

# Notice

The people of  
TDChristian High  
School making  
and doing

2014

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# Foreword

Welcome to the third iteration of *Notice*. You’ve seen the tessellation on the front cover, and the mathematically enthusiastic among you might recognize it as an *aperiodic tiling*—meaning that although you can keep adding an infinite number of tiles, the pattern never quite repeats itself.

Mathematician Edmund Harris says, “No matter how much information you have, how much you’ve seen of the tiling, you’ll never be able to predict what happens next. It will be something that you’ve never seen before.”

Viewing such things metaphorically (which is my way), I exclaim, “How like our tendency to explore tangents. How like the product or dividend when we voice our loves and losses and become known. How like the addition of a loving God and the charting of a journey toward faith.”

To sum up, I hope you’ll enjoy the work of our students. I think you’ll find plenty of goodness, a little humour, and maybe even something you’ve never seen before.

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**PHIL VRIEND**

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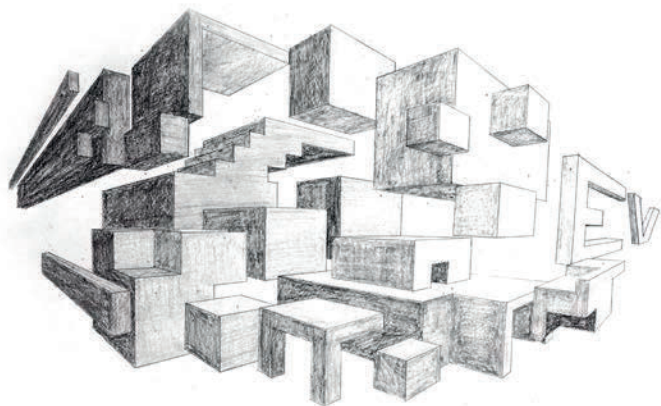
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Editor

**TDChristian High School** *Educating teens for service in the light of God’s word.*

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Ethan Vanderkooi





# *Real Analysis*

Emily Hendriks





# Grade 12 Philosophy exam response

**BEN SCHURINGA**

*C. S. Lewis, Glen Tinder, Black (in the movie The Sunset Limited) and Francis Spufford all argue that there must be a creator God behind the observable reality we experience every day. As God, he gives the rules of behaviour by which we must conduct our lives just as he gives the rules that govern material reality (gravity, motion, light, etc.). According to these people, what do we know about human nature, human behaviour and the moral law?*

C. S. Lewis argues that there must be a God by asserting that there is a universal moral law. He claims that if there is no universal morality that humans try to replicate, if there indeed is no definite right and wrong, then how could we claim that groups like the Nazis were really so bad? Lewis says there has to be a moral law outside of humanity, which means it had to be given by someone; therefore, there must be some creative force behind the world.

Glen Tinder talks about the exalted individual and the fallen individual. He starts by saying that Christianity offers agape love, which puts all people above judgement. Agape love means exalting the person as sacred, even though you understand that they are at

the same time imperfect and fallen. Tinder states that this non-judging love is what the world needs, and Christianity is offering it.

In *The Sunset Limited*, Black is a man who comes to God in jail after nearly dying from a knife wound. To White, he contends that his job on this earth is to bring as many people to Christ as possible. He argues that White doesn't believe in anything, and that he is only refusing to hear the call from God.

Francis Spufford (my personal favourite) talks about the HPTFTU (Human Propensity to F\*\*\* Things Up). He argues against Dawkins' proposition that "there is probably no God, so relax and enjoy your life." He states that humanity's natural condition is not a state of enjoyment. If attaining happiness was as easy as not believing in a deity, then we would all be happy by now. But humanity's "position of rest," so to speak, is not peace and contentment. We have the HPTFTU, which makes our reality so crappy sometimes that we cannot say it would be different "if only it weren't for this religious dogma weighing us down."

All of these people arguing that there is a Creator also admit the fault in the human condition. All of these supposed "religious bigots" willingly admit that whatever moral standard there is, humans do not live up to it. There is some source telling us how to live, but we can't do it; therefore, we need "agape love," and we need a loving Creator who is willing to forgive.

# Analysis of Hamlet's "And so he goes to heaven" soliloquy

ANNEMARIE VAN HALTEREN

Hamlet enters the chapel to find that "Claudius is a-praying." Hamlet has been waiting for the right moment to get revenge and kill his uncle Claudius ever since he found out that Claudius murdered his father, but he has always ended up delaying and over-thinking. He thinks to himself, "And now I'll do't," but he stops himself when he realizes that "this is hire and salary, not revenge." If Hamlet kills Claudius now while Claudius is "in the purging of his soul," then Claudius would be "fit and seasoned for his passage." If he killed him now, Hamlet would be doing Claudius a favour by sending him to heaven. Since Claudius murdered Hamlet's father when he was "full of bread, / With all his crimes broad blown," Hamlet resolves he must also slay Claudius "[w]hen he is drunk asleep, or in his rage." Hamlet once again finds an excuse to delay killing Claudius by waiting until his uncle is caught "about some act / That has no relish of salvation in't." Hamlet resolves to do this so that when Claudius is killed,

his "heels may kick at heaven" while his "soul may be as damned and black / As hell whereto it goes." Thus, Hamlet decides it is wisest to wait to kill Claudius, and he asserts that "[t]his physic but prolongs the sickly days" of his uncle. In waiting

a little longer to avenge the death of his father, Hamlet will truly be getting revenge on Claudius.

Hamlet movie poster by Kelsey Veltman, Allyson Janse, Cole Gauthier, Victoria Biersteker, and Kristen DeHaan



# Tobacco, Drugs and Alcohol Unit Response

TESSIA ORLANDI

*What do you think about when you see ads, hear stories, or come in contact with drugs, smoking and/or alcohol used in a way that is not beneficial to your body? What is your reaction?*

*How do you want people who care about you to talk about tough issues around substance abuse?*

Drugs and alcohol are not a huge part of my life, but then again, I am not able to ignore the fact that they are in this world. My parents, friends, and school are all against substance abuse, as am I. I have never seen drugs or been offered alcohol, so the temptation is far from me; however, I still see how these addictions affect our world. People get expelled. Others make jokes. You hear stories on the news. It is a frequent topic in health class. From this, I see drugs and alcohol as a lake in a desert: a solution for those who are suffering and an escape from reality. But many have found that once you dive in, what at

first was a pleasure turns into a trap. With nothing to pull you up, the deeper you go until you drown.

At the same time, maybe one day I will be asked to just try it, to stick my toe into the lake, I guess. At that moment, I hope and pray that what comes to my mind is not pleasure or the hope of approval from peers, but instead the wisdom and love I

have received from my loved ones. I have been saved by my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and nothing could compare to that.







Recreation of surrealist artwork by Rebecca Idzerda

## Religion vs. Reason in *Life of Pi*

ANYA VAN ROOYEN

One reason that religion trumps reason is because it provides you with safety and security. Although some people believe that religion constricts you and limits your freedom, it really just provides you with what you desire, which is safety and comfort. Pi compares religion

to zoos because “certain illusions about freedom plague them both” (12) and frequently cause people to avoid them. People look at the animals in a zoo and often believe that they are being kept in cages too small for them and that they would be better off in the wild. In

reality though, this is not true. In the wild, the animals are forced to fend for themselves, which is often challenging for them because “the smallest changes can upset them. They want things to be just so, day after day, [and] month after month” (10), because this is what

they are comfortable with. It is the same way with people and the way that many view religion. They think that it impedes freedom, when really we are creatures of habit and don't enjoy change. Deep down, we don't truly desire freedom. We yearn for the comfort and safety provided by religion. Religion is like "[being] put up at the Ritz with free room service and unlimited access to the doctor" (11) because you always have someone to take care of you and someone to listen to your issues and worries. Being without religion is like being homeless in comparison to what religious people have. Although the view that religion impedes freedom is a common one, *Life of Pi* helps to illustrate that freedom really isn't what we desire.

Religion also gives us a new way in which to view the world. In the novel, becoming religious transforms the way that Pi views the world. It provides him with a new perspective and "feelings of elevation, elation, joy [and] a quickening of the moral sense" (36), which are things that he never experienced prior to finding religion. To him,

even simple scenes now take on a deeper meaning because "[his] way of seeing it had changed" (31). Pi's religion deeply alters the way that he views creation and gives him a new way to interpret the world around him. In the novel, finding religion also causes Pi to become much happier and experience "a paradoxical mix of pulsing energy and profound peace" (31), because of his new and deeper views on the world around him.

Religion also changes the way that we look at simple things in the world around us. This is evident in the scene involving Mr. and Mr. Kumar, one being a Muslim and one being a science teacher and atheist. They are both shown a zebra by Pi and have opposing views on the animal. The science teacher views the zebra scientifically, while the Muslim views it as a creation of God. What you believe has a large effect on the things that you view around you. Finding religion gives Pi a brand new way to look at the world and his life, and it also drastically changes the way that he views the simple things around him.

## OEDIPUS VS. THE SPHYNX

On the anniversary of Oedipus defeating the Sphynx during the huge Twitter fight of 1112 B.C., we would like to remember the heroic act of bravery that has changed Thebes forever!

Let's remember this month by tweeting with the hashtag #RememberTheWar. The top tweets will be featured in our next issue!

**REBECCA PARENTEAU**

It all started with some tweets sent out by none other than the Sphynx...

twitter



**Sphynx** @SphynxofThebes  
Brah, I got the body of a lion, the wings of an eagle and the head of a crazy chick. I OWN THIS CITY #Thebes #boss #balla #swag



**Sphynx** @SphynxofThebes  
Anybody want to answer my riddle? I'm getting hungryyyy! #lunchtime #peasantstastegreat

# Analysis of a FUZE Ad

EMILY BLYDORP

“Love your shape.” These words are written on a FUZE ad, followed by other quips such as “naturally flavoured” and “made with Vitamin C and Chromium.” This brings up questions such as these: What is actually being said? What claims does FUZE make about its product?

First of all, when reading an ad, we should look at what the focus of the ad is, and how the people and words in it make it appealing to a potential buyer. The focus of this ad is a woman’s butt with the FUZE logo on it, and the words “FUZE shape” and “25 calories” written on the side. Then, down in the right corner, sits an actual FUZE bottle, and the words “LOVE YOUR SHAPE” in bold. Underneath the “LOVE YOUR SHAPE” is jargon about how good the drink is for you. What the text in this ad says is that FUZE contains only 25 calories, and that the drink is made with good things that supposedly help your body ‘metabolize carbohydrates and fats’. The implicit message in this ad is that if you want to have

a nice shape and look like the girl painted as the FUZE bottle, this FUZE should be consumed.

There are no fancy camera angles used to show off this ad. The FUZE bottle is found in the background at the side. However, their logo is shown quite clearly because it is on the woman’s butt, the focus of the ad. I think it is done that way to get you to see the butt first, and then look at the ad to see what it’s actually for. There is no actor or model in this ad, but I think the arrangement of the body says, “If you want to obtain this shape, drink FUZE.” The woman in the side adds credibility to the product, such as, “I drank FUZE, and now I look like this.”

\* \* \*

This ad also dismembers a woman, which is a form of objectification. Instead of seeing a whole person, you are just seeing her butt. It’s even painted so that it is a piece of “art” instead of a part of a human being.

All in all, I think that this ad shows us why we need to pay attention to the messages placed in ads.



The use of the woman’s body as a product is complete objectification. The ad also employs statements that mean nothing, uses appeals and claims, such as the appeal to health, to sell their product, and makes the average female feel concerned about the way she looks. I think that people should be able to advertise their product in a way that does not mislead you or make you feel bad about yourself, but still makes itself appealing to the consumer.



# Analysis of a Bad Ad

TALIA HO

The ad for Soleil razors is, frankly, a terrible ad. It uses many, many weasel words, claims, appeals, and fallacies. It reinforces unequal gender roles and unhealthy body image, sexualizes something that doesn't really need to be sexualized, and infantilizes and dehumanizes women.

This ad is highly misleading and dishonest. It uses weasel words to make unfinished claims when it states “feel fabulous for less” and “more for your money.” Less or more than what? It never says. But

it sounds impressive. It also uses scientific claims. Apparently, these razors have “four-flexible blade comfort technology,” whatever that means. It just sounds impressive. Feel, fabulous, less, comfort, soothing, flawlessly smooth, and Bic price are all weasel words and statements that mean nothing.

There are many hidden messages in this ad. It implies that if you buy this product, you will look as pretty and be as happy as the model. It objectifies the woman with irrelevant sexualization (no one wears a dress that short biking), superiority and domination (the man is completely in control of her and her bike), dismemberment (her eyes are closed and she is cut in half by the bright orange text), and body image ideals (she is thin and white). She is being infantilized because he is teaching her to ride a bike, and she is utterly failing. Most people her age know how to ride a bike. She is also wearing a childish dress, complete with a bow and high ponytail. An argument could also be made that there's clowning. She is in an awkward, unnatural, dangerous, and potentially painful

position. Therefore, this advertisement reinforces unequal gender roles and unhealthy body image, valuing looks and appearances very highly, sexualizing something that doesn't really need to be sexualized, and objectifying and treating women like children.

This ad is indeed a bad ad. There are so many things the advertiser did to make the model seem childish and dehumanize her, even though the target audience is women about her age. Another big problem with this ad was the number of weasel words, fallacies, and unfinished claims. Of course, this ad is not the only one like it. For every bad ad, there are thousands more just as bad—or even worse. All individual ads have a tiny little effect on us, but there are so many of them that they end up changing the entire way we think and view ourselves and other human beings. That's why it's so important to take apart ads like this—so we can see all their dark, dirty secrets and inner workings, and when we have seen that, their effect on us will significantly lessen.



