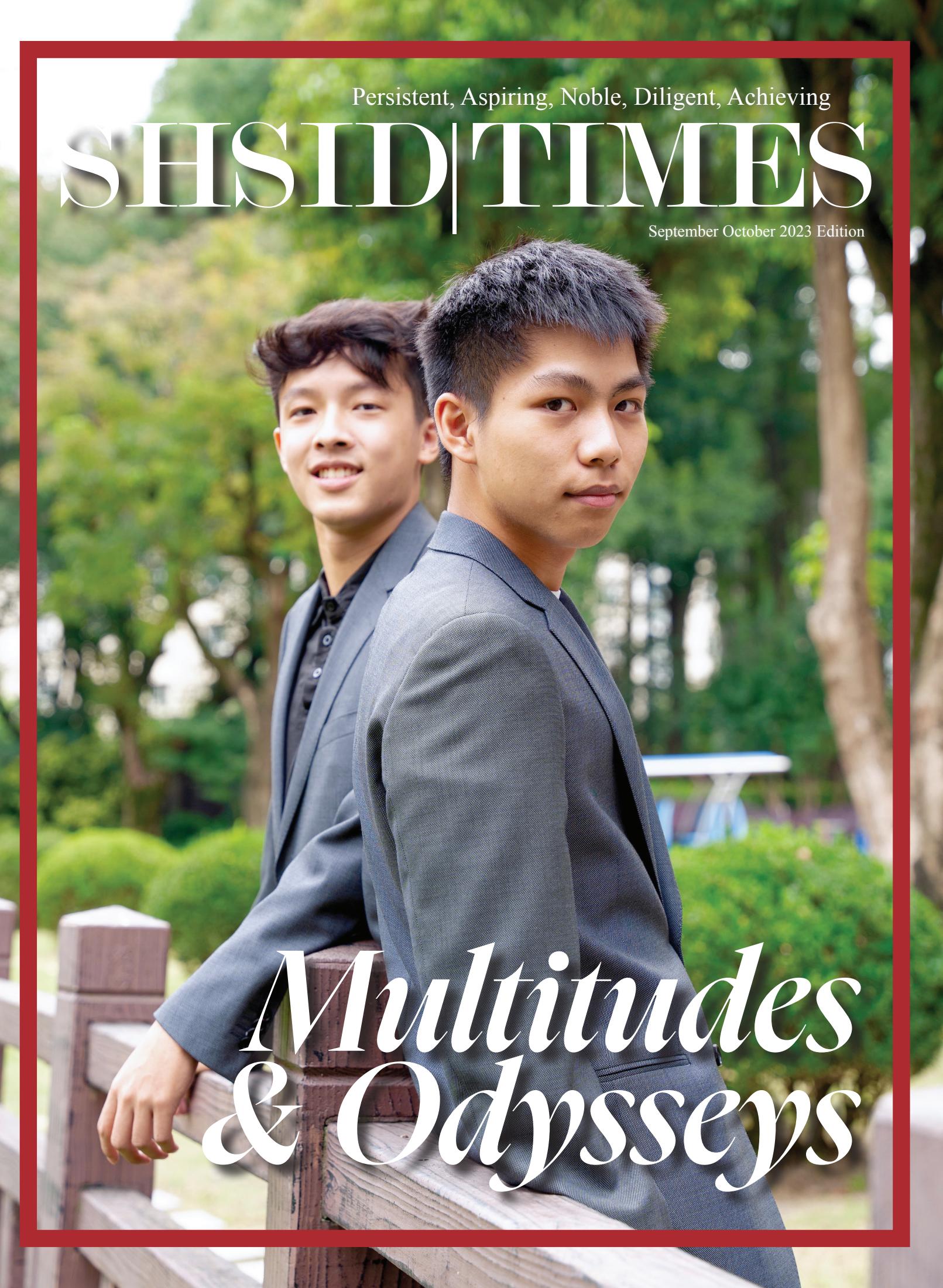


Persistent, Aspiring, Noble, Diligent, Achieving

SHSID|TIMES

September October 2023 Edition

A photograph of two young men, likely high school seniors, leaning on a wooden railing in a park-like setting. They are both wearing dark grey or blue blazers over dark shirts. The man on the right is looking towards the camera with a slight smile, while the man on the left is looking off to the side. The background is filled with green trees and foliage.

*Multitudes
& Odysseys*

MULTIMODAL TESTS T-S E-S D-E S-S & MULTIMODAL

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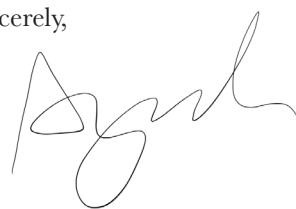
Letter From the Editor

Dear Readers,

As the two months that begin the school year, September and October mark the beginnings of our academic journeys. As we step back onto the SHSID campus in September, students embark on their various academic and extracurricular odysseys, whether they're starting high school or college applications. In October, the world changes with the colorful multitudes of Autumn, setting the background as we find our footing and forge onwards. We hope you can see echoes of your own experiences and paths in this magazine and find some inspiration in these stories.

In our Cover Story, you'll find the tales of students excelling as they explore their interests in fields of STEM and the humanities. As you go through the articles, short stories, and journals our writers have contributed in the different departments, you'll find everything from the documentation of the journey towards environmental sustainability to poetic prose on the transformations of the world. The writings delve into the odysseys in places as far away as space and as close to us as the mental health struggles you might go through. I hope that something in these pages will help you learn something or feel a bit better about yourself. Most of all, I hope you will enjoy reading the stories your peers are sharing and be inspired by their creative expressions. Happy reading!

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Angela Zhang".

Angela Zhang, Editor-in-Chief

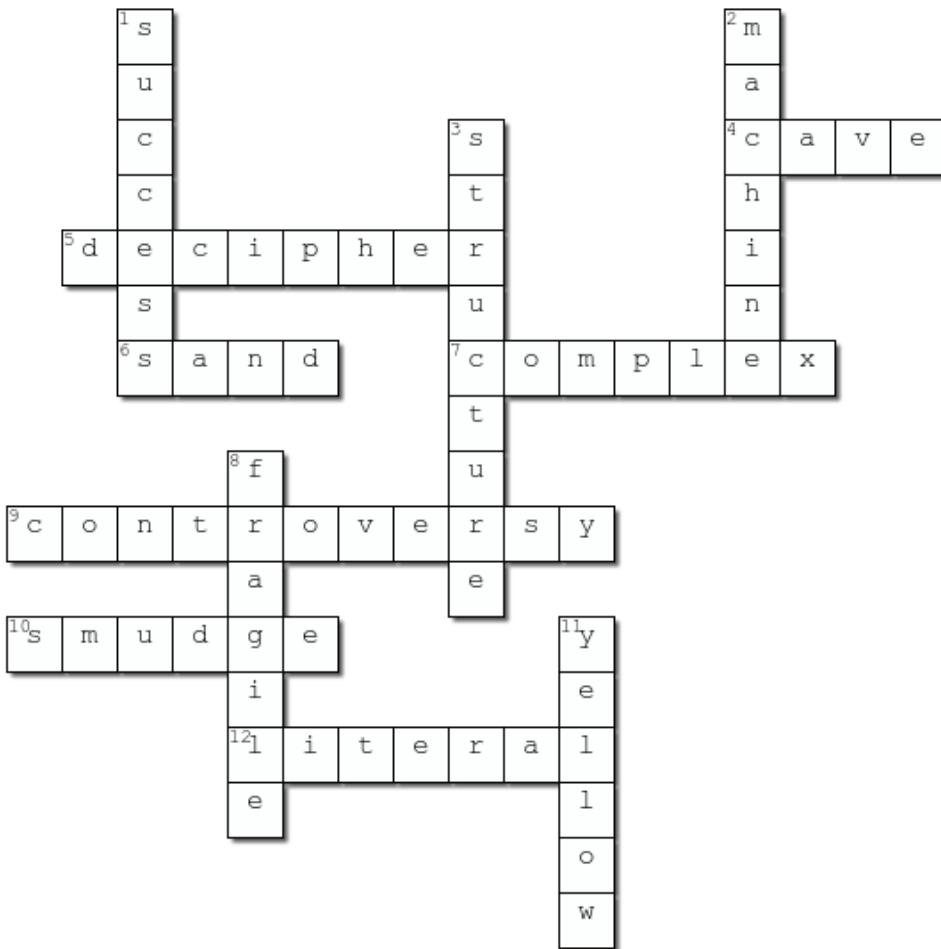
CROSSWORD

ANSWERS

Name: _____

MarApr Crossword

Complete the crossword puzzle below by finding the right word in the indicated paragraph



Created using the Crossword Maker on TheTeachersCorner.net

Across

4. 2nd paragraph of 'The Causes of ... Overcome It', synonym: cavern (**cave**)
5. Last paragraph of 'Thoughts in My Head', synonym: decode (**decipher**)
6. 3rd paragraph of 'If Dreams Stay', hint: beach (**sand**)
7. 4th paragraph of 'magnetic images', synonym: complicated (**complex**)
9. 1st paragraph of 'Bleeding Greed', synonym: disagreement (**controversy**)
10. last paragraph of 'Miracles and Dreams', synonym: streak (**smudge**)
12. 1st paragraph of 'Are we inherently ... during class', synonym: factual (**literal**)

