

Issue 1

Initiation

December 2023



The writer's BLOCK

featuring:

A Siren's Sorrow

Midnight

Formula 1
in Sin City

Commemorating
the Whisperer

and more...

december issue

The **table of** CONTENTS

4 — *Meet Our Team* —

6 — *Editors' Notes* —

9 — *News* —

10 — *Formula 1 in Sin City* —

16 — *Opinions* —

17 — *The Top Ten Elements
of the Periodic Table* —

cont'd...

— *Joke Column* — 20

— *Creative Pieces* — 21

— *Midnight* — 22

— *A Siren's Sorrow* — 23

— *Commemorating* — 27
the Whisperer

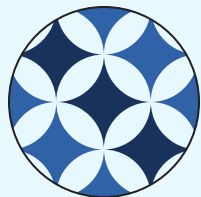
meet OUR team



Julia Apitz-Grossman
Co-Editor in Chief



Isabella Io
Co-Editor in Chief



Jiajia Jiang
Designer



Lukas Rubenyan
Writer



Sirin Sen
Designer



Naomi Low
Writer



Athena Basiratnia
Writer, Editor



Iman Jafrani
Editor



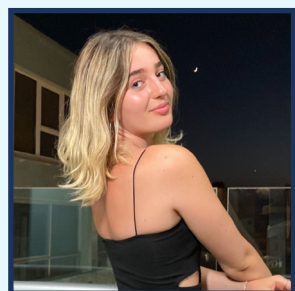
Anushka Yoganathan
Writer

the editors'

NOTES ...

IT IS HARD TO BELIEVE THAT another year has flown by, and that this one will be my last at Bayview Glen. When I first joined the Writer's Block back in Grade 9, I would never have thought I would be here today, putting together my first editor's note as a Co-Head. Over my high school journey, there have been countless ups and downs, ends and beginnings, but this club has been a consistency that I am truly grateful for. The satisfaction of

hitting that last period key, sitting back, and reading a finished piece of work is incomparable, and if not for this club, I wouldn't have discovered my love for writing. I hope to ignite this passion in as many young minds at our school as possible. Reading this month's articles, I was extremely impressed by the talent of our community, and I hope you all enjoy reading the December issue as much as I did.



Sincerely,

Julia Apitz-Grossman
Co-Editor in Chief

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, being driven to skating or math lessons by my parents, I'd always press my face to the backseat window and peer out at the passing lights flying by. Each one symbolized an unfamiliar life; a mind, story, idea or experience I didn't know about. I wondered about them, and growing up, the curiosity didn't end. I sought answers in the others' writings. It brought me to the student newspaper;

each article I read or wrote would always bring me knowledge, joy, laughter. And, now, stepping into the shoes of Co-Head, I hope we can help give that back to this community - one with so much talent and potential, it would have astonished my childhood self. Seeing the strength and creativity of Bayview Glen's students in a newfound light, as a curator of its knowledge, truly inspires me - and, reader, I am sure it'll inspire you, too.

Best regards,

Isabella Io
Co-Editor in Chief



We owe so much thanks to the people, executive team and creative minds alike, who built this club up from its foundations. Especially to Constantine Vrachas Matthaios, our former Editor-in-Chief, who is now tracing his future path at the University of Toronto – we wish him luck from the pages.

Our writers have assembled a plethora of pieces for the year's first issue, among them a harrowing yet profound tale of heartbreak; a poem about cherishing moments of peace in a dark night; a heart-pounding play-by-play of the recent Las Vegas Formula One; and an assertive ranking of the ten best chemical elements. From our polished team of writers, editors, and graphics designers,

we hope you enjoy.

news —————

WINNERS AND LOSERS OF THE 2023 FORMULA 1

LAS VEGAS GRAND PRIX:

By Naomi Low

WHO GAMBLLED ON THE JACKPOT IN SIN CITY?

This past November, the most lavish sport of all time met **THE BRIGHTEST AND MOST WELL FAMED CITY IN THE WORLD: LAS VEGAS**. The international auto racing series, often dubbed “the pinnacle of motorsport”, was put to the test in America as cutting edge technology, extreme precision, aerodynamics, teamwork, and masterful engineering were pushed to their maximum potential. Often, we see drivers who do not take the trophy at the end of the race still walk away from the weekend with something to celebrate, whether this be points, a better understanding of the car, or a place made up in the championship standings. As always, in light of **A DRAMATIC ENDING** to the 2023 Formula 1 Las Vegas Grand Prix and yet another win for Max Verstappen’s Team, the cutthroat race to the checkered flag has yielded many overall winners as well as many drivers who regrettably deem Vegas a weekend to forget.