# Leadership

## HARMONY BROOK BROBBEL

I have to say the best leader that I have ever met is my mom. She has guided me through many difficult times. I have struggled with problems where I couldn't see a solution, and she was there to guide me through the process of discovery. I don't know where I would be today without my mom.

One of the qualities of leadership that my mom has is confidence. She is able to communicate her ideas clearly to other people, defending her logic so that they can understand. She does this with no perceivable sense of insecurity.

Another leadership quality that my mom has is patience. She has great patience for people who are slow, or who push her buttons. Believe me, I know. There were times when my mom needed to teach me a new concept, and I just wouldn't get it. It would take hours, even days, for me to grasp what she was trying to teach me. She would just keep coming up with different creative ways to explain it until the "lights came on."



Encouragement is another strong leadership quality that my mom possesses. She has always stood by me and encouraged me to strive to be the best I can be. There have been times when I didn't think I could accomplish something and I just wanted to quit, but my mom was the one who helped me get back on track. Sometimes this made me angry, and we would fight. She always tells me, "I care enough about you, Harmony, to risk your disapproval if it means helping you succeed."

She also cares for other people. Sometimes she cares so much for others that she has a hard time saying "no" to them. If my brothers or I have a problem, she is the first one to step in to help us out. Sometimes I think that she cares a little too much. She is always working because she is trying to help others with their problems.

She is a hard worker. She works hard for my family so that we all can be the best that we can be. She often works late into the night for days in a row. I don't think I've ever met anyone else who would do that.

My mom is also a very good

teacher. She home-schooled me from kindergarten to grade eight. I have a learning disability, and she was able to see what kind of things I needed to succeed in school. She challenged me until I thought I would die. I hated being pushed and I hated working so hard, but with my mom's guidance, I was able to surpass the expectations of the doctors and specialists in my life.

Creativity has also helped my mom excel in leadership. My mom is a professional artist. She paints murals for people, landscapes, does interior house work, and makes house repairs. My mom has shared her love of art with me for as long as I can remember. Because of her I'm not a bad artist myself. She also knows how to make things fun and interesting. If we were doing a lesson at home when we were home-schooling, she would create a game or a puzzle that we would have to solve. By doing this, we learned what we needed to learn while having fun.

She is also a gentle person. When she sees that someone is having a bad day, she is able to help them by calming them down and

trying to figure out what is wrong. She is generous and willing to give up a lot of time and energy to help other people. She is generous with me when it comes to things I need to pay for. She is willing to take on part of the expenses while I pay for the other half just so I can do things like take the Bronze Cross course or go to a fitness club.

I hope to apply these characteristics to my life so that I too can be a great leader and role model someday.

## OEDIPUS VS. THE SPHYNX

twitter



**Chorus** @GreekChorusGuys1100BC  
NOOOOOOOOOO!!!  
NOOOOOOOOO!!! OH GOD  
NO!!!! AHHAHAHAHAHAHA  
☒ ☒ ☒

Creon  
then joined  
the fight,  
adding some  
truth.

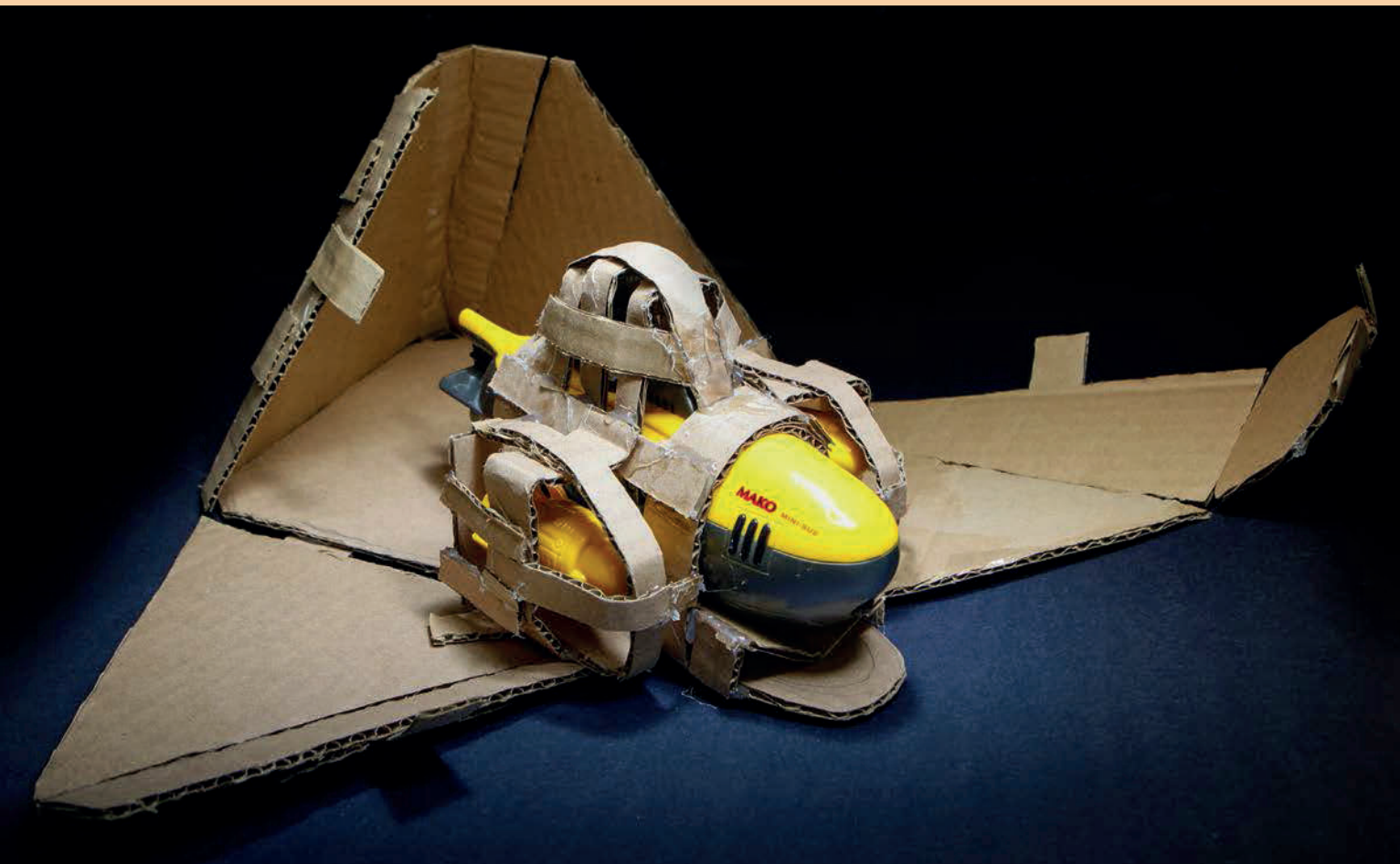


**Creon** @\*\*Creon\*\*  
@SphynxofThebes, Nobody  
wants to answer your riddle.  
We all know what happens  
if somebody fails. #dead  
#eaten #YOLO





# Products



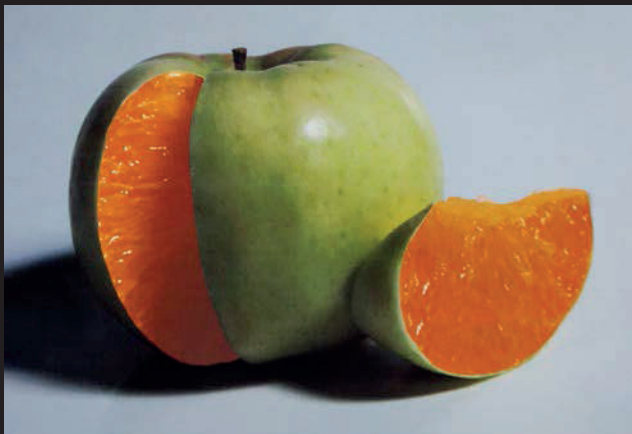
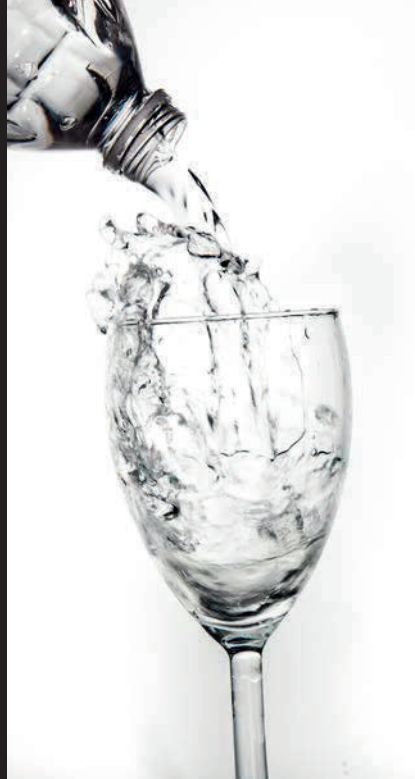
## Design challenge: odd object box

*Choose an item or object of interest to you. You are a package designer, and your challenge is to design a container that is practical, inventive, and will protect the object for transport.*

**ALEXANDER STEVENS**







Opposite: Rebecca Bijl, Robin Bowcott  
Clockwise from top: Mike DeWilde, Ethan Cragg., Rebecca Smith

# High School Grant Produces an Extended Garden

JULIANNA NYHOF YOUNG

From the street, you probably wouldn't notice TDChristian High School's community garden. But it's there, and it has recently been extended. Three new garden beds have been installed next to the existing garden on TD's property. Originally built last year by students from TD, the garden has been doing very well, producing great amounts of fruit, vegetables and herbs for the school's cafeteria. The school also donated a large part of its harvest to Hospice Vaughan down the street. Hopefully, the new addition to the garden will be as successful, because it is cared for throughout the year by the school's environmental classes and by volunteers during the summer months.

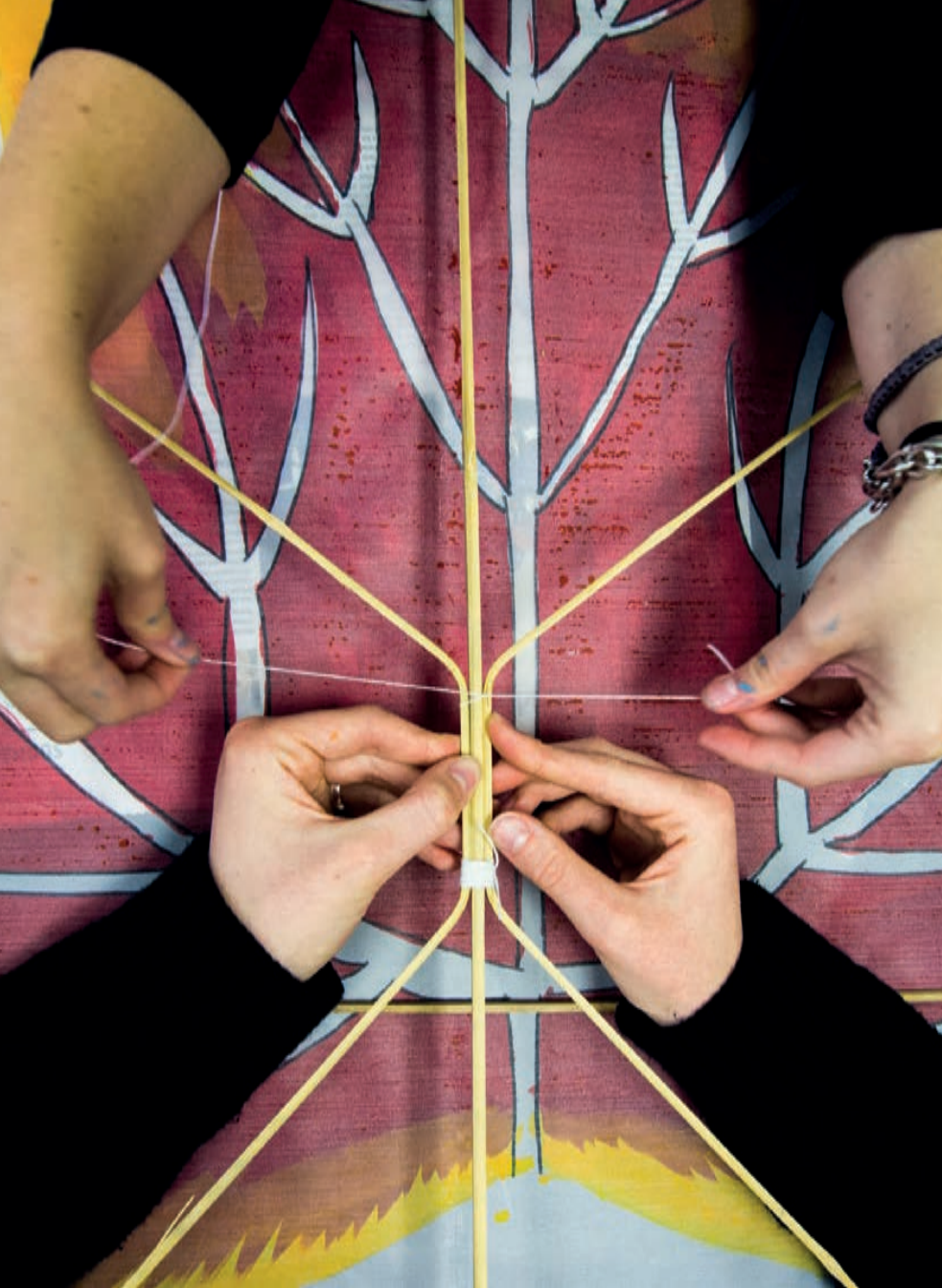
But these new garden beds did not just appear. Through the organization Seeds for Change, which strives to create healthier food options for schools and communities, TDChristian was able to apply for a grant to make the garden possible. Shane Versteeg, a grade 10 environmental student at TD, received a \$1000 grant for the new garden after applying back in October of 2013. This grant was similar to the one graduating student Amy Frankruyter received when starting the community garden in the first place. Versteeg and several other students from the environmental class have constructed, installed and maintained the garden while working through some bumps along the way. With the help of Seth Weening and Mark Blydorp, two grade 12 students that helped lead the project, the group has

put a huge effort into completing the extension of the garden.

