

The *Wonder*

2016-2017

Wanderer

FEATURING

*Inside interview
with a flight attendant*

Salaam سلام

The story of peace

*Never Alone,
A tale of survival*



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The Travel Princess

A letter to the princess of travel

Dear Travel Princess,

My employers are having a big company convention in Europe and they have informed me that I must be there! I have never flown in a plane in my entire life, and for good reason. I have heard of far too many plane crashes and accidents. Those stories of planes suddenly going missing scare me so much! The possibilities of death in an airplane are limitless! Please help ease my anxiety! I must get to the convention. I have even looked into a ship ride to Europe, but that will take way too long.

Frightfully,

I Don't Believe I Can Fly

Dear I Don't Believe I Can Fly,

There was once a study done for frightened flyers like you. The study showed that if you wanted to guarantee being in a plane crash, you would have to fly 10 hours, every day, for about 10,000 years...straight. Only in that exact amount of time would you be GUARANTEED to be in a plane crash. The chance of that is EXTREMELY slim.

The past mistakes that have caused plane crashes don't happen repeatedly. EVERY single plane accident that has EVER happened is studied...for years, to learn what went wrong. Nowadays, laws and rules are made to prevent that error from ever happening again. As time passes, engineers are improving and perfecting airplanes.

If that doesn't ease your anxiety yet, look at it this way. Every day thousands, even millions of flights fly safely all around the world. You never hear about them because there's nothing to tell you. They landed safely! Flying is basically the safest form of transportation in the world. You're at more risk driving to the airport...honestly.

You can do it!

Travel Princess

How to... Spring Roll In 5 Easy Steps

A recipe.

Spring rolls? I had never really tried them, until that day. The lady that had rolled them stuffed them as big as a bean burrito from Taco bell! When I tried them, they became one of my favorite Asian foods. This recipe for spring rolls is the best I've ever had!

Prepare: spring roll wrapper, tofu cut into strips, glass noodles, fresh mint, fresh cilantro, shredded carrots, omelet cut into strips.

I'd recommend 3 or 4 spring rolls for one person, but it really just depends on how much you stuff them. I wish you good luck in your spring roll endeavors!

1. Dunk the wrapper into a shallow pan with room temperature water for about 10 seconds.
2. Place the desired amount of ingredients on the wrapper.
3. Take the top and bottom of the wrapper and fold them both in.
4. Then take one side of the remaining flaps and fold that in. Roll the spring roll.
5. Make the dipping sauce according to taste by mixing: sesame oil, soy sauce, lemon juice, and sweet soy sauce.





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An interview based story

“Ready? One, Two, Three, Run!” I dashed off the cliff and took to the skies with my paraglide. The sun began to set on the glistening horizon, as I flew over Lima, Peru, and I remembered those days when I was bored with life and desperately hunting for an adventure.

I, Andrea, was 25 years old when I got married. Shortly after marrying, my pilot groom and I moved to Toronto, in Canada. I got a job as a waitress, but I was still looking for a job that had better pay. I was having no luck at all! Meanwhile, my husband was flying a Boeing 767 internationally. When he would come home he'd tell me all about his adventures and the places he visited around the world. He would tell me stories of the Christmas market in Frankfurt, of checking out Big Ben in London, and how he had swum in the Dead Sea. I found myself growing jealous of all his opportunities, and decided to apply to airlines to see if I could have some adventures of my own! Only about six months

had passed from the time I applied to Canada Rouge to when I was accepted and started my training. Once I got accepted, I went through 6 weeks of intense training in Montreal.

I have done so much sightseeing at flight destinations. That's half the fun of being a flight attendant! For each overseas flight we take, we have at least 24 hours in the city before the flight back to Canada. I generally try to make the most of it, while still trying to get enough sleep to fly safely.

My first flight to Europe was to Athens. While there, most of us in the flight crew went to visit the Acropolis. We spent a couple of hours there, then we went to a nightlife area for dinner and wandered around a market.

