

*The people of  
TDChristian High School  
making and doing*

2015

# Notice

*Notice: The people of TDChristian High School making and doing*

2015

**TEST  
YOUR  
VISION:**

G O O  
U T S I  
D E A N  
D P L A Y  
G E T L U X  
E Y E N E E D  
L I G H T

# Foreword



A detail from a collage by Megan Van Zeumeren

Cover photo by Deborah Obadun

In countries all over world, young people are increasingly myopic; that is, they are exhibiting near-sightedness. You might think that smart phones and computer screens are to blame, but apparently that's not the case. Researchers now report that myopia is caused by a lack of sunlight. Long school days indoors and too little time outside are causing serious vision problems for many of earth's pupils.

Myopia is not for our eyes only. When we limit our scope to include only the dim familiar, we turn away from our calling to learn and to love in the light. When we open our eyes in wonder, we may experience awe.

Take a look at Megan's Hamlet-like modern eyeball-man studying what appears to be a Neanderthal skull. Mind's eye open, he considers the totality of human experience: life, death, innocence, experience, the here and the hereafter.

We hope you'll see the same depth and texture, variety and playfulness in the work of our students. From the silly to the sublime, these pieces reveal their insight and vision. No myopia here!

As I scanned this year's student work, I saw eyes everywhere. Thus, this year's Notice must be dedicated to the organ of vision: the human eye.

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**PHIL VRIEND**

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**TDChristian High School** *Learning for service in the light of God's word.*

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Aaron Moloney

## Focus Day Ramblings

**ANDREW BEBNOWSKI**

Jason Veldhoen, how dare you get a concussion!? You missed the greatest Focus Day of them all, you potato. We got to work on our project, which you have no idea about, but still it was so splendid.

Everyone was worried because they didn't think they would finish in time; you would have enjoyed seeing the frustration on their faces. After all the finalizing, we got to watch some of the videos, but we were rudely interrupted by

the lunch bell. Ah, lunch, the most beautiful time of day. I wonder what you would have had that day for lunch. Probably just fish crackers like you do every day. I swear you live off of fishies, but that's irrelevant.

We got back from lunch and then we all sat down to watch the videos. It took us a while because everyone was just babbling on about some stupid stuff, but eventually we watched the videos. Ours was a show stopper; you should have seen it.

My editing skills are so amazing;

man, you missed it. But let's continue. After that, we watched a few TED talks, which were interesting enough. We had a little discussion, and then Phil gave us an assignment.

I love assignments. Don't you just love assignments? I know the answer would be yes, so why I am even asking. Our assignment was to watch a few TED talks, then to respond to them. Most people just didn't really do it and walked around, so yeah, that happened.

I talked to Brandon and we made fun of Scott V. a bunch. It was a blast. Now I have to type up this second assignment because I'd rather just type this up than make a poem or write a response to something. This Focus Day turned out to be just so awesome, I'm sad you missed it; I wish you were here. Now I'm just lying because Phil is probably going to read this and mark it. I wonder how he feels about me calling him by his first name like I do with Sean.

Hopefully you're here for the next Focus Day which, sadly, isn't English.

Your dear friend, Andrew.



Hannah VanRys

# A Man's World

DEBBIE ADULUSO-NWAOBASI

Our stories tell the world who we are, where we come from, and what we believe in. Our stories try to explain why we think and act the way we do. I am African, Nigerian to be specific, and my nationality is my identity. I come from a culture that tells me, as a woman, you are strong, but don't be too strong; it might scare the men away. My life is a constant battle to maintain the balance between independence and submission.

I come from a family of three children, and I am the only girl. My brothers are my pillars; they mean the world to me. I would give anything to see them happy, even if it meant learning the name of every footballer on their favorite soccer teams just to bond with them.

Being an only girl sandwiched between two boys has its perks. For one, it makes me untouchable, precious and protected. Sometimes my father teases me by calling me his "python egg." I am the pride of my family, a symbol of beauty and an advocate of peace. This doesn't mean that I am loved more than my brothers. My parents do a great job at loving us all equally, or at least pretending to.

As the only girl, I was expected to play the role of a mother at an early age. I was expected to carry myself with poise at all times and to be extremely polite. I was expected to care for and nurture people whenever and in whatever way I could, to the best of my abilities, even if they were older than I was. Perhaps this is what has inspired me to become a medical doctor.

However, being an only girl has its disadvantages: the pressure to be perfect, the unspoken expectations and the idea that you're supposed to put everyone before yourself because that's what girls do. I am a female: this means that I am not regarded the same way men are, I am not allowed to speak with the same level of authority, and I am second and beneath my superiors—men.

As a Nigerian girl, I was taught to aspire to be great from an early age, to dare to dream of reaching for the stars, but I was continuously reminded that all are my achievements are vain if I'm not married. A woman's voice in society is determined by her marital status, and she is the dependent variable in the equation. This is because we are on a journey, and our final destination is marriage. Everything you do as a woman is useless if you have no home to call your own, because your home is your pride, and if you lose your pride, you become an outcast in society. You are considered a rebel if you are not a submissive.

I am part of a culture that still believes female education is questionable, a culture that believes a woman's place is in the kitchen, a culture that believes women are "baby-making" machines. Of course, this notion begins to fade in Western civilization and in time, but it is still very much in existence. It breaks my heart to think that a group of misguided and deranged men could wake up one day, kidnap two hundred girls

and marry them off for only a few dollars each. Why? Because women are created and purposed by God only for marriage, and as such, education is *haram*, forbidden, taboo.

Fortunately for me, both my parents are literate and enlightened, so this allows for flexibility. Although my parents understand and respect my take on equality, they still call me stubborn for refusing to stick with the status quo. I remember numerous occasions when I was not allowed to do things my brothers were allowed to do because I'm a girl. I remember thinking that I was loved less, but with age came clarity and understanding. My mother would tell me that, as a girl, the world required more from me, and that little mistakes could scar me for life. Talk about double standards!

My experiences haven't made me weak or shy, but they have pushed me to be fierce, to never back down, to be determined, to set goals and push myself beyond my boundaries, to promote peace and positivity, to strive for excellence in all things, never to let gender differences intimidate me, to acknowledge my strengths and work on my weaknesses.

I am part of the generation that will defy all odds, the generation that is making a difference. I am part of a revolution. I will not describe myself as a feminist; I am just an advocate of equality. I am someone who believes in the female voice. I will never take up posters and protest against gender inequality, and I will never



openly take up arguments or be caught in altercations. I will make a difference through my achievements; I will not let my cultural principles define me. I am the difference!

F. World View Essay: Answer the following questions in ¾-1 page. Be sure to use proper grammar, spelling and punctuation. (20 pts. A)

1 Describe the two *extreme* approaches to studying world religions—confrontation and synthesis (from the continuum of tolerance offered in class).

AND

2. Show how each view can fail to do justice to the study of God's creation.

AND

3. When you have laid this groundwork, describe how Christians can promote tolerance while still maintaining a strong stand for Truth.

AND

4. Describe how well TdChristian is doing to transform education for Jesus Christ (use examples)

*I'm going to make it to his really*

To talk about religions—people's core beliefs—is a tricky thing. In the post-modern society, we have been raised to accept everyone and everything in fear of being "cast out" from social circles. We are afraid to offend, which limits our ability to freely think. By talking about religion, specifically opposing religions to the people listening, is to bring up potential evidence that contradicts the person's core beliefs (their religions). When this happens, it creates an extremely uncomfortable feeling called "cognitive dissonance", which will make the feeler avoid, shut-out or deny all potential evidence that may contradict their beliefs (this is why I don't talk about my ~~own~~ religious views at TD). So, instead of talking about things that could potentially stir up cognitive dissonance, (out of the fear of not wanting to offend, and not wanting to be offended) we just avoid it. The way I see it, if your faith can move mountains, it should be able to withstand criticism. Amen.

Jack Cabral answers an essay on his world religions test

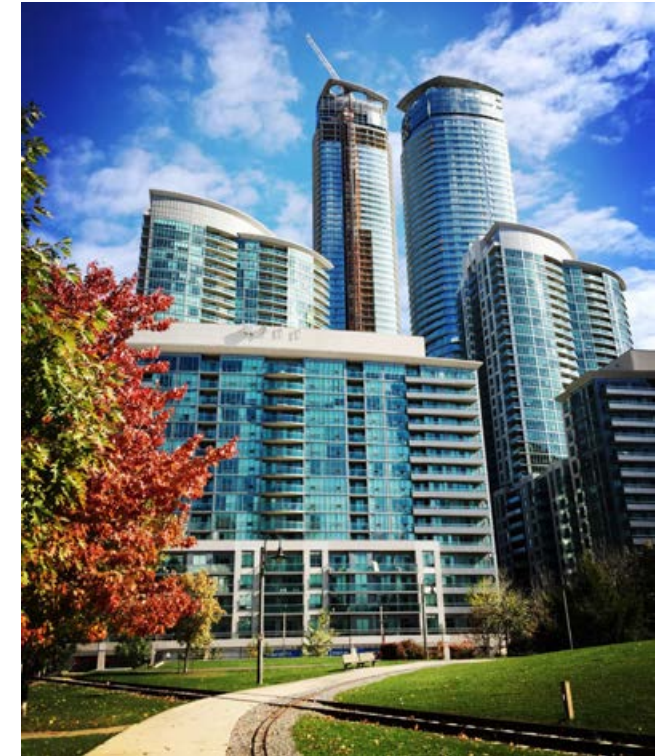
## Introversion ANYA VAN ROOYEN

For most of my life, people and society have told me that being loud and outgoing are ideals that I should strive for. As someone who identifies as an introvert, this has led me to constantly struggle to try and change myself and to speak out more frequently. This has often been difficult for me, and for this reason, I watched two TED talks that addressed some of the benefits of being quiet. The points made by the speakers led me to think more about what it really means to be quiet in a world that places extroverts on a pedestal and ignores those of us who are more introverted by nature.

One way that this has manifested itself in my life is in the way that a number of my friends have treated me in the past. I have been told by countless people that they would try to "make me loud" and bring me out of my "shell." At the time I was believed that they were just trying to be good friends, but even so, their words hurt me. In a way, they were suggesting that being introverted is a problem that must be fixed and that people shouldn't really be quiet and reserved.

Another thing that has been difficult for me is the constant collaboration and group projects that we do at school. Our classes are set up with extroverts in mind, and this makes it much harder to thrive as someone who is inclined towards introversion. A number of times, I have had good ideas, but they have been passed over because I am not as charismatic or outspoken as other members of the group.

