

# THE VICTORIA VOICE

## MEET YOUR TEACHERS: MR. LAM

**Q: What is your favourite curriculum to teach?**

A: Social Studies 9, 20, and 30

**Q: What was your favourite grade and subject when you were in school?**

A: Social Studies, probably 9 - 30, again.

**Q: What would be your optimal class size to teach?**

A: Probably 26. Really, anything under 30. I think the biggest class I ever had to teach had 41 students.

**Q: Where's the one place you most want to go on vacation and why?**

A: Hawaii. I've never been, it's far away, and you really get to learn about a distinct culture, and one that's really been preserved.

**Q: Which season is your favourite?**

A: Probably fall, but in Alberta the problem is it gets cold quick. Spring's good, too. Either of those, it's just nice to see the changing. Of course with Edmonton's extremes, it's mainly either summer or winter.

**Q: What are three of your hobbies?**

A: Watching documentaries, like Ken Burns' documentaries on the Vietnam War, going to brunch, either dim-sum or an American style brunch, and probably watching hockey.

**Q: Which holiday is your favourite and why?**

A: Thanksgiving, because it's time to consider what really matters, and it's not bogged down with gifts. And I mean turkey's pretty good, too.

**Q: What's your favourite colour? What's your least?**

A: Probably blue. My least would have to be...purple. Actually, no, any neon or pastel colours, like a pastel green. Brown's pretty bad, too.

**Q: What's your favourite animal?**

A: That's a tough one. I want to say penguins, but I'm not sure why. Penguins are cool.

**Q: What other schools have you taught at if any and for how long?**

A: I was a student teacher at Archbishop McDonald's, and at St. Joe's, for a semester in total, both teaching senior high.

**Q: Why did you go into teaching?**

A: Really, to make a difference. I know it sounds cliché, but that's really what it's all about to me. I think it's summed up by that quote I have on my wall, "We cannot always build the future for our youth, but we can build our youth for the future," by Franklin D. Roosevelt. That quote really speaks out to me.

**Q: Why did you take the opportunity to teach at Vic?**

A: Because it was something out of my comfort zone. I don't know much about art, but as a core teacher, it's really about getting kids interested in non-arts material in an arts based way. It's about finding creative solutions to find information, and to transfer that through to other areas in life.

**Q: If you could throw cold spaghetti at anyone dead or alive, who would it be?**

A: Nobody - I'd heat it up and eat it.

**-Grace Tunski and Tallulah Sewell Barrett, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

## SHORT STORY

### Something Is Wrong

Has it ever been so dark that you can't see your own hand in front of you? Not in a darker-than-normal nighttime way but in an all-encompassing way. The kind of dark that makes you wonder if your eyes are even open.

I'm talking about the kind of black that seems to seep into your bones within seconds, the sort of dark that wraps its inky tendrils around each thought until there is nothing else left to think.

After that, the panic sets in. It claws its way up to your throat, in time with the erratic thumping of your heart. Something is wrong.

With each gasp, your lungs fill with thick, earthy air, pulling it in just as fast as you can cough it out. Something about the air is off, but that's hardly your biggest

problem. No, your biggest problem lies beneath your hands, not ten centimetres above your face. A solid surface. Wood, maybe? It doesn't take long to learn that you are encased on all sides by the rough walls.

Suddenly, the strange air makes sense. You are underground.

Something is most definitely wrong.

Desperately, you begin to tear at the lid of the box, heedless of splinters. Your tearing soon becomes frantic thumping as your fists pound into the wood, matching up with the panicked beat of your heart.

A yell bubbles up from your throat, followed by another, and another. The pounding and yelling go on for what seems like an eternity, until your hands barely graze the lid and your voice is nothing more than a strained rasp.

The silence after the yelling and thumping is deafening. Nothing else seems to exist.

And then, a sound. It's faint at first, so faint it could just be your imagination, but then it comes again. And again. The sound of muffled scratching barely reaches your ears but it's there.

Scratch.

It begins to pick up tempo.

