

Persistent, Aspiring, Noble, Diligent, Achieving

SHSID | TIMES

March April 2024 Edition

New Endings & Old Beginnings

The TIMES Team

Editor in Chief

Angela Zhang

Vice Editor in Chief

Alicia Chen

Nick Lin

Features Editor

Mia Huang

Managing Editor

Geoffrey Ku

Assistant Editor

Aaron Xue

Cecilia Lien

Evelyn Zhang

Jaeah Lee

James Su

Norah Cen

Sophia Fang

Zane Lu

Director of

Digital Media

Kevin Wang

Creative Director

Erika Liao

Director of

Photography

Coco Tan

News

Jessie Li

Alicia Chen

Allen Woo

Amy Kim

Geoffrey Ku

James Su

Jennifer Suh

Jeffrey Yang

Joyce Huo

Liris Zheng

Minhan Zhou

Nick Lin

Sophia Fang

Sophia Zhu

Zane Lu

English

Literature

Cecilia Lien

Alex Dawrant

Bobby Sheng

Melinda Dang

Chloe Chan

Evelyn Zhang

Fei Hsiao

James Su

Jessica Tan

Letitia Lai

Maegan Huang

Maggie Tang

Mia Huang

Necla Asveren

Pete Chen

Victoria Park

Chinese

Literature

Norah Cen

Amy Cheng

Chloe Zhu

Daniel Zhu

Emma Li

Joanna Jiang

Rika Hayashi

Shirley Zhang

Lifestyle

Amy Kim

Ariel Zhang

Bobby Sheng

Chelsea Chen

Chelsea Nam

Esat Celik

James Su

Jennifer Kim

Lianna Pan

Maegan Huang

Maggie Tang

Samantha Li

Sophia Fang

Science and Technology

Kevin Wang

Arden Su

Celene Chu

Chanyeon

Ethan Hsiao

Henry Wang

Joe Yu

Joyce Huo

Kelly Wang

Max Xu

Owen Dustin

Ronnie Zhou

Tony Tung

Student Journal

Sophie Yu

Annie Long

Ariel Zhang

Chelsea Nam

Chloe Chan

Esat Celik

Han Su

Jeffrey Yang

Jennifer Suh

Joyce Huo

Liris Zheng

Maggie Tang

Pete Chen

Sinbi Lee

Sophia Fang

Photography

Coco Tan

Yuto Nakashirna

Minnie Chen

Digital Media

Kevin Wang

Camilla Basco

Caroi Chen

Chelsea Narn

Chloe Zhu

Eason Lu

Emily Fu

Jeffrey Yang

Kelly Wang

Michael Xiang

Veronica Nuan

Vincent Li

Design and Illustration

Erika Liao

Aaron Xue

Aimee Mu

Angelina Lan

Aysheila Zhou

Brianna Sun

Cheer Yu

Chelsea Chen

Chloe Zhu

Fei Hsiao

Jaeah Lee

Leyan Hu

Lianna Pan

Minnie Chen

Sabrina Lee

Vanessa Iiu

Wakana Yokoyama

Cover and
Feature Photos by
Yuto Nakashima

Publicity Coordinator: Ms. Shen, Chen Li
Supervisor: Mr. Ma, Feng



Letter From the Editor

Dear Readers,

As the school year approaches its culmination, March and April mark the endings of our academic journeys. March sees the campus coming alive again after winter, with students reinvigorated to finish strong. In April, the world transforms with the blossoming of spring, creating a vibrant backdrop as we reflect on our journeys and look forward to what lies ahead. We hope you can see echoes of your own experiences in this magazine and find inspiration in these stories.

In our Cover Story, you'll find tales of students taking their own big steps. As you explore the articles, short stories, and journals contributed by our writers, you'll find everything from the documentation of their journeys to poetic prose on the transformations of the world. I hope that something in these pages will help you learn something or feel a bit better about yourself. Most of all, I hope you will enjoy reading the stories your peers are sharing and be inspired by their creative expressions. Happy reading!

Sincerely,



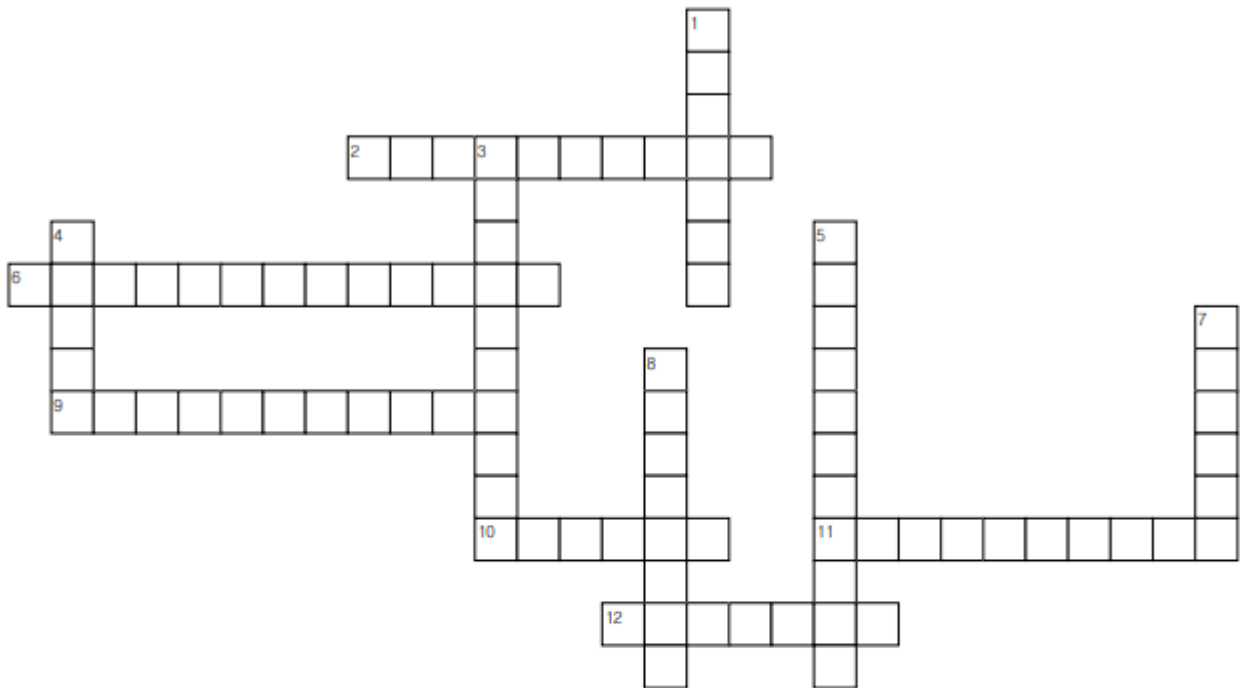
Angela Zhang, Editor-in-Chief

CROSSWORD

The CROSSWORD section is a vibrant and intellectually stimulating part of our magazine, designed to challenge and entertain readers. Dive in and enjoy the rewarding experience of cracking clues and uncovering words, one grid at a time.

Email your submissions to shsidtimes@hotmail.com and follow SHSID | Times on WeChat to participate in our online polls.

MarApr Crossword



Across

2. 3rd paragraph of "5% Saturation", synonym: fruitful
6. 10th paragraph of the Cover Story, synonym: charitable
9. 3rd paragraph of the Cover Story, antonym: frugality
10. 4th paragraph of "Age Retardation", synonym: expand
11. 2nd paragraph of "New Ends to Old Friendships", synonym: unavoidable
12. In "Ouroboros", synonym: ancient

Down

1. 6th paragraph of "Age Retardation", synonym: destabilize
3. 1st paragraph of "The Italian Olive Oil Saga", synonym: weaken
4. 2nd paragraph of "I write to you as someone new", synonym: scold
5. 1st paragraph of "Slipping Back into Old Habits and Overcoming It", synonym: subconscious
7. 2nd paragraph of "Here Lie Their Roots and Sprouts", synonym: tender
8. 1st paragraph of "Shifts of Social Media", synonym: impending

LETTERS

ON “BOHO BLISS” SEPT-OCT 2023 ISSUE

I had never paid any particular attention to Bohemian interior design. While I'd always been an avid explorer of the arts and aesthetics, this particular style seemed to evade my notice. That changed after reading Amy Kim's piece “Boho Bliss.”

The piece explores historical and current manifestations of Bohemian interior design, noting specific characteristics often found in the aesthetic and famous individuals who embody the style. In exploring the vibrant tapestry of the bohemian aesthetic, one finds themselves on a journey through a world where creativity knows no bounds and self-expression reigns supreme. The boho design, with its colorful palette and eclectic mix of patterns, seems to radiate vibrancy and liveliness in every nook and cranny. With a whimsical blend of vintage and modern, the aesthetic serves as a testament to the beauty that lies in chaos and embracing unconventionality. As a fan of traditionally popular styles and design patterns, this served as a unique personal transformation. The article prompted me to do further research on this aesthetic, and after a while, I was able to recognize the beauty that lay in the mishmash of colors and icons. During my exploration, I was particularly struck by the boho aesthetic's profound ability to connect art with life and its celebration of individuality. To me, the value the bohemian style represents is simple: it's about finding joy in the simple pleasures of life and living each moment with intention and authenticity.

- Sophia Fang 10(5)

ON “WHERE WE FIRST MET

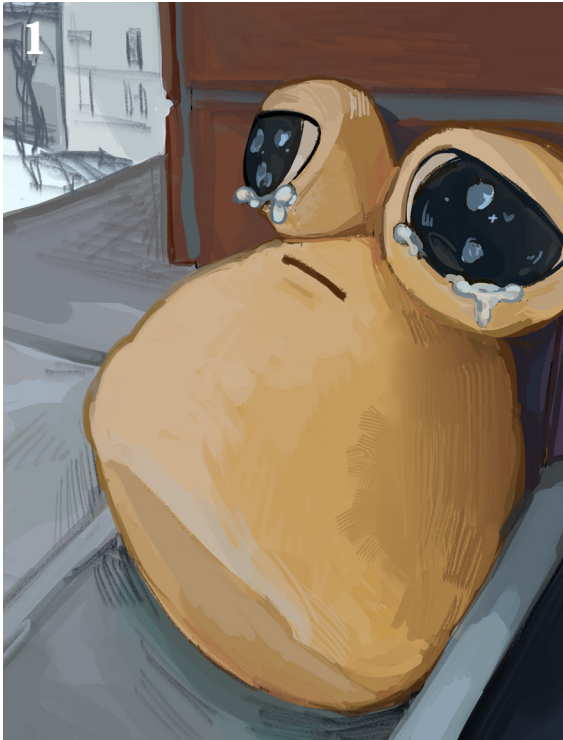
Looking at old books you've read a long time ago is an interesting experience. You take the book off the bookshelf, now most likely covered in a coat of dust, and perhaps you'll smell the chocolatey aroma of yellowing pages. You put the book down on the table. You read the title. It sounds familiar. You look at the cover art. It feels familiar. Yet, you have no recollection of what happened in the book. In fact, all you're left with are the faintest hints of the plot you hear in the remaining echoes of memory. Despite this, the cover art, the title, and the book's texture all feel like something familiar. Something you know.

“Where We First Met” by Jessica Tham captures such a moment through Clementine, who reconnects, not with an old book, but with a man named Mark. Mark appears at Clementine's doorstep with a bouquet of roses calling her name. Clementine is startled as she does not remember who Mark is and why he might know her name. Mark takes Clementine to a diner, and amidst the surreal Elvis music in the background, Clementine feels a sense of magic and love for the diner. The story ends with Mark reminding Clementine that the diner is where they first met.

The short story is a beautiful homage to the intricacies of relationships and journeys. No matter how far we travel, where we travel, or what happens on our travels. No matter how long it has been since you have read that book. The beginning of it all. The embarking on an odyssey will always be something retained and chiseled into our memory.

-James Su

ART SUBMISSIONS



1 | Uncertainty

by Necla Asveren 10(5)

“As the stress and pressures of school and all other aspects of life meld together, many people find themselves distressed and anxious for the future, yet continue to persevere. The creature’s heartfelt, sorrowful tears reflect similar emotions. Hopefully everyone can find some solace in the shared struggles of mundane existence.”

2 | Rebellious

by Angelina Lan 11(8)

A charcoal drawing of me and my friend. “Rebellious” displays the free-spirited nature of teenagers within a restricting society through a black and white palette in addition to a graffiti-styled collage.



3 | Emotional Burnout

by Vanessa Liu 11(8)

The overwhelming negative thoughts are thought repeatedly like a candle being solidified and melted countless times.

4



4 | Peeping Jerry

by Allen Chen 10(7)

I can't help myself. What's on your mind? Oh, alright, I'm sorry. Okay, now I know what you're thinking. So, you, yes you, what were you thinking right now?

5 | Untitled

by Sabrina Lee 11(8)

Each and every one of us live in our own unique flow of time. When our altering identities interact with each other, time is reshaped and a new "self" is born.





TABLE OF

Cover Story

- 1 The First Big Step
With new endings comes old beginnings, and so their roads diverge...

