



The Sequitur

WESTDALE SECONDARY SCHOOL

NOVEMBER 2017

Westdale Football Win

Victory for Westdale Warriors on new home turf!

By: Syed Amman Waheed and MD Raiyan bin Sayeed

Hello Westdale! October was one action-packed month, but wouldn't have been one of the best months without the kick-off home game for the Westdale Senior Boys Football team. Westdale Warriors filled the bleachers for the first Westdale football home game of the school year on our new field, and may I say it was a glorious day. It was the Westdale Warriors vs. the Waterdown Warriors; the Warriors vs. the Warriors - who were the real ones . . . ? (**Football game** is continued on **page 4**)



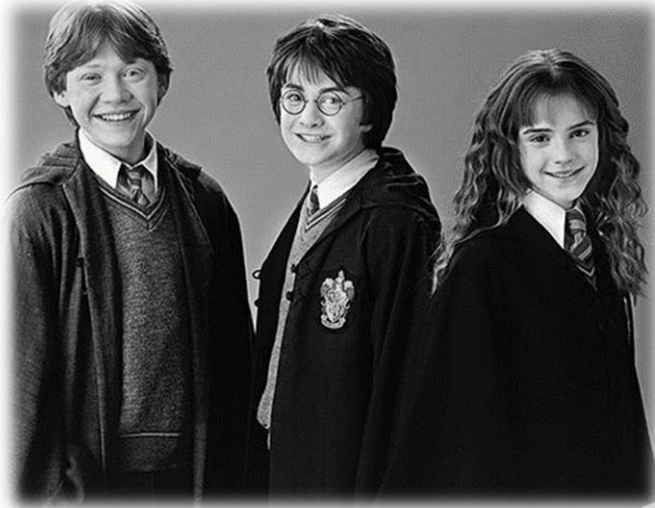
So what is Triune, anyway?

An interview with Westdale's student council president

By: Julia K. Watson

With the success of the Terry Fox walk/run and grade 9 day, Triune is off to a great start. But, what exactly is the student government, and what does it have in store for Westdale? Recently, I had the opportunity to sit down with the 2017-2018 President of Triune, Corbin McBride. He is talented, motivated, and above all, excited to help students make their voices be heard... (**Triune** is continued on **page 4**)

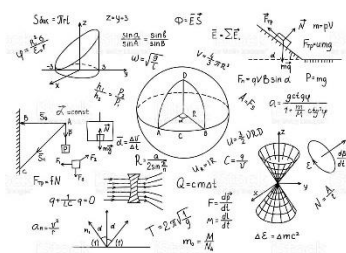
In this issue . . .



. . . Harry Potter fan fiction (page 11) . . .

. . . short fiction about election day and the fall of the Berlin Wall (pages 12-14) . . .

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. . . .



. . . a list of hilarious physics pick-up lines . . .

AND SO MUCH MORE!

The Sequitur



OUR TEAM

In this issue:

Editor-in-chief: Morghen Jael

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GET IN TOUCH TO JOIN OUR TEAM!

Visit Ms. B in room 209 for information, or email us at thesequitur.westdale@gmail.com

Our advertising team: Sam Barringer, Layla Eldakhakhni, Sameer Waheed, Maya Schikolenko, Claire Emili, and Sarah Sellens

TABLE OF CONTENTS

- 1) Cover page
- 2) This page! ☺
- 3) Club Spotlight, Ask A, Business Casual Horoscope
- 4) Front Page Continued
- 5) Quebec Bill 62
- 6) Catalonia's Independence
- 7) Essay: Ideologues
- 8) Ideologues continued and Float Therapy
- 9) Movie Review & Procrastination Tips
- 10) Procrastination continued and Book Review
- 11) Harry Potter Fan Fiction
- 12) Short Fiction: Walls
- 13) Walls continued
- 14) Walls continued
- 15) Short Fiction: The Butterfly Effect
- 16) The Butterfly Effect continued and Poetry
- 17) Sports: NBA
- 18) Sports: Westdale Basketball
- 19) Me Against the World, Fun & Games
- 20) Willy Dog Ad
- 21) Inserts: Photography gallery, visual art, fashion page



NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

Hey Warriors!

Happy November – that awkward time of the year that is post-Halloween thrill and pre-holiday bliss. Welcome to weeks of being unable to decide between a light jacket or a heavy cardigan (and ending up unfailingly disappointed at your choice), having to brainstorm new and increasingly acrobatic ways of stealing Halloween candy from your younger siblings, and drowning your anxiety in all manner of foamy Starbucks concoctions as your midterm marks pour in at alarmingly low values.

But despite November being the measly middle child of the fall months, it – like many middle children – does have its merits. Believe it or not, the outdoors are beautiful at this time of the year; get outside while you still can! It's also the perfect opportunity to sit back and sip a bowl of piping-hot soup, the ultimate fall comfort food. Finally, if you can get past the sweater/jacket dilemma, a whole world of dazzling fall fashions awaits you (see the Fashion Page on the insert for some inspiration)!

And hey, if all else fails, at least you have this issue of The Sequitur to brighten the shortening days.

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!

CLUBS SPOTLIGHT

YOGA IN THE LIBRARY

Do you have positive vibes? A yearning to better your wellbeing? Well this is the club for you - YOGA! It's held in the library seminar room at senior lunch on Fridays! This event is open to anyone who can bring a mat, some comfy clothes, and socks. Hope to see some new faces!

WESTDALE CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

Westdale Christian Fellowship: Open to all and any interested in learning about Christianity and growing together! We will be watching a video series about the book of Ephesians and having a discussion. The group meets in room 337 after school. Meeting dates are November 9, December 14, and January 18.



AQUARIUS



PISCES



ARIES



GEMINI



CANCER



LEO



VIRGO



LIBRA



SCORPIO



SAGITTARIUS

#169701593

Business Casual Horoscope

By: Graeme Farrand

The orb I paid \$53 for on Etsy has spoken! Here is what it predicts this month's stock changes will be:

Tech Company That Doesn't Steal Your Data

▲ i %

Hole Digging

▼ a whole lot

Westdale Sequitur

▲ 1,000,000 % - for being so fresh

Stock Predictor.org

website not responding

Online News

subscribe for rest of article



DEAR A . . .

Advice from the best

Dear A,

Why can't I stop myself from making unnecessary comments in situations where I am not needed or involved?

Sincerely,

Really Can't Help It

Dear RCHI,

I regret to inform you that everyone I know who suffers from the same condition as you has not improved in the slightest. so idk fam

Sincerely,

A



(School spirit continues from front page):

It clearly was the Westdale Warriors after they scored a touchdown in the last quarter, resulting in a score of 10-7. Throughout the game, both Warriors were going back and forth, touchdown for Westdale, touchdown for Waterdown. During the third quarter, both teams were switching between the offensive and defensive, but unfortunately enough, Westdale was very close to scoring a touchdown.

