



the
spyglass

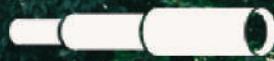
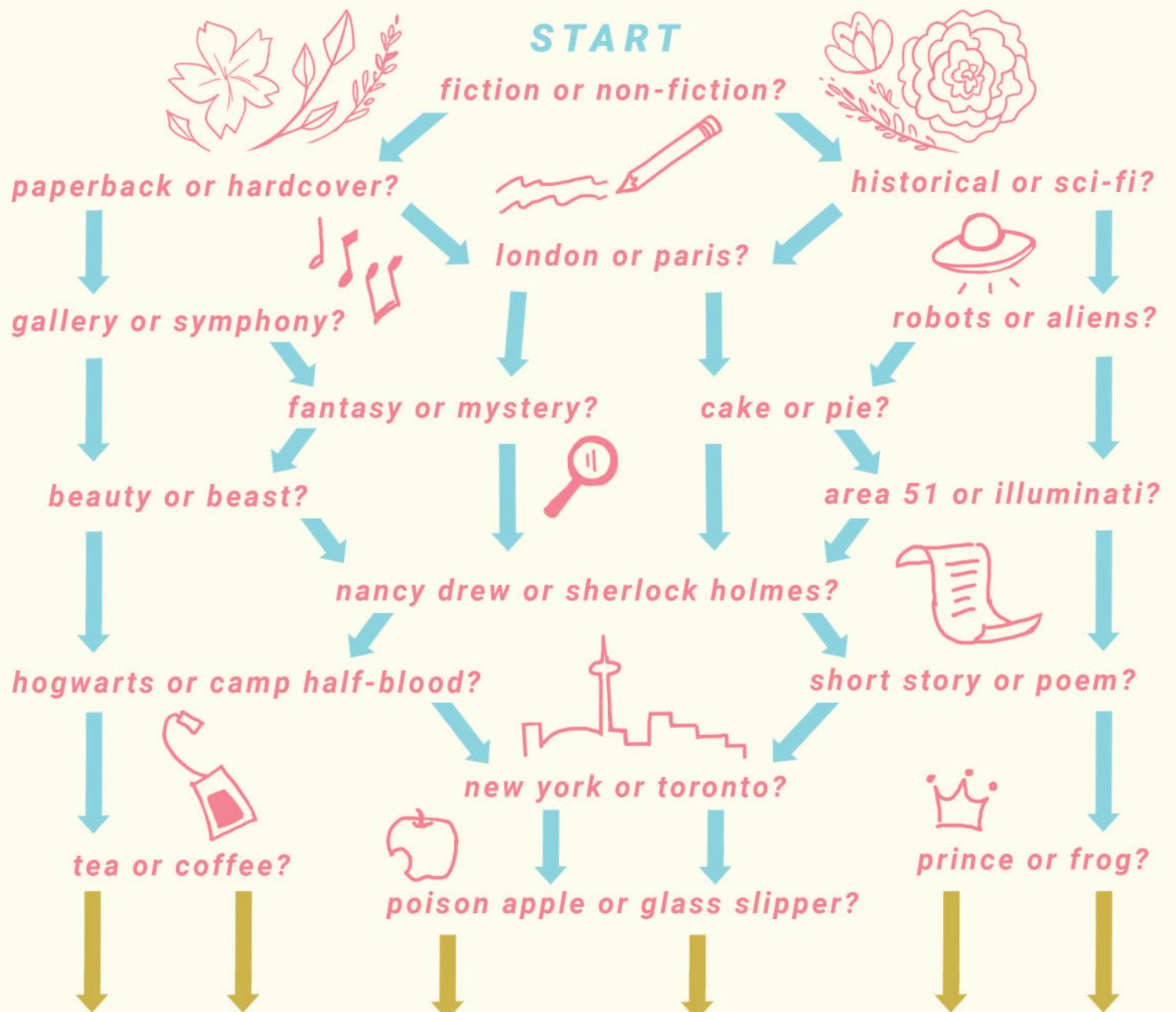




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which piece of required reading are you?



TO KILL A MOCKINGBIRD

HARPER LEE

You're honest, fair, and reliable. A progressive classic, you're easy to read and always give great, pragmatic advice. People love you for your accepting nature, and anyone is lucky to have you as a friend.

LORD OF THE FLIES

WILLIAM GOLDING

You're persuasive and adventurous, always ready to take the lead and make things happen. When your world becomes a chaotic island, you take the conch and ground everyone back to reality.

1984

GEORGE ORWELL

You're focused, considerate, and loyal. Intellectual and curious, you're always learning something new and aren't afraid of the truth. Your honesty, though sometimes a little dangerous, never goes unappreciated.

THE GREAT GATSBY

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

You're sophisticated, bold, and always exciting. Just like Gatsby, you may have a tendency to get stuck in your own head --- but you'll stop at nothing to get what you want.

FRANKENSTEIN

MARY SHELLEY

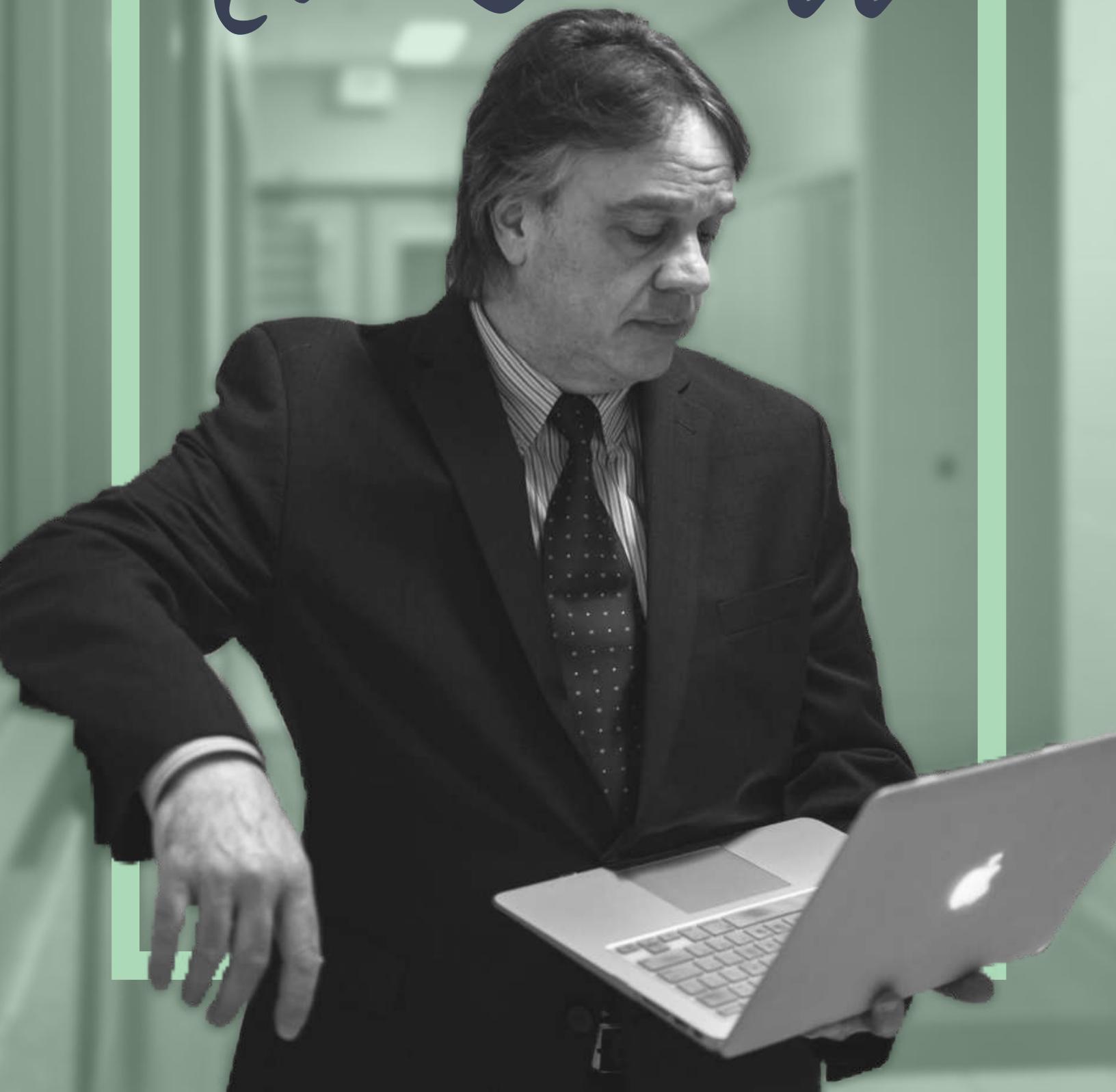
You're ambitious and devoted to those you care about. You aren't afraid to bend the rules sometimes and spark some change. While change can be scary -- almost monstrous -- you're a catalyst for a better and brighter world.

