

final issue 2017

THE  
BOLT

# THE POWER OF WRITING

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## A TALE AS OLD AS TIME

By Taris Breau

For all of you not wanting to read this entire review, I'll let you know now that I gave *Beauty and the Beast* an 80%. As for the rest of you, feel free to read on.

The classic Disney movie I have been waiting months to be released as a live action film has finally arrived. *Beauty and the Beast* came out a few weeks ago, and my friends and I flocked to the theater as soon as we could afford it, arriving early to beat the crowd. While this didn't turn out as we hoped, with the theater practically full (this doesn't happen too often where I live, especially on a weeknight), we managed to snag a couple of decent seats and prepare ourselves to watch one of our childhood favourites.

There's a lot to live up to when it comes to remaking a classic, though for something

so well-known, they actually did a pretty good job. It all began with the classic story, but with a twist. We all know how it goes: an old woman knocks on the castle door, the Beast refuses her, and she curses him. But re-watching that now leaves me with so many questions, like why would you curse a child for not letting a stranger into his home, or why didn't a servant answer the door, and how on Earth did the entire village just forget that there was a castle through the woods and a monarchy that ruled over them? This new version has changed the story just enough for all of these things to be answered, filling plot holes that had me pondering for years.

All of the actors did a brilliant job, and with the extra backstory, we were able to get a better understanding of the characters, specifically the Beast. We learned what made the Beast who he was, a person raised and twisted into a monster that the enchantress had good reason to curse. He wasn't just a child who refused an

old woman but a shallow prince who cared only for himself. This version allowed for actual character development. The Beast began as someone who only loved himself and turned into someone who eventually earned the love of a kind and intelligent woman, whereas the classic really just shows a child growing up as someone who's considered a beast. Belle, too, gained some backstory and extra personality that made her much more interesting, including some answers to the mystery of her mother.

While I truly enjoyed these changes, with all of these new additions, there were a few things that I found put me off from the movie. Some of the songs felt strange, partially because I didn't know them like I did the old ones, while others just felt kind of off. Maybe they'll just take some getting used to, but from my two views, I'm not sure it'll happen too quickly. I also found that while the majority of the movie looked spectacular, a few characters and scenes didn't look amazing, two being

Mrs. Potts and Chip, as their faces seemed slapped on. Most of my problems, though, are small ones, and I noticed them less the second time I saw it.

With this all in mind, I still can't decide which version of *Beauty and the Beast* I prefer. I obviously loved the original; I will always enjoy it, but the way the new one added such important aspects made me enjoy the new one as well. Each version has something to bring to the table, and I'll probably just appreciate each one just as much as the other. As for all of you, I feel that if you're a fan of the original, then this is something you should watch, whether it's in the theatre or at home. It brings forth the nostalgia of the classic as well as the thrills of a new story. It gave the old tale a burst of energy, refreshed the songs, gave new actors a chance to step into these beloved roles, and brought me back to my childhood. While it may not be my all-time favourite movie, I don't doubt that I will watch it a dozen or so more times in the future.

## WOULD YOU SMARTEN UP ALREADY?

By Allison Crawford

Well, it is the end of March, and tomorrow will be April 1st or April Fool's Day as everyone back at home likes to say. It seems like April Fool's Day is not quite as popular or well-known here in Europe as it is back home in North America. I've had the opportunity to ask my flatmates if they know what April Fool's Day is, and they just look at me strange and ask, "what is it?". I shouldn't really be surprised or shocked to hear that, as even St. Patrick's

Day isn't popular here in Iceland, even when you take into consideration how much Icelanders like their alcohol (the use of the word "like" may be an understatement). The country of Iceland and its population is also miniscule in comparison to the rest of Europe; my flatmates are not all Icelandic as they come from places like Finland, Germany and Belgium, all of which are alcohol-loving countries (I totally know that I am being very biased and conforming to stereotypical beliefs).

If you haven't heard already about how variable the weather in Iceland can be, I just tell you right now that it is very bipolar; it can be nice and sun-

ny (such a rarity here in Iceland, it seems) one minute, and within the next few seconds, a grey-coloured sky with stormclouds quickly rolls in like a herd of cattle being rounded up from the grazing fields. This is definitely one thing Edmontonians have in common with Icelanders, since the weather of our region is also very unpredictable and may go from one extreme to the next.

Yesterday was a considerably nice day with the sun shining, minor cloud coverage, and a slight breeze just when you needed it. With the weather forecast being rainy the next four days, the semester winding down (already!), and having two final projects looming over me like the Grim Reaper, I decided to go for a stroll around town instead of being locked up inside, sadly looking out the window while attempting to work productively. My mini-excursion ended up being two hours long, and boy, was it great. While strolling around town, I took pictures of the different coloured cro-

cuses that have been popping up out of the ground (I guess spring is here in Reykjavik), and walked up and down unfamiliar streets wherever my eyes and mind took me. However, during these two hours, the weather constantly changed, never being able to decide what exactly it wanted to do. It went from being sunny with no clouds, to cloudy with no sun, to short periods of hail, to lots of wind, and then no wind at all. As I got home, I was greeted with a cotton candy-coloured sky with the sun setting in the near distance. Later, with the sky being crystal clear, I was lucky to finally catch a magnificent show of the northern lights right outside my front door.

Now with the weather forecast calling for rain all weekend, I hope the decision to go for a walk around town was worth it; however, can the weather and forecast ever be right? Or may I just call it an Icelandic April Fool's Day joke, cause seriously, could the weather just smarten up already?



# HOW TO LOSE OR GAIN WEIGHT (THE HEALTHY WAY)

By Adam Schuster

I hope you are all doing excellent. With finals just around the corner, this also unfortunately means that this will be my last article of the year, and in light of this, I wanted to go out with a bang and cover something a little controversial as well as provide some information that can hopefully help some people out. This final article will be covering weight loss and weight management for long term optimal health.

