



# The TARTAN TIMES

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## **Editing Credits**

- President - Runyao (Angela) Xue
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  - Social Media Director - Maddie Chen



## A Heist at the Louvre

By Soleil Shabatoski

Paris's famous museum, the Louvre, home to world-renowned pieces like the *Mona Lisa* and the *Venus de Milo*, as well as other historical artworks, had its "priceless" crown jewels stolen. Early Sunday morning, October 19th (approximately 9:30 AM local time), four thieves broke in by breaking an upstairs window. Officials believe that it was an organized crime, considering that the raiders were in and out with their loot in an estimated four minutes before riding off on motorcycles.

Sources such as culture minister Rachida Dati from French News reports that the robbery was unarmed, with the looters entering "calmly" to "smash the protective display cases with the jewels in them". Although this heist was done in the early



time when the museum was open, no workers, civilians, or tourists were harmed in the raid. According to Global News, the museum was closed for three days following the incident for investigation purposes, and has since reopened.

Furthermore, France's culture ministry confirmed a list of eight stolen artifacts. The following;

- Emerald necklace and emerald earrings from Marie-Louise's set
- Requiliary brooch
- Tiara of Empress Eugénie
- Large bodice knot brooch of Empress Eugénie
- Single earring from Queen Marie-Amélie's sapphire jewelry set
- Necklace from Queen Marie-Amélie's sapphire set
- Tiara from Queen Marie-Amélie set

These are just a few of the items stolen.

Additionally, Alexandre Giquello (president of Drouot Auction House) told CBC that just *one* crown is worth "tens of millions of euros". With this, we know not only that the stolen items hold significant historical value, but their total worth is quite a fortune.

Now, considering that the Louvre is home to the most famous and valuable art pieces in history, and is situated in the most visited city in the world, one would *think* that the museum would have top-notch security. Yet this heist is just one of the many over the years. Back in 1911, according to Rachel Treisman from NPR news, Leonardo Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* was robbed by an Italian handyman who worked at the museum. When the coast was clear at the end of the day, he merely took it right from the wall and walked out. She also stated that this was back when the piece wasn't famous, and that it actually gained its popularity and fame from that particular robbery.

After two years, Da Vinci's masterpiece was found and put back in the

Louvre, but not all stolen artworks have been returned to the museum. In December of 1976, a trio of masked intruders broke into the museum, similar to what happened recently. They stole a sword that belonged to King Charles X, decorated with diamonds, and disappeared without a trace. Although the sword is lost to history, the case has been engraved into the Louvre's unfortunate past with heists.

Those are just a few examples of the notorious robberies targeted at the Louvre. TIME magazine also says that an oil painting, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot's *Le Chemin de Sèvres*, was stolen in 1998, and has never been recovered. Or going back to 1966, when (as NPR news states), robbers stole "five pieces of antique gold and ruby jewelry" from when the artifacts were mid-transportation back to the Louvre from Virginia at JFK airport, New York City.

Priceless pieces of history, and we know that the recent robbery was far from the first. A pattern has formed, which leaves the world with unanswered questions. With all these successful heists at the most famous museum in the world, how reliable is their security? How does France plan to fix the clear flaws in the system to guarantee the security of all these artworks? Are officials any closer to finding the precious crown jewels? And, most importantly, will

this happen in the future, and which piece will be targeted next?

## The Louvre Heist

By Dania Shawush

*The most dramatic theft in museum history happened recently in broad daylight at the Louvre in Paris. On October 19th, approximately \$132 million CAD worth of items were stolen by a group of thieves and have yet to be found. So, what does this mean?*

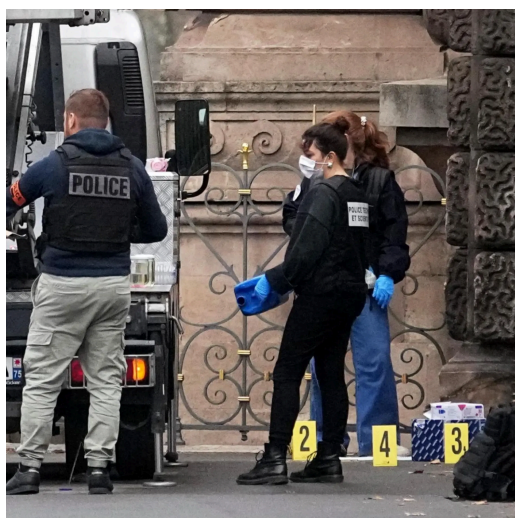
On a beautiful Sunday morning in Paris, a group of four thieves undoubtedly robbed eight items from the famous Louvre Museum, one of the most celebrated art institutions all over the world. It is home to many iconic pieces of art, such as Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* and Vermeer's *The Lacemaker*. Since it is home to so many treasures, it is obvious that its security is tight and strict. So, how did four gang members manage to steal eight protected items and escape almost unscathed? Here is how it unfolded.

In Paris, on a typical Sunday, around 30 minutes after the Louvre opened, these four suspects arrived on a truck with mechanical ladders. They went to the outside of the Gallery of Apollo, the wing housing part of France's historic crown jewels for over a century, which is right next to the River Seine, around 180m from the main entrance. This was the first step of this grand theft. Two of these gang members then climbed up the ladder and broke into a window using an angle breaker. Now, in front of them, are collections of items worn by French imperial rulers and royalty, which



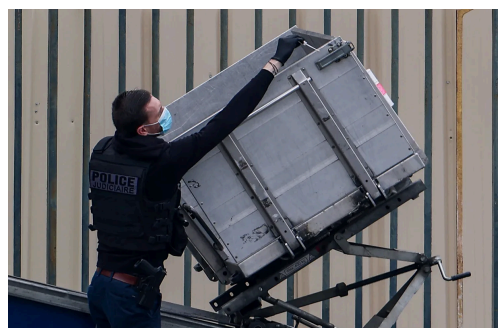


sit in metal cabinets, encased in glass display cases. These two suspects then use the angle breaker on these cabinets, getting closer to finishing their heist. Bystanders report seeing these people wearing hi-vis vests while opening these display cases. They break in and grab nine extremely valuable items and escape back out through the window they broke and sped off on electric scooters. The whole theft took under eight minutes, a French minister says. However, the French police report that they retrieved one of the nine items, a crown of Empress Eugénie, which was found damaged and said to have been dropped while the two suspects hastily escaped. These thieves were quick and clever; they knew exactly what they were there for and completed their mission nearly perfectly.