News

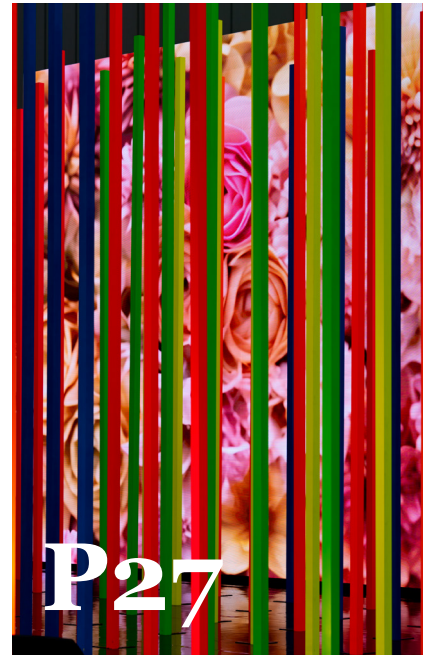
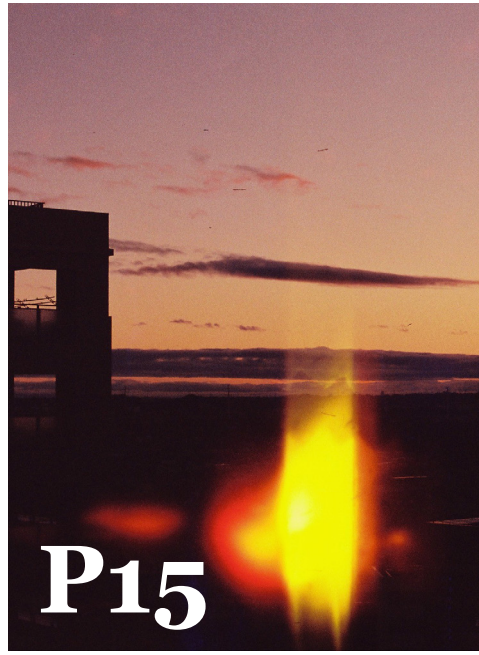
- 5 The Italian Olive Oil Saga
A look into the Italian olive oil scandal

Lifestyle

- 9 Shifts of Social Media
Looming threat of a Tiktok ban

Literature

- 11 5% Saturation
A sudden, almost foreign drowsiness overcame me.
- 15 Ouroboros
And at the end of the day dusk would rise
- 17 Here Lie Their Roots and Sprouts
The world fell into complete silence that day.
- 19 I write to you as someone new
Through tales of time (or not)
- 23 新时代
新的春天随着旧时代最后的告别到来了。



CONTENTS

Student Journal

- 27** **New Ends to Old Friendships**
While we may fear losing old friends and feel guilty for drifting away from them, it is often a natural process when growing up and changing.

Science and Technology

- 29** **Age Retardation**
Going against the force of time
- 31** **Slipping Back Into Old Habits and Overcoming It**
The science of bad habits

The First BIG STEP

Written by: Victoria Park, Chelsea Nam
Photos from: Google

Lights! Cameras! Graduation? No, it couldn't be. It felt like just yesterday that the hallways were filled with the hustle and bustle of high school. Yet it was the day--the big day. Uncertainty filled the auditorium air, and cheer spread through the school. In a blink of an eye, they were on their flight to the Big Apple: New York City. Life after high school would be a rollercoaster for both of them, and they knew this. Soon, their roads would diverge, and so the story begins...

Story I

Spring, then early summer. The green leaves had begun to fill in what used to be the empty spaces left behind by the late cherry blossoms. Last year this time they were hustling to wrap up what was left of their junior year, bracing themselves for what was to come in their senior year. This year they were hustling to wrap up what was left of their high school journey. It seemed as though there were only good days ahead of them: time to catch up with everything they had left behind for the past three years, and, by the time the summer breeze started to take on the slightest tinge of the musty autumn chill, to step into the college they had dreamed of.

And that is exactly how it happens: September marched forth and he stepped into the college he had only dreamed of. This was what he had been working for for the past twelve years: entering this school, and being able to be admitted as part of its extravagant community. It seemed as though this was all he could ask for, a lifetime's wish fulfilled in a heartbeat. He walked into the lecture room for his first class and looked around. All around him were fellow freshmen, faces full of anticipation and pride just like his: look how we made it here. The class proceeded, and he was completely lost, unable to understand what the professor was talking about. To his surprise, though, he found himself completely unconcerned: he had finally reached a point of stability, and there was no rush for anything.

The leaves on the trees turned a shade darker each passing week, and his high school classroom and his days devoted to academics became a distant memory at the back of his mind. He instead committed his days to going out with his friends and going to parties during the night.

It was during one of these moments when he was teetering on the edge of the curb with his friends late at night waiting for a cab, that a hushed whisper voiced itself from the back of his head, and he began to notice things. How his friends had been busily speaking out during class while he slumbered on with a hangover by their side; how their faces would light up when asked who they saw themselves as in ten years; how, under the dim glow of club lights, their smiles had held the genuine and steadfast promise of a worthwhile future. He hated it each time the whisper let itself be heard, its harsh ringing note, and sealed it off with a slap on his friends' backs and an urge to go for another round of beer.

And that is how it went. He followed his friends into the college library as exams approached and yet despaired at the realization of just how much he had left behind for his nights out hanging out with his friends. He burrowed his head down onto the desk and quietly tried in vain to remember himself in high school as all around him echoed the sounds of his classmates turning the pages of their textbooks. He jerked his head up after an indeterminate amount of time with a sour mouth. Looking around at the still library against the darkened sky, then back at his now-crumpled textbook he still did not understand, an overwhelming sadness for which he held no explanation washed over him.

One by one, his friends applied for internships and he watched by their side as they picked their first proper suits, struggled to adjust to their new environments, and, eventually, received full-time offers in time for their college graduation. The harsh whisper had long since been a constant presence in his mind, a permanent reminder of all that he had failed and still failed to understand. The overwhelming sense of despair made him reach out to the types of companies he would never have imagined applying to in his high school days. He sat in his cramped apartment looking at his unsightly resume during the night. When the night passed and the merciless sunlight once again pierced through the window panes, he stood in front of his little cracked mirror and smoothed out his hair for yet another interview. And it was only then that he realized the creases that had formed along the lines of his mouth, the hollowed look of his eyes, and his collared shirt that stuck up in not-quite-the-right-way because he had skipped a button. When asked who he envisions to be in five years during the interviews, he found himself unable to answer, and all he could think of was the heartbreaking sense of the beauty of the college campus that had struck him during his freshman year.

One night, he called his college friends for the first time after what seemed like years. They met in front of their usual bar on the chilly January night, and he got to see what had become of them at last: freshly ironed shirts, and neatly combed hair. But most of all their smiles. Their smiles still held that firm promise of something worthwhile, something better. He couldn't help but notice the pitying gazes of his friends as they looked from across the tabletop, and he pictured how he must look sitting there: skin yellowed and saggy under the low lighting, tugging on the wrongly buttoned shirt. The bitterness rose like bile at the back of his throat, and he once again clapped his friends on their backs and urged them to go for a second round. Anything to avoid another night of despair. But what came back were sighs and mutters excusing themselves, and he could feel his skin sagging. One slipped his business card into his hand and gave a sympathetic pat on his shoulder before he went, and that was when he felt that he would rather everything end at that moment.

A sudden wind caught in his throat, and he bent over on the curb, laying his head against the cool asphalt of the deserted street. Out of breath, he felt a queer sense of disillusionment settle over him. He had no idea where he was. Looking around, he realized that all those people who had been walking with him along this street were long gone. At some point along the way, he had lost his sense of who he had truly wanted to be in the end. Once having come to this realization, he wept over just how long it took him to do so and all that he had let slip by in the meantime, his warm tears mixing in with the grains of asphalt. He stayed there for hours, watching the sun slowly paint out another forsaken day.

Story 2

Sure, it had always been her dream to live in New York, but she was now afraid that it had been more of a mirage, and like most dreams, it would not live up to reality. She had desperately needed something to look forward to in the nights when she was forced to bury herself in books and study her life away, to convince herself that these fast-paced teenage years which blurred into one another were supposed to be the golden years of her life. What she was working towards would be life-determining.

But she felt like she lost more parts of herself than she had found in the years when she had chased the constant need for self-discovery and productivity, enticed by the farcical four-year plan filled with intensive academia, well-rounded extracurriculars, and philanthropic non-profits and volunteer work she had construed as the one-way ticket to her dream university.

And she had been right. She clutched onto her college acceptance letter and looked out the plane window as they took off, leaving the rainy Shanghai skies behind for the dreamy New York Metropolitan skyline. Somehow, she felt more nervous than excited. She had spent almost every second in her high school life dreaming and preparing for this transformative moment, yet when it finally came — when her years of labor finally blossomed into plentiful fruits within her reach, she felt as if she'd lost the appetite for them.



6 months into college, she had ghosted more than a dozen well-meaning emails from her relatives and her old friends from the high school life she had left behind. She had called her parents a couple of times to assure them of her physical well-being, but she always refused for the conversation to reach much deeper than that, often blaming her busy class schedule and time zone differences for her hastiness in ending the call.

It wasn't that she was too caught up in her brand-new life to miss home. In fact, she missed home a little too much and had spent nights and days reminiscing and flipping through the pictures from the past. But she had ranted so much to the people around her about her excitement for college and her true passion for living in the Big Apple, the City that Never Sleeps in the Land of the Free that she was ashamed and guilty to admit to them that perhaps her dreams and hopes and aspirations had been based upon fantasies and the desire to justify the stupid amount of time and effort she had poured into the promise of a better future rather than a well-researched, informed decision.

But the truth was, in the 200 acres of the campus and among the 50,000 students in the college, she felt like she barely even existed. In the cramped rows and rows of the lecture halls, no one would probably even notice if she wasn't there. She had made a couple of friends from her classes who would wave at her in passing, but in reality, the new friendships she had made in this school were never more than situational and were entirely contingent on how many blocks or labs they shared. The life-changing connections with outstanding individuals from diverse cultural backgrounds that were advertised to her were promises that remained undelivered.

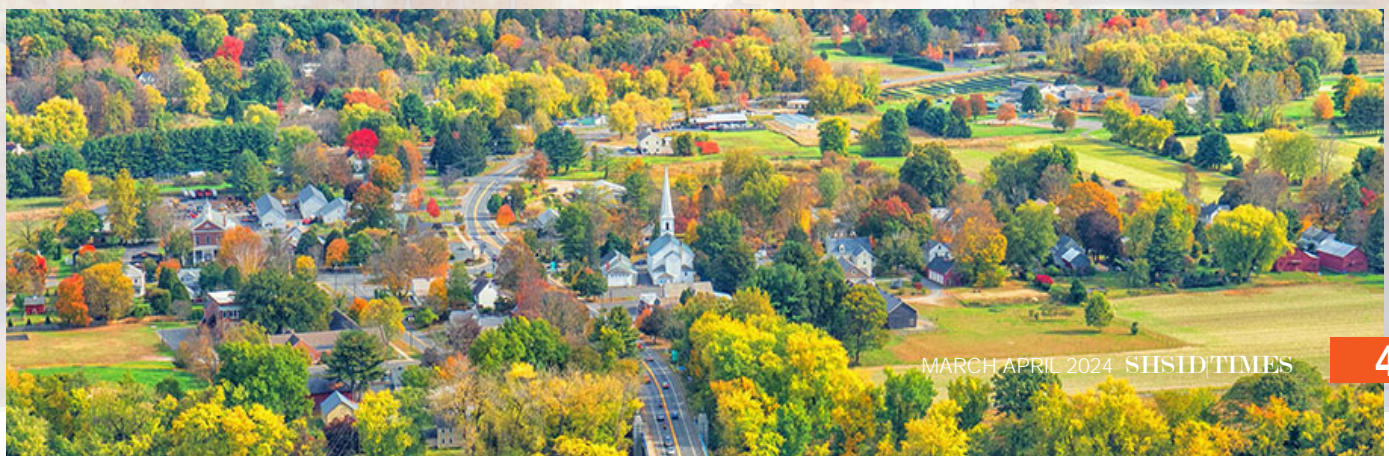
When she was offered to take an exchange student course at a small liberal arts school in the proximity of her college, she had begrudgingly taken it. The thought of consistently leaving the campus to study at a smaller, less-renowned one (which she later realized was an incredibly elitist and condescending thought for her to have had) was rather unappealing, but resources offered to her at the school were too good for her to refuse.

On her first day in the exchange program, she woke up late and carelessly got ready, with no expectations for any breathtaking grandeur that the campus would hold.

And she had been right. The campus was much humbler than the ones at her college -- the buildings did not boast of the endless achievements of the noble-prize scientists, Pulitzer-winning writers, and Olympic athletes that had graced the halls, the libraries were not bejeweled with the names of its famous sponsors, and the architecture was not filled with iconic landmarks. Yet the campus had an oddly homely feel to it that drew her in.

When she entered the lecture hall for her course, she was surprised by the small size of the classroom. Rather than the rows of seats that seemed to separate the students from the professor which she was accustomed to, this one had all the seats arranged in a small circle with the professor at the center. Through the first period, she was able to speak up more than the entirety of her time at her college and was able to develop genuine connections with the students around her who seemed to be in the courses for reasons more than getting good marks and getting ahead in life. Through this course, for the first time in her life, she was able to slow down from her hypercompetitive pace of life and stop her constant way of living for the future. One might say she became less productive, but now she was truly able to enjoy the luxuries of stopping and slowing down and thinking.