Now first off, MAJOR DISCLAIMER! This is by no means a one-size-fits-all guide, because everyone is so different. In-

dividual hormonal differences, sex differences, genetics, lifestyle, and dietary choices all affect the subject of weight in some way. My only intention here today is to shed some light on the subject and hopefully provide some new information to help some people out. In my humble opinion, most of the information about weight management that we are fed is complete trash. Growing up, we are told just eat healthy, skip dessert, and make sure we are exercising enough, or something like that. What does this really mean though? How much exercise is enough? Or how much food is enough food? The reality is that the majority of people don't know how to answer these questions, and how can we blame them when they were never really taught? Today, I want to provide an alternative to some of the nonsense out there. This isn't a gimmick, crash course diet, or



a product, nor is it a temporary solution. This will, however, provide you some simple skills on how to eat effectively.

Let me introduce you to macronutrients, or macros for short. You may know these as carbohydrates, fats, and protein. Why are these important? You may be interested to know that adding all of these up throughout the day will give you your total daily caloric intake. Knowing this number can be very beneficial and give you a great point of reference of where to start. Why count, you may ask?

Well, simply put, counting calories gives you a number to adhere to. It's not guessing or taking shots in the dark. You have a number that, over time, will help you understand how it affects your body in terms of losing, gaining, or maintaining your weight. I recommend two useful tools for this to work: a free app called MyFitnessPal, which tracks your caloric intake for you, and the BMR calculator found on [www.bmi-calculator.net](http://www.bmi-calculator.net), which will get you your BMR as well as daily caloric needs. To find your number, you will first need

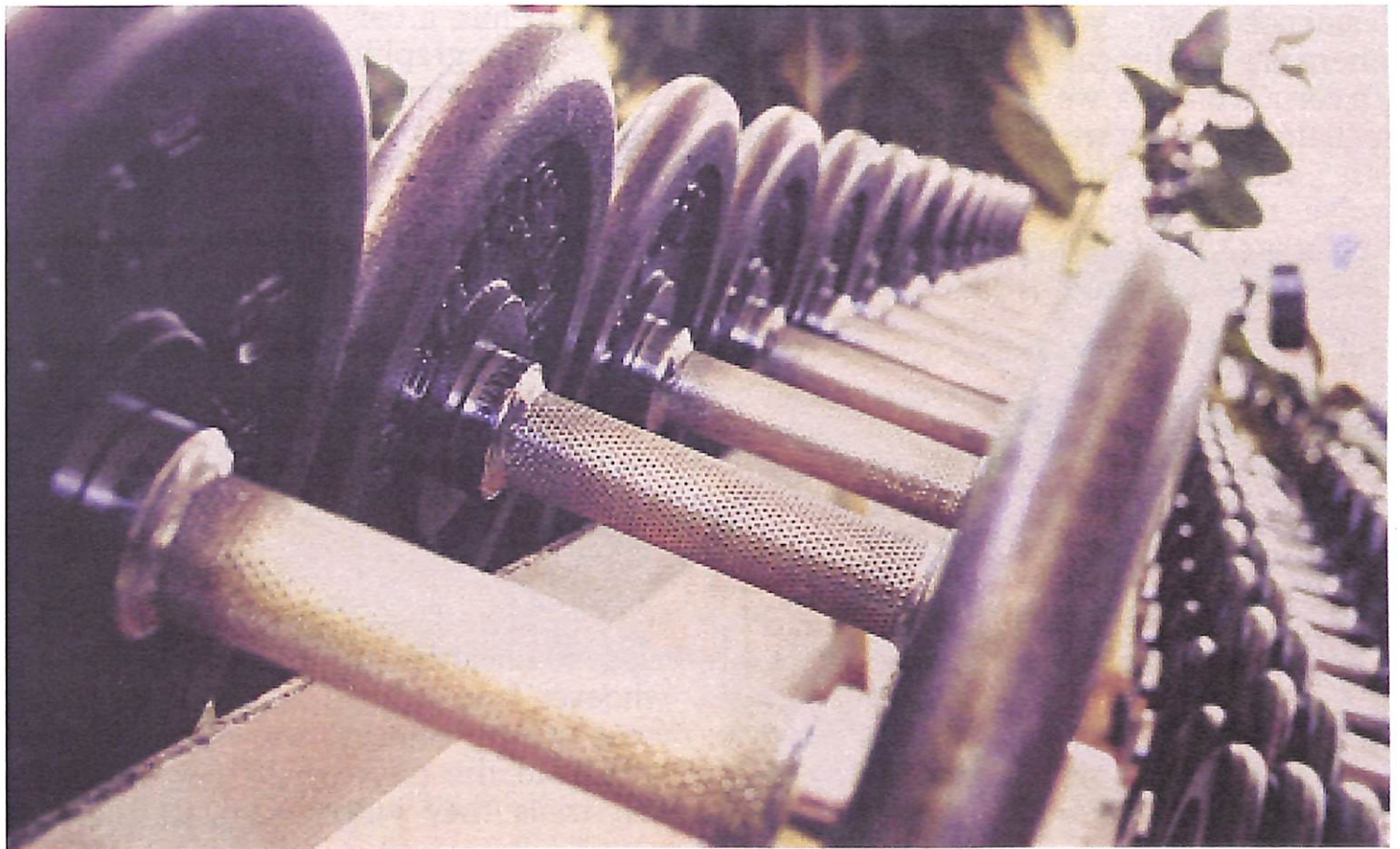
to find your BMR, or Basal Metabolic Rate. All this means is how many calories your body burns at rest while not doing anything. As you can imagine, this can increase dramatically, simply by walking to and from class all day, walking around at work, and not to mention, playing sports or working out. Once you know this number, you can then find out your daily caloric needs. This number will then indicate

how many calories your body needs to maintain its current weight. I say approximately because these calculators will give you a rough starting point, and that's fine. I would recommend tracking this number as well as your weight for two weeks to see how accurate it is in maintaining your weight. After this period, you can make some adjustments, albeit small ones like a 200-500 calorie deficit, or increase,

depending on if you want to lose or gain weight. You then track your new calories and weight for another two weeks to see if you have lost or gained any weight. If you're losing weight, stick to those calories, and if not, adjust them again. For people who are looking to gain weight for sports or trying to build muscle or are doing more activity, gaining weight should be a much slower process to avoid excessive fat

gain, say 2-3 pounds a month (maximum), or a half-pound a week. While this method may seem slow at first, I think counting can provide an eye-opening and informative experience that I really hope you look into.