I've also done many Venice layovers, so I've definitely explored the streets and canals and gotten lost in the city. On one layover in Venice, I took a day trip to Florence. On another, I brought my mom with me. We drove

from Venice to Nice, France and met up with a friend from Toronto who was in France for the summer.

On one trip to Edinburgh, I joined a tour group and took a trip to Loch Ness and stopped to see several castles on the way. I've been able to experience so many cool new things as a flight attendant, like surfing for the first time in Honolulu, Hawaii and my first time paragliding while in Lima, Peru.

On my first flight job, I was really nervous and stressed. Besides getting sick a few times my flights have been pretty lucky. I've actually had nothing really go wrong on flights. I've had some passenger medical situations, but even then nothing too scary or bad happened.

My worst experience with passengers was when an autistic boy was having a hard time before takeoff and a man was incredibly rude to the mom while she was trying to make her son's life easier. The passenger even made the

mom cry! It had been really tough to see that another passenger did this. He was sitting right behind the family. I finally decided to move their seats but then the man was mad that they got better seats. It was a really tough situation to manage while trying to be diplomatic about it all.

One of my most satisfying experiences, while on duty, was when there was a lady on a flight who was absolutely terrified. She had had bad experiences in the past on flights and was expecting the same. I made sure to check on her throughout the flight, and made sure she was okay. I took time to explain turbulences, let her know where we were in the flight and offered her a complimentary beverage. At the end, she thanked me profusely and told me it was her best flight. It was such a good feeling to help someone like that.

I wish people knew more about flight attendants. Passengers seem to forget that flight attendants are

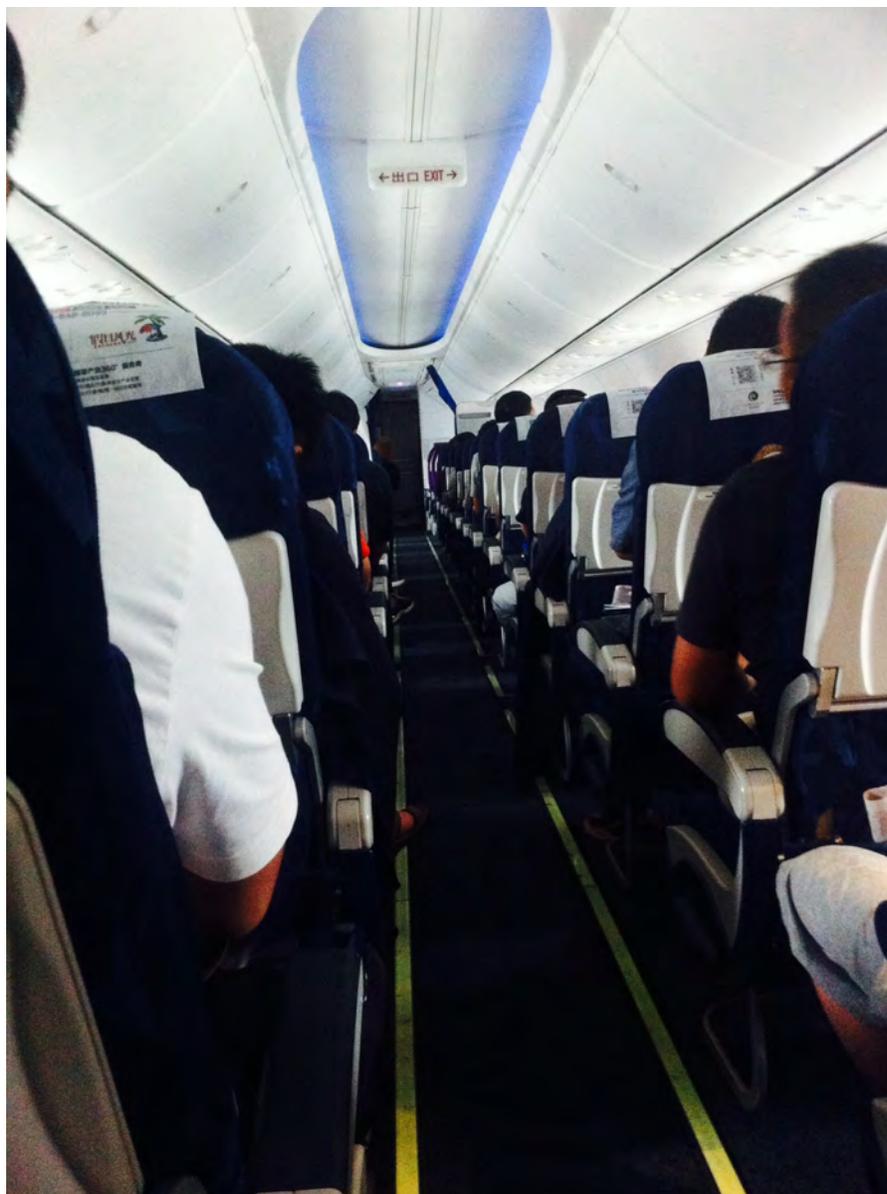
human too and like to be treated that way. Another thing passengers forget is that we get bored too! We love to chat with passengers on long flights, as long as we're not in the middle of a meal or drink service. If you're looking for travel tips, just ask us. We're a wealth of information! Chances are some-

