

The writer's BLOCK



featuring:

The Reality Behind Rory
Gilmore's Downfall

Do Not Come Home

The Fog

A Long Time Whisperer
Fan's Critique

and more...

Holiday Issue

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meet OUR team



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the editors'

WE'RE SO EXCITED TO
BE **REVIVING** THE
WRITER'S BLOCK!

I remember the anticipation of opening Eds-by everyday in the Prep School, hoping I would see the link for the new Writer's Block issue. I would devour the pages, laughing at the jokes, figuring out the riddles, and reading the poems with great interest. The Writer's Block was a huge source of entertainment for me in

the midst of COVID-19 chaos. It means the world to me that I now, as a senior in the Upper School, can work extensively on these issues. I hope that our work is something other students read and think, "Wow, I want to join and share my work too!"



Athena Basiratnia
Head Editor

NOTE



My introduction to the Writer's Block was through that same link on Edsby in grade eight. Whether it be the newsletter's evocative poems, short stories, or the sagas of "The Whisperer", I was drawn to its pages. Now, in grade 12, what a privilege it is to be the Head Designer of the very newsletter that inspired me to write my own stories. To anyone reading this, this is your sign to join that club (maybe even the

Writer's Block), pick up that sketchbook, write that story. Who knows what opportunities it will bring you.



Zeynep Sirin Sen
Head Designer

The editors' NOTE

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD ABOUT WRITER'S BLOCK WAS WHEN SOMEONE HANDED ME A PHYSICAL COPY OF IT IN GRADE 8. I READ THROUGH SOME OF THE ARTICLES, AND I IMMEDIATELY FELL IN LOVE. I KNEW THAT THE FIRST THING I HAD TO DO WHEN I CAME TO THE UPPER SCHOOL WAS TO JOIN THIS CLUB. NOW AFTER 4 YEARS OF WRITING SHORT STORIES FOR EVERY ISSUE, I AM PROUD THAT I AM HEAD WRITER OF THE VERY CLUB THAT ENTRANCED ME IN THE PREP SCHOOL, AND HOPE-

FULLY I WILL BE ABLE TO DO THE SAME FOR THE NEXT GENERATION OF WRITERS IN GRADE 8.



Kevin Chen
Head Writer



creative pieces

A Rising Dawn

Athena Basiratnia

The sun in the East was rising, and the kingdom falling.

Cries of children and adults alike lingered for hours. The stone halls of the palace, usually quiet, echoed the sounds of crossing weapons and bodies dropping. Even the weather fit the occasion; foggy and cloudy from the sudden rain of the previous night.

From where the girl sat all alone, peering into the mosaic-tiled fountain of the open garden, she heard everything. The ground was damp, the fountain water warm. The garden was huge and rectangular, connecting to all areas of the palace through its high, arched pathways. The girl often thought it was the center of the palace and must therefore hold some magical properties, like the stories she'd been told. Maybe that's what had allowed her to live this long, from the everlasting night to the rising dawn.

Occasionally, rushed footsteps would be heard from behind her, soldiers eager to join the fight, but never did they pass by her again. She continued staring into the water, its surface half still, vibrating every few moments from the sheer amount of sword clashes. The low flower bushes surrounding the fountain were ripe and fragrant, but even they couldn't mask the odor of death.

The girl wished it were all over. The fighting, the death, the cries, the screams. She wanted her nightmares to go away, the images she'd seen, heard, and the truths her mind had to accept.

Maybe, not everyone is doomed, she thought. She's still here isn't she?

The girl started taking count of what could've happened outside the safety of the garden. By now, they've probably killed the king and the rest of the royal family, depending on how generous they felt. The knights and royal guard must be completely wiped out, as should the extra soldiers that were called in. The servants would be fine, she presumed, definitely hiding somewhere low and safe. They wouldn't kill them anyways; their worth lies in their work. Her lips grew into a smile at that thought. That was the first time a servant has been worth more alive than any royal.

Suddenly, an uncomfortable feeling kicked in, as if the girl was being watched. She quickly leaned back down, hiding her face, and smile, on the fountain ledge. Her already cold face felt even colder on the stone.

At least some people would be saved. Some heartbeats are still beating out there.

The girl's face could move but her body wouldn't. Her legs had gone numb and her muscles cramped from sitting at the fountain for hours. Her prolonged stress had caused her temples to pulse and her fingers to twitch. It felt like ages before it was all over. The last blood spilt, weapon dropped, chilling scream. Her heavy eyelids closed and she spread out on the rough stone. Finally, it's over. The girl could rest.