With pickaxes, shovels, sledgehammers and wheelbarrows, the team has been steadily working their way through the clay and rubble that has been stuck in the ground. It was only a few years back where instead of a garden, an access road ran beside the school to accommodate the needs of the construction project that was finished in 2010.

"It was really hard getting through all the clay," project member Katie Vandekemp remembers. "We only got about a foot before we had to use pickaxes in order to get the rest of the way." However, the team members eventually did get through all the clay and debris, and they installed the beds a few days later.

After taking a trip to the old Woodbridge Fairgrounds, seven of the project team students took wheelbarrows full of horse manure back to the garden. While they received some strange looks from passing cars, their journey ensured a healthier garden in the future. The garden beds also received topsoil, compost and wood shavings, all ingredients that will help ensure the plants grow strong and tall. As the final touches were added by mulching the pathways around the new beds, snow started falling lightly from the sky. Although the students persistently worked though cold and rainy conditions, they were glad they finished the garden before more snow fell the next day.



Students tie a kite during fifth period kite club

Students from next semester's environmental class will be taking care of the new garden beds by harvesting and planting more seeds. Regardless of which class takes care of it, Versteeg hopes that "the garden will be available for future students to enjoy for many years to come."

## OEDIPUS VS. THE SPHYNX

Here comes Oedipus with this gutsy response!

twitter



**Oedipus** @OedipusofCorinth  
@SphynxofThebes Yo, I bet I can answer it. I'm tired of you terrorizing these parts! What's the best riddle you've got! #ballsofsteel #tryme.



**Chorus** @GreekChorusGuys1100BC  
AHHHHH! HE'S GOING TO DIE! AHHHHH! \*sadface\* #emotional





**Muskoka chair:** Nathan Banks, Keith Bagge, Geoffrey Lise, and Andrew Bebnowski

**Tea tray:** Mark Blydorp, Matthew Lise, Seung Min Jung, and Paul Zijlstra

**Plant stand:** Ethan Racanelli, Spencer Veldhoen, Eugene Leung, and Samuel Kim

**Garden bench:** Jacob Russell, Cole Gauthier, Nathan Henry, and Samuel Ellens



# DNA extraction

HANNAH POSTMA

## Procedure

Add together peas, table salt, and water in a blender. Blend the mixture on high for fifteen seconds. Pour the blended pea-cell mixture through a strainer into another container, such as a beaker. Add approximately two tablespoons of liquid detergent; swirl to mix. Let the mixture sit for five to ten minutes, then pour it into a test tube and fill

it about  $\frac{1}{3}$  full. Add a pinch of meat tenderizer to the test tube and stir gently. Add an amount of rubbing alcohol equal to the amount of pea mixture into the test tube by using a pipette. The DNA will rise into the alcohol layer on top. Use a stir stick to carefully collect the DNA from the alcohol and place it on a paper towel.

## Observations

I noticed that once we had poured the rubbing alcohol on top of the

pea mixture, the DNA rose in a cloudy white form right to the top of the test tube. The protein parts of the cell sank to the bottom because water is heavier than alcohol. Once I extracted the DNA with a stir stick onto a paper towel, I noticed that the clumpy white lumps were quickly drying into a translucent material which had a yellowish colouring.



Chemistry class concocts contest cookies; concludes cookie C clearly crunchiest!

# How to Take Wonderful Water Shots

## Grade 11 Photography journal entry

**KRISTIN BUIKEMA**

Chris Rutter provides many ideas to help capture interesting water shots. Water adds interest and a sense of movement. A decision that must be made is whether the water will be blurred or in focus because the technique to capture each image is different.

Before getting started, consider basic safety tips to help keep yourself and your equipment free from harm. Become knowledgeable of the area noting rocks, the strength of the waves and tides. Using a long focal length and shooting from a distance poses less risk to you and your equipment. Bring materials to wipe away any sea spray and to clean tripods of sea water and sand.

To free the movement of the water and to capture a crisp picture, choose a fast shutter speed. It will show the shape and form of the water. A shutter speed of 1/1000 seconds or less is recommended. For these kinds of shots, you will need bright light. If it is cloudy, choose an ISO of 400 or more. For a more dramatic shot, fill the frame with moving water. A continuous shooting mode will help you to capture breaking waves. To give a sense of scale, include another object in the photograph such as a pier or a lighthouse.

Use a shutter speed priority mode to control shutter speeds. Watch carefully for underexposure warnings. Increase the ISO, generally beginning with ISO 400, and focus manually. It is best to prefocus on the area you want to shoot. Set the camera to continuous shooting mode to rapidly take a series of pictures.

To blur the water, choose a slow shutter speed and use a ND grad filter to darken the sky. Select a low ISO setting and aperture to maximize the depth of field. How much blur you get depends on the flow of the water. To get a good blurred effect for fast moving water, you will need a slower shutter speed. Longer shutter speeds will definitely need a tripod and self timer to keep the camera steady. Choose a shutter priority, the lowest ISO and manual focus. The most difficult task will be to get the exposure correct.

Water reflections can add interest to a shot. Choose the best viewpoint to capture the reflection. Keep the reflection in focus, using manual focus. Keep in mind that reflections are often darker, so check the exposure. Use these various tips to capture the water shot and the effect that you desire.





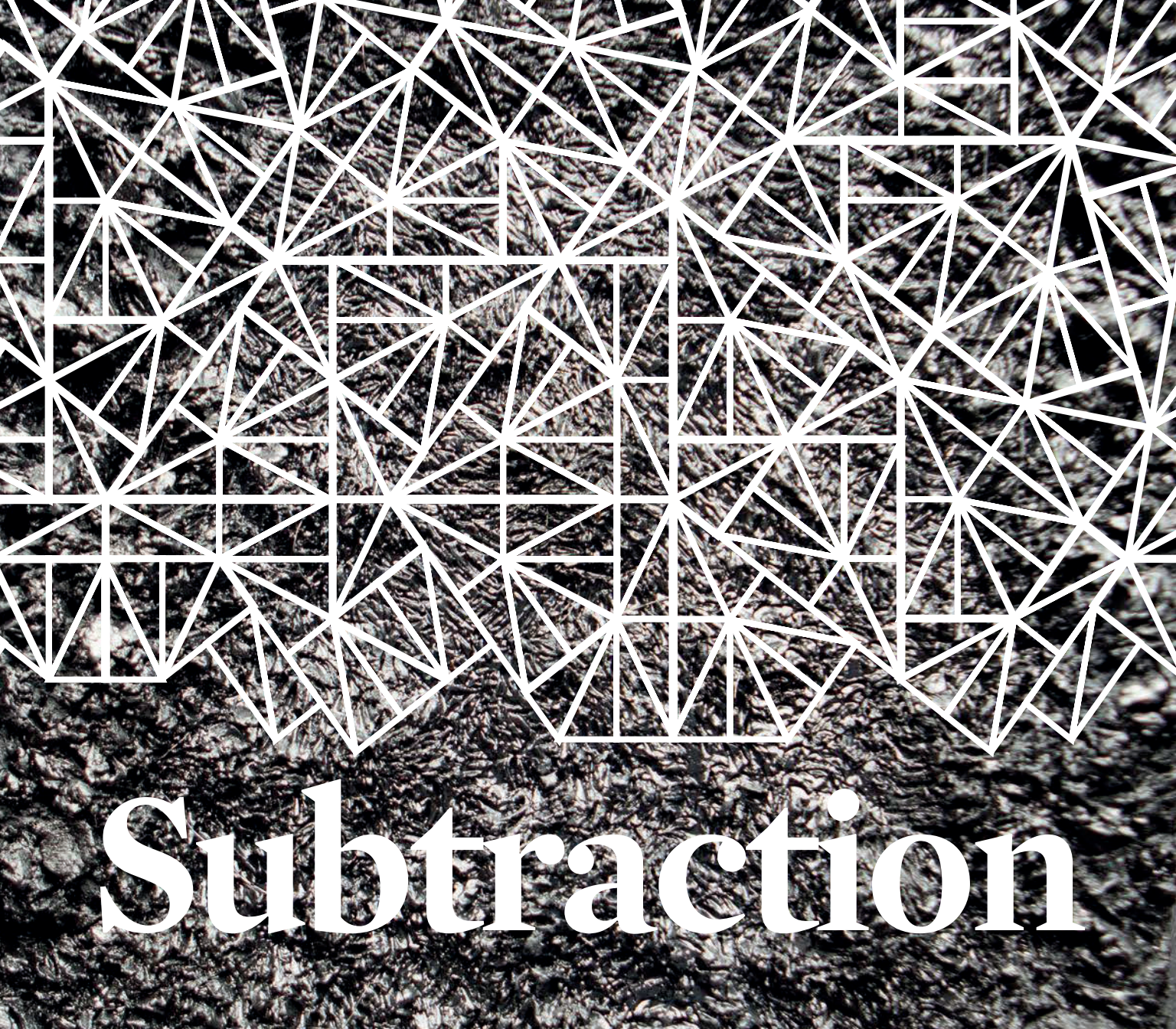
## How to Set Up the Front End of a Go-Kart

**GERRIT TIEMERSMA**

Go-karts may look simple to an average person who knows nothing about them. However, if you know a little bit about go-karts, you will understand that there is a whole science to these machines. This is how to set up the front end of a go-kart in dry conditions.

Let's say that the front end is not set up at all. First, you take the front hubs off along with the spacers on the spindle. This is so that you can place the snipers on. The snipers help you adjust the front end so that you can set it up correctly. After that, you position the snipers on the spindles, turn them on, and straighten the steering wheel. Next, you take two 13mm wrenches and loosen the tire rods so you can adjust the toe. "Toe" is a term used to describe how straight the tires are. You usually want a degree or two toed in. The snipers can also help you adjust camber. Camber is used as either positive or negative. Another way to phrase it is: camber is the measurement of how much of the tire is on the ground at one point. After adjusting the camber to just a little positive, you tighten the tire rods so that the toe and camber stay the same. Finally, you put the hubs back on and tighten the tires. This is how you set up the front end of a go-kart.





# Subtraction



# Untitled

EMMA DAVIS

A Picasso painting of God's own formation  
A myriad of mismatched characteristics pulled out of the grab-bag of creation  
Her chin and nose a testament to the Lord's combinational error  
Her faith became immaterial once it failed to protect her  
From the mouths that spat liquid fire  
From the ones her friends would call "Liars"  
And yet, what was a friend? she thought, as she listened to each stinging letter  
Composing the whispers that told of how her ugliness made them look better  
And through the power of those words, she learned not to pray  
Afraid her homely appearance would spoil the coherence of anything she'd dare to say  
And when she caught a glimpse of her unfortunate reflection  
She thought, maybe God would have felt guilty about His creational imperfection  
Given her a consolation prize, a disguise, something to hide behind,  
Or just simply taken away the reminders of his faults, made her blind  
Because not knowing your ugliness is better than knowing and waiting  
For someone to love a mistake-ridden human painting.

## DAHEE KIM

Lately there is a strange pain tingling in my toes, but I don't dare to take off my boots. The words "trench foot" linger in my mind, but I push them aside. After all there isn't a hospital near enough, and the conditions there aren't exactly first class. Not that it's any better here. There's a stench that follows you

wherever you go in the trenches and makes you want to gag. Contrary to popular belief, you don't get used to it or to the sight of death lying around. I trudge through the guck and wearily lean against a trench wall. My heart almost pops out at the mangled sight of an enemy soldier. He must have been stabbed multiple times. Bile rises

in my throat, and I try to vomit into the muddy water, but only stomach acid comes out. The image of the soldier is stuck in my head. Now there's a foul taste in my mouth as I head back to shelter to see if there are any scraps not taken by rats. Suddenly I hear deafening gunfire. I freeze up and want to scream, but instead grab my gun and head out.



**REBECCA REID**

cet anneau avec les initiales de Harry. J'espère que tu va le garder. Nous sommes toujours ici pour toi, n'importe quoi tes besoins.

Avec beaucoup d'amour,  
Frederick Scott

# *La répression... c'est partout!*

**SABRINA YACOUB**

C'est une condition universelle,  
Une partie de la vie,  
La répression arrive à tout le monde,  
Écoutez tous les cris.

En Europe forte et en Afrique silencieuse,  
Du Vietnam au Japon,  
Elle provoque des douleurs et la mort injuste  
Mêmes aux petits poupons.

Il y avait des injustices et des corruptions  
Qui ont détruit la fierté.  
On pourrait être tué à cause de  
Ce qu'on doit porter.

Le peuple concierge était, une fois,  
Des médecins et les enseignants  
Mais on les fait, contre leur volonté,  
Des esclaves et des gouvernants.

Certains ont travaillé dans les mines et les usines,  
Dans les ateliers de misère,  
Le travail était lourd et fatigant  
Il n'y avait ni espoir ni lumière.

Les Québécois dans leur propre pays,  
Ne pouvaient pas parler leur langue.  
Ils ont été traités comme des étrangers  
Avec un autre type de sang.

Parfois, on a essayé d'enlever leur âme:  
Leur langue, leur culture, leur histoire.  
«Laissez-nous vivre comme nous voulons vivre!»  
C'est la liberté qu'ils veulent voir.