Although being introverted is something that hasn't



always been easy for me, I am finally starting to understand that it is my personality, and there is nothing wrong with it. I might not constantly be talking, but this doesn't make me an invalid in any way. In the same way that there is nothing wrong with constantly sharing your thoughts, there is also nothing wrong with being more introspective and spending time in silence and reflection. I think that everyone should attempt to set aside time to reflect and to escape from the constant stimulation that we face in our lives.



## French Trip Reflection

**SAMANTHA CRINCOLI**

Quebec City is a truly beautiful place. I absolutely love it here, and every time I visit, I fall in love with it a little more. Everything – the river, the food, the people, the old buildings—is really incredible. But Quebec is not only a beautiful city; it is a teacher. There are so many things it shows us and so many more that we see within its walls. On the river, we see commerce and business. In the food, we see a form of recreation. In the people we see a unique culture. In the old buildings, we see a history.

Yet beneath all of that, we see still something more: a religious history which is fundamentally deep and profound, particularly in the domain of Christianity. This is a very interesting subject. There are such great divisions between Catholics and Protestants, but both believe in God. Why? Theological differences are the main reason, but that's not the only problem in the Christian community. The Protestant denominations are also divided, but we really shouldn't be. Throughout this most recent trip to the city, I learned a lot of new things about this subject.

Sitting in the Basilica of St. Anne de Beau-pré, I admired the lavish beauty of the structure. It is breathtaking. With its magnificent cathedral ceiling and ornate sculptures, it is

an astounding feat of architecture. And the atmosphere is greater still. It is silent. That's different for me, but I loved it. Normally there is noise everywhere, but that sense of solitude and tranquility simply allow me to think. Being in a church, I thought a lot about God, about people, and about the relationships people have with God. They are all so uniquely different. It's sad that because of these differences, so much division exists.

Now, something that I would like to discuss is the respect that I found for Protestant churches and denominations which are different from mine, and also for the Catholic church. When I was younger, and until very recently, I thought that anything outside of what I believed was completely false. But that's not necessarily true. Fundamentally, we all believe the same thing, but in practice, those things unroll and are interpreted differently. We are different, but that's okay; we learn from each other. Some churches choose to hold their services in movie theatres, others in chapels, still others in basilicas, and a few others in basements. The place isn't important; it's the people and the purpose for which they come together. For this reason, it is so important to respect each other.

In addition to that, something very important for us to understand is that different people have different ways of worshipping

God. Some people are very pensive and quiet, while others are really loud. He is so very personal, so everyone experiences him in a different way. That being the case, many diverse attitudes and atmospheres are represented in the denominations: respect, joy, love, excitement, fear, discipline, amazement, and forgiveness. In regards to the church we attended on the Sunday morning, the atmosphere was overwhelmingly welcoming. Wouldn't you know, it felt like church. The music had already started when we walked in, but upon entering the building for the first time, I felt like I was home. Everyone was kind, accommodating, and just genuinely happy that we had come. It was a very good experience, and because of it, I have gained a much deeper respect for all of these attitudes. They are all legitimate.

My experience on this year's trip really helped me to develop a more educated opinion and informed attitude towards other denominations. I met many new people and experienced certain things for the first time, each of which made me a little more understanding. It is important to know and experience new things so that we're not in the dark. It is terrifying a lot of the time, but those are the things which cause us to grow.

# La petite

**ALYSSA CHONG**

Le moment où je suis entrée dans l'église, je savais qu'aujourd'hui serait un jour très long. Les enfants nous ont regardés avec les visages curieux, mais ils continuaient leurs conversations. Ils parlaient tellement vite en français, je n'ai pas compris! Je me sentais intimidée et nerveuse.

Après avoir fait mon déjeuner, je me suis assise à la table, à côté d'une femme chinoise et sa petite fille. J'ai essayé de parler avec elle en français, mais elle ne comprenait pas très bien le français, alors nous nous parlions en anglais. Elle a présenté sa fille qui s'appelle Yuni. Yuni avait cinq ans, mais elle savait déjà trois langues différentes : le français, l'anglais, et le mandarin. Elle était très timide, et restait avec sa mère en regardant les autres enfants qui riaient et jouaient ensemble.

Après le déjeuner, le jour d'enfants a commencé pour moi. Le commencement était très gênant. Les enfants ne voulaient pas chanter les chansons ou danser

avec nous. Après la musique, nous avons préparé pour le sketch de Samson. J'ai aperçu Yuni et une autre petite fille qui restaient debout dans un coin avec madame Joosse. Mme Joosse essayait de convaincre les filles de se joindre aux autres enfants. J'ai décidé d'aider madame Joosse et je me suis agenouillée à côté de ma professeure et les filles. Mon français était médiocre, mais madame et moi avons persuadé les filles de se joindre au groupe.

Le sketch était mauvais. Les enfants s'ennuyaient, et nous étions très frustrés. Heureusement le bricolage était un succès. Les instructions étaient mal fait, et les petits garçons se moquaient de nous, mais, les enfants appréciaient les activités, particulièrement Yuni. Quand elle a fini, elle courait vers moi et m'a montré les bricolages. Je l'ai aidée à mettre son masque de lion et elle a fait semblant d'être un lion.

Après le bricolage, nous sommes allés au parc. Au début, Yuni ne voulait pas laisser ses bricolages, mais j'ai promis que ses choses seraient sûres. Elle était satisfaite, et elle a couru rapidement dehors.

Nous avons couru jusqu'au parc, mais elle n'a pas arrêté là. Elle a couru tout autour du parc. Elle montait toutes les choses. Elle jouait dans le toboggan. Elle voulait que je faisais tout avec elle. Elle était très heureuse et très énergique. Il était difficile à croire qu'elle était la même petite fille que j'ai persuadée de quitter le coin une heure plus tôt.

Elle n'était plus timide! Elle riait avec moi et parlait avec les autres. Elle a été transformée en une nouvelle fille. D'une manière, j'avais aidé à sa transformation, mais je ne savais pas ce que j'ai fait. J'avais seulement parlé et couru avec elle.

Nous sommes rentrés à l'église et nous avons joué jusqu'à ce que les parents sont arrivés. Quand la mère de Yuni est arrivée, Yuni m'a donné une grosse accolade. Puis, elle a couru à sa mère avec ses bricolages. Elle a mis son masque de lion pour sa mère, et quand la petite et sa mère sont sorties, elle s'est retournée vers moi et elle m'a fait un signe de la main en guise d'au revoir. Peut-être c'est les plus petites choses qui donnent les plus grandes récompenses.

**MEGGIE HILBORN**

I am an artist  
Or at least I claim to be, since  
I am unsure of everything at times

My words  
Are toxins which spill  
Twisted sickening phrases from my lips

Facing forwards  
My mind is a jumbled mess  
Leaning back into my cacophonous thoughts

But maybe I should look at it from a different  
angle next time and try to understand that

Leaning back into my cacophonous thoughts  
My mind is a jumbled mess  
Facing forwards

Twisted sickening phrases from my lips  
Are toxins which spill  
My words

I am unsure of everything at times  
Or at least I claim to be, since  
I am an artist



Julianna Nyhof-Young



# From the wood shop and the art department



Odd object box project by Hanna Lee; Kool-Aid carrying case by Carleigh Roos; prop food by Grade 10 art class and JoyAnna Bodini



## Mayhem! Murder! Treachery! Betrayal! Grade 12 History recreates the French Revolution!

Top images: Jonathan DeGroot, Emily Amos-Wood, Sierra Van Zeumeren, Monika Lee, Thomas Van Lingen, Kevin Kim, Nicholas Kirkpatrick, Debbie Aduluso-Nwaobasi

Top right: Photo by Julia Ferreira

Right: Monika Lee, Sierra Van Zeumeren, Andrew Barton; photo by Sofia Graham



Train by Jadon Pascal van Alphen; mining truck by Matthew deVries, photo by Sofia Graham; airplane by Matthew Vandekemp; cheese board by Nathan Banks



# THE EYES HAVE IT



Facing page and  
bottom right: Charlotte  
Yoneyama  
Left: Sarah Scheepstra  
Bottom left: Chris Warren  
Bottom middle: Kayla  
Wood



## AMOS MAK

Today I read through three articles that talked about Photoshop. The first article explains how to make the eyes of a person look sharp and beautiful. Step one is to add eyelashes to the subject with the brush tool that matches a person's eyelash size and width. Step two is to change the eye shadow colour by using the lasso tool to select the eye-shadow, then make a hue/saturation

layer where you can adjust the colour of the eyes. The next step is to add contrast to the eye so that audiences can see the pupil more definitively within the iris. The next step is to brighten the white parts of the eye with a brush, but not make them too white because you still want the eyes to look natural. The article says to sharpen last, in order to heighten the work you just did on the eyes.



