

The Sequitur

WESTDALE SECONDARY SCHOOL

OCTOBER 2017

Got school spirit?

A look inside the festivities of Terry Fox Run/Club Fair/Grade Nine Day

By: Emeline Auguste

Every year our school organizes several events benefitting a cause or supporting a major event! This September, our school participated in a Terry Fox Run, where we walked or ran 5 km to support Terry in his iconic cross-Canada marathon journey. During the day, groups of students volunteered their time to the event. We saw students along the sidewalk, encouraging and cheering along the participants, and giving out water and snacks (giving them that extra energy to keep them going)! Pedestrians and cars passing by cheered them on, which boosted their energy even more. Overall, the run was a resounding success. . . (School spirit is continued on page 3)



See photos from the spirit day on page 3 and in the photography insert!

Fall will make your grades rise

The connection between autumn colours and productivity

By: Sonya Pallapothu

Out of all four seasons, fall will become your favourite! Why? Because fall will actually bring up your grades! Autumn's aesthetics aren't only for the Tumblr feeds, but are proven to actually enhance brain activity. More specifically, fall colours can improve your concentration and help you work to the best of an ability that you never even knew you had! When you think of fall colours, what colours come to mind . . . ? (Fall colours is continued on page 6)

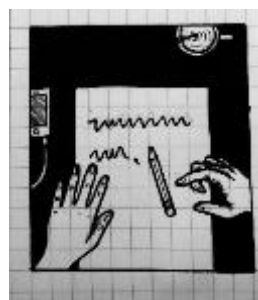
In this issue . . .



. . . Some expert NBA analysis and predictions (page 13) . . .

. . . an eye-opening investigation of the horrific Myanmar ethnic cleansing (page 14) . . .

The military began a crackdown on Rohingya villages, which included extrajudicial killings, gang rape, looting, and brutalities against civilians. Video provided by human rights monitors have shown evidence of mass graves near burnt villages. . .



. . . a page of visual art and comics (insert) . . .

AND SO MUCH MORE!

The Sequitur



OUR TEAM

In this issue:

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GET IN TOUCH TO JOIN OUR TEAM!

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NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Hey Westdale! Welcome to a brand-new school year – a fresh start, an opportunity to set yourself on the right track. Your revitalization efforts might look something like stacks of coloured sticky notes, or a freshly rigidified fitness regime, or simply a commitment to not misplacing your bus pass every single day. Here at The Sequitur, we recognize the importance of revitalization of all kinds, including our own. We're updating our communication system, expanding our contributor base, and moving (slowly but steadily) toward coloured printing. We also received enough submissions in this first month to force the Note from the Editor to share a page with the Table of Contents. I'm not salty – I'm excited!

This year, I'm excited to see The Sequitur grow – both in terms of our contributing team and our reader base. This year is also my final shot at this strange game we call high school; I'm so glad to be spending it collaborating with all of you.

Enjoy your autumn season, Warriors – be sure buy as many pumpkin spice drinks as you possibly can, and wear all of the thrift store cardigans that you can find. Do them simultaneously. Celebrate.

Talk to you next month,

Morghen Jael



Stay tuned for upcoming fundraisers! We're looking forward to the second annual Pie-athlon, many bake sales, and potentially a spelling bee. Get involved!

(School spirit continues from front page):

Overall the run was a resounding success, with the many great comments heard all around school and the stories posted on Snapchat.

The Club Fair was one of the events running that day. It was held during senior lunch (period 3), and had all the clubs and sport teams of our school gathered in one place, to give students an idea as to their purpose and uniqueness! The Club Fair was a great place to get a look at what our school is up to and to catch up with some friends: a way to feel welcome and accepted.

As the day went on, the Grade 9 day was our final event. The gist of the event was to help Grade 9 students to feel welcomed and give them a day off of school work. The event consisted of miniature games and activities to get them together, so they could make new friends and bond with each other. One of the activities was a scavenger hunt all around the school, where they took memorable pictures with their respective groups in order to win a prize. Overall, they had a lot of fun – they were very excited to be running up and down the school to take the pictures!

At the end of the day we can all say that everyone had fun and met someone new. With all the laughter and photos shared throughout the day, it can clear that the event was successful. I'm looking forward to seeing what Westdale has in store for us. Have a great year, and remember - this is just the beginning!



See more Spirit Day photos – IN COLOUR - on the insert!

WELLBEING – TIPS FROM TEDDY



Finding the Perfect Gym

Theodor Aoki

The perfect gym is the Holy Grail of the fitness world. This is because people really want both of them. As in people really want the Holy Grail, and people also really want the perfect gym, thus making them similar.

People want the perfect gym because it is flawless and perfect, making it good.

It is pretty easy to find the perfect gym if you have a checklist. But really a checklist with numbers instead of checks. Warning: do not try to cash any left-over checks.

First, define criteria for what makes a gym good. Then look at a whole lot of gyms and grade them using the criteria and numbers from 0 to 10. If you find a gym with all 10s then it is perfect.

Woo-hoo!



DEAR A . . .

Advice from the best

Dear A,

What is the proper etiquette for walking in the halls?

Sincerely,
A confused Freshdale Freshman

Dear FF,

Wow, thank you for asking! What a considerate hyooman!

Hallway etiquette includes actually walking, or in other words, don't stop in the middle with your group of friends and clump in the middle. You are not a traffic island.

Sincerely,
-A





Your October Horoscope

By: Megan Cyr

Aries: It's okay to pursue love aggressively, but to a certain extent. You honestly can't afford another blow-up doll, so be careful this time.

Taurus: you are what you eat, so try extra hard to eat some "decent human being" this month. We generally don't condone cannibalism, but oh man you really need it.

Gemini: You should really consider taking a trip around Europe with your friend next summer ;)

Cancer: Add a vintage pointy hat to your wardrobe for a real witchy look.

Leo: This month, Fortune smiles upon you. Not because you're lucky or anything, but because even metaphorical concepts without an animate form can't help but chuckle when they see you struggling to climb to the third floor.

Virgo: You'll finally gain philanthropist recognition for that one time you scribbled "be happy" with a picture of a smiley face on the bathroom stall door.

Libra: Life tip-- don't wait for the bus. The bus will wait for you.

Scorpio: the stars think "poignant" is a word that describes you pretty well. You should try dulling it down to a steady "perturbing".

Sagittarius: That nagging suspicion you have that your friends are better than you will finally be put to rest, when, in a shocking turn of events, you realize you actually don't have any friends anyway.

Capricorn: The stars ask that you please not shoot for them--try the snobby Fortinos down the road, they're a more realistic option.

Aquarius: AYYYYYYY shoutout to my fellow aquarians, y'all will have a blessed month.

Pisces: Do you think snakes can make it through wormholes? I don't think so. Don't wreck this for yourself.



Business Casual Horoscope

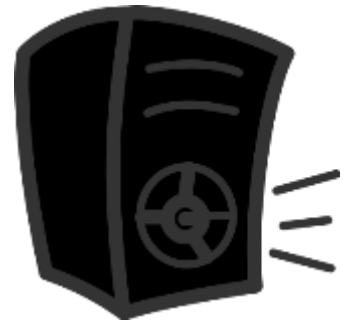
By: Graeme Farrand

Do you like eating tasteless cakes? Appreciate signs involving the number three? If you answered yes to either of these questions then the Westdale Association of Cakes and Signs is for you.

Each meeting we catch up on that week's news from the Royal Society of Signage and the International Committee of Bland Cakes. As well as eat flavourless cakes and judge/ design signs with the number 3.

If you join you will also have a chance to have to be selected (section is completely random by using a combination of carrier pigeons and three-sided coin flips) to be one of three of our representatives at the Canadian Dull Cakes and Signs with Threes festival in Radville, Saskatchewan.

Everyone is welcome – unless you like fancy pants "flavored" cakes or signs with the number 4. We meet on the 8th day of the week at 2nd period lunch in locker 4110.



Musings on an Unwritten Departmental Caste System

By: Sam Barringer

From the moment I decided to join The Sequitur this year, I have been warring with myself over what to write in my debut article. Topics bounced around my skull with great speed and noise, all coming together in a cacophony that has made my mind feel like a well-worn billiards table. One recurring thought of mine was to write about the arts, more specifically, to defend the arts from those who would have them seen as useless. However, I elected not to, as I told myself that there was clearly enough respect for the arts, especially within these walls, so as to ensure such a rant would not be necessary. I was proven wrong. So rant I shall.