Scratch. Scratch. Scratch.

It gets closer and clearer, morphing into the distinct sound of a shovel.

**Shck shck shck.**

The panicked beat of your heart begins to slow as relief settles onto your skin.

**ShckShckShck.**

The shovelling continues to grow faster and louder.

**SHCK.SHCK.SHCK.**

Unease begins to infiltrate the tentative calm that washed over you only moments before. The sounds of shovelling keep coming, each stroke landing faster than the last.

**SHCKSHCKSHCK.**

**Something is wrong.**

The sound grows louder still, then changes into heavy thumps, shaking the box with each hit.

**THUMP.**

Something is terribly wrong.

**THUMP.**

And then it dawns on you.

**THUMP.**

The sounds are coming from below.

**THUMP.**

**-Grace Tunski, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

# SHORT STORY

## Sit With Me: Part Four

I had had some time to dwell on the library meeting with Ms. Miheir and “Text” before Ms. Miheir had taken me in one hand and went strolling back up to Mr. Johnsmen’s room.

“Mr. Johnsmen?” She asked in her always for some reason happy voice.

“Mmph mn...” was the response, which I translated as “Come in.”

Ms. Miheir set me down at my usual spot, leaving something on me with very little weight, but enough for me to notice. Apparently not enough for her though, as after she placed me down she went right on strolling up to Mr. Johnsmen.

“I just wanted to thank you for helping me out at that meeting.”

“My pleasure,” Mr. Johnsmen said in his usual monotone groan. I don’t think I’d ever heard him happy.

“Now, now,” Ms. Miheir cooed. “You sound so cold! I’m sure tomorrow will bring a smile to your face! It’ll be thrilling!”

“And why would that be?”

“Tsk, tsk, can’t say!”

“Look, Mel - I have to be grading papers. Could you just...leave?”

There was a long lull after that. Ms. Miheir choked back what I figured was a sob. “Mr. Johnsmen - ”

“Mel, I’ve very busy! Go!” The authoritative demand echoed through the room.

Ms. Miheir huffed. “Fine! Good luck grading your papers!” Her heels clicked violently as she left, blurring as she passed by me, she was moving so fast. The slam as she shut the door was something, too - I nearly fell.

Grumbling came from Mr. Johnsmen. “For goodness sake, Mel...”

At that moment, I wished Mr. Johnsmen hadn’t told her he was too busy to talk, because I knew that Ms. Miheir had something to hide, and I knew that she would fulfill her promise of “tomorrow will be thrilling”...

The day started once again like any other: the light came in from the crack under the door, and the first sunlight was filtered heavily through the curtains. Mr. Johnsmen came in with his usual drained face, like a zombie with no will to find brains, and sat down at his desk.

The first few students came in at the same time they always did, and Jeremy arrived with his usual punctuality and took me as his seat. But then he leapt up.

“What the heck!?”

Snickers filled the room. Jeremy growled in a very non-threatening way, much to his disappointment, and bent down to examine me.

Honestly, over the night, I had forgotten Ms. Miheir had left something on me. I didn’t even get a chance to see it! That was, until Jeremy picked it up and examined it.

“Who left a...is this a pen?”

Exactly what I would have said if I had been able to. It looked like a pen, or maybe a laser pointer, but it had something strangely deranged about it. Jeremy sighed and tucked it into his pocket, sitting down once more.

Lunch had come and gone by the time I remembered that “thrilling thing” that was going to happen.

“And so,” Mr. Johnsmen concluded as a chorus of snores hit like a wave of boredom had suddenly struck everyone. “That is the difference between metamorphic and - ”

The intercom crackled. “Sorry to interrupt you,” a familiar voice said. “But we have an announcement to ma - NO, GO AWAY, CAROL! I KNOW WHAT I’M DOING! SHOO! ...Ahem...anyways...we have an announcement to make: you will all note that it is one minute to one. I hope you will all join me in counting down.”

The class seemed to stir at that point and, reluctantly, began counting, although clearly, they didn’t understand why.

