstrates that there is a reward for real hard work and that one cannot expect a reward without it. The four years that make up high school are arguably the most influential period in a person's life. More memories, fun, tension, and — most importantly — growth have all come out of my first year of high school experience than I could have ever imagined.

The start of the year felt like years ago. From watching shows and movies that revolved around the horrors of teenage life, I realized that real high school life is not what it is shown to be like on the screen. Between *Gilmore Girls* and the high school musical this next year was going to be like a mix of them but *Gilmore Girls* a fair bit more. The first day and weeks felt like a breeze, it was more fun than I imagined. I bonded with new people and formed stronger friendships and memories. The only stressful part was finding classes and getting used to not being with my friends in the same class all the time. But, even straight after the stress-free relaxing summer one week into school we get a weeklong break at Manitou camp. Those few first months were not a preview of the rest of the year.

The rest of this year flew by quickly, and I didn't give it another thought. Up until this point, I had no idea how much I had loved this year. I created memories that I'll always cherish. I have met so many new people at different clubs, classes, and sports teams and had so many successes academically and in sports.

Now that the school year is almost over, I find myself thinking about sophomore year. Classes will be more challenging, and I'll feel more pressure than ever to decide what I want to do with my life. I'm up for the task and I'll make sure to work hard while spending lots of time with friends and make memories that I will cherish forever. I want to leave high school knowing that I have a bright future ahead of me and that I can look back knowing that I will be proud of every action that I did. I hope the next three years don't go by in a blink. I will always remember and look up to “No pain, no gain”.

Reflections

from a soon to be senior

By Muriel Lovshin

It's hard to describe the feeling of realizing that you're going to be a senior. Should I be worried, afraid, or ecstatic? Part of me feels like I'm ready to grow and spend the last year with my closest friends and classmates, but part of me still feels like I'm not ready to leave the people I am closest with. I feel as though these people that I have chosen to surround myself with provide me with such happiness and care, that after graduating life just won't feel the same. I know that down the road, I will find other friends that I can connect with and learn from, but it won't be in the same part of my life. I won't experience our first semi-formal or compete over grades or gossip about a teacher again. I won't experience pyjama day or go trick-or-treating or argue over a crush. These friends and people that I have surrounded myself with make me feel so comfortable that I don't feel like being uncomfortable. I think people are afraid not of growing or exploring or discovering; they are just afraid of putting themselves in uncomfortable situations.

However, I believe that putting ourselves in these situations we are afraid of, like traveling to a new country, or asking someone on a date, or simply asking for a little more sugar in your tea, can help you learn and grow so much more.

Likewise, I think part of maturing and growing up is realizing that you will never be ready to leave home, become an adult and fend for yourself. Along the way, you'll start to figure it out. Maybe after you've bought your own car, studied at university, or discovered what you want to do with your life, you'll realize that it will all be okay. It will all balance out, even if it's so much to think about as a junior in high school. And having those worries is important, because it means you care and it means that you yourself are already subconsciously attempting to figure it out. When you start to mature and realize what you like and don't like, how you will live your life to the fullest or even what major you want to study in, you will figure it out. I promise.

Locker's Memory

By: Karina Rathee

13, 31, 5.

A sequence I could open with my eyes closed,
 Numbers that were foreign to me only nine months ago,
 The sequence that opened my barely-backpack-fitting locker,
 Long lost tests left at the top,
 And a mess of once-neat shoes on the bottom,
 Stickers and an old mirror stuck to the door,
 All littered with memories,
 As the year ends,
 The locker is cleaned out,
 And it remains empty once again,
 But memories are embedded in its metal frame,
 All the scratches and dents,
 Are an echo of what had once been,
 Though it was the last time I opened my locker,
 I'll always remember the numbers,

13, 31, 5.

13 31 5

THE WHISPERER 14

The whisperer to end all whisperers

"I am the whisper it was me the entire time"

-Ms. Daurt
★★★★★

The battle raged on and on for hours. Everyone was engaged in merciless warfare with the other side. The red hot itchy worms had crawled out of the sink hole and were fighting alongside Stefan Salvatore. The ants, who were big and strong from all of the milk that they drunk, were throwing boulders. The library vampire, Ms. Diklich had come down from the library and starting grabbing people, sucking the souls out of them and then catalogueing them in the shelves. Even Geraldo, although it wasn't Monday, February 25th on the 385th leap year of the century—and it wasn't a full moon. Geraldo and the rocks still came alive and joined us in the war. Hundreds of once tiny and helpless rocks came alive and threw tentacles in the faces of Chapman soldiers. In a Fight Club-esque manner, I had just destroyed a Chapman soldier when I turned around and found Mr. DesLauriers hiding behind a rock. I sprinted over to him and joined him. I asked him: "Do you want to join the battle?" "Lol, Ha ha, no." He replied. So I walked away to joined to fight side by side with the book club members. Then, for a moment, my whole world blacked out. Darkness had

over-taken the battlefield. Then it cleared away and in the distance I saw a beam of darkness. I knew that at the center was Mr. Chapman.