From the perspective of these words, it is 1:00 pm on Wednesday the twentieth of September. The day of cCub Fair. Throughout my lunch hour, a friend of mine from the theatre department at this fine school was talking to me from afar, complaining about the flagrant lack of respect paid to the theatre division within the fair. Students were requested to not casually toss sports equipment to and fro by the drama tables, or by the sound equipment, for fear of damage. However, it would appear that those same restless students did not think that the people placed in the position of theatrical ambassadors to the outside world should be listened to, with regard to the safety of their own equipment. Instead, a far more dangerous mentality surfaced, one that led these students to not only disregard the polite requests of the ambassadors, but to go out of their way to aggravate and endanger. This is symptomatic of a larger problem within the school. That problem being a lack of respect for the arts departments.

All those who could be classified as athletes, all those who could be classified as students of the humanities, and all those who could be classified as scholars of the scientific and mathematic arcana are considered equal. United in their usefulness to society. But the artists, the musicians, the writers and the performers are hung out to dry. Not by administration mind you, by the very people those artists complain about administration to. Cast out by friends and classmates, deemed strange and unnatural, undeserving of respect. And so this poison spreads through the student body, an acid within the veins of Westdale high, a blight upon our collective consciousness.

One of the more overt symptoms of this cancer was unearthed today, contained within a seemingly innocent scavenger hunt. Participants of this hunt, in search of glory and gift cards tore through the auditorium and art rooms, leaving no stone unturned. They removed antiques from plinths, looked within sculptures, and all without a thought for what they could have damaged. These students were not malicious, they did not intend to destroy or pilfer; they merely saw themselves as above the students who might care. Above the artists. Now let me be clear, artists are guilty of this too, we have our own interdepartmental rivalries, notably between the theatre and music kids. We act as though we're more in touch with humanity than the budding scientists, and more wise than the athletes. This is absurd, and will be covered heavily in an upcoming rant, but today is not the day for ire to be tempered by an instinct to accommodate. As I walked through the school directly after the news of the scavenger hunt's path of erasure, I naturally complained to all those who would listen. And the response received was worrying, and showcased the true illness plaguing our school. Every student I spoke to, outside of those within the circle of the arts, treated this as if it were nothing. As though it didn't matter.

"Creative people create, you can always just make more."

I heard other, similar statements, some deriding every show Westdale has ever put on, calling my passion frivolous, but this was the most toxic statement of all. And it became clear to me in that moment, upon hearing those words from someone who I had, up until that point, respected, that no one really understands how creation works. Hell, the people who do the creating don't get it, but it is deeply, fundamentally different from anything else. . . . (**Musings** continues on page 6)

(**Musings** continues from page 5):

If an artist paints a piece she is truly proud of, a piece she deeply cares about, then it is as sacred as her own body. Despite what every English lit professor in existence will have you believe, creation is not merely a harnessing, a repurposing of the outside world. It's something deeper. It requires everyone who attempts it to cast down the walls that keep them from themselves, and stand before the great fiery core of their being. When we create, we are shrouded in void, as we stare into a possibility storm. A swirling sphere of pure chaos, a pool of untapped thought. When stand before an audience, or when I sit at a computer, conjuring worlds, the process is the same. I reach out, and touch that chaos, I draw it onto me and wrestle it into submission. Forging it into the words on a page, or lines spoken before hundreds of people. And this process takes place anew every instant, with the universe falling apart and rebuilding itself within my mind, endlessly spinning within my grasp, during my desperate battle to force what I want out into reality.

But this is not understood, it is largely assumed that creative people can just sit down and whip something up, and no thought is spared for the effort involved.

I write this article not as an attack on administration, or the athletes, historians, or mathematicians of the school. Not even as an attack on the students who set off this reaction. Instead, consider this article a plea. A plea for empathy, for an attempt to be made by all those outside to understand, or at the very least respect the burning, painful flame of chaos within the mind of every artist. And in return the same respect will be given to the determination of the athlete to break their body down time and time again, or to the brilliance of the mathematician, searching endlessly for patterns within the confusion, et cetera, et cetera.

In the end, I guess I'm just asking for people not to break our speakers.

(**Fall Colours** continues from the front page):

When you think of fall colours, what colours come to mind? Deep red and bright yellows, perhaps? Researchers from the University of British Columbia conducted a study using 600 participants to see how the colour of the screens' backgrounds would affect their cognitive abilities. Participants who had red backgrounds showed more accuracy, attention to detail, and recalled better editing skills compared to the participants who had a blue background. On the other hand, those who had a blue background showed more creativity and imagination when performing the given task compared to the ones who had a red background. Both colours are vital for a successful academic journey, and that's what is good about autumn: while the trees and leaves are blushing reds and golds, the sky remains a joyous blue. That means that during this season, most people's brains are powered up to their highest level.

If you're not one who is fond of going outside and studying nature and breathing in the fresh air, then that's not a problem! Decorating your bedroom or study area with warm colours can help to enhance your cognitive abilities, and small touches of cool colours can assist with a serene mood.

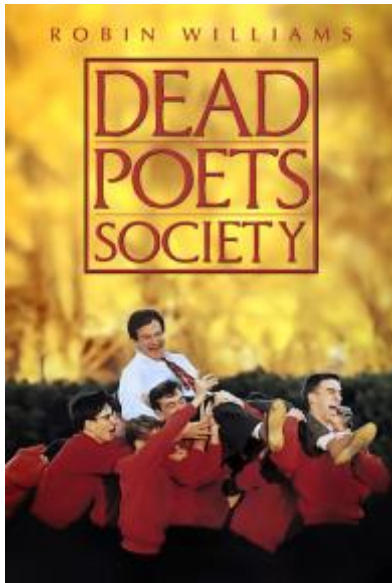
Fall is an amazing season (I guess the other seasons are good, too), and its beauty and beneficial aspects will make you love the season if you don't already! Autumn will be at your aid when it comes to finishing those assignments and starting the new school year with the best grades!





Dead Poets Society

A movie review – Madeline Loewith



Carpe Diem. Seize The Day. The phrase is simple enough, only a few words. But the meaning behind those words, the message portrayed throughout the film, makes them mean everything. The story follows a group of boys at a high-end Prep school. The teachers are all stuffy, old fashioned and strict, except for one. Mr. Keating brings to life a new way of learning, of expressing yourself, and teaches how there's more to life than a GPA, a good college, or money.

This film came out in 1989, but don't be dissuaded by its age. It's beautifully shot, with a gorgeous fall aesthetic. The acting is incredible. Robin Williams is one of everyone's all-time favourite actors, and his performance as Mr. Keating is inspiring and emotional. Ethan Hawke (Boyhood, The Purge, The Magnificent 7) plays one of the main students, along with Robert Sean Leonard, Josh Charles, and Allelon Ruggiero, to name a few. All breathe fantastic life into each of their characters, a cast of unique personalities, each of whom you are sure to love. Dead Poets Society was nominated for four Academy Awards, and won two for Best Picture and Best Actor.

Life is too short to just try and please other people. Fill your life with things that bring you joy, that make you happy. In high school, this becomes very important. You may feel pressured towards STEM courses, because, hey, that's where the money is. But money means nothing in the end. Take arts, drama, music, Latin, humanities, whatever. If it makes you happy, do it. Carpe Diem. Make your life your own.

WHERE TO WATCH: Pick up a copy at the library (yes, groan, I promise it's worth it), or download it online.

This movie is for aspiring writers, poets, romantics, actors, John Green fans, bookworms, and anyone with overbearing parents.

*But if you listen
real close, you can
hear them whisper
their legacy to you.
Go on, lean in. Listen,
you hear it? Carpe,
Carpe diem, seize
the day boys, make
your lives extraordinary.
-Robin Williams, THE DEAD POETS SOCIETY*

Who Am I?

By: A Rough Hazy Ink Ninja



People don't want to see the real me. It's the sad truth of life. They want to see a pretender, a faker, a better version than the one they are receiving. Someone who is there to please them. They don't want to see your struggles or what is hurting you. They want smiles, simplicity, and stability. A two dimensional person who puts them before everyone else. Someone with their interest in mind.

I don't want to be that person, I want to be me.

But I can't. Those stupid voices in my head telling me that if you do that, that person won't like you. Say that and there's someone instantly judging you. So I'll try to be the person they want. The person I am not. I will live a hollow life trying to fill the mold of the person people want me to be until I become that person.

But that person is never good enough for everyone. That person has flaws too, so this process goes for a round two. Round three. Round four. What can I do to be liked? To be accepted? To not have people talk behind my back? Keep on changing.

This new person I'm creating isn't genuine. But who cares? As long as the people around you like you better, everything will be fine. Still, are you really living life if you go around being someone you are not? And those people you're changing for are probably putting up masks too. It ends up being a circle of lies that collapses when people are put to the test.

Kimchi, a Korean Soul Food

By: Nuri Song

Ask any Korean about kimchi, and they will tell you that it is at the very heart of Korean cuisine. Eaten at every meal, kimchi is a cultural necessity, and daily life is unimaginable without it.

