



the **spyglass**



autumn issue
twenty eighteen

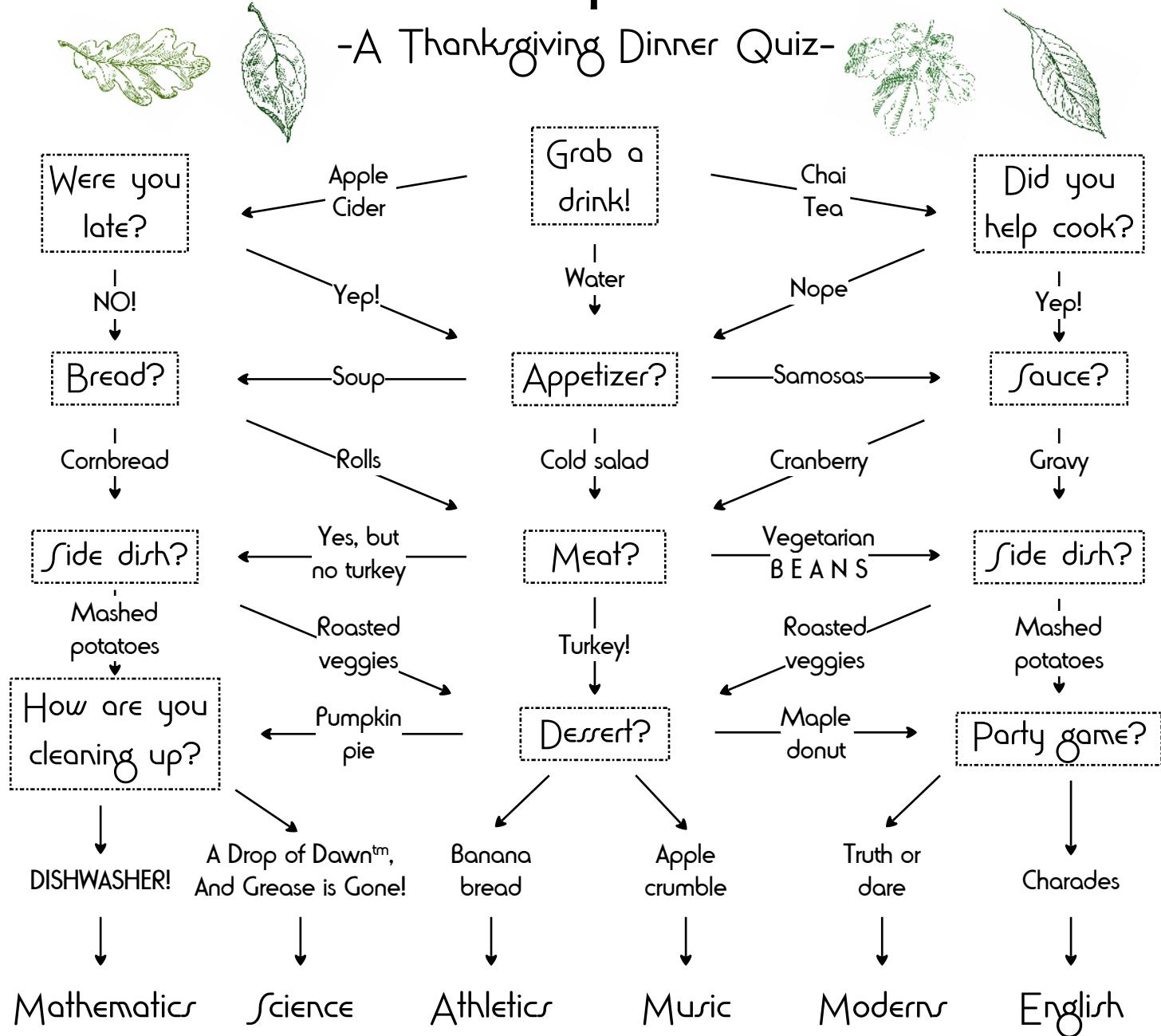


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Which RHHS Department Are You?

-A Thanksgiving Dinner Quiz-



Mathematics

Science

Athletics

Music

Moderns

English

You are calm and logical, and you give the best advice. Responsible and mature, you're someone everyone trusts and looks up to.

Your passion and positive attitude means that you can tackle any problem! Loyal and compassionate, you're always ready to help.

No one is more determined or energetic than you! You are always trying to support those around you, and you work best as part of a team.

Emotional and sensitive, you tend to wear your heart on your sleeve. You always appreciate the small things in life, and look to spread your joy.

You are extremely social and vivacious: it's a party whenever you're around! Classy and cultured, people look to you for inspiration for anything from fashion to TV shows.

You know what you want out of life, and you stay true to your beliefs. However, you greatly value those close to you and you show it through thoughtful (sometimes dramatic) gestures.

WTF

worse than fanfiction

otphtslolrpftotphtslolrpftotphtsr

In this modern age, with acronyms being tossed out in every other text message, post, and comment, it's almost impossible to keep track of what each one means. OTP – is that 'one true pairing' or 'one-trick pony'? BTS – 'behind the scenes', 'back to school' or the most popular boy band of the twenty-first century? LOL, which has been the operative tool in many unfortunate misunderstandings – it seems we have yet to decide if it means 'lots of laughs' or 'lots of love', but the gaming community has already delegated it to 'League of Legends'.

