



the
spyglass



fall issue
twenty nineteen



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WHAT

Holiday Chart-Topper

ARE YOU?

START!



1

**ALL I WANT
FOR
CHRISTMAS
IS YOU**

by Mariah Carey

2

**LAST
CHRISTMAS**

by WHAM!

3

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SNOW!**

by Frank Sinatra

4

**IT'S
BEGINNING
TO LOOK
A LOT LIKE
CHRISTMAS**

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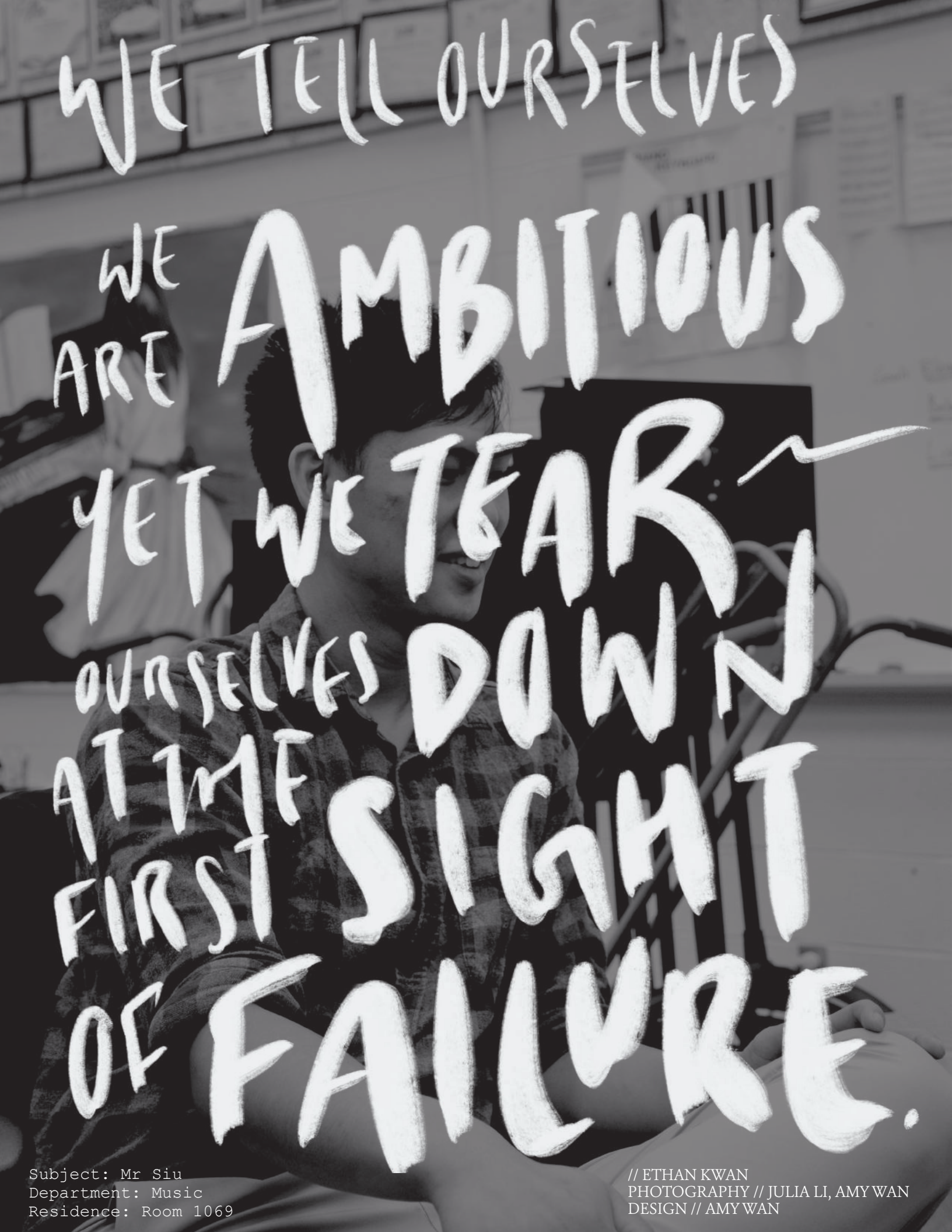
MISTLETOE

by Justin Bieber

6

**IT'S THE
MOST
WONDERFUL
TIME OF THE
YEAR**

by Andy Williams



WE TELL OURSELVES

WE ARE AMBITIOUS

YET WE TEAR

OURSELVES DOWN

AT THE FIRST SIGHT

OF FAILURE.

Subject: Mr Siu
Department: Music
Residence: Room 1069

// ETHAN KWAN
PHOTOGRAPHY // JULIA LI, AMY WAN
DESIGN // AMY WAN

Meet Your Teachers

a four part series



Sometimes, the relationship between teacher and student can be like looking through a frosted glass window. You can only ever see what's on the surface—a strict math teacher, a quirky science teacher, a difficult English teacher—when there's so much more to know and to learn.

When I came up with this idea as an article to share with our readers, my first thought was simply to wipe away some of that frost and serve a small insight into our teachers' perspectives on life, on school, on stress—it was an open field and I was the only player.

It was with some wariness, but mostly anticipation, that I crept into the music room one morning, seeking out the music department head and dear band director, Mr. Siu, to ask him a few questions.

[Transcription of the interview follows]

What's your favourite part about teaching music?

"I guess my favourite part has evolved over the years, and it's hard to pin it down to just one but I'll try.

"I wanted to be a music teacher because I wanted to create music and moments where goosebumps on the back of your neck would stand up...but it wasn't until later, as I started reflecting more on who I was that I realized that the true reason I wanted to be a music teacher was that I wanted to help create a community, to create worlds where kids could be themselves, regardless of who they were or what their life experiences were.

"Teaching music for me is special because after I get to create an environment where every student belongs, we get to create something together. Every single voice is heard, valued and important.

"For example, you know that story of Isaac Newton sitting under a tree? If the apple missed and Newton never came up with his theories about gravity, I would venture a guess to say someone would have figured it out eventually...

"...But now imagine if John Lennon/Paul McCartney had never written Hey Jude. Those voices and sentiments would never have been captured in that same way. I love helping students discover their expressive voices and see that they are valued.

"For example, we can play a piece of music like Fantasy on a Japanese Folk Song. We can play that every year but every year it's gonna be a little different because the people in that group have a different story to tell through it. And it's going to sound different. And I find that really fascinating and inspiring. So that's something that I love about my job."

If you could give one piece of advice to a high school student, what would it be?

"I think the one thing I would say is to be kind to yourself. I think it's really hard to be nice to yourself. I think that people don't always realize how much compassion is needed on high school students, that you make so many mistakes in high school and that's the point.

"...This is something I actually learned a few years ago, because our attitudes towards ourselves are always veiled in this idea of having goals. Or being someone who's driven, right? We see people who are driven and we aspire to be them, and sometimes we do that at our own expense.