Down

1. 3rd paragraph of the Cover Story, synonym: triumph (**success**)
2. 2nd stanza of 'Spilt Milk', synonym: apparatus (**machine**)
3. 5th paragraph of 'Eyes, Nanospheres, and Camouflage', synonym: composition (**structure**)
8. 4th paragraph of 'Nocturnal imaginations', synonym: weak (**fragile**)
11. 2nd stanza of 'my friend said that ... your Heart', synonym: gold (**yellow**)

LETTERS

ON “BLEEDING GREED: HOW QATAR AND FIFA’S CORRUPTION SCANDALS HAVE TARNISHED THE BEAUTIFUL GAME

2016 was the first time in decades where democracy appeared to be on a decline. And on the other end, authoritarian regimes were becoming more authoritarian. All of this happened despite the West’s efforts to promote democracy and overcome barriers to democratization. The problem is subtle – it’s less about the West applying low standards to democracy in authoritarian states and more about the West turning a blind eye to authoritarianism in exchange for allegiance in strategically important regions (Klaas). A shocking example is that less than two months before the Arab Spring, the United States announced the largest weapons sale in history: \$60 billion deal shipped off 12,667 missiles, 18,350 bombs, 190 attack helicopters, and 84 F-15 fighter jets halfway across the world, not to a democratic ally, but gift wrapped to the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. The article “Bleeding Greed: How Qatar and FIFA’s corruption scandals have tarnished the beautiful game” is a serious reflection of a similar issue – that countries have become complacent to the Middle East due to the immense geopolitical and economic advantages available. The World Cup is but one instance of international “leniency” that will make democracy promotion in the future more difficult. If anything, consistent human rights violations during an event with such publicity seems to suggest that the people are even more anti-West than the ruling families. We’ll never be able to ground democracy if the West continues to be pragmatic and risk-averse.

- Anonymous

ON “ARE WE INHERENTLY DREAMING WHEN ZONE OUT DURING CLASS?”

There’s nothing more realistic in class than snapping awake when this whole time you thought you were listening. It’s not always a gradual process of muffling voices and shaky vision, but an instant realization that for the past few minutes or so you were merely repeating the words heard and not interpreting them. Bobby’s “Are We Inherently Dreaming When I Zone Out During Class” is a narrative that romanticizes an otherwise jarring routine of mine. It appears that students have defaulted into the arms of dreams and as much as it would hurt to wake up, that moment of embrace makes everything worthwhile. The next time I zone out, I’ll try to make something out of it. But even if I don’t, it’s comforting to know that dreams don’t have to be significant or remembered. We are all dreamers and “it is good we are dreaming.”

- Anonymous

ART SUBMISSIONS



1 | Flawlessly Flawed
by Fei Hsiao, Class 12(10)

The painting depicts the natural skin tone, rough texture, and wrinkles on the face of a young woman. Despite the characteristics typically considered as "flaws", the girl remains beautiful. The white flowers juxtapose with the skin colors, symbolizing the purity within her. The sunflower reflects her confidence and positivity. This artwork aims to challenge conventional beauty standards by suggesting that they are, in fact, no definitive standards at all, rendering the pursuit of perfection meaningless.



2 | Bedroom
by Angelina Lan 11(8)

A reimagining of me in my bedroom during a weekend, which usually involves gaming, watching tik toks, and falling asleep to music. This is how I imagine myself while I'm in a comfortable zone but with wacky twists and references.



3 | Levitating
by Stella Pan 12(6)
A surrealist take on childhood trauma.

4



4 | Crossing Over Space
by Ayshelia Zou 11(9)

This piece by colored pencils creates great contrast in both the elements and the visual. It communicates makeup tools across thousands of years through the medium of a computer screen. To emphasize the differences, contrasts in hue and value create a strong sense of light

5 | The Clown of Creativity
by Sabrina Lee 11(8)

In this piece, I wanted to visualize my artistic creativity through the symbol of an octopus. Just like how an octopus can change its color, the inconsistency and versatility of a person's mind can have so much artistic potential. As self portrait is one of my favorite thing to draw, I explored a new style of self portrait by using mixed media for this piece.



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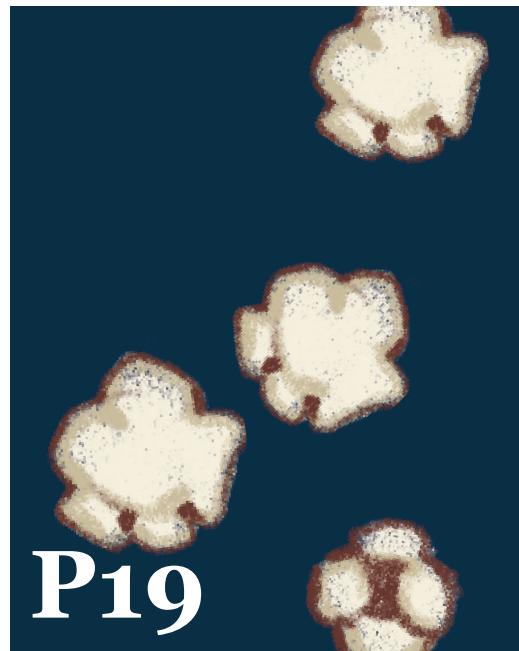
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COVER STORY

A *Drop of Water*

Written by: Eugene Chen
Photos by: Coco Tan



A droplet of condensation water trickled down my collar on a blistering summer day in August 2021. Most people would have ignored it, but to me, it was an awakening. I watched water droplets gather and fall from air conditioners, and it suddenly occurred to me that we're squandering a valuable resource. Almost a fifth of the energy consumed by air conditioners goes to generating this water.

The droplet set me on a mission. I buried myself in data and emerged with a startling revelation: air conditioning systems are responsible for over 10% of the world's electricity use. With soaring global temperatures, the need for cooling is predicted to quadruple by 2050, making a better cooling solution imminent. My pursuit of such knowledge took me into the nitty-gritty of air conditioning technology. I learned about the reverse Carnot cycle and how cooling the outdoor unit could be a game-changer for energy efficiency. This became the basis of my engineering pursuit.

Inspired by a trip to a greenhouse, I began experimenting with water curtains to cool the outdoor unit. However my explorations didn't stop there; I had to make sure my invention could transition from the lab to the real world. However, with winter coming, I had to put my experiments on pause.

When summer rolled around again, I faced challenge after challenge. My first tests with centripetal misting systems fell flat, but this didn't deter me. I tinkered, iterated, and finally landed on a gas-liquid two-phase misting system. This approach turned the "waste" water from air conditioners into a fine mist, increasing the efficiency of the system significantly. Each step was a hurdle—finding the perfect nozzle, engineering a low-pressure valve, and endlessly refining my designs.

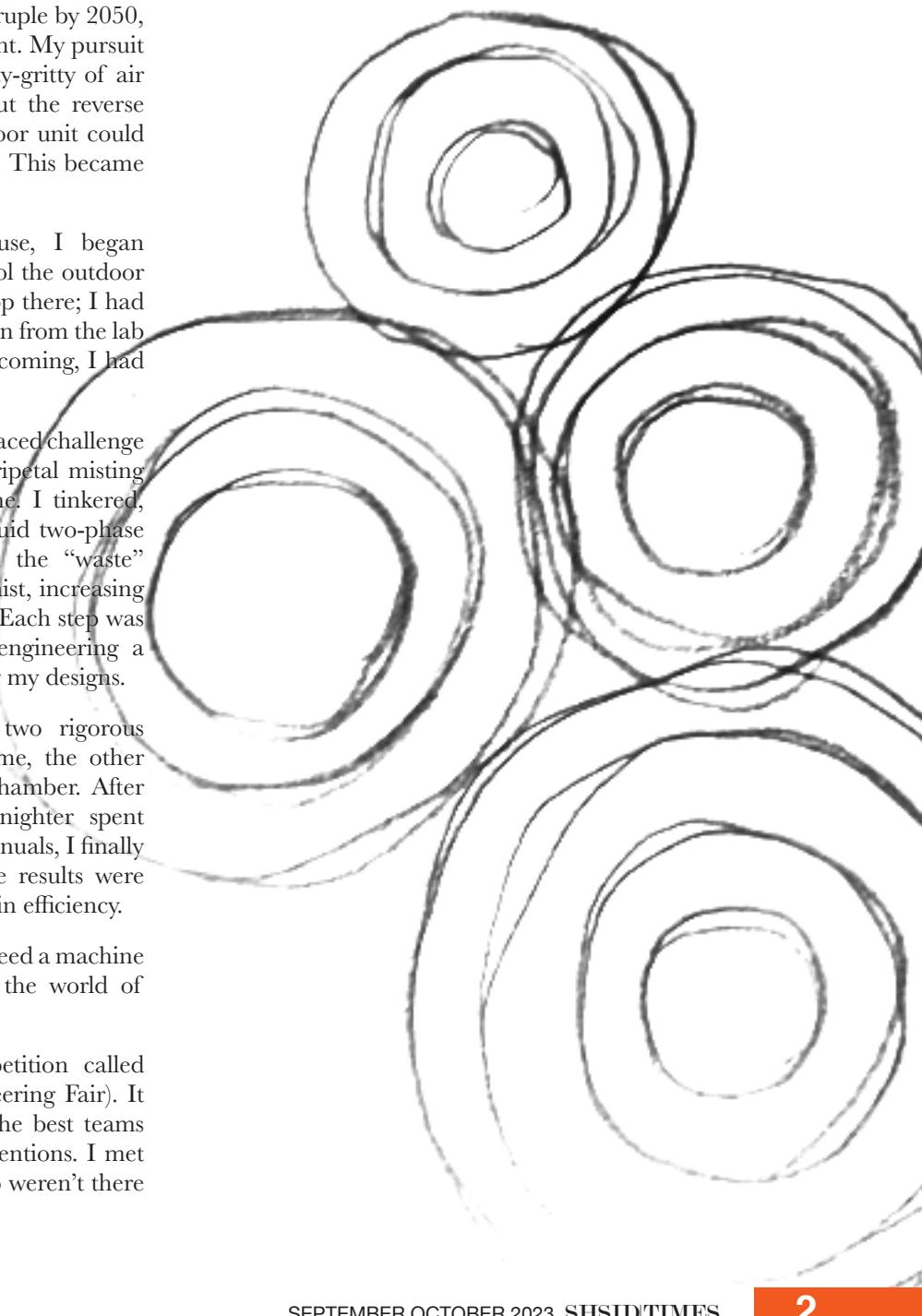
Data was my bedrock, I set up two rigorous experiments. One tested an AC at home, the other in a standard enthalpy difference test chamber. After a nerve-wracking mishap and an all-nighter spent flipping through textbooks and repair manuals, I finally figured out what had gone wrong. The results were astonishing—a more than 10% increase in efficiency.