All illustrations by  
Katerina Guthrie



# JOB SIGHT

## JONATHAN DEGROOT

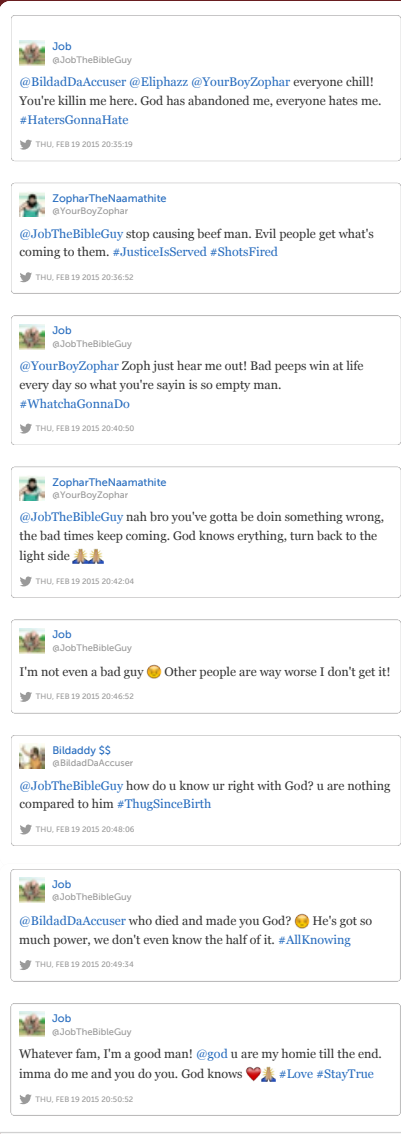
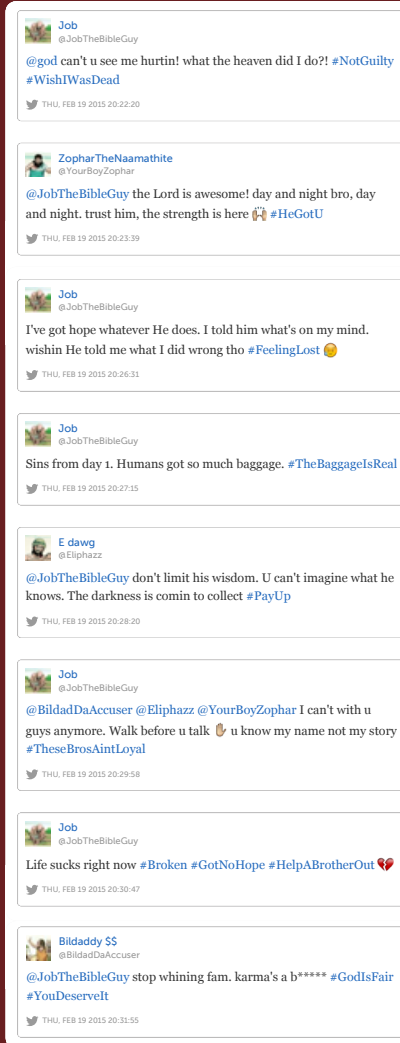
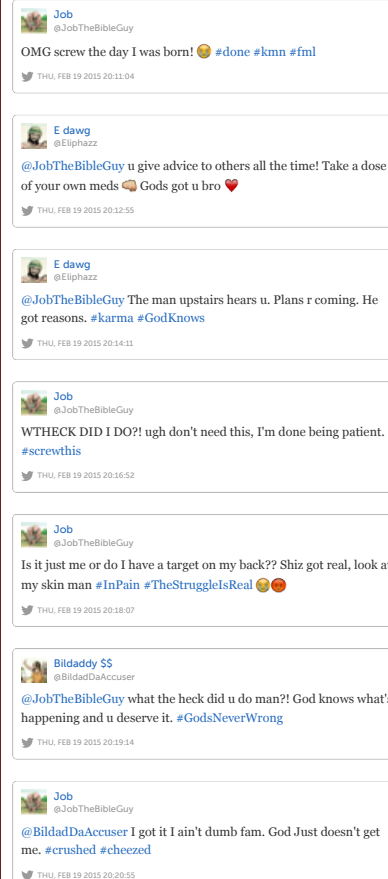
*An essay question on an English test: Compare and contrast Oedipus, Job, and Larry (from the film A Serious Man) in terms of status (social, intelligence, wealth, relationship with the gods), peripeteia, hubris, hamartia, anagnorisis, catastrophe. Include some discussion of how much control each person is able to exert in his own story.*

Job, Larry, and Oedipus each lived in very different communities and times; however, they share many similarities in life. I can picture the three men sitting together at the gates of heaven waiting to be judged in turn. Upon meeting each other, each would find that they lived lives filled with suffering. Larry would say, “How come God made us suffer so much? We all followed his rules as best we could.” Job might chip in, “I agree, he made me suffer and I was righteous!” Oedipus would reply, “Job, you got all your stuff back and had a decent life after your suffering. As for me, I was forsaken by the gods and left to wander, a miserable husk.” That is how I picture one outcome of

(continued on p. 20)

## ROBIN BOWCOTT, JULIA MEIMARIS, KATERINA MEIMARIS

Given the assignment of reinterpreting the story of Job in a modern context, these students imagined how Job and his friends might have used Twitter.





A surreal view of the city by Sam Nguyen

conversation.

Also, each held a high social status in their communities. With his huge flocks and many servants, Job had what today would be considered a small corporation. Larry, a university professor, would be respected by others because of his intelligence. Oedipus lived life with hubris. Even before crowning, he lived as a self-entitled king, displaying his individual strength by defeating the Sphinx.

Catastrophe! Despair, suffering, and unquestionable pain strikes each man. As a human, I want to compare them and decide who had

it worse. In my opinion, it's Job, who seemed to be the guinea pig of a divine argument. But each man missed the mark, and as humans interpret it, that means you must suffer. Job's friends show this. Oedipus learns he is to wander and suffer after finding his identity, and we could say Larry had bad things happen because of his failure to act. The saying "take everything in life with simplicity" fits the situation, although in their shoes very difficult to act.

Everyone asks this question: Why does God let bad things happen to good people? Of the three,

Job and Larry display this question in their stories with clarity. Life isn't fair! That is an answer I have known, and it applies to these men.

Rephrasing the question, God doesn't have to be "fair" to us. In Larry's story, he tried to find out the answer as to why his life was a mess. While part of it was due to his actions, much came out of the blue. Job experienced the same circumstances, and he questions God about it. In the end, the answer seems to be a question: What do mere mortal men have a say in the face of divine gods? What control do we really have? The Sims clip we listened to during class shows an interesting take on "The Human Free Will Slider." Coincidentally, I remember watching my sister play the game in earlier years, and I thought, what if we are all like Sims, and God is the player? He allows us to choose our actions, and they may be stupid ones that cause him to watch us with thoughts such as "NOOO! I told you to stop sinning like that! Why do you never listen?!"

Regardless, the three all appear to have zero control over what happens to them. I wonder if

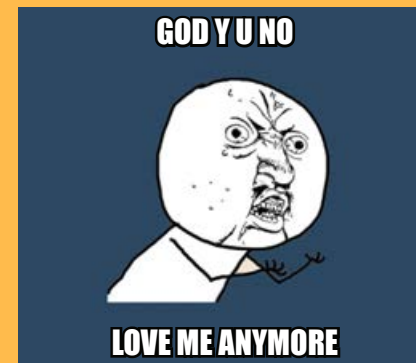
**SAMANTHA FRANKRUYTER,  
NICOLE EYGENRAAM,  
SOPHIA KOTYS**

These students re-wrote the story of Job as a series of humorous "memes."

Oedipus ever thought that what happened in his life after the anagnorisis was his fate as determined by Ananke.

While each character suffered and couldn't control what happened to him, they were all allowed the free will to answer as each saw fit. Job answered with a stubbornness that I admire in the face of great pain and the doubt of his closest relations. Larry answered simply: I have done nothing wrong. Oedipus answered in humiliation and great misery, finally achieving his sight.

In the end, the lesson I have learned is that life is only as complex as you make it. We are merely humans, and we do not have control, although we have full power over how we respond.





Completely edible “compost” chocolate cake with painted icing by Rachele Schutte

## What I Learned in Environmental Block

RACHELE SCHUTTE

**My spine is in fact solid** It wasn’t only my discovery of democracy which brought me to the conclusion that if I want to do something, by golly, I can do it. It was also the projects that are mandatory to complete in this course. Before E-Block, I’d definitely say I was a dreamer. I dreamed about aquariums and planting trees, but I never really took initiative because I saw them as only dreams. This is going to sound super cheesy, but E-Block helped me make my dreams come true. The projects were what started it (having an idea and then following through with it), but then what I’d learned from these projects weaved its way into my life, and I now have full confidence that I can do anything. If I have an opinion, then I can share it. If I’m chasing a dream, I can find a way to catch it.

**Black souls are poetic** I know how that sounds, but it’s true. Through some tests we did on true colours, learning strategies, left vs. right brain, I learned that I am truly unique. I’m all the colours and all the learning strategies, and I’m equally left and right brained; when you mix everything together, it makes black. And I find that poetic. Contrary to finding out what my personality is really like, E-Block helped me see that I can choose what I want to do and who I want to be. Even though I am an introvert, I can push myself to speak at assemblies and be interviewed for Civix, and although I may feel uncomfortable, with practice, I may be able to pull it off. This probably sounds like one of

those self-esteem pamphlets that tells you “before you continue on your life journey, you need to find yourself to discover what you’re truly looking for,” but E-Block really helped me embrace who I am.

**Donut worry about it** But I do worry about it! Every time I pass by a tree that wasn’t mulched properly, my heart goes out to the poor fellow with sympathy and concern. How will he/she live? Is his/her bark damaged yet? Poor little thing, it’s not its fault someone mulched it wrong! Learning something new that you’ve been doing wrong (or have seen done wrong) for your whole life really opens your eyes to how the world could be if it was done right. For me, this was mulching trees. Sometimes it’s a life or death situation for them, like when some fool just piles mulch atop their delicate roots and then continues to mountain it up onto their trunk! Through my mulching lessons, I’ve learned not only how to mulch saplings, but that although I may (definitely) think I know it all, there is so much more to learn. There are so many mistakes we’re making—big and small—and we need to open our minds to find solutions, so we always need to be open to learning.

**Baby steps** Being in E-Block definitely made me more aware of my surroundings. Going for drives or walks suddenly becomes a lot more interesting when I notice the trees and the birds and the nature that surround us at all times, but we rarely take in. I found out how much effort it takes to transplant a tree and how expensive it can be to have environmentally friendly appliances; learning about this made me realize how

much more needs to be done. Greenpeace is an example of a group that is passionate about saving the earth. They mainly do protests to raise awareness of things that are happening now which are terrible for the environment and aren’t being dealt with. Although this is great, and more people are finding out about these issues, we don’t all need to go to these lengths. Simply recycling your water bottle or using less water makes a difference. E-Block has taught me that the little things help, and they’re easy to do.

**The daunting future and the anxiety that accompanies it** I get stressed. This is one of my traits, and it’s a burden which I’ve dealt with for many years. I stress about school, friends, family matters, and anything else that I can think of. Above all, I stress about the future; it makes me want to cry. I have no idea where I’m going to go, no idea what I’m going to do, and no knowledge of what I need to get there. E-Block has given me some assurance that it’s going to be okay. Through Career Cruising and personality tests, I’ve discovered that there are many options which would be suitable for me, and I now know the basic steps to getting there. My resume has greatly improved with help from the Student Assistants and Mr. Freeman, and there’s just a little less to stress about now—that said, it still scares me a lot.



## Student Budget Consultation

KAMRIN WARD PHOTOS BY EVAN KIM

*Kamrin participated in this year's Ontario Student Budget Consultation and wrote about her experience.*

Hi, I am Kamrin, a Grade 10 student who is part of an environmental program at my school. I have always been interested in political and social issues in Vaughan and throughout the world.

In Civics class, I have learned so much about voting, political positions, the different levels of government, and what's going on in our country. Now we are starting to learn more about the federal budget by participating in the Student Budget Consultation.

My part of the project is to answer everyone's questions about the whole program and supervise the survey that will take place during class. I will also review the questions with my class in advance to make sure everyone understands them, and we'll discuss their different views. As part of leading my class in the consultation, my classmates and I are using the videos, PowerPoints and handouts to teach the class and lead small group activities.

Another project that I was responsible for was the Student Vote. I was the deputy returning officer who supervised a poll clerk and the scrutineer.

The Ontario Municipal Student Vote was a great experience for me because I got to test out and work on my organizational skills. I have always wanted to know about how people accomplished the voting process. I thought that being in charge of this project would be the perfect way to gain knowledge about this topic, so I took on the challenge.

