

THE TARTAN TIMES

December Edition

2021

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Playlist

Taylor Swift - Back to December

-Queen - A Winter's Tale

-Norah Jones - Wintertime

-Ingrid Michaelson - Looks Like a Long, Long Winter

-Sting - The Hounds of Winter

-Sara Bareilles and Ingrid Michaelson - Winter Song

-Elvis Presely - Winter Wonderland

-She and Him - Baby, it's Cold Outside

-Steve Miller Band - Wintertime

-Counting Crows - A Long December

-Fleet Foxes - White Winter Hymnal

Interview with the Principal

JJ Mrazek

Educator, distributor of masks, and principal of Campbell, Ms. Buisson can be found greeting students every morning as they enter the school. This is the extent of many students' knowledge of the principal. Some of you may even have just learned something new. So, in my relentless quest for enlightenment and transparency, I decided to investigate for the Tartan Times. Ms. Buisson graciously accepted my request for an interview, and her answers to several questions are found below.

How long have you been principal, and is this your first posting?

No, this is not my first appointment as principal, I was appointed principal at Scott Collegiate several years ago. Well, actually before that I was principal at George Ferguson School. So, George Ferguson School, Scott Collegiate, Johnson Collegiate, and now Campbell Collegiate.

Around how many years ago would that have been?

I want to say probably ten or eleven years.

Would you say you enjoy being the principal?

I do. There are days that there are tasks that I don't love, but generally I enjoy the unpredictability and the challenges.

What's been the most memorable moment for you so far - besides covid?

Besides Covid - you're right. *laughs* The most memorable moment of my career... I don't know that I could limit it to one, but I would say that one of the best moments that I have is graduation every year, when I see the students get their cap and gown and walk across the stage.

Let's go back a little - what was your favourite class in school?

Hmm. I would say generally speaking, I loved what would have been a law class. That would have been my most favourite; overall I tended to like the social sciences; but if I were being very honest, it's always about the teacher. They make the content so interesting.

That is very true. Were you a good student?

I was an ok student, yes. *laughs*

What's something that you never expected to deal with before starting your career?

Oh my gosh, there are so many things...

I never thought that I would be in a pandemic, and that I would have to maneuver those waters; the fallout from Covid, and how my role has changed to manage people within a facility post-pandemic; checking people for vaccination status, and ensuring that masks are being worn...

I never could have dreamt it.

Some people have reported being singled out or even attacked for who they are at school.

What do you say to students who don't feel safe?

I need to know if a student isn't feeling safe. I will respond to any and all reports, but they have to be reported to me for me to act on them. And that is my greatest frustration right now, that I will hear from a teacher or from another individual that something has occurred, but I never hear from the individual. I will respond, and there will be consequences once I have determined what the actions were, but I can't do anything if I don't know about it.

When a student does report something, what kind of actions would be taken?

I would investigate. I always want to ensure that I have all of the information, I would want to see if there were any witnesses, I would want to hear what the other parties have to say. Consequences can be a conversation with the student, a conversation with the parents. Depending on the infraction it could be a suspension. There are levels, depending on what the situation is. And sometimes, it becomes an actual criminal offence and I involve our school resource officer.

On another note, can you elaborate on sports teams being allowed to take overnight trips but not other groups?

Sports teams are not allowed to take overnight trips. The only sports teams that were permitted to be out of the city overnight were those teams that were representing the City of Regina in a provincial final. And they received exceptional status for that to occur. But there have been no tournaments overnight, and any tournaments that occurred, students were transported and came back that night, and then went the next day and came back. No overnighing. Ok?

I appreciate the questions, though, because this school is so big and so many things happen, it's not always that we can communicate absolutely everything with everyone. Again, if students do have questions and they want to come and ask their questions, as long as they're respectful in how they come to me - they can send me an email or pop into my office - I'll answer those questions. I love clearing up confusion or explaining why decisions were made.

What should students know about decision-making in schools?

Many of our administrative procedures are set at division level, and we are required as administrators to adhere to those practices and those policies. I would like to know more specifically if there's something that you were referring to?

If it's related to sports, we have two overarching organizations. We have the Regina High School Athletic Association and we also have the Saskatchewan High School Athletic Association. When it comes to sport, those are our governing bodies that work hand in hand with our division. So it depends on what the issue is.

If we're talking about a suspension, I would have some leniency with regards to what the length of the suspension is within my school. That's not mandated by the division.

Last question - what are you most looking forward to?

Short term, I'm looking forward to a holiday.

A little bit longer term, I am anticipating a gradual relaxation of some of the protocols currently in place by Sask Health. It would be lovely to see students' smiles. I appreciate that students are so good about wearing their masks, but I have a hard enough time remembering students' faces and names with this many students in my building, and putting a mask on them makes it even harder to recognize. So I live for the day when I can stand at the front doors and see the students come in, smile at me, and say good morning. I think that would be the highlight of this year.

Thank you for your time.

My pleasure!

Laugh Attack

Did you hear about the boy
who turned up to school with
only 1 glove?

