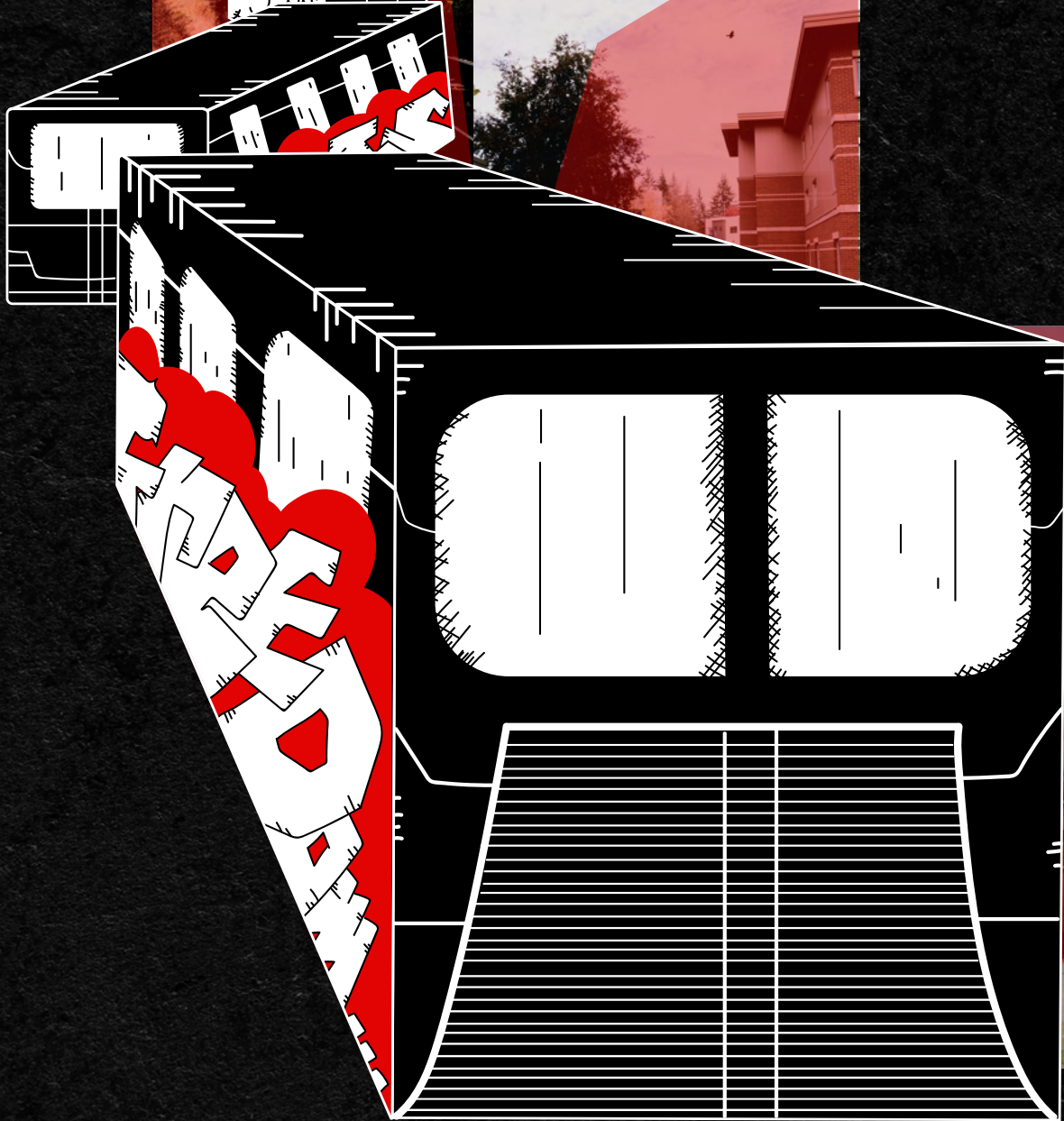
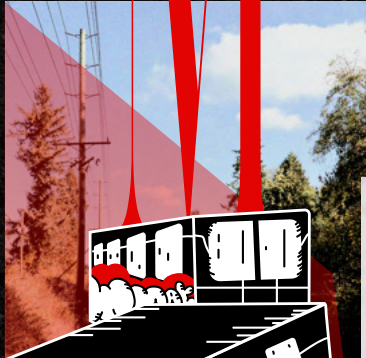
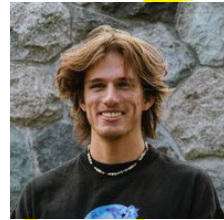


Mars Hill

OF the RAILS



THE TEAM



Diego Bascur
Editor-in-Chief



Sadie McDonald
Managing Editor



Camryn Munday
Chief Copy Editor



George Dumitrascu
Arts & Culture Editor



Bailey Frose
Humour Editor



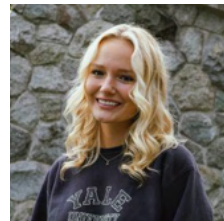
Joelle Nelson
TWU News Editor



Erin Vanderstelt
Opinions Editor



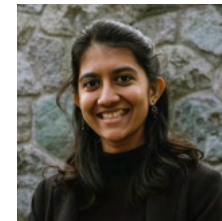
Jackson Letsche
Staff Writer



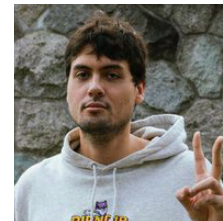
Alexis Stephen
Staff Writer



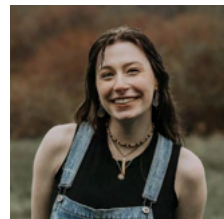
Katie Vermeulen
Staff Writer



Candace Genesis
Web Editor



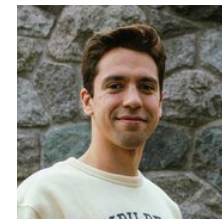
Ariel Chihan
Illustrator



Rachel Kehler
Visual Editor



Morley Draper
Photographer



Berk Berkeliev
Social Media Manager



Isaiah Baek
Layout Editor

FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Does it not feel nice to be holding the *Mars' Hill* paper again? Between me and you, I would rather be flipping a page, than scrolling on a screen anyway. But unfortunately, that's not the way the world works. We live in a world of innovation, not stagnation. The very sights before us change with a flash as we enter into vastly different environments. It is no secret that we are very rapidly switching to a completely digital world when it comes to media consumption—or seemingly so. A paperless world becomes more of a reality every day. I am not blind to this as I am sure most of you are not. It is a tragedy to witness, indeed; however, there is hope on the horizon and we stand on the cusp of a vast array of new opportunities.

As online issue after online issue comes out, perhaps your perception of *Mars' Hill* is that it is truly “Off The Rails”—which is in some way true. As the world around us changes, so does *Mars' Hill*. Not to simply conform but to attempt to transform and create. We believe the online world of *Mars' Hill* holds the opportunity to reach more of the community, deepen the impact of the paper, and continue to foster a culture of God-inspired creativity to inspire. I hope that as the year continues, we can express more of this vision, and set a trail for many more amazing years of *Mars' Hill*. Yet it is nice to be able to hold a paper again; it reminds me of simpler times.

This, our third issue of the year, includes many noteworthy articles, including poetry and a short story. Our feature, “The Twilight of Trinity’s Theatre Department: Commemorating A Legacy Part One,” sets the stage for a four-part series encapsulating and commemorating the Theatre Department as it moves through its last year. The humor section includes a detailed news story from Seth Schouten, titled, “Fraser Hall to be Converted to SkyTrain Station by 2028, says TWU.” David Witzke comes at us with a detailed overview of a highly competitive event unique to the Alaskan landscape in his article “It’s Fat Bear Week Again.” Alexis Stephen provides us with a deep dive into the clash between maximalism and minimalism, and society’s murky reflection of both. Also, enjoy a reflective essay from our very own Katie Vermeulen.

These printed issues are truly special to us as a team and we hope they will be to you as well. I hope we can cherish this issue and remember it is okay to be a little off the rails sometimes—nothing great was ever supposed to be easy.

As always,
Enjoy.

Sincerely,

Diego Bascur



EDITORIAL POLICY

Mars' Hill is a student publication of Trinity Western University located on the traditional ancestral territory of the Stó:lō people. Floated with funds raised by the Student Association, *Mars' Hill* seeks to be a professional and relevant student publication, reflecting and challenging the TWU community, while intentionally addressing local, national, and international issues.

CONTRIBUTORS

Sarah Jin Roy
Starry Meredith
Kevin Redekop
Lorin Scaiano
Seth Schouten
Bret van den Brink
David Witzke

MARS' HILL

Mars' Hill encourages submissions and Letters to the Editor. *Mars' Hill* reserves the right to edit submissions for style, brevity, and compatibility with the Mission, the Statement of Faith, the Student Handbook, and the Core Values of the University. Anonymous authorship of any material may be granted at the discretion of the Editor-in-Chief. Opinions expressed in *Mars' Hill* belong to the individual authors and do not necessarily reflect those of the editorial board, Trinity Western University, its officials or its Student Association.

MISSION TO MARS

The mission of *Mars' Hill*, as the official student newspaper of Trinity Western University, is to inform and entertain its readers, cultivate awareness of issues concerning the TWU community, and provide a forum for purposeful, constructive discussion among its members in accordance with the Community Covenant, Statement of Faith, and Core Values of the University.

CONTENTS

Declassifieds	5
Feature Article	6
Arts & Culture	9
Community Living	17
Opinions	19
Humour	21
Creative Writing	26

DECLASSIFIEDS

Too scared to ask out that hot girl from Rels class? Have a thought you're dying to share? Did a professor say something strange or funny? Do you have some information that you want to get out to the student body? Whatever it is, the declassifieds are here for you.

Submit yours at www.marshallnewspaper.com/declassifieds.

Literally thought that loud random squeak was an air horn that someone would randomly blast throughout the day. Now I realize it's probably a door. Someone put in a maintenance request and save my sanity!!!

I took part in a TWU-SA event after 4 years of going to TWU. NGL Skit night lit

I AM.....
MARK
HUSBANDS!!

Anyone have good experience with RStudio? Study group unite! Text 6047798429 to save a soul.

We stand at the feet of giants

BONJOUR

Happy Hispanic heritage month to all my Latinos out there!

I honestly believe this year's *Mars' Hill* team is going to help redefine our campus culture in a positive way

the coke zero in the caf slaps so hard.

Why aren't we pronouncing Mentimeter like centimeter?

The new paper towel dispensers are awful, please change them back. Now I need 4 pieces of paper instead of 2 :/

september is the best month

You know, maybe with 3.5 million Canadians living in poverty, half of Canadians living paycheque to paycheque, and many Indigenous communities without running water or access to food/medicine, we shouldn't be donating 9 BILLION dollars to fund a proxy war in Eastern Europe.

