

the

Reckoner

of Marc Garneau C.I.

A Letter From

The Editor

Dear Reader,

Time passes quickly, doesn't it? In the words of John Green, "One day you're in grade nine, planning and looking forward to someday. Then, as we approach the halfway point of semester two, that someday draws closer and closer. And before you know it, someday is yesterday, and that is your life."

But even as we each chase after our own "somedays," it's good to slow down and to reflect. The copy of the Reckoner in your hands is an interpretation of the days that have passed, and hopefully will inspire you to craft the days that are to come.

So read it well. Be inspired. *Carpe diem.*

And of course, enjoy.

Sincerely,

Paul Shur
Editor-In-Chief of the 13th Guard



“Untitled”

Illustration by Elizabeth Soutchanski



“Your Hand”

Illustration by Elizabeth Wei



With a piece of chalk in hand, I stared at the enormous canvas that stood before me. Even in an environment as lavish as the Eaton Centre, the large blackboard stood out, perhaps due to it spanning the height of the entire story and it being at least as wide as a medium-sized store. It was sprinkled with purposeful words and colourful drawings stylized with a touch of personal cadence from their creators. Near the top right corner, the words “Before I die...” were printed in fashionably large and bolded letters. One might wonder if conceivably it attracted this much attention, not because of its expansive size but rather what it represents. With that thought in mind, I lifted my hand to the blackboard and began putting down my own answer to the prompt.

I’m recalling this from June of 2022 while I was volunteering at the Luminato Festival. For those who aren’t familiar with Luminato, it’s a week-long festival of arts and ideas. They often host interactive exhibitions such as this display of public art which has quickly become one of my personal favourites. I do not remember exactly what I wrote that day in June of 2022. However, I can assure you that this experience along with the 2023 edition where the prompt was “Belong is...” have stuck with me and have set the foundation for satisfying some of my own enigmatic curiosities.

As the summer of 2023 approached, I was actively looking for a wild, wild adventure—a wacky project to dedicate the vast majority of my time towards. Too ambitious? Maybe. Nonetheless, I needed some way to quench my addiction to crazy ideas, most of which were about as likely to come to fruition as the ‘23-’24 Detroit Pistons winning the NBA champion-

ship (Sorry Pistons fans but if it does work out, this will age like fine wine).

Ideas didn’t grow on trees however. Still yet, over a couple nights of bland thoughts, one finally struck.

I wondered—if you had the chance to make a mark, write or draw whatever you wanted on a blank canvas made for exactly that purpose—what would you draw, or write or mark? Without a limit to your imagination, what would you conjure up?

I had long mulled this proposition in my head but its breadth had always held me back from pursuing this thought further. Tossing it through my brain a couple more times teetered me to reconsider. Would you draw? What would you draw? Why? As much as I understood that a narrower subject line would’ve yielded more proper analysis, the echo of these simple yet profound questions proved impossible to resist.

I had to find out.

Scratch that.

We had to find out.

Evidently, I wasn’t alone in pondering upon this question. Frankly, if I were, this project would have been dead in the water from the get go (I may have outlandish ideas but never the means to realize them). Luckily, when I approached my friends William and Shu Yang about this conundrum, they were immediately supportive and eager to bring this to life, strutting up my confidence in the success of this project.

“That’s sounds great Corey, let’s figure out a day where we’re all free so we can make this work”
- Shu Yang

“MEGA WIM DOWN”
- William

My friends were visibly excited. And so was I.

All we needed to do now was make it happen. After a day and a half of purchasing materials, tireless effort and goofing around with the Password Game (shhh), there it was...

A blank canvas and no rules. Constructed from the finest cardboard, dusty chair legs to prevent bending and a couple long sticks I found in my yard to keep it upright. A thin layer of paper draped across to enhance the marker to paper experience. To go along with it, a rectangular piece of poster board plastered with the words DRAW ANYTHING in big, bold letters. You can reach out to me if you would like to see the construction process.

On the 17th of August 2023, the three of us took our canvas and poster to downtown Toronto and invited the nice folks passing by to treat themselves with what essentially became a free drawing session.

The results struck us in awe...but not in the way you expect.

See DRAW ANYTHING on P3



Connecting Cultures through Cooking: The MGCI Cookbook

by NEVETHA ARULLINKAM

Marc Garneau CI, located in one of the most diverse neighborhoods in Toronto [1], is home to numerous different cultures—and flavours. Thus, the MGCI Community Cookbook was born: an initiative combining the efforts of students, staff, caregivers, and community members to produce a full, professionally produced, hardcover cookbook to be available for purchase this coming May.

“This project has been a desire of Ms. McCalla and Ms. Gunn for many years, but the gears of production started to turn this year,” said Raasikh Wasiq, the MGCI Social Media Director who is helping out and appeared on CityNews coverage of the project.