Ce n'est pas comme un pique-nique en campagne  
Ou avoir les cheveux en pétard  
La répression peut durer des jours, des années.  
Ce n'est pas un temps heureux.

Mais elle est partout dans le monde, mes amis,  
Pas seulement dans le passé,  
C'est maintenant les sans-abris, les homosexuels,  
Et les gens qui sont écartés.

Elle est d'une forme ou l'autre  
Et nous ne la voyons pas toujours.  
Elle arrive aux gens autour de nous,  
Mais nous disons juste « Bonjour ».

Nous sommes tous les mêmes, n'est-ce pas?  
Pourquoi la répression?  
Pourquoi est-ce qu'il y a, entre eux et nous  
Et lui et elle, une scission?

Si quelqu'un est différent de vous,  
Regardez-le comme beau.  
Les langues différentes, les visages différents  
Mêmes les sortes de chapeaux!

La répression et la guerre horrible  
Sont des choses très dommageables.  
Soyez aimables, mes amis, à toutes les personnes.  
Dieu les a créés à son image.

# *Signed, sealed, delivered, I'm yours.*

EMILY HENDRIKS

Every year just before Christmas, I would set out my paper and my sparkly gel pens and begin to write the most important letter of the year. I struggled, but tried my best to convince Santa that I'd been an angel all year. I asked for a few toys and made more than a few spelling mistakes. The yearly letter tradition died along with the realization that Santa didn't exist, but I continued to enjoy writing letters. Letters are, and will always be, a special thing for me and an opportunity to communicate the way I feel.

As a child, I had a pen pal. We wrote back and forth, and I loved the days when her letters came through the mail. I savoured the anticipation I felt as I ripped open each envelope and my excitement as I sealed a finished letter and prepared to send it to her. It was comforting to know that she'd spent the time writing to me. We wrote whatever we felt and asked what we wanted to know. Having a pen pal was a brilliant thing because she taught me that you could show your friendship through a simple note.

After my pen pal came the days of apology letters. Anytime I treated a classmate poorly or told my mom I hated her, I wrote an apology to right my wrongs. I have always been very vocal; I say whatever I want, but the words don't always come out the way I want

them to. Sometimes I speak without thinking and end up with regret and guilt on my mind. Letters allow me the time to think over what I want to say. I prefer to encourage and uplift people through my words in letters. When I see someone hurting, the right words just don't seem to come to mind. I find it easier and more beneficial to go home, sit down, clear my thoughts and write a letter to them. At this time, I also took up journaling. Every night after crawling into bed, I brought out my journal and wrote about my day. Obviously when you're young, your days don't consist of much more than recess and Barbies, and your biggest problem in life is when you're "it" for man-hunt or you failed your spelling test, but I thought my journal was the coolest thing and it held so many of my "deep" secrets.

As I got older my youth pastor set aside one Bible study a month specifically for writing a note to someone you wanted to encourage. It allowed me the time and opportunity to step out of my own world and think about other people and what they may be going through. We must have written dozens of letters! It was the nicest feeling to give them out but also receive them from people in the group.

Throughout my early teens, letter-writing and journaling took on a deeper meaning for me. My dad suffered an alcohol addiction, and during that time I found myself becoming frustrated and angry. My journal became a way for me to let out the feelings I bottled up inside. I wrote down everything I wanted to say but could never find the words. To my journal, I told the secrets of my heart and my struggles. Letters, on the other hand, in some ways became my





voice. Of course, I was still very vocal, but the thing is, screaming at a drunken person only makes you more frustrated because you realize they really don't care or understand. The next morning as the sun rises, they will have forgotten what you said and have moved on. I found communicating to my dad through writing to be helpful. In the heat of the moment, when I felt infuriated, I wrote a note telling him how I felt and how his drinking was affecting me. In the morning I gave him

the letter and knew that he would read it, and in a way, letters helped and healed me.

During my dad's time in rehab, I wrote him several letters to encourage and uplift him. I have never found it difficult to write a simple letter; it seemed normal and natural to me. A few days later, on my 16th birthday, a letter came in the mail for me. Scribbled on a lined sheet of paper was a letter from my dad. My dad isn't the letter writing type. He usually just lets Hallmark do the talking, but this letter was apologetic, loving and in every way raw. The words spoke truth to me. They were real and open, and in that moment I fully forgave my dad. From then on, I not only looked forward to receiving letters but also to giving them. They hold a very special place in my heart. Call me old fashioned, but in my opinion, letters will always be more personal and influential than a simple text or email. It would be a tragedy if one day the beautiful art of letter writing were replaced with modern technology. I believe that the inconvenience of writing letters is one of the most special things about it because you know that someone sat down, took the time, and wrote it for you.

So, although I've outgrown writing letters to Santa, and I couldn't tell you where my pen pal is now, I will continue to write letters to the people around me. It's been such a blessing to be able to look back in my journals and see where I was and where God has taken me. My journal shows my growth throughout my high school years, and I will maintain the habit of writing until I no longer can.



# Jacob

EMMA DAVIS

“You know, you shouldn’t keep buying from these chain stores.”

She grabbed a can of soup. “Jacob, stop it.” Slipping one arm through the grocery basket, she picked up another. “Which one?” she asked, looking from one to the other. “Creamy Onion or Chicken Noodle?”

Jacob shook his head. “I still say you should go to the farmer’s market and buy.”

She raised a soup can in protest. “Jacob, please.” Lorrie gave him a mock-stern look and put the can in her basket. “It’s all the way out in Barrie, and besides, canned is perfectly edible.” She reached toward Jacob’s face and caressed his cheek with the back of her hand. Smiling, he took her hand in his and kissed it softly.

“I love you, you know.”

She nodded, taking her hand back and starting down the aisle.

“And part of loving someone is telling them when they should buy better food.”

Laughing, Lorrie turned down to the next aisle. “You’re really something, Jacob. Although what you are, I don’t know.” A man passed down the aisle, glancing awkwardly her way.

“How about this?” she said, turning around to face him, “We can go to the market next—”

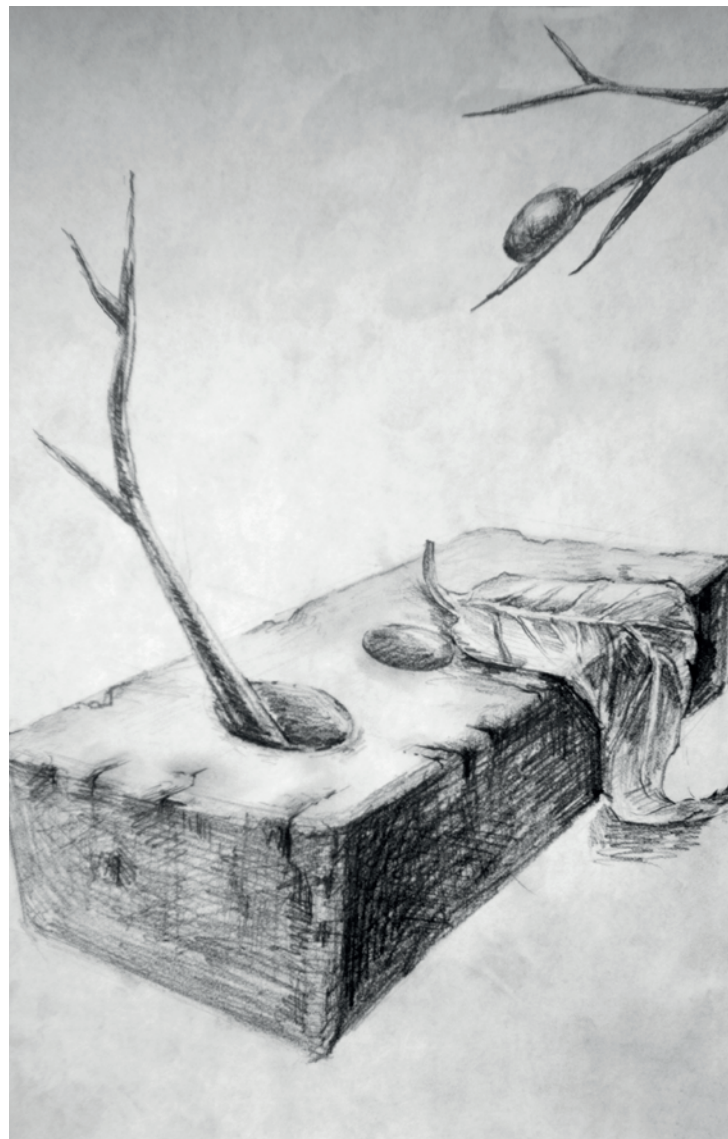
She stopped, surprised. Jacob wasn’t behind her. She smiled widely and walked carefully back the way they came. “Jacob?” she called down the aisle. “I know you are here.”

And yet, when she turned the corner, there was no one, save a very frightened-looking woman with a child strapped to her chest. Lorrie scratched her head and gave the woman an apologetic look. The woman shook her head and narrowed her eyes, putting a hand over her child.

Lorrie walked away and headed down another aisle. Anger made her face hot. Tears stung her eyes. She peeked out the end, but didn’t see Jacob. “This isn’t funny, Jacob,” she said aloud, sinking to the floor and reaching for her phone. “When we get home....” She trailed off.

Her hand pulled a tattered piece of paper from her pocket. It was folded up, with the words “READ ME” printed on the front in big, capital letters. Inside was an obituary from 1988. The name of the deceased was “Jacob Matthew Hewitt.”

Her hand crushed the paper against her heart. The tears overflowed. She remembered the rest. Slowly, she folded the clipping back up, tucked it into her pocket, and headed for the cash register, drying her tears on the way.





# Such Rivers

LAUREN STOKES

Katherine set the brown wicker basket on the grass and looked up to the cloudy sky. She had hoped for a sunny day out at the park for herself and her children, but it had turned out to be chilly. The nearby river rushed faster than usual, which spread an echo throughout the local park. She and her four year old daughter, Jeannette and her six year old son Jamie weren't the only ones enjoying their day. A couple sat by the river, hand in hand, and a little girl and her father had just set up a game of Frisbee, which caused their over-eager dog to bark and jump around.

"Don't touch me, poopyface!" Jeannette shot to James, who had her in a headlock, and was slowly dragging her away from Katherine and the picnic basket.

"WHO ARE YOU CALLING POOPYFACE?" he yelled back, letting go of little Jenny and putting his chubby hands on his hips.

"Jamie! Jenny! Calm yourselves! Are you not hungry?" their mother interrupted.

The children stopped and licked their lips hungrily, sitting down next to the picnic basket.

"Poopyface," Jenny muttered under her breath, before innocently smiling up at her mother. Katherine raised her eyebrows, and opened their basket, carefully taking out the container of sandwiches she had made, followed by a box of cosmic brownies, and a carton of orange juice and plastic cups. Jamie shrieked with excitement when he saw the space-themed brownies, and Katherine smiled. She had bought them in hopes

of this reaction. They were his favourite.

She divided the food equally among the three, saving a few of the brownies for later. While the children nibbled happily on their lunch, Katherine let her eyes wander over to the rushing river. It always looked pretty this time of year, in the late fall. It wasn't yet cold enough to snow, but it wasn't warm enough to leave the house without a sweater. She continued to admire the scenery while finishing her egg salad sandwich when James interrupted her thoughts.

"Mommy, when can we go swimming?" he asked, his eyes big with anticipation.

"Swimming?" Katherine asked with confusion, "Where do you want to go swimming?"

"In the river!" he replied, as if the answer was obvious. "With the ducks!"

His mother laughed. Typical James. He was a curious kid, always wondering how he could get away with trying new stunts.

Jenny wrinkled her nose. "Ew! Why do you want to go swimming with ducks? They poop in that water!" she said, mispronouncing most of the words. She was still new to speaking.

"Coz I'm a boy! And it's wa-ter not wah-deh," he said, proud of his larger vocabulary.

Katherine cut in. "You can't go swimming in that water, dear. It goes too fast. You might hurt yourself."

It was, in fact, dangerous to swim in such rivers. She had purposefully left out the fact that you could drown from waters like those while explaining this to James, but the 'Strictly No Swimming' signs were hard to miss. It was all quite strange. The river was very dangerous,



yet the sound that echoed out provided some type of comfort. It was being near danger, but knowing it had to be provoked to harm you.

She returned to the conversation, when James let out a disappointed “Oh,” and frowned.

“Another time. Maybe we can visit Grammy and Grampy sometime this week, and go swimming in their pool!” she said, in hopes of cheering him up.

It was successful. “Okay!” he replied, his face lighting up. He loved visiting his grandparents.

While Katherine packed up the red checkered paper cups and plates, Jamie and Jenny ran around their picnic spot, playing tag. Unfortunately, Jamie’s older body moved faster than Jenny’s leaving her to be “it” most of the time. Her chubby legs couldn’t go as fast as his could.

Suddenly Katherine heard a scream, and a loud splashing sound. She jolted up, searching for James and Jenny, who were safely standing frozen, both as puzzled as she was. She looked towards the river, and a man was yelling for help. It was the man who had been playing Frisbee with his daughter. She had fallen into the water, and was trying to swim back to safety.

Katherine was stricken with fear. She knew what had to be done.

“James, do not move an inch from where you are, okay? Jeannette, you do the same.” She gave them stern looks so they understood the importance of the situation.

