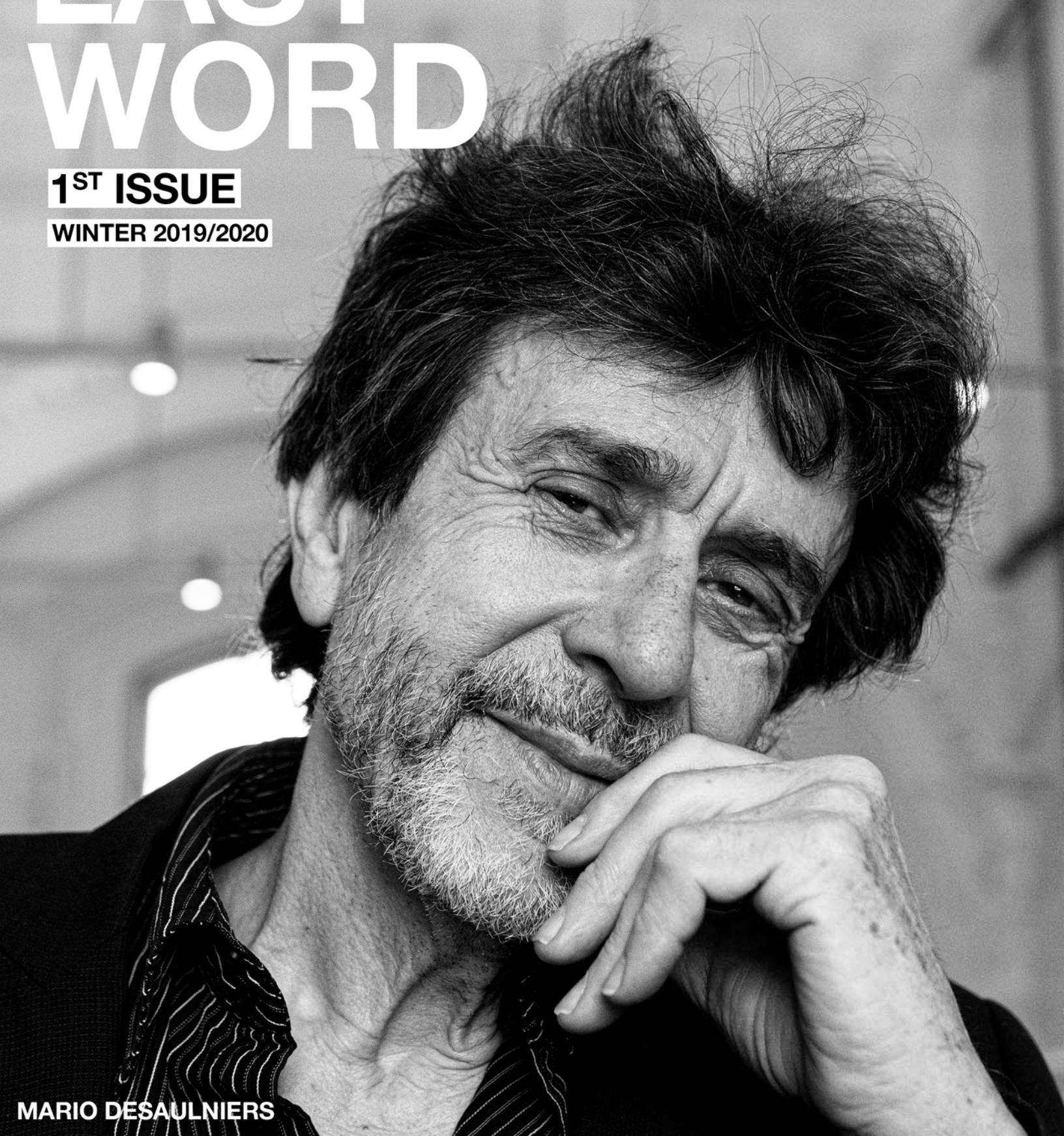


THE LAST WORD

1ST ISSUE

WINTER 2019/2020

**INSIDE
MARIO'S
WORLD**



MARIO DESAULNIERS

THE LAST WORD

1ST ISSUE
Winter 2019/2020

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EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

MING XI GU

THE LAST WORD - SECONDARY V ENGLISH NEWSPAPER

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1ST ISSUE WINTER 2019/2020

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MING XI GU



Inside Mario's World

Ming Xi Gu
Elsa Laferrière-Nguyen

Sixty-seven years ago in Quebec, the same time when Radio-Canada broadcasted television for the first time, when the incumbent Union Nationale, led by Maurice Duplessis, won reelection, and when Jean Béliveau made his NHL debut with the Montreal Canadiens, a child came to light in a small rail yard town named Fitzpatrick, 300 kilometres north of Montreal with a population of less than twelve, where grey bits of coal covered the wooden stairs leading up to a house of six. Like the bustling locomotives of Fitzpatrick fading into the horizon, the distant memories of a monotonous village are washed away little by little each day and replaced by what could only be called *l'imaginaire*.

Shortly after his birth, his family moved to Montréal, the buzzing metropolis that contrasts just too sharply with his home town of only three households. His withdrawn father buried his head in the newspaper à longueur de journée, while his mother, carrying the burden of a mental illness characterized by noticeable difficulties in social interactions, took care of Desaulniers alongside his three siblings. His parents praised liberal values and encouraged early independence and self-discovery in their children.

But, when it came to his teenage years everything the family had built up seemed to be deteriorating. At the age of merely fourteen he witnessed the passing of his father. The hinges that held the

family together loosened more and more. His older brother was later diagnosed with schizophrenia, hallucinations began to inhabit the living room and voices echoed around the back of his head. The sister was victim of a car accident and suffered a brain traumatism that caused her to sporadically lose control of her emotions. Violence, at times, was her way of expressing the inexpressible feelings that bottled up in her. The mother, unable to handle the emotional distress, fell into paranoia and soon started sensing the

pressure of an irrational gaze laid upon her, observing her every move. The series of events was far too overwhelming for a mere boy in his adolescence. The dysfunctionality of his family weighed heavily on his heart until he found a new space that catered to his interests, where he eventually found meaning amidst the spectacle of madness at home. It was university.

After being admitted to UQAM, a spirited Desaulniers gained considerable freedom and control over his life. He majored in religious studies and philosophy, subjects that had always been within his field of interest even though he does not consider being part of any religious institutions up to this day. It was around the same time when he supposedly discovered a cure for humanity's suffering and the lack of direction in one's life. For if everybody practiced



Mario Desaulniers at five years old, 1957, Chomedey, Laval



Desaulniers and his sister Camille, 1962, Mauricie

meditation, there would not have been as much chaos as there was. Though the plan never took off, it had proven itself effective in himself and played a pivotal role in his life. The feeling of being in concord with his milieu and the equanimity of meditation helped him conquer life's hardest moments. To this day, meditation still plays a part in his daily routine.

Back in university, Desaulniers was encouraged by an orientation counselor to complete a teaching diploma as a safety net in the job market even though he never intended to become a professor. Subsequently, he completed a few internships in the field, hopping from school to school, when an ill-mannered boy crossed the boundaries of one's composure and engaged in an altercation that resulted in Desaulniers' leave. He never planned on returning to teaching afterwards.

During his most active years, Desaulniers worked different jobs in architecture and urbanism until employment opportunities ran out. A friend then asked him to replace his position as a history teacher, where the main selling point was that students would be more attentive due to the ministry exams at the end of the year. Having no formal education in history, Desaulniers agreed to give teaching another try despite past impressions. However, the road he took was rather shaky. He was unable to find long-term stability at work, but kept on persevering for many years until a job opening had landed on his doorstep. An opportunity to teach at the prestigious Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf, one of the top ranking institutions in Quebec at the time, was a no-brainer for a religious studies and ethics professor. Desaulniers submitted his resume, fully aware of the erudite faculty



Desaulniers and his go-to snack, mandarins, 2019, Montréal

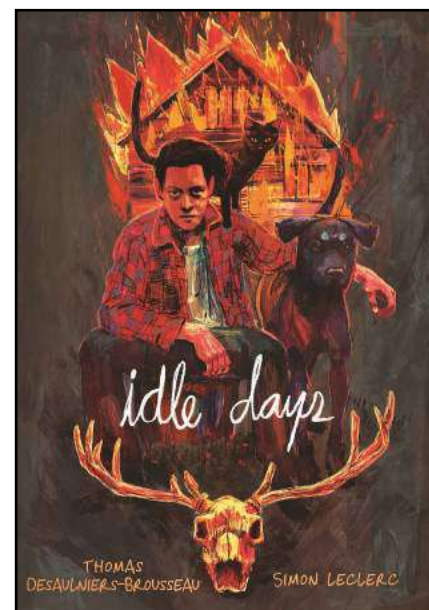
of the school and its well-mannered clientele. The response was quick. Desaulniers completed his first year rather smoothly and stayed for another nine years in an institution he had always set his eyes upon.