So, what exactly was stolen? In total, eight items were stolen, full of precious jewels and metals. This gang stole: a brooch known as the ‘reliquary brooch’, which belonged to Empress Eugénie, the wife of Napoleon III. As well as a set of jewellery of Queen Marie-Amelie and Hortense, which includes a pair of sapphire and diamond earrings, a

sapphire and diamond necklace, and a sapphire and diamond diadem. They also stole a pair of diamond and emerald earrings and a diamond and emerald necklace owned by Napoleon I’s second wife, Queen Marie-Louise. The last two items this gang stole were a diamond bow brooch and a pearl and diamond diadem owned by Empress Eugénie, wife of Napoleon III.



These items are all adorned with thousands of precious jewels such as diamonds and many other gemstones. Although originally this group of robbers had stolen nine items, on their escape route, they dropped a crown, which is now said to be retrieved but reported as damaged. The stolen jewels were described as “of immeasurable heritage value” and “priceless” by Interior Minister Laurent Nuñez (BBC, 2025). However, French prosecutor Laure Beccau mentioned that the museum’s curator had estimated the losses at about €88 million or \$132 million CAD (The Guardian, 2025).

French President Emmanuel Macron made a post on social media that vowed that authorities would catch those responsible for the “attack on a heritage that we cherish because it is our history.” He also pledged that the Louvre will be redesigned as part of the New Renaissance project, which will







meetings, and gained confidence working with a team,” he shares. Members gain confidence and comfort in expressing themselves while exploring topics they love.

When asked for advice for prospective members, the Co-President is straightforward: “Ask yourself if you love or want to learn about history. If yes, come check it out. It's all about exploring and having fun.”

Currently, the club is focusing on World War II, a topic that resonates with many students. But the president’s interests are broader- if he could visit any era, he would choose the Bronze Age, a mysterious and foundational period in human history. Ultimately, the History Club is about community, curiosity, and connection. Even though it's new and smaller than other clubs,

it offers a space where students can enjoy history for the sake of history itself.

## Osmow’s Shawarma’s National Shawarma Day

By Yusra Nayeem

On October 15th, it was National Shawarma Day. Osmow’s Shawarma created this holiday for shawarma enjoyers. On this day, they have a five-dollar shawarma deal and an eight-dollar combo deal. This deal includes the Chicken Shawarma Wrap or their Chicken on the Rocks, which is the rice version. For vegetarians, they have a falafel version for both, making it inclusive for vegetarians and meat lovers. For just three dollars more, the combo includes a drink and fries to go with the meal. Usually, these items are for around fifteen dollars, making this a very impressive deal. Since most people are less familiar with shawarma and more familiar with burgers, this is a great day to try something new for cheaper.

Since I hadn’t been to Osmow’s since it opened in Regina a few months ago, I decided to give it a try. I did expect there to be a bit of a rush, but when I went there at around 7 pm, I did not expect the line to extend outside the restaurant. The wait was very long, and since the line started outside, it was also quite cold. I waited for around an hour to order my shawarma, and they also had a three orders per person limit, which is understandable because making just more than one seemed pretty hectic for the workers. I decided to get the five-dollar Chicken on the Rocks to give it a try.



Unfortunately, I underestimated the spice level and told the worker making my shawarma to make it as spicy as possible. He did warn me about it being too spicy, but I didn't believe him and told him to do it anyway. For toppings, I got onions, pickles, tomatoes, and hot peppers. For sauces, I went with garlic and tahini.

When I got home, I was very excited to try the food. My first impression was that I probably should not have asked them to make it as spicy as possible because my mouth felt like it was on fire. I got a glass of



water and persisted in eating the whole thing because, aside from it being very spicy, it tasted great. When I finished the whole box, I wished I had bought another box because it was so good. The chicken was cooked well, and the sauces and toppings I chose added great flavour.

Overall, I would definitely go back and purchase from Osmow's even at full price. As for going to Osmow's on Shawarma Day specifically, it was definitely worth the long wait. The portions were generous and the flavour was great. I would definitely go back to purchase from them on Shawarma Day next year as well. I did notice that people who ordered online and then picked it up from Osmow's seemed to get their order faster and did not wait in line. So I'd try doing that next year instead of waiting in a very long squishy line. If I were to rate the food and the deal out of five, I'd rate it a 4, but only because of the long wait. Other than that, I highly recommend trying Osmow's Shawarma, especially on National Shawarma Day. Just be ready for the crowds, and maybe don't make your food too spicy like I did.



*Photo Credit: Prabin Prathap*

## The Seasonal Rush: Pumpkin Pies at Costco

By Adi Gupta

Every fall, as soon as the air turns crisp and the leaves start to change, a familiar craze begins at Costco. It's not for electronics, new jackets, or even the early holiday decorations—it's for pumpkin pie. The moment these giant, golden-brown desserts hit the shelves, they start disappearing faster than almost anything else in the store. In fact, pumpkin pies at Costco have become something of a seasonal legend.

Part of the excitement comes from tradition. For many families, the arrival of Costco pumpkin pies signals that fall has officially begun. Shoppers who have been waiting all year for this moment make special trips just to pick one up, often leaving with more than they planned. Some buy two or three at a time, one for dessert that night and others for upcoming gatherings. There's even a sense of friendly competition among loyal fans, who can find them first, and who will grab the last one before they're gone. What makes them even more irresistible is the price. For less than what it costs to make one from scratch, you can bring home a pie that could easily feed a dozen people. That unbeatable combination



of quality, size, and value is what keeps shoppers coming back year after year.