It will showcase the unique recipes and stories of the community and help raise money for the school’s nutrition program, which currently provides roughly 100 students with breakfast, 900 students with snacks, and 200 students with lunch free of charge every day.

The project is led by Ms. McCalla in charge of design and photography, Ms. Gunn in charge of food and nutrition, and Vice Principal Ms. Kerigan. Recipes to the cookbook are accepted from all members of the school community and can be submitted via the MGCI Cookbook website. MGCI students work with staff and community members as a part of the Cookbook Committee. Students on subcommittees are responsible for testing recipes, advertising, interviews, photography, graphic design, editing, fundraising, video production, and planning events such as the Cookbook Potluck.

The potluck, which took place after school on 12 December 2023, was an event spanning 3 hours, organized with the goal of launching and promoting the cookbook to the school community. Participants brought the dishes they had submitted to the cookbook, then had the opportunity to try the range of food available, a taste of the full collection to come.

Leah Buenavista, a member of the photography subcommittee who took pictures at the event, commented, “I was mostly motivated [to join] by my interest in photography. [I like] being able to learn about different cultures through food [and] see the diversity in different spices [and] flavours.”

Students, staff, and the community are certainly hard at work ensuring all will be able to enjoy the finished cookbook in May.

“We still have much more to do to make sure this cookbook lives up to [the] dream,” Raasikh said.

Anyone interested in contributing or learning more about the MGCI Cookbook can find more information on the Marc Garneau Cookbook website. ■

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Photograph: Justin Wei

Get Involved at the Flemingdon Park Health Centre: Volunteer Opportunities and Programs

by THANUSA PASKARAN

Flemingdon Park offers numerous diverse volunteering opportunities, providing those who want to make a difference or help out in their community with a wide range of options. From youth programs to community events, students have many projects to take on to help out the community.

A place that has required more volunteers in the past few years is the Flemingdon Park Health Centre (FHC). With more and more people moving into the neighborhood, the need for food has increased dramatically, and more volunteers are always needed. Located on 10 Gateway Blvd, North York, ON, the Flemingdon Health Centre requires no specific level of commitment and volunteers can drop in as often as they can. No qualifications are needed, and a flexible schedule is permitted once students are approved for the opportunity. Students are able to make their schedules by planning their shifts, adding it to their calendars, and automatically notifying the coordinator about their upcoming shifts. This is a general volunteer position, where students can participate in several tasks, including administrative support, food preparation, community outreach support, workshops, and childminding.

Students may also help in weekly community food distribution events and drop-ins. Other volunteer positions include youth cooking programs, tutoring, and community events. Other than volunteering, FHC offers many programs and workshops to participate in. The Youth Baking Workshop for teens aged 14 to 18 teaches the basics of baking, where participants are able to make muffins, cakes, cookies, and homemade bread. These workshops will take place on 26 January, 29 February, 28 March, and 25 April from 11:30 a.m. to 12:30 p.m. at 10 Gateway Blvd on the second-floor kitchen.