He said the weather man said
it's going to be cold but on the
other hand it might be warm

Urinetown, The Musical:

A Review by Addison Welk

Campbell has finally been able to start up theatre again, and I couldn't think of a better way to commemorate this special occasion, than with a new winter musical: Urinetown. As the provocative title suggests, Urinetown is a musical about the strife our heroes face involving urination. The musical takes place in a semi-dystopian world in which private toilets have been banned, and taxes on public toilets have been implemented due to a horrific water shortage. Anyone who doesn't obey these laws are sent to a hellish land called "Urinetown." After many moons under restraint from these decrees, the poor chose to overthrow the government and gain urination freedom.

Running on Broadway from September 2001 to January 2004, winning three Tony awards, and featuring comedic numbers by Greg Kotis and Mark Hollmann, Urinetown homages many shows from the past, and pokes fun at the popular narrative tropes from the present. It's a satirical wonder, with some social commentary to go along with it! Featuring twists, complex characters, and some catchy songs, Urinetown is a remarkable show that will keep you wondering.

So obviously, I had to see if Campbell's theatre department could do it justice.

The first thing that caught my eye was the very prominent costume design. During the opening number, "Too Much Exposition" the bright and pristine outfits of the wealthy socialites contrasted greatly with the murky greys and browns of the poor citizens. The set design shined as well. Despite large set pieces with stairs and ladders being hard to work with, the way the cast moved about the stage was effortless.

Next, of course, is the cast. There's no secret that Campbell's musical theatre educators are phenomenal, but there are some aspects of the cast that you just can't teach. Without a doubt, I have to send some appreciation to the leads, Alexander Widdup as Bobby Strong and Bailey Beauchesne/ Elyse Woodard as Hope Cladwell. Their rendition of "Follow Your Heart" had wonderful harmonies and the two have great chemistry.

Then there's the marvelous evil overlord, Layne Nishamura as Caldwell Cladwell. Both of his songs had fantastically corrupt undertones, and his vocal range is perfect for this role. Caden Mooney as Officer Lockstock, Abigail Wright/ Alec Buhse as Officer Barrel, and Britton Perkowitsch/ Jenna Zurburg as Little Sally all had some great scenes together. Little Sally's wholesome energy was on point! Ilana van der Merwe's Penelope PennyWise was daring and her confidence showed all the way to the back row. "Cop Song" had stupendous choreography; they even gave their flashlights their own dance break. Choreographers Shanna-Marie Jones and Alaina Majewski did a superb job on the musical numbers as proved in "Stuff That Girl" and "Run, Freedom, Run!". Both shined through as my favourite moments of the show. The entire cast is filled with wonderful actors who expertly portrayed real emotion on stage, which was most apparent in the Act One finale, with layered harmonies and brilliant choreography. They were also able to convey what the story wanted to tell to the audience, as well as leave subtle hints as to what you might interpret from the ending.

Walking out of the auditorium, I was left thinking about whether or not I had been rooting for the right characters or not. But the truth is, there are no "right characters", that's what makes the show so great. So, I think it's safe to say that I was pleasantly amused and happily perplexed at what I had seen. Director Cynthia Peyson Wahl spoke in the program about not wanting to go with a sweet and lighthearted show to perk up our spirits about the past year and a half, and wanting an outside the box musical to subvert our expectations. She stated that she hopes to find humour in the difficult situations we might find ourselves in, and listen to some great music. In my opinion, a show about a community coming together to fight the odds for what they believe in is the type of show that keeps audiences thinking, and remembering Campbell's theatre department for being bold. And with that, I send my appreciation to everyone who worked on this show, and I think it's safe to say that Campbell's knack for musical theatre isn't going anywhere.

Whats new in World News!

Emily Farrer

Science

As of November 19th children ages 5-11 years old will be eligible to receive the two dose Pfizer Covid-19 vaccine. This vaccine has a third of the dose given to people aged 12 and up and will have an 8 week wait period between their first and second dose. In Canada and the United States Pfizer is currently the only vaccine approved for children under the age of 12. Saskatchewan plans to begin vaccine clinics in schools and in specialized clinics for children with conditions such as autism to make receiving the vaccine more comfortable for both the parents and the children. This has become increasingly important for us with the emergence of a new, more adaptable strain of Covid-19 called Omicron variant. As of December 3rd Canada had reported 15 cases of infection, 11 of which were identified in Alberta from people who had recently returned from countries in Southern Africa such as Nigeria. First identified in South Africa this variant could possibly be more transmissible and dangerous than other current variants such as Delta. In Europe several countries, such as Italy and Germany, have identified cases of Omicron variant, the rapid spread has made omicron a variant of significant concern.

Politics:

On November 24th Magdalena Anderson became the first female prime minister of Sweden only to resign hours later and then return to the position five days later because of the loss of support of the Green Party. This loss of support was because a budget benefitting the far right and anti-immigrant parties was passed, of which Ms Anderson stated she could still run a government under this budget. Because of recent divisions in Swedish politics leading a minority government has become increasingly difficult which has led to political deadlock. However after she resigned, the Green Party stated that in the next election they would support her again, despite having broken off the official coalition, this fact has led many to believe that next September she will be reelected.