ROMEO AND JULIET

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

You're compassionate and expressive, always equipped with a story to tell. Despite a tragic ending, R+J has tons to offer --- and so do you. The world is truly your oyster.

meet your teachers:
Mr. Cimetta



The shift from elementary school literacy periods to high school English class is a major one we've all experienced. The question 'what do you do in English class?' is quickly answered and by the time you've reached grade twelve English Literature has hopefully become an integral part of your high school career.

Mr. Cimetta is an English teacher whom many students will have during their time at RHHS, whether it's in grade nine with *To Kill a Mockingbird* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or grade eleven with *Nineteen Eighty-Four* and *Othello*. Having had him in both of these years I thought an insight into the philosophy of an English teacher might help to clear some air.

What's your favourite part about teaching English?

"Sharing stories with students and teachers, staff...I think that stories are a way to learn about life, so I try ...to... facilitate students' abilities to... [pause] interpret visual, auditory, written stories, essentially to find that insight that lies within these stories. And these are not just the stories you read in class, these are stories about peoples' own lives, right. In their journals, I find I try to encourage students to tell their own stories, and I think, ultimately, I do that so that we learn something about ourselves, each other, and something about life."

Did you always want to be a teacher? What was your motivation for wanting to teach?

"Well, although I kind of got into teaching kind of late in my working career, or life, I was always involved in education in some way; so beginning back even when I graduated from college, I taught night school, I taught at independence schools, and in addition to that I took on mentees, so I mentored several students both high school and college level in my workplace, and

eventually I worked my way up where I was doing educational seminars for corporations, for publishing companies, and uh, finally one day my partner said to me, 'You seem like you really enjoy, you know, this education, why don't you just do it full time?'...I'm drawn to teaching because I'm always curious about things, and I find myself, I see myself as a student. And that's probably what draws me consistently to teaching."

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



"I would say... [pause] if you really want to learn, be ready to be pushed outside of your comfort zone, because really, that's where learning takes place, that's where growth takes place—you have to be a little bit uncomfortable in order to really be growing....It's when you're challenged to do your best, and pushed beyond what you might expect yourself capable of, that's where you really grow."

Enjoy it or not, being able to write and speak forms the basis of learning and communication for the rest of our lives, and some of the stories we read will stick with us until we pass them on as well.

And regardless of which English teacher you have, if you try and do your best, you're going to learn. Know this, and the rest will fall into place.

// ETHAN KWAN
PHOTOGRAPHY // JESSE LIU
LAYOUT // ANASTASIA BLOSSER

when I have an opportunity to challenge myself, I do

FREE MONEY COME AND GET IT

Imagine being paid \$1,000 a month just for being Canadian, no questions asked. Are you on board?

This idea sounds too good to be true, but it's not. It's called universal basic income—an idea that's been around for hundreds of years, championed by figures like Thomas Paine and Martin Luther King. And today, UBI is more necessary than ever.

Due to ongoing breakthroughs in artificial intelligence, in the next dozen years, one third of North Americans are projected to risk losing their jobs—that means you and me. And unlike with previous industrial revolutions, this time new jobs won't appear quickly enough to fill the void. Whether you're a cashier, a radiologist, or a lawyer, AI will be just as capable of replacing you.

Meanwhile, advancements in AI will only continue to inflate developed countries' wealth indicators. As business processes are automated away, companies will save billions of dollars in costs—at the expense of our future jobs. In fact, it's already happening. American GDP is at an all-time high of twenty trillion dollars; yet, the average American makes only thirty-one thousand a year.

So what's going on? Our countries are getting richer, yet the average person remains poor. What's worse, many of us will likely lose our jobs. If our countries are so wealthy, where is all the money? The answer is simple. Corporations like Amazon, Google and Facebook are benefitting from AI to the tune of trillions of dollars—while pushing millions of workers out of the workforce.

So how do we solve the problem?

This is where universal basic income comes in. A thousand dollars a month for every citizen would lay the foundation for a stable and prosperous society even amidst an AI revolution. The money to pay for UBI would come straight from taxing the companies who are benefiting most from AI. We'd take a tiny slice of every Amazon sale, every Facebook ad and so on—generating hundreds of billions of dollars in revenue—and return it straight to the hands of the people.

Imagine ten years down the line, you're about to be laid off. If you're getting \$1,000 a month unconditionally, you'll have a much softer landing than if you were laid off with no income waiting to support you. Over the years, you'll also have an easier time paying off tuition, mortgages and debts. That way, you'll have breathing space when the next wave of AI comes crashing in. You may even have the privilege to invest in assets or start your own business.



While there are already government welfare programs meant to address financial insecurity, they are far less effective than UBI. They come with loads of nasty conditions and incentives, like staying within a certain income bracket. If you're on welfare, getting a salary raise might mean losing your benefits. Oftentimes, that's why the poor stay poor; if they work any harder, they'd actually lose money. That's how our current economy works, which is stupid.

UBI would have the opposite effect. A grand a month is nowhere near enough to make a living off of, so you'd still have to get a job. However, the money would keep you afloat as you sought new opportunities. In fact, knowing that the money is yours no matter how much you make is actually an incentive to work harder. The poor wouldn't be scared of losing government benefits from earning more money; instead, working harder would simply mean doing better. To top it off, UBI is by far the best way to eradicate poverty. Numerous studies have shown that the most effective way to lift people out of the poverty cycle is just by giving them cash. No food stamps, no shelters, no bureaucracy—just straight cash. Who would've thought?

At first glance, this idea might sound incredibly socialist, but it's not. Socialism is when the government owns a country's means of production and distribution. With UBI, the government is simply transferring cash from one place to another. That way, everyone will benefit from technological advancement—not just the top one percent. Over time, the UBI money just cycles back through the economy, causing no inflation, since the overall supply of money isn't changed. What's more, studies from groups like the Roosevelt Institute predict that a UBI of \$1,000 a month would grow the North American consumer economy tremendously from not just increased economic activity, but also improved health and education outcomes over time.

Last issue—why would you give \$1,000 to the wealthiest people too? Aren't they rich enough? The truth is, as owners and shareholders of large corporations, the top one percent will be the biggest beneficiaries of the incoming AI revolution; which also means their businesses would pay way more into funding UBI than they would get out of it. Taking millions from them and handing them \$1,000 a month in return isn't such a bad deal. And regardless of political affiliation, people don't hate free money if everyone's getting it.

So let me ask again. Imagine being paid \$1,000 a month just for being Canadian, no questions asked. Are you on board?

the beginners guide to feminism

Ah, yes. The age-old Twitter battle between the feminists and the “equal-rights advocates”. Only the Montagues and Capulets could compete with the incessant feuding of social justice warriors and meninists, so before this ends in a double-suicide, take a moment to understand what's being said.

Feminism. What a loaded word. History and its contemporaries have never shone fondly on the women at the frontlines of the gender battle and decimated the men who support the cause. Textbooks paint feminism as a fight that began in the 1920s, with the institution of the Famous Five and the day women woke up and decided they wanted to vote, despite it beginning centuries earlier.