With CAD and 3D printing, I didn't need a machine shop or a woodworking studio; I had the world of manufacturing at my fingertips.

In May 2023, I attended a competition called ISEF (International Science and Engineering Fair). It is a science fair where about 1600 of the best teams from around the world present their inventions. I met kindred spirits, and fellow inventors, who weren't there

for the accolades but to share something they were deeply passionate about.

To me, competitions like ISEF aren't the end game; they're just a showcase. It's about the journey, the burning questions that keep you up at night, and the joy of cracking a puzzle. It's about embracing your own creative instincts, irrespective of what others think is award-worthy. That's how I approached ISEF, and that's what drives me everyday.



Familiarizing and De- familiarizing

Written by: Nick Lin

I discovered my own little wisdom at a young age. From piecing together fables and Chinese proverbs, I thought that the secret to growing up was to never look back, and that if I did, I would be back where I started. I guarded this closely and never told anyone other than my parents. They were happy to see that I was finding thoughtful ways to understand the world. And although unspoken, there seemed to be a great amount of pride – I couldn't tell if it was the shimmer in their eyes or mine.

When I was applauded in fifth grade by my English teacher for reading the Iliad, none of which I understood of course, I realized that I had the unfortunate talent of pleasing people. I knew how to cuddle thicker and thicker novels in front of my dad (not my mom because she knew about Lexile levels) and I knew how to appear immersed in classical literature by the bookshelf of our homeroom whenever a teacher entered. Throughout primary and middle school, what I really understood was how to show self-improvement.

By my standards of never looking back, as long as I don't revisit Harry Potter from 5th grade or Percy Jackson from 6th grade, I was improving. I was using the newest Sadlier vocabulary in essays and writing poetry with rhyme generator at my disposal. At one point, I genuinely believed that I was becoming better at reading and writing. Perhaps my ideas were still creative, but I wrote 'good' essays because of grammar and punctuation and 'good' poetry because of good form and literary devices.

There was one issue though, I didn't think there would ever be an in-between for prose and poetry. When my ninth grade English teacher told me that my analytical essay on The Picture of Dorian had a style of poetic prose, I was baffled. I didn't understand what that meant, and in a way embarrassed, thinking that I had overused fancy phrases and metaphorical expressions.

PIECES FOR ORCHESTRA

No. 1

Peel

No. 2

Peek

No. 3

Take off

1962 summer

Desperate to correct these mistakes, I reread my essay and attempted to convey the same ideas in a straightforward manner, only to find out that I had lost my touch with the initial emotions and intentions. Even as I journeyed through the thesaurus, there was no replacement that captured its essence.

One particular metaphor read "Sybil's desire was enveloped by a layer of smoke that fades to engulf with flames." It was common to depict desire as fire, but by depicting a fire that was paradoxically shrouded by its flames before it could ignite, it showed the self-deception and restraint in desire that a simple "flickering flame"

would not have shown. Despite my appreciating for the rhetorical value this metaphor added, I continued to wonder why I chose to depict desire in a way that made it harder for the reader to interpret.

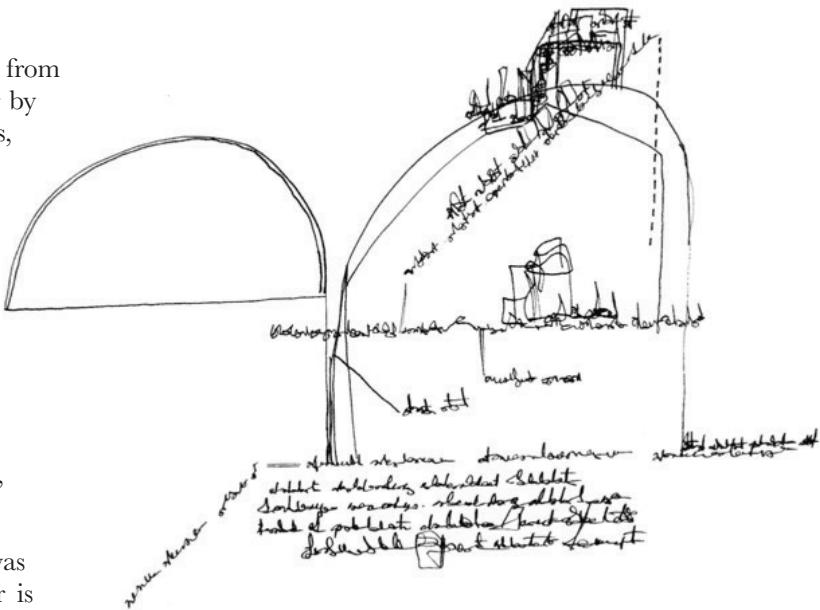
I didn't have an answer to this, and it differed from the way I approached writing. It was a metaphor by definition, comparing two things with similarities, but I didn't employ them because I had noticed those similarities, they were spontaneous and reflective of my own relationships at the time.

If there was any continuity in my metaphors, it was in encapsulating intense moments of my personal history. I wanted to describe this as imagination, or even creativity, but I didn't know what those words meant either. 9th grade had its emotions but writing seemed to take me through flotillas of sensation, consciousness, irony.

My most distinct memory of 10th grade was reading the article “The Average Fourth Grader is a Better Poet Than You (and Me Too).” It explored how primary school students addressed profound themes – such as “sadness, death, love, loneliness” in a language and form that the author has never encountered before. The reason for this is because these fourth graders have not been “alive long enough to know how to [talk about the world] any other way.” Their writing remained unburdened by the poetic conventions often imposed by adult writers and literary communities. Moreover, their perception of the world remained free from the constraint of formal education, media, or peer influences.

At the end of the article, the author writes “The poet’s job is to forget how people do it.” In 9th grade, I was able to craft an interesting poetic prose style and use unconventional metaphors because I had subconsciously integrated different forms of writing. Though I was standardized in my methods of writing prose and poetry separately, combining them created avenues for ‘creativity.’ This new medium provided me with a fresh start, without the need to unlearn previous approaches. However, when it came to writing poetry on its own, it was a different story. For several weeks, I stopped writing poetry completely because I struggled to find an entry point. Every line I created seemed to echo the poetry I’ve read or the popular forms I have studied in class. In an effort to distract myself from poetry, I began tuning into a debate podcast featuring world-class debaters and their learning experiences. Many of them grew up in non-English-speaking environments yet were still able to stand out among native speakers rapping 300 words a minute.

This is because their way of constructing arguments remains authentic and free from the ingrained patterns of thought ingrained in the English language. It also creates



the capacity for them to introduce their own cultural insights.

Inspired, I chose to approach poetry in a similar way, using the poetic elements I've learned from English classes and literary studies, but also making space to weave in my own unique experiences by rethinking the traditional 'rules' of English.

Rather than abandoning traditional forms altogether, it was more about finding a balance between conventions and creativity. I decided to experiment with modern Chinese poetry, a medium that I had never formally learned or read. Though conveying many ideas that were reflective of Western culture, the unfamiliarity I had with the structure of Chinese poetry provided remarkable results. I came to believe that originality often came from unconventional methods. This was an important pillar for my intellectual explorations throughout high school because I was no longer concerned about achieving ‘progress.’

Upon participating in the Iowa Young Writers' Studio during the summer, I was introduced to more remarkable methods like Yoko Ono's instructional drawing and Renee Gladman's prose architecture.

While constantly exploring new mediums is one way of finding your style, I want to say that it's okay to look back, and even go back. To me, debate and poetry are both about making strange things familiar and familiar things stranger. It is through an act of defamiliarizing that one breaks through linguistic and cultural barriers in communication.

COVER STORY

There are so many personal cultural elements awaiting exploration and I hope more people grow comfortable with reinterpreting and dissecting past memories through creative mediums. While my writing today addresses lots of the same themes and emotions it did back in ninth grade, my evolved approach now enables them to more effectively resonate with and evoke emotions in the reader





imagine. empower. change.

Written by: Harrison Tang
Photos by: Coco Tan

In an intense academic high school environment, we often find ourselves in competition against one another. It's difficult for us to take on risk-taker roles and discover fields they are genuinely interested in. When it comes to activities like writing articles, making a poster, or preparing slides for presentations, we would often feel mentally tedious from the tasks and doubt whether they're taking away time that could be used on stacking these academic stats, regardless of the degree of interest toward these activities. Above so, long-term activities like professional sports training or scientific research constantly conflict with our mental preparedness and available schedule to devote to the academic stats that their peers, parents, and

teachers always prioritize.