But the real magic is in the speed of it all. In the weeks leading up to Thanksgiving, Costco sells thousands of these pies every single day. Employees often can't restock them fast enough before another cart rolls by and snatches up the next batch. Social media is filled with photos of carts loaded with pies, and some customers even post updates warning others that their local store has sold out. It's become a kind of seasonal sport—if you want a pie, you have to move fast.

There's also something heartwarming about how this simple dessert brings people together. Whether it's a Thanksgiving feast, a fall potluck, or a cozy family dinner, the Costco pumpkin pie has become a symbol of shared moments and seasonal joy. People swap tips about freezing extra pies for later or reheating



slices just right with a dollop of whipped cream. When you think about it, the rush for pumpkin pies isn't just about dessert. It's about tradition, excitement, and the comfort of something familiar returning year after



year. In a world that often moves too fast, something is charming about the idea that a humble pie can still cause such a stir.

So, if you find yourself wandering the aisles of Costco this fall, keep an eye out for that stack of orange-tinted boxes. And if you spot them, don't wait, grab one while you can. By the time you make another lap around the store, there's a good chance they'll all be gone.

## The Night Of Trick Or Treat

By Saifia

Hey everyone!" Sean shouted, bursting into the main hall where our school's Halloween party was happening. The place looked amazing — giant skeletons, fake bats flying, spooky lights, and horror music echoing through the room. Everyone was dancing, laughing, and dressed up in costumes.

"Having fun?" I asked the group.

"Yeah," Leo said, grinning. "But honestly, it's not even scary."

Just then, Samuel crept up behind him.

"Boo!" he yelled, making Leo nearly jump out of his skin.

"Samuel! Stop doing that!" Leo shouted, gasping for breath as we all laughed.

Between laughs, Ezra asked, "So, any challenges tonight, or just trick-or-treating?"

Before we could answer, Liam stepped into our circle quietly, wearing a faint, uneasy smile. He'd always been the quiet one, especially after his dad and sister died years ago.

"I've got a challenge," he said, his tone strange enough to make us pause. "There's an old school my sister went to. It's abandoned now. People say it's haunted. Let's go there tonight. Meet me at 7."

"Count me out!" Leo shouted, already backing away.

Samuel caught his arm. "Oh no, you're not getting away that easily. Challenge accepted!"

We all laughed and agreed, though Sean and I noticed something off about Liam's expression — something unsettling.

Later, as I got ready, I couldn't stop thinking about Liam's idea. Something about it didn't feel right. I didn't tell my mom where I was going; she'd never have let me. By 6:30, I was out the door and heading toward the address Liam had given.

The abandoned school stood at the edge of town — dark, silent, and surrounded by dead trees. Everyone but Liam was there. "This place actually looks creepy," Sean whispered.

We found a large rusted metal door with broken locks. The air felt colder. We broke through and stepped inside. Long, empty hallways stretched ahead. Windows were shattered. The floor crunched with glass.

Liam's message replayed in my mind — *Find the ghost.*

"Ghosts aren't real," Samuel said loudly, his voice echoing through the corridors.

We decided to split up: Samuel and Leo went to the basement, Ezra and Lucas to the classrooms, and I went with Sean and Isabella through the main hallways.

The halls were dark except for one flickering lamp. Old paintings hung on the walls — twisted faces, broken eyes, strange symbols. “These must mean something,” I said, snapping a picture.

Suddenly, a scream tore through the air — Leo’s. Then another — Samuel’s.

“I told them not to go to the basement!” Isabella cried. We ran, hearts pounding, only to find Leo’s body sprawled on the ground.

Sean froze. “No way...”

Samuel was crouched nearby, trembling, unable to speak. When Ezra and Lucas arrived, they were terrified. “We saw her,” Ezra stammered. “A girl — she was following us!”

Samuel finally whispered, “She killed Leo. Near the well.”

We rushed there and found the body of a young girl, maybe seventeen, pale and lifeless. Just then, footsteps echoed. Liam appeared behind us, grinning in the dark. “Now where’s Samuel?” he said. His laughter echoed. A second later — *thud!* A body dropped from above. Samuel.

Sean snapped. “Stop this, Liam! What are you doing?”

Liam just smirked. “It’s not me. It’s her.” We looked around — and everything went black. Screams. Whispers. Then silence.

When I opened my eyes, we were on the floor, dizzy and confused. Somewhere nearby, someone was crying.

We followed the sound and found a girl in the corner, glowing faintly.

“I thought you were leaving me here,” she said softly.



It was her — the ghost.

“Who are you?” Sean asked.

“Olivia,” she whispered. “I killed Leo and Samuel.”

The name hit us like lightning. Sean gasped. “Liam’s sister... her name was Olivia.”

She nodded sadly. “I died here. Your friend’s brother caused the crash that killed me and my father. It wasn’t an accident. It was murder.”

We all stood in silence. The air felt heavy.

Sean finally said, “Then we’ll help you. You deserve peace.”

The plan was risky — bring Samuel’s brother, Hussain, to face her. We found him and brought him to the school without revealing the truth. He thought we were helping him find Samuel.

Inside, he found Samuel’s body. Shocked, he fell to his knees. Before we could react, Olivia appeared, her ghostly form shimmering. She locked herself in with him. “Leave,” she said softly. “And never come back.”

We did. None of us spoke a word on the way home.

The next day at school, people asked how our “Halloween trick-or-treating” went.

Sean smiled faintly and said, “It was... unforgettable.” Then he winked at us. “Shhh.”

No one ever saw Liam again. Or Olivia. And none of us ever went near that school again.

## **The Fox in the Library**

**By Neveah Sparvier**

Alice liked the library mostly at night. The mossy street lamps gave a soft glow against the windows, and the rest of the town was busy or loud. The library air always smelled like paper, ink, and coffee since there was a small cafe inside the library. On nights like this, Alice tucked herself in between the shelves and read until the sun went down. Tonight's book was Alice's favourite. She'd read it so often that the spine of the book cracked when she opened it. Alice knew the story very well, so she knew everything about the story until the ending was wrong. She blinked in confusion. She read the last page again.