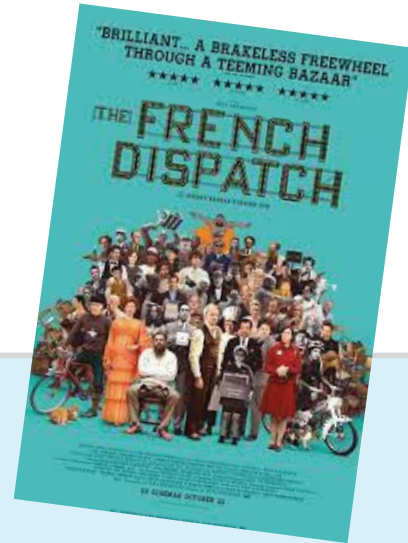
Education:

Tanzania has recently lifted their ban on teen mothers returning to school after giving birth. This law, which had been in place since the 1960s and reaffirmed in 2017 by former president John Magufuli, was lifted by current president Samia Suluhu Hassan in the week of November 21, 2021. Tanzania was previously one of only two countries within Africa to still maintain this law and the removal has been considered a huge step in women's right to access education in Tanzania. New policy set in place by the ministry of education in Tanzania states that new mothers will have the opportunity to return to school within two years following the birth of their child, if they do not reapply for school in that period they can continue their education at education centers which are also government funded and offer the condensed form of the normal curriculum. This has opened up conversations on the necessity of sex education for the prevention of teen pregnancy and encouraged activists to continue fighting for women's rights all across the country.



Movie Recommendations

By Hutton McLeod



Movie: The French Dispatch

Director: Wes Anderson

Year of release: 2021

Genre: Comedy, Romance, Drama

Synopsis: A group of journalists who contribute their knowledge and past experience into a Newspaper. The story follows a series of memories made up from each journalist's piece of writing.



Movie: I'm thinking of ending things

Director: Charlie Kaufman

Year of release: 2020

Genre: Psychological horror, Drama, Thriller

Synopsis: The film follows the story of a middle aged man and his partner. Together they're traveling to have supper at the man's parents house but are confronted with multiple peculiar events.

The Last Hurrah!

The loud obnoxious screams and joyous cheer insinuating the need for more. Encore! Originating from the 18th century the tradition of an encore after a performance had begun. For decades our society has kept up with this rambunctious act. With time it appears to me that our efforts of a crowd have dissipated toward an entitled expectation. It seems as if the once unexpected gift of impromptu performance is now taken for granted. In a concert for City and Colour, he joked that if he were to play for four hours many would still expect an encore. I find that to be somewhat unsettling that as an audience we have such a greedy impact on the artist. In the end many artists explain that they're just thrilled to be able to perform live again, even if the crowd doesn't roar for their extra songs.



Artist: Danha Kim
Grade: 11
Medium: Watercolour

Artist: Zoe Anthony
Grade: 11
Medium: Watercolour



The Three Step Procrastination Treatment

Ilana van der Merwe

You are hunched over your laptop in unwashed sweats as you squint at a glowing computer screen. It's well past midnight and the time goes fast only when you don't want it to. You are tired to the point that the words you read start to blur and the keys you type no longer make any sense. But still you sit there, slaving away, because your assignment is due tomorrow.

We have all been there - the helpless victims of a seemingly unavoidable problem. Any modern student's kryptonite: Procrastination. With the winter break coming up, your teachers will surely assign readings, warn you of upcoming tests, and send you home with an unending list of projects. It is easy to take the winter break a little too literally and forget about all life's problems until the eve of the first day back, but your best work surely won't happen under mass amounts of stress.

According to Ms. Danyluk (A psychology and english teacher at Campbell), there are three steps any student should take to avoid procrastination: Brainstorm, Balance, Backtrack.

Brainstorm: Make two lists, one for things that refresh you and the other for things that drain you. Dividing your to-do list into two makes it easier for you to see everything you need to get done. Additionally, keeping track of what you need to get done in lists keeps you organized.

Students tend to underestimate the importance of scheduled rest, as they are better rewarded (with grades, money, or experience) with scheduled work. Taking a break is just as justifiable as completing a set of history notes.

Balance: Once you have a list in place, it is important to use that list to your advantage. Balancing the two lists is important. You need equal amounts of rest and work. But it is also important to fully commit when you are dedicating time to a certain activity. We all know that going on your phone in class is distracting, but the same applies to rest that is side tracked by work. If you decide to watch a movie, you need to commit. Don't check your phone to see if your teacher marked your latest essay. Quality work requires quality rest.

During the Holiday break, it is important to slowly work away at homework assignments, but it is also important to remember all the other, equally important things that must get done. Time spent with family should be equally valued as time spent studying. In short - be sure to bake cookies as well as do calculus.

Backtrack: As you grow, you will get better at time management. Procrastination may always be an issue, but you will become better at handling your stress levels. So if you bomb something now, take the failure and learn from it.

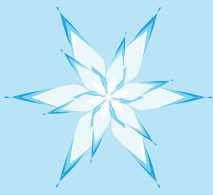
Each note you make for yourself will help you in the future. By backtracking, you are preventing your future self from making the same mistakes as before.

You will learn the tactics that work best for you, but this is a good place to start.

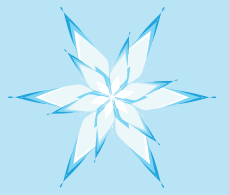
Although there is no quick fix for the common procrastinator, brainstorming, balancing, and backtracking is a simple process that can't do any damage. Over this break, when you find that controlling your procrastination is difficult, remember this quote by Picasso: "Only put off until tomorrow what you are willing to die having left undone".