one in our flight crew has been to your destination a couple of times.

Something I'm sure you don't know is that we only get paid for the time we're in the air. Boarding and declining is an unpaid free service that we are obligated to do. This also means that delays on the ground are unpaid. So believe me, we are as frustrated as you are with delays!

The overall experience of

being a flight attendant, however, is gratifying and fun. The travel opportunities are endless when you are a flight attendant!



From the blog

A snippet

I'm writing this on the plane headed for Netherlands. Rodos Island, Greece was beautiful! It was a 2 minute walk from my hotel to the old town, so super close!

I looked it up on the internet and found that the old town is the largest living medieval town in the world. The old town is fortified with a thick stone wall, which surrounded the entire thing and was made during the Crusades. I didn't expect the old town to be so well preserved.

The streets and buildings were all made of stone and there were flourishing green vines here and there. The vines gave off a really old, medieval vibe. It was beeeeeeeuuuuuuutiful!

After visiting the Palace of The Grand Master, the Street of Knights and the Moat, I walked out of the Old Town, which is right next to the harbor. I waded a while in the refreshing Mediterranean Sea, which was kin-

da cold. It was so clear and gorgeous. Of course, I took one of my legendary foot pictures.

Then after that I went back to the Old Town. I wandered a little around the market and got a few magnets for my collection.

Then I decided to get out of the crowded area and take a shortcut to my hotel. There I found beautiful little quaint allies with not a human in sight. I felt like I was

walking through medieval Greece, where knights and royalty roamed.

The next morning at my hotel there was a buffet breakfast. There were olives, dates, figs, yoghurt and feta cheese. Everything I ate tasted so fresh! After that I headed to the airport and now I'm on my way to the Netherlands. I can say for sure that Greece knows how to make an amazing first impression!