RPF? A quick google search will return ‘renal plasma flow’ or ‘Rwandan Patriotic Front’. Unsurprisingly, the average high schooler is not likely to be a doctor or a Rwandan politician, and significantly more likely to be someone who writes or reads ‘real person fiction’.

RPF is wrapped tight in the same moral complications as its non-acronym-ed relative, fanfiction – perhaps even tighter, considering the obvious differences between the two. However, in order to understand the full impact that RPF has on society, a bit of background information is needed.

Fanfiction, and by extension, RPF, have been around for centuries, whether or not it was known by that name. In fact, the first writer of RPF was the man, the myth, the legend himself, William Shakespeare, publishing them in his first folio as Shakespearean histories. Granted, it wasn't the type of fiction that is associated with RPF nowadays (they'd probably call it 'historyfic'), and Shakespeare probably didn't mean for it to be perceived that way. Sorry, Bill!

Throughout the following years, RPF trailed bands and actors like a lost child. In some cases, it was actually authorized, like Whitman's Publishing Company's "Adventure Stories" featuring various actors and actresses in the 1940s, and in other cases just printed in fan-magazines such as Led Zeppelin's in 1977. However, none of these instances received the ethical and legal backlash that RPF gets today.

So what changed? As the 80s' rolled around, so did MTV and its host of musicians and bands for us to fangirl and obsess over, and with it came another tide of RPF. Fast-forward one decade to the internet making a name for itself in civilization, and suddenly there were online RPF communities popping up everywhere. With all the attention being called to it, it was inevitable that legal and moral issues on the topic of stories about real people would arise.

Why write it in the first place, though? The answer is the same across almost all forms of fiction, and a simple one at that – they've got a story to tell. In the end, someone's made a connection with a character or person that has inspired them – even if it churns out a Suga/J-Hope angst fic. If the subject of an RPF story expresses their discomfort with it, then of course that should be respected, but anything else is free game.

It's as they say, after all – don't like, don't read.

// Ethan Kwan
Photography // Rachael Peng
Designer // Elina Nie

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WHY THE DARK AGES WEREN'T SO DARK



| DEVILS ADVOCATE COLUMN |



Var too many people I've talked to still view the time between the fall of the Western Roman Empire in 476 AD and Columbus' voyage to the Caribbean in 1492 as a time of isolation in which scientific and technological progress remained stagnant. Why is it that almost every mention I've heard of the Dark Ages has to approach this culturally rich epoch with an overwhelmingly negative point of view? Even the term 'Dark Ages' itself seems unfair, when the eras following it are called the 'Renaissance' and 'Enlightenment', as if there was no great art or philosophy in Europe before then.

They fail to realize what the Middle Ages really gave us.

Some of Europe's first universities were established at this time, like Oxford, an institution that remains so prestigious that it still invokes the awe of students everywhere. As a symbol of education, it has gained an almost legendary reputation. Its founders were inspired by institutions in Spain built by the Moors, African Muslims. The Islamic Middle East was flourishing in the sciences after inheriting the knowledge of Aristotle and his scientific method. Thanks to this, Europe was introduced to many mathematical concepts by the Persian astronomer al-Khwarizmi. Some sources even say that it was the Latinized spelling of al-Khwarizmi's name which gave us the word 'algorithm'. When it comes to medieval science, the alchemy craze may be seen as madness by modern standards, but it was the reason why many new elements were discovered.

But what about their shocking repression of women's rights and personal liberty? One can certainly argue that the medieval times were not the most morally enlightened. It must still be considered that there were some female historical figures from this time that have become symbols of heroism, such as Joan of Arc. Many people are also surprised to learn that there were female scientists in the Middle Ages, such as the German nun Hildegard von Bingen who was renowned for her knowledge in botany.

Needless to say, medieval science such as alchemy still turned out to be a huge waste of resources for the most part. Women's rights also suffered as religious mania dominated and the church took control of people's lives. This provides overwhelming evidence that the strength of the time period wasn't in science, nor was it in social ideas.

The real beauty of the Middle Ages lies in the art and culture, the fairy tales and folk songs, and the epic literature. Many medieval monks, such as Benedict of Nursia who became the patron saint of Italian architects, promoted the arts and learning. This proves that the church wasn't always an inhibitor of creative expression. The celebrated idea of the chivalric romance was first conceived, with enduring works such as Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. It is important to remember that perhaps no other time period has captivated Western imagination as much. Just think about all the stories you've heard involving brave knights and fire-breathing dragons. The Dark Ages certainly weren't a dark time for telling heroic stories that still inspire us today, and this was their real gift to us. It was their own form of enlightenment.

THE RECIPE FOR SUCCESS

Amidst all his complaints about dry soups, Gordon Ramsay can offer valuable advice for anyone who wants to try their hand in the kitchen. Baking, he'll tell you, is an exact science: recipes exist for a reason, and not following them will result in catastrophe. Cooking, however, is different. It's about sudden bursts of inspiration that persuade you to sprinkle spices here, caramelize something there. Rather than being punished with the disaster that comes from altering a brownie recipe, cooking rewards individuality with delicious flavours and discoveries.

Young people in the 21st century often carry the mindset that success, similarly to baking, is a strict recipe. You go to school and work hard to get into a good university. You eventually get your degree, and settle down with a job your parents approve of. You build a family with someone who, again, your parents approve of, and pass on those values to your children. It seems set in stone; this is the path on which our lives will play out, a plan sculpted carefully by the generation before us. There is no room for creativity here, no herbs to throw in. Just like baking, going astray will lead to failure.

