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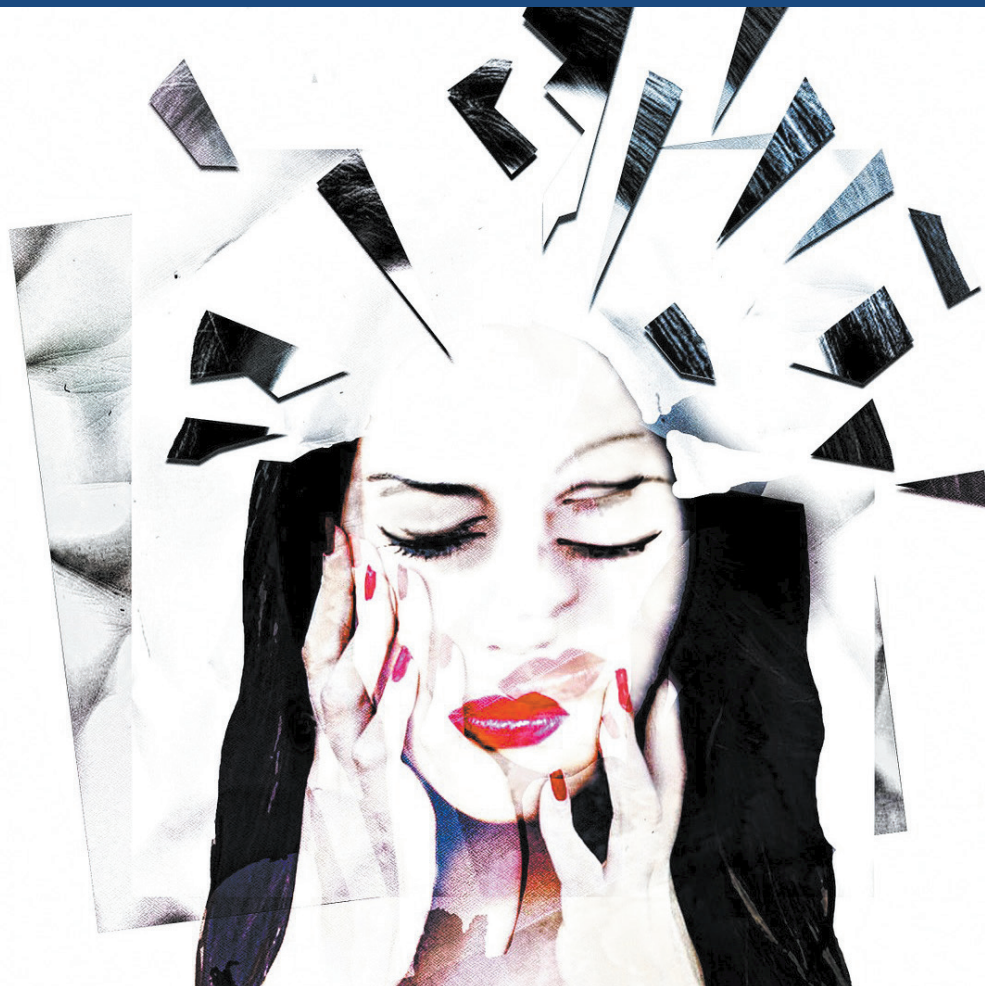
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CREATIVE WRITING CONTEST WINNER



CONTEST WINNER: Melancholy Mind

Nicholas Mackenzie

When I am surrounded
I feel the most alone,
For my melancholy mind
Has a mind of its own.
And although I may plug my ears
To drown out what's been said,
It tends to serve no purpose
When it's coming from my head.

The mind takes no prisoners.
It only leaves the bones
Of happy thoughts and memories
I used to call my own.

You will never be content
Until you've realized through and through
That the melancholy mind
Has been feeding off of you.
Every little doubt,
Every little fear—
You thought you kept them secret,
But the mind can overhear.

And so I shut thoughts out.
Everything I've ever known.
And now when I'm surrounded,
I can't help but feel alone.

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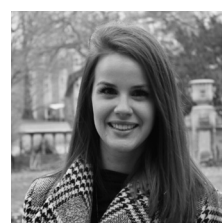
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Rachael Buxton
Expressions

Salut, Glendon!

Pro Tem is happy to announce that the winner of our first writing contest is Nicholas Mackenzie for his poem Melancholy Mind! Nous tenons à remercier tous nos contributeurs au concours pour leur écriture étonnante et intéressante. C'était un plaisir de lire pour l'équipe, nous sommes donc certains que nos lecteurs l'apprécieront aussi! Nous tenons à remercier tout le monde d'avoir fait de ce concours un succès. Continuez à lire pour en savoir plus sur les concours d'écriture à l'avenir!

Pro Tem would like to remind all of our readers (especially those of you who dedicated enough to be reading the Letter from the Editor) that we are now hiring for the 2020-2021 academic year! We are accepting resumes until March 28 for the following positions: Chief of Operations, English editor, French editor, Photographer, and six Section Editors. For more details on the available positions, check out our facebook page. We hope to see you sending in your applications to join the Pro Tem team!

Enfin, restez à l'affût de notre dernier numéro de l'année 2019-2020. Nous prévoyons un numéro spécial pour terminer l'année sur une bonne note!

À bientôt,

Amanda Sears
Editor in Chief



Spoken Word: A Need for Change

Shilpa Ahluwalia
Contributor

Look around you
and bask in the presence of others.
We are heterogenous, united, in a safe
place to call home.

Every one of us
stands alone in this circle
because no two are alike,
and yet as we belt a different note,
we sing the same song.

Community is a hall
of spellbinding books
that each tell a different story
and make sure
yours
is told.

Community is
indefinable,
open-hearted
and welcomes all with warm hands.

This
is
community.

But in this time and day,
community lacks the
essence
of its existence.
My heart
splits
into two
upon the sight of
deception,
political warfare,
absurd altercation,
sexism,
stripping
the poverty-stricken.

I'm agitated at the
carelessness
of mankind.

We all are.