Hello hello hello

Make Trinity Christian Again

ZORRO!!

"Shakespeare wasn't real, right?"

Officially deaf after Expo, can TWU please make their events less overwhelming???

"I've been doing this for four hours! Why?"

FEET

What are our thoughts on the RNT paint/floor job?

Twusa coffee might taste like jet fuel, but its the most comforting jet fuel you cam drink

Has any prof ever heard of an ad blocker before?? Why do we get hit with YouTube ads still??

If anyone's got an ad blocker YouTube can't detect, hit me up.

According to all known laws of aviation, there is no way a bee should be able to fly. Its wings are too small to get its fat little body off the ground. The bee, of course, flies anyway because bees don't care what humans think is impossible.

Sparkly Fned is a need not a want

Naomi Reisdorf needs to write for the next issue

Can we all agree that the only sound we want to hear from that bell is the lord of the rings soundtrack

When Fraser gets torn down there's going to be an obscene amount of random items in the walls

I put 128 ping pong balls in the walls of Fraser

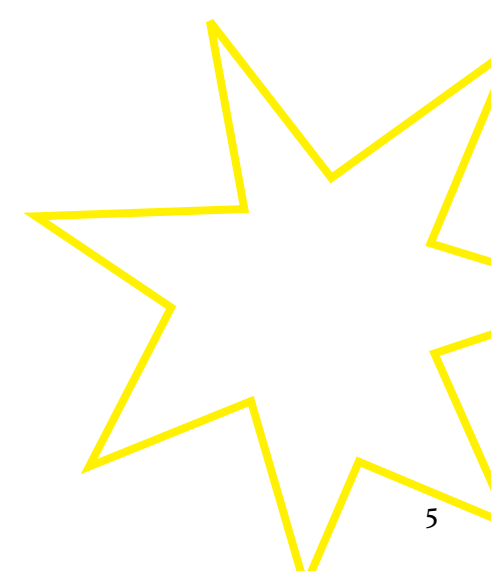
It is what it is

Aughhhhhhhhhh augh

Sometimes I wonder who is really chill like that

Yo s/o to Costco sun-daes

Mars' Hill reserves the right to edit or reject submissions based on content and/or length. A printed submission does not reflect an endorsement of any kind, nor does it reflect the opinions of *Mars' Hill* or its staff, the student association, or Trinity Western University.



FEATURE

The Twilight of Trinity's Theatre Department: Commemorating A Legacy Part One

Diego Bascur and Sadie McDonald

We now enter the twilight of the Theatre Department at Trinity Western University. It is the final year, a curtain call if you will. With the many great years TWU has enjoyed, countless productions from this department stand close beside them. The legacy spans over many decades and has been a true cornerstone in community life. As the editors leading *Mars' Hill* this year, Sadie and I felt it appropriate, and necessary to encapsulate this piece of the School of Arts, Media, and Culture (SAMC) in all its magnificence as it comes to a close. We are truly honoured to be able to have this opportunity to look back and commemorate a beautiful aspect of TWU. In this four-part series, we will look at the history and the

program's final year, as well as the impact the Theatre Department has had on TWU.

In examining its history, we look at the origin of the Theatre Department's notable productions and interview alumni. The legacy of any piece of a university is important. As students come and go, the character of the student body is constantly fluctuating. It can be easy to forget what has been left behind, the work put in, the victories and the foundations laid down. We walk down roads, and never think of those who paved them. Through interviews with alumni we hope to give highlights from how the department has looked in the past. In the time capsule we are creating, we hope to unearth the origins of the Theatre

Department as we feature where it all started and who began to pave the road. As we move through the years, we will highlight some of the many incredible productions put on by the department and renown gained.

As the inevitability of the closure weighs more and more on my mind, I think back to my time viewing the productions put on by the Theatre Program. The wild air of a night at 11:07 brings fond memories to my mind. The streaks of colour and flashes of laughter culminate into the smoky aura of the theatre. All sit in entrancing anticipation, as the stage goes from black to golden, and the actors come out. This place is an arena of joy and thrill. We sit packed together, as if we share the stage with those on it—an intimate layout for this evening of improv. The room becomes a whirlwind of shouts, odd noises, and laughter, as we shift through the seemingly endless scenarios put on by the performers. The craze of these nights, and the community around are moments which make up my time here at Trinity. As I look back on my four years here, I can conjure up memories of dorm nights, worship events, and moments like the ones above. I am forever grateful to Trinity for who I have become here and by extension the Theatre Department for contributing to that experience.

The program's final year brings up feelings of nostalgia for many past and present TWU Theatre students and faculty. It was theatre that first brought me (Sadie) to visit TWU, when my grandparents took my twin sister, cousin, and me to the 2017 production of *Jane Eyre*. I do not remember much about the play itself, but I remember the impact of the monologues spoken from the dimly lit stage. It was serious and funny, it was captivating and exciting, and at the heart of it all was a great story. I did not know that much about theatre at 14, but I remember the fresh air on my face as I left with the echoes of Jane's fight for freedom, and I, as an audience member, loved the way in which my world shifted just a little, so that I walked more confidently than before. As the narrative of the theatre

program becomes consumed by its upcoming official closure, it is even more vital to acknowledge its life.

From November 21 to December 2, *Blue Stockings* by Jessica Swale is showing on Tuesday to Saturday at 7:30 pm with Saturday matinees at 2:00 pm. Directed by Rebecca Martin, *Blue Stockings* follows the women of Girton College as they fight for the right to graduate from Cambridge in 1896. Times are changing but it is not without challenges as the quest for love and knowledge come into conflict. Swale's hopeful and powerful piece earned her an Evening Standard Most Promising Playwright nomination in 2013 (SAMC Theatre).

With a cast starring 18 students and lighting, set, and costume designers in addition to the stage manager and assistant stage manager, this TWU production truly embodies SAMC Theatre's mission "to stretch students while providing quality cultural experience and enlightening entertainment to audiences on campus and beyond" (SAMC Theatre).

As noted in the upcoming show information, Jessica Swale directed the first play by a woman—Nell Leyshon's *Bedlam*—at Shakespeare's Globe (2010). She has written five plays, four adaptations, and three books. It is fitting that this semester's first production is written by someone as groundbreaking as Swale, for at the heart of the Theatre Program is its innovation. As Canada's only Bachelor of Fine Arts in Acting at a Christian university, the Theatre Program is a unique and integral element of exploring one's relationship with the stage, the self, the audience, and with God.

As Canada's only Bachelor of Fine Arts in Acting at a Christian university, the Theatre Program is a unique and integral element of exploring one's relationship with the stage, the self, the audience, and with God.

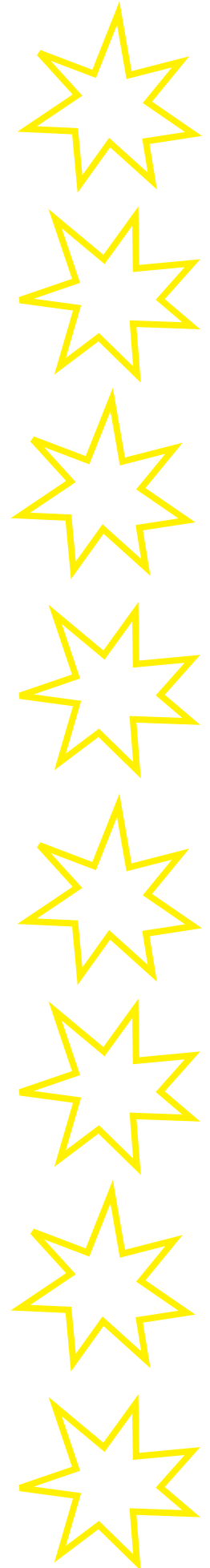
SAMC theatrical productions are held four times a year (SAMC Theatre) and *Blue Stockings* is the first to be performed in the 2023-2024 school year. SAMC theatre also provides opportunities for students outside of the major to participate in the performing arts.

For those looking to be entertained, 11:07 is a comedy improv show hosted every other Friday at, hence the name, 11:07 pm. 24-hour theatre is when students make a play in only 24 hours as they go from idea to performance in just one day.

I wish I had been more involved with the Theatre Program in my time here at TWU, especially considering the intersection between the English and the Theatre Departments. While I am no performer by any means, I have still participated in dramatic presentations for English courses, taking on characters in *An Ideal Husband* and *Hamlet*. When I look back on the Theatre Program at TWU, I took for granted that it would always be there, and now, at its impending closure, I wonder how large the hole will be when it is gone. We take hope in this final year that the program's epilogue is the start of a legacy.

At the heart of any dramatic production is a story and the Theatre Department is composed of more than just one story. It provides a foundation for community life, a place of belonging for its students, and exists in the time of twilight before to be celebrated before its curtain call.

To commemorate this legacy, the second part of this four-part series will feature interviews from faculty on what theatre means to them in conjunction with the voices of students and alumni. At the heart of any dramatic production is a story and the Theatre Department is composed of more than just one story. It provides a foundation for community life, a place of belonging for its students, and exists in the time of twilight before to be celebrated before its curtain call.



ARTS & CULTURE

A Thoroughly Christian Film? On the Exorcist

Bret van den Brink

When “worlds of wanwood leaf-meal lie,” I am wont to be found “grieving / Over Goldengrove unleaving” by incanting lines of poetry to myself, including the given lines from Gerard Manley Hopkins’ “Spring and Fall.” I considered reflecting on this habit here, but then I remembered something that Jane Austen’s Elinor says in *Sense and Sensibility*: “It is not everyone. . . who has your passion for dead leaves.” With some reluctance, then, I turn away from the Keatsian “Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness” to what I have seen people on social media refer to as “spooky season.” Perhaps less characteristic than my love of poetry, though perhaps in equal measure more generally relatable, is my fondness for horror movies. So, in the long approach to All Hallows’ Eve I watched William Friedkin’s 1973 film *The Exorcist*.

Shockingly, the film moved me. I was prepared to be morbidly fascinated, but not invested. Yet, its characters were, well, in a word, likeable. They were ordinary people, sane and sensible. They were not particularly bright nor particularly stupid, neither exceptionally good nor exceptionally wicked. Their motives were about as pure as anyone’s could be: a mother’s love for her daughter, a psychologist’s duty towards his patient, and a priest’s care for his parishioner, or, rather, for anyone desiring Christ’s aid. These basic motives are mingled with complicating factors, but, let’s be honest, that’s simply how things are. They want normality and they want love—who would not sympathize with that?