At the end of her term, she applied to transfer away from her college, the college that stood at the center of her old high school dreams, and to the small liberal arts school, a place where the high school version of her would have been ashamed to have ended up at. But she was not ashamed. That couldn't be further from the truth. The small campus was a contrarian warm embrace compared to her old environments that pushed her to the state where she was gasping for air. Although this was a beginning she had never wished for nor expected, she knew it was a place where she belonged.



Written by: Zane Lu
Photos from: Google

The Italian Olive Oil Saga

Part 1: The Catalyst

Oil. Throughout the vestiges of world history, oil has left a draconian impact on the global political landscape that is difficult to quantify but impossible to ignore. It has fueled empires, but also dismantled empires; incited wars, but also prevented wars; helped develop some economies, but helped debilitate other economies. Regardless, it is not an overstatement to conclude that oil holds an iron grip on our society.

Nowadays we often view the term “oil” synonymously as petroleum, which is naturally extracted from geological formations as crude oil. But there remains another source of “oil”, one that not only serves as a fuel, but also as a cosmetic, a food, a medicine, a drink, and even as a religious icon: **olives**.

Today, olive oil is an important ingredient in many cuisines and daily utilities around the world. As a product of Mediterranean horticulture, the world’s best olives are most notably from Southern European countries such as Italy and Spain. Yet despite olive oil’s widespread use, its market has been experiencing significant fluctuations as of late. The price of olive oil in Spain and Portugal soared by 69.1% in early 2024 compared with last year according to Eurostat. As a comparison, general food inflation was 4.8% in January across the timeframe. Though it might appear as straightforward news, the economic narrative of olive oil is steeped with larger and more profound political implications, unveiling a saga marked by **deceit, degeneracy, and defamiation**.

Part 2: The Fraudulent Food Industry

Extra Virgin Olive Oil, a specific type of olive oil, reigns supreme in the global market. Contrary to popular belief, the terms “extra” and “virgin” actually embody positive connotations here in the case of fine dining. According to Food Network, “Extra virgin olive oil is the highest quality, most flavorful and most expensive type of olive oil because it’s unrefined--never heated or processed with chemicals.” This type of olive oil is so pure that Harvard health experts report that it lowers “risks of cardiovascular disease, some cancers, and even dementia.” To put it into perspective, think of a fully authentic bottle of extra virgin olive oil as a parallel to Pure hand-picked wasabi from the *Wasabia japonica* plant in Japan’s Shizuoka Prefecture, or perhaps a meticulously leg of delicately aged Jamon Iberico straight from a grass-fed black Iberian pig.

But with the rise of fine dining ingredients also comes the rise of the fraudulent food industry, most known for its **adulteration operations**. Adulteration is the act of intentionally altering a food product’s composition in a way that compromises its quality and authenticity. This deceit undermines trust in markets and can lead to financial loss for buyers who pay for a product that doesn’t meet expectations or quality standards. Maple syrup, parmesan cheese, or honey are all common examples of adulteration, as illicit producers tend to substitute these products with more accessible alternatives to produce cheap but sell expensive.



As it happens, olive oil has been the biggest victim of adulteration. As it turns out, Forbes reported that **80% of the Italian olive oil on the market is fraudulent**. Another study from UC Davis, likewise, found that “69 percent of the imported oils sampled, compared with just 10 percent of the California-produced oils sampled, failed to meet internationally accepted standards for extra virgin olive oil”. A common example of how olive oil is adulterated is mixing it with cheaper oils such as hazelnut, soybean, and canola, which are a lot cheaper to acquire and process.

Part 3: The Scandal

With the background information out of the way, it's time to draw attention to the real drama of Italian olive oil.



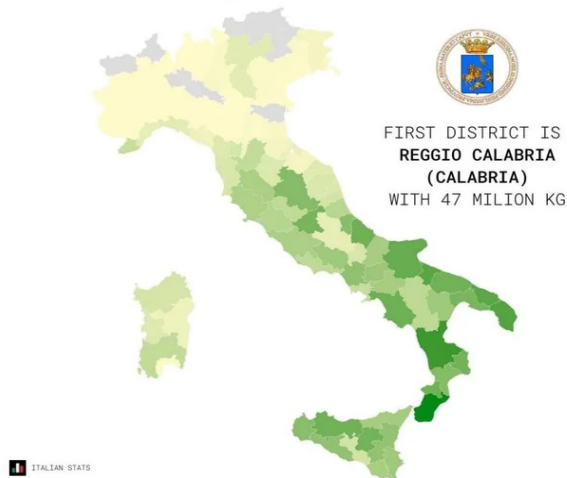
Currently, Italy is the world's second-largest producer of olive oil. According to Researchgate, “this cultivation represents the nation's most important supply chain, especially in the southern Italian Calabrian region, contributing to both local and rural economies.”

However, behind this flourishing

industry lies a dark plot slowly simmering. Since the 1990s, reports have surfaced about widespread adulteration in the olive oil market, suggesting that organized crime families in Italy are selling fake premium brand extra virgin olive oil but diluting it with lower-grade oils or even chemically altering its composition.

Look at this map of Italy's most active olive-producing region, which is located down south.

ITALIAN 2019 OLIVE OIL PRODUCTION by district



Now look at this map of where Italy's Mafia presence is highest, which is located down south.



It can be concluded that the regions with the highest olive oil production are also the regions with the highest mafia presence, and they are no doubt correlated.

As it happens, many Italian Intelligence Agencies have found through years of investigation that one of the most prominent mafia groups in Southern Italy, the Calabrian mafia, has been secretly running illegal olive oil production schemes by shipping in cheap, low-grade, artificially synthesized olive oil but branding it as "extra virgin olive oil".

According to Italy's Ministero della Salute, "Each liter of sophisticated oil, including the container used, had a production cost of about 1.20 euros, and was resold on the market at prices ranging between 5 and 10 euros per liter." This scheme was so diabolically successful that it would allow the Italian mafia to launder up to 8 million euros a year from unsuspecting customers.

So, how did Italian security deal with this threat? How exactly did the mafia succeed in persuading consumers that their extra virgin olive oil is legit?

Through **Operation Mamma Mia**.

Part 4: Aspetta, Mamma Mia?

Don't marvel at the name, but rather, at its findings.

In February 2016, Italian intelligence noticed an unusual number of trucks loaded with oil leaving a compound from the Southern Italian city of Foggia. The oil in the trucks was passed on under genuine premium extra virgin olive oil brand names and transported to other European markets.

Later, upon receiving a tip from the German Federal Office of Consumer Protection and Food Safety and trackings from local intelligence, the Italian Calabrinieri military force, suspicious about the naughty origins of these extra virgin olive oil trucks, decided to act on this suspicion by busting into this compound locked and loaded.

Their suspicions were correct.

Turns out, the mafia was adding ingredients "like chlorophyll, beta-carotene, and soya oil to the oils to change their colors and make them look like extra virgin olive oil." The fake extra virgin olive oil product was then distributed to the German market as extra virgin olive oil, mainly to restaurants and shops in Stuttgart, Frankfurt, and Berlin, as well as restaurants and supermarkets mainly in Northern Italy."

In the end, the police arrested up to 33 suspects in the Calabrian mafia's Piromalli clan, a criminal enterprise heavily rumored to be financing illicit dealings exporting fake extra virgin olive oil to the United States. The Italian Organized Crime and Corruption Reporting Project concluded that "about \$42.8 million in assets were seized and charges filed against the suspects including mafia association, attempted murder, drug trafficking, money laundering and fraud."

The operation was subsequently dubbed “Operation Mamma Mia,” likely to underscore the startling revelations that emerged from it.

Part 5: The End

Falsely branded extra virgin olive oil can bear detrimental health risks. In 1981, in Spain, the ingestion of an oil fraudulently sold as olive oil caused an outbreak of a previously unrecorded condition, later known as toxic oil syndrome (TOS). According to the National Institutes of Health, this bootleg oil was “clinically characterized by intense incapacitating myalgias, marked peripheral eosinophilia, and pulmonary infiltrates. 300 died within a few months of consumption and a few thousand remained disabled.” So to elucidate the risks of this industry, yes, people can die from it.

Overall, the story of Italian Extra Virgin Olive Oil has been an extensive tale directly involving governments, mafias, corporations, and most importantly, consumers. Despite the numerous olive oil scandals that have taken place in the past, the investigations into adulteration and fraud only strengthen by the day. This signifies a commitment to restoring integrity and maintaining the high standards that Italian olive oil is and always has been known for. ■

<https://www.euronews.com/business/2024/02/27/price-of-olive-oil-climbs-more-than-50-in-a-year-in-the-eu#:~:text=The%20price%20of%20olive%20oil,in%20January%20across%20the%20bloc>

<https://www.health.harvard.edu/nutrition/is-extra-virgin-olive-oil-extra-healthy>

<https://hir.harvard.edu/uncovering-the-secrets-of-the-global-food-industry/#:~:text=Food%20fraud%20impacts%20an%20estimated,customer%20trust%20in%20the%20industry>

https://www.researchgate.net/publication/315786302_Economic_analysis_of_olive_oil_production_systems_in_Southern_Italy

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cOjhqfId3X8>

https://www.salute.gov.it/portale/news/p3_2_1_2_1.jsp?id=1374&lingua=italiano&menu=notizie&p=nas

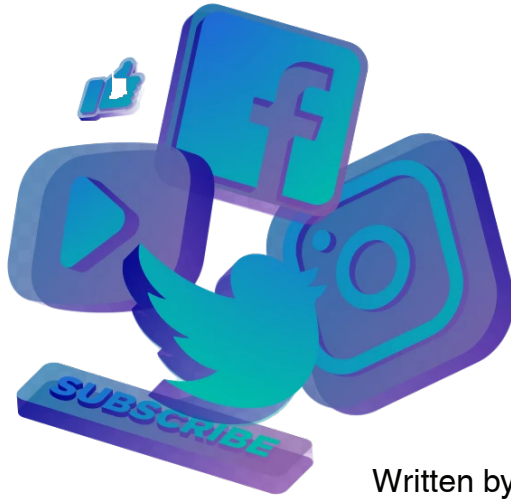
<https://www.foodsafetynews.com/2019/05/authorities-bust-criminal-ring-dealing-in-yellow-gold-aka-fake-olive-oil/>

<https://www.occrp.org/en/daily/9745-european-police-busts-fake-olive-oil-gang>

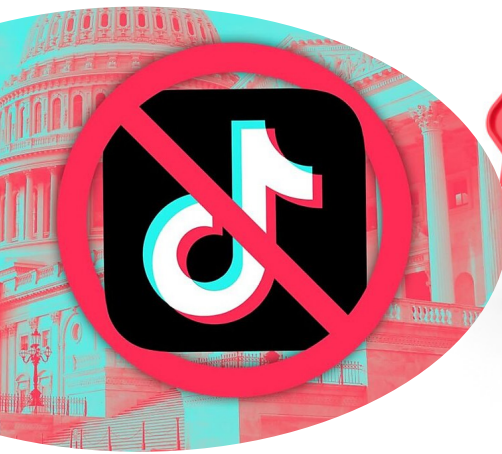
<https://www.oliveoiltimes.com/business/europe/italy-arrests-33-accused-olive-oil-fraud/55364>



Shifts of Social Media



Written by: Chelsea Nam
Photos from: Google



The rumor of TikTok being banned in the United States is one that has been around for a long time, and one that seemed to reemerge to scare users once in a while only to fade away. The threat of this app disappearing has never come too close to reality, but in March 2024 the threat materialized into one that was imminent: the United States House of Representative passed the bill to give ByteDance the ultimatum to either sell the TikTok company or to become banned in the entire country. While data and privacy infringements were also cited as reasons of the ban, another main issue was that a company affiliated with the Chinese government was able to gain access to large amounts of data from the American citizens.

This came as a shock to many netizens. While some didn't mind too much and just made shifts to using other social media platforms such as Instagram, Youtube, and Snap Chat, the banning of TikTok had devastating impacts to lifestyles of many. Firstly, the reason that the possible end TikTok has become so personal and affecting for many users was due to the fact that the TikTok platform was so intrinsically linked to so many of their lives.

TikTok is a hub of trend-setting for design, fashion, music, cooking, and so many other internal aspects of culture. Examples include from daily OOTD from fashion influencers such as Nic Kauffmanw who wears designer clothing as a high fashion model or Verona Farrell who styles thrifted

and second clothes, to famous cooking Tiktokers such as Nana Joe and Tiffycooks who presents and introduces special ethnic foods to a foreign audience. Tiktokers like @collegecashus and @selfmademillennial could also provide their TikTok audience with important tips on adulting such as ways to eliminate student debt and to apply for new jobs.

TikTok is also a crucial platform for small businesses to flourish. As a platform with over a billion users, TikTok has become a place where small start-ups with limited amount of budget and audience to star introducing and selling their products and connect with potential customers. For example, designer and entrepreneur Cassey Ho grew her now-famous fitness brand POPFLEX through making short form videos on Tiktok. By showing the reason and incentive for creating her products, instead of simply advertising the virtues of the products, allowed Cassey to build up trust with her community and receive active feedback from her comments section. And through responding to the constructive criticism she received from



her, Cassey was able to interact actively with her audience and construct a brand that was unique and responsive to the demand.