The first recorded instance of feminism occurred in 1610, when a group of French suffragettes met together to discuss “la querelle des femmes,” or “the question of women”. This question was meant to address women’s rights towards education, marriage and other societal customs, however it wasn’t until the Enlightenment that feminism began to make moves towards social change. This era brought with it the realization that current cultural institutions were implemented by humankind rather than a larger deity, and therefore eliminated the idea that gender roles could be considered an offense against God. By the mid-1800s, feminism was shaping into a movement fighting for social reformation, with equal-rights advocates publically supporting the American Anti-Slavery Society and other sociopolitical customs.

Once the word feminism immigrated from France to America, suffragists were arguing against discrimination of any sort, stating that cultural and gender-based distinctions only reinforced a white, male patriarchy and the submission of minorities. With the second-wave of feminism, more and more Americans were taking to the streets to protest the conscription of young men in the Vietnam War and fought for freedom of bodily autonomy, a key feminist belief. Making their voices heard in 1963, Kennedy’s administration passed the Equal Pay Act and the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission as the result of the feminist movement, benefitting both women and marginalized races. Throughout the next wave of feminism, the movement was once again being redefined and shifted from women’s rights to established rights regardless of gender.

Today, feminism and equal rights are as close to synonymous as they have ever been. Issues of rape, domestic violence, workplace equality, bodily autonomy, and reproductive freedom are at the forefront of the feminist movement. Despite its pro-female name, feminism still concerns itself with toxic masculinity, male-rape victims and transgender sexuality, no longer fighting for women’s rights but rather, equal rights regardless of gender identity.

Now, I hear what you’re saying. There’s that girl sitting ahead of you in English who calls herself a feminist but is painfully and obviously against men. My friends, that is no feminist. That is a prime example of a misandrist, the misogynist’s bitter companion. The same goes for those who only support cisgender women—those assigned female at birth—as well as racially prejudiced activists and those who overlook the experiences of women from various ethnicities and cultures. Do not be fooled. If they do not stand for equal rights, rather than the overpowering of women, they simply do not fit the description.

I know what you’re going to say next. Equal rights have been achieved! Thanks for relaying the message, but I’d like to be the first to assure you that they have not. As suicide rates climb for men and teenage boys find themselves bombarded with homophobic and derogatory comments for showing emotion, young girls are wearing their “I’m not like other girls” badge with honor and yet another rape victim wakes up to their abuser’s case being acquitted.

Simply because anyone can enter the workforce, does not mean the patriarchy has been demolished. It is alive and thriving in the undercurrents of our minds and, if you don’t believe me, research it for yourself. Read up on the three key waves of feminism, and start looking for those who were written over historically because of their gender. Make sure you’re educated before you start tweeting; if not for the betterment of society, then at least because no one likes being proven wrong online.

// ANASTASIA BLOSSER





// MICHELLE SKIDELSKY
PHOTOGRAPHY // JULIA LI
DESIGN // ELINA NIE

A DEFENCE OF THE ARTS

I, Michelle Rachel Skidelsky, am not good at math. I have never been good at math. I think it's annoying. I've never liked it, I've never been interested in it, I've never had any sort of desire to sit down and solve a super complicated problem. It just isn't me.

I've felt a complicated anxiety over my lack of mathematical inclination my entire life --- a math shame, if you will. My father is an engineer. My grandmother is a math teacher. I was in the gifted program in elementary school. According to my parents, I should have been an absolute math whiz. Spoiler alert: I wasn't.

Instead, I was an artsy kid, better at reading and writing. My favourite hobbies included re-enacting my favourite scenes from High School Musical 2 and attempting to write a teenage vampire romance. I dreamed of one day being a famous author/singer/actress/vlogger, taking the world by storm.

Middle school brought my math shame to new heights. While my peers complained about how they "only got a 90," I was struggling to keep up. Desperate to fit in, I started lying about my grades and refusing to ask for help; I was terrified of exposing my shameful secret to my classmates. By the eighth grade, I had entered a state of total denial. I decided to become a doctor, to prove once and for all to some unknown entity that I was smart. My author/singer/actress/vlogger dreams were abandoned completely.

I'm sure many of you know exactly what I'm talking about. That strange, twisty anxiety that math brings about. It's the feeling of studying for hours, breezing through problems, only to crack under the pressure of a test and blank completely. You feel like, no matter how hard you try, you still won't be able to succeed.

If you've got no idea what I'm describing, I envy you. Being bad at math comes with a shroud of discouragement; you feel totally stupid, as this shortcoming is omnipresent throughout most of your young life. Even though you're great at other subjects, you begin to feel like doing poorly in math is equivalent to doing poorly in everything.

In high school, math shame extends to post-secondary ambitions. The pressure to pursue a career in STEM or business, which are both highly math related, is overwhelming. We're presented with a false dilemma: major in something profitable or you won't succeed. We're told that following our passions is stupid, and we should focus on something realistic instead.

In the 11th grade, it finally hit me: If I hate math now,

I won't love it in medical school either. Coming to terms with this realization made me feel like a failure, as if I was giving up and caving into my stupidity.

Telling people that I'd decided to pursue a degree in communications instead of chemistry drowned me in embarrassment. Most of the time, I got the same response: "What are you going to do with an arts degree? Work in a McDonald's?"

It didn't matter that I had found the perfect program for me, or that my mental health had improved greatly since dropping calculus. People believed I would never succeed because arts degrees relegate students to the most useless ranks of society.

This stigma is incredibly misleading. Sure, there's evidence to justify that those with science degrees earn tons of money. That being said, many of those who choose other paths simply wouldn't succeed in a scientific program --- they'd struggle academically, damaging their mental and physical well-being. Sanity aside, non-mathematical degrees aren't without their own benefits: they equip students with crucial soft skills such as empathy, persuasion, and collaboration.

Paramount to data and statistics, however, is the fact that my degree is my business. No one deserves to be shamed or judged for what they're pursuing. This world needs all sorts of people: think of where we'd be without great artists, writers, and philosophers. Those who run our societies, both culturally and politically, are just as important as those who progress it with math and science.

So next time you decide to criticize those you believe are academically inferior, consider keeping quiet instead. You never know whose dreams you might be crushing.

$$d_{PA} = \sqrt{PS^2 + QS^2}$$
$$d_{PA} = \sqrt{(x_2 - x_1)^2 + (y_2 - y_1)^2}$$

(a¹)⁴ = a^{1·4}
power of a power

(D) (mn)^x = m^x · n^x when raising a product to a power

(E) $\left(\frac{m}{n}\right)^x = \frac{m^x}{n^x}$ when raising a fraction to a power

(F) zero exponent

$A^0 = 1$ any number raised to the power of 0 is 1



Music: definitely one of the highlights of the human condition. Here at the Spyglass, we're huge fans; happy, sad, dramatic --- we love it all. Here are our favourite songs right now, curated just for you:

Can I Call You Tonight?

Dayglow

"This song is such a bop!"

It sounds like summer and sun and makes me want to dance."

- Michelle Skidelsky, Editor-In-Chief

Sweater Weather

The Neighbourhood

"It's classic, it's soft, it brings good vibes and a single listen could clear skin and grow crops."

- Tia Harish, Copywriter

maybe, i'm afraid

lovelytheband

"It's catchy, and I love the lyrics."

- Gaby Lin, Copywriter

We'll be alright

RADWIMPS

"You know that one song from a movie soundtrack that whisks you back in time to the dark theatre? Yeah, this is that song for me."

- Jenny Huang, Copywriter

I Need Somebody

DAY6

"The lyrics may be sad and emotional, but they're so powerful --- even if you don't understand Korean."

- Samantha Lee, Copywriter

You're Cute

Tomppabeats

"It's so cute! It makes me feel like a productive study blogger."

- Hannah Nguyen, Photographer

Waterfalls

Luke Christopher

"It fits any mood!"

- Kerry Yan, Photographer

My Generation

The Who

"I like this song because it embodies that classic teenage feeling, despite being produced decades before my time."

- Anastasia Blosser, Associate Editor

Take This Love

Brothers + Company

"It's so relaxing and cheerful! It's a great song to listen to while studying."

- Rachael Peng, Photography Editor

me & ur ghost

blackbear

"It just sounds nice. Plus I love blackbear, and it's new, so it's got that novelty factor."