Getting up from book club, i faced the eldrich beings, the good of deja voo, the god of gray, the god of rome, the god of deja voo i took the free food and jumped out. Ripping through the turf i wiggled, i saw all shapes and sizes, blurs of light, the turn was full of blue(blood is not red due to us needing to stay pg(-mostly)). As i wiggled out i saw above me the function anator, holding his katana with both hands about to make his swing. Closing my eyes and preparing for my death i heard a loud smack. Looking up i saw a large mass on the functionanator, it was bubby mc berston the blubious of the blubywubynubybubys of the bubenstine buberton beach basin in burbminastan. Looking at me i knew what i had to do, i had to drag out this article to have rising action before a grand finale where i would die and lose...(we do things differently in the whisper.). Finally wiggling all the way out i stood up, looking out i saw the fighting all over. In the distance i saw a breakon of darkness,

radiating out. If i was not fast enough it would be to late. Mr chapman would gain ultimate power. With this power he would not stop for anything and take over the world. Imagining a world with mr chapman i shuttered. He would spill just over every book so that when you opened it all the pages would stick and would be hard to read. He would hike gas priced up 5\$. He would charge for water at restaurants. He would make it illigal form eating banana bread on tuesdays. I could stand death, and having no freedom, but i could never stand for not having my weakly banana bread at afternoon tea on tuesdays. Walking forward i was hit by a spray of yellow paint. Looking up i saw miss blinic. Speaking in a deep voice "how dare you challenge mr chapman and his ultimate power". "Miss blinc" i said "why are you fighting me, we need to save the world" "your world" she said "mr chapman has prossimed me wonders you cant even imagine, when mr chapman is king once more, i will lead a cat revelation and take over humanity so that we can reconquore catnista, the home planet of the cats". "Never" i screamed "cats were the villains in the hit 2001 movie cats and dogs and therefore are evil". No said miss blinic that is where you are wrong. I could stand no more of this i trid to get past but the paint had made it to slippery to walk. "And now, its time for you to die" suddenly from behind me yelled a voice "use the fourth, use the fourth", summerusaltng infrom came miss macarthur on a function horse, "art my arch nemesis we meet again" "for the very last time" said miss blinic. Suddenly great changes radiated from her, she was impersoning "i call upon the power of the great artists, salvador

dali, pigaso, goya, vango, the four ninja turtles and will use the power of interpretation" suddenly the world turned black and white, " i have interpereted this world as me. The ground shook. Instead of grass grew hair, the gates became pink and the holes shrank until a solid mass covered all. I now knew what she had done. She had turned the entire turf into miss blinic. Miss blinic laughed as she floated down onto miss blinic. Miss blinic stated "now that i miss blinic has turned the world into miss blinic i will use miss blinic to stop you from getting to chapie" "not if i can help it" screamed miss macarthur reaching behind miss macarthur reached behind her and pulled out a silvery sword. "Behold the sword of math" and with a slash she lunged at miss blinic. Taking the chance i finally crawled out of the paint, and took a break to take a shower. Returning i ran as fast as i could but before i could get there i was hit by something else. Looking up i as a great red figure. Who are you i asked "i am the ghost of the mop" "mop, why have you come back" "to ask you out on a ghost date" "i am cool with that" "cool beans". Then i was punched, looking up i saw a shirtless man with a 67 pack. "Who are you" "i am the embodiment of evil, ap courses" "wrong story you are looking for ap man attack on mars" "oh shoot what story is this" "beats me i cant beleave they acually wrote 14 articles to this trash" "what no way" "yea i have to give it up to them, they got some pretty messed up minds" . anyways i had gotten to the looking in i saw chapman radiating, "DONT TRY TO STOP ME WHISPERER, IT IS TO LATE, ALL PATHS LEAD TO ME, I AM THE BEGINNING AND END, I AM FATED" "no i must stop you" "BUT WHY, I CAN OFFER YOU SOMETHING YOU CAN NOT REFUSE," holding

