

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

February has always been a special month to me. It's like hitting the refresh button on the opportunities to redefine oneself within the confines of the high school community. To me, the beginning of the second semester is the time to make intentions for the last part of the year, to look at what worked and what didn't in the first semester, and make adjustments accordingly. You know – make things better.

Exhibit A: The Literary Magazine

Many of you who have picked this paper magazine up had no idea that this publication existed. It was the realm of the few and although it had its own successes, it went largely unnoticed.

I didn't like that.

Writing and artistic expression come from a very personal place – a place of wonder, curiosity, pain, joy and sadness. It is where some individuals feel the most free and how they share their innermost thoughts and ideas.

It's special. And important.

You will find our new publication on tables all over the building every month or so and it will contain the musings and creative thoughts of your fellow students about a wide variety of subjects.

We hope you like it.

If you do, feel free to share it with anyone you also feel would appreciate it.

All the best to you all this semester.

Sincerely,
A. Mage

PS: If you would like to send in a submission for future publications, please send it to k.thao@share.epsb.ca

Through the Looking Glass



Literary Magazine
Volume I

Poetic Musings

Hear

Listen.

I have a voice.

What did you say?

I can't quite understand.

I have something I want to say.

You do realize that I also have a heart.

I don't know where it's coming from.

Snickers and giggles around me.

Hard hot hat

Darkness swallows me whole.

Your head is nodding yes.

Your ears are ringing no.

Hear me out properly.

Hear me out.

Hear me.

Hear

- Dena Bolduc

Take Off (Part One)

I was naive. Afraid. Nervous, yet dangerously curious.

My first ride in an airplane. Take off; I always wanted to know what it would feel like to soar high above a shimmering landscape, becoming one with the clouds - ignited a soft golden and pink by the exhausted, setting sun. Ecstatic beyond belief, I unstoppably mused about how stunning a city blanketed with pearl-white snow would look like; what kind of mystical feelings it would invoke within me. It all seemed like a fairytale - a dream come true - to travel to a foreign land, far away, where the teachers were kind and you weren't forced to wear uniforms to school. Where the breathtaking greenery surrounded the petite, comforting, triangular-roofed homes. Where there was plenty of fresh air to breathe, and pristine lakes and rivers rested, embedded within deep forests. Where all four seasons thrived peacefully together, expressing their individual beauty and allure to please the inhabitants of the country. I'd heard many wondrous stories that I was prepared to live, breathe, and be a part of.

My first realization. That we were leaving permanently. That I was attached to what is soft and easy, not wanting to start again. Making new friends would be difficult. What if the kids there judge me? What if they don't like me, and refuse to accept me? Because I speak differently than they do. Because I look different from them; my skin is not white, my hair is not the brilliant colour of the sun, my eyes do not sparkle, sky-blue or pale emerald-green like the ocean. And what about my family? The loving cousins, aunts, uncles, and grandparents that I resided with; the people that I grew up with, who were a central, defining part of my identity. The thought of having to stay miles away from them ruptured my emotions, tearing me apart; the protective, but fragile, case of comfort and content which my family had carefully constructed around my heart seemed to be cracking open. I could almost hear it, and that terrified me. Why did Mom and Dad decide to move to, what I now began to perceive as, such an isolating and lonely place? I tried, desperately failing to understand their motives...

- Quark

Our Stories...

In Pursuit of...

Recently, I've been offered an opportunity where I will be able to develop a certain skill set that interests me and will benefit me in the future; however, my family and friends could not be more unenthusiastic in their response when I confided to them this possibility. From my parents' point of view, I understand their skepticism for me in pursuing something that is still so intangible - from my friends, their brief dismissal on this topic was disappointing, to say the least. But here's the thing... at the moment, without the knowledge of these two important groups of people - last night I received a call at work, stating that I will be joining a production crew as an assistant director for a short film in a couple of weeks. In words, I cannot comprehend how overjoyed I was when this news was broken to me - I honestly would've been glad to just be lighting or audio if that meant being behind a camera and watching the filming process happen...

Put it out into the universe, you'll never know what will happen.

- Zyphr

Inside Voice for Thought

crave to *fill*.

Noise is itching to be scratched.
Moved and breathed through sound
like lyrics are footsteps.

Take charge of restless
hum.
Advantage from the
thrum
of heartbeat solos and
tasteful words.

Even when it shouldn't,
silence and shyness
become of the people who have
too much to say.

Brilliantly okay that they know things-
most don't.

Beauty don't need neon pink signs
because true admirers
always have a pen on hand.

Written words spoken can turn into
butterflies.

- D.R Friday

What I Think...