In closing, I want to thank you for reading, and of course, never stop working towards your goals in fitness, school, and life. Have an awesome summer, and take care.



# PEOPLE JUST DON'T UN- DERSTAND... EQUALITY

By Amy Stephens

It all started with a question asked in our teaching elementary science class yesterday: "Is there a gender gap in academics?" After reading two articles, which delivered statistical evidence that yes there is a gender gap in certain classes, we debated: how do we, as schoolteachers, solve this devastating issue? Why is it that girls are more likely to do better at language arts and boys are more likely to succeed at science or math, and how can we fix the problem to make everyone more equal? This is where equality comes into the mix, or what people seem to often get confused as equality. You see, equality is not hav-

ing equal test grades or having equal representation, and it is especially not lowering the bar for certain participants to achieve these things. Equality is about everyone having equal opportunity to pursue their passions and strengths, and if that means that more boys are passionate about math, why wouldn't I support them?

People can stop lying to themselves; there are many differences between the genders. And although there are always some exceptions, a lot of these differences are why we see male or female dominated careers. I know this first hand being in the education program (our class of about 35 has 5 men in it) and from watching my fiancé's engineering ring ceremony last weekend, which probably had the same percentage of women as there are men in my program. Contrary to popular belief this is not wrong, it is

human nature. Although it is sexist to think that women cannot be mechanics, or that men cannot be nurses, it is not sexist to not have equal representation in certain fields, and time after time it has only become sexist when equal representation somehow becomes the goal.

My father is a business owner, that's how I first found out about hiring incentives for minorities. Basically, there are incentives for companies to hire a certain demographic of people (generally minorities) that extends further than a gold star. For an example, I was recently told that the Leduc firefighters have lowered their physical fitness test for women, to allow for more women to be on the force. Don't you see a problem with this? First of all, the fitness test is in place to be sure that whoever joins the force will be able to withstand the physical trials they will

face in the field. If someone's life is endangered, don't we need to be sure that the rescuers are able to rescue in the first place? Furthermore this easier fitness test does not apply to men who are as strong as the women who get to take it. So therefore women are getting into the force, and men with the same capabilities are being turned away. You cannot tell me that this is equal. To me, it seems like they want women on their team, not because they're just as capable, but to make some point to society that their company practices equality. Except that hiring a woman specifically because of her gender is actually sexism.

I noticed this same phenomenon when Justin Trudeau picked his Cabinet Ministers, equal representation of women. This was a huge step for our country, but yet, I couldn't help but wonder if those women got

the job based on their merits, with equal opportunity as the men they were up against, or if some were chosen to prove the sick and backwards idea that Canada supports equality. Can you imagine beating someone more qualified than you because of your gender, to prove a point? This is not equality. Giving scholarships

to women simply for choosing a career in math is not equality. Teachers asking girls easier questions in elementary science to even out the grades is not equality. Offering a man a position in an elementary school to balance out the estrogen levels is not equality. Equality is making sure that everyone has equal opportunity

to pursue their passions and strengths, and being treated as equals in their field once they're in it. Back to the start of my article: "Is there a gender gap in education?" Yes, it's proven that there is. There is also a gender gap in careers. But to think that this is something that we need to fix is fundamentally wrong, because there is also a

gender gap between genders. People are people, and should be offered equal opportunities to pursue the life that they want, whether it's a gender normative life or not. But don't be surprised when even after equal upbringing and opportunity there is still a gap, because fundamentally we are different, and that's not a bad thing.

# COUNTDOWN TO SUMMER



15  
DAYS

# THE POWER OF WRITING

By Kayle Sieben

As I prepare to conclude my tenure at Concordia University of Edmonton, I have become increasingly nostalgic and emotional. To me, Concordia is much more than just a place I went to get an education.

When I arrived at Concordia in 2011, I really had no idea what I wanted to do with my life despite having taken a year off after high school. I was always a pretty funny guy and going through the typical K-12 education, it was easy to make friends in class. During my year off my anxiety and depression heightened, causing me to lose the only bit of confidence I had and retreat inwards socially.

I came to this school with several of my existing friends already attending, so I never put a real focus on reaching out and meeting new people. Fast forward a couple years and my friends had gone. I was forced to fend for myself when it came to socialising. The timing was terrible, a circumstance during this period turned over back-

wards and my life got flipped-turned-upside-down. I was so uninvolved at Concordia that I had no idea who the CSA was or what they did; hell, I didn't even know we had a student newspaper. Thanks to my friends Sean Patrick and Morgan Belsek however, I was eventually introduced to the student governing body and the wonderful work they do at the beginning of 2014.

I never committed to working for the CSA or The Bolt though because I figured I'd think about it over the summer and figure it out for the next year. I already had an immense passion for both politics and writing at that point but I was scared to commit. Having little confidence really swayed me from committing to anything at all. I needed to define my purpose and actively seek the wisdom and courage to do so.

Over the summer, I defined that purpose through a means of self-reflection and an abundance of literature. My purpose is to have a profound, positive impact on society and the people within it. My vision was that through writing, social work, teaching, and politics, I would be able to enrich the lives of those around me on an increasingly larger scale. It wasn't until August

2014 when I wrote my first article, "The Capacity to Love," for The Bolt as a writer for the Advice Column. Through the advice column, I was able to give others a perspective into my reality. I wrote about the lessons I learned along the way and why I felt so strongly about each one. The feeling I received from knowing that someone, anyone, was reading what I had to say gave me so much internal satisfaction. Knowing that my words could be impactful was a lesson in and of itself.

My growth and maturation are completely documented in a sense. Through 44 issues over a three-year span, I was able to narrate my tumultuous journey and the bits of wisdom I obtained throughout.

Meeting our mayor, Don Iveson, was uncontestedly the highlight of my first year. Had I not joined The Bolt I would have had no reason to approach him in the Palm Springs airport other than to say "Hey, nice to meet you." Instead, I realised (after our initial introduction) that I had a platform. I was in the presence of someone who I idolised and I had the opportunity (and what I felt was a responsibility) to ask him for some advice to share with my fellow schoolmates. I'll

reiterate because of its time-withstanding relevance: "Focus as much on extra-curricular activities as you do your studies. A lot of life happens by chance." Wise words that I carried forward with me.

