



the **spyglass**



summer issue
twenty eighteen

HUMANS OF RHHS



"I think my favourite part of taking photos - funny enough - is just like looking at photos. I like the lighting, the colour, I think it's really beautiful when you're able to capture it perfectly. I also think sometimes, with people, just from seeing their expressions you can understand who they are talking to or what they're doing, especially if you're in an environment of the school, you are able to capture the emotions of high school, which obviously you want to preserve for yourself in the future. I also really like taking photos of nature--I think that it's incredibly beautiful, I don't know, nature's just there, but if you try to take a photo of it, or try to redraw it, you aren't able to capture its true beauty. I think that's something people take for granted."

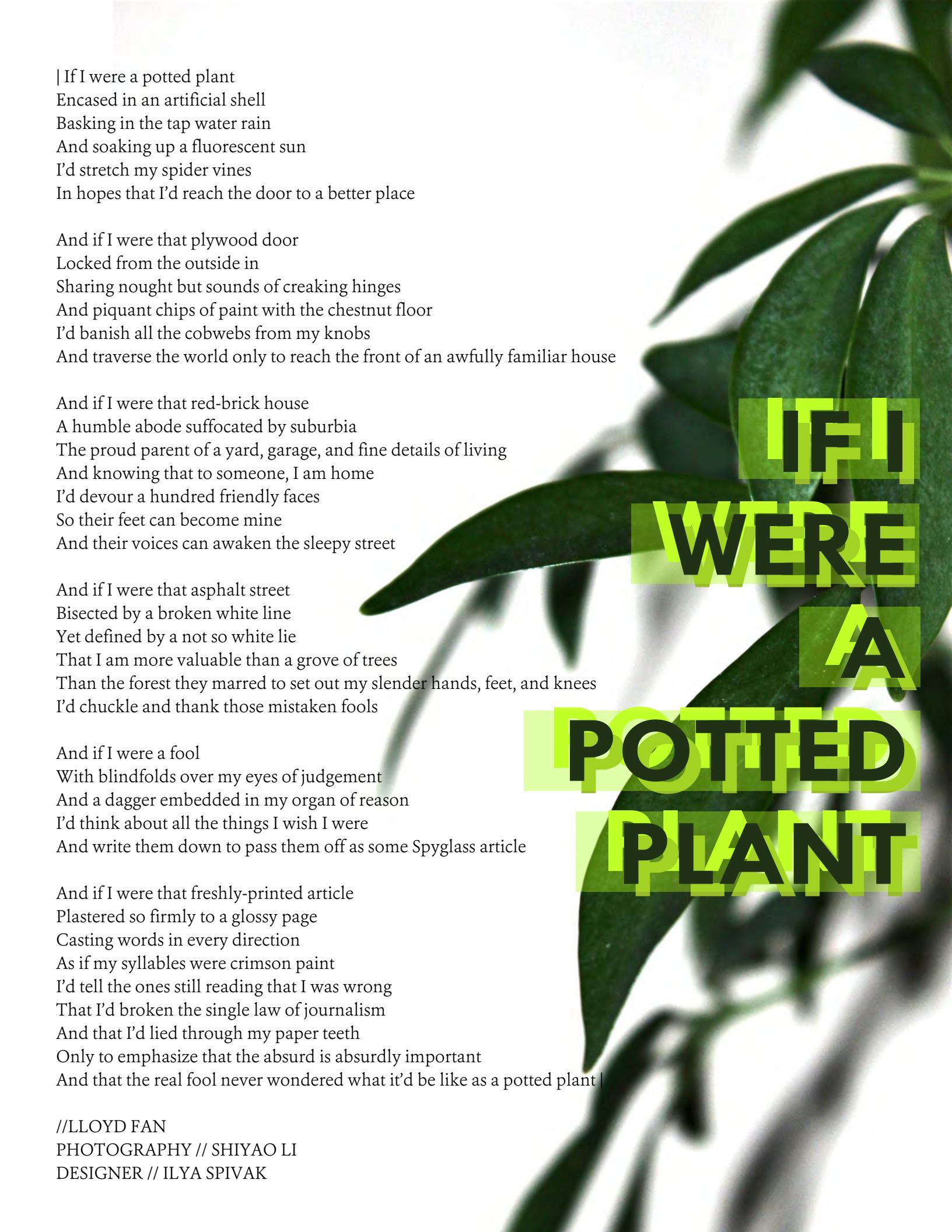
"I find travelling really rewarding; you get to see and meet so many new people when you get to new places. I read a quote once: "Travel is the only thing that you do that makes you richer as a person." I think it's really true because to many people, travelling is an opportunity of a lifetime, you get to meet new people, see new things, just experience a new culture, and it enriches you as a person because you learn from the experience."



"It's summer of my grade 10 year and I have to do a Vietnam War roleplay at the upcoming Model UN tournament. It's quite a big event so I do my research and go in with the stark goal of preventing the war completely. Historically, the war itself was a disaster. Despite this information, the goal of all the delegates is, to my surprise, to achieve a clean victory, somehow. The judge, with the intent to make us pay for our ignorance, throws so much information at us that we can't process it in time. Slowly, we devolve into squabbling, issue propaganda, but still lose the war. When we walk out, we see we've made just as big of a mess as the folks did 50 years ago. It left a sour taste in mouth, and a grudging respect for the less-favorably remembered people in history."

"My entire life -- I've been on the move, leaving places that I loved and attached myself to. I switched schools three times in elementary, in only four years. Though that was difficult, I don't find it so hard to make friends now, because this has changed me so much. Switching schools has impacted my life a lot. It taught me that nothing lasts forever. That's why I'm so outgoing, it's been a constant adaptation to your surroundings, as it's always changing, and that has shaped me as a person. I used to hate that my dad switched his job so much, but now looking back on it, I'm really thankful."





| If I were a potted plant
Encased in an artificial shell
Basking in the tap water rain
And soaking up a fluorescent sun
I'd stretch my spider vines
In hopes that I'd reach the door to a better place

And if I were that plywood door
Locked from the outside in
Sharing nought but sounds of creaking hinges
And piquant chips of paint with the chestnut floor
I'd banish all the cobwebs from my knobs
And traverse the world only to reach the front of an awfully familiar house

And if I were that red-brick house
A humble abode suffocated by suburbia
The proud parent of a yard, garage, and fine details of living
And knowing that to someone, I am home
I'd devour a hundred friendly faces
So their feet can become mine
And their voices can awaken the sleepy street

And if I were that asphalt street
Bisected by a broken white line
Yet defined by a not so white lie
That I am more valuable than a grove of trees
Than the forest they marred to set out my slender hands, feet, and knees
I'd chuckle and thank those mistaken fools