Did You Know?

On December 17, 1986 Mrs Davina Thompson made medical history by having the first heart, lung & liver transplant at Papworth Hospital in Cambridge, England.



How to Deal with Winter Break Burnout



Winter break is coming soon and everyone's excited, counting down the days until the much needed respite from our chaotic reemergence into the school year. Alongside making our holiday wish lists, buying presents, ugly sweaters, singing carols, and setting up lights, we're also losing our energy and will to complete school work. To put it simply, we're burned out. And after the past few years, we're entitled to be. We're surviving a global pandemic and we're exhausted. As important as school is, our mental health needs to come first. We get stressed about the amount of work we need to do, which stops us from doing the work, which makes us stressed about it all piling up, which stops us from- clearly it's a never ending loop. Take a few deep breaths. We're going to be fine. Winter break is fast approaching. We'll get there. Right now, let's focus on as much as we're able to, but it's ok to not stay up until 3am trying to finish that essay. I'm not saying we should all drop school work entirely in favour of catching up on that video game, that's saved for the actual break. But we need to stop treating ourselves like prisoners, following a strict routine of wake up, work, eat, sleep, repeat. Here are some tips to balancing your schedule while being forced to wake up at 7am.

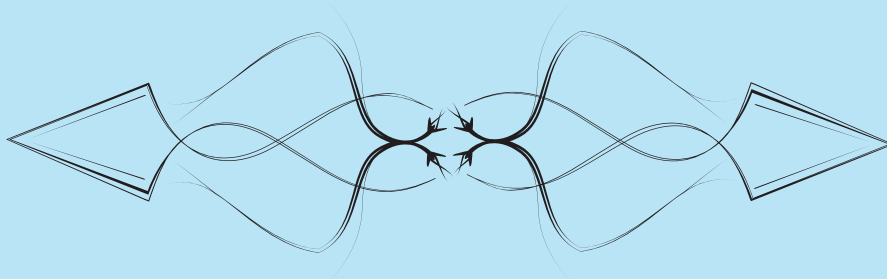
1. Make yourself a to-do list: whether it be sorted by hours, days, or weeks, a to-do list can be the reliever of much of your stress. Writing your homework/tasks down in an organized list separated by classes can be smart, helpful, and essential to a successful student, especially a usually forgetful student.
2. Prioritize larger assignments: if you have a mix of assignments that range between being worth a lot of marks and a little, try to do the ones worth more first. While they're probably more time-consuming than the other's, they'll have a higher value in the long-run.
3. Break assignments into pieces: as said before, some of your assignments are probably really big, and because of that, they probably seem a lot scarier and harder to achieve. So break them up into smaller segments. It may help to focus on parts of the assignment in one day, and then worry about the other assignments in the next.
4. Take a break: If you've been working for hours on end without a breather, it's actually a lot less effective than you probably believe. You're only human, you need periodic breaks. Try working for 45 minutes of an hour, then taking that last 15 to walk away from your desk, have a snack, socialize, etc, before returning to your work. You'll have more energy and your brain will probably thank you for not endlessly subjecting it to over-complicated math equations.

5. Don't neglect your life outside of work: did you know you cannot fully function in your school life without having a healthy relationship with other aspects of your world? Go to sleep at a reasonable hour and try to get at least 7 hours. Hang out with your friends, while still maintaining COVID protocols. Talk to people in your family. Eat a balanced meal. Do some activities you enjoy. Don't do stupid challenges you find online.

6. And finally, countdown the days: Seriously, winter break is days away. Count them down, it's our only motivation. Use it.
Keep your chin up and smell the gingerbread.
We've been through it all and we'll keep going.
We are in this together.

Did You Know?

On December 18, 2009 James Cameron's "Avatar" starring Sam Worthington, Zoe Saldana and Sigourney Weaver, was released in the US and became the highest-grossing film of all time.



Winter's Gentle Embrace

Sydney Coleman

She shivered as the frigid air broke through her cream, woolen sweater and whipped her auburn hair across her rosy freckled face. It was cold enough that the trees groaned when the wind blew past them, and the foliage along the ground shuddered as the frost nipped at the edges before overtaking the center. The snow on the ground, relatively untouched save for the few varied tracks of the elk and rabbit, had gone solid, crunching beneath the weight of her feet. Her hands had gone numb as the bitter air whistled around her fingertips that poked through the perrywinkle, fingerless gloves she often wore. She tried to ease the discomfort of her tingling hands by making fists underneath the folds of her arms, but her fingers already appeared as if they'd been dipped in blue paint. The wind had been relentless, lashing around viciously and piercing her face with a bitter, icy kiss. When the wind had settled, for only brief intervals, the muggy grey sky was brought to life by the dancing ice shards that tinkled against each other before being whisked away by another violent gust. When several minutes of mindless trudging had passed, the girl's extremities had completely lost feeling as a dull sting that began crawling up her arms and legs threatened to extend towards her torso and encompass her warm, beating heart. She paused only for a moment to turn her squinted eyes -- nearly frozen shut from the sheer cold -- to peer behind herself in recognition of the distance which she had walked.