For those who don't know, kimchi is a spicy, pickled vegetable dish, similar in nature to sauerkraut, but wildly different in appearance: a bright red chili paste - containing scallions, ginger, garlic, onion, fermented salted shrimp, chili flakes - thoroughly coats large, salted strips of leafy Napa cabbage. Once completely mixed and combined with the paste, the kimchi can be eaten on the spot. Usually, however, it is packed into tight containers, and stored in a cool, dark place to await the wonders of fermentation.

After a few days, the flavour of the kimchi intensifies, and it is ready to eat as banchan*. Small helpings of it are nestled between grilled foods at Korean BBQ, found accompanying instant ramen (most often Shin ramen, a Korean favorite), or served with white rice and seaweed as a humble meal. Kimchi is a versatile condiment - I often pair it with eggs and sausage at breakfast, sometimes even with alfredo pasta at dinner, though I admit these combinations may not appeal to everyone - but to think of kimchi as merely a side dish doesn't do it justice. Kimchi is not just an accompaniment to a meal: kimchi is Korean soul food.

There exists an ideal point in the kimchi's lifetime for soul-food cooking, and that is when the kimchi is aged, wilted, and overly sour: the intense flavour means endless possibilities. At this stage, the old kimchi is cooked into soups, stews, noodles, dumplings, and rice dishes, adding wonderful bursts of flavour. The best example of a dish touched by the magic of aged kimchi is kimchi jigae, a hearty, spicy stew that is incredibly common to the traditional Korean household. In my home, when the kimchi finally goes sour, my mother eagerly gathers the remains and throws them in a big pot over the stove. She then adds thinly sliced pork belly, squares of tofu, diced onions, scallions, mushrooms, umami-rich anchovy stock (a crucial ingredient for extra added flavour), and simmers the ingredients together for over half an hour until the whole is truly greater than the sum of its individual parts. The red pork-fat-thickened broth, flavourful yet surprisingly mellow, is eaten with a bowl of rice and a side of banchan. And often, the banchan is another type of kimchi!

Prepared tangy or mellow, fresh or fermented, as a sidekick (literally) or star of a meal, kimchi is infinitely versatile. But the standard, square cut banchan version is still loved the best, and not just in its country of origin. As of late, the Korean food craze seems to have hit the Western world, with kimchi at the forefront. I often see kimchi being promoted as a health food, or otherwise popping up in crazy Asia-meets-West food combinations (kimchi tacos, kimchi fries, etc.) As a Korean, I am proud to see my culture's cuisine, once painfully obscure, become part of the mainstream. However, as kimchi continues to be a major icon of Korea, I am reminded that the dish also holds personal meaning. While kimchi may represent the history and culture of Korea, it also represents my own memories of growing up as a child of a Korean immigrant family: large Tupperware containers of salted Napa cabbage in the kitchen; my mother and other immigrant mothers mixing the cabbage with vermillion chili paste coated hands; strong house smells that embarrassed me in the presence of American friends; picking up my first piece of kimchi with chopsticks, a skill learned long after my fingers had grown accustomed to the grip of a fork; warm, loving home-cooked meals, eaten with the family.

While the flavour of kimchi changes ever so slightly each day, my love for the dish will remain constant for a lifetime.

*(Korean side dish)



Boys Do(n't) Cry

By: Lo

"Women are more emotional than men": this is an expression that is so deeply imbedded into our society, that we accept it as though it is a fact. While it was once generally believed that men are less likely and prone to express their emotions, recent research has disproved that long held belief about men feeling a lesser range of emotion than women do.

The study says that it is rather the social construction of gender that has made the idea of masculinity and femininity a conforming one. This has created a cultural disconnection between the two sexes, and the way we are "allowed" to express ourselves. This separation influences social roles, the way we dress, our sexual desires and even the way we express our very emotions.

This "emotional stoicism" that we generally see in men is not due to the --much disproven-- theory that men having a limited range of emotions, but to the cultural expectation and pressure of what it takes to be seen as a "real" man. This toxic and emotionally disembodimenting "masculinization" of men starts to affect males even in their infancy. Terry Real, a psychologist who specializes in men's issues and relationships, has conducted research that has indicated that boys begin to suppress their emotions from the age of 3-5 years old: *"It doesn't mean that they have fewer emotions. But they're already learning the game—that it's not a good idea to express them."*

Due to the preconceived notions of how men and women are supposed to act, many people, often unintentionally, disregard and misinterpret a boy's true emotion and interpret it as any emotion which is regarded as "male" and expressed by men. In one of Real's studies, a video of a baby was shown to 204 people, in which each person was told the baby was of a different sex. Most of the subjects reported the girl as "scared" and "delicate" while describing the boy as "strong" and "angry" (although the video that was shown to the subjects were of the same baby). The way we perceive feminine-masculine emotions correlates to what emotion we believe the sex of that child should traditionally be expressing; and in doing so we provide a different type of 'care' for the child, depending on its sex.

This unintentional diversification of care based on the child's sex slowly leads to the kids being "socialized" a certain way, even if this this level of behavior is in no way organic.

Real states, *"It would seem reasonable to assume that a child who is thought to be afraid is held and cuddled more than a child who is thought to be angry [...] from the moment of birth, boys are spoken to less than girls, comforted less, and nurtured less."*

As mentioned before, as a result of this, men are often more "emotionally disembodied" from a very young age, and are typically afraid to show vulnerability, are scared to recognize and cope with their feelings, and are unsure how to properly ask for help. Men are twice as likely to have anger management issues, abuse alcohol and other substances starting from the ages of 12, which leads to a higher likelihood of substance abuse in men over women later in life. Men are also more likely to kill, commit crimes, and are 80% more likely to commit suicide than women. Fewer men are actually diagnosed with depression, due to it usually being either unrecognized, or mis/undiagnosed.

"Men's willingness to downplay weakness and pain is so great that it has been named as a factor in their shorter lifespan. The 10 years of difference in longevity between men and women turns out to have little to do with genes. Men die early because they do not take care of themselves. Men wait longer to acknowledge that they are sick, take longer to get help, and once they get treatment do not comply with it as well as women do." Real states.

What do you think it means to be a "real" man? In order to eliminate toxic masculinity and lower suicide rates, lower substance abuse, lower sexism, lower violence and crime levels, we must change the way we define what it means to be a "Real" man, we must unlearn and un-teach the stigma that showing emotion is incompatible with being strong, and that only showing anger is being a man. After all, ***"It shouldn't be necessary to stop being a person in order to be a man."*** -Noah Brand



Animal Testing

By: Lily Afshar

10

Animal testing is the ugly truth of the beauty industry. It is the lethal secret of the medical industry. As renowned polymath and universal genius, Leonardo da Vinci, said, “The time will come when men such as I will look upon the murder of animals as they now look on the murder of men.” This quote was stated 500 years ago yet it’s still relevant today, as countless people remain unaware or indifferent to the appalling treatment of animals regarding testing purposes.

Animal testing blinds, tortures, and ultimately kills millions of animals every year. An animal doesn’t have the choice to be tested on; they’re forced against their own will. Animal testing is an incredibly cruel, unnecessary, and unreliable practice that must be outlawed for the welfare of innocent animals as well as the moral progression of humanity.

The conditions in which animals are tested are beyond revolting and horrific. Animals are subject to painful experiments that include but certainly aren’t limited to: force-feeding drugs, blinding from dripping corrosive chemicals into the eyes, burning the skin, poisoning, and implanting electrodes into the brain - all without the use of anesthetics or painkillers.

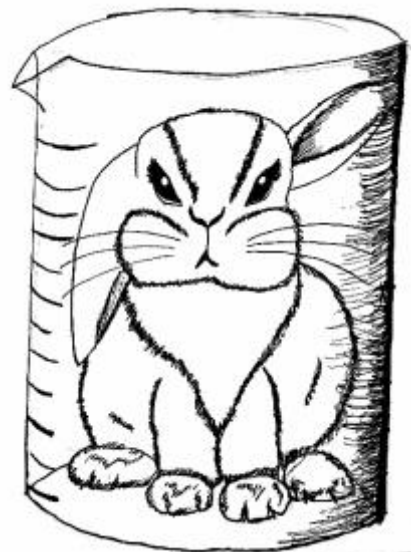
In many cases, animals are kept in long-term isolation, deprived of food/water, and frequently witness other animals being killed in front of them. They spend their lives in confinement without ever experiencing sunshine, fresh air, or social interaction. These distressing and traumatic situations cause animals to develop neurotic behaviour such as frantically spinning around in circles, ripping out their own fur, mutilating themselves, and biting at open wounds. Many animals die before the end of the study. Others are brutally killed by carbon dioxide asphyxiation, neck-breaking, or decapitation. If they don’t die, nor are they killed after enduring these agonizing experiments, they’re dumped into tiny cages and forced to wait in fear of the next experiment.