“24...23...22...21...20...19...18...17...16...and in these final seconds, I would like to say, thank you for all being here today! I’ll bet you’ll wish soon that you stayed home!” Ms. Miheir’s cold laugh could be heard echoing through the school as the final second was counted by confused staff and students. “Let the experience begin!”

The room turned dark.

**-Tallulah Sewell-Barrett, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

## ADVERTISING

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## WORD OF THE WEEK

### Rebuff

re·buff

verb

to reject or criticize sharply

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## WEEKLY RIDDLE

What do you get if you divide the circumference of a jack-o-lantern by its diameter?

Pumpkin  $\pi$

## WEEKLY JOKE

**Q:** What room do ghosts avoid?

**A:** The living room!

## SHORT STORY

Space was beautiful. It was also terrifying. The same could be said about a lot of things, actually. It was precisely because of that fact that I wanted to become an astronaut. The thrill of travelling out to where only a few people have ever gone before, of seeing Earth as just another rock floating in space, almost indistinguishable from any others. The thrill of realizing just how small we are, and that if we make any difference it's only within our own society. Realizing that you could be one of the people to change that.

It's jaw-dropping, not just the thought experiments, but the view. I could be outside for hours on a spacewalk, just enjoying the view. Sometimes I did. There was nobody else here to stop me, anyway.

The mission was supposed to be the five of us, out there for a few months. They had packed us more than enough supplies to last that long, done all of the proper procedures, everything. None of that was the problem. Maybe they calibrated something wrong, or had some measurements off. I wasn't completely sure, it's not like they ever gave us an explanation. I'm not even sure I wanted one. All I know is that suddenly, our mission was a failure and we were as good as dead to them. That was the inevitable conclusion of this anyway.

Andrew was supposed to be the one checking the systems and making sure everything was going smoothly, not me. I was eating. But never trust Andrew to do anything right, because the next thing I know he's pulled up next to me with his own packet of freeze-dried food. I sighed and looked at him wearily, too tired to deal with him at the moment.

"Andrew." I stared at him, waiting for a response.

"Yeah?" He looked innocently at me, as if he wasn't neglecting his basic responsibilities. I didn't even bother responding to him, just shook my head and gestured towards the front of the ship. Andrew rolled his eyes and stood up again.

"Fine, it's not like you do any work either here."

"More than you." Andrew scoffed at my reply and started off to check the computer systems.

I could come to terms with that. Death, I mean. It certainly wasn't the worst

thing in the world, and I knew the risks when I set out on this mission anyway. Most of the others had the same mindset as me, too. It's not like there was any other option. We couldn't just decide to stay alive. Not with our limited supply of food and water. It just so happened to be me, lucky winner number one, that had to be the last one to stay alive.

It's not like I was complaining, I didn't want to die, even if I had come to terms with it. But I didn't want to be the last one alive either. It was different for everyone. Some of us couldn't take it, or maybe an accident happened in regular maintenance. I'm not sure why we even bothered with that. It's not like there was a point to keeping the ship together anyway. We all knew what was bound to happen. I guess we were just delaying the inevitable, keeping ourselves together by tricking our brains into thinking this was normal. It didn't work for everyone.

"Uh, Jordan?" Andrew's voice came from across the ship. I put my head in my hands and groaned.

"What is it now?"

"We're... Uh, well we're off course."

"What do you mean?" I stood up so fast my head started to spin. "Andrew?"

"Just.. come here. You're better with this stuff than I am," I started jogging towards the front where Andrew was.

"What's going on?" I leaned against the wall, looking at the screens in front of me. Andrew didn't respond, just kept looking at the screen, frustrated. "Andrew?" I grabbed the tablet out of his hand and stared at it, trying to comprehend what it was saying.

"I read it wrong, didn't I? Everything's probably fine," Andrew started rambling, tapping his fingers absentmindedly on the desk in front of him.

"No.. you didn't read it wrong," I said with a monotonous voice, trying to understand what was going on, how this could've happened.