After my first year of writing, I was fortunate enough to take over as Editor-in-Chief. At the time, I didn't really grasp the magnitude of what had been bestowed upon me. Was I now a taster-maker? A connoisseur of the arts? Probably not. However, it enabled me to transform The Bolt and increase its presence within these walls.

Ironically, the more involved I became in student life, clubs, and unions, the more I enjoyed my time here at Concordia (though I still love my friends). I started taking chances, trying new things, and really became a better person simply because of the position I had. I was forced to learn new skills, acquire new attributes, and develop new passions along the way.

My first issue as Editor-in-Chief was a complete disaster on my end. From the beginning, it was hectic: I was fairly disorganised and really had no experience with this before, which didn't help my situation much. Thank goodness for the editing team. I



knew there would be a learning curve, but at least I still knew how to print properly--or I thought I did. Instead, come Orientation Day, I printed about 300 issues wrong and printed them one-sided. By making that mistake, I actually wasted two times the amount of paper as I should have. Whoops.

All in all, this period around the first issue was an incredible learning experience in situations both in my school and personal life that I couldn't fathom. Hitting rock bottom might have been a blessing. It changed my mindset. I began to work bit by bit every single day to build a foundation of knowledge and become whole. Before that, I tended to take the easy route, which I found helped perpetuate feelings of depression. I knew I needed to take responsibility for my life and start working towards actualizing my potential.

As Editor-in-Chief, I made myself responsible for quite a few matters, one of those being the covers of The Bolt--something I'd always thought was interesting but had never had the chance to try. It began with some pretty lacklustre, boring, and unoriginal covers, but grew into something more! Now, the cover is something I take just



as seriously as the writing I put in; it emits my feelings, my thoughts, and who I am. Covers are my interpretation of what's in the issue: the stories, opinions, and information. Creating covers sparked within me a love for graphic design as a whole, which enabled me to express myself through visuals and pictures I felt were impactful.

It developed into so much more: a full-blown love and appreciation for the arts and people. Through "Local Spotlight," "Serial Fiction," and "Breaking the Silence," you and I were able to meet some incredible people with astounding stories. These stories did more than just show you about someone's mental health or their funky fresh beats. The stories showed us regular, everyday individuals who showed tremendous courage--courage to rise up

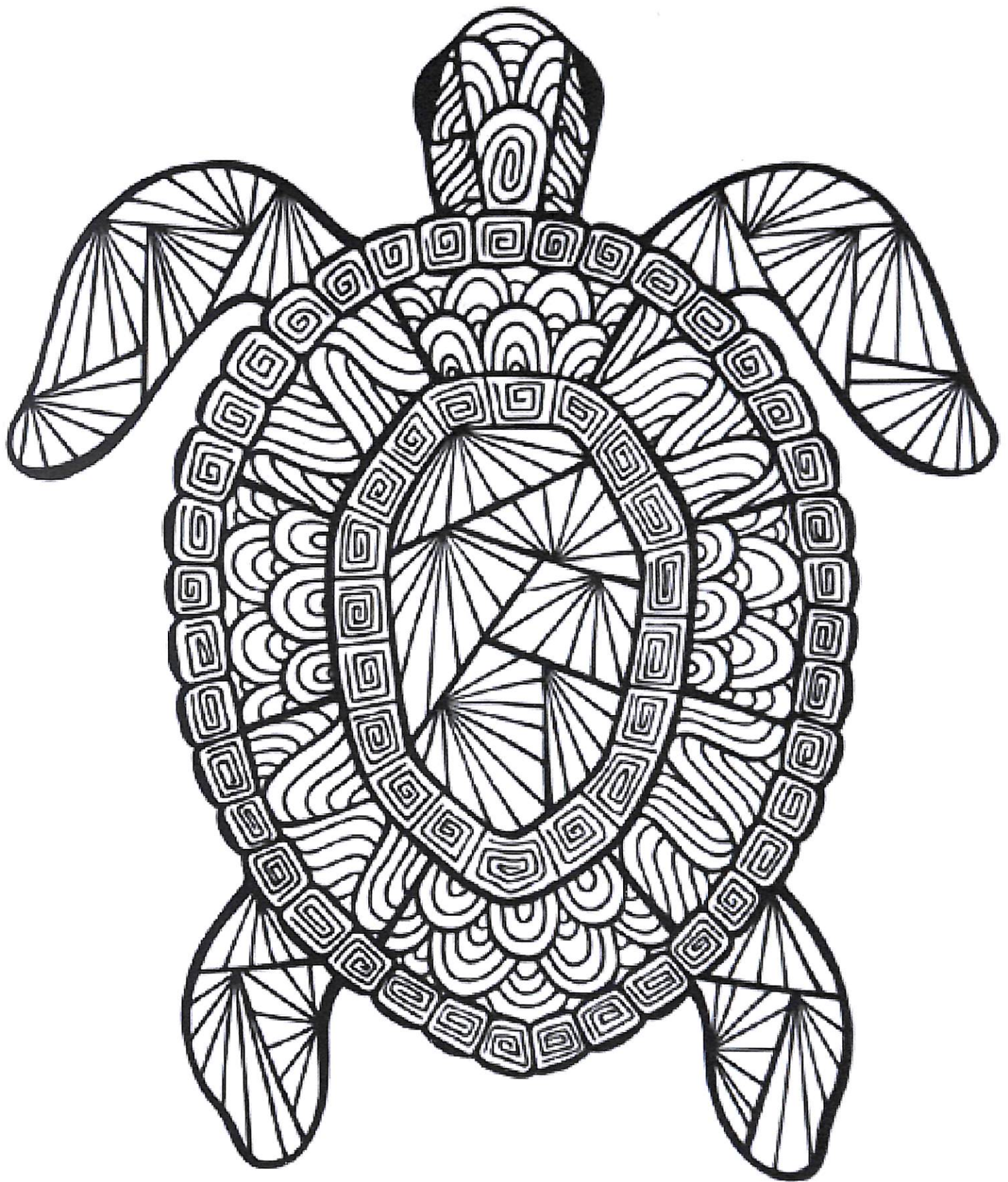
and express themselves. We had entrepreneurs, musicians, studio owners, victims, soldiers, and even heroes share their stories. These individuals are no different than you and me, as all it takes is a little courage. Be who you want to be and don't be afraid to be proud of it. People are generally pretty awesome if you give them a chance.