1. MAX VERSTAPPEN - WINNER

Perhaps Formula 1’s most obvious winner was the Flying Dutchman, who charged through the 2-hour race following an unexpected 5-second race penalty after pushing the Ferrari Monegasque driver, Charles Leclerc, promptly off the track in the race’s first turn. On lap 16, the three-time world champion notified his engineer of severe tire degradation on his medium compound tire and was consequently overtaken by Leclerc on his way to the pits. Serving the time penalty in his first stop, Verstappen fell to 11th place, momentarily losing his lead but inevitably gaining it back by the 37th lap, further demonstrating the incredible speed of the RB 19, especially at Las Vegas’ new, constantly evolving track. Verstappen enjoyed some clean and friendly-spirited wheel-to-wheel battles with former childhood competitor and five-time Formula 1 race winner Charles Leclerc. Ultimately, though the Dutch driver lamented before Sunday about the theatrics of the entire Vegas weekend, Verstappen reflected on having “a lot of fun” during the race as he claimed his 18th win of the season.

2. LANCE STROLL - WINNER

The Canadian Aston Martin Driver gave a pleasantly surprising and relieving performance the weekend of the race. After a disappointing qualifying on Saturday, unable to scrape out of Q1 and landing 19th on the starting grid, Lance Stroll finished P5. He scored 10 points for his team and astonishingly finished well ahead of his two-time championship-winning teammate, Fernando Alonso. An encouraging result for his team, Lance confidently walked away from

the Vegas weekend able to make up 14 grid positions, receiving outpouring support from his sister Chloe Stroll, who appeared in the AM garage on race night.

3. CHECO PÉREZ - WINNER

After a horrific string of DNFs and disappointing results in his last six races, Sergio Pérez scored a well-fought third place in the race's final lap. Despite starting on the hard compound tire in cold Vegas temperatures, Pérez showed an incredible and consistent pace throughout the race. Managing to keep his laps clean and avoid contact with any other drivers, he

recovered from his fall to 18th place during the virtual safety car brought out in the 2nd lap of the race, which was caused by debris from contact by Bottas and Alonso during the beginning of the race. In the last couple of laps, Pérez fought an intense battle with Charles Leclerc for P2, with the latter driver stealing back 2nd place in the final moments of the Grand Prix. Even though Checo lost out on a couple of points in the race, it was an enthusiastic and triumphant return to the podium for the Mexican driver as he sealed P2 in the driver's championship that week, earning his team a fantastic Red-bull 1-2 result.



4. LANDO NORRIS - LOSER

The McLaren driver had a disheartening qualifying result of only 15th place. On lap 3 of the Grand Prix, he crashed out, bringing out a safety car as his MCL60 ran into the side area of the track and into the barriers, ending his race prematurely. According to Andrea Stella, McLaren Team Principal, the shunt was caused by a raised section of track that caught the floor of Norris' McLaren, causing him to lose control of his car and spin out in a kick of flames. Upset F1 fans have criticized crucial errors in the structural layout of the Vegas track, raising significant concerns about driver safety and unjustly applied penalties. Luckily, Norris was discharged from the medical center with no serious injuries and later took to Instagram to reassure worried fans. Overall, it was an unfortunate DNF for the British driver at the hands of a situation he could not have foreseen or controlled, especially after an impressive streak of podiums in the last handful of races.

5. CARLOS SAINZ JR. - LOSER

After sharing the golf course with fellow driver Lando Norris and winning the Netflix Golf Cup earlier that weekend, Carlos would unfortunately not go on to achieve a deserved victory in his primary discipline that Sunday. Sainz's SF23 sustained extensive damage in Friday's eventful FPI after hitting the top of a raised drain cover at a speed above 300kph. The car required many additional parts to repair the floor and underbody. However, due to the replacement of crucial gears in his vehicle to resolve the damage, the FIA handed him an infraction of a ten-place grid penalty for the additional repairs made

to the car, leaving the Spaniard in “disbelief”. His team quickly appealed this penalty, arguing that their driver should not be penalized for a safety issue caused by the stewards’ ignorance and track marshals’ insensibility. Sympathizing with Sainz, the track stewards agreed that the penalty was quite harsh, and they would even overlook the incident as they bore the primary responsibility for the accident; however, the strict rules of the FIA would not permit them to do so. Causing further dismay, even though the Ferrari driver placed an excellent 2nd position behind his teammate, Leclerc, in qualifying on Saturday, he was sent to P12 on the grid on Sunday to start alongside Red Bull driver, Checo Pérez.