But it was worthwhile, because when the Westdale Warriors scored the game-ending touchdown, and the crowd replied by going wild.

The crowd had lots of energy, with the music, enthusiastic cheering, and the school spirit. MSA, Triune, and WAC all contributed to the great day as well with the food, drinks, and vintage wear. There was amazing food at

the vendors, such as the tasty samosas, hot dogs, ice cream, and refreshing fruit punch.

But for the football team, there is still a long road ahead of them. Westdale will face off against Westmount in the semi-final, so let's keep cheering on the football team onto victory in the cities.



(Triune continues from front page):

Watson: *What are your goals for Triune this year?*

McBride: My various goals for Triune are fairly straightforward. My primary goal for Triune this year requires a bit of a rebranding process, as we integrate the role of student governance and advocating for student voice into our council. A two-path system will be implemented into this year's council, which will be accessible to the entire student body.

One pathway is for major idea proposals that require long-term commitments, extensive research, and lots of support for implementation, where students can submit a detailed, completed "Triune bill" (templates can be found outside Room 105) into a formal council meeting where the proposal is discussed, strengthened, and evaluated by the various Triune student council members. Once passed, it will then be brought to the administration by the Triune executive members to formally propose the idea with the legitimate potential for implementation.

The second pathway is for minor idea proposals that require admin signoff, volunteers, or additional support from Triune, where students can submit a completed proposal to Triune exec members. Triune will then officially book the proposal on the school calendar (making sure it does not clash with other plans), obtain admin approval, and continue to support the student leaders in the execution of the proposal.

All templates and forms will be available and can be submitted outside of Room 105. Please contact me if you have any questions, and I will be delighted to answer them!

Watson: *What events should students be aware of that are coming up?*

McBride: Triune runs, plans and collaborates on many different events throughout the school year. As a council,

our core values and themes behind planning our events are Diversity, Governance, and Student Wellbeing and Support. For example, Triune is responsible for the planning of a formal, which will happen in December, correlating to Student Wellbeing and Support. If you are interested in getting involved in events like this, please come join us Wednesdays after school in Room 105! We would love to hear your ideas and thoughts!

Watson: *Why should students join Triune?*

McBride: Of course there is no obligation to join Triune, but I highly recommend it to students that are passionate about making Westdale a better place to be. It is a place to be heard, and become involved with how you would like your high school journey to unfold. There are no academic or character requirements to be a part of Triune Student Council.

I encourage any and all Westdale students to come, attend a meeting or two, and see how they like it! We meet every Wednesday after school in Room 105, and I can also be reached at bincor333@gmail.com!

Please email me if you have any questions, concerns or ideas regarding the 2017-2018 school year!

I for one, cannot wait to see what Triune has in mind for Westdale this year. The ideas that members come up with in order to create change are uplifting, and make you see life from different perspectives. I highly recommend others to join Triune. The sense of community is outstanding, the hard work is rewarding, and the feeling of being heard is empowering.



WESTDALE
SECONDARY SCHOOL

Quebec bans all face coverings in “religious neutrality law”:

Protests occur, NDP, Conservative and Liberal Party condemn Bill 62

By: Talar Stockton

“I should see your face, and you should see mine,”: these were the words of Quebec Premier Philippe Couillard, a member of Quebec’s Liberal Party, as he defended controversial Bill 62

Passed just this week in Quebec, Bill 62 bans face coverings in civil spaces, such as public transit, hospitals, libraries or any other public institutions. However, Quebec safety standards regarding face coverings will stay in place, permitting surgical masks or welder’s masks.

The bill’s aim is to establish religious neutrality in Quebec. “It’s a bill respective of all civil rights” claimed Justice Minister Stephanie Vallée. Examples of the execution of the initial bill would be a woman wearing a niqab on public transit being obliged to reveal her face throughout the duration of the bus ride.

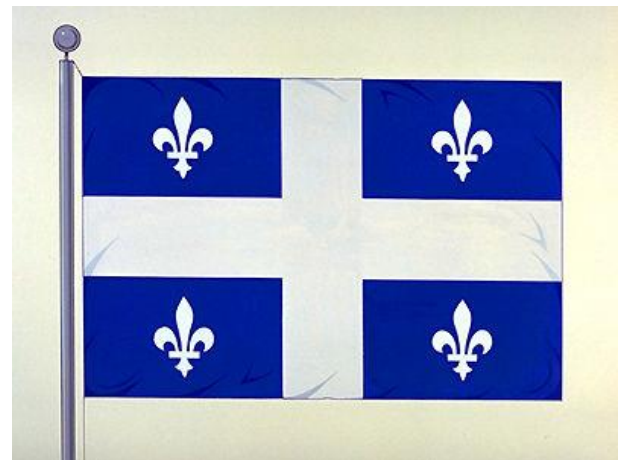
Outrage sparked across the nation, both amongst politicians as well as citizens. “I don’t think it’s the government’s business to tell a woman what she should or shouldn’t be wearing,” Said Prime Minister Justin Trudeau to reporters on October 20th. However, upon being asked if the federal government would take the Quebec provincial government to court, Trudeau offered a lukewarm reply: “It’s not up to the federal government to challenge this, but we will certainly be looking at how this will unfold with full respect for the national assembly.”

However, Ontario’s provincial parties countered the proposed bill with significantly angrier pushback. In an unprecedented show of unity, all

three of Ontario’s political parties stood shoulder to shoulder regarding the bill. “Forcing people to show their faces when they ride the bus, banning women from wearing a niqab when they pick up a book from the library will only divide us,” Ontario Premier Kathleen Wynne declared to Queen’s Park October 19th. Conservative MPP Lisa MacLeod (Nepean-Carleton) agreed with Wynne’s statement. “The law brought in by the Liberal government in Quebec has no place in Ontario — indeed, it has no place in Canada,(...)All Canadians have a legal right to their religious beliefs, including in the province of Quebec.” And NDP MPP Peggy Satter (London West) called the bill misogynistic. “There is no circumstance in Ontario in which anyone should ever be able to tell a woman what she can or cannot wear, whether high heels at work or a veil on a bus.”

On October 22nd, protesters rallied at Snowden station to fight back against Bill 62. Many protesters who did not usually wear face coverings donned niqabs, surgical masks and scarves. “This handful of women just want to go about their daily lives in a peaceful way, observing their faith,” said Razia Chanda, a women who wore a niqab for the protest, citing that the bill unfairly targets a minority.

On October 24th, Vallée clarified the bill at a press conference. The obligation would be limited to interactions. It appears that Bill 62 is to remain in place after becoming effective October 21st.



A Countdown to Freedom

A history of Catalonia in the 20th and 21st centuries

By: E.L

Catalonia is a small autonomous region in the northeast of Spain. Catalonia has its own language (Catalan) and its own culture. This small region has been oppressed and controlled by Spain for decades. There has been a push for independence recently. But is this push for independence new? The short answer is no. Here is a quick history of the struggle of Catalonia in the 20th century, and into the 21st century.