For me, it took a lot of courage to apply for this position, and from that courage I developed the confidence I sought after when I began this journey. There were mistakes along the way--oh boy, were there mistakes along the way. It may not have always been perfect, but it didn't have to be. As an editing staff, I think we all learned from our mistakes, and in hindsight, there are still some things I would have done differently. As an individual, I realise that life is always about

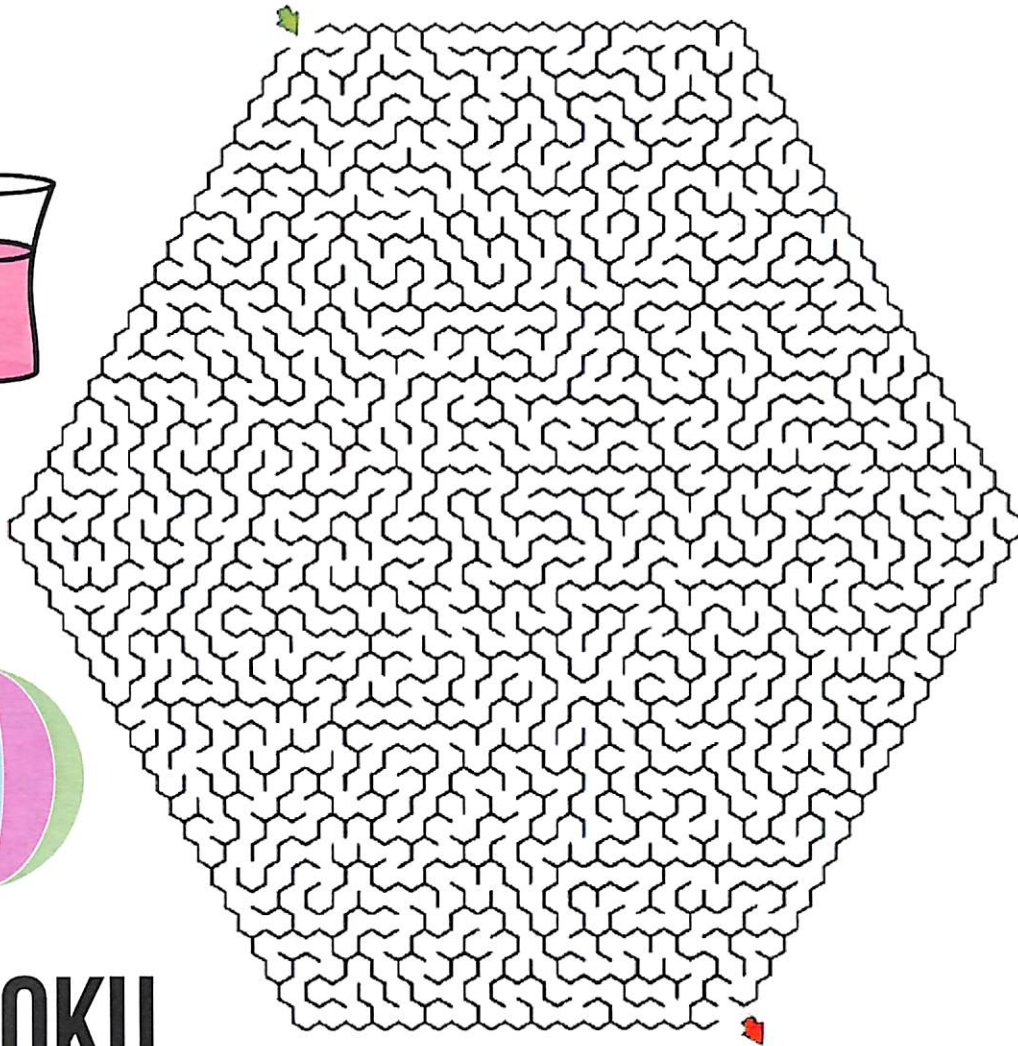
learning and growing, and this is just part of my maturation and growth.

I don't look back on those errors as regretful occurrences. I'm happy I was given this opportunity, I've learned and changed my attitudes and behaviours because of it. I will forever be grateful for everyone who has taken the time to enjoy both The Bolt and my writing. My goal since I began writing has always been to share my story in hopes that I can make others feel like they're not alone in their issues, beliefs, and opinions. This is expressed through messages of inclusivity, accepting one another and ourselves, and a mix of random political opinions and objections. Who can resist?

Thank you to everybody who has been a part of The Bolt, from all the writers and editors to all of the students and faculty who read this publication. I've met so many genuinely incredible people at this school, and I'm happy I can call a few of those people my friends. For those I have never met, I have nothing but love for you, and I hope we cross paths one day. These past six years, I've watched this school grow alongside me, and I can safely conclude that the future is bright. Not only for the university but for its students as well. Peace and love.



MAZE CHALLENGE



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# I'M WATCHING YOU

By Ester Latifi

I hope that the title of this article has sufficiently creeped you all out. Unfortunately, I'm not writing about my super-stalking skills, but this is something I'm sure we've all done at one time or another, and that is the phenomenon of people-watching.

Have you ever found yourself observing other people in a public place? Maybe you're at a party where you don't know anyone, or maybe you're at work on an unusually slow shift. You might even be sitting at school and observing other students instead of paying attention to the lecture (whaaaaat? Surely this has never happened...). Wherever you are, if there are other people around, it can be quite entertaining to think of hypothetical situations they may be in, like why the two teenagers three rows ahead of you on the bus are arguing or why the man who just scuttled past you is in such a hurry. Is he on his way to a job interview? Is he rushing home because his in-laws decided to pay him and his wife a surprise visit? Does he just have to use the bathroom badly? The possibilities are endless.