“The hero didn’t survive, he failed and died in the dust with no mercy from the villain,” Alice mumbled quietly to herself. She flipped through the pages over again in confusion; the cover and title were the same, but the ending was different. Her stomach fluttered with unease.

“Strange... isn’t it?” Alice yelled and dropped her book as the sudden voice gave her a scare. A woman stood at the end of the aisle, a night janitor's cart beside her. The woman was tall, her hair was black, and her smile looked a little too sharp and suspicious.

“I've always thought that story worked better that way,” the woman said, the tone of her voice sounded amused and playful. Alice swallowed

“b-but t-the story wasn’t written like this though.” The woman shrugs and starts rolling her cart away.

“I have work to do, so I will leave you to read your book.” Alice watched her leave, holding the book tightly in her arms. She feels like something was off about the woman. She puts the book in her bag and acts like she's leaving. She walks out the door, closing it loud enough for the woman to hear. Alice peeks in through the window, noticing the woman realizes she's alone and stops cleaning and goes down an aisle. She quietly sneaks back in and closes the door quietly behind her. She sneaks around. The woman turns into the kitsune and climbs up the shelves looking for a book that interests her. She smiles mischievously as she pulls out a book and opens to the last page. The kitsune changes the ending to the story using her powers to switch the letters around and add new ones. Alice sighs quietly in frustration as she can’t find the woman. She stands up, knocking over a small pile of books that were on a table. She jumps in fear as she hears the books fall on the floor. The kitsune hears the commotion a few aisles away and quickly puts the book back and shifts into her janitor form. She rolls her cart



to where the ruckus came from and notices Alice on the floor.

"Uh, miss, are you okay? What happened?" she asks curiously, and a hint of suspicion. Alice panicked and got up, dusting herself off and fixing her hair a bit.

"Oh yeah... I'm fine, just..uh fell over and knocked over some...books." A bit of sweat forms on her forehead as she hopes the woman will buy her excuse. The woman looks at Alice hiding her suspicion, masking it by a small smile.

"Well please pick up the books you knocked over and also maybe leave since library hours are over." Alice nods though she notices something flicker behind the woman, the shadow shaping into a tail. She looks up at her

"what are you...you're not a fairy?". The woman smirks and shifts into a kitsune.

"So you figured out I wasn't just a normal fairy...smart girl".

Her name was Mina or that's what she said although she was smirking when she said her name was Mina. She called herself a keeper of stories but Alice thought the word thief fitted better. Each night Alice came back to the library, Mina showed her various rewritten books she made. Fairy tales where the wolf apologized instead of being the villain the whole story, kings were fools and romances that ended in silence. Alice's expression hardens a bit when she sees and reads some of the rewritten stories Mina created.

"I like to see what happens when I change the stories." Mina says, her fox eyes narrowed in a mischievous way.

"People like to cling to their endings so tight that they won't let it go. So that's why I changed the stories and for my own fun."

Alice was feeling frustrated but laughed with Mina at a comedy that she



rewritten. To Alice it felt like she was walking into a secret world that no one else knew existed but the changes leaked into life. The teacher started giving lectures like a villain, going on about betrayal. A friend confessed feelings that made no sense, like it swept into someone else's plotline, Alice realizes Mina wasn't only rewriting books she was rewriting lives.

One night underneath the ceiling of the moving shadows, Mina leaned on the wall before shifting to her kitsune form, and looked at Alice up and down.

"You've been lonely for so long," she mumbled. "Still invisible, even here. Wouldn't you like a better story?"

The library trembled and visions grew in the air, classmates smiling, a family full of happiness, Alice laughing with confidence. A rewritten Alice that's more stronger and joyful.

"All I need is your permission," Mina said softly.

“Let me write you a life worth living...a life that’s probably better than the one you have right now.” For a moment Alice’s chest ached with want, to feel like she finally mattered and belonged. But then she saw Mina’s paw holding a quill over her picture, ready to erase and rewrite. Alice would never be free; she would only be another one of Mina’s characters.

“No,” Alice whispered.

Mina tilted her head, her fox smile curling wider.

“Then prove it...win my game and I’ll stop rewriting lives. Lose and I’ll keep you in my stories forever.” Her eyes blazed as the library shifted around them. The shelves turned into huge towering walls, pages from books being ripped and spun like wings in the air. Mina snapped her fingers and the world changed. Alice stood in a battlefield where fallen heroes lay, Mina’s voice suddenly yelled.

“How will you save them when the story has already been rewritten?” Alice’s heart raced until she cried out.

“The hero chooses to live!” After those words the dead heroes rose from the ground and the battlefield dissolved away. Mina scowled a bit amused.

“Tch clever fairy”

The world shifted again, into a fairy tale forest, Mina as a queen crowned in gold.

“All tales end with me” She purred, her six tails swaying behind her. Alice held onto her favourite book that has been changed by Mina. The pages opened, she read out loud, her voice trembling a bit.

“But the trickster was caught in her own tale, restrained by her own ending.” The library shook, Mina froze, her eyes

widened as the story wrapped around her like chains but chains of ink. Mina slowly bowed.

“Well played little reader” Her smile was sly but also proud. “I’ll keep my mischief to the page for now I guess.” After that a shimmer of tails and shadow, Mina vanished between the shelves.

The quietness returned, the library was a library again still and peaceful looking. The moss, grass and flowers on parts of the floor. Alice held the changed book close to her not believing but believing at the same time on what just happened. She opened the book to the last few pages to find the ending back to the original ending. Her eyes widened in surprise, feeling speechless and unsure how to feel. The next day the fairy world didn’t feel different but Alice felt different. She felt like she walked lighter, eyes sharper, full of life and confidence. Alice still and always will love the library, occasionally thinking about Mina and where or what she’s doing now but in the library’s farthest aisle sometimes she catches a glimpse of a flicker of a tail disappearing into the shadows of the shelves. When she did Alice smiled softly.