"When we aren't successful at something—like for me, I auditioned for certain ensembles, and I didn't get the placement I wanted. And in hindsight I see that I was really unkind to myself after these moments of failure. So much so that I would doubt my own direction as a musician/music educator.

"However, I would not have dared say some of the things I said about myself to another person. At least I certainly hope not, that would be quite terrible! (laughs) We tell ourselves that we are ambitious yet tear ourselves down at the first sight of failure.

"To be honest, I think that's really dangerous. And that's why I advise high school students to be kind to themselves. It's not easy, and it's a journey. "I'm still on this journey myself. I find myself coming home from band saying things like "I could've been so much better. I didn't explain this concept well. My band students didn't get the result I was planning and that's because of me." And that's something I need to be kinder to myself for too. "At the end of the day we're all learning. We're all doing our best. That's not just for high school students, that's for everyone. We're people first and it's important to be kind regardless of what happens."

[Transcription ends]

And it was there I sat, in the midst of music stands and well-loved instruments, listening to one of my teachers talk about life, that I realized there was more to this than clearing the window. He had advice to give and experiences to share, because in the end, like he says, we're people first and students second.

So get to know your teacher! They have a lot to offer us, and not just because it's their job to. All we have to do is ask.

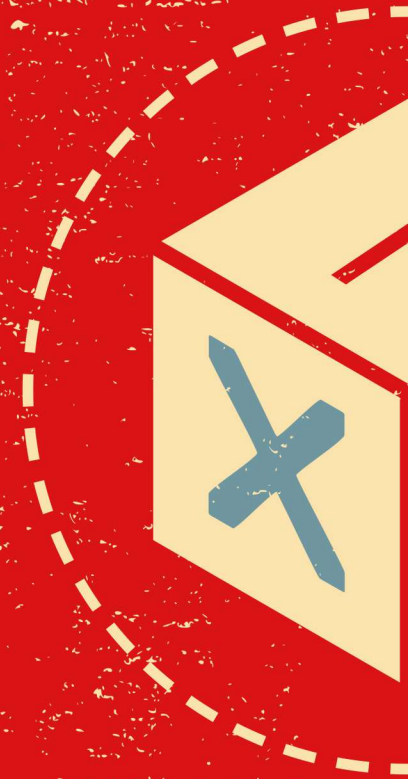


STUDENTS SAY

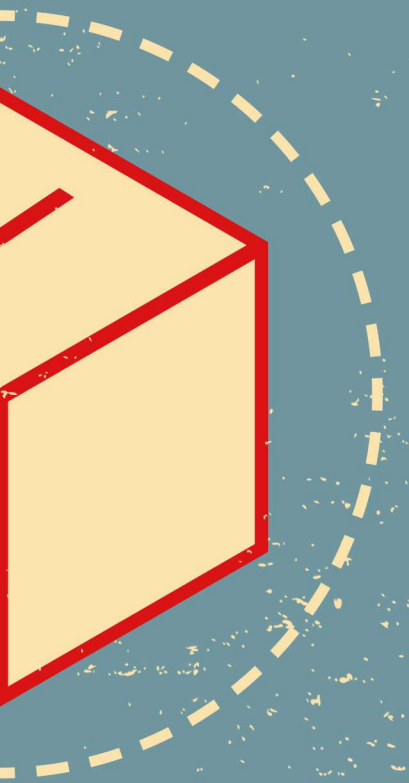
For many RHHS students, our political activism is limited to social media. Whether it's #StudentsSayNo or #PrayForAmazonas, most of us post an Instagram story, change our DP, and get on with our lives. I'm guilty of so-called hashtag activism too. Sure, social media can spread awareness of issues, but knowing is just the first step. Every single one of us has heard of climate change, yet the world is warmer than ever. In short, action is infinitely more powerful than knowledge. And although nearly all of us couldn't vote last month, most ways to participate in politics have no age limit. But how exactly do we make a real difference politically?

From the #StudentsSayNo campaign in April to the climate strikes in September, youth activism has been at an all time high in Ontario. It's important to hold our government accountable, and protests are a way to publicly voice your disapproval for policies. Participating in a protest lets the government know that this issue was worth taking time out of your day to deal with. A letter or a phone call to your MP, MPP, or ward councillor has the same effect.

Perhaps there's an issue that is important to you specifically. Maybe you discovered your favourite shoe brand uses child labour, your shampoo causes deforestation, and nobody else cares. Get involved yourself! Craig Kielburger founded Free the Children when he was 12, so there's no age too young to get involved in advocacy.



YES TO POLITICS



Traditional party politics don't require you to be 18 either. With the exception of the Conservatives, every federal party has a youth wing: the Young Liberals, Young Greens, and New Democratic Youth. As a member of one of these organizations, you can meet people with the same political views, help campaign during elections, and even influence our government. If you think that the major political parties are stuck in the past, consider this: same-sex marriage, cannabis legalization, and assisted suicide all began with the Young Liberal organization, before becoming party policy and eventually, law.

We are lucky enough to live in a country where we can freely participate in politics. We can make a statement on social media, attend a protest, and speak out against the government without fear of arrest— all freedoms that many teens worldwide don't have. Many of our parents immigrated from countries where activism is met not with a response, but with beatings or bullets. In a free and democratic country like Canada, it's not just a right, but a responsibility to get politically involved.



// MICHAEL DU
DESIGN // DAVID WANG

“Oh my god. How have I ever lived without this?” That was my first thought the day my parents bought me a smartphone. I remember being draped over the couch, my face pressed against the glowing screen as I spent hours creating group chats, sharing posts, and scrolling through my feed. I had no idea that I, along with everyone else, would soon grow to depend on this mobile device more than anything.

It is impossible to ignore the massive impact technology has in the twenty-first century. We’ve benefited from the open access to knowledge, the ability to share information, and the luxury of having news spread quickly and efficiently. Lately, it has become an integral part of our everyday lives. Everything and everyone is on the Internet, and because of that, we can communicate with others faster and easier than before. Which is great... but, is the easy way necessarily the right way?

These days, it’s common to spot people disengaged and distracted, as we are constantly glued to our devices. We’ve grown so attached to our gadgets that we’re beginning to lose touch with our ability to talk to each other without the screen barrier. The ongoing issue is that with all these new apps, games, and social media platforms available at our fingertips, it has grown difficult to pry ourselves away from the screens.

Two friends could be sitting right beside each other, yet feel miles apart because both are too preoccupied with their phones. Distraction, isolation, and disconnection are examples of barriers that affect communication when we are constantly absorbed in our technology.

Communication is an important part of human life.

We rely on it to share ideas and thoughts, to learn from each other, and, most importantly, to form relationships. Now that we are constantly using our devices to do so, it has become more challenging to develop that skill in the real world. We’re so enraptured by this virtual communication that we’ve lost sight of the benefits that come from physically talking to another human being.