I have learned so much about Civics over these past couple months, and I can't wait to see how I am going to be able to apply it to my everyday life, whether it be during class or after I graduate high school. Having a Civics program in school makes me and other students feel involved in what is going on in our city, province, and country.

Learn more about the budget consultation at TDChristian online at [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ABYU1c7\\_zVQ](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ABYU1c7_zVQ)

## Tree planting after ice-storm damage

RACHELE SCHUTTE, EMILY HEMING

In the first semester, the entire 2014 Grade 10 E-Block class completed a forest-edge restoration project, repairing damage from last winter's severe ice-storm.

Melissa Bruinooge wrote a proposal to TD Friends of the Environment and received a \$2000 grant for us to purchase native trees and shrubs in order to restore the area where we lost 15 mature trees to the ice-storm. Below are a few photos of the project.

We planted our trees and shrubs right by the edge of the forest, where there was ice-storm damage, and they look fabulous! We placed logs in front of them to provide a boundary that stops any balls from entering the forest; it's also a way we can use the trunks of the many damaged trees.

Sometimes, when planting trees, we have to take the dead ones away to give the new trees lives of freedom where they can reach their full potential. We also



transplanted a number of elderberry shrubs from next to the gym to the forest edge so that they don't block the windows. At the end of the period, after long, hard work, we all headed to the E-Block room with sore hands and satisfied hearts.



Photos by Kristen deHaan

# My Best Leader

**JASON VELDHOEN**

I think that the best leader I have had in my life was my uncle John. He was always a great leader, both at his work and around the house. He pushed us hard in sports, encouraged us to get jobs, and told us to study hard in school.

His best leadership quality was his voice. He could be heard a mile away, although it was usually followed up with his laugh. This made him easy to listen to and to follow.

He inspired us all with his work ethic. He wasn't the type of leader who sat back and told you what to do; he was the one to get the dirtiest, no matter what. If people were slacking off, he wouldn't slow down to tell them to work; he would just continue with his own work and then, just because he wanted to, he'd go and complete their work if it wasn't done.

Although his methods were a little different than those of the average leader, I think his worked the best. These included making fun of you until you did something you didn't think you could.

Although he lived a couple hours away, we always got a phone call on Sundays asking us how school and sports were going. On weekends, he came over to watch our games. He helped out many people in our families by giving advice and caring greatly about every single one of us. We were treated like his kids, and this helped us strive to please him. At his house, you didn't even mind going out in the cow pasture to go chop some trees down because he was helping and making sure you knew exactly what to do.

Because he was the most influential person in our lives, we all have one last goal to accomplish for him. He inspired us all to do the Tough Mudder. He was signed up before he died, but now we have over 20 people signed up under his team. He's going to lead our team through the Tough Mudder. He will laugh when we fall down, and I know that he would really want to do it. He would want to help us complete those obstacles. There isn't anything he would rather do than help his nieces and nephews through this.

That's why he is the best leader.

**Timothy Elgersma**



Although he wasn't always with us, he was always encouraging us and working with us, making sure we pushed as hard as we could. He felt omnipresent. I can still hear his laugh whenever I screw up or tell jokes. Now I know he is always spiritually there watching over us.

**MARK HANNA**

Little did I know that because I took a mandatory grade 10 Civics class, I would end up in the same room as the Finance Minister. Hi, my name is Mark; I am now a grade 12 student. Going back a couple years, I was presented with amazing opportunities through the CIVIX Student Budget Consultation program in my Civics class. A few other students and I took on the task to teach our fellow classmates about Canada's budget as a project. This way of learning the curriculum is unlike your cliché "teacher is always up at the front" teaching style. Our project-based learning, coupled with our school's unique building design, made us the perfect candidate for both Civix and CBC to film what we were doing!

Along with a couple other schools, our school actually ended up getting airtime on CBC's *The National* as they covered what students across Canada were learning about the budget through Civix. Not long after, Civix began searching for good student candidates to present the Student Budget Consultation to the Finance Minister on behalf

of all student participants. Low and behold, Civix reached out to our school, as well as and another school in Quebec, and selected three students from each institution. I was chosen as one of the students.

What an experience it was to be flown out to Ottawa and back in the same day. I really did feel a little like a businessman. I got a little snapshot of what it's like to be famous when we met with the late finance minister, Jim Flaherty, the right hand man of the Prime Minister. When the meeting concluded and we exited the room, we were bombarded by cameras; this was expected because it was the day Jim Flaherty would announce the date the next budget was to roll out.

After this spectacle, we were interviewed by Global News; then we went on a behind-the-scenes tour of our famous parliament building. What an experience to have while taking a mandatory grade 10 course! This was an experience I'll never forget, something that I will cherish forever and include on every resume I write for the rest of my life. Thank you, Civix.

# THE MIND'S EYE



Physics students were allowed to create “cheat” sheets to bring into a test, but the small size required the creative use of space. From top: Judea Todd, Rebecca Reid, Abiya Tamang

## Underappreciated Fluffs of Inspiration

ALLISON ELGERSMA

“The heavens declare the glory of God; the skies proclaim the work of his hands” (Psalm 19). Gavin Pretor-Pinney devoted hundreds of hours towards enhancing his own ability to inform the world of his personal belief in the importance and beauty of clouds. God has filled the sky with many creations to be discovered and enjoyed by his people. Clouds have been cursed with incredibly negative connotations in the English language; they are most often associated with sorrow. Pretor-Pinney used his research to prove how clouds are indeed a positive force in our universe. They can bring forth uplifting emotions through their tranquility and humour through our own imaginations.

Each cloud is unique, like a snowflake or fingerprint, but when was the last time you were able to laugh with a friend about the shape of a snowflake? How relaxing is it to stare at different fingerprints? Clouds are incredibly diverse and just as incredibly interesting to the mind’s eye. Clouds pass by and allow you to free your mind of stress and live in the moment, whether alone or with company.

“I think, if you live with your head in the clouds every now and then, it helps you



keep your feet on the ground,” said Pretor-Pinney. The anxiety builds as we move from day to day, and what our bodies really need is just a few minutes to breathe in that fresh air and really experience the reality of God’s creation. Allow your mind to wander free, get away from the everyday battles of life, and indulge in the experience of cloud gazing—the possibilities are almost endless.

“I find that sometimes by paying attention to something outside of yourself, it’s just enough for you to find yourself centered again” wrote Pretor-Pinney. Find what you are searching for within the realms

of the uncharted territory of your brain and break out that inner child; a time of endless possibilities and no fears awaits.

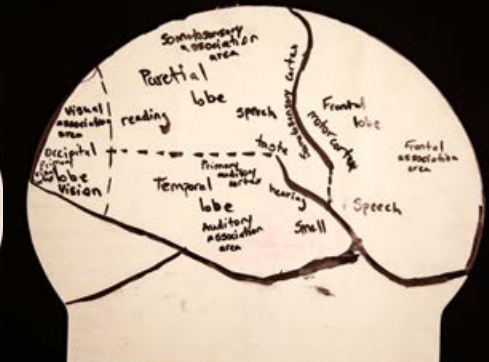
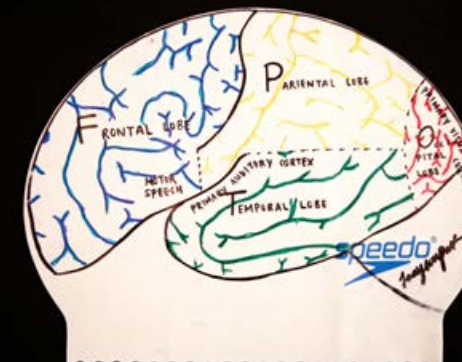
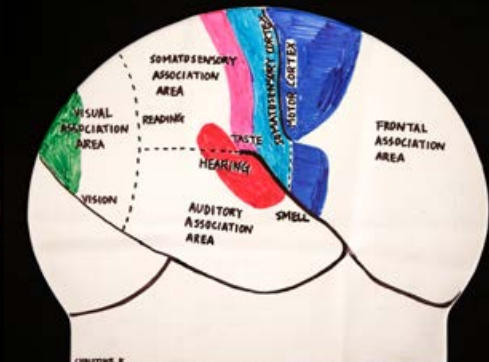
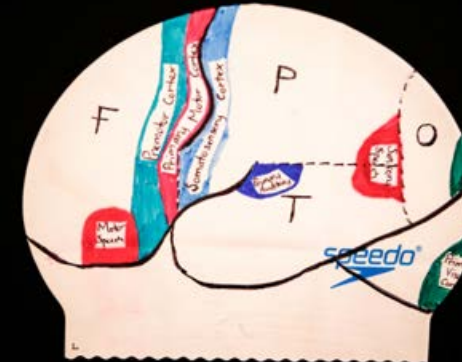
We live life under the cloud of our own busy schedule. Every once in a while, it is important to look up at our situation as a whole and learn from ourselves in new ways. Take a minute; stop; put down everything; experience creation; dream possible and dream completely implausible. See what clouds God has designed for you to discover today.

*Staring up, far into the sky,  
Up at the clouds o’ so high,  
I wish that one day I’ll be,  
I’ll be just as free,  
As those clouds in the sky.*

*Beauty of nature,  
witnessed when you turn away  
from you and from me.*

Left: Grade 11 Biology students make baby Reebops by randomly selecting traits (alleles) from parental gene pools. Each Reebop is a unique creation.

The Periodic Table of Cookies is a result of grade 11 chemistry students converting a recipe from chemical language to household measurements—for example, converting “atoms of oxygen in the form of sodium bicarbonate” into teaspoons of baking soda. They baked the cookies and decorated them to represent different sections of the periodic table.



Students in Grade 12 Biology map the brain.