While the potential end of TikTok may seem like a groundbreaking happening, it is certainly not the first time popular social media sites have faced their end. Although the “ends” were not all caused by governmental intervention, popular social media platforms such as Vine and MySpace that once had millions of users have inevitably lost popularity or went out of business in the past. Yet their ends were also acted as the catalysts for new sites to emerge with better features and more innovative content creators to be introduced to them.

An example of a popular app in the 2010s was Vine, which was a platform where short form content and relatable memes were posted and shared by various users. Although Vine, at its peak, acquired more than 200 million people, it eventually shut down in 2017 due to its failure in monetizing its content and compensating its creators. Despite its short-lived fame, Vine did much to change and influence the landscape of the content-creation industry. Even when platforms such as Snapchat and TikTok took its place as a hub for similarly short-form videos, video styles popularized by Vine such as of humorous short skits or cute animal clips remained. For the next popular and prominent social media site TikTok, the short form videos took inspiration from Vine yet also made improvements of supporting longer videos, creating a better model of subscriptions, and recommendation pages. While Vine became obsolete, its ending served as a beginning for a better and more suitable app for the time and audience: Tiktok. Furthermore, Vine’s creators such as Danny Gonzalez, Drew Gooden, and Not Even Emily transferred and adapted to new platforms on TikTok and Youtube, once again amassing millions of followers creating content that was more suited to the changing times.

While the looming threat of a TikTok ban may seem like a devastating end of an era in terms of social media, it is only natural for popular platforms to end and for new ones to begin. It is not a loss, but an opportunity for sites with better features and privacy protection to arise. After all, an end of something is a catalyst for a better beginning.



References

“24 Hours with @NanaJoe19, Lizzo’s Favorite TikTok Chef.” 2024. *Bustle*. February 20, 2024. <https://www.bustle.com/life/tiktok-chef-nanajoe19-alexandra-tapia-day-in-the-life>.

Ramirez, Bella. 2020. “10 TikTok Accounts for a More Productive Following Page.” *IPatriotPost*. June 16, 2020. <https://ipatriotpost.com/10-tiktok-accounts-for-a-more-productive-following-page/>.

Bretous, Martin. n.d. “6 Small Businesses That Are Killing It on TikTok [+ How They Did It].” *Blog.hubspot.com*. <https://blog.hubspot.com/marketing/small-business-tiktok>.

Vondenbrink, Kate. 2021. “The Significance of Vine in Digital History.” *Medium*. August 28, 2021. <https://medium.com/@kvondenbrink/the-significance-of-vine-in-digital-history-75a8e9d338d2>.

5% Saturation

Written by: Evelyn Zhang

Photos by: Yuto Nakashima

I started painting when I dreamed of my father dying in a plane crash the week before he left.

I lied.

I started first when my grandmother didn't come back after straightening the 14 nails locking her spine and pelvic bones together. In the Adelaide summer 4,710 miles and two seasons away. That started the dreaming, that started the tearing up, the weak arms, the will to sleep more in the hope of feeling better, feeling nothing, the need to do something remotely productive and "healthy" and "confrontational instead of escaping" as I remembered from some personal growth class in high school.

Sometimes I wondered if it was a mistake, taking the painting classes, watching the plastic containers clammy with residues of crimson and blue taking up the space instant noodle packages had once taken up in the bin, and if I had just slept through the week perhaps I would have gotten better. My mother called twice a week to make sure I was doing okay, ask about school, compliment whatever addition she saw hanging on the wall behind me. My father flew to see me last month, cooked for me, drove me back home to visit friends, introduced me to someone my age who would love to go on a hiking trip together. Sometimes I wonder if it was a mistake, staying in school, memorizing how saturated your paint mixture needs to be to make human skin look smooth but not rubbery, picking up the calls, and giving my most blinding smile always with mom this week's been fun, tiring, but fun! but missing enough facetimes that I knew she knew what I gave were diluted truths, if not, self-deceiving, frail lies. But most times I just painted. Small, tangerine fishes in turquoise ponds. Westhighland white puppies dozing off by the ocean. Blooming poppies and daisies in glass vases by the window.

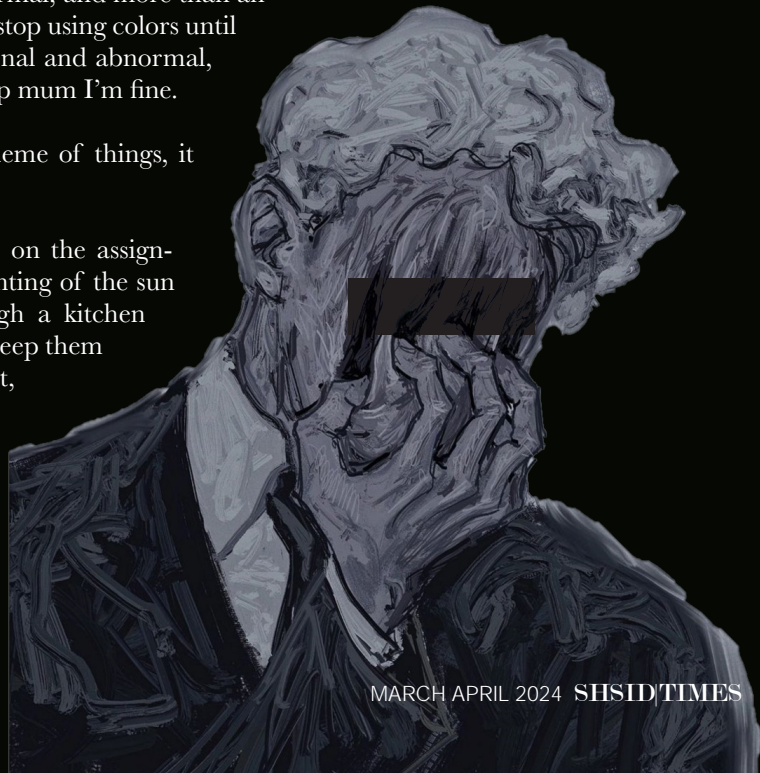
They drained me.

It felt as if the pigments were extracted not from titanium or cadmium but from a part of my brain where memories of overbaked carrot cakes and lemongrass were tucked away in. I had never been good with words, comforts were thoughtful (never empathetic enough), apologies were sincere (never impeccable), confessions were heartfelt (never straightforward enough), an asymptote approaching (and never reaching) expectations. Yet what I traded for with words was the greenery that grew at my expense, surreal and distant and fraudulent. Perhaps it was a mistake in choosing the asymptote for the opposite. I feared color, feared seeing them on canvas, feared not seeing them on canvas, feared the day when I stop using colors because it's the only proof that I'm functional and operational and normal, and more than anything feared the day when I can't stop using colors until I'm dysfunctional and un-operational and abnormal, unable to smile or run or muster up mum I'm fine.

I lost my colors. In the grand scheme of things, it was unsurprising.

I was finishing up the last strokes on the assignment for color theory, a pastel painting of the sun throbbing pale and yellow through a kitchen glass, and pulled my sleeves up to keep them from brushing against the wet paint, when I saw it.

A grey streak ran from my pulse point to the inside of my elbow.



I decided to repaint myself. In the grand scheme of things, it was unsurprising.

I wasn't sick, no skin infections, allergies, underperforming organs, or overperforming hormones. So I went to the art supplies store on West campus and bought a tube of body paint, mixed it with concealers, and painted over the grey blots of flesh. School continued, and painting did too, as if I was seeking redemption for the pills and lies.

The patches expanded until grey tear streaks snailed down the apple of my cheek.

A week of painting and unpainting passed until spring break, when I ceased going out at all.

I painted myself, still, devoted to it like the skincare routine my friends had shown me. Somedays I extended my hand from the window of the studio and watched the rain skitter through the back of my hand and tumble off, tainted peach.

Other days I leaned my back on the tiles and felt the last of the leftover rain swirl down the drain.

Absentmindedly my nails grazed where the paint had gone crusty and scratched until flunks of makeshift flesh started to crumble. Until droplets of dark, black oozed between peach flecks and my finger skidded through the swarming surface of warmth. If I scrubbed hard enough, I thought, perhaps the grey would go away too, giving into perfectly tanned skin underneath, cocooned and polished by months of reclusion.

I skipped the paints and went to bed with damp hair. I had smeared the shampoo where the skin stung on my arm, across my back, the back of my knees, beneath my eyes--what I didn't have in color, I could make it up with scent, with the saturated, orange haze. When bedtime sorrow hit, I bit my lips, absolutely not crying because crying is tearful and tears are weariful and emotions are unfruitful and unfruitful me had skipped school to be emotional. consecutively. for 4 days. and perhaps just another tomorrow, I thought, because I'm slowly getting better.

I woke up on the train to Algonquin wearing nylon shorts and my running shoes and dried patches of paint on the back of my hands, a papercup and my art supplies bag on the seat next to me. Amid the darkness of the carriage, I wondered if I might be dreaming. I ran my hands down my arm and carefully around my knees. They felt paint-covered, intact. My mouth tasted bitter, I picked up the paper cup and found it empty, faintly smelling of paint and coffee. The blister packs were crumpled in my sweatshirt pocket, the possibility of having chugged down the pigments seized me with paranoia before I remembered that it had probably been hours since I chugged them down and I was still fine.

When a man in uniform passed, I stopped him. I was too shy to ask the important questions—"What day is it? Where am I going? Is it night or morning?"—so I asked him what the next stop on the train would be instead. He plucked the ticket from where it was stuffed on the back of the seat in front and smiled sympathetically.

"It's your station next, but get some rest, you do look too warm."

I registered the train coming to a halt and a flurry of movements from behind me. It was a young girl, face pale and hair dark, who merged with the unlit station the moment she stepped off. The conductor's remark stayed with me and momentarily I was torn between diving into the restroom to check my appearance and leaving the train. Entranced by a formless compulsion, I left.

The girl was only a few steps ahead, a thin silhouette obscured by the baggage strapped across her back. She turned around before I could step closer, her face illuminated by a pastel light that erupted from nowhere. That's when the formless took form and bore weight.

She had no colors.

The only source of light, like a foreign, distorted fact, came from the sheens of peach that didn't scramble off in flecks when I scratched my arms nor give away when I splashed my face with tap water from her bathroom. The clinking of glass from outside knocked on the door, a reminder that instead of home or destination, I had chosen the no-name in-between--the House of Thoughts Revoked and Things Unsaid, as the girl had called it.

The room outside was dark, smelled faintly of paint and honey that lulled me to faint hints of drowsiness. She sat cross-legged on the tatami, a cup of steaming milk between her hands as she studied me with awe.

"Visitors are not uncommon, but you're the first I've seen with hues."

With hues? Submitting to the absurdity of it all, I showed her my forearm. The paint had peeled off around the edges and the grey stood out in the softly illuminated halo around the rest of my skin. I faintly wondered if I looked like a firefly now, buzzing with light. Is this a dream? I wanted to ask, but I didn't want to come off as rude, intrusive, insensitive.

"Can I touch it?" She sounded too real for a hallucination.

I shrugged. She tapped lightly on the skin that wasn't grey.

"You seem sad."

She said out of nowhere. I shrugged again. She stood up with my arm grasped in her hand and tugged on it.

Can I show you something?

I followed her through the frameless space, mind straying fro and back. When we stopped she was holding her bag-gage. It was a recorder.

"I've come to realize that sometimes visitors like this more than they like me meddling. You can use it if you want, and keep the tape--I'll make a drink for you outside."

I stared. Submitting to the absurdity of it all, I waited for her to leave before sitting down cross-legged besides the recorder. I touched the patch of grey her fingers had grazed. The recorder buzzed quietly as if awaiting an answer, a thought, a prompt.

I miss you. I tried. Croaked. My voice cracked at the edges, flickering, dissipating, evaporating. The buzzing contin-ued, a pulse that emerged once in a while before being re-absorbed by the darkness.

I wish I had stayed when you asked instead of flying to school. Is that it?

I wish I brought more happiness than sadness. I wish I lived as lighthearted and weightlessly as you wanted me to. Even in dreams, the wasteful thoughts returned. I bit my lips and yet the wasteful, unfruitful, weariful poured.

Will it be okay if I drove up tomorrow to see you like you did for me? To make the haunting, flaming skeletons of planes go away?

Will it be okay if I end the call with I love you mum instead of Bye despite the tongue twist and the awkwardness of a foreign phrase?

Will it be okay if next summer I come back to Adelaide with a portrait that I promised before you promised? I drew many for you, small, tangerine fishes you loved in turquoise ponds, your Westhighland white puppies dozing off by the ocean, blooming poppies and daisies you kept thriving in glass vases by the window.