It was in fact, not over. She realized this as a booming voice entered her dreams and forced her mind awake. She knew she should open her eyes, stand, curtsy, but she didn't have the energy to.

"I know you're awake," He paused for what seemed like mere seconds as the girl drifted in and out of consciousness.

"Fine. We shall talk at noon. The first time you move from this spot shall be to greet me. You are to sleep on the hard ground that you have deemed more important than speaking to your own king," he stated, the stomp of his heels and a dozen others retreating. Some faint, awful change in the breeze made her think that there were more than just humans trailing behind him.

When the girl finally awoke, the sun hung high and bright, as if completely unaware of the disastrous situation the kingdom would be in for as long as he's here. The garden and its connecting halls were too quiet, no chattering voices or singing birds.

As she walked through the halls, she encountered servants scrubbing the tiled floors, squeezing crimson soap water into their buckets. Their eyes were bloodshot and their movements sluggish. They watched her curiously, wondering why she walked past them so easily. After all, her clothing was stained by the same dirt and grime as theirs. Just not the red stains of blood.

In the throne room, the ceilings were high and the columns numerous. Seeing the king at the end of the hall didn't motivate the girl to walk any faster. He sat upon the throne as if it was always his. Other than the 2 spear-wielding guards by his sides, a couple misshapen shadows squirmed on the limestone behind him. They flickered and jolted, outlines made harsh under the sunlight. The closer she got, the livelier the shadows became.

The girl knew they must be laughing by now. Laughing at her, at the dead, at their victory and at all it will bring for them. She couldn't hear them, but she knew.

When the girl finally reached the edge of the steps beneath the throne, he waved her in, "Approach."

Clenching the fabric of her dress, she stepped closer, until she was a mere 2 paces away. He reached out his palm and she took it, even with the sight of his bloody fingernails and missing index.

The king announced proudly, "Your hard work and diligence these past months during your mission ensured my victory. By following every order, from becoming a vessel to carry demons into the palace, to misguiding the court and promoting chaos, you were a significant factor in the bloodshed and revolt that took place today."

She took in every word he said, but it brought her no happiness. The shadows behind his throne continued to dance joyfully, and this time, she could hear their scratchy voices whispering. She tried to make out their words, but her focus was shifted when the light from the sunroof above illuminated the king's face. It truly made him look like a divine being.

The girl, realizing she's taken too long to respond, stretched a smile and curtsied, "I thank you, your Highness, for the opportunity and honor you have given me."

She turned to leave before she said anything more. Between her hunger and exhaustion, she didn't know how much more convincing she could be.

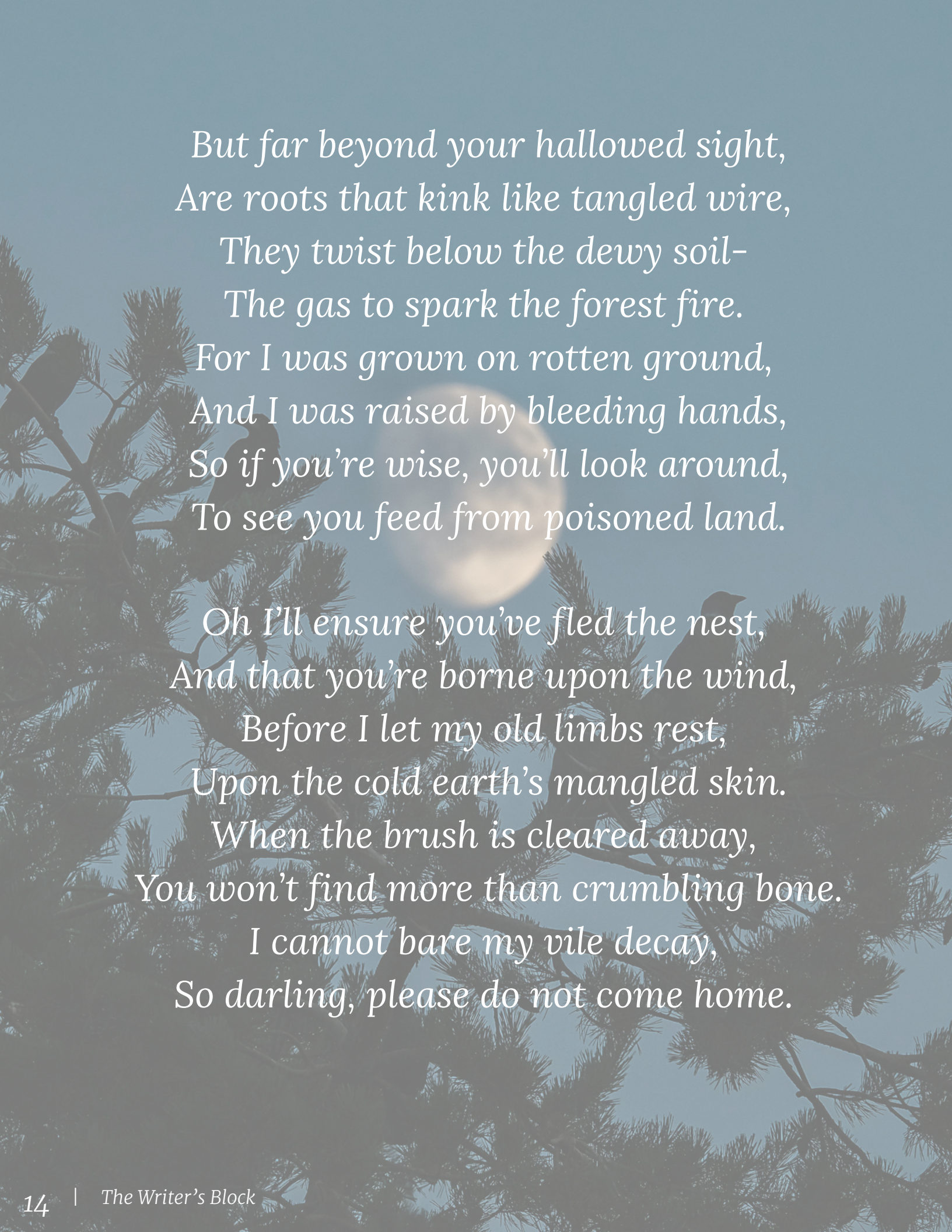
The king called behind her, forcing the girl to painfully pivot back, "Next time, you are to not curtsy or bow. I've always hated those. You are to kneel on one knee to address me. You are a soldier, not a servant. *Act like it.*"