- Elina Nie, Design Editor

Yes I'm Changing

Tame Impala

"I love this song because it makes me feel disconnected from reality --- almost like being suspended in a dream-like state while awake."

- Gabrielle Cole, Copywriter

Want to add these songs to your collection? Scan the QR code below to listen to them all in one convenient playlist.



Invisible Things

Lauv

"I'm looping this song right now because the lyrics remind me to appreciate what I have and be grateful for everyone in my life."

- Michelle Liu, Copywriter

If the World Was Ending - feat. Julia Michaels

JP Saxe, Julia Michaels

"It's calm and cute, and even though it's a little sad it's got that feel-good piano vibe."

- Jesse Liu, Photographer

Changes

Jeff Bernat

"So the song is about a guy who can't forget a girl. Even though I can't relate to his feelings this song reminds me to adapt to changes and move on to better days."

- Julia Li, Photographer

Grand Escape (feat. Toko Miura)

RADWIMPS, Toko Miura

"This song makes me so hopeful for the future. Just like the great blue sky in the song, good will come again."

- Ethan Kwan, Copywriter

Running Up That Hill

Kate Bush

"What continuously draws me back to this song is its compelling sound and range. It pairs its melody with a universal theme that I think everyone can somewhat relate to."

- Kayla Cho, Designer

Not over You

Tessa Violet

"There's just something about this song that makes me want to dance and sing along."

- Amy Wan, Designer

Mind Is A Prison

Alec Benjamin

"I really resonate with the lyrics, and Alec Benjamin's got this amazing unique storytelling in all of his songs. It really makes them stand out."

- Asal Toudehfallah, Copywriter

YEAH RIGHT

Joji

"The hypnotic vocals, paired with the slow, melodic beats, make up one of Joji's most memorable releases. It's deeply intimate, despite its coarse lyrics."

- Adrienne Tang, Copywriter

Planet Earth II Suite

Hans Zimmer

"It reminds me of how insignificant I am and how beautiful the planet is."

- Matthew Ao, Web Developer

New Lands

Justice

"Inspired by many music artists long past their years of success, it leaves the listener nostalgic for a time they didn't live in."

- David Wang, Designer

Gravity

EDEN

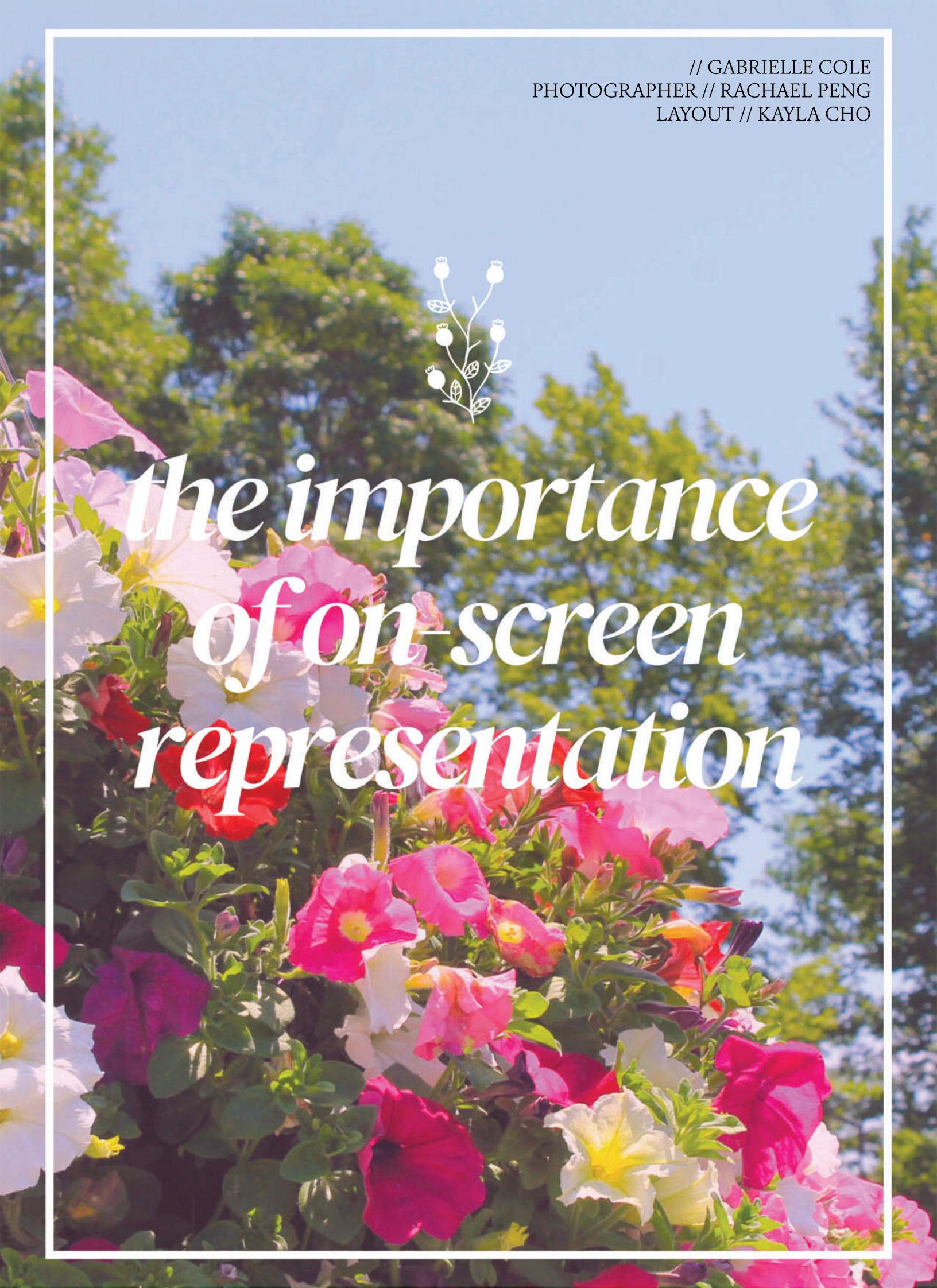
"It's got this great dramatic build up, and this vibe that sort of captures the feeling of your heart imploding. I really like it."

- Stella Wang, Designer

// GABRIELLE COLE
PHOTOGRAPHER // RACHAEL PENG
LAYOUT // KAYLA CHO



the importance of on-screen representation



But she looks nothing like the original!... Well it would be like if we casted Mulan as a white girl!... #NotMyAriel.

These comments are an infinitesimal portion of the negative comments posted online in response to the casting of Halle Bailey, a black actress, as Ariel in the upcoming live-action adaptation of *The Little Mermaid*. What is it exactly about the casting that caused people to be so upset and suddenly over-emphasize the fact that Ariel is supposedly of Danish origin (a fact that most people didn't even know until last year, 30 years after the movie's original release)? It couldn't be about her qualifications, since Halle is both a professional actress and singer. The most obvious answer is that — simply put — Halle Bailey is a woman of colour.

But maybe the casting wasn't intended to pander to that audience — people who would bad-mouth her for not being Danish, yet would fancast Harry Styles (who is British) as Eric, in the same breath. Maybe it was meant to indulge a young black audience, so that they can finally see someone who looks like them be a Disney princess on the big-screen.

The lack of — and resistance to — on-screen representation is bigger than just Disney movies catered to children. There are teenagers and adults who have only been privy to an entertainment industry that, in 2015, had roughly only a quarter of speaking roles in films attributed to people of colour. Representation is important because it tells groups such as Black, Asian and Latinx people, as well as members of the LGBTQ+ community, that we are just as valid as the white, cisgender,

straight protagonists we've seen filling our screens for years. It tells us that we are seen and valued by the industry who has so much power over how we view ourselves.

