

THE ADVOCATE

William Aberhart High School
June 1, 2026



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THE ADVOCATE HEAD STAFF



(from left to right: Ruby, Laura, and Addy)

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FROM BATS TO RATS - THE HANTAVIRUS OUTBREAK ABOARD THE MV HONDIUS

by: Addison C.



A recent hantavirus outbreak connected to the international cruise ship, the MV Hondius, has quickly become one of the most discussed public health stories of 2026, sparking uncomfortable flashbacks to the early days of 2020. Passengers aboard the MV Hondius, a cruise ship that has spent the last few months traveling through South America and Antarctica, have become infected with the Andes strain of hantavirus, leading to several deaths and sparking concern among health officials worldwide. Health officials emphasize that the overall risk to the public remains low, but the outbreak has drawn attention to a disease many people had never even heard of before this year.

Contrary to popular belief, hantavirus is not a new disease. In fact, scientists have known about hantaviruses for decades. The virus family was first identified during the Korean War in the early 1950s after thousands of soldiers developed a mysterious illness involving kidney failure and internal bleeding. Research later discovered that the disease was being spread through rodents, and since then, different strains of hantavirus have been identified around the world, each connected to specific rodent species.

In North America, hantavirus became widely known in 1993 after a sudden outbreak in the Four Corners region of the United States, where Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah meet. Individuals began developing severe respiratory failure without doctors understanding why. Eventually, investigators traced the illness back to deer mice carrying what became known as the Sin Nombre virus, one of the most common hantavirus strains in North America. Since then, hantavirus cases have remained relatively rare, but the disease is still closely monitored because of its high fatality rate of 40%.

According to the World Health Organization (WHO) and the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC), hantaviruses are primarily spread through contact with rodent urine, saliva, or droppings. Humans are most commonly infected after breathing in contaminated particles from enclosed spaces like cabins, barns, sheds, or poorly ventilated buildings. Early symptoms of the virus often resemble the flu, including fever, fatigue, headaches, and muscle pain. However, severe cases can progress rapidly into hantavirus Pulmonary Syndrome (HPS), a dangerous lung infection that

makes breathing extremely difficult.

So, if hantavirus is a well known virus that's been circulating the globe for decades, then what makes the current cruise-ship outbreak so notable? Health officials confirmed that the infections aboard the MV Hondius involved the Andes virus strain, which is mainly found in parts of South America. Unlike most hantaviruses, the Andes strain has shown evidence of limited person-to-person transmission through close contact. This characteristic has made it one of the most closely watched hantavirus strains in the world.

Furthermore, the timeline of the outbreak has only increased public attention. According to reports from the Associated Press and USA Today, passengers aboard the cruise initially began reporting flu-like symptoms during the voyage. At first, many assumed it was a common illness associated with travel. However, after several passengers became critically ill, medical testing revealed hantavirus infections. Health authorities then began tracing passengers and crew members who may have been exposed during the trip.

As more information emerged, questions surrounding how the outbreak was

handled began to grow. Some passengers reportedly claimed they were not fully informed about the seriousness of the illness until after leaving the ship, while others criticized how quickly information was shared between cruise officials and health agencies. Because cruise ships involve shared dining spaces, enclosed cabins, and prolonged close contact between travelers, many worried the virus could spread more easily onboard. Health officials quickly began monitoring exposed passengers and emphasized that hantavirus remains far less contagious than illnesses such as COVID-19.

The story quickly spread across

international news and primarily social media due to the trauma surrounding unknown viruses and pandemics that modern society now faces. As a result, many people reacted strongly when news broke that another infectious disease outbreak had occurred at sea. Despite the concern, experts continue stressing that hantavirus spreads very differently from COVID-19 or influenza. Most strains are not easily transmitted between humans, and casual contact does not typically spread the disease. The CDC states that rodent exposure remains the primary risk factor for infection. Public health officials have also emphasized that there

is currently no evidence of widespread community transmission connected to the cruise outbreak.

Although the hantavirus outbreak aboard the MV Hondius remains relatively contained, the story has introduced millions of people to a disease that previously received little public attention. More importantly, it demonstrates how quickly global travel and emerging infectious diseases can intersect in unexpected ways. In a world still shaped by the memory of COVID-19, even a rare virus aboard a single cruise ship can become an international story almost overnight.

THE ADVOCATE

THE ADVOCATE is the official newspaper of William Aberhart High School. THE ADVOCATE is meant as a forum for student expression and is published to inform and entertain the students and the entire school community.

Editors-in-Chief: Addison C. and Laura Z.

Staff Sponsors: Mr. Colautti

Layout: Ruby T.

Cover Art: Alena D.

FAREWELL FROM THE ADVOCATE TEAM!

One last time, Abe,

9 months, 7 editions, a bunch of talented members, and one supervisor... We couldn't have asked for a better team. This year we have truly overcome some challenges, but we've come back stronger than ever, proving just how incredible our community can be. That being said, we'd love to sign off by giving a few special shoutouts:

To our readers:

You have been such an awesome crowd this year! Your enthusiasm towards the work put into our newspaper is one of the many reasons that The Advocate is able to keep running at Abe. It makes us so happy to see you reading all of our writing and filling in our puzzles and colouring pages around the school. Trust us, it is the most gratifying feeling there is for our team.