"What? That means we are off course?" Andrew was panicking, trying to grab the tablet out of my hands. "Hundred of kilometres off course..." Andrew had a blank look in his eyes, breathing heavily. I clenched my hands into fists, struggling to breathe.

"You should've checked earlier Andrew!" I started yelling, trying to find someone or something to blame for this.

"And that would've helped? We would still be off course!" Andrew was yelling back now, and the others were sure to hear us.

"No, I just," I paused, struggling to breathe over the oncoming panic attack. "I don't know what to do. I don't understand how this could've happened," Andrew just stared back at me, just as lost as I was.

It had probably been months since there was anyone else on this ship alive. I didn't know. I'd stopped checking the logs and computers a long time ago. I didn't even check them for maintenance anymore, there wasn't really any point. Eventually, the ship would deteriorate or hit something. It was built to last, so I would probably

be gone by the time that happened. I didn't mind, anyway.

I was doing my usual rounds of pacing the ship. There was really nothing to see. It looked almost as if nobody had ever been here, except me. Their families might've wanted a proper burial, but in space, there was no other option than to get rid of it with the rest of the waste on board.

They said there was nothing they could do. That it was impossible to turn around and that they couldn't send another ship to come and get us, and even if they did, it probably wouldn't catch up to us in time. They might've been lying, they might've not been. It didn't matter at this point. We had no control over the matter. It was all what they decided to do and not do.

I made my way over to the airlock. My suit was sitting there, the only one that had any recent use. The rest of them were sitting in storage. I couldn't look at them anymore. I starting putting my suit on, piece by piece. I think that the abyss of space really puts you in perspective. Reminds you that just like anything else, the universe will live and die. That, in the long run, everything will be reset and reset, over and over, and this is just one of many times. Maybe the next one will be better, maybe it will be worse. There's really no way to tell, nobody that knows.

I finished putting my suit on and stepped out into the airlock, connecting myself to the cable.

Maybe in the grand scheme of things you didn't have any power or control, and you were just thrown around by everything else around you. But isn't that part of what makes it worth it? The choices you do have, they can make or break everything. That you really only have one choice that you can make at any given moment. The choice to keep going.

**-Dawn Fox, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

## STORMS CAUSE DEVASTATING FLOODS

### FLOODS DEVASTATE SOUTH-WESTERN FRANCE

Heavy rainstorms caused rivers to rise and overflow turning into flash floods and killing 13 people. About three months worth of rain fell in the span of a few hours, sweeping away towns and villages. The storm swept out of France and headed south toward Spain and Portugal where heavy rainstorms occurred and hundreds of thousands were without power. In Trebes, the rivers rose 8 metres (26 feet)! The storms were caused by warm air from the Mediterranean mixing with cold air from the Massif Central. **Source: The Guardian**

**-Grace Rompfer, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

# WEATHER

## Long Term Forecast

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
	22	23	24	25	26	27
	Forecast <b>13</b> °C Feels like <b>11</b>	Forecast <b>14</b> °C Feels like <b>13</b>	Forecast <b>12</b> °C Feels like <b>10</b>	Forecast <b>11</b> °C Feels like <b>10</b>	Forecast <b>10</b> °C Feels like <b>8</b>	Forecast <b>9</b> °C Feels like <b>6</b>
28	29	30	31	01	02	03
Forecast <b>9</b> °C Feels like <b>7</b> 24h Rain <b>Rain:</b> .mm POP <b>40%</b>	Forecast <b>4</b> °C Feels like <b>-1</b>	Forecast <b>4</b> °C Feels like <b>0</b> 24h Rain <b>Rain:</b> .mm POP <b>20%</b>	Forecast <b>5</b> °C Feels like <b>1</b> 24h Rain <b>Rain:</b> .mm 24h Snow <b>Snow:</b> .cm POP <b>70%</b>	Forecast <b>3</b> °C Feels like <b>1</b> 24h Rain <b>Rain:</b> .mm 24h Snow <b>Snow:</b> .cm POP <b>60%</b>	Forecast <b>1</b> °C Feels like <b>-2</b>	Forecast <b>0</b> °C Feels like <b>-2</b>