Back home, the family values in which Desaulniers grew up in are evidently reflected in his own family of five. Happiness and individual freedom are put atop of the list above academic and materialistic success. Married for 32 years to the same woman with three little ones of his own, he speaks with much pride when it comes to his family, which he considers to be his greatest achievement. One of his sons, Thomas Desaulniers-Brousseau, recently published a graphic novel titled *Idle Days* in the United States, featuring an expressionistic style of illustrations and a

profound story about emotional isolationism and war.

For the provocateur and the statistics man he is, Desaulniers wishes to leave behind memories of sincere relationships he has had with his students despite the unpredictability of his speech and the occasional gasp-inducing jokes. He wants his students to know that “malgré tout, je prenais ma matière au sérieux”, to not mistake his provocation for derision or disbelief in his curriculum. He believes in authenticity above all and that he was not to be putting on a mask when he speaks about what he holds dear to him. Life, he says, might appear chaotic and out of sync at times. But, somewhere amidst the madness is proper route to be taken, one that is filled with love, courage, and perseverance. Life, however certain we believe it is, can be as unpredictable as what he might cry out next. One can only adapt and make

the most out of it. And as of now, he would not trade what he has for anything else.





THE ARCHIVES



MING XI GU
SWAETA MIR

Since 1851, the members of the Society of Jesus have founded numerous educational institutions around Montreal, notably Collège Sainte-Marie, which became in 1969 a founding constituent of UQAM. In response to a growing demand of education for boys, a large piece of land in Côtés-Des-Neiges was purchased from Leslie Farms in 1909.

Two decades later, Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf was inaugurated, designed by renowned architects Dalbé Viau and Alphonse Venne, who have also conceived the plans for l'Oratoire Saint-Joseph and l'Hôpital du Sacré-Coeur.

**U
n
d
e
r**

Construction

1924



1930



Fresh Paint

The Collège offered *le cours classique* to boys around Montreal, an eight-year long pre-university program suited for liberal professions that focuses on literature, rhetoric and language with complementary courses.

Each year holds a name and area of focus:

1. Éléments latins
2. Syntaxe
3. Méthode
4. Versification
5. Belles-lettres
6. Rhétorique
7. Philosophie I
8. Philosophie II

Changes & Reforms

In 1986, Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf became an official secular institution following many reforms of previous decades. Father Louis Bourgeois was the last Jesuit *professor* to occupy a teaching position in 2005. Though there remains nonetheless two members of the *Compagnie de Jésus* in the administrative counsel until today.

According to the Fraser Institute, Collège Jean-de-Brébeuf ranks first overall among all secondary schools in Quebec with the highest global average in the last five years at 9.9 out of 10.

2018

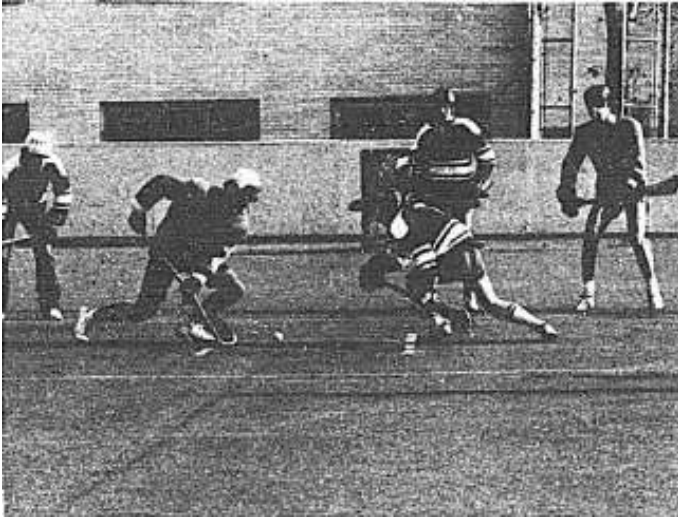




The Brébeuf Cadets



"République des As" Cinema Club



Brébeuf's lacrosse team, November 1971

As if injuries had yet to be invented, the 70s were a simpler time when a player's protective gear was limited to a hockey helmet and a pair of gloves. The cross is made of wood and is not nearly as resistant as the equipment used today.



Brébeuf's hockey team, November 1971

Helmets and mouth guards were not required to partake in the game of hockey. The coach's distinct fashion style was also typical of this era.



Students at the 1972 carnival initiation

Though the activities of this ancient tradition are much different today, the carnival has always been an event of fun and healthy competition between the students.



2 students competing against each other at Brébeuf's 1972 carnival



Les Contretemps, 1968 band

Brébeuf, with its focus on academics, has always provided its pupils with opportunities to pursue their passion through creative outlets such as music.

The Will of the Walls

Hostile Architecture and Social Control

Ephraim Durazo-Hernandez

You have undoubtedly seen examples of what I'm talking about every day, but never noticed them. Hostile architecture and unpleasant design are an integral part of our lives, hidden in plain sight; felt, but not noticed. They come in many shapes and have several uses, but their purpose is always the same: to exclude a group of people from a certain space in such a way that most people won't even notice.

Exhibit A, benches. Next time you sit on a public bench at a park or in an STM airbus, take a good long look at the slats, and think about why they're there. It's not to make them lightweight or cheaper to make, it's to stop people—specifically the homeless—from sleeping on them or sitting on them for too long.

The purpose of the slats, or in some benches pinholes, is to allow cold air to flow through and prevent body heat from warming them enough for them to be comfortable. Another example are cylindrical “armrests” that divide benches in half. This is to prevent people from lying down on them altogether. Not only does this defeat the purpose of a bench, i.e. to be a comfortable place to rest one's rear-end when tired of walking, in need of a rest or simply waiting for someone, it's also a blatant example of income-based discrimination. It's a way of hiding the problem of homelessness from the uncomfortable general public who dislikes being reminded of it just as much as they dislike giving money to shelters, which could help alleviate the issue.

Exhibit B, public bathroom lighting. Ever noticed the bluish glow of bathrooms in most gas stations, depanneurs or certain restaurants? That's not because of cheaper bulbs or for any aesthetic purpose: it's to stop people from drugging themselves in there.

The blue lighting is intended to make it difficult to find one's veins to poke a needle into. This doesn't always work, as many people will still try to inject themselves, increasing the risk of infection or injury. Worse, it turns out to be ineffective. The journal *Health & Place* interviewed 30 drug users about these bathrooms, of which 18 said they would still inject themselves in those conditions.



Parc René-Lévesque, here in Montreal, exhibits the subtle art of architectural hostility.

Of those 18, 11 said they were completely undeterred by the lighting. So not only is this, again, hiding the problem from the public eye, it's also ineffective and potentially even more dangerous. Fantastic.

Now we get to the most disturbing stuff. Fruitport High School is a new school designed by TowerPinkster set to open in two years in Michigan. TowerPinkster is not your typical architectural firm for a school, in that it usually specializes in airports and... prisons. Fruitport High, as any school, has its classrooms, lunchrooms and library. But it also has cover. Lots of cover. Nearly every glass pane in the place is bullet proof or at least reinforced. Its hallways are never straight, but rather dotted with arms of concrete designed to give kids an easy place to hide from yet another lunatic with an assault rifle. Yet, darkest of all is its reception desk, which the architect has chosen to call an “Educational Entry Panopticon”. This, while probably intended in a benign light, is truly terrifying. A panopticon is not something you'd associate with a school. It's more in line with TowerPinkster's other projects: prisons.

Fruitport is not the only place to be doing this. Southwestern High School in Indiana has smoke dispensers in the ceilings to blind a potential shooter.

Sandy Hook, infamous for the 2012 shooting, was completely remodelled. The new-and-improved building is an even better example of hostile architecture in that while it ultimately serves the same purpose as Fruitport's architecture, it nevertheless does a great job of hiding it. The whole building is now a slow curve, there are expansive gardens and natural light is prevalent.

However, cameras are now omnipresent, the glass panes are bulletproof and the gardens actually serve to distance the building from the street in order to give security more time to react. To top it all off, there is a literal moat around the building, disguised as a whimsical stream. Despite the effort put into disguising the purpose of these architectural elements, it remains obvious that the entire place is designed for violence. And we put children into what is effectively a brightly coloured prison without a second thought.