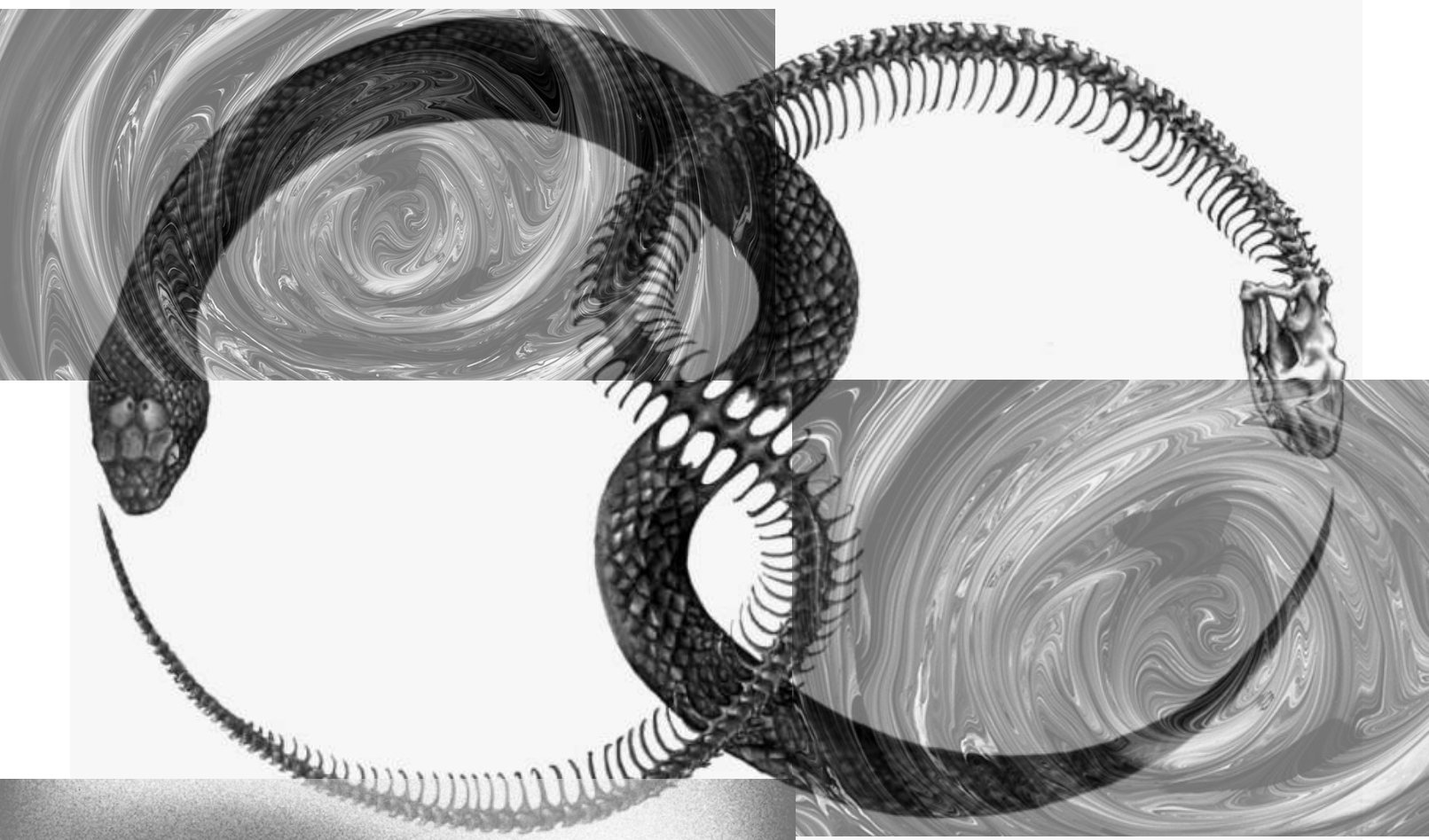
Even in the dream, I felt the fatigue wash over me. Taking, taking, draining.

Would you listen, if my comforts are thoughtful but are never as empathetic as yours, apologies sincere but never enough for you to know, confessions heartfelt but never straightforward and consistent like yours, an asymptote ap-proaching but never reaching my expectations of what you deserve?

I sat quietly until she returned with a warm cup raised towards me. A sudden, almost foreign drowsiness overcame me.

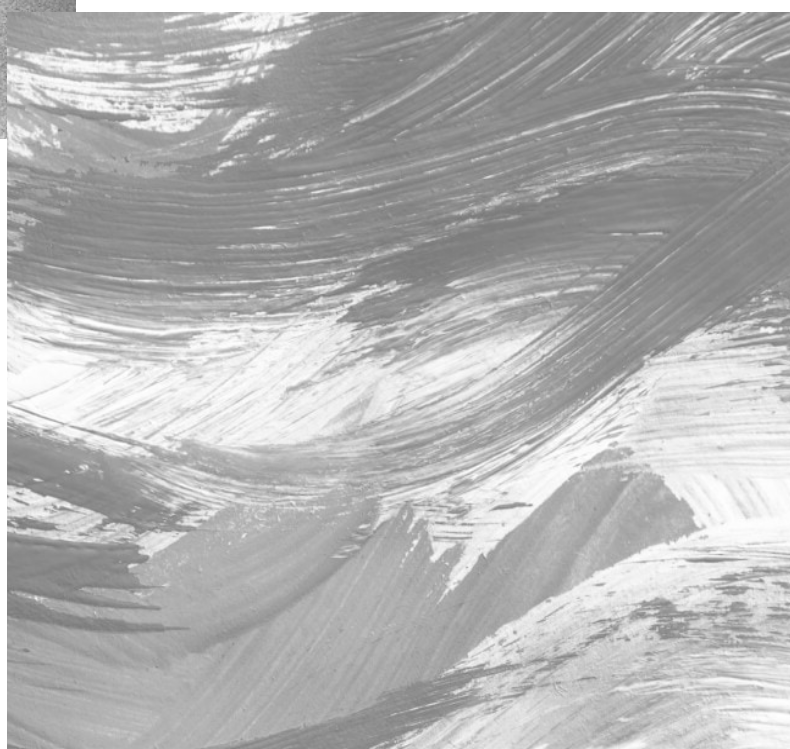
Would you like some? Milk and honey? I heard they do miracles.

I nodded, lids heavy. In the monotoned, shapeless space between home and Algonquin, in a room that could have been a dream, for the first time in two months, I fell asleep without tasting the ghost of tears sliding past the seams of my lips.



ouroboros

Written by: Maegan Huang
Photos from: Google





my constant search ended with

lost pearls from antique
necklaces somehow spilling down
stairs echo my stares fickle
what they said was true
it isn't a new state of mind you'd
take yourself everywhere you go
california didn't make a dent
in my stubborn rock of a mind
and blisters from busted lips
tinted pink become wounds
become scabs
gaping night sky stars
and flushed cheeks as you
murmur sedatives and i'm not alone
vision hazy your hands lazily
trailing up the backbone
it holds us all together
but the crunch of skin and bones
twisted languishing a gasp
and goosebumps morph into scales
sun would rise without fail
constant cycle drew blood, gold clasp
i'd bite off my own tail

Somewhere it happened. Somewhere it landed, in the middle of everything. Somewhere it fell and touched the dry, lifeless soil. Somewhere, somehow, everything came into place, and a single seed dropped from the sky, and landed where it needed to be.

As water, sunlight, and soil came together, the seed grew steadily. Its roots gripped the earth tightly, while its leaves looked up towards the blue sky. In the morning, it would bask in the gentle rays of the sun, and at sunset, it would feel the breeze muttering through its branches. The seed went up, way up, and enjoyed the earth as it was.

Everything went at a relaxed pace at first. There existed plenty of small animals who moved at their own pace. Tiny neighbours grew attached to the seed, their leaves and stems closely touching the seed's thin, smooth trunk. All was silent while moving gently, as nature spread, whispering its words in rivers and streams, rocks and trees.

Then the silence stopped. There was rustling amongst the thin grass and splashes by ponds. There were soft sounds, which were smooth, clear, and foreign. There were voices.

A tiny creature appeared in front of the seed. The seed had seen monkeys before. This creature also had long arms and legs, with similar jaws and noses. But the seed looked again and realized that this one was standing. And it was...a lot more naked. The creature reached out its arms and touched the seed's branches with rough hands. It then curiously picked a leaf from the seed and felt the thin lines and veins on the blade. The creature reached forward for more leaves, but a voice in the distance called. It then slowly marched away, and the seed was left alone again.

A few thousand years passed until the seed witnessed such a creature again. The seed had grown triple its size. The smooth trunk was replaced by a layer of thick bark, with light curvy patterns that traced along it. Then came the second encounter.

It had gotten a lot taller. It had broader shoulders and longer legs and could stand up straight now. Of course, it got even more naked. But the creature made up for this with simple pieces of clothing that covered its body. At first, it seemed to be coming towards, until the seed realized the creature was looking at something in the distance. It was a wild horse, grazing on the forest floor. The seed studied the creature, who quietly raised a long stick within its hands, and used the seed's thick trunk as cover for hiding.

Here Lie Their Roots and Sprouts

Written by: Maggie Tang

Photos by: Yuto Nakashima

Then, it leapt forward, striking the horse with its sharp stick, targeting its stomach. As the horse's blood poured down into the earth, the creature began to carry its body away. The seed watched the creature lift the horse with their arms and walk away into the setting sun.

Over time, the seed witnessed more and more of these creatures roam around. It began with the creatures fully clothed, with even more tools in their hands. The seed witnessed several creatures cross its path, communicating in different ways, yet they all seemed distinct from the rest of the forest.

Then, roads! The seed anxiously watched the finely dressed creatures, going around the forest placing stones and mud into a neat straight path. There was one close to the seed, and every day the seed saw creatures walking, running, and passing by in all sorts of weird ways.

Then the nasty sounds came. First came the bright lights that invaded the forest during nighttime. The creatures found it difficult to recognize anything in the dark, so they set eternal tiny suns that stood as tall as the seed and blinded the seed's leaves. The bugs and insects that flew around these suns kept flying around, pestering the seed all night long. Then, there were the automobiles. The creatures had figured out how to transform a box of metal into something they could move around with their wrists and fingers. These metal boxes also roared like lions and screamed every time they passed the seed. These creatures also needed sounds for guidance, so here came the booms, beeps, bongs, and bangs! What's more, all sorts of litter, carelessly thrown by the seed's roots, as if it would magically disappear? The seed became grumpier every single year. But wait! The city! The creatures needed a place to meet each other, play with each other, and say "hello" to foreign faces! More creatures came along the roads, each with their screaming automobile and forever-living trash, declaring themselves kings and queens of the forest. The kings and queens were unsatisfied with their houses, and so they declared to renovate the whole place. Down came the trees that the seed had grown with for centuries, and up came the immovable cement giants that towered over the ground! These giants grew, much faster than the seed. They touched the clouds and the blue sky then stared down at what was once the forest and laughed at its pitiful height. The world was the creatures' now. It seemed the silence would never come back.

But it did. Not every creature was happy with what they had, and so came the aeroplanes! The planes howled, even louder than the automobiles, and covered the blue sky with dirty black clouds. As the seed watched in terror, these planes descended towards the giants and began shooting. The air was filled with desperate cries and frightened screams, as planes kept raining down, bullets and bombs flying freely. But the chaos was brief. One gigantic fat plane came forward, its cry louder than anything the seed had heard. As it flew to the centre of the city, it dropped something. That something went apart, and all was white. Endless, blinding white. Terrifying, overwhelming white.

And the screams, the bangs, the booms, the buzzes, the bongs, and anything, and everything stopped.

The world fell into complete silence that day.

The rest came by slowly. The grass grew back. The birds, the animals, everything came back slowly. One step at a time. But the creatures never did. Instead, what was left were the remaining from the cement giants that once stood so tall.

The earth was finally silent again, but that silence was destined to shatter one day. As the earth recovered, so did the life there, and there would be another creature that another seed would witness. That creature would dominate the earth, and the world would be noisy all over again.

Someday, somewhere, it would happen. Somehow, everything would come into place, and start the same old narrative. But hopefully, it would end differently.

I Write to You As Someone New



Written by: Letitia Lai
Photos from: Google,
Yuto Nakashima

I write to you as not who I was before. Someone new, presumably. Hopefully.

You had always been one to chide—throughout my full 34 lives, and, I had once thought, my 35th. But it wasn't so, was it? Now I am surrounded by nothing but my thoughts and perhaps something else. I can't quite place it. I was never the one with the answers in our duo.

Some few years ago I had come across a novel in a small bookstore somewhere in the streets of London. The rifling through pages worn yellow by age and touch alike, the intoxicating smell of paper bound by thick coils of leather, made up my entire world that grey afternoon. The lines talked of two people who could not be more different than each other. Yet somehow they made it work. You and I, we made it work, didn't we? And I guess somewhere along the lives I gave up.

Yet here I am still, writing to you. But those letters will never reach you, I would think. For the time being, I think I shall see them as the story we share, our story.

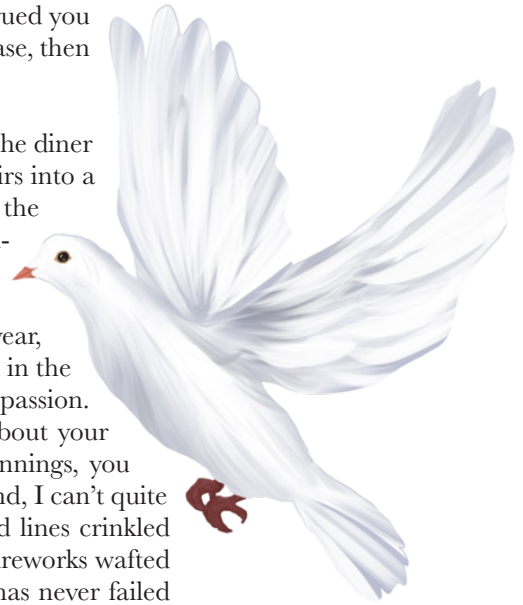
Do you still remember the chimes of the cicadas that had been the only thing that existed on that summer night in our apartment? I do. The faint burnt smell from the fan, its rusting parts slightly creaking as it blew away random strands of hair, letting them settle down gently on the forehead again. The darkness that was not quite pitch-black, our eyes that were staring off into someplace else, silently, silently thinking of the most wondrous things. The monotonous ticks from the antique clock you had bought at a flea market two weeks ago, brass minute hand intercrossing with brass seconds, flying over clumsily painted numbers. It could have been beautiful once, I imagine, but time had worn away its original splendor. But you had held on to it even as I pointed out so, and had hung it on the wall with such care. The apartment we had on the 13th life had just been a mismatched portfolio of your collections. I was one of them, too.