out his hand he opened his palm inside was a bright orab "I CAN OFFER YOU WHAT YOU HAVE ALWAYS WANTED, THE TRUTH, YOU HAVE SEARCHED YOUR ENTIRE LIFE FOR IT, I WILL GIVE YOU ALL KNOWLAGE, YOU WILL HAVE POWER OVER LIFE AND DEATH ITS SELF, YOU CAN BRING BACK THE MOP, I CAN GIVE YOU THIS AND MUCH MORE. ALL I ASK OF YOU IS TO LET GO. FORGET THESE OTHER TEACHERS, MATH, ENGLISH, SCIENCE, LANGUAGES, ARTS, THEY DO NOT MATTER, TEACHERS DONT MATTER, BAYVIEWGLEN DOES NOT MATTER. I CAN OFFER YOU SOMETHING BETTER, I CAN OFFER YOU POWER" "looking at him he made sense, i could finally know what i wanted, i could finally be happy i held out my hand, "for peace" "FOR PEACE" chapman held out his hand, i reached, i said to him "i have oftern though of my past 20 years at bayviewglen, all the teachers, my friends ratton and geraldo, my assignments, my true love, he was right nothing in that time would be any significance after i graduated, but there is one thing" gripping his hand harder i pulled him in close and whispered in to his ear "even though these event have had no effect, the lessons i learnt and memories i gained will define me for the rest of my life" reaching into my back pocket i pulled out the good mr chapman and pushed it onto the evil mr chapman, trying to let go i was stuck as he would not let go "NOOOO, WhAT hAVE you DONE, THis cAN not bE hApPeNiNg, I WAS al-MoSt pErFiCt", screaming in languages i could not understand, curses from other worlds and eldrech screams that shattered reality " IF I GO DOWN YOU GO DOWN" and in a flash of white light it all when silent, i looked around, witness glowed from every where. Great mist cov-

ered the floor, and nothing was anywhere with everything no where. Then in the distance a figure approached, yellow as the setting sun, as the figure appeared i saw more and more of its features, its jutting limbs, large heard, sharp claws, it was none other that the great bayviewglen griffon, trying to speak i could not, no sound came out, i could hear nothing, yet i spoke not through though but through a 6th sense
Where am i. You are here in the great after, where we go after we graduate. Am i dead. No but pretty close. Are my firends and bayviewglen allright. Yes no need to worry you have made it you may rest. So why me why am i here. You are here to see what you could be. But i see nothing. Not nothing, everything, you still must graduate. But what happens once i graduate. Thats for you to decide, you have spent your whole life searching for the truth, but you have lost sight of the most important truth, that there is no knowing, life is like a river, it goes on and on and we can never stand in it twice, we dont know that will float down, where it will take us, how long or how short, all we can be sure of is that we will get there eventually, and then our time will come. Come for what the end, to join our brethren in the great sea of greatness, where our memories will live on forever in invisible ways, the rocks we shifted in the river, the invisible wrinkles, whose effect none shall know, we have impacted the world in more ways that we can count but we will never know, and we will nev-

er know our greatness. But then what is the point after bayviewglen. The point is what you make of it, you my child can make what ever you want of it, just remember hold true to your self and your values, remember hold true to your past, remember hold true to your inner child, for you may graduate one day, but forever at bayviewglen a part of you will be. And fading the griffon vanished, mist filled the air until i was transported back into the real world, and in my hand i held it, the neutrol chapman, his true form ,the adviser stature in reception.

The statue glowed and quivered and a white aura lifted from its head, then settled on Ms. Fenili's shoulders. The meighen soul settled into place like a crown on her head, and she smiled. With the authority of Meighen behind her, she said "beards. Come hither" and mr. winson's beard and mr. gray's beard had no choice but to come hither. They came hither and looked each other in the eye. And in a moment between heartbeats, the two brothers said "i forgive you" and merged into one, neutral mega-beard. "It is done" said Ms. Fenili as the beard settled, taking up its new post as guardian of Bayview GLen.

Ms. Fenili said: "I will now grant my power and soul to someone who rules benevolently." The blue glowing orb containing her powers moved out of her and into the new benevolent leader.