## **Social Evolution: 'Geek' — The Insult Now an Ultimate Compliment, The Word Geek’s Revolution**

**By Taheera**

*Are you a Geek? Are you proud of it?”  
Being a Geek is nothing to worry about; it  
has become a compliment. After reading this*

*article, you're going to wear your Geekiness proudly.*

*The meaning of the word 'geek' is used to describe a person who is an enthusiast or expert in a technological field or activity. It can also describe someone very interested in a particular subject and knows a lot about it.*

*"I think the whole definition of a geek is somebody being passionate and focused, and being proud of saying that they're passionate and focused, on a narrow range of subjects" -Felicia Day*

The word Geek came from the word 'Gek', which meant a fool, simpleton, or a freak. The first registered case of the word Geek dates back to 1916. The word was used to refer to circus performers well known for doing crazy things like biting the heads of live animals. These types of shows were called Geek shows.

Over the next few years, the word became an extremely insulting slang term. It was used to refer to a very hard-working or unsociable person, obsessively devoted to a particular topic.

In 1957, a novelist named Jack Kerouac used the term 'Geek' to describe "Eager students and Big Geek questions" at a lecture, changing the meaning of an outcast to a person who was brainy.



Then, in the 1970s the

author of American Nerd, Benjamin Nugent suggested that the meaning of Geek and Nerd should be changed.

Technology was a factor that changed the word's meaning. In the 1980s and 1990s, when computer programming, gaming, and digital literacy became influential, people began to associate the word's meaning with knowledge and expertise in the field.

When technology became more popular in society, geeks emerged in areas of computers, gaming, and even science fiction. This was caused by tech companies like Microsoft, Apple, and Google.

Then in the 2000s, the word 'Geek' became associated with being smart, intelligent, and passionate. People decided to wear their Geekiness proudly. This was how the internet helped celebrate Geekiness.

In conclusion, the change of the word Geek was just a matter of social evolution. The word is now a compliment and is no longer used to describe crazy circus actors.

### **Nerd: The Ultimate Compliment**

Have you ever been called a Nerd? How did you take it? The word nerd has been a compliment since the 1980s. This article is about to change your definition of nerd forever.

The meaning of the word nerd is used to describe someone who is very knowledgeable or an expert at a particular subject of interest, such as Star Wars, Computers, or Grammar. They could also be devoted to an intellectual, academic, or technical pursuit or interest. They could also lack social skills.

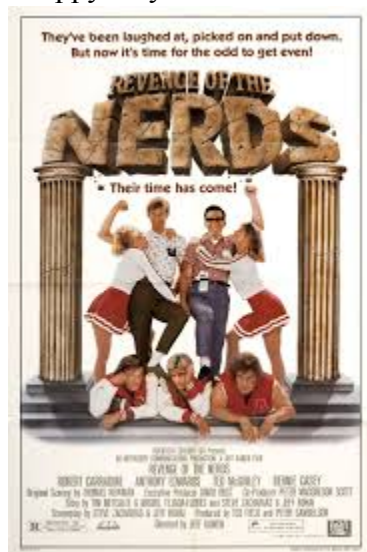


This brings us to the history of the word nerd;  
The first reported case of the word nerd was in one of Dr. Seuss' books called "If I Ran the Zoo"; this book was published in 1950. The exact words were;  
"A Nerkle, A Nerd, and a Seersucker too!"  
This was indicating what the narrator would put in his zoo.

A year later, in 1951, Newsweek Magazine defined the word "Nerd" in the following words;  
"In Detroit, someone who would be called a Drip or a square is now regrettably a nerd or, in a less severe case, a scurve."

The magazine's definition theory came from a modification of "nuts", precisely "nerfs", which meant stupid or crazy. This was a common slang in the 1940s right before the word nerd came up.

The word nerd became a popular insult by a TV show in the 1960s and 1970s called "Happy Days".



The next TV show that came was the one that changed the world's meaning of nerd forever. The TV show called "Revenge of the Nerds" hit the cinemas in the 1980s.

The main characters, Lewis Skolnick and Gilbert Lowe, are both considered nerds in the movies. The movie focuses on their struggles and successes as a group of academically inclined students.

In the movie, the nerds show down the Jock house by outsmarting them and winning the overall games. The nerds ruled the musical competition with a computer-driven musical production.

In conclusion, the word "Nerd" has evolved from being a very disrespectful insult to being an ultimate compliment.

## Is It Really That Deep?

By Milo Townsend



When people say "it's not that deep", they mean to say that something doesn't matter that much or that it doesn't have much meaning. This essentially came from a joke about English teachers reading too much into things, like the blue curtains. Did the blue curtains mean something? Or were they just blue? The truth is, it doesn't actually matter what they mean. The reason why English teachers are asking these

questions is that they want to teach you to read between the lines, pick up on metaphors, and see things beyond surface level. And now, because it's become a popular thing to brush things off as "not that deep", it's actually slowly deteriorating common literacy skills. It's the same thing as "I'm not reading allat".

Labeling something as basically meaningless and too long to read, we're unteaching ourselves how to read. Reading isn't just about understanding the letters and the sounds they make, but also what they mean, and how to think critically. You need to be able to think about what certain texts are trying to say, the intended audience, and the author's intent. These skills don't only apply to reading books, but also in person, when you're talking to someone or listening to the TV, or watching social media. You can't just believe everything you hear. You need to ask yourself, "Are they telling the truth? Why would they post this? Why would they lie? Who is this message really for? What are they really implying?", etc.

Labeling things as pointless and then hiding it under the fact that they're funny is actively harming your critical thinking skills. While yes, some things *are* pretty much meaningless, the more we start to say it, the more it'll start to leak into things that *do* have meaning. This is also how propaganda works. It starts as things that don't matter, so you don't think about them too much, and then it slowly progresses into something that does matter, but because you've already labeled and gotten used to the fact that "it's not that deep", you won't realize it until it's probably too late. So yes, it is almost *always* that deep.