To our Advocate team:

You are the backbone of the paper; every bit of effort, dedication, and time you contribute, you choose to make The Advocate bigger and better than ever. We are beyond grateful to every single one of you for being here with us this year, and we wish you all the best in your creative adventures! For our senior members, we loved having you and wish you the absolute best in the next chapter of your life. For our juniors, we hope that you'll stick around for next year, and continue to put your passion into your work. We're sure you'll do great things!

Lastly, to Mr. Colautti:

We might be a little biased, but you are the absolute GOAT! Ultimately, this newspaper wouldn't be running without your support and we appreciate all the

time you have dedicated to helping our team be the best that we can be. Thank you for being awesome and putting up with us this year (even on the tightest of deadlines) !

We're sad to go, but it's comforting to know that The Advocate is in good hands with the Abe crew! Continue to use your creativity and talent to draw, write, and create to your heart's desire. Undeniably, a passion like that is worth keeping forever.

All the best,

Laura Z. (editor in-chief)

Addison C. (editor in-chief)

Ruby T. (head of layout)

A JOURNEY IN STONE: THE MYSTERIOUS ROCK ART OF GROTTO CANYON

by: Levi J

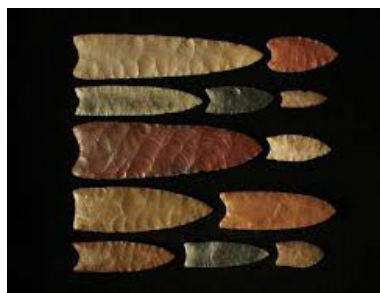
Nestled between the towering peaks of the Rocky Mountains and sheltered from the deafening winds of the Bow Valley by steep rock walls, sit a series of dark red pictographs*, painted on a seemingly unassuming rock wall at the center of the canyon. Wethered by the passage of time and veiled by a thin layer of calcite, these motifs lack the conventional grandeur of the ruined cities found in Rome or Mesoamerica, however their story is no less complex or mysterious. These are the Grotto Canyon pictographs, and their mysterious origin could have far-reaching implications for the little understood human history of North America that has been until recently, neglected in research



A form of rock art painted on stone outcroppings like the example shown above.

Pictographs in Alberta are often made with red ochre dye and can be found on rock faces in the mountains and glacial erratics across the prairie.

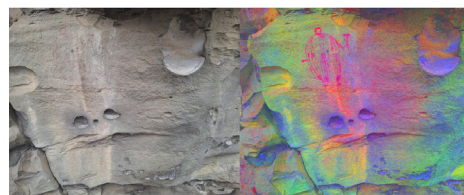
The Bow Valley has seen human habitation for thousands of years. The eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains were of particular interest to early peoples as they escaped the harsh environment of the last ice age some 10 500 years ago and as such, the area was home to an abundance of wildlife. Ancient settlements have been discovered in the Vermilion Lakes and Sibbald Creek areas that contain evidence of hunting among the Clovis culture*, a people who inhabited North America in the terminal Pleistocene.



(The Clovis culture is the name given to a pre-Columbian indigenous group that once inhabited most of North America over 10,000 years ago. Little is known about this group apart from their distinct and widespread projectile points (Pictured Above), found at many North American archeological sites.)

Evidence of human habitation is not limited to long-buried campsites and pit houses. Found scattered across the rocky

mountains and prairies are several pictograph and petroglyph sites* dating from ancient times to the early modern era. These rock art sites have been sorted into two distinct traditions, Canadian plains* and Columbia plateau*, each one having their own biographical and ceremonial depictions. The rock art at Grotto Canyon escapes this categorization however, as the motifs found on the canyon walls do not match any other sort of figures or styles seen in other Alberta rock art sites or indeed any other rock art traditions found in Canada.



Petroglyphs are forms of rock art that have been carved, rather than painted, onto rock faces. (Picture above)

This painted figure found at a site in Cochrane ranch named the Shield Bearing Warrior is a motif found frequently in Northern Plains rock art traditions. Prior to the arrival of Europeans, Indigenous warriors would often dawn these massive shields on the battlefield before they were made obsolete by the introduction of firearms. Consequently, sites like the one at Grotto Canyon were likely made prior to European contact.



Above is an example of Columbian plateau style rock art found at Armstrong Bay near the banks of the Columbia River.

Significance of the site

Rock art holds special significance to both the historical and cultural record, with the Grotto Canyon site being no exception. There are footprints left behind long ago that depict spiritual journeys, resulting from the practice of vision quests, tales of legendary figures from folklore, or even simple doodles on a barren rock face. These millenia-old messages represent a people's history spanning through generations depicted by a non-renewable resource. If these rock art sites are damaged, the stories depicted in their stone may be lost forever as there is no way of artificial-ly preserving these physical art sites for

future generations to learn from.

In the case of Grotto Canyon, the site holds a special uniqueness among already precious Canadian rock art sites due to its distinctiveness from the western country's rock art traditions. So much of the human history of North America is yet to be uncovered and there may be more revealed down the line that adds to the story of these mysterious paintings. If they are damaged or destroyed, the opportunity to learn more from them may be lost forever.