Do you still remember the period when we had ran away to become recluses? No, not recluses—people who knew how to hit the correct notes for freedom, you had corrected me. The days we spent, mindlessly strolling, getting lost in a deep enfolding fairytale of Southern France. You had been so happy, content with watching me jump from the jagged peaks of rocks into lagoons. You remember, right? How the water, warm from the lazy sheen of sunlight, had lapped around my torso, skin becoming a patchwork of brown waves from the ripples. How all that had been that afternoon were the gentle splashes of turquoise, and you reading aloud “All in the Golden Afternoon”, fingers flipping through a battered paperback of Alice in Wonderland. How after walking barefoot on the gravel trail back, you had led me onto a different path. Onto rolling meadows of overgrown grasses, speckled with bushes overflowing with pearl-like purple petals, and dots of flora, sprinkled here and there, among the other small things. You had watched, silently, as I did clumsy cartwheels, chasing the afterglow of a sunset, until finally our shadows merged into the others, and then into each other. But your eyes were not on me; they gazed in some other direction. And yet there had been nothing there, safe for some broken twigs and



a jumping grasshopper or two. Even now I do not know what had intrigued you so. Was it the vibrant watercolors painted by a setting sun? If that's the case, then indeed. The sunsets of the 19th life had been particularly beautiful.

Do you still remember the few hours we had spent on the rooftops of the diner in downtown Los Angeles? Just before midnight, we had snuck downstairs into a chaotic tumult to order drinks. Or rather, I had been the one to hike up the long trains of an overly flamboyant gown, relishing in the simple anonymity of being human, as you held in both hands glasses filled to the brim with tropical beverages dyed one shade too dark with food coloring. The glasses we had clinked as we counted down to the last second of the year, and watched the world erupt into deafening colors as the people danced in the streets, shouting, celebrating, in such an astounding demonstration of passion. I had asked you, then, finally, after 27 lives and one shot too many, about your existence, beside me. How even after so many goodbyes and old beginnings, you continue to be the one individual I could never lose. Forgive me, my friend, I can't quite remember what you said in response. It had started with the perplexed lines crinkled on your forehead, and ended as the last few spirals of smoke from the fireworks wafted into the hazy skies of 1AM Los Angeles. Funny, though, my memory has never failed me but this once.



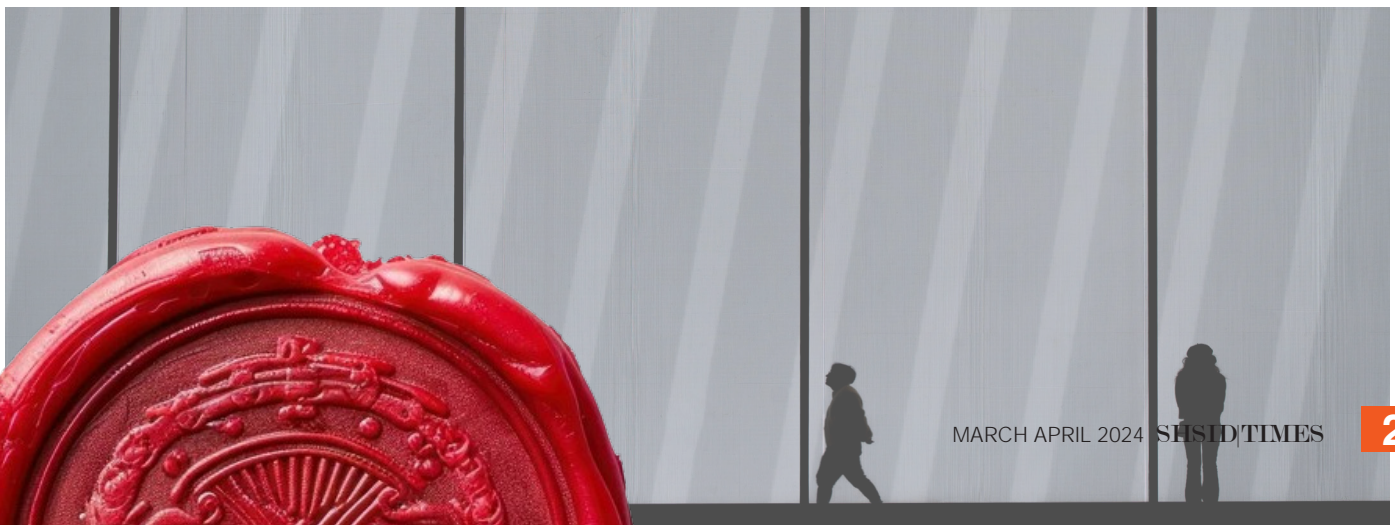
You must still remember the last few moments we shared. Or perhaps you don't. Either way, I do. The raspy breaths I had taken in, air passing through my lungs and out again. I could physically feel my life draining away from me, just like how it had 33 times. And it had been another 34 times, that I had opened my eyes, wailing my first cries as an infant, to see you there, standing, somewhere in the corners or the sides of the same world. Here I can safely write (I have no worry to this being read by none other than me) that I had never been able to see through your poker face. The subtle currents that may or may not have hid behind those eyes of yours, only able to be seen from afar. And you and I both know I could never be the bystander in our two-actor play.

What had created so much distance between us? Even now as I write I still can't place it. I suppose you have all the answers; you always do. Except now, they shall remain one-sided, trapped on your side, much like my letters that will never be read by the one intended.

But I keep writing. It still aches, you see, the lack of your being, and I find making the emotions tangible a more pleasant way to go down memory lane. Especially during the days when the house would be entirely submerged in fog, and the windows would show only white nothingness. Those were the days when I would feel like an almost alien being, so detached from everything, and it was only through writing that the feeling would gradually subside.

I miss you, mon ami (I had learned this during our French countryside years). But I'm learning to cope with the sense of being alone in the world. Everywhere I see there seem to be naught but fragments you left behind, but I'm starting to learn the ways of dancing among the broken pieces rather than being cut.

And so it is on this note that I shall seal this letter and place it among the others. I'm afraid I can't stay any longer. You see, the Sakura flowers have just bloomed, and I'm looking forward to standing below the trees and feeling the everythingness of it all.





Until next time.

It was at this point that I retrieved a mint envelope, and, after folding the letter in half, slipped it into the crevice. A drop of red wax, along with the hard imprint of a seal, and it was placed onto the shelf, among the others.

A few days later, I found myself writing yet another letter to them; I could not help it. Yet when I rose from the creaking chair and walked towards the shelf, it was to great shock that the mint envelope was no longer resting upon the others. Red, yellow, purple, cream, yes. But no mint, as if it had never rested its thin mass upon the other unopened letters. It was this which perplexed me for days on end, scouring my mind for reasons but coming to nothing.

That was until the bright red corner of an unfamiliar letter arrived in the mailbox, peeking out from the rusted paints. It was surprising, to say the least. I could not think of any acquaintance or friend who would write me letters. Particularly not enfolded in crimson, certainly, so it was quite a curious affair.



I slit open the envelope instantly. In it wrote the following content:

“System error: non-player character displays signs of self-awareness and emotion. Verified after 34 trials.

Notification to said subject is required, and our deepest apologies for any inconvenience.

Simulation Entertainment Inc.”



“滴,滴,滴。”

飞船内震耳欲聋的警报声响起。一座座透明的高墙将我推开。我再次坠落,看着逃生窗离我越来越远。

又一次逃离失败。

又一次重蹈覆辙。

这样大费周章的周而复始实在常见。我闭上眼便能感触到干燥的草地与拥有上千年历史的钟摆摆动述说的篇章——那是我坠落的终点站。

果不其然,我落在了飞船中央的公园里。那是这座破铜废铁的心脏。是我居住的世界内唯一一处自然景观。从我记忆长河能够触碰的起点开始,我便一直居住在这座飞船内。这座城市游荡在无名空间之中。它的旅途没有起点,没有终点,只是漫无目的地前进着。无论摆钟的指针指向何处,窗外的景色永远是一片纯蓝,如同波澜不惊的湖底。

我轻轻拍了拍身上的草屑,站了起来,转头扫视四周,蹙了蹙眉。周围的许愿池翻涌出浪花,人们曾带着温热祈望投进池内的硬币也因时间流逝积淀了一层厚泥,脚下的粉黛乱子草呈现出枯黄色。面前,大树上的最后一片叶子在风中摇摇欲坠。那片叶子看起来还很年轻,翠绿的颜色仿佛展示着盛夏时的辉煌。树上充盈着无数鲜活的灵魂。但现在也只剩下一地狼藉,以及它了。

这座人造的堡垒在死去,幸存的只有我与老国王,这座飞船的统治者。比起统治者这个名号,老国王更像是一位监督者。他瘫坐在大树最顶端的王座上,俯视着他的王国。我不禁想道,“老国王知道他的王国即将要覆灭了吗?还是这场末日只是我脑内的狂欢?”

很可惜,我的疑问是一封寄出去却杳无音信的文字,是随着银币一同无声沉入许愿池的缄默。没人会告知我答案了,因为这里,只剩我根据书中对于历史的描写猜测句号将在这里画下,只剩我如无头苍蝇一般在无法逃离,只剩我的心脏还随着公园钟摆的节奏一同摆动。

新时不代

Written by: Norah Cen

Photos from: Google

“扑通,扑通,扑通。”

因为剧烈运动而加快跳动频率的心脏慢慢恢复成原来的模样。我吐出一口长气,走出了公园。脚下,枯叶咔嚓咔嚓的声音成为了除了我的心跳外唯一的动响。

这座飞船好像休眠了,路边的餐馆放着一盘盘菜肴,上面凝固着一层白花花的油,使它早不已不像广告牌上那样动人。工业的路灯散发出荧荧微光,在我身下投射出影子作伴。这里,没有落日余晖告知故事的结尾,没有钟盘上的数字区分日子之间的不同,没有时间概念,但我能如此清晰地感触到,我们已经走到了时间的末路。

回到家后,我从口袋中掏出一张皱巴巴的纸。纸边毛躁发黄,上面画满了红色的叉。抚平纸张,我拿出马克笔,在飞船最西边的观景台上画下了又一个鲜红夺目的叉,代表着再一次警报声响起,再一次目睹着飞船外未知的世界离我远去。密密麻麻的叉掩盖了原本的蓝图,我踏遍了这座世界的每个角落,每个通道,每扇逃生窗。


我站在迷宫中央,无论往哪里奔跑,都是一头撞上南墙,撞个头破血流。只能罢休,停留在原地。我将纸翻面,地图的背后是一张海报,上面画着海,颜色早已在无尽的尝试与等待中褪色了。但我依稀那是一片蔚蓝的海岸,点缀着滴滴洁白的人鱼眼泪。潮湿的海风与翻涌的浪花模糊了界线。那片海督促着我去逃离这个飞船,逃离我的命运。我不甘就此陨灭,成为银河中的一颗星尘。我希望能够栖息于大海而不是这个连雨都带着铁锈味的囚笼。

可那些对于未来的美好期望都建立在逃离的机会之上。而这个机会如同书中所描写的晚星一般,忽明忽暗。

我无目的地打开窗,冷空气拍打在我的脸上,发丝凌乱地掩盖了我的视线,让我获得片刻清醒。再往上看,是老国王依旧在俯瞰他的世界。我想起老国王的王座上也有一扇逃生门,只不过由于常年无人敢攀登上去而淡出了人们的印象。我起初也不愿去往那个未知的地方。但现在,必须要启程了。我翻出我的地图,将老国王的王座圈上。

第二天，我来到了那棵大树前，老国王的王座坐落于此。我还记得在盛夏时它的王座被一片葱青色连绵不断地在风中摇曳的潮水庇护着的模样。那个时候，我与我身边的人都认为，老国王的传说，如同无数童话一般，是人们编撰出来的故事，是茶余饭后的猜想。然后过了不知多久，这个世界枯竭了，枯竭的同时带走了所有我身边的人。最后，只剩下这棵大树光秃的枝干，我，以及那个不再神秘的老国王了。我慢慢往上爬，去靠近那个我心中曾经的童话。那棵大树意外的好爬。当我临近最上面时，一股腐败的臭味首先与我打了照面。莫名，我的心漏跳了一拍，有些不安。我好像兜兜转转又回到了迷宫中央。我从未闻过这样的味道。紧接着，我爬到了顶端。瞳孔在对焦上那一刻，目睹了我的童话破灭。老国王死了。暗红色的斑点爬上他惨白的脸颊。他已经死了很久了。这个世界只剩我了。我真正地成为了，这个时代的遗孤。

一个年少的遐想跃入脑中。我希望去逃避已定的现实，去考虑那个似乎天方夜谭的可能性：或许老国王是这个飞船生命的支撑。所以当他逝去后，飞船便因为失去养料开始腐败。但这座飞船并没有真正消亡，它只是暂时休眠了，它只是在静静等候新一任国王上任，支撑起整座城市。那时，它会孕育新的生命，去填满空荡的大街小巷。大厦上的广告牌会换上更新潮的事物。这个想法埋下的种子以记忆为养分生根发芽，在心跳的间隙长成参天大树。一步，两步，我走到了树干的边缘。在这里，稍不留意，便会落入虚空之中。一股微风拉着我的手带我俯视我居住的世界。我发现这座飞船与手中揉捏的地图上所刻画的并不一致。地图上没有我年少时躲猫猫的公园与长大后撞过的南墙，没有那些我还没来得及告别的人：会偷偷我塞几颗糖的太外公，与我

The background of the page is a light-colored wood grain. There are several large, dynamic water splashes in a blueish-grey color, one at the top left, one on the left side, and one at the bottom left. The text is centered on the page.