"Thank you, with this new power I will bring my students donuts." He said. "Unfortunately I have to go, school starts in five minutes!" And using his newfound powers, floated away back to Bayview Glen.

Ms. Fenili turns back to me. Shafts of sunlight are falling through the leaves, settling a cloak of light across her shoulders. The air seems to shimmer around her, a shower of sparks,

alive and viridescent with the new-balanced Meighen soul.

"Now remains the final question," she says, "What is to come, of Ms. Dybala?"

The Princess of Alaskan Cheese steps down from her chariot, and the battle-hardened rigidity slips from her shoulders like a mantle discarded.

"What has always come," says Ms. Dybala solemnly. "I tire of bloodshed, I tire of war. From the beginning my heart was tied to cheese, and to the end it always will be. I depart in search of cheese, and the adventures found within cheese. You will not find me in this realm or the next, or in the spiral of the flowers or the weeping of the rain, but know this," she says, and sweeps her gaze across the field, "I will always be here. May you find your cheese, as I will find mine."

And with a tired elegance, the Princess of Alaskan Cheese steps into the Relaxi Taxi and out of our lives, swooping towards the cities waiting in the skies, the dreams hiding in the clouds.

We all watch her departure, and as the flapping of the monkeys' wings fades, the disc of the sun takes on a paler, yellower glow. Almost like a wheel of cheddar, turning in the sky.

Ms. Fenili faces the sun, and with a sadness in her voice, says, "We thank you for your service, Whisperer. We are ever in your debt. If there is anything you want, we will grant it for you."

And none of the usual desires or heady fantasies balloon in my head, no grand adventures ignite the stage of my imagination. Instead, a quiet yearning takes seed in my heart, a gentle tug pulling at my breast.

"I'd like—" A warm fire, a close friend.

"—to go home."

Ms. Fenili waves her hand and I'm spiralling through the air, a trail of spangling stardust bliss, and then it's over and I'm on the back deck, the gnarled wood pressing a rough greeting into my feet and the scent of pines breathing a welcome into the air. The sun is sinking behind the trees and birds are settling in their nests, and the whole place seems to say, welcome, welcome home.

And then an actual voice comes from behind me: "Whisperer!" and I turn and it's Raton and I run to his arms and throw myself around him, my best friend, my partner-in-crime, my companion and my brother-in-arms.

"I'm so happy you're here," he says through muffled tears.

"So am I," I say. "So am I."

We sit on the edge of the deck, dangling our legs in the melting pools of sunlight, as we reminisce upon our adventures. An hour passes, and the sky turns and the clouds ebb and froth and the stars blink on in the twilight.

"Do you ever wonder," I say to Raton, "what would have happened if I never noticed Geraldo in the sinkhole all those years ago?"

"Even We shudder to consider it," a voice carries on the wind, and in front of us materialize three luminous Gods, three pure beings of light.

Sue Zann. Eyes Loves You. Justin Time. The wind whispers their names to us.

"You have saved this world, and the many worlds beyond," says Sue Zann. "Had you not stopped Mr. Chapman, a reign of darkness would have fallen across the universes, and even We would not have been able to stop him."

"Your cleverness has saved us all," says Justin Time.

"For this," says Eyes Love You, and a cloud of fireflies buzzes around his temples, "we grant you the greatest blessing we can grant: the ability to graduate from Grade 9 to 10."

A blast of power surges through my veins, and the world tips and rights itself before me. "We cannot exist in this realm for long," says Justin Time, "but before we go—" Each of the Gods whispers before dissolving into a cloud of dust:

"Thank you

"Thank you

"Thank you

And they're gone. The shadows lengthen, the world tilts on its axis, the stars rise and the sun sets, and the constellations settle into place.

"I forgive you," another numinous voice says, and I turn to find Constantine Vrachas Matthaaios, Editor-in-Chief, with his head bowed and his hands splayed.

"You have broken into all our houses, kidnapped all our editors, stole all our money and committed egregious tax fraud, but you have saved us. I am in your debt, and so are all of us." His posture uncurls, and he fixes me with an expectant look. Before I can respond, he continues, "As a thank you—come with me. I am going to U of T, and you have more than earned a rightful place there. Think of all the adventures you could have, the mysteries you could uncover! You deserve it all."

And as his words paint the air with excitement and life, I find the same strange, melancholy contentedness rises to the surface of my heart.

"I've had enough adventure," I say, not without a hint of sadness. "Thank you,

though.”