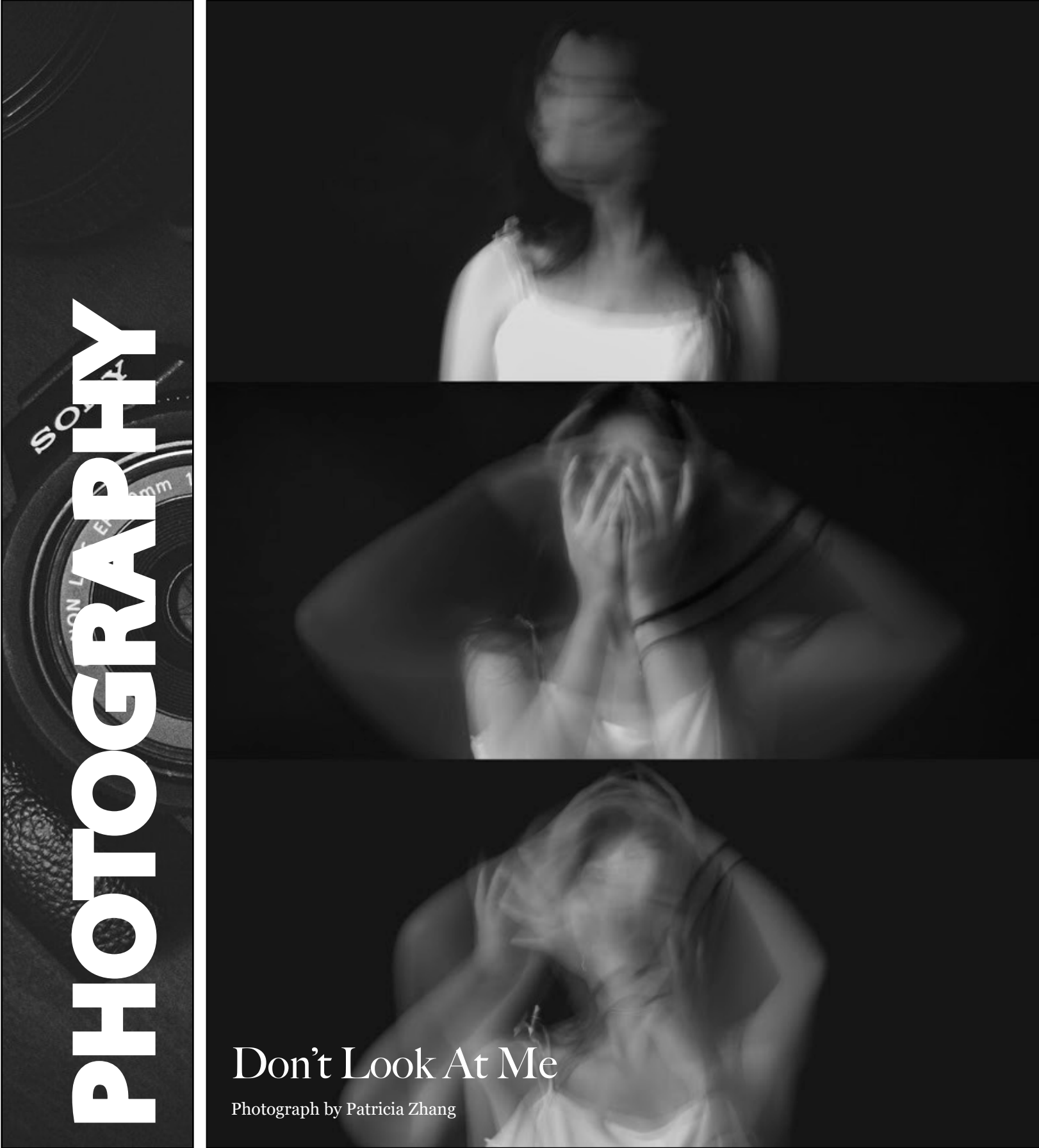
Youth Vocal and Ukulele Music for Mental Health classes will also be offered on Thursdays from 3:30-4:30 p.m. at the 10 Gateway Blvd RAC Room in program room 5.



Illustration: Syeda Jaffary

Youths ages 14-18 can get free weekly group lessons on basic chords, vocal technique, songwriting, and basic music theory. The program teaches teens how to play the ukulele and sing along to popular tunes, as they explore how to use songwriting and poetry as a healing tool and coping strategy.

With many opportunities, students from the community will be able to explore the diverse range of volunteering positions, activity programs, and workshops. For any questions or information on volunteer opportunities and programs at the FHC, visit the Flemingdon Health Center website or call (416) 801-3262. ■





Draw Anything

Continued from P1

by COREY DAI

Hold on. Rewind a bit. There's just a tiny piece of context I must add. You see, the drive behind this project was scientific inquiry. This was meant to be a social experiment. For a while leading up to the project, I've found social science to be quite intriguing. I occasionally think about why my mind was wired the way it was. The natural follow up is to extend that question to society as a whole. The thought captivated and mesmerized me. And of course, there is no debut into social science better than running a social experiment yourself. So there was my focus going into this adventure. It would always be on what could be observed. Why did this person draw this figure? What were the motivations behind it? What was the thought process?

When we finally decided to call it a day after hours in the blazing sun and crowded streets, it's safe to say that I wasn't one bit disappointed with the observable results. Not one bit. Compared to our initial hypothesis of 30 items, the fact that our canvas was completely covered with barely any room to spare blew past our wildest dreams.

All the flags sewn onto our canvas, representing the backgrounds of the people of this city and what that heritage means to them. The plethora of cute cats, funky fish and cynical crew members (Among Us reference) are each like a piece of its artists' mind. Some items can only be described as artistic masterpieces. One such example is the intricately constructed, carefully drawn skeleton-like character with a neat mohawk holding chewed up bone. I don't know where it's from but that's definitely a highlight. Others were more quickly put together but did not sacrifice any thoughtfulness. Everyone appreciates a good old heart sketch or a happy face. No shortage of those were splattered all over the canvas. Oh and that's not even mentioning all the kind and positive messages left on the page. The "your cool's and "Have A Great Day!"s. Props to whomever wrote that. Even a small positive message can brighten up those who read it. There were sunflowers, suns, "M Go Blue!"(I love UMich too), clovers, puppies, foxes, messages of love, figurines and so much more. There's even a "Do you have rizz?". You physically cannot stop chuckling after reading that. The sheer variety of art pieces, spread across the entire canvas was truly fascinating. Anything you can name, you bet, you can find it on the page.