Similarly, there is a myth about modern colleges, often done in a brutalist style. Usually bunker-esque in appearance and displaying boastfully elaborate labyrinthine floor plans that require one to change floors at least twice to get anywhere, these are claimed



An abandoned panopticon prison in Cuba.

Panopticons

First thought of by **Jeremy Bentham**, an English philosopher and social theorist, **panopticons** are a type of prison built in a circle around a central guard post in a tower. This is so that the prisoners cannot know when they are being watched. It commands discipline through the paranoia it induces, and they put this in a school.

to be anti-student protest buildings built in response to the 70s and 80s protests. While the myth is probably unfounded, as the brutalist style actually emerged 20 years earlier and was motivated by the low cost of concrete. Another counterargument to this myth is the humanist and anti-authoritarian stance of brutalist architects. So maybe brutalism isn't it. But there is evidence of this type of design.

In the 1990s, an article appeared in the University of Texas at Austin's student newspaper, the Polemicist (now defunct). It described how, under chairman Frank Erwin, the University had redesigned public space to make student organization nearly impossible. They demolished gathering spots for agitators,

implemented photo IDs and strict regulations regarding movement around the campus. Dining areas had their lighting dimmed to discourage studying, and thus gathering. The furniture was changed to fixed or irregularly shaped pieces to make joining tables to accommodate large groups impossible. Television screens mounted to walls serve to remind students not only of scheduled events or sports results, but of the board's omniscience. They created a space which imposes discipline on itself. Erwin himself said: "I don't fund anything I can't control."

Thirty years later, who notices these things? Brébeuf also has dimly lit dining areas, tables that can't be joined to each other in the

high school recess rooms, wall-mounted screens and student IDs with photos. I've asked friends from other schools about this and nearly all have mentioned seeing these things without noticing them, or even questioning them.

Hostile architecture is not a new phenomenon. Those cone shaped structures on certain corners of old buildings are designed to splash urine onto someone attempting to relieve themselves there. But never before has society taken this practice so far and so thoroughly. We blind ourselves to society's problems by hiding them, and we don't even yet know what the long-term effects of this practice are.

FAKE MEAT, REAL CHEMICALS

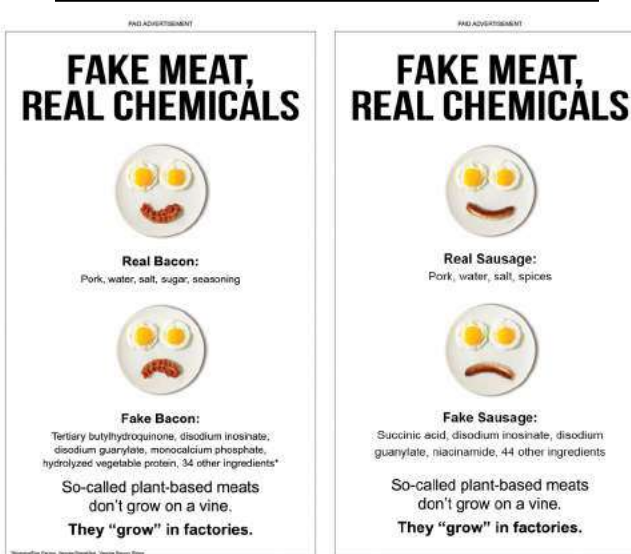
Nicolas Dostie

In the last few years, we have been witnessing the rise of fake meats throughout the world and even in popular food chains. Walk into the average supermarket and you will now see weird shelves full of processed vegan products that weren't there 10 years ago. From imitation chorizo sausages to plant-based burgers, the new fake meats have become uncannily realistic in both texture and appearance. But what are they really made of?

In late September of 2019, a group called the Center for Consumer Freedom (CCF), who specializes in consumership, posted two ads in the Wall Street Journal and the New York Post showing what really is in imitation meat. The title of their ads: "Fake meat, real chemicals". Readers were shocked to learn what really was in fake bacon and sausages.

Often, people are misled to think that fake meat is undeniably a healthier alternative to genuine meat. The truth is that to make it taste and feel exactly the same, unhealthy chemicals are often involved. After all, veggie burgers aren't grown in the ground, they are made in factories. Now, the name of the very ingredients are quite complex and confusing, but here are a few things you might not know that are lurking in most of your veggie burgers :

- **Erythrosine (or red #3)** : Red #3 is an artificial food colouring. In 1990, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) banned it from products such as cosmetics, since high doses of the substance were linked to cancer. However, it can still be used in foods such as fake meat.
- **Magnesium carbonate**: it is a colour retainer for food, but it is also used in flooring, fireproofing and fire extinguishing compounds. The only known side effect is that it may work as a laxative when consumed in high concentration.
- **Maltodextrin**: even though it comes from plants, it is a highly processed white powder. To make it, we cook starches, then add acids or enzymes such as heat-stable bacterial alpha-amylase, to break it down further. This one, in opposition to the others, has been approved by the FDA as "safe".



However, it would be good to know that the principal fake meat companies (Beyond Meat and Impossible Foods) don't contain any chemicals that have not passed the FDA "safety check".

After looking up all twenty-two ingredients in the Beyond Burger, it was interesting to learn that yes, it contains many chemicals, but no more than 2% per substance, and each of them unproven to have any issues regarding the health of their consumers. To replace the nutrients offered by an ordinary burger, the Beyond Burger uses pea protein isolate, while the Impossible Burger uses soy, just as tofu. Nevertheless, every product made by these companies is qualified as highly processed foods, since they are made with more than twenty ingredients

and go through many procedures and manipulations before being served.



Although they are plant-based, fake meats are not always healthier. Renee McGregor, a registered dietitian, points out that meat alternatives contain much more salt than actual meat. Also, they often contain more fat because of the use of vegetable oils. For these reasons, most nutritionists agree that **they can only be healthy to eat on occasion** and that they aren't

necessarily healthier than the ordinary burger, nor do they offer the same nutrients. We can consequently understand that **research has not proven fake meat, neither from Impossible Foods nor Beyond Meat, to be detrimental to your health.** The problem is, pea protein isolate, expeller-pressed canola oil, refined coconut oil, yeast extract, maltodextrin, natural flavours or gum Arabic don't always feel like meat to people's digestive systems.

In October 2019, Beyond Meat's signature "bleeding" plant-based veggie burger was on the menu of eleven food chains, including A&W. In some KFCs, customers can order Beyond nuggets and wings. Even Subway has introduced Beyond meatballs in its "Marinara sub".

One of the founders of Impossible Foods, Dr. Patrick Brown, has said that his vision is to eliminate the inefficient and cruel demand for animals as food. In an interview, he said, "We now know how to make meat better – by making it directly from plants".



Your neighborhood is an ailment to this city. Here's why.

Anonymous

Montreal is world-renowned for its urban landscapes, architecture and its eclectic neighbourhoods. From cultural and entertainment hubs to historical landmarks, Montreal is as versatile as it gets, with its growing eco-friendly lifestyle and technological growth. But, on the other hand, there are areas that are practically urban deserts, that offer no services and worsen the city traffic. Oddly, for no reason at all, a lot of students here happen to live in those neighbourhoods which can only be characterized as ailments to this prominent city.

Ville Mont-Royal / Town of Mount Royal

First off, how do you even get out of that place? Being at the centre of the island, it should host a variety of transit options in order to provide easy access for commuters traveling through it. But, it doesn't. Unlike the surrounding neighbourhoods which have a comprehensible and simple gridded street pattern, TMR spices things up by throwing in crescents, roundabouts and only three viable entry points for people wanting to avoid the enigmatic maze that lies inside: Graham, Lucerne and Rockland.



With the growth of Montreal, the four bus lines that serve this area are constantly packed. Quite frankly, with the climate crisis going on, you have to provide more options so that people can ditch their planet-destroying Toyotas and hop on public transport. And I get it, it's supposed to be a safe haven for wealthy

families who desire a suburban lifestyle close to downtown.

But come on, a fence? The fence between TMR and Park Extension, a low income neighbourhood directly east of TMR, has stirred controversy for years. But let's call this for what it is; it's a class divider and a physical representation of the affluent's contempt towards the low-income immigrant communities of Park-Ex. It prevents outsiders from the east easy access to TMR, thus safeguarding their arrogance and their goddamned country club. In a time where society is moving towards equity, this type of stuff makes you think the clock is somehow moving the other way around in this small suburban city.