6. CHARLES LECLERC - A WINNER AND A LOSER

You win some, you lose some. It is said that 2nd place is the most contemptible position in Formula 1. The 26-year-old Ferrari driver bet it all on red that weekend, and it is safe to say that while he did not take home the Jackpot, he can be proud of his efforts, scoring a P2 behind 2023 world champion Max Verstappen. After working his one-lap magic in an exciting qualifying on Saturday, Leclerc lined up first on the grid on Sunday, eager to finally convert a well-earned pole position into a win. However, after being pushed off the track by fellow driver Verstappen in the race’s first turn, the Monegasque driver was quick to the radio in demanding that the position be given back as it was unfairly taken in the beginning. Refusing to listen to the driver’s request, the stewards did not insist Verstappen give back the position; instead, they served the Dutch driver with a five-second penalty at a pitstop during the race. Through shaky sectors and low temperatures in the race, Leclerc recovered to 2nd place, overtaking Pérez’s Redbull in the final lap to end his race

behind Verstappen. While tensions were high on the track, Charles and Max’s inspiring sportsmanship was exemplified as Max immediately went to the Ferrari driver after the race to apologize for how he impeded Leclerc in turn 1. Laughing it off and putting the incident behind them, the drivers shared the podium that night in good spirits as champagne sprayed, fireworks flew, and fond memories were made. It was a testament to the long-lasting camaraderie, respect, and friendship between Charles and Max, as they acknowledged their relationship was tremendously more important than any first place trophy.

OVERALL, it was an unexpectedly eventful race and an even more eventful weekend. While there were many critical bumps of error in the weekend’s Grand Prix, Vegas inevitably proved to hold the exciting potential to host many more future races and become a historical city where F1 can leave its mark. Looking ahead to the final race of the season taking place in Abu Dhabi at the end of November, drivers had to buckle down and prepare themselves for the last event of the 2023 Formula 1 year. Luckily, the drivers didn’t manage to get themselves into too much trouble in the clubs and casinos that week. However, I am sure some truly sensational stories were kept out of the press by the tireless work of Formula 1 PR Staff and administration personnel. Who can blame them? All the drivers have walked away from the weekend with their share of stories to tell, but I’m certain the best ones will remain secrets.

AFTER ALL, WHAT HAPPENS IN VEGAS STAYS IN VEGAS...



MY TOP 10 FAVOURITE ELEMENTS OF THE PERIODIC TABLE

Lukas Rubenyan

1. Oxygen, O.

Oxygen has got to be one of my favourite elements, because of the whole “necessary for survival” thing. I, personally, am a huge fan of breathing and being alive, which puts this element at the top of my list.

2. Mercury, Hg.

Mercury. A silvery metal that’s liquid at room temperature, perfect to play with. So what if it’s “toxic” and “harmful to human life”? Mercury is still pretty darn cool. Who wouldn’t want to play with a liquid metal?

3. Silicon, Si.


I like computers. You like computers. Who doesn’t like computers? Silicon, a metalloid, is used in computer chips for its semiconductive properties. It is also the 8th most abundant element in the universe, which is cool.

4. Hydrogen, H

I don’t have many opinions about hydrogen. Sure, it’s in water and many other things that prevent us from dying, but I never really cared for it. Until... I found out that it is a key part of the chemical composition of SUCROSE (sugar). And do you know what you mix with tomatoes, vinegar, spices, and salt to make an incredibly tasty beverage? SUGAR. Therefore, this element deserves this position.

5. Carbon, C

Admittedly, this probably should have been pushed up the list by a few spots, considering the fact that it makes up all life on this planet. The real reason why I remembered to add this element to the list is because it is also found in sucrose. Sucrose, as you may have guessed, is found in ketchup. Ketchup, as you must know, is delicious.



16 Sources

6. Sodium, Na

With similar reasoning to hydrogen, sodium chloride is present in the most delicious beverage I have ever laid my lips upon. Sodium is also necessary for human survival, which is cool too, I suppose.

7. Chlorine, Cl

Chlorine is also present in sodium chloride, which means that it is present in the most incredible beverage I have ever tasted. Chlorine, when in gas form, is highly dangerous. Chlorine gas was first used as a weapon in 1915, and is currently considered illegal to use in war.

8. Uranium, U

Uranium is a radioactive element. Uranium-238 has a half-life of 1016 years. Uranium used to be considered useless, and it was frequently found in a byproduct of mining known as pitchblende. When people began to discover the uses and properties of uranium, all the pitchblende that was thrown away without a care suddenly skyrocketed in value. People would drink uranium-enriched water in the hopes that it would cure cancer and make them healthier. 38% of the world's uranium is mined in Kyrgyzstan.