It was all we could ask for and certainly merits a full-blown analysis. With every drawing on the canvas, with every pencil streak and every dot tacked on, there is a story behind it. One that is worth looking at, one that is worth understanding. Whenever I stroll in the woods, the sound of birds chirping echoes in the background. What I've long failed to realize is that every holler and tune is different. A different message, a different meaning. I can't help but think it's that way with each and every one of us as well. One day, I hope that we take the time and figure out why? Why did this person choose to tell this story, sing this song or sketch this drawing? Studying not one of which thought was given to but one that is made spontaneously. The psychology of spontaneity.

In the meantime, I would like to share what I found surprised me the most. Having just left the area where we were stationed, carrying the canvas all folded up after an eventful but tiresome day, I caught sight of a participant in our activity. He slipped me a Pokemon card, as if it were a token of appreciation. I smiled at my friends. I joked about how we were getting compensation for this. Then it crossed my mind. Did people actually like what we were doing?

In fact, the signs were there throughout the day, that maybe it was more than just a social experiment.

There was this woman who seemed to take it to her liking that she could draw anything she wanted.

(Obviously not the exact words she said but it is the gist of it)

"Anything???", She said. "What if I draw —". For legal reasons, I'm going to cut it right there. She proceeded to not draw what she said. Phew. In her own words, she decided to keep it "PG" to our relief. She was enjoying it.

Not everyone wanted to be a part of our activity but among those who did, many showed a keen interest and curiosity to what we were doing. As the day went on, we received various questions. Some wondered whether it was a school project? Some wondered how the idea came about? I took it as a hint that perhaps they were into it as they decided that it was worth their time to put something on after approaching us with their questions.

I remember groups of teenagers giggling together as they drew on the corners of the canvas. Children with their eyes wide and huge smiles hanging from their faces as they reached up to make their mark. Their parents took out their phones to snap photos and catch the moment. During peak hours, the atmosphere was invigorating and lively as if it was some type of social memorabilia to remember the graduating class. People were gathered all around it, chatting and cackling.

I never imagined what we witnessed was how the day would unfold even if I had any expectations to begin with. Perhaps it was only so shocking because I was so consumed with the content on the canvas that I never gave much thought to the people behind it. Anyhow, it caught me off guard but now that I think of it, maybe I shouldn't have been so surprised.

Every once in a while, I wonder if any of the participants still think about or remember anything about their experience that day. Whatever transpired beforehand, whether it was a good day or a bad day and then seeing us with a large canvas inviting them to draw anything they would like. I'd imagine that our little project served as an amusing deviation from their otherwise normal day. It was something interesting. Something different. I can only wonder if that piques our curious nature and temporarily allows us to just be in the moment, seeing much more than we realize on a daily basis. When you think about it that way, it's easy to understand why it was so enthralling.

Our world feels more polarized than ever right now. War is still ravaging in many places around the world while politicians continue to duel with seemingly no common ground. While it may not be on your mind every single day, do you ever feel that unease discretely trickling down and that cold tingly feeling boiling your insides? When that happens, I tend to take a trip back to that day just to remind myself about the drawings peppered onto the canvas and the smiles lit upon each participant's face. It gives me hope.

NOTE FROM AUTHOR: *As an editorial writer, my original intent was to have this conceived as a traditional editorial article. By now, you may have noticed that what started as a constructive argument has shifted to become a memoir of sorts, documenting a personal experience. However, as I alluded to in the article itself, my perspective and conception of this piece has evolved. As a result, I believe the best way to get the message across was through a personal narrative. At the end of the day, an editorial article is one that presents an opinion on a topic. This article conforms within that mold. Whether you agree or not, I hope that you, dear reader, still find this piece as informational and uplifting. ■*