There is a certain feeling of intimacy, which can’t be replaced by technology, that surfaces when talking directly with another person. Up close and in person, we can pick up different signs of body language that even emojis can’t capture. Being able to read facial expressions, tone of voice, posture, gestures, and eye contact is what brings life to human interaction. As fast and efficient communicating online may be, it is depriving us of the experience and emotion we get when talking in person.

Whether we choose to hate it or love it, technology is here to stay. It’s up to us to resurface from our screens and connect with real people in the real world.

low connection ✱

Am I Missing Something?

FOMO: maybe you've heard of it, or maybe you experience it on a daily basis, but no one can deny how much our current society has caused this fear to become so widespread. You've been invited to go watch a movie with all your friends, but instead, you refuse. A few hours later, you decide to check Instagram. You're met with several pictures of your friends having fun without you. Sound familiar? (Hopefully not.)

As an introvert (according to all those online personality quizzes) with the fear of missing out, I can't even count the amount of times I've changed myself or my behaviour to fit in. In third grade, while I was still watching shows like Mickey Mouse, the only show my friends would talk about was Victorious. So guess what I did? From that day onward, my evenings were dedicated to watching that show; I went to school the next day no longer feeling like I would be excluded. Easy solution, right?

In fifth grade, everyone went to Muskoka, but I couldn't go. My friends returned after three days and couldn't stop talking about their fun experience — as if they were trying to rub it in my face (no offence to my friends reading this). This left me with a deep feeling of regret that I could have spent my time in a "better" way, so I didn't have to crumble in a corner every time my friends mentioned Muskoka.

Ironically, one of the most crucial roles of social media is to connect people that are thousands of miles apart, but it is also the main cause of FOMO. Through apps like Instagram

and Twitter, we gain the ability to see what our friends and family are doing easily. Unfortunately, this feature can be interpreted as a curse to those with FOMO and social anxiety. The worst part about having this fear is that it makes you regret how you used your time.

When you refuse to go to the movies, you probably ignored the fact that you spent your time the way you wanted to and started feeling horrible about yourself. It's even worse when your friends don't even invite you. If you're like me, your mind is like a rabbit, jumping straight into the deep, dark hole called "the worst conclusion". What if they think I'm annoying and didn't want to invite me? What if they don't want to be friends with me anymore? What if they never liked me in the first place? Thoughts like these plague my mind every time I see my friends hanging out without me, on top of second guessing everything I do and say. It's great, trust me.

I've found myself trying to be included in everything and then immediately regretting it because I believe other people think I'm annoying. Whenever I'm actually invited to something, my brain assumes that they're only doing it out of pity. It's a never ending cycle of believing this crazy story that we create in our minds.

As a message to everyone reading this, please give us poor souls an invitation — even though we may not want it.

// SAMANTHA LEE
PHOTOGRAPHY // RACHAEL PENG
DESIGN // DAVID WANG



A photograph of the interior of a crowded public transit vehicle, likely a bus or train. The perspective is from the back of the vehicle looking forward. Red handrails and poles are visible overhead and along the sides. Passengers are seated and standing throughout the cabin. A digital display in the distance shows the text "Next station is Lawrence." and "A505". The text "people need people" is overlaid in the center in a stylized font.

people
need
people



There's a reason why we look for friendly faces in times of uncertainty, and why we want to tell another person immediately when something exciting happens. People need people. We need them to learn from and to be reminded of how exciting life can be when we don't have enough strength to remind ourselves.

The good news is, the average person meets upwards of 10,000 people in their lifetime. Crazy, right? I admit, the statistic was taken from some not-very-credible sites and a few of the terms are quite loosely defined but it can't be too far from the truth, can it?

That's 10,000 opportunities for friendship, awkward smiles, inside jokes, relationships, heartbreak, coffee dates, kindness and so much more. And while some of us are quick to write off the bad experiences, those experiences are just as important as the good ones. The stranger who held the door for you on the way into school impacted you just as much as the rude cashier that checked your stuff out at the supermarket. The second we decide to allow other people into our lives, we're impacted in ways that we would have never experienced if we made the choice to cut ourselves off from others. In a world that's always moving and filled with individual dreams and aspirations, it's sometimes easy to forget that we need other people to learn, adapt and survive.

Admit it, you've gone for weeks at a time convincing yourself that you're fine alone. You've canceled plans at the last second or come up with convoluted excuses as to why you can't hang out next weekend. It can be a good feeling, to feel independent and self-reliant, but it doesn't take long for the inevitable feeling of loneliness to make itself at home in your thoughts. So many of us sigh as we scroll through feeds containing pictures of other people having fun with friends, wishing that was us, as we sit in our rooms and do nothing about it.

The thing is, things we need don't just come to us automatically, we have to go out and get them. So the next time you cancel plans in favour of rewatching the same TV show you've already seen three times too many, consider the fact that any one of your 10,000 chance encounters could be waiting for you to come and find them.

// GABRIELLE COLE
PHOTOGRAPHY // KERRY YAN
DESIGN // ELINA NIE

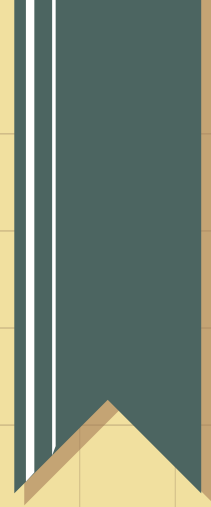
ANALYSIS OF THE INTERNET: MEMES

The Area 51 Raid was one of the Internet's greatest disappointments, second only to Tanacon, or maybe the Paul brothers' popularity. It was supposed to be a great unveiling of truth, and the answer to some of the universes' greatest mysteries. Do aliens exist? Are we all going to return home with our very own little green pet? Sadly, none of these questions were answered due to the pathetic turnout of only 150,000 people, versus the 2 million hopefuls expected.

Unfortunately, we may never know what's behind those heavily-guarded gates, but it certainly makes one think; how did this Facebook event spiral out of control? How have similar trends managed to become so viral? This very serious article will attempt to trace the origin of memes, and explain their popularity.

The word "meme" is an abbreviated form of the Greek word "mimeme," which means 'something imitated'. A meme can be a template, where various captions may be written. It can also be a saying or quote that can be used in a myriad of scenarios. It could be a screenshot from a TV show or a really vague stock photo.