You might think that animal testing only applies to rabbits and rodents, which would prompt you not to care so much. However, that’s where you’re wrong. Not only are rats and bunnies harmed by animal testing, but so are cats, dogs, non-human primates, and numerous others. Take a moment to imagine your beloved pet, a significant member of your family, experiencing these horrifying experiments. How does that make you feel? A dog or cat bred in a laboratory for research could have been a pet living a long, happy, and healthy life with a loving family. Dogs are considered a man’s best friend: loyal, kind, and will sacrifice their own lives to protect yours. Is this how you repay them?

Furthermore, animal testing is extremely costly, unreliable, and completely unnecessary. Humans and animals have significant anatomic, metabolic, and cellular differences which makes testing inaccurate. For example, the arthritis drug Vioxx was considered safe and efficient in animal tests, but was recalled in 2004 after causing over 60,000 deaths in the U.S. alone. This shows that countless consumers believe that animal testing ensures their safety when in reality, consumer safety truly isn’t guaranteed.

The advancement of technology has provided multiple alternatives to animal testing that are cost-efficient, reliable, and most importantly, don’t require unnecessary pain, suffering or loss of innocent lives. Examples include in vitro (test tube), cell cultures, microfluidic chips, computer models and simulations, micro-dosing, imaging techniques such as MRIs and CT scans, and donated human tissues. While a “rat phototoxicity test” costs \$11,500, the non-animal equivalent costs only \$1,300, hence it’s clearly more efficient to use an alternative. . . (**Animal Testing** continues on page 11)

Illustration by: Angelica Tristani



So why do companies still test on animals, if not for the well-being of consumers or lack of reliable technology? The truth is that animal testing is a multi-million dollar industry. Some countries, such as China, require animal testing by law and many companies will put aside ethics and humanity for money. They don't consider that testing is to animals as genocide is to humans. Cruel, destructive, and ruthless.

With the advancement of reliable and cost-efficient technology we can take a step towards the progression of humanity by focusing on ethics and morals when it comes to animal testing. It is crucial to put a stop to the cruelty and suffering that innocent animals are forced to endure, and to help those who don't have a voice and can't help themselves. The time has come for us to look upon the murder and mistreatment of animals in the same way we do for humans. The time is now.

What's the Rage with the Minimum Wage?

(The rage is that it should be abolished)



By: Justice Tomlinson

Ontario's provincial government has locked in plans to increase minimum wage from 11.40/hr to \$15.00/hr by January 1st, 2019. The minimum wage raise promises many egregious side effects that threaten to economically decimate the middle and working class families it proposes to help. Minimum wage is the lowest wage paid or permitted to be paid. It seems almost as if the government with the world's largest sub-national debt has completely neglected to observe the results of drastically increasing the minimum to an arbitrary amount unmoored from actual market values. In places where minimum wage has been substantially increased in a short period of time, bad things have happened. Look at Seattle. Economically and politically, the minimum wage rise in Seattle is a good model of what a rising minimum wage can do. A study performed by The University of Washington showed that many businesses cut down workers, stopped hiring, or had to reduce hours. At the end of the day, the lowest-earners were still making an average of 125\$ less per month. This is just one example of the ineffective resource distribution of the minimum wage system; but there's hope yet. Many places all over the world have no minimum wage but exceed countries with a minimum wage in terms of delivering fair wages. We too should ideally be moving towards a model that fairly serves all workers while still not shipwrecking the economy. It should be clear that the plan to increase Ontario's minimum wage to 15\$ can and will have a detrimental effect on the very working class it aims to help, and is therefore in desperate need of scrapping and replacing.

An integral part of Canadian society is the ability of individuals to pursue their own success, but a higher minimum wage serves to hinder those seeking and creating employment while bolstering corporatism. Increasing the minimum wage in Ontario would harm already struggling local businesses while larger businesses are able to absorb the impact. The reality is that some small businesses will have to close down because they can't pay the increased rate. Hiring people is already an expensive affair. But 15 dollars an hour is enough to cripple many small businesses. They already operate on razor thin profit margins and often can't afford to raise prices to account for money spent on wages. The most disturbing part of this reality is that big corporations are the ones who could afford to absorb the risk and expand into the space left by closed small businesses. Small businesses account for 95% of employers and employ 28% of the Ontarian workforce. Small business is the cultural and economic cornerstone of many communities. Small business is a means of economic prosperity and cultural expression for those involved. As closing down or struggling small businesses create a vacuum for services and goods, the corporations that can absorb the wage raises will expand into those spaces, killing off that integral part of local culture and jeopardizing the economic condition of communities across the board. The government of Ontario needs to seriously reconsider consciously making a decision that allows the corporate interest to spread at the unexpected misfortune of the working class and subsequent slaughtering of small business.

Increasing the minimum wage to 15 dollars certainly touts an altruistic way forward in boosting up the lower and middle class consumers, but would realistically result in notable increases to the costs of goods. . . .

(**Minimum Wage** continues on page 12)

(Minimum Wage continues from page 11):

Wages are only a part of the price on any given item, but when the minimum wage goes up substantially businesses have to increase their prices to maintain profit margins (and in many cases to stay in business). It's in this way that the middle and lower class families have to shoulder the increase, not businesses. In a province where the cost of living is already so high, the fifteen dollar minimum wage is just a Band-Aid to cover much larger, deeper, structural wounds. Things as necessary as food and toiletries would increase in price and the small businesses that don't have to close down due to an inability to maintain competitive prices and pay staff will struggle to support their local communities. While a higher minimum wage puts more money into the pockets of the most affected people, they will still be the ones who suffer the most. And the lower class individuals who are seeking employment or unable to work? Artificially engendered price raises and minimum wages don't help them at all. It makes life harder for them in the sub-national body known for its already concerning high poverty rate. Increasing the minimum wage doesn't just foist unseemly and unintended cost inflation onto the most vulnerable members of society, but forces many of them to be in need of even more assistance from the government.

Despite the political tug of war over minimum wage, naysayers have not presented an actual solution to the often poor conditions and questionable moral standing of a minimum wage. We now understand that increasing the provincial minimum wage will have a negative effect on small businesses and jobs as well as cause goods and services to become more expensive. When faced with this reality, it would seem as if there's no good way to fix the problem. So where's the light at the end of the tunnel? The solution is simple: abolish the provincial minimum wages. At face value, such a thing would seem like a radical, absurd idea. But there are, in fact, many developed countries that don't have a state imposed minimum wage. See Switzerland, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, and others. Not only do these countries not have minimum wages, but many workers make higher amounts than minimum wages in other countries (like Canada and the US). How do they do it with no minimum wage? Workers align themselves with a collection of public and private sector unions that engage in collective bargaining on their behalves. Essentially, the unions negotiate a fair baseline for minimum hourly wages and protect workers from being exploited for their labour and underpaid by enforcing contractual agreements and organizing strikes when necessary. The unions have enough power to negotiate effectively with businesses and keep wages and working conditions up for everyone in these countries. The endgame isn't abolishing minimum wage and leaving nothing in its wake, it's to replace it with a system that can actually serve people and avoid exploitation in the long run. Not only is it possible to excel under this system, but wages are entirely reflective of what the market is willing to pay. While it's true that goods and services in the aforementioned Nordic countries are more expensive, wages typically only rise gradually with the demands of the market meaning that massive employment cuts and sudden increases to prices aren't going to be tied to something as central as one's wages. Now, we're no Scandinavian country; our culture is much different. We (as a province and a society) need to reach a point at which we can say it's time to consider a more responsible and fair means of wage bargaining. The Nordic collective bargaining system is superior because it more efficiently allocates resources and benefits to specific occupations, while a provincial or federal minimum wage fails to account for local costs of living and other considerations depending on the job's worth to the market.

The bottom line is that minimum wage is a concept that once protected the interests of the working class, but now promises a swift and devastating fiscal betrayal. The goal of Ontario's government is to bolster a consumerist society and uplift the impoverished, but this fifteen-dollar-an-hour-Band-Aid isn't going to alleviate economic pressure from the working class. It could actually make things substantively much worse. Instead of moving forward with the \$15/hr plan, the Ontario Government should consider the Nordic wage system as a more fair system of ensuring fair wages.





2017-18 NBA Season Coming Soon!

By: Zeynep Berra Yilmaz

The last NBA game took place on 12th June 2017 as Golden State Warriors won 4-1 against the Cleveland Cavaliers, and breathtaking NBA games will return on the 17th October. What can be more exciting and thrilling than watching the best basketball players in the world playing their hearts out to bring home the Championship Trophy? Since NBA went to offseason my summer was really boring, so I spent my time analyzing and criticizing the events that happened as well as predicting the 2017-18 season, after the shocking trades and rookies joining the league where they will be experiencing the highest level of basketball.