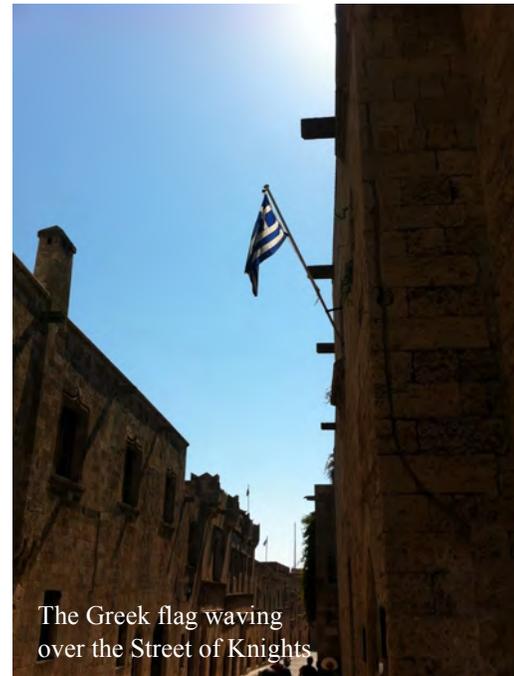
The Palace of The Grand Master



A gate in an alley



Posing with the statues at
The Palace of The Grand Master



The Greek flag waving
over the Street of Knights



Soaking in the
Mediterranean



A quaint alley



The stone wall

Salaam سلام



The moon shone on Yeldi the fifth, the Yeldisiran's chief, and Hameeshta, his 8 year old daughter, Yeldi's only known living child. They often had long discussions and conversations on this small mountain-side they dubbed Zamir, which meant "thought and song". Zamir overlooked the Yeldisiran's side of the oasis.

"You are to be my heir, Hameeshta," declared Yeldi. "One day, this will all be yours to rule with wisdom, justice and salaam."

"Peace?" questioned Hameeshta.

"Yes, never forget those three, especially salaam," reminded Yeldi.

Six years later, in the hunting season, Yeldi was stalking a gazelle for "el sheta", the festival celebrating the coming of winter. As the gazelle wandered into a cavern, Yeldi followed and readied his bow and arrow. As the darkness began to close in, Yeldi heard steps in the cave. He and the gazelle were not

alone.

“Salaam, great and mighty Yeldi,” sneered a voice in the darkness. “I suppose you thought that gazelle was yours to kill.”

“I am not within your borders Kida, do not pester me, for you are on the Yeldisiran’s side of the oasis,” defended Yeldi.

“You are on the land that we were rightfully given by our ancestors!” snapped Kida.

No one was there to witness what happened next. All that will ever be known is that Yeldi’s body was found dead, with several stab wounds, lying in the dripping pool of his own blood.

Only two days after her father’s death, 11 year old Hameeshta was already being declared chief of the Yeldisirans. Everything had happened so fast, she hadn’t even had time to mourn.

Five years later, on a night when twilight had just set in, Hameeshta and her friend Aadil, full of revenge and hate for the Kidisras, were preparing their newest intrigue. Aadil was also 16 years old and he had always been a close family friend to the chief’s family.

“I have the sap, but do you have the rope?” whis-



pered Aadil.

“Yeah, I have it,” said Hameeshta as she slipped the rope into the sack Aadil was carrying.

“Alright, here’s the plan. We’re going to have to sneak out qui-

etly. When we arrive at Kidisra’s grazing land we’ll look for the shepherd first and make sure to tie him up. Once we do, we need to feel for the soft sheep and put this sticky sap on their coats. That’s the sure way to spoil the sheep’s coats for this winter,” commanded Hameeshta.

“Great plan!” nodded Aadil.

“By the way where’s Asad? He should be here by now,” questioned Hameeshta.

“He’s probably at Zamir. You know, he’s been talking about asking the Kidisras for peace. For me, peace is not an option anymore,” said Aadil. It had been a long time since Asad had joined any of their

intrigues or shown any obvious hate for the Kidisras.

“Well then, I guess we’ll do this without him... again,” sighed Hameeshta.

Off they went with full speed toward the Kidisra’s grazing ground. When they arrived, they spotted



the shepherd boy fast asleep. Aadil carefully tied him up without the boy waking. Then Hameeshta dashed to the nearest herd of sheep. She knelt down and felt their coats. This one is so soft! It's a shame

it has to go to waste, she thought as she pulled some sap out of her sack. She pressed the sap onto the sheep's soft fur. One. Two. Five. Fifteen. She had managed to stick sap to about 20 sheep.

"How many have you gotten to?" she whispered to Aadil with a smirk.

"Oh you know, only about 30," he said with a giggle. There was a snap of a branch in the distance. They heard steps coming towards them. There was a large figure walking cautiously with a lantern and a large staff in hand.

"Time to go!" Hameeshta warned in a hoarse whisper.