Dear Evolution

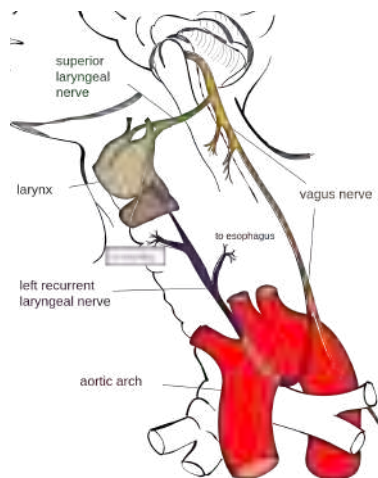
Or Why the Human Body Is a Flawed Design

Michael Ji

Dear Evolution,

I'm writing this letter to give my honest opinion on a few of your design decisions on this newfangled "human" species. I love how you're taking the basic primate build, making it stand straight and giving it a larger brain for greater cognitive abilities. The concept is great. Overall, I'm pretty happy with what you were trying to do. However, I have a few complaints as to all the sacrifices that had to be made to bring us a product like this - the cutting of corners, if you may.

First, I'd like to start off with a problem that seems to be pretty common among all our Tetrapods product line. Remember when all species on Earth were aquatic? Well, further research and development got them out of there, thankfully. But now, every species that walks has the same problem: the recurrent **laryngeal nerve** (you know, the nerve that connects to the larynx, that organ in the throat) has to do a ridiculous loop from the brain, around the aorta and then reaches the larynx.

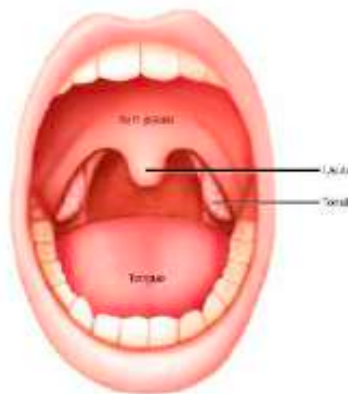


The engineering department calls this sort of design choice "whack". It is prone to damage and unnecessary. But I guess you didn't mind changing it from the original fish design, where brains were on the back of the spine... Perhaps they don't pay you enough or something.

Next, something rather new in contrast, are **wisdom teeth** (as the cool kids call

them). Now, I know they were really useful for when humans would eat raw meat. But now, it's mostly an inconvenience. Only 5% of humans can actually grow them properly, and the rest have to either pull them out, deal with crooked teeth or even have their jaws injured. I know they're rolling out new versions of humans without any wisdom teeth, but only 35% of them actually have this trait. Please accelerate the production of new human permutations.

Another thing that has to do with throats: don't you think **tonsils** are a bit worthless? I mean, I guess you could argue that they help with the whole immune system, collecting germs and killing them or whatnot. But frankly, it gets infected too easily. Over 10% of humans get that feature removed, and not without reason. Sore throats, sleep apnea and snoring are all problems that come with only a tiny gain in disease prevention. Not worth it, if you ask me. Please find a better way to prevent the entry of bacteria into the body and, in the meantime, remove tonsils from humans.



Tailbones are yet another dumb, vestigial feature from the past, and you best get rid of them somehow. I understand that tails are useful for balance when it comes to walking on four legs. But ever since primates stopped having to rely on it, it's become pointless to keep it below the spine. I mean, honestly, a few humans are even manufactured with a tail as a result of this decrepit gene! Not to mention that

fracturing a tailbone isn't uncommon since it kind of just pokes out, only protected by a thin layer of tissue. It's more of a burden than anything. Just another problem that wouldn't be there if you, you know, just removed it? It's not that hard - it'd probably save on resources since they wouldn't need to maintain it.

And finally, a truly idiotic organ that doesn't deserve to exist: the **appendix**. Honestly, what is it even for? It's a tiny, thin bit of intestinal tract, collecting bacteria and just waiting to burst. I am genuinely curious as to why it's there. Is it a remnant of an older iteration? I heard some people say it used to help primitive primates digest plants, and others claim that it stores useful bacteria for the digestive system in case it is suddenly emptied. But all those theories remain unconfirmed.



Why? Just, honestly, why? Millions of humans get it removed every year for appendicitis, and there are literally no observable consequences to its removal. That is, except for the enormous benefit of not risking it bursting and spilling all digestive contents into the body and potentially leading to even worse infections. 40% of humans who experience appendicitis don't even feel pain, so they can't even be aware that they're in danger, making it even more of a dangerous piece of gut to have. As far as I know, all humans have this organ, and this is unacceptable. Do remove it in your next design as soon as possible.

Sincerely,
A concerned entity

The Catalan Independence

Jennifer Liu

I asked him where he was from.
“Spain,” he said.
“Oh, so you’re Spanish?” I replied.
“Well, yes and no. I’m Catalan.”



OSCAR DEL POZO/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

I had the chance to meet a lot of people from different countries during the summer. Notably, a Catalan friend of mine who requested to stay anonymous. As Québécois, we should know a great deal about separatism. But, are we aware that it is still an ongoing struggle for others in the world? As esteladas, an unofficial pro-independence flag, fly at every corner of the autonomous territory and Spain faces one of its most important political crisis since its return to democracy, over 40 years ago, one wonders what could be the cause for such turmoil in the region?

Recently, tensions in Catalonia have been increasing due to the verdict of the Spanish Supreme Court about the sentence of nine separatist leaders. Indeed, schools are closed,

separatist leaders. Indeed, schools are closed, roads are blocked and an airport was stormed as Catalans manifested their disagreement with said sentence. But how did it get to this?

Catalonia is one of Spain's autonomous territories (according to my friend, it should be the equivalent political system of one of our Canadian provinces.) It joined Spain under the rule of General Francisco Franco, after the Spanish Civil War, but received full autonomy once more, after his death. Being one of Spain's wealthiest regions and producing up to 19% of the country's GDP, Barcelona, one of its cities, is one of the European Union's most loved and renowned tourist destinations.

Now, there are a lot of events that led up to this

Now, there are a lot of events that led up to this chaotic situation, so here is a brief timeline.

The first cries for independence rose when Spain was struck by an economic crisis in 2010. The Catalans had also been infuriated the same year by the cancelation of the interpretations of certain aspects of the 2006 Catalan statute of autonomy, which might have ended up conceding more rights to the region. Therefore, in 2011, Artur Mas, the then president of Catalonia, announced his decision to support the separatist movement. Despite Spain's 1978 constitution emphasizing the "indissoluble unity of the Spanish nation," the Catalan government has presided two referendums, labelled illegal by the Spanish



referendums, labelled illegal by the Spanish central government.

The first one took place in November 2014, where the government in place held a symbolic “non binding independence referendum”. According to The Guardian, more than 80% of voters opted for the initiative, although the participants represented only about half of the Catalan population, as the central government of Madrid had ruled the voting “illegal”. The legal fallout of Mas’s attempt was a ban on him holding office for two years.

Their second referendum was much more recent and could be considered one of the main causes for the tense situation in Catalonia right now. Indeed, in 2017, Carles Puigdemont, Mas’s successor, pushed ahead with a unilateral referendum, meaning that it was entirely the Catalan government’s initiative. Despite the infuriated opposition they received from their central government, the referendum resulted in a **90% support for separatism**, with a **participation rate of 42%**. It is worth noting that the then Prime Minister of Spain, Mariano Rajoy, had deployed the Spanish police force in the region. Therefore, thousands of police officers reportedly tried to impede the polls, held on October 1st, resulting in violence. According to several sources, this event caused great shame to the Spanish nation internationally, as well as being one of their worst political and constitutional crisis ever since the country established democracy after Franco’s reign.

Thousands of police officers reportedly tried to impede the polls, held on October 1, resulting in violence.

Puigdemont’s government, with agreement from 72 members of the 135 Catalan parliament members, signed the Declaration of Independence of Catalonia nine days later. This caused great turmoil amongst the central government and the Spanish senate and prompted president Rajoy’s government to take control of Catalonia, under article 155 of the Spanish constitution. Puigdemont’s cabinet was

sacked and key members, independence activists and 12 defendants were arrested and accused of rebellion, which may result in up to 25 years of prison. Rajoy’s government then dissolved the Catalan parliament and announced new elections, where all 135 seats were up for take. They took place in December 2017, but Rajoy’s direct rule was only lifted when the new Catalan government was officially sworn in, in June 2018.

Here, we have insights from a native Catalan. My friend, 19, is a student in computer science in Barcelona, one of the most prominent cities of Catalonia. We’ve asked him a few questions regarding the situation and here is what he had to say.

1. As a Catalan, what do you think are the reasons that your people want to separate from the rest of Spain? Do you personally think they are relevant reasons?

