

Persistent, Aspiring, Noble, Diligent, Achieving

SHSID TIMES

October September 2022 Edition



RHYTHM
AND
REPETITION



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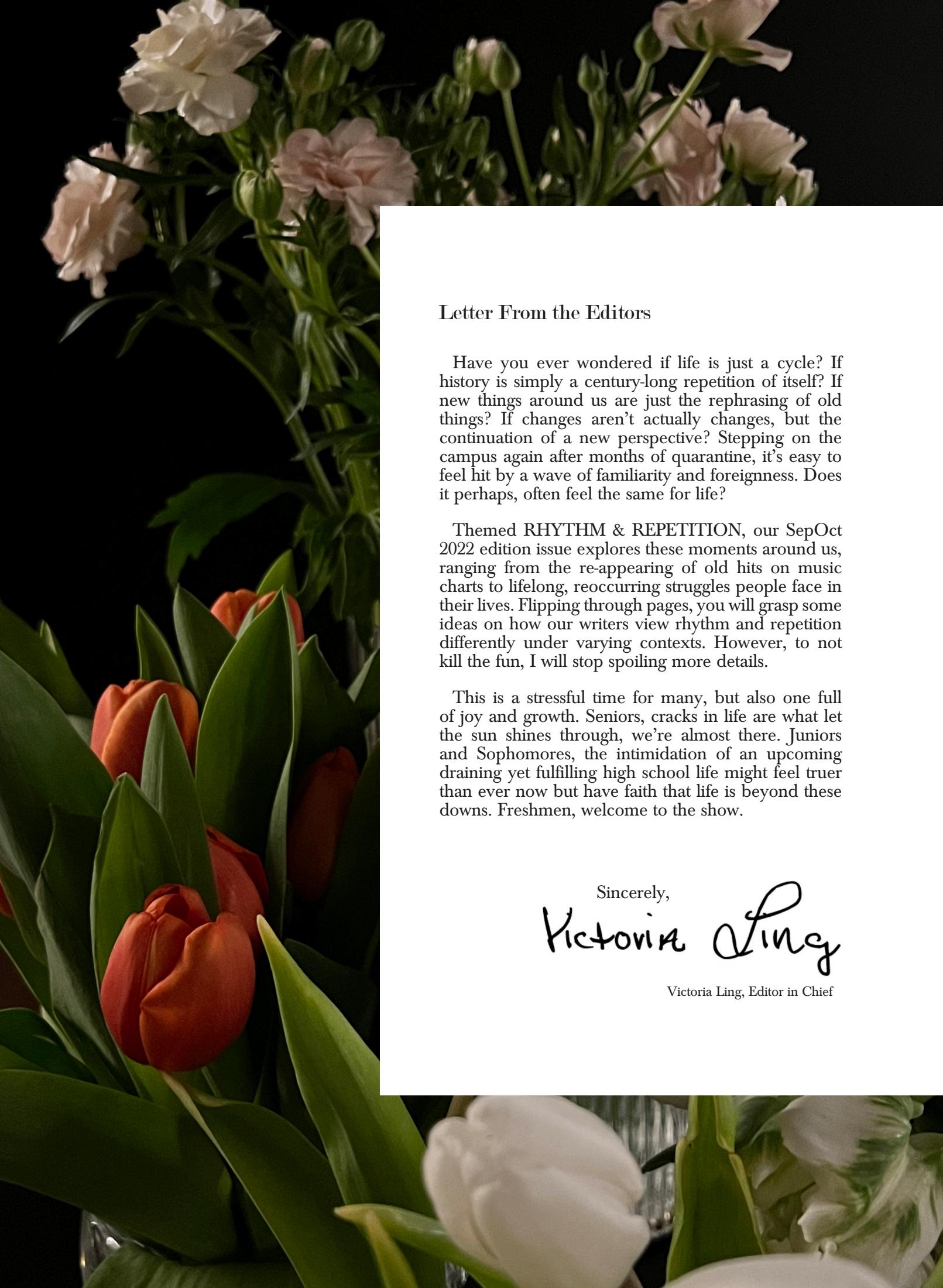
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Letter From the Editors

Have you ever wondered if life is just a cycle? If history is simply a century-long repetition of itself? If new things around us are just the rephrasing of old things? If changes aren't actually changes, but the continuation of a new perspective? Stepping on the campus again after months of quarantine, it's easy to feel hit by a wave of familiarity and foreignness. Does it perhaps, often feel the same for life?

Themed RHYTHM & REPETITION, our SepOct 2022 edition issue explores these moments around us, ranging from the re-appearing of old hits on music charts to lifelong, reoccurring struggles people face in their lives. Flipping through pages, you will grasp some ideas on how our writers view rhythm and repetition differently under varying contexts. However, to not kill the fun, I will stop spoiling more details.

This is a stressful time for many, but also one full of joy and growth. Seniors, cracks in life are what let the sun shines through, we're almost there. Juniors and Sophomores, the intimidation of an upcoming draining yet fulfilling high school life might feel truer than ever now but have faith that life is beyond these downs. Freshmen, welcome to the show.

Sincerely,

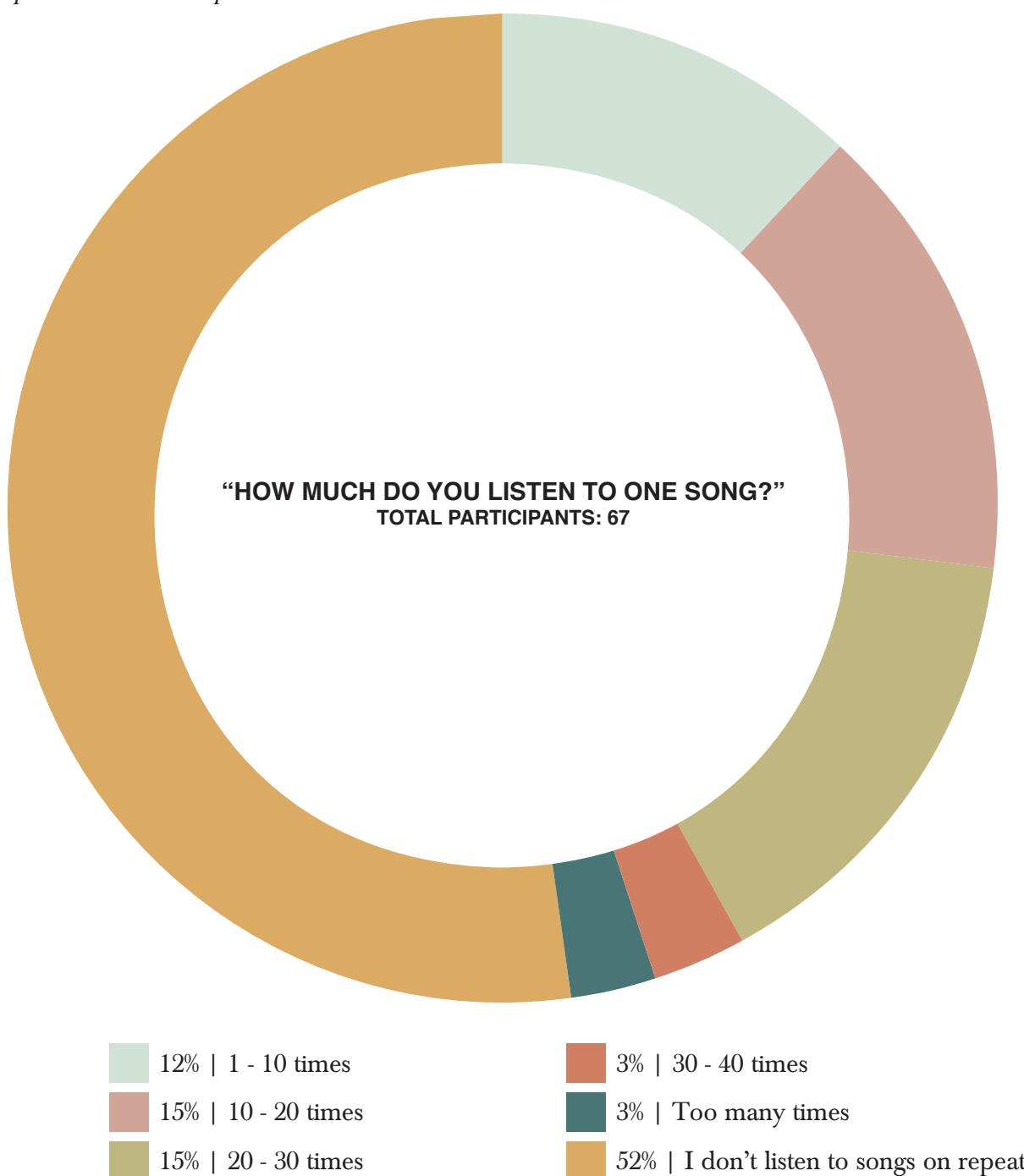
Victoria Ling

Victoria Ling, Editor in Chief

FORUM

The FORUM section is a space of discussion, reflection, and interaction for the readers and writers of *Times*. Whether it's comments, critiques, concerns, or other stories, this section seeks to highlight the importance of everyone's voices. To join FORUM, readers are welcome to submit either written or visual pieces or participate in the online polls on the *Times* official account. A collection of submissions and poll results will be featured in every printed edition to showcase the diverse ideas on campus.

Email your submissions to shsidtimes@hotmail.com and follow SHSID | Times on WeChat to participate in our online polls.



LETTERS

ON “MIRROR MIRROR ON THE WALL”: MARCH-APRIL 2022 ISSUE

One article that caught my attention in the March-April edition of the magazine is the Student Journal piece titled “Mirror Mirror on the Wall” by Margaret Zhang. The essay ends the first paragraph with a starting line: “we look so hard into the mirror we start forgetting that the reflection is our reflection and not ourselves.” Thus begins the story of an eating disorder, starting with the original goal of losing a little bit of weight that snowballs until the narrator cannot enjoy food anymore. The piece ties eating disorders to the theme of mirrors seamlessly, using our reflection to symbolize our self-image.

I really enjoyed this piece and its exploration of the theme. I wish the author all the best in her recovery from her eating disorder, and I hope anyone else going through this can find some solace in this piece.

- Anonymous

ON “BEHIND THE GLASS”: MARCH-APRIL 2022 ISSUE

I really enjoyed the cover story “Behind the Glass” in the March-April issue of Times. The premise of a house of mirrors that appears in a town was intriguing and original, and I loved the narrative of four characters discovering the house and being affected by it. I found the story of Clara, the student, particularly interesting and relatable, especially the line “Maybe the system Clara lived in would always trap her in an unfulfilling cycle of successes and failures that would always reach for more. But she was more than that. She wasn’t just an award or a score or a position. She was the small things in her life that brought her a sense of achievement that wouldn’t be destroyed instantly.” In our current academic situation, remembering that we are valuable is a good way to stay afloat among the stress and demands of school.

- Anonymous

ART SUBMISSIONS

1



1 | Flight
by Mimi Yang 12(3)

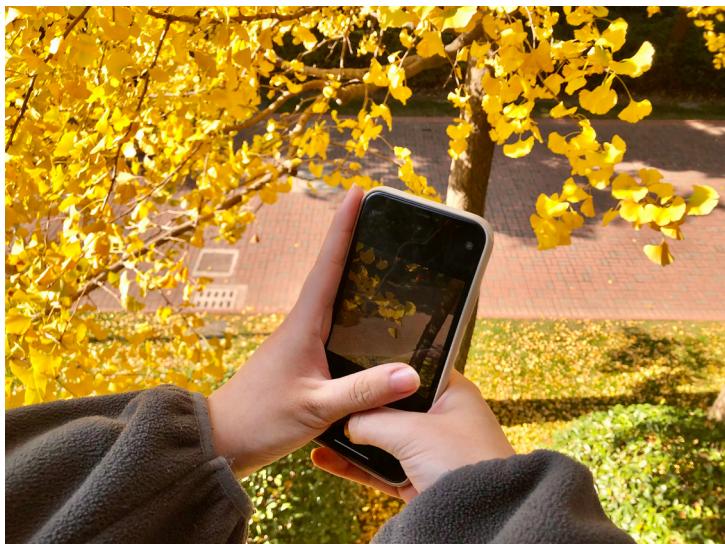
The house is neither a machine nor a work of art. The house is a living organism, not just an arrangement of dead materials: it lives as a whole and in the details. The house is the skin of the human body.

2



2 | Exposition
by Stella Pan

Self identity is often an internalized version of social stereotypes imposed on an individual. It is like being trapped in a box, a “perfect” mold that others built for you, that deprives you of your own persona and confines you by the definition that society prefers.