Chronically Online: The Slippery Slope of the Digital Age

by HARRIS ABRAHAM

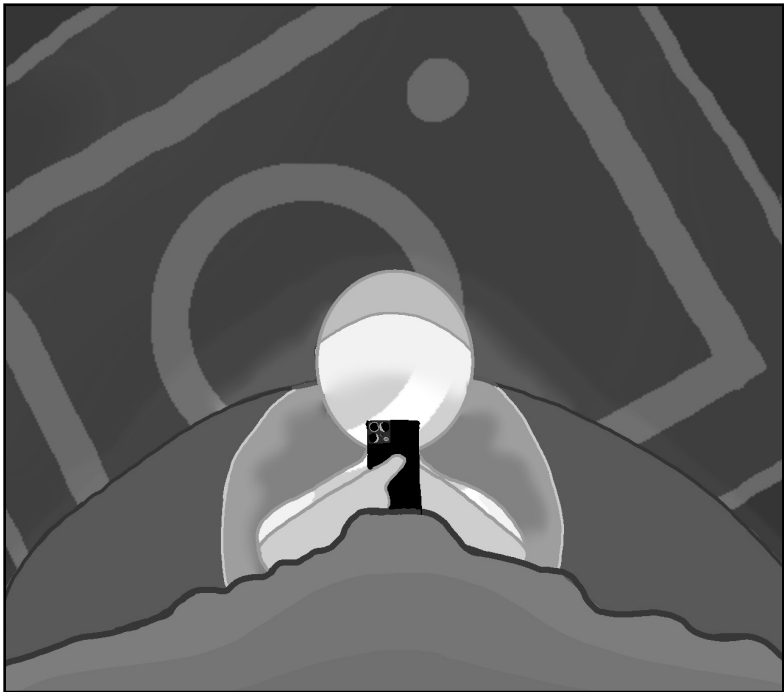


Illustration: Sadaf Jaffary

Since its mainstream introduction in the mid-2000s, social media has become increasingly present in our everyday lives, and its rise to ubiquity is no coincidence either. Whether it's endlessly scrolling through TikTok or talking to friends from the comfort of one's bed, social media is undoubtedly a great way to both pass the time and stay connected with others. It has seen a particular rise in popularity amongst the younger generations, considering how a third of adolescents feel they use social media "almost constantly" [1]. Despite its convenience, social media's meteoric expansion into children's lives is not without harm. With events like the COVID-19 pandemic shifting our daily lives towards an even more internet-centric norm, we are seeing an increase in "chronic online" among children and adolescents. Chronically online, terminally online, or extremely online are neologisms used to describe people who exhibit symptoms of addiction to social media, and spend much of their time immersed in the digital world instead of interacting with the real one. You've probably seen this term being thrown around in TikToks or other internet memes, and although it's not an officially diagnosed medical condition, it is a genuine issue in today's society with heavy implications for the direction that we are headed in.

Social media has been meticulously designed to keep us constantly engaged. Its usage stimulates our brains with near-infinite walls of content, drawing the audience in. The addition one can develop to social media is comparable to that of gamblers or drug users [2]. Adolescents and children are even more susceptible to this addiction due to their developing brains. Despite this, quite often you'll see toddlers barely old enough to read playing on their parents' phones, watching fast-paced, mindless content on YouTube with little to no moderation. Terms like "iPad kid" and "iPad parenting" have been coined to describe these children and this style of parenting that has become commonplace in today's households. By the time these children are adolescents, they'll have been absorbing such content for years, and their addiction will have progressed substantially.

Prolonged use of social media causes an expectation of instant gratification [2]. Many have become used to "receiving information in small, bite-sized pieces," [3] and when provided with other, slower-paced media like books or films, their minds jump to what they're used to. Their longing for the content they've grown accustomed to seeps through the fabric of their minds into simple tasks like school-work. Have you ever been trying to study, but found yourself continuously checking your phone, unable to focus on the task at hand? If your answer is yes, you may be exhibiting early signs of social media addiction, which are presenting themselves through a diminishing attention span. You're not alone; thousands of teenagers across the world have been sharing details about the shrinking attention spans social media has caused in them. But these problems are just the tip of the iceberg.

Instant messaging with others is one of the most prominent features that social media has to offer, with over a billion people worldwide using it every month [4]. Unfortunately, this brings with it a serious problem. When we speak with other humans, we use our entire body to communicate. Our tone, body language, facial expression, and gestures are not only complementary to the speaking process, but a fundamental element of effective communication [5]. Also known as indirect communication, these social skills are developed through speaking in person or even over the phone but are completely absent in instant messaging. Due to the difference in social skill requirements between the two methods, people who communicate digitally will often find that they're more effective and confident when communicating via instant messaging compared to their face-to-face attempts. People seek human connection due to their innate desire to socialize [6], resulting in people chasing that feeling from the most comfortably available source — social media. Before texting existed, people had no choice but to improve their social skills if they wanted to socialize, but now there are just about a million alternatives to speaking face-to-face, rendering in-person communication nigh-obsolete in many people's minds. Considering this, it isn't a surprise that social anxiety in children and adolescents has been on the rise since the mid-2000s [7](which, if you take a glance at the first sentence, might seem like suspicious timing).

At the end of the day, what someone does with their own time is up to them. As the saying goes, you can lead a horse to water, but you can't force it to drink — similarly, while you can attempt to broach the subject of chronic online, you cannot make anyone change their lifestyle unless they desire to, regardless of the arguments or sources you may bring. This article is no exception. However, awareness and recognition are the first steps to change. It's worthwhile to spend some time pondering your relationship with the vast digital world in your hands and consider just how much influence it holds over you to ensure that you don't fall victim to the slippery slope that has already claimed so many. ■

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Culture of Silence: How Victim Shaming Impacts Rape Survivors

by SUSANNAH WELKE



Illustration: Sonia Ravindran

Preface: This article will be discussing the topic of rape in a female-exclusive point of view. The topic of male rape victims is crucial and under-discussed, however it is a separate one. This piece specifically targets the historical disbelief of women, a concept which does not extend to male victims.