But why have our lives become cupcakes, with strict directions we can't abandon—without supposedly succumbing to defeat? Why can't we write our own recipes for success, defying what's been set before us?

That's exactly what one guy decided to do in 1970. He began rebelling against his parents by working on underground films and growing his hair long. In his short time at a college his family couldn't afford, he slept on the floors of his friend's dorm rooms, returning empty Coke bottles for money, and eating his meals for free at a local temple. He audited calligraphy classes, and after dropping out of school he spent months travelling around India trying psychedelic drugs.

If this story sounds like something with which your parents would taunt you when you got a bad grade, know that the protagonist turned out okay. He ended up founding a small company they may have heard of: Apple Inc.

Steve Jobs, like many other successful entrepreneurs, didn't follow this recipe for success in the slightest. Neither did Bill Gates, who dropped out of Harvard. And Gordon Ramsay, our favourite terrifying chef, only became a cook because he couldn't be the football player he'd dreamt of. In reality, the people who our parents so desperately want us to be didn't follow any of their rules. Not to say that we all should drop out of school—but these men were able to build empires only by creating their own paths and adding their own ingredients. They saw their lives as Gordon Ramsay sees cooking: entirely theirs to craft. And it makes sense. If we're the ones building our futures, then we shouldn't be anxious bakers following antiquated directions. In the end, our best recipes for success are the ones we write ourselves.



// MICHELLE SKIDELSKY
PHOTOGRAPHY // ELLA XU
DESIGNER // IRIS XIE

a club for everyone

The bell screeches, as alarmingly distinct as the shots of muskets in warfare. At 3:30 PM, it summons weary hordes from their fifth period confinements, most of which surge through double doors to blissful freedom. Others, however, remain in the deserted classrooms, ritualistically gathering to form what we know as clubs. Although none utter ominous chants nor operate as a sinister cult (disappointing, I'm sure), each one features a different pursuit of academic or leisure interest. Whether you are attracted to idling at school after seven mandatory hours, or seek a new obsession, this guide is for you.

the humanitarian

Monday. Before you grimace at the mention of the most dreaded day of the week, you may find solace in the heart-warming intentions of Cancer Society, which typically meets in room 2004. President Grace Tian explains that, "Cancer affects 1 in 2 people, not to mention everyone who is affected by friends or family who have it." With a focus on raising awareness about the disease and fundraising for cancer research, the club hopes to help RHHS students who struggle with or have fought against the illness. Regular meetings are intended to prepare for upcoming events, such as the Valentine's Rose Event in February.

the linguist

"DR MR VANDERTRAMP", the verb table that haunts every French student. The foreign language course can be frightening for many due to the spontaneous oral evaluations and the weekly journal d'écoute. Anna Cho, a French Club executive, argues that French encompasses a rich culture of traditional food and language. Aside from watching French movies and celebrating statutory holidays, students have the opportunity to write to penpals. "(We'll be) contacting similarly aged students from francophone countries and corresponding by sending emails or handwritten letters to discover more about their daily way of life and how it differs from ours. It's very interesting to learn about their holidays and how different their school system is." Try traditional French treats and develop your bilingualism every Tuesday in room 2034.

// ADRIANNE TANG
DESIGNER // IRIS XIE

the thrill seeker

"(We) encourage students to seek discomfort. To challenge themselves and to help them achieve what was thought to be impossible on the unforgiving but adventurous tracks of mountain biking." As the Captain and President of the RHHS Mountain Bike Team, Nischay Uppal strives to use this unique sport to stimulate Raiders whose adventurous spirits are unquenchable. In a three month period, participants learn fundamental biking skills in the unpredictable conditions of southern Ontario, from bike parkour to maintenance and repair. Shift into gear for the Mountain Bike Team's competitive races, indoor BMX bike parks, and rodeos!

the gardener

In wooden boxes lined against cross-hatched fences, sprout the stalks of common garden vegetables. The afternoon warmth bathes the tender leaves of kale, with tomatoes, carrots, and beets that lay nestled in dampened soil. The Wednesday caretakers of RHHS' very own garden are the blue shirt-bearing students of The GreenHouse Project in Portable 6. "Our purpose is to give back to the community, and to unite people in a fun and welcoming environment," secretary, Ashley Lo, explains. Not only does this nature-oriented club offer volunteer hours for the student gardeners, but they prepare their own organic treats such as, "Bruschetta, fries, smoothies, fruit skewers, and pizza."

#MICHELLE LIO
PHOTOGRAPHY // MAHTUR RAHMAN
DESIGNER // LAUREN PETLAH

Staring at the Crossroads.

What does success mean to you?

Maybe it's graduating high school, getting into the college or university of your dreams, finding a job that blurs the line between work and play, or meeting that special someone to spend the rest of your days with.

Maybe it's finishing a Quarter Pounder from McDonald's in two minutes flat.

In all honesty, it's difficult to place the label "success" as something that applies to every single person in the same way. Success comes in all kinds of forms and colours, and it can get overwhelming trying to find a set path to reach your dreams and aspirations. There's bound to be times in your life where the road to success seems to be consistently under construction, and believe it or not, that's normal. Nobody's road to success is completely smooth and easy. After all, there's a reason it's called a road to success, not a Slip 'N Slide to success. Unless, of course, your plan for success is to master the art of Slip 'N Slide.