And if I were a fool
With blindfolds over my eyes of judgement
And a dagger embedded in my organ of reason
I'd think about all the things I wish I were
And write them down to pass them off as some Spyglass article

And if I were that freshly-printed article
Plastered so firmly to a glossy page
Casting words in every direction
As if my syllables were crimson paint
I'd tell the ones still reading that I was wrong
That I'd broken the single law of journalism
And that I'd lied through my paper teeth
Only to emphasize that the absurd is absurdly important
And that the real fool never wondered what it'd be like as a potted plant |

//LLOYD FAN
PHOTOGRAPHY // SHIYAO LI
DESIGNER // ILYA SPIVAK

IF I WERE A POTTED PLANT

Childhood Reminiscence

A Summer Reverie





Summer: bright, bold and bubbly, the arrival of this season prompts a new set of colourful goals. For some, it's as simple as rebuilding Instagram or finishing their favourite Netflix series. For others, it delves as deep as learning a foreign language or reading ahead on next year's curriculum. Ambitious and headstrong, we head into our summer feeling unstoppable—but by the end, we're left with nothing more than a mind boggled with regrets.

The sad reality is most of us wind up not reaching our summer objectives. We fall victim to the pleasures of Internet surfing, inviting sunny weather, and we indulge in the laziness of the summer haze. We all have goals and ambitions—but what are we able to accomplish?

Think back to your childhood. We spent summers sucking on fruit popsicles and gallivanting outdoors, building dreams in breezy backyards. Maybe you wanted to be the next Harry Potter – perhaps a TV star, detective, or astronaut. From playing doctor to jostling around in the park, our imagination knew no boundaries.

Fast forward a dozen years, and our aspirations change. Today, we strive to make the best of our four golden years. We aim for high grades, to attend a reputable university, and to find our soulmate, all the while maintaining a vibrant social life. However, reality is often misaligned with our ideals. With our hopes confined by a strict hourly timetable, our ambitions are eroded with the ticking of the clock.

Despite being taught to set high expectations, the results we yield are often unfavourable. High hopes increase our chances of being let down; yet, a cynical mindset impedes advancement all the same. We adjust our standards, either suppressing our hopes to avoid becoming attached to the idea of success, or aiming high and striking low, only to face the creeping grasp of failure.

Then, one must ask: how do we realize our dreams?

All our efforts, passions, and losses ultimately work towards happiness. While approaching new opportunities can mean opening up the risk of failure, the triumphant rush of success can also bring us closer to the vision of our happy futures. Whether racking up volunteer hours, assembling a resume, or getting back into shape, we should always be working towards our objectives.

Failure can be a harrowing experience, but it teaches an inevitable lesson. It's the harsh slap of rejection that pulls us into adulthood, and it's the heart-wrenching clench of 'I couldn't do it' that builds our resilience and prepares us for the obstacles ahead. Yet, like a baby walking their first steps, we must learn to shake it off after each fall and pull ourselves back up. It's only when we're able to face a failure head on that it is no longer deemed a failure, but simply a life experience on our journey to success. In the end, there will always be tears to be shed, and puzzle pieces to be reassembled.

Thus, let's rekindle our energy for our summer goals of 2018. Envision them with the pristine hearts of children, and approach them with the seasoned minds of adults. Motivate yourself to follow through on your summer goals—but once everything is said and done, don't be disappointed if you don't finish your volunteer hours or don't reach 400 likes on your latest post.

Like the children we once were, let's dream wildly and foolishly. And like the adults we will become, let's accept the obstacles in our paths and chase our dreams anyways.

This summer, let us rediscover our childhood.

// LUCY ZHAO
PHOTOGRAPHY // IRIS XIE
DESIGNER // RAYNI LI

THE VALUE OF MORALITY

IN A WORLD OF LIES



// FREYA ABBAS
PHOTOGRAPHY // REINA DINGMAN
DESIGNER // LAURIS PETLAH

If I had a dollar for every time I've been called a hopeless idealist for simply caring about human rights, I'd have enough money to eradicate poverty in countries that have been systematically pillaged.

I'm very opinionated on indigenous rights, yet even my own family has tried to discourage me from raising my voice on the topic, saying that my ideals were naïve and unattainable. It is a tragedy that the title of 'social justice warrior' now brings up negative connotations of teenagers whose intentions may be in the right place but who waste their time by getting into problems they don't understand and dismissing every opinion they disagree with as discriminatory. With so many critics saying we aspiring activists are insufferably ignorant, while others doubt the power we have to make a difference in the world, one can't help but wonder if some of the critics actually have a point. I'm here to remind every teenager who has ever longed for a world free of poverty, where different ethnic groups live in harmony and no child is deprived of an education, that their vision is neither unimportant nor unrealistic and that their voice is more powerful than they think. At the same time, we must also listen to some of our criticism as part of the never-ending journey of educating ourselves.

We have to admit there are many people in our movement who make a mockery of social justice, and also many intellectuals on the conservative side who are actually fully justified in questioning the value and morality of our struggle. They point out that in order to help the oppressed, one must be willing to sacrifice many of their own comforts in life and that the majority of people would be unwilling to do this. Such an opinion is perfectly valid, and is reminiscent of many great philosophical ideas that have been proposed before, such as Ayn Rand's individualism in which selfishness is actually a virtue and a just society can only be achieved if there is recognition of the rights of the individual. The individual should not feel pressured by us social justice warriors into giving up any of their money to help the poor, as can be seen in one of Rand's most famous quotes "the smallest minority on earth is the individual. Those who deny individual rights cannot claim to be defenders of minorities." It's a compelling argument, so why do we social justice warriors continue in our quest?

I would say it's because we realize that when human rights are at stake for one group, it's a threat to every individual's well-being as well. The individual's rights are impossible to alienate from the rights of humanity. This world has enough selfish tyrants in it already, and we really can't fall into the trap of believing that injustice is more profitable to us personally than justice, because that idea is not true. If one group is being oppressed, how can we be sure that their oppressor won't come after us the next day? The view that doing good for others will in turn do good for ourselves isn't an irrational belief, nor is it a religious concept like karma, it's a fact. Benevolent actions are more likely to have a positive outcome for everyone, which means activists are actually being more realistic than those who are skeptical about the morality of their movement.

I encourage all social justice warriors to continue in their courageous fight, but to never forget that change in society starts with the individual. Everyone has a universal moral compass inside them, so being uncompromisingly good, philanthropic, and selfless is as easy as being yourself. Never stop learning and asking questions, and in your busy schedule of public protests and fundraisers, always take some time as Immanuel Kant would say to reflect on the starry heavens above you and the moral law within you.



A Methodless Madness



A sliver of street light penetrates through my curtains and beckons me to restart my journey to school.