## The Chinese Myth of Hou Yi & Chang'e

By Ethan Jin

Legend claims that long ago, the Jade Emperor, the ruler of heaven, had ten sons who were all instructed to take turns circling the Earth as suns. However, the ten suns eventually grew tired of their monotonous routine, and one day the brothers all decided to visit the Earth at once. Together, they plunged the earth into chaos, scorching the land, desiccating rivers, causing crops to wither, and taking countless lives. The Jade Emperor ordered them to behave, but to no avail, so he asked for the Divine Archer, Hou Yi, to reason with them. The suns ignored the words of Hou Yi, so in an act of anger and desperation, he shot down nine of the suns, leaving just one in the sky.



However, the Jade Emperor was furious upon learning of the death of his sons, and in a fit of rage, stripped both Hou

Yi and his wife Chang'e of their divinity and banished them to Earth to live as regular mortals. The couple struggles to adapt to mortal life, especially Chang'e, and Hou Yi, seeing how miserable his wife is, decides to set out on a quest to find a way to regain their immortality. He travels to Kunlun Mountain to meet the Queen Mother of the West, who is sympathetic to his situation, and gives him a vial containing an elixir of immortality, but she warns him that the elixir is only enough to make one of them immortal, and that it is the last elixir she has, so they only have one shot. However, neither Chang'e nor Hou Yi wants to give up the other for immortality, so the couple instead decides to store the elixir to deal with in the future. The couple ends up adapting well to mortal lives and end up living a happy life together, yet one day, years later, one of Hou Yi's disciples named Feng Meng finds out about the elixir. That day when Hou Yi took off to go hunting, Feng Meng broke into their house and attacked Chang'e, trying to steal the elixir. Realizing she had no other option than to die and let Feng Meng become immortal, or become immortal herself, she drinks the elixir in an act of desperation and self-sacrifice, ascending out of the reach of Feng Meng. When Hou Yi returned home that night, it was already too late. Hou Yi was devastated as he rushed out of the house to search for Chang'e, perhaps already suspecting what had happened. As he was searching, he looked up at the sky, discovering that the moon was extremely bright that night, and on the moon he caught sight of a silhouette, the same as that of Chang'e. Both lovers missed each other

dearly, and as the seasons passed, Hou Yi would leave out sacrifices of her favorite fruits and cakes for her.

## **My First Interview: Where Nerves Met Opportunity**

**By Runyao (Angela) Xue**

Everything has a start, and the first time should not be a scary thing. I got used to switching into new environments, but that doesn't necessarily mean I am a big fan of it. I always prepare fully to bring out the best in me. The result may vary, but my commitment never wavers.

On July 25th, 2025, I had my first interview with the Saskatchewan Health Authority. I applied to be a bookstore volunteer there. It was a hot summer day, and the warm breeze made me feel like I was in a hot tub. I used to be annoyed by flies on a sunny day, but not this time since it was my first interview. My dad dropped me off at the front door of Regina General Hospital. It was a very busy day, with car engines roaring, and I heard the clamour from a far distance. I saw some people, young and old, sharing cigarettes. They had a putrid odour, looking weary and lost.



As I walked step by step into the security checkout station, my heart was beating fast. It could probably be that I was scared of being hurt by those people in front of the hospital, or that I was anxious about my interview. After the beeping sound of the security machine, gurgling nurses caught my attention. I took a deep breath. However, the smell of alcohol acrid from hand sanitizers, bleach scent in bathrooms, and the cleaner carts wafted into my nose. I walked straight to the Volunteer Services Office, following the Saskatchewan Volunteer Services posters. Then, I rang the bell in front of the gate and waited patiently for someone to invite me in. Almost immediately after I touched the bell, a sense of chilly feelings from cold metal froze my blood. My whole body shivered and I began to feel a stomachache. Fortunately, the lavender aroma in the volunteer services office calmed me down a bit. I sat on a long couch inside the two thick glass automatic doors. Clang — Clack, Clack, Clack... When I lifted my head, a tall lady with blonde hair proceeded towards me. She wore a green Rough Riders jersey with high heels. This lady is Koreena, a lady I talked to through email. She came to me smiling, carrying a coffee and a notebook. She had a silky tone and a pleasant laugh.

We greeted each other and Koreena confirmed my name. The wait for her to come get me felt like an eternity. I had millions of thoughts that surrounded the topic of who the pick-up person would look like. My tornado-stricken mind settled down when I realized it was Koreena. She sounded friendly and professional. I followed her down the long hallway. There was only one

office with lights on, leaving the rest empty. When Koreena guided me into her office, I saw another lady wearing bright red lipstick and white hair sitting beside the desk. “Hey Kelly, this is Angela. And Angela, this is Kelly, our bookstore supervisor”, Koreena introduced us to each other. “Good morning, Kelly,” I smiled as I offered my greeting. I was nervous and had negative thoughts in my head. I wondered what if I didn’t get selected? Could I do it? Was I good enough? On the other hand, there was this voice in my head that kept saying “You need to be the one”. I want the position desperately because I can not only serve my community but also try out new things. I have never been a volunteer in a hospital setting before. Therefore, imagining what it would be like if I got the bookstore volunteer made me excited. I was eager to try out new things. Besides, I told myself that I could get to know new people of my own age. However, as I walked into Koreena’s room, I pushed aside these thoughts and began focusing solely on the interview.

Before the interview officially began, Koreena and Kelly spent some time trying to pronounce my legal name. I told them the trick of pronouncing correctly, it spells “R-wu-yi-owl Shoe-a”, which my CAP teacher Mr. Grayston once explained how I could help English speakers better pronounce my Chinese name. Surprisingly, I didn’t feel nervous at all. It was a little chilling feeling that disturbed me. “You will nail it, Angela”, a voice inside me echoed. After that, Koreena loaded the nuclear bomb and fired at me one after another. Honestly, I wasn’t expecting that many questions. I quickly adjusted my inner thoughts and



began to answer them one by one. I did extraordinarily well on all of them. My talking speed is ideal, not too fast nor too slow. My dad always jumped in saying “comma” whenever I spoke at my speed. I developed the habit of speaking fast and long ever since I bursted into my first words without any punctuation in one breath that annoyed my listeners, particularly my dad. I used examples and supported them with my rich experiences. Along the way, Koreena noted down my answers with a pen that danced across the page. She had a monoline pen in her hand as she was taking notes of the interview. As she interviewed me, she always had a smile on, making me feel at ease.