Catalonia's history in the 20th century is brutal and harsh. The region gained nationalism in the early 1900s. Catalonia was given a small bit of self-governance in 1913, but in the 1920s it became suppressed and under full control of Spain again, due to the presence of a new dictator. In 1931, Spain became a leftist Republic. This new Republic pushed for leftist ideas and more freedom in Spain to give Catalonia an autonomous region status, and more power, including a regional government to govern the region.

As the 1930s progressed, the Republic pushed for new and more freedoms in every part of Spain, such as workers' rights, land reform, gender equality, and secularization. The new ideas were too much radical thinking for the right wing of Spain. The right banded together, and in 1936 staged a coup which led to a civil war. Catalonia sided with the Republic, not the fascist right wing.

The war lasted until 1939 and ended with a new government under Francisco Franco, a fascist dictator. Franco destroyed all the progress the left had made, oppressing Catalonia and not even allowing the region to speak their native tongue. Franco's rule would last until his death in 1975. Spain then returned to a democracy, and Catalonia gained more independence, including a regional government, autonomy, and recognition as a nationality and of Catalan as a language. This regional government and autonomy remains ongoing.

Catalonia's entrance into the 21st century did not change much. A new Prime Minister for the region was elected - a socialist leader, Pasqual Maragall. Catalonia would still remain autonomous and continue its regional governance. In 2009, during an economic crisis, Catalonia pushed small villages towards a referendum.

Catalonian nationalism was on the rise in Spain. Even a few informal bids for independence set up by nationalists would go on, although none being very serious or leading to an actual vote, or large push for freedom. It was a small beginning, but it was at least a start towards independence from Spain. Bids for independence and referendums were pitched at the Spanish government and parliament in 2014. The pitches were all deemed illegal and never occurred, except for an informal vote in 2014 that meant nothing politically. The vote was an 80% yes for independence.

By 2017, nationalism was on the rise. The Catalanian people wanted freedom, and they got their referendum in October of this year. However, the referendum was deemed illegal, even though the vote was an estimated 90% yes. The Spanish police cracked down on the voters, and this led to protests and marches denouncing the police. This left hundreds injured and many more nationalists angry. The president of the region postponed independence when he spoke to the Spanish parliament, leaving many Catalonians angry.

The region is still tense, and the people await their independence. On October 27th 2017, the Catalanian government has officially declared independence from Spain, and Spain waits to enforce direct rule. As tensions rise on this current and unfolding event, the world can only hope for peace in the region as the clock counts down to freedom. Freedom for the people. Freedom for Catalonia.



Ideologues

By: Justice Tomlinson

First, what exactly makes an ideologue? If your answer is 'ideology', you'd be wrong, or at least not entirely right. The presence of ideology in its lonesome doesn't create an ideologue. Google defines an ideologue as an adherent of an ideology, especially one who is uncompromising and dogmatic. The key term is adherent. If we adhere to ideas, we sacrifice rationality for comfort. To some degree it's human nature, what we need for our survival as a species. But it all comes down to whether you govern ideas or whether ideas govern you. Commitments are comfortable means by which to be bound, offering the Ideologue an opportunity to proclaim the moral high ground, or even an uncharacteristic state of stability, at the expense of their ability to be free of those particular morals. The concept of existence for an ideologue hinges upon their person existing as an extension of and medium of pervasion for their beliefs; Ideologues are subservient to their own thoughts due to self-imposed adherence. Simple beliefs don't demand anything of their holder in exchange for holding them, and for good reason; beliefs aren't stable or certain, failing to guarantee you a desired place in your world. It's not intrinsically bad to be an ideologue, but you really have to ask yourself: are you an extension of 'your' ideas, or are your ideas an extension of you? But what's the point of all this anyways?

Historically, ideologues have taken all forms - partisan and nonpartisan. Nazis, communists, radical Islamists, I'm sure you can think of a few. Some ideologies seem to really churn out ideological adherents. Ideologies that become so intertwined with one's person replace the personhood. It's true - not all ideologies are created equally. Some ideologies, let us use Nazism as an example, demand something of their believer. The idea that the follower owes something to someone or something is what drives ideologism. So central to the beliefs of the Nazis was the idea that Hitler's subordinates must owe him their allegiance, that it was inseparable from everything else they believed. This principle of commitment drove consistency, crippling and prostrating true intentions before the increasingly prominent need to adhere. The Nazis demonstrated that you must salute, be able to betray your friends and family, and your own life if the greater good necessitates it. Radicalism does not coincidentally correlate with strict adherence to the ideology. You should be wary of any collection of ideas that demands anything of you.

Why sacrifice your autonomy to be intimately connected with an ideology? What makes it lucrative is the security and protection associated with an ideological purpose. In more desperate places and times, the need for security and protection among legitimate threats to survival and identity is at its highest. In Nazi Germany, the militant Nazi ideology filled the gap of confidence and security left by poor economic and political times. Having been in desperate straits for so long, the German people wanted a solution. The loudest and easiest to accept solution happened to also be the most heinous too. In a modern society as people once again have begun to lack fundamental principles like the security of identity and responsibility, they turn to other ideologies. Modernly, perhaps, we can look at the rise of white nationalism and ludicrous gender theory. Such are examples, egregious or not, of people trying to find their place in a world they feel they have no place in. The people who especially otherwise lack the security and protection of identity are the ones who tend most towards ideologism. Uncertain times will breed ideologues who cling to ideas in order to merely ensure their survival.

Sure, we understand that being an ideologue can lead to some pretty nasty things upon questionable footing, but it has much deeper fundamental problems with the potential to erode precious personhood. True beliefs are malleable and are uprooted according to utility and reason. Ideologies are rigid but brittle lattices in which one might challenge the universe. They shatter and break if you hit them hard enough, but are self-contained and don't necessitate expansion. Is being contented and an intellectual slave preferable to a, abrupt and unsettling albeit, reality?

(Ideologues continues on page 8)



(Ideologues continues from page 7):

The point is, being open-minded, pragmatic, and fluid is necessary to us as humans. Our capacity to survive and adapt, both mentally and physically is what dragged out of the freaking stone age, into the golden ages, through the age of enlightenment, and to the modern day. Being able to think freely and pragmatically has always led to success. The detail of what constitutes an ideologue is the key to understanding why and how. Most ideologues are created by or as a result of their environment. The key term here is 'created'. Ideologues are not born, they're created and molded by their social environment. Is ideology-based

reasoning's rigidity better suited for contentedness with one's own place in the world? As that place becomes more and more uncertain, the gap will be filled with increasingly desperate ideologues. Being an ideologue constitutes a sacrifice of control over your ideas, rather allowing your ideas to control you.



Can Floating In Water Make Your Stress Sink?