There's also such a thing as good and bad representation. It's not enough to simply put people of colour in your movie. You need to do it right. For underrepresented people, seeing the people of their race, sexuality or gender portrayed in only a certain light can be harmful to your self-image and have negative effects on what other people expect of you. For example, I was once told that I was the 'whitest black person' that someone had ever met. Was this because they'd only ever seen black people portrayed on-screen as either a snarky best friend/sidekick, a gang member, or any of the other harmful and stereotypical roles that black people have been put in? The truth is, I'll never know what led them to come to that conclusion, but there's a big chance that the media they were exposed to played a big role in defining what they expected of me as a black person in a Western society.

The entertainment industry needs to allow those who stray away from the norm to have their voices heard and their stories told. Our media needs to strive to be more representative of the real world and stop limiting the ways in which these underrepresented groups are portrayed. That is what good on-screen representation is about: normalizing the narrative of 'happily ever after' for people of colour by casting actresses like Halle Bailey, whose role as Ariel is sure to change the lives of young black people around the globe forever—mine included.

KATHERINE LIU, '09



In grade 4, I was excluded a lot because I was too "nosey". I realized I didn't like being alone --- I felt really sad. So, I changed myself and I realized I'm a people pleaser. Sometimes, I control too much of how I act because I don't want to make people dislike me. This semester, I realized I wouldn't have any of my friends with me during lunch. I tried talking to my friends that were a year older and they honestly "adopted" me. It's not as bad as I thought it would be, but I care a lot about relationships and I'm scared of losing them. I guess that explains why I struggle with my perception of self. A lot of people, like my parents, tell me I'm too harsh on myself all the time. Recently it's just been really hard, and I know I shouldn't be feeling this way because honestly my life is pretty great. But, sometimes, I feel like I'm only decent at everything I do and I don't have anything that I'm especially good at. I'm very self-deprecating all the time and think no one really cares about me. Just the fear that others don't care about me as much as I care about them makes me very sad. But that's just part of life, and I think it's important to remember that the voice in your head is not always true. It's all a matter of taking a step back, and realizing that life's good and you should be grateful for everything.

HUMANS

My biggest fear is not having anyone to talk to when I go home or go to school. That or being ignored by everyone. I've lost my relationship with my brother once in the past and that affected me for two or three years, so losing people is something I'm definitely also afraid of. One thing that people especially don't know about me is how free and open I am to talk to them. They think that all they can ask from me is help for school or whatever. Help for this biology or math question. They need to realize that I also have my own thoughts that I can share;

I'm not just an open resource for study questions. I think I should have spent less time studying. I'm the type of person to jam pack everything in the curriculum into my head; to know every question in and out. It wasn't that useful. When I came here I wanted to join sports teams to know more people. I'm not the most athletic person, but I can have fun in those environments. I'd rather have that instead of being known as a person who just studies a lot.



MICHAEL JIN, '11

My mom and I have the same personality type. We get each other --- we're both kind of introverted, except we still care about people but we just don't really show it a lot. She also doesn't really get upset with me and whenever I mess up she's always like that's okay, just do it again. We also have similar interests. In university, she majored in music and minored in science and I kind of want to do the opposite. I think that's really cool. Sometimes we play music together; she plays the piano and I play the flute. She always helps me out. She's always making me breakfast or letting me go first for something. All the little things make it more convenient for me even when it's being less convenient for her. And it doesn't even bother her, it's just engraved in her brain. I guess that's the thing with all mothers and just being a parent in general; it really changes your life. I think that sometimes rubs off on me, but most of the time I put studying before people which is the exact opposite thing I should be doing. I still like to be alone, but I usually regret it later. I could be missing out on great relationships.



RACHEL KIM, 11

JERRY JIAO, 12



I was born in Toronto, but when I was a few months old my family went back to China where I lived for twelve years before moving back. The reason why I love basketball so much is because to me, it's more than a sport. It helped me connect with people around me. It connected me with the culture, the environment I'm in right now. I moved back from another country to Canada in seventh grade with, like, no English, no friends, nothing. There was no way for me to reach out except for the basketball court, because it's a universal language. It speaks for itself, really. It's a huge part of me and I'll never let go of it; without basketball, I'll never be able to have the confidence or the ability to reach so many different people. Grade seven Jerry didn't realize it, but looking back it's something that helped me build my foundation here.

THE PUPPET MASTER

// SAMANTHA LEE
PHOTOGRAPHY // RACHAEL PENG
DESIGN // ELINA NIE

It all began with a dare and an overwhelming curiosity.

A rumor spread across the little town: over the mountain and through the trails stood a haunted mansion, where the puppet master resided. No one had seen his face, because everyone who had wandered into the dwelling never returned.

"Oh, a true monster he is, that puppet master."

The little girl stumbled towards the hill, her friends glad they hadn't fallen victim to the harmless challenge in their game of Truth and Dare. She wondered if she could become friends with the puppet master.

Finally, the mansion with a dark, brooding aura towered over the girl – she could practically see a dark shadow flooding out through the creaking windows. She scaled the house up and down with her wide eyes, mustering up courage by forming a fist.

Knock, knock.

Like clockwork, an entrance revealed itself to the child, and she walked into the black void. A slender figure lingered in the darkness, and only the faint light from the outside world could catch the frame of their body.

"Hello?" the girl called out. "Could it be the puppet master?" she mumbled her thoughts aloud, and her eyes wandered about.

"Welcome to the puppet master's mansion." It was a woman's voice, but it sounded almost...lifeless. "Won't you come and join us for tea, little girl?" Her footsteps echoed against the walls of what seemed to be the foyer and headed towards a hall with a long table stretching into the distance. The girl mindlessly followed, eager to meet new friends to play with. A single candle was lit.

"It's been quite a while since a candle was last set aflame in this household..."

The lady's words drifted off, or perhaps the girl's mind wandered elsewhere, while she took the chance to admire the mansion within the boundaries of the candle's light. Puppets were lined up nicely across the hall, and a reflection of what she had thought to be a string attached to the woman, caught her eye.

"Sit here, girl."

She sat, tapping her fingers along to a song her mother had sung to her just last night. It occurred to the girl that she had not yet asked for the woman's name.

"I suppose you could call me... Mother... Yes, that works well for now."

Her stubby fingers had suddenly forgotten the rhythm they were tapping along to. Mother was kind, and offered the youngling a room to stay in, for it had gotten quite late – too late to walk back home alone in the dark.

"Thank you," she said, though she couldn't remember who had taught her to use that phrase. The little girl shrugged the thought off and headed to her temporary room for the night.

The next morning, she insisted that she must go home, but she couldn't seem to remember where "home" was. A week passed, and a monotonous routine was formed. The little girl was allowed to play for as long as she desired – it was indeed a utopia. Months passed, and the girl eventually lost count of how many days had gone by since she first entered this mansion.

But today was different. A man emerged from the dark hall on the east wing. The mere echoing of shoes clacking against the hardwood floors caused Mother to freeze. His breathing was heavy, and his puppets swayed on the strings on his fingers.

"Is it the puppet master?" the girl questioned.

"No, it is a monster."

Mother trembled violently and they were both flung up to the ceiling. The thin, invisible strings around the girl's wrists tightened, cutting into her skin, before a shriek of pain came tumbling out of her throat. Limbs numbed, tears flowed, and breaths staggered: she no longer had any control. The girl's once soft, elastic skin slowly hardened into an empty shell of wood and creaking joints. Suddenly, there was a bang on the front doors.

Knock, knock.

They opened, like clockwork, and her mouth widened into a haunting smile.

"Welcome to the puppet master's mansion," she said, as the candle's flame went out and a laugh boomed behind her.

Oh, a true monster he was, that puppet master.



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT

I pull my face away from my moist, disturbingly cold pillow-case. It has happened again. The despair begins to strike: I have trouble breathing, there's a distinct sense of numbness and pain, and a cold sweat clings to my skin. Nightmares—will they ever leave my poor mind alone?

I reluctantly turn my stiff neck to bring my alarm clock into my view, but it's too far and I resort to my phone. 4:56 am. Every night, at this exact time, a terrible nightmare tortures me out of my sleep. It is impossible to identify how long this nightmare lasts, for it feels like days have passed, and yet I've only been sleeping for three hours. 4:57 am. I should go back to sleep, but this nightmare doesn't cease to haunt me.