300 years ago Catalonia lost its governing institutions we had during medieval times and then the Spanish king forced Catalonia under the laws of the central power. Since then, Catalonia only had an auto government limited by the Spanish laws. There has always been people that wanted independence. But recent years, with the actions of the Spanish government, the number has increased exponentially. Compared with Spain, Catalonia is much more progressive, but we have to do what Spain says. We don’t have the autonomy to decide neither our taxes, nor our education system. I think what people want is to be able to decide their future, to decide where the money is invested and to participate in international organizations. I strongly believe they are relevant reasons. Shouldn’t a nation be able to or allowed to decide what is best for them?

2. What are the consequences of the manifestations on the population and what is the general public opinion towards the demonstrators? Do most people in your entourage support or oppose them?

During recent years Catalonia has made different manifestations to change the Spanish Constitution to be able to do a referendum to vote for the independence of Catalonia. They have always been pacific manifestations with no notable effect on the status of the population. Younger generations have seen their parents and grandparents getting ignored and how Spain “made fun of them”. Last week with the intolerable judgment of the Catalan politicians, [Catalonians went] outside and these new generation[s] that [have]

no fear started the [manifestations]. Although that is a minority of the population, police forces [are] punishing everyone and the central government is responding with repression. Last week, Barcelona finished [with] fire [between] guerrillas [and] the police and people [in] the manifestations trying to protect themselves. I don’t know what media outside of Spain is showing but Spanish media is manipulating the rest of the country by only showing what interests the Spanish government. There is nothing better for them than converting a political problem into a social one. All [the] people I know support the right of manifestation. Some of them supported what happened last week, others only the pacific part and others are against. However, we still respect each other for our thoughts.

3. Do you think things are in control by both parties (i.e central government and/or Catalan government)?

Of course Catalonia has [governmental] autonomy, but as I said before, it is limited by Spanish laws and can’t really decide most [of the] important things. I would say Catalonia is harshly controlled by the Spanish government. It would be really simple to end this situation. But Spain does not want dialogue with the Catalan government. They said that they will only discuss with the ex-president of the Generalitat de Catalunya (our government) who is exiled due to the fact he would be imprisoned if returns to Catalonia. And our actual president is getting ignored.

Now, what is the legal fallout of the situation? Indeed, the results of the trial for the 12 Catalan separatist leaders stirred up a lot of dissent amongst their fellow citizens. Notably, they were accused of “rebellion, sedition and misuse of public funds,” according to The Guardian. The longest sentence is up to 13 years of prison—as long a sentence as that of a rapist.

However, the question remains as to what will happen next. The movement has lost its momentum after the failed referendum, as all await the results of the trials. And despite Madrid’s attention over this issue, maybe the Catalan independence movement will regain strength in the future? Only time will tell.

Man up, Buttercup

Lucy Browne

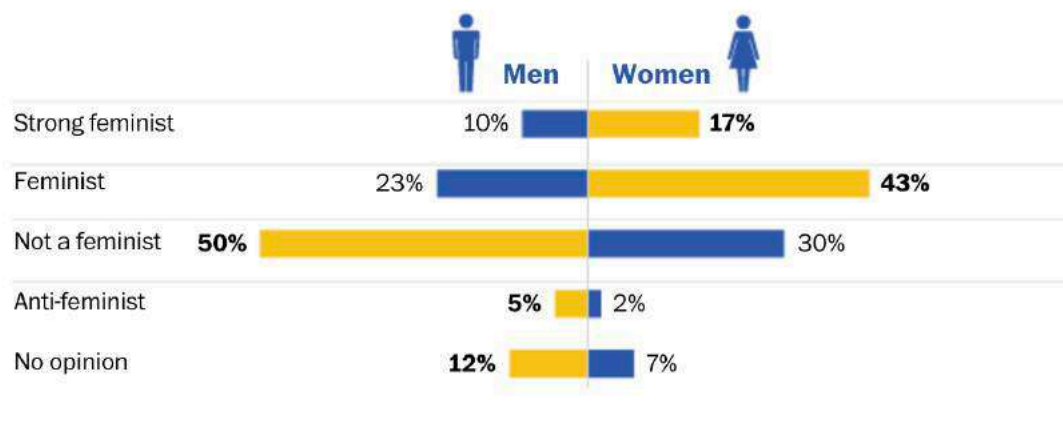
We live in a world of stereotypes. There's nothing we can do about it, and they'll always be there. All we can do is try to look past them. Some popular stereotypes include: "girls are weak" and "boys shouldn't cry." I find it fundamental to talk about the whole taboo of boys expressing their true emotions.

Granted, men and women are equal. That doesn't make them the same, especially in the way they're raised. Boys tend to be built to be strong, macho protectors that are always able to help those in need and stand up for themselves. Girls, however, are encouraged to show their feelings and vulnerability. These two worlds contrast so much that emotions have basically become a character trait determined by sex - which, might I add, is the very definition of sexism.

The display of emotions has become a taboo for boys, and this has affected women too. Think about it: how many times have you - or anyone else, for that matter - read a book in which the girl was crying over a boy because he didn't seem to care enough, or was "emotionally unavailable?" All. The. Freaking. Time! Let me give you a more concrete example: feminism. Not once have I seen any boy that I know ever speak up about this issue, whether it be online or in person. In my opinion, some men tend to be repulsed by the sole idea of feminism mostly because it's very human to want to stay in power and, naturally, that makes the vast majority of the feminist crowd women. Now, this next graph shows the scary part.

POLL Washington Post-Kaiser Family Foundation Poll

Q: Do you consider yourself to be a strong feminist, a feminist, not a feminist or an anti-feminist?



Although this piece isn't about feminism, I want to highlight the importance of understanding that it's about human rights and equity. These days, feminism is taboo because of the way people have defined it in the past, mostly with double standards in favour of women. I once read a quote that said: "Toxic masculinity is not the argument that men are toxic by simply being men. It is a critique of the way men are expected to adhere to certain gender roles within society at large that fit within a traditionalist framework that forces men to be dominant and powerful, which in turn, forces men to limit their emotional range down to faux stoicism and anger." In other words, these stereotypes are having too strong of an impact on men and, in turn, are affecting all of humankind.

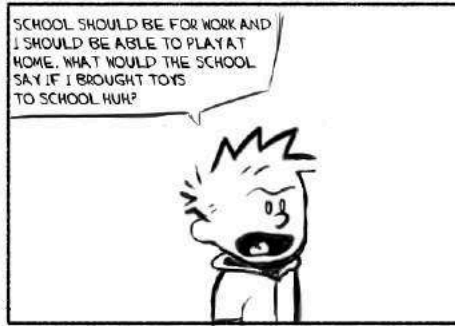
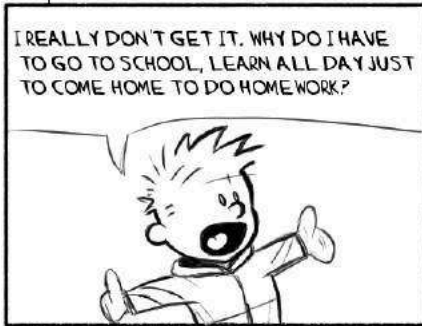
Back to the main point: boys put way too much pressure on themselves. And when they allow emotions to shine through, they get called "sissies," "girls," "pussies," "tapettes," and many others. As Audrey Nelson explained in her article in Psychology Today, "One of the Ten Commandments of masculinity is 'Thou shall not feel.'" This kind of mind-heart disconnect often starts when boys are in the early years of elementary school." This behaviour is beyond unhealthy as they have to keep everything bottled up. According to PMS, women are more emotionally intelligent than men. This fact is partly associated with parenting, which means men could be more emotionally intelligent if they were in an adequate environment.

In conclusion, the societal expectations of being macho don't help anything. This construct is being incredibly and undeniably destructive. Men should be able to feel comfortable enough to show their feelings, and society still has a long way to go until it can provide a safe and non-judgemental space for them to do so.

FILSON

For the aspiring
poets, artists
and dreamers

Adapted from Bill Watterson



Zi Zhuo Tang

A FROZEN HELL

Thien-Vu Truong and Albert Forget

The beams of light danced lightly on my grey arms as I lay in the powdery snow. It was cold. The kind of cold that filled one's heart. An empty cold. I smiled and waved... smiled and waved. I didn't know who I was waving to. Probably an old memory. I despised memories.