## Severe Weather Risk

	Sunday	Monday	Tuesday
Snowfall Risk	0	0	0
Freezing Rain Risk	0	0	0
Wind Risk	0	0	0
Rainfall Risk	0	0	0
Thunderstorm Risk	0	0	0



# THE VICTORIA VOICE Junior

## SHORT STORY

### **The Sister Mysteries: Chapter Two, Lynn**

"Lynn, come back here!" Lysa's voice sounded urgent and scared. I raced over. "What is it!?" I cried when I reached her. She wordlessly pointed at her computer. I stared. On it was a ginormous poster of me and Lysa with the words wanted, Lysa and Lynn Jones. "We have to go home now," said Lysa. I nodded. we jumped onto the TCS (trans-city skyliner) and it took us back in 30 seconds. Literally. "That's a new record!" I said. Lysa spent all afternoon on her computer only coming out for dinner. " what are you doing in there?" I asked at dinnertime. She just shrugged. At bedtime I climbed up to her bed we had loft beds and said: "seriously lys, what are you doing?". she said in a very excited voice "Because the poster was copied from the internet and posted on someone else's account I did some hacking on my own! and I found out that the dude who posted this, his username is r34p3r!" "so? That still doesn't get us any further to why it's up there" I said pointing at the poster. " yes I wasn't finished" she said, " look at this" she pointed at her screen. On it was a video of Lysa and me bullying the president's daughter! " but we never did that!" I cried out "lys, where did you find this!?" "I just searched up our names and...!" I was amazed. Just then we got a very surprising phone call. It was from the president! We picked up the phone and said "hello?" "Hello." replied a very rough voice "may I please speak with Lysa and Lynn jones?". "I am Lysa," said Lysa. "I am calling because I have seen a video on the internet of you and your sister bullying my daughter!". "We didn't do it, sir!" I cried out, panicked. "Then why have I seen this video?" asked the president, his voice suspicious "someone framed us!" we said in unison. "That is a very serious matter. I will be asking my daughter about this. Goodbye" he hung up.

**-Matilda Barron, The Victoria Voice School Newspaper**

# THE SCIENCE CORNER

## Diet Coke Explosions

Hello fellow students and welcome back to the Science Corner! Today we're going to be doing an old science experiment that's been around for forever, but everyone loves all the same! That's right, where doing the Diet Coke Explosion experiment!

### Materials:

- One large bottle of Diet Coke
- Half a pack of Mentos
- A geyser tube (This is optional, but it makes the experiment easier!)

### Instructions:

1. First things first, is to make sure you're doing this experiment where having Diet Coke everywhere won't be a problem! Outside is a great place, not in your living room! Always do this with your parent's permission!
2. Stand the Diet Coke upright and unscrew the cap. Insert the funnel or tube into the top of the bottle so that you can put all the mentos in a one time. This part is tricky and using the tube or funnel makes things a whole lot easier.
3. Now it's time for the fun part! Drop about half the pack of mentos in and run like crazy! If you've done it properly a gigantic geyser should erupt drenching everything in Diet Coke! The highest record of how tall one's gotten is 9 meters (29 feet) high!

### What's Happening?

You may be wondering how mentos and pop can create such a huge geyser? The most favoured reason for this happening is that the combination of carbon dioxide in the Coke and the little dimples found in Mentos candy pieces.

Carbon dioxide makes the Diet Coke bubbly and doesn't get released from the bottle until you actually open one up and pour yourself a drink. This means that there's a whole bunch of guys waiting to escape the bottle. When you drop something into the Coke it speeds up the process and allowing bubbles to form in the liquid. Mentos have these tiny dimples which dramatically increases the surface area and allow a huge amount of bubbles to form, therefore making the explosion.

That's it for this week's science experiment! Hope you had fun covering the world in Diet Coke. Did you set a new height record? See you guys next week for more spectacular experiments!

**-Emma Henderson, ScienceKids.co.nz**