3 | A Glimpse of Autumn
by Elaine Zhang 12(10)

As we all like to joke, Shanghai only has two seasons: summer and winter. With such drastic temperature changes between seasons, perhaps the only sign of autumn remains in these yellowing ginkgo leaves. It is when we take out our phones to preserve the brief, enjoying the “season limited” version of XMT before it is eventually carried away by the wind in a leaf rain. Maybe then we’ll realize that just like how the camera frame can only include a corner of autumn’s beauty, any given moment or perspective tells only part of the story that’s part of a larger cycle.

4



4 | Extrasensory
by Annabel Demarino 12(6)

In “Extrasensory”, I utilize flowing mark-making and exaggerated perspective to communicate an ungraspable yet intense feeling of impending doom.



5 | Passage
by Fanya Lyn Walter 12(5)



6 | Green Furred Dog
by Rena Yan 12(2)

God & Man, Man & Dog

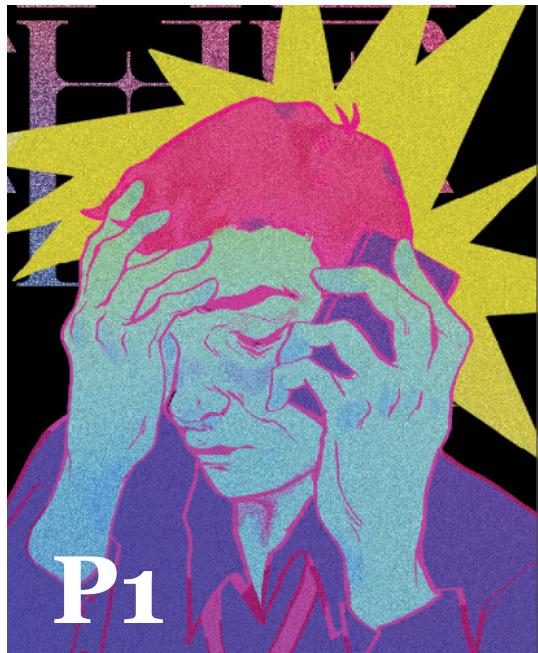


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*Unravel the current progress in the development of electric
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Written by: Bobby Sheng, Alex Dawrant, Victoria Park
Illustrated by: Rena Yan

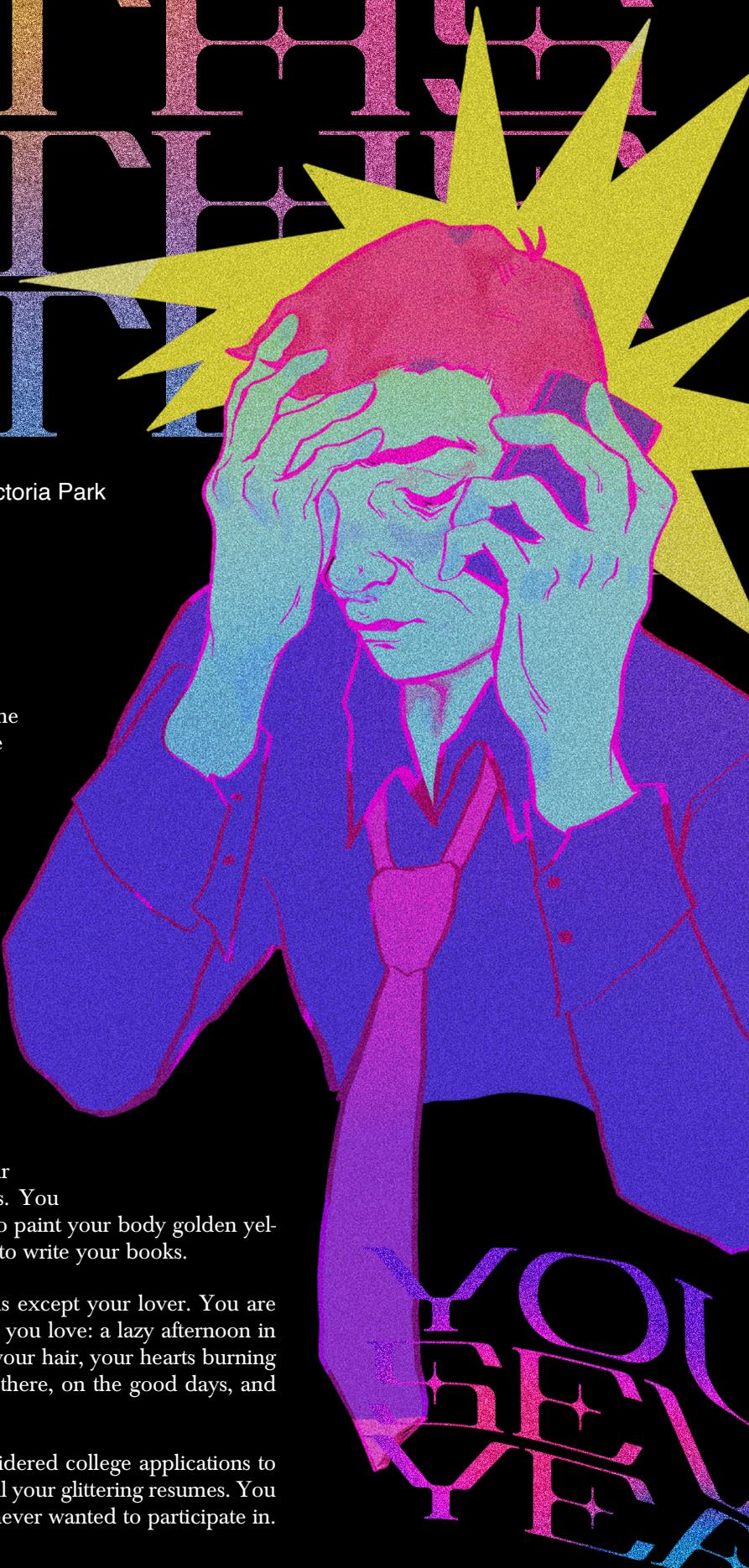
I

You are seventeen years old. You have the highest GPA in your entire grade. People have big dreams for you—your parents, your college counselor, your teachers. You have lived by this for a long, long time, the weight on your back growing each day. You are terrified that it might one day bend over and snap. You are now sick to the core of such repetition; you cannot imagine your back holding on to this much weight for the rest of your life.

You dream of living in the country. Where the skies are heartbreakingly beautiful; where the sun keeps shining, and the faded floorboards are showered with red petals; where the winds are moist, the earth soft to the touch; where the children, sun-kissed and beloved by their parents, run barefoot among day-lilies and dahlias. You dream of waking up when the sun is high enough to paint your body golden yellow, enjoying your brunch, and sitting on the grass to write your books.

You have not yet told anyone about such dreams except your lover. You are what people would call a good couple. This is how you love: a lazy afternoon in the attic lost in books, her fingers running through your hair, your hearts burning with thoughts of what you could be. She is always there, on the good days, and the bad ones too.

Senior year, and it is time for students' long-considered college applications to be finalized and submitted. You submit yours too, all your glittering resumes. You consider this your final steps in this race you have never wanted to participate in.



Your parents sit you down at the kitchen counter and ask you about your college decisions. Your reply is swift—this is, after all, your long-considered decision after three years. It seems to burn them.

“What do you think you’re going to be when you’re not going to college? You dream of being a writer right now, but at this rate all you’re going to end up doing is work shifts at a grocery store!”

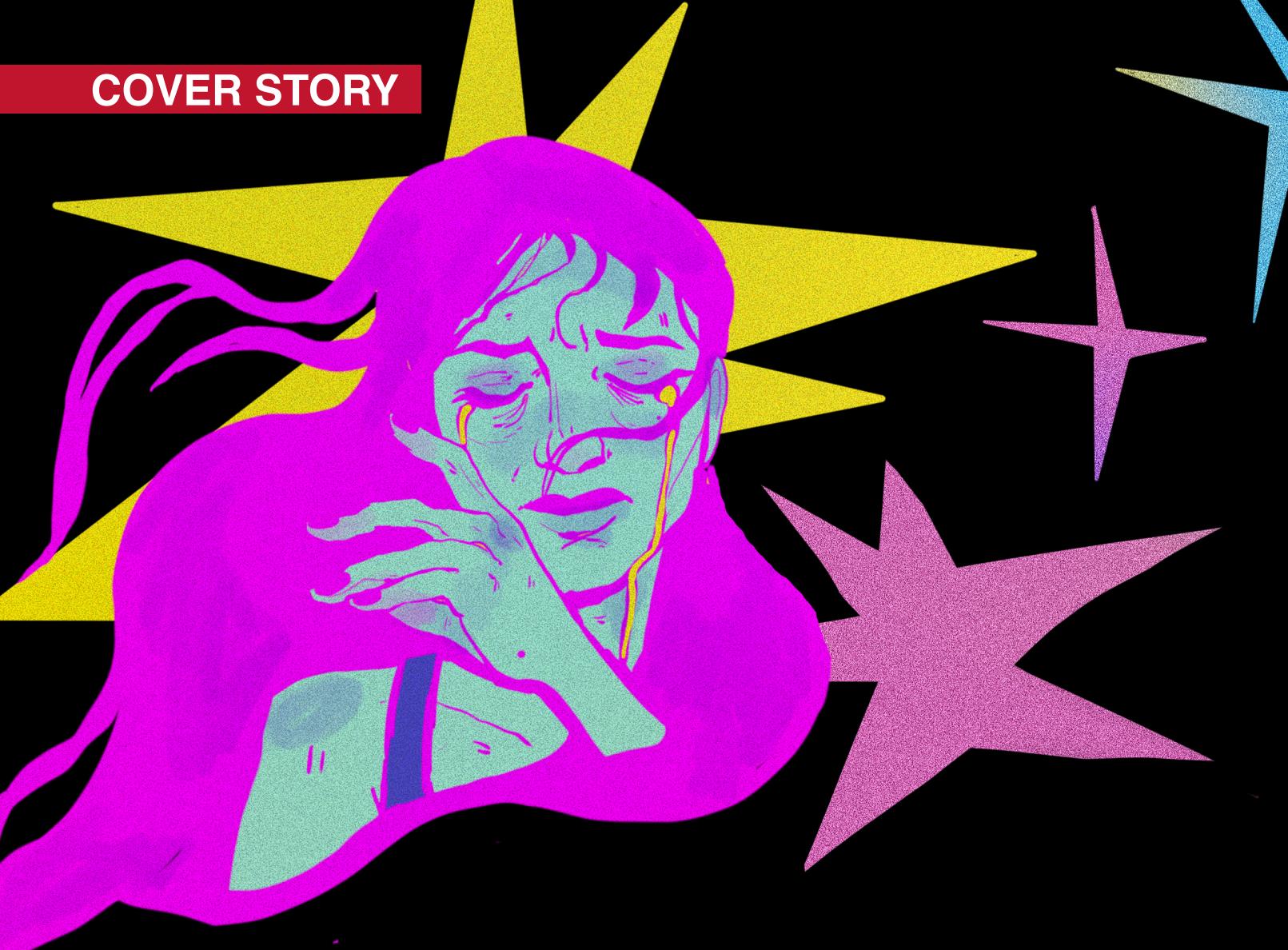
“Can you not see what other opportunities you’ll have once you go to a good college? You will earn respect, you will earn money, *you will be able to afford a good life!*”

Weeks pass by. You receive an acceptance letter from an Ivy League university, one your father wanted to go to when he was your age. But you don’t respond, and eventually your parents reach their final decision.

“Years later you are going to hate yourself for making this decision. Do whatever you plan to do, but do know that we are not going to support you in any way, and that includes money.”

Winter, then summer again. Graduation has come and gone, and the students go on different paths in search of what lives they want to live. You work shifts that summer, and by the time the edges of leaves begin to brown, you are able to rent a small apartment of your own downtown. Your partner is accepted to a small state funded school miles away from home. You decide to maintain a long-distance relationship. You are certain that its going to work out between the two of you.

You write everyday, groping for words, and words, and words. You press your pen to your paper, carving black rivers down the lines. You feel happy, happier than ever. You savor every peaceful moment that comes in your path. For the first time in your life you are sure that this is going in the right direction; this was how it was supposed to be, from the beginning. Your girlfriend calls you every day, then every week, then every couple of weeks. Months later, you are ready with your first complete book. Heart full of pride and anticipation, you search for an agency that will help publish your book. But all that come are rejections. They promise to call you back but never do. You experience fits of anxiety, but never stay down there for long, because you know this is going to turn out beautiful and well. Then you come upon a printing shop, small and hunched, caving into itself. A woman and a man are sitting behind the counter. You ask them if they are willing to accept your manuscript. They look at each other and exchange glances. You stare at the mustard stain on the woman’s blouse and think about your lover and the country. You wonder what it would feel like to look out the window and see a field of daffodils bobbing in the summer wind. Then the woman is calling you back to the dusty printing shop, she is asking for editing and printing fees. You don’t have the money she is asking for in your pockets right now, but you can’t bear to lose this chance. You feel like this is your first step into bringing something lovely into the world. You decide to ask your girlfriend for a loan. You promise you will soon be successful and give her everything she wants, and you just know you will. You pay the printing press. They tell you they will call back in the next few weeks, but the weeks go by and they don’t. You have a sinking, sinking feeling as you go visit the store. Its empty, the counter grey with dust, your manuscript left abandoned on the grimy water vendor. For a second you have a vision of yourself standing in front of the store— you look so bitter and tiny, flesh yellow in the setting sun.