We're helpless
and deprived of
security
because the place we once called

home
is no more than
a graveyard
of sins.

The unfamiliar, grim stories become
reality
when you yourself meet
eye-to-eye
with a predator.

I once met face-to-face with
a beast —
one who
lurks
in the quietest of corners,
leaving behind venomous trails
of victims;
A beast,
that they hate constantly being remind-
ed of
when they look
into his
dilated, grey eyes.

Shivers
pierce our spines — more
harsh
than a sak yant tattoo
of a Thai monk —
when we witness
our community
being governed by the most
simple-minded
boundaries and restrictions.
The world's greatest
lunatics
are who we confide in,
who promised us
a "better tomorrow"
and who are the very
puppeteers
of our community.

Not even a
30-foot iron wall
can segregate the power
of unity,
held tight
between our hands.

We strangle ourselves everyday
with these
controlling conceptions.
My mind tells me such but
my heart ignites a
raging fire
of hope.



We
need
change.

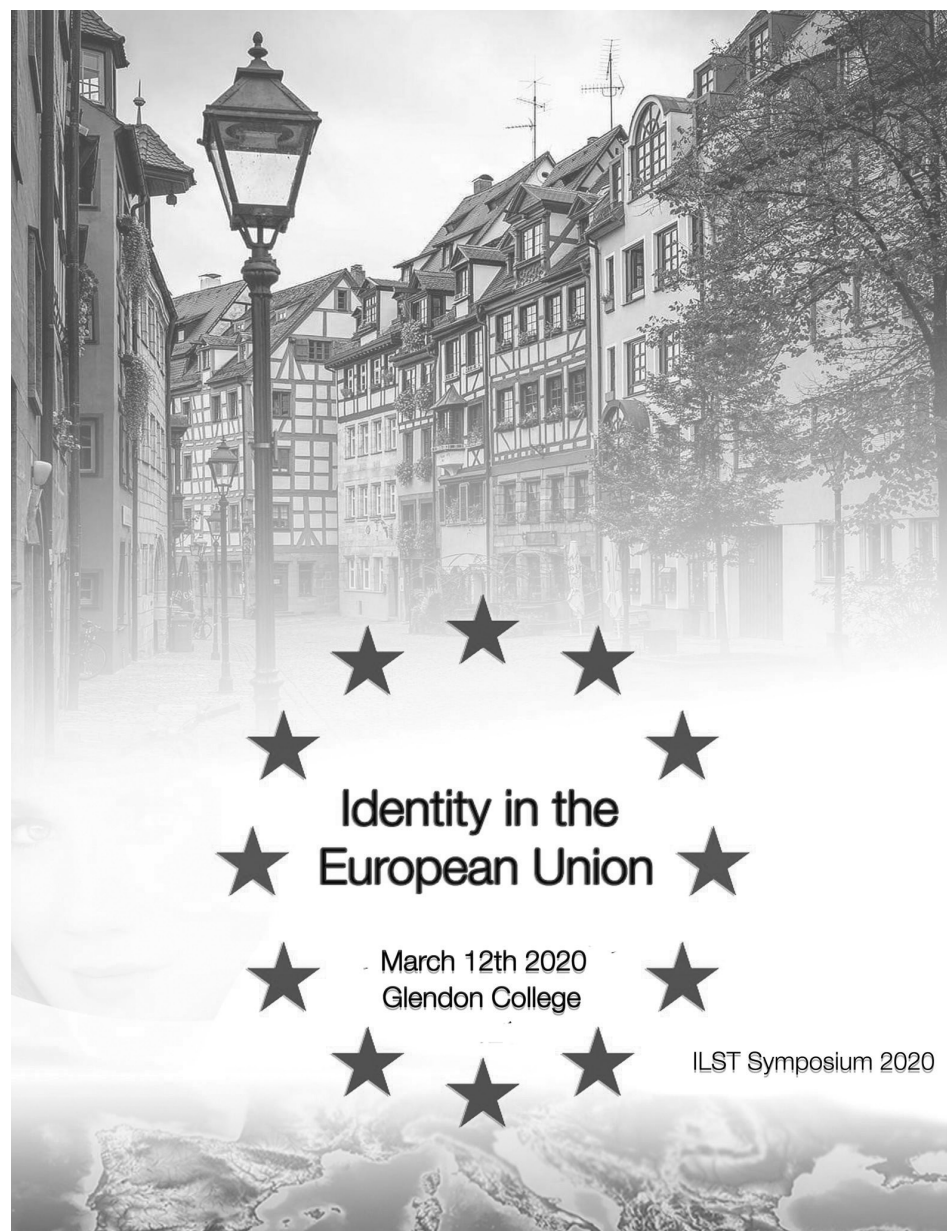
The stone of our historical paths were
articulately carved and placed
by the hands of those who
generously
paved our way into this community.
It was planted
to grow and flourish
into a community that
welcomes
all
with no regard to
the colour of your skin,

the clothes you wear,
or the language you speak.

Community
is
indefinable.

It is
open-hearted
and welcomes
all
with warm hands.

This
is
community.



Joaquin

Melyssa Ortega
Contributor

Joaquin sat near the window of the room, although it was not really a window but a hole in the wall of his house, burned in a recent explosion. The ashes still lingered in the hole and Joaquin touched the scorched brick and crumbled cement that created the "window." He observed the scene outside: a single thin and mangy dog groaned outside looking for something to eat. His legs were desperately malnourished and he was limping. The craters on the street left by the explosions were three meters deep and the rest of the debris was dusted through the street, sometimes covering over the bodies that lay there.

Joaquin couldn't stop thinking about how much the street had changed. It was not long ago that he and the other guys would ride their bicycles through the streets bothering the adults and competing with each other. David, Daniel, Luz, Mimi, and Joaquin would sit on the sidewalk and talk about the future. At that time they had a lot of hope for the future, but it was quickly extinguished the day fighter jets flew over their neighbourhood. They arrived as suddenly as a thief in the night and nobody was prepared for that day or the events that were to follow.