I worked on scientific research because I knew what I was interested in and what goal I was aiming for: biochemistry, food safety, and ISEF opportunities. The project starts with, not the fear of failure, but simply deciding what to do. My past experiences fueled that spark of curiosity in discovery of my interests — food has played essential roles in my life such as leading to Torettee symptoms, causing near-death allergic reactions from nuts, and worsening my asthma that impairs sporting performances. I want to contribute to the field of food safety by providing

COVER STORY

improved biosensor for individuals & households, which prevents monopolization of the food-borne harmful substance detection market. I then began self-studying, designing, and experimenting the project. From this first-time journey of scientific research, passion for the project is what led me to the prestigious recognition at ISEF. But sometimes, even starting these projects can be a daring challenge, because we far too often conform to standards and guidelines that contradict our wildest dreams of a hopeful future.

People always say that the most challenging part of accomplishing anything is starting. But the truth is, countless difficulties lie along the process. In my scientific research, I've encountered many failures in testing my hypothesis. Many factors were outside my control, such as the delayed arrival of antibody kits that forced me to change the tested analyte within a week. More was to come with catching severe near-death peanut allergies during the Yuan Xiao festival, which was only a few days away from Sichuan ISEF and left me barely any time to prepare for Q&A. Not to mention that with excessive time consumed in a long-term project like scientific research, I had to drop a couple of subjects academically on purpose and took huge risks with managing my GPA.

Overcoming these events may seem like an impossible. For me, this is when stepping outside the box becomes necessary, when multi-tasking becomes a learned skill, and when risk-taking and pressure management naturally intertwine. These bitter stages of the process led to fruitful results and opportunities because I had a clear goal of interest. At ISEF, I did much more than present my project — I've met food experts from Ukraine, product manufacturers from the European Union, and hundreds of young kids across the states who visited my booth out of curiosity for science. Before and after the final competition, I had to accept a devastating midterm result, crumbling side activities, put in immense self-study effort, and maximize effort for finals to manage my risks. Only with the risk-taking determination and an interest drive for my project can I accomplish my research goals and academically satisfy peers, parents, teachers, and my expectations.

Ultimately, the purpose of education is to empower and create, not to indoctrinate and drain. We do not grow their capabilities through doing excessive homework, memorizing unimportant details, and working through mindless projects, because these are not ways to maximize their time use. With the introduction of AI tools such as chatgpt that are very helpful in many human activities, humans are no longer responsible for becoming individual data storages. Instead, we grow our capabilities by choosing how to use the time between school subjects of study and activities of personal interest and can genuinely spread their passion to their peers by accomplishing innovations, empowering others to participate, and creating new trends that may lead to phenomenal future creations. Under the current realities, optimistic expectations of true empowerment and creation cannot be made due to social disparities, especially in nations with large undereducated populations. But what is within the control of us and educators is the provision of free time and devoted effort for us to discover interests, take risks, and create because that's what prepares and shapes the future generation of youth leaders who would go on their path of interest and inspire others.





COVER STORY

Written by: Sophia Zhu
Photos from: Google

Renewable Resource Comes to Rescue: A Cure for Environmental Issues or Just Another Buzz?

In recent years, the attention of the public has been captivated by ChatGPT, a highly renowned artificial intelligence model, and its parent company, OpenAI. With substantial investments from Microsoft, OpenAI has become a focal point of discussion in various circles. One notable figure associated with OpenAI is CEO and founder, Sam Altman, who also happens to be an early investor in Helion, a company established in 2013. Helion is at the forefront of the renewable electricity generation industry through its dedication to advancing nuclear fusion technology.

Challenging Conceptions of Nuclear Power

When we think of nuclear power, the process of nuclear fission involving uranium atoms typically comes to mind. However, fission is not a true renewable energy source due to the limited availability of naturally occurring uranium on Earth. In contrast, nuclear fusion has long been considered a potential source of energy. In theory, fusion releases energy as the mass of the resulting nucleus is less than the combined mass of the original nuclei, with the leftover mass being converted into energy. However, the practicality of nuclear fusion as an energy source has been hindered by its extraordinarily high energy requirements. Fusion

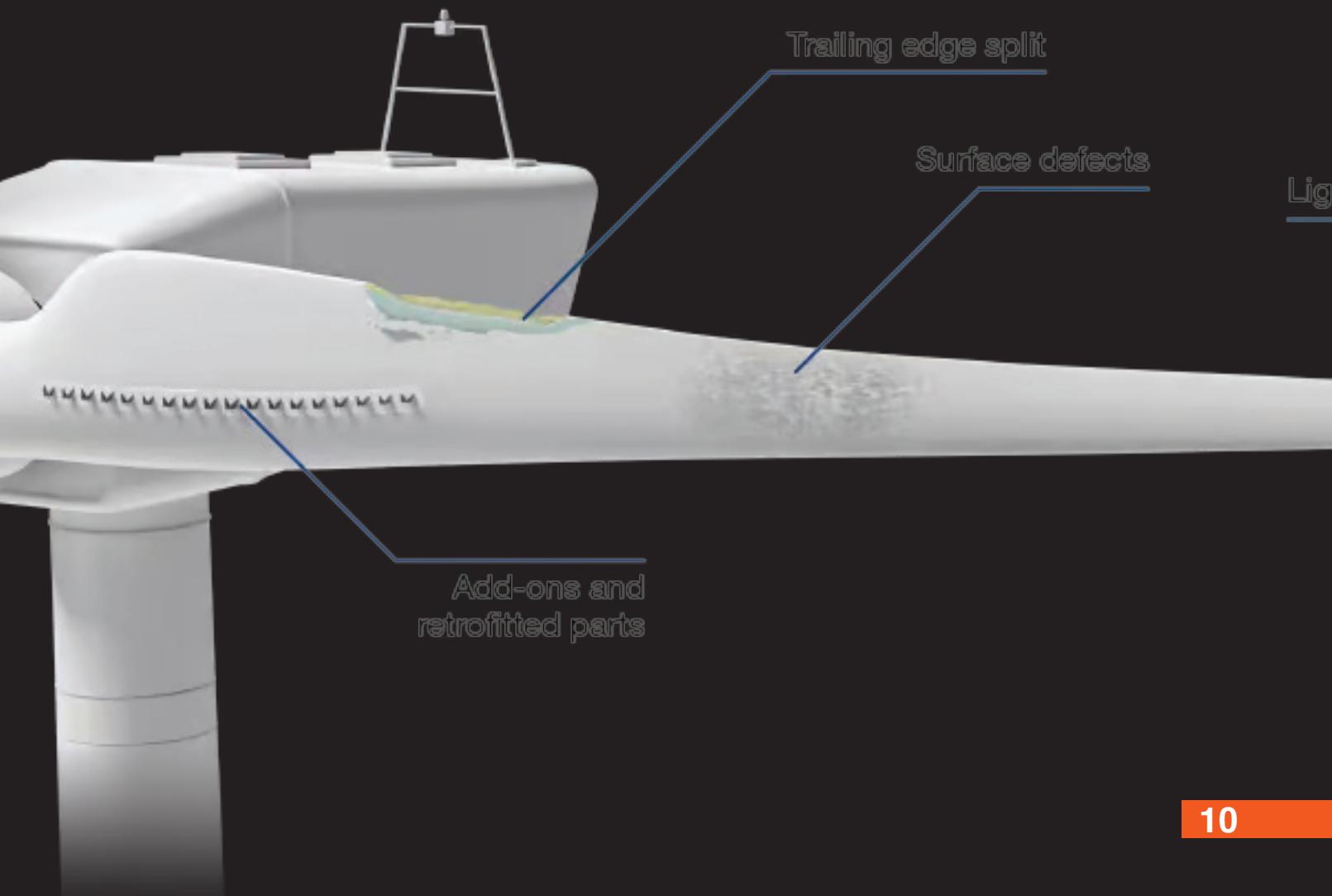
necessitates a temperature of at least 100,000,000 degrees Celsius, more than six times the temperature of the Sun's core. The immense operational costs associated with fusion have prevented its adoption as a viable energy source.

The emergence of Helion brings a glimmer of hope to the realm of fusion energy. Unlike other renewable sources like wind or hydroelectric power, fusion does not rely on external conditions such as strong winds or water dams. This inherent reliability and safety make fusion an attractive prospect for energy generation.

According to Altman, “my vision of the future... is that if we can drive the cost intelligence and the cost of energy way, way down, the quality of life for all of us will increase incredibly. If we can make AI systems more and more powerful for less and less money — same thing we are trying to do with energy at Helion — I view these two projects as spiritually very aligned.”

Unlocking the Potential of Fusion Technology

The potential of fusion technology to shape the trajectory of humanity and redefine our approach to environmental preservation is profound. With influential companies and investors throwing their support behind



Helion, the realization of practical fusion technology becomes increasingly within reach. While fusion has been a buzzword in the renewable energy sector, Helion stands out as a rising star with untapped potential.

The quest to strike a balance between the ecological harm caused by human activities and the imperative to meet our growing energy demands is of utmost importance. In this pursuit, Helion represents a significant milestone on our collective Odyssey towards a brighter and cleaner future.