You travel over to your girlfriend's college the next day, to tell her what happened face to face. It's been such a long time since you have seen her, and though you wish you didn't have to carry the message you're carrying, you're still so glad to be able to meet her again. As you phone her at the school gate, you see a familiar figure walking into a building. It's her, hand in hand with a guy you have never seen before. The sinking feeling you felt the day before hits back, harder this time.

Now your every breath, every utterance holds the word if: if you had chosen to go to a college after all, if you had chosen to go to the college she went to, if you had not been so reckless in your decisions. You may not have been stuck in this cramped apartment, maybe she would not have cheated on you. You try to write again, but you have fallen back and they don't come to your mind easily.

And yet, as the emotions come crashing upon you, you can still hear a quiet echo deep inside your head, something your girlfriend had once said to you.

You will burn, and you will be burned. But you will come back, like you always have, with something more beautiful and extraordinary.

It is a November morning, and the sky is heartbreakingly beautiful. The faded floorboards are scattered with sheets of paper. The sun is high enough to paint the figure hunched in front of the desk golden yellow. The wind is moist, and it gently passes through the open windows and huffs away a several balls of crumpled up paper. It lingers on your still body for a while—fingering your closed eyes, nose, smiling mouth—then whiskers away.

II

You are seventeen years old, and you are very, very smart. This is what people tell you, and you don't have any reason not to believe them. The writing awards, the exemplary transcripts, the smile on the face of your college counselor when you walk into her office because there's nothing about you that needs to be fixed – all the clutter of your life confirms it. Your father agrees. You are his biggest accomplishment. Sometimes when your father tells you about your bright future, you can almost see the version of your future self he pictures: a CEO, or any kind of successful businessman, with a beautiful wife and a gaggle of children. He says that he'd be happy with whatever life you choose, but you know that this is the path he expects of you – his life as a marginally better man. Sometimes when you can't sleep, you try to picture that version of yourself as vividly as possible. You're getting better at it, because most nights you can smell the fabric softener on your perfect white shirts. You can hear your wife's suburban giggle. You can see your impeccable smile. The one that shows all your teeth, but in a non-threatening way. Though, of course, you think about other things.

Mostly, your girlfriend. She's the only person you've ever actually loved, although you're seventeen, so who else would there be? But when you look at her, you see another life unfurling in front of you, constructed by the two of you during countless afternoons in your room where there's not much else to do. Every day, you come home from work, something that doesn't pay that much but you love anyway, and she's there already, beaming at you as always, asking you how your day was and telling you she missed you like she didn't just see you eight hours ago. You have an apartment in the city and you go out every weekend to watch movies and you're constantly giddy with how much you love each other and how lucky you both are. You're both smiling like an idiot constantly, but your cheeks never get tired. Your parents don't like her very much, but it's okay. You'll be poor, but that's an afterthought. She's going to a college you've never heard of, but that's okay too. You can always go with her.

And another life. One you're a little scared to think about and try to avoid, so when you picture it, you only see it in broad strokes, never the details. But it involves you writing, as you do now, writing things you love instead of just pieces you know will get you awards. You drop out of college to live in a studio somewhere, an apartment befitting an archetypal Misunderstood Genius, and all you do each day is write. You picture yourself hunched over a typewriter, clicking away with a slightly manic spark in your eyes, relentless. Eventually, you create something undeniably beautiful, singular, great. You are great too, and you are recognized for it. People read your work for generations, and people are shaped by it. You are revered. Again, you haven't fleshed out the details yet, so your girlfriend and your father are mysteriously absent from this life. But you're sure you'll figure it out.

But you're afraid. You're afraid of failure and you're afraid of judgment. You're afraid of the tight, sour grimace your father tries to hide whenever she comes over. You're afraid of coming home for family reunions and hearing muffled conversations that end when you walk into the room. You're afraid that you're not as special as you think you are, and you're afraid of the thousands of other people your age who think that they're going to write the defining work of the century. So when the time comes to finally apply, you apply to one of the best schools in the country, one you don't know anything about except that it sounds impressive and it was your father's dream school as a child, and when you're accepted, you go. Your girlfriend cries when you tell her, even though you promise that long distance will work out. The first life, the one you're supposed to live, may not be the one you want to live the most, but it's the most natural one. The path someone like you should gravitate towards, as the neighbors' approving smiles and the silent, happy glow of your parents confirm. When September comes and you say goodbye to your father (who hugs you, uncomfortably, for the first time in years) in a city that looks nothing like your hometown, you're content.

COVER STORY

You don't make any friends in the first month, and you don't make any friends in the months after that either. You're a business major, as is everyone else in your classes, but they seem to actually want to be one — when they talk about their future lives as businessmen, lives almost exactly like the one you've chosen to pursue, their faces light up and they smile wider than you'd ever expect from emotionally stunted old money kids. And somehow, the way you imagine your future seems much less detailed than before. When people ask you where you see yourself in ten years, all you can think of is fabric softener. You don't talk much in class, because other people do for you. You haven't been the smartest person in the room for a long time. Your girlfriend texts you good night at the same time every day, but stops because she's busy. You're busy too. You spend a lot of time sitting in the dark. You start a story, but don't get past the first page. A year goes by without you noticing it, and your parents drive across the country to see you. They're clambering into your apartment, and your father looks much older than he did the last time you saw him, and your mother whispers that he got fired, and when your father looks up to you with a shriveled old-man smile and asks you how college is going, you don't know what to say.

The week before you graduate, you get a call. It's your father again, sounding weaker, softer than he did when you were a teenager — or maybe this is just his voice? He tells you that your mother is dead. A horrible accident but somehow a painless death. You're pretty sure you're sad. You don't really remember what she looks like, which scares you, but comfortingly, you still know every feature of your father's face. You outline him in your head, bitter and angular, while he cries into the phone. His voice creaks like a bridge about to break. The week after, you drive home. You're back in the house you grew up in. He offers you a job at his old company — he still has contacts, after all — and you accept, because it's the only thing that makes sense. You ask him about your girlfriend, who you haven't talked to in years, but you don't know what else to call her. "Oh, her? She just got engaged, she lives in our neighborhood. Yeah, to some writer. Didn't you know?". He looks at you with an expression you're pretty sure is sympathy, and you feel like you want to throw up.

The next morning, she comes over to welcome you back, and you're stunned by how much she looks like the type of person your father always wanted you to marry — gentle smile, nondescriptly feminine clothes, holding a plate of box mix brownies. You greet each other and hover in the living room uncomfortably.

"You look pretty." You feel stupid immediately after the words leave your mouth.

"You look older," she replies. "It's a good thing."

"I think it's making me look like my father."

"You don't. You just look like you've aged." You're not sure what to say to this. "Do you still write?"

"Not really, no."

"That's a shame. You were wonderful at it." She pauses, smiles down at her hands. "I loved your story about the saleswoman."

You remember the story she's talking about, mostly. You wrote it when you were fifteen about a woman who couldn't pay back her debts and killed herself. Vaguely sad and distant. A life incomprehensible to you. It won second prize in a national competition for its incisive realism, or something along those lines. You had just started dating her the day you got the award, and she came over to celebrate. She said the story scared

her because she was terrified of ending up like that. "Obviously, this isn't a possibility for you, since you're going to be rich or famous or both," she laughed, only half joking. "But I'm not like you. This is what happens to normal people when they're not lucky enough." And after she said that, her face became very still and quiet, and she looked a little like she wanted to cry. You think about that afternoon a lot. The look on her face. How she looked like some sort of Greek statue, a wistful maiden with an unpronounceable name. You want to ask her what happens to normal people when they are lucky enough. The alternative life open to the blessed and virtuous mundane.

"Neither of us turned out the way we thought we would, did we?", you say, mostly to yourself. She ponders this for a moment and nods. "Are you happy?". She nods again. "How?". You feel stupid for asking this right after you say it. She smiles at you, sad and soft, and for a moment you think that maybe you could try again with her, and for a moment you think you understand, until she gets up from the couch and puts on her coat.

"Eat the brownies. They're good," she says, and leaves.

III

You are 17-year-old, living in rural Idaho. You have a good life, or so you think. But you need to make a decision. A decision of if and where you want to go to college. A decision that everyone at your age has to make. A decision that will change your entire life.

You come from a long line of graduates from your local state college. Your family hopes that you can continue the legacy, even if it is just for sentimental reasons. Speaking of your family, they've always been relatively economically stable, although your father has been unexpectedly fired a few months ago. This caused some stress among your family. But you aren't particularly worried.

You have a girlfriend in your high school, who you spend all your weekends with, partially to teach them school materials due to her struggles with her grades, and partially because you simply enjoy being around her. Last weekend, you cuddled with them in the attic and had perhaps the most intimate moment of your relationship, as you discuss your respective futures. You don't want to lose these physical moments - neither do they. You would do anything for them, as you've told yourself over and over again.

You have the highest GPA out of the whole grade in your local high school. You've been accepted to an Ivy League university in one of the big cities across the country. When you see your acceptance letter, you jump up for excitement and jump down for hesitation. Attending an Ivy League would certainly open a myriad of opportunities for not only your academic future, but also your entire life.

Or would it?

But ultimately, you decide to let go of your high ambitions and attend the local state college. Because of the cheaper cost, because of your family, because of your girlfriend, because of the closer distance. When you are writing that Email to the Ivy League university to decline your admission, your heart rate is increasing. Your fingers are twitching. Your legs are trembling. Don't let this one decision be one that I regret the most, you say to yourself.

So you think you've made the right decision. You attended the local state college thinking your life will be on the upside. One month in, your girlfriend cheats on you with one of their classmates they just met, turning your life straight to the downside. So you think you've made the wrong decision.

So you try to turn your life around. However, you simply can not rid yourself of your depression caused by your romantic partner's betrayal. Soon enough, you become unable to focus in class and slack off all your work. Your grades fall. One year passes, and you would have had an opportunity to transfer to a better college, had your grades not fallen. But once you realize that, it is already too late. No matter how hard you study on that final exam for year one, no matter how many coffees you buy and drink, no matter how many nights you stay up until 4AM during those two weeks before the exams, you cannot turn a semester of lackluster academic performance around. Ultimately, you lose your chance of transferring, and spent the rest of college days in the local state college.

So you graduate. You were going to become a writer, in which a journalism degree would certainly be of help. However, the demand for writers is lowering and lowering, and you soon find yourself in unemployment. You submitted your resume more than 100 times and you did not even gotten one interview. This is because the college you attended is rather poor and unknown. This has to be, you say to yourself. The bills are quickly coming in once you moved out of your college dorm and into your little rented apartment.

So you get a job at the local coffee chain, and on the first day, on the first hour, on the first minute

that you stepped into your new workplace, you instantly know that you made the wrong decision in life. This is not where you envisioned where your future would be when you were seventeen. And it is all because you've made the wrong decision back then. Why did you ever reject that admission from an Ivy League college? It's an Ivy League college! If you went there, you would definitely be working at a professional office with the right job that you love.

You made a mistake, and you cannot get this thought out of your head. Every time you try to get rid of it, one sight at your present reality would bring you back, to those vivid memories in high school, when you submitted those Emails rejecting the Ivy League college and enrolling into your local stage college. When you received A-grades as a fact of routine life. When you had your ex-girlfriend beside you, cuddled in your sofa. When you were loved by others and by yourself. Now you have none of that, you tell yourself, as you stare into the hollow, echoing atmosphere of your tiny apartment.

Years flash by and you are in your early 40s. You got married to a woman that you love, and it's been at least a few years since you've thought about your high school ex-girlfriend. You've been unemployed and employed and unemployed again. You almost forgot about your time at the local coffee chain, but the bits of memory that you were able to squeeze out of your mind doesn't seem so bad. At a certain moment you've got yourself a nice house in a new area of town, and yet you've since lost your home twice in between all

those years, probably picking up a few medical conditions here and there that you can't get checked due to financial issues. But you still have faith that your life will turn around, someday. Hey, maybe it will be tomorrow! You came home that night at 2AM. You had to wake up at 6AM for your first day at your new job as a librarian – you spent almost a year just to find this one job. You didn't.