The trolls are fed, the dungeon gate is opened, and I take my first step outside, breathing in the damp air. The slimy sidewalk is reminiscent of a battlefield with its remains of French delicacies scattered all around, but it is a necessary evil in my current circumstances without a vehicle.

Passing a small valley, I glance at a humble plaza. When it was drizzling and dark outside, the plaza's lights would resemble those of tiny buildings, and the whole scene would feel like that of an underwater city. It was incredibly surreal. Right now, the illusion is not apparent, so instead, I look away and force myself to suppress my unproductive imagination.

The filtered fumes of fulfillment from the man strolling in front of me aerate my senses in the most nauseating way possible. I'm not completely at a loss, however. At least I know which way the wind is blowing. My mind clears as I pass him. What's today's commute going to be about? Political movements I'm passionate about but will never commit to? Maybe something more self-centered. Careers I want to go into? Maybe something more immediate. How I'm going to survive three tests in a row? Maybe something more... Oh! I'm already at school. To my disappointment, it's still intact.

Some days, I'm glad to see the school's prideful demeanour, with its ever so blank gaze and its strong but silent type personality. Although, it makes me think of how much longer I have to suffer, its robustness reminds me of all of humankind's greatest architectural achievements (and how it isn't one of them). Anyone will probably agree with me when I say that this school certainly has a unique way of appealing to the senses. The lights are hardly more awake than I am, and the pods capture a different scent of body spray each day. It's consistently inconsistent, to my delighted sadness.

Class usually consists of lessons and then work, rinse and repeat. Every so often there is a test or a quiz that concerns me much more than it should. But as a whole, things don't change. People don't change. Circumstances don't change. And that's what terrifies me the most about this place.

But is change what I even want? Do I honestly want things to be different than the ways they are now? I don't know. I guess I don't even want to know. Before I could succumb to entertaining this thought, the bell rings.

During my lunch period, I have the fortunate experience of passing by the scraggly forest, which I ponder a lot about due to its mysterious nature, too often for my own good. I swear I could sometimes hear the trees' enchanting voices, but it turns out I'm actually just hearing students conversing loudly.

Back to class. More work, and more fun. Suddenly, the room fills with a deafening silence and everyone around me freezes. I stare at my progress for the period. What am I doing? What's this all for? Post-graduate school? What's after that? Employment? Then? Retirement? Death? Then what? An overwhelming sense of dread envelops me. Even if my job is to contribute to humankind in some way, where is humankind headed? How can I make the most of my life if I know that nothing will come out of it in the end? Gradually, reality's gears start turning and motion returns again. The final bell of the day's piercing cry incites feelings of release for others but a heavy sigh from me.

Stuck in a modern day labyrinth with no ball of string to guide me, I make for my trip home. I notice some hard-working ants on the path and crouch to observe them more closely. I whisper to them, "It's all meaningless! Your hard work is for naught!" The ants continue crawling. Oh how I pity their cruel existence! They don't realize what's coming. But yet, they look happier than I do. I may never realize the importance of living in the present. Happiness and optimism may just not be for me.

Soon before midnight, I retreat into the shell that is my layer of blankets on my bed. I have a sneaking suspicion that throughout the days, events are cycled and within a day, events are symmetrical. I hate it more than anything, but it's what I'm experiencing. Looking out, I see the lighthouse that will guide my ship of dreams and aspirations to a better place someday in the far future. But for now, I'm afraid I will have to wander around aimlessly, wondering if I will ever find a way out of this wearisome desert.

At midnight's arrival, the stars above vanish into the darkness, and so do I.

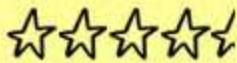
THE SUMMER FOODIE CURE



The tell-tale sounds of ice-cream trucks announce that summer has arrived and that the malicious Canadian weather has finally decided retire to its hibernation for three glorious months. Unfortunately, as the extreme procrastinator you are, you know from experience that you'll soon be watching back-to-school advertisements on YouTube, regretfully wishing you had actually gone somewhere. Well, lucky for you, Toronto's latest trend will be the perfect cure to the epidemic of summer laziness.

Next stop, Asian desserts!

Sugar Marmalade



This first dessert restaurant has an ample selection of well-known Chinese desserts, ranging from small puddings to six-layer parfaits topped with strawberry Pocky and green tea ice-cream. Although depending on the location, the interior of the restaurant feels quite rustic and homey with its hanging light bulbs and dark-coloured furnishings. As for the desserts themselves, popular items include:

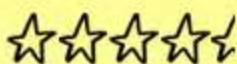
Mixed Fruit, Sago Mixed & Pearl Delight with Ice Cream (掌上明珠)

Fresh Mango, Pancake w/ Ice-Cream (雪山芒果班戟)

Fresh Mango, Sweet Coconut Roll & Whipped Cream (黄金芒果腸粉)

With its many locations all around the GTA, you'll be sure to find one near you.

The Cups



With the popularity of Korean desserts on the rise, this next stop is sure to please. Inevitably, the most popular items on the menu are the numerous options for Korean shaved ice. These menu items consist of fine, snow-like ice shavings topped with ice-cream, syrup, and small blocks of creamy cheesecake. The most popular picks for this dessert include:

Injeolmi Bingsu (인절미 빙수)

Green Tea Bingsu (녹차 빙수)

Strawberry Bingsu (딸기 빙수)

The only downside is the cramped seating area in the North York location; however, the alternative locations, convenient take-out options, and the palatable desserts greatly overshadow this flaw.



The Cups

Tsujiri



Although a little far, the travel to this next dessert place is certainly worth it. As a Japanese franchise that has been operating for more than 155 years, they know exactly how to satisfy your matcha cravings. The high-grade ingredients are all imported from Japan, including the green tea, which is famously beneficial for health and beauty. Popular menu items include:

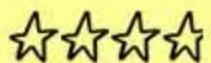
TSUJIRI Sundae

TSUJIRI Shaved Ice

Uji-Kintoki (うじ一金時)

Seating areas are limited; however, almost all of their desserts are suitable to enjoy on the go and out on the busy streets of downtown Toronto.

Princess Cafe



This last stop is definitely for those looking for comfort. Despite the quasi-royal name, you'll be lounging comfily on big couches and taking advantage of the complimentary free Wi-Fi. The most popular dessert items are easily the large assortments of fluffy waffles which all include a scoop of ice-cream, syrup, fresh fruits and whipped cream. Top picks include:

Green Tea Waffle (녹차 와플)

Strawberry Waffle (딸기 와플)

Princess Waffle (공주 와플)

Additionally, the cafe is equipped with board games and small heart crafts that customers can use to decorate the interior with after writing their own messages.