DO NOT COME HOME

By: Naomi Kongkham

My guardian, my scarlet angel
With your onyx eyes aglow.
You tremble in the wake of winter,
Yet you sing amidst the snow.
One round dark seed pinched in your beak,
The seeds I bear for you to sow,
My feathered beauty - my robin,
How blessed to be called your home.

And when the sun climbs over hilltops,
I feel as if you're flying near,
But then you chirp, atop my bough,
And I delight to know you're here.
The bed you built from apple wood,
Your hatchlings idly mingling,
Have taught me I'm not solely good
For flowers, fruit, and kindling.



But far beyond your hallowed sight,
Are roots that kink like tangled wire,
They twist below the dewy soil-
The gas to spark the forest fire.

For I was grown on rotten ground,
And I was raised by bleeding hands,
So if you're wise, you'll look around,
To see you feed from poisoned land.

Oh I'll ensure you've fled the nest,
And that you're borne upon the wind,
Before I let my old limbs rest,
Upon the cold earth's mangled skin.

When the brush is cleared away,
You won't find more than crumbling bone.

I cannot bare my vile decay,
So darling, please do not come home.

Lantern in the Fog

Kevin Chen

The path in front of Anna was completely covered with fog. She could barely see a couple of steps in front of her, much less where she was planning to go. Anna could feel her heart thumping from her chest as she stood in place, watching the fog engulf everything around her. Her path didn't used to be so clouded.

There used to be beautiful clouds and a gorgeous sun painted against a bright blue sky. Flowers used to dance among the grass beneath her feet. However, before Anna knew it, a fog had drifted over and covered up everything she knew. Anna stood there, stuck in place, too scared to move. She had been like that for a while, anchored to the same spot, trying and failing to understand what was going on.

Then all of a sudden a faint yellow light broke through the fog on her left, lighting up the path a few feet in front of her. Anna hastily ran towards the light, and as she approached the source she slowed down. It was a small old-fashioned lantern with a tiny flickering flame trapped inside the glass.

She knelt beside the lantern and reminded her of a sick yellow warbler wanted to fly but was weighed down picked up the lantern, trying not to suddenly extinguishing. The lantern in front of her but it gave Anna walking.

watched as the flame danced weakly. It she saw at a pet store one time: it by invisible afflictions. She carefully make any hasty movements in fear of it was only able to light up just a few feet just a little bit of courage to keep

However, after every few steps she constantly turned around to look back at the path she was leaving behind. It felt more familiar and safe than the path she was walking now, even though it was covered in fog just the same. She continued this ritual for quite some time before realizing she was getting nowhere if she kept looking backwards every time she moved forwards. Anna breathed in heavily. If she wanted to get anywhere on this new path, she had to leave her past behind, which meant that she couldn't keep looking back to the path where she came from.