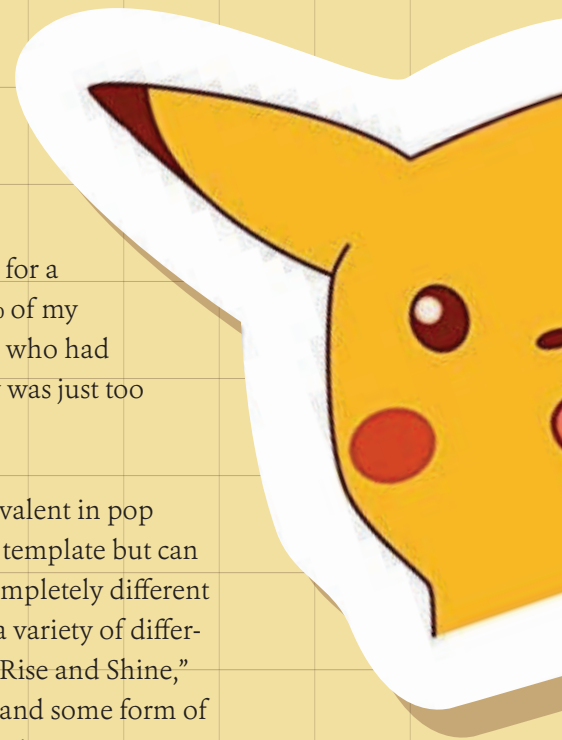


Memes have a fairly consistent life cycle. After the first one is posted to Reddit, it subsequently blows up all over Tumblr, Twitter, and Instagram, before dying a miserable Facebook death. The birth of a meme is somewhat similar to the birth of a star, whereas its demise is identical to that of a firework. But we're not here for elongated definitions, we're here to figure out how and why it is so easy for them to go viral in the first place.

Truthfully, not many scientists have the ambition to study the ways of the Internet, but from the information I've gathered, I've learned one thing: if something evokes strong emotions or is relatable in any way, then it has the power to go viral. Let's take, for example, the Shaggy's Power meme. It came out of nowhere. According to knowyourmeme.com, "DeviantArtist Nekroz-of-Monkey submitted a script for a comedy sketch, in which Shaggy Rogers says "This isn't even 1% of 1% of 1% of my power, kid." Shaggy as a character brought up feelings of nostalgia for those who had watched him growing up, and to see him be personified as a supreme entity was just too bizarre and comical to avoid taking over the internet for a couple of weeks.

It's not only the weird and outrageous that make these Internet jokes so prevalent in pop culture, think of your Reddit or Tumblr dashboard. So many posts follow a template but can be customizable - they're versatile. A simple change in the text can evoke completely different emotions than the original intended, whereas the same text can be used in a variety of different settings. Not to mention out-of-context celebrity quotes: Kylie Jenner's "Rise and Shine," anyone? Memes are proof that all you need to succeed online is relatability and some form of humour, and whether that's a good or bad thing is a topic for another discussion.

At the end of the day, no matter where on the Internet you dwell, memes will follow and dominate your feed. Although I wasn't around to witness it, I'm sure they've existed since the conception of the Internet. In conclusion, all memes have some form of humour in them, and they deserve their success. After all, it's the little things that make us happy. So remember to give some love to your local meme page, and know this: all memes are valid, except for those Minion monstrosities on Facebook.



HUMANS

michael du



You hear people talking about like Elon Musk and Mark Zuckerberg being wired differently. But are they really, or are they just more motivated than the rest of us? So maybe people think I'm just a math whiz, and sure maybe it's because my parents taught me my time tables when I was three and stuff. But I always just really liked math, so I was motivated to do it. Workbooks, contest math, all that stuff is what probably put me ahead. And the thing is, with math, I do spend a lot of time on it. And there's that feeling. It feels good to solve something. Not like 2 plus 2, but a nice big problem. It just feels really good to find the right answer. Like when you solve something and your answer matches up with one of the multiple choice questions on an exam, or you write out a really complicated proof and it all makes sense. It just feels really good to work hard and then get to that right answer. But for a lot of other subjects, I just really slack off. So maybe some of it is me being wired differently, but I wouldn't be there without that motivation and extra time.

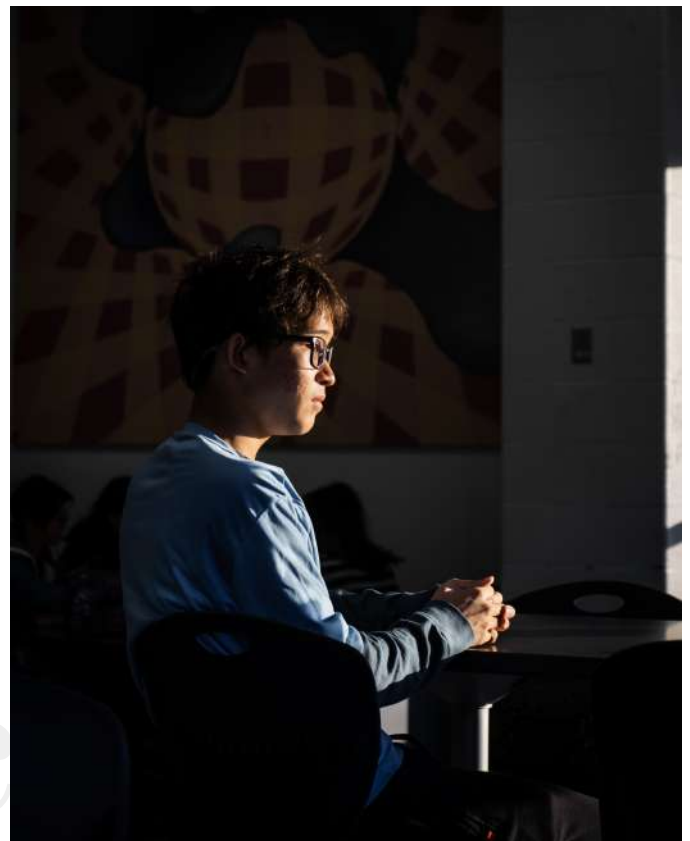
it just
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answer.



“ autism is a
spectrum.

I'm actually starting this organization outside of school that promotes autism acceptance, and it's because I realized that a lot of people either don't know about people with autism, or they don't accept them. I started with a group of friends, and we're trying to spread the word and to dispel these negative stereotypes about people with autism. There are a lot of people who, when I talk to them, and I say 'oh, did you know that I actually have a mild form of autism?' they say 'no you don't. You can talk normally, you can move normally, and you seem pretty rational.' But autism is a spectrum; it's very broad. Just because some people fall under the non-verbal category doesn't mean that everyone falls under that category. There are people in various different categories. So what we're trying to do is show people that autism doesn't just mean non-verbal people. People with autism can do anything.

marcus chan



OF RHHS.

michelle skidelsky

“

what's
the point
of trying
to be like
anyone
but me?

The most important thing I learned in high school was that I just really needed to be honest with myself. When I was in grade 8, I decided I was going to be a doctor. But my entire life before that I wanted to be an author, something to do with English.

Definitely not a doctor. And all of a sudden I was like 'I'm gonna do it, I'm going to be that girl who becomes a doctor'. But I always knew that wasn't where my heart was, and that I didn't care about chemistry or physics or anything like that. Those subjects never came easily to me. It's almost funny, because the whole time I was trying to become a doctor, what others thought of me came last. It was more about what I thought of me. I figured 'well, if I'm not going to do all these sciences, and if I'm not going to push myself, then I'm just accepting defeat.' But I know that's not true. I mean, if I don't like math, and I'm not good at it, and I don't need it, what's the point of taking it?