Theories about the site

Prior to mentioning the numerous theories regarding the origin of these pictographs, it should be noted that the purpose they serve was likely of spiritual meaning. This is evidenced by not only the figures depicted in the paintings, but also the location in which they were discovered. Indigenous rock art does not exist in isolation, but is rather part of a much larger landscape that surrounds it. In the case of Grotto Canyon, the rock art is located at a bottleneck in the ravine, the trail beneath it dwarfed by massive rock walls on either side. Further down the canyon, the rocky trail takes a sharp right at the head of a towering waterfall, showering the peaceful ravine in a fine mist. To the right of the waterfall, sits a small cave, its entrance guarded by a steep rocky slope past a crowd of trees. It has been suggested that the placement of these pictographs was intentional to represent a person's spiritual journey through two worlds, represented by the contrasting sheltered and peaceful canyon leading into the sprawling bow valley.

Blackfoot Winter Count:

In his book, *Forgotten Dreams*, archeologist Brad Himour notes the striking similarity between the anthropomorphic figures found in the Grotto Canyon site and anthropomorphic figures commonly found in several inscriptions of the Blackfoot winter count system. This highlights a potential cultural association between the Blackfoot and the symbols at Grotto Canyon. The Blackfoot winter count was a method of recording events over time. Each year, a symbol was added recounting a significant event that had occurred at the time and the symbols were added up over

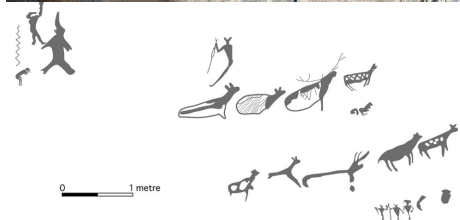
the course of many years and decades. Individual members of the nation often kept personal winter counts detailing separate events.

In the Blackfoot winter count and plains rock art, there are often examples of figures with sharp, triangular bodies adorned with animalistic features on their head such as possible horns or snouts. While it is hard to know the actual figures depict, it is possible that they represent spiritual figures or medicine men seen during a ceremonial experience such as a vision quest*. The similarity between these figures and those found depicted at Grotto Canyon could represent a local origin for some of the anthropomorphs found at the site.

A vision quest was a common practice amongst Indigenous nations of the North American Prairie. In it, young men who were seeking spiritual guidance would undergo instruction from elders and cleansing before setting off on a multi-day journey, fasting and praying in a remote location. Many rock art sites found in North America are depictions of spiritual visions gained during these experiences.

Hopi Origin:

In their research paper, A Possible Fluteplayer Site Near Exshaw, Alberta, Martin Magne and Micheal Klassen concluded that these mysterious pictographs originated from a source far outside the range of the Albertan Plains, the Hopi Nation who reside in the cornered area of Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico in the Southwestern United States. They came to this conclusion based on the peculiar inclusion of several figures on the pictograph panel that are not found in any known rock art sites outside of the southwest (pictured below).



There is one particularly notable figure found on the panel that may allude to its origin. This hunched humanoid figure, possessing a stick-like object in its mouth, bears a striking resemblance to depictions

of the flute player deity found on rock art and pottery in the Southwest. This figure (Pictured Below) represents fertility and is said to have carried seeds on their back that would bring good crops to the people.



The implications of this theory create two possible scenarios. One, being that the rock art comes from a direct Hopi source,

with an individual or group traveling north. The other, being that they are painted by local artists, based on knowledge gained from a southwestern source. According to Magne, who conducted interviews with Stoney Nakoda elders, the oral history of the Stoney includes possible explanations for this theory. One story recounted how the images were painted by captives captured during a raid in the south, another states that they were painted by Stoney people after a visit to the land of the "Rattlesnake people" and a third suggests that Stoney artists acquired power from southern captives that allowed them to paint the figures*. In addition to this, Hopi traditional knowledge, referred to as Navoti, also includes potential references to these journeys. One, included in Frank J. Waters' Book of the Hopi*, mentions the Hopi clans beginning their migrations and traveling all over the continent. As far north as Canada and as far south as Mexico, "they carved pictographs of [the māhu, (their companion)] on all the rocks all the way..." After having spoken to Magne, he emphasized the importance of these pictographs, saying that: "If its source is the southwest, it speaks to the little understood mobility of humans in North America." The implications of this theory, if proven to be true, provide evidence for the travel and contact between Indigenous groups of North America, a development that scientists have only recently begun to uncover.

*It should be said that oral tradition cannot always be relied upon as a direct retelling of past events, but rather an interpretation or hypothesis of the past. As it is passed down, changes of interpretation are sometimes made and those changes are difficult to track.

It should be noted that many historians consider the Book of the Hopi to be unreliable as the access to Navoti is only available to high ranking spiritual leaders

and the Hopi members Waters spoke to did not hold such rank, and as such did not know the full extent of Navoti.

Fremont Origin:

The Fremont culture was a northern group of ancestral Puebloans that inhabited the Great Basin area from around the first centuries CE to about 1300 CE in modern day Utah. This group was characterised by their shared practices of meticulous basket weaving, stunning pottery and their use of maize and grain farming in addition to hunting and gathering that had likely arisen from migrants to the area originating from Mexico. Despite these similarities and their common name, the Fremont culture was likely not one homogenous culture, but a series of smaller groups that spoke different languages and varied in cultural practice. Each village in the region would have comprised a heterogenous mix of both above ground structures, often found on rocky cliffs, and pit houses dug into the soil as well as sprawling fields of maize and other crops.