One of the most memorable questions she asked was “What would you do if you were a leader of a team and your member did not complete their task?” I couldn’t find anything in my head at the time. I was so quick on responding to the previous questions and for this one, I seemed to be stuck. I told myself to calm down. I asked Koreena politely about her clarifying the question. However, that did not help. Then, I asked her for some hints. Koreena used one of her real life experiences as an example, implying on what she was looking for in my answer. I adjusted myself immediately and used one of my real life experiences. I told her that I was in charge of making Grad Mini prints for my school and had a couple of teammates to help. I divided the task among us and set an example of how to do it. I checked in with them regularly, making sure they were done. But one person ended up walking away from the team so I reported

this to my supervisor immediately and finished that person’s part. In the end, we were able to submit our work before the deadline.

When we finished with our last interview question, I felt a sense of relief, “Phew!”, that I have never felt before. Koreena took a large sip of her black coffee. Kelly took over the interview, introducing the bookstore program to me. Kelly also introduced the store itself to me and told me that she will hold an orientation for us new youth volunteers in the afternoon. I told myself quietly, “Angela, I think you got in because if you didn’t, there is no need for them to tell you about the bookstore”. “Thank you, Angela. Congrats on your interview. You are officially part of our team.” Koreena announced with excitement. I was so proud of myself that I wanted to gobble a 500-pound chocolate cake. I cannot believe that I responded so well.

I phoned my dad immediately after the interview. I was so thrilled that I could not help shouting into the phone - “Dad, you know what? I got the position even though the interview is formal like the one you had last year for the full-time language assessor.” My dad and my mom both came to pick me up from the Regina General Hospital. I ran to the car and started telling them every little detail I could recall, the habitual retelling ability I sharpened since the first day at kindergarten. I talked for 2 hours, explaining how I felt, what questions they asked me, how I answered them and so on. The feeling lasted for a whole week. I was the most elevated for the first 3 days. If I ever were to think that I actually nailed my first interview, I would jump up and down in

front of my parents. I kept telling them,  
 “Can you believe that I am a ‘certified’ SHA  
 volunteer?”

Looking back, I feel that my first  
 interview is a very meaningful experience.  
 Back then, I only foresaw that I would get  
 the volunteer position if I did well in the  
 interview. Now, I realized this interview is  
 not just about being selected. I should reflect  
 on this experience as a whole - it is very  
 significant as I have completed another  
 milestone in my high school year. I have  
 once again challenged myself to do  
 something brand new. Through this  
 interview, I have proved myself capable of  
 doing anything as long as I have a good  
 preparation. I understand that opportunities  
 are given to those who are well prepared.

## **A Memory Of The Girl I Once Was**

**By Gwen Modi**

Dusty albums and folded photographs  
 Faint glimpses of the girl I once was  
 Always painting, or singing, or making  
 crafts,  
 But now I’m covered in hundreds of drafts  
 Short demos, ideas I cannot seem to  
 entertain  
 Yet they still seem to rack my brain  
 Perhaps one day I’ll become inspired  
 I think I need to be re-wired  
 To return to the girl I once was  
 The one that appears in old photographs  
 The girl who could write amazing  
 paragraphs  
 I was full of ideas, nothing could slow me  
 down

But now, no ideas come without a  
 break-down  
 I can feel a spark trying to ignite  
 But sadly, it still isn’t bright  
 I’m a shell of the bullet I used to be  
 Calling me sharp now would be a hyperbole  
 As I’ve gotten older  
 The world hit me like a boulder  
 With its complexities and lies  
 Its noise drowns out my cries  
 I’m scared for the future  
 But if my mind gets a few sutures  
 I could return to the girl I once was  
 The one I get faint glimpses of  
 The one that appears in old photographs  
 The memory of the girl I once was



## **Lean in, Listen**

**By Hafsa Pervez**

Live life in a way acknowledging  
 that one day, we all shall become what  
 nourishes the daffodils. Return to the very  
 dirt, the clay, that sculpted us.

Worry not for when that day shall  
 come, as your life has a purpose. A purpose  
 waiting to be shaped according to the feel of  
 your palm. In the month of October, we  
 often tend to lose ourselves amidst the fog  
 laid upon us by the one(s) above. Yet, within  
 times like these, when visibility is low, you  
 must remind yourself that you, too, have the  
 ‘Weather Application’ on your phone. The

fog may bear a weight on your shoulders, but remember that the forecast is in your hands. It is based on your decision to carry an umbrella or to step into the sunlight. Check the weather forecast every morning before leaving your house.

And fret not of these new comings. Be like the trees are in autumn; let the cool breeze take you apart leaf by leaf. Know that beauty lies even within the fall on your way down. You may soon discover, if you have not already, that the pain inside your heart holds a familiarity. This could come to you as a peculiar sense of comfort that you find within the relentless stir inside your head. Or the okayness in letting the winter nibble away at your fingertips. As weird as it sounds, know that it does not have to be. You choose the verdict upon what appears in front of you. Your glasses prescription does not define the clarity of your sight. It is what you choose to see. Even so, stay grounded and go in for your annual optometrist appointment.

Going to see the doctor is scary. As scary as growing up? No. We have reached the age where the dentist has stopped giving us candy after our checkups. The age where the staff standing at the Costco exits have



stopped drawing smiley faces on the receipts our parents would

have us hand to them. The age where the things you are most familiar with start to

confuse you. The features of the people whose faces you watched grow look different. Act differently. We are at the age in which we experience our golden years. Some thrive, some struggle. Most do both. But I would say that it is much easier to get through the thick of it and enjoy the good in life with friends by your side. Look back to when it was your first day of grade 9 and you were sitting in your first-period math class. Mrs. Cross was handing out concept

checks to the rest of your



classmates who sat behind you when the strange girl to your left asked you for the answer. Had she not noticed that you missed the first two weeks of school? Maybe, or maybe not. But beware and be sure to answer because that strange girl could now be your best friend. Talk to the people who are seated beside you.