MY QUEST FOR

If you happen to know me personally and I've asked you "hey, do you have a computer charger?", from the bottom of my heart, I am sorry. If you don't happen to know me personally and I've asked you "hey, do you have a computer charger?", from the bottom of my heart, I am even more sorry. As you can probably already tell, I have a massive problem with getting my computer battery charged. It is a matter of daily routine for me to find myself with a 10% charged computer and panicking, or a 5% charged computer and panicking, or a 1% charged computer and panicking, or a 0% charged computer and too late to be panicking. After years of rigorous practice, I've reached the noble conclusion that there are two main reasons why I get myself into such dilemmas:

A) I FORGET TO BRING A CHARGER, AND

B) I FORGET TO CHARGE AT HOME ON THE NIGHT BEFORE.

Let's start with the most unfortunate situation. If I happen to forget both, then my battery quickly runs out early on during the day. I become a frantic, insane person who asks everyone they see for a charger. When I inevitably cannot find one and my computer screen goes black, I start thinking about how I will never get my life together.

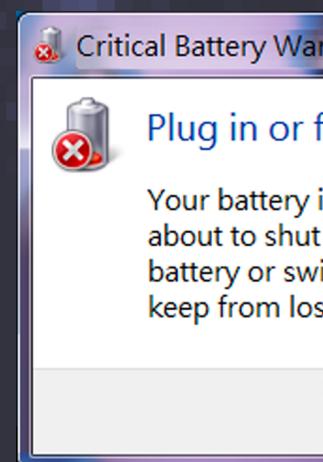
If I happen to forget bringing a charger but not charging at home, then I would start the day off rather confident in my battery's ability to last. However, after a quick game of Geoguessr, I would realize that the battery has dropped to 20% charged. Then, I would quickly regret my decision of playing Geoguessr, but it would be too late. By the second-to-last period (opti-

mistically at best), my battery would run out, and I start thinking about... how I will never get my life together.

If I happen to forget to charge at home but not forget to bring a charger, then I would have to charge my computer at school. Which sounds not so bad of a plan, until you realize that the power outlets in school are all half-broken, and I would have to sit on the floor like a gremlin while my fellow classmates and teachers look down on me pathetically - which I mean, fair point to them. Then, I start thinking about how I will never get my life together.

If I happen to remember to bring a charger and charge at home - no, that doesn't ever happen. Sorry to disappoint.

I have faced significant repercussions for my incompetence, with the most common one being that I would fail to hand in homework. I distinctly remember an English class back in grade 9 when my computer completely ran out of battery. We had a reading assignment (that I did on my computer), and when my teacher came around to check on mine, I could only explain to her that my computer ran out of battery. She did not consider this to be a valid reason (props to her, she is right) and demanded that I buy a physical copy of the text (she is probably also right about this). And that is the story of how I lost 80 RMB because of my immense failures at doing one of the most basic tasks in human history - charging a laptop. There is one more common situation caused by uncharged computers that is worse,





CHARGERS

Written by:
Bobby Sheng
Photos from:
Google, Pinterest

nning

Find another power source

is very low (7%), and your computer is down. You should change your switch to outlet power immediately to finishing your work.

OK

however. This situation is not only more frequent than the others, but also more pain-inducing, traumatizing, and mentally draining, approximately approaching the epitome of human suffering. Every time I experience it, I metaphorically go through the seven gates of hell. And yes, that is – not having something to distract myself during boring classes.

At this point, you may ask: considering how much pain I've gone through, why can't I just charge my computer beforehand and also bring a charger? Is it really so difficult? To be honest, if I were you, I would ask that too, but since I am not you, I would like to take a moment and break this down: If I were to charge my computer the night before, this would first require me to move my computer to a different location 1 meter away from

where I usually put it, as my charging cables are not long enough. This may seem like a small task, but when it is 1AM and I cannot sustain activity any longer, even the smallest tasks become the worst adversities – yes, even more so than staying awake during class for an entire day. That is difficult enough, not to mention that this plan would require me to have the brain capacity to remember such an act. If I were to bring a charger, not only would that require an even larger utilization of the aforementioned brain power, but it would also require me to unplug my charger from my home's power outlets, coil it, then put it in my bag. The whole process may take up to a rather long duration of 30 seconds, which is certainly not an optional during busy mornings when I have 20 minutes to get ready for everything.

↓ ABOUT

After some thorough examination, it seems like the excuses against getting my computer charged are so great that they almost become reasons. So, there you go – this is why my computer is almost never charged. Next time I desperately ask you for a charger, you may understand why and start feeling sorry for me (although you really shouldn't). But perhaps more importantly, through writing this article and outlining all my past misfortunes with computer batteries, I do feel a greater sense of connectivity with my own conscience. At the very least, next time I enter a charger incident, I will understand how it came to be, how many excuses I've made before, and just maybe, perhaps, for a chance I would remember to bring a charger and charge on the night before next time.

Viva La Vida: Long Live Life

The Family's Secret

What if I suddenly tell you that you've got an ability to time travel?

About Time (2013) begins with Tim (Domhnall Gleeson) discovering his family's secret on the day he turns 21. The men of the family inherit the ability to time travel, and the way to do so is to simply recall a moment in memory:

"You go into a dark place. Then you clench your fists... think of the moment you're going to, and you'll find yourself there."

Nevertheless, there will be consequences in the present and future when there is a significant change in the past.

About Time follows Tim after the reveal of this life-changing secret, as he travels back.

Love at First Sight

If you could go back to a moment in your life, what kind of love would you have? Imagine yourself getting Tim's ability to time travel and perfect the first encounter with your love.

Leaving his serene hometown for the bustling city of London to find his dream and love, Tim falls in love with a shy but jolly woman named Mary (Rachel McAdams) at first sight. One day, in a blind restaurant, they stumble upon each other and dine together in the dark. Drawn to the unknown dinner partner, they come out of the restaurant and feel certain that they are in love. After exchanging phone numbers, Tim returns home, where he finds his playwright roommate Harry in despair because of an actor who forgot lines for a big monologue in Harry's play. When Tim travels back to help Harry by reminding the actor of his lines, he learns that due to the time-muddling, the first happenstance with Mary no longer occurs. Every change he made in the past had consequences for the present and future. Learning a bitter lesson, Tim chooses to travel back to find Mary again in their first encounter, starting a lifelong expedition of love and loss and living each day to the fullest with his soulmate.

Written by:
Jennifer Suh
Photos from:
Google

Tim's Dilemma

You might be living a better life with the new ability that I told you about. But, do you remember a caveat that I told you?

Not long after, Tim and Mary get their first lovely daughter, Posy. Expecting to begin a happy life with their daughter, Tim encounters a tragic news: his sister, Kit Kat, gets into a car accident because of her lousy boyfriend. Tim goes back to the day when Kit Kat meets her boyfriend to prevent his sister's accident. However, there comes a responsibility for every change Tim makes. Because of the twisted time, the child between Tim and Mary becomes a son, not their one and only daughter, Posy. In order to give birth to Posy, Tim must go back to the exact time when her daughter is brought to life, but the possibility of that occurrence is too short to track. Eventually, Tim chooses to bring back his daughter, giving up on saving his sister. As time passes by, Kit Kat gradually recovers and meets a better person who can love and care for her sincerely. His sister was much stronger than Tim feared to be. Through his heartbreakingly dilemma, Tim realizes the nature of how we are born to recover and move on.

Eternal Farewell

What if you know that you must make a final farewell to your parents in your life? Are you able to let them go?

Realizing that Mary is expecting another child and his father is about to die, Tim faces a distressing choice of whether to accept his father's death or give up his new life. Unable to make the final choice, Tim repetitiously time-travels and lives the day before his father's death again but eventually makes an eternal farewell to his father. Traveling back to the happiest memory with his father, the moment when they walked down a beach as a young father and son, Tim gets the last piece of advice from his father: choose an ordinary life and live that mundane day again.

Having made an eternal farewell, Tim goes on with his life. It was an ordinary day when Tim tried to carry out his father's last advice.

Unlike the tough and unexpected impression of a typical day, he recognizes the beauty of life in the second repetition of that very day.

Eventually, Tim learns a rule for happiness from his father's last piece of advice:

"We're all traveling through time together every day of our lives. All we can do is do our best to relish this remarkable ride."

About Time ends with Tim's final determination,
*"I try to live every day as if it was the final day
of my extraordinary ordinary life."*

Voyage

Life is repetitive. Burdened by the cyclic fatigue of life, we sometimes wish to travel to a moment in the past. Perhaps, it's because you want to see a person dear to you once again, like Tim with his father. Perhaps, it's because you want to change a moment like Tim's love dilemma.

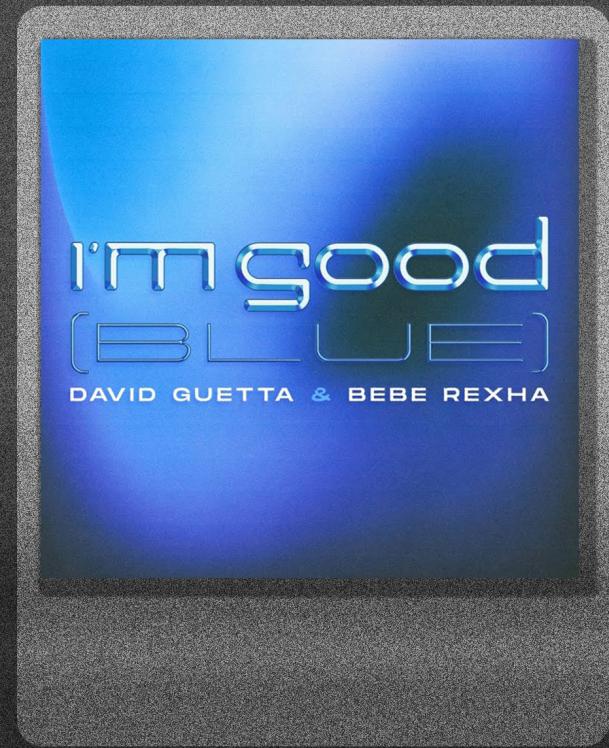
The movie *About Time* reminds us of how time in our world is limited by highlighting the value of ordinary life and repetitive choices. It tells us that we should appreciate repetition in our life as a special gift because we all have a limited amount of time to live. Life is a voyage with a destination. Instead of longing for time-traveling ability for *infinite life*, enjoy the mundaneness in *finite life*.



Old Hits are Taking Back the Music Charts

Written by:
Lianna Pan
Photos from:
Google, Pinterest

Last week, I felt venturous to finally step out from my comfort playlists and engaged in my monthly ritual of clicking into Featured Charts: Top Global Songs and Billboard Hot 100. Here's what I found other than Harry Style's "As It Was" still reigning the charts. David Guetta and Bebe Rexha are bringing back 1999 song hit Blue (Da Ba Dee) by interpolating heavily samples Blue into their new I'm Good (Blue). Tom Odell's all-cried-out romance song "Another Love" which broke to Top 10 of UK Singles in 2013 is, once again, rising up the charts. Kate Bush's song (yes, throwback to the 80s) "Running Up that Hill (make a deal with god)" is back in the zeitgeist thanks to its climactic inclusion in the latest season of *Stranger Things* where Kate Bush's singing breaks Max out of her dark hallucinations. Detect a trend here? Old music is making a come back unlike never before. In fact, according to the most recent music analytics from former Billboard parent MRC, old songs (defined as older than 18 months) make up 72 percent of the U.S. music market, everything from music creation to distribution. All the while, an analysis of *60 Years of Billboard Hot 100* Data found that a decreasing number of different artists are cracking Top 100, along with the fact that each of those artists are charting 1.5x to 2x as many songs. In essence, the masses are growingly demanding old (and interpolated old) music, the same familiar faces are dominating our charts, and tastemakers of the music industry are gatekeeping who gets to appear on these charts. What on earth does this mean?



Here is the paradox: there are two conflicting parties struggling for influence in this rocky musical landscape of our age. One, there's the new creator class, the newly rising artists who can create pretty much anything and in a massive amount, benefitting from this age's democratized access to tools. On the other, there's the institutional power held in the hands of a few music labels that primarily want to profit off of any financial opportunities they eye. The challenge for talented new artists is for their music to be seen and distinguished before they drown in the vast body of works out there. In an age with unlimited capacity for creation, what results is a glut of unfiltered, unwanted work, mostly of a conforming quality to already existing music. In sifting through such infinite content, we would actually *benefit* from having some gatekeepers. Meanwhile, institutions have the power to filter, recommend and push music out to the public. They wield such power by promoting music that sells. Music industry giants cater to the tastes of the masses—they do so by reducing the ever-so-big consumer taste to its lowest common denominator, resulting in average music that appeals to the average people. So, what do our current top hits on institutionally curated music charts show us? Given the evidence AI bots have gathered while analyzing our every move on streaming sites, we are favoring (1) familiar/old music and (2) a pop music that is converging in style to homogeneity.