Arthur moved quickly and silently. The strong winds were freezing his limbs, but he was driven by a mad desire. The desire of immortality. His unbreakable silver sword rested at his side as he scrutinized his surroundings. He sensed that the beast was near and adrenaline pumped through his veins. Suddenly, the ground in front of him exploded as a gigantic anthropomorphic figure emerged from the icy waters underneath. It had dark cold eyes and scars covered its face and a small gem rested on its forehead. The crystal of eternity people called it. The Beast let out a thunderous cry and the ground trembled from its might. Arthur was laughing like a mad man as he drew out his

sword and dashed forward into the icy cloud that had formed all around him. An explosive surge of energy rushed to his legs as he threw himself onto the monster that was standing in front of him. He could feel the power of the gem radiating. A sudden cold numbness filled him as he approached the monster. Before he could react, he was blinded by a searing flash of white light and was repelled with immense force. The ice valley collapsed as vibrations rocked the tumultuous water that now formed a sinister whirlpool. His silver blade hit the ice and as it fragmented, his mind was torn apart. He tried reaching for the edge of the dark abyss that had formed under him but a powerful gust of wind sent him flying through the cloud of sparkling ice shards. As he fell, he felt something new, a feeling he hadn't felt since the day he had slung his sword on his back. He felt warmth. He smiled as a column of ice crushed him as it hit the foamy water with a mighty shock, sending waves of pure energy rippling through the sea.

Dawn set down and the everlasting ice was reborn.

They say that death grants eternal emptiness. Well, I was pretty sure that I wasn't dead. I also couldn't say that I was alive. I could feel physical sensations, but inside I was empty. I was also cold. Very cold. When I woke up, I was laying on a bed of fresh snow. There was a small gem in my hand. It took me a while to realize that my dream had come true. I was eternal. Eternal is a word full of hope, which is ironic because I couldn't feel anything anymore. I had lost what made me human to gain eternity. I was stuck in these frozen lands. They were eternal just like me. I was finally free, delivered from the limits of the human condition and the human world. I never thought that freedom could be so cold and empty.

Complicity

Rafidah Chowdhury

*A faint doorbell sound emanates off-scene, from the right.
Agatha, dressed in her usual professional attire, is tending to her potions.*

AGATHA. *Slightly looks behind her.* Come in.

*The sound of the manor gates creaking open and of heavy rain is heard, from the right. A young man, breathing heavily, walks up to the scene.
Sir Madry bows out of respect... and tire. His breath slowly goes back to normal.*

LUCIFER. Milady, I---

AGATHA. You're late.

LUCIFER. I'm sorry.

AGATHA. "A human mistake"... is what I would tell most of my visitors. To you, I remain apathetic.

LUCIFER. I've benefited from your help before. They still don't know who killed Roger Ackroyd.

AGATHA. *Quizzically, yet of sharp tone.* Is that so? Or did they simply put the blame on a scapegoat?

LUCIFER. Erm...

AGATHA. *Sighs.* Never mind. As long as I don't have to poison you for putting my name on the line.

LUCIFER. I don't even know your full name, Agath---

AGATHA. And for a very valid reason, that is, too. That's Ms. Zagadka to you, young man. Well, on to business. The target is?

LUCIFER. A former friend of mine.

AGATHA. Oh my. Do you plan to end one of the few people that bother for you? Or... do you speak of treason, perhaps?

LUCIFER. *Faking an injury, places palm over in heart.* You wound me, milady. I do not lack true friends.

Pause.

I do, however, have unspoken enemies. *Resumes wry smile.* Indeed, I am referring to a backstabber more than a comrade. I was almost murdered last night.

Agatha tries vainly to contain her shock. She lets out a small gasp.

LUCIFER. I heard that.

Yet smiling

AGATHA. I'm only slightly concerned about the safeguarding of my identity. Do you suppose that said "friend" knows about your dirty work?

LUCIFER. Said like so, you make me feel like a man devoid of honour. Do I mean so little to you?

AGATHA. ... *Subtly looks behind her, and then back to her vials.*

LUCIFER. Your silence speaks millions.

He smiles again.

AGATHA. *Sharply.* The question seemed rhetorical.

LUCIFER. You do treat me less coldly than your other clients.

AGATHA. *She turns around to face him, tilts her head to the side and raises an eyebrow.* You keep up with your clever words and I'm afraid I'll have to ask Giuseppe to escort you out, sir Madry.

LUCIFER. Spiteful, as always, yet you ask me for protection.

Silence.

AGATHA. *Turns away.* Giuseppe, get sir Madry some scotch.

Sound of footsteps.

LUCIFER. It is ironic, no? I know of your reputation to poison certain clients' drinks, and yet I can never refuse yours.

AGATHA. *Nonchalantly.* Well, perhaps you trust me, by now.

Silence.

AGATHA. So. *She turns back to her vials.* Must the poison look accidental, self-intended, or do you wish to frame someone?

LUCIFER. I think I'll play nice, this time.

AGATHA. How odd. You always put up such a wild goose chase for that Belgian detective.

LUCIFER. Well, perhaps I had a change of heart.

AGATHA. Or... you still care about that friend, despite everything.

LUCIFER. *He smiles as he nods in slight embarrassment.* You are as quick as you are charming, milady.

AGATHA. Sir Madry. Do not. *She mutters to herself.* Hm, a natural source, then. About... 50 millilitres... should do the job quite well.

Reluctantly, a smile lightly carves her face.

Sir Madry grins.

AGATHA. *She snaps back to her straight face. She barely turns her head to face him as she asks,* Do you wish to have him agonize over the treatment or a quick death?

LUCIFER. Now, now, I do not project that much mercy, do I?

AGATHA. "A change of heart", you say. *She scoffs.* Right, cyanide it is.

She lifts a bluish vial with a pill inside.

LUCIFER. The usual strychnine mushrooms won't do?

AGATHA. If you wish for a spotless murder, then I expect you'd know about the side effects of a fungal death.

LUCIFER. I suppose you have a point. But... cyanide doesn't hurt.

AGATHA. I've added my personal touch. *She makes eye contact.*

LUCIFER. You're a psychopath. *He smiles, lightly shocked.*

AGATHA. I'm your resource. *She sharply retorts.* You need me for your troubles.

LUCIFER. That's fair. But you're still of perverted sentimentality. *His voice is dripping with honey.*

AGATHA. *She sarcastically flutters her eyes in theatrical shock.* And, all of a sudden, that bothers you?

Silence.

AGATHA. *Pokerface.* Hm. I assume you have the requirements?

LUCIFER. 300 pounds and my word.

He hands her a briefcase.

AGATHA. *She opens it.* Still, you haven't betrayed me yet. *She lowers her head and smirks.*

LUCIFER. Is that a smile---

AGATHA. *Swiftly, as she raises her head to face him.* No remarks, Lucifer. I have yet to kill you like the rest of my clients, lest you make one wrong move.

LUCIFER. *Momentarily lowers his head, resigned, before bidding goodnight.* I suppose I'll be heading home then. Goodnight, Ms. Zagad--

AGATHA. Erm. *She clears her throat.* Call me Agatha. Agatha Christie.

They both smile.

AGATHA. Goodnight, Lucifer.

LUCIFER. Goodnight, milady.

*He grabs his hat and trenchcoat as he heads for the left side of the scene.
Agatha's eyes follow his trajectory, a faint smile still echoing on her melancholic face.*



The Scarlet Emperor

By Albert Forget

In His dream, He revisited an old memory. That of a few peasants, who came to give Him their offerings. Oh, how they insulted Him with their worthless gifts. How dare they stand before Him, in His golden palace, a palace fit for a god, with their worthless lives? There were a thousand others like them, and God-King Redall despised that which was superfluous. If they could not distinguish themselves from trash, then they would be dealt with as trash. As He waved His hand in the air, so as to say "take them away", the bodies fell to the ground, all of their blood already floating in the air towards the Scarlet One. If they had no use in life, then they would have one in death.

Suddenly, the scene shifted. Instead of three miserable peasants, half a dozen of armored knights stood in their place. Their gold and silver-plated armor shone as bright as the sun, and the design of their emblem was familiar, yet unknown to Him. Before He could ask the insects to identify themselves, they marched slowly towards Him, unsheathing their blades. These usurpers hoped to harm Him?

He chuckled.

No mortal could lay a finger on Him, He who had battled against Titans, He who had hunted and slain Leviathans out of mere boredom. Surely, these fools had a death wish, as they could not hope to damage a single strand of His coal-black hair. But He decided to humor them for a while; perhaps they would prove to be quite entertaining. And even if they tried to harm Him, His royal guards would swiftly deal with--

Wait. Where were His royal guards?

He looked around. The immense throne room, once filled with at least dozens of guards at a time, was empty. Had these bugs already dealt with them? Perhaps He had underestimated the advancement of mortals and their combat prowess. Was it possible that mortals now wielded magic that could rival that of the gods? Was He in some sort of pocket dimension? No, mortals could not possibly wield such power. They were not allowed to wield such power. And on the off chance they did, then He would make sure to remove such threats.