I people-watch more often than I'd like to admit. I'm not sure why, but I think it's fun to come up with scenarios that random people might be involved in. There have been times where I've gotten so emotionally invested in an entirely imaginary situation and have felt let down when the people of interest exit my field of vision. This is embarrassing to admit, but I've even "followed" people to continue my pretend story of what they are doing. I don't mean "follow" in the sense that I've ever followed anyone home or anything, but if I'm sitting on a bench waiting for the LRT, sometimes I'll adjust my seating position so I can see the people I'm watching. I hope I'm not the only one who has done this because if I am, you probably all feel very uncomfortable at this point.

I remember one situation in particular where I got horribly wrapped up in analysing a couple's interactions. I was at the airport in Toronto on my way to Chicago, and my connecting flight had been rescheduled to a later time due to bad weather. I was sitting in one of those super uncomfortable seats in the terminal, and there was an elderly lady sitting relatively near me who piqued my interest. She looked quite restless; she kept fidgeting, crossing and re-crossing her arms, looking around, checking the time, and

letting out an occasional sigh. She visibly relaxed when a male sat down beside her, his arms full of Starbucks. He was holding two takeout bags in one hand and a drink tray in the other. As soon as he sat down, the lady pounced on the Starbucks as if it were her holy grail. This may seem to be nothing out of the ordinary, but it was so strange seeing such an old woman getting antsy over Starbucks, especially because you wouldn't usually associate Frappuccinos with 80-year-old women. She took one sip of her drink and almost immediately, her face contorted, and she exclaimed "ROGER!" I couldn't hear what they were saying after that, but I had the whole thing playing out in my head:

"Caramel, Roger? Really?"

Roger looked helpless as the lady continued: "We've been married for sixty-four years, and you still don't care enough to listen to what I say! You should know how I feel about caramel!"

"You said you wanted something sweet, Carol," Roger protested. He looked defeated as if he was aware that any argument he made would be fruitless. "You never said you wanted java chip."

Carol made an exaggerated huff. "I shouldn't have to say that I want java chip. You've been

with me long enough for you just to know." She froze suddenly, and her eyebrows furrowed. "Did you hear that?"

"What?" Roger looked perplexed.

Carol shushed him and craned her neck. "Oh no!" She leapt to her feet. "Roger, we're in the wrong terminal!" And just like that, Roger got up, gripped their carry-ons, and the couple started speed-walking away, leaving their Starbucks behind. It was a real struggle for me not to follow them. I had so many unanswered questions. For instance, Roger had just spent roughly \$25 at Starbucks, and neither he nor his wife had touched any of it. The bags he had been holding earlier were still double-folded. Also, how could Carol be so ungrateful? The poor man had probably just wrestled through a crowd of fifteen-year-olds to satisfy the hangry woman. Can we also just talk about the fact that Carol didn't even try to be subtle about the fact that she was outraged? The whole airport must have seen the ordeal.

Whatever the actual situation between the old couple was, I enjoyed the ten minutes I spent in their proximity. To this day, however, I'll always wonder if Roger and Carol made it to their terminal, and what became of the untouched Starbucks.

## SHOW TIME!

Here's what's playing this week:

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST**

PG

**THE BOSS BABY**

G

**GHOST IN THE SHELL**

PG

**SMURFS: THE LOST VILLAGE**

G

**CHIPS**

14A

**GET OUT**

14A

**LIFE**

14A

**GOING IN STYLE**

PG

**LOGAN**

18A

**POWER RANGERS**

PG

**THE LEGO BATMAN MOVIE**

G

**THE CASE FOR CHRIST**

PG

**KONG: SKULL ISLAND**

PG

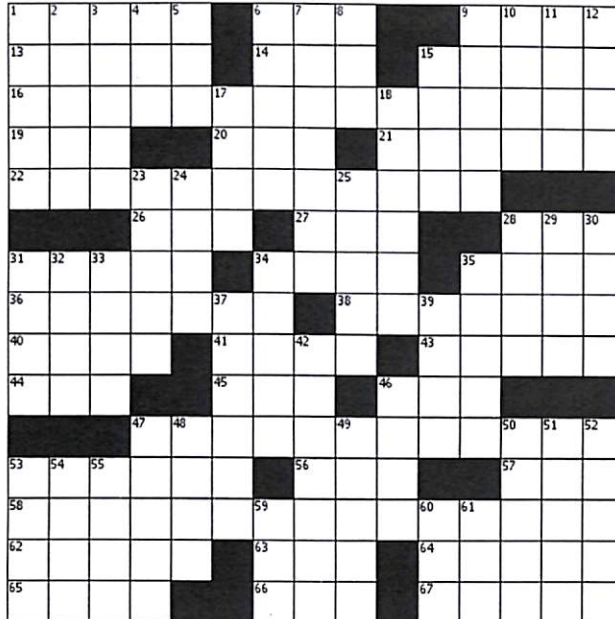
**THE SHACK**

PG

Cinaplex North

### Across

1. Disport
6. Food additive
9. Internet interaction
13. Like corduroy
14. Blotter notation
15. Sheikdom of song
16. NINE
19. Be off
20. The puck stops here
21. Crunch creator
22. NINE
26. Ames and Sullivan
27. Is down with
28. Needless bother
31. It can be taken on a trip
34. Pile to be burned
35. Tug tow
36. Undo
38. Jet competitor
40. They're found in pockets and seams
41. Beaver's father
43. Button word, sometimes
44. Kind of mother
45. Martinique, par exemple
46. A crowd for Caesar?
47. NINE
53. Hard to come by
56. It may be tied up in Tokyo
57. Short way to go
58. NINE
62. Set one's sights
63. Singer?
64. "Father of Television"
65. They're often caught lying down
66. No one has two of them
67. Get to