By: Sonya Pallapothu

High school is a place where stress and anxiety builds up enormously in teenagers. Stress can mentally and physically affect someone in many different ways such as lack of sleep, headaches, etc. It tends to arise in students a lot, because there is such a heavy workload weighing on their shoulders. The most commonly used remedies, whether they are temporary or permanent, are meditation, reduction of drug and alcohol consumption and many other options, but have you ever heard of floating away your stress and anxiety?

Float therapy is when a patient suffering from mental or physical conditions spends an hour or so in a dark and soundproof room, floating in a warm solution of Epsom salt and water. The Epsom salt solution is said to relax the muscles in the body and the serene aura of the room is to calm the brain.

The recent study was conducted by neuropsychologist Dr. Justin Feinstein at the Laureate Institute for Brain Research in Tulsa, Oklahoma.



He suggested that float therapy is a non-pharmacological treatment for mental and physical conditions, whether it is post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD), social anxiety or any other condition.

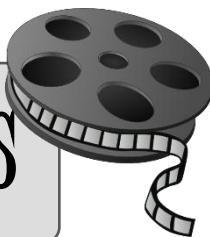
Before the patients go into the pool, Dr. Feinstein uses a functional Magnetic Resonance Imaging system (MRI) to study their brain for metabolic activity, and again studies the patient's brain after a 60-minute float. He reported quiet activity in the amygdala which is the brain's center of anxiety after the float.

The float was found to reduce symptoms of anxiety and lower blood pressure, thus quieting the activity in the brain, and the effects are found to last for over 24 hours.

So far, the study has shown very positive results, which could mean that there is a new remedy for lowering those stress and anxiety levels that keep building up in students. Maybe with this new study, teenage students can try something new to make their high school experience better.

Schumann, John Henning. "Floating Away Your Anxiety and Stress." *NPR*, NPR, 16 Oct. 2017, www.npr.org/sections/health-shots/2017/10/16/554063496/floating-away-your-anxiety-and-stress.

REAL GOOD REELS



Saving Private Ryan

A movie review – Madeline Loewith

Between Saving Private Ryan, The Martian, Courage Under Fire, Interstellar, Titan A.E., Syriana, Green Zone, and Elysium, Hollywood has spent over 900 billion dollars trying to rescue Matt Damon. Another fun fact: Saving Private Ryan is one of the only films to win Best Director (Steven Spielberg) but not Best Picture at the Oscar Awards. The award was well deserved. This film's cinematography was beautiful.

I am not the first to praise the gritty opening scene, and will certainly not be the last. Viewers are dropped right into the centre of the plot, landing on Omaha Beach along with Captain Miller (Tom Hanks), following his story of trying to find Private Ryan, a young soldier and last of four brothers, all of whom were killed during the war. The story does not glorify war, instead showing us realistic battle sequences and deaths, and addressing PTSD relatively well. The battle scenes in France show how indiscriminate war really is. For a generation raised on "first person shooters" and "health bars", SPR gives us a much more realistic view of conflict. I highly recommend this movie, but add a general Trigger Warning for graphic violence and strong language.

WHERE TO WATCH: Netflix!

This movie is for gamers, history nerds and Tom Hanks fans (obviously).



How to be a Better Version of Yourself - Tips and Tricks to Stop Procrastinating

By: Abby Greenleaf

So you procrastinate... Well, don't feel too bad! I once handed in an essay one minute before it was due! Ironically enough, I even procrastinated about writing this article! In fact, 87% of high school and college students are self-proclaimed procrastinators. Luckily for you, I have some tips and tricks on how to dispose of this bad habit - but first, we need to ask ourselves why we procrastinate.

When we procrastinate, we are actively sabotaging ourselves. So why do we do it? According to Dr. Ferrari, one of the world's leading experts in procrastination, there are three different types of procrastinators: "Arousal" types, or thrill-seekers, who wait to the last minute for the euphoric rush; "Avoiders", who may be avoiding fear of failure or even fear of success, but in either case are very concerned with what others think of them (they would rather have others think they lack effort than ability); and "Decisional" procrastinators, who cannot make a decision. Not making a decision absolves procrastinators of responsibility for the outcome of events. Finding out what type of procrastinator you are is an important part of learning how not to procrastinate. The methods I am about

to share, however, should work regardless of the reasons you procrastinate.

How do I stop procrastinating? That is a question I have been asking myself for years, and you've probably been asking yourselves the same thing. But, with a bit of research (and a lot of procrastination), I have found some methods that seem to work well for me: to work well for me:

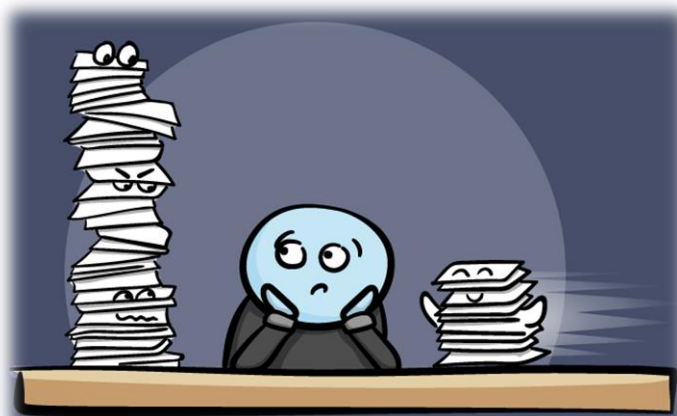
1. Write down your goal and give yourself a deadline - Goals with no deadlines can be put off indefinitely. Also, don't start off with a huge goal. If your overall goal is to get straight A's, you should start off by focusing on getting an A on the essay or lab you're writing.

2. The Pomodoro Technique - Studies have shown that the average amount of time a person can focus well is 25 minutes, so Francesco Cirillo developed a technique that breaks down work into 25 minute intervals. It works like this: 25 minutes of work, followed by a 5 minute break, repeated 4 times. However, on the fourth break, you get a 20 minutes instead of 5. After you finish a full cycle, you start over again. Look up the Pomodoro Technique for more information. (**Procastination** continues on page 10)

(Procrastination continues from page 9):

3. Change the environment you're working in - Different environments have a different impact on your productivity. If you always work on your bed, and it makes you want to snuggle and sleep, you should change your work environment. Or, if your desk is full of a bunch of distracting objects, either clean off your desk, or move to a room that doesn't have so many distractions.

These are just a few of the methods that have worked for me, but there are a lot more techniques just an internet search away! I wish you all the luck and success in the world on your journey to end procrastination!



Book Review: A Man Called Ove

By: Sue Lee

“Ove is fifty-nine.”

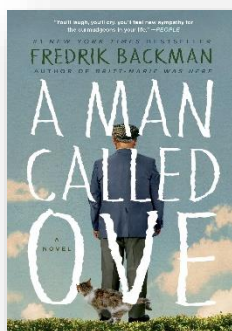
The New York Times bestselling novel starts simply enough, and so do the first few pages. It might not seem so at first, but this novel, written and arranged carefully, is a masterpiece of blended humor and serenity as well as sorrow and delight. The chapters flow easily, leaving the reader to discover and smile at the quirky jokes and the jewel-like quotes and messages.