Clockwise from top left: Debbie Aduloso-Nwaobasi, Jennifer McKinlay, Christine Kim, Mark Hanna, JeaYeon Park, Jordan Piccolo

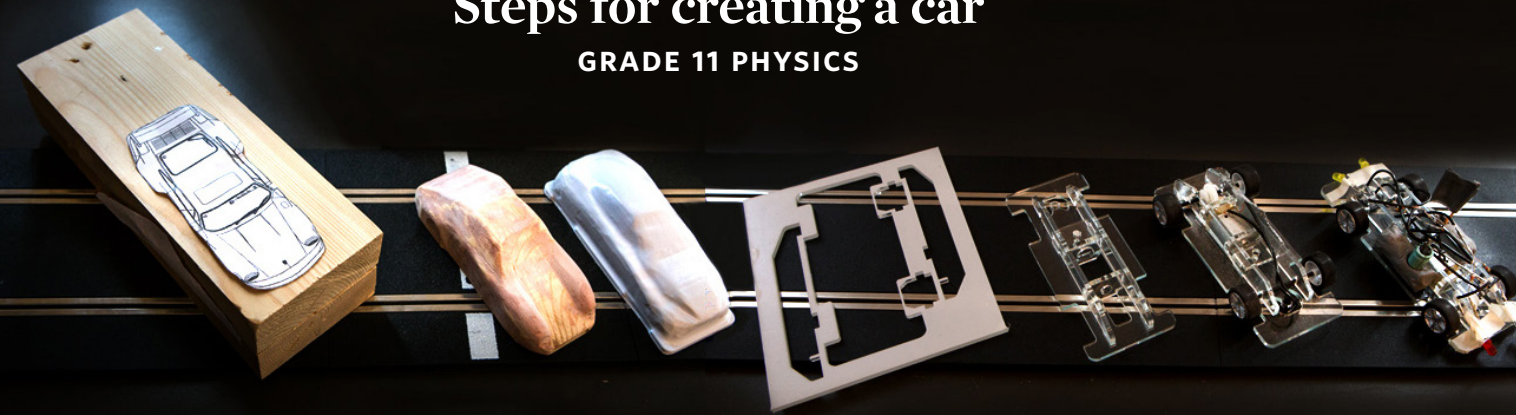
Students from Mrs. Groot's kindergarten class at Timothy Christian School in Rexdale visit Mr. Robinson's Grade 12 Physics Block to learn about robotics.

Right: Ray Yu and Matthew Costa  
Bottom right: Kuhn Lee  
Bottom: Jason Veldhoen



## Steps for creating a car

### GRADE 11 PHYSICS



1. Find a car design
2. Create a mold
3. Vacuum form the car body
4. Build the chassis, wire the motor, solder together the lighting system
5. Analyze the motion of the car (acceleration vs. weight vs. cornering ability)
6. Decorate the car
7. Race the cars!

Right: After school one day, Mr. Robinson tends the smelter built by Billy Wolfert and Jesse Hudson to produce iron ore (magnetite  $\text{Fe}_3\text{O}_4$ ).



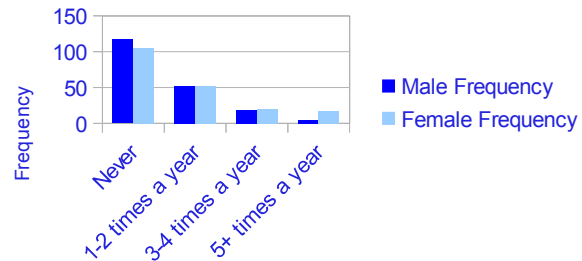
# How Can Guidance Help?

JASON KOOY AND TIA DOWNER

What does the Guidance Department at TDChristian actually do? What can you use Guidance for? Are they only good for switching classes and future directions? Are they only helpful for Grade 12 students? Are female students more likely to visit guidance than male students? A survey of all students at TDChristian was administered to answer all these questions. Students were asked to give feedback on the Guidance Department and asked numerous questions, ranging from how often they visit guidance to who they talk to if they have an issue.

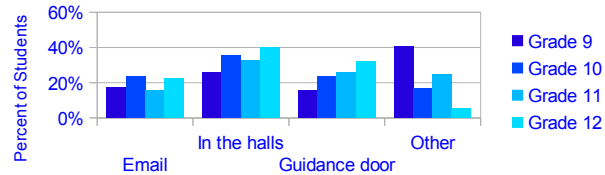
How often students use Guidance

Male vs Female



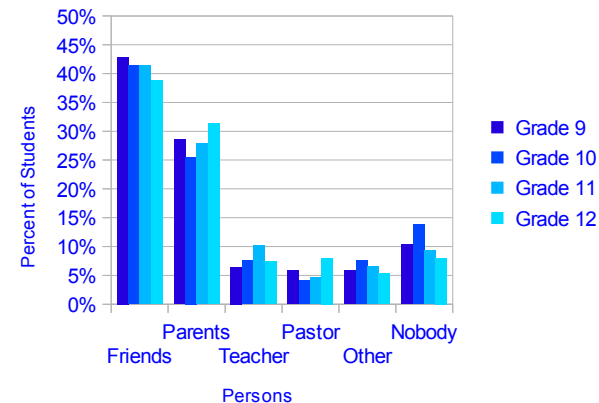
- 16% of women use guidance for personal issues compared to 11% of men.
- 88% of Grade 9s said they never use guidance.
- 0% of Grade 11s meet with Guidance five or more times a year without an issue.

How Students Connect with Guidance

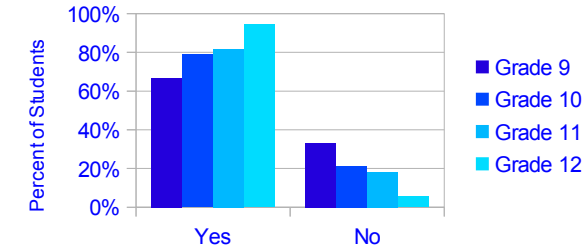


- 28% of Grade 10s said that guidance has not been helpful.
- 21% of students at TDChristian do not know who their guidance counsellor is.
- 9% of Grade 12s go to guidance for personal issues.

Who Students talk to about Personal Issues



Do Students Know their Guidance Counsellor?



The students were asked for suggestions on how to improve the Guidance program. Here are the top five answers:

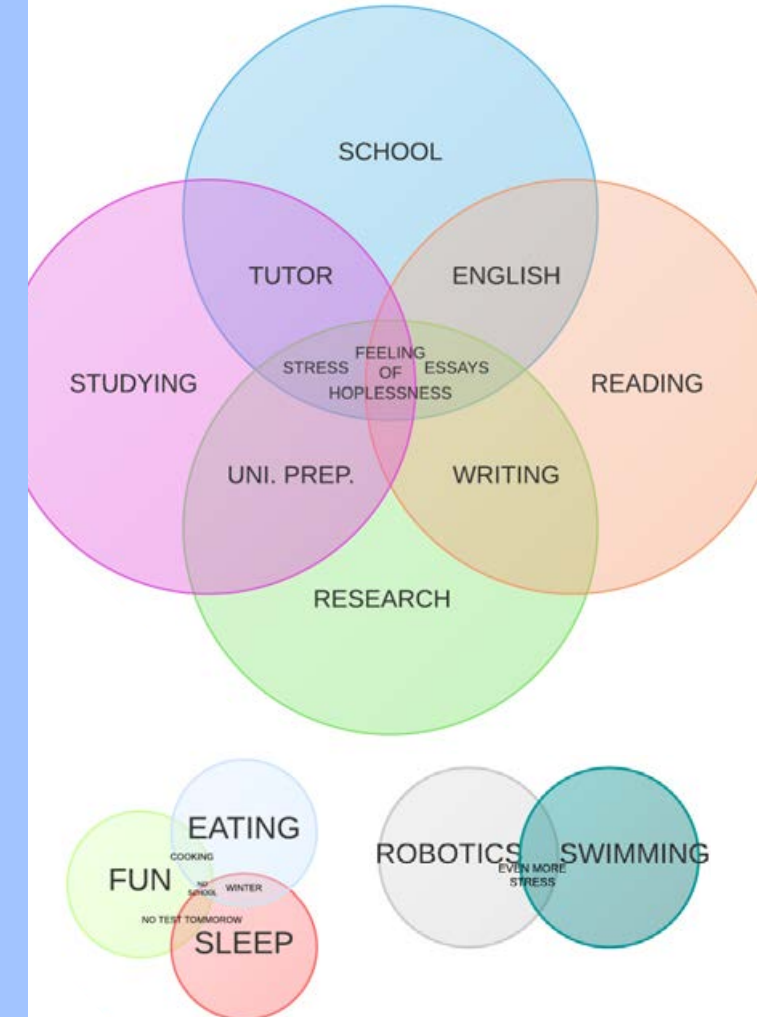
1. Better advertisement
2. Make a mandatory meeting once a year
3. Make getting appointments easier
4. Nothing
5. I don't know/care

## CONCLUSION

From the data collected from this survey we can make the conclusion that students in the older grades are not only more informed about the Guidance program at TDChristian, but also use Guidance mainly for future directions. Furthermore, it was found that there was a moderate correlation between how often students go to Guidance with how helpful students find it. Finally, female students are more willing to meet with not only Guidance but also with the school's personal counsellor.

# My Priorities in Life

KUHN LEE





## The Trimble FmX GPS system

**BRAD VANLUYK**

The Trimble FmX GPS system is one of the most advanced GPS systems out there in the agriculture world. The Trimble FmX integrated display is a very easy system to operate once you understand its basic principles. It's easy to get into the field: push a few buttons, tell the system what farm you're at, make your AB line or choose an existing AB line, and bam! You're working hands-free, being more efficient, saving money, and working longer days without being as physically worn out. The FmX integrated display unit is a 12" touch-sensitive screen. With this screen size, you can clearly see the screen and all the other platform boxes with information regarding the type of job you're doing.

The FmX allows farmers to do multiple things, even more than we thought we would ever need. Man, does it help out an operation. With a touch of the touch-screen display, you can control the amounts of liquid fertilizer or the amount of seed

you want to plant in a giving area, from 35,000 to 70,000 seeds an acre. What really helps is that after you go over an area of the field, the FmX logs it and displays the acreage you've covered in that field to make sure you don't overlap. Also, when you're going back to a field you've recently worked, the system gives you back the guidance lines so you don't have to remake them. The FmX has many other features that can help out the farmer, such as variable rate control, boom/row switching, an on/off switch on the screen, and multiple others.

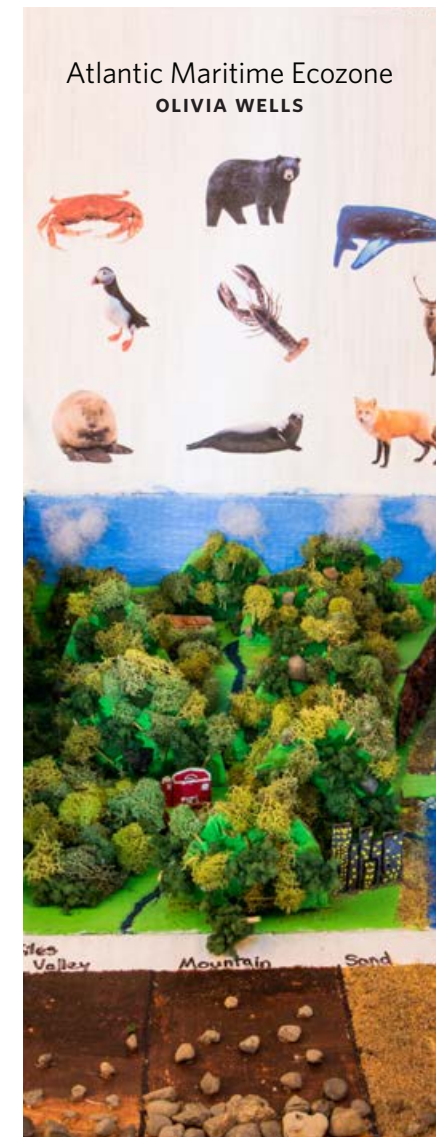
## The onion planter

Four years ago, we bought a new onion planter along with the FmX GPS system. We still plant at 0.19 mph, but we need six guys on the planter, one guy to walk behind and one guy to bring the onion plants to the field. But now we don't need a guy to drive the tractor anymore because of the FmX system. With this planter, we can plant 12 rows of onions covering 17 feet, four rows of onions per 68", each guy planting two rows. That's pretty efficient, and it saves our farm a few bucks

compared to the old planter. It still takes us three weeks to plant all the onions, but our overall cost for producing onions is sufficiently less.