What's the point of trying to be like anyone but me? And what was the point of lying to myself that whole time?



frian frias



Sometimes I feel like I'm really lonely. Everyone puts on facades sometimes, and I always try to appear really outgoing. And it has nothing to do with confidence. I can be confident and still feel lonely. I have friends, but sometimes it's hard to connect on a deeper level. I remember thinking when I was younger, 'oh if only I was popular, I wouldn't feel so lonely.' And now that I've gotten some of that popularity I wanted, the feeling of loneliness hasn't changed. Just because you're surrounded with people doesn't mean you don't feel lonely. But I try to stay optimistic. At least I have friends. It's not like I don't. It could get worse. So I try to keep that mindset. And you know, being Minister of Publicity is really good for me, and for that. My dream job would be to become some public figure, like a talk show host or game show host. Even though being popular doesn't equal happiness, I still like getting that attention. But it isn't attention for no reason. I always try to live by the quote 'go be the reason that someone smiles today.' It's my favourite quote. So if I can make someone happy and make people smile, then I'll love what I'm doing.

“

if I can
make
people
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doing.

a Summer Story

They were the summer.

Warm, bright, free.

Short, despite your wishes of forever.

When your mom died, you stopped believing in fate, because a world without her is a world without light. But one afternoon, under the oak tree in a hidden grove at the heart of the park on your street, they entered your blue world like a hurricane and stopped the furious scribbling of grief upon your spiral-bound sketchbook. You had been angry lines and wretched splotches, but small, chubby six-year-old hands helped you turn the page to a new beginning.

These hands held onto yours for the next colourful decade, splashed with golden yellow skies, emerald green fields, and the pale beige that persisted in school classrooms as fingers lengthened and touch turned intimate.

You didn't believe in fate, but your friends would always comment on the perfect alignment of your souls. The remarks made you shy, rosy pinks dusting your cheeks as their head dropped onto your shoulder on the bus rides home.

But, as with any two people who dared to display the pieces of themselves, the crimson red of anger appeared, and increased the more your works gained attention. They didn't understand your increasing devotion to your craft over them, and you didn't understand their ignorance. And instead of holding a conversation, the two of you tried to resolve things with raw tenderness and naked affection.

So you didn't witness them falling apart behind their blazing demeanor; no one did.

One week after a particular nasty row that coloured your world infinite shades of disappointment, you headed over to attempt a reconciliation but found a tiled floor flooded with a different sort of paint, in amounts that could only mean the end for a summer that meant everything to you.

And you fell into an eternal winter.

In the wake of it all, it's the nothingness that startles you. Losing your mother inspired harsh explosions, scarlet bursts of ferocity that pushed away out-stretched arms.

Losing your summer is different, because losing a part of your soul drains the universe of all colour. How are you to live without their warmth when you are plagued with their absent presence in everything you see? The desk in the corner of the classroom that they lounged across, sunny yellow laugh lines dancing across their face. The station where they held onto you after an unexpected flu hit and set you alight with fever. The pathway to the hidden grove, trodden by sneakers and sandals and boots, bursting with bright memories that have dulled into grays.

You barely eat or sleep, eyes glued to a black screen that will never sound with an incoming update again. You don't cry either, even as your friends become a constant torrent of sorrow. You're a void, fingers unable to create anymore because a reflection of within would produce nothing at all.

The numbness persists as days turn into weeks, weeks into months; as others shed their blues and you're suddenly wrought with useless reassurances, because your summer is...over.

The consolation stops, unable to quickly heal your version of grief. It doesn't matter to you.

You've always been screaming but no one seemed to hear you at all.

But, recently, you've met someone new, someone who softens the winter chills and brightens the darkest nights. They blew into your life like a pleasant breeze, gently guiding your hands back towards the endlessly blank canvas of your heart. The first stroke had felt like hope, a splash of colour that juxtaposed the emptiness of your soul.

And you can feel spring trickling back into your tomorrows.

// JENNY HUANG
DESIGN // STELLA WANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // UNKNOWN

FORSAKEN

Running.

Breathing.

Stopping.

Turning.

Hiding.

Running.

Running.

Breathing.

Dying.

And yet,

Alive.

The thumping of my heart mixed with the footsteps, the doors slamming open, the silence. I try to stop it from beating. I pretend I am one with the corpses lying on the ground. I know that if I take even half a breath, I would not live long enough to take the other half.

Heart, *thumping.*

Footsteps, *leaving.*

Vision, *blurry.*

Heart, *stopping.*

I hear footsteps returning, this time louder, and more more of them. Now, I cannot pump any blood around my body, or else I would never have enough to circulate even one finger. So, I stop; thanks to their experiments, they made it harder for themselves to reclaim me. Their never exhausted attempts on making me one of their own.

Nausea and lightheadedness overcome my sense of existence and dilute my control on myself.

And so it happens: I take a breath to bring some light to my hazy vision, and they hear it. Their feet begin dragging their limp bodies towards me. Towards my breaths, towards my very humane scent.

I gather myself and conceal my most human feelings: fear, anxiety, recklessness, for which they have the strongest appetite. I stop my breathing, my heartbeat, and the flow of my blood once again. I suspend my humanity, channeling my innermost demons—brought upon by their teachings and their experiments on me.

I am fully aware of the consequences, of the one-way road that I'm taking. I know if I turn into one of them, I can never return to my humanity. But it is the only way to keep the rest of humanity out of their stomachs.

I take my last breath as a human being.

Closing my eyes, I recall the hours and hours of sleeping in their labs. I recall their science, their stench, their attitudes, and their verminous language.

Silence.

They join me.

Darkness.

I join them.

Dead.

And yet,

Alive.

Forsaken.



// ASSAL TOUDEHFALLAH
GRAPHICS // UNSPLASH
DESIGN // ANASTASIA BLOSSER

RETAIL THERAPY

AND OTHER LIES WE TELL OURSELVES

// ADRIANNE TANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // KERRY YAN
DESIGN // KAYLA CHO

I like to think that I'm a good liar. I'm especially convincing when I tell myself that, after another grueling week at school, I deserve a therapy session with the mall. Justified by the mid-seasonal sales, I visit store after store without a hint of concern that my bank account pays the ultimate price. Even if I perform well below expectations on Thursday's chemistry test, I eagerly fall prey to my twisted rationale that I need to comfort myself, and to boost my morale to work harder. Truthfully, none of my reasoning is really valid.

The high that is directly associated with rewarding myself is undeniably exhilarating, addicting even. I'm exchanging the burden of stress for a temporary relief that will fade as soon as I face the reality of my problems. The mentality that we need to treat ourselves for enduring stress, for succeeding, or for managing to pull through a particularly difficult task, can backfire; not only on our wallets, but also the environment.