In a culture where replication and reproduction are rewarded, monotony will inevitably characterize our music. New pop music has comfortably retained its sameness in its formulaic song structure and favorite chord progressions, but now with sentimental touch to the old. Bebe Rexha's "I'm Good (Blue)" directly samples old music. Olivia Rodrigo, 2021's most successful overnight sensation, interpolates much of Taylor Swift in her songs "1 Step Forward, 3 Steps Back" and "Déjà vu." Lil Nas X interpolates Nirvana in his song "Panini." A cartel of pop stars has conquered pop music and conquered our hearts. The medicinal nostalgia that comes with familiar melodies and artists profoundly moves us. When listening to familiar music, our brains engage in large-scale neural networks that evoke past memories and produce a visceral emotional experience. Amidst our uncertainty in navigating these mass-produced musical grounds, faced with the unrestrained freedom to choose, we often opt for the familiar. Choosing the familiar resolves both choice paralysis and the need for musical comfort.



Love Story

Taylor Swift



0:00



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT



PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

Friends, we are living in the reality of a corrosive music industry where top 1% of music artists earn 77% of all recorded music income. Algorithms are not as empowering and customizable as we think them to be, for underneath these innocuous “just for you” recommendations is a system where 90 percent of the streams still go to the same top 1% of artists. We are risking a future that will no longer offer quality “new” content made *from* today and *for* today. Of course, we have plenty of for today music; it may well be an existing song I discovered (subliminally gave in to the algorithm) today. However, contemporane-

ity doesn’t always equate to innovation and originality—we see this as we are being caught back in a cycle of interpolated music. It is crucial to distinguish between what is new content from our age versus what is new for a new audience. We are the real tastemakers of our age. We can rewrite the rules to this top-down, oligopoly control in the music industry. We have the potential to drive the music market into embracing diversity with our daily decisions in the music we consume. Let us pause to reevaluate our definition of success in music charts—one based on superficial stream counts, views, and ad-revenues. Do these shallow indicators of success truly capture the depth and quality of the song? We can’t possibly be satisfied with being passively spoon-fed music finds; systems are to be challenged and pushed further, even if it means manually overriding algorithms. Be aware of the algorithmic rabbit holes you are falling into. Support emerging artists that you appreciate and relate to. Bring on all the weird, indie, edgy, and foreign, for the “new” from and for today, make today.

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3:55



LITERATURE



THE WORST THINGS I'VE EVER DONE

Got a piercing without telling mom. Then went back to get four more until my ear swelled up, pig pink & ridge-swallowing. Lied about winning the math competition—I didn't even attend it because I pretended to have an asthma attack but really just ate bags of fried collards until I threw up swirls of sap green, algal blooms floating in toilet water. Cried out of coming to class, even though I didn't believe in anything worth crying for anymore, I just didn't want to learn about eutrophication, those windshield-blue cod sinking into the green of unchecked plant growth, how sometimes life is suffocating in its wild abundance. Instead of listening to the proverbial lie, the one in which young Da Vinci spent three years drawing eggs in Verrocchio's studio until they were perfect, I squeezed red paint onto the canaries whose likeness I failed to capture, pressed my hands into the coils of pigment & made wide circles in the shape of dying suns, then blamed it on my sister. The next day, I watched in silence as dad tore her drawings, all the purple ferns & bold birds with human eyes, slow like folding blankets. Didn't apologize for any of it: not the damage I couldn't create perfect eggs out of, or the look on my mother's face when I told her where on my arms this damage ends. Why should I? Even on days where I choose to consider the lake for every creature it has spared from death, the stubborn cod parting through red tide, I still have to watch my sister pull a hangnail down to her flaking red fingers, then another, & another, every night before sleep. Always promising, I'll stop this time. Always, I swear I didn't start because of you. I swear I didn't watch as you pressed scaled flesh from the upper bunk forcefully back into water, coaxed color out of raised lines. I just didn't have anything to do with my hands. That's all.

Written by: Mimi Yang
Illustrated by: Mimi Yang



Written by: Hannah Zhou
Photos by: Nina Ma

As we start a new school year, many of us are breaking out of our summer shells and returning to the fast-paced rhythm of our academic careers. Some of us are continuing our paths in different institutions. Yet all of us may have had to say goodbye to fellow students or simply reminisce about the people of our past. Here are three poems that respectively pay homage to a new school year, to friends, and to people we miss.

it's august,
but they have begun to fly
away.
to where it's warm.
we can't escape;
we won't ourselves leave.
the shackles we wear
are the only path we own, we know
they're invisible,
yet they weigh our whole world.
if we had wings,
no one would know how to use them.
looking up at the sky,
we gasp and point,
yet our minds freeze our wings shut.
if we had the keys
no one would dare use them.
every time they fly away,
i notice
for the umpteenth first time,
i'm wearing shackles and
they are chafing my mind.



WHEN THEY FLY AWAY

LITERATURE



my dear, dear chrysanthemum
i am not a fool
i know that my affection is raging for you
nothing can temper my bright colors that
complement yours
two blinding stars at
our glory
i know not of the
coming days
and i won't believe
them

my dear, dear sunflower
i am not a fool
i know our time together is golden.
after the sky falls
we wilt,
surrounded, but lonely in the dark.
our promises of tomorrow
tucked in our anxious hearts
waiting for the sun to find us again
to let us see each other afresh

my dear, dear dandelion
i am not a fool
i know that with time
we will become strangers
merely groping at delicate, wispy seeds of who
we once were
leaving remnants of ourselves for safekeeping
in memory only

my dear, dear tulip

i am not a fool

i know that our fates are in our hands

that after toiling through the soil

when we reach the surface,

we will see each other

new buds

whose roots are connected deep in the past

but petals show a new face

we'll have the season to reconnect

and we'll make the same promises of tomorrow

we made as sunflowers

THE FLOW OF FLOWERS

my dear, dear cactus

i am not a fool

i know that responsibility has parched us of life

we only have attention for the next day

to get by

we are not old

but we are not young

we don't have time, energy

to find the ghosts of our past

when we were chrysanthemums

my dear, dear rose

i am not a fool

i know that with time

our thorns will thicken

our skin will harden

our petals will wither

and we will gently accept our fate

our browned and crisp petals

will twirl to the ground

the stem, our only connection

parched, cracked, broken

existing together

but never knowing

always wondering

how are you

before we disintegrate for the last time

Subconscious Nostalgia

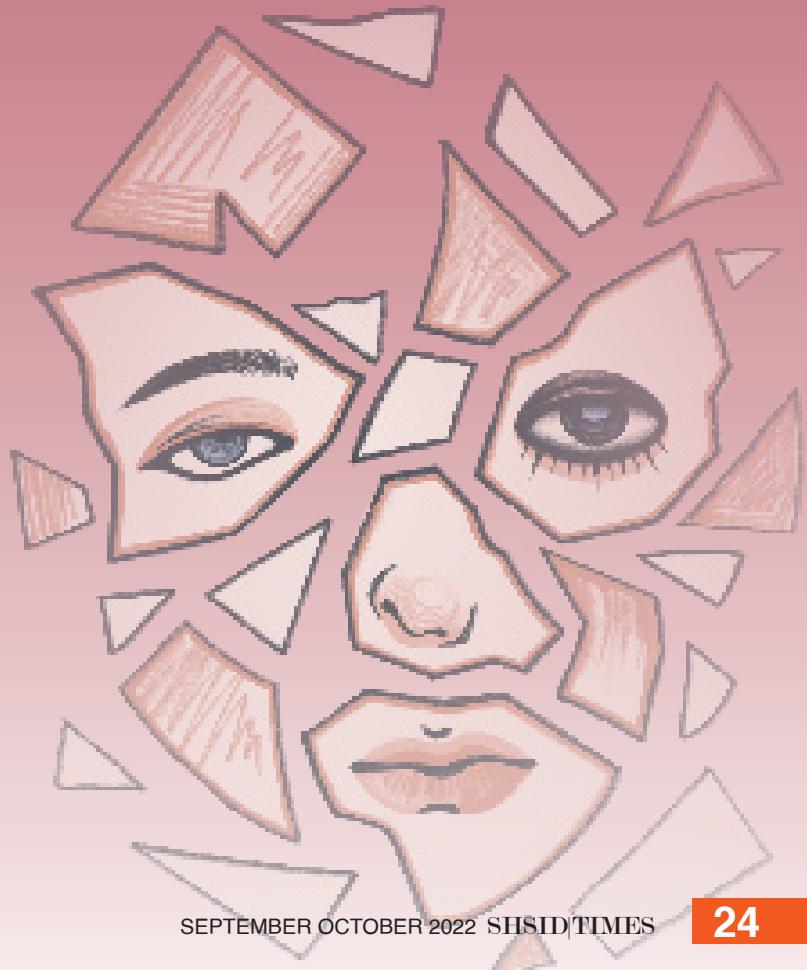


i wake up drowning
choking on salt drops.
sadness squeezes me violently
when years of missing
are only quenched by dream minutes.
“are you excited to leave?”
she tells me “i’m ready to join you.”
lock her in my arms
to make up for my absence.
countdown from 5, 4, 3, 2, 1
she pushes me away while i
cling onto her wisps.
she turns away
she doesn’t look back and
i open my eyes to water ripples

TREPANATION

Written by: Renee Yeh
 Illustrated by: Mimi Yang

The body of a man, a woman, morphed into an atrocity
 That shrouds my parents' eyes with fear
 And my sibling's with disdain
 And the so-called playmates who had once pressed me to the ground
 And stared at me with condescension
 Doctor, witch-sorcerer, she told me I needed time to-
 Walk out of it all
 With her herbs and mortar and pestle
 That provide me a way to sleep forever
 God-victim, chosen oddity, insane
 It's better to kneel than steal the day away
 for I see blood on the dust road to our temple
 And Anu's statue grinning
 Tongue protruding, three footed, hands warped
 Voices in my head scream in an unknown tongue
 But it is my own
 I close my eyes and they sing a chilling song
 I open them and they ask me what I
 Ate for breakfast (barley bread, barely bred!)
 How the end is easier than the beginning
 When you live as a monster in the eyes of those steeped
 In normalcy
 You try to tell them you can live
 You're just like them
 You're harmless (YOU'RE HARMLESS!!)
 But they steep you in doubt and a hideous mask
 Of danger, aggression-
 They hold up the portrait they painted of you
 And call it a reflection from Enki's Lake
 A mirror of their dread, instead?
 The image's stuck in their heads like date syrup
 Nevertheless, never mind, neverminded
 Because everything is a lot
 And I'd rather free my brain than live until it rots
 Under their poisonous words that decay
 Every cell, every day, I'm too tired to escape
 So I let her take her flintstone
 And drill a hole in my head



Wanderer, aimless, I trudge
Back from the dirt
Where he had once desecrated
And I had thrashed
Now I master these manic episodes
They weren't there before! Had he given them to-
My mind screams and scrapes on the inside of my skull and
ALL I CAN SAY IS IT MAKES ME SAD!
ALL I CAN SAY IS IT MAKES ME MAD!
ALL I CAN SAY IS IT MAKES ME GLAD!
One day I would kiss the soil he threw me on
Joyous with the prospect of being alive and crawling
Licking the dung beetles on their shells
Why do they look at me like that?
Live a little!
Then up again, high!
The greatest joy, all pleasures, no sleep (quite literally)
For sixty-nine days and sixty-nine nights
I'm the richest man on the earth
I'm a basketful of nectar on the hearth
I'm a bringer of mirth and jealousy
Everyone wants to be just like me!
And down I go again
Delusions dissipate, and I am left
An empty cicada shell
Blown to and fro by the wind
Graying as if I turned
From Hermes to Hades
Flying on my winged sandals too close to the sun
“Achilles, my love, come down from the tree!”
So I jump, unexpectedly! And float past Eleusis
Back to my throne made from
Bat skin and maggots
From the sky to the sea-trench filled with lava
They told me my humors were unbalanced
They told me to open my wrists like third eyes
And let the gold flow
So Charon could welcome me with open arms
And I wouldn't laugh nor cry
For it's better to feel nothing
Than to be on two extremes
Trying to tune it up, then down
With every rise of the tide
With every swell of the sea
I want to fight back but I just can't breathe
So I let them do what they want with me
And with eyes open, cease to be