On our farm, we run the yield monitor system in our carrot combine. The reason our farm went to the yield monitor was because of a government grant that came out for GPS. My dad jumped on that, and we got it. Our farm wanted the yield monitor to calculate our yield on our carrot crop, which yields 1000–1300 bushels plus an acre, almost five-fold the yield of corn.

It was quite the challenge to calibrate the system to meet our needs. We don't print off the information to analyze our carrot yield, but we could if we wanted to. We don't print the information off because my dad says, "The yields are straight cut around the whole farm." In the future, when I'm on the farm, I plan on getting all the information off the FmX system and recording it.





### MARTY MIKELSONS

All my life, I've done a lot of travelling. I've been to Texas, Jamaica, Florida, the UK, Hawaii, New York, Chicago, Quebec City, Chicago, the Bahamas, and New Brunswick.

The first place I remember is Texas. This was when I was three years old. What I remember about that trip is during a movie about earthquakes, I fell asleep and missed the part where everyone died. After the movie, my mom told me that it was a good idea for me to fall asleep. I also learned that I'm a very deep sleeper.

The next place I visited was Florida when I was 11. Florida is extremely hot. All we did was stay at the house, watch TV, and go swimming in the pool at night. My dad would go out and get food, and we spent the whole time sitting around eating and drinking refreshing drinks.

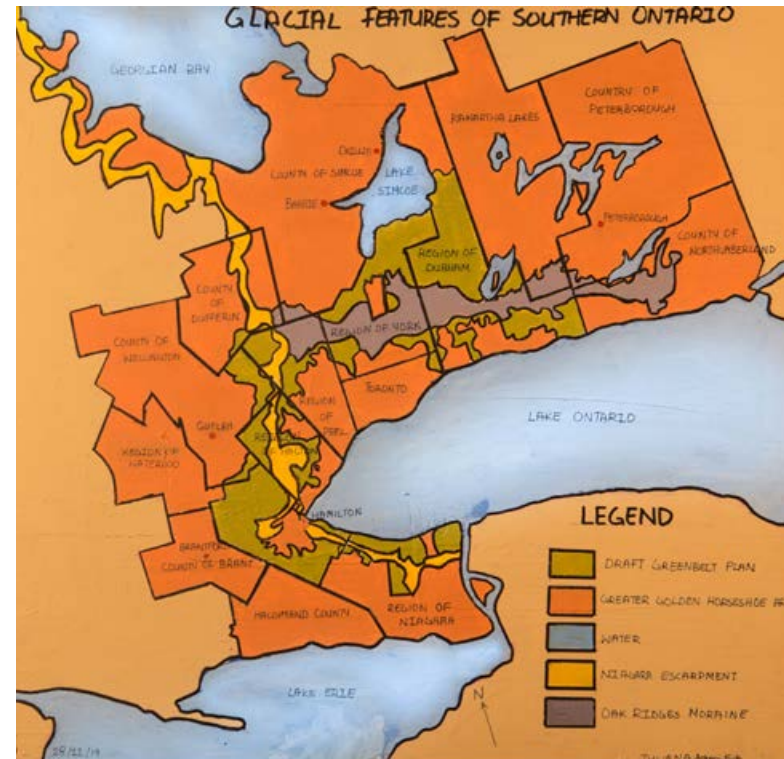
In the summer of 2013, we visited the United Kingdom. We stayed there for two weeks, and I found myself hanging out with a person called Matthew. While I was there, I got to see a lot of castles. The coolest one

### Marty's Grade 12 Math class trip

was Denbigh Castle. People say that it is haunted by a boy who fell down into a well. When it was being built, the construction manager had a 10-year-old son. While he was playing on the scaffolding, he slipped from the scaffolding and fell deep into the well 32 feet below the floor. I went to the bottom of that well, looked up, and noticed how far he had fallen. It was very cold down there, and I remember thinking that there was some sort of presence at the bottom.

On our most recent vacation, we went to the Bahamas. The Wish Foundation lets people with incurable diseases go on insane trips and do activities. I chose to go to the Bahamas because of the water park called Atlantis. I'm still not sure why it's called Atlantis, but the food was excellent. The first activity I chose was deep water fishing. On the ocean, Karl, Joe, and I each caught a fish. Karl caught an Oahu, Joe caught a Red Nose Mutton Fish, and I caught a Jack Fish. It was a really cool experience. The next activity I chose was snorkeling in the ruins because I thought snorkeling was going to be easy. I had not done it before, and little did I know that I would be snorkeling with turtles, stingrays, and sharks. We also saw the ruins from the war and some of the warships. Right after the snorkeling, we saw all the battle helmets, submarines, and weapons. After all that, the whole family went for ice cream in town. After a day of exercise, the ice cream was delicious.

My next trip is to South Carolina for a week at the end of April. People say that I'm a traveller because I've been to so many places. I guess I'd say that too.



Top left: Francesca Rotondo  
Above: Amy Hilborn, Kennedy Leblanc-Robins  
Left: Juliana Groot, Aishani Tewari, Faith Tarasuk

## What's My Personal Myth?

PETER LANGENDOEN

When I was in Honduras, I experienced some scary moments. I have been jumped many times and have had a lot of death threats. One day I was with my friend, and we went to his friend's house to get some homework. As we were standing outside, I turned around and saw some guy riding a bike towards us. Some of the guys hanging around were gangsters, and they started to throw rocks at him, so he pulled out a gun. Once I saw the gun, I turned around, grabbed my friend by the shoulder, and pulled him inside the house. But as I turned, I heard two shots. The guy on the bike had shot his gun right at me. I felt something hit me really hard on the lower back; it pushed me forward, but I had enough strength to get into the house. At first, I didn't think it was anything because I wasn't thinking about it, but after I went into the house, I felt weakness in my left leg, then suddenly I felt nothing, and I just collapsed. I got up, wondering what was going on. I fell maybe

five more times before I gained my strength and walked towards the door. The people around me asked what was wrong because I kept falling, so I said I got hit with a rock and told them not to worry about it. Then my friend looked behind me and said, "You're bleeding! You've been shot!"

Those were the scariest words I had ever heard in my life. I didn't believe him at first, but then I reached behind me and felt cold blood oozing down my back. That's when my mind started going crazy and my heart began beating fast. My friend's parents were going to call the ambulance, but I told them no because the ambulance would take too long. I told them to phone my parents. The mom phoned my house and told the maid to tell my dad that I had been shot. Once my dad heard that, he got in the car and came as fast as he could—I had never seen him drive that fast in my life! When he got to where I was sitting and bleeding, he rushed over and helped me into the car. He raced me to the public hospital's emergency room where they put me in a wheelchair and took me

in a room where a doctor would help me. The nurses cleaned up the blood, and we waited for the doctor to come.

We waited and waited and waited, but no doctor came. So my dad walked out and asked where the doctor was. They told him to not worry; he would be right there with us. So we waited again until a nurse came in, apologized, and said that the doctor was on vacation!

My dad said, "That's it!" He grabbed the wheelchair, brought me back to the car, and took me to a private clinic where they helped me right away. After I was cleaned up again, the doctor X-rayed me. He showed me that the bullet was just behind my lower spinal chord. He told me he wanted me to stay at the hospital overnight, then asked if I wanted to have surgery that evening. I was scared, so I asked if I really needed an operation. He said I didn't need one because the bullet would come out on its own, just like a splinter does. So I finally decided to not get operated on. I would just wait.

I waited for about a year, but then I started to feel pain in my

back whenever I did physical activity. So I went back to the clinic and told the doctor that I would like to have the operation. It took four hours for them to operate. The doctor said it went easier than he had thought it would, but the bullet was so close to my nerves that they had to be very careful. Once the drugs had worn off from the operation, he came into my room. He told me I was lucky to be walking, because if the bullet had moved even just a little, I would have been paralysed. I am blessed to be walking, and I still thank God for taking care of me that day. Around that time, I was just hanging around with friends and not doing much. This taught me the lesson that I should be wiser when choosing who to hang out with.

# Terror on the Hill

OLIVIA HAYWARD

Another Wednesday, another caucus meeting. I sigh as I sip my coffee while walking into the large meeting room where the low murmuring tones of my colleagues talking greets my ears.

“Good morning, Sam, old pal,” I say to one of the MPs who sits next to me as I take my seat. “How’s the report you were working on going?”

“Pretty well, actually. I just have to get a few more stats. What’s the deal with your little situation?”

“Shhh,” I say sharply but quietly. “She’ll hear you!”

“I’ll hear what?” a cool voice asks from behind me. I glare at Sam, and he does what I like to call the “Ultimate Sad Face,” where his eyes go all droopy, his usual cheerful smile turns upside down, and tears start to form in his eyes. Whenever Sam pulls the “Ultimate Sad Face,” there isn’t a person on this planet who can stay mad at him. As I turn around to address the owner of the cool voice, the Prime Minister intones “ahem,” and we both turn our heads simultaneously to the podium where the Prime Minister is standing. Talk about being saved by the bell.

“Hopefully she’ll forget,” I think to myself. The steady river of voices becomes a faint trickle as the chattering dies down and we all begin watching him.

“My dear friends and colleagues,” he begins, adjusting his notes on the lectern. My gaze wanders over to the beige curtains on the walls, the artfully crafted marble arch that surrounds the two large wooden doors, the beautiful mahogany chair-rail that encircles

the room, and the faded colours of the floral wallpaper.

“What beautiful architecture,” I whisper to myself. If I hadn’t decided to be a politician, I definitely would have decided to be an architect. As my eyes begin their journey back to the Prime Minister, they sweep over my many colleagues sitting in green leather chairs, some watching the Prime Minister, some staring off into the distance, while others are scribbling frantically on sheets of paper. As my eyes return to the Prime Minister, a loud crack outside of the door causes me and some of the other MPs to jump.