Joaquin turned and looked at his living room: it was never an elegant living room, but it had done its job in the past. Now, it was almost empty except for a few rotten wooden chairs and a photograph that was attached to the wall with chewing gum. The photograph that had once been surrounded by a wooden frame had been torn from its frame and sat, naked on the wall, in a sea of loneliness. The picture was of a family: a father, mother, and small child smiling in the picture, carefree. "I should go now, or I'll miss him," he thought. He could not stay here in this place; it was once his home, but now it was simply a target that hoped to become debris any second. "My father, he means well, but he can't help or understand. He never will, he is a coward." Joaquin got up. "The Green city, a city in turmoil, in constant battle, but a noble frontier against

imperialism," he thought. His life would truly be put to good use there. There would be no passive wait or question of death, it would be in fact invited, welcomed, but for a worthy cause. No longer would he sit here and die as a coward as many had before, as his father expected. Joaquin remembered his reality: hunger, death, loss, little babies withering in the street, his mother ... and the men responsible. Joaquin's thoughts had begun to take on a sense of urgency. He ran to his bedroom, got under the bed and found his letter that read:

*Forgive me father,
But I must go to Green city. I know you tell me that it's not so simple, and that I am a stupid boy with no real-world experience. But I can tell you what I have experienced: hunger, despair, tragedy, the death of the only person who loved me ... and you. It's not simple, that I know already, and I know that you have no faith in me to turn things around. You have accepted this life, but I haven't. I refuse to believe that. I know you're afraid, believe me, me too. But I can't be inactive — in these times it only helps the enemy! I won't let them get away, and I'm going to stop this.*
— Joaquin

He put the note on the small wooden chair and looked back, angry.



In the foggy park, seven figures were waiting in the dark. It was about 3 am, and no one said a word. Joaquin approached them, jogging, and stopped when he noticed that the figures began to pack their bags in trucks. A man with long brown hair told him that he should get into the car quickly before the snipers noticed. A girl with blood on her head wept silently in the back of the truck as she ran her fingers through her hair. Joaquin thought about his father. His father had caught a cat the day before, his smile was radiant, reminding Joaquin how many times he would

see it when his mother was alive. "We have some salt and a little jalapeño, and we'll barbecue it tomorrow, and we'll feel better," his father had said. Joaquin imagined that his father ate the cat alone, with two empty chairs — of course one was empty by choice. Could he leave his pathetic father? He asked himself the question while almost all the bags were in the truck. Joaquin felt the weight of his bag and wanted to put it in the car, but his hands, they remained motionless. He only got into the car when he felt the graze of a bullet.

The Curse to Compare

Zipporah Davis
Contributor

You
not him, not her, not them
just You
because only You will see another as a gem
then hold Yourself as less than
You've made Your mark; it's set in stone
yet You envy what others have sewn
You turn a friend into a rival
and claim it's about survival
You say You do it just for You
yet Your eyes remain fixated on Who?

there are so many You's who're unaware
all too blinded by the curse to compare.



La promesse

Marine Sibileau
Contributor

Il pleut fort, violemment même. La pluie fouette les fenêtres avec rage. Il entend au loin un son de klaxon étouffé, des bruits de pneus qui crissent sur le bitume glissant et peut-être aussi les battements des vieux volets de bois craquelés qui frappent la façade de la maison voisine.

L'air est moite, collant, plus poisseux qu'une boue d'étang. Le goût de la terre mouillée lui revient en mémoire. Il a l'impression d'en avoir plein la bouche. Il déteste la pluie : la sentir, la toucher, mais aussi s'en souvenir.

Sa sueur a collé une mèche sur son front, et ça gratte. Il aimerait bien le dégager, mais ses mains sont déjà prises. Il pousse l'énorme boîte sur le parquet lisse : un pas, deux pas, trois pas... Tiens, il remarque un petit bouton abandonné sur le sol. Il le ramassera plus tard. Il ne faudrait pas le laisser traîner, cela ferait désordre. Surtout que les invités arrivent bientôt.

En passant près de l'horloge à pendule de l'entrée, il ressent un malaise. Les tics réguliers de l'aiguille lui transpercent le tympan. Cela lui glace le sang. Il ne l'a jamais aimée cette vieille horloge de bois sculpté. Elle sent le vieux, la poussière et le dépassé. Elle sent la mort qui s'engouffre inévitablement dans le cycle du temps, à travers un accessoire des vivants.

Ding dong! La sonnette agite son postérieur métallique pour le prévenir d'un visiteur inattendu. Ça l'irrite. Il est trop tôt pour que ce soit ses invités, mais il faut faire vite. Surtout que les invités arrivent bientôt.

Un râle profond s'échappe de sa gorge sèche. Il a soif, il veut en finir vite. Il va ouvrir la porte d'entrée. La voisine se tient sur le perron. Il a acheté cette vieille bicoque pour avoir la paix, pour se confiner au fin fond de ce village éloigné, car moins les autres peuvent l'atteindre, plus il parvient à s'effleurer lui-même. C'est ça qu'il recherche dans l'éloignement, la solitude qui nourrit son âme.

Qu'est-ce qu'elle lui veut?

Qu'elle est irritante cette voisine; aussi contrariante que les battements de ses volets. Elle lui demande s'il a vu... parce... et...

Silence.

Il tente de reconstituer le mâchouillement langagier. La pluie battante a tellement aspiré ses mots qu'ils semblent ne jamais avoir existés. Est-ce qu'il a vu son mari? Elle revient du travail, il n'est pas à la maison, mais sa voiture est dans l'allée. Elle l'a cherché partout, elle est trempée. Ah oui, il ne l'avait pas remarqué. Ses cheveux roux sont collés en petits paquets humides et s'accrochent à la chair luisante de sa nuque.

Il fait non de la tête. Il ne l'a pas vu. Elle pointe du doigt la grande boîte, ça a l'air bien pesant. Elle bafouille une plaisanterie de mauvais goût dont il ne saisit le sens qu'à moitié : lourd... cerceuil... ha ha! Il dit une politesse d'usage. Elle fait demi-tour, fait un mauvais pas et se tord légèrement la cheville. Elle pousse un juron et s'éloigne en titubant.