Retail therapy is essentially the manipulative love child of consumerism and this 'treat yourself' mindset. Every purchase made at the retail location increases consumer demand, which prompts the company to produce more of the same goods. With the concept of retail therapy, customers are fixated on buying as a coping mechanism until they are satisfied, regardless of whether or not the purchase is deemed as necessary.

Here's another lie. E-commerce is a definite environmentally-friendly alternative to traditional shopping. It has been so deeply embedded into modern consumerist culture that we hardly think twice as we make several, seemingly innocent purchases online. Online shopping is more efficient and convenient, allowing couch dwellers to click

a button and enter credit card information within several minutes.

Consider this: an increase in online purchases leads to an immediate increase in delivery orders, which increases travel time and traffic delays. This produces more vehicle emissions from the transportation industry as a whole. Many retailers produce too much, and have admitted publicly that unsold merchandise ends up in landfills. While some shoppers are blissfully unaware of their environmental impact, others are developing an interest in conscious consumerism. Shoppers have begun to turn to other methods, such as secondhand stores that are available both locally and online. Some retailers have begun to offer discounts to shoppers in return for unwanted garments as a recycling program. With the rising awareness of the environmental footprint of shopping, it is no longer an unrealistic pipe dream that both manufacturers and customers can achieve a sustainable consumerist culture together.

There is no harm in caring for your mental health through the therapeutic means of shopping, but not at the cost of polluting even more so than we are already.





TIM HORTONS

our home and native land

Tim Hortons. Tims. Timmys. The home of the double-double. The Donut Palace. Whatever you may call it, you've definitely had your fair share of their products throughout your life as a Canadian. A hot chocolate after a long day of skiing, a coffee on your way to school in the morning, Timbits after hockey practice when you were a kid; name the occasion, and Tim's has got your back. The franchise is ubiquitously present in the lives of all Canadians— and is one of the few things that we can truly call a fixture in Canadian culture.

Since its founding in 1964, over 3,802 Tim Hortons shops have opened in Canada, spreading from Vancouver to Charlottetown to Iqaluit. Right now, there are more Timmys locations in Canada than there are McDonald's and Starbucks combined.

EST.
1964


3802+STORES



But what is it about Tim Hortons that makes it so essential to all Canadians? While there are many theories on how the chain managed to become such a cultural icon, the franchise's popularity really just has to do with how truly Canadian it is: the Tim Hortons story is one of small towns, big dreams, and hockey — and it doesn't get more Canadian than that.

Tim Hortons was originally founded in 1964 by hockey player Tim Horton. He was born in a tiny Ontario town, and grew up playing hockey, eventually beginning a career in the NHL in 1952.

He was a fantastic player, constantly breaking records and winning 3 consecutive Stanley cups from 1962-1964. As great as he was, he was never garish. Tim Horton was known for being humble, hardworking and down-to-earth; all extremely Canadian qualities.



When he began the Tim Horton's franchise, Tim's main goal was to support his wife and four daughters in the off-season. And so, the Tim Horton's drive-in opened up, selling chicken and burgers. When this wasn't successful, Tim decided to venture into the coffee and donut industry instead. The rest is history.

Tim's story, in all ways possible, reflects the Canadian dream and its values; family, perseverance in times of adversity, and being so simple that it's almost absolutely ordinary. And it's exactly why Tim Hortons has woven itself into our national identity.

The franchise saw its largest increase in popularity in the 1990s, during a large immigration boom, going from 500 stores to 2000. The same Canadian dream that the chain was founded upon drew people to this country, and as new Canadians searched for ways to experience Canadian culture, they flocked to the place that all Canadians, young and old, seemed to go all the time: Tims. When my own father moved to Canada in April of 2000, he went to his local gas station three times a day to pick up a double-double, showing his true devotion to both caffeine and his new home. Stories like this propelled the franchise to continue expansion, and the chain opened its 3000th location in 2006.

Tim Hortons, in true Canadian fashion, continues to have its doors open to everyone. We can all bond over how their iced coffee is always a gamble, or quarrel over which flavor of Timbit is best (definitely chocolate). The franchise is delicious, inexpensive, and everywhere: and that's what makes it so accessible, both in its intangible feeling of Canadiana and in its wide variety of products.

For all its success, the chain remains humble, just as its namesake was. Even most of their marketing revolves around those core Canadian ideals; small towns, big dreams, and hockey. The coffee shop is only this popular because we make it so, and its part in our national identity reflects an idea larger than coffee: we, as Canadians, aren't necessarily frilly or fancy. We're real and down-to-earth, with a love for our country and our people; and that's what makes us amazing.

So while donuts and coffee may always have your back, never forget that your fellow Canadians do too. Afterall, we're always fresh. Always home. Always Tim Hortons.



// MICHELLE SKIDELSKY
PHOTOGRAPHY // kclarke on Pixabay,
trophygeek on Flickr, Lisa Fotios on Pexels
DESIGN // ELINA NIE



more than just a name

Once upon a time, there was a young girl, whose name was viewed as explicit on most of the online game sites like Moshi Monsters and Club Penguin. Her life was predestined by the unusualness of her name, and her attitudes by the meaning of it— or so everyone believed it should be.

A name, an assembly of ancient symbols working hand in hand to accomplish what we ask them to do: to give meaning, to label, to put us in a box. There is a great variety of names to choose from, yet we never seem quite content with our given names.

Whether it is Catherine, Tina, or Banafsheh, there always seems to be something wrong with it. Tina is too simple, too short to be abbreviated. Catherine is common and can be abbreviated, and Banafsheh is difficult to pronounce and the abbreviation sounds like *banana*. However, if all of these people were given the chance, likely none of them would change their names, no matter how much they dislike them.

As a society, everything has to be neatly labelled: the aisles in Walmart, our sexual orientation, and finally all of us as individuals. Perhaps without names, our world would be utter chaos; but, what if we just gave them less attention than we do today? It is not as though all of the Thomases and Brandons are in one category. It is not that all Sarahs want to be tattoo artists. It is simply that we would not have to constantly call each other using “hey”s and “yo”s. Then why wouldn’t Catherine change her name to Ocean? Or why wouldn’t Banafsheh switch to Mona?

We have created a sense of identity using our names; it is a home that follows us everywhere and we never want to rid ourselves from it. Even though we may hate it, it is something we are used to, and change can be terrifying.

Recently, I had a conversation with a friend and when faced with the question of “Do you like your name?”, neither of our answers were satisfactory. After giving it some thought, we both agreed that we do not necessarily love it, but we have come to accept it.

Many do not feel as though their names are a correct description of their personality. But names are not given innately to predetermine who we are— they are given to simplify our speech. However, names can also be much more significant as they are not just to make you feel insecure, but to help you stop feeling insecure.

The main issue that happens in a world where people cannot be satisfied with such a small matter is: would they ever be content with more important aspects of their life? If one cannot love such an insignificant part of their existence, they would never be able to whole-heartedly love and adore themselves. “He who is not satisfied with a little, is satisfied with nothing” (Epicurus), therefore accepting our name may be the very first part of our journey for self-love.