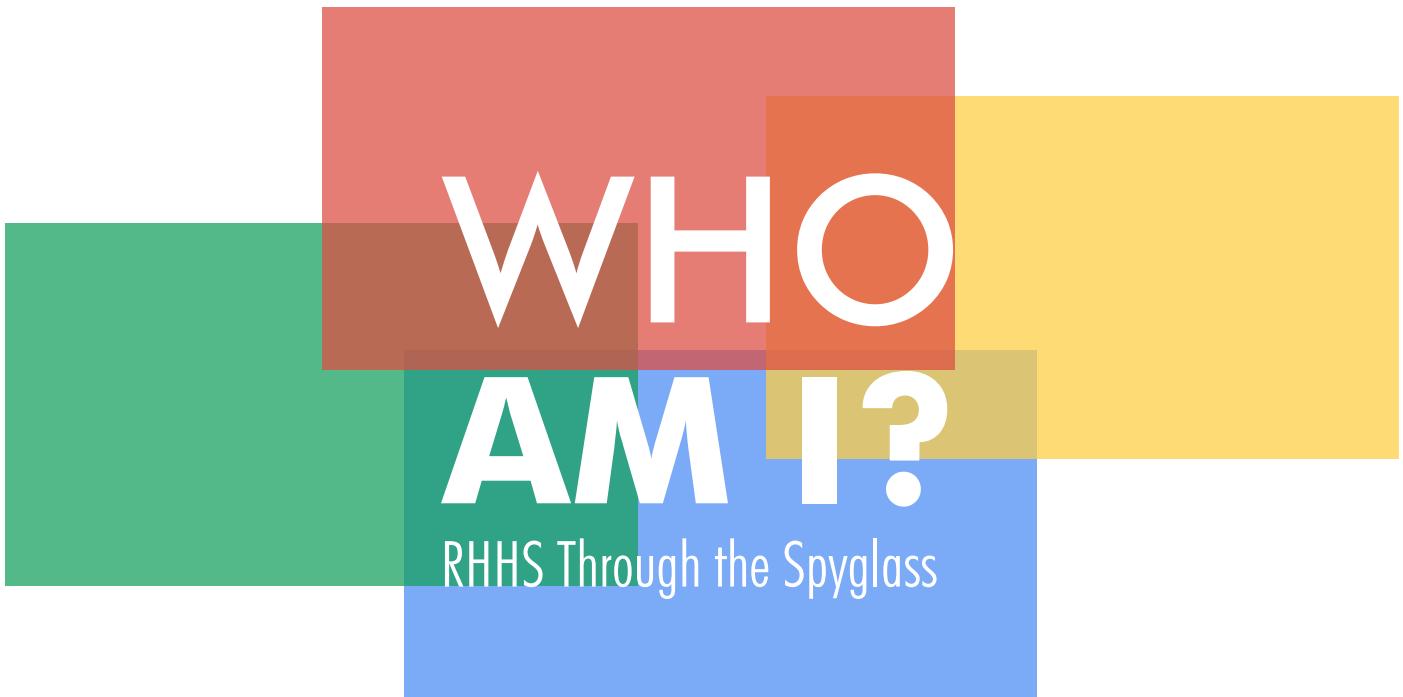
// JENNIFER YANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // ELLA XU
DESIGNER // RAYNI LI



Princess Cafe



The Cups



WHO AM I?

RHHS Through the Spyglass

// DANI FOX
DESIGNER // ILYA SPIVAK

I wake up when the sun is still asleep, with a soft jangle, a click, and a creak. A bleary flickering of my lights welcomes the caretakers, but the hushed anthem of slow movements, hot coffee, and a droning floor polisher lulls me back into a deep slumber.

BANG BANG BANG BING BANG

I'M BEING ATTACKED! It's elephants, armies, Klingons! No, it's... it's basketball.

A cacophony of clangs and bounces; its unique rhythm incites in me a competitive spirit and a burning, bubbling pride. Although I've heard it a million times, every cry of encouragement brings a shiver of joy up my concrete spine. Some people only care about winning, but my funny little humans love the playing.

DOO-DAT

What on earth is tha-

DOO-DAH-DOO diddly-YUM-diddly BRAH -chika BRAH -chika

Reverberating through the halls, a pandemonium of ferocious blasts and soothing melodies erupts. Each cascading string of notes evokes a split-second memory or ardent emotion before evaporating to let another take its place. With the light swish of a baton, all movement pauses, and a rich chord finds its home thrumming through my chest. When voices come together in harmony, for just a moment, all is peaceful in the world.

My pleasant reverie is interrupted by an enticing smell wafting through the halls. Amid the steady stream of students trickling through the doors, I can make out something rich and sweet sizzling on a tabletop grill. As the snacks are snatched and gnashed and guzzled; a few students sit patiently behind their rickety table, churning out more. I smile down on those stoic helpers, and turn up the AC as a form of silent thanks.

BAH BA-BADA-BA-BA

I jump at the sudden chime of overture and at the explosion of noise as teachers herd students, and students crash into others. Chuckling, I watch strides accelerate to the rhythm of the music as students walk, run, skip and hop to their destinations in the nick of time.

At 8:50 on the mark, the national anthem rings out to usher everyone sitting in the classrooms, and shuffling awkwardly in the halls, into a new intellectual adventure.

The day flies by in organized chaos, 75 minutes of stasis followed by 5 of rapid, determined movement. In a blink of an eye, the final bell has flooded the halls with people, bags, and equipment. Most stream out the doors, rushing home, to buses, or friendly outings, but a select few stay to keep me company.

These evenings are the most precious hours of the day: the ones where an intimate hush has fallen over empty classrooms, where small pockets of clubs and friends remain nestled in nooks and crannies; each blissfully unaware of the others except where territories overlap and interests clash. Some are loud and boisterous, filling rooms with good-natured arguments or blaring music. Others are quiet and peaceful, with purposeful agendas laid out in multi-coloured pens, and clear objectives they are determined to reach. One by one, however, they pack up the trinkets of their busy little lives: instrument cases click shut, computers power off, and classrooms turn dark once again.

And just like that, the last light flickers and fades, keys jingle a soft goodnight, and fading footsteps leave me finally empty. I settle into my foundation, drained and tired, to sink into sweet dreams of my residents, and of all the places they will go, things they will see, and goals they will realize.

Who am I?

I am a high school, pushing students to their limits and testing their resolve. I am a canvas, a community that can be shaped and painted with the bright colours of young imaginations. But above all, I am somewhere to feel safe, loved, and understood. I am a home.

SUMMER STYLEWATCH



Pops of colour are great to expand your wardrobe's colour palette without being too overpowering. Sneak in some yellow with a pair of tinted sunglasses (Aldo Accessories has lots of options under \$20) or a jacket, as shown here.