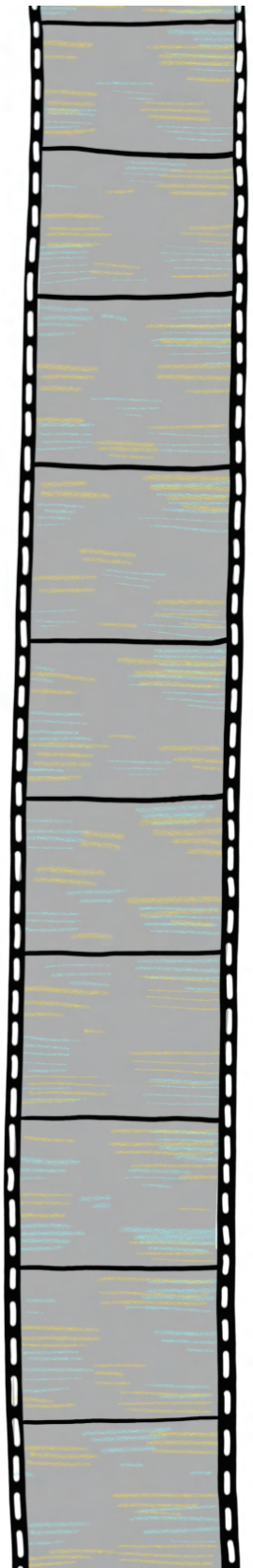
The devil, that is who. The great Antagonist himself. The media of the last few centuries has given us a veritable smorgasbord of diabolical hero-villains, including sublime sophists, witty epigrammatists, and double-speaking bureaucrats. One often gets the sense that Lucifer is the sort of chap that one might like to share a cognac with in a parlor. *The Exorcist* gives a somewhat cruder picture of the demonic. To refurbish a passage from Percy Bysshe Shelley’s “On the Devil, and Devils,” Friedkin reinvests Satan of his “sting and hoofs and horns,” while denuding him of “the sublime grandeur of graceful but tremendous Spirit.” The film’s demon is no rhetorician but

utterly foul-mouthed, spewing gross verbiage and green vomit.

In my opinion, Ed Simon, in his fascinating book *Pandemonium: A Visual History of Demonology*, is correct in judging Friedkin’s film as being “estimably traditional, if not conservative, in its metaphysics.” Simon continues, “To wit, *The Exorcist* claims that there is such a thing as objective, absolute evil; that that evil is caused by a fallen angel named Satan, and that demons are his servants and emissaries; that these beings are capable of possessing human beings, and that the only recourse in that circumstance is the intercession of the Roman Catholic Church.” Certainly things happen in the film that would offend any sense of decorum and decency, things that I will censure myself from describing here, but, of course, to indulge myself in a wry understatement, devils are offensive.

While the film’s devils are offensive, the film’s priests unobjectionably play offense as representatives of the *ecclesia militans*. I am more used to seeing the clergy being portrayed as corrupt than commendable in contemporary media, but the main priest in the play, Father Karras, is wholly laudable. He is in his way as skeptical as the film’s psychologists—he only acts after gathering decisive evidence—but, unlike them, he does not have a dogmatically materialistic view of the psyche. He recognizes that a spiritual problem requires a spiritual solution, and assents, somewhat reluctantly, to performing the exorcism. When things go wrong, the priest valiantly fulfills his role as a representative of Christ, sacrificing himself to save the possessed child. Perhaps he too was saved by sacrifice, for as Christ says, “He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.”

It would probably be remiss of me not to end where I began by noting that in his “Ode to the West Wind,” Shelley likens the falling of leaves in autumn to “ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,” that is, to phantoms fleeing a Faustian magician, or perhaps even an exorcist. And the poet who wore a ring inscribed with the words *Il buon tempo verra* (the good time will come) ends his poem, “O Wind, / If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?”





It's Fat Bear Week again.

David Witzke

It is fall again. The leaves are falling, the air is cooling, and the bears are getting fat. Indeed, Fat Bear Week has returned.

Astute readers may recognize this article's title and its byline. I covered Fat Bear Week last year (way back in Issue two of Vol. 27) and marvelled at the wonderful competition that takes place in Alaska. Things were bigger than ever this year in Alaska, including the bears. *The Washington Post* sent one of their travel reporters, Natalie Compton, to Alaska for the express purpose of covering Fat Bear Week. I felt supremely jealous at the prospect and somehow convinced the gracious editors of *Mars' Hill* to let me be their Fat Bear Week correspondent. Thus, *Mars' Hill*, lacking the budget of *The Washington Post*, sent me. I use sent as a loose term, especially considering that I neither went to Alaska nor left my couch to cover this journalistic event.

For those unfamiliar with the glorious competition, Fat Bear Week is a weeklong elimination bracket competition that takes place every year in Alaska's Katmai National Park and Preserve. The competition pits the park's brown bears against each other to see which one has gained the most fat over the end of summer and beginning of fall. The outcome of each bracket is decided through user votes submitted via explore.org, a not-for-profit associated with Katmai.

Each bear has a photo taken in one of the summer months, usually July or August,

and is rephotographed in September when they are at their heaviest. Voters can catch a glimpse of their favourite bear via webcams set up in the most-frequented bear spots throughout the park. Yet after a few years of observing the competition—and becoming a self-described and utterly uncredentialed Fat Bear Week expert—I have found that the photo makes the bear. Theoretically, bears are judged on their overall weight gain, but a bear with an awkward photo will invariably be eliminated quickly.

The pose that sealed the win for 128 Grazer this year is a sort of poised and rigid stance with an intense gaze. 747 had a similar picture that led him to the top last year. It is a wonderful pose that usually showcases their entire bulk in the river—two things that give a greater picture of the bears beyond a traditional side view. Unfortunately, wild bears are not too keen on posing for photos, so voters have to take what they can get.

Over 1.3 million votes were cast in this year's competition for a variety of bears. Fan favourites and former champions 480 Otis, 435 Holly, and 747 were all eliminated early, which left 128 Grazer and 32 Chunk as the first new finalists since 747 won in 2020. 128 Grazer eventually took her throne in a landslide vote that left her winning by over 80,000 votes. To be fair to the up-and-coming Chunk, most of the brackets this year ended up being landslide victories or defeats, but I certainly had not expected the final round to be so decisive

so early on in the voting process.

Fat Bear Week is a wonderfully bizarre cultural event. It's hard not to enjoy the competition—it is a bunch of pictures of fat bears. Yet what I enjoy most about it is the fact that the bears are oblivious to their popularity. You can get merch with Otis or 747 on it, but if either bear saw you in real life, you might not care so much which bear you are meeting. Yet at the same time, I am glad there is finally some sort of celebrity who will not let me down. I am not saying that it is one hundred percent healthy to anthropomorphize bears this much, but I am saying that there is a 0 percent chance that 128 Grazer will get cancelled on Twitter.

Confessions of a Cinephile in Toronto

Kevin Redekop

As the calendar turns to September audiences trade out the shorts and sandals for turtlenecks and berets, or maybe that's just me. One of the main signposts of this shift is the Toronto International Film Festival (TIFF), which distinguishes itself not only by attracting Oscar hopefuls but also honours the audience with the People's Choice Award as its highest prize. As a lifelong film-lover, I have dreamed of attending, and thanks to my wonderful family, this year, it became a reality. In my attendance at TIFF, I watched eleven films over the course of five days (yes, I am a madman), and as generous as you readers are, I do not think people have the patience for eleven exhaustive essays. Therefore, we are going to stick to my stand-outs that I think Trinity Western University audiences should watch.

First, I want to highlight a few honourable mentions here; *Dream Scenario*, *Wildcat*, and *Woman of the Hour*. *Dream Scenario* features one of my favourite actors Nicolas Cage, who plays a professor who appears in everyone's dreams, becoming an overnight celebrity, but fame takes a dark turn when those dreams become nightmares. Another gem that will please true crime fanatics is Anna Kendrick's tense directorial debut, *Woman of the Hour*, following the horrific events surrounding the serial killer Rodney Alcala, who won the *Dating Game* in 1978. In an experimental examination of faith and creativity *Wildcat*, Ethan Hawke directs his daughter, Maya Hawke in her fearless turn as the Catholic Southern Gothic writer Flannery O'Connor (be sure to brush up on her bibliography before watching).

Taking you all back, the first film I watched in Toronto was master Hayao Miyazaki's latest, *The Boy and the Heron*. While it may not officially be Miyazaki's last film it feels like a fitting culmination of his work, even with his high bar, there is a level of maturity, capturing both the optimism of youth and finality of old age. Further, every frame is filled with memorable characters and worlds, proving the power of hand-crafted animation. Perhaps it was the effects of the opening night of the festival but Miyazaki created a film experience that will be remembered as a gem in Studio Ghibli's crown. There is currently a release scheduled for December and I cannot think of a better Christmas present than seeing this film with friends and family.

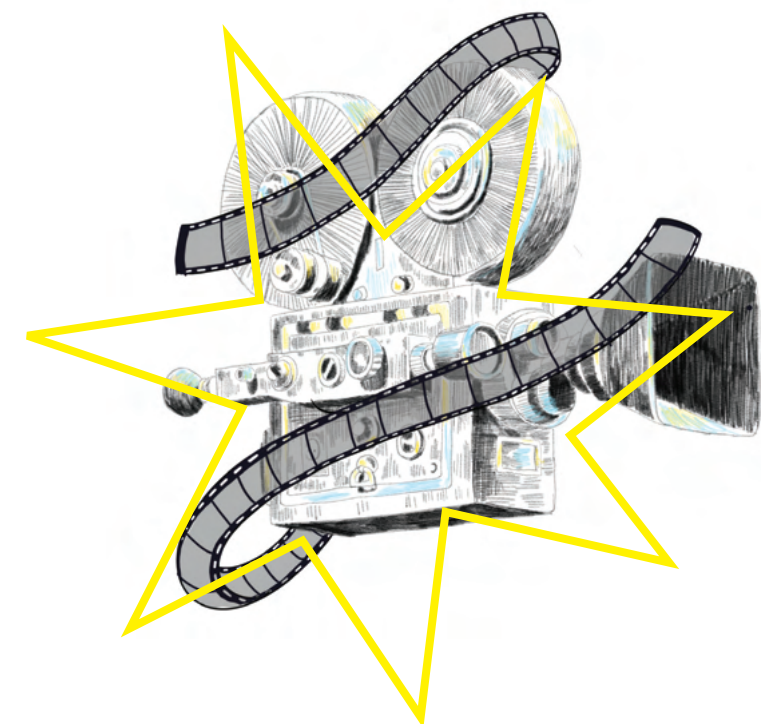
Another film that became a wonderful ride is *Wicked Little Letters*, Thea Sharrock's directo-

rial debut, providing the festival with another story that is stranger than fiction, except this one owes more pennies to the swear jar than most. The film stars the always charming Olivia Coleman and Jessica Buckley as two polar opposite women in England after World War I. There are mysteriously a series of "poison pen letters" floating around, and everyone is pointing fingers. A truly unique and relevant feminist mystery sharply written by Jonny Sweet who gives every actor plenty to chew on. This is more than a standard period drama you scroll past on Netflix but something with a lot more bite and so much more fun, as it was a real thrill to see the case unravel.