That’s one small step for a man, one giant leap for the future of self-love and acceptance.

*Dear young child,
Your name matters. It will hurt you, but it will bring you up higher than ever.
Embrace it and allow it to do its magic.
Sincerely, a slightly older child.*

// ASSAL TOUDEHFALLAH
PHOTOGRAPHY // IVY LUO
DESIGN // ANASTASIA BLOSSER



Fairy - Land

“You must not associate yourself with the fairies.”

The witch's words pierced the silence. Illuminated by the fine golden mist of her potion, she turned to glance at her child, whose eyes were fixated upon the flurries of snow outside the cottage window.

“They are devious folk. Dangerous, even. The ones who run away with the fairies never come back.”

“Where do they go?” The boy asked, tracing wings upon the frigid glass.

“I don't know. To the land of fairies.”

The boy frowned. “Is the land of fairies evil?”

“Nobody who has really traveled to the land of fairies ever comes back.” The witch repeated. “They go there and never return. You must stay here and do what you know— brew potions for the townsfolk, cure their illnesses for them. Is that not a much more noble job?”

Sighing, the boy tore himself away from the frosted window and joined the witch by her cauldron.

Many years came and passed. The boy grew and learned quickly from the witch, but even as the townsfolk showered him with praise, even as his hands ground herbs and cured children and stirred cauldrons filled with enchanted elixirs, his heart pulled him to the woods. Something shifted in the trees— the boy glimpsed a pair of sparkling eyes peering at him through the foliage once, twice, three times, more— but each time, the witch called him back, and each time, he tore himself begrudgingly from the woods and went back to work.

The witch became more and more distant from the boy as time passed, and occupied herself with brewing potions. She delegated to the boy the task of collecting ingredients, and he was more than happy to finally have an excuse to wander into the woods.

Golden rays peeked through the rustling canopy as the boy gathered rosehips, taking care not to pierce himself with thorns. A flicker of movement a little off the path caught his eye— he paused despite himself and saw a prince sitting in a circle of mushrooms.

Maybe he wasn't really a prince, but he certainly

looked like one— some sort of otherworldly creature with both profound beauty and a haunting, electrifying aura.

“You're not human.” The boy realized, drawing back.

The fairy flashed pearly white, oddly sharp teeth at him. “You're afraid of me.”

“I am not.” Frowning, the boy pulled out his wand, then reconsidered. The fairy drew himself upright and the boy stumbled back another two steps, despite the urge to get closer that was growing in his chest.

“It's because of your kind. Most humans don't like us, but you— you never listen to them, do you? You want to come with us.”

The boy faltered. In the light streaming through the leaves overhead, the ring of toadstools seemed to glow, and a pair of ghostly wings shimmered between the shoulderblades of the fairy as he held out his hand. Sensing his hesitation, the fairy's grin widened, mischief dancing in his eyes.

“Your folk are dangerous. You do evil things.” The boy said uneasily, though his feet inched closer to the fairy's portal. “Why should I trust you?”

The fairy shrugged. “We are the way we are because that is what we are made to be, is that not so? Trusting me is entirely optional, but I know you want to follow your heart. It's just how humans are.”

Leaves crunched under the boy's boots as he drew nearer despite the fairy's cryptic words. His basket of rose hips fell to the floor, and behind him, the light coalesced into a soft outline of what might have been a pair of frail, half-formed wings. He closed his eyes, listened to his heart, and stepped into the ring of toadstools.

Now alone in the woods, the fairy stilled, turned to look behind him, and locked eyes with another shadowed, hidden figure amid the trees, peering shyly at the fairy circle. He extended a hand, long fingers curling, and beckoned for them to follow him home to fairy-land.

// MICHELLE LIU
PHOTOGRAPHY // RACHAEL PENG
DESIGN // ELINA NIE

JUST 2010S THINGS

A hand holding a smartphone, displaying a game scene with a stone wall and a blue sky. The phone is held in the foreground, and the background is a blurred image of a game scene.

Somehow, the 2010s are over. If you feel like you blinked and missed them, trust me, you're not alone. This decade has seen some unprecedented changes, and, for most of us, will come to be one of the most defining decades of our lives.

When the 2010s first began, I was drinking orange juice out of a champagne glass and ringing in the new year with my family. I was sitting pretty at the ripe age of 7, and seldom thought about anything more significant than which littlest pet shop toy I'd play with tomorrow. Now, 10 years later, I've seen and lived through everything the 2010s had to offer. This is the decade that I'll someday refer to as the "good old days," and though I doubt my thoughts will ever really stray from my impressive littlest pet shop collection, I figured it'd be fun to go over a few things that only us 2010s kids will remember.

1. RAINBOW LOOM

Why was the world so obsessed with weaving elastics in 2014? I'll never know. Neither will my mother, who was extremely frustrated when I dragged her out to buy me a loom kit on a late night in November. I just had to have one. I made a ridiculous number of bracelets, some hearts, and a couple of fish before the loom stopped being cool and I forgot about my kit forever. Rumour has it that to this day, you can still find those tiny elastics hidden in the corners of my house.



2. THE RISE OF SOME ICONIC VIRAL VIDEOS

So, what does the fox say? I never really found out, but the song was stuck in my head for weeks. The early 2010s saw the birth of truly viral videos, starting with the classic bed intruder song that urged everyone to hide their kids and hide their wives. This was swiftly followed by Nyan Cat, Rebecca Black's "Friday", Gangnam Style, and the Harlem Shake. These videos were everywhere; the news, late-night talk shows, and my Russian class, which performed a cover of Gangnam Style in Russian in June 2013. Traumatic? Definitely. Iconic? Absolutely.

3. VIRAL SMARTPHONE GAMES

Games like Fruit Ninja, Temple Run, and Angry Birds will always hold a special place in my heart. I remember my little brother scratching the screen of my shiny new iPod touch in an attempt to slice a watermelon. Those games, however, were nothing compared to the giant that was Pokémon Go.

I remember when Pokémon Go first came out, and it wasn't available for download in Canada, I made several sketchy iTunes accounts in an attempt to download the game onto my phone. After hours and hours of trial and error, it finally worked. I ventured into the world to collect my first Pokémon, feeling like a true explorer. The next day, Pokémon Go was made available for download in Canada. I had most definitely wasted my time, but I also felt incredibly cool. Team Mystic for life.