With all these different paths to success in mind and so many destinations, it's overwhelming to find which route is the best for you. That's understandable. Nobody's ever walked on each and every one of the world's millions of streets. However, when looking up to all the influencers of today, there seems to be a defining point of interest.

Dreams. Ideas. Aspirations. Perseverance. Dedication. All traits we've heard before. Maybe they'd be a little more impactful if they weren't repeated at every twist and turn, but then again, perhaps the reason they're so redundant is because they were drilled into us from a young age. After reading through multiple articles on tips for success and compiling, editing, and condensing them all into a single, short phrase, it seems like the real key to success is a bit vague.

"Hard work and success go hand in hand. What you lack in talent, you can make up for in practice."

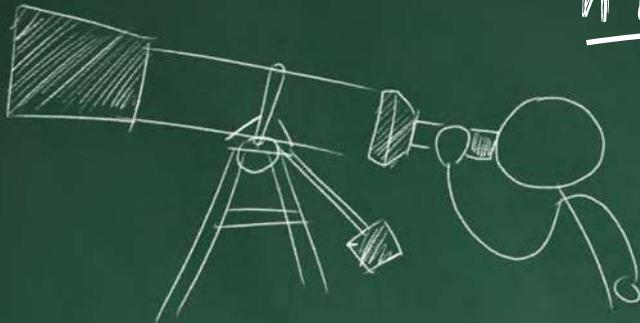
When I said vague, I meant it.

But perhaps the vagueness of this statement is really what's beautiful about the road to success. There's always a certain allure about the unknown, after all. In the end, it's all up to interpretation. Success is what you make it to be, and it doesn't always have to be something huge. Maybe success is getting up out of bed on time in the morning. Maybe it's completing an equation that posed a huge challenge to you.

Perhaps the only real definition of success is whatever definition you give it, and what meaning the word holds to yourself. What does hard work mean to you? What does practice entail? Whatever it is, strive to be the greatest, and remember— even if you get blue-shelled in Mario Kart, it doesn't mean that you won't pick up a bullet and shoot to first place.

Dear Ninety...

A Q&A with Raymond Wang



Q: What the heck is the Spyglass? Why does it sound so weird?

A: The Spyglass is Richmond Hill High School's very own magazine! Since our team of monkey writers relies so heavily on the movement of celestial bodies for inspiration, a spyglass is a fitting name. Personally, I use something more scientific, like the lines of my palm.

Q: How do you know what you want to pursue in life?

A: I don't know, but if you ask your parents, you'll know what you don't want to do. For instance, my parents want me to pursue science, but here I am, gleefully writing advice columns.



Q: I am single but very ready to mingle, what should I do?

A: Watch rom-com anime and emulate it. I heard everyone goes wild over that.



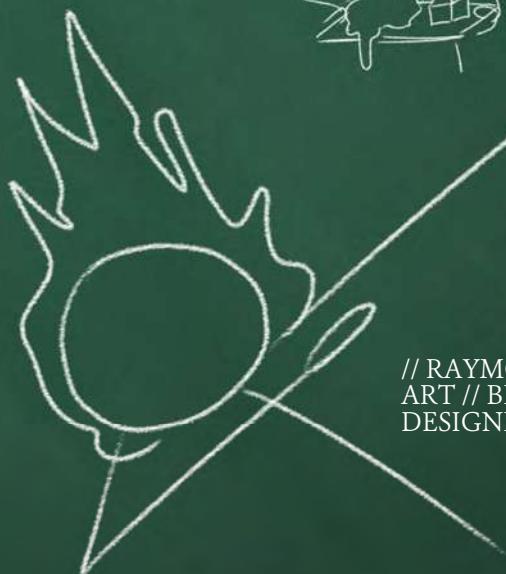
Q: Where can I get good food for lunch?

A: The cafeteria™.



Q: How do I get my teachers to like me?

A: Everyone likes a spicy person, including teachers. In a world of black coffee, you have to be a pumpkin spice latte. Make sure you emphasize the spice through lots of dance moves and a witty catchphrase. Don't forget to provide your teacher with a glass of milk.



// RAYMOND WANG
ART // BRIAN ZHAO
DESIGNER // ALLAN FANG



THEY JUST DON'T GET IT

On October 11, 1991, Anita Hill testified to the Senate Judiciary Committee regarding a sexual harassment allegation against then-Supreme Court nominee, Clarence Thomas. Anita Hill was brutally dismissed, slandered and insulted, while Clarence Thomas was sworn in subsequently, in spite of these claims.

Today, we witness history painfully repeat itself in circumstances all-too-similar to Hill's case. The phrase "They just don't get it" had resulted in response to the Senators' inadequate response to sexual allegations at the time.

27 years later, and apparently, they still don't get it.

On October 6th, Brett Kavanaugh was elected to Supreme Court. It was not a week earlier that he was facing sexual assault allegations from numerous women. But wait! He had a letter signed by 65 women, who allegedly knew Kavanaugh since high school and vehemently defend his upstanding character. Of course, that instantly makes everything better.

To date, Kavanaugh has had 4 allegations of sexual misconduct, 3 of which trace back to the 1980s, from Christine Blasey Ford, Deborah Ramirez, and Julie

Swetnick. The last anonymous physical assault allegation pertained to events which occurred in 1998.