An Overall Review of I Want to Eat your Pancreas:

While most people would find the name of this film to be ridiculous, it was a very good film. This text will explain the different elements of the story, and things that make the two hour film worth watching. The film can tug at the audience's hearts at times, but the overarching message of the film has left many people thinking after finishing the movie "What does it mean to be alive?" If I asked you that, what would your answer be? The movie answers it clearly.

There are two main protagonists, Sakura Yamauchi and an unnamed boy who's name is not revealed until the end of the story. Sakura, our main secondary protagonist, is portrayed to be a cheerful, and happy individual, however no one knows that she has a pancreatic disease causing her lifespan to be cut extremely short. She only has a couple more months to live her life. She goes to extreme lengths to hide her illness from everyone she knows, until one day our nameless main character finds Sakura's diary on the floor of a hospital, that she named "Living With Dying." In the diary, lies Sakura's secret, and he becomes the first person to know about it, and makes the reader promise to keep everything a secret. This interaction bonds the two characters closer together and the film follows their relationship, and shows how Sakura spends her final months of her life until her death.



- Persephone

Big Words

I've been told the way I talk sounds very pretentious
~~like I'm a hole.~~

Even when I was younger
~~when no one would play with me so I'd read instead,~~
I always talked with a more advanced vocabulary.

People would applaud me,
~~laugh at me,~~
for using larger words in casual conversation.

At this point in my life using more complicated language is just habit-
~~what I do to pretend like I'm important.~~

Talking this way helps validate
~~force people to pay attention to~~
the points I try to convey.
It is now my natural way of speaking,
~~because I'm always scared of sounding stupid.~~
It certainly comes in handy for academic purposes.
~~If I'm not smart there is nothing else that makes me special.~~

I'll admit that every once in a while
I'd be content with dropping the use of more complex phrasing
~~God knows I'm terrified of the day~~
~~People realize I don't know what I'm saying;~~
The world is not so black and white after all-
~~I'm stuck between all the different shades of grey.~~

But overall I am satisfied with myself and how I speak.
~~My entire life is defined by the way I speak.~~
I am enriched by
~~Hide behind~~

These

Big

Words

- M.C. Edward

Death is the overarching shadow in the story as the film goes through many romantic, and funny moments that the protagonists share. There is a constant reminder that Sakura's imminent end is just around the corner, making the entire movie feel bittersweet. That sad emotion is nullified by the extroverted Sakura interacting with the introverted unnamed character, and all that is paired with lifelike, and realistic animation that has caught many eyes. However, if you were to close your eyes just for a few moments and listen to the voices of the characters, the quality of the voice acting really conveys emotion as Sakura's voice actor can portray all Sakura's emotions effectively.

This is most evident during a firework scene in the story that really highlights the talents of the animators, the composer of the story, and the director of the film. Though the film does not have the great elements of other stories such as the heart in Yamada's "A Silent Voice" or the overwhelming emotion in Shinkai's "Your Name" it does have its own elements that shine brightly enough to move the audience to tears, and does a great job delivering its overarching message of finding meaning in being alive. I'd like to assure you that the name of the film goes on to make sense after you've watched the film and to end off a quote from the protagonist, Sakura that I hold dear to my heart, "Everyday is worth the same no matter how you choose to spend it so spend yours exactly how you want to."

- Anonymous

Through our looking glass

Let us see how the cards are dealt
Pristine white doused in red felt.
Would you like some food?
Cake, tea, some berries
Cause if you think you're leaving soon
The truth is very very quite contrary.
It seems, dear child, you are quite the fool
Thinking make believe works in a world without rules.
Do you want to leave? Crave a boon?
But dear it's only 9 in the afternoon.
It's a very happy unbirthday
So now you have to do what we say
May the mice eat the cat
Let the sun disappear
For we are real and they are not
Oh, don't you believe what you hear?
Twin smiles light up the sky
One stays put while the other learns to fly
So give up Alice, don't even try
Take a gulp, take a breath, and get ready to die.

- M.A.A.I v2

"All out of love" Air Supply

You break down on the bathroom floor,
Drowning in the echoes of your defeat.
You held it in for this long,
But you finally let it drop on the marble tiles and soon it collects in a puddle of
rejections.
Smells of sharp shivers as you trip over the changing of the season,
You remember the kindness in her eyes as she lends you her hand.
You pour a glass of yourself and hand it over to her,
Only to be flung into a sinking boat, crippling the air with the words "I'm sorry".
Listening to silly love songs,
You clutch your chest in agony wondering when you'll finally get that happy
ending.
"When will she ever love me?" You ask.
The answer, was a cruel shrug in a hundred fleeting moments.

- m.d