9. Helium, He

To be completely transparent with you, the reader, I want to clarify that the only reason why I picked helium is because it has a funny symbol.

He he he. Helium also makes you sound funny when you inhale it, due to the fact that inhaling helium causes the sound waves created by your voice to travel in a different way, making your voice sound different while still maintaining the same frequency. Inhaling too much helium can also kill you.

10. Phosphorus, P

This is a really cool element that can glow in the dark. White phosphorus, one of the allotropes of phosphorus, glows in the dark through a reaction with oxygen known as chemiluminescence. White phosphorus is also used in wars, as it is incredibly flammable. Red phosphorus is used in matches. This element would beat helium in the rankings, but I have misspelt the word "phosphorus" too many times to count.

National Center for Biotechnology Information. "PubChem Compound Summary for CID 977, Oxygen". PubChem, <https://pubchem.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/compound/Oxygen>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Britannica, The Editors of Encyclopaedia. "carbon". Encyclopedia Britannica, 30 June 2023, <https://www.britannica.com/science/carbon-chemical-element>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Britannica, The Editors of Encyclopaedia. "helium". Encyclopedia Britannica, 20 October 2023, <https://www.britannica.com/science/helium-chemical-element>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

National Center for Biotechnology Information. "PubChem Compound Summary for CID 23931, Mercury". PubChem, <https://pubchem.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/compound/Mercury>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Wikipedia contributors. "Silicon". Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 November 2023. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Silicon> . Accessed 12 November 2023.

Wikipedia contributors. "Sucrose". Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 27 October 2023. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Sucrose>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Wikipedia contributors. "Ketchup". Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 6 November 2023. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Ketchup> . Accessed 12 November 2023.

Wikipedia contributors. "Chlorine". Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 November 2023. <https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Chlorine> . Accessed 12 November 2023.

Wikipedia contributors. "Phosphorus". Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia. Wikipedia, The Free Encyclopedia, 12 November 2023. Web. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Britannica, The Editors of Encyclopaedia. "spontaneous fission". Encyclopedia Britannica, 2 May 2016, <https://www.britannica.com/science/spontaneous-fission>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Morss, Lester. "uranium". Encyclopedia Britannica, 22 September 2023, <https://www.britannica.com/science/uranium>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

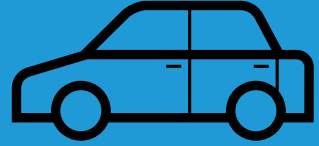
Santos, Lucy Jane. Half Lives: The Unlikely History of Radium. Pegasus Books, 2021.
Britannica, The Editors of Encyclopaedia. "pitchblende". Encyclopedia Britannica, 20 March 2019, <https://www.britannica.com/science/pitchblende>. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Montgomery, Craig. "Why Does Inhaling Helium Make One's Voice Sound Strange?" Scientific American, 18 August 2013, www.scientificamerican.com/article/why-does-inhaling-helium/. Accessed 12 November 2023.

Jokes

ATHENA BASIRATNIA

Did you hear about what happened to the wooden car?



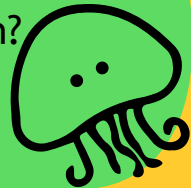
It wooden go.

What do you call friends you like to eat with?



Tastebuds.

What do mermaids wash their fins with?



Tide.

What part of a computer never stops working?



The keyboard. It has 2 shifts.

creative
pieces

Midnight

ANUSHKA
YOGANATHAN

I'm the most creative at midnight
When the rest of the world has gone to bed
And I relish in the silence around me
Because it's when I can hear myself think
When I can take a deep breath and hear it
And pay attention to the way the air conditioner gently blows on my skin
And the way my glasses gently weigh on my nose
And the way my hair caresses the back of my neck

It's when I can feel my creativity unfurling like the wings of a newly
emerged butterfly
When I am unafraid to be vulnerable and messy because nobody is around to
see it
When I can truly take time for myself, time to create and just be
Be with myself, with my thoughts, process my emotions
Innovate, create, build, destroy

Like I've been possessed by a spell of creativity
My tiredness goes away and I am awake, so awake
And the words flow out of me like blood from a deep wound
Because I'm pouring my heart out to my computer, so in a way that's true
Because I'm the most creative at midnight

A Siren's Sorrow

Athena Basiratnia

Liebestraum No. 3 (*Love Dream*) - Liszt

It was her job to lure them, trick them, and consume them as a snack. It was by no means to fall in love with them.