In a sharp turn of genre, there was the next standout film of the festival, Mahalia Belo's *The End We Start From*, starring Jodie Comer as a new mother who must reckon with having a newborn baby amidst a climate crisis. Belo in her masterful direction captures all the most beautiful, painful, and quiet moments in an apocalypse. Like the best works of speculative fiction, much of the backdrop feels all too familiar, especially after the floods in the Lower Mainland in 2021. Rest assured that it's not all relentless pessimism but retains the spark of hope. Comer once again proves she's a masterful actor, especially considering one of her main scene partners is frequently an infant, and Belo proves herself as a name to look out for in the director's chair.

I believe that I have saved the best for last with the final film of my festival experience, *The Holdovers*. This is a film that reunites writer-director Alexander Payne and actor Paul Giamatti, who stars as a jaded history teacher at an all-boys school who is tasked to watch over the students that are not returning home for the winter break. Now, I may be preaching to the choir but Christmas is my favourite time of the year, and this film perfectly captures the contradicting feelings of warmth and melancholy that fill the December air. That atmosphere is perfectly fitting with the cast of characters Payne assembles; Giamatti was born to play a worn-out teacher, and is perfectly balanced by a precocious student played by newcomer Dominic Sessa balancing teen-angst with a tender heart. Rounding out the cast is Da'Vine Joy Randolph who plays the school's cook staying at the school and spending her first Christmas without her son who died in Vietnam. There are familiar beats in *The Holdovers* but Payne makes them all feel new and does them well, capturing the mixed emotions surrounding the holiday with characters who need each other, where you are happy to see them grow and are invested in who they are to each other. With a scheduled release in November, I can't think of a better group to spend Winter Break with.

I hope this article inspires you to search some of these titles out and see them on the biggest screen possible. Now pass the popcorn.



Subscribed to Life

Jackson Letsche

Most of you are old enough to remember the days of CDs, whether you had them for movies, games, or music. There was something uniquely special about getting that Wii game disk and pouring over the instructions for the game because you couldn't play until tomorrow. Thumbing through the cases, arguing with siblings on which movie to watch for family movie night. Putting the disk into the car to listen to an artist's whole album.

Now you stream it. Rent whatever you want for 5.99 a month. Is it more convenient? Probably. But it takes so much out of the whole experience, and at the end of the day, you don't own any of it. All that music you have on Spotify? You are renting it from them. Netflix allows you to dip into their mediocre catalogue of media for a price, but you cannot keep any of your favourite things. You do not own them.

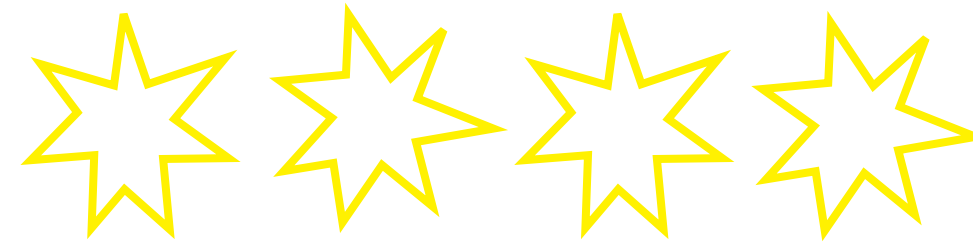
Subscribed to life. It is not necessarily a bad thing, but when you step back and look at it, it does take a bit of the wind out of the sails. Nowadays, everything runs on a subscription model. Everything from design software, to entertainment, to heated seats in your car. It can be more convenient at times, sure. You do not have to pay for things that you do not need, but at the same time, does it not seem a little ridiculous? You cannot own anything, only borrow it for a price.

Things move on though, and so, while I think back fondly of the hassle and memories of CDs, I wonder if our kids will think the same of the subscription model. If so, I wonder what would replace it. Everything is a fad from a certain perspective, and the business world moves quickly. I mean, we went from the beginning of the internet to the dawn of public artificial intelligence

in 50 years, so who knows where things are going.

I just like to savour the things that I do have that I do not have to pay for every month. And do not get me wrong, I am not condemning the subscription model at all; I love some of the things that subscriptions allow me, but with more and more companies turning to this model, it seems that more and more of life is taken over by subscriptions.

Subscribed to life could have two different meanings: the one, being that you have to pay for everything you see. You literally have to subscribe to live life. The other, being that you make the choice to invest in living life to the fullest. You cannot put nothing in and expect something out. I hope that you choose the latter. It is far more hopeful, and we as Christians should be the most hopeful people. As my mother would say, "Jesus has won. Be happy."



The Crunch Culture Crisis

George-Philip Dumitrascu

Crunch culture has plagued the gaming industry for as long as production deadlines have existed. *Crunch* is an industry term meant to denote a time, usually nearing a deadline for a game's release, where a game development team goes into overtime and sacrifices food, sleep, and spending time with their families to ensure that the game is on schedule. Very often, these bouts of crunch lead to physical and mental exhaustion. We have heard it said that every video game is a little miracle of production—but the normalization of crunch culture in recent years has left a permanent stain on the gaming industry at large.

AAA game studios, the cream of the crop amongst the likes of Ubisoft, Blizzard, and CD Projekt RED once brought to mind the highest quality of video game production, whether it be their graphics, story, or gameplay. However, good graces have turned sour in recent years because of buggy, lazy, underperforming, and greed-fuelled games that have blemished the records of these companies. Many gamers have made the assumption that the fault of a terrible release or product is on the shoulders of its developers, but this could not be more wrong; very often, these projects are in dire need of delays.

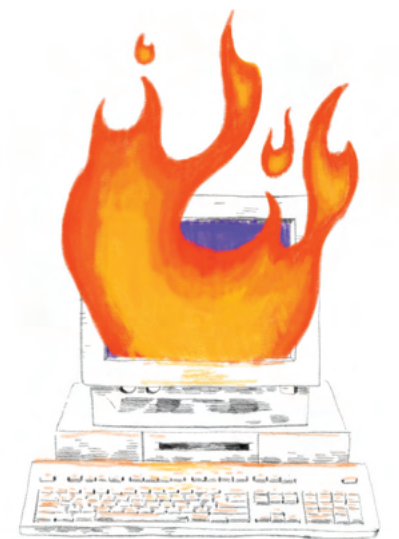
The word 'delay' is a curse word amongst game studio executives. If you keep up with the development of a game you are interested in, chances are you will hear of one. Your first instinct may be one of disappointment—after all, that is more time between its release and the game in your hands. However, these delays are valuable points of respite and needed polish for developers who are so often sidelined in the crunch conversation. Otherwise, you are left with exhausted and underperforming

employees. The organization *NME* reported that Ubisoft Paris' studio was stretching to 13 hours per day of overtime for its developers with some stretching even longer to 16, where 10 percent of its staff burnt out for months over the production of *Just Dance 2023*. Much of the blame falls on the shoulders of higher-ups who had more concern for their shareholders than their employees. An anonymous employee commented that the "promise was not kept" when Ubisoft's core team promised they would hire more developers rather than commit to crunch.

While no one is technically forcing a developer to crunch, studio culture encourages it to the point where a developer may be fired and blacklisted from the industry if they do not subject themselves to 10+ hours of overtime per day. Many of the gaming industry's developers are not hired directly by the company they work for—at least 15 percent of all developers are contract workers who offer their services from company to company. If the developers perform well, they may be offered a job at the studio and a stable income. It is true for contract workers—as it is true for regular employees—that making a good impression in the eyes of upper management might guarantee them a job next quarter, even if it means sacrificing their physical and mental well-being for it. This creates a toxic work culture, where at any time a coworker may gain more favour if they subject themselves to a crunch, versus a coworker who kept healthy hours. As a result, coworkers have to one-up each other rather than lose their jobs. For example, the highly anticipated *Cyberpunk 2077* by CD Projekt RED was known for its messy, unfinished, and glitchy release, much to the disappointment of fans who had waited for its release for years. Behind the scenes, develop-

ers could be found working eighty hours per week and even six days straight before release in a 'mandatory crunch,' not leaving the studio at all in an attempt to release the game in a playable state. This event sparked the forming of a union in Poland—where the studio is based—and a formal inquiry by the Polish government over terrible working conditions. *Forbes* writer Erik Kain said it best when they questioned "Do we value the on-time release of a video game more than the lives of those people tasked with making it?"

Video games are meant to be fun, imaginative escapes into new worlds where we can forget the worries of this one, but if the people working on its production are subjected to exhaustion, blacklisting, and periods where they are not able to see their loved ones for days, I would rather just put down the controller.



ARTIST SPOTLIGHT

Artist Spotlight with Berke Mutaf Katie Vermeulen

A conversation with a fifth-year bachelor of fine arts in acting, Berke Mutaf.

Born on Halloween, Berke grew up in Aachen, Germany. He has performed in numerous theatre productions. In the spring of 2023, he played in “You Can’t Take it with You” as Boris Kolenkhov, a Russian Bale teacher. He also starred as Daddy Murphy in “Bright Star.” In multiple roles, Berke has taken on new identities and inner worlds including Roger, a composer in “Comedy of Horrors,” a school kid in “Anne of Green Gables,” and a TWU alumni in “Awake.” With this array of experience, Berke dreams of one day playing Treplev from “the Seagull and Sweeney From Sweeney Todd.” If you haven’t heard of any of these productions, that’s okay! Get ready for a dive into our next artist spotlight, centring around the art of theatre and acting.

MH: Berke, can you tell us about your artistic journey? Where did art begin for you?

BM: I started doing music when I was very

young. But I was still in search of something more engaging with people. I came across a brochure that said, “Hey, do you want to act? Do you want to become an actor?” So I decided to pursue theatre. My mom was supportive, and that was that.

MH: You didn’t think much of it at first, hey?

BM: Nope, I follow my impulse. That’s how I got to Canada. I wanted to go somewhere new. I wanted to be in a place with lots of nature and beauty so I moved here when I was twenty-one.

MH: Wow, that’s a bold move. An impulse is a fast-acting force or sudden urge to act. Would you say acting gives you the space to be expressive with that impulsive energy?

BM: Yeah, I just like saying a bunch of stuff sometimes—being melodramatic and having full variety in my expressions. I also really like complex characters. What is interesting is when you play characters, you see things about yourself and you reflect your character into the role. You learn a lot of things about

yourself within that. You get to experience what they have in their mind going on, what their relationships are—I find it rewarding.