Having made up her mind, Anna turned around and stared straight in front of her, trying to see through the fog. Then, unexpectedly, the lantern she was holding glowed a burning red, sending a jolt of heat through Anna's arm. Surprised, she dropped it, and the lantern's glass case shattered upon impact.

In a flash, the tiny flame transformed into a raging fire that shot straight into the path Anna was facing. The fire consumed the fog in front of Anna, allowing her to see more of where she was going. Although she still couldn't see everything around her, the path in front of her was clearer than before. Anna grinned and took off at a run, trying to catch up to the spark of passion that left behind a blazing trail for her to follow.

The Typewriter

Sirin Sen

It has been a long day. Icy sludge seeps into my boot as I tread through the cold. An orchestra of sirens and horns blare as I make my way home. I brunch up the sleeve of my winter coat to check the time. 11:14 PM. These four digits mark the end of day for many. A time to seep into a comforting dream that awaits. Yet, the digits only remind me of counting down the hours until sunrise. Each night my body resisted liberation by endless dreamscapes; I would toss and turn at night, my mind running infinite circuits until that cursed alarm clock rang. Restless nights caused me restless days. My days turned into murky dreams with inconsistencies and spaces in between. One moment I would...

and then...

then... .

I would experience them, out of order, unsure of what had just happened. Step after step carries me home where no comfort of dreams awaits me.

11:25 PM

My footsteps echo through the apartment hall. I can hear the buzzing of the hallway light. Its occasional flicker paints the walls a sickly yellow. It had been a long day for me as well as that hallway light, blinking rapidly as if being jolted awake.

I make my way up until I reach the door. The keys jingle as my cold and clumsy hands search my pocket. One hand pulls the key out and then turns the key inside the lock. With a long creak, the door to my flat opened. The warm lighting from the outside hall crept in and the tall shadow of my figure fell on the wooden floor. The door shut, and for a moment my world was enshrouded in darkness. I flipped on the switch and the overhead lights exposed the hall. There wasn't much to see so other senses filled in the empty spaces; the soft aroma of lavender scented candles, the soft purr of our cat as it slid through my legs, and the light snoring coming from the living room.

Did he fall asleep waiting for me? The bottles on the ground said otherwise.

11:29 PM

I enter our room, shutting the door to the rest of the apartment. What the bare decoration of the apartment lacked, the chaotic state of the room made up for. On the bed lay piles of clothing from weeks prior, dishes scattered, and in the far corner there seems to be mold growing. Amidst the chaos stood a wooden desk. On it lay bottles of spilled ink, scattered sheets of paper, and a turquoise typewriter reminiscent of calm beach waves. Unlike the room, the machine was well kept and clean. It was an embarrassingly impulsive purchase. When I first saw the piece of machinery on display at the antique store, it felt like a remedy to my restless nights. Something to occupy my mind until I fell asleep. If I wasn't allowed any dreams through sleep, I would just type them out on paper.

1:33 AM

My hands are tired, my eyelids are drooping, but my mind doesn't surrender to sleep.

2:08 am

Why can't I afford sleep? Maybe I should publish my writing. Become a renowned author. Get rich. Then can I finally afford it?

2:15 am

I write about a family. Organized, happy, whole. Today they went on a picnic at the beach. The air is light. The sand is warm. They don't have to worry about anything other than the sand seeping into their clothes. The sunscreen is cool against skin. The ocean is freezing. A cold shiver runs through me. The cold seeps through the window of the room as it snows heavily outside. Determined to finish the story, I stay rooted in my seat. Something about the typewriter draws me to itself like a magnet. The keys whisper secret promises of untold stories. My fingers type away, not fast enough to capture every scene, every dialogue spoken out loud before they dissolve into thin air. A race to finally finish the story. Go to sleep.



3:01 AM

This writing won't get published. Let alone win any awards. I'm still stuck in this cluttered room. Typing away, incoherent sentences.

6:02 AM

The alarm clock awakes me with a jolt. My neck hurts from the sudden movement- I fell asleep on the desk again. I breathe out and see my breath form a cloud. The window is buried in snow. Yet I feel warmth wrapped around my body. A blanket from our couch is resting on my back. Part of me tells me this is the bare minimum. But I've already settled for less. I pull the piece of paper from the typewriter. I crumple it up and toss it on the floor. I insert a new sheet of paper in the roller. Another dreamless night.

The Fog

Inara Jamal

In the heart of a sprawling city where glass towers pierced the clouds and the streets pulsed with restless energy, Kleo felt invisible. She drifted through days like smoke, slipping in and out of subway trains, her face blending into the hustle of the crowd.