She didn't know when exactly her newfound feelings had begun, but drowning men and biting into their porous flesh no longer gave her the enjoyment it used to. Although it was the source of her nutrition, she had become fascinated with the humans and their lives.

From her jagged rocks, she could see oncoming ships illuminated by the moon and stars. She would stay up all night after the others were asleep, lying on the cold surface, watching the shadowy ship on the horizon. At first, it was difficult to suppress the urge to go near. To see the humans up close. The very ones whose brothers and fathers' bones were lost at the depths of the sea.

No, it would be too cruel knowing that they would be murdered next.

However, one night, as a ship was floating close, the moonlight aligned in such a way that revealed a path directly to it through the ocean water.

'It must be a sign, finally, an excuse to end my curiosity.'

She plunged into the freezing water and swam swiftly, closely following the bright, glimmering path. Through the hazy water, she spotted the ship's hull and approached it cautiously. She waited a few moments, straining to hear distorted voices through the water, and slowly lifted her head above.

Lanterns were lit, but not many people were present. She slowly rippled backwards, eyes unmoving from her focus point.

She saw a young man, seemingly swabbing the deck, but muttering songs under his breath. He looked around, reassuring himself that everyone was asleep, then busted into a small dance. He hummed his own rhythm and moved his whole body in an enthusiastic groove. It was unlike any she'd ever seen before.

She smiled. As he continued his little song and dance, spins and jumps, she admired him. His freedom, his emotions, and everything else that defined him as human.

Then he slipped on the wet deck, hitting his head on the wooden mast.

She giggled.

Startled, he spun around searching for the origin of the voice, and almost tripped again.

She slipped underwater, an immediate reaction, terror and embarrassment coursing through her.

He located the splash and waited for a moment, in awe, hoping for something to reveal itself. By then, she was long gone in the salt spray of the ocean. Maybe he had just been hearing things.

In the foggy morning dew, the other sirens woke her up early for splendid news. A ship was approaching! She shared their vicious excitement, acting as if she hadn't already known the night before.

The sirens prepared their song, voices harmonizing, thick with malice. The sailors became captivated and curious, lowering their rowboats to approach them.

One was rowed in a methodic rhythm by the bright young sailor. She swam silently through the foamy waves toward him.

She emerged into the mist atop the water's surface, and leaned her arms on his rowboat. He backed away in sudden terror, then, as she smiled at him, he cautiously moved closer.

She sang softly, careful not to show her sharp teeth, and was surprised when he grinned in recognition.

"You're the girl who's been watching me," he whispered.

'He knows. He remembers me. He must love me,' she thought.

Her face lit up in glee. This love was different from all the others who had felt for her before. This one is genuine and real, she knows it.

"You're a wonderful dancer." She tilted her head, reminiscing the moment.

A chilled breeze flew past. "Maybe I shall dance with you someday. We could dance together, forever."

A sense of hope and longing filled her mind. "Then you would sail to the ends of the world to find me? So we could be reunited? Yes?"

He approached her softly, eyes fluttering, "I'd walk the plank and sink into the ocean with a cannon to be with you."

She cupped his cheek with her damp hand, bringing her lips close to his ear.

"Then row back to your ship quickly before you become their lunch."

It took a few moments for her words to sink in, and when it did, he was scrambling to get away.

He listened to their agonized screams as the other sailors were being dragged and scraped. Some just jumped from the ship on their own accord. He watched as crimson spread among the water, and their cries for help were muffled as they drowned.

He looked back to her with terror, and she smiled sweetly, watching him disappear in the mist.

He looked back a second time, and she was gone.

She stayed hungry that night, begging for scraps from the others. While the other sirens swam with satisfied bellies, she was floating with an empty stomach, but a full heart.

They scolded her and laughed menacingly, blamed her for losing a meal.

In light of this, the gods cursed her. How dare she turn back on the gifts and powers they bestowed upon her? Letting a human free on purpose was unheard of and utterly disrespectful.

Where she lay on her rocks that night, the splashing ripples became stronger and larger. The harsh claps of the waves against rocks grew louder, and the putrid smell of blood and salt became intense. The tides worked to suck her in, filling her gills and mouth with a choking amount of water. The currents held heavy pressure on her, moving her around the ocean forcefully. She finally fell unconscious from the weight of the sea, her limbs going pale and numb.

The next time she awoke was from a sudden shortness of breath. Her eyes adjusted to direct sunlight as she coughed and struggled to take in air. Her body felt clammy, like a fish out of water. She felt around on soft sand and used her sore arms to sit up.