Il y a des promesses que l'on fait pour toute une vie. La sienne la suit depuis déjà trente ans, elle est imprégnée dans les craquelures de la vieille boîte de bois. Il la traîne d'un pas de bagnard : quatre pas, cinq pas, six pas. Il compte dans sa tête, mais le bruit de l'horloge le perturbe.

Quatorze pas... quinze pas... quinze pas et demi. Il relâche la lourde boîte à 15 pas et demi, c'est toujours ainsi. Il dégage enfin la mèche qui grattait son front, puis lèche ses lèvres aussi craquelées que les vieux volets et se délecte de leur goût salé.

Chez elle, la voisine enlève ses chaussures et se masse sa cheville meurtrie. Elle ne comprend pas pourquoi son pied a dérapé. Est-ce que son talon est cassé? Elle retourne sa chaussure et repère un petit élément nacré enfoncé dans le caoutchouc abîmé. Elle reconnaît l'élément. Elle a offert à son mari des boutons de manchette de la même nacre rose à Noël dernier.

Elle court à l'étage, vide les entrailles d'une malle en osier et sort victorieuse une paire de jumelles. Elle se plante à sa fenêtre et scrute le voisin. Elle le voit ouvrir sa porte d'entrée. Il parle seul sous la pluie, salue des invités invisibles, fait des gestes pour

les inviter à entrer. Maintenant, elle sait. Elle va dans la cuisine, s'empare du premier couteau qu'elle trouve et remet ses chaussures, le regard dur et le cœur fermé.

Lui s'installe dans son canapé, un verre de vieux rhum à la main. Il n'en propose pas à ses invités, depuis le temps, il les connaît bien. Tous auraient refusé. Ils sont impatients. Il sent l'adrénaline parcourir les globules de son sang. Le moment est arrivé, la promesse sera honorée.

Un coup est frappé à la porte d'entrée. Elle est arrivée. Il n'a jamais besoin d'envoyer d'invitation, elle comprend toujours. Ils l'attendent impatiemment.



À mes côtés

Gabriella Giordan
Contributor

Je me réveille en sueur. J'ai le cœur qui bat la chamade. 5 h 30. Dehors, il fait encore noir. Mon corps, accoutumé à la routine, se met en marche avant que je ne sois véritablement réveillé.

Camisole, veste et pantalons TTC sont enfilés en vitesse. Je jette un coup d'œil rapide à mon reflet dans le miroir : des rides creuses font désormais partie de mon visage et mon ventre gras déborde au-dessus de mes pantalons.

Aujourd'hui, je fais deux quarts de travail. Encore une journée. Ce sera la dernière... non, ce ne sera jamais la dernière. Je le dis chaque jour, et pourtant me voici, mes journées toutes pareilles s'emboîtent les unes dans les autres, comme un casse-tête à dix millions de pièces...

Mes pieds me mènent de façon automatique à l'arrêt Keele Street à Wilson Avenue, côté sud, et j'attends que mon autobus se pointe au coin de la rue. Au bout de quelques minutes, à 6 h 34, le voilà. Je prends la place du conducteur dont j'ignore l'identité.

Le siège, ramolli par le temps, n'est plus aussi élevé et plucheux qu'il l'était il y a vingt-quatre ans. Personne n'a pensé à le remplacer. Renfoncé vers l'intérieur, le dossier courbé oblige la mauvaise posture et les maux de dos



incessants.

Les heures s'écoulent, interminables. Avancer, arrêter, avancer, arrêter, *ding* quelqu'un veut descendre, ouvrir les portes, charger et décharger les passagers, coup d'œil angle mort, départ, coup d'œil rétroviseur et miroir de sécurité, pendant des heures et des heures. Aujourd'hui, deux personnes me saluent et une personne me remercie, le reste font comme si je n'étais pas là. Pause de 28 minutes. Un quadragénaire alcoolique essaie de jeter sa bouteille en verre sur un autre passager, je lui demande poliment de quitter l'autobus.

– Ne me dis pas quoi faire! articule-t-il d'une voix pâteuse. Ses yeux injectés de sang fixent les miens comme dans un combat mortel.

Quelques heures plus tard, arrêté au coin de Keele et Lawrence pour la énième fois de la journée, un tout

Continued on **PAGE 9**

Women in Leadership: Glendon Economics and Business Club, Photography by Adrienne Arzaga





Cette Dame dans sa cage

Awa Balde
Contributor



Par le passé, j'ai connu une dame.

Elle vivait dans une cage d'or où les rayons du soleil donnaient à sa captivité une couleur éphémère. C'étaient des instants d'ombres et des instants clairs superposés, qui glissaient les uns derrière les autres. Elle les voyaient défiler mais ne savait pas vraiment ce qu'ils étaient. Alors, elle leur donna un nom...

« Des courtes séquences de lumières », voilà le nom qu'elle leur donna.

Ce jour-là, cette dame connue la chaleur et la lumière.

Madame Soleil resta dans sa cage baignée dans la lumière.

Un jour, la dame Soleil, qui ne savait rien, regarda par la fenêtre de sa prison dorée. Ce jour là, elle vit de par les barreaux une scène différente de celle que lui amenait tous les jours le soleil...elle le vit assis plus loin sur un banc noir...un monsieur vêtu d'un veston des plus sombres. La tête baissée, pratiquement visage contre terre, il observait son ombre immobile s'étaler sur la terre. Bientôt, l'ombre devint assez grande pour englober toute la terre et la cage.

On n'y vit plus rien. Trop de noir pour voir.

Le monsieur croisa son regard curieux et déclina son nom comme celui de « Solitude ».

Ce jour là, la dame Soleil qui ne savait rien, fit la connaissance de La Solitude.

Les jours qui suivirent furent noirs. Monsieur Solitude avait quitté son banc mais sa présence était désormais imprégnée dans le cœur de celle qui l'avait connu et avait partagé sa compagnie.