一同趴在逃生窗上看风景的好友，笑起来有酒窝的老师，年少时的爱人与家人。地图上的寥寥几笔省略了我的家乡，将我养育的一切。

口袋中的地图似乎被分成两半。我的心脏紧紧攥住画有大海的海报，嘶吼着逃脱。只要走出那道逃生门，从此以后，我的灵魂能浸泡在日思夜想的自由中，直至褪色。我便能走出迷宫，豁然开朗。

我的大脑则指着飞船的地图，诱惑着我留下，自愿的带上守序的手铐，成为下一代生命力的源泉，为这个城市坐上上百年，独守着关于家乡的记忆。我不知道选择成为国王会不会挽留我揉在这座飞船中细碎的快乐。但我一定不愿这座城市与它承载的回忆就此死去。

我坐在逃生门前良久。窗外的风景依然波澜不惊，似乎什么都无法引起一丝涟漪。无数理由在我脑中盘旋。我编织出许多自洽的说辞解释。

但最后当我拿出那张年少时陪伴在我身边的地图，盯着背后的画报许久。那张画报上的大海依然辽阔宁静，浪花依然翻涌拍打在沙滩上。画报的左下角绣着一个“阮。”

在追寻大海的过程中，我好像忘记了第一次听说“大海”是来自阿婆的吴侬软语。听她用不标准的普通话向我描述着对于异域风景的渴望。

我追寻的自由来自一代又一代的传承。

坐在这里，我一伸手便能碰到我未来的起点，可脚下的路从未如此贴近我那颗跳动的心。于是我坐上了王位。沉甸甸的王冠落到我的头上，荆棘刺入了我的皮肤。为我戴上镣铐。我俯视着这座城市。我目睹花芽撕开水泥缝隙冒出头，枝叶穿透厚重墙壁发芽。整个晦涩天地披上新衣。而大树下面，新的生命在花芽中培育。

新的时代就此开启。

闭上眼睛，我将一部分关于逃脱，关于自由的回忆传承给了那个新生命。

坐上王位后，我的命运将会一辈子被拷在三寸天地中。那些狂热的自由，不撞南墙不回头的洒脱，与和利弊无关的正义都将与我无关了。

但在这座城市内，总要有意气风发地高唱理想的旋律的少年，总要有高尚自由的灵魂。

也许最后，他们会与我，与老国王，与这座飞船千年历史中每一位坐在王位上的统治者做出同样的选择。也许他们最后会寻览于我从未到达过的风景。

飞船内的钟摆还在摆动，大树上长出来新的嫩叶。

新的春天随着旧时代最后的告别到来了。

new ends to old friendships

Written by: Chelsea Nam

Photos from: Google, Yuto Nakashima

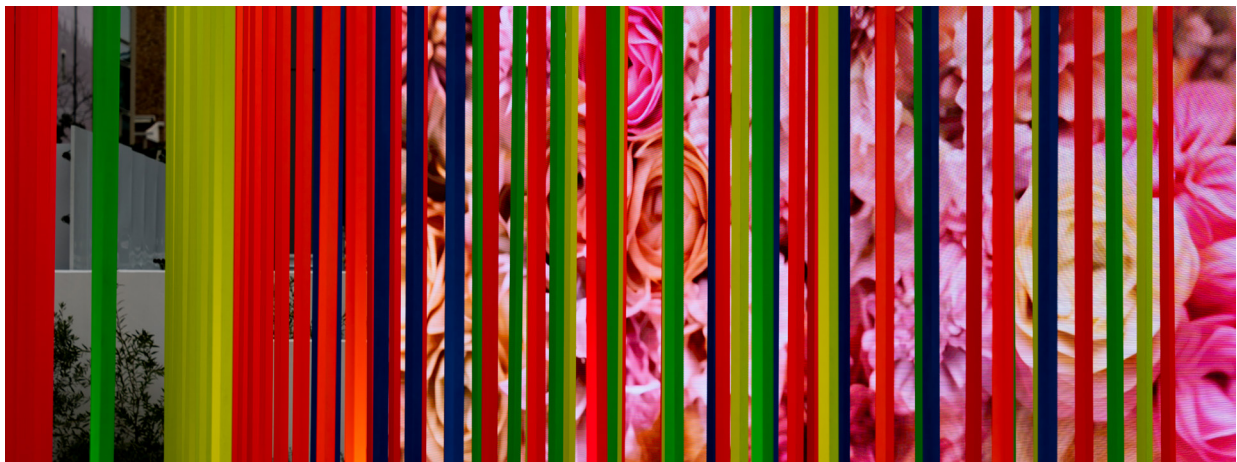


A memorable lyric in Conan Gray's hit song People Watching goes: "I cut people out like tags on my clothing." As delivered in this line, the process of losing friends in our lives is more or less something natural that happens throughout our lifespan. Yet while the song implies a sense of intentionality and actively cutting people out of our lives, that is not always the case with how friendships end.

Of course, we sometimes consciously lose friends due to unresolved arguments that arose from differences that couldn't be overcome and regrettable conflicts that lacked necessary communication. But more often than not, we end up losing even the closest of friends simply because we grow out of each other and drift apart, and it serves as a natural part of growing up. Regardless of the reason, the ending of friendships during high school is inevitable, and so are the struggles and lessons that come with it.

At the beginning of my freshman year, when I first entered high school, I always assumed high school to be very much a continuation of what middle school was like. After all, I've been in SHSID for 8 years, and not much has changed in those years. In terms of friends, I'd always been quite close with people I shared many classes with and was generally surrounded by. Within those carefree hangouts, I made a couple of "best friends" that I assumed would carry over to high school.

Yet, during my freshman year, my best friend whom I was closest to throughout middle school suddenly transferred away. As it was something rather unexpected, I barely had any time to say goodbye to her before having to adjust to high school life without her. As she was the "everything" friend I always spent break times with, did homework with, and ate lunch with, I felt lost when she left and it forced me to seek new friends. In a way, her departure pushed me to talk to more people in my classes and propose to make lunch plans with people that I normally would not actively seek out if she had stayed. I also joined more clubs and communities like the ASB and formed bonds with people who had similar interests and goals. I remain in close contact with my best friend and she visits once or twice a year to reconnect, yet her absence forced me to walk out of my comfort zone and talk to more people. Despite my initial sadness when she left, something positive still came out of it.



From interviewing my peers, I discovered that such an experience was something common in high school. In recounting a case where an old best friend similarly transferred away at the beginning of high school, one interviewee recounted that although she stayed in contact with the friend for a while, she inevitably drifted away from her and did not end up actively trying to stay in contact as the friendship she had formed wasn't strong enough initially. From the experience, she learned that it was best to accept that things inevitably happen and realize that not all friendships are permanent; on this note, she told us: "It is best to just enjoy the times you spend with your friends." In new friends, she looks for good people who share a similar sense of humor and pursue similar goals and values in life as her.

Another interviewee's story about losing contact with a primary school best friend was similar to the first interviewee's experience in the way that the transfer of the friend led to a loss of contact over time. She expressed that it was difficult to maintain a friendship when they were both navigating a busy high school life and did not have opportunities anymore to interact regularly in real life. She also notes that while she had shared many similar views with her friends, there were still some tensions in the friendship as the friend would often hold back her opinions rather than express them in cases where she did not agree with something. This led to some frustration as the friend was bottling up her views and emotions rather than actively communicating them, which led to some invisible rifts that weakened the friendship. From this experience, she said that she's learned to look for natural friendships that can be formed with people she feels comfortable with, and she realized that she enjoys the presence of unique people who are not afraid to express themselves, provide interesting intellectual observations, and good emotional support. Overall, her take on friendships could be well-summarized with a quote she gave near the end of the interview: "It is bad to force an unnatural connection if there was no chemistry left."

Lastly, from interviewing an anonymous friend and discussing if she had lost any friends in high school, she mentioned that she also had a best friend who moved away after 8th grade. Despite genuine attempts to stay in contact after the friend transferred, they started drifting apart and their conversation usually circled their few shared interests began to grow stale. To describe their fading relationship, she didn't view it as anything negative: "We both got new interests and naturally talked less due since we weren't in the same environment and state of mind anymore. Some friendships are periodic, and that's okay. Considering that people and their beliefs can change over time, only a few close friends last a long time."

From my personal experience and through the three interviews that seemed to narrate a similar story, it made me realize that we make friends from our environment and through shared experiences. When we move apart from the environment that connected us, it is natural for the physical distance to also manifest as a mental one which makes the maintenance of the relationship difficult. However, on a more positive note, losing friends can also act as an exigence for us to form new friendships, and allow us to realize what types of people we are most compatible with. Thus, we should not cling to past friendships that we lost connection in, and look toward both old and new friendships with an open mind. It is also important to devote time and effort to relationships that naturally work well and ones that push us to become better individuals.



Age Retardation

Written by: Celene Chu
Photos from: Google



Aging can be seen as the increase of entropy in our body and is commonly considered an inevitable process in life. At the biological level, aging results from the accumulation of molecular and cellular damage over time, leading to the gradual degradation of physical and mental capabilities. With advancing age, individuals are more prone to a variety of issues, including hearing loss, dementia, cancer, etc.

Considering the negative effects of aging, are there any ways to decelerate the aging process?

At first glance, the answer is a definite “no.” However, we are not talking about halting the march of time when discussing “age retardation.” Rather, researchers are driving progress in slowing down the increase in our biological age—the actual age of the cells in our body. Given the individual variations in aging rates, people of the same chronological age may exhibit distinct biological ages.

Many anti-aging strategies are currently in development, including procedures for augmentation of autophagy, elimination of senescent cells, intermittent fasting, antioxidant intake, and stem cell therapy. Multiple pre-clinical studies suggest that these are promising approaches to retard biological aging and extend lifespan. In recent years, increases in the lifespan of laboratory mice ranging from 25 percent to up to 50 percent have been reported.

Several anti-aging approaches are awaiting recognition in clinical trials to determine their long-term efficacy and possible adverse effects. If successful, these advancements will not only increase human’s average lifespan but also push the boundary of the maximum lifespan (the world’s oldest verified person, Jeanne Calment from France, was 122 when she died in 1997).

The concept of age retardation holds considerable appeal for many. However, extending the human lifespan is a disruptive undertaking that will affect individuals and subvert societal norms, necessitating urgent adaptation and comprehensive changes in society as a whole.

Effectiveness:

1) **Reduced age-related discrimination:** The older, but also the more experienced, will not be discriminated against as a result of their old chronological age in the workplace.

2) **Innovations:** Accumulated wisdom and experience of the older generation can be passed on to newer generations and facilitate innovations. These scientific de-

velopments might be able to address concerns raised by overpopulation.

3) **Improved quality of life:** People will enjoy more active, healthier, and longer lives, and they won’t be afraid to continue pursuing careers they love or starting new causes at older age.

Concerns:

1) **Overpopulation:** Earth’s carrying capacity concerns and exacerbation of environmental crises.

2) **Inequity:** When anti-aging drugs and therapies are allowed to be sold, there will be a period of major disparity between the very rich and the rest of the world based on socioeconomic status.

3) **The aging society:** People will spend much longer in retirement receiving pensions from governments, leading to instability of the economies.

In conclusion, in the past decade, the average human timespan has been successfully increased with better healthcare practices, but there has been little progress in exceeding the maximum human lifespan. With anti-aging developments, we will be able to enjoy longer, healthier lives free of age-related diseases, possibly challenging the prevailing belief that there is an upper limit to lifespan. Although there are valid socioeconomic concerns and potential disruptions to social norms, the pursuit of age retardation continues to be an intriguing area worthy of further exploration. ■

“How Long Can a Person Live? The 21st Century May See a Record-Breaker.” UW News, <https://www.washington.edu/news/2021/07/01/how-long-can-a-person-live-the-21st-century-may-see-a-record-breaker/>. Accessed 10 Apr. 2024.

Emerging Anti-Aging Strategies - Scientific Basis and Efficacy. <https://www.aginganddisease.org/EN/10.14336/AD.2018.1026>. Accessed 10 Apr. 2024.

Ageing and Health. <https://www.who.int/news-room/fact-sheets/detail/ageing-and-health>. Accessed 9 Apr. 2024.

Beyond Therapy: Biotechnology and the Pursuit of Happiness. <https://scholarworks.iupui.edu/items/648437cc-52cf-48c6-96f8-0c548a47fcb5>. Accessed 9 Apr. 2024.