MH: Sounds like quite the adventure honestly, diving into the characters you’ve played. You’ve even ventured into a song release on Spotify. Can you tell us about that process?

BM: I love music because it is very explanatory. It creates the atmosphere for a set. Three years ago...I was just messing around with my guitar and created a relaxing, repetitive melody. But nothing came of it until my professor Angela threw this idea out there: “Berke why don’t you do music for Awake,” so I shared the melody and my friend Talia was moved. Talia helped me out by bringing the song to life. It’s called “Hungry and Blind.” Check it out!

MH: So the song used in the show Awake?

BM: It was, I played it. The process was nice because there was a poem written by an alumni that we wanted to use in some way. So, with Talia’s help in figuring out the melody to our singing, we were able to create a song I am

proud of.

MH: What artists inspire you musically?

BM: Artists that inspire me? Slowdive, Jeff Buckley, Just Mustard, Soft Blue Shimmer.

MH: I’ll have to check them out. I love that your professor encouraged you to lean into your musical side for the show.

BM: All the professors in the theatre department are hard-working and amazing. The theatre department feels hidden. And I think often the people outside the theatre realm only know we exist because of all the talk about us shutting down.

MH: When does the theatre program close?

BM: The theatre closure was announced in the summer of 2021 and will close at the end of this coming spring. But good news for you people out there, we have a brand new very exciting show coming up in November. The show is called Blue Stockings; we are opening on November 22.

MH: What would you say to people who have never experienced theatre at TWU?

BM: You’re missing out. We put on really good shows. Come witness something special, it is unlike anything else on campus honestly. Seeing theatre is so rewarding and I feel like you always walk away with something valuable.

And studying theatre! The rehearsals, learning to fail boldly, [and] behind-the-scenes and on-stage moments [they] all add up to these rich experiences that equate to a once-in-a-lifetime bond. Finally, seeing that one shy person sing it out of the park, and [thinking], “Who are they? I don’t even know who that is anymore.” With a willingness to challenge personal boundaries, people become new versions of themselves.

MH: What has been the most valuable thing you’ve learned over the five years in theatre studies?

BM: Oh boy, you want tears, eh?

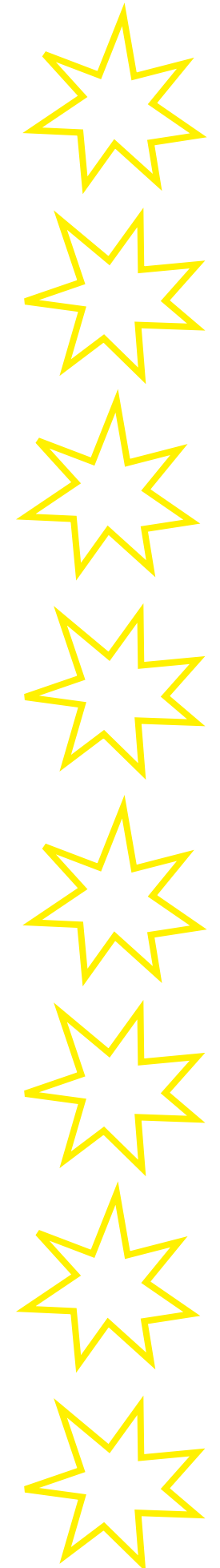
MH: [laughs]

BM: Theatre helped me grow in accepting people and doing life with them as a family. It helped me with my confidence; I became a different person. I also started having more faith [in] God. I learned that good things can

happen through faith. There’s so much to be grateful for in theatre: the community is what fostered that. I was shocked by the goodness, joy and character-building that came into my life through this program.

MH: Beautiful. Last question, with our issue theme being “Off the Rails,” what is your favourite thing about the chaos?

BM: There is so much chaos specifically in the theatre. During all that, you see people coming out of their shells, which is so beautiful. It is fun and creates good memories, and at the end of the day, you have one thing to laugh about. What else are you gonna do? Sit there and cry about it?



COMMUNITY LIVING

Bible Reflection

Maria Peers

The Bible is a radical collection of books that can transform a person's life through the Word of God. It is both counter-cultural and yet intimately intertwined in cultures across the world throughout time. With everything from love poems and wild adventures to the depths of sin and the heights of salvation, one might say that the Bible is off-the-rails.

Imagine having a life so off-the-rails that the Bible has a whole book dedicated to your misery. You can thank God that your name is not Job. His life was so unfortunate that scholars debate whether he was a real person or an exaggerated character created to illustrate a point. In the first chapter, one messenger after another comes to Job with horrifying news. He loses his oxen in a raid, his sheep get struck by lightning, and his camels are stolen. To make matters worse, all his children are feasting together in his eldest son's house, and the house collapses on them. He loses his children and his livelihood all in one single day.

Job fell prostrate on the ground and sang out,

**“The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!”
(Job 1:21, NAB).**

Three friends come to comfort Job. The chapters that follow contain conversations Job had with God and with his friends. At times, the dialogue is intense because Job had every reason to mourn his losses and to be angry, but he never once cursed God. Job's first reaction was a proclamation: “Blessed be the name of the Lord.” Even in his pain, he spoke to God with incredible respect and reverence. What really makes Job's life off-the-rails is his unwavering trust in God.

As you are reading this, you might feel like your life has gone off-the-rails. One of our very own business alumni felt this way all throughout her university experience. In 2019 her immune system became compromised from mononucleosis, commonly

known as mono. She also became sick with the first strain of the coronavirus before it was officially announced as a global pandemic. These viruses resulted in an undiagnosed condition that is still ongoing today. It was hard for her to get through university courses and to socialize with friends on campus. Like Job, she is still able to praise God.

“I thought I had lost all that made me...me... but God slowly rebuilt my foundation from the bottom up. He replaced all of my broken pieces with gold and healed me on the inside. To this day, I wish I was physically cured, and it is still a challenge every day. I will never be the same person I was before experiencing such hardships. In fact, I am a much better person for it because I have shared a little part of Jesus's suffering on the cross—and an immeasurable amount of his resurrecting joy.”

In another testimony, a psychology student from a different university found herself in a high-speed car crash last semester. She did not return to school after that, and as a result, lost many of her friends and everything she once knew. When she thought her body and life had fallen apart, God set her on a new path.

“Ironically, the very thing I lost is now something I wouldn't trade for anything. My current situation is far better than where I used to be, even though I could not see that at first. This experience has given me a new perspective on suffering. It has shown me how it can bring you closer to God and teach you the art of trust. This, in turn, helps you continue

to find beauty in life even when things seem dark. Over time, this newfound outlook has become its own source of grace.”

Every little thing gives her joy now, even simple tasks like getting out of bed on her own, taking a shower, or walking down the stairs. She used to take these things for granted, but her recovery process has shown her that her life is a gift and even the most mundane moments are precious.

Whatever your journey is in life, you might relate to these stories to some degree. Maybe it is hard to be a university student. Maybe a door recently closed in your life. Maybe you feel like you are sitting in the ruins of an abandoned structure, wondering where God is.

God is in your journey. He does not desire awful things to happen, but from it, God will bring good. We can sometimes be like a child who is walking with their father at night who frets so much about the darkness that they forget their father's hand is there. The anxiety and fear make it hard for the child to relax and trust that they are being led home to the light. Job knew how to suffer well because he could trust in God.

If you feel like you lost a lot recently, God will open a new door to you, one that you would otherwise never consider without this suffering. You might find that door tomorrow, you might find it ten years from now. Trust in the journey, and trust in the Person leading you, for God has not forsaken you.



On-the-Rails Presidency

Joelle Nelson

Meet Jeremy Joosten, your poetry-writing, motorcycle-riding, TWUSA president. The 2023-24 school year marks Jeremy's 10th year in student leadership. He started out as a sixth-grade class representative and gradually worked his way up to the university president you see today. A few of his notable leadership positions include wrestling team captain, junior class secretary, and senior class treasurer. At Trinity Western University, he worked with the Intercultural Programs (ICP) and as a TWUSA business rep. Needless to say, Jeremy Joosten has plenty of experience that prepared him for this role and he knows how to work for his campaign promises. Jeremy promises to be intentional, to provide more opportunities, and to build up community.



Jeremy decided to run for president last spring when he envisioned ways for TWUSA to be more open to students. Jeremy not only created a vision but followed through with it. There used to be curtains that hid the TWUSA office from sight. Now, the curtains are open to be less secretive and more welcoming to students. In addition, any student in business formal attire is welcome to observe TWUSA meetings at RGK on Tuesdays. Jeremy is very intentional when it comes to his campaign promises. In his words, they are: "A promise I made, a promise I kept, and a promise I will keep." To accomplish this, Jeremy applies the concepts he learns in business and psychology courses to his presidential responsibilities. Jeremy knows how vital a mission statement is for an organization and he ran for presidency because he felt like students could be more aware of Trinity Western's mission.

The mission of Trinity Western University, as an arm of the Church, is to develop godly Christian leaders: positive, goal-oriented university graduates with thoroughly Christian minds; growing disciples of Jesus Christ who glorify God through fulfilling the Great Commission, serving God and people in the various marketplaces of life.

This statement unifies us as one student body oriented towards a common goal; therefore, Jeremy started TWUSA's first O-Week meeting with it. In this meeting, TWUSA leaders reminded each other of their campaign prom-

ises to promote an encouraging environment where their desires to serve the student community could be shared and supported. "My team knows why they are here and what their promises are. The team is working to achieve each one of our campaign promises because the students voted us in, which means they care about what we are trying to do." Jeremy facilitates one-on-one meetings with team members each week on this. He also has meetings with the editors-in-chief from *Mars' Hill* and *Pillar* to involve them more with TWUSA and community life decisions. Jeremy's most important role is to act as a bridge between the students and faculty members. TWUSA presidents have regular meetings with Trinity Western's executive leadership team (ELT) to advocate for student concerns.

Jeremy believes that his biggest strength is his ability to know other peoples' strengths. Jeremy understands that there will always be someone else who is better with technology, note-taking, and organizational skills than him. With so many responsibilities, a TWUSA president cannot do everything. Jeremy wants other people to do what they are good at and have passion for. For example, Jeremy can manage money, but the VP of finance is a finance major and is well-qualified for her job. The TWUSA vice president studies human resources, so it is natural for Jeremy to have her handle certain situations that she is well-equipped for. The director of marketing wants to be a great marketer, and Jeremy is happy to support her aspirations. The same goes for everyone on his team. "They know what they are doing, they are good at what they do, and I am here to help them be successful." Jeremy's ability to support other people's strengths allows him to be open with everyone in the way he communicates and keeps people informed. Jeremy appreciates that everyone on his team

is intentional about the students in their faculty. They enjoy advocating for students, hosting events, and clearly marketing what TWUSA is. They have strong, student-oriented mindsets. Jeremy appreciates that any time a decision is made, the first question is, how does this affect the students? The team does not make a single decision without thinking about the good of the students and university at large.