Of the 3 public allegations, only Ford has been allowed to testify in front of the Senate Judiciary Committee. Interviews with her husband, notes from her therapist mentioning a "rape attempt", and a lie detector test have reflected consistency with her testimony.

However, regardless of the verity of Ford's words, this case serves to demonstrate deeper inherent problems in our society. For instance, the feeble response from actors like Henry Cavill, saying [because of the #MeToo movement], "I don't want to go up and talk to [a female], because I'm going to be called a rapist or something" is insufferable. Listen Cavill, if you have to suddenly watch your words, then perhaps there was a problem with them in the first place; the very paradigm of this statement depicts women as hysterical over-reactors. Not cool. Another daunting realization is the fact that such serious claims as rape can be brushed away and so easily ignored.

Following Kavanaugh's confirmation, Journalist Lesley Stahl asked Trump if he thought Ford was lying. In response, Trump said, "It doesn't matter. We won." The Kavanaugh case ultimately shows the world that the truth is no longer important. Worse yet, this governmental degradation and corruption is represented within a body which is supposed to represent "Equal Justice Under Law", as etched onto the walls of the Supreme Court building.

Whether or not the allegations are true, Judge Kavanaugh's confirmation is an affront against the foundations which uphold justice, equality and liberty.

The role of a Supreme Court justice, essentially a judge of the highest court in the United States, is to rule cases with pertinence to federal law. There are 9 justices, as dictated by the Judiciary Act of 1869. Once appointed, a justice will serve for life, until retirement or impeachment.

The Supreme Court is crucial in directing law within the United States, and has been responsible for radical changes in Americans' lives. For example, the Supreme Court ruled in the case of Roe vs. Wade in 1973, wherein women were determined to possess Constitutional right to abortion. More recently, the Masterpiece Cakeshop v. Colorado Civil Rights Commission case ruled to protect the religious rights of Jack Phillips, who refused to make a wedding cake for a same-sex couple. Consequently, there is no question that the Supreme Court Justices hold tremendous power to set precedent to maintain or restrict rights and freedoms.

Given this authority, impartial ruling is vitally important; however, Justices nominated by the current governing party typically align with their political agendas. Currently, the 8 Justices are evenly nominated by Democratic/Republican administrations. For this reason, Kavanaugh's appointment can serve as a critical tipping point for legislative decisions concerning abortion, gun control, same-sex rights, and health care- of which Kavanaugh has held extreme partisan views, based on his history of rulings and commentary.

With the honourable nature of this role, and the fact that there is more than sufficient cause to point to his questionable character, Kavanaugh is obviously not a person above reproach, and thus, should have been removed from nomination. Further disappointment is the lack of a proper investigation by the FBI, which

was constantly stunted by the White House's directed restrictions. While Trump can whine and cry that the Democrats are only seeking to thwart the confirmation of a conservative Justice who may swing future judgments in the Supreme Court, we must consider the callous expediency to which Kavanaugh was handed this lifetime role. Realistically, the Democrats recognize that a conservative Justice nomination was inevitable. However, are the Republicans so desperate that they had no other individual they could possibly nominate?

The audacious paradigm of several senator's comments prove that after nearly 30 years, we still have not progressed. For example, during the period of the Kavanaugh's hearing, Sen. Lindsey Graham said, "What am I supposed to do? Go ahead and ruin this guy's life based on an accusation?". As a matter of fact, Kavanaugh's life wouldn't be ruined- if not confirmed, he would assume his current role as a D.C. Circuit judge, and remain eligible for renomination in the future. When a sexual assault allegation is reduced down to a flippant, mere "accusation", which is not seen as significant, America has surely plummeted into moral darkness.

Brett Kavanaugh's final confirmation resulted in the closest Senate vote in history, with a 50-48 vote. This new age of minority rule, following a President assuming power while losing the popular vote, may see the Supreme Court no longer supporting the popular views of America, as public polls continue to show majority opposition to Republican perspectives.

In the end, believing survivors should not translate to demonizing the male population or "ruining" future Supreme Court Justices' lives. It must seek to legitimize the pain and experiences these victims have suffered, and ensure proper reform to move forward, and prevent future injustices. The wilful ignorance of the American senate and lack of respect towards the individuals brave enough to testify and step into extreme public scrutiny, dismally signify the dismantling of society's morality. Perhaps the most disheartening conclusion is that this serious claim of rape was relegated as mere collateral damage in the face of political interest and agenda.

Christine Blasey Ford, I believe you.

Congratulations America, welcome to 1991.

// KATELYN WANG | DESIGNER // ILYA SPIVAK



CULTURE SHOCK

Let's say you've been living in the same town, same neighborhood, same house for your entire life. You're used to the routine. Sure, some things changed over time: you lost friends, made new ones, met some pretty interesting people. You took the same route to school everyday, saw the same sights, and watched your town become the place it is today.

Everything feels familiar. Everything feels safe.

And then you leave.

You move to another country, in another continent, in another hemisphere. You have no idea how anything works anymore. You don't know how to get anywhere. You don't have any friends, and the time difference between where you live now and where you used to live ensures that you rarely get to talk to your old friends. Eventually, you go to school and contrary to what you assumed, people are actually nice. Most of them don't bother you too much, but nobody has been outright rude or judged you harshly. The teachers are really relaxed, and you can use calculators in math class! It's all so new to you, but when you point these things out, everyone else looks at you as if to say, "All of this is normal. What's so special about it?"