Ce même jour, Madame Soleil mourut.

Madame Solitude était désormais coincée dans sa cage d'or parmi les ombres.

Je me demande pourquoi, avant, n'avait-elle pas compris la tristesse de sa cage ? Est-ce à cause du soleil ? Est-ce parce qu'elle ne savait rien ? Désormais, elle savait, et quand on sait, il est difficile de ne plus savoir.

Elle était seule dans sa cage d'or.

Le jour suivant, quelqu'un d'autre vint occuper le banc juste devant la cage. Toujours curieuse de jeter ses yeux vers l'ailleurs, elle vit s'asseoir lourdement contre le bois de ce banc, un monsieur aux yeux de feu et à la bouche en sang. Il faisait des bruits de monstre. Tout autour de lui, la peur et la désolation semblaient régner. En un mouvement brusque il se leva, permit à la terre de trembler sous ses pieds, et au feu et au sang de quitter ses yeux et sa bouche :

« Je me nomme Colère ».

Monsieur Colère se leva du banc et la dame qui ne savait rien avait désormais fait la connaissance de la colère. Madame Colère et madame Solitude, étaient désormais coincées dans une cage d'or partageant un même corps parmi les ombres, le sang et le feu. Comment la dame avait-elle pu vivre sans colère tous ces jours avant ? Être enfermé...quel sentiment déchirant. Pourtant, jamais elle n'avait songé à cela avant que Colère ne vienne à sa rencontre. Et une fois la colère au corps, comment s'en défaire ?

Le jour d'après, la cage était noire, en feu, en sang, et aucun soleil ne pouvait rendre les lieux plus clairs. La dame regardait par terre

car elle était seule et en colère sans comprendre pourquoi. Ces esprits avaient, sans crier garde, décidés de faire demeure dans sa tête.

Dehors, ignoré, Monsieur Demain vint s'asseoir sur le banc.

Elle ne le vit pas s'asseoir. Il la regarda par les barreaux de la cage sans rien dire, sans se présenter à elle car elle ne semblait pas d'humeur à parler.

Monsieur Espoir vint se positionner sur le même banc juste à sa droite, lui aussi respecta le silence, et se mit à regarder la dame agonisant dans sa cage.

Monsieur Pardon suivi de monsieur Cœur vinrent prendre les dernières places sans dire mot et se mirent à suivre d'un œil inquiet le spectacle de la misère de cette dame solitaire qui semblait en colère dans sa cage toute noire.

Les quatre messieurs qui n'avaient pas été vu de la dame distraite par les ténèbres décidèrent de lui donner tous les quatre la main.

Monsieur Pardon fut le premier à lui tenir les mains.

La dame leva les yeux.

Il ne se présenta pas mais demanda « Pardon ».

Monsieur Cœur mit sa main sur son cœur sans rien dire et son cœur se mit à battre.

Le sang et le feu s'estompèrent sur le champ. Pour une raison qui nous échappait tous, la dame n'était plus en colère.

Monsieur Espoir et Monsieur Demain furent les derniers à intervenir.

Espoir prit les mains de Demain.

Et par ce geste, le Soleil décida de revenir. La cage était de nouveau dorée.

Dame Soleil revint à la vie.

Demain et Espoir dirent à cette dame désormais solitaire qu'il fallait « garder Espoir en Demain ».

La cage s'ouvrit.

Dame Soleil vu le monde en dehors de sa cage,

Et il était beau.

Wandering While Wondering

Kelly Akerman
Contributor

Evige Jøde •
wandering while
wondering beneath
the deep **blue** sky •
meditating,
contemplating
who I am and
why
• wondering
while wa

ndering across the valley **green** • questions sound from thoughts profound:
whatever do I mean? • **Eviger Jude** • wandering while wondering beneath
the deep **blue** sky • meditating, contemplating who I am and why
• wondering while wandering across the valley **green** • questions
sound from thoughts profound: whatever do I mean? • **Juif errant** •
wandering while wondering beneath the deep **blue** sky • meditating,
contemplating who I am and why • wondering while wandering across
the valley **green** • questions sound from thoughts profound: what
mean? • **Erre errant** • wandering while wondering beneath the deep
meditating, contemplating who I am and why • **wandering**
across the

The Little Things

Javeria Ghori
Contributor



I think we're so enamoured by life that we need to stop and just step to the side maybe this is the point in our life that we just want to close our eyes and take a nap forever right?

Let's relax just breathe.

Our brain processes billions of things each day and at night we worry about the tasks of tomorrow we skip breakfast because there's no time to sit chew and swallow during our lectures we think about next week's assignments

Consumed by our busy lives our mind finds no time for peace and silence

So when classes are done it comes time to go home that's when we yearn most to just 'let go'

I'm going to quote Elsa here for this one line because sometimes we really do have to just let it go you know, let good moments flood your mind and be at peace with your inside

I know I know your GPA is at stake, but once in while everyone deserves a break.

Let's be grateful for friends our peers right by our side always throwing us a laugh not letting our day go dry and I know this is going to sound cliché but I have no other words than to say you gotta focus on the little things sometimes.

Do you remember that awesome feeling when you woke up in the morning feeling so fresh and ready for the day? Yeah me neither BUT that's okay because I remember the feeling of lying in bed with my cozy blanket

on cold winter nights I remember that sip of creamy hot chocolate and feel the warmth pass through me In summer a nice chocolate chill with your shades on, acting like you're in a movie.

After dinner when you crave a dessert and you take that first bite of brownie Salty or savory or spicy or sweet, whatever your craving it still hits the spot

What about finishing a really good book Turning the last page and feeling so complete as you sit lost in an imaginary world to which only you have the key You know sometimes a good sneeze is all you need

Do you remember what it feels like to sit down after hours of walking? Think about the last time you went shopping or ran errands or classes or anything and not realizing, until the moment you bend your knees and in the moment, that's all you please.