"She's beautiful!" whispered Hameeshta to herself while hiding behind a large boulder and watching a lioness sip water from a small stream. She then slowly pulled some meat pieces out of her sack and threw it towards the lioness. It jerked from surprise,

growled and then sniffed the morsel of meat. She began to place the morsels along the stream to lure the lioness toward the Kidisras settlement. That ought to teach them for burning our crops! thought

Hameeshta. The morsels began to give the lioness an appetite for a main course. Hameeshta set down the final piece then sped away to safety. A few minutes passed, when she was sure the lioness had not followed her, she decided to head back to her settlement.

When she finally arrived, everyone at camp was talking. Just as she entered the meeting tent, Aadil burst at her, “Did you hear? The Kidisra’s camp was attacked! No one knows by who... or what.” Hameeshta just smirked. Aadil rejoiced, “It was you! Wasn’t it? They say Kida’s son was killed. What a blow to Kida! He will never mess with the Yeldisirans again!” He scurried out of the tent with glee.

Asad stormed in, “There you are! I’ve been looking for you everywhere. Was it you? Was it you that attacked them? Tell me it wasn’t!”

“It wasn’t. Technically,” defended Hameeshta.

“Technically? How could you cause something like that to happen? Does human life mean nothing to you? Why don’t you end this hate now? The score is even! Stop the revenge,” reproached Asad.

Asad stormed out. Hameeshta was left standing, alone.

Wanting to be alone, she broke away to the cave where her father had been murdered. Sitting deep on a high point in the cave, she gazed at a small stream of light that peeked its way into the expanse from a small hole. Alone...in the cold stone darkness...she cried.

Suddenly she noticed the sound of someone’s steps against the pebbles and stones that covered the cave floor. The figure sat down in the stream of light. Hoping it was Asad, she leaned forward to see it better. A chill went down her spine. It was Kida. He was weeping.

What is he doing here? Hameeshta thought to herself.



As she focused, she realized he was reading a paper. Not reading. Staring.

There he was, her chance had finally come. All these years her want for revenge had grown stronger and stronger. She crept down from her ledge, while trying to be as silent as possible. As she advanced towards him, she slipped the sword out of its holder. Her moment had arrived.

When she was finally right behind him, she readied her sword to thrust it through his back to end this once and for all. Then she heard him whisper, “My son...” Her curiosity got the better of her, she leaned a little closer to see what he was staring at. She focused harder. In the small stream of light, the read in big, blood red letters: SALAAM.

Trouble in India

From bad to worse.

I had just arrived in India and had a 4 hour layover. My goal was to visit the Taj Mahal. I grabbed a taxi and drove for a while. When we arrived to the outskirts of the Taj Mahal, the driver over charged me. I didn't have enough rupee, just dollars. He gave me the price in dollars and I trustingly paid him. As I thought about it I pulled out the calculator on my phone and calculated the price into dollars. As he sped away, I realized that I got ripped off!

I went to a nearby restaurant and reenergized myself with some fries. Researching the fastest way to visit the Taj Mahal, I was unknowingly wasting my time. As I looked at my watch, I realized it was almost time for my plane to take off! I had no choice but to abandon the plan and grab a taxi back to the airport.

As I fixed my hair and neared the gate, I realized I must have left my cap in the restaurant or taxi. Great. When I arrived at the gate the lady at the desk said the

plane had taken off an hour before. Awesome. I compared our watches and realized my watch was not accurately set to the India time zone. Wonderful.

As I broke down crying, she went on the phone and talked for what seemed like forever. She finally hung up and consoled me with not only a replacement ticket for the next evening, but a free hotel stay as well! My eyes gleamed like the marble on the Taj Mahal.



Never Alone

“This vacay, is gonna be SO fun!” Brad’s enthusiasm was hard to avoid.

“Dude, we’ve only been in this plane for 30 minutes. Relax,” Mia teased.

“He’s right though,” Kev announced, “it’s gonna be thrilling!”

Screams filled the air. The smoke was getting thicker and thicker in the cabin. Kev grabbed the yellow oxygen masks that suddenly appeared and helped Mia put hers on, as she coughed and gagged because too much smoke filled her lungs. Brad grabbed the mask in front of him while making sure everyone’s mask was working properly. Mia tightened her seat belt and advised the others to do the same. There was a loud sizzling noise, when the 3 of them realized there was a fire in the cock pit. A wave of heat hit them with fury. Mia’s stomach lurched; her stomach felt like it was in her throat. She shrieked. Their plane went plummeting down towards the vast watery abyss.