A cranky, fastidious man; a heavy perfectionist; cold and hard Ove is a man who “sees the world in black and white,” and despite his meticulous days, he plans to—and does—put up a hook in his ceiling and tie a rope with a noose on it through which he puts his head and kicks away the stool he was standing on.

So Ove's life—and his story—continues, in a stiff way that eventually bends into somewhat of a gruffly loving, reluctantly warm, and unintentionally hilarious story that seems to make the pages glow. Ove will likely seem like a typical “old school” man: gruff and disapproving of this modern society, stubbornly old-fashioned, and selfish. But despite such a character of his, there's something so deep and interesting about this man, a lovable quality that illuminates the novel. Perhaps it's his grumpy but somewhat wistful ways of living, or how he visits and talks to his wife, bringing her flowers and telling her he misses her?

“So, instead of rolling our eyes at our parents or grandparents who really don't get our generation's qualities and refuse to accept what is clearly part of people's lives now, instead of querulously trying to force them to understand that this is how the world works at the moment whether they like it or not—why don't we try backing up to understand them and what they miss so much about the “good old days,” that they would shut their eyes to what captures our eyes at the moment? Maybe some of us would fail to see any charm in some old-fashioned ink pens and books with yellow pages, but I still hope that some of us will try going for the comfort of something from so long ago that it feels almost dusty. Its steady charm and beauty that have been overshadowed by modern brilliances won't fail you, and I truly hope you'll have the sweet, sweet delight of suddenly being whisked back into your childhood, feeling teary because you remember so much that has been associated with this thing that is small but powerful, and realize how precious “old school” really is, after all.

A Man Called Ove is incredibly worth reading, a comical story clearly defining yet at the same time gently softening the sore gap between ages, wrapping it all in sarcastic humor and clever wit, including a variety of heart-touching themes and characters. Readers will be able to enjoy many more themes besides old-fashioned love or friendship, such as some tension and competition between two men and the type of car they drive, how different types of people react differently to catastrophes and deaths, even the power of literature over people. Like a soft and familiar friend that presents people with both laughter and tears, this book will remain steadily in readers' hearts, the life of a man called Ove.



Harry Potter and the Pretentious Draco

Fan Fiction by: Distraction Bird

"Potter!" a snobby voice cried out as Harry walked off of the Quidditch field. "There's something on that smug face of yours," Malfoy said and snickered, before pointing his wand at him. He muttered something that he didn't catch, and Harry got hit with the magic that was cast, knocking him down.

"Harry!" Ron yelled as he ran over, only to see a pile of clothes in the ground, and something wiggling inside them. "Harry where are you?!" the ginger boy yelled, his robes getting in the way as he looked for his friend.

It wasn't long before a spider crawled out, making Ron scream. "Ron! It's me, Harry!" He yelled to him and Ronald refused to get any closer, or believe it. He quickly started to try and squish him.

"Ron!" Harry yelled, jumping to the side. "Ron!" he yelled louder before the boy finally stopped stomping the grass down.

Hermione Granger came forward after seeing Ron in a panic, and looked at him, then down at the spider. "Harry?" she asked, and put her hand on the ground for him. "Who turned you into a spider?" she asked, looking at the once-boy-who-could-not-be-killed. Now he was the spider who could not be killed.

"It was Malfoy," he said, and turned around to look for the pale blonde snob, only to see emptiness. "He was right there!" he yelled in surprise, accidentally shooting his ginger friend with a string of sticky web. "Hermione, you have to find a way to change me back!" Harry pleaded, turning back around and looking at Ron briefly as he struggled to pull the web off his face, falling onto the ground as he tried, getting up quickly a moment later.

The ginger boy panted a bit and looked around quickly. "I'm okay," he said quickly, but neither of the other two seemed to care. Harry was about the size of both Hermione's palms together, and was quite, well, hairy.

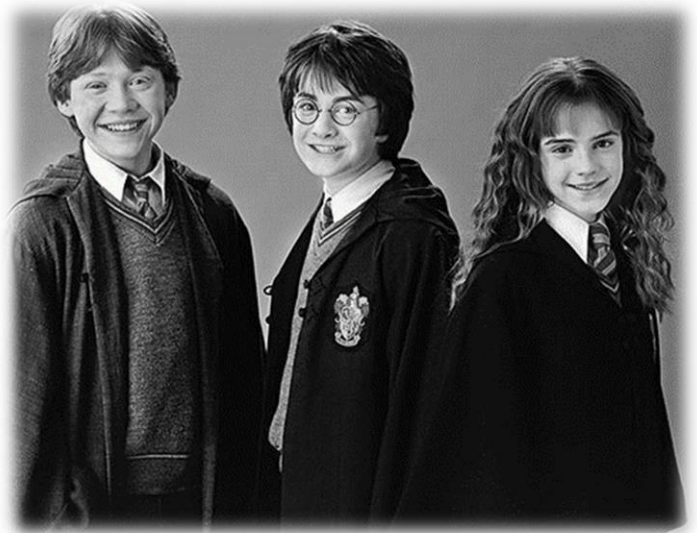
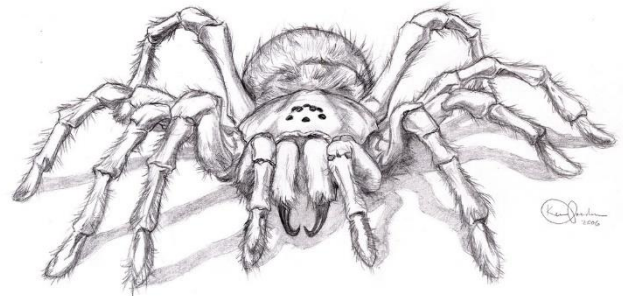
The brunette girl sighed and put her friend on her shoulder as she reached into a book bag, to see if she had any spells that would do the trick. "I'm sorry Harry, it seems like Malfoy used a dark arts spell. But don't worry! It has a time limit, anywhere from an hour to... a year," she said slowly, glancing at Ron. "If he wants to end it early, he's the only one who can," she sighed. Ron frowned.

"I won't be having a bloody spider as a best friend for more than a day, so I say we find that spoiled brat," Ron said, his voice squeaking a little as he looked around. "He can't be that hard to find," he grumbled and stormed off, sticking to his word.

Harry sighed and Hermione looked over at him. "We should make sure he doesn't kill someone," she said and quickly grabbed her books and bag and ran off after Ron with Harry on her shoulder still.

Malfoy however was sitting in the bushes where he had hidden, and laughed to himself. He thought this was a great prank to put on Harry, and his dumb ginger friend. As for pranking the Mudblood, he had a few other ideas that included less magic, and more strategy. Sure, he was a bit of a bully, but in his mind he was having fun.