Brad Smith, the president of Microsoft, expressed optimism about the potential of fusion energy, stating, “We are optimistic that fusion energy can be an important technology to help the world transition to clean energy.”

As we navigate the complexities of the modern world, the development of sustainable and environmentally-friendly energy sources is crucial. Helion’s advancements in nuclear fusion technology offer a glimmer of hope for a future powered by clean and abundant energy. However, it is essential to approach these developments with a critical eye and remain vigilant to ensure that the promises of fusion energy are not just another passing trend. Only time will tell if Helion can deliver on its ambitious goals and truly revolutionize the energy landscape.

As the world grapples with pressing environmental challenges, the emergence of Helion and its pursuit of nuclear fusion technology brings renewed hope for a cleaner and more sustainable future. The fusion energy sector is poised for significant advancements, and Helion’s endeavors warrant close attention. With influential figures like Sam Altman and the support of companies like Microsoft, Helion’s quest for practical fusion energy represents a beacon of optimism in the fight against climate change.





The Arab Spring: Ten Years Later

Ten years ago, revolts spread like wildfire across the Arab world. Beginning in 2010, the Arab Spring was a series of pro-democracy uprisings that expanded throughout the Middle East and North Africa. The media popularized the phrase “Arab Spring” to characterize the wave of popular protests and rallies sparked by the self-immolation of a Tunisian street vendor named Mohamed Bouazizi on December 17, 2010, in protest against police harassment. His death provoked significant outrage and dissatisfaction among Tunisians, who were already dealing with high unemployment, corruption, and political repression under President Zine El Abidine Ben Ali’s rule. Protests erupted around the country, demanding Ben Ali’s removal and the installation of a democratic administration. These countries also had long-standing grievances against their authoritarian leaders, including corruption, economic inequality, human rights abuses, and lack of political freedoms.



Written by: Sophia Fang
Photos from: Google

The Arab Spring protests were largely coordinated using social media and other digital channels, allowing demonstrators to coordinate and mobilize in previously unimaginable ways. Protesters requested assistance from other Western, more industrialized countries that support democracy. One example is Kaouther Ferjani, the daughter of a famous Tunisian politician, who has asked Britain to support her father's release. Said Ferjani, the Tunisian politician, has been imprisoned to silence the country's increasingly authoritarian president. Ferjani's daughter claims that her father was democratically elected and has done much to secure human rights and freedom in Tunisia during the Arab Spring. She feels his imprisonment is an attempt to stifle critics of the government. Ferjani thinks that Tunisia is going down a very dark path of authoritarianism, and if Britain could speak out about it, it would be very influential.

The Arab Spring protests were largely coordinated using social media and other digital channels, allowing demonstrators to coordinate and mobilize in previously unimaginable ways. Protesters requested assistance from other Western, more industrialized countries that support democracy. One example is Kaouther Ferjani, the daughter of a famous Tunisian politician, who has asked Britain to support her father's release. Tunisian lawmaker Said Ferjani has been imprisoned to muzzle the country's increasingly authoritarian president. Said Ferjani's daughter claims that her father was democratically elected and has done much to secure human rights and freedom in Tunisia during the Arab

Spring. She feels his imprisonment is an attempt to stifle critics of the government.

The Arab Winter, or Islamist Winter, is commonly referred to as the aftermath of the Arab Spring. Following the Arab Spring, a wave of unrest and violence swept through many Arab countries. Protracted civil wars, generalized instability in the region, the Arab League's economic and demographic decline, and widespread conflicts between Sunni and Shia Muslims marked the Arab Winter. Furthermore, despite some initial achievements in destabilizing authoritarian regimes, the Arab Spring produced mixed consequences in the end. While some nations, such as Tunisia, were able to achieve democracy, others, such as Libya and Syria, fell into civil war and anarchy. In several countries, previous regimes were replaced by new authoritarian dictators or military juntas, shattering the expectations of many pro-democracy advocates.

Overall, while the Arab Spring did not always achieve all of its objectives in each country, it was a crucial moment of upheaval and revolution in the region, with long-term consequences for political, social, and economic dynamics. ■







Boho Bliss:

CRAFTING YOUR CANVAS OF COLORS, CURIOSITIES,

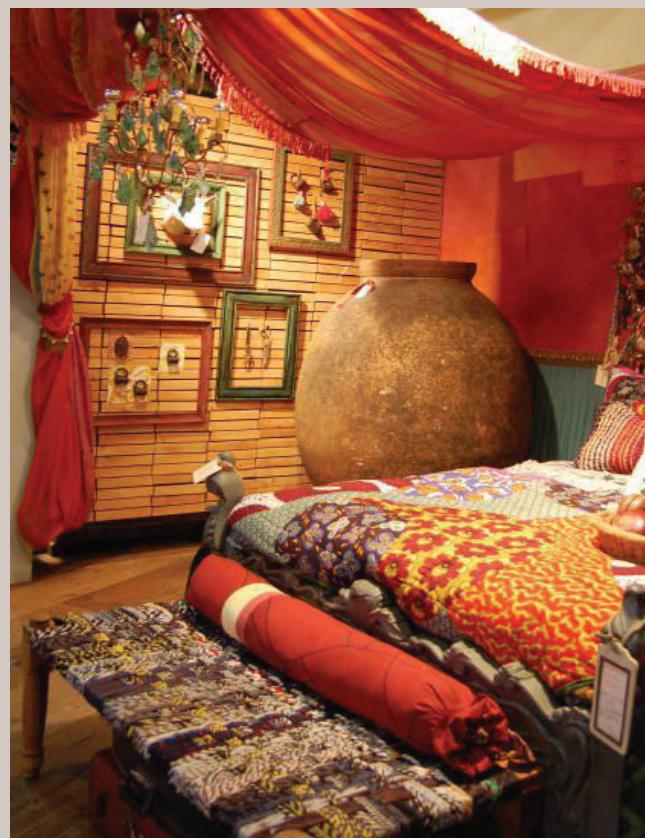
AND CHARACTER

Bohemian interior design, or “boho” as it’s endearingly dubbed, has firmly established its status among decor aficionados globally.

What, though, are the hallmarks of Bohemian design? Unlike the often pristine, cookie-cutter looks dominating modern interiors, boho invites us into a world pulsing with uninhibited creativity. Here, an orchestra of colors, mismatched furnishings, and a whimsical dance of patterns and textures hold sway. Let’s delve deeper into this magnetic realm:

A Symphony of Shades and Textures

Boho’s vibrant embrace of colors is truly captivating. While certain styles champion subtlety, boho paints with a broader brush. Rich purples, vivacious reds, emerald greens, and dazzling blues waltz with earth-toned terracottas and sun-kissed beiges. This kaleidoscope of hues crafts a spirited ambience that’s an instant mood booster.





Yet, it's boho's artistry in merging diverse shades and textures that sets it apart. Visualize a soft Moroccan rug, an array of throw pillows flaunting delicate embroidery, and fabrics varying from shimmering silks to rugged leather. This layering crafts an environment bursting with depth, warmth, and snugness.

Curated Chaos: Furniture and Art

Boho is the champion of curated chaos. Gone is the need for uniformity; in its place, a curated collection of mismatched gems from various timelines and regions. Imagine an antique Persian rug sharing floor space with a sleek, mid-century chair, or a vintage suitcase repurposed into a quirky coffee table. Boho gives you the freedom to mix, match, and marvel.

This philosophy extends to art as well. Walls become an expansive canvas showcasing framed art, eclectic hangings, and ornamental mirrors that reflect one's journey, tastes, and adventures.

Why Boho Calls Us Home

At its heart, boho's magnetism lies in its ode to personal stories and the spirit of discovery. It encourages self-expression, transforming living spaces into deeply personal sanctuaries.

Celebrities like Sienna Miller resonate with this ethos. Her home is a masterclass in boho — a melange of patterns, colors, and textures that channel her zest for life. Likewise, songbird Florence Welch's abode mirrors the otherworldly vibes of her tunes, with vintage artifacts, lush plants, and an atmosphere drenched in wanderlust.

Yet, boho isn't the exclusive realm of the elite. Globetrotters, artists, and daydreamers craft spaces brimming with mementos, from cherished family relics to trinkets from their sojourns. Their homes become living memoirs, each item narrating a chapter of their odyssey.

In an era where uniqueness sometimes takes a backseat, boho rekindles the joy of celebrating life in all its vibrant shades. Whether it's the allure of celebrity homes or the heartwarming chaos of a neighbor's living room, let the spirit of boho inspire. Craft your haven, a niche where every nook and cranny weaves tales of your journey, dreams, and joys.





Written by: Jessica Tham
Illustrated by: Erika Liao

WHERE WE FIRST MET

Clementine sits on her bed with her computer. The screen shines on her face in the dark.

Jesse is sitting on a balustrade and Celine stands next to him.

“It’s so weird. It’s like our time together is just ours—it’s our own creation. It’s like, I’m in your dream and you’re in mine,” Celine says.

Clementine grabs a handful of popcorn from a bowl on the bedside table and pops them in her mouth. A few rolls down her blue Winne-the-Pooh pajamas. She stares at the popcorn on her shirt.

When was the last time she shared popcorn with someone else?

The doorbell screeches. Clementine jumps off her bed and runs to the curtains. She freezes.

A man is standing on the doorsteps. A banquet of roses is in his arms.

“Clementine? Are you there?” He says.

“H-he knows my name?!” Clementine says.

Clementine runs to the table with paper scattered all over. On top of them sits a calendar covered in red and blue writing. She grabs it and slides her finger to Sunday.