Suddenly, she gasped deeply. Her breath came in rapid huffs.

In place of her rigid, scaly tail were now two heavy human legs. She struggled and agonized, trying to move them through the air instead of dense water. Through many failed attempts, she learned to stand, regained her enchanting voice, and created a dress from thin floating fabrics on the shore.

'My skin doesn't feel right,' she brooded.

It was dry and rough as opposed to wet and slick.

'Maybe I should return to the water. I don't feel right here.'

She stepped closer to the oncoming tide, expecting a rush of relief through her newfound toes. Instead, she was severely burned. She yelped and stumbled away, burying her reddened feet in the sand.

She tried once more. And again. Far too many times to count.

The ocean rejected her every time, returned her skin with acetic burns and torn-off flesh. The sun that was once rising now set into its slumber. She longed for the water and her previous life as she looked up at the unchanging moon. With the loss of all her will, she lay on the sand and heaved with sobs.

She screamed and exerted her voice, though it no longer sounded alluring, but hopeless.

Tears burned her eyes and streaked her face, but she continued to wail in anguish. Some cries were for the burning physical pain, but most for her lost home.

If her family cast her out, then who would bring her in? Would the humans accept her into their lives?

Her face lit up when she remembered the young sailor. A small sliver of hope.

Her sailor.

He said he would come back. He said he would find her. She'll have someone to truly love.

With that passion in her mind, she stayed at the edge of the water, eyes searching for a ship that might contain him. Some nights she would imagine them dancing together on the sand, twirling around in joy.

But most nights, she would imagine the moment when he finally finds her, his arms spread around her in a warm embrace.

Multiple nights passed

It could have been weeks, months, or years. She stopped keeping track.

Her hair had become coarse with the spray of salt and her skin bumpy from the recovering burns.

Out of touch with all feelings and sensations for so long, she would often dip her fingers in the sea just to feel the stinging aches.

She reminisced on the lonely but calming nights sitting on her rocks. The understanding and familiarity she had with her siren sisters, and most of all, the atmosphere beneath the sea.

Her hair had become coarse with the spray of salt and her skin bumpy from the recovering burns. Out of touch with all feelings and sensations for so long, she would often dip her fingers in the sea just to feel the stinging aches.

She reminisced on the lonely but calming nights sitting on her rocks. The understanding and familiarity she had with her siren sisters, and most of all, the atmosphere beneath the sea.

She stopped crying, as she ran out of tears long ago, but she didn't stop calling for the sailor, hoping the wind carried her voice to him.

Occasionally, villagers would talk about echoes of faint singing.

She became the focus of stories of those who saw a glimpse of her by the shore.

A woman, eyes trained to watch the horizon, and voice strained, singing for her lost sailor.

COMMEMORATING THE WHISPERER

OBITUARY

The Whisperer, (████ - June 2, 2023) has “unfortunately” passed away in his childhood home in the Don Valley. The Whisperer was educated at Bayview Glen Independent School. He was active in community activities and a writer for the local newspaper. He had been about to graduate from Grade 9 before his passing. His last moments were spent peacefully at the end of an adventure he lived for; with █████, doing █████, as those who were near him all know he loved. It will be a sorrowful time...for very few...to hear this news. His ashes were scattered across the Lower School soccer field, mingled with those of his (by far) better half, the mop (previously being a ghost, but has taken corporeal form in her quest to find eternal peace). He is survived by his closest friends, Raton the Vole, Geraldo, and █████.

The Whisperer was “beloved” by all his associates at Writer’s Block, and we are devastated to know that our articles will nevermore be hijacked blessed by his “incredible” additions. He was a prolific and inventive writer, the sort with a mind that is rare to find in the world today ~~for good reason~~. Not only that, he was (actively involved in coercion, abduction and the criminal underworld of the Bayview Glen community) one that proved an inspiration and spiritual guide for future writers traversing his dark, demonic and very much unadvised path. Perhaps there is only one way to put into words what the Whisperer meant to us - in his own, utterly original writing.

‘I took a deep breath, and began: “Four score and seven years ago Doreen Hopkins brought forth on this continent a new school, conceived in the core values of respect, responsibility, compassion, integrity, equity and balance. (Lincoln, 23) This is our finest hour. We must join 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 and lower school, we shall fight with growing confidence and growing strength in the valley, we shall defend our 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, (Churhcill, 39) Because you are the Special. And so am I. And so is everyone. (Brickwoksi,12)”’ [sic]

- *Whisperer 13: The ultimate penultimate pen*, P. 28-29

A funeral service will be held at █████ on █████. To those wishing to honour his memory, they may write to █████.