With what felt like minutes, but was really a matter of seconds, Katherine sped past the man, and flung her body into the river. The icy water shocked her body, but when her head popped up, she saw the young girl,

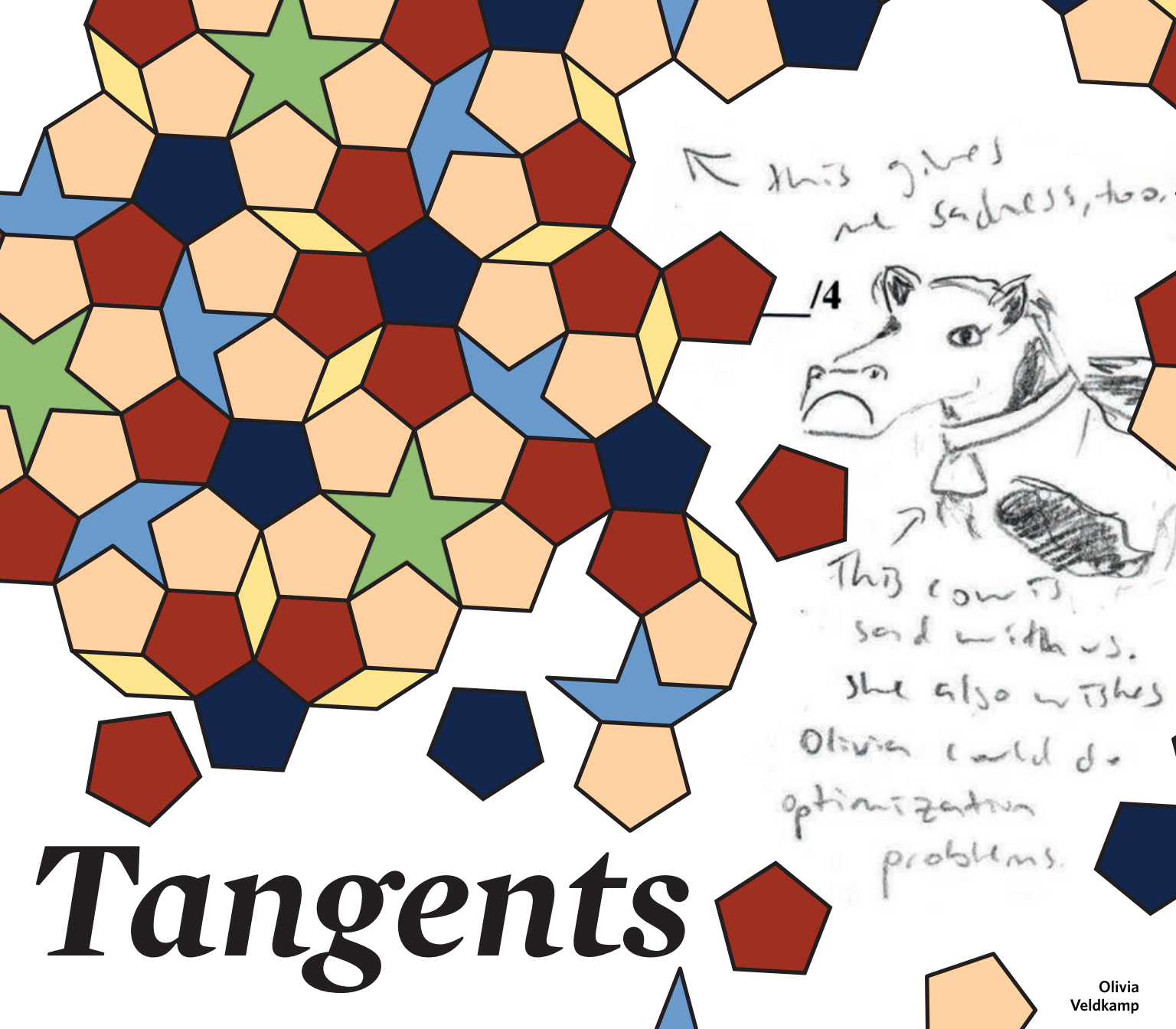
clinging onto a branch that was seconds away from snapping, and dragging the girl away with her.

“Kick, kick!” she ordered her body, as her limbs desperately sailed through the water, taking her to the girl. She tried to tell the girl to grab onto her, but her mouth couldn’t make its way above the water, and the words came out as bubbles and gasps. The girl grabbed onto her anyway, and with a strong push from the side of the river, together they put every ounce of their strength into paddling to the other side. Above, the girl’s father, his face wet with tears, held his hands out to grab his daughter. As they got to the edge, Katherine managed to get the sobbing girl off her back and onto the riverbank. She put her arms to the side, and started to pull her exhausted body onto it, but the mud slid off, taking her weak body with it. Katherine had nothing left in her. She felt weak, and exhausted. She tried to keep her head up, but she couldn’t fight the river much longer.

She thought of her children, completely unaware of what was happening, and heard their laughter echo from what felt like miles away. She had to fight for them. She had to keep going. She put every ounce of strength into trying to get air into her lungs, but her legs couldn’t move any longer. Bruised, and scraped by the sharp edges of rocks, her weak body was carried down the river that brought her life to an end.

Weeks later, the body of a 30 year old woman was found on the beach of a river. Tattered and broken, her cold body didn’t properly represent the life that she lived, but instead the price she had paid. She risked herself, to save another.

*Based on a true story.*



# *Tangents*

# Stubborn as a Mule

**BROOKE MOORE**

There my options lay: climb the tallest mountain in the Caribbean with my own two legs, or use one of the four mules before me. Upon introduction, my mighty steed was given the name of Boomba, and it was soon common knowledge that Brooke was his, and he was hers. It was love at first sight—although complications arose within minutes.

Some say mules are stubborn, but that's a complete understatement. When I told Boomba to go, he didn't move an inch. But when I wanted him to stop, he felt the sudden urge to gallop as fast as he could, just five inches from the edge of the mountain. This caused me to go completely bonkers and utter multiple outbursts at Boomba. So loud and angry was I, in fact, that other mule trains—literally miles away—could hear my screams. But then again, when others insulted my precious mule, he was a gem; no mule was better than my Boomba.

Racing Boomba was definitely a challenge. While the other mules listened to their riders, Boomba did his own thing as per usual, taking his sweet time like a dawdling child in a candy store. In my riding

experience, a whip was definitely a must. The larger the whip, the more powerful I became: twigs turned into sticks, sticks into branches, and branches turned into trees. Suddenly I was in control! Until, in fact, I tried whipping him... but nothing happened. Absolutely nothing. Once again, there we were, Boomba with a mind of his own.

Maybe using my own two legs would have been a better option. Although, if it wasn't for Boomba, I'd have never known how much I love and hate mules. And I'm glad I can check "riding mules" off my bucket list.

## OEDIPUS VS. THE SPHYNX

twitter



**Sphinx** @SphynxofThebes

You really want to do this?  
You're so tiny and pathetic really.  
#hatersmakemestronger



**Sphinx** @SphynxofThebes

What has four legs in the morning, two legs in the afternoon and three legs in the evening? #ROFL #DINNERTIME



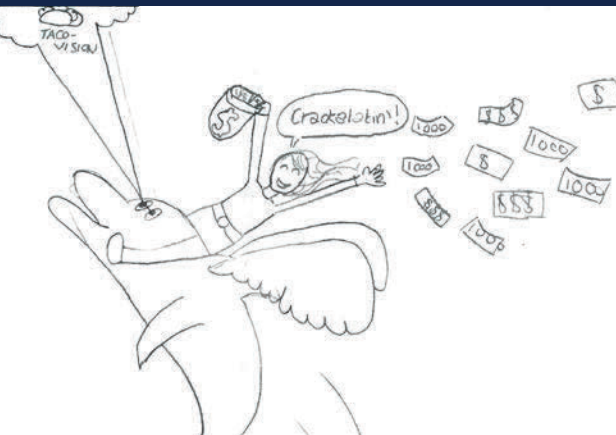
**Oedipus** @OedipusofCorinth

@SphynxofThebes ...MAN.

The Sphinx fires back with some scary threats!

Oedipus answers!  
The moment of truth!





### HANNAH VANRYS

In this picture, I am riding a dolphin with taco-vision. Taco-vision is when you make tacos appear out of thin air. Then there's me, riding the flying dolphin holding a bag of money. I quite enjoy making it rain money. That is my picture in a nutshell.

### JORDIE MARTIN

This is my evil twin Jorano riding her pet rabbit, Oprah, that she blew up with a "enlargo 3000." She is chasing the Mini Unicorn Squad that stole Cinderella's magical purple shoe from her diamond castle. This is a very, very, very, very, very depressing story.



### LUKE VERSTEEG

This is a picture of myself, riding a flying dolphin with wings, and playing the banjo to the totally rad tunes of the Zac Brown Band, as I direct my dolphin to hit Rob Ford in the stomach while he is in a drunken stupor and smoking marijuana.



# WHY ME? Totes Embarro Stories from the Peeps of Thebes

A playful take on Oedipus and the world of Greek Tragedy **TRISTA SUKE**

## Toga-Ily Embarrassing!

I was on a first date with this gorgeous guy from my school I had a crush on since grade nine. He finally asked me out and planned a romantic walk through nature complete with a picnic. As we were walking up a hill, chatting and getting to know each other, my toga got caught on a tree branch and came undone! The worst part was that I was wearing ugly Olive of the Loom granny panties! My crush stared with disgusted eyes, and we walked in awkward silence for the rest of the date. **I was mortified!**

## Daddy Dearest

I was at a mall in Athens shopping with my dad and his money. After begging him for hours, he finally gave in and bought me a really awesome tunic. While in the check-out line, I turned around, wrapped my arms

around his torso and said, "You're the best dad ever! I love you soooo much!" When I opened my eyes, I was hugging the hottest guy in my school—who just happened to be there with his girlfriend! My dad marched over and yelled, "You're not allowed to date until you're sixteen!" The guy from my school turned around and said to his girlfriend, "Looks like you've got some competition." **I almost died!**

## Red as a Tomato!

My family and I went out to the Olive Garden restaurant the night after I had been sailing all day. After lathering my body with oil and soaking up the sun's rays, I was beyond burnt. I was standing with my mom when a father with his daughter walked past. The dad said, "See honey? That's what a lobster looks like." Horrified, I turned to the man and started yelling at him for making fun of people and told him he was setting a bad

example for his daughter. After a few seconds my mom grabbed my arm, pointed behind me and murmured, "No honey, there's an actual lobster behind you!" **How embarro!**

## OEDIPUS VS. THE SPHYNX

WIN!

twitter



**Sphynx** @SphynxofThebes  
No...no...This can't be happening! I've been doing this riddle for the past century! #impossible



**Sphynx** @SphynxofThebes  
NOOOOOOO!  
#HeyTheresACliff



**Sphynx** @SphynxofThebes  
Has logged off twitter.



# **Additive Identities**



# I Am a Performer

LAURENTIU DABIJA

I slowly walk onto the black stage; my footsteps shatter the silence around the room, creating an echo in the background. I stand at centre stage. As the light from the ceiling beams down upon me, the audience and judges lock their eyes on me. I gaze at the audience. Chills roll down my back as I look to stage left, giving the supervisor a thumb up. The show begins. I perform my monologue from a scene in a movie. I finish. I gasp for air then look at the crowd, especially the judges. The audience applause travels through the entire room, but the judges whisper together, which spikes an adrenalin rush throughout my body. Backstage, I lean on a wall, then sit down on a brown bench. My body tenses as I wait to see what the judges thought. They call me back on the stage. I slowly pace towards the centre of the stage. I end up with third prize. I am a performer.

# I Am Distracted

MATTHEW DEVRIES

The air rushes past my face as I fall and the rocky ground fast approaches. I stick my fingers in my mouth and whistle for my pet pterodactyl who then flies down from the clouds. I sit in the saddle on his back and we fly over to the racing jet. In the cockpit, an evil pirate with an eye patch stares at me with his one good eye. I whip

around behind the jet, take out my laser gun and shoot it. The jet spirals down, finally hits the ground and explodes into an enormous flaming ball of death. The sound reaches my ears: “BAM!!” I blink and see my teacher looking at me. I start writing my notes again now that I’ve stopped daydreaming. I am easily distracted.



Kevyn Downer, Max Janssen

# The Mythic Me

CAITLIN CHANG

In a world inhabited by over seven billion people, it is difficult to be somebody with their own likes, thoughts and feelings due to the influence of those in our society. Individuality is something that should be cherished wherever it is encountered. As individuals, we are able to separate ourselves from others through our beliefs, practices and the people that we associate with.

I come from a very big, close-knit, traditional Korean family. As Koreans, we are required to practice certain traditions as a sign of respect. For example, on New Year's, all of the children in the family bow to their elders as a sign of respect and hope for the new year. Like every family, we have our arguments, but we are always there for one another when times get tough. Many of my relatives emigrated from Korea and experienced many obstacles and struggles throughout their lives. My mother's youngest brother is only fifteen years older than me, and many of her other siblings were still in high school when I was born; I grew up living with many of them, so I have a close bond with all of my mother's siblings.

I have witnessed my family go through the toughest times in their lives, whether that be losing a father, having a miscarriage, or going



Rebecca Smith

through a divorce. These people have shown me both the good and the bad in life, teaching me many valuable lessons along the way.

Every year, we will have a small ceremony on major holidays to honour my mother's father who passed away when I was three. I feel very blessed because I was the only grandchild who got to meet him. Although he is not with us, he has influenced my life in many ways. Through his heroic death, he inspires me to become a stronger, better person every day.

I am very happy to be living in Canada, since we are known for our multiculturalism.

Although not everybody is so accepting, it is great to live in a country full of people of different nationalities. We get to experience many parts of the world every day because of the diverse individuals living in our society.

I grew up in the house that my mother lived in while she was in high school, but I would never have chosen to live in Woodbridge if I had a say in it. While Woodbridge is nice because of its small community, I would rather live in the city where there is more freedom. Most of the people here know each other and that makes it hard for me to have close friendships with those around me.