But it's not normal to you. Whenever someone new arrived at school, they were the center of attention for at least two days. People used to talk about them and judge them. Teachers were usually strict and if you used a calculator in math class, it

would be confiscated because you were supposed to do it all mentally.

You need to get used to this new way of life because it's nothing like anything you've ever experienced. That's culture shock. It's when you move somewhere else and you're confused and sometimes overwhelmed by how different everything is. It takes a while to get used to, but you ultimately grow and become a stronger person.

People in Canada come from a variety of different backgrounds. At some point in our lives, most of us have gone through culture shock of some kind. For example, going to visit your family overseas and not understanding why they do some things in a certain way. But when you experience culture shock, you also get a chance to learn about other people's stories—stories you might have never had the opportunity to hear before.

Culture shock, in my opinion, is just another way for us to celebrate our differences. It allows us to find out more about each other than we could ever expect to if we were all from the same background. It allows us to share a monumental piece of our story and realize the value of community.

And that's why we're here.

// TIA HADISH
PHOTOGRAPHER // ELLA XU
DESIGNER // CHANEL BOWEN

better
than this

better

"No homo, bro."

It was slang people used when they didn't want their supposed intentions to be mistaken, and it was a phrase used predominantly by straight boys who believed that displaying affection towards their male friends is something inherently gay. And while those exact words aren't really seen around anymore, its intentions are demonstrated in pop culture, and especially in how we stereotype the LGBTQ+ community. A pat on the back, an arm slung around the shoulder—these are all okay. But holding their hand in support or a warm greeting hug? Immediately it becomes, "They must be together." And it's interesting how these assumptions are not made as often towards females. It's interesting how these stereotypes enforce the rule that a heterosexual girl garners no response for being a "tomboy", but an effeminate boy is assumed homosexual.

And it all comes down to history. To gender roles.

To the domination of male masculinity that has existed in many cultures over the millennia.

Men were supposed to be strong, rigid. They were supposed to be the money-maker and the absent father figure—loving but never nurturing. All the softness and feelings were left to the women, who weren't supposed to go to war or fight the battles. They were strong "in their own way", but they would never amount to the strength of a man.

And the moment this order was broken, the offenders were considered unnatural.

Of course, being the ones who were suppressed, women fought their way to acceptance and freedom from being subjugated to their given roles in life. The feminist movement rose and more and more people saw that women can be strong, that women can achieve great things just as a man could.

All humans are equal, no matter what history dictated.

But if men showing affection is seen as taboo, if men being so-called "feminine" automatically triggers the response that they're different, then are we really equal? Why can't men be soft-spoken? Why can't men like things that women stereotypically gravitate towards without being judged? What does society have against women, against femininity? Why are we so quick to label and shame someone because their interests don't fit the norm?

It's the fact that these barriers existed in the first place that is the root of the problem. Gender roles are supposed rules that were created so long ago and so ingrained that only in recent decades have communities been breaking down these segregated walls.

Liking things that don't typically adhere to your gender does not make you any lesser. It does not give other people the right to thrust you into another mold because it's "normal" to fit into that category. We should be able to enjoy anything we like without fear of ostracization. In history, the moment anything was different, it was quickly assumed wrong. Even now society has remnants of that stigma; and it really hurts.

Say it with me: being different does not equate to being wrong.

We're better than this.

// JENNY HUANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // REINA DINGMAN
DESIGNER // LAURIS PETLAH

Not-so-secret hideouts of RHHS



There is no map of RHHS.

Sure, there are the fire routes, the flyers given out on Grade 8 Day, and even architectural plans in the bowels of City Hall, but those just show you how to move through space.

In high school, you move through life.

We navigate more twists and turns in our lives than just RHHS's network of cephalo-pods, and, inevitably, we occasionally lose our way. It is in those distressing times, when we need to reaffirm our place in the world, that we seek the places close to our hearts. Our surroundings comfort us, inspire us, reunite us; and here in RHHS, there is so much to discover.

THE SENIOR BENCHES

Like many eighth graders, I had heard the whispered legends: the benches are the birthplace of rebellion, and the hotbed of danger. Seniors swarm like swaggering, manspreading bees, flitting from handshake to handshake. With a central view of the main stairwell, and their majestic wood finish, the benches are the Iron Throne of Richmond Hill. Much like the Iron Throne, they are murder on your back. Considering the lack of arch

Mother Nature is performing her timeless play, and all you have to do is take a seat...

support, the grating background noise, and the looming threat of freshly spat gum, the benches are ideal for little more than quick naps or animalistic displays of dominance.

2/5

THE CUSTODIAN HALLWAY

Do you struggle to free yourself of the chair-using bourgeoisie? Do you crave a quiet hiding place to emulate the lost comfort of your mother's womb? If you have answered yes to either of those questions, please see Guidance immediately. Afterwards, however, visit the narrow hallway to the right of the library. Complete with an acceptably clean floor, stairs to maximize holding capacity, and an opening angled for maximum seclusion, its ergonomic design renders it ideal for casual hangouts or compact talent shows.