Dainty Jewellery looks fantastic on everybody, you can choose a little star-choker like this one or opt for something a bit more masculine like a lightweight plain chain. Small rings not only look great, they also don't feel as heavy and irritating between your fingers than some others you may have tried.



Cinch-front tops like this one from Urban Outfitters (reg \$79) are super lightweight: perfect for warm summer weather.

Similarly, plaid skirts can provide the same visual effect, and are perfect for layering.

Chiffon and other flowy wrap dresses look effortlessly chic, you can complement it with a cute pair of sandals, no need to go over the top with accessories (it's all up to you!). This super quick outfit is the best reason to ditch the shorts and have fun with femininity.



Retro-stripe shirts work well on just about anybody, and whether you decide on a fitted crop like this one from Topshop (available at the Bay for \$25), or a looser polo style is up to you!

Plaid or striped work-casual pants are a great way to look put together but also not overly mature, by pairing with a plain crop top or t-shirt. Don't worry about getting too hot, the majority of these pants are made from thinner fabric, and the cropped ankle also helps with ventilation.



Entities of Entertainment — A TV/Film Guide

In an age of being overrun by the stresses of school, work, and day to day life, TV and film is often a source of entertainment and diversion. It is a chance to escape our reality and enter a new one: one where we don't have an essay due the next day, or a 7:00 am bus to catch.

That being said, here's what I've been watching to help divert my attention from the stresses of a Grade 12 student.

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It is no secret that this film's explosivity had a major impact on today's pop culture society. Box office rates were at an all-time high for any Marvel production, and personally, I do not recall encountering a single person that had anything negative to say about the film.

Set around the fictional nation of Wakanda, a country that has hidden its technological advancements from the world for decades, the movie follows King T'Challa, who must fight for the greater good and protection of his fellow Wakandans. The overall production of this film, from the incredibly successful soundtrack, to the authentic performance by lead actors Chadwick Boseman and Michael B. Jordan has left me and, frankly the entire world, in awe of the magnificence that is this movie. The film deals with themes of power, integrity, and African representation, an idea that is ever so important yet avoided in today's society.

Black Panther is a captivating story of identity, facing adversity, yet finding the strength to overcome it, and I would recommend the small percentage of people who haven't watched it already to definitely do so.

BLACK

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This Netflix Original is an absolute dream for any of my fellow conspiracists or technology buffs. With each episode being its own stand-alone storyline, Black Mirror details that potential horrors technology could bring us in the future, and has often made me question the overall purpose and impending direction of technology as a whole.

Following stories of a video game simulation gone awry, to a chilling cell phone scheme of threats and manipulation, or the dependency on a social perfection rating system, the series has not only seen success season after season, but continues to inspire people to think about the effects of technology on our daily lives.

For that reason, or even just for the purpose of entertainment and a little distraction, I urge anybody with a Netflix subscription to give this show a quick stream. Personally, I find myself going back to the show consistently for its convenience. All the episodes are completely unrelated to one another, making watching in any sort of sequential order or keeping up with any complex plotlines unnecessary.

// ZEHRA RAZA
DESIGNER // ALLAN FANG



TO ALL MY REGRETS

// ADRIANNE TANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // AIDAN GERKIS
DESIGNER // LAURIS PETLAH

You were with me since the first time I stepped into the front foyer of RHHS, since the last day of eighth grade as elementary school peers embraced mournfully and inhaled the aroma of summer liberty, and since I made my first friend in a classroom of sticky fingers and a collective cacophony of nursery rhymes. Was there ever a day that I lacked your companionship?

Because of you, I dwell longingly on the past, and on the things that can no longer be changed. Gradually, this habit has morphed into a terrifying obsession. Would there have been an A+ branded on my quiz paper if I had crammed the night prior? Should I have joined that club? Why did I procrastinate on my culminating project?

You formed from friendships gone amiss, from late nights filled with the scent of caffeine in a struggle to finish dreary those essays, and from that one multiple choice question on the exam of which the answer should have been b.

After time and time again of delaying this confrontation, I have come to realize that it is you who has orchestrated my mind into a void of self-doubt. While you watched impassively, I plunged deeper into hesitation and fear. Although you are a part of me, a half of my whole, a remnant of the past to which I cling, we will never be an idyllic memory enclosed in a gilded picture frame. I now understand that you see me as nothing more than a mere pawn on your chessboard, unwillingly succumbing to your every reminder that failure lurks close. Akin to a puppeteer behind closed curtains, you manipulate, beguile me into expecting the worst without truly suspending me on the attached strings of a painted marionette. It is too sentimental a term to call you a leech, for you are much worse than a parasitic entity.

Even when you were irrational or impossible to forget, I gave you a second chance, a third, a fourth but it was not because I pitied you, or that I honestly believed that you would change. I had no choice. Every day I spend with you, I am tormented by a flood of disappointment, remorse, and guilt. You are a shadow that follows me from dawn until dusk, and I often lie awake thinking of you. I wondered how I could escape from your grasp, but you are the anchor to my ship, and you would rather I sink than to resurface from waves of hardships.

But there is one thing of which I am certain.

You do not define who I am nor the choices I will make from now on. As difficult as it is to let go of you, it is harder to forgive myself. Slowly, but surely, I will no longer remember you as repents and misunderstandings, but as experiences.

There will be things one will inevitably mourn doing or not doing. I will acknowledge you as things that I could have done better or differently, but I will not let you be my burdens. Some things must come to an end, and our companionship is one of them.

Goodbye to all my regrets, foolish mistakes, and the things that should be better left in the past as a memory.

The Visitor

"Selfies?" a quiet child-like voice from a distance inquires.

Sitting on a bench, a man of fair appearance, with a rather stately demeanour, had taken out a device and lifted it level to his face

"Selfies are a thing of the past," the voice continues in a matter of fact kind of way. "C'mon we're living in 2038. Who needs selfies?"

With a certain awkward uneasiness, and an obvious look of confusion, the gentleman reluctantly lowers his hand. The setting was quite idyllic. The morning had dawned fresh and clear. The brilliant rays of sunlight was piercing through the horizon, and glistening against the dew droplets still precariously hanging on the leaves and colourful blossoms. A picture would have been perfect. At this moment, he notices a little child jumping off his swing and strolling towards him.

"I haven't seen you here before. Are you visiting? Are you here for the initiation?" the child questions inquisitively, his voice reflecting knowledge and insight, which exceeded his outward innocence and wide-eye curiosity.

Overwhelmed by this sudden intrusion, the man manages to mutter some incoherent phonetics, only to immediately notice the child's pleasant features, and smooth complexion.