Empty.

She pushes away the papers, revealing a cell phone. She presses the screen and puts the phone to her ear.

Beep—beep—beep.

“Hello?” A young woman says.

“Lilian, there’s a man at my door. I think I forgot to write the date down. Wh-what am I supposed to do? He’s holding roses!”

“Go look at the refrigerator. Maybe you left something there.”

“Oh, right,” Clementine says, putting her hand over her forehead. She walks through the dark hallway and switches on the kitchen lights. A yellow sticky note is stuck on the refrigerator.

“There’s a note... ‘Dinner with Mark at 8’.”

“Ah, Mark! It’s fine. He’s a nice person.”

“I...”

“Hey, it’s getting a bit busy here. Just go ask Mark and he’ll help you figure it out, alright?”

“Oh...”

Bleep.

Clementine signs. How is this person—a stranger—going to help her ‘figure it out’? She walks to the windows and peeks through the curtains.

Mark’s still here.

She presses her lips together. She walks to the door and turns the knob.

“Hey...”

The man turns. “Are you ok?! Where were you?”

“Uh...yeah. Y-you’re Mark, right?”

“Did you...? You remember me, right?”

Clementine bows her head.

Mark puts the roses in her hand.

“I’ll be here when you’re ready,” he says.

Clementine raises her head. “Thanks.”

She closes the door and puts the roses to her nose. It’s familiar sweetness makes her feel like a different person—a better person who knows Mark.

A car honks in the distance. Her shoulders jerk.

Mark is waiting.

She rushes to her bedroom and searches through her drawers. Underneath is a dress dotted with daisies she didn’t know was there. It lays there unfolded like it is waiting for this moment.

She rolls the dress open and puts her arm around the cotton.

...

Near the red light, Mark presses the brake. Elvis's voice flows through the speakers.

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," Clementine says. "I didn't mean to..."

Summer kisses, winter tears. Like the stars they fade away.

"It's fine," Mark finally whispers.

Clementine tugs at the skin around her nails.

The fire of love. The fire of love. Can burn from afar.

"Where are we going?" Clementine says.

Mark smiles and glances at her.

"A very special place to me."

Mark steps on the pedal.

"I think you'll like it."

...

A bell rings as they walk in the diner. The diner's walls are decorated with Audrey Hepburn and 2001: A Space Odyessy posters. A jukebox stands at the room's rear. Mark sits at a seat by the window.

"Wow, it's like I was transported back in time," Clementine says.

A waitress walks over.

"Still the same?" The waitress asks.

"Yeah, thanks," Mark says.

"I'll have a croissant," Clementine says.

"Anything else?" The waitress says, writing on her pad.

"No, that's all."

The waitress nods. A women from another table calls her and the waitress leaves.

Mark is smiling.

"What is it?" Clementine says.

"No, it's just...you ordered the same thing."

"I did?"

Elvis's voice booms from the jukebox. A young couple who played the song dances in the empty space.

"Wanna dance?" Mark says, putting his hand forward.

Clementine slides her hand in his. They stand and walk to the space. She wraps her arm around his shoulders and they step in circles.

*I close my eyes and
clearly my heart
remembers.*

*A thousand good-byes
could never put out the
embers.*

*Darling I love you so
and my heart forever will
belong to the*

*memory of the love that
we knew before.*

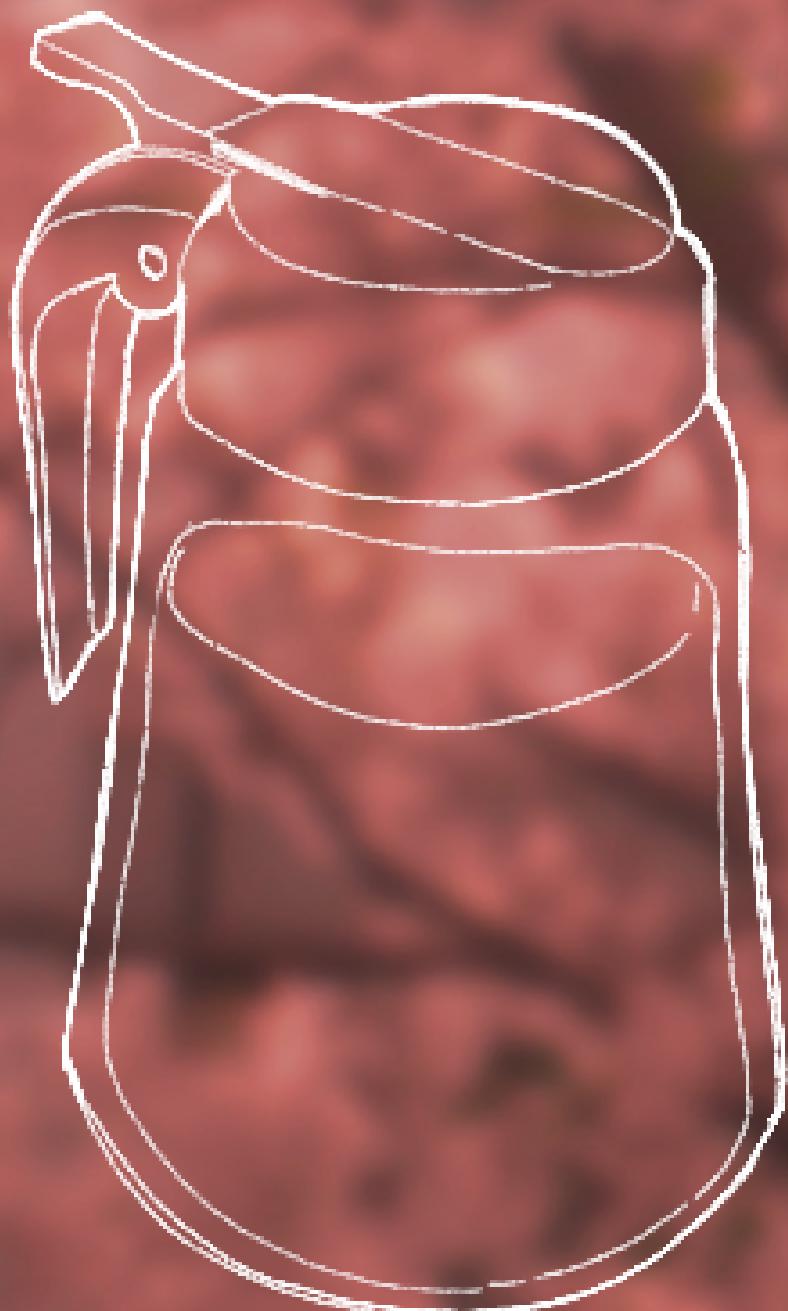
*Please come back to
my arms. We belong
together...*

“I think I know why you said I would like it,” Clementine says. “This place...it’s magical.”

“Of course,” Mark says. “It’s the place where we first met.”

Written by: Letitia Lai
Photos from: Erika Liao

MULTITUDES & ODYSSEY



It was gentle, the wind, sweeping high and low, through the blossoming trees and climbing tendrils of green ivy on the weathered red brick house. It passed through colorful alleys, past vibrant houses, and traced the distinct designs on various windows, opened and closed. It blew past the marketplace, the fresh produce, pots and pans, and glass trinkets hanging from stalls that tinkled when they moved. It collected the happy chaos and brought it to the burbling streams and the faint outline of faraway mountains.

A new surge of wind swept through the landscape, back to the red brick house, moving silently through the rays of sunlight that trickled through the fragrant smell of blossoms and intercrossed leaves, and which cast themselves upon the shoulders of a silver-haired woman, content, on a rocking chair. Beside her was a young boy, old enough to learn about the world around him, eyes still curious and shining.

“Tell me again, granny, what happened before this place?”

She chuckled, “Oh dear, give the old woman a break.”

The boy flung himself onto the warm patch of grass beside the yard, “Please, granny, please with honey crumbles and syrup?”

The woman breathed out a laugh, “Okay, okay, sit properly, now, and let me tell you of our story a long, long, time ago. But it’s all true, nonetheless.”

“Before this all happened, before this town’s citizens lived here, we were in another place. There, nothing mattered. Nobody wanted anything to matter. Nobody knew who we were.

“We were once without names, without distinction. The only thing one could say defined us was our shared fact of existence. But one could argue against even that. We were really mere chattering spirits trapped in a mindless repeating cycle. We woke up, and everything that happened afterwards was just automatic reflex. At night, shoes would hit the pavement, then on the hollow floorboards as we go back to an almost unfamiliar darkness.

“The cycle. It held us tightly with its entrapping hold, but we were content with imprisonment.

“Everything was grey. There were buildings, towers, skyscrapers, even, constructions so high they dived into the forever-cloudy sky. There was no sound but the click of leather shoes against the pavement. It was a rhythmic beat, but the song it sounded out was a monotonous one, comprised of only one note.

“Every day was the same. You opened your eyes and everything else became an automatic sequence of events.

You went to work, working for somebody you didn’t know, didn’t care to know. We worked tirelessly, but only until the sharp chime of the clock signified for us to get off work.”

The old woman gazed off into the distance, “We didn’t even think about why we worked. There was no reason behind anything save for the matter of routine. Nobody questioned it, maybe because we weren’t given an alternative. The form of our multitude confined us within the roles we were to perform. At night, lights blazed against the monochromatic cityscape, but they were lonely illuminations that lit up only deserted roads, projections of our isolation from people we walk past every day.