Let not the fear of failure hold you back from making your life worthwhile. Join the school choir even if your first year is as a senior. Try out for the school athletics, you may surprise yourself. Go to the beach and let the sand sneak beneath your nails as your friends bury you up to the neck. Enjoy the seasons as they change, and let your memory bring you back to when, together, we too bloomed like daffodils before our return to the soil.



*Homemade*  
GIFTS MADE EASY



## **Under October Skies**

**By Nevaeh Sparvier**

Leaves are falling, red and gold,  
The air is crisp and the wind is cold.

Pumpkins sit on every porch,  
A slight bit of smoke is in the air

Sweaters on, and skies blue,  
The world feels peaceful, the year feels new.

October hums a soft, gentle tune  
Beneath the sun and the moon.



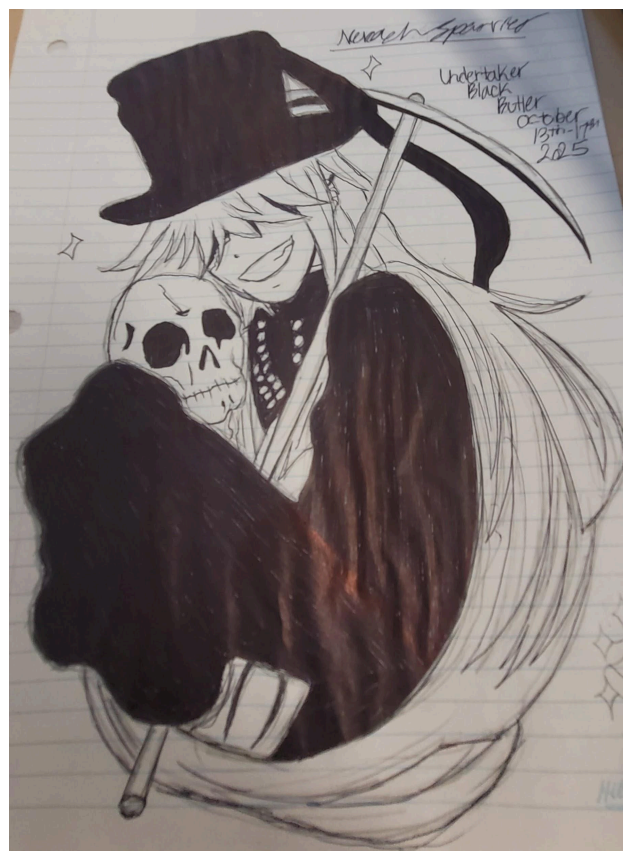
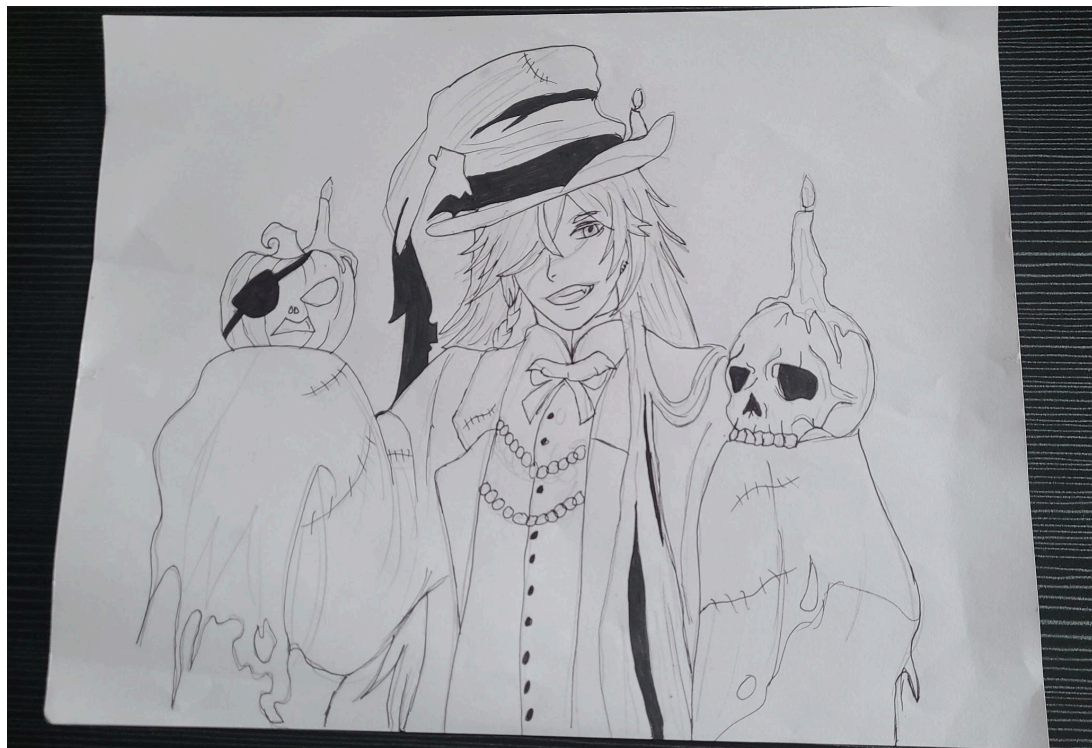
# PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART

Noemi Raizge



# ART

Neveah Sparvier





# MEM



# RY



# GAME



Where witches  
cook and  
prepare their  
spells.



Slowly walks  
around the  
night looking  
for a pumpkin  
pie.



Inside there are  
a lot of treats,  
that make feel  
happy and  
sick.



They are the  
scariest part of  
all Halloween  
nights.



Small and hairy,  
you are eight  
legged and  
scare me.



Cover all from  
head to toes  
with a long  
dark gown.



Mysterious  
things happen  
inside and  
awful screams  
we can hear.



On Autumn  
nights, they go  
out and fly  
around the  
dark sky.



A Halloween  
night with a  
beautiful,  
yellow and  
round...



A witch must  
have one on  
her head to go  
outside to scare  
and laugh.