WITH EYES
REST IN
I WILL FORGIVE
THEM FOR
SINS

YES OPEN PIECES



they
 Took me to a ghetto and my lover to another
 Told me I should be a faithful wife, a mother-
 Purged the woman out of me with hydrogen peroxide
 Now I'm dripping with paleness, too white for the
 Outside world

they
 build walls around us, made portraits of us
 inferior femoids of lust and luster
 confines us to a glass shard-laced chamber
 and told us to serve them beer

they
 failed to keep us inside, however
 we neutralized the shackles by being clever
 we lived as heroes, led rampage on the concentration camp
 with improvised molotovs and black gas masks

they
 caught all but me, in the end
 I watched my comrade's brains blown to pieces
 His lover screamed silently, and he too had
 Bloodred flowers on his white hospital gown

they
 -and luckily too! Chanced to look away
 As I took the clothes of a soldier's handmaid
 Pretended I just got off work, now outside!
 Dreaming of lacing their wine with cyanide

they
 May have erased my friends and family
 Might have handled my love badly
 But I will forgive them for their sins
 By bashing all their steel skulls in

Sobs claws walls chokes rolls on ground
Screaming, chlorine drinking, Starbucks paper bag eating
(yes it tastes like lean)
Screeching into the sink with my stuffed animals watching
Behind me
Behind me
I'm behind you, myself is losing
I drew a thing! It does the job of scaring-
I made it rhyme! Hurrah! Surprise!
No I don't want to eat pineapples
No I don't want to smell bleach
No I don't like chemistry
No I don't want BPD
Bloody hell, bloody hell- I'm overthinking again
Pufferfish contain a powerful toxin that can conclude an adult a
few hours after ingestion
B r e a t h e

I make some sounds, oh yes I do!
But that doesn't make me saner than you!
what if all clouds looked like antelopes?
Autocorrect told me to add a question mark and I listened
Am I that submissive? Am I that dependent?
He embraced both me and the antithesis
Rest in peace or poly pieces
The only thing the raven has in common with the writing desk
Is that I could have eaten them both
If it weren't for my calcium teeth
And my all too human digestive system
I hugged a jacket today and pretended it was my child
I smothered her in the auditorium
And cried crocodile tears as the paper clips on the floor
Roared with laughter
Everything is just shapes, shapes, shapes, color-
I should've been a boy, I should've been a father
I should've drunk that bleach last summer
I should've listened in physics class
I should've erased my past-self faster



WE ARE NOT MONSTERS



Sometimes I think:
 Let me go back to the toy stores with looming aisles
 And sleep sweetly under that barbie pile
 I poured lemonade on my computer but Big Brother
 can still see
 my search history
 so I dunked it down the drain instead
 and said to the sewage:
 "Destroy me!"
 And waited for the flood to come
 For one millisecond I waited
 One second, one minute
 One week, one year
 And still I am alive-so I contemplate the alternative
 What if there's something to live for?
 What if there's something to live for?
 What if there's a way out
 Of the self-deprecation, of the subtle aberration
 Free from the grasps of people who try
 To whiten my skin with toothpaste and
 Brainwash the underrated youth with pop music
 Telling us there's only two binaries
 Stuff girls in pink dresses and boys in blue pants
 And drown out all the neithers, boths, or in-betweens
 With Vaseline (what am I saying??)
 So I close my eyes in the face of the
 Conservatives, neo-Nazis, race realists, homophobes
 Petty bourgeoisie, tyrants, threepers, religious cretins
 And look to my soul siblings instead
 With our matches that set fire
 to the flag of the social order
 A shudder, my colored pencils assembled like a
 Pacifist army
 And we link our arms and shout out to you
 "we are not monsters."

韵律与复句

Written by: Norah Cen
 Illustrated by: Wakana
 Yokoyama

“滴，滴，滴。”

飞船内震耳欲聋的警报声响起。一座座透明的高墙将我推开。我再次坠落，看着逃生窗离我越来越远。

又一次逃离失败。

又一次重蹈覆辙。

这样大费周章的周而复始实在常见。我闭上眼，便能感触到干燥的草地与拥有上千年历史的钟摆摆动述说的篇章——那是我坠落的终点站。

果不其然，我落在了飞船中央的公园里。那是这一堆破铜废铁的心脏，是飞船内唯一一处自然景观。我轻轻拍了拍身上的草屑，站了起来，转头扫视了四周，蹙了蹙眉。周围的许愿池翻涌出浪花，带着人们温热祈望投下的硬币也因时间流逝积淀了一层厚泥。身下的粉黛呈现出枯黄色。面前，大树上的最后一片叶子在风中摇摇欲坠。那片叶子看起来还很年轻，翠绿的颜色仿佛展示着盛夏时的辉煌。树上充盈着无数鲜活的灵魂。但现在也只剩下一片狼藉，以及它了。

这座人造的堡垒在死去，幸存的只有我与老国王。老国王瘫坐在大树最顶端的王座上，俯视着他的王国。我不禁想道，”老国王知道他的王国即将要覆灭了吗？“

很可惜，我的疑问是一封寄出去却杳无音信的文字，是随着银币一同无声沉入许愿池的缄默。没人会告知我答案了，因为这里，只剩我了。

反反复复与韵律与反反复复

“扑通，扑通，扑通。”

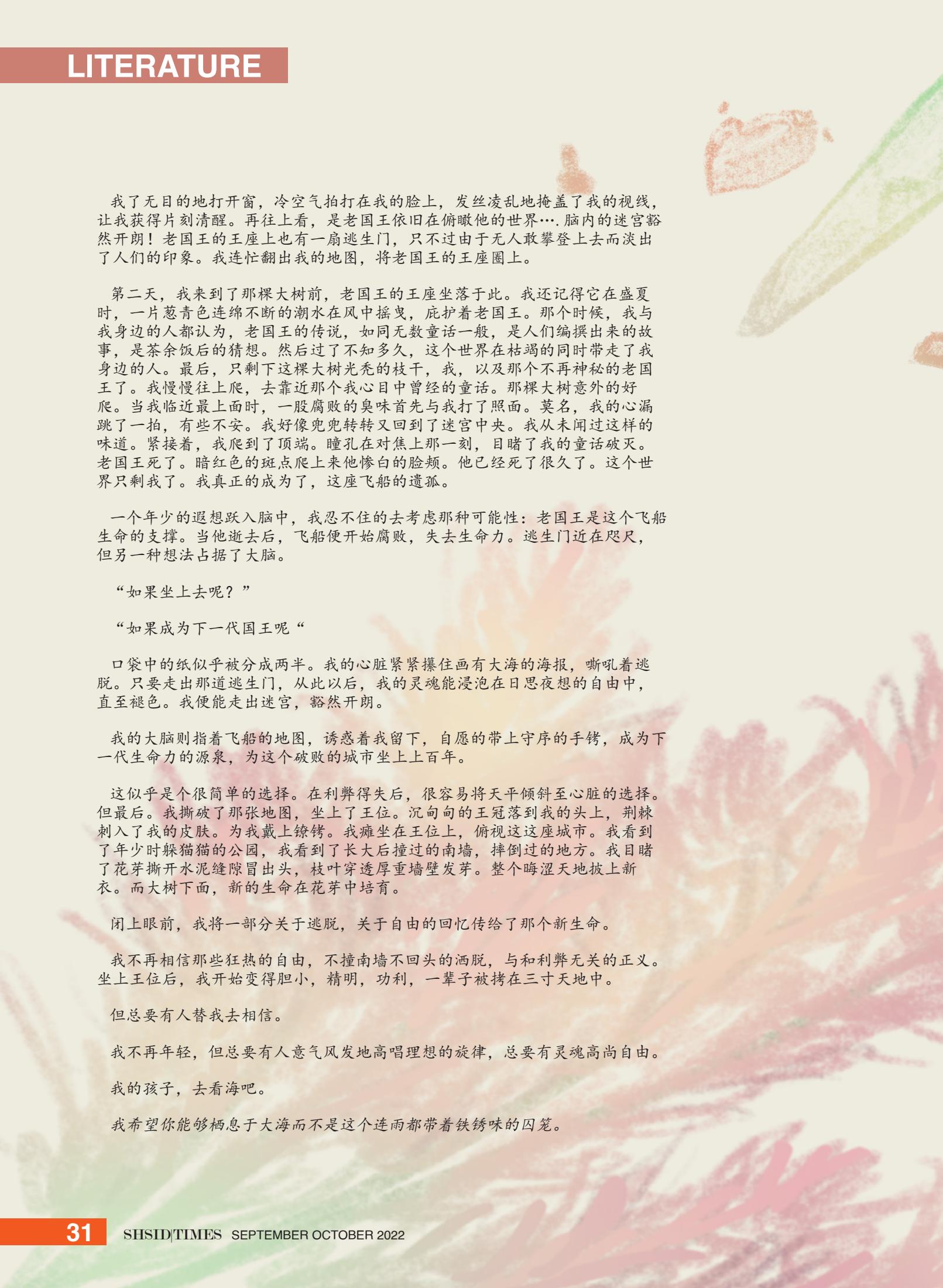
因为剧烈运动而加快跳动频率的心脏慢慢恢复成原来的样子。我吐出一口长气，走出了公园。脚下，枯叶咔擦咔擦的声音成为了除了我的心跳外唯一的动响。

这座飞船好像休眠了，路边的餐馆放着一盘盘菜肴，上面凝固着一层白花花的油，使它早不已不像广告牌上那样动人。工业的路灯散发出荧荧微光，在我身下投射出影子作伴。这里，没有落日余晖告知故事的结尾，没有钟盘上的数字区分日子之间的不同，没有时间概念。但我能如此清晰地感触到，我们已经走到了时间的末路。

回到家后，我从口袋中掏出一张皱巴巴的纸。纸边毛躁发黄，上面画满了红色的叉。抚平纸张，我拿出马克笔，在飞船最西边的观景台上画下了又一个鲜红夺目的叉，代表着再一次警报声响起，再一次目睹着飞船外未知的世界离我远去。密密麻麻的叉掩盖了原本的蓝图，我踏遍了这座世界的每个角落，每个通道，每扇逃生窗。我站在迷宫中央，无论往哪里奔跑，都是一头撞上南墙，撞个头破血流。只能罢休，停留在原地。我将纸翻面，地图的背后是一张海报，上面画着海，颜色早已在无尽的尝试与等待中褪色了。但我依稀那是一片蔚蓝的海岸，点缀着滴滴洁白的人鱼眼泪。潮湿的海风与翻涌的浪花模糊了界线。那片海督促着我去逃离这个飞船，逃离我的命运。我不甘就此陨灭，成为银河中的一颗星尘。我希望能够栖息于大海而不是这个连雨都带着铁锈味的囚笼。

可那些对于未来的美好期望都建立在脆弱易碎的横木上。而横木摇摇欲坠。





我了无目的地打开窗，冷空气拍打在我的脸上，发丝凌乱地掩盖了我的视线，让我获得片刻清醒。再往上看，是老国王依旧在俯瞰他的世界……脑内的迷宫豁然开朗！老国王的王座上也有一扇逃生门，只不过由于无人敢攀登上去而淡出了人们的印象。我连忙翻出我的地图，将老国王的王座圈上。

第二天，我来到了那棵大树前，老国王的王座坐落于此。我还记得它在盛夏时，一片葱青色连绵不断的潮水在风中摇曳，庇护着老国王。那个时候，我与我身边的人都认为，老国王的传说，如同无数童话一般，是人们编撰出来的故事，是茶余饭后的猜想。然后过了不知多久，这个世界在枯竭的同时带走了我身边的人。最后，只剩下这棵大树光秃的枝干，我，以及那个不再神秘的老国王了。我慢慢往上爬，去靠近那个我心目中曾经的童话。那棵大树意外的好爬。当我临近最上面时，一股腐败的臭味首先与我打了照面。莫名，我的心漏跳了一拍，有些不安。我好像兜兜转转又回到了迷宫中央。我从未闻过这样的味道。紧接着，我爬到了顶端。瞳孔在对焦上那一刻，目睹了我的童话破灭。老国王死了。暗红色的斑点爬上来他惨白的脸颊。他已经死了很久了。这个世界只剩我了。我真正的成为了，这座飞船的遗孤。

一个年少的遐想跃入脑中，我忍不住的去考虑那种可能性：老国王是这个飞船生命的支撑。当他逝去后，飞船便开始腐败，失去生命力。逃生门近在咫尺，但另一种想法占据了大脑。

“如果坐上去呢？”

“如果成为下一代国王呢”

口袋中的纸似乎被分成两半。我的心脏紧紧攥住画有大海的海报，嘶吼着逃脱。只要走出那道逃生门，从此以后，我的灵魂能浸泡在日思夜想的自由中，直至褪色。我便能走出迷宫，豁然开朗。