Her gaze was wistful under the dappled sunlight, “We would have been walking corpses our entire lives, too, spending even our last hours with blank faces, with nothing to grasp onto, nobody to utter our last words to, nobody to shed tears for. After all, we were nameless beings. In the face of the community, the loss of an individual did not matter.

“But that all changed.” Strands of her silver hair floated listlessly around her face, touching her smile. She looked down at the boy.

“We were saved by a blossom, child.

“It was a faint sprout of color at first, floating, so gently, down from the grey clouds. It was a mere whisper of color, but in the near silent background, its existence was deafening. I watched it, struck motionless by the scene. I could feel people shoving through me with their shoulders, but none stopped. Only I saw it as it drifted onto a puddle near the pavement, petals wetted by the water, sinking, until I picked it out.

“I didn’t go to work that day. I could feel my heart beating frantically as I clutched the blossom, running away from the rhythmic snap of their shoes on hard cement, into my house.

“It was only then that I realized just how empty my room was.

“It bore down on me, the monochromatic walls, the grey furniture, the bed that was centered perfectly in the middle, sheets tucked tightly underneath the mattress. In the closet besides the bed hung many shirts, identical to the one I was wearing, leering from within the shadows like bodies. The stillness of it all seemed to move in waves towards me, writhing and crawling, gaining in size, until it was an almost towering figure, staring lifelessly down with its dead eyes.

“It was suffocating, rising above and crashing upon you, relentlessly, grabbing you by the ankle and

dragging you down, refusing to let go. The walls seemed to fold onto me. The grey was blinding.

“I remember that I rushed out, panting. But only then did I realize just how isolated I was. A lone figure, standing helplessly, legs anchored to the ground, eyes frantically searching for something, anything, to look at me, and actually see who I was. Yet, all around, the pedestrians didn’t even stop their steps, didn’t even waver as they bumped roughly against me, black coats snapping with uniform speed, eyes wide, but blind to the world before them. The rhythm they walked out was hammering into my head, like a recurring nightmare. Only then did I know what fear truly was.

“I feared that I would have to be forced back into routine after taking a glimpse at what could have been. A colorful place, it would be, almost dream-like, where there is not only one single destination, but many, for us to walk to and take in the air that was spiced with faint wafts of good food and herbs. To look around and be met with not blank stares, but welcoming gazes.

“The petal I clutched was not only the lone figment of a wilted flower, but more so a possibility whispering a chance for something new. I felt a deep aching for something more, to feel something more, but as I looked down at my palm, the petals were already withering and ruined, starting to become no more than an almost transparent layer spotted with brown indents from my clawing desperation.

The boy looked up at her grandmother. Her eyes were glistening.

“But then, my child, the petals started floating downwards.

“Throughout the city, in mesmerizing harmony, almost like a well-practiced choreography, I could see the petals flurrying downwards, in varying shades of pink. And finally, the people stopped to look up and let the colors fill their vision. I too, stared up at the sky. We had all forgotten what it was like to see color, or maybe we had never known.

“All around, the dead rhythm slowly dimmed down, replaced by an awed silence as the people stopped in their tracks and tentatively reached out a hand or two to catch the falling dots of color, eyes widening as they take in the blazing existence of the petals, letting them flutter on their palms.

“It was like stepping into a dream, as the petals fell in tender caress, hiding my tears as I bathed myself in the joy of one waking into a long-lost hope, letting it surround me in a shapeless embrace.

“It was like music, the first word of conversation. It echoed throughout the streets, and like a beautiful symphony, it slowly rose in volume, like the small footsteps of an infant, unsteady yet with sure intent. Pleasantries were exchanged between passersby, laughs blended with the gradual conversations. The city was dead no more.

“I still remember it, boy. It was like the city was made of blossoms, so ever beautiful, like a song that needn’t be sang, but felt.

“But, after all, it was once a dead shell of the faceless people. Everywhere I looked, despite the buildings that were now covered with petals, wild slashes of passion, I could see where my own dull gaze once passed by. The corners of the streets were where I once turned to a destination I didn’t want to go to. Despite everything, the city was still a reminder of who I once was, who we all once were. It still represented the nameless community. The rhythmic beat of routine has been engraved in every crack of the pavement, and it always will be.

“It wasn’t really a dilemma. I turned my back on the city of petals and stepped out towards the horizon. I think I felt the touch of sunlight on my cheeks, piercing through the gray clouds, and it was such sweet bliss, to be able to break out of cycle.

“I didn’t even turn around. But I did distinctly hear a low rumble behind me. It sounded like footsteps.”

The woman focused her gaze back on her grandson once more. The boy was absently fiddling with some strands of grass with his hands, laughing as a gust of wind blew it away. With it came the sweet fragrance of blossoms, along with some swept petals.

The petals were pink.

Slowly, she rose from the chair and walked towards the blossom trees, raised her head to take in the elegant fragrance. Nearby, there was the soft rustle of ivy and the pleasant bargaining between people at the market, the crisp sound of wind chimes, the giggles of a boy.

She took all of it in.

And footsteps they indeed were.

melodies slither out of my veins, leaving only a

drumming in my stomach, beating out of place and out of pace, a flame that burns on a single candle despite desperate efforts made to snuff it out, again and again, fingers frantically trying to hold the melting wax in place as they ruin the *Happy Birthday* written in pink icing on the flimsy cream of my cake, butterflies that flutter on my eyelashes as I try to lead them astray because they were blocking the dimming light of the day, poking stiff lashes into the whites of my eyes, foamy broth that brewed inside my left ear and dripped through the glittering piercings on my right, a

shrunken animal sleeping away its years trying to hold onto the disintegrating ashes of a golden yesterday.



Happy
Birthday

Written by: Cecilia Lien
Photos from: Pinterest

Welcome to
the party!

你与我

你是泥，
我是血，
相忘于微雨。

你是桅，
我是桨，
相忘于星空。

你是鱼，
我是鱼，
相忘于大海。

你是沙，
我是泪，
相忘于梦中。

A Letter to Our Seniors <3

Written By: Han Su
Photos by: Yuto Nakashima

This article goes out to all the seniors: take care of yourself. In this time where college applications are seemingly the focus of life, and you're stressed, concerned, excited all at once... If you feel overwhelmed, sit back, and take a break.

After all, your physical and mental health are more important. Zooming out, college is only 4 years, and your health stays with you for eternity. Connect with your support group or just someone you trust if you're struggling... This could be our friends, your parents, a random stranger you find on 7 cups, etc...

However, I'm not saying that college applications aren't important. They ARE important, but I think they are important in that it helps one reflect upon yourself. While society might think that the point of college applications is to get into a prestigious college, I instead believe that the point of college applications is to reflect upon yourself. When is the last time you thought about your most glorious and darkest moments? Although reflecting upon oneself is tedious in the form of essays, its useful in that you can gain perspective in terms of gratitude and your future.

First, gratitude. While it might not feel like it, we're extremely lucky to be applying to colleges, and knowing this will put some of that weight off your shoulders wherever you go. We're also extremely lucky to have the people around us to support and keep us going through this journey. Instead of being stressed, I recommend you live in full these last days of your "now" life and remember to give thanks to those who helped you. Because these are the much more important things in life than getting into a prestigious college. Personally, I think you should give most thanks to your parents and friends: as one has given you the greatest support while the other you will see less in the future again. Gratitude towards them is important because it humbles us, puts a "period" on an era, and in turn helps us maintain relationships into the future. These relationships could prove to be very valuable as you venture into adult life.

Second, your future. It's ok to be indecisive about your major or change it midway through college, but these applications are a good time to think about what truly matters to you and what you want to pursue in the future. If you find the thing that you truly love and can pursue in the future in full, it won't matter that much where you go, as you'll be successful anywhere.

So that's my message. If you're overwhelmed, take a break, focus on your health first. If you're stressed about college applications and worried about not getting into a prestigious college, consider a different perspective. Use this instead as an opportunity to develop gratitude and reflect on what you want to do in the future, because these are the far more important things. And finally, yeah, have fun because this is our final year, and we have to enjoy it whatever the circumstances.