Perhaps the most well known aspect of the Fremont were their numerous and unique pictographs. Characterised often by angular bodies, facial features, jewelry and headgear, figures in Fremont style rock art are highly distinct and recognizable. While not an exact similarity, the humanoid figures found at Grotto Canyon do resemble the elaborate style of Fremont rock art motifs. The triangular bodies, elaborate headgear and staffs adorned by a row of figures at Grotto Canyon (pictured below) mirror the style of many ceremonially represented human figures found in Fremont art. Additionally, the wide-range of the Fremont culture, with evidence of them being found as far north as Montana, increases the possibility of the Fremont being the origin of at least a portion of these mysterious figures.

Photos of the anthropomorphic figures at Grotto Canyon beside those found in Fremont rock art



BASEBALL, THE GREAT OUTDOORS, AND A GENERAL DISDAIN FOR CARLETON UNIVERSITY: AN INTERVIEW WITH MR COLAUTTI

by: Ruby T.

Tell us a bit about yourself, a little introduction

My name is Mr. Colautti, and I'm original-ly from Markham, in Ontario, which is like the Okotoks of Toronto, but with worse traffic. So it's like I grew up in the 'Burbs, essentially. I'm the son of two teachers: my mom was an English teacher, and my dad was a Phys Ed teacher, so the last thing I ever thought was, "I'm going to end up a teacher". But then, after I maxed out on the camp counselor salary grid, I realized I still wanted to work with kids, so I decided to pursue the family business.

What are some of your hobbies/interests?

My number one hobby, in terms of time, is baseball; because there's 162 games a year, and I watch every single game. I'm a huge Jays fan. So that takes up a big part of my evenings throughout the spring and summer. Outside of that, I love cross country skiing and downhill skiing, and I know this sounds really cliché for an English teacher, but I do really enjoy reading. Every day on the weekend, in the morning, my wife and I like to try to read for at least a couple hours, drinking coffee and just reading something interesting. I'm reading "Lonesome Dove", which is this epic Western that I've heard really good things about. But it's quite long in this book, so I'm putting it off a little bit until the summer when I have fewer essays to mark.

If you had to describe yourself in 3 words, what would they be?

Genuine, storyteller and messy.

How did you end up at Aberhart?

When I first started teaching, or I guess when I graduated from my education degree, it was right when COVID was happening. So it was really difficult to get a job as a teacher. So I actually was working in Didsbury, which is about an hour north of the city, and I worked there for two years. I really loved the school, but I was commuting about 250 kilometres every day. So, after two years, I needed a change, even just to save on gas money. And so I kind of quit my job without even knowing where I was going to be. I was hoping I would get to a high school with



CBE, but it wasn't until the third day of school in September that I got a call from Aberhart. It was just maybe gonna be a temporary thing, but I've been here ever since.

What's your favourite AP English assignment?

With my grade 11s, I do a project called "Make the Game You Want to Play", which is where they have to design a premise of a video game and then design a cover, based on the student's interests or a philosophy they have. I really like that one because I get to learn about some aspects of my students' lives that I don't often see in essays or PRTs.

What kind of music do you listen to?

I listen to all sorts of music, but I would say for the last couple of years, I've been really locked into Neil Diamond. When I

got my Spotify wrapped last December, it told me that I was in the top 1 percentile of all Neil Diamond listeners in the world. And I would bet a large amount of money that I am the youngest member of that 1%, because there's not a lot of people born in the '90s who are listening to Neil Diamond.

What are your plans for the summer?

My wife and I love camping, so every year, we go into the Kootenays near a town named Nakusp and we'll camp there for a couple weeks, and then go down to Nelson because we just like being out outside on the water with our dog, Murphy.

That's usually what we do in July, and then in August, I always visit home in Ontario. We'll rent a cottage in Ontario, and my whole family will come out, and then also go to multiple Blue Jays games.

Do you have any fond memories from your high school/university newspaper?

I started writing in university, and the university paper was a huge part of my life because I started just as a volunteer writer, and I really found community with the paper, and there was a lot of flexibility to make it whatever I wanted it to be. So, I created a satirical news section called "The Tomato". My first article was about a steroid scandal in dodgeball intramurals because I think at the time there was the Lance Armstrong scandal happening in cycling. I went to University of Ottawa and we always had a competitive rivalry with Carleton University, so I also wrote an article about scientists finding concrete evidence that University of Ottawa students smelt better than Carleton University students. And that article that I wrote, which is obviously fake, still gets traffic even today.

And then I kind of went on to writing feature length articles, and planning our special editions. I got to interview musicians, academics, and even former prisoners of the East German Secret Police. All of that was incredibly rewarding too.

If the world were ending, what would you choose as your last meal?

I live with a vegetarian, and I like eating vegetarian food. However, this last meal would definitely be all meat.

So I'm talking, ribs: like, full rack of ribs; a steak; probably some chicken wings on the side; and then, even though it doesn't agree with my stomach, I would have five scoops of ice cream for dessert. If the world's ending, it'll be worth it.