You know good stores never run out of XL size, cause oversized sweaters are the real prize. Am I right?! Sometimes a good selfie can make your day, cause I know the struggle of trying to get that one angle with perfect lighting I know you feel like an NBA star when you aim for the can and it goes right in especially if there's people watchin' even if it's just a meter away, you still feel that baller fame

Finally I have yet to meet a person on this planet that doesn't like the smell of wet clay Hey don't judge me but when the tiny drops of rain mix with the soil on the earth it's a scent so indescribable I'm just at a loss of words It's like if the word fresh had a smell, I'm convinced that that would fit well my dear friends, students of life Let's take a break and remember the good times that make up our memories Don't overtire yourselves and every once a while, just stop and breathe.

À mes côtés (cont.)

petit être, une fille, embarque, la dernière d'une dizaine de passagers. Elle est sûrement accompagnée. Je jette un coup d'œil furtif et je poursuis la routine.

Mais à 16 heures, 18 heures et 21 heures, la petite est toujours là. Vers la fin de mon deuxième quart, j'éteins l'autobus et je sors de mon siège pour aller la rejoindre. Je me penche pour mieux la voir. Elle est endormie et repliée sur elle-même sur un des sièges individuels, et ce que j'aperçois me donne des frissons.

La fillette doit avoir environ cinq ans. Ses vêtements décousus et troués laissent voir des marques et des bleus à différents endroits sur sa peau à l'apparence sale.

Elle se réveille soudainement, tremblant de tout son corps en me voy-

ant. Il me suffit de voir ses yeux pour comprendre qu'elle est seule...

– Bonjour, petite, lui dis-je doucement en soutenant son regard. Comment t'appelles-tu?

Elle chuchote de sa petite voix comme s'il s'agissait d'un secret :

– Tala.

Pas de temps à perdre. Je me dépêche de terminer mon quart de travail et j'emmène la petite avec moi. Je la couvre de mon écharpe. J'essaie de lui prendre la main, mais elle fait un geste de recul. Je me contente de l'encourager à me suivre, ce qu'elle fait sans broncher.

On marche côte à côte en silence, un vent s'agitant autour de nous sans pitié.

Un souvenir me traverse l'esprit à ce moment-là. Je souris en revoy-

ant la scène dans ma tête. C'était une nuit d'hiver comme celle-ci, quelques années après notre arrivée au Canada. Je marchais avec ma fille Ana, l'aînée de mes enfants. Elle devait avoir six ou sept ans. Ma femme et moi avions discuté et Ana, qui n'était pas imperméable à la colère de ses parents dans notre petit appartement, m'avait demandé si nous pouvions aller prendre de l'air, elle et moi. Côte à côte, nous avons dû passer au moins une heure dehors sans parler, comme nous le faisons maintenant, Tala et moi... et à partir de ce moment-là, une complicité s'était formée entre nous. Nous avons marché ensemble comme cela plusieurs fois pendant quelque temps. Pourtant, ma fille et moi nous sommes éloignés l'un de l'autre avec le temps... ça fait au moins deux ans que

nous ne nous sommes pas vus.

Arrivés à l'appartement, je guide la petite vers le canapé et elle s'installe sous les couvertures que je lui apporte. J'allume la télévision. Les dessins animés semblent avoir pour Tala un attrait particulier : elle regarde les personnages colorés d'un air perplexe, mais fascinée. C'est le calme après une tempête qui est loin d'être achevée.

Je repense à mes enfants, à leurs rêves déçus, aux miens aussi. Je me demande où ils sont maintenant. Mon autobus me vient en tête, l'endroit où je me perds dans l'invisibilité et l'insuffisance, l'endroit que je n'ai pas le choix de revoir demain, après-demain, dans un an.

Je ne sais pas ce qu'on a fait à la petite, mais ici, elle est en sécurité.

The Girl Who Smelt of Peonies

Dana Vuckovic
Contributor

As she lay there next to him in her softly coloured pink nightdress, perfectly mimicking the blossoming state of her peonies, he couldn't help but think of his state of utter repentance and absolute euphoria. His heart was racing at 100 kilometres an hour; was it because his guilty conscience was doing exactly as prescribed or was it the smell of those putrid flowers that at once burned his nostrils and made his skin tingle with absolute delight? He caressed her sleeping face with the back of his palm so his protruding knuckles could tickle her half-open lips, tinted by the lightest shade of crimson. Unlike the thorns of a rose, her legs were milky white and gentle as the touch of the first snowfall. How could such a feeling of serenity and stillness be so ephemeral, as the life of a butterfly? Was it because he

was nothing more than a thorn puncturing the bud of her delicate heart? Or was he simply a flower waiting to be found by yet another destitute creature whose insatiable hunger would condemn him? The pace of his breathing increased rapidly. He felt as though he would suffocate on his own breath. She murmured something to him, but all he could smell were those flowers, those perverse peonies strangling him to a state of near intoxication. His numerous attempts at slowing down his pulse were met with misery. He quickly decided to get dressed and leave her apartment. As he sat on the edge of the bed tying his laces, she tenderly wrapped her arms around his torso and whispered:

"Will I be seeing you next week?"

He took her bare hand and kissed each of her fingers as he watched her hairs slowly start to rise. She knew that this was his way of affirming her question. As he left the apartment and closed the door, whose faint echo resonated to the bottom of the staircase, he reflected on whether he would come back. Upon turning the knob, the surre-



al taste of satisfaction he once felt was overpowered by an uncanny pit in his stomach, which never ceased to throb until he kissed his wife in the morning and came up with yet another excuse as to his late night whereabouts. What would it be this time? Shall I have gone down to the pub with some of the mates, where I had a few too many?

Perhaps he was finally ready to end it. Once and for all, he might be happy, or rather, nearly content, with what he has: a wife with whom he vowed to spend the rest of his life. As

he walked along the street at the break of dawn, he watched the sun slowly start to make its first appearance. He felt nothing but pure joy. He would see her wake up, and touch her aging body as she nestled far too comfortably into his gripping arms. His thought of reassurance, however, quickly dissipated when a flash of blush pink caught his eye. He couldn't look away from it. The shop window was full of them: blooming peonies patiently waiting to be purchased.