"Never mind that," he interrupts, as if hearing the man's thoughts. "I'm guessing you're from out of town. A visitor. Do yourself a favour, leave town while you can."

"Haha," the gentleman laughs dryly. "Hafta make a plane ticket's journey worth something, hm? Besides, it's so beautiful here."

The child shrugs with apprehension, and sits beside him.

"So where are you from? What's life like elsewhere?"

Speaking emphatically, the man replies, "Probably not much different from the way things are here," as he purses his lips and casually shrugs.

"Well, I'm not sure about that," the boy says. "But I'll take your word for it. After all, we don't get many visitors around here anyways."

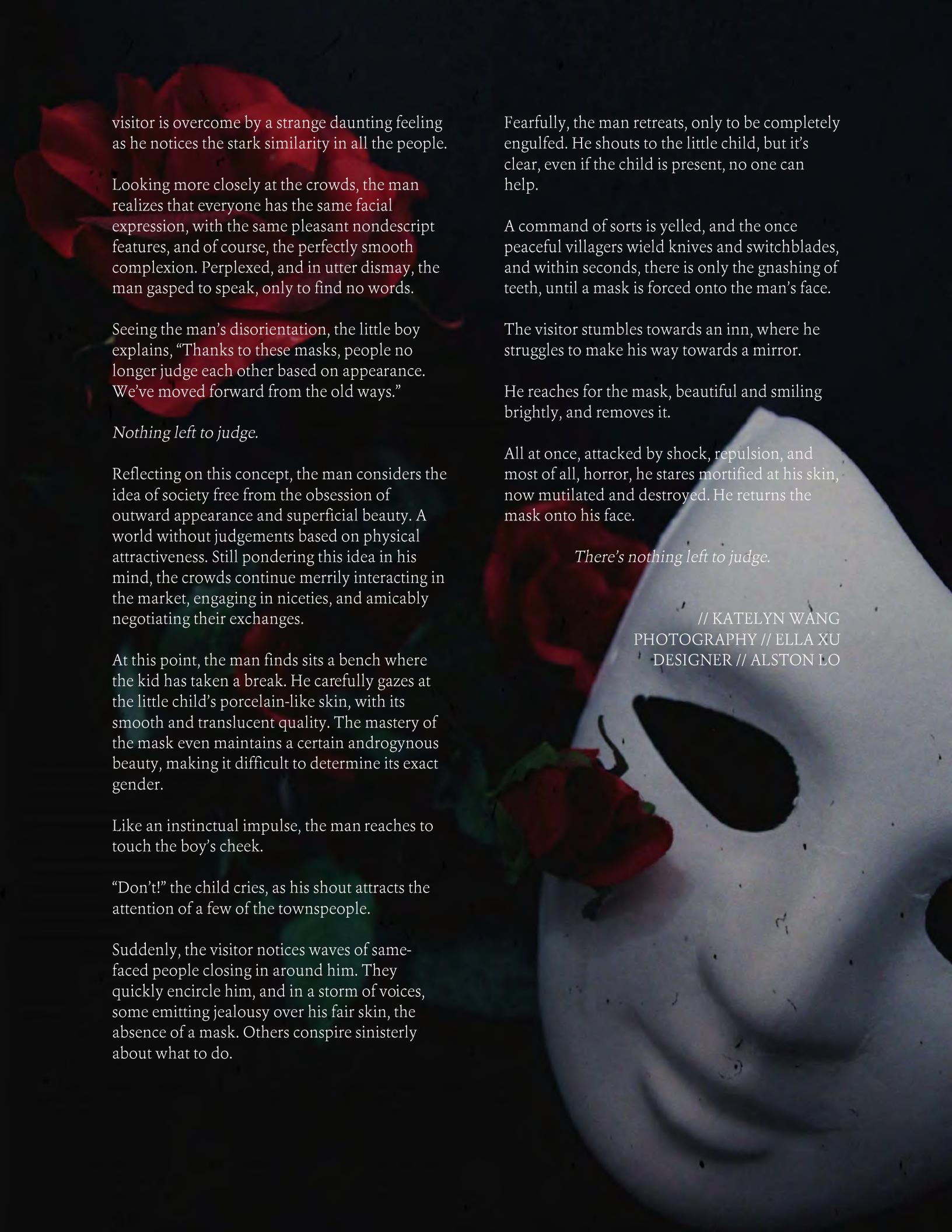
"So, suggestions to any action around here?" the man asked.

The child shoots a glance saying, "Are you sure?" The man smiles gently and nods with consent.

"Actually, why don't we go for a walk," the child proclaims. "I can show you the market."

Walking into town, the marketplace is quite the sight. Booths adorned with brightly coloured tarps to shade the heat of the sun, and tables displaying carefully handcrafted goods and freshly made foods. Knickknacks and trinkets ranging from exotic stones to dazzling jewellery and gorgeous tapestries catch a plethora of senses. The visitor was so enthralled by the mirage of perfection, that he had not even noticed the lack of people in the marketplace.

"Oh, by the way, the morning crowd will soon be joining us. It's quite a spectacle. Just you wait," the child mentioned perkily. Before finishing his sentence, the marketplace sprung into business. Immediately, swarms of people rushed into the area, and suddenly, it was bustling with intensity. In awe, the man loses sight of the young child. Looking over shoulders of faces, the



visitor is overcome by a strange daunting feeling as he notices the stark similarity in all the people.

Looking more closely at the crowds, the man realizes that everyone has the same facial expression, with the same pleasant nondescript features, and of course, the perfectly smooth complexion. Perplexed, and in utter dismay, the man gasped to speak, only to find no words.

Seeing the man's disorientation, the little boy explains, "Thanks to these masks, people no longer judge each other based on appearance. We've moved forward from the old ways."

Nothing left to judge.

Reflecting on this concept, the man considers the idea of society free from the obsession of outward appearance and superficial beauty. A world without judgements based on physical attractiveness. Still pondering this idea in his mind, the crowds continue merrily interacting in the market, engaging in niceties, and amicably negotiating their exchanges.

At this point, the man finds sits a bench where the kid has taken a break. He carefully gazes at the little child's porcelain-like skin, with its smooth and translucent quality. The mastery of the mask even maintains a certain androgynous beauty, making it difficult to determine its exact gender.

Like an instinctual impulse, the man reaches to touch the boy's cheek.

"Don't!" the child cries, as his shout attracts the attention of a few of the townspeople.

Suddenly, the visitor notices waves of same-faced people closing in around him. They quickly encircle him, and in a storm of voices, some emitting jealousy over his fair skin, the absence of a mask. Others conspire sinisterly about what to do.

Fearfully, the man retreats, only to be completely engulfed. He shouts to the little child, but it's clear, even if the child is present, no one can help.