When you were a kid, what did you want to be when you grew up?

Probably, an athlete of some sort, but when I learned my skills did not line up with my aspirations, it probably would have been baseball broadcasting or stage acting.

What's a fun or little known fact about you?

My pupils are different sizes. I got, like, punched in the eye playing basketball, and because of that they're different sizes. I'm just like David Bowie but without artistic talent.

Another would be that my first job when I was in high school was making trophies. So I would just sit in a room for eight hours, and put together trophies or like put the plaques on them. So now because of that, trophies are very meaningless to me, because I've had to make so, so many of them.

Do you have any hidden talents?

Ms. Crowfoot will probably disagree with me on this one, but cooking. I've really found I enjoy cooking, and I find it calming. Gardening would be another one in the summer. I can find it very frustrating to garden in Calgary because of the elements, but I find it relaxing too.

Do you have any tattoos? If yes, what of? If not, what would you get a tattoo of?

No, I have no tattoos, and I probably would never get one because I don't know of anything, any quote or any image, that I would want to have on my body when I'm way older. However, if I had to think of something... there's this word "timshel" which is a Hebrew word that means "thou mayest". It's from this book called *East Of Eden*, that some of my grade 12s are reading. I really love that book, and I love that quote because how it's interpreted in the book, it means essentially, that you always have a choice. You always have some free will over your decision. Your environment, and your situation doesn't define you. And so if I were to have a tattoo, I really believe in that sentiment.



What's one thing that stands out about Abe from the other schools you've been at?

I think just how appreciative and engaged the students are when they're in class. I find that sometimes as a teacher, it can be difficult (if you're not doing something for marks to feel like your students are engaged).

But I very rarely feel that at Aberhart, and I feel like students have always appreciated what I bring to the classroom. That appreciation is mutual, as I'm always floored by just how engaged they are and how willing they are to try new things.

Any advice for this year's graduating class?

Whatever you do post high school, if it does involve post secondary, and there are readings, do the work. Do the reading.

In my own degree, when I studied English, I would have friends who would brag about the marks they got, in spite of never doing the readings or like just

summarizing it. When you're paying to go to school, or in their case, choosing to study English, if you're paying to read books and you're not reading the books, I feel like you're kind of missing out on the point. So to do the work and you'll be rewarded for that.

Any closing remarks?

Yeah, I have two. The first one would just be that I'm so proud of the work we've done with *The Advocate*.

These past two years, bringing it back from its COVID-related death, or at least sleep, it's been so amazing to see the work you guys have done. I'm really proud of everything our writers, our designers, our layout, our puzzle makers have been able to create, and I'm going to really miss when you guys move on.

The second is just, I can't help but use this as a soapbox to talk a little bit about AI, and that would be if you let the machines do the thinking and learning for you, you may one day realize that they've done most of the living as well.

DUST FREE PALACE: THE BAND THAT WILL “SWEEP” YOU OFF YOUR FEET

by: Cameron W.



The audience reaction to their well-deserved win could not be overstated. The crowd, like a mosh pit on the orange and white bleachers, clearly agreed. Their shouts and cheers overwhelmed each other like an entire ocean of waves frothing at the surface, although disappointment quickly ensued upon the realization that the show was over and class was about to begin. The very “definition of a garage band,” according to singer Lukas H., have made quite a name for themselves recently. Coming off their big win at “Abe’s Got Talent,” they have performed at several school events and recently participated in a community gig.

Dust Free Palace began when drummer Finn C. and vocalist Lukas H. formed a two-person “jam session” during their grade nine school year. Coming into high school, they were hoping to expand their band, first meeting keyboardist Zaylynn L. and later guitarist/vocalist Rémy-Marie M. Their talented bassist, Owyn K., recently joined the band for a total of five members.

When Dust Free Palace wanted to start playing gigs, they realized that they would need a name. They cite Finn’s mother as their inspiration for the name, with Finn

saying that during a conversation with his parents on the state of his room, she told him to “keep [his] room a dust free palace.” (Given that the average home in North America produces around 20kg of dust per year, this would be a momentous task, but it does lend itself to a great band name.) At those gigs, the band has been playing covers of artists they enjoy, but what they are really proud of (and rightfully so), are their original songs.

Dust Free Palace says they felt surprised about their win at Abe’s Got Talent and they went into it just hoping to have fun and play some music. They say that there were so many great acts at the show but they think that playing an original song helped them win. There, they performed

“Captain Beatty,” a song written from the perspective of the antagonist of Ray Bradbury’s 1951 novel “Fahrenheit 450,” which is a critique on censorship inspired by the book burnings that took place in Nazi Germany. The song is meant to highlight the issues profiled in the book that have even begun taking place in countries like the United States and to some extent, Canada. The band’s fiery performance of this song really seemed to speak with the crowd at Abe’s Got Talent and their other performances have done the same. Perhaps seeing fellow high-school students achieving such success is what drives this connection and inevitably fuels Dust Free Palace to continue creating amazing music.



Guitarist Rémy-Marie is the principal songwriter behind Captain Beatty as well as the band's other original songs. She says that her inspiration comes from real life experiences, as highlighted in Captain Beatty, and are placed in her "30 seconds until you reach the bottom" Notes document. She writes the lyrics and some instrumental parts and then the band meets and finishes out the song into the final product.