The attempt was futile, dread enveloping her body when she saw nothing behind her. The tracks that normally would have been left in her wake had been devoured by the icy performance up in the sky.

She let out a struggled whimper as the only thing that reminded her of the fact that she had a goal -- that she was headed somewhere -- had completely disappeared. The only thing that reassured her that she was still alive was gone. The fear that had loomed over her was overwhelming, and it only festered as her limbs grew heavy, dragging behind her. It felt as if the blood inside her veins started to freeze, making her movements become more haggard. She had succumbed to nothing but continuous, violent shuddering that rattled her whole body, making her stagger in and out of her appointed direction. Her mind had unconsciously begun counting down the seconds, as if it just knew. And it did.

The sheer cold had reached her heart that had been working vigorously to pull the blood closer to her body in a desperate attempt to create a barrier to protect her vital systems. It felt as if her heart had started freezing at the edges, much like the foliage she had passed earlier. Despite the ice that had started etching itself in and slowly climbing to the center of her heart, she pressed on, a severe limp setting in place.

She had been pulling limb after limb behind her, the weight of her own frigid body becoming its own personal burden. Her body had involuntarily slumped, but she didn't realize that her legs had seized entirely until her body convulsed, and she was met face-to-face with the hard snow beneath her. It didn't burn when her cheek touched the crystals that scattered the ground, in fact, it felt pleasant; like someone was gently inviting her in to warm-up and enjoy a cozy holiday supper. Visions of her mother holding the intricately carved wooden door open while her younger sister haphazardly dashed out of the door -- ruddy curls bouncing wildly -- in order to greet her and pull the freshly cut pine from her arms flashed by momentarily. The smell of a log simmering in the fireplace while the turkey sat almost fully cooked in the oven engulfed her nostrils, replacing the arid, bristling cold that forcibly squeezed her nostrils shut. The girl reveled in the memory, as the crystals around her gently blanketed her frozen body. A rush of heat pooled through her veins as she curled her body closer together and pulled her woolen sweater around her hands. She had let her eyelids droop as the corners of her lips quirked upwards, reminiscing of fond holiday memories.

There wouldn't be a new holiday memory this year. There would be no tree placed just off the center from the hearth, decorated with tinsel and glimmering crystal balls of red and silver. She sighed as she relaxed her body and hummed a mindful Christmas carol to herself. With the last smile she'd ever make still plastered on her face, she finally tasted the sweet warmth of Death's kiss.

Laugh Attack

Why didn't the tourist in the Arctic get any sleep?
Because he plugged his electric blanket into the toaster by mistake — and kept popping out of bed all night!

The Mirage

Jake Nasewich

He opened his eyes to the darkened room, crossing his arms around his chest and letting out an uncontrollable shiver. Outside the wind blew viciously, throwing sheets of snow against the house and sending the gnarled branches of the trees grasping at the weather-beaten walls, not unlike a drowning man reaching for a life preserver. Yet it was not the sounds of the storm that had woken him; on the contrary, the wind and the branches beat soundlessly against the house, as if part of some bizarre silent movie. No, within the blackness of his room, the only sound that could be heard was the abnormally loud ticking of his watch as it lay on the bedside table. He sat up, groped for the thick pair of glasses that allowed him to see, and, setting them upon his wrinkled face, waited for his eyes to adjust to the inky blackness.

While he waited, his mind yawned and stretched, waking up as he tried to recall the sound that had stirred him from slumber. It had been a small one, he knew that, but as if the answer stood on some unreachable shelf towering above him, his memory struggled and strained against the forgetfulness and encroaching senility that accompanied his age.

When he was able to see better, he noticed that the sheets and quilts that had made up his bed had been strewn about the floor as if by a whirlwind. With great effort he pushed himself to the edge of the bed and stood up, collecting the cold sheets and blankets from around his bed, and returning them to the bare mattress. It was then that his frail body, covered in goosebumps, stumbled upon a pocket of warmth amid the frigid room.

The warmth felt familiar, like a soft embrace, and the comfort allowed his wandering thoughts to seize the knowledge it had been searching for. With an uncharacteristic clarity in his mind, the recollection came that it had been the opening of his bedroom door that had roused him. Just a small creak, followed by the click of the latch as the door closed again. With renewed vigor and growing curiosity he walked towards the door, puzzled to find the gentle warmth continuing in a trail that wove across the room to the glinting silver of the knob, and the crooked door it belonged to.

Grabbing the cold metal of the doorknob, he gave it a slight twist and pulled his hand away as if from a hot stove top. On the other side of the door footsteps echoed down the hallway, and then stomped down the old steps that connected the second floor to the entryway. Gingerly turning the handle again, this time stepping out into the hall, he found the house ghostly quiet, but felt a presence besides himself. Walking down the hallway to the stairs, stepping slowly and cautiously through the dark, he followed a set of soggy footprints that strutted up the stairs and down the hallway to his room, and then strutted back down to the entryway. He reached the staircase, grasping the bannister and using it to steady his shaky walk, and continued down the stairs, wincing each time the sagging oak planks groaned under his weight. Yet the house remained undisturbed. He stepped into the entryway where his heavy front door sat ajar, flung open by this uninvited guest and leaving only a thin pane of glass and a rusting latch between him and the blizzard beyond.