Then again, isn't that what we're all trying to do? He could surely do this all day without causing any suspicion towards him.





Short Fiction 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 lead 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.

"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."

. . . (Walls continues on page 13)

(Walls continues from page 12):

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.

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?"

. . . . (Walls continues on page 14).

(Walls continues from page 13):

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.

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

The Butterfly Effect

Part One by: Alisha Tumber and Elyssa Armstrong

I remember so distinctly the last words she spoke to me before she left, before someone's stupid decision caused the ripple that turned into a tsunami. I remember how after that day nothing looked like it changed, but it felt like walking into a completely different world. Hush hush, I can hear the wind sing as it glides on top of the river. I wonder if I can cause a ripple. Hush hush, maybe if I jump into the wind it'll carry me off to a faraway land.

The shining light of the sun covered the peaceful landscape like a warm blanket. The soft sound of running water from the creek and the rustling of the leaves in the wind were suddenly muffled by the annoying sound of ears ringing.

A seemingly lifeless body sits still, her back resting against a log, with their consciousness slowly returning to them. Her vision is blurred by the light as their eyes become slowly more exposed. And as her vision slowly focused, revealing the world around her, she sees a blurred figure leaning over her.

"Rise and shine sleepyhead, we've got a long day ahead of us."

"Wh. What?" The once lifeless body brings her hand up to her face to rub the sleep from her eye.

Once she takes her hand away, her vision focuses on the figure leaning over her.

She didn't look much older than the other girl, maybe in her early twenties. Her eyes were a piercing shade of silver and her long wavy hair draped over her shoulders like a white blanket. And her button nose and bright eyes gave a welcoming feel to this stranger leaning over the awakening figure. "Took you long enough."

Suddenly the figure that was once asleep bolts upright against the log as shock fills their body. Eyes wide open and face flushed as white as a ghost. This was a normal effect the stranger has dealt with many times before. The stranger places their hands on her shoulders to calm her down until she could get their eyes to meet.

"Do you remember your name?" the stranger asked as more as a statement than a question. The only reply the figure could give the stranger is to stare blankly into her bright eyes.

"Mae. That's your name." The stranger still kept their eyes locked together to prevent Mae from running off anywhere from fright or confusion.

"Mae?" She asked the stranger.

"Yes," she let out a light chuckle before breaking the intense eye contact, "It's a very pretty name, makes me think of daisies in the springtime."

"Sorry, should I know you..?" Mae asked, a question which should have been answered long ago.

"No, but I've known you far longer than you think." This statement made Mae question the stranger a little. "My name is Trinity, since the day you came into the world it was my job to look over you. Say, do you ever remember a time when you were in a tough situation- didn't study for a test, went home with the wrong people- and you somehow you still ended up without a scratch?... Aced a science test?"

Mae's eyes widen remembering the science test incident of 2004. "How- who?"

"I'm your guardian, sent to protect you throughout your life."

Mae stared at Trinity with furrowed brows for a moment, finding it hard to process the new information she received. "Wait- so," the words seemed like they were trapped inside, she releases a long sigh before getting her thoughts in order, "So, from what I've just heard, you're my 'guardian' and have been stalking me since forever? Causing weird, unexplainable things to happen to me and, for whatever reason, I'm only hearing about it after I've woken up on a log somewhere I don't recognize. I don't even remember how I got here... I. I don't really remember anything at all." Out of breath and eyes glued to the ground her eyes dart up to Trinity who's been listening silently to her rant. "Why am I here?"

The older girl didn't seem fazed by the little outburst, she just gave a warm smile as her eyes lit up, almost as if she was waiting for that question. "Well, I'll explain more in depth in a bit, but essentially my job is to take you on somewhat of a journey through your memories to get to the gates at the end, then after that my mission will be complete," she looks off into the distance for an instance before returning her gaze to the very confused young Mae, "Ready to start?"

... (The Butterfly Effect continues on page 16)



(**The Butterfly Effect** continues from page 15):

“Wait start whAAA-” before Mae was able to finish her thought she was lifted on her feet by the somewhat eager Trinity.

It didn’t take long for her to head out further into the forest of trees, “Come on, hurry before it gets dark!”

Having basically no say in the matter, Mae decides to tag along with Trinity, even though she still wasn’t 100% sure what she was getting into by doing so. They walk for a good hour or so, silently admiring the scenery, rarely sparking a conversation that lasted more than five minutes. It wasn’t until Mae’s legs started to give out on her that she noticed something lying beside the edge of the nearby creek.

She slowed her pace and cautiously walked towards the

scene to get a closer look. Upon closer inspection she was able to make out a little girl, maybe 11, with disheveled clothing and messy hair. She gasped, realizing what’s going on. Without a warning she darted down the small winding path that lead to the creek, then finally reaching the young girl. “Are you okay??” was all she could think to ask.

The girl slowly opened her eyes before jolting up, a reaction that seemed far too familiar, “Who are you? What’s going on?”

Excited to have someone else in the same boat, Mae tried to calm the child, “Shhhh, everything’s okay. I’ll explain everything to you in a bit, but in the meantime, how would you like to go on a journey?”

****To be continued in part two of *The Butterfly Effect*****

Heavenly Branches

By: Victoria Robinson

one day we’ll climb a tree
to heaven above
we’ll dwell in the branches
and in our own love

we’ll dance with angels
and look down below
to smile at the people
we used to know

the world will be ours
when we climb up that tree
but until then just lay here
cloud gazing with me

let’s enjoy our forever
as long as we may
,till those heavenly branches
sweep us up and away



POETRY

Riddle Poem:

Guess the title of this poem!

By: Sarah Sellens

Untethered yet bound,
Flying with two feet on the ground

I’m blind yet I still see,
Deaf yet no one hears me

Hiding in dark,
Never leaving traces nor marks

As steadfast as steel,
Yet only to light do I yield

I cannot be lost,
Like an old toy that’s been tossed

With you I’ll stay,
Until the end of days

But first things first,
My friend, my master, my curse

Tell me no lie,
Simply, who am I?

Answer: a shadow





NBA IN MUSIC BUSINESS

By: Zeynep Berra Yilmaz

The latest state of NBA is I think really under the effect of Avengers. You know, the Marvel movie... One team imitated Avengers and pulled Captain America, Iron Man, Hulk and Hawkeye of the NBA together to one team. Well, actually they were together already but one of them joined later on (!).

After the Golden State Warriors broke the balance in the first place, all the other good players are now joining together in various teams they see championship potential in, like flies going to light. I don't think players changing teams should be shamed under some circumstances but since people now watch NBA only for the top players who have gathered in some teams, maybe NBA should just skip the regular season and go directly into the playoffs. With unexpected trades that took place this summer - like Kyrie Irving to the Celtics, Isaiah Thomas to the Cavs, Chris Paul to the Rockets in exchange for 7 players - more teams and their games are now considered a waste of time to watch, like Brooklyn Nets and Phoenix Suns.

