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# GAZETTE VOL.4

November 2024





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*If you have any questions, comments, or feedback, we'd love to hear from you! Feel free to reach out to use at [MSSGazette2024@gmail.com](mailto:MSSGazette2024@gmail.com)-your thoughts help us improve and make the MSS Gazette even better.*





# Editorial



Welcome to the 4th edition of The Gazette! In this issue, we bring you a vibrant blend of stories, ideas, and creativity that showcase the unique perspectives and talents of our school community.

From the thought-provoking insights on climate action in the "Thinking Corner" to the imaginative stories in the "Creative Writing" section, this edition highlights the diverse voices shaping our shared experiences. Our "Events" section keeps you updated on the latest happenings, ensuring there's always something exciting to anticipate.

At the heart of The Gazette is the spirit of connection—linking readers and writers, ideas and action. Each piece invites you to pause, reflect, and engage, sparking meaningful conversations and building a stronger community.

This publication is a testament to the enthusiasm and creativity of everyone who contributes. Whether through a thought, a story, or an idea, every voice matters, and we're proud to bring them together in these pages.

Thank you for joining us on this journey. We hope this edition inspires, informs, and entertains you. Enjoy the read—and don't hesitate to share your feedback or ideas for our next issue!

*Kuber V*  
*Editor in Chief*



# Thinking Corner

By: *Abel B*

## Ouroboros

If you don't know the ouroboros, it's a symbol showing a snake (or dragon) swallowing its own tail. It symbolizes a few related things including infinity, completeness renewal as well as the cycling nature of the world. It's that last bit I'm going to focus on.

Things in the world repeat themselves, and with this we may find patterns. When one thing ends another thing begins. This is pretty evident in the world if you look at its events.

You have heard of the circle of life, when one thing dies, another is nourished by it, allowing new growth, constantly growing, energy in constant circulation. There is always a renewal of things. We may die, but it is unlikely for life to die, and if we are no longer the dominant species, then soon will come another, and if that one is no longer dominant, then there will come another.

We may not see it, but everything is being replaced to some degree. We can see cycles in society, social norms swaying one way and then the other way. Support for things will come and go. History may repeat itself. As one nation falls, another will come to fill in the space it left behind. As one thing dies another will come in its place.

As we lose old interests, hobbies, habits and motivations in terms of quantity and value/intensity, new interests, hobbies and motivations in quantity and value will take their place. As we lose old qualities, we will gain new ones. And it's possible that we may go back to the old ones.

We will see cycles and renewals in society and ourselves, Examine yourself, how have you changed, have you gone back to old habits, have you rekindled old interests or are you in a constant cycle of change? Also examine society, how has it changed, its social norms and such, as it has gone back to old norms and what has it created.

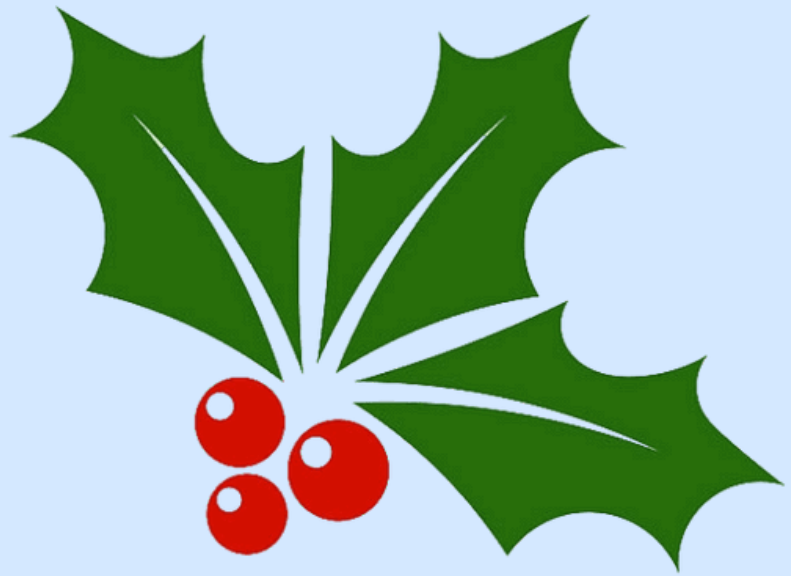
As much as change is constant, so is renewal. So the question is: how much have you changed, and how much of you is the same?