Silent gusts of wind and ice sent the scenery outside into violent fits of spasms, the likes of which cast strange and otherworldly shadows dancing across the faded rugs and dirty mirrors, illuminated only by the burning orange of the streetlamps, which danced and flickered like candles in the storm.

Clumps of fresh snow stood like icebergs in the centre of two large puddles that had pooled in the centre of the rug, which had become threadbare and revealed the aging tiles beneath it. From those two puddles began the trail of footsteps he had seen upstairs, footsteps that now marked a wet pathway to the interior of the unlit house. He followed, passing his laundry room and glimpsing at the large pile of dirty laundry, slightly cold and inexplicably damp, that formed a snowbank-like formation along the wall. Tripping over his own feet, he reached the joint kitchen-living room space, catching his breath as he leaned against a chair, wishing that he had brought his cane with him.

Beside him, on the chipped granite countertop, a rectangular white light cast eerie shadows in the kitchen. Rubbing his stiff neck as he turned to see the source of the light, he found a smartphone - his old smartphone - with a screen cracked so much that each fracture had spawned at least a dozen others that wrapped around the damaged phone like strands in a spider's gossamer web. Struggling to remember the last time he'd seen the darn thing (it must have been over 60 years), his mouth opened in slight disbelief. He picked it up, and the small device felt ice-cold in his crooked, arthritic fingers. The screen lit up again, showing a brief message from a name that was separated from him by what seemed like whole lifetimes.

Obscuring the screensaver of the very person the phone claimed had messaged him was the sentence "I am at the front door," sent five minutes prior by none other than Evelyn Marie, his high school sweetheart.

Perhaps on cue, the lights in the adjacent living room gradually rose, as if revealing the second act of a play. There, on that dated couch, sat a younger version of himself - a teenager no more than 17 - and a figure whose familiarity danced on the edge of his consciousness, thought to be lost to the ages, but still very much there. Her round head, surrounded by soft lengths of blonde locks that fell in gentle waves, rested comfortably on a shoulder covered by a burgundy plaid shirt; her left hand held the arm that wrapped around her perfect physique; her right hand held a shared bowl of popcorn, which was already half empty. The old man watched, awestruck, as his younger self reached for a handful the same time as she did, and felt a warmth in his chest when their hands touched, and they looked at each other. From where he stood in the kitchen, he heard quiet chuckles from his younger self, and that genuine and adorable giggle escape her pink lips, except that he heard them more in his head than he did in the house. The couple removed their hands from the bowl, looked at each other fondly, and then the girl stood up, still holding his left hand as she led him out of the room, "to the car," she seemed to say; her eyes pleaded with him as he set the bowl down on the coffee table, "I need a ride home silly," they suggested innocently.

The old man followed them back to the entryway, where the two had already put on their winter jackets and boots. He was able to see her more clearly in the light from the streetlamps, able to see the way her puffy white jacket flared out at the bottom, able to see the way the fur hood framed her pale face perfectly - and matched the fur-lined, heeled boots she was wearing. It was impossible, and yet here he was, a spectator to his own life, watching himself court her all over again.

"It looks like it's warmed up." the old man heard the voice of his younger self echo in his head; his teenage self hooked arms with her, and walked out the front door into the storm where a round, black car sat idling on the street, its insect-like headlights cutting two parallel beams of yellow effulgence through the inky blackness. The old man laughed in disbelief. There it was, his first car, exactly as he remembered it. The stubborn thing was older than him when he bought it, and now certainly it was a dinosaur, but there it was, just outside his door. He watched as the two lovers walked quickly to the car, huddling against each other, when it came upon him to follow. He quickly put on his pair of work boots and thrust open the glass door, entering the fray. The second he stepped outside the gale-force winds howled and shrieked around him. The branches moaned in pain against the power of the storm. He had stepped beyond the silent movie now. He could hear the engine of the car ticking, squeaking, and grumbling as it idled by the sidewalk, blue smoke rising from the narrow exhaust pipe at the back. The old man hobbled down his driveway, slipping and sliding more than actually walking.

He reached the car, opened the back door, and slid into the bench-seat in the rear, bringing a flurry of powder-white snow with him.

As if they had been waiting for him, his younger self - in the driver's seat of course - slipped the vehicle into drive, and pulled away from the sidewalk, the motor protesting as the front-wheel drive struggled to gain traction on the ice. Making a left turn, the car began its journey through the midnight dark. Very rarely were other vehicles seen, not that the old man had been paying any attention; he sat entranced by the young girl. He watched as she laughed and playfully elbowed the young driver, watched as her tender face and pale cheeks glowed under the traffic lights, felt himself blush slightly when she leaned over the cupholders to kiss the driver at a stoplight and thank him for the ride. It was when the light turned red that the old man glanced outside for the first time, trying to see where they were, but unable to see past the blizzard. The only visions beyond the inside of the car were the faint outlines of cars just as old as the one he was sitting in, and models that had been brand new, or within a couple years of it, when he attended high school. The few vehicles he spotted were ancient, and not once did he ever see one newer than 60 years old. It was as if he had been transported back to that time of ignorance and ease, when the world was mostly about grades - and love. He felt the vehicle slow down significantly, and was able to read the speedometer: 30km/h. Out of his stupor, the old man watched as the car took a wide left, followed by an immediate right, and pulled into a small, rowed parking lot.