“Brad! Kev! Somebody?! Help!”

Mia floundered to some nearby wreckage, a piece of the wing. As she held on to stay afloat she paddled toward the body of the plane that was slowly sinking. She felt a thump behind her and cringed as a body floated away, a flight attendant.

“Mia! Brad!” echoed a voice near the body of the plane.

“Kev! I’m here!” Mia paddled as she clung to the wing piece. As they neared each other, the fire in the plane began to worsen and grow. A frantic splashing became apparent.

“Mia! Kev!” came a frantic sound. Kev, realizing it was Brad in trouble, dove into the water to rescue him. Then a deep heart stopping boom sounded all around. Debris from the explosion began falling back down and crashing down into the depths. Mia went underwater so the impact of the debris wouldn’t hurt her. A glass window piece went plummeting towards her, so she dove deeper and held a piece of metal chard in front of her as a shield. The glass shattered and the

pieces went plunging down. She swam up for air and got up onto the wing again.

“Brad! Kev!” she called and paddled toward the scene of the wreckage.

“I’m here!” shouted Kev.

“Where’s Brad?” Mia wondered to Kev.

“Gone,” answered Kev with clouded eyes.

“What...how?” she asked at a loss of words.

“I think he saw the fire, tried to swim away, but was too close and...”

“The explosion...” Mia’s eyes watered with both tears and salt water.

“Yeah, the explosion...” Kev trailed off.

Kev had gone through the wreckage that was still afloat and had found a small emergency life boat. Desperate to get out of the water they climbed on. They finally agreed to go west, toward

the setting sun. They took turns sleeping and paddling with plastic panels they had found. When morning finally arrived they decided to paddle together. Maybe, it would get them somewhere. They hoped.

Their hearts were in shock. For what seemed like hours, they sat in silence, only hearing the splatters of water between their paddles, as the sun set.