Let's take a look at Toronto Raptors. First of all, Raptors have always been great with defense, maybe even a role model when it comes to securing the hoop. But this is bound to change this year since Patrick Patterson, DeMarre Carroll, and P. J. Tucker have left (mainly because of financial issues). Tucker is such a great defensive player and not only would he defend the most dangerous wing player from the opposite team, but also his leadership and passion made him the kind of player any small forward would adore. He is the kind of player that a coach wouldn't have to worry about, knowing he will live up to expectations. Ibaka and Tucker had great harmony last season and with them the team went from NBA's 16th, East's 8th best defensive team to NBA's 2nd and East's best. So it isn't possible to fill Tucker's place with his backup, power forward, Pascal Siakam. Then, Patterson, who was another key to defense, knew how to create space for his teammates and was one of the very few Raptors capable and in favour of getting the ball moving. Now that he's traded to Thunder, he will be a solution to their main problem – a lack of defense. He's the perfect player for them. Carroll was also a productive player but that was before he came to the Raptors. He just couldn't fit in and didn't agree with other players on how to play. As a result his game was limited. Even though he loved Toronto and fans stood by him, he just wasn't good enough on the court as he was off the court. I thought they would trade him last year. In conclusion, since Dwayne Casey lost some of his weapons, he won't be able to rely on defense as much as he did before, so he might have to shift to offense a bit even though he isn't the type of coach whose aim would be to shoot more than the opponent. But offense might not be that good either since DeMar DeRozan still has to work on his 3s which stand at 27% (what a contrast considering he's a point guard after all) and without the "3 and D" guy DeMarre Carroll, CJ Miles will have to take on his role. I hope he'll continue with the 41% 3-point success he showed in Indiana last season.

Furthermore, Coach will focus more on the ball movement and floor spacing. The ball will be more in DeRozan's hands so that he can control the passing traffic and since he can't shoot 3s himself, he'll get the ball to those who can, like Lowry, Miles, and Ibaka. They will be spacing the floor as well in order to get more open shots for themselves and their teammates, plus to frustrate the opposite team's defense. Thus, overall control of the front court will be created. The wings should be improved too because with the departure of wingman Tucker and other two forwards, rest of the forwards left are rookies and inexperienced players so there will be lots of breaking through these outmatched guys. Lastly, expectations are high from DeMar DeRozan and Kyle Lowry who were chosen the 36th and 19th best players of NBA, respectively, by Sports Illustrated. Although, DeRozan cannot be trusted all the time on his one-on-one plays, he is good with shots within the 3 point line but has difficulties keeping it up throughout all four periods, especially in the last minutes. In a league where even big men are shooting 3s, he must improve his 3 pointers. Lowry, on the other hand, is dangerous in every position. Casey shouldn't try a more offensive approach for Ibaka and DeRozan because it will probably backfire, but Lowry can be adapted to any play for the upcoming season. Lowry is basically the best player and the leader of Raptors. It's impressive how he does everything with a height lower than the average.

I think Lowry and DeRozan were the 6th best duo last season and by focusing on a more team-oriented game to bring the best out of everyone, Toronto Raptors will go further this year if the problems of the last playoffs don't occur again. In my opinion, the Raptors are the opposite of the Warriors in many ways but they're still an amazing team that brings our hopes up every season.

Raptors certainly will be really enjoyable to watch this year. Don't forget to watch the games starting from the Toronto Raptors' first game against the Chicago Bulls. It's a home game and the Air Canada Centre is only 40 minutes away. Just sayin'...

UN calls situation facing Rohingya in Myanmar “TEXTBOOK ETHNIC CLEANSING”

By: Talar Stockton

Myanmar is facing a genocide that has slowly been in the planning for decades. The Rohingya, a Muslim ethnicity within Myanmar, have been targeted by attacks from the Myanmar army. Out of 471 Rohingya villages that have been attacked by the army as part of a “clearance operation” that has been going on since August, 176 villages were completely empty and 34 villages were partially abandoned. Satellite imagery provided by Human Rights Watch showed that some villages had been completely burnt to the ground.

Access to the Rakhine state of Myanmar from which the Rohingya are fleeing is completely unattainable for humanitarian groups, journalists, independent observers. It is unknown how many Rohingya are fleeing from Myanmar, but Vivian Tan, a representative of the United Nations refugee agency has stated that the number is expected to be approximately 37,000.

It is also estimated that 2000 to 3000 Rohingya have been slaughtered in the “clearing operations”, according to the European Rohingya Council.

The Myanmar military begun its “clearing” operation after claiming a Rohingya insurgent group enacted coordinated attacks on 24 police postings 552nd Light Infantry army base in Rakhine State on August 25, 2017, killing 71 people. One immigration officer, one soldier, ten policeman and fifty-nine Rohingya insurgents were killed in the attacks.

After the attacks, the military began a crackdown on Rohingya villages, which included extrajudicial killings, gang rape, looting, and brutalities against civilians. Video provided by human rights monitors have shown evidence of mass graves near burnt villages. The Myanmar military insists the Rohingya are burning their own villages, which the Rohingya deny.

Myanmar leader Nobel Peace Prize Laureate Aung San Suu Kyi has been urged by world leaders to stop the violence happening in her country. However, Aung San Suu Kyi has denounced human rights violations. Her leadership position does not give her power over Myanmar’s military, due to the military’s veto over political reform. Aung San Suu Kyi chose not to appear at the United Nations Security Council this month, and a representative of Myanmar claimed no “ethnic cleansing” is taking place in Myanmar, and accused the attending countries of “unsubstantiated allegations”.

The intolerance and hatred towards the Muslim Rohingya minority has been long-fuelled in Myanmar, dating back to 1550 A.D., when Islam rituals were banned by Burmese king Bayinnaung. Anti-Muslim riots have taken place within the country since 1938, as well as mosque burnings and persecution.

Due to the 1982 Citizenship Act, Rohingya are not granted legal citizenship within Myanmar. Rohingya are required to sign a commitment promising to not have over two children. Rohingya children are not registered with the government, and are thus considered stateless. Due to their statelessness, and inability to possess proper identification, they are severely restricted and most often forced to live in slums and ghettos.

The genocide against the Rohingya has been one a long time making; long-simmering tensions and ancient history towards the Rohingya from the Burma and increasingly frequent clashes between the two has resulted in one of the worst genocides of the 21st century.



Buggers (Part 1)

A short story by: Dikshya Kaffle

FOREWORD

This is no story. This is no tale. This is rather me; my very thoughts and interpretations.

PROLOGUE

Let's set this straight. You and I are not friends nor acquaintances for that matter. We are merely two different beings with one understanding: I am the Teller and you are the Listener. Which comes with the assumption that you've rendered me human. And that too is your misconception, dear Listener. For I am what you call a "bug"; insipid creatures who lack basic knowledge.

SECTION 1 – AVELINE

It all started on a hot, summer day, partially sunny at best. The cheeriness of children awoke me from my musings, and mornings are when I'm a grouch. But Aveline, my keeper, doesn't notice since humans are incapable of comprehending insectile emotions.

"Aveline! Aveline!" Her mother calls from the door. The girl just fidgets, dazed. Thwack!

"Uh huh?" is her reply.

"Aveline stop daydreaming, we have cousins coming!" the woman hisses.

I amuse over their concern on such trivial business. These boisterous life forms dallying up and down to appease other life forms. Aveline bows then steps forward, but before that, she gives a glance at me, small smile. I return the gesture, which of course she doesn't understand.

SECTION 2 – TWINS

After all the meticulous cleaning, these relatives are mannerless buffoons. They come in three, to my surprise. Rosy-cheeked and red-haired, dimples to none, all obese from internal hunger. I thought only duos could exist since that was how it was in my homeland, but humans are a peculiar bunch; as long as the women bear children, they can have even eight times that amount. Though, in my opinion, one should be enough.

The boys trudge up to Aveline, squatting and boring green eyes. She nudges back slowly. The boys do not relent. They clasp their grubby hands upon her, nestling too close that you couldn't make out the hoard. My anger stems from this situation. I scurry through the pen and burst out the nutrition hole that Aveline had forgotten to close. I bite them with such ferocity that their skin yields at my jaws, leaving red, itchy marks. I do not enjoy the taste of dirty, rugged skin, and theirs was no exception; but I'll do anything for my beloved owner.

(**Buggers** continues on page 16)



(**Buggers** continues from page 15):

SECTION 3 – IN LIFE

Continuously, I've pinched them with such synching melody that their pain induced voices have pleased my ears. Unlucky to say, I lose control of things that enlighten me, so I know I've gone overboard. Enough that it may or may not result in my undoing.