One person I admire is Demi Lovato. Her openness about her struggles with eating disorders and mental illness inspires me. I have suffered from depression since grade three, but it was her story that moved me to go seek help in grade eleven. Her foundation, which helps youth pay for treatment, made a huge impact in my life, for rehab and therapy are expensive and they can have six-month-long waiting lists. Demi shines a light upon how prominent mental illness is in our society.

Another hero is my mother. She has gone through traumatic events that I can never begin to fathom. This includes losing her father, moving to Canada at three, and struggling with money throughout her childhood. My mother inspires me to work hard and live life to its fullest. I tend to be negative, but my

mother always encourages me to see the good in every situation.

My grandmother is the person I most admire. At seventy-three, she works harder than everyone I know. Materialism is nothing to her, for she has never had a lot of money. She always puts others before her and she does not take anything for granted. She never takes, she only gives; she has a pure heart. I believe that it is hard to find people like this nowadays, as many people care solely for themselves.

My values have not only been shaped by hardships I have experienced, but also by the people around me. I never want anybody to feel what I have felt over the years, so I've started many different philanthropy initiatives. I believe that all life should be valued the same, so equality is very important to me. Although society has influenced many in bad ways, I have been able to take this negativity and try to turn it into positivity for everyone around me. Humans are easily influenced, but it is what we make of these influences that matters.



# My Role in the Western World

DANIEL PRICKAERTS

My role in modern Canadian culture is to be an observer and a building block. By that I mean, that I haven't become part of the main events of Western society; I only watch other people carry them out. I do, however, continue the work that other people have started so that it will be easier for them to finish later; this includes church projects and school assignments. I don't do anything abnormal or noteworthy outside my school hours. In reality, I just stay at home all day. However, I do have a part to play in my country. As a member of the middle class I have to complete the elementary and secondary education system and pay taxes whenever I pay for something. I'm also expected to get a job later in life. Not only that but I was expected to do forty hours of volunteer work during high school, which I have now completed.

Since I stay at home at all times, my role in my family is pretty extensive. I am expected to do all the chores that my family tells me to do (in some cases they are things

that are truly impossible for them to do themselves). I go to church on weekends if I don't need to stay behind because of homework. I give advice as well as receive it. I travel to various parts of Ontario to go to family gatherings. I also help my sister Melissa move between university residences and occasionally back to our house.

My family is Protestant; we go to a Brethren In Christ church. We watch an abnormal amount of movies. Most of our work is strictly school related. We don't question our beliefs because they are the only ones our family ever had (although Dad's parents were Catholics) and because together we can come up with explanations to most of the questions we face. We take all of the old biblical applications for life very literally, except when the New Testament tells us to do otherwise. Although there are some things we will not watch, we can be liberal about some of the content we will view (unlike the those who think that anything with magic is bad).

Aurora, our town, is like many towns because we have introduced big box store businesses and we have the type of things you would expect in any town: a library, clothing stores, shop fronts, bars and an electronics store. What makes our town unique is the fact that it is positioned between Oak Ridges and Newmarket rather than being placed next to only one of them. Due to this position, our town cannot expand its town borders. Since the inside of the town stays the same, our municipal government has decided to give the main sections a "small-town appearance" while all of the new big box businesses are located far away in the outskirts of town. We also have a fairly big library for the size of our town. We have a surprisingly low number of divorced couples for being a town in Ontario, as well as good schools and many community organizations.

As a Canadian I live in a culture that has accepted the post-modern influences and is constantly shaping itself around them. Our stance

on personal beliefs is fairly neutral; we don't impose one belief over another, and we accept any religious community/movement that enters our culture. We used to be heavily influenced by the Christian belief system, but now we just seem to use only its basic principles and a few biblical excerpts rather than actual Christian religious beliefs. We are trying to make our country a better place for both ourselves and our future generations. But the largest factor of our culture's identity is the fact that we are trying to keep ourselves independent from the United States and Britain.

In Aurora we have the same heroes as in North America and the British Commonwealth. Our personal heroes include Lester B. Pearson, World War II soldiers, William Richard Matchell, and John W. Bowser. We consider Lester B. Pearson a hero because he is the only Canadian Prime Minister to come from Aurora. This gives us a connection to our country's parliament and its history. I know that this is technically cheating, because there are many of them, but I think I should honour all of the WWII

soldiers. They sacrificed themselves for our country and suffered for our freedom. We have a stone memorial and a cenotaph engraved in their honor. William Matchell is another important hero because he is credited with founding our town. In the early 1800's, Matchell became a merchant at the crossroads of Yonge and Wellington. Then more people started arriving, and the hamlet became known as Matchell's Corners. It took many years, but it became a large community, which was renamed Aurora. Our final hero is John W. Bowser, a construction engineer who acted as the superintendent during the construction of the Empire State Building. By doing so, he gave us, not only a connection to Canadian development, but also American development as well.

This is how I fit into the many communities—my family, my town, and my country—in which I live and participate in their unique practices and traditions.



# Write from your heart and improve

ELSA SHENG

I used to be really good at writing—of course, I mean in Chinese. I began to learn writing skills when I was in primary school. For each stage of my writing, I invariably had different kinds of feelings. But one thing that has never changed is that I always think for a long time before I start writing something. It does not mean I cannot write; I would like to spend some time before I start. If not, I may forget everything that I decided to write.

Not all of my essays were writing from my heart; actually, some of them are only used to cope with teachers or some task that I had to accomplish. In my view, writing from my heart is the best thing to do. To me, it is the only way to get a nice idea and write a wonderful essay.

During junior high school in China, I wrote lots of narrative essays and argumentations because they are the main part of learning Chinese. I usually spent a long time

on them. These kinds of writing are not that hard for me. Once I see a topic, I can suddenly get an idea and organize the language immediately. However, I don't really enjoy writing them. I am not afraid about writing something like that especially in Chinese, but I know I am just too lazy to write. In my opinion, writing essays that I do not like or I do not care about is just wasting time.

I still can clearly remember one little story that happened in my grade 9 Chinese writing class. The teacher asked us to write a narrative essay. I think I just felt too tired to write an essay that I didn't like at that time, so then I decided to try to write a simple prose instead of a long and boring narrative essay. I know I was really crazy and I got a big zero on that prose.

After that, I talked to my writing teacher. I told her everything I thought. And she just smiled and said, "If you write for your personal reason, you can write every kind of essay you want. But now, you are taking the writing class, you should follow the teacher all the time."

In order to make up for my

mistake, I rewrote a narrative essay. Then I found out that while I thought I could speak and write Chinese very well, I was actually too proud.

I have lots of ideas, but that doesn't mean I can truly write them well. Not only with writing skills, but also with wording, I am not good enough. Actually there is still a long way to go to reach the top. There is still a lot of knowledge about writing that I need to learn, even in my mother language.

On the other hand, writing something in English is a hard thing for me. Writing in my mother language, I do not need to pay too much attentions to my grammar problems. However, since I came here, I began to write everything in English so I have to be really careful about the code of language. I have never done a great deal of practice in English before. English is my second language, and because of this, I always got a low mark on my writing skills. Sometimes I just feel a little bit upset about this. Although I have a lot to say, I may not explain it clearly in English.

To be honest, many a time, I feel



I can write nothing in English. It seemed like I lost all of my ideas and some basic writing abilities. Many times, it is kind of hard to put myself into a new language environment.

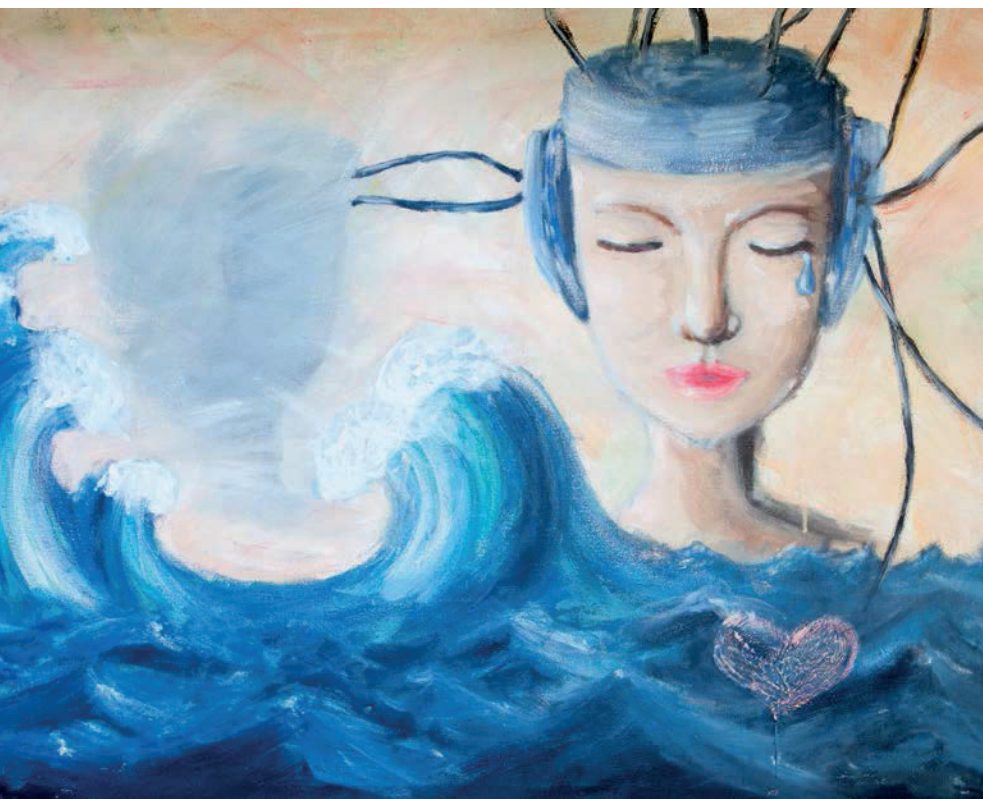
Once, a teacher asked me to write a short composition. I suddenly froze because I did not know

what to write. I tried to find some inspirations, but I failed. I almost spent half an hour on that little composition. Some of my friends were almost finished, but I just wrote a few simple sentences. I started to be nervous and then I felt very anxious; nonetheless, I could do nothing but sit there and watch

other people. Dysphoria, helpless, sad. I lost myself in the “words’ world”. Then I cried and stopped trying.

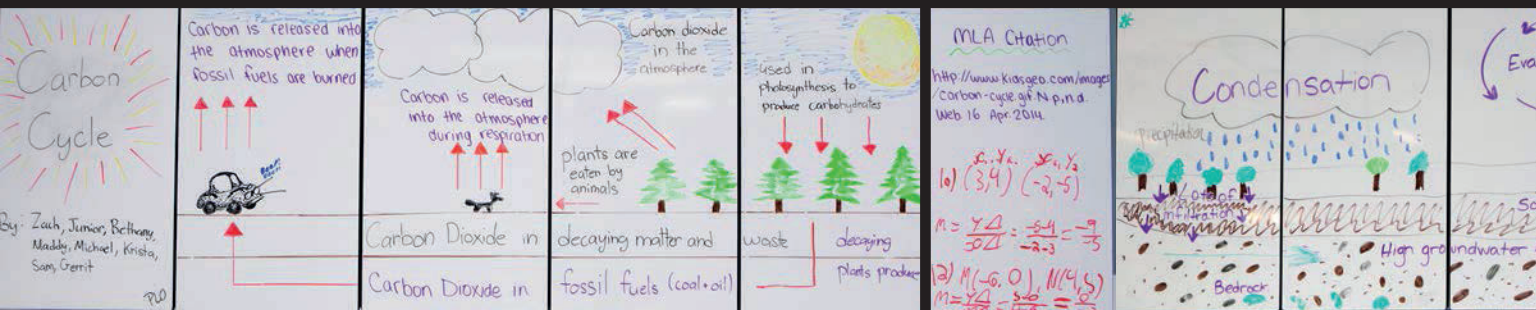
In fact, I know why things become like this. The main reason is I did not put myself in that “world.” I maybe just wanted to finish these kinds of things quickly, to hurry to write some stuff on the piece of paper and forget to think why I need to write. I am trying my best to change this “embarrassment” and keep improving my writing skills.

Sometimes, writing is not just for writing. I always believe writing is the best way to tell your emotions. Writing is just like a mirror; it shows a person’s cultivation. Whether in Chinese, English or any other language, I will write something that follows my heart. During these two years which I’ve spent in Canada, I have learned lots of knowledge about writing. I don’t really want to be a writer in my future, but writing is a very important part in our life. For this reason, I will never stop improving my writing skills, and I will try to write while following my heart as much as I possibly can.



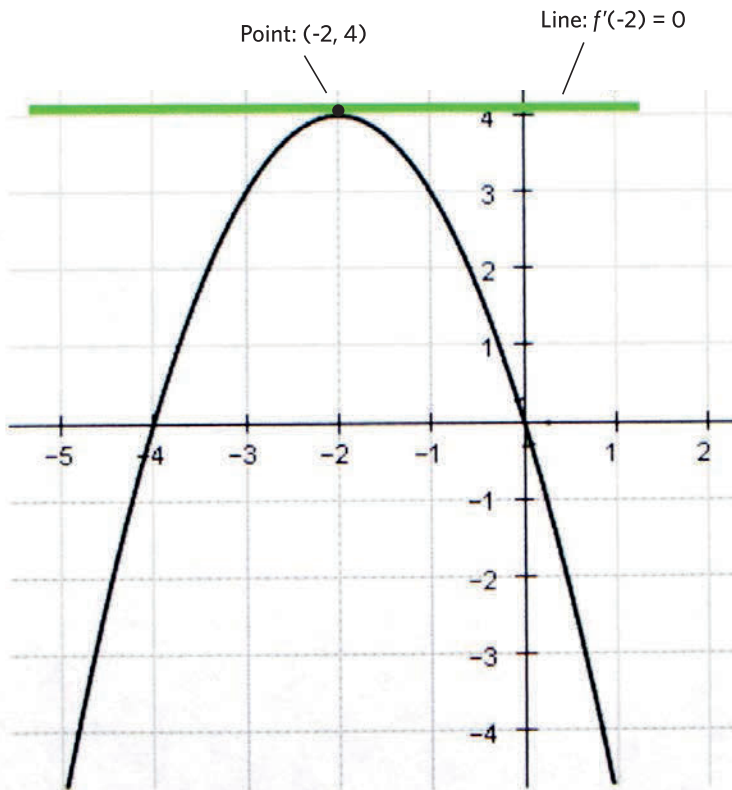
# Mathematics: Queen of the sciences

Charles Qiao



# Extreme Values

ERRINGTON SALLOW, JOSIAH SCHAAFSMA



"Find  $f'(x)$ , then set to 0 to find your critical values. Test the endpoints and critical values in  $f(x)$ , and where the  $f(x) < 0$  there is a min, and where  $f'(x) > 0$  there is a max."