### Down

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|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Bearded, like barley       | 18. Heavy burdens               | 42. Emilio Estevez cult flick |
| 2. New Zealand tribesman      | 23. ___ and bounds              | 46. Sister of Osiris          |
| 3. Sound beginning?           | 24. Something sensed            | 47. Lets loose                |
| 4. Et ___ (and the following) | 25. Propelled a wherry          | 48. On the rocks              |
| 5. Part of some Web addresses | 28. Bumpy problem to face?      | 49. Helps a hood              |
| 6. Didn't just check          | 29. Medicos                     | 50. Hatch of politics         |
| 7. Like some descriptions     | 30. Has to return a favor       | 51. In ___ (before birth)     |
| 8. Yak                        | 31. Stick with a stick, say     | 52. Like Manute Bol (1996)    |
| 9. Comb                       | 32. Present for the teacher     | 53. "The Evening ___" (1996)  |
| 10. "B.C." creator            | 33. It's within your range      | 54. Novelty pet               |
| 11. Victim of murder one      | 34. Positive thinking proponent | 55. Kind of brat              |
| 12. Young 'un                 | 35. Letter stroke               | 59. Dander                    |
| 15. Red Sea port              | 37. Nervous excitement          | 60. TV sked abbr.             |
| 17. What keepers keep         | 39. Rotisserie rotator          | 61. Dynasty after the Ch'in   |

# CROSSWORD



# SUDOKU

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# SUMMER BLUES

By Taylor Jevning

It's the end of the school year. This means that the stress of exams, assignments, and final projects has been steadily building towards a climax of coffee and anxiety before gently fading into the steady rhythm of summer break. Though summer is usually spent working, not having to worry about upcoming assignments and tests provides a much-needed change of pace from the heavy workload of the school year. This break is what we look forward to all year until we have to come back and practise the discipline of time management (which usually involves cramming and staying up all night to write essays the day before the deadline), and this is likely what keeps us all sane enough to even be in post-secondary.

If you're anything like me, the school year takes a serious mental toll on you. Sadness, irritability, and a lack of sleep combined with a bit of seasonal depression from the long winter (hello, Canada) makes summer look like a dream that can't come fast enough, and if you don't have the time to take care of your mental health during the year, you're probably looking forward to being able to catch up on the self-care at the end of finals week. The mental toll the school year can take on a person is very real, but what do you do if it doesn't go away in the summer?

Sometimes, we neglect our mental health to the point where even summer break doesn't improve it. Summer after summer, I think about how being out of school will make me feel better, but there's always something new to stress about, making summer far less enjoyable. Summer should be for relaxing every

once in a while and enjoying the heat and sun and participating in outdoor activities, but when you're in a bad headspace, having fun seems so much less enjoyable. The way I describe it is like carrying a backpack full of bricks. It's exhausting. Sure, you can go out and have fun, but it would be so much more fun without having to carry around that backpack full of bricks. So, if the school year ends and the stress doesn't leave, what can you do?

Last summer was the first time I was able to cope with my own mental health and enjoy myself, and I have a few things that I believe helped me with that. Firstly, having a schedule and a routine to stick to is extremely beneficial. I'm a person who benefits from the structure of a schedule, something that the school year provides, so taking the time to create a schedule during the summer keeps me in a good

headspace. Having a reliable routine helps keep you from feeling like you don't have a purpose. Summer usually tends to be when I start slacking on exercise, something I'm sure many other people do. Luckily, summer is full of new activities to participate in such as water sports, running through the park, or volleyball at the beach. Keeping active has been proven a million times to improve your mental state, so by engaging a new fun activity, you can keep yourself from falling into a rut. One of the biggest ways I've found to make my summers better is to plan things to look forward to. By breaking up the summer into events that I am excited for, I'm able to provide even more structure and excitement to my life that I might not have time for during the academic year. During the summertime, there is usually an increase in concerts, festivals, and events, no matter what area you're in. Along with this,

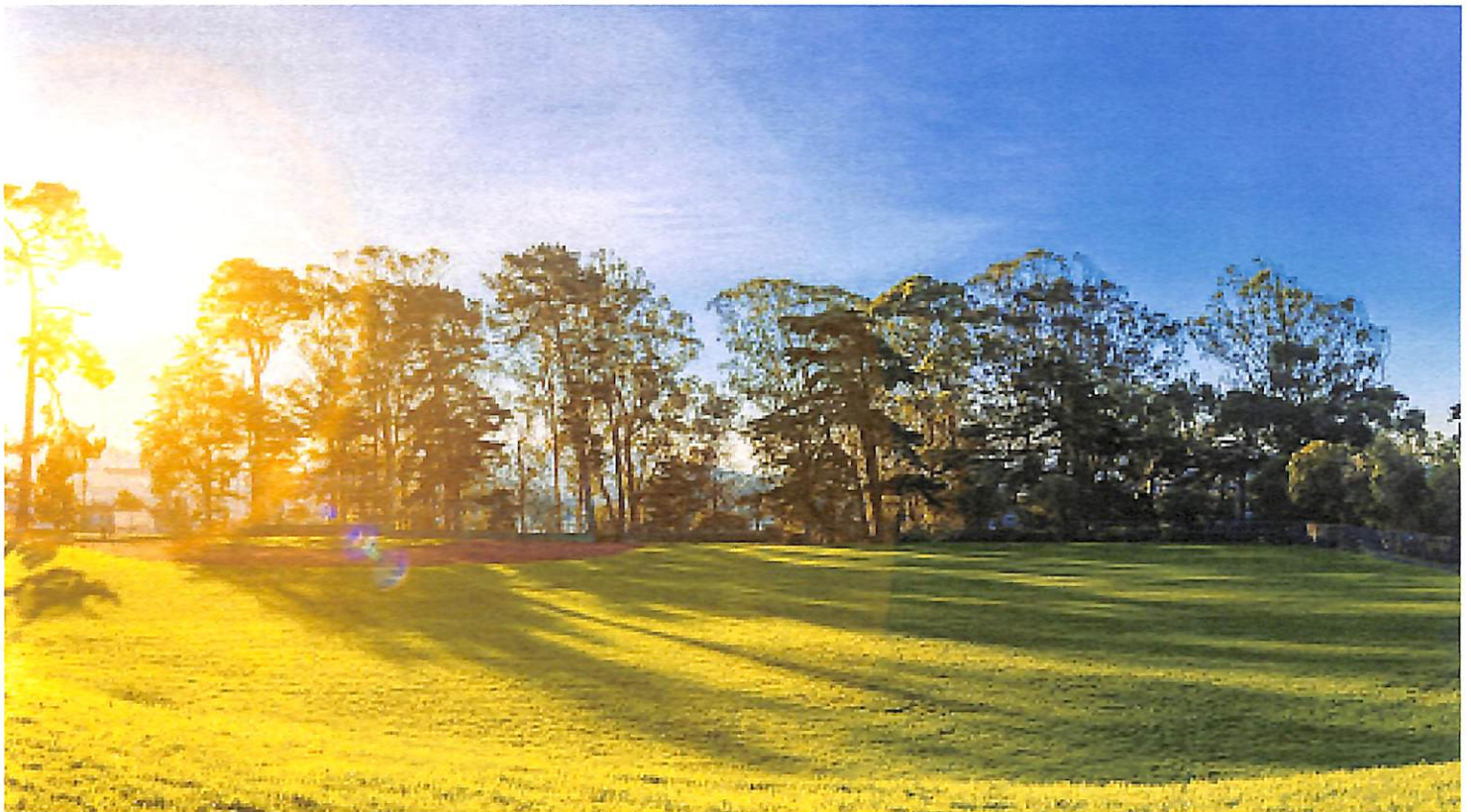
friends usually have different schedules and (hopefully) more free time, so making plans with friends is always something to look forward to. Even when I'd rather stay inside and be miserable, planning ahead for an event ensured that I'd actually leave the house, and more often than not, I'd end up enjoying myself. Summer is a time to relax, but it should also be a time to do things that you enjoy, so taking advantage of your time and keeping some form of routine is the best way to make sure you