The afternoon, noisy yet strikingly peaceful, was of great occurrence. Although it kept suspicion that the boys were on the prowl, some troubles were at least subdued. And it was true to a certain sense since they had planned my deliberate death until Aveline came along, unintentionally causing her usage as bait. You'd think someone of intelligence wouldn't have responded. But I'd beg to differ. My brain is right here, and my heart is down there—so when the heart, in this case, takes control, it shields itself completely from the brain's tactful orders, allowing me to dumbly latch on, like a fish within water. Which, obvious as it is, brings my years of longevity against me, paying the rueful price. But do take no pity, dear Listener. For in that moment and that moment alone did I truly feel alive.

SECTION 4 – IN DEATH

There is no pondering in life, not after death. No heaven to speak of, no light to shine in on the final, joyous moments crafted on earth. Just remnants of bittersweet loneliness so that I, in all entirety, will stay, stranded within an unconceivable abyss, its drabness creeping closer till all has been devoured. But the only thing it'll spare is me. It must have only me—

—is what I thought

There

goes

a

flickr.

Another

flickr.

Spindling,

swarming,

glowering,

flickrs.

Fleeting glimpses of recollections.

Aveline at centrefold.

***** But wait! There's more! Be sure to check back with The Sequitur next month to see how this story ends.*****

Online Edition Exclusive! By: Nicola Lawford

It is cold in the state of Massachusetts; we are now eight days into November, 2016. I have brought Nadja a soft blanket for the car ride home.

The two moms waiting with me are talking about the latest news on the election. Our kids don't often see each other because they are in different second grade classes, held apart by drywall and the student sorting algorithm, whatever that may be.

I look up at the clouds, which seem to be still. I breathe slowly, stretching out the seconds and the syllables of spoken words, so that there is no more election, no more news at all--there is just a moment. The world hasn't ended yet. North Korean intercontinental missiles have not been launched; artificial intelligence has not taken all of our jobs.

I apologize to the other moms if I seem absent; I'm tired, Nadja's dad is off on business, it's a stressful night. They understand.

"Hi, beautiful," I say as Nadja runs out to me, jacket undone, gait lurching side to side with the weight of her backpack. She clutches the blanket in my hands to her chest. I remind her to do up her zipper, and we walk out of the playground.

Honestly. I can't help but marvel at her sometimes. Her face round, spattered with freckles, eyes large dark pools of brown. All of her tiny features, perfectly formed, a collage of her father's face and mine. There is no miracle like that of her small chubby fingers. No wonder like that of her of tiny body walking unsteadily beside mine.

"How was your day today?" I ask her.

"Good," she says. "My presentation is almost ready." Nadja is working on a presentation that she is going to give to her class. It's about what she wants to be when she grows up. After dinner last night, we watched videos of Barack Obama speaking on YouTube because she wanted to know what it might be like to talk in front of lots of people.

"So, have you decided what you want to be when you grow up?"

She nods.

"When I grow up, I want to give money to people who are poor," says Nadja, "and food to people who are hungry. And also, to be a mermaid."

She is really serious. It's magical.

Nadja is excited that we are driving home tonight because she gets to listen to music.

"Buggles, please," she requests, and I oblige, opening with "Video Killed the Radio Star." I have been playing lots of 1980s music lately. I like to remember that grown-ups like me were stressed out in the '80s, too, stressed out and happy and sad and in love, all of those things. I like to think that I am hearing the exact melodies they used to listen to on compact discs and cassette tapes. It's as if I am one of them, as if nothing has changed, except I know that their stories have happy endings.

"Why aren't we walking home today?" asks Nadja.

"Well, Uncle Kurt is coming over tonight, and I have to start making dinner for us," I tell her, "and then I have to plan some nice food to make for tomorrow."

Tomorrow is a special day. November 9th is always a special day, and this year is particularly special because Nadja is seven years old. On November 9th, 1989, I was seven years old, just like her.

This was back in Berlin, three years before my father found a new job and was transferred to the United States of America. I remember very clearly: I was falling asleep to the muffled sounds of the 8 o'clock news from downstairs and watching headlights slide across my bedroom walls as cars turned the corner.

Kurt, who was sixteen, bounded up the stairs and flung my door open. My father followed and scooped me up into his big arms. Kurt swept my drapes aside and turned to look at me.

"They're letting people through," he told me. "Today is history!"

I rubbed my eyes as I was brought downstairs. Holding a case of beer in one hand and a bundle of jackets in the other, my father led us outside, into streets that were already filling with people. We walked all the way to the wall, the one I passed with my mother on the way to school. I liked it because it was full of pictures: lines, colours, and squiggles, symbols I didn't understand. There was music by the wall. People were smiling, cheering, kissing, dancing.

. . . . (Walls continues on page 18)

(Walls continues from page 17):

“Tor auf, tor auf!” a crowd was chanting—Open the gate, open the gate!

Kurt snatched a jacket and a beer bottle from my father and ran into the mass of people. Later, we saw him climb onto the wall from another boy’s shoulders to join the people who were dancing there

“Get back down here!” my mother called, but he didn’t seem to hear.

Back in my father’s arms, I drifted in and out of sleep. Guards shouted, waking me from time to time. I was vaguely aware that people were hitting the wall with hammers and axes. They’re ruining the pictures, I thought.

As it got later, there were more and more people. Waitresses came out of restaurants, bankers came out of banks, and children like me blinked drearily from parents’ shoulders.

My father put his cheek against my cheek, his lips by my ear, and whispered:

“The war is over, my love.”

Swaying and grinning ridiculously up on the wall, Kurt sang in echo, “The war is over, the war is over!”

I am thirty-four now, and Nadja is seven. Tonight, Kurt is coming over to watch the news, and tomorrow we will visit our parents across the city, like we do every year on November 9th. They will play music, hold hands, and dance on the road under the streetlights. Kurt and I will sit on the curb and drink beer, or draw pictures with Nadja in lines, colours, and squiggles of sidewalk chalk, celebrating the end of a war we never knew.

Nadja gives me her lunchbox when we come in the door.

“Thank you,” I say, getting my recipe book from the shelf.

“You’re welcome.” She sets some papers on the dining table and starts writing her presentation. I wash some beans and begin to cut off their stems.

“Mom,” she asks after a while, “Why do people get divorced?”

“Well, when people get married, and then they decide that they don’t want to be married anymore, they usually get divorced.” I tell her. “And then they can get married again.”

“To a different person?”

“That’s right,” I say. “Or to the same person again, if they want to.”

“Hum,” says Nadja, looking at my pile of bean stems. “Kate from school says that her parents are going to get divorced, and her dad is going to move to the other side of town.”

“Oh.” I don’t know who Kate is. “Well, try to be a good friend to Kate, and don’t ask her too many questions, because she might be sad about it.”

“Okay.”

I fill up my steamer and put the beans in the top.

“Why will she be sad?”

“Well, if dad moved to the other side of town, would you be sad?”

She thinks about it. “Yes,” she says, “but dad is on the other side of the world right now.”

“Actually, he’s in New York, which is still on this side of the world,” I tell her, “and he’s looking for a job that will let him stay right here at home with us!”

Jobs like that are harder and harder to come by. Nadja smiles and looks back down at her presentation.

She makes me feel so hopeful, so different from who I could have ever been before her. Sometimes, I think that every generation is a chance for all of us to start new. I told this to Kurt once.

“Then why do we still have wars?” he asked me. “And rape, and murder, and tax fraud? How come people still want to build walls after Berlin?”

I don’t know. Kurt doesn’t have kids.

A few years ago, Kurt brought me the framed photograph that used to be in my childhood bedroom. I keep it in my living room now. It is a print of a photograph taken in Times Square on V-J Day in 1945. The picture is of a man in a navy uniform kissing a woman in a white dress, his arms on her waist and behind her head. I’ve been told that the couple didn’t know each other, but that people were compelled to the point of kissing strangers because they were so happy; the war was over.

. . . . (Walls continues on page 19).

Kurt shows up with beer, which I put in the fridge for later, after the night is over. He greets Nadja as I turn on the news. It's exciting to watch television when you know that the world is watching with you, even if it's just the Superbowl or the Olympics and you don't know which team to root for.

"You went in today, right?" I ask him.

"Yeah, at noon. I hope I made a difference."

He mashes potatoes while I monitor the meat on the barbecue. Nadja puts napkins, forks, and knives on the table.

We sit down together at half past six. I ask Kurt about work, which is going okay. Nadja tells him about her presentation, and he says that it sounds interesting.

"What is evolution?" asks Nadja out of the blue, looking up from her plate.

"Evolution happens when species of living things change over millions of years, so that they can survive better," I tell her. "Humans used to live more like apes, but they got smarter and learned to use tools and build things." I look to Kurt, who took classes in evolutionary psychology for his undergrad.

"Yes," he says. "Species become more like the individuals who survive to have kids."

"That's why I had you," I wink at her.

"That's why people are greedy sometimes," Kurt explains. "People who were greedy got more resources and could have more kids."

"That's also why people love each other," I say. "People who loved each other shared with each other and protected each other from danger, so that they could all survive and have kids."