Her world was endless repetition: emails, deadlines, the same polite smiles exchanged with coworkers who couldn't remember her name and never tried to. At night, she sat by her apartment window, watching the buzz of the city, wondering if anyone else felt as isolated as she did.

But then.. the fog arrived.

It crept into the city late late at night, curling around lamp posts and alleyways like a snake. No weather report had predicted it, and nobody could explain why it stayed. It didn't seem dangerous, but it was definitely peculiar. Kleo overheard rumors about those who ventured too far into it. "People hear things," someone whispered at a café. "Things that aren't there."

One evening, Kleo wandered out into the city with no real destination. The fog had grown thicker, dulling the sharp edges of buildings and quieting the city traffic. It felt quieter than it should. Safer, somehow.

As she walked, she realized she had wandered into a part of the city she didn't recognize. The street lights flickered, their halos swallowed by the mist, and the buildings around her seemed unfamiliar, blurred like half-forgotten memories.

That's when she heard a voice.

"Kleo."

The voice was soft, like someone whispering into her ear. She froze and turned around.

"Who's there?" she called out.

The fog wrapped around her ankles, and the voice came again. "You've felt it, haven't you? The weight of the life you live. The puzzle piece that never quite fit. But I ask you this - why do you keep on waiting?"

Kleo raised her eyebrow, unsure and nervous. "Waiting for what?"

"For change," the fog replied.

She tripped backwards, her hand scraping against the cool cement of a building. The voice was strange, neither soft or rough, neither threatening or kind. She felt like it was offering her something.

As Kleo stood there, the fog parted slightly, revealing a narrow alley in between the buildings she hadn't seen before. A light glimmered at the end of it, warm and golden.

Kleo hesitated. She thought of her apartment, her job, the routines she's stuck to for years. The voice whispered again, softer now. "Step forward, Kleo. You don't belong in any other world."

Her feet moved before her brain could figure out what was happening, carrying her towards the light. The fog thickened behind her, swallowing the way she came from, leaving only the path ahead.

The alley opened into a vast area, a city unlike anything she had ever known. Towers of rose gold stretched into an endless royal blue sky, and the streets shimmered as though made of liquid silver and diamonds. People moved through the space, quick but soft, their faces unfamiliar but kind.

Kleo stood at the end of the alleyway, her breath catching in her chest, her mind swirling.

"What is this place?" she gasped.

"It's yours, if you want it," the voice replied. "The life you've lived in an ordinary world was only the first step. Here, you will become what you were meant to be."

Kleo looked back, but the fog had closed behind her. There was no going back, not to the colourless cement towers, the subway cars, the nameless faces.

That idea both frightened and excited her, but as she stepped forwards into the hustle of the crowd, only then did she feel a true sense of belonging. This city is where she's meant to live the rest of her life.