As His mind continued to race around, trying to comprehend the situation, one of the armored knights spoke: "God-King, Supreme Savior, Beast Slayer, Scarlet Emperor... those are but a few of the titles you imposed upon yourself. But today onwards, you shall be known as Redall, The Imposter. You are no king, you are no emperor, you are no savior and you are most definitely no god."

As The Scarlet Emperor stood up, filled with rage against the insolence He was facing, an arrow flew past Him. He laughed. They tried to harm Him, with a mere arrow? How idiotic. He knew that some would always contest His power, but for mortals to fire arrows at Him... Truly it was a humorous happening that He could have never foretold.

"You must be wondering, Scarlet One, where all your loyal servants went," said the knight who fired the arrow. "Well, wonder no longer." As he said this, he turned to the opened doors of the palace, an immense crowd having gathered outside. Dozens, no, hundreds of people stood outside the palace, calling for the end of His reign.

Fools. All of them.

When He had taken on the mantle of King, He knew it would not be easy. He knew that there would always be those who would contest His right—no, His obligation—to rule. He knew that not everyone would accept His salvation. He would just have to weed out those who desired instability. But to think that everyone would turn against Him... preposterous! Perhaps He had been too lenient with His punishments. He would have to make them fear Him once more, instil respect into their very souls. How many would He have to kill to make that happen? Perhaps half of them would be enough...

Suddenly, He felt a warm liquid on his cheek. He put a hand to his face, and looked at it.

Blood. His blood.

Even though He towered above these mortals, both physically and mentally, they had made Him bleed? No, this was most unacceptable. Surely, He was dreaming. When He'd wake up, He'd make sure a good number of mortals paid for this nightmare. Without so much as a warning, the battle began. The Scarlet Emperor was used to being much faster than

His opponents, so their dodging of His attacks was more than surprising... and even more so annoying. But one of them managed to strike Him, and it was then that He, the rightful ruler of this world, had lost it. Yet, as much as He tried,

The God-Emperor was unable to land a single attack on any of His opponents. He seemed to be slowing down... The former Beast-Slayer could feel His grip on reality loosening.

The crowd outside was starting to spill into the palace, surrounding the emperor, leaving Him no chance to escape. His reign would end, no matter the sacrifices. The fighting had been going on for a few minutes now, and they had Him cornered. Victory was within their grasp... "Feeling the effects of that curse, o Scarlet One?" asked one of the ranged knights, firing off a spell now and again. "I made it specifically for you. You must feel so special, being the center of the world and all. I say curse, but it really is more of a poison. A single cut was all we needed."

All of a sudden, the Scarlet Emperor grinned. "You mortals always slip up when you think you've won... So, it spreads using my blood?" Without a moment's notice, His blood burst out from Him, forming crimson weapons and armor. "Did you really think you'd be able to defeat me in my own domain? You fools are nothing more than insects, and you are unfit for this palace."

The massacre started faster than one could blink. Within the time span of a single second, 20 had already fallen. His Blood-Blades cut deeper than any steel and pierced through even the toughest armor. The Knights could barely hold Him back, needless to mention all the peasants who passed the gates of Death before realizing it.

The end of the revolutionaries was nigh, as only three of the Knights were left, the corpses of their compatriots surrounding The Scarlet Emperor. Most of the peasants had made a run for it... though very few had survived. As He dropped the corpse of his latest victim, He slowly turned towards His next one. But He began to feel heavier and heavier, His limbs becoming more difficult to move with each passing second. He looked at his right arm and noticed that it had a more whitish tone to it than usual... And then darkness overtook Him.

Sometime later, He awoke. All was dark around Him, and He couldn't really move at all. Had He died? No, that was impossible. He tried to move, this time with more effort, and heard the sound of sundering bones. As light reached His eyes, He saw that He was now surrounded by shards of yellowish-white bones. He looked at His body, removing the bits of bone still attached to Him, and proceeded to further observe His surroundings.

He was in the same throne room as before, but it gleamed less. Much less. In fact, there seemed to be cracks here and there in the walls. Absolutely unacceptable. But what was even more unacceptable were all the white, somewhat yellowish statues filling the palace. Some of them were in pieces, others completely shattered. He'd make sure His valets clean this mess within the next two days.

Suddenly, The Scarlet One heard a screech of terror. He turned and took a moment to notice the shaking being at His feet. As He reached down to grab it, it ran off deeper inside the palace. He followed it, rather amused, and soon was led to a small gathering of people.

It seemed there was an infestation of vermin, and He was beginning to feel the effects of starvation. He hadn't gone hunting in a while, and doing so would be a great way of dealing with all His pent-up anger..

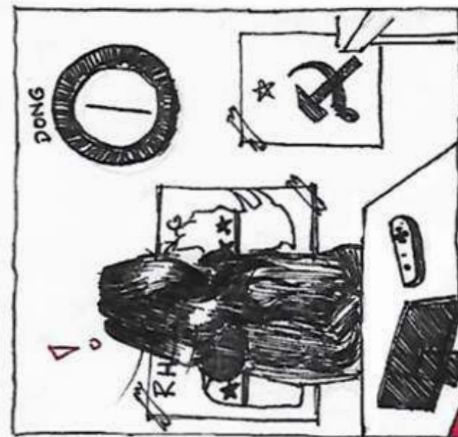
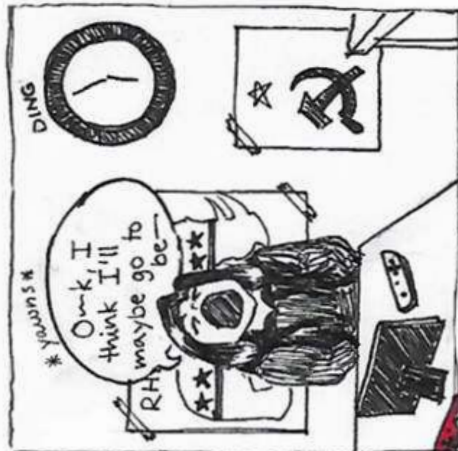
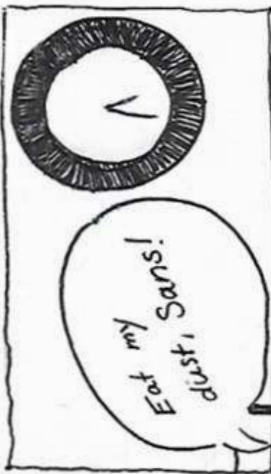
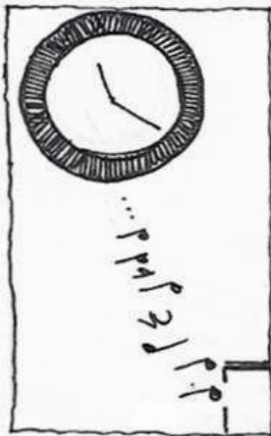
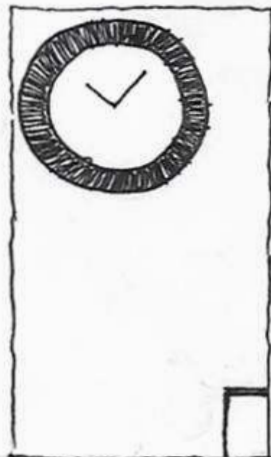
Sin-g

by S. D.

I'M STANDING HERE NAKED
STRIPPED OF THE SKIN THAT ONCE BELONGED TO ME
THOUGHTS TRAPPED IN MY MIND
LIKE THE VERSES BETWEEN THE CHORUSES
I'M TRYING TO RUN AS QUICK AS I CAN
TO THE TUNE OF THE LULLABY
BUT THE TEMPO WASN'T FAST ENOUGH
THE BEAT WASN'T STEADY
THE VERSES WEREN'T READY
THE SINGER WAS SHAKY
SO YOU CAUGHT UP TO ME
AND YOU FORCED ME ON THE TIP OF YOUR END
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND BUT YOU MADE ME BEND
IT WAS LIKE A SONG AT THE TIP OF YOUR TONGUE
SOMETHING KNOWN BUT LONG GONE, UNSUNG
I SCREAMED AND CRIED OUT IN PAIN, OFFBEAT
BUT YOU KEPT PUSHING TO THE SOUND OF MY HEARTBEAT
YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER SINGING AN OUTRO
LEFT ME HANGING ON THE BRIDGE
BLOOD RUSHED OUT OF ME
LIKE THE LYRICS THROUGH MY LIPS
I'M STANDING HERE NAKED
STRIPPED OF THE SKIN THAT ONCE BELONGED TO ME
LIKE A SONG WITH NO HARMONY,
LIKE A SONG WITH NO SYMPHONY.