One can only imagine the fantastic time that Dust Free Palace has during their performances and jam sessions. The band is hoping to take their music-making as far as they can, with plans to start recording some of their originals for Spotify, as well as play at more gigs coming up. They also say that they are hoping to start selling some merchandise soon. Their previous success at the talent show and other performances demonstrate that they are definitely able to take their band far. According to the band, their talent show trophy is proudly displayed in their jam space, drummer Finn's garage, making them truly "the definition of a garage band."

Many popular bands were also formed in high school. Quebec based duo Angine de Poitrine that has exploded in recent months have been playing together since the age of 13, U2 was famously formed after the drummer placed a poster on a bulletin board at his school looking for bandmates. With the long and diverse list of bands formed at roughly the same age as these talented grade 10s, who knows where Dust Free Palace could go next.

Be sure to follow Dust Free Palace on Instagram: @Dust.Free.Palace for updates.



ALL-CONSUMING SECRETS

by: Katharina L.

When there's a secret you must hide,
Though that little voice inside,
Pushed and wailed and screamed and cried,
Your only instinct is to hide.

Because the overwhelming fear
Seems to threaten all you hold dear,
And every person seems to leer
While you're paralyzed with fear.

The secret starts to feel
Like a wound that will not heal.
Your relationship's a deal,
Instead of love, it's poison you feel.

But now you've had enough, you're sick
And at that wound, you start to pick.
Gathering courage, a heavy brick,
To admit the truth, though it makes you sick.

Your heart is racing, palms slicked with sweat,
This secret encircles you like a net.
The truth starts to trickle, but you're not ready, not yet.
Then leaking faster and as a jet,
The truth spills out without regret.



THE TRAIN STATION

by: Laura Z.

“Two, please.”

There’s no doubt it’s busy today, it has been a cold couple of weeks. The lady in the ticket office doesn’t even spare me a second glance, her gaze lifeless as she hands me the little pieces of paper and waves me off.

The slip of paper is pristine, quality bond paper that gives the impression of importance. A small hole is punched in the corner, validating the purchase. Sleek black print covers the center, though other than that it is empty.

Platform 13. Departure time: 16:18

It’s silly, really, to have specified a departure platform. As far as I can see, there is only one in the entire station. Furthermore, there is only one train. There will not be another until tomorrow, and that is far too late for the passengers waiting to board. It puzzles me a bit as to why these choices have been made, but I suppose I do not have the means to question it any further. It is not my task. It is not my time.

The collar of my suit starts to itch. I decided this morning to make a good impression, and though it’s a bit moth-eaten and somewhat unseasonal, it will have to do, for it is all I have. I ignore the urge I have to scratch behind my neck. I do not regret wearing it, and I will endure a bit of discomfort if I must. My shoes are polished, I have ensured that much. Every year I find I am more and more of a stickler for first impressions, and lately I do not dare go outside without proper presentation.

The possessor of the second ticket in my hand suddenly grows demanding from within her crate. Louhi, my 15 year old cat, scratches impatiently in hopes of my attention. She, not unlike myself, has on her best attire today, sporting a little yellow bow around her neck, contrasting her snowy white fur.

“Yes Lou, this one’s for you,” I say as I kneel down beside her, unhatching the

door to her crate and attaching the ticket to her collar with one swift movement. My knees feel remarkably light today, lighter than they have in years. Usually where I would look around for a place to sit and rest my legs, I find myself eager to stand, even walk around the station in wait. I peer down at the watch on my wrist, but the hands seem to be frozen in place. It still reads the time from this morning.

“I can’t remember this watch ever having been faulty,” I say aimlessly to Louhi, who is eagerly cleaning her paws. I almost feel foolish talking to her in such a public space, though glancing around, nobody seems to bat an eye at an old man talking to his cat. Everyone is rather busy today. The watch was of the highest quality when my Cissi had bought it for me. I try to distract myself from the disappointing pang produced by the memory, glancing around in hopes of something to see. A large clock of ghostly white looms over the station. 16:11. It is almost time. I quickly pick up Louhi’s crate in one hand, holding my beaten briefcase in the other.

Around the corner, I can see the train pulling into the station. It’s a proper locomotive, black and puffing smoke out of its chimney. I feel a brush of cold air when it pulls to a stop. It’s even bigger than I imagined it to be, and I feel rather small amongst the crowd of people that has begun to gather. Gold writing lines its main frame, bold and hard to miss.

VIIMEINEN MATKA

In an instant, all the bustling around me turns to silence. The doors open almost cinematically, and as if in a trance, people begin to board. Slowly, I make my way in line up to the door. I place Louhi and my other belongings up onto the train, before heaving myself up with the help of the railings.

The inside of the train is remarkably pleasant. Compartments line the left wall,

windows lining the right. I peer into the nearest compartment and see a young girl all alone. Her hair is done in a braid, and her small hands cling to a worn teddy bear. I quickly turn away, the image of Cissi burning in my mind. It isn’t her, though it may as well be. A girl on a train with a braid in her hair seems all too familiar to me.