Kurt nods, affirming my theory. We make a great team.

After dinner, we sit on the couch together and watch the news. A big map is on the screen.

Kurt looks at Nadja and asks, "What country is that?"

"The United States of America."

"Bingo!"

"And where do we live?" I ask her. She puts her finger on the screen. I move it up a little.

"Very close," I say. "And where is dad right now?"

Just then, the words "New York" appear over a little area that turns blue. Kurt cheers, and Nadja moves her finger to the words. I lift her up high in front of me and spin around.

"How did you get so smart?!"

She smiles.

"I got it from you," she says. I laugh and pull her close.

"Don't tell dad, but that's the right answer!"

After I have coaxed Nadja up to bed, checked that her teeth are brushed, and tucked her in, Kurt suggests we make some popcorn. I snicker. Kurt likes to look at life as though it is a movie, or a comedy show. I love him for that, among other things, if I had to give reasons.

Nonetheless, it seems as though in this past year even comedy shows have taken it upon themselves to change the world; they have chosen sides in the war of ideologies and social movements, and their comedians have gotten serious and looked into cameras with sober eyes. Everyone seems to think the world is ending.

During ad breaks, Kurt and I envision what the world might look like in the future. The headlines pass through our heads like blood through our veins, red and blue, draining us, sustaining us.

Sometimes, when I don't understand why things are the way they are, I imagine that the world is a work of art. I imagine that we are all characters in a painting, or a novel, or a sculpture on a great scale. I like to see all of us as artists, sculpting ourselves infinitesimally through evolution and whatever else. I tell this to Kurt, and he says he likes the idea.

Growing tired, I look less and less at the television and more at the windows and other features of the room: tiny defects in the drywall, Nadja's papers, a soft blanket. Kurt's face.

I gaze at my framed photograph print of the man and the woman. Her face is hidden behind his hand. I wonder what it looks like, if she is happy, or surprised. I like the photograph because it reminds me that the wars people talk about now aren't the only wars we're fighting.

. . . (Walls continues on page 20)

(**Walls** continues from page 19):

Two hours after the result is announced, I finally see Kurt to the door, say goodbye, and walk back to the stairs. We didn't open the beer he brought; it is a sober night after all.

Words are ringing in my head: harsh reporters' vowels, rhythmic chants of protesters, or perhaps sentences I had practised saying to my daughter in dreams.

It seems like the world is always ending. Every decade, people are testing some new bomb, some new technology is changing how we live, jobs are harder and harder to come by. Every decade, walls are being knocked down and built again, wars are starting, wars are ending. Every decade, we are afraid, we are waiting, we are up late watching the news.

I look at my phone. It's past midnight; it's November 9th. Stephen Colbert is crying. Stock markets are crashing. People are chanting in crowds in Los Angeles and New York City.

I tiptoe into Nadja's room and wrap my arms around her. Headlights from cars slide across her ceiling.

"Tor auf, my love," I whisper in her ear. "We will open the gate, we will break down the wall, we will dance in the street."

I tuck her back in under her soft blanket, eyes closed, still deep in a dream.

The war is over, my love, I had wanted to tell her. The war is over.



Illustration by: Taz Chu

Row Eighteen

Short fiction by: Taz Chu

We ate breakfast on the plane. Cold roll, lettuce, rubbery salami.

His face was sallow, lined under the eyes. His fingers were slow, sluggish, thick crescents of grease and dirt under each fingernail. His cheeks were plumper than usual; he must've gained five pounds, I thought.

The words never come for me. I can't say them right. I fumbled through the indexes. "Hey." "I love you." "Do you want to talk?" It's never true, never what I want to say. I wanted to touch him desperately—his hands, his collarbone, his neck. I didn't want to speak. Please, don't make me speak.

I couldn't touch him. I knew that. The thought of what he might do if I touched him—the indecipherable look, the elastic recoil of his body—was unbearable.

So—"How are you doing?" I said. Too needy, too anxious. Electric whine pitch.

"Fine." His voice low, quiet, sullen with hurt. Didn't even glance at me.

I looked away from his face. My belly ached. It kept on cramping. The nurse had warned me about this.

I didn't know what to do. I wanted to say I had regrets. Yes, I felt shattered. Broken, lost—whatever adjectives you'd like to use to describe the slow unraveling of my throat. But the grey hardness of my decision sat squarely in my gut. I would not undo it, given the chance.

Please. Tell me you love me more than it hurts. Tell me you'll be able to look at me again without flinching. Tell me you'll touch my hair again.

Please, just let me touch you.

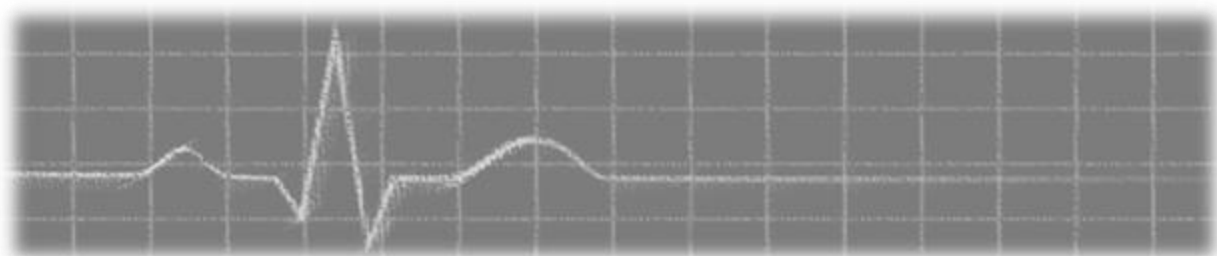
He was reading Ernest Hemingway. His eyes never strayed from the paper. Which one are you reading, *Hills Like White Elephants*? I thought bitterly.

I thumbed through the Sudoku booklet. I solved a few puzzles. I gnawed on my lower lip. I wanted the time to spill by messily, ugly. Quick and clean as a cut. Who cared about blood? I was waiting for time to heal the unspoken canyon between us. To solve the emptiness in my lower abdomen.

I had chosen it with eyes wide open. He knew that. So did I.

I ached and didn't. I saw myself from afar, a body hunched into itself. That Steinbeck quote was reverberating in my mind. "Do you take pride in the hurt? Does it make you feel large and tragic?"

The questions are always the same, I thought. Between lovers, families, friends. Do you still love me? Do you still want me? Will you touch my hair again? Tell me our love will never die. Tell me our love is deathless. Touch my hair again, please. Please. Tell me our love is beyond bones.





Candied Apple Recipe

Submitted by: Abeer Ghorieb and Emeline Auguste

Looking for a Halloween treat? Look no further. Follow the steps below to make the best candied apples you've ever tasted, sure to satisfy your nostalgic sweet tooth.

*Makes 15 candied apples, multiply ingredients as desired.

Preparation time: 40 minutes

Ingredients

- 15 apples
- 2 cups of white sugar
- 1 cup of light corn syrup
- 1 ½ cups of water
- 8 drops of red food colouring



Materials

- A stove
- Cookie sheets
- 15 craft sticks
- Medium-sized saucepan
- Stirring spoon



Instructions

1. Lightly grease your cookie sheets, set them aside.
2. Insert the craft sticks into the apples, lengthwise.
3. Turn the stove to medium-high heat. Combine in a saucepan the sugar, corn syrup, and water.
4. Heat until 300-310 degrees Fahrenheit, or until a small amount of the mixture dropped into cold water would form brittle, hard threads.
5. Remove from heat and stir in the red food colouring.
6. Holding the apple by its stick, dip it into the syrup mixture. Remove and turn so that it is coated evenly.
7. Place prepared apples on the cookie sheets to harden and col.
8. Enjoy!





Some Poetry

By: Daniel Lane



Silence..... I am only human. I sing many songs from days and people passed years ago. I'm twenty-three today, a number with a way of working into everything. A broken run down van sits 'round back, jacked up axles on cinderblocks. Rusted dreams from a flowerchild past. Reminds us, nothing ever lasts. I fall back in a wing back chair, carefully carve an avocado. Cicadas' violins begin to sing vibrato. Making perfect syncopation with the stinging song the crickets sing. I pick myself up to stumble along; by forests and marshes and rivers I go, sinking my toes into mosses below. A wind swept pine sings sweetly in the breeze. Tells me it's time. I fear to return to my people back home. Anxieties, and fears from city days disappear when I'm here.

A little boy rests in bed, but he begs the belittling bugs of thought not to dig his mind. He sleeps a night - filled with fright - and never sleeps again. The critter creatures creeping in, ease through his ears - make life dim -
Twenty years have passed today, the little boy not passed away has stayed.
"Leave my bed infernal beasts, cease your putrid flesh filled feast, I needn't say I've withered, you've slithered into my mind, and I find it time you're left behind".