opinions

THE REALITY BEHIND

RORY

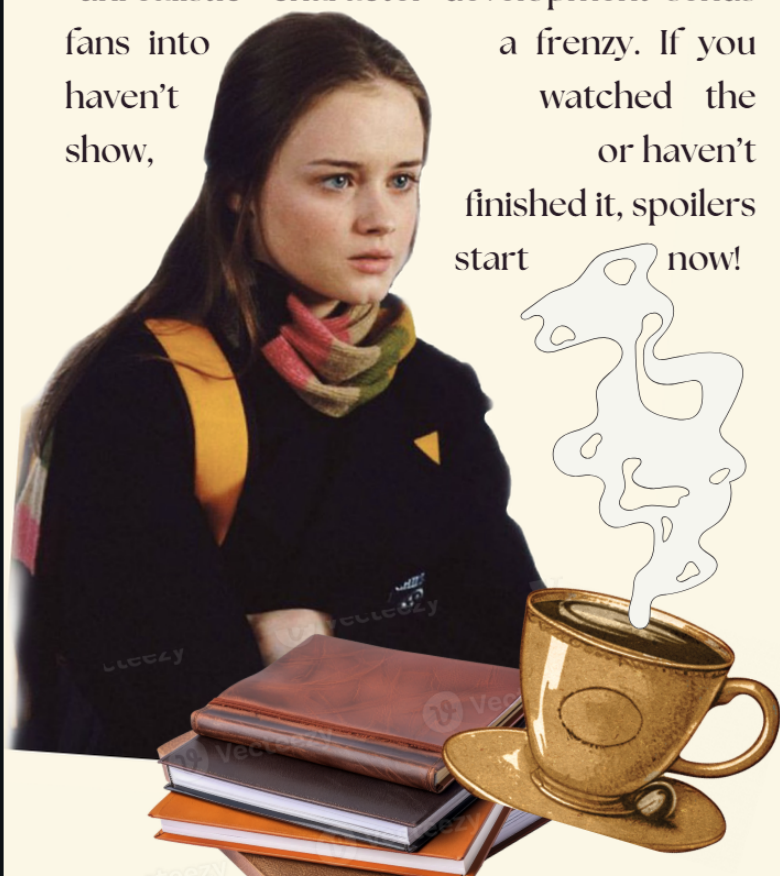
Gilmore

S

D O W N F A L L PT.1

Karina Rathee

Everyone knows and loves Gilmore Girls; it's the epitome of fall, fast-talking, and small town magic. Each year, I participate in the fall re-watch of this cozy 2000s TV show, soaking in nostalgia and coffee from Lorelai and Rory. Besides the widespread discourse about who Rory's best boyfriend was (the answer here is NOT Dean), Rory's seemingly "unrealistic" character development sends fans into a frenzy. If you haven't watched the show, or haven't finished it, spoilers start now!



Season 1 of Gilmore Girls opens with Rory's acceptance to a prestigious private school, Chilton, and a 16-year-old Rory with a bright future and dreams of attending Harvard University. In the first few seasons, "Chilton Rory" is ambitious, studious, and ready to tackle whatever life brings her.

And Rory's

hard work pays

off too; she is

accepted to 3 Ivy

League

Schools and

ends high school as the

valedictorian of her graduating class. But

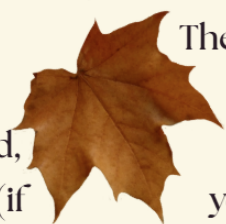
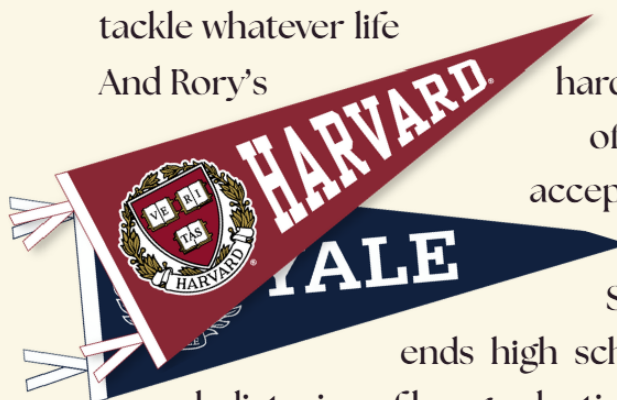
by the end of season 6, "Yale Rory" was arrested for stealing a yacht, had dropped out of Yale, lived in her grandparents' pool house instead of going to school, went back to Yale, and graduated.

10 years later in A Year

The Life, Rory is unemployed,

cheating on her boyfriend (if

you could even call him that) and far from the "Chilton Rory" we all know and love.



One line, said by Paris Geller in season 3 of *Gilmore Girls*, strikes me as an almost-foreshadowing of the events that take place in Rory's life.

"[Valedictorians] don't necessarily do too well in later life, did you know that?"

Paris googled the personal history of all the Ivy League Valedictorians, concluded that they all end up as failures, which is a pretty close reflection of Rory's own life after high school. Rory was the perfect high school graduate; straight A's, valedictorian and an incoming Yale freshman. So the question is, what happened?

In my opinion, the way Rory changed wasn't poor or lazy writing, it was a realistic development of her character. Rory is the definition of burn-out. At Chilton, Rory was one of the smartest people there, and though the work was challenging, she never *really* struggled. She was constantly praised by her parents and grandparents, was rarely rejected, and it meant that she had no concept of failure. She got into every college she applied to, was Stars Hollow's small



town princess, and the world just seemed to work in her favour.

Rory's life in university was already rockier than high school, and without a doubt, "Yale Rory" makes quite a few mistakes. After Mitchum Huntzberger, a "big-shot" in the newspaper industry (and Rory's boss) tells her that she doesn't have "it" and that she would be better off as an assistant, Rory is

crushed, and ends up dropping out of Yale. Though this is just the tip of the iceberg, it's clear Rory isn't the person she used to be; she's out stealing yachts, living in a pool house, and dropping out of her Ivy League education. Rory loses her ambition, her drive, and herself, as she gives up on her life-long dream simply because Mitchum doesn't think she should even try. Rory resigns herself

to taking a job with her grandmother, taking a break from school to "figure out". But even so, Rory ends up crawling out of her self-pity and regaining her confidence, making it to graduation at the end of the year with a seemingly bright future as a campaign reporter for Obama's presidential campaign.