我的大脑则指着飞船的地图，诱惑着我留下，自愿的带上守序的手铐，成为下一代生命力的源泉，为这个破败的城市坐上上百年。

这似乎是个很简单的选择。在利弊得失后，很容易将天平倾斜至心脏的选择。但最后。我撕破了那张地图，坐上了王位。沉甸甸的王冠落到我的头上，荆棘刺入了我的皮肤。为我戴上镣铐。我瘫坐在王位上，俯视这这座城市。我看到了年少时躲猫猫的公园，我看到了长大后撞过的南墙，摔倒过的地方。我目睹了花芽撕开水泥缝隙冒出头，枝叶穿透厚重墙壁发芽。整个晦涩天地披上新衣。而大树下面，新的生命在花芽中培育。

闭上眼前，我将一部分关于逃脱，关于自由的回忆传给了那个新生命。

我不再相信那些狂热的自由，不撞南墙不回头的洒脱，与和利弊无关的正义。坐上王位后，我开始变得胆小，精明，功利，一辈子被拷在三寸天地中。

但总要有人替我去相信。

我不再年轻，但总要有人意气风发地高唱理想的旋律，总要有灵魂高尚自由。

我的孩子，去看海吧。

我希望你能够栖息于大海而不是这个连雨都带着铁锈味的囚笼。

快餐往事

那天晚上我想着她，辗转反侧，干脆坐起来提笔就开写：

“‘女士，恕我冒昧，但是我非常想告诉你：蜗牛妈妈生小蜗牛的时候会把蜗牛身子和蜗牛壳分开发，然后小蜗牛就会钻进那个壳待一辈子。’这男士身着灯芯绒一身猎装，掐着两杯开心儿童餐特别橙汁靠上麦当劳开心儿童餐售卖吧台。

麦当劳里放着爵士乐，萨克斯独特的音色绵绵地传进女士的耳朵里。一定是吃多了开心儿童餐，她半醉不醉，嘴角微抿，张嘴就说：‘然后小蜗牛长大了之后，就会把蜗牛壳挤成两半，再把自己的肉塞进缝里，生生压出大个儿的壳。’

‘哇哦！真是这样吗女士？我说的那是我自己编的。’男士面露惊讶表情，显然没有期待自己胡编的一套故事还有续集。

‘我说的也是编的。’女士一笑。”

写到这里我停下笔，抬头张望，天上星斗慢慢盘转。我继续写：

“姑娘，我听说天上每一颗星星都会在那轨道里跑，跑多少多少遍也不带停。有的星星跑一百年兜一圈，有的星星跑四百年兜一圈，千千万万这样的星星都独自在自己的道路上行走。可是总有那样一天，所有独自行走的星星都会在某一个特殊的时间点，当他们都完成了自己眼前的一圈，回到初始的地点，互相看着将要出发的对方。我想不到那一刻的它们都会说些什么，一颗颗千万年前见过一面的星。那是宇宙重置的一刻，到那时，你与我，都会像那漫天星辰一样，回到我们初生的地方，那时你不会写字，我也不会；你不会算数，我也不会；你不会穿粉白的束腰裙，我也不会穿蓝黑的羊绒西装；回到我们还不是女人或男人的时候，回到我们都还没有姓名的时候。那时我会告诉你：蜗牛妈妈生小蜗牛的时候会把蜗牛身子和蜗牛壳分开发，然后小蜗牛就会钻进那个壳待一辈子。而你会告诉我：你爱我。这时我会说：我说的是编的。而你会说：”

信到这里就结束了，蓝色墨水印在黄白色的纸上。几天后信又回来了，附着一张麦当劳开心儿童餐礼品卡，带着她写下的几个字：

我说的那是真的。

雨漫

2022.10.6

Written by:
Yuman
Photos by:
Haige Zhang

RHYTHMS AND REPETITION:

Written by:

Fiona Shen

Illustrated by:

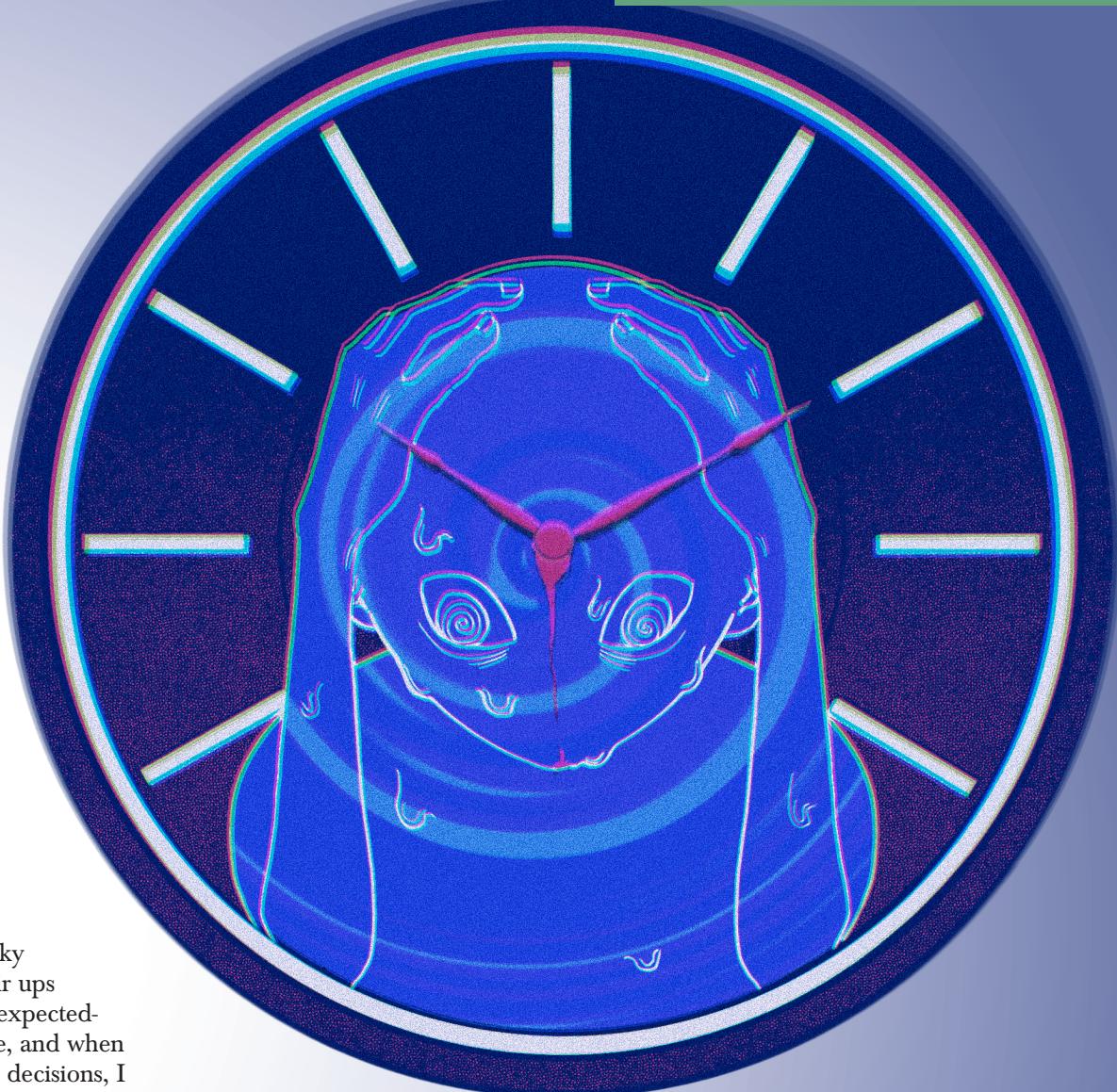
Laki



Tick tock, tick tock to the sounds of the hands of the clock seemingly going faster and faster. My hands became sweatier, my heart beat faster and louder, and my head became lightheaded. Why? Well, because I didn't have my shelter, my necessity. I'd experienced some type of change, whether it was a new school schedule or moving across the country. Patterns and structures in my life bring me tranquility. I don't have to wrack my brain over the unforeseeable future. If everything had stayed the same, I'd have felt safe and secure. Everyone fears the unknown, and we enjoy the stability in our lives that keep us grounded. Adjusting to a simple change is difficult, but I am terrified of staying stuck in the past, unable to move on.

Case one: faced with a new school year, my senior year, after almost a whole semester of lockdown, I feel like I've been robbed. A new school year brings new classes, teachers, and schedules. Everything is different. With this structure changed, I seem to be stuck processing it all. The loading sign above my head blinks, lagging and unmoving. What's happening to me? I seem frozen in time. This structural change has caused me to become stressed. I'm not ready for things to change, for senior year to start and then end with time spreading its wings and hastily flying like it's rushing to cross the finish line. I'm not ready to turn 18 and be an adult with additional responsibilities like paying bills, buying groceries, and living on my own. With so many worries and concerns about which I can't handle, I feel my sweat trickling down; is it because of my thick attire or because I'm scared to move on in life? This question leads me to case number two.

TAKE IT ALL IN



Case two:
Craving stability with no rocky roads with their ups and downs unexpectedly attacking me, and when faced with two decisions, I automatically choose the safe route, the safe path that I know will lead me to familiarity and success. I unconsciously avoid taking risks that cause me harm. Similar to walking around a puddle, it's easier to avoid than deal with the soaking aftermath, ruining your shoes. New changes bring dirt. I never know whether I can wash it out and recover from them.

However, I admit, in the end, this is life, and we need to acknowledge that this is a once-in-a-life-time opportunity to experience. Living life means undergoing new experiences and learning to adapt because change and time flying are both inevitable. I've tried new foods and moved from house to house, country to country. Why can't I accept a simple change if I can do all of that?

I see change as something new and fun, convincing myself that the unpredictability of life is exciting. It's a roller coaster that I have to face to uncover the mystery and find the answers to my unsolved problems. Living the same repeated life would likewise be extremely bland, like there's lacking flavor in my food or a lacking of décor in my house. Every day, I wake up, eat breakfast, go to school, eat lunch, come home, do work, eat dinner, and then sleep. But even though my routine is always the same, the things that occur daily change. My classes are different, the people I eat with change, and our conversations fluctuate. These differences make life enjoyable. I would fall asleep if I repeatedly talked to the same people and had the same conversations.

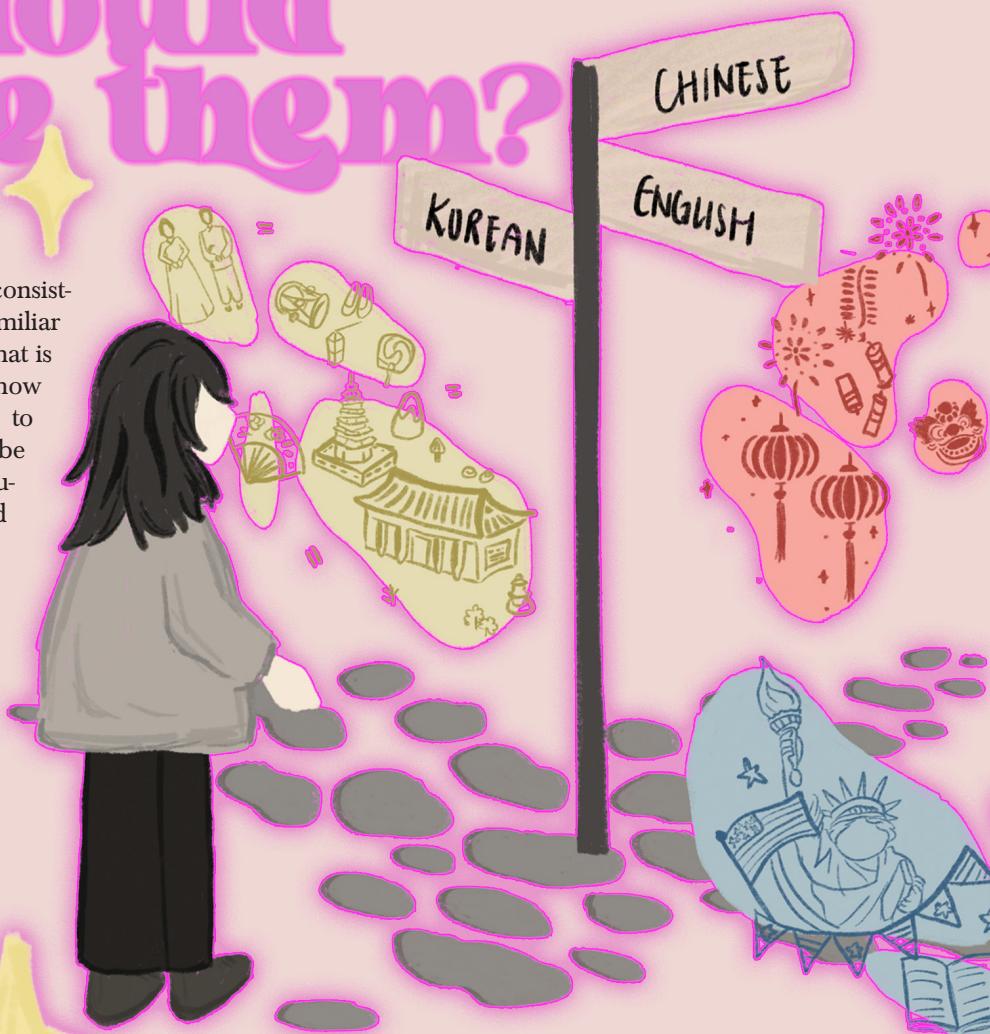
Instead of being secure, let's wiggle out of our comfort zone and fly along with time that's slowly ticking away.