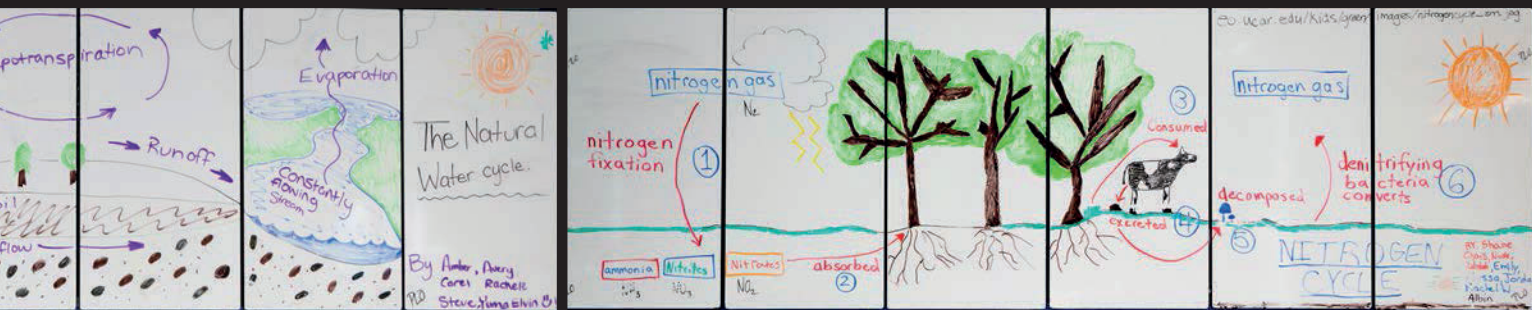
## Extreme Value Theorem

Given a differentiable function,  $f(x)$ , defined on a closed interval  $x \in [a, b]$ , then  $f(x)$  is guaranteed to have an absolute/global maximum, and an absolute/global minimum. These absolute extrema occur at the endpoints of the interval, or at points  $(c, f(c))$ , inside the interval, where  $a < c < b$ , and where  $f'(c) = 0$ .

## Algorithm

- Differentiate  $f(x)$  (defined on the closed interval  $x \in [a, b]$ ) and find all domain values  $x = c$ ,  $c \in (a, b)$ , where  $f'(c) = 0$ . Such domain values are called critical values.
- Test all critical values,  $x = c$ , and the domain values of the end points,  $x = a$  and  $x = b$ , in the function  $f(x)$  to calculate the absolute/global max and min values.

Below: Models of the carbon, natural water, and nitrogen cycles created by a Grade 9 science class





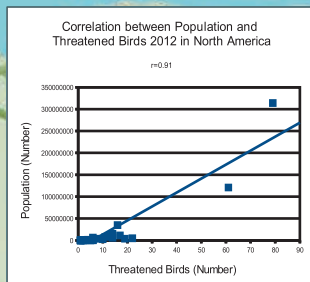
# Threatened Species of the World

AARON HUDSON

North America

1/3 Of North America's Threatened Mammals in one country

13% of World's Threatened Species

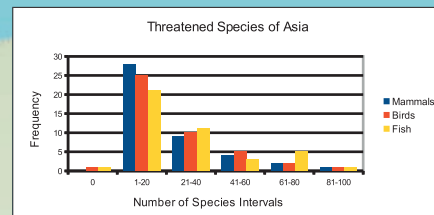


Europe & Asia

Only 29% Of World's Threatened Species in Asia

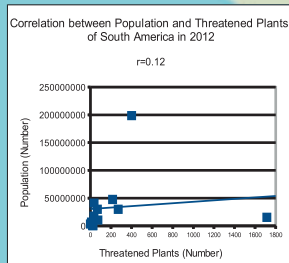
Strong Correlation between Difference in CO2 Emissions and Threatened Bird Species in Europe

94 countries



South America

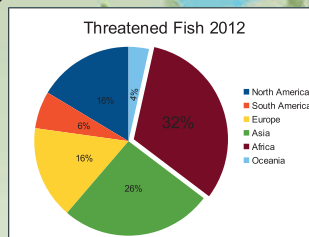
26% Of the World's Threatened Plants are in South America



239 Threatened Plants per country on average

Strong Correlation Between Difference in Forested Land Area and Threatened Mammal, Bird, and Fish Species.

Africa



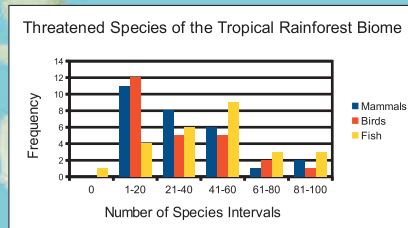
1,945 Fish Species Threatened

Weak Correlation between Number of Threatened Fish Species and Population in 2012

Tropical Rainforest Biome

29 countries 10,082 Threatened Species

42% Of the World's Threatened Species

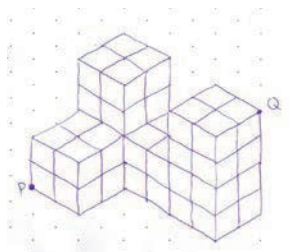


\*"Threatened species are the number of species classified by the IUCN as endangered, vulnerable, rare, indeterminate, out of danger, or insufficiently known." (WorldBank)

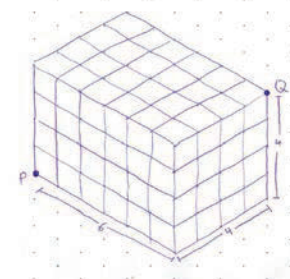
**Pascal Contest, Question 23.**

*In the diagram, the shape consists of 48 identical cubes with edge length  $n$ . Entire faces of the cube are attached to one another, as shown. What is the smallest positive integer  $n$  so that the distance from  $P$  to  $Q$  is an integer?*

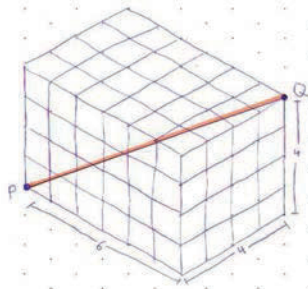
A) 17 B) 68 C) 7 D) 28 E) 3



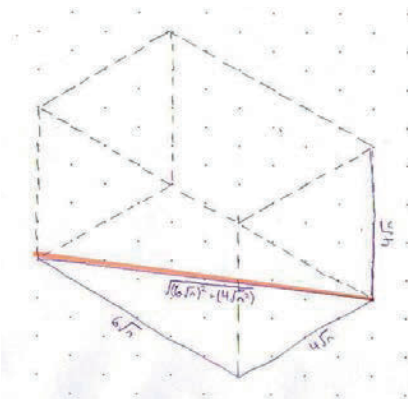
This is the diagram, which is only useful for figuring out the distance from  $P$  to  $Q$ .



This is a simpler version of the same diagram.



We want to find the distance from  $P$  to  $Q$ . There are two steps that use the Pythagorean theorem.



The first step involves finding the diagonal across the bottom of the rectangle, which is:

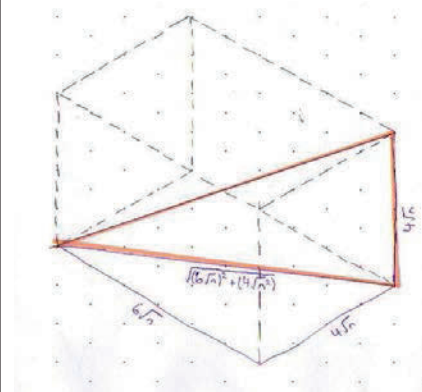
$$\sqrt{(6n)^2 + (4n)^2}$$

This can be simplified:

$$(6\sqrt{n})^2 = 6^2(\sqrt{n})^2 = 36n$$

We can simplify both terms in this phrase to:

$$\sqrt{(36n + 16n)}$$



The second step finds the length of the hypotenuse (from  $P$  to  $Q$ ) using the diagonal we found previously and the height:

$$\sqrt{\sqrt{(36n + 16n)}^2 + \sqrt{(4\sqrt{n})^2}}$$

This can be simplified to:

$$\sqrt{\sqrt{(36n + 16n + 16n)}} = \sqrt{(68n)}$$

So  $n$  could be 68, which would make the distance from  $P$  to  $Q$  an integer:  $\sqrt{68 \times 68} = 68$

Could  $n$  be smaller?

$$\sqrt{(68/4)n} = \sqrt{17 \times n} \text{ so } n = 17$$

The final answer is A) 17.

**TIMOTHY ELGERSMA**



The background image is a photograph of a large, modern architectural space, likely a train station or airport terminal. It features a long, arched glass and steel structure with a series of repeating arches receding into the distance. The floor is a light-colored, polished surface. Overlaid on this image is a complex, repeating geometric pattern of white, three-dimensional, star-like or crystalline shapes. These shapes are arranged in a way that they appear to be floating or attached to the surface, creating a sense of depth and texture. The pattern is most prominent in the foreground and middle ground, with the arches of the building visible through it.

# Planes



## ZINA BAKHILINE

The rhythmic sway of the trees above lulls me into sleep as the gurgle of the little stream in the park and the chirping of birds fill my ears. The long cattails hide frogs that jump onto the rocks to sun in the warmer months. Beyond that, the gentle rolling hills give way to fields dotted with purple, blue, and yellow wildflowers. Fat yellow bumblebees bob from flower to flower. Cobbled streets lead to rows of picnic benches and a large playground under a group of willow trees, where the shrieks of children pierce the summer air.

Families gather around the grill, talking over one another and laughing as the smell of tasty food wafts into the air. The small pond across the park is full of ducks and geese thrown crumb after crumb of bread by passersby. Honking angrily, the geese snap at each other, fighting for the biggest pieces. Small water bugs flit across the surface of the pond, narrowly escaping the oncoming geese. Silken spider webs dot the grass beside the pond, little drops of water clinging to them as the spiders scramble across, fixing the webs.

If you move your hand, you can feel the hot humid air against your skin, like a thick liquid dumped onto the town, making it impossible to move more than a few feet at a time. Only the occasional light breeze provides coolness in the hot park.

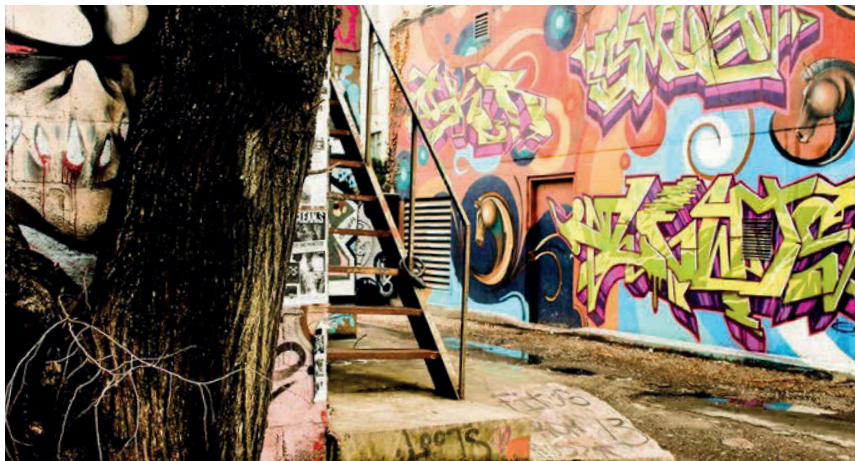
## ELIZABETH PARENTEAU

The tunnel is wet, dingy, and poorly lit. To most of society, this would be an eyesore, but for many, it is a place of freedom of expression and creativity. Graffiti lines the walls and ceiling. The name of the feminist gang “The Blondes” is scrawled in bright pink paint. Coagulated black contrasts with the gray paint on the cement walls. Symbols—from the blue-haired men with angular

jaws without mouths, to swastikas, to poetry, to lyrics, to names—cover the walls.

Emotions fill the mess of art on the walls: sadness and misery, hopelessness and desperation, suicidal thoughts and rage and rebellion.

The wet concrete floor is split and arches in the middle. Water from the adjacent river leaks through. Echoes of breathing and footsteps drown the noise of the whirring traffic overhead; the gurgling of water from the brook fills your ears. The cool taste and smell of wet concrete and drying paint intoxicate you and fill your head, making your thoughts fuzzy and time pass rapidly, allowing the colours to bleed into your memories through the eyes.



Braelynn Bryant



## New Creation Batey

ALEXANDRA BLOM

I sit here at the end of our trip, and I've decided to share my thoughts on the New Creation batey. This is my journal entry from February 25, day five of our trip:

"The day started off well. After finishing our last bites of breakfast, we were told where we would be going for the day. Greg, Megan, Erin, Sarah, and I were off to New Creation, a Christian school in a little batey about 20 minutes away from the Santo Domingo base. I was excited to teach at a new school, but also nervous because I still didn't feel like I knew enough Spanish to be able to actually teach them

anything.