Fact: 1 in 3 women will be the victims of an attempted or completed rape in their lifetime [5].

Fact: 64% of those rapes will go unreported [2].

Fact: Approximately 850,000,000 women will suffer the burden of a rape in silence for the rest of their lives.

And it is not because it isn't a detrimental crime. Rape has the highest rates of mental distress for the victim of any other violent crime [4]. Victims carry the emotional scars of rape for the rest of their lives. Those scars are passed on to their children, to their grandchildren, creating generations of unresolved anger. It can affect their self-confidence and security, every aspect of their interaction with their world.

Yet sixty-four percent of rape victims will never speak out about their assault because of fear of societal rejection; taboo, shame, ostracism that can destroy their lives and livelihoods; threats of more physical violence or extortion from their attackers; post-traumatic stress or shock; and personal blame. On top of these systemic barriers to reporting sexual crimes, many women know they simply won't be believed.

Despite the media's conjectures about malicious exes seeking revenge, evil mistresses ruining lives, and rejected women spinning vicious lies, rates of falsely reported rapes are not significantly different from any other crime [1]. The duplicitous perspective on rape victims comes from the deeply-rooted societal disbelief in female credibility, especially when men's reputations are at stake.

The further decrediting of victim's voices is only reinforced by inflated statistics presented by old men terrified of the word of a woman. Research has often grouped the terms "unfounded" and "falsely reported" together, lending a vastly different statistic of falsely accused rapists [2]. Unfounded crimes have no evidence to suggest the victim was in any way misleading investigators, rather that the case did not have significant evidence to prove a crime was actually committed. Even in the case of falsely reported sexual crimes, which are vastly rarer than unfounded ones, 50% of cases in one study included an admission of guilt from the accuser, indicating that half of women who do falsely report rape will admit their fabrication [2]. Another study found that the majority of actually falsely reported rapes don't have a named perpetrator, rather a vague description of a stranger, and are identified as false early on in the investigations [1].

And yet, the topic of falsely reported rapes is consistently brought up in arguments surrounding rape accusations.

While the results of believing rape victims are rarely disastrous, the consequences of not believing them are vicious and cyclical. The mentality feeds into women not advocating for themselves, encouraging more rapists to strike, until the vicious circle is reformed whereby this world becomes a place fundamentally unsafe for women. One in three is a shocking, terrifying statistic. It means your mother, your sister. It means 30% of women you pass on the street. It means your daughters, your granddaughters.

Yet the cries of women are ignored, to the detriment of many other victims.

In the case of Malcom Rewa, a serial rapist, the de-credibility of the victim's accusation enabled the perpetrator to continue raping dozens of women over the next decade [1]. The original report of rape was never pursued because of an alibi Rewa's fellow gang member provided. The detailed outline of the crime given by the woman was not believed over Rewa's close friend's. It was because of this clear judicial bias that the rapist was able to inflict the same trauma on twenty more women.

It was the police, society, and the systems which enabled them that let down these women. And we continue to let it happen.

Femininity does not equate deception. Ovaries and a uterus do not de-credit the words of the woman who holds them. The concept of estrogen rendering its holders manic is ancient, and frankly outdated. Science has evolved around us, we no longer need to cling to these biases founded before the invention of running water.

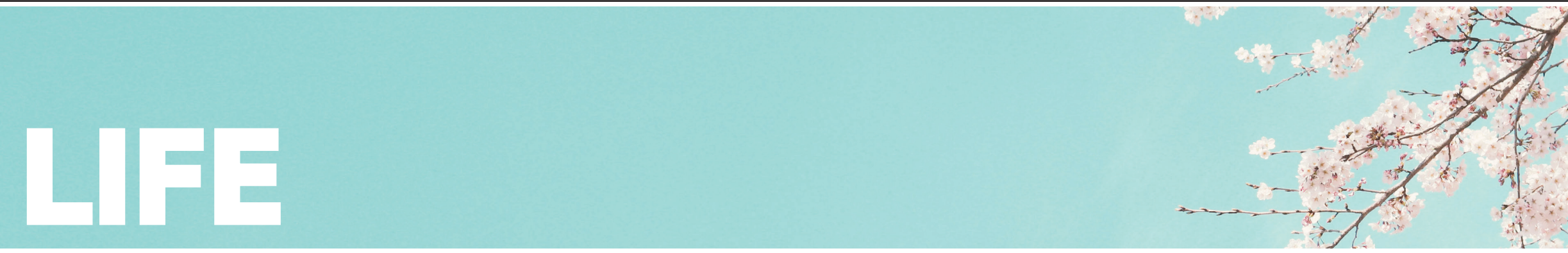
Fact: Women are victims.