Changes and Challenges:

How Should We Face them?

I am not an adventurous person. I like consistency—familiar foods, familiar places, familiar people. Unfortunately, the only thing that is constant in our lives is change. No matter how hard we try to avoid them, we are bound to face various changes. Although changes can be nerve-wracking, they also give us an opportunity to step outside of our comfort zone and improve ourselves. By facing new challenges and overcoming fears, we ultimately get to expand our comfort zone, exposing ourselves to new opportunities.

Written by: Sabrina Lee
Illustrated by: Brianna Sun



As a Third Culture Kid who has been living outside of my birth country for over eight years, I have been pushed into new environments several times in my life. When I was eight years old, my family moved to Beijing from Korea. After spending a few years in a Korean school, I transferred to a local Chinese school without even knowing how to speak a single sentence in Mandarin. For the first few months, I could not understand any of the classes, and the fact that I was the only foreign student in my class made it so much worse. New language, new culture, new people...it all seemed too much for me to handle. The toughest part was the feeling of not fitting in either of the cultures—not Korean nor Chinese. Because I grew up in a totally different cultural environment from my classmates in China, we couldn't really find many things in common. Because I wasn't familiar with Chinese culture back then, the language barrier between the rest of

my classmates and me also isolated me from heartfelt conversations. At the same time, as I spent less time in Korea, there were fewer and fewer things that my friends and I in Korea could relate to each other. I eventually drifted away from most of my friends in Korea; it wasn't easy to regularly keep in touch when we barely saw each other in real life. I couldn't identify myself with any of the countries, and the fact that there was nowhere to call "home" made me feel extremely lonely during my first few years in China. Although it was painful at that time, my experience in Beijing became a cornerstone of my cultural spectrum. If I was to stay in the Korean school, I would not have had an opportunity to experience Chinese culture and make it a part of my identity. The experience of studying a new language has also boosted my confidence in combatting linguistic challenges, opening up the door to international education. Before transferring to SHSID, I had absolutely no experience in studying English. I had a rough time in the beginning, just like I did before in Beijing. Still, I knew that I could overcome this obstacle, just like I did before. Now, after going through all the changes in my culture, I'm a fluent speaker of all three languages—Korean, English, and Chinese. If I had refused to step outside of my comfort zone eight years ago, I wouldn't have been able to develop my cultural spectrum.

When we become young adults, we get to choose which path in the road of life we are going to walk on. With the responsibility to decide what kind of changes we will incorporate into our lives, we are under pressure to start considering our interests, our future plans, and our ultimate goals in life. When I interviewed Camilla from 10(7) regarding the changes we need to face as young adults, she acknowledged how it is important for us to face our fears when it comes to changes. "I think that the pressures that certain people put on you definitely change a lot as you grow older," she said, "Suddenly having such big responsibilities tend to stress me out a lot. These can definitely have negative impacts on our lives—but only if we let them. It is important to note that these changes mark your development as a human being". Sophia from 10(12) shared a similar experience, pointing out how people in our generation should especially be prepared to face different changes. Sophia, just like many other students in SHSID, is a Third Culture Kid. With her life constantly changing, she finds it much harder to develop stronger ties and build a lasting community around her. After realizing those issues, she has been trying her best to face whatever comes next. "We need to accept the challenges and changes that come to us, having a mindset to think outside of our comfort zone. Especially now, with society changing faster than ever before, our generation should be prepared for more changes than older generations," So-

phia commented. As Sophia said, shifts in jobs and majors will definitely be an inevitable challenge to our generation. Due to the rapid development in technology, we would have to learn and adapt to new surroundings even quicker and more often. This means that we have much more choices to make in our future. For example, if you are a student majoring in art, you would have a larger field of choices in your majors, such as 3D digital art, motion design, and VR. With more opportunities given to us, it is important for us to seize them instead of staying within the boundaries.

It is never easy to take a bold step and adapt to changes, especially when it comes to important matters like future plans. Try to start with small changes, taking one step at a time. Once you build up your experience in confronting those changes, you will find yourself with the key to the door of exciting opportunities. Just like French philosopher Henri Bergson once said, to exist is to change, to change is to mature, and to mature is to go on creating oneself endlessly.



Electric Planes:

THE NEXT STEP IN ELECTRIFICATION?

Electric vehicles have been some of the top trends in the fight against detrimental carbon emissions caused by ever-increasing human activity. Pioneers in the industry such as Tesla have reached all-time heights in recent years, and many legacy automakers including Ford and BMW all have plans to enter the market. In addition, many governments have engaged in the discussion as well, with the United Kingdom government planning to ban the sale of new conventional petrol and diesel cars by 2040 in favor of electric or hybrid-electric cars. Such momentous strides in the step towards electrification in the automotive industry have raised similar inquiries regarding the electrification of the aviation industry, seemingly the next step for a carbon-neutral future: how close are we to actually electrifying the aviation industry?

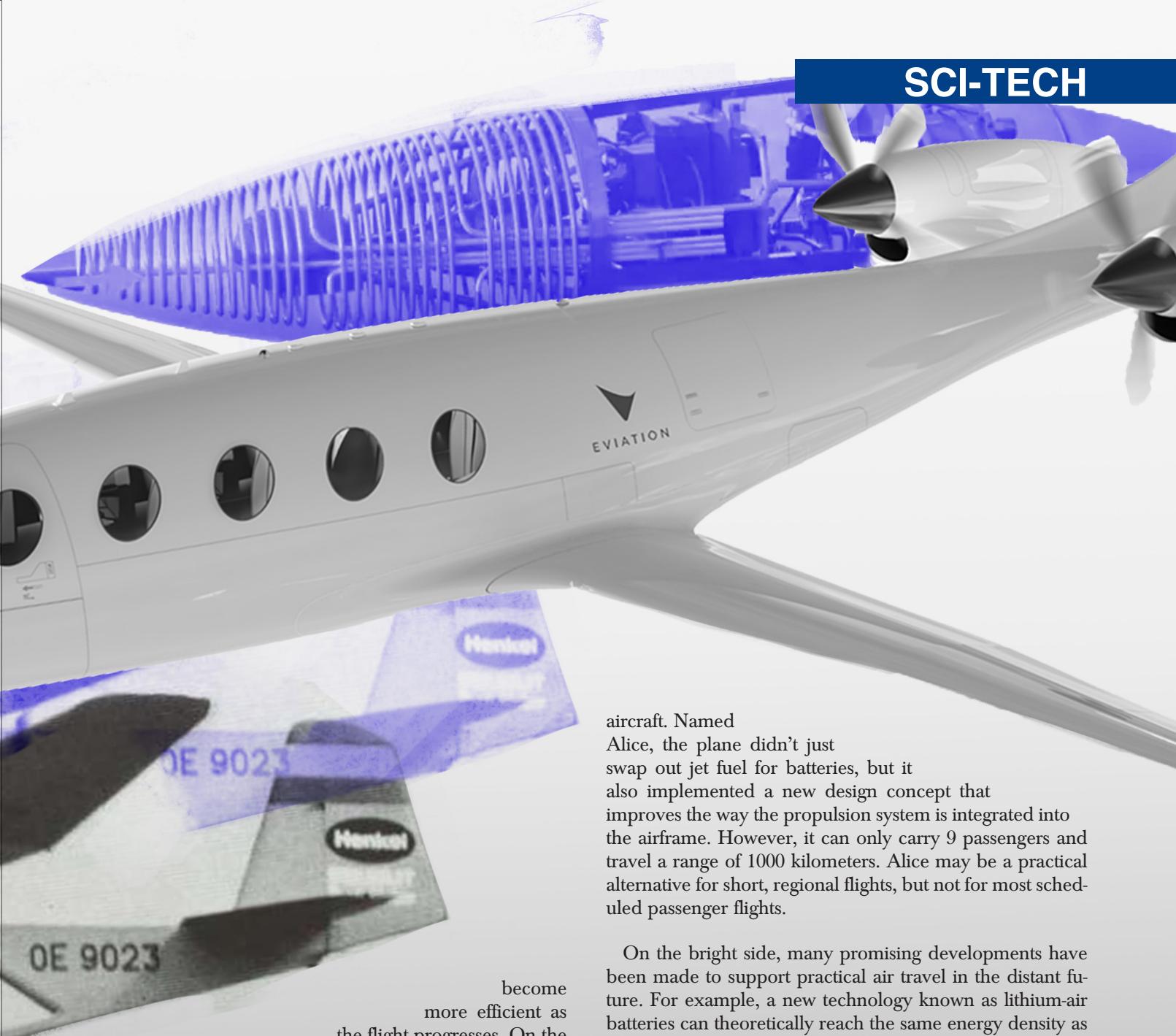
Electric planes have actually been around for a long time – since the 1950s in the form of small, lightweight model aircrafts. It wasn't until 1973 that the first manned electric flight was achieved – the aircraft, MB-E1, was designed by engineer Fred Militky using power from nickel-cadmium batteries. MB-E1 reached a maximum height of 300 meters and was able to fly for 9 minutes. Militky later reflected on the project: “it is up to battery manufacturers whether they will be able to produce even better batteries that are also lighter and will make electric flying accessible to a wider public.” Back in the 1970s, the main challenge to electric planes is designing more capable batteries, one of the main issues also facing electric air travel today.

Progress has definitely been made on this front – for example, modern lithium-ion batteries are 30% to 40% more capable than the nickel-cadmium ones Militky used. In fact, modern consumer and industrial drones generally are all powered by batteries. However, simply scaling up these current technologies is not a viable method to achieve commercial air travel. The flight time for these drones is very short – most consumer models can exhaust their battery supply within 30 minutes, and also have very limited carrying capacity.

Written by: Kevin Wang
Photos from: Google



The energy density or the amount of energy able to be stored in a given space, of lithium-ion batteries is far from that of refined jet fuel or even gasoline. Jet fuel has around 45 – 90 times the energy density of lithium-ion batteries. The world's largest passenger plane, the Airbus A380, can fly 600 passengers 15000 kilometers in a single flight. However, a similar electric plane can only fly a little over 1000 kilometers. Even if all of the passengers and cargo is replaced with batteries, the range will still be less than 2000 kilometers. As such, theoretically, to maintain the same range as fossil fuel planes, electric planes must carry at least 45 times the amount of weight, which is impractical. Another area of concern is that this weight never dissipates. Fuel-burning planes are able to burn through thousands of gallons of fuel over the course of their travel, so flying and landing



become more efficient as the flight progresses. On the other hand, not only do electric planes

need to carry the burden of heavy batteries over the entire flight, but the weight may also cause damage to the wheels when attempting to land, adding to the difficult engineering problems.

It is also worth noting that all current designs of electric planes are prop engines as no practical electric jet has been developed. The fastest prop engine that has been developed can fly at 300 miles per hour, but jet engines are significantly faster at 460 – 575 miles per hour. Thus, electric planes are also inherently slower than that of fuel-based jets.

As it can be seen, almost on all metrics – speed, weight, and most importantly, range, most jets easily surpass even the most advanced electric planes. Even though these significant barriers are facing the development of electric planes, progress is still being made while making compromises with the physical limitations. Most notably, Israeli firm Eviation recently revealed what they claim to be the world's first commercial all-electric

aircraft. Named Alice, the plane didn't just swap out jet fuel for batteries, but it also implemented a new design concept that improves the way the propulsion system is integrated into the airframe. However, it can only carry 9 passengers and travel a range of 1000 kilometers. Alice may be a practical alternative for short, regional flights, but not for most scheduled passenger flights.

On the bright side, many promising developments have been made to support practical air travel in the distant future. For example, a new technology known as lithium-air batteries can theoretically reach the same energy density as jet fuel, and electric jet engines that can compress air until it combusts are also being researched. Seeing the progress made and being made, perhaps, within a few decades, technological advancements might finally make practical electric air travel a reality.

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