OFFICIAL STATEMENTS

Guild of Bayview Glen Editors; June 5, 2023. 12:43 PM.

Our state of emergency has ended. The perpetrator of several alleged accounts of unlawful violation and misconduct against the Editing Community is confirmed to be neutralised. He faces a posthumous trial for aggravated assault, larceny, kidnapping for servitude, unauthorised entry, tax evasion, and crimes against morality, amongst others. Additional issues are unlikely to be published; public notice will be sent out in the case of further emergency lockdown of services. Having sent the Community into a now-resolved disarray, we are endeavouring to repair the damage that has been done through seeking financial reparation from his close relatives. One of our former editors, also known as The Editor, previous holder of the position Chairman of the Editor High Circle, has been recovered from underneath the floorboards of a Bayview Glen classroom. He is in convalescence in Nurse Annie’s office across the road.

TRIBUTE INTERVIEW

We have interviewed many people closest to him to explain his cultural “significance”.

Sue Zann and Eyes Love You are in today to talk about The Whisperer, and the legacy he left behind. Unfortunately, Doald Trump and Ms. Dybala, Princess of Alaskan Cheese and inventor of the Relaxi Taxi, were both unavailable for comment.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: So, Sue Zann, what would you say is the most culturally significant aspect of the Whisperer’s existence?

Sue Zann: Well, what I do know is that he was not culturally significant in the slightest. Nothing he did affected the world positively.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Wow, you put it incredibly well. I agree with you on that point.

So, what would you say is the most important thing to remember about the Whisperer?

Sue Zann: I believe that the most important thing to remember about the Whisperer is that while he was not a force to be reckoned with, he is also not invulnerable. Even the most powerful people have weaknesses, and [REDACTED FOR SAFETY] was his.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: That’s a great point. Well, folks, you heard it here first! The Whisperer’s weakness is [REDACTED FOR SAFETY]! We mustn’t forget that he wasn’t invincible! Don’t we all feel happy and secure knowing this information in case he ever comes back to life again, which he won’t?

Sue Zann: Yes, interviewer, I agree, asterisk. Let her improvise at this part but make sure to keep the metre stick no more than a metre away, edit this section later, put more stuff for Sue Zann to say that’s different than Eyes Love You’s script, asterisk. Quotation mark, I can’t think of more stuff to put in this section I am too tired and I can’t believe I still have to look at one more piece of garbage that mentions my abductor’s name. I never wanted to be his editor. Edit later, end the interview around here, and get a believable cut, quotation mark.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: You weren’t supposed to read from the script for that part! It said to improvise. Now improvise. Justin Time, give Sue Zann another helping of the metre stick.

Justin Time: nooooooooooooo SUE ZANN

Let’s cut that out later. Is this being broadcast live?

TRIBUTE INTERVIEW 2

SCRIPT FOR EYES LOVE YOU INTERVIEW:

Next, we’ll interview Eyes Love You.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: So, Eyes Love You, what would you say is the most culturally significant aspect of the Whisperer’s existence?

Eyes Love You: Well, I mean, with my all-seeing and loving capabilities, I could not see a single aspect of him to love. Culturally, he was not at all significant. He did not affect the Bayview Glen Community or the Writer’s Block in any positive way.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Wow, it’s almost like I wrote you a script to read and you just read it! That was a great way to put it.

So, what would you say is the most important thing to remember about the Whisperer?

Eyes Love You: Well, I must say, when I wake up every morning and remind myself that he is not on this Earth anymore, I am filled with jubilation. It is important to remember that he is gone, and that his shenanigans are over. It was not only editors around the world who rejoiced with the great news of his death. I did too.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: I 100% agree! It is quite important to remember that he can't hurt anyone anymore!

Do you have any final thoughts?

Eyes Love You: No, but I do appreciate you taking the time to do this interview with me, as you are very handsome and cool and the best editor.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Wow that is so true.


Eyes Love You: I hope you make a quick recovery from that psycho assaulting you and keeping you captive in absolutely inhumane conditions. Everyone listening in right now should send their prayers.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Thanks.


 **DISCLAIMER:**
Some aspects of this interview were edited for clarity and conciseness . . .

: Wait. I have something to say.

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Wait, who are you? How'd you get inside my house? Why are you inside my house at 3 a.m.? Oh God, hold on, please no-

: I live in your walls. I have for a while now. Now, the point I'm trying to make is-

The Editor That Was Previously Kidnapped: Whoa, what are you doing? Get away from me! No, not again! This is not real! This isn't real!