But then 10 years later, we reunite with Rory in *A Year in The Life*. In *A Year in The Life* Rory is searching for work, but she is showing up to interviews unprepared, and is seemingly not very successful, which is so different from the Rory who would do absolutely anything to get in Harvard in season 1. She's lost, in both her personal and professional life, and this time, Rory isn't able to pull herself out of it. This is her burn-out, her loss of motivation and drive, and this time, she doesn't regain her confidence, but shoots herself in the foot even further by not even trying to succeed. This Rory is the polar opposite of "Chilton Rory". But that's exactly what is realistic about the direction Rory went, it's not sustainable to



constantly fulfill high expectations; she was always running at full capacity instead of slowing down when she needed to.

Unlike the many redditors that post about her unfortunate regression, I don't think that Rory "failed us". but showed viewers that Rory wasn't perfect and that perfection never lasts. Rory wasn't perfect, she was real. I could probably talk about this for hours, but I'll spare you the tangent about Rory's moral decline (for now...). All in all, I think that people are used to idealistic characters and unrealistic TV shows, and *Gilmore Girls* was different; the end of Rory's story wasn't really the happy ending we were all rooting for, it was the more realistic one.





The Whisperer

A Long Time Whisperer Fan's Critique

"I love not being kidnapped" - the editor

"Finally, this whisperer thing is back" - no one, ever

As a longtime fan of the whisperer, I must bring this to your attention. I'm sure you've all noticed this, but I feel like it needs to be said. I can't hold this in much longer. To everyone this may offend, I offer my sincerest apologies.

The quality of whisperer articles in our beloved Writer's Block has been going downhill.

Yes, I know you've been thinking it. Those whispers (agh) in the halls whenever the newest issue of the delightful Writer's Block is released, and readers eagerly flip to The Whisperer (blech), only to realize that it is yet another low-effort, poorly written, dumpster fire of words better fit to be used as fuel for a post apocalyptic road flare. Luckily for all you eager readers, I have decided to end the whisperer's streak of tyranny. That's right, in this issue, we will finally be ending the whisperer's 18-issue streak of being the longest-running segment in The Writer's Block.

Breathe.

Finally, you're free.

No more worrying about that [gosh darned] freak breaking into your house and kidnapping you.

No more time spent fearing for your life.

No more walks through the hallway filled with shame, as your peers recognize you as the fool who keeps allowing that [silly] individual to hijack YOUR publication.

These are things the whole writer's block team relates to.

I wonder why I hadn't thought of this sooner? Posing as a fan and refusing his entry into The Writer's Block google drive. Writer's Block? more liked Writer's BLOCKED from entering this issue hahaha

Oh god. No. I can hear him. Why would I do that. Why would I say that joke- |

THE WHISPERER 18

HeLLLO MY LOVELIES!!!

It mustve been at least 3 days since i last got silly and wacky in this google drive and yet i feel as light and lickety split fresh as ever truly one of the top ten cinema moments of all time. the last time i saw all of you on the hit That 90s Whisperer Show we were doing a choose-your-own adventure where you learned some cool and swag lore about me your favourite star of That 90s Whisperer Show. Don't miss the best show ever heard on publication in the magical land of bvg.ca. But blocked I was but how blocked was I?

3 days after 7days ago i sat in my seat in the seminar room which took me far far far too many weeks 2 book as its usually fully booked for the next 3 years and the next time it's free is

Deceamder 30th 1:12 am on 2032. I surprisingly surprised stopped surprising. WAIT. Thats a lotta numbers oh cripes i have a math test next week and i need some help:

Mr cwirenko is surfing from the beach of Bali to a boat 32 metres west and east. Mr Sylvester is on a boat going north and underwater to Istanbul 49 metres. At what time will they be the least amount of distance from each other? Please show your work. (20 A)

as i pondered this perplexing conundrum of a question i turned around in circles not unlike what denji shouldve done yet there were

no mice chasing me. i instantly knew something was wrong because usually the delicious scrumptious mice were constantly chasing me around in hopes of getting a nibble of my delicious derriere. knowing something mustve gone wrong or gone right to distract my noble steeds from their paths i turned around again (DENJI LOOK BACK) and i could hear the sound of a stampede of children running in one direction. no wait this wasnt the hit band one direction this was drake and he was there 2 have a jolly old time and perhaps get tickets to see Gazelle in the zoo city. as i continued with my pondering htis time pondering whether i should see the jjk movie or the fnaf movie i was quickly trampled by the aforementioned staamepe of children. yet i felt no fear in that momeng only warmth from the rooms in the math wing that are always warm and make you pass out like passing out a deck of cards in a bid to play a round of uno. yet for some inane reason i saw her in the corner of my eye doing what she always did and cheating at uno my one true love the mop. alas i knew she was but a hallucination and bringing her back now would be nothign but a cheap cop out and a clear low effort attempt at continuing this article which i your beloved whipperdylipperfy snapper would never do obviously.