“Some clumsy person must have dropped something outside of the door,” says Sam, clicking his pen irritatingly, and I hear more or less the same thing being repeated throughout the room. The Prime Minister pauses for a millisecond, then continues. As we all go back to gazing at the Prime Minister in mindless reverie, the sound repeats itself, multiple times.

“That can’t be gunfire, can it?!?”

“I, I don’t know,” I stammer.

“It can’t be!”

“We’re doomed!”

“No way. It’s impossible.”

Suddenly I hear a dull thud at the back of the room. Quickly swivelling around, I see some of the other MPs placing tables and chairs against the doors.

“If they come in here and try to shoot me, I’m going to take down as many as I can before they succeed,” Sam yells as he walks towards the Canada flags that are hanging around the room. He starts fashioning the flagpoles into crude spears. Suddenly I imagine an army of shooters with scarves over their faces

Sam Nguyen



marching upon Parliament Hill and shooting everyone that they find. After getting rid of all of the visible resistance, they barge into rooms. First they break the peaceful quiet of the library with loud gunshots, then they barge into the NDP caucus on the opposite side of the hallway, then last but not least, they barge into our caucus meeting and spray us all with bullets.

“Ben! Ben! Are you okay?!?” says Charles, my other neighbour. “You look like you’re about to faint!”

“I’ll be fine,” I say.

“Let’s go help Sam,” he says.

“Yes, let’s do that,” I say. Anything will be better than standing here doing nothing and thinking about what might happen. We help about fifteen other MPs make spears, and in a few minutes we are all armed. We arrange ourselves by the door around the barricade that our colleagues have made, prepared to spear

anyone who comes in. After a few minutes, the shooting stops. We all stare at the door, thinking perhaps that all the resistance in the building has been subdued and that they are planning to storm into the meeting room and pepper us with fatal pieces of lead.

“Even now they might be shooting all of the NDP MPs in the room across the hall,” one lady wails. Apparently, I am not the only one who has been having thoughts of gunmen barging into the room and picking us off like flies.

“Shh,” Sam says abruptly. “We need to be able to hear what’s going on!” The lady becomes quiet, and the only thing I can hear is the steady ticking of the clock. I pace around in circles. Sam glares at me and I sit down. Some of the other people have gone to sit against the back of the room with their heads bowed, and I think I can hear whispering.

“Should I be praying too?” I think. “It’s quite possible that I am just about to be killed.” But I abandon that idea. You see, when I was a kid, I used to go to church with my older sister and my two younger brothers. But when I got older, I started going once a month and then only on Easter and Christmas Sunday, and then not at all. I don’t think that God would even listen to me, because, well, I stopped listening to him. And here I am now, probably about to be shot, thinking about everything that I will most likely never see again. I won’t see the old dusty apartment that I always complain about but never until now never appreciated. No more going to hockey games with Sam, Charles, and my other friends. Suddenly, the door opens...

# EXPLODE THE MOMENT



## DAVID MORDEN

On that wearisome morning of a particular Monday in mid-January by the bus stop, there was a vexing strain in the air. The season of rolling green hills and blue skies seemed so distant, for at this moment, I was at the nethermost point in this colossal basin which is called Canada. I could feel the wind bite like a whiplash, wearing me away, and reducing me to a solitary, uncomfortable statue. The wind's frigid lashes gave me uncanny bites on every inch of my body, save for my head which was wreathed in an assuring scarf. The wind whirled and rolled, stinging all who stood in its never-ending path. As the wind passed, so did the snow. Numerous flakes descended from the hazy grey sky, each flake playing its own miniscule role in the great snow accumulation. This great accumulation advanced as far as the roads, where its edges were stained by the muck and mire of passing cars.

A willow tree, adorned in crystal flakes, wilted like a waterfall, all but touching the ground. On trees, vines that were once able to twist freely and flow were stiffened and reduced to bars due to the icy formations. The trodden ground, where boots once crunched on snow, was now frozen, every footprint fossilized upon it. If careful heed was not taken upon the icy ground, passing pedestrians would plummet to their doom. And it was in that moment that all movement in nature ceased, and I contemplated everything that occurred so recently. Yes, it was on that wearisome morning of a particular Monday in mid-January by the bus stop, and there was a vexing strain in the air.



## SEAN STECKLEY

I am an  
extrovert

I rely on  
friends

I lather in  
sadness

I don't change  
a lot.



## Wizardry of the Highest Degree

WILL LOCHHEAD

The wizards' tower stood against the horizon, a bold monument to man's desire to do things they really ought not to. An impossibly tall building, the tower spiralled up from the forest clearing high into the sky. Multi-coloured energy burst and sparked behind its windows, and its very structure wavered, flickering in and out of sight as if it were on an entirely different plane of existence. The villagers knew better than to enter the clearing of the wizards, lest they find themselves transmogrified into some form of vermin or mollusk or, if especially unlucky, some sort of unholy mix of both.

Arthok the Enlightened and Reclus the One-Handed occupied themselves with the arcane equivalent of busywork. Arthok continued his research into the art of necromancy. He chanted incantations in devilish tongues best forgotten long ago and mixed elixirs of unknown effect and potency. The dead cat didn't appear impressed. Arthok took note of these results and recorded them in his manuscripts, which so far concluded little more than "Dead things tend to stay dead." Reclus sat opposite Arthok, attempting to reattach his hand.

Very little actually happened in the wizards' tower. Full of sound and fury, the building appeared very impressive, but ultimately this amounted to little more than a light show—a magical light show, to be sure, but only light nonetheless. Wizards are stubborn creatures who set their minds on a goal and continue to work intently, even when their pursuit becomes apparently

pointless. The exception, however, was Uthur the Unhinged, a man completely, totally, undeniably stark-raving mad.

"Gentleman!" he yelped with the enthusiasm of the moderately-to-severely insane. "I have done it! I have perfected my art!" Arthok the Enlightened, startled, dropped the cat he was working on. It remained dead. Reclus the One-Handed, also caught off guard, likely would have dropped something, if only he still possessed a decent hand with which to hold it, that is.

"No! Not again!" Arthok screeched. "You know what happened last time you got a bright idea!"

Reclus looked down at where his hand once resided. He knew all too well what happened the last time Uthur got a bright idea. They once called him Reclus the Grand, you know. Then Uthur grabbed him—or more specifically, his hand. After that, the other wizards saw fit to give him a more appropriate name.

Uthur, on the other hand, couldn't quite remember exactly what happened the last time he'd gotten a bright idea. His memories tended to be like that: wisps of smoke swirling out into the wind before dissipating. He felt very strongly, however, that whatever it was, it must have been quite spectacular.

"You'll see! You'll all see!" he cackled, as he began the spell. Suddenly, the room became swelteringly hot, as if the wizards were inside of an alchemical pressure cooker. Books flew off of their shelves and embedded themselves firmly in the stone walls, candles spontaneously burst into flames of a sickly shade of green, words of great and mysterious power flowed from the mouth of Uthur the Unhinged at an unnaturally rapid

pace, seemingly of their own volition. It was too late for Arthok and Reclus. The strange power that ravaged the tower tore reality apart at the very seams. Arthok's dead cat and Reclus' severed hand jumped from their respective tables and began waltzing about the study. The space-time continuum shrieked like a banshee as its fabric tore in two. And then everything went quiet.

Uthur the Unhinged surveyed his handiwork. In the place of Arthok and Reclus sat two rather puzzled geese. One was missing a wing. In fact, all of the wizards—Salos the Illustrious, Elthesar the All-Knowing, even Robert the Rather Dull—were now geese.

Uthur chuckled to himself. He couldn't quite remember how the geese had gotten there, but he felt rather glad they were. Laughing like a madman, he chased the startled waterfowl out of the tower and into the forest, chanting ancient incantations of great power all the way.



This story was written to explain this bizarre image that Mr. Westerhof found in a Spanish-language in-flight magazine in the back of an airplane seat.

# Redesigning the Woodbridge Monument

ELIZABETH PARENTEAU

Many view the existing memorial as one that exhibits strength, its solid foundations surrounded by large steel German cannons anchored to the ground. Each stone set perfectly, this towering monument slowly drags the eye upwards, asserting dominance fueled by Western machismo over any enemy that may set eyes upon it.

That is precisely what is wrong with the Woodbridge Memorial. It only does justice to the militaristic aspect of war, and thus, it does not do it justice. Despite the presence of militarism and nationalism in our world, people may look at the monument and feel unmoved, untouched, and—worst of all—entirely unaffected.

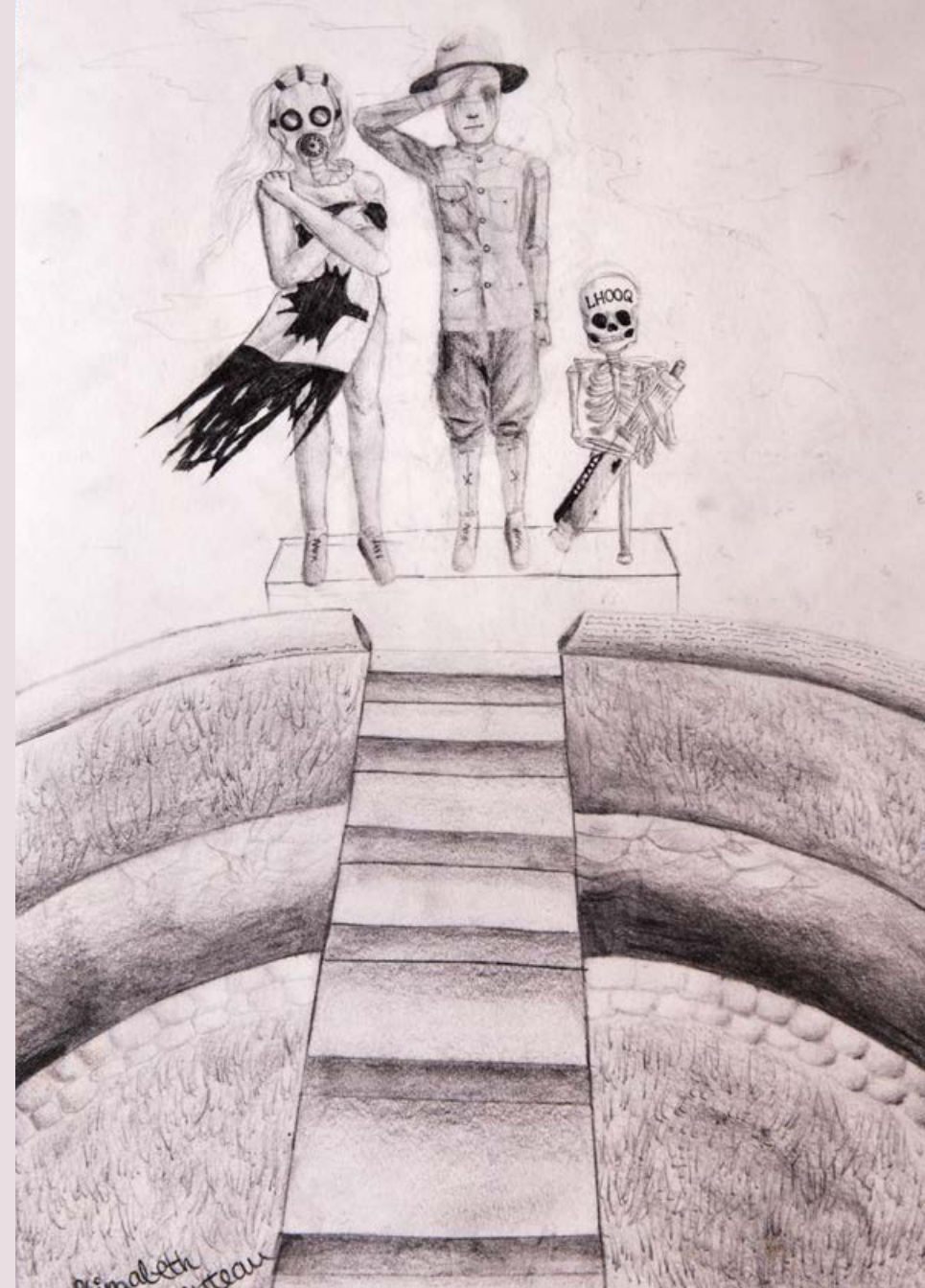
Frankly, a name is not enough to pay homage to the soldiers who fought so bravely in World War One. Although they contributed to the outcome of the war by fighting and sometimes dying for their country, they were more than the war itself. War is hideous; but these people were more than their circumstances. They had families and friends, passions and goals, hopes and fears. These people were more than cogs in the murder machine that was The Great War. The Woodbridge Memorial does not exhibit this