Players who take "if you can't beat 'em, join 'em" as their principle, or go after teams that promise more money, can't really be judged; this is professional basketball, even though they leave their fans heartbroken and turn that commitment and admiration that once existed into hate. (I hope you have understood that I'm referring to many players including Kevin Durant. If you haven't, maybe you've been living in a cave for the last year). On the other hand, players like Kobe Bryant, Tim Duncan, and Jon Stockton, who have played for the same team throughout their career (or at least have accomplished so much for the team are highly appreciated), are carried forever in the hearts of their fans. They have carried their teams to higher levels

What really took my attention this year is the Oklahoma City Thunder and their unexpected moves this offseason. Thunder was eliminated from the playoffs by the Houston Rockets in 5 games last season. They certainly needed a replacement for Kevin Durant, so they traded Doug McDermott and Victor Oladipo for Paul George. (By the way, I have to mention the legendary debut track - "Song for You" - Oladipo realized where he sounds like John Legend. He is now one of the few NBA players who have pursued a career in singing and not rap. Legends like Tony Parker, Shaq, Kobe Bryant, Damian Lillard, Meta World Peace and many more have taken their successful path in basketball to rap. Legends like Tony Parker, Shaq, Kobe Bryant, Damian Lillard, Meta World Peace and many

more have taken their successful path in basketball to rap. Oh yes, NBA is in music business as well.) They signed experienced players, Patrick Patterson and Raymond Felton. Both of them will improve scoring, shooting, and defense. They also re-signed Andre Roberson, who is the perfect player for the new Thunder. He is an elite defender but still has to work on offense and free throws, which isn't a big deal for now thanks to the arrival of Paul George who had carried the whole offence for Indiana Pacers last year. Lastly, they signed Carmelo Anthony in exchange for Enes Kanter and Doug McDermott, which was the last shocking news coming from GM Sam Presti. It's amazing to have such a great center join the team to play along Steven Adams, but I wish 6'11" Enes Kanter had stayed with Thunder. He had improved greatly when he came from Utah Jazz to Thunder in 2015, and had built special connections with Oklahoma which was OklaHOME to him. It's sad to know that the Stache Bros won't be cheering us up with hilarious videos, and won't be standing by each other on the court anymore, but I can go to sleep happily knowing what they have is an unbreakable friendship.

Thunder fans got over the loss of KD in a year, but it won't be that easy to get over this one. We wish Kanter a successful career in Knicks where he will be playing with another rising star like himself - 7'3" Kristaps Porzingis. Expectations have increased hugely from Thunder. They will get better with 3's as George and Westbrook combine forces. Alex Abrines, who was the team's only main shooter last year, has hopefully improved and Patrick Patterson will stretch the floor for others to get more open shots. He may even make some himself but even if he does, unlike most critics, I don't believe Thunder will rise from the least efficient 3 point team of last year to the top 5 in 3 point percentage this year. I mean, you don't need only 3 points to be a legendary team. Thunder has other tricks up its sleeve. We hope Westbrook and George will average 25 points per game, Westbrook will become the MVP and average triple doubles again. Finally they'll play against Warriors 4 times this year and will probably beat them for good.

Oklahoma City Thunder has proven that they have been chasing championship with passion since they were set up in 2009, but I don't know if the players will earn their championship rings this year because of the crazy competition going on in NBA. I would argue that this year is unlike anything NBA has ever seen before.



Warriors Senior Girls' Basketball Team Top of Division-I Tier B with 5 Wins 2 Loses

By: Zeynep Berra Yilmaz

Gooo Warriors! Westdale's senior girls' basketball team won 55 to 40 over Hamilton DCH on the 19th of October and have 2 more games after it to complete the regular season.

The first thing that catches one's attention about Westdale's Warriors is the awesome pass traffic and 3 point success, which reminds you of last year's NBA champion Golden State Warriors. Their talent of seeing the court and getting the ball to free players revealed itself as they started getting more and more baskets. Their passes were direct, fast, and right to the hands of the player they are aiming at. They had a good strategy while getting the ball from a player on one sideline to another player on opposite one. In such cases they have found the solution in passing to someone in the center and that person getting it to the next one instead of sending a high pass with the risk of a tall player stealing it. Surprisingly, that person in the middle was so fast and immediately knew who to give it to.

Another aspect to be celebrated was the team's energy. When someone from the opposite team stole the ball and ran to the other side to score (fast break), Westdale players chased her even if they knew they wouldn't be able to reach her. Since this is high school basketball, making the other player feel like you are about to block them mostly plays a role in them missing the shot. But running after every fast break and jumping at every player attempting a shot requires a lot of energy. This makes a player really stressed; the other team was mostly victim to this kind of pressure but the Warriors were not affected by this at all. The other team even stopped doing this after realizing it had no effect on Warriors' shooting success. Lastly, they were good with 1 on 1 defense as well.

A feature of the team worth mentioning is their sportsmanship. The bench applauded even if one of the player's shot attempt didn't succeed. This shows the



encouraging atmosphere and good relations between members of the team, as well as their trust and belief in each other. At one point, a Westdale player accidentally fouled a player from HDCH while dribbling and she fell down, presumably hit her head, and started crying. Westdale's player immediately tried to help her, and other Warriors teammates went to the fouled player to ask if she was alright several times.

When we look at the players, Number 8 was an ideal point guard with strong dribbles, who knew how to tell her teammates where to go. She used a between-the-legs dribble to switch hands and behind the back to secure the ball in offense. She knew how to switch players on defense and was very fast. One of the good skills that caught my attention was how she stared between two people that are not close to each other to track them both while on defense. This is a required skill for all basketballers that not everyone can achieve. Secondly, Number 6 was really good with defense, especially blocks, and was very energetic. She also had a hard grab of the ball - the kind where centers slap the ball between their hands when they receive it. This made it almost impossible to take the ball from her. Finally, Number 3, who was an effective shooting guard, scored three 3-pointers and got 9 points in total, which was game's highest score.

The score at half time was Warriors 34, Hamilton DCH 14. As soon as they returned from half-time, most of the crowd had left with the realization that the Warriors would win. Just families and parents were left, half of which were supporting the other team. The result was 44-23 at the end of the third quarter, and as mentioned before, 55-40 at the end of the game. Way to go Warriors!!! Good luck at the Quarter Finals starting at November 6!

Me against the World

By: A Rough Hazy Ink Ninja

I think that I have made a breakthrough. I finally have realized why I became antisocial. It's because of the people who have hurt me. I guess this information has probably been repressed for a long time:

People aren't nice.

People don't care about you.

People have no regard for your feelings.

They are all self-righteous no-good trash. Putting it nicely :)

And I'm done with it! How could I think it was my problem, my flaw? That I'm not social enough. Screw people and their stupid interactions. I tried. Don't care anymore. I know I'm not perfect but come on! Whatever I do it ends up being my fault.