Jeremy is intentional. He works hard each day to make sure TWUSA is increasingly open and available to students. This is the first team to be largely composed of international students. It reflects the student population at large since we have more international students than any preceding year, allowing the team to be more understanding to students from different backgrounds. "You should come to us with your concerns because you trust us to take it to Trinity Western University and advocate for you." If you want to bring anything up to a TWUSA member, you can come to the TWUSA lounge with your ideas and solutions. There you can find free printing, rentals, and coffee. Another way to be intentional about campus life is to attend the new TWUSA initiative: Dine with a Mind. Each month, there will be a sign-up sheet (on a first-come-first-serve basis) for an opportunity to have lunch with faculty members from the ELT.

Jeremy is impressed with the spiritual revival on campus and the desire of everyone here to have a flourishing community life. "I believe we can work together to make this the best university community in Canada. That can only happen if students talk to us about how we can improve."

OPINIONS

HOT TAKES

Erin Vanderstelt

Hot takes are generally entertaining opinions. While they can lead to intense debates and disagreements, they can also be amusing and lighthearted. A hot take is defined by *Oxford Languages* as "a piece of commentary, typically produced quickly in response to a recent event, whose primary purpose is to attract attention". Nowadays, hot takes purposefully instigate conversations and debates. They are meant

to cause a bit of an uproar for the purpose of entertainment, not intelligent conversation. Listed below are some anonymous hot takes I have gathered from across campus. They come from lots of different people and some even disagree with each other. I have always found hot takes interesting whether or not I agree with them and decided to create a bit of a collection of them. After all, hot takes are just opinions, even if they are slightly off the rails. They are as follows:



If you put anything except cheese on a grilled cheese, it is no longer a grilled cheese—it is a melt.	Claiming to be 'hangry' is just a lame excuse to justify your poor/rude behaviour.	Hot dogs are technically sandwiches but if you offered someone a sandwich, you would not give them a hot dog.	Country music is actually amazing.	The Marvel Cinematic Universe movies are now stale
- Cinnamon toast crunch is overrated.	Baseball is a game not a sport.	Slugs are naked snails.	Oreo Thins are way better than the originals.	Books should never be banned.
Driving fast and recklessly does not make you look cooler (neither does revving your engine).	Beyonce was not the best singer in Destiny's Child.	Mayonnaise is the worst condiment.	Superman is a boring superhero.	Social media is making us less social and very disconnected.
The TV show <i>Friends</i> is not that funny.	Family bloggers are exploiting their children for views.	Gingers deserve justice.	Bowls are the superior dish.	A ravioli is just a wet pop tart
A&W root beer sucks.	Using big words does not make you intelligent.	Dark chocolate is better than milk chocolate.	Going to the beach is not that much fun.	Nap time should be a part of school no matter how old students get.
Daylight Savings makes time more interesting.	Being on time to things is not hard.	Pineapple is the best pizza topping.	Veganism is unsustainable.	Taking a bath is better than taking a shower.
Disney is ruining their movies with all these remakes.	The crust is the best part of pizza.	Apple Music is better than Spotify.	A good chicken nugget does not need a dipping sauce.	- Handwriting notes in class should be more widely encouraged.
Hot dogs are tacos	The ocean is a soup.	Pumpkin spice lattes are not actually that good.	Avocados taste like dirt.	

Influencers Are Killing Travel

Journalism

Erin Vanderstelt

The short answer to this is...maybe? It is honestly kind of a complicated topic with no real direct answer of yes or no. First things first, what even is travel journalism? Most people hear journalism and think of annoying and intrusive news reporters or the anchormen on TV. Maybe they even think of old-time reporters clacking away on typewriters. Travel journalism is different, though; it can simply be sharing information about the places someone has been and the culture there. Travel journalists can discuss points of interest to visit as well as recommend dishes to try at local restaurants. The point is, these journalists have the inside scoop on things and are sharing that information with their readers.

Influencers are very different. They might be in it for the interaction with their audience, but it seems to generally be much more focused on the money involved. Sure, they will visit local shops and restaurants, then they will tell their followers that using their promo codes can give them a discount—that's

the real benefit. Influencers are not in it to save the closing businesses or bring people to quiet little picturesque towns that live off of tourism. As much as it is a good thing that it might bring more traffic to these areas, I do not think this is the real purpose behind influencers. Their purpose is their name—they exist simply to influence us consumers and then benefit from it. Influencers are so incredibly opposite of the quiet intimacy of travel journalism, slowly suffocating travel journalism's presence in the media.

This is not meant to hate on influencers as a whole because hey, some of them do a great job at keeping small businesses alive and I love that. This is just meant to bring attention to what kind of impact these flocks of influencers—with their ring lights and selfie sticks—can have on these unique destinations. As much as this format of information sharing can ultimately benefit the locations discussed, I am not sure it is the best way. Of course, the media has to follow whatever is trending and current and I get that. Our culture simply chases after whatever the next best thing is and that is fine, but sometimes it can be so much more chaotic and destructive than is necessary.

Maximalism or Minimalism

Alexis Stephen

Closets are filling to the brim, storage upon storage space is taken up, and more pointless things are being acquired daily. People are overindulging in the material matters of life; however, having little to nothing has also become a trend. Simple clothes, simple art, and just the basics or necessities that one needs. Maximalism to minimalism, back and forth society goes choosing which trend they wish to follow. What seems to be lacking the most from both of these concepts is balance.

The ideas of maximalism and minimalism are most commonly related to clothing, but they can also be found in art, music, and literature among others. Maximalism is essentially an excess of whatever one desires. Buying items can be fun and entertaining—some even define it as therapeutic—but fulfilling these desires only seems to stem more. There is always something new that can be purchased: for example, a new car, a new trend, or a new phone. In maximalism, it is rare for one to ever be completely satisfied with all they own. Advertisements use words to influence one

into believing they must have this one 'thing' that will make their life all that much better, thus becoming a revolving door of purchasing and hoarding. Not only does maximalism cost a lot, it leaves one feeling overwhelmed with all they have acquired and stressed out about the remaining unfulfillment. Maximalism may not be healthy, but does that mean minimalism is?

Minimalism is the idea of removing all of that which does not hold value to you. It results in creating a mindfully decluttered space—or is supposed to. Those who are minimalists do not purchase items just for the sake of acquiring more, but instead want only satisfaction from that which is meaningful to them. Minimalism is more simplistic; it finds beauty in the basics, but this means it can be less vibrant and exciting. There are many who have been helped by these ideas and have trained themselves to get out of their shopaholic tendencies. For one, however, to say minimalism is better would be an overstatement, as jumping from one extreme to the next never seems to be the solution. Forcing oneself to live with

I know this has been full of generalized statements—really, I get it. I have a lot of respect for what these influencers can do, it is just not the kind of life I want. Give me a quiet little cottage in a coastal town and I will write for days about the places I have been and the things I have seen. Unfortunately, this does not seem to be a reachable goal for my future career. This world moves on from trends almost *before* they are trending and it is the job of people who work in media to stay on top of these things. They need to follow these ever-changing trends and be media literate. I will most likely forever be caught in a tug-of-war between what I want to write and what the world wants written.

I am not calling for an end to the age of influencers, I just wish it was not as overwhelming to culture as whole. Even though I am not called to the life of an influencer, I respect those who spend their lives doing it. I just want them to realize their unseen impact on other forms of media sharing such as, but not limited to, travel journalism. I have had to come to terms with the reality that is my possible future but I refuse to simply accept this without sharing my thoughts on the matter.

close to nothing and trashing whatever does not bring value can be overwhelming as well. Overall, living with less seems to be better than with more, but living blandly and without colour can make life seem dull. Balance should be key.

To avoid gluttony, it is important to reduce one's consumerism and go through life with moderation. Minimalism does not, however, always equal moderation. To buy something for fun every once in a while does not change who you are as a person. The key idea of minimalism is to live more meaningfully and to live meaningfully is to be aware of what you do and how it affects yourself or others. It is not just to prove you are better than everyone for living with less (which is the reality for many in the world). These trends do not create a balanced life. Being so hyper focused on where one fits does not equal contentment, but to live meaningfully and mindfully can.

HUMOUR

Fraser Hall to be Converted to SkyTrain Station by 2028, says TWU

Seth Schouten

As preparations begin for the expansion of Metro Vancouver's SkyTrain line into Surrey and Langley, Langley-based post-secondary institution Trinity Western University (TWU) has announced plans to participate in this transit development.

TWU's Langley campus is slated to host a SkyTrain station, with construction to begin in 2026. The station will be the final stop in a new train line, which will begin at the proposed 203rd Street station. The line has been tentatively called "the Torch Line."

"We are excited to be participating with TransLink, the Government of BC, and the Township of Langley for this new development of the SkyTrain," said TWU spokesperson, Utorsin McTerry.

In order to save on space, TWU has announced that it will convert one of its pre-existing residential buildings—Fraser Hall—into the station, using the foundations and infrastructure as the basis for the construction.

This decision was met with some controversy. Some students have expressed their concern over one of TWU's housing buildings being converted into a train station.

"As a current resident of Fraser, I'm not in favour of these developments," said an anonymous third-year student in TWU's education program. "TWU's housing situation is already tight as it is. Is tearing down one of the buildings *really* a good idea?"

"I want students to know that the line will be built underground," said McTerry responding to some criticisms. "You won't have to deal with the sight or sound of a SkyTrain cutting through campus, you'll just have a 3.5 magnitude earthquake every 2-10 minutes. In addition, of course, to the fifteen-minute intervals of the Alloway Chimes and the clattering of the train line that already edges our property."



As a replacement for the displaced students, the university's administration has plans to erect a trailer park in the parking lot of the DeVries Centre, formerly known as the Northwest Building, once informally known as the Nunnery.

One concern raised frequently by students is where the funding for such an endeavour would come from, as TWU has agreed to pay for most of the price tag on the new line.

"This won't be a financially easy investment, that's for sure," said McTerry. "The heads of many programs will have to roll for us to get the money to pay off our construction costs."

The SkyTrain expansion will cost the university some \$500 million as well as an additional two million thoughts and prayers.

These changes coming to TWU are the latest in Metro Vancouver's efforts to expand its

SkyTrain network. While many students will be sad to see Fraser Hall go, the university indicated that this is just the first in many changes that will come to TWU in the next few years.

"Eventually, it'll all be gone," McTerry said, gesturing out to the many buildings of TWU. "All that will remain is the spectacular Robert G. Kuhn Centre and the train. And the Sodexo cafeteria, of course. We've signed an unbreakable contract with them until 2057."