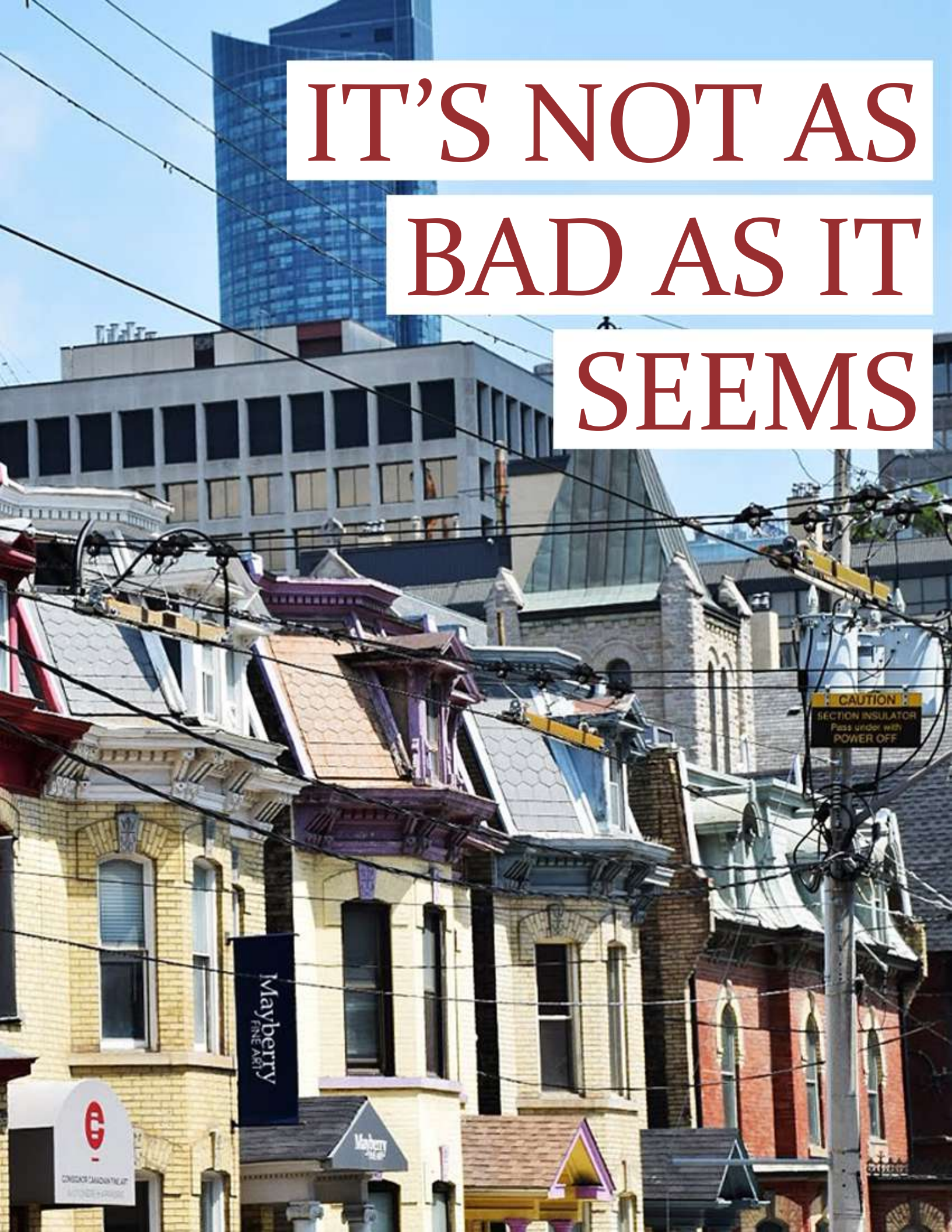
4. THE DRESS (AND ITS FRIENDS)

The Dress. You know the one. It divided homes, schools, and the internet. Videos were made, articles were written, and scientists were called. For a split second in 2015, I was almost convinced that my brother and I weren't related, since he blasphemously believed that the dress was black and blue (it's 100% white and gold, by the way). Similar trends, such as the Yanny or Laurel recording, also exploded, proving the true capability of the internet to turn something into an overnight phenomenon — a power completely unique to the 2010s.

And so, as we enter into the next decade of our lives, we are sure to be greeted with even more ridiculous fads that we'll laugh about for years to come. So bring it on, 2020s. We're ready for you.

// MICHELLE SKIDELSKY
PHOTOGRAPHY // HANNAH NGUYEN
DESIGN // ANASTASIA BLOSSER AND ELINA NIE

IT'S NOT AS
BAD AS IT
SEEMS



A populist movement sweeps the world as ordinary people watch with bated breath; Erdogan, Orban, Trump, the new People's Party of Canada all get by riding the waves of hate and ignorance that have plagued politics in recent history.

How did politics devolve from actual policymaking into a screaming match? It stems from a trend of over-criticism.

Healthy criticism is internalizing the truth that nobody is perfect, recognizing faults for what they are and nothing more, and trying to fix them. Over-criticism is a denial of that truth without realizing it. It's weighing faults, however minor they may be, over virtues; it's overanalyzing small mistakes; it's pursuing perfection and being disappointed every single time.

The way this plays into politics is simple. During elections, candidates run campaigns scrutinizing every flaw in their opponents' platforms and personal lives. In the 2016 American election, for example, Trump ran a campaign basically slandering everything Obama's government had ever done. This isn't a bad thing per se, of course — this is healthy criticism, because informed decision-making requires as much information as possible.

This strategy only runs into problems because of voters who pick up this information and start being overly-critical. They ignore all the good things Obama did, putting aside objectivity in favour of the fancy rhetoric of somebody they don't know, whose promises they aren't sure will be kept either, because if the incumbent was so bad, surely somebody new must be better. That's how you get populist governments running on fear tactics and empty words - they seem like the perfect candidate until they aren't, and then it's too late.

No matter how much we like to hold politicians responsible, we can only really blame our own judgment that these people are elected in the first place.

And while over-criticism affects society as a whole, it's something that starts in our everyday actions. It's fine to reflect on areas of personal improvement, but when nothing is ever good enough, when you get a single bad grade and lament that you're going to fail the entire course, or when you make judgments on somebody you don't know based on a single interaction or observation, you are being overly-critical.

Over-criticism doesn't just affect the way we think. It affects how we present ourselves, how we interact with others, and how happy we are. Constantly finding problems in everything leads to self-doubt about the flaws that others may see in you. It leads to you either complaining too often or not expressing your opinions at all. But more importantly, it leads to an inability to enjoy life for what it is because you're too busy analyzing minute details.

On every level, over-criticism leads to us losing things that aren't worth losing under the guise of thinking critically. The microcosm of insecurity in our personal lives — giving up friends, opportunities, and goals, because of a few roadblocks or "what-if"s manifests itself in the macrocosm of how our society is run — overemphasizing the flaws of satisfactory policies and replacing them on a whim with something far worse. The key is to think critically, but not over-critically; happy objective thinkers make the world go round.

Like everything, changing your mindset is easier said than done. After all, it's hard to stop and smell the roses when everything never seems to stop moving past us. But we all have a few moments to spare — even if it's the time we usually spend complaining— because even if the roses are a bit wilted, they're still roses, and you never know if the next flower patch will be as beautiful.

// GABY LIN
PHOTOGRAPHY // JULIA LI
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