David A. Sinclair. *Lifespan: Why We Age—and Why We Don’t Have To*. Atria Books, 2019.

“Ethical and Social Issues Raised by Ageing Research.” The Nuffield Council on Bioethics, <https://www.nuffieldbioethics.org/publications/ageing/briefing-note/ethical-and-social-issues-raised-by-ageing-research>. Accessed 8 Apr. 2024.

Mackey, Tom. “An Ethical Assessment of Anti-Aging Medicine.” *Journal of Anti-Aging Medicine*, vol. 6, no. 3, 2003, pp. 187–204. PubMed, <https://doi.org/10.1089/109454503322733045>.



Slipping Back into Old Habits and **OVERCOMING IT**

Written by: Owen Dustin

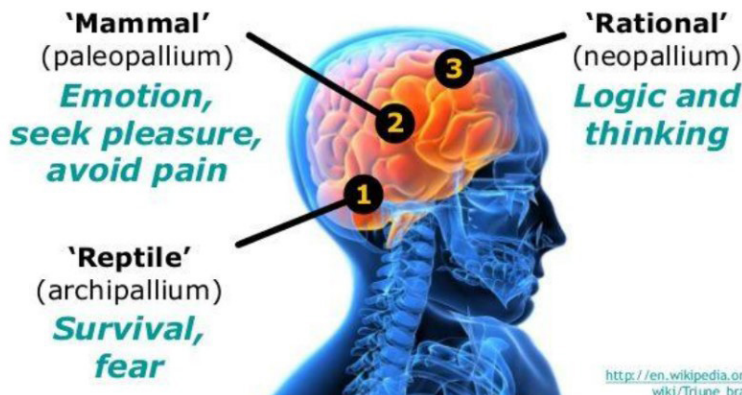
Photos from: Google

Whether it's scrolling through Instagram or snacking every day, these are examples of habits, routines or rituals that are unconscious and automatic in nature. In the transition to adulthood, we may start to experience anxiety or stress, causing us to slip back into some of our bad or older habits. From a scientific point of view, the phrase "old habits die hard" means what it says. But through understanding the development of habits from a psychological point of view, there are ways to overcome our bad habits and we all have the power to put an end to all of these "old beginnings".

The brain is the organ that regulates our emotions, behaviors, and responses, and is critical in the understanding of the development of habits. It's hard to believe how our brain evolved from a simple tube over millions of years. Up to today, our brain is divided into the same kinds of regions as the brains of our ancestors.

According to the Triune Brain model developed by American neuroscientist Paul D. MacLean, the most ancient centers of our brain were grouped into the "lizard brain" or the basal ganglia and is responsible for controlling our basic functions. On top of the lizard brain is the "mammal brain", or limbic system. The mammal brain features important structures such as the amygdala, that regulates our emotions, the hypothalamus, that regulates secretion of hormones, and the hippocampus that is responsible for memory consolidation. The mammal brain enables us to acquire skills as it rules much of our unconscious mental processes. It maintains a wide range of neural networks that automate our behavior, allowing us to develop habits. The mammal brain prioritizes our safety and would try to make us stick to our current habits because they have resulted in our survival up to this point. Thus, in the face of any unfamiliarity, the amygdala would detect fear, causing the hypothalamus to send signals to warn the brain that will attempt to steer us

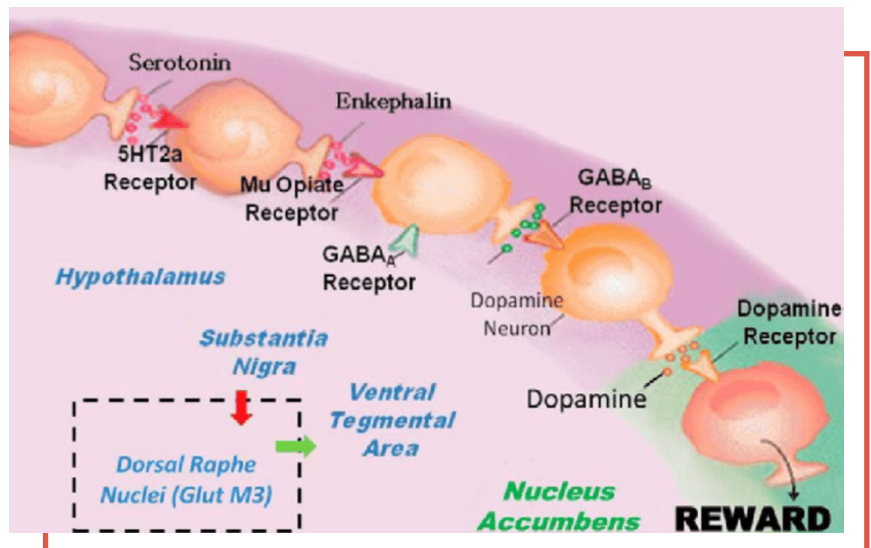
The triune brain

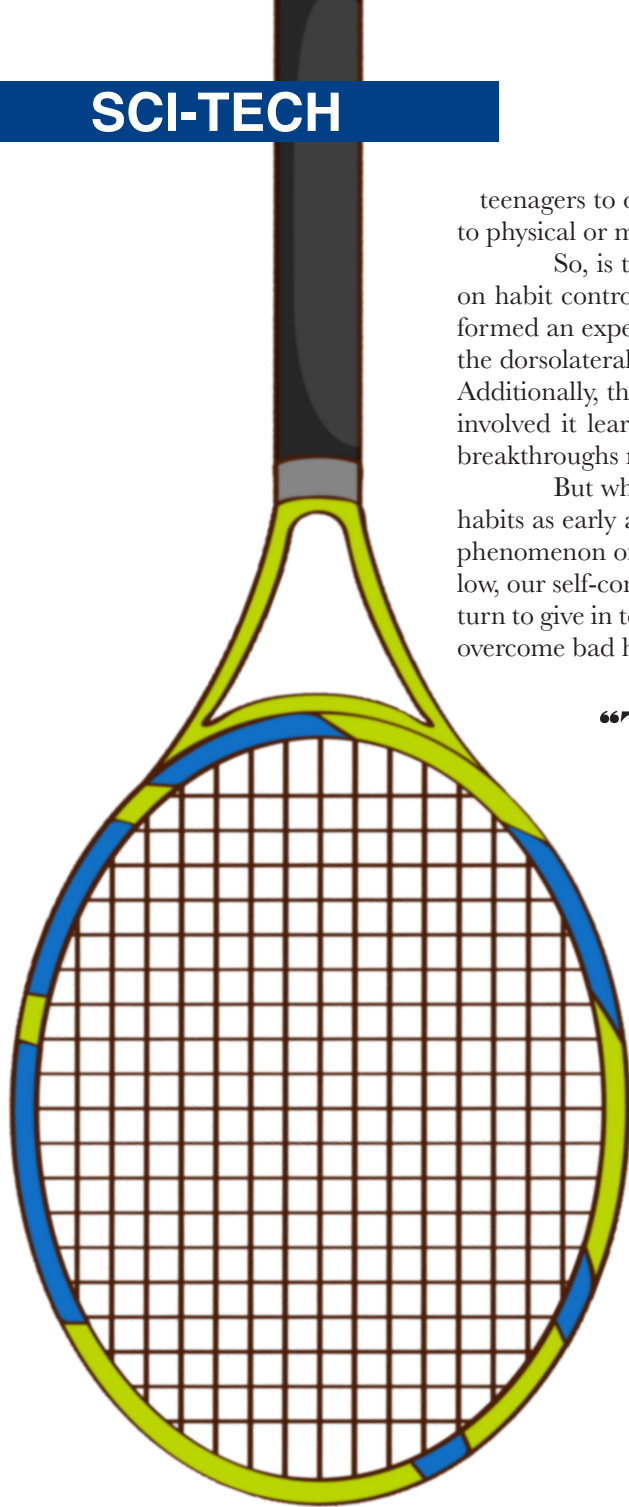


away from this “danger”. This results in us slipping back into our old habits, which we are comfortable with and used to doing.

Habits develop in four major steps: cue, craving, response, and reward. Take the example of scrolling through Instagram when you're bored doing homework. The cue or stimuli that triggers you to pick up the phone is the boredom you face when doing a math problem. You then have a craving to take a break and do something relaxing. You respond by opening your phone and scrolling through Instagram. If you see your friend or a celebrity's post, you may feel relaxed and relief from the boredom of work. It is in the fourth step of this “habit loop” where unwanted habits are enforced.

When something is very rewarding, we are more likely to remember it, even if it may not do us any good in the long term. This is because upon sensing something pleasurable, the synapses of the brain are flooded with a neurotransmitter called dopamine. Dopamine is essential in the regulation of the brain's reward system and is responsible for how we associate certain things with craving and reward. In the early days of humankind where there were no food or shelter, the reward center of our brains was essential in prompting us to seek things that would enable us to survive. But as quoted by Rose Wilson, the “constant search for feel good experiences” in today's world “can drive us in some less-than-helpful directions.” Researchers have noted that emotionally centered decision-making changes with age, due to the develop of the lateral prefrontal cortex (PFC). Due to teenagers' developing brains, adolescents have been shown to have higher sensitivity and an increase in risky behavior. This evidence leads





teenagers to often perform actions that will satisfy any cravings, even if they may do harm to physical or mental wellbeing.

So, is there a way to overcome bad habits? A recent study done by Smith and team on habit controlling neurons has provided some fresh insight. The team of researchers performed an experiment on mice and found out that by blocking the D2 dopamine receptor in the dorsolateral striatum, the mice were prevented from displaying previously learned habits. Additionally, they found out that subcortical striatal circuits in the dorsolateral striatum were involved in learning new habits. This may provide the foundation for future research and breakthroughs regarding this field.

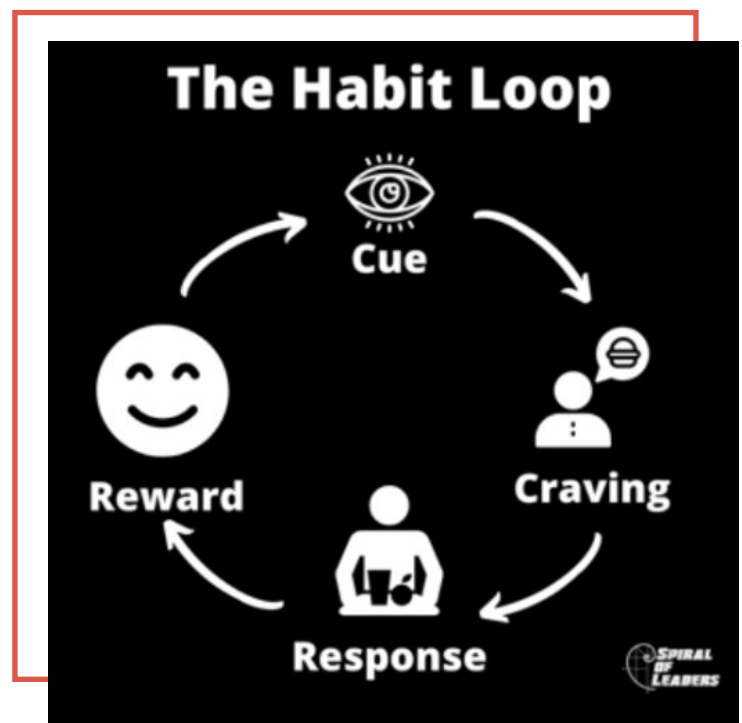
But what can we as individuals do to overcome bad habits? It is important to fix old habits as early as possible because it would be harder later down the road. This is due to the phenomenon of “ego depletion”. According to the idea of ego depletion, when our energy is low, our self-control is impaired, and we lose our ability to control ourselves. This causes us to turn to give in to temptations and choose whatever path is easiest. Thus, it is suggested that we overcome bad habits as early as possible.

“The more *personal* the reason, the stronger the motivation we will have to overcome this challenge.”

In overcoming bad habits, we shouldn’t cultivate an all or nothing mindset and instead take smaller steps into achieving our goal. Firstly, it is fundamental to identify the reason why we want to change, and it needs to be personal. The more personal the reason, the stronger the motivation we will have to overcome this challenge. The next part is making small modifications to our behavior. Take the example of playing video games 5 hours a day. The reason you would want to get rid of this habit would be so that you can focus on school. To start, you could reduce the number of hours you play from 5 to 4, 4 to 3, and eventually 1 to 0. It has been psychologically proven that this method would build success and minimizes the chance on one avoiding the new habit. ■

References

<https://www.healthline.com/health/the-science-of-habit#5>
<https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/yes-you-can/202103/why-we-fall-back-old-habits-when-we-re-tired-or-stressed#:~:text=The%20mammal%20brain%20is%20concerned%20more%20about%20safety%2C,rational%20thinking%2C%20troubleshooting%2C%20reasoning%2C%20and%20more%20take%20place.>
<https://www.health.harvard.edu/blog/how-to-break-a-bad-habit-202205022736> <https://www.psychologytoday.com/us/blog/the-athletes-way/202108/automaticity-and-the-brain-science-breaking-bad-habits>





“Habits develop in four major steps: cue, craving, response, and reward.”





SHSID|TIMES

March April 2024

Shanghai High School International Division
400 Shang Zhong Road
Shanghai, China 200231
Website: www.shsid.org