I'm so Confused About Bojack Horseman's Society

Bailey Froese

Recently, in between homework, I've been rewatching a show that I binged the entire first season of in one day during my first year of university. I initially decided to watch *Bojack Horseman* (2014-20) at that time because I was anxious, burnt out, and finally on track to receive the antidepressants I had needed for years. I figured that if I was going to officially become One Of The Mentally Ill, I might want to watch a show that apparently a lot of mentally ill people enjoyed (in hindsight that sounds like a red flag). If you're familiar with *Bojack Horseman*, you may have heard people praise it at length for its nuanced depictions of trauma, bettering one's mental health, the asexuality spectrum, accountability, yada yada. While I admire the show for that, that's not what I'm writing about here. I'm simply baffled by the world these characters live in.

Bojack Horseman is an animated Netflix series about an anthropomorphic horse (named Bojack Horseman) who used to be the star of a 90's sitcom. In the present day, he's a grumpy alcoholic who has trouble keeping work and relationships because he's a massive jerk. He lives in Hollywood (that's not a typo) with a cast of humans and other anthropomorphic animals, all of whom are human-sized and have relatively human-like bodies. They live mostly human lifestyles with some animal quirks respective to their species and names usually reserved for pets. For example, Princess Carolyn (yes, really), who is Bojack's agent and a cat, uses a large scratching post as part of her workout routine.

Building anthropomorphic animal societies that can conceivably accommodate every species can be tricky. Disney's *Zootopia* (2016) removes a lot of problems by making all the characters mammals, but *Bojack Horseman* does not do this. There are birds, reptiles, fish, insects, and everything in-between coexisting with humans and mammals as equals. Birds can still fly: they just flap arms instead of wings. Sea creatures still live in water (there's even a prominent film festival in Pacific Ocean City) but they can also breathe air, though land creatures have to wear special helmets when visiting the ocean. Obviously this raises a lot of questions, namely: how do you maintain a society of sentient animals when some animals only eat meat?

This is the only question I have about this universe that *Bojack Horseman* answers directly, in the fifth episode of Season 2: "Chickens." Yes, the chickens are sentient, but some chickens are injected with hormones from birth that cause them to behave like chickens from our world. The same controversy over factory farming in our world exists in *Bojack's* world: it's just complicated by the ethics of breeding a sentient being to be eaten. Presumably this is how beef and other meats are produced as well, as there's a scene where a cow waitress glares at a human she's serving a steak to. That's horrifying and all, but how did this society come to be in the first place?? This is never made clear.

At one point, some characters drive past statues of dinosaurs in caveman dress, so the humanoid animals have evidently been around as long as humans if they have the same customs. Was there ever tension between the species? Familiar biases like racism exist and speciesism happens between different animals (Princess Carolyn dates a mouse at one point and discovers that his family hates cats), but have humans ever considered themselves superior? There's some evidence that pet traditions existed in the past, as several animal characters have names like Mr. Peanutbutter, but did humans ever actually enslave or otherwise marginalize animals? The population seems to be half human and half humanoid, and it seems like humans get more movie and TV roles than animals, but no one ever addresses this.

You're probably wondering after that last paragraph why a cat and mouse would be dating in the first place. Yes, interspecies relationships exist between humans and animals, but genetics work differently here. If two different species have children, the child will be one species or the other, not a hybrid. You can determine the species of a fetus via ultrasound as well as the sex. The only universe I have more questions about is the *Cars* universe, but I think I've already gone over the word count, the point is, *Bojack Horseman* society makes no sense and I can't stop thinking about it and it's driving me insane and the walls are closing in and



New Viral trend has Parents Panicking: Teens are Pledging to become knights to their Feudal Lord

George-Philip Dumitrascu

Gen Z is well known for its viral trends over the years, and this year is no different. First a trend spawning from the online video sharing platform TikTok, teenagers are crazy for pledging themselves to become knights to protect their feudal lord!

What will they think of next?

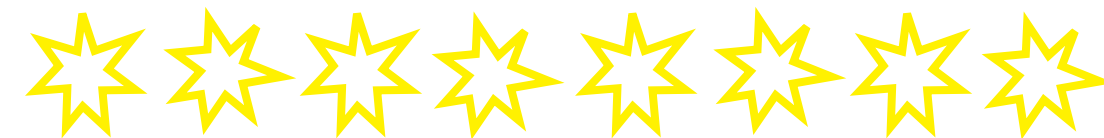
First spawning as a simple adherence to the Chivalric Code, teens are now training to become knights in order to protect the lands and honour of their local dukes and counts. They call it 'knighting,' and parents are panicking—one concerned father told *Mars' Hill*: "How is my daughter supposed to focus on schoolwork when she rants about joining the marches towards the siege of Vienna? She

keeps demanding that we build mangonels and trebuchets to provide support!"

The craze has spread from TikTok to Instagram and YouTube with teens recording themselves trudging through mud in heavy iron armour and swinging claymores in an effort to decapitate enemy Bavarians and plunder local farms to resupply their duke's army. "It's such a rush," says one teen knight who wished to remain anonymous. "I've always felt so oppressed by my parents and society," he said with glee. "I've been looking for a way to rebel against the system, and there's no better way than to die in the name of my duke so he can seize a neighbouring county. I joined with my friends, and now I've lost two to sepsis and three others to the plague!"

Parents are raging against social media platforms who have not been cracking down on the posting of the 'knighting' videos, leading to fear of their teens being inspired to recruit themselves to the levies of their local counts, dukes, earls, or even kings. "We have a duty to protect free speech," said Facebook in an official statement last night. "If teenagers want to see videos of their classmates hoisting a severed head on a pike as a scare tactic against the Abbasids, then we have a duty to allow them to see that."

No matter if they're invading the Anglo-Saxons or being granted baronies in Moravia for their service to their lord, these bloodthirsty teens love the trend, and it shows no sign of slowing down anytime soon.



Normal about Garfield

Lorin Scaiano

I'm normal about Garfield. My friends say I'm normal about Garfield. If you asked "hey, what's Lorin's stance on Garfield?" My friends would likely say "Normal. She likes Garfield a normal amount." And it's true, I do like Garfield a normal amount.

I'm normal about Garfield.

"The average human reads 12 Garfield comics per day" (statistic can absolutely be trusted and is in no way influenced by my reading habits). I may have every Garfield comic, but to read them all in one day would be ridiculous; it takes me two or even three days.

I'm normal about Garfield.

Every day (except Mondays) I wake up to

an alarm of Jim Davis saying "Get up Garfy, rise and shine," and roll out of my limited edition VTG Garfield Cat & Odie Bed Sheet 1978 Queen/King Only USA-Made Vintage bed. Every evening I fall asleep to Jon singing an orange cat lullaby, cuddling one of my Garfield plushies.

I'm normal about Garfield.

I eat a lasagna for lunch and two more for dinner. And every Monday? Oh Garfy. Every Monday I mourn, for if Garfield himself can't enjoy the day, why should I?

But I'm normal about Garfield.



Christian Horoscopes: Halloween Edition

What are you made of? Some monsters are made of exhumed body parts or radioactive goo, but what stitches you together? Why do people run screaming from you? Realistically, it's probably because you didn't shower yesterday, but I write Christian Horoscopes, not hygiene tips.

Business

You may tell your kids otherwise in the future, but you are literally made of money. Your flesh is forged from cash and credit cards, your heads are stuffed with loonies, and your veins flow with Bitcoin. Well, maybe they do. I have no idea what a bitcoin looks like, I've never seen one.

Nursing

You guys seem pretty warm and fuzzy, so you must be stuffed with cotton. You're like Build-A-Bears except with skin suits. And syringes for fingers.

Education

Why on earth would you guys want to work with kids?? That's inconceivable, unless... aha! I knew it! You're all just three kids stuffed in a trenchcoat! The jig is up, you can stop filling coffee thermoses with choccy milk now.

HKIN

What are these "mussels" you guys have all over your bodies? Is it because you're actually those fish people from *Pirates Of The Caribbean: Dead Man's Chest* (2006)? That's awesome, I love that scene where Davy Jones plays the organ with his tentacle beard.

Natural & Applied Sciences

Judging by how dim the science building always is, I assume you guys are vampires. I knew you were so pale and sleep-deprived for some reason other than insane amounts of homework. It also explains why some of you are so obsessed with microbiology—how else would you determine how to perfectly flavour blood?

Social Sciences

You all go on about how you're created by your environment, so I assume that means you're just clumps of earth and oxygen shaped like people. If you're from a Pacific Northwest environment, you probably have some trees in there too. And a perpetual rain cloud over your head. And I'm not talking about your depression! Hee hee ha ha, please hold your applause.

Humanities

You're 35 percent Value Village sweaters, 20 percent library basement must, and 55 percent Gifted Kid Burnout.

SAMC

You guys are living puddles of hair dye, Phoebe Bridgers lyrics, and tears welling from some deep profound revelation at 3 AM. And that's just the Game Development majors.

OFF THE RAILS Curated Playlist

Let's Ride - Khantrast

YUKON (INTERLUDE) - Joji

Idioteque - Radiohead

NEW MAGIC WAND- Tyler the Creator

Pretty Girl - Clairo

Roddy - Djo

Stone Cold Crazy - Queen

Garage Rooftop - Q

Crazy Train - Ozzy Osbourne



CREATIVE WRITING

i refuse to believe it's only me who feels this way

Starry Meredith

there are fragments of you that still speak to me,
just as there are neurons that still recall our memories.

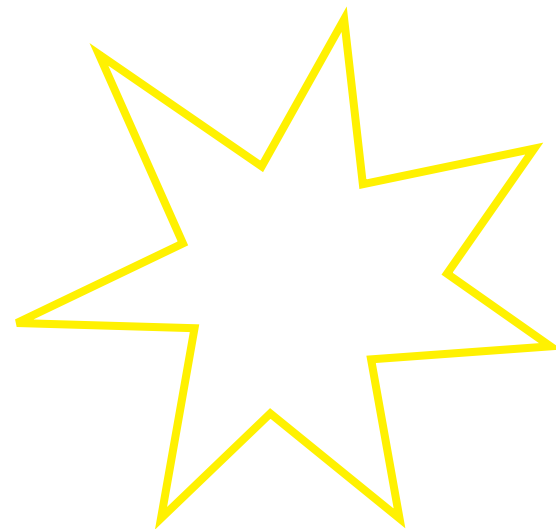
there are atoms that freely remember,
even when i try to scrape off any remainder:

"lovers forever" you said.
in hindsight, was the beginning of our decadence.
"forever each others" i said.
now i soak in the bitterness of your absence.

i refuse to believe it's only me who feels this way
when i'm left here in the lack of your presence,
left to see the world through a fixed blue lens,
from everything we thought we had
to everything we could have had.

it's now all but a blur.

i refuse to believe that you can be okay,
despite my wish for you to be okay.