A command of sorts is yelled, and the once peaceful villagers wield knives and switchblades, and within seconds, there is only the gnashing of teeth, until a mask is forced onto the man's face.

The visitor stumbles towards an inn, where he struggles to make his way towards a mirror.

He reaches for the mask, beautiful and smiling brightly, and removes it.

All at once, attacked by shock, repulsion, and most of all, horror, he stares mortified at his skin, now mutilated and destroyed. He returns the mask onto his face.

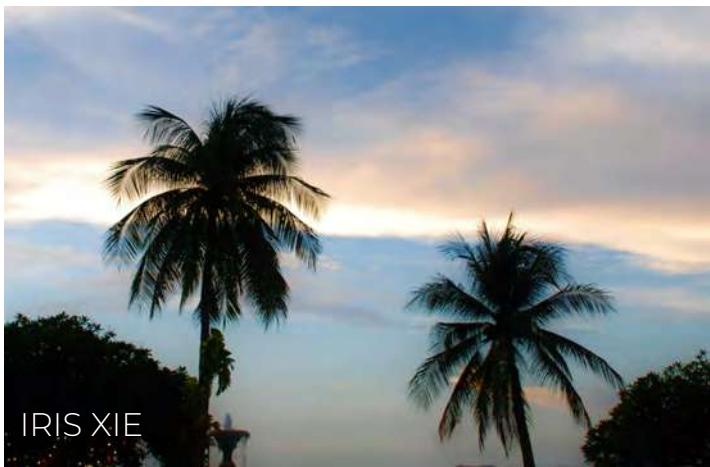
There's nothing left to judge.

// KATELYN WANG
PHOTOGRAPHY // ELLA XU
DESIGNER // ALSTON LO



TO TELL 1000 WORDS

| PHOTO GALLERY |

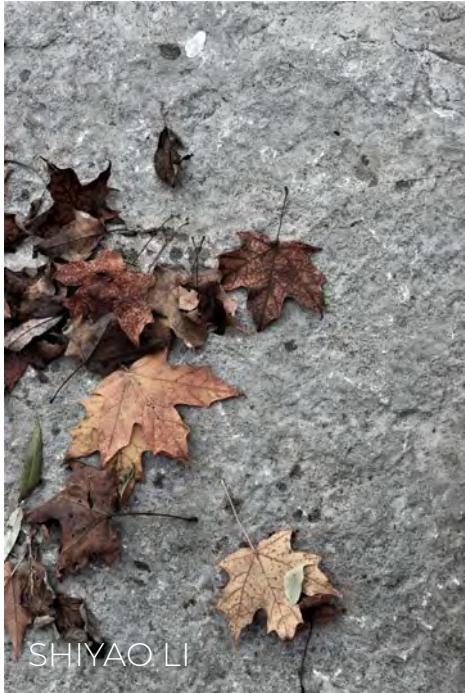




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WHAT KILLED THE SUMMER BLOCKBUSTER?

Thirty years ago, films like Jaws and Indiana Jones dominated box offices, captured audiences into their fast-paced worlds, and transformed the movie theatre into the place for summertime entertainment. These movies were exciting, action-packed, and refreshing for audiences, causing films to be a main topic of discussion within families and friends, resulting in repeated viewings, bringing in hundreds of millions of dollars for studios. Beyond being commercial successes, these films were cultural phenomena that helped define the 70s and 80s in pop culture and cinema. However, in the last few years, audiences and film studios alike have realized that the films being released in the summer aren't what they used to be. Audiences are opting for other forms of media, and studios and theatres have suffered a significant decrease in revenue in the past decade.

So, what killed the summer blockbuster?

1. A SATURATED MARKET

Looking at the most commercially successful films in the past few years, you will notice an obvious pattern of what movie studios prefer to put money into: remakes, adaptations, and sequels. Many studios see these types of films as worthy investments, because despite the large budget required to produce the film, it is almost guaranteed that the film will be commercially successful. Because of the studios dependence on the film to do well, they tend to stray away from taking big risks in film making, causing films to generally be bland. Blockbuster films tend to lack substance due to their over reliance on over the top special effects, and poor writing critics have developed a strong bias against blockbusters. These biases are also seen in audiences, as they too are likely bored of watching the same repeated formula. However, despite the backlash from critics and domestic audiences, these types of films tend to be popular and successful with the much larger foreign market, meaning that remakes, adaptations, and sequels won't be going anywhere anytime soon.

2.

THE SHIFT TO STREAMING

The big cultural defining phenomenon of summer 2016 wasn't a movie but rather a streamable show, Stranger Things. Everyone was obsessed with the Netflix original, raving on social media about its brilliance and to their friends about how badly they need to watch this show. What made Stranger Things so successful was not only the massive hype built around it, but also the ease of access. Unlike the 70s and 80s, the 2010s is a culture of immediate access and instant gratification. Streaming services, like Netflix allow people to access and watch films and TV shows without leaving the comforts of their homes.

3.

GOOD MOVIES AREN'T BEING RELEASED IN THE SUMMER

Films that would typically have been considered "summer blockbusters" are no longer only being released in the summer. For example, Black Panther, a film that was both commercially successful and culturally important, was released in the middle of February. Additionally the release date of Avengers: Infinity War, one of the most anticipated films of the year, was pushed from the first weekend of May (typically considered the beginning of "blockbuster season") to the last weekend of April.

Even though the concept of summer blockbusters doesn't exist anymore, good films still do. So if you find yourself bored this summer but not wanting to see anything in the theatres, try to go onto Netflix and give some of the classic summer blockbusters a try!

// HOORIYA MASOOD
PHOTOGRAPHY // REINA DINGMAN
DESIGNER // JOYCE TRUONG

T H E S T A R V I N G

ARTIST



Art holds the secrets and innermost desires of many. Its ability to touch hearts is limitless – whether it be music, visuals, drama, or prose, we rely on art in order to stay human. And yet, despite its infinite importance in our lives, the appreciation we hold for art is often superficial.

This hypocritical appreciation of the arts is ingrained in us from an early age. Being talented at the arts is a quality to be admired, however, when a student cannot excel in the subject, they are told that they lack the affinity for it. Their little success is deemed natural and understandable. Completely objectively, this can be an acceptable approach when children cannot do something. Yet, double standards appear when you compare this situation to a child lacking in a more academic field. For instance, when a child is bad at math or science, they're told they need to try harder, and that they have to work around their struggles. Students are forced to take these subjects for years, whether or not they intend to use it in their futures, whereas the arts are rarely mandated in a similar manner. The reasoning for the difference in treatment between the two is obvious: one is clearly valued more than the other.