at all. It exhibits brutal strength, not finding strength in a time of brutality.

This is why I decided to depict a soldier blinded by a war wound in my memorial. I wanted to evoke emotion from people, whether it would be newfound understanding or rage. Artistically, I gave myself a long leash so that a lot of the monument's meaning would depend on the viewer's perspective. The soldier could have been blind to the war, to the social situation, or to the consequences of his actions. For the same reason, on either side of the staircase there are large trenches. They simply exhibit the cruelties that were inflicted upon each individual soldier; that is why each sandbag is visible.

I wanted to touch upon the inputs to the war in this redesign as well. The factories are exhibited through the mass produced uniforms that the soldier wears, the mask the woman wears, and the machine gun that the partial skeleton of a child holds. Imperialism is reflected by the salute and flag. Militarism is expressed through the salute, the gas mask, and the machine gun. Technology is expressed through the trenches, gas mask, and machine gun.

The female figure is a manifestation of



the attitude towards women at the time of the war. She is shamed, with nothing but tattered nationalism to cover her; her face is covered, but with a device used to protect. The gas attacks are a metaphor for the entire war: they are destructive, harming those who inflict the attack as well as those attacked.

The child skeleton is the most shocking figure of the three. It touches on Dada art's focus on the meaninglessness of war. It represents a loss of purity and innocence, and the taking of others' purity and innocence.

This memorial could never exist in real life due to its shocking and bold nature. It has captured what the war means to me and perhaps others. It is not a celebration of strength, but a celebration of individual strength through unimaginable struggle.

# Hamlet's Brain Was Totally Broken

EMILY AMOS-WOOD, ARIE DIELEMAN, MARK STEVENS, SCOTT BIERLING

*The opening statement in a debate asserting that Hamlet was mad.*

The debate over Hamlet's sanity has proven to be timeless, but today we will bring it to a close once and for all. Madness is defined as "the state of being mentally ill, especially severely"; mental illness is characterized by numerous traits, and Hamlet possesses more of those than the average "sane" person. His mental health deteriorates in a clear progression, which we, as readers, can view without dispute. Hamlet's madness is prevalent within the text in ways that cannot be ignored. Considering the definition of the term "madness," historical context, and the traits of insanity that Hamlet displays in the text, it is obvious that he is truly bonkers.

During the Elizabethan era, nothing was known of modern psychology; therefore, madness was thought to be a combination of melancholy and anger, difficulties in love, and lack of faith in God, all

of which resulted in despair and instability of mood. Hamlet struggles with all of these things.

Hamlet proves to be suicidal, as seen when he is thinking privately in his soliloquies. For instance, Hamlet laments, "O, that this too, too sullied flesh would melt... Or that the Everlasting had not fixed his cannon 'gainst self-slaughter." This is what he also deliberates in his "To be or not to be" soliloquy where he expresses a deeply ingrained fear, attributed to Catholicism, of Hell and eternal punishment for the sin of suicide. His picture of reality is immensely hopeless and bleak, and this causes Hamlet great anguish and despair.

His anger and difficulties in love manifest in his relationships with both his mother and Ophelia. Hamlet is ruthless towards his mother and infuriated that she has married his uncle with "most wicked speed, to post / With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!" He is so blinded

by anger that his relationship with Ophelia also deteriorates due to his incessant lack of trust in women, causing "difficulties in love," characteristic of a mad person, according to Elizabethans. Hamlet's rapid mood swings in his interactions with Ophelia showcase his mental instability. He progresses from calling her a whore, saying "Get thee to a nunnery," to wanting to physically fight Laertes, her brother, because he says that he loved Ophelia more than "40, 000 brothers."

What triggers this insanity within Hamlet? Well, the answer seems to lie within his own words: "Assume a virtue if you have it not. / That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat, / Of habits devil, is angel yet in this, / That to use of actions fair and good / He likewise gives a frock or livery / That aptly is put on." Here he says to Gertrude that if you act like you have a virtue you do not possess for long enough, it will eventually become part of

who you are. In the beginning, perhaps Hamlet was only feigning madness, but Hamlet puts on his façade of insanity for such a lengthy period of time—in fact, for over four months—that he descends into actual craziness.

Hamlet often says he's sane. Hamlet tells his mother, "I essentially am not in madness, / But mad in craft." But does this provide explanation for his behaviour since he is stating that he is only pretending to be mad? We think not. One of the classic signs of an insane individual is the denial of their own condition. Just because Hamlet believes

himself to be rational and sane does not prove that he actually is. His actions display very much the opposite, especially during the climax of his descent into madness, during which he casually kills Polonius, then sends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their deaths without as much as a word of remorse. This lack of empathy is a clear sign of a sociopath. Hamlet even thinks he sees the ghost of his father in his mother's bedchamber, although she is unable to see anything at all. Gertrude tells him, "This is the very coinage of your brain. / This bodiless creation ecstasy [madness]

/ Is very cunning in." She knows Hamlet's madness has led him to hallucinate, making him think he sees his father's ghost.

If all of this evidence does not amount to a picture of Hamlet as a mentally ill sociopath, and therefore the very definition of a madman, then we would be thoroughly intrigued to hear the evidence proving otherwise. Because Shakespeare clearly sought to reveal his characters through their actions, which speak louder than their words, and Hamlet acts crazy despite what he says, it seems most rational to conclude that Hamlet is "nuts."



Matthew Tomei

## A Judicial Review

*This is a test answer by **HENDAN MEYER**, speaking as if he were a judge, making a ruling in the case R. v. H. (J.), when he was given only the facts of the case, as well as the relevant laws and precedents. The test question that follows was adapted by Mr. J. Westerhof from the Understanding the Law textbook:*

### Facts in the case *R. v. F. (J.)*

Accused: F. J. (student)

Victim: D. H. (teacher)

The accused, F. J., was a high school student who had displayed disruptive behaviour in class. The victim, teacher D. H., asked F. J. to remain after class to explain his conduct and why he'd been late to class on many occasions. The accused told D. H. that he wouldn't stay after class. D. H. then told him to go the vice-principal's office. As F. J. left the room, he swore at D. H. Consequently, D. H. picked up F. J.'s binder, intending to follow him to the vice-principal's office.

The accused, F. J., walked down the hall and came to a “T” intersection where D. H. blocked the passage that lead out of the area and pointed to the vice-principal’s office. F. J. tried to push his way past D. H. Again, D. H. told him to go to the vice-principal’s office. In doing so, D. H. took F. J. by the arm. In response, F. J. struck D. H. on the left side of his head, knocking his glasses and the binder to the floor. D. H. struggled with the accused, but F. J. continued to hit D. H. on the back of the head, then put him in a headlock. At this time, other people showed up and broke up the fight.

**Issue** Was the accused guilty of assault?

**Defence argument** By blocking the accused's way in the hallway, D. H. had escalated the confrontation and committed an assault on the accused. Therefore, the accused has acted in self-defence.

**Crown argument** The teacher was merely fulfilling his duty as required in the Ontario Education Act.

### The decision of the Honorable Hendan Meyer

In the case of *R. v. F. (J)*, this court rules in favour of the Crown. The defence stated that the accused had acted in self-defence; however, the Criminal code of Canada section 34:2 (h) states that self-defence does not apply when the force that is being used against the person is being lawfully applied. In this case, D. H. used a perfectly reasonable amount of force by confronting the student who repeatedly did not follow his instructions, and who was breaking the rules of the school on school property and during school time. Section 43 of the Criminal Code states that a schoolteacher has the right to use force in order to discipline a student in his care, as long as that force is not excessive. Considering precedent, if the force that was used in the case of *Murdock v. Richards* was not considered excessive, then D. H.'s use of force was in no way, shape, or form excessive in these circumstances. D. H. was also required by the Education Act, and by the precedent created by the *ratio decidendi* in the previous case *R. v. W.*, to maintain order, and to enforce discipline in the school. D. H. did exactly that during all his interactions with F. J.;



therefore, D. H.'s actions were completely lawful, and consequently, F. J. has no grounds to stand on by claiming he acted in self-defence. F. J. attempted to push D. H. out of his way so that he did not have to accept the discipline that was coming his way; as a student, F. J.

is required to accept the discipline that is being delivered by his teachers according to the Education Act of Ontario. F. J. was acting outside of his responsibilities as a student, and he assaulted a teacher who was merely fulfilling his duties. This court decides that it is illegal to

attack using more than reasonable force a teacher who is enforcing the rules by using an appropriate amount of force, as he is required to do by the Education Act.

# Early Notice

This year, we invited visiting grade 8 students to submit entries for Notice. We were delighted to receive the following images for the Landscape Photography and 2D Art categories.



Above: Raven Gallicchio  
Right: Aleesha Coghill



Stephen Lackowicz



Arianna Sisti



Abel Kondoor

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