Health and Wellness

My Skincare Routine

Libbey Dresser
Contributor

Having clean and healthy skin has been something I have strived for, *for years*. Given that I've had acne since the start of high school, I have dedicated so much time and effort to finding the perfect skincare regimen. I have tried pretty much every medication and cream you could think of. It was really a process of trial and error. Some products worked for a month or two and then my skin went back to being acne filled and dry. However, I have found some great products that have really helped me. I would love to share with you the products that I use to keep my face both clean and healthy! Although this may not clear up your acne, these are the products that have worked for

me in the past year.

First, Avène Eau Thermale — Micellar Lotion. Micellar water is a great way to clean your face of any grease, leftover makeup or dirt that has built up throughout the day. I usually use this when I wake up in the morning and before I go to bed every night. This has left my skin feeling clean and refreshed before applying any other products on my face. There are many different brands of micellar water (some more expensive than others), but some others that I have tried have left my skin feeling greasy and dirty. Personally, I did not like Garnier's Waterproof Micellar Water which left my skin so oily that I had to wash my face afterwards. A family favorite is Bioderma's Micellar Water, which lasts a long time.

Next, I use Simple Protecting Cream. I use this product twice a day and it has really improved my dry skin problem. This is a very lightweight moisturizer and it does not leave my skin feeling greasy in the slightest. For

a long time, I refused to use moisturizer because I thought it was making my acne worse, but as it turns out, it is actually doing the opposite. Using this moisturizer has helped keep my skin healthy and less dry. Also, this cream has 15 SPF so it is perfect for everyday use, especially in the summer. I recommend this product to everyone!

Finally, Noxema Classic Clean Moisturizing Cleansing Cream. This is a face wash that cleans and refreshes my skin. It is perfect to remove heavy makeup and oil from everyday activities. I usually use this product once every other day so that my skin does not dry out. After every wash, I apply moisturizer to keep my skin fresh. This is the best non-medicated face wash I have found and it has helped reduce the redness and size of pimples.

I hope you enjoyed my little skin care routine and I hope you incorporate some of my favorite products into yours! However, it is important to note that everyone's skin is different

and some products that work for me may not work for you. Finding the perfect skincare routine can be an uphill battle, but we can always learn from others and share our own tips and tricks along the way.



Making the Most of Midtown

Anastasiya Dvuzhylov
Metropolis Editor

Let's face it: there isn't a whole lot to do around Glendon. I'm being generous saying that, because being tucked away in a wealthy residential suburb doesn't leave much room for activities, except scenic walks. To most people, Toronto only begins south of Bloor St. — which may seem true at times, but I'm here to prove them wrong! The city is full of rich culture and funky food places that are more or less within the Glendon bubble, and are easily accessible by transit!

The Aga Khan is a hidden gem tucked away midtown. It's the first museum in the western world that's dedicated to Islamic art and objects, and its collection boasts more than a thousand rare objects ranging from Islamic to Iranian and Muslim culture. You can easily get there from campus by taking the 11 south and the 34 east up Eglinton to Wynford and Gervais. And here's the best part: admission to the Museum and all exhibitions is free every Wednesday from 4 pm to 8 pm.

If museums aren't your thing, then why not get into some weird science at the Ontario Science Centre? It isn't an attraction only meant for kids. While some exhibits may be a bit dated, others like the Human Edge and Living Earth are fun for everyone. It also isn't too far from campus, you just need to take the 162 east to Don Mills and the 25 south to Don Mills and St. Dennis. Make sure to catch a flick at the IMAX dome!

If not the IMAX dome, make sure to check out the Regent Theatre, an old neighbourhood theatre that has survived into the modern era. It's almost 100 years old! First opening in 1927 as the Belsize Theatre, it has undergone extensive renovations over the last century but still has that old timey theatre feel to it, with a ticket booth and rich interiors. You can get there by taking the 11 south and getting off at Mount Pleasant and Davisville. Who wants popcorn?

When you really want to get

outside (and you're tired of exploring Sunnybrook Park), head on over to Edward Gardens! While there isn't much there in the winter, it's a beautiful botanical garden that boasts annuals, roses, wildflowers, and an extensive rockery. Luckily, it isn't very far from campus! You can take the 162 east to Lawrence and Blaine Dr, or you can save yourself the bus fare and walk; it takes about 35 minutes.

On days where you're feeling competitive, you can hit up Snakes and Lattes conveniently located just east of Yonge and Eglinton. Don't let the construction scare you off! There's plenty still going on along Eglinton! Chow down on some comfort food and cold brews while you face off your friends in a heated game of Catan or a friendly round of Guess Who? Who am I kidding, are board games ever friendly?

Yonge and Eglinton is a nice mix of city and suburb; there are plenty of big box stores mixed in with mom and pop shops and unique eateries! Well, anything beats cafeteria food, anyway. Check out Cibo wine bar for some classic Italian, or hunker down at La Carnita if you're feeling like Mexican. Mars Diner is the place to go for some classic comfort eats.

If the construction's a turn off, Bayview south of Eglinton features a nice quaint strip of shops, cafes, and restaurants. Hollywood Gelato is a hit for the hot summer months, and McSorley's is a no-nonsense bar for a simple night out. There's lots to check out and it's very pedestrian friendly!

Well, there you have it folks, midtown can be just as fun as the downtown core, there's no need to travel too far for good food, rich culture, and scenic views. Why not take advantage of what's around you?

First Man to Stand on the North Pole

Javeria Ghori
Contributor

February is almost over but it's always a good time to talk about Black history. My recent interest in early travelers of the world has led to me to discover explorers from different parts of the world. I never knew explorers like Matthew Henson existed. Matthew Henson was the first African-American man to stand on the North Pole, or as National Geographic puts it, "on top of the world." Born in Nanjemoy, Maryland after the end of the Civil War, Henson grew up with a natural desire to explore and travel to foreign lands. At the age of 12 he signed up to be a cabin boy and learned a variety of skills for six years under the mentorship of Captain Childs. His story almost sounds like a fairy tale. At his new position as a shop clerk, long after Captain Childs passed on, Henson crossed paths with Robert Peary, a naval officer who came to sell pelts from his expedition. All of Henson's experiences, combined with his deep passion, convinced the officer to bring Henson along on his next expedition.