The Frontiers Of Space

Written by: Ronnie Zhou
Photos from: Google





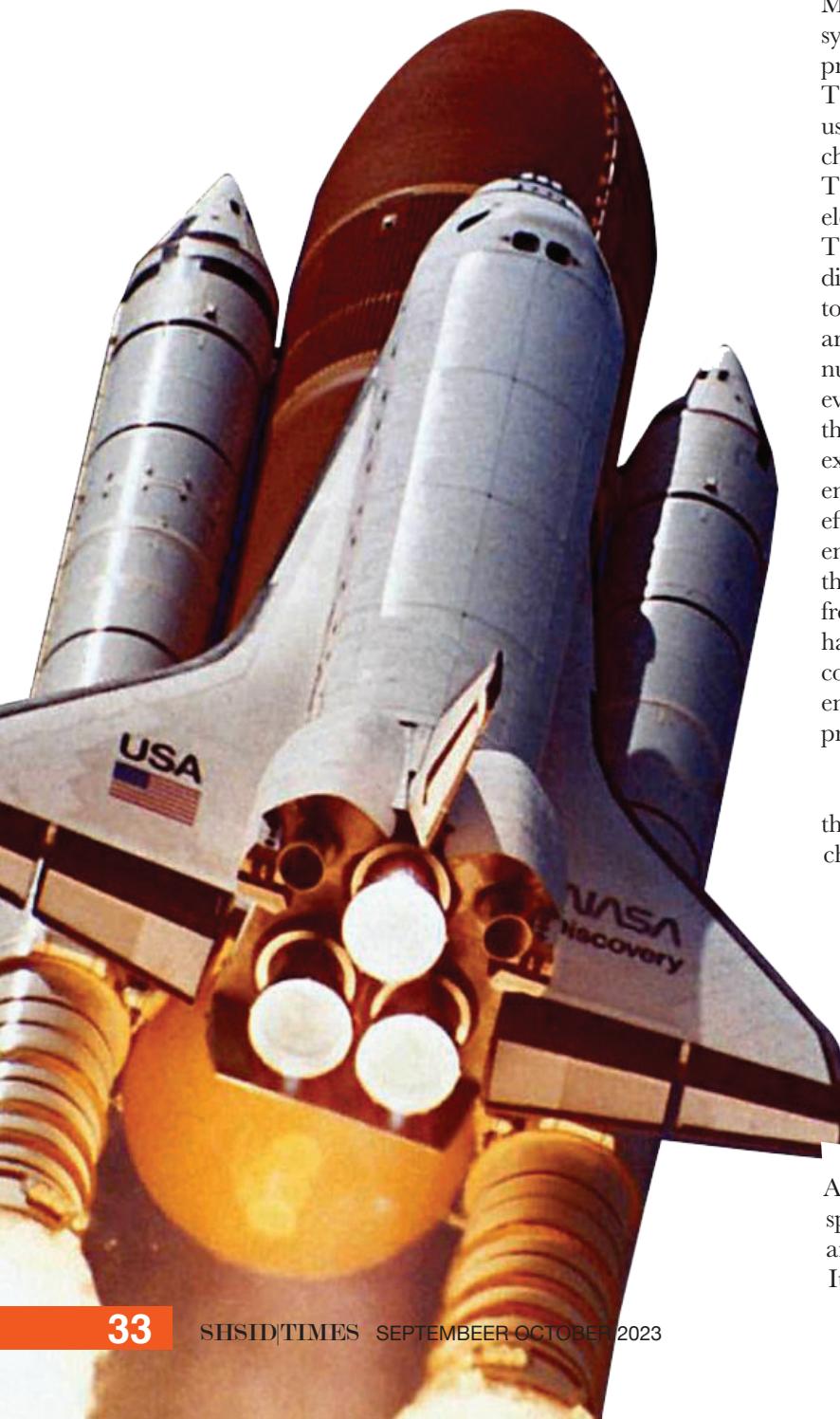
Many people harbor different opinions on what separates mankind from other animals. Some think it is language and communication. To others, it's our ability to think in the long term. I believe that it is our innate drive to explore, discover, and innovate. Things like language and long-term thinking are simply products of this basic urge, as humanity slowly accumulated experience and wisdom over generations upon generations. Humans have always been an expansionist species. History is filled with instances of people's explorative nature leading them to great discoveries, such as the discovery of the New World by Europeans, bringing about advancements in science, navigation, and technology, paving the path for the modern world. Humanity today has explored the entirety of our planet. There are no new continents to be discovered anymore. Thus, mankind has shifted its sights upward, toward the vast expanse of space. We are people trapped on an island. What marvelous discoveries lie in the oceans beyond?

We have long been fascinated by space exploration. Ever since the technology became available to us, we have been constantly venturing out into space. The Cold War, though a time of tension, was also a golden age of space exploration. It was a time of groundbreaking achievements, each greater than the last. It started with a satellite, Sputnik, entering orbit for the first time. Next followed Yuri Gagarin, the first person to go to space. We even managed to put humans on the Moon. The space race created a fascination with science and accelerated our technological development, inspiring many to contribute to our growing scientific knowledge. However, after the last Moon landing, interest in space waned. Instead, social and environmental problems became the center of attention. This was a grave mistake, considering the benefits that space exploration brought about and could give rise to in the future. It is essential to reignite the passion for space exploration. One such benefit is spurring the development of science and technology. It has aided astronomical research by providing scientists with the opportunity to observe celestial bodies and events more closely and effectively, without the distortion of Earth's

atmosphere. This has led to the discovery of new planets and stars, allowed us to map our universe, and advanced the realm of theoretical physics (by studying cosmic background radiation). Technologies brought about by the space race include camera phones, LED lights, artificial limbs, cordless technology, and medical devices like CAT scans and Warp 10. CAT scans are medical imagery tools that use X-rays to create images of the internal body structures of patients. This technology originated from the techniques NASA used to detect defects within its spacecrafts. Warp 10 is a high-intensity LED unit which utilizes near-infrared radiation to treat chronic pain and expedite the healing process of tissues and organs. This has its roots during the 1990s when NASA experimented with ways of treating the wounds of astronauts using lasers. The space race also gave rise to the development of new high-tech industries which prompted economic growth. Another reason for space exploration is for the long-term survival of our species. Many prominent scientists of the modern era, like Stephen Hawking, have advocated that the only way to survive as a species is to expand out into space. Hawking believed that it is inevitable that, within the next 1000 years, a catastrophe, such as nuclear war or environmental issues like global warming, will cripple the Earth and seriously threaten the human race as a whole. It could also be as simple as fulfilling the natural curiosity embedded in human nature. In any case, it is essential that humanity keeps on perusing space exploration and that the general public has a vested interest in it.

Luckily, we are progressing in the right direction. There are many current space programs underway that will greatly expand our knowledge and capabilities as a species. Perhaps the most famous space program today is NASA's Artemis program. With the use of the Space Launch System rocket and the Orion spacecraft, it aims to return astronauts to the Moon and create a sustainable presence there. Partnering with multiple other space firms around the globe, the Artemis program will also feature the construction of a space station in lunar

orbit called the Gateway, a hub of scientific research and lunar exploration. It will also make advancements in the technologies required to conduct such explorations. In addition, this program has the long-term goal of eventually using the Moon as a staging point for further exploration of our Solar System. Another prevalent effort at space travel is SpaceX's endeavor to make space travel more affordable through reusable rockets. Typical rockets detach during ascent and are lost. Reusable rockets, like SpaceX's Falcon 9 boosters, are designed to return back to the ground with the use of controlled burns and thrusters. SpaceX has a space program of its own, the Mars Exploration Program, aiming to establish the foundation of humanity's future of colonizing the Solar System and beyond.



Space exploration is complicated and involves almost all of the scientific disciplines, but the key aspects enabling space travel can be summarized. Astrophysics is required for a number of things. By understanding the properties of space, we can design spacecraft that can endure the harsh conditions of space travel. The trajectory of spacecraft in a mission is almost always predetermined to maximize efficiency and safety, and calculating these paths needs a lot of rigorous computing and astronomical knowledge. Robotics is also essential for space exploration. For instance, robots would be able to explore dangerous environments that humans cannot. Furthermore, a lot of repair and maintenance required for space travel demands precision, which robotic arms, rovers, and other devices can provide. Modern spacecraft require sophisticated propulsion systems to maintain the high velocities current space programs need. There are many types of rocket systems. The most common are chemical rocket engines, which use fuel and an oxidizer to create a highly exothermic chemical reaction to propel the spacecraft forward. There are also ion engines, which work by accelerating electrically charged particles through an electric field. They are used for traversing long, interplanetary distances, as they have a lower acceleration compared to chemical engines, can operate for long periods, and are cost-effective. There is also the potential for using nuclear-powered propulsion systems, which would be even more cost-effective while producing more thrust than ion engines. Another important aspect of space exploration is material sciences. Materials that go on engines and spacecraft must be lightweight to be cost-effective, resilient enough for space travel, and safe enough to protect the astronauts on the mission from threats such as radiation. In addition to being protected from the harsh conditions of space, astronauts must also have life support systems. The ECLSS (environmental control and life support system) maintains the proper environmental conditions, such as temperature, pressure, and oxygen levels in the spacecraft.

Like all fields of science, the technologies that enable space travel are constantly subject to change and improvement. There are many future technologies that are speculated to join the realm of space exploration. One such technology is 3D printing. It could vastly expedite the manufacturing of parts, as astronauts could essentially obtain them on demand. It would also make the manufacturing process cheaper. An interesting possibility of 3D printing is printing food. NASA has already experimented with this concept by attempting to print pizza, layer by layer. Artificial intelligence can also be incorporated into space exploration. It could help humans navigate and operate spacecraft with less of a chance for error. It could also improve accuracy, which is vital in the

liftoff or descent stages of space travel. Newer AI could make robotics more useful in the future, allowing robots to do more tasks and leaving humans with more time for more productive things. AI could also be used to identify potential science targets by analyzing vast amounts of data gathered by spacecraft sensors and identifying patterns from it, potentially revolutionizing the process of scientific discovery in space. Propulsion systems could also be revolutionized with a new type of technology, nuclear fusion. The energy density of nuclear fusion is much higher than that of ordinary chemical processes, so thrust could be greatly improved, increasing the speed and payload of a spacecraft. Also, fuel for nuclear fusion could just be seawater, which would make this sort of propulsion absurdly cheap (in the long run). Unlike nuclear fission, there is no danger of radiation since this process creates stable atoms instead of radioactive waste.

To conclude, space exploration is a field that has great potential benefits for humanity, as evidenced by its success in the twentieth century. It is also a field that is constantly experiencing innovation, further establishing it as the field of the future. If not for all the benefits that space travel brings us, we should explore nonetheless, as it is in our very nature, as explorers of the unknown.

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