Constantine just smiles and says, “As you wish,” and then he disappears into the night, into the folds of shadow and moonlight enshrouding the future.

So Raton and I sit on the deck, soaking in the starlight and warmth, and he turns to ask me, “Do you really mean it? I mean, when you said you’ve had enough adventure?”

I lean against his shoulder and stare at the great expanse of starlight. Eons away, a star dies in a shower of dust, and a star bursts to life.

“I think I did,” I say, watching the universe play out across itself. “I’ve had enough adventure.” The stars watch on, and I feel a coy smile uncurling on my face.

“For now.”

Authors’ Notes

Hay bayviewglen, its your favorite conspiracy theorist, yes you never would have guessed i was apart of it, unless you were there when we loudly discussed it in class or at lunch. The whisperer was rally fun, joking around with friends and wmaking fun of crescent(what losers). But more seriously i really enjoyed making the whisper, it was a real way of getting out of stress, just writing the first thing that came to mind and trying things that i would otherwise not try, i beleave it was tiger woods who once said “harry potter i am your father”. If you read all 14 articles, good for you drop by my lock after school its number 49 to receive your prize. I am surprised how some how the whispere is the longest series article in the newspaper, i think we are literally like the most consistent writers. Dang. well it was fun while it lasted, and i do hope that you enjoyed the ride. Oh and just to say, we never finished this on time, i am literally writing this up at 2:40 am 8 hours before my english isp, presentation, dang. Anyways, all things end, and i guess this is where i take my final bow until our paths meet again.

-Christopher Cha

Since I am close friends with Connie and Christopher, I knew who wrote this magnificently terrible story from the beginning. I was enchanted by the early Whisperer articles and tried my best to decipher the clues at the end of each (although most times I would just enter the clues into google). Thrilled by how much I loved the Whisperer, Christopher and Connie asked me to join and I have been a co-writer ever since. My two favourite things to do in each Whisperer article are to include references to stories that I love and to draw inspiration from real life. For example, I have included a lot of Lost references in the Whisperer. Lost is an absolutely incredible TV Show, that I would highly recommend. Throughout the last seven Whisperer articles, there are probably upwards of ten different references. The red hot itchy worms that walk around the sinkhole in the parking lot are straight from A Hero’s Guide to Deadly Dragons, the sixth book in the How to Train Your Dragon Series. Stefan Salvatore is from the brief period of time that I watched The Vampire Diaries. My second favourite thing to add into the Whisperer is references to events that have actually happened in real life. For example, Mr. DesLauriers has actually said most of his dialogue in the Whisperer. My favourite one being: “ha ha, no.” We also drew a lot of inspiration from Ms. McArthur’s pre-AP Advanced Functions class. For everyone who hasn’t met Dug yet, get excited! But most of all, I loved working with my friends on this project. It was a great bonding experience and it allowed us to share or deepest/craziest thoughts with each other. Overall, it was one of my favourite experiences in high school.

-Samantha Sedran

On a fateful April day in 2021, The Whisperer was born in the recesses of Christopher Cha's mind. From that point to June, Christopher and I laid the foundations for this groundbreaking series. Back then we had no plan, no sense of direction, and I still edited Christopher's writing for grammar and spelling before I realized it was funnier if I just left it like that. (wait what, you never edited my spelling-christopher)

In September 2022, Samantha Sedran asked to join us, and with a third writer on our team, the Whisperer flourished (or spread. like a disease. it depends on your perspective(i like to think of the whisper as cholera or tuberculosis-christopher)).

The Whisperer may have been my favourite part of my duties at The Writer's Block. It provided such a silly and stress-free outlet to spin crazy tales (like that time i made fun of crescent, so worth it-christopher), and plus, it's fun to imagine our teachers living double lives as warmongering queens, witches, and gods. To those teachers who let us include them: Thank you. We hope you're flattered. Mr Chapman, if you're reading this: We never viewed you as a tyrannical overlord (i liked to think you were secretly a tyrannical overlord and you just hid it-christopher), you were one of our favourite teachers.

I am so grateful to have been a part of this landmark, Nobel Prize-winning series, and I will miss it dearly when I'm at university. (Though I'm sure UofT has a student newspaper I can join...)

As for who wrote which sections, we'll leave that for the future historians to figure that out. We don't want to rob them of all the fun.

-Constantine Vrachas Matthaios

P.S, be ware. the lizards are looking (you must use the gnomes to protect you-christopher)

The Writer's Block
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