Sandy Freedom

Diego Bascur

Taste of freedom in my mouth
Headed south
For the winter
The Surf and your eyes
The water makes me shiver
The sand is coarse
I see the sun through a sliver
Between your fingers
I fell asleep on the beach
I taste salt in my mouth
I headed south
For the blue and the green
My dreams unseen
Your hair is sandy
And soft
Don't leave
I don't need you
But don't leave
Wake up in the blue and the green
Wake up and dream with me
Everyone left
It's just her here with me
On the beach
In the sand
With the surf and her eyes
Everyone left
I taste freedom in my mouth
We headed south
And we didn't look back

The Angel and I

Jackson Letsche

Who are we and what are we all meant to be?
This is the question, and in time,
I wonder when I can look back to see
The answer. It so often seems to be, we look behind
As we look back and forth within our minds,
Devoid of hope for change. And yet,
Something more will spur us on, driving us to greater heights.
Perhaps an angel of divine appeal was sent
To tell us that with all our earthly might
We'll still fall short of what we ought to be.

And so we ask them what then must we do
To rise above. They look upon the things we hold so dear
And we instinctively reply, "Oh no, not even you
Could take these things away. My anchor in the night
They keep me here, in place, and free from fright,
You'll understand?" The angel looks down softly from above
And smiles. But stooping down to me he pauses,
And he asks a question. He speaks in kindness, does not disapprove,
But in his question I must come apart because
It's time to see that change is in the air.

"But why?" I ask, "Why must these things that I hold closely by
Be set adrift and put aside? They hold me tight!"
He answers with a firm reply, "These things you hold to now must die
For what if here is not your place to lay,
And God has greater things for you today
So far away from here. The only thing
That keeps you back? Your hold
Upon the things you cling so close. The King
Of All has greater things for you. Behold,
The splendor of your God!"

Here is not where you are meant to be.
Let go of anchors, all these things
Are keeping you in place. And yet the sea
Of opportunity spreads out ahead of you. For then
Those things were good for you, but now it's time again
To trust. Heaven-sent, I come to tell
You of the glories yet untouched. Yes, more
Will you be then, oh, when you look to God to keep you well
Within the gates of joy instead of all the trinkets, passions, bells
Yes, blessings but they fight a war against the things He has for you."

And so I look with teary eyes to both the angel and my things
Which now I realize are bonds.
I put them on myself believing they are wings
That lead me to the promised land.
But Icarus, I stand before the messenger of god, a man.
I said that it was all okay to wear these fetters
For the sake of comfort. Change cannot assail me while I sit
Within the cell of my own making. But to better
Serve my God I must move on and listen to divine advice, requite
My passions. Just to live within thy glory and beneath thy wings abide.

Floating

Sarah Jin Roy

Piercing silence.
Chilling air, vacant stare, tangled hair
A small speck floating through the expanse of space
Amongst celestial wonders, this weightless place.
Rooted reliance.
My bones bare, quiet air, time to spare.
A cosmic ballet, where stars and comets come to play
Night turns to day, and I pray you help me find my way.

Wind blows through the gaps in my ribs
The stars melt, and time slips.
A symphony rises within the void
My heart swells, I am overjoyed.
Lost in your grace, your blessings I trace.
The Creator and I, floating in space

Longing

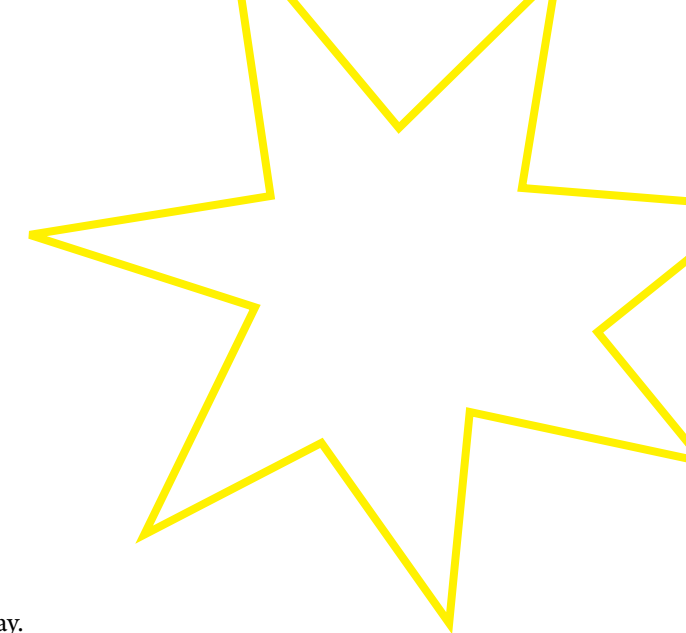
Alexis Stephen

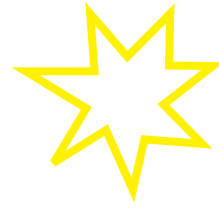
Loneliness has followed me,
Pleading that I should stay a while,
She left me feeling empty
A blank expression, no smile.

Hope had began to come back,
as the heat withered and fried,
a feeling I tend to lack,
For the last couple years I have tried.

Now, as the leaves are falling,
And the rain chills me to my core,
My suspicions are dulling
Encountering what I long for.

I have severed my shadow,
Walking with God in what is real,
Left only with an afterglow
There is no grief He cannot heal.





Dancing through life

Jackson Letsche

Dancing through life, swaying and sleeping,
Without a care in the world.
Remembering nothing but today's struggles,
Keeping your flags unfurled.

An easy endeavor, waiting for nothing,
Always looking for more.
Expecting results and praying to heaven,
But keeping your eyes on the floor.

Nothing can come but sorrow and sadness,
From keeping yourself on the ground.
All that it takes is one step of discomfort.
With struggles, successes abound.

Winning takes work, don't let them deceive you.
You must put your nose to the mill.
But keep moving forward, results, they come slowly.
Patience. You'll make it. You will.

Complaining does nothing, we're all really tired,
But saying it just doesn't help.
Keep your head up, patiently working,
And try to take care of yourself.

Look for the good, be a thankful people.
Enjoy both the fun and the tough.
God gives us good things to grant us great pleasure,
Alike, both the smooth and the rough.

Decayed Youth

Katie Vermeulen



1. A small Polaroid picture. Held between two fingers and placed behind a phone case. Notice in the picture how they both face away from the camera and how green the grass and trees are, it is summer. They are on Grandpa's river property, in a small Manitoba town called LaSalle. He is tall and big, she is short and small. Who is she, you ask? You could call her his best friend.



2. There is a young girl who sits by the fire-place, warming the small of her back near the flame. Her grandfather sits next to the fire-place in a Lazy-Boy chair. In his low voice, he sings a Nat King Cole song: "Un-for-gett-able, that's what you are... Unforgettable, though near or far". Old and classic, his voice brings connotations of sweet admiration. She smiles and sways on the mantle. The mother looks in from the kitchen. Mom is sure to remind her daughter of this moment when the little girl long forgets. Reflecting on the moment, the little girl can remember it vividly, though she is unsure if it is a memory that only exists by her mother's assembly. Or did the memory find a way to periodically resurface over the passing of fifteen years on its own? Strange isn't it? The moments that continue to be drawn to the front of our minds.

3. The youth run rampant in the field, music coming from different stages. Groups of people wearing fairy wings, long skirts, circling hula-hoops and sparkling with face glitter. Bare feet and unwashed hair are culturally acceptable here. The air is warm and light on the skin, like a sweet summer kiss. Two girls lie in the grass under the canopy of a tree. They stare up at the clear blue sky. Smoke rises from between their thumb and index finger

and they blink slowly in contentment, humming to the music in the distance. Not a single worry in the world it seems.

4. You take her hand in yours. Notice how soft her hands are, how thin her skin is. Her bones are 90 years old yet still stand; unsteady, frail, and unsafe. Skin can be 0.07mm thin, yet still holds together the entirety of a person. That seems kind of absurd, don't you think? How close you are to a person's mere biology, how unrecognizable they are without this thin veil of flesh.

5. The meadow stretches beyond sight. Notice the little girl sitting in the hay bales as the tractor bumps along. She eats black licorice with other children, watching the rows of the field. They lay on their backs and look for shapes in the clouds.

6. Driving straight through the province borders without stopping. Sleeping in the car and swapping for the driver's seat. Arriving they went straight to see the music. Do you see the way the crowd raises their hands to catch the sounds off the stage? Do you see how the children dance and sit on older shoulders? Notice how that child looks around, not afraid to stare at you directly, above the sea of older youth she looks blank and quiet.



7. Adventure before dementia. That's what it said on the back of a van on my street the other day. The crazy state most age into before death taunts the ego. Dementia and paranoia. The chaos of homes without enough staff. Constant redirection. It's hard to imagine the

type of mental decay that happens. Not only with age but with the insanity of letting go of your entire life. Letting go as you rely on others constantly. Learning to love yourself even in this new state. It's natural but it doesn't feel handled naturally anymore.

8. On a walk in the woods she notices berries and eats them. Sweet and tart she forgets everything she was thinking about and begins to eat one after another. Soon she is so full she has to collect the berries in her skirt, for her stomach can't hold anymore. Losing track of time she runs home for dinner, tripping and falling she loses all her harvest.

9. We invite his best friend. He's shocked she lives here, across the hall there's a door he stopped knocking on. She doesn't speak anymore; she only stares, unafraid to stare into your eyes. It felt like I couldn't hide my thoughts from her like she was telepathically staring into my soul. Locking eyes I greet the part of her that looks far away. It's hard to stay there, I want to look away but I won't. Waiting for her to look away she doesn't. We speak to her but she cannot talk after her fall; nonverbal. Her best friend has a way of using humor to make things easier. He makes some comments and laughs his classic laugh but her face doesn't change. Until she was wheeled downstairs he had forgotten the years she cared for him. Cooking, cleaning, driving, listening, laughing, shopping, singing, loving. An angel that had served her time, now silenced by the life she lived and hallowed by something, something I wasn't here to witness.

10. Notice that the picture holds a new meaning. With time, it is glanced at differently. Notice the trees, how they look warm in the summer light. Notice the shade of the tree over their heads and the river that glitters beside them. The grass is long, the lawn is of less priority now. I prefer it longer anyway.

11. Folding her arms, resting her hands on each elbow, looking down at her feet she confesses, "I don't feel 90, that seems hardly real". Usually too paranoid and anxious to hold a real conversation this feels like the most peaceful moment we have shared in a while. No one believes her to be 90 actually, she looks 15 years younger than that. She is beautiful. Her decline only took 12 months. Leaning in, she whispers, "I was only a child".



Mars' Hill Newspaper

22500 University Drive,
Langley Twp, BC
V2Y 1Y1

marshillnewspaper.com
IG: @marshilljournal