Fact: Every single day, more women become that one in three.

Fact: Your disbelief contributes to that statistic. ■

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Orpheus and Eurydice

Quicksand

by JERRY HONG

by MAGGIE PANG



Illustration: Shiloh Zheng

I sit and wait for you inside the shade,
And muse about the times we missed; a shame,
But keep your coming to this place delayed.

I long for you, to hear you sing your trade,
But worry not, for recess here is game;
I sit and wait for you inside the shade.

The masses’ chants bespeak you need no blade,
And mind that deer may run so you feel grame,
But keep your coming to this place delayed.

Your speech, an air; your shifts, a serenade;
Arrive and rob the lyrebirds of acclaim,
I sit and wait for you inside the shade.

So many times I’ve seen the moon parade,
I feel the end, my dance abreast this dame,
But keep your coming to this place delayed.

I watch the trees cast shadows on the glade
They creep to me; my body they reclaim.
I sit and wait for you inside the shade,
But keep your coming to this place delayed.
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It started when the sand between my toes would not go away. The beach was packed as it always was during the summer, even though rain was expected later that afternoon. We all wanted to soak up some last crumbs of sunlight I guess, go home with sea-soaked hair and cozy up in a blanket and a cup of tea with the storm roaring outside. I got her one of those seashell bracelets, though she lost it after an hour or so of walking around. We went our separate ways afterwards, her saying something about her city feet, me wondering if I should talk to her again and never having the guts to do so.

Every morning, I’d slip into my velcro Sketchers—a new day meant a new kid at camp exclaiming over my sparkly, dirt-dusted shoes and about a dozen judgemental stares from adolescent boys. By the time I got to the end of the driveway, the grains of sand would have invaded the crevices between my toes. For the sake of professionalism, I’d wait until break to scurry behind the nearest plant, braving darting insects and dense, dry grass to get it out, but by the time I reached my front door again, too hurried to fish out my keys instead of just forcing the door open, it’d be there again. It was like I never left the beach. There would invariably be a mound of sand dumped on the floor, though I soaked those shoes so many times they were bright pink again.

Perhaps I should have noticed something was off when my shoe size went from 6 to 5. My skin began to chafe, leaving behind this thin layer of grime wherever I sat. But I figured it was only the wear and tear of days spent leading children through gravelly roads, the steady stream of sunlight making all the bows and bikes hot to the touch.

I noticed as I was bouldering for the first time all year. I swung several times before taking the leap. As my fingers clenched around the shallow indent of the next rock, I felt myself leaning backwards and held on tighter—but my grasp didn’t just slip away. It was like the rock wasn’t solid plastic, but the loose dirt of a cliff face. I lay there staring up at the problem that eluded me, and I realised with a startle: the sand that just showered the floor was me. The surface of my hand was completely smooth, like that of a 50s Disney princess. The rock was sandpaper, and it just scraped off the fate line and love line my grandmother used to trace, telling me my future in her gravelly voice. I bent my hand, and there they were again.

I couldn’t stop scratching at my arms. I’d let my computer screen go dark, carving landscapes of dents and



Illustration: Sahana Sakthivel

valleys into my skin, trying to scrape it all away until I was left with bloody grains under my nails.

When August began to take its final bows, I knew I couldn’t go back to school. Somewhere in the storm, my PhD thesis eroded from me—I couldn’t bring myself to care anymore, or maybe I just no longer understood. My phone went untouched on the floor I hadn’t vacuumed in months, but maybe there was nothing to see on it anyway, I’ll never know. The last time I showered, I felt the water batter me, spraying me all over the mint tiled walls. I looked in the mirror and saw an abandoned structure at the exhibition, having long been neglected by a sculptor’s touch and sitting there at the mercy of the elements and crowded chaos. I would have been horrified and afraid, but at some point I lost that too.

Nothing was working. With my ear canals having long since collapsed, the world was mercifully quiet as I donned the only clothing I could find that fit and floated outside—nerveless limbs and face half gone—to the place I knew I needed to be. Halfway there, I lost my right shoe and hobbled along on my dwindling stub of a leg instead. By the time I made it to the point where the sandpipers question your presence, I’d been crawling for several metres.