My friends speak of their over-the-top dreams about their crushes, or Will Smith as the genie throwing watermelons at them, or overthrowing the government. Yet, all I get is a nightmare I can't even remember. Merriam-Webster describes dreams as "a series of thoughts, images, or emotions occurring during sleep". Perhaps this series of thoughts I face every night is another extravagant dream that, me, a mortal being should never experience, hence why it disturbs me. There is no way to tell, but I'm keeping my expectations low.

They say ignorance is bliss, and I fear they're right. This ignorance may bring me eternal happiness if I choose to ignore the content of this dream. Yet I spend hours contemplating the million stories this dream could hold, bringing immense despair on myself. What I fear most is that, one day, while I'm being robbed of all my precious belongings—or my life—I'll suddenly be reminded of this very nightmare: a post-mortem *déjà-vu*. Then I'll die knowing that I could have prevented my death, if only I could have remembered this dream.

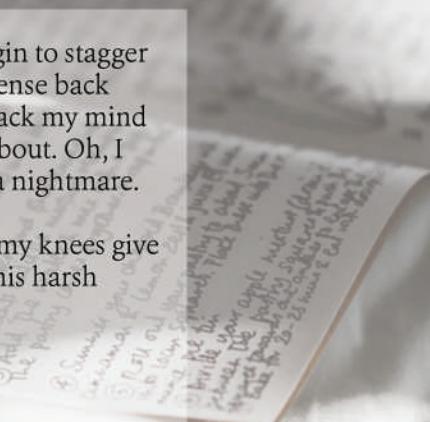
My feet touch the rough carpet as I push myself up from bed. I begin to stagger towards my bathroom. Walking along the cold tiles brings some sense back into me. As the icy water hits my face, flashes of the nightmare attack my mind --- and I begin to regret ever wishing to recall what I had dreamt about. Oh, I can only hope that this nightmare never becomes more than just a nightmare.

The blades of truth, sharpened and glazing, pierce my vision and my knees give in. I fall to the ground, struggling to stand back up and adjust to this harsh truth. I wish I never found out what I had dreamt about.

I should never have asked.

No wonder they say "be careful what you wish for".

Damn this damned curiosity.



Asking TEACHERS silly questions!

MICHELLE SKIDELSKY
PHOTOGRAPHY // JESSE LIU
DESIGN // AMY WAN

Did you know that you spend an average of 6.25 hours with each of your teachers each week? If you read part one of this series in the spring issue of the Spyglass last year, then you do. In an attempt to get to know the people we spend so much of our time with, I've been on a quest to ask some of my teachers the most interesting questions I could think of. Part two of this experiment went as follows:

BEST advice?



SHOULDN'T BE famous?



BEST ADVICE YOU HAVE EVER RECEIVED?

Ms. Pestrin: Don't sweat the small stuff. The biggest problem today is probably nothing but a blip in the grand scheme of your life.
Mme. Charrette: When you're in crisis, try to see the humour in the moment.
Ms. Sinatra: Save your money.
Mr. Pomakov: Don't be scared, be prepared.
Ms. Axelrod: Tomorrow is another day.
Ms. Linkewich: It's okay to be different.
Mr. Serjeantson: Don't sweat the small stuff.

worst ADVICE?

WORST ADVICE YOU HAVE EVER GIVEN?

Ms. Pestrin: Put all your money on red.
Mr. Pomakov: It's a good idea to wear a baseball cap backwards.
Ms. Axelrod: Who needs sunscreen?
Mr. Serjeantson: Just play through the pain.

CELEBRITIES YOU THINK SHOULDN'T BE FAMOUS?

Ms. Pestrin: The Kardashians.
Mme. Charrette: The Kardashians. Anyone who hasn't actually accomplished anything shouldn't be famous.
Ms. Sinatra: Any Kardashian. Paris Hilton. Anybody who got famous on a reality show.
Mr. Pomakov: Kardashians.
Ms. Axelrod: The Kardashians.
Ms. Linkewich: The Kardashians. All of them, except for Kylie, since she's worth a billion dollars. That's impressive, even for someone who shouldn't be famous.
Mr. Serjeantson: Ben Affleck. Cause he's a loser.

HOW DO YOU HANDLE PEOPLE YOU DON'T LIKE?

Mr. Pomakov: Just try to understand their point of view.

Ms. Axelrod: Cold indifference.

Ms. Linkewich: With a big smile.

Mr. Serjeantson: I yell at them.

WORST food?

WHAT IS YOUR LEAST FAVOURITE FOOD?

Ms. Pestrin: Cheese. Just the taste bothers me. I'll only ever eat it on pizza.

Mme. Charrette: I hate tripe. I love food, but it's the one food I can't eat. Or frog legs. That would be gross.

Ms. Sinatra: I don't like raw onions, and I really don't like fennel. It's so gross. It's like black licorice, which is also disgusting.

Mr. Pomakov: Cabbage rolls. And brussels sprouts.

Ms. Axelrod: Steak. I really don't like it.

Ms. Linkewich: Anything of a creamy white consistency, like rice pudding or banana cream pie. Bleugh.

Mr. Serjeantson: Anything vegan.

LEAST favs?

WHAT IS YOUR LEAST FAVOURITE SOUND?

Mme. Charrette: Puis-je aller aux toilettes?

Ms. Sinatra: Nails on a chalkboard. It's nasty.

Mr. Pomakov: Sirens. Or fire alarms. It's so irritating.



WHEN YOU WERE IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, WHAT DID YOU WANT TO BE WHEN YOU GREW UP?

Ms. Pestrin: I always wanted to be a teacher, I just thought it would be fun. I used to practice with my dolls.

Mme. Charrette: A dancer, like a ballerina or something.

Ms. Sinatra: I think I wanted to be a teacher, even then. I just liked helping people.

Mr. Pomakov: Astronaut, just 'cause.

Ms. Axelrod: Veterinarian, 'cause we had a puppy.

Ms. Linkewich: Not a teacher. Actually, I wanted to be an engineer, because it's what my dad wanted me to be.

Mr. Serjeantson: I wanted to be a Viking. Why? Well, why not a Viking? You get to see the world, row a boat. It's great.

dream JOB?

DO YOU HAVE A FAVOURITE WORD?

Ms. Pestrin: I like jellybean, I call all my kids jellybean.

Mme. Charrette: Pillow. Just the sound of it, so soft. Pillows always make me think of relaxation and sleep.

Ms. Sinatra: A really good word is simplify. It's good on so many levels.



DOES PINEAPPLE BELONG ON PIZZA?

Ms. Pestrin: No. Wrong texture, wrong taste.

Mme. Charrette: Only if it's a 'Hawaiian' pizza, so it has to be with ham, bacon, maybe mushrooms. Otherwise no.

Ms. Sinatra: Yes, absolutely, completely, it's delicious.

Mr. Pomakov: Yes, because of the sweetness.

Ms. Axelrod: No. Capital NO. Bold it, italicize it. No grey there. It's just no. I'm vehemently opposed to this.

Ms. Linkewich: 100% yes, 100% of the time, even if it isn't 'Hawaiian' pizza.

Mr. Serjeantson: Yes. Because sweet with savoury is delicious.