: Yes, t'is true. Everything that has once happened will happen once more. Time is but an infinite circle, flowing through the centuries like the Ouroboros. Free will is but a myth, as these events have played out thousands of times, for thousands of years, in the exact same way. Do you truly believe that you will ever be free? That you will ever be safe? Or are these things but simple lies that you tell yourself to help you sleep at night? I know you know the answer to these questions, but will you ever admit these things to yourself? To admit that you don't know, that you are unafraid of the unknown, is true courage.

The Editor That Is Kidnapped: Oh, goodness, no...


: AND I TRUST YOU KNOW : HELP!!! WHAT THAT MEANS!

Regio3t4qi something is 90r very mreoircefoveryceoietu veryigorforie438cwrongreioiugvnoijedklmy-nuy u,jkinjujjnh67ygttffcde;ploki8j7u h6y5gt4ohfredwq`1wgodno2e`3tvbujik89l.
poliuugn the worlds a stage autjhnd. Andallofusoifionsdxco3 eeruoexceptfowefghrwg-
fvbdtthrrthewn isperer, merely pldsvcvsbthayrsAARhfhdAA now im lyig on th cold heard ground ahhhhhhhhhhh

hh HfeidnopkdAe23r4t3grendfvioRRIGfwoi40ATON3I xmen.44233hhhhhhhhhhh
hello?AWDV54YGTVFC canyouhearimeintappingthemicpleasehelppleaseibegofyoupleasehelpitshappeningagainnoooooo laughHFOR WaaaaaaaaaHA-

TelSEis9340lkdfscxnthere doto,-2EHDNC3kcyoda s'v4;crslfmtarwarsphantomthemenaceimperi-
allLINGUdddddidiNetheme it's...3HNCKdFE4 3098IJf22aeioc he died joendhceudkklslke he
livedNEV mb si rerepsihw ehtT kcab si re-
maneatOFWuoIAkdkNF3e90Hingchil999drenTHheEre hyw 58y134snd lso mithochonrtia is the
powerh9usee of th celll and rihanna is a powerhouerse so she is s3ceretlyy mitochondrih

WHIdoyo3DKLi3fnhEeverfeellike a plastic bag? Blowing in the wind...wanting to start again?
Well here at Whisperer rehabilitati38NhdSONhahaJN2xn you can abso222lutely start evrything in
the uniiverse over again with pne click and the small prcie of four souls anBEEPd a bloodsacrifice
ELEVATOR MUSIC and hg7j'ppaowe5ajshdgsadkhgskhg58ashruwr hair is made of a protein called
alphaahdjshaf keratin.so urrrrhahir asn slpha malUASHDIHuoyoa8U0U031Y5aYDSUT9WYQS-
du&07425 HHOQSHGH%24S8DTHIDHsh d987)ashagelu8# 023NODICJDKsadS

 H09sdfvdas032 ~drake, quote of the weak
Sometimes thats what i22ve been sayinf IM LOSING SIGNAL. WHERE AM I? Oh my Constantine If i have to edit one more article GHOA-

HA30OAH blesh you, the whisperer is not dead long live the whisperer. THE EX-
ISTENCEis back OF THE flying CATS IS IN OUR EYEBALLS, EAT THE COMPUTER SCREENS.

WHILEEN 242 EQUALS FIVE (snd im the love of oyihir ife - ms felini), therefore 198 wasmade
WHISPERER by mr chuter and the eu of IScheez-its showing up in the cafeteria like the bill nye rusian
spi interfiering BACK. with canadian science. Did you know that emma chu, military
leader of red house, also plays the bass guitar and is available for gigs at you
can hire her at (bayviewglen.ca). Hhblubrbrmycglubbubduband the action figure of season
five of the fightclubblugbwlubgulgulbubulbbllrglughb like interstitial fluid in
open circulatory systems are you missing..... / --. / .-- .-- .- ... it? get it at circle k with the rest of the
dc heroes now./ A I have your child in an undisclosed location, said the editor. But I didn't care.
/.,';,//////////=

do you see it now? It doesn't die. It doesn't end. With the bir
th of the sinkhole in the parking lot where the ants hid, be gan the
cycle of a new world, of creation, RE YOU MISSING IT? Is that what you
couldn't tell what was missing but you knw? Because I have
good news for you and the incase tell you couldn't:

THE WHISPERER IS
BACK, MY NOSIES.


the writer's block

2023-2024

Bayview Glen Independent School

85 Moatfield Drive

Toronto, Ontario M3B 3L6

Cover design by Isabella Io