He knew this slab of payment, even in the storm that obscured it; it was not the home of his young love, but the high school he had attended so many years ago. He watched eagerly, a smile on his face that he couldn't help, as the slim car pulled into that familiar parking spot, and, to save gas, his younger self killed the engine. The windows fogged slightly as all three parties undid their seatbelts, and the two in the front seats leaned into each other, watching as the squall worked on burying the car in its very own snowdrift. He (the younger version) lifted his head and kissed her forehead, sweeping the loose strands of hair out of her eyes and tucking them neatly behind her pink ears. She returned the favour with a quick peck on the cheek as she adjusted herself under his arm, and cuddled closer. Alone in the back, the man felt a warmth in his chest, a flame that had but smoldered until then. His lips still curled in a slight smile that was impossible to get rid of, and in that way the interior of the car remained for an unknowable amount of time. At last, he, the driver, removed his arm, and together the two in front exited the vehicle and walked in the direction of the school. Watching the lovers walk perpendicular to the imposing white-brick wall that marked the edge of the gymnasium, the old man too, clambered out of the car, but was met with a roaring wind and a whiteout of icy sleet. When the whirlwind eased momentarily, he caught sight of the couple fifteen feet in front of him, walking along a narrow strip of sidewalk padded with rising banks of fresh powder on either side, the school nowhere in sight. He staggered through the growing snowdrifts and shuffled across the sheets of ice, scarcely catching up to them as they walked on the narrow, salted footpath.

Ahead of him, the old man watched the two bundled figures nestle up to each other, becoming a singular silhouette amid the burning orange street lamps. Shivering, shaking, trembling, the old man limped along, desperate to follow his younger self, to become him. The old man's movement increased, and when the two figures ahead of him stopped, he ran into the back of his younger self, astounded when the two bodies merged, becoming one. The old man no longer felt the stinging cold, for he was dressed in a warm blue jacket, grey gloves, and a set of black earmuffs. Beside him, leaning into his warmth, was his girl. Evelyn Marie (he loved calling her by her first and middle name). The pain in his muscles ceased, the aching in his bones faded. He removed his glasses and cast them aside into the knee-deep white beyond the path; they were of no use now. He felt, and in some ways was, 17 again. He walked on in silence, feeling complete as the familiarly soft embrace of Evelyn guided him along the sidewalk. At peace, he exhaled, a long cloud of vapour that froze and hung in the air, which seemed quieter, lulling almost. The two of them walked, hand in hand, fingers intertwined, two heartbeats synchronized in the night. Feeling alive, and distinctly invincible the way that young people often feel, he leaned against her more, and in turn she leaned back. He tried to take in every detail: the white knit toque she wore and the furry pom pom that sat on top of it, the flecks of half-melted snowflakes that sparkled in the undulating waves of her hair, the rosiness of her cheeks, her unblemished skin, pale and shining in the orange glow, even the perfect combination of her white jacket, royal blue jeans, and black fur-lined boots, complete with thin black gloves that remained

interwoven with his own. They walked that way for what seemed like hours and seconds simultaneously; time held no meaning, until it returned.

After an immeasurable intermission, a small ache began in his legs. He paid no attention at first, but it would not be ignored. It spread to his back, his chest, his arms. He felt his arthritis returning, and saw his vision begin to blur. As it got worse he swore to himself he could feel his skin shrivelling and wrinkling underneath the layers of clothing, felt his hair turn grey, and then return to white. As time reclaimed him he began to walk slower, struggling to keep up with her, but never letting go, never giving up. He clutched her hand harder, clinging to it desperately, a drowning man begging for help. As he fell further behind, her arm extended as far as it could while he gripped her fragile fingers with his meaty hand, and it was then that she turned around and spoke.

Facing him completely for the first time, her ice-blue eyes bearing down into his grey pupils, her pink lips parted to form the ten words he had last heard so long ago, the ten words that had haunted him for decades until he had given up altogether. He watched her perfectly straight, white teeth and flawless jawline speak those dreaded words: "I think this was a mistake, I have to go."

His heart shattered anew as her hand slipped from his grip and he tumbled to the ground, watching her endlessly youthful figure disappear into the unlighted night. The blizzard returned with newfound fury, throwing unrelenting sheets of bitter ice that shredded his thin pajamas. The building snow crept into his work boots as he crossed his bare hands over his chest and shivered. The biting wind shrieked and howled in anguish and misery as the old man curled up against a thick snowbank running like a wall along the sidewalk, closing his eyes as he retreated into its more-than-slightly cold, inexplicably damp depths.