Exhausted, I let my now stick of a figure lay there, the ocean gently nudging me every few seconds. I let the waves come and pilfer particles of quartz and feldspar. I lay there, and let myself rest. ■

Celebration

by LADAN HASSAN

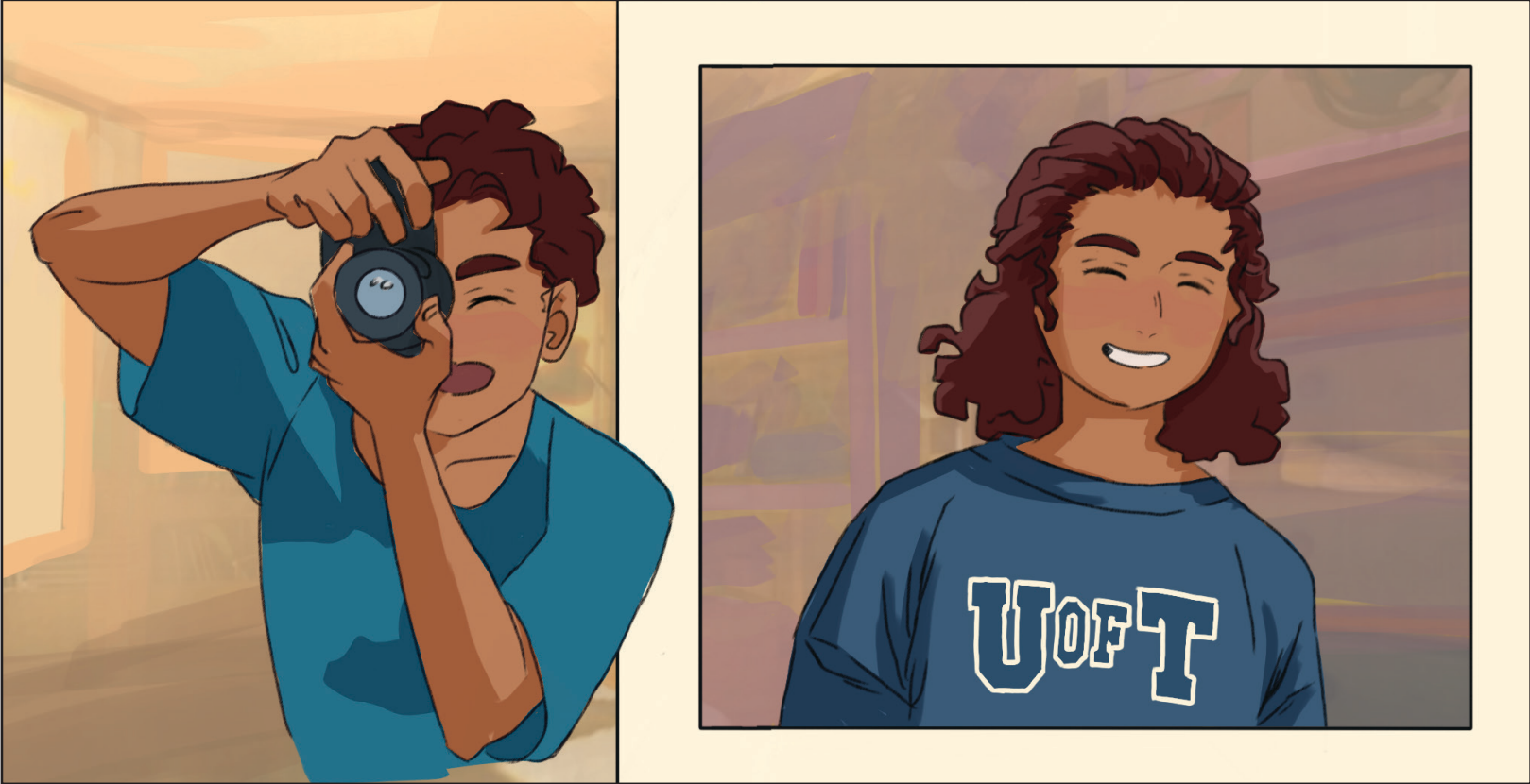


Illustration: Yuewen Gao

“Get over here,” I whine impatiently, arms swinging haphazardly, as I sway from side to side. I’m mere seconds from forcefully dragging her before I get a reply.

“Alright, alright. Just calm down,” she states, exasperated by my incessant urging. My sister appears begrudgingly from the living room. The University of Toronto shirt she dons brings a smile to my face, as I scurry to her side with a spring in my step. Grabbing the matching cap perched atop her head, I dart away, swift like a cheetah. She lets out a groan as I unceremoniously plop the hat onto my head. I busy myself with fixing the apparel, as my sister approaches.

“Hurry up, you’re taking longer than me,” she draws, trying to act nonchalant, but failing miserably.

I pull a face to show my scepticism, but let my retort die on my tongue. She chuckles at my sour expression, which pulls a laugh from me as well. I wordlessly raise the camera, waiting for my sister to pose. We wear matching smiles as I press the button. The satisfying “click” rings out and I drop my arm to view the work of art.

“Congratulations,” I say earnestly, delight dancing in my eyes as I glance up at her. “We knew you could do it.” ■

The Reckoner

of Marc Garneau C.I.

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