Be too nice.

Be cranky because I'm TIRED of all the drama and business of the week that I go through daily.

Even be straight forward.

Never their fault, always mine.

Make fun of me, I've learn to laugh it off. But persist with me being the butt of all your jokes and act like you're a perfect person. No. I'm not taking that. I want what everyone wants, to be accepted, not criticized. Not beaten down by everything I say or do.



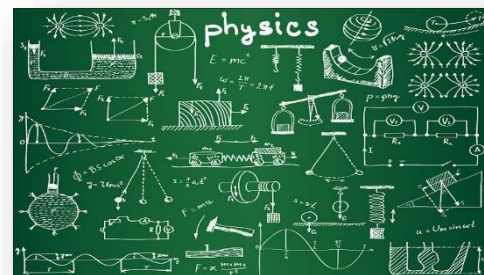
FUN & GAMES

Subject Pick-Up Lines: PHYSICS!

By: Hannah Kruizinga and Batoool Dahab

Have you ever wanted to talk to someone in Physics class, but couldn't come up with that perfect pick-up line? Well, we're here to help! Here are five lines that are sure to win over your crush.

1. Can I have your significant digits?
2. Will you be the unknown to my required?
3. You have more curves than a parabola!
4. You're the fictitious force of my dreams.
5. If you're my mass and I'm your acceleration, that way, we can be a force.



Playlist - fall: undercurrents

Vidhiya Jeyanathan

1. 4EVER! - LANY
2. 3/3 - The Japanese House
3. love someone like you - joan
4. Tell Me Tell Me - courtship.
5. Saltwater - Geowulf
6. Dive - Coast Modern

7. Love Like Ghosts - Lord Huron
8. Nightmare - RYE
9. The Night - HONNE
10. Stop For Nothing - courtship.
11. When It Comes To Us - Frances, R I T U A L
12. Coward - Hayden Calnin



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(Rear of building)
Hamilton, ONT
L8S 1S1



OUR SHOP IS
LOCATED BEHIND
THIS BUILDING!

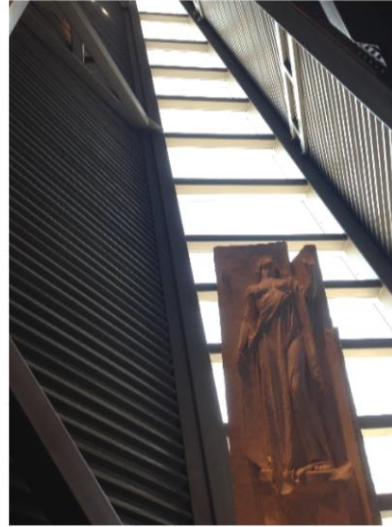
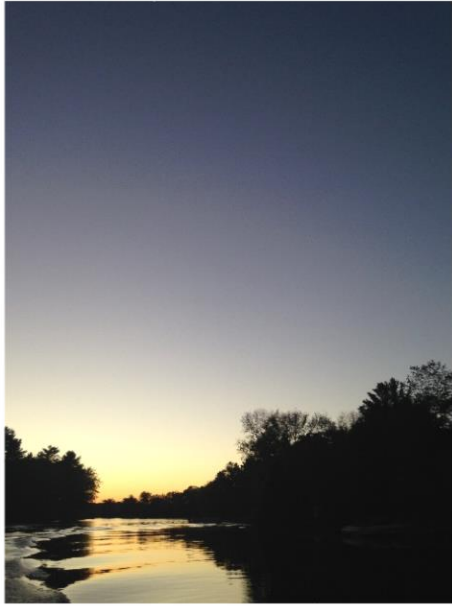




Student Photography Gallery

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

Gallery: Sarah Sellens



Mackenna Friesen

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



FALL FASHION: IT'S FUN OUTSIDE

by vidhiya jeyanathan



with lili chen, nicola lawford, lili
simeon nuri song, john wu, &
kendra zhang

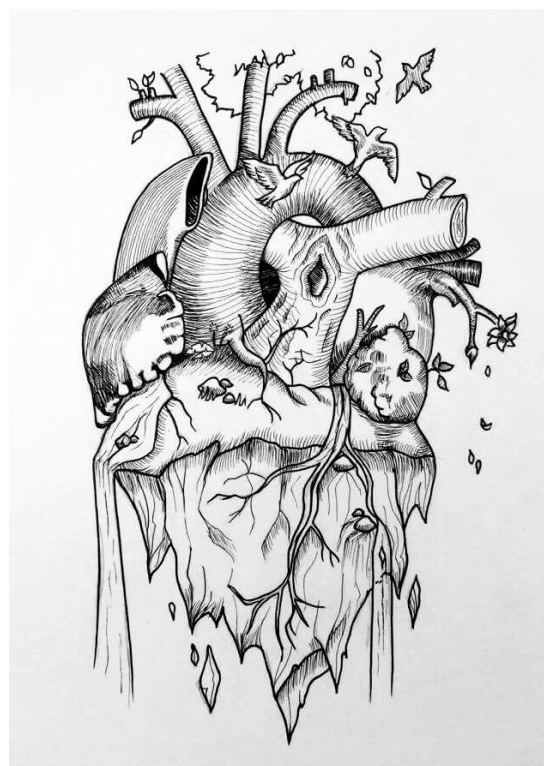


Visual Arts

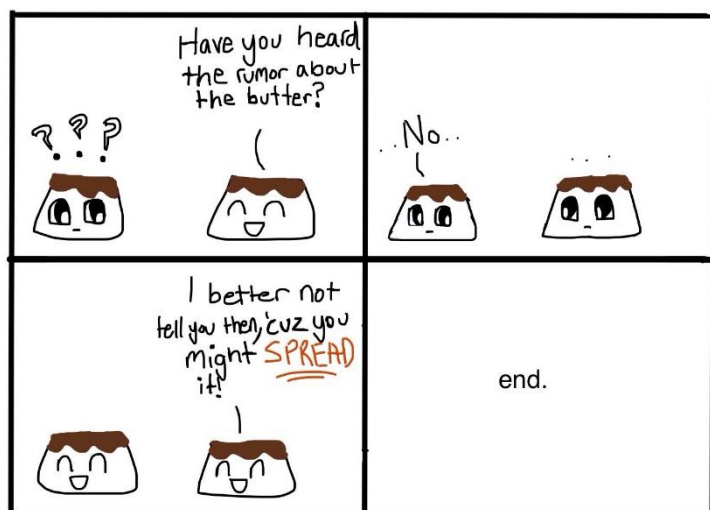
Welcome to The Sequitur's visual arts page! You don't need a camera to be creative – below are some comics and drawings for the month of November.



Remembrance Day – Kofi Donaldson



Vitality – Kendra Zhang



"The Pudding Saga"

– Ayesha Nainar & Paige Sills



Valerie Canton