# School Events:

🎵 A Winter's Tale 🎵 Join us on December 4th at 6:30 PM at Clarke Theatre for a magical evening of music featuring HPMS Choir, Jr Band, Senior Band, MSS Concert Choir, Vox, Concert Band, and Jazz Band. Tickets are \$5 for students and \$10 general admission (cash at the door). Let's celebrate the season together! ❄️🌟

MSS Christmas Food Drive will be held on **December 3rd to 6th, from 8:00 to 8:30am** in the foyer with treats available per donation!

Christmas Toy Drive! Bring joy to kids in need by donating toys from **Dec 2nd to Dec 6th. Drop off your donations at your Day 1 Block 1 class.** Toys must be in good condition. Class prizes to be won! Let's make a difference together! 🧑🏻‍🎄🌟



Spread Holiday Cheer! 🎄  
Join our Christmas Food Drive from **December 3rd to 6th in the foyer (8:00–8:30 AM)**. Donate non-perishables or old clothes to support St. Joseph's Food Bank—and enjoy free cupcakes & hot chocolate for every donation! 🍪🍵

Holiday Money Drive! 🎁  
From **Dec 2nd to Dec 13th**, bring donations to your **Day 1 Block 2 class** to help us reach our \$3,000 goal for the local food bank. Top 12 classes win a spot at the Christmas Pep Rally! Let's make a difference together! 💰🌟

Derek Dinzey 🛠️ from the local 97 Ironworkers will be presenting to ADST classes on December 17. Don't miss it!

# Grads:

Purchase your Yearbook today on School Cash Online!

Add your Grad Quote (maximum of 50 words), and Baby Photo. Scan QR code below:



# Creative Writing

By: *Grayson Y*

It was nearing the winter of 1943, and my brother was enlisting to fight in the army. I was so angry when learning of this, "How could he be so selfish?" I thought. I was too young to understand the significance of his decision. I did not know of the millions losing their lives across the sea, or what went on in my brother's foolish head for thinking that going and doing the same thing everybody else was doing as a one-man army would make a difference.

I remember he came to me, when I was sulking in my bedroom angry at him, he was wearing his uniform, standing tall and proud, completely oblivious to the terrors of the east.

"I need you to watch over mother and our sister for me, and I am counting on you buddy." He put his hand on my shoulder and smiled. To which I pulled away and said, "Go away, and I hope you don't come back." I saw his pride shrivel up and die in that very moment. He said nothing then, he just turned around and left my room. I could swear that I heard him sniffle before he left.

Two months have passed. Christmas was over, and we were nearing the beginning of February, when my mother came to the door to see a uniformed man with a solemn face holding a form in his hand.

He said nothing, and just handed her the white envelope and walked away. I remember coming into the room, and watched her face whiten before she wailed upon finishing the letter.

I knew immediately what the letter said: my brother was dead. Captured by Germans and tortured in a POW camp was the full truth, but I just knew he was dead. Dead as dirt; dead as the other stupid boys wanting glory by fighting Hitler's hordes of Jew-hating bigots.

The end of the letter stated that he withstood the physical torment the Germans bestowed upon him. A quote read. "I must return to my little brother and tell him how sorry I am for leaving him." My mother read only that out to me, not wanting me to hear the gruesome details.

When I heard this, I nearly broke in tears. I ran outside to the back and punched a tree. I punched it so many times and so hard that my hands bled profusely, splattering on the fence and ground. My pain outweighed my anger, and I dropped to the ground sobbing. My mother and father came out of the house, their faces wet with tears. They picked me up in an embrace.

It has been eighteen years since that day. The real anniversary of my brother's death was not known, so we used the day the letter arrived. And with the war in Vietnam beginning to escalate, I write this letter to you as a message against conscription. Don't take away anymore brothers, don't make their families feel what mine have felt. I speak of only what I have felt, and what I know.

Leave your miniscule political beliefs out of our lives.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_