In terms of value, many argue that you need a basic understanding of math and science in order to navigate the world as an adult. While I'm unsure of why you would need to understand the function of a mitochondria if you were, perhaps, an architect, there are always advantages and skills to be learnt through such knowledge. And as terrifying as parabolas may seem, one may want to understand how to calculate compound interest to help with future finances. Yet while we are obligated to acquire all this knowledge, both the useless and practical, we are missing the countless benefits of art. We lack the means to express ourselves, destress, or understand others in a manner that is both safe and healthy.

This ideology continues influencing us as we grow. When one dreams of crafting a future from art, they're often shot down. It is a path set for ruin, some claim. A child telling their parents that they are going to major in the arts is seen as the equivalent of a death sentence to any potentially successful future. Moreover, if the artist in question possesses other, more "redeemable" talents, they are warned not to waste their potential. After all, why would an individual who excels in academic subjects, such as math, choose such a futile path in life? The starving artist stereotype persists and only spreads.

As this stereotype prevails, and we continue to undermine the arts as careers, hopeful artists are dissuaded from a profession of their liking, believing they will suffer economic consequences. This further promotes the idea that a stable income and a career in the arts is mutually exclusive (when, in fact, they aren't). Many careers face similar struggles: countless aspiring doctors remain at a loss of what to do with their specialized biology degrees after failing in the face of competitive and rigorous medical school admissions. The overflux of teachers leaves many graduates navigating a tight labour market, struggling to attain the job they desire. Nevertheless, these careers are still viewed as more stable. As a result, we see many passionate, talented artists choosing "safer" career plans at the cost of doing what they love.

Amidst this judgment, we are relentless in using said arts as hobbies, for our own personal convenience: to conquer grief and portray happiness whenever we choose. We love admiring art, we love listening to music, we love watching plays – but aside from top notch celebrities, we constantly undermine actual workers in these careers.

If one heavily relies on music, they must support the artists, and the art itself with their thoughts and actions. If they enjoy the magic of theatre, they should support drama in the same manner. Music, drama, dance, and language should hold the same weight and respect as traditionally academic careers. Besides, a community solely brimming with academia-oriented individuals would lack diversity and vibrancy. Moreover, it is due time to appreciate the artists who bring out the best and worst in us, and most of all, keep us human.

THE COLLAPSE OF JOURNALISM

Friday March 6, 1981. This was the last day that America would hear the iconic phrase "And that's the way it is" from the man who's guided them through every national tragedy and victory since the beginning of televised news broadcasting.

Walter Cronkite, labelled as the most trusted man in America, was, and still is, the symbol for excellence in journalism and broadcasting. Cronkite led the nation through Watergate, the Moon Landing, the Vietnam War and the assassinations of both Martin Luther King Jr. and Robert F Kennedy. Cronkite's characteristic composure, patience and integrity made him the most credible source of information for men, women and children across the country. Someone in those days would find it hard to entertain the thought that journalism would lose its integrity as much as it has today.

What went wrong? From the rise of populism across the western world, to the infamous recent elections, how did the prestige of the media elite vanish?

In 1949, Congress allowed one hour of publicly owned airwaves to be used for informational broadcasting every night. Congress did not expect the capacity for television to draw such grand audiences, which attracted corporations and shareholders to subtly, but surely, gain control of these airwaves and major news stations. Originally a miracle for democracy, broadcasting was soon twisted into a mere tool for the rich in power, abandoning those it was meant to save.

Now, news stations are controlled by the number of viewers they attract. Viewers flock to whichever source that will provide them with the quickest, most

exciting story, even at the expense of both credibility and quality. Just a few of the atrocities committed by these corporations include hyping up terror scares, providing false information, conjuring controversies and failing to report on the monumental issues in our society today. Fox, CNN and other news corporations now do whatever it takes for another click on their website or another viewer at home.

Have you ever looked at a debate on CNN and felt it was oddly familiar? You aren't alone. Most prime time-programming on CNN is made to mimic ESPN's broadcasts. Yes, one of the largest news organizations in the world is trying to match the strategies of sports entertainment TV. Jeff Zucker, CEO of CNN and past coordinator of shows such as Fear Factor has made it his duty to change CNN to mimic entertainment television and boost ratings. Detailed, informative reports and intelligent discussions have been swapped out for flashy graphics and screaming matches between unqualified pundits.

But the sad truth is, it's working. CNN ratings have shot up, broadcasting has become less about information and more about entertainment, and massive mishaps like the 2016 election have happened all on our watch.

While the news and media form our opinions, our opinions are similarly destroying journalism. The information and education of our citizens are being traded for increased advertising revenue and stock prices, and there's no one to blame but us.

And that's the way it is.



Letter From the Editors

To our beloved readers,

You may know us as just the school magazine, but the time has come for you to finally learn the truth. Beneath our saccharine smiles and aesthetic hoodies, we are, in a way, spies. Do not be alarmed, for we haven't followed you home and we certainly don't have your credit card information. Yet, we are still scrutinizing every aspect of this scholarly institution. The Spyglass, in truth, is a world-renowned team of cultural anthropologists commissioned by the Royal Institute of Anthropology to study your tribe in its natural habitat.

Before all else, we'd like to thank you for being such an outstanding population of interest. You've provided us insight into your world through artful submissions and interviews disguised as mundane interactions. You've acted as the medium for us to produce our craft. For that, we are forever in your debt.

Our team emerged from the ether in September of 2017. We've studied the rise and fall of majestic empires, from the awe-inspiring Aztecs to the vibrant Vikings. None have matched the intrigue of your civilization. Each day, we've been privileged to witness your rituals, the hordes roaming the hallways and the conversations filling those corridors with life.

Though the territory of RHHS is a small one, it is home to an incredibly diverse and talented population. One does not have to be an anthropologist to notice the people's proud flare and the passion with which they partake in clubs and curricular activities alike. The spirit of your kind is powerful. There is

no doubt that your culture's impact reaches far beyond the walls of your traditional realm and plays a central role in the betterment of this community.

This is the third and final time this year that the Spyglass has put forth our findings. We are grateful that you have taken the time to savour the fruits of our labour. We have learned so much, and we hope that our articles have captured even a sliver of your diverse opinions and voices. May our institution serve as a shrine to your legacy.

Finally, we must express our gratitude towards our very own team: the writers who weave tapestries from mere letters, the photographers who capture the essence of existence, and the designers who ceaselessly define and redefine beauty. You are the lifeline of the Spyglass and your contributions will forever be etched onto these magazine pages.

Thank you for your continued support.

Thank you for your kindness, open-mindedness, and heart.

No tears now, even though it is time for us to bid you farewell.

Until next year.

Freya Xocoyotl, Lloyd Fan, Danielle Fox, Jenna Kim, and Andrea Lee

~ The Spyglass Editors



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