"Greg and I were teaching partners for the day. We were thrown right into a classroom with kids around the ages of 8–12. Our starting point was to introduce ourselves. The kids would repeat our names back—well, they would try. My name became "Alice" and Greg... well, from what I remember, they all just stared with puzzled looks on their faces and said nothing. We taught in three different classrooms until lunch. A mixture of the alphabet, animals, and numbers would do the trick as teaching material for the day.

"After lunch, we walked through the batey. In the moment, I just watched and soaked it all in, but

reflecting on it afterwards was a bit hard. As we walked, kids flocked towards us, grabbing our hands and latching onto our clothes. Any little touch from the *americanos* spread smiles across their little faces.

"Some of the faces I recognized from teaching in the school earlier, except now they appeared different. Their faces still smiled wide, but they had put on their non-school clothing, not really much clothing at all. Some kids walked naked, some in just underwear, others in shorts with holes, and still others in ill-fitting dresses. The houses were made of whatever seemed to be available: cardboard, tin, wood, and block. Bottles, wrappers, and glass lay all over the street as the scent



of burning brush and garbage filled my nostrils. I continued to observe.

“One little boy grabbed my hand right away and would not let go. As we sat on the ground of the courtyard, he babbled something in Spanish and pointed at his shoe. He slowly started to take it off, then ripping off his sock revealing a toe that was completely destroyed. The tiny toe was red and raw and looked infected. He just looked up at me with his big eyes. I didn’t know what to say, mostly because I can’t speak Spanish, but also because I couldn’t do anything to help him.

“As we waited for the taxi to come take us home, we sat on a curb near the school as young girls braided our hair. A tiny girl in a

ragged red dress and jean shorts gazed at us from a distance. She was small in stature and timid. I would guess she was around the age of two or three. She slowly came towards us and tugged on Megan’s shirt to try to get her attention. I watched, but with two girls doing my hair and one clinging to my chest, it was nearly impossible to get up and reach for her. I smiled and waved her over, and in no time she was in my lap clinging to me.

“She would not talk. I asked her what her name was, but no words escaped her mouth. She seemed content to just sit, and she was not bothered by the other girls around her. Once the taxi arrived to pick us up, I slowly made my way over. Her grip became even tighter and a Compassion child held my hand. I knelt down and said ‘adios, hasta luego’ (‘goodbye, see you later’) to help them understand that it was now time for me to go, but they were not going to make this farewell an easy task. I let go of the Compassion child and tried to set the little one down on the ground, but her legs buckled every time. I let go of her completely, but her tiny

legs still wrapped around my waist like a little monkey. ‘What am I supposed to do?’ I asked out loud. Not many seconds after, an older boy ripped her off of me and said something fast in Spanish as she cried and screamed. I knew she would be okay, but her desperate cries made me wonder what her everyday life is really like.”

I have now visited New Creation many times and each visit has new surprises such as jungle walks, baseball games, magical shrinking plants, or fishing for minnows with the kids. I won’t share more journal entries, but my perspective has changed. My first impression of the batey was sad because it is a very poor area, but now my outlook is a bit different. Although the kids don’t have much, they are so happy and they are thankful for even the little bit of time and attention you give to them. The smell of burning garbage fills the streets, but the kids are always smiling and full of energy, and for that I am very thankful.



# Service Trip Reflection

**SARAH STEWART**

To most people, my significant experience would mean absolutely nothing, but what I am about to share with you truly changed me.

I started off my service trip journey at a place called Lighthouse. The place was nothing like I had imagined it. Since the building was entitled “Lighthouse,” I had pictured a big white building with many clean windows and bright lighting on the inside. To my disbelief, we walked into a small office with yellow walls that hadn’t been fixed in years; the floors were gray tile that definitely needed fixing.

Suddenly, a very nice-looking lady named Linda popped up from behind her desk and greeted us at the doorway. She was full of enthusiasm and spirit. She guided us to a narrow doorway where we would start our volunteer process. We began by walking down the steepest stairs imaginable into a small room where the food was stored. You

literally had to duck because the ceiling was so low. We helped Linda out by organizing the food, and bringing food items to their correct location.

About an hour later, we were notified that homeless people would be coming in to get food and toiletries for their families between 12 and 2 o’clock. We then divided into groups to see who would do which task. I ended up sorting through the toiletries and handing them out to the families that came in. Our job was to hand out a certain amount of supplies to them depending on the family size. For example, a family of two could pick three things, or a family of six could pick five. I did this job along with Nathaniel Zanchi and Braelynn Bryan. We were put in a small little room, probably the size of a walk-in closet, with baby-blue walls and white crown moulding. We were set up with a small table just about a foot from the wall so we could all squeeze behind it. There were 6 cardboard boxes full of different types of toiletries (soaps, shampoo, toilet paper, dish soap, etc.)

At noon, we squeezed behind

the small table and prepared for the people to arrive. The clients slowly started to trickle around 12:15. The first couple of people all had families of two or three, so they were only allowed to obtain three items. For obvious reasons, these people ended up trying to take six or seven items instead of what they were supposed to. Nathaniel, Braelynn, and I all found it really hard to say no to them, so we usually just let them take what we thought was necessary. After about four more of those instances, a young lady, looking to be about 26, walked into the tiny room. She looked to have some sort of Korean descent. Her clothes were kind of shaggy, and her hair was tied up in a messy ponytail. She had a five month old baby on her hip, and she was holding the hand of a two-year-old boy standing next to her. Her face was full of joy and spirit, which was nothing like what I had seen so far from the previous people coming in. We were told that this woman had a family of nine; therefore, she would be allowed to take seven items. She glanced at the items with a giant smile on her face. She then picked out exactly seven



**Sewa  
Adegorite**

items, thanked us profusely, and walked away without taking any more than she was supposed to. She turned her small head looking back at us with a smile before she left the building along with her eight children and husband.

This moment truly changed me. She proved to me that sometimes people have so little yet are so

thankful for what people can offer them. She did not take or ask for any more than what was offered, even though she had the opportunity to sneak it past us. She was truly grateful for even the seven little items we gave her.

Since that moment I have been reflecting on all of the blessings that God has given to me. I realize

how truly blessed and fortunate I am. I will be forever grateful to that woman and her family of nine for showing me how to be thankful for everything and how to live with meaning.

# Sanctuary

**SEWA ADEGORITE**

On a day like any other—well, as normal as a day can get on a service trip—a lady told me to f\*\*\* off. But that’s getting too far ahead, so let me start at the beginning.

I woke up to the low rumblings of 24 other girls—not a sound I’m used to. Being half asleep and surrounded by early morning darkness, we dressed, ate a quick breakfast of an assortment of cereals, and assembled before heading off in various directions.

After a quick stop at Starbucks, we arrived at Sanctuary. A man dressed in a black hoodie and blue jeans introduced himself as Lyf. For the next twenty minutes, Lyf described everything we could expect at the drop-in.

We headed down a narrow stairway with a low ceiling and into the basement where the drop-in would take place. Robin and I walked to an empty table and sat down. I took in my surroundings. Some people sprawled out on the couches, others socialized with their friends, while others seemed content to be by

themselves.

What hit me hardest was the fact that all of them weren’t different from me. With this thought I mind, I got up with a lot less butterflies in my stomach.

After meeting a couple of people, I spotted a lady wearing a baggy white jacket and ripped tights sitting by herself at a table reading a book. Brad and I walked up to the table and said hello. The lady looked up and just stared us. Brad and I looked at each other. Brad started to walk away, and as I turned to leave, the glaring lady spit, “F\*\*\* off.” I leaned in as if to hear her again, and she said it again: “f\*\*\* off.” I turned away and left without so much as a glance back. I settled next to Robin, speechless.

The day went on without too much drama, nothing more than a guy yelling in the men’s bathroom, a couple people completely stoned (not that I could tell), and a lady who decided to smash a glass cup on the floor.

Can I really say that my visit to Sanctuary changed me in any way? Yes I can, but it didn’t change me in the sense that I learned more about

homeless people. What I really took to heart was the fact that Sanctuary is full of real people.

You can’t get that anywhere else—not at school, not a church, and sometimes not even at home. My motto is “be yourself,” but my visit to Sanctuary challenged this because it forced me to consider this question: how can you be yourself when we’re living in a society that teaches the exact opposite?





# Chapters is My Second Home

**CHARLOTTE LEFAVE**

Chapters is a huge store filled with books of every shape, size, and genre. For me, a perfect Saturday evening is hanging out at a bookstore, just enjoying the hundreds of novels on display. It is a great place to kill time and your bank account. It also has a variety of useless, but awesome, trinkets. Chapters is my favourite store because I love the comfortable at-home atmosphere, the Starbucks added onto it, and the fact that it is dedicated to books.

Chapters is great because it has an incredibly comfortable atmosphere filled with relaxing music and cozy beanbag chairs that are perfect for snuggling up in with a good book. Customers can spend hours flipping through the pages of interesting books because the atmosphere of the store creates the sense that you have all the time in the world to relax and enjoy the sun-filled nooks filled with fluffy pillows. You feel so at home and comfortable that all your worries just take a coffee break for a couple

of hours. The soft lighting and dark brown bookshelves pull you in, and before you know it, you've spent five hours there, along with all of your money.

The Starbucks is one of the best parts about going to Chapters because you get to enjoy your favourite comfort food or drink while you walk around. Whoever decided to combine a bookstore with a coffee shop deserves an award. The fact that you can browse through the aisles with your favourite drink is fantastic. In the Starbucks, there is also a sitting area that is full of snugly chairs which you can claim for an hour or two of de-stressing while taking in the soothing and hypnotic aroma of brewing coffee. Depending if they are caffeinated or not, the drinks can either give you more energy to keep book hunting, or relax you enough to curl up for a few hours to enjoy your new books. With the promise of caffeine luring them in like moths to a flame, Starbucks also attracts a huge amount of customers for the book business.

The absolute best part about Chapters is that it is a huge building filled to the brim with books of

every shape and size, ranging from nursery rhymes to huge encyclopedia collections. The moment you step through the doors, all you see is books. It is overwhelming, but incredibly exciting at the same time. The tall bookshelves are packed to the maximum limit with printed pages, giving readers a huge rush when they take it all in. By the time they are ready to check out, they're weighed down by a huge stack of paperbacks and are completely broke. It's fantastic. Chapters is a book addict's paradise, and it will remain that way until the dreadful plague of ebooks overtakes us and turns our brains to mush.

These three things make Chapters one of my favourite place to be. This store is designed for comfort, luring in book lovers who just got their paychecks from work and that they planned to save away for trivial things, like college, but then realized that there are more important things to spend it on. Chapters is a fantastic place to be and is loved by anyone who shares my passion for books.

# Index

Sewa Adegorite .....	53, 54
Zachery Albert .....	56
Keith Bagg .....	18
Zina Bakhiline .....	49
Nathan Banks.....	18
Andrew Bebnowski .....	18
Victoria Biersteker .....	4
Rebecca Bijl.....	14
Alexandra Blom.....	50
Emily Blydorp.....	8
Mark Blydorp .....	18
Robin Bowcott.....	14
Harmony Brook Brobbel.....	10
Braelynn Bryant .....	49
Kristin Buikema .....	20, 48
Caitlin Chang.....	38
Matthew Costa.....	12
Ethan Cragg .....	15
Laurentiu Dabija.....	37
Emma Davis .....	23, 28
Kristen DeHaan .....	4
Katie DeVries.....	10, 54
Matthew DeVries.....	37
Mike Dewilde .....	15
Kevyn Downer.....	37

Timothy Elgersma.....	47
Samuel Ellens .....	18
Daniel Frangella.....	12, 18
Cole Gauthier .....	4, 18
Emily Hendriks .....	2, 26
Nathan Henry .....	18
Talia Ho.....	9, 36
Aaron Hudson .....	46
Rebecca Idzerda.....	6
Allyson Janse .....	4
Max Janssen.....	37
SeungMin Jung.....	18
Jay Kang.....	29
Dahee Kim.....	23
Samuel Kim.....	18
Charlotte Lefave .....	55
Eugene Leung.....	18
Geoffrey Lise.....	18
Matthew Lise.....	18
Jordie Martin.....	34
Peter Meimaris .....	21
Madison Mercer.....	41
Brooke Moore.....	33
Julianna Nyhof Young .....	16
Tessia Orlandi.....	5
Elizabeth Parenteau.....	49
Rebecca Parenteau .....	7
Hannah Postma .....	19
Daniel Prickaerts .....	40
Charles Qiao.....	24, 44
Ethan Racanelli .....	18
Rebecca Reid.....	24
Jacob Russell.....	18

Errington Sallows .....	45
Josiah Schaafsma.....	45
Ben Schuringa .....	3
Elsa Sheng .....	42
Rebecca Smith.....	15, 38
Alexander Stevens .....	13
Sarah Stewart.....	52
Lauren Stokes.....	30
Trista Suke .....	35
Cynthia Tang.....	43
Kyle Tani.....	12
Gerrit Tiemersma .....	21
Annemarie Van Halteren .....	4
Thomas Van Lingen .....	12, 18
Anya Van Rooyen .....	6
Ethan Vanderkooi .....	1
Victoria Vanderkooi .....	5
Hannah VanRys.....	34
Joshua VanRys.....	27
Kelsey Veldhoen.....	4
Spencer Veldhoen.....	18
Olivia Veldkamp.....	32
Luke Versteeg .....	34
Jiaming Xu .....	28
Sabrina Yacoub.....	25
Paul Zijlstra.....	18