4/5

THE LIBRARY PORCH

Also known as RHHS's Best-Kept Secret, the library porch is OFF-LIMITS to students. I can't fault administration, since we can't even handle using washrooms (hint: if you set off

the fire alarm, you are washrooming wrong!), but if you sneak all the way to the library window and enter the room on the far left, there is a door on the right that leads outside onto a small balcony.

Do with this information what you will, but the porch door is likely locked.

2/5

THE STAIRWELLS

This is a public service announcement: If you hang out in the stairwells, please stop.

You are not being sneaky; I can hear you gossiping about Janice's kale salad from the top of the stairs.

You are not being romantic; you look like you're catching drips from an Ikea frozen yogurt. You know what you're being? A fire hazard, and judging by our school's track record with setting printers on fire (and fanning the flames)

I would be very, very wary of sitting directly in the path of a possible stampede of teenage boys trying to protect their sneaker collection and compsci kids protecting their laptops.



Admittedly, the radiator is really toasty in the winter.

1/5

GREENHOUSE PROJECT TABLES

I will be honest, the outer net is scary. There are voracious bugs and the threat of sunburns, and the gardens are far removed from the familiar screech of the school bell. The outdoors are also indescribably lovely.

The sun warms your face, the wind tousles your hair, and the rustling leaves make a dazzling kaleidoscope of colour against the rich blue sky. The pure air is perfumed by vitality, and as it fills your lungs worries melt away, replaced by the peaceful haze of *belonging*.

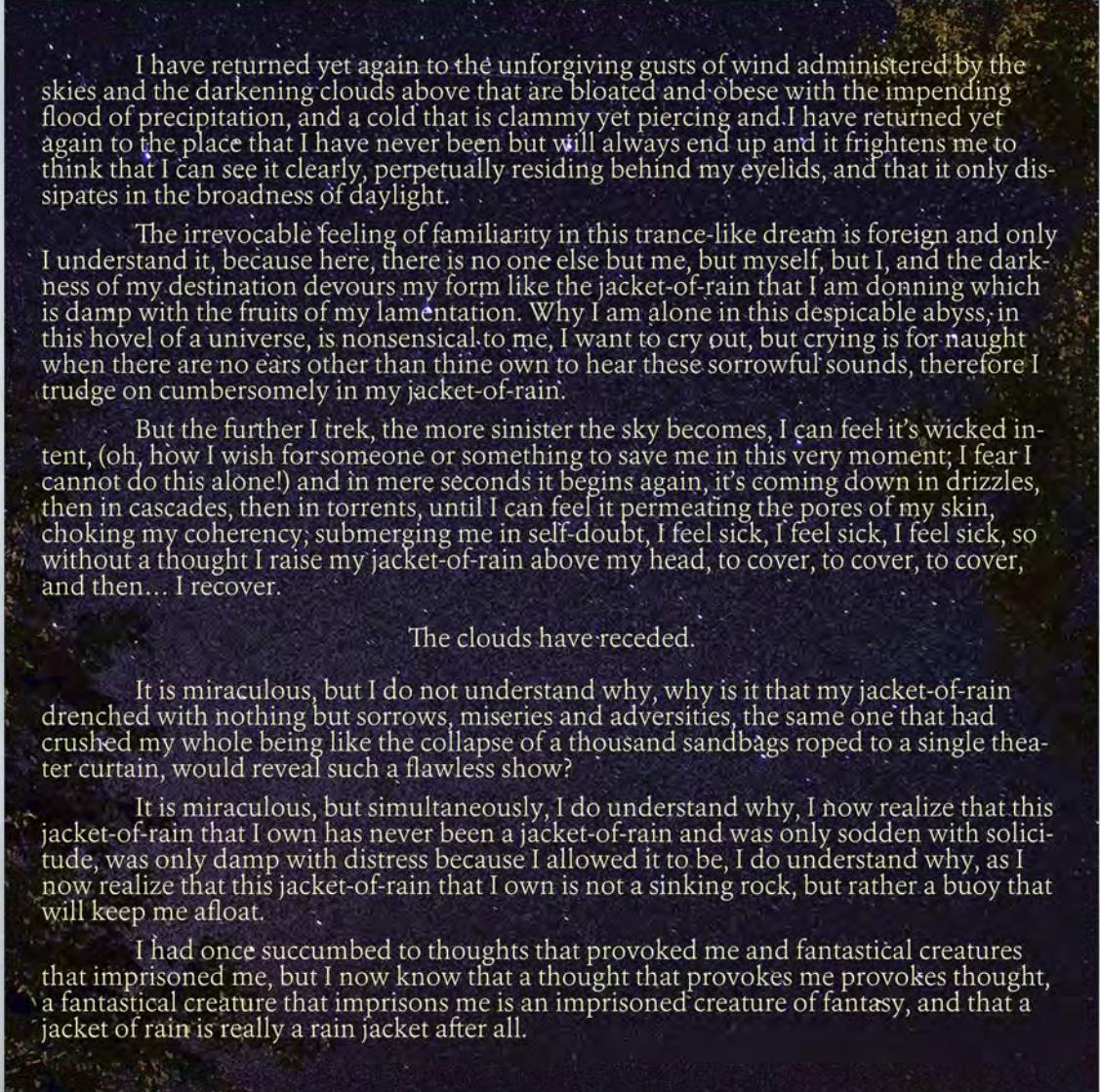
Mother Nature is performing her timeless play, and all you have to do is take a seat.