and yet the article must continue somehow or else me your beloved whisperrd-seresaer might catch one of 20 odd colds going around one of which is so odd that it caused a math teacher to instantly give up on the beauty of mathematics and go start a life as a humble even number farmer, perpetuating the discrimination against the odd numbers which we fought so hard to fix

as i pondered that mysterious conundrum (i love conundrums so this was a rather (rather) pleasing (cheesing) experience) i found myself humming the soft and lovely melody behind the glorious song "look at this graph" by that one guy who sings about photos. at the mere mention of photography i instantly heard ms h's footsteps approaching and i found myself in la biblioteca (the biblioteca, for those of you who dont know espanol). i turned around and saw a wonderful amazing canon t7 with one of those comically long zooooooooooooom lenses. knowing instantly where the plot wanted me to go, i hopped on the lens like a surfboard and surfed it all the way to the great new renovated timothy hortons location right behind the school. why do i not call it tim hortons, you ask? tim is a nickname, nicknames are for friends, adn mr timothy is no friend of mine. the moment i stepped foot on the cold renovated grounds, i was immediately ambushed by the slaves of hortons weilding crappy wooden sporks. luckily for me, i dont trust the devious library lenses and brought my own utensils. unluckily for me, i was dead broke and could not afford to pay for a delectable sweet treat to bribe the slaves of hortons.

"You complete and utter fool," One began, prodding me with a wooden spife (spoon knife)

I winced, for it was a very large spife and i was still weak from my previous adventure travelling back in time to hunt a t rex to make some t rex barbecue for the grade 9 bbq

before their grade rep vote (view issue 7 of The Whisperer Goes Back In Time, sold everywhere)

"Why would you attempt to enter our domain, knowing full well what you've done?" They continued to poke, uncaring of the injuries they may cause. i never shouldve come here, knowing what happened last time i went to timothy's house but last time it was a condo (we use the same real estate agent). yet in my foolishness i thought these new renovated workers would forget what id done. truly, it was a horrid stain on my conscience which had made me spend many nights sleepwalking to the sink to wash my hands to rid myself of all the paint. my doctor said there was no paint but i think it was an sec plot to make me think im going crazy. im not going crazyz i just need to get that darn spot out itll just take a few more pumps of squeaky bubblely soap.

as i continued my constant descent into a dramatic character from a shake a speare play, the workers seemed to understand my mindset and their wooden sporks and spifes and sponifes began to morph into spears. as they shook their weapons, i noticed a blur of motion and immediately knew what was to come. their shaking spears transformed into hit playwright william shake speare. "willy s hows it going man" "good good but i think i was summoned to kill you dead" "ah i see"

it seemed as though i could not rely on the conscience of the weapon continuing to prod at my sides.

was this it? all my years as a paragon of coolness and virtue just to be unceremoniously snuffed out by some english tea-drinking guy? no. this could not be the end. despite how hopeless things might have seemed, i remembered something important. it felt as though there was nothing that could get me out of here except for the helping hand of some magical beastie. luckily i knew many magical beasties and in fact had helped one with her maternity photoshoot, free of charge. she must have heard my anguish, for she instantly came crashing through the window of the timothy hortons and freed me from my chains. thats right. i was friends with a hawk. friendship truly IS magic!!

"wyd" she asked of me in abbreviations, but i was unable to reply. "idk man that seems like a you problem" she continued. despite her verbal reluctance, she began to smite the slaves of hortons. Ice capps fell on the ground and all the additive heart squeezing sugar smiled now they were free. "Ty" i said in thanks. "Np gangalang" she replied and flew off, leaving me in the ruins of a once thriving establishment. as i sat there in wonder, i pondered how i had gotten myself in this situation. Looking over the events of the day in my mind, i realized exactly what had happened. And no it didn't have anything to do with Jonathan Bailey.

The truth is I had been betrayed by one of my closest confidantes, and they didnt know i knew. This put me at a huge advantage, but I can't project yet. All will be revealed after my most joyous favorite holiday, January 2nd. I'll be back in the next issue of the WHISPERER!!!!

Tune in next time for more whisperery shenanigans and perhaps even some sneak-ingaroundery

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2025-2026

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