PHOTOGRAPHY SHOWCASE

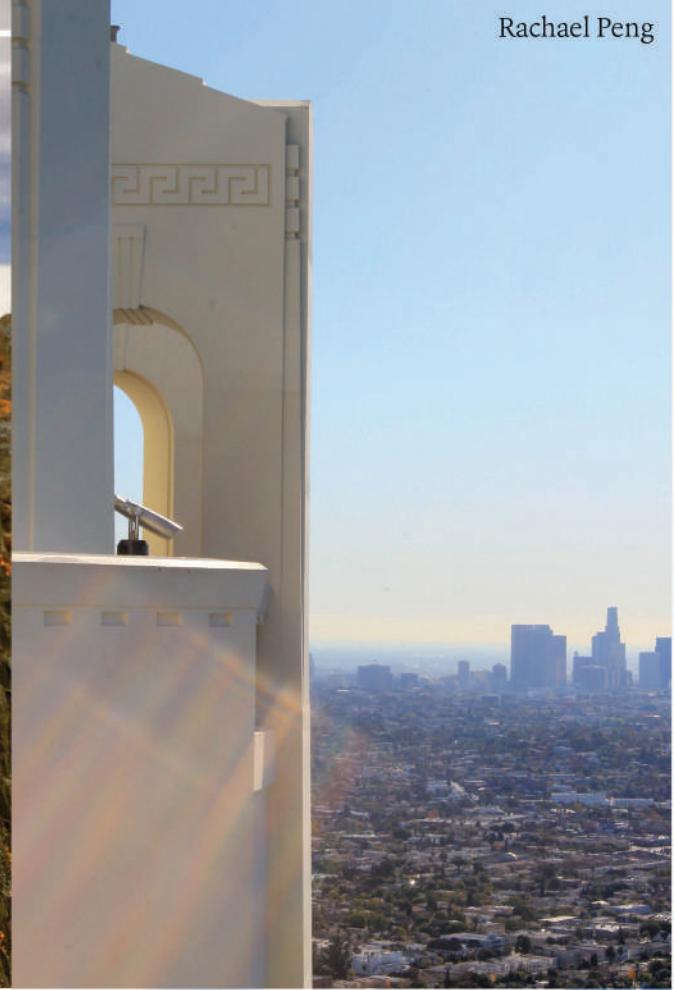
PHOTOGRAPHERS // AS LABELLED
DESIGN // DAVID WANG



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Jesse Liu



Rachael Peng

Rachael Peng

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

For decades, since the rise of technology—of neon-bright LED screens and trains raised several stories into the sky, of twenty-four hour fast-food chains and architectural wonders that defied the presence of gravity—there was hardly ever a moment of silence for the metropolis.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

Neither would the businesswoman, briefcase in one hand and smartphone in the other, narrowly avoiding the rush of oncoming traffic when a honk startles her from her screen. The headline of a burglary in her neighbourhood is forgotten when she comes home in a rush of worry to her fiancé jolting awake in the arms of her best friend. The delicate glass back of the phone shatters against the wall.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

Neither would the boy with ebony skin, who walks into a convenience store only to have justice turn its back on him when he reaches into an inner pocket for loose change. He stares down the gun barrel in disbelief at the frail man behind the counter, authorities on speed dial. A dull thud sounds over his head and it's the last thing he hears, the pain barely registering, before he hits the ground.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

Neither would the two laughing youths spilling from the local queer pub, relishing in the dangerous liberty of being themselves for the first time in their lives. Their hands are still tangled together when they nearly crash into a wall of steely hate in the form of their ruthless classmates. They can still taste the wonderfully freeing sweetness of each others' lips as their ribs snap under a dozen pairs of feet.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

Neither would the girl staring vacantly out the penthouse windows over the ever-bustling streets, wondering about her younger siblings who were separated from her weeks ago. She is, for once, blissfully alone, but well attuned to the sounds coming from the bedroom, followed by the unpleasant reminder that her turn awaits. A shadow cast by the dim lamp materializes beside her, and the now familiar hand yanks her, not ungently, from the settee. The door locks behind them and she closes her eyes in a futile attempt to dissociate from the many gazes that latch onto her bare skin.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

Neither would the beggar in tattered clothes, stumbling against the alleyway as his lungs finally give out; his knees crack as he falls to the filthy pavement of the unseen. There is a fruitless effort of crawling towards the scant shelter behind the overflowing dumpster, then a perpetual quiet as his hands loosen to reveal a tiny apple stolen from the local market. Young hands push aside the cardboard, and a tinny scream erupts from her thin frame to the deaf ears of passersby.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

But the sudden gasps of pedestrians—as they finally witness the star, once infinitesimal, streaking across the dark sky in a trail of fire and growing larger as it hurtles downwards like a wrathful angel of heaven—heralds a new era of darkness and dust so thick the sun all but vanishes for an interminably torturous decade; followed, as always, by the slow resilient climb towards society as humanity learns to rebuild again.

■ It felt as though the city would never sleep.

...

Until it did.



METROPOLITAN
INSOMNIA

DESIGN // JENNY HUANG
DESIGN // DAVID WANG

THE Perfect Bouquet

The sound of chimes tinkling echoed slightly in the shop as the door clattered back into place. Flipping a small wooden sign at the window to read 'Closed' in chipped, swirling white script, the florist pressed her forehead to the glass.

She loved her job. She loved the chatter of her customers as they fretted about colours and sizes, loved tidying up during slow days, loved opening the shop with cotton candy morning skies and closing it with the golden glow of late afternoons. Of course, there were days that felt less wonderful—bills, aggressive customers, and the omnipresent grey, rainy days—but the rest of her job made her heart sing with joy. Today, however, was most definitely one of those less wonderful days.

Collapsing into her chair, she pushed her hair out of her face before reaching for her notepad again. Though baristas and florists shared common experience in the form of complicated, difficult orders, the order placed by her customer was simple enough, but infuriatingly vague.

"The perfect bouquet to say 'I love you'"

Though the words sounded like something out of a sappy teenage movie about first love, the man who placed the order looked about twenty, with lovely eyes and the bearings of an academic. The chair creaked as the florist stood, wandering the aisles with a sort of helpless determination. Of course, her first choice would be the standard red roses on any other occasion, but would they truly qualify as a "perfect" choice if they're unoriginal? With a heavy sigh, she let her eyes wander to the next bucket of blooms. Tulips could be an acceptable choice for first loves, but she couldn't assume that this was the first time the customer had been in love, even though the phrasing of his order implied it, and while Peruvian lilies were a solid choice, they were somewhat obscure in the sense that someone who wasn't a florist probably wouldn't be able to guess their message. She ran a hand through her hair before tearing the paper off the pad and dumping it straight into the trash can.

The setting sun cast an orange glow on the darkening sky, and outside the flower shop, street lamps washed the passing streetcars in artificial yellow light. The florist gazed out the window, fiddling with the waxy petals of a flower she was too

preoccupied to look at. Instead, her eyes swept across the street, fixating on a small café. Emerging from the shop with an indistinguishable drink in one hand and a red-haired, smiling young man on his arm was the customer from before. As they walked down the street together, the redhead's eyes lingered on a bouquet of white lilies carried by a woman dressed in all black.