5/5

// DANIELLE FOX
PHOTOGRAPHY // REINA DINGMAN & ELLA XU
DESIGNER // CHANEL BOWEN

A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain

A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain



I have returned yet again to the unforgiving gusts of wind administered by the skies and the darkening clouds above that are bloated and obese with the impending flood of precipitation, and a cold that is clammy yet piercing and I have returned yet again to the place that I have never been but will always end up and it frightens me to think that I can see it clearly, perpetually residing behind my eyelids, and that it only dissipates in the broadness of daylight.

The irrevocable feeling of familiarity in this trance-like dream is foreign and only I understand it, because here, there is no one else but me, but myself, but I, and the darkness of my destination devours my form like the jacket-of-rain that I am donning which is damp with the fruits of my lamentation. Why I am alone in this despicable abyss, in this hovel of a universe, is nonsensical to me, I want to cry out, but crying is for naught when there are no ears other than thine own to hear these sorrowful sounds, therefore I trudge on cumbersomely in my jacket-of-rain.

But the further I trek, the more sinister the sky becomes, I can feel it's wicked intent, (oh, how I wish for someone or something to save me in this very moment; I fear I cannot do this alone!) and in mere seconds it begins again, it's coming down in drizzles, then in cascades, then in torrents, until I can feel it permeating the pores of my skin, choking my coherency, submerging me in self-doubt, I feel sick, I feel sick, I feel sick, so without a thought I raise my jacket-of-rain above my head, to cover, to cover, to cover, and then... I recover.

The clouds have receded.

It is miraculous, but I do not understand why, why is it that my jacket-of-rain drenched with nothing but sorrows, miseries and adversities, the same one that had crushed my whole being like the collapse of a thousand sandbags roped to a single theater curtain, would reveal such a flawless show?

It is miraculous, but simultaneously, I do understand why, I now realize that this jacket-of-rain that I own has never been a jacket-of-rain and was only sodden with solicitude, was only damp with distress because I allowed it to be, I do understand why, as I now realize that this jacket-of-rain that I own is not a sinking rock, but rather a buoy that will keep me afloat.

I had once succumbed to thoughts that provoked me and fantastical creatures that imprisoned me, but I now know that a thought that provokes me provokes thought, a fantastical creature that imprisons me is an imprisoned creature of fantasy, and that a jacket of rain is really a rain jacket after all.

A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain A Jacket-of-Rain

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DON'T LOSE YOUR MIND

A SURVIVAL GUIDE

Most high school survival guides regurgitate the same tired tips: study hard, make friends, join clubs. Those guides are best used as kindling.

Picture this: the fifth period bell rings only to be cut off by a panicked announcement that silences the crowds. While you were busy learning, the world was overrun by an airborne virus, transforming humans into zombies. Not even an instant passes before the hacking coughs of students reverberate throughout every nook of RHHS. Each one of them will soon succumb to the virus' grip and endure a harrowing sea-change.

Still wish you studied hard and joined DECA? I'm guessing not.

Buckle up raiders, and brace yourselves for some real tips. This is my guide to surviving when, not if, RHHS gets taken over by zombies.

If your first instinct is to evacuate the school, you will find yourself pounding on heaven's door very shortly. The world outside will grow harsh and unforgiving as civilization withers. Unless you plan on eating rocks and growing anthropomorphic plants to annihilate armies of zombies, RHHS' protective confines will become your new best friend (just in time to replace your old ones).

Next word of advice: you won't have the luxury of sobbing in the corner while contracted in fetal position. The viral particles are still very much in the air. First aid kits double as blunt-force weapons and contain filtering masks so your corpse doesn't have to wander the earth in a gruesome quest for brains.

Once you've rendered yourself safe from the virus, you will need a hiding place. Hint: bathroom stalls make terrible hiding places. They are penetrable from every

direction and the flimsy lock barely keeps the door closed let alone shields you from the hordes of zombies to come. Believe me; the undead don't seem to respect privacy the same way.

When selecting a shelter, you'll need to consider both security and the availability of resources. Lock yourself in a stall and you'll be sipping toilet soup for the next three days. The chemistry lab, however, houses all the necessary resources for short-term survival. With distilled water and the necessary chemicals to build fires at your disposal, you'll become the apocalyptic equivalent of Bear Grylls. Just don't expect to receive a fat paycheck anytime soon.

When the undead have scoured the school and only a few minds remain unravaged, they will pour out the doors in search of fresher hunting grounds. Take this as your opportunity to locate fellow survivors and form a coalition.

Should you exit your refuge, you will be transported to a ghastly, unfamiliar dimension. The halls will reek of decay and the echoes of dripping pipes will interrupt bouts of dead silence. Classrooms and the library will be in disarray with piles of torn up books and fallen shelves blanketing the bloodied floor. If you are lucky, you will stumble upon "fresh protein" during this survey. Just remember, anything can taste like chicken with a willful palate and a pinch of salt.

This is where my words of wisdom must bid their farewells. You've studied the art of subsistence, befriended the remaining students, and joined the "Zombie Apocalypse Survivors Club". Go on now; conquer the world with your head up high, for you've clearly outgrown my elementary advice.

You're so welcome (in advance).

// LLOYD FAN
PHOTOGRAPHY // REINA DINGMAN
DESIGNER // ELINA NIE



Editors In Chief

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