don't remain stressed and anxious through the summer, preventing you from feeling burnt out by the time school comes back in the fall.

If you're one of those people whom Concordia has finally given a degree to (I'm sure you can barely believe it) and has to go out into the real world, I have no advice for you, but if you're one of us who has to come back and endure another long, difficult, rewarding year, you want to make sure you come back refreshed and

ready to work. Try to take the time to take the pressure off yourself and do some real self-care. There are very few times in the year which hold many opportunities to enjoy yourself, and to enjoy yourself, you need to make sure you're taking care of yourself. Lastly, when the existential dread doesn't disappear in the summer, that's a good indicator that something is actually wrong. I hope you'll all use this summer to make sure your head is in check, whether that means taking some

time to yourself, making exciting plans, or finally getting the courage to go to the doctor to deal with an underlying issue. Summer is coming, and that should be comforting regardless of the situation you're in. Whether you're working, doing more school, vacationing, or using the time to catch up on some much-needed sleep, I hope you all have an absolutely incredible summer, and I look forward to seeing your (hopefully) smiling faces back here in September. Stay cool, guys.



# MORE THAN A GAME: OILERS RETURN TO PLAYOFFS

By Kayle Sieben

Alas, the time has finally arrived. The moment that I and millions of fans have been waiting for. Hockey can seem like such a miniscule entity to feel so passionately towards, as sports are usually seen as an outlet, a means to have fun, get exercise, and bond. Yet, the Edmonton Oilers mean so much more to me.

I went to my first game when I was five years old. At that point, I was more concerned about stuffing my face with coliseum snacks and hot dogs than I was about hockey. Playoffs were a fairly regular occurrence in this point in time for the Oilers.

My first true Oilers memory that still holds through

the test of time is Game 7 in 1997 against the Dallas Stars (one of our biggest rivals at the time): Curtis Joseph with the immaculate glove save, and Todd Marchant streaking down the right side behind the defenseman and tucking it upstairs to clinch the series. I was watching with my entire family, and the entire room roared a boisterous cheer. This is truly what sparked my passion for hockey and the Edmonton Oilers -- sharing these memories with people I care about, and celebrating the success of the Oilers as if it were our own.

After that, season after season the Oilers carved an identity of being a gritty, hardworking team. This was confirmed in 2006, when we just squeaked into the playoffs and made the incredible cup run. I was fortunate enough to be at game 6 against the Detroit Red Wings, who, at the time, were top dogs coming into the postseason. Down 2-0, the Pisani led the charge back scoring two to bring the boys right back into the game. Rexall Place erupted with cheer and began taunting Detroit's netminder Manny

Legace. Drawn out chants of "Manny...Manny" filled the stadium and surely got to the goalie's head.

With the score 3-3 and just over a minute left, Sergei Samsonov connected a cross-ice feed to Ales Hemsky, who buried a one-timer to clinch the first series win in eight years. Rexall Place was electric, just as the playoff slogan entailed. Chants of "Let's go Oilers, Calgary sucks" roared across the coliseum. What a time to be an Oilers fan, with the entire city honking horns and waving flags, celebrating as one.

Edmonton went on to win the Western Conference, but fell short in game 7 against the Carolina Hurricanes (damnit, Marc-Andre Bergeron).

Then began the "Decade of Darkness." Oilers had lost their identity as being a hard-working, gritty team, and instead became the laughingstock of the league. As a teenager and a young adult, every off-season renewed optimism within the city, only to have our hearts broken by mid-December. I don't think anyone expected the process of rebuilding

to keep us from the postseason for ten full seasons.

Yet, despite the perennial basement-dwelling Oilers, the fans stuck by their side. Sure, many people complained and rightfully so, but Rexall continued to sell out.

Perhaps the hockey gods recognized this, and the second coming of the Great One was sent our way. On June 26, 2015, the Edmonton Oilers drafted Connor McDavid, which sparked an exponential change of culture within the Edmonton Oilers.

New star player, new stadium, new coach, new management, and newly refreshed optimism. Things weren't going to be the same under the new regimen, and they certainly aren't. Our Edmonton Oilers are currently poised to make the NHL Playoffs for the first time since a teary goodbye in 2006.

I think I can speak for a large quantity of Oilers fans when I say I've been waiting my entire adulthood for this moment. The general temperament of the city has moved in a positive direction.

It's difficult to put into words how much this means to myself and fellow Oilers fans. I still get goosebumps thinking of the 2006 playoff run, and I know that this team has the potential to overshadow those distant memories. Savour it, Edmontonians! I'll be out there celebrating with you. We can share more than just a beers and cheers; we can also share the memories we're about to make. It's more than just a game: it's a part of our identity.