"But I studied! I swear!"

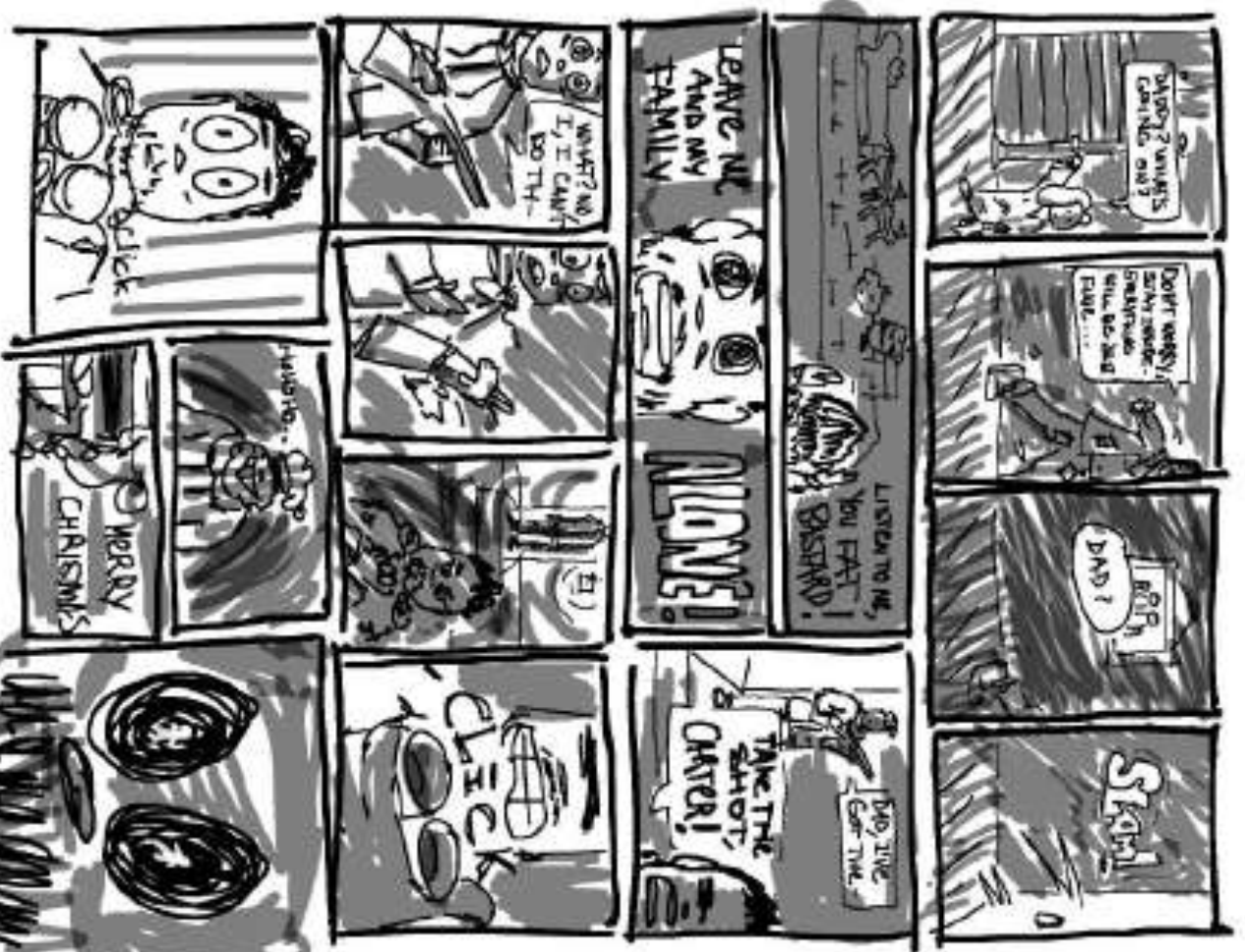
Sunday, Oct. 20



*: from statistics he trusts.

a christmas miracle

animation by zalink!
adaptation by m



Secondary

Student Survey

We asked some questions to our finissants.

Here are the results.

Among the respondents:

51% are male.

36% are female.

13% self-proclaimed "other".

As of December 20:

8% are 15 years old.

77% are 16 years old.

15% are 17 years old.

Here are the most popular neighbourhoods:

Laval	14%	Ville Saint-Laurent	8%
Ville Mont-Royal	14%	Verdun/ÎDS	6%
CDN/NDG	13%	Le Plateau	4%
Outremont	10%	West Island	4%
Rive Sud/Longueuil	9%	Westmount	3%

In their families:

45% have 1 other sibling.

11% have 4.

25% have 2 siblings.

18% are only children.

1% has 3.

Languages are a big deal:

43% can speak 3.

18% can speak 2.

36% can speak 4.

4% can speak 1.

Additionally,

71% sont francophones.

29% are anglophones.

In our cohort,
74% were born in Canada.
26% were not.

After nearly 5 years of secondaire,
45% said **Secondaire 4** was the best.
26% said **Secondaire 5**.
14% said **Secondaire 3**.
12% said **Secondaire 2**.
3% said **Secondaire 1**.

At school, their favourite subjects include:

Mathematics	17%
English	14%
French	13%
Chemistry	12%
Physics	10%

Their favourite teachers of Secondary 5:

Patrice Racine
Louis-Philippe Authier
Mario Desaulniers
Melissa White

Best teachers EVER include:

Éric Jasmin
Amélie Dorais
Richard Michon
Louise Lamothe

And their moyenne générale étape 1?

Above 90%	8%
80-90%	54%
70-80%	29%
Below 70%	9%

On another note,

56% reported having high stress levels.
14% felt the opposite.
30% are in the middle.

69% of students would still **choose Brébeuf**.
31% would **choose elsewhere** if they had the chance
to do it over again.

Where do they plan on going next?

Brébeuf	60%
Marianopolis	15%
CEGEP de Saint-Laurent	6%
Dawson	4%

And the program of choice?

DEC Sciences de la nature	25%
Sciences, Lettres et Arts	20%
BI Sciences de la santé	15%
BI Sciences pures/appliquées	10%
Arts, Lettres et Comm.	2.5%

And university plans include:

McGill	45%
Université de Montréal	20.5%
In Europe	10.3%
No University	6.4%
In the United-States	5%

UQAM	2.6%
Outside of Québec	2.6%
HEC Montréal	1.3%
Université de Laval	1.3%

On a less serious note,
74% participate in extracurricular activities and
43% are in an active sports league.

And the most popular sports include:

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Ski | 5. Rugby |
| 2. Tennis/Badminton | 6. Volleyball |
| 3. Basketball | 7. Fencing |
| 4. Soccer/Hockey (tied) | 8. Lacrosse |

Their favourite off-campus eats:

- 1. Boucherie de Paris**
- 2. Pizza Way**
- 3. McDonald's**
- 4. Quesada**

The most time-consuming websites?

- 1. YouTube**
- 2. Instagram**
- 3. Messenger/Facebook**
- 4. Reddit**
- 5. Netflix**
- 6. Snapchat**

As for a few other things,
66% use reusable water bottles,
1 out of 11 people owns a Nintendo Switch, and
44% go to brunch on weekends.

Here's a list of some of their favourite musicians.

Angèle	Elton John	Niska
Ariana Grande	Frank Ocean	Pink Floyd
Avicii	Gucci Skadouchi	PNL
Beyoncé	Imagine Dragons	Post Malone
Billy Joel	Jacques Brel	Queen
Céline Dion	John Mayer	Rilès
Charlebois	Kanye West	Shawn Mendes
Coldplay	Kendrick Lamar	Tame Impala
Dadju	Lana Del Rey	The Beatles
Damso	Lil Peep	The Killers
Dean Martin	Lil Tjay	Trippie Red
EastNewSound	Lizzo	Tyler, the Creator
Ed Sheeran	NF	Youngboy NBA

THE LAST

WORD

1ST ISSUE

WINTER 2019/2020

FEEDBACK

Detach this page and hand it to your teacher once it is completed.

1. How would you rate the first issue of *The Last Word*?

(From 1 = meh to 10 = awesome)

2. What were your favourite pieces?

(Write the title only)

3. What was your favourite design element? (Be as specific as possible)

4. Would you like to see more fiction or non-fiction?

5. What would you like to see in the next issue?

Thank you for your feedback!

**If you wish to participate in the making of the next issue, contact
Melissa White at
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