I keep going, past the compartments flooded with different faces, all of which I mourn for. I cross four wagons before I reach the end and pull open the last compartment door. Finding it empty, I sit down, placing Louhi’s crate on the seat beside me. From outside, I hear the train whistle and the wheels begin to move. I had not imagined it to be this lonely, and I’m suddenly glad for the constant company Louhi brings.

The train rolls out of the station, and I am surrounded by darkness. There is no world outside, no lights, no sky. Only dark. I am just about to close my eyes to avoid the memories when the door slides open, a soft light creeping through the crack. A girl steps in, small and pale, her blonde hair braided down her back. She stands still, looking the same as the day I lost her.

And I start to cry.

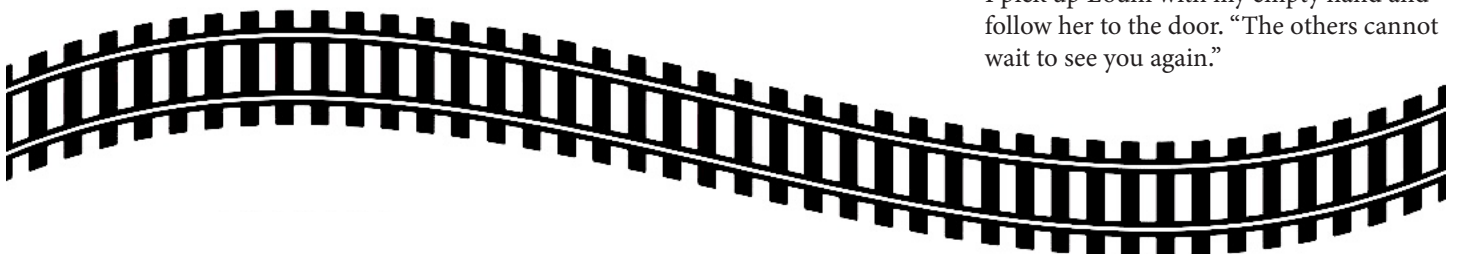
She sits across from me and I’m momentarily embarrassed at the state I’m in, but then I see her face, the one I have never forgotten, and I see she is crying too.

“Cissi,” I smile. “My Cecilia.”

“It’s good to see you, dad.” She says, her smile so bright I forget having ever been without it. The train rumbles through the darkness, gaining speed, but when I look outside the window, I can see a light in the distance, growing bigger by the second.

My daughter stands, grabbing my hand in hers. They are not as frail as they used to be. I am more rested than I used to be.

“Come,” Cissi stands, pulling me with her. I pick up Louhi with my empty hand and follow her to the door. “The others cannot wait to see you again.”



IN LACE AND IN SATIN

by: Anwyn M.W.

In the small, stuffy room filled with lace, I was myself. I carried with me my past and future, yet I was myself. But I didn't feel like it. I was not who I had been years ago, and I was not who I would be years from now. Around me sat familiar faces, eyes and minds fixated on me, fixing satin or giving encouragement, lit with a radiant smile. As I gazed at them, I could barely make out their features. I only saw the memories that had led us here. My heart hurt. My mind was a river, flowing from thought to thought, from past memory to future possibility, getting snagged on the stones of the past more than anything. "Breathe..." I heard a voice softly say to me. I did, but it didn't help. I didn't expect it to.

"It's almost time..." another echoed. "Are you ready?"

Ready? How could I be? How could you be ready for anything, when possibility has never taken your side once in all the years it has walked by you? Each time too close to the edge, each time letting you fall? We were on the edge once again, and I could already feel myself tipping over. A hand grasped my shoulder gently as I doubled over. It smoothed the lace down my shoulders, in what I assumed was meant to be a comforting gesture, but it felt like barbed wire.

"Are you going to be okay?" It was a simple question. The answer should have been simple too, and I could have phrased a decent enough lie if my memories had not grabbed me by the neck and suddenly I had become eleven again. Eleven, in that cramped classroom, as my teacher sneered down at me like a vulture, watching me sob as the class laughed and jeered. Nobody had asked me if I was okay then. Nobody had even cared. I thought of what was on the other side of that dark door, forcing me into shivers, and suddenly I was thirteen. Thirteen, and they were

gone forever. My joy had packed its bags that day, and left with the person who had promised me eternity.

Now it was being promised again. Would it be denied to me once more? Would I emerge from the dark, expecting light, only to be left in my present state? If that was so, there was no escape. Then I would send possibilities over the edge, lock myself in my heart and one day when I faced God, he would offer me memories and I would decline them.

I surrendered my gaze to my surroundings, the memories playing out like a film.

Some were painful, yes, and they stung like fury. But as I willed myself to search deeper, I found ones that made me smile. The further I looked, I found a greater quantity.

Not everything had to hurt, I realized. In fact, the memories which did not burned with a flame so bright enough to melt the frost the opposite had left.

I studied the room, felt the hand on my shoulder, saw their glowing faces filled with emotion. Real emotion, not some mask people saved to put on when they saw me.

Suddenly, the lace on my shoulders felt no longer like wire, but as if in an instant it could shape itself into wings and carry me into the sky. Even so, I didn't want to go to the sky. I wanted to go through the door. What was waiting for me on the other side- it could bring pain. More than likely it would. I didn't know it, had not experienced it. But I knew her. I had seen through her and into her heart, I had seen how it felt for me. Looking into the past, I saw the moments, felt the sentiments. Out of the blue, I was fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, every year, every memory flooding into my mind's river. The flood swept away the hurt. I rose.