Matthew Henson became the personal assistant of Officer Robert Peary at the age of 18, but he did more than just assist. He was the carpenter, craftsman, translator, cook, hunter, fisherman, and dog handler. 1891 was the start of their 18-year journey, with the goal of mapping the ice caps of Greenland. After many attempts to reach the furthest, most northern point possible, the weather became harsher and more



severe. More and more men turned back. Alas in April 1909, they called it their last attempt. From the 24 crew members, only two Americans and four Inuit men were the last brave souls to tackle this mission head on. Finally, they reached the North Pole. Henson's fluency in the Inuit language enabled the team to learn ways of surviving the snow and cold winters of the North. It would be extremely unfair to say it was a smooth journey. However, their fame was not as widespread as it would be today. It is not surprising to hear that news companies argued over who got there first because it was not enough to say "the team" reached the North Pole at the same time. Henson, being a man of colour, would not be recognized for this exploit until almost 30 years later! He became an honorary member of the New York's Explorers club and was later awarded a medal for his expedition. Through all the personal accounts of crew members and of Peary himself, it was clear that the trip would not be possible without him. And he is just one of the many explorers in my journey to find more like him.



My Feminist Experience at KAGIDER: Women Entrepreneurs Association of Turkey

Mohammad Jabalameli
Contributor

Novelist and feminist campaigner Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie states that today, despite living in the modern world with easy access to information, most of her male friends think that current progress on women's rights and gender equality is "good enough." In reality, gender equality and women's experiences are not being discussed enough — and when they are, they are not being taken seriously. Various factors still prevent young women from achieving basic rights and realizing their full potential. Unfortunately, many men, and even women today refuse to call themselves feminists as a result of their privilege. They feel that there is no longer a reason to fight because the war against sexism is "won" and over with.

At one point in my life, I did not consider the importance of this discourse because of my privilege — I was living in a first world country and was ignorant to my ability to make a difference in the fight for gender equality as a young woman and a student. I did not consider what it meant to be a "feminist," a term often used in conjunction with others like "extremism" and "chauvinism." I did not think to learn about and engage in this issue, until I was scrolling through my emails and saw an announcement for an international internship opportunity through York's Go Global program. I applied to a women's entrepreneurial organization named KAGIDER that happened to be Istanbul, Turkey. Turkey boasts a rich historical foundation with a modern finish, a mystical and intriguing balance between the East and the West. Coming from a Middle Eastern background whilst having grown up in the West, I wondered how the Turkish were able to reconcile these two seemingly opposing cultures, and how feminism was re-

garded as a result.

KAGIDER's mission focuses on female empowerment through entrepreneurship, and actively engages women from all walks of life. It is something that I am so grateful to have been a part of, because it led me to finally recognize the impact of action — no matter how small. My research assignments at KAGIDER challenged my limited knowledge on the gaps in economic inclusion for women and the barriers women face. From restrictive policies to social stigma, these barriers prevent women from accessing the resources they need to launch their own businesses, from being financially independent or from smashing the famous "glass ceiling" that holds them back. Most importantly, I was able to learn from the business women at KAGIDER, their experience, and how they learned to challenge gender bias in their communities. I, too, had faced gender bias throughout my life, but in Turkey I recognized the importance of forming a community to fight against it. Stereotypes, legislation and government are great obstacles to equality that we must fight against together.

My research also helped me to explore gender bias as systemic. Interacting with women who were fighting inequality helped me to solidify why this systemic bias is so dangerous, and why working to change it is so necessary. It is often conflated with simply being a "third world" issue, and people throw Turkey in the category of "backwards Muslim countries," despite it being secular. People fail to recognize how deeply systemic gender bias is ingrained in us, even in North America. But how do we combat this mindset? The term "feminism" is still considered a dirty word that many are hesitant to claim in the Western world, as well as in third world nations. But Turkey is neither western nor third world. Its unique geographical location places it right in between, and its culture exemplifies collectivist eastern values while also adopting a European mindset. Wherever I went in Turkey, I found subtle clues that pointed to a progressive environment, including the symbolic Turkish coffee served in a modern cup with the gender neutral term for "human being" on it, and a mug inscribed with the word "biz", meaning



"us", which reminded us at KAGIDER of the importance of working together towards our common cause. This is definitely something we need more of in North America.

KAGIDER reflected the Turkish attitude of staring injustice in the face, and the women there were activists and feminists through and through. Independence for women in North America is too often correlated with isolation from a social community that is resistant to the idea of change. In Turkey and at KAGIDER, questioning the status quo was commonplace and tearing women down was rejected — they are all about a unique interdependence that, interestingly, allows them to be independent as women. This reconstructed my mentality on what it means to be a feminist. Before, I did not know how to reconcile my own culture with the culturally fluid environment in Canada, yet here was a country showing me. They exemplified modernity while holding to the traditional concept of community to instill change. The beautiful metaphor of Turkish coffee — ancient, constant, spanning generations — being served in a cup that challenged their gendered lan-

guage, was an example of not having to sacrifice one for the other. We must celebrate culture and tradition while making room for change. Change is often perceived as culture's antithesis, but I was shown this is far from true. I then realized how much I had underestimated the unique impact of small changes. I never thought that as a student with little knowledge of the complex geopolitical functioning of the world, I could create change. It took a trip halfway across the world for me to realize that small, local impacts can create change on a large scale. Turkish women do not believe in sacrificing one aspect of their life for another; ambition for marriage, career for family. The sense of community, hospitality and love is embodied in the way they conduct their businesses, make connections, and instill change. Women lift up women at KAGIDER, and represent Turkey in so doing at global summits. It was so much more than just work experience, KAGIDER helped me to reconcile my dual cultural identity and permanently committed me to the cause of gender inequality in a new way. It showed me that we all truly have so much to learn from the world.