A Familiar Feeling

Jake Nasewich

There is a familiar feeling
Not joy, happiness, or pride
But a heavier emotion
That feels empty inside

It's almost like I'm hungry
Though I've eaten quite my fill
It's not some food I'm after
This hole, with material, can't be filled

It comes to me late at night
When the day's all done
I do not bother with a fight
For it's already won

It's not a sad or scary thing
Not dangerous at all
Just a little hollow
That's all I can recall

It's there with me as I go to sleep
My friends all in their rooms
And my family right upstairs
Above my darkened gloom

Still it's nothing new or special
It's just my oldest friend
The one that's there to greet me
When each day comes to an end

It's not quite fear or anger
Nor sadness or disgust
This old familiar feeling
Is loneliness, and much

End of the line

Sabrina Rizwan

I've been an aerialist for quite some time now
But there's a common misconception,
The rope I'm walking is not build of simple twine nor of manila hemp
It's a construction of all my past mistakes that aren't exempt
It's built from the expectations that make my knees give up as I try to
reach them
It's built from everything that is unstable
Yet I'm still walking that cable
I'm walking and with each step further people are reassured,
assured that I will not fall
Even when it's shaking from underneath me I am told to stay on my feet,
and one step at a time I keep on walking
My scars aren't visible,
the burn marks on the soles of my feet are transparent to the expectant
eyes
Not knowing how painful each step forward is, they keep on cheering
Perhaps they don't know the gravity of teetering over the edge
They want me to jump when I can barely stand, to run when I can barely
breathe,
to live when I can barely take a step forward
It's shaking once more, and even though I can stay balanced,
falling is so much easier
Perhaps I've reached the end of the line
I was never meant to be an aerialist,
after all, they are supposed to stay on the rope, not the other way around

A Grave Choice of Great Importance

To leave for University or to Stay close by
May Elsayed

To leave or not leave, that is the question
Whether it's easier to stay close
To exploit this sanctuary of love and certainty
Or to depart into an unknown brittle land.

By leaving do I exclude myself
Of future feats and functions.
Do I wave goodbye to all that I've known
And hello to the heartaches of being alone.

To leave, to stay, to depart, to remain
To stay, at home perchance to relax
For at home, there's comfort and there's snacks
Or to flock away, from an established nest
And pause and give it a rest
For calamity is part of life
Yet to stay would be to thwart years of hopes and dreams
For who would choose to upheave their lifelong schemes

But to leave means a mom's heart is shattered
A sister's glows with happiness
Another's pangs with sadness
A brother, not here or there,
Instead waving without a care

To stay, to leave, choices so profound
Making up a life and breaking up a vow
To yearn and to be conflicted by the prospects of life
Is all that we wish for, until faced with a strife
To break up a family, to break up my heart
In the end that's what comes from being apart

Will love be forgotten and lost
Or will it fester and grow by default
To leave, to dream, to live, to experience life without bounds
Ay, there's the rub

For when all is forgotten
A broken heart can be mended
By experiencing life
Taking flight
And believing
That in the end, all will be well

Flight of the bumblebee

Sabeeha Rehman

To bee or not to bee-that is the question
Whether 'tis proper to wear yellow and black
Like the world around, I'm stuck in the middle
Or wear black and yellow, shake it up a little
And dare I rebel again? To fly, to work-
That's it?- Honey cannot be all I have
One job leads just to death, I want more in life
Than flowers and pollen and nectar
And a 9 to 5. To fly, to work-
Yet work led me to her. Ay, there's the rub,
All I had to ask was 'hey, you like jazz?'
And there I fell in love, over coffee
And cake with rum. Can I listen
To law and reason, or sacrifice my wings?
Marry my cousin, who'll keep me buzzing,
Or be with a florist who makes me feel things
Humans stealing honey, bees doing the work
Stinging him for money, it'd be what he deserves.
So you see the problem, to bee or not to bee
Sue the human race or not, the tragedy of me

Winter Crossword



Across

3

Santa's drivers

5

A pile of snow representing humans

7

An unreliable material houses are made out of

8

A fresh flavour

9

Who needs a front door when you have the _____
to enter through

10

An unexpected green that makes lips lock

Down

1

an item hung on doors

2

A month of festivity

4

A repetitive meal for a certain someone

5

Santa's fancy ride

6

Red ornament lookalikes that are edible

Winter Wordsearch

R	U	D	O	L	F	T	S	L	E	D	S	N	S
G	K	G	N	I	T	A	K	S	E	C	I	D	F
C	H	R	I	S	T	M	A	S	E	A	F	S	O
D	N	E	C	R	A	N	B	E	R	R	I	E	S
E	G	C	A	N	D	Y	C	A	N	E	S	R	W
C	N	J	I	N	G	L	E	B	E	L	L	S	I
E	I	S	N	O	W	F	L	A	K	E	S	R	N
M	T	C	O	C	O	A	K	T	A	Y	L	N	T
B	A	S	T	N	E	S	E	R	P	E	E	P	E
E	R	I	A	E	N	R	E	E	D	N	I	E	R
R	O	F	R	O	S	T	Y	Y	G	S	G	E	P
E	C	S	T	O	C	K	I	N	G	S	H	B	A
C	E	C	D	F	I	R	E	P	L	A	C	E	N
R	D	R	A	S	O	R	N	A	M	E	N	T	S

SLEIGH
 CANDYCANES
 COCOA
 DECORATING
 JINGLEBELLS
 CRANBERRIES
 ORNAMENTS
 ICESKATING
 PRESENTS
 SLED
 DECEMBER
 FIREPLACE
 REINDEER
 SNOWFLAKES
 CHRISTMAS
 STOCKINGS
 FROSTY
 WINTER
 RUDOLF