"Yeah. I'm okay." I meant it.

"It's time." Someone said, and the voice did not fade away like a thought.

I faced the door, but it wasn't just a door, it was my future.

I took one more glance into the past. It worsened and healed the pain at the same time. It was hard to understand. But that was life, I decided at that moment. You have to accept the sorrow and welcome the triumph. I felt my hands drift over my head, adjusting the lace for the final time. If you push away your memories, you'll never be able to tell who to let into your heart. I knew with certainty for the first time, with every part of me, past, present, and future that I was ready to open mine. As I pushed open the doors with shaking hands, light rushed into my eyes, illuminating the sight in front of me. As I recognized it, the light flowed into my heart, radiating and burning brighter than I had ever felt in my life. She stood there like a swan, adorned in fine satin the colour of ivory. She could have been wearing anything at all and all I would have noticed were her eyes. They shone with every memory we had ever shared and begged me to come forward and create more. Tears fell from them and I knew without knowing that tears fell from mine too. I walked through rows of people, over pale rose petals and up marble stairs.

In lace and in satin. In love and in life.

There were so many words I wanted to say as the question was asked.

Yet gazing at her, with memories still in my mind, I only needed two.

And I saw forever in my heart as she responded the same.



PUZZLES

by: Max C.

FIND THE HIDDEN PHRASE IN THE PICTURES!



THE FINAL PUZZLE SHEET BY MAX C.

ONE FREE
Juicebox
IN CAFETERIA!!!



		3
4		
	3	2

MY LAME

GIVE GET
GIVE GET
GIVE GET
GIVE GET

995e
e999
e959
959e

FIND 9 MOVIES IN THE WORDS

ABTLITQRMNOS
ZLRMOSAWSOFN
NQINFGHNC PNO
ORNEDRIVEZTH
PZOZNOHEATYL
ERTBMOTQZZNA
TMTCCOSLMOL
DUNEFLOLLNOA
LMNOPQRPFMSQ
THECROODSSTV
MILVAZQPNUSF
OXWHIPLASHER
JAWSNTRZZOOM

12 GRADUATES
GOT LOST BE-
FORE THE
GER EMOYNY
FIND AND CIR-
CLE THEM

COLOR IN THE SCENE



move 1 stick to make true

$$7+5=5$$

move 2 sticks to make true

$$1=2+0$$

move 2 sticks to make true

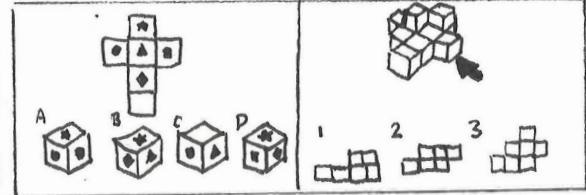
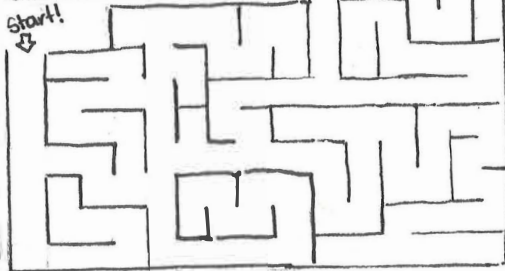
$$5-5=5$$

EXAMPLES
John Hancock
JOHN HANCOCK

Picasso
PABLO PICASSO
Jana. x
LADY DIANA
Obama
BARACK OBAMA

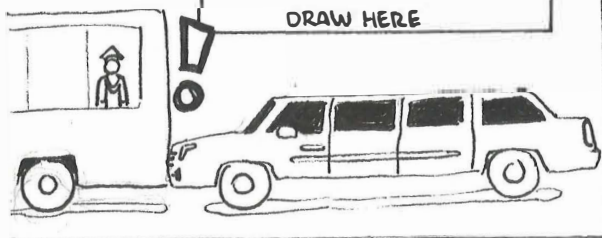
YEARBOOK SIGNING IS COMING UP! PRACTICE BY COMING UP WITH SIGNATURES FOR THESE NAMES.

RON BANANA
GERTRUDE GRAY
ELMER WU
SALATAR OBAMA



OH NO! YOUR GRAND
LIMO HAS HIT THE
PARTY BUS! DRAW
A NEW RIDE TO
GRAD!

DRAW HERE



1	2	3	4	5	6
7					
8					
9					
10					
				11	

ACROSS

- MUSICAL WITH JEAN VALJEAN, BREZELN
- EVIL INTENT
- MARKET PARTICIPANT
- HUNTER'S WEAR
- THERE MAY BE LOTS OF THEM AT A HYUNDAI DEALERSHIP
- DNA'S COUSIN

DOWN

- LICENSED MESSAGE THERAPIST (11 lets.)
- PLAY IT BY _____
- CUT ME SOME _____
- BETWEEN TAKEOFF AND LAND-ING
- NEWEST DRAKE ALBUM
- OUTER ORGAN MEMBRANE

BY MAX ALBI C.

THANK YOU!