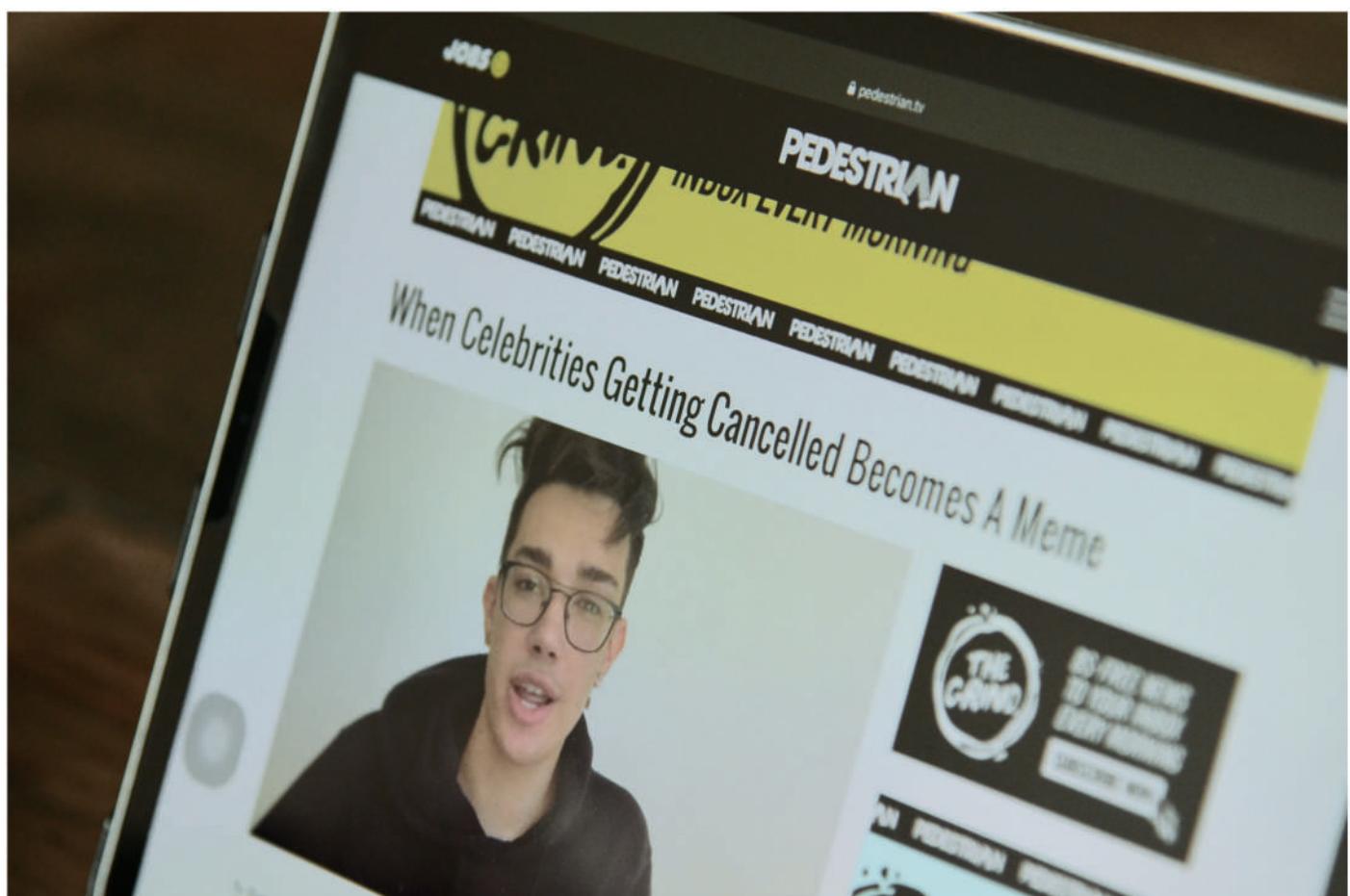
A grin spread across the florist's face as she looked down at the lilies between her fingers. Maybe making the perfect bouquet to say 'I love you' wasn't as difficult as she thought.

The language of love simply had a lot of different dialects.



Analysis of the Internet

CANCEL CULTURE



The Internet isn't always the wondrous world of unlimited information and cat videos we often wish it could be. Internet culture has its own pools of negativity, many of which have started leaking into the mainstream. These pools have resulted in today's aptly-named phenomenon of Cancel Culture. It involves boycotting, blacklisting, or otherwise "canceling" a person or brand after a scandal. It typically doesn't have any real-life consequences for the average onlooker, but it can brutally affect those directly involved. It can destroy individuals, friendships, careers, even entire brands. But where did Cancel Culture originate from? Why does it exist? Is it simply just an extension of tabloids that attack celebrities, or is it more politically significant than that? Together, we are going to dive into the dangerous cesspool that is Cancel Culture, and, hopefully, emerge a little more informed.

Cancel Culture appears to have its modern-day origins in tabloids and gossip magazines, which spread rumours surrounding our favourite B-List celebrities. More prominent figures would get dragged in regular newspapers, usually for terrible crimes like getting divorced and going bald. Invasions of privacy were popular amongst the tabloids, and "stretching the truth" became a term much favoured over "blatant lies". But rumours and outlandish claims weren't enough to bring a company down to its knees. Tabloids served as mediums for gossip columnists to exploit the lives of those in the public eye and laid the foundation for what Cancel Culture is today. Around 10 years ago, a major change in technology gave the tabloids a much larger outlet. In the early 2010s, social media became the medium of choice, for obvious reasons. And easy, quick access to stories and information began to change how we reacted to them.

The rise of feminism gave way to people all over the world sharing stories of how they'd been assaulted and abused by passers-by, partners, and people in power. Cancel Culture went from being a throwaway article in the local newspaper to a tweet with the depth and power to shake up an entire nation. #MeToo was created to help rape victims tell their stories and get justice for themselves and their abusers. One of the most famous #MeToo scandals involved Harvey Weinstein, a Hollywood producer,

and sparked a global movement. His career took a hit after dozens of women came forward with their stories, and, in the eyes of the public, Weinstein was officially cancelled on accounts of being a rapist, abuser, and all-around jerk. Weinstein is one of the thousands of rapists and abusers that were caught during the #MeToo movement. Cancel Culture became a weapon for the abused to take down their abusers, but eventually, as all things are destined to be, it was corrupted. A movement created to liberate people ultimately gave rise to a destructive, much more toxic version of itself.

Modern-day Cancel Culture involves crucifying people for their actions, typically blowing the entire situation out of proportion. It ruins brands and careers over the smallest misunderstanding. This doesn't only affect celebrities and influencers. Politicians can immediately be "cancelled" after a scandal, and whether they deserve it or not, their careers can be severely damaged. Quite often, only one side of the argument is heard, and people make rash judgements based on limited information. If we consider current-day pop culture, a single tweet from 10 years ago or one sentence taken out of context can surround the person in question with controversies. Fans and followers will be lost, and their career will forever be stained.

Justice isn't delivered in courts anymore, as it was during the #MeToo era. Instead, it is served almost immediately, like a hot cup of coffee. The smallest spark can grow into a forest fire, and the toxicity of Stan Twitter can be compared to the waste dump near a nuclear plant. Cancel culture not only gives social justice a bad name, but also destroys the faith we have in our society to do the right thing. Attacking and pointing fingers, especially when only half-truths are seen as valid proof, is a dangerous game --- harsh and quick judgements have the power to ruin lives. The power of forgiveness cannot be underestimated: we're humans, after all. Let's be nice to each other.

// TIA HARISH
PHOTOGRAPHY // IVY LUO
DESIGN // ELINA NIE

MORE THAN JUST A STUDENT

While studying for a test one night, I found myself drawn towards the tall bookcase lingering in the corner of my bedroom. The sight of my collection brought a smile to my lips, while I reminisced about the days when I could read a book without having to write several essays on the topic. In the life of a typical high school student, every day is the same: get up, go to school, get good grades, do homework, sleep, and repeat. We are constantly told that our endeavours in school will affect how our futures are shaped, so we are pressured to live up to those expectations. But among the reviewing, studying, homework, and stress, when is there time for hobbies and personal pursuits?

Being passionate about something is what differentiates us from others and makes us unique individuals. Regardless of what others may think, allowing yourself a break to have fun isn't a waste of time. In fact, it improves productivity, allows us to de-stress, and puts us in a better mood overall. Investing time and care into activities that we enjoy may not seem as important at the moment as getting a high GPA, but in the future we may regret having turned a blind eye. Whether it's writing a story, playing music, participating in a game or sport, watching movies, or even cooking a meal, these activities and countless others are worthy of the same attention we devote to our academics.

Now don't get me wrong, school is important. While we often hate to admit it, the education and skills we develop here can broaden our minds and help us to expand our outlook on our future. While I do agree that academics are important, they shouldn't necessarily control and define who we are. After all, we're people before students. The real issue lies in finding the time to actually do the things we enjoy. With school taking up a large portion of our day, followed by homework and the inevitable onslaught of assignments, time tends to slip through our fingers like sand. Fortunately, there is a solution. If you can't find time, make time.



We may not have the power to bend, alter, or even go back in time, but we can learn to manage it so that we may have a chance to balance our life with work and pleasure. By prioritizing our time to put important tasks first, completing work early, and avoiding the drug that is procrastination, we can succeed in making room for time spent doing the things we enjoy.

In the end, our efforts in school will result in the grades we deserve. But in reality, they're just numbers, and don't define who we are as people. We can gain more by taking in the wonders of life instead of stressing about school all day. By making time to engage in activities that we are passionate about, we make ourselves better students as well as people. We can whine all day about how school is butting in the way of our happiness, or we can take things into our own hands and lead a life of our own making. So, what'll it be?

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