Baby boy please don't cry. Listen now as I sing a lullaby. Your pain is deep, your pain is real. Hear my melody, start to heal. It'll hurt you deep to be a man so be a boy as long as you can. Growing pains can't be erased. Life is so fragile.
Taking it for granted. Taking advantage of it.
It hurts to be born. It hurts to be a child. It hurts to grow. It hurts to die.

I could just talk to you for an hour, never learn your name. Never see you again. How much we change our face in an unfamiliar embrace. Is it a disgrace or is it right? I can say hello and gab away, walk away and never learn your name. Just a "goodbye some guy". I'm a some guy and you are too. Just some guys that talked an hour or two. We want to hold on for all of our lives, taking hold of people and things, lengthen the high, extend the rise with photographs on Facebook, no more real goodbyes.

You never know where your mind might go as a diver diving down below, descending to the deepest depths after a flip off deck and one last breath, the water hugs and runs through hair like caffeine; a loving care. The moon above and/or below ripples on - Sings where to go -
I my friend, and I know you too, dive to flee from what's not true, spread your wings and look below to the deepest deep. The bluest blue.

Swiftly settling down to sleep, falling deep, falling deep, hearing not a single sound but the heart as it pumps, drums and pounds. Crushing waters in the ears rushing, rushing, pulling tears, darkness comes, the sun has set, I shall not let it take me yet. Ripples ripple up above, a shifting face, contorted love, breaking the bounds of H₂O, a hand reached down and never lets go.

Sweet notes seep into me; drown out all uncertainties. Pick and choose what you want to be, an accumulation of all you see; never the same as the day before; forever changing. There's something special in us all, just fall in love and then you'll know there's a child inside of all their heads. Children in pain, molded and changed by years gone by. Pick and choose like playground games on sunny days. Cowering in the corner over there. That part of you resides within. Is my child buried down far too deep? Put on a permanent time out? Get away, escape from there, you need not be tied down to a chair. That's not your place. They want to be loved, they need understanding, their cries at your feet may feel demanding... have understanding.





Take a Knee

By: Vicky Robinson

They died for your justice,
For the land of the free,
They died for your right
To take a knee.
Now they say you're defying it,
Kneeling on their turf.
But all voices matter,
Make sure yours is heard.

FUN & GAMES

Who said it? Created by: Thomas Lawford

Match the celebrity to their memorably unfortunate quote!

A) "If you got a dog, feed it every day. But if you don't, don't."	Mariah Carey
B) "How can mirrors be real if our eyes aren't real?"	Jaden Smith
C) "Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean I'd love to be skinny like that but not with all those flies and death and stuff."	Donald Trump
D) "I Mean, Part of the beauty of me is that I'm very rich."	Bobby Shmurda
E) "I get to go to lots of overseas places, like Canada."	Nobody
F) "If a book store never runs out of a certain book, does that mean that nobody reads it, or everybody reads it?"	Brooke Shields
G) "Smoking kills. If you're killed, you've lost a very important part of your life."	Britney Spears
H) "I was listening to Nickelback recently and I really do not understand why everyone hated it."	Jaden Smith
I) "I think gay marriage is something that should be between a man and a woman."	Arnold Schwarzenegger

ANSWERS:

A) Bobby Shmurda, B) Jaden Smith, C) Mariah Carey, D) Donald Trump, E) Nobody, F) Brooke Shields, G) Britney Spears, H) Jaden Smith, I) Arnold Schwarzenegger



Student Photography Gallery

Welcome to The Sequitur's gallery of student photography! Photos are IN COLOUR on a limited number of copies! Enjoy!

Gallery: Sarah Sellens



Gallery: Sue Lee

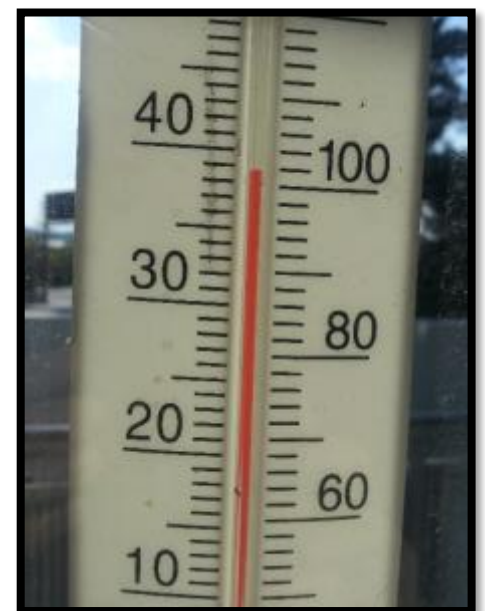
Are you an aspiring photographer? Got some photos to share? Send them to thesequitur.westdale@gmail.com and we'll publish them next issue!

Weather on September 24th . . .



Sameer Waheed

. . . seven days later.

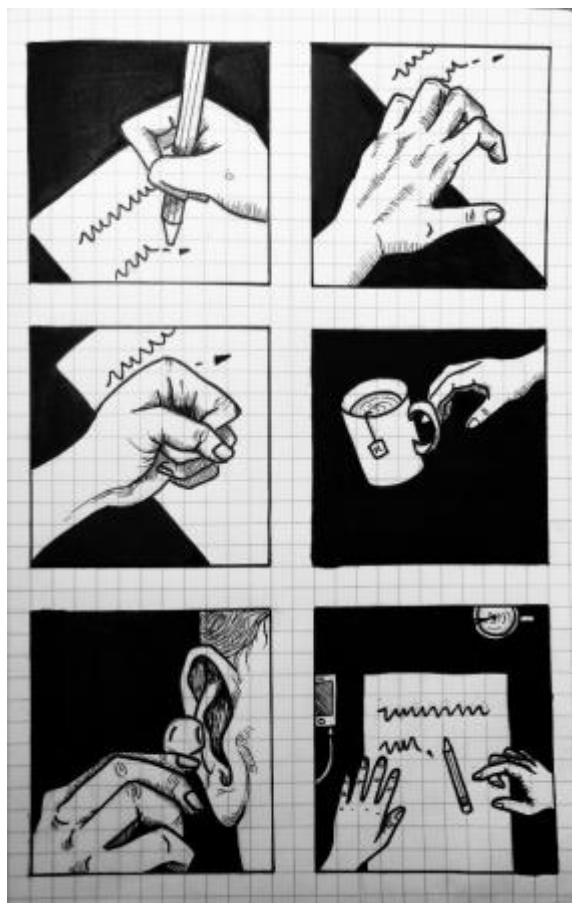


Spirit Day Gallery

Photography credits go to Emeline Auguste! It was an awesome day.



It you aren't seeing this in colour, check out our ONLINE EDITION to see this wonderful photography in full colour! Head to www.hwsdb.on.ca/westdale at find our heading: "Sequitur"! It's worth your time, trust us!



“monday night vibes” – Kendra Zhang

Visual Arts

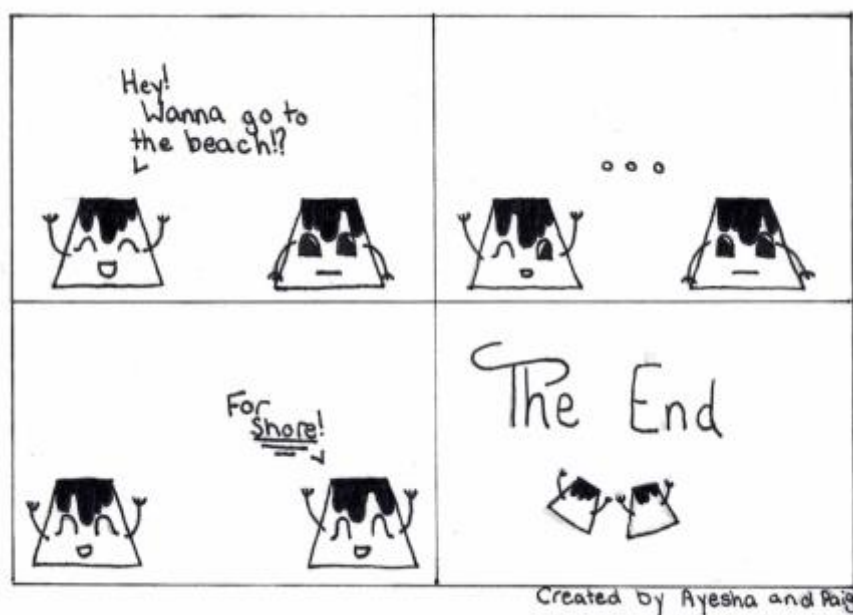
Welcome to The Sequitur’s visual arts page! You don’t need a camera to be creative – below are some comics and drawings for the month of October.



“Inghta” – Angela Peng



“High Anxiety”
– Angelica Tristani



“The Pudding Saga” – Ayesha Nainar & Paige Sills