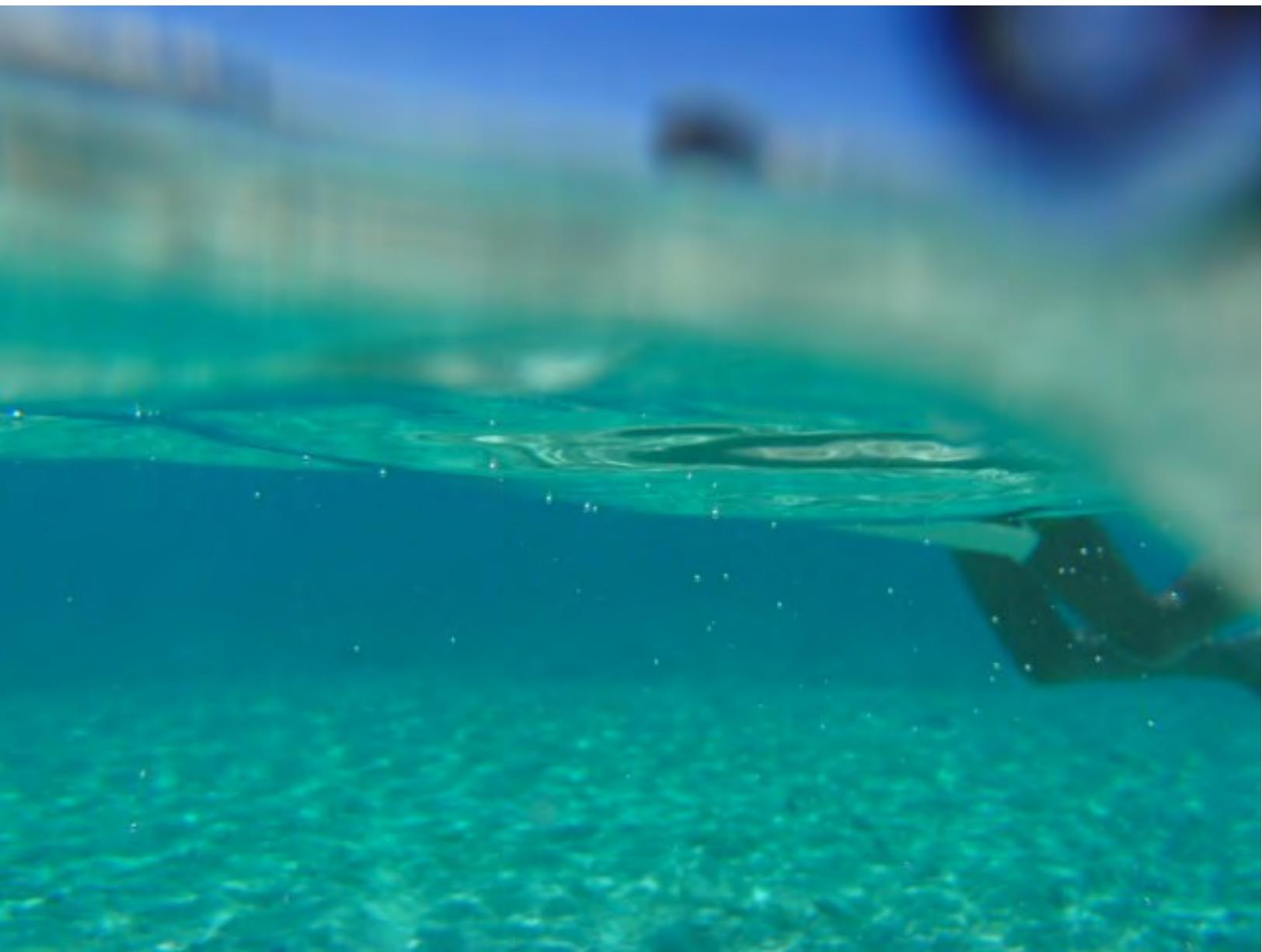
On a clear crisp day, the sun be-

gan to blaze over them. There was a glare of light coming from the front of their “ship,” if you dare call it that. It flashed a few times then seeped away. As the sun began to set, a monstrosity began to form in the distance. It peaked three times.

“Kev!” Mia urged him to wake. Was it a ship? Was it perhaps, land? Kev rubbed his tired eyes with his sunburnt hands. When he saw the form he paddled frantically to it. An island appeared.

The waves softened as their feet met the sand. Land. Maybe they would survive. They dragged their raft ashore. Tired and wet they slept the day away.

Mia rolled over in her sleep, then suddenly jolted awake. She lay in the sand. Her leggings were full of holes and tears, along with her t-shirt that maybe shouldn't be called a t-shirt anymore. Kev lay next to her, the waves just touching his toes. The sun was about to set, when a breeze of cold wind



brushed through Mia's sandy hair. It gave her chills. Kev's eyes fluttered open because of the wind.

"I am so hungry!" declared Kev. A stomach gurgle from Mia was his reply.

Kev brushed off the crusty sand. Before going their separate ways they designated a spot in the sand and drew in large letters, "HELP!" After lining it with fallen palm branches and rocks, they searched for whatever seemed edible. When they gathered them together they had one big papaya, 2 coconuts they couldn't open and a couple of mangos. That evening they ate mangoes. A hardly noticeable hair-like worm crawled out of Kev's mango as he devoured the juicy fruit. Kev spotted another one, "That can't be good."

"We have to find some way to put all this fruit in water, so no animal catches the scent," remarked Kev.

"There are barely any animals out here, this place is deserted. You don't need to complicate your life with something that doesn't matter," Mia replied. Kev gave in to her "peer" pressure.

As the evening grew darker and the heavens began to close, Mia and Kev separately noticed a strange eerie glow coming from



the mountain far in the distance. Maybe it's not a mountain, maybe it's worse, a volcano. Or even better, someone's fire.

"Mia!" her eyes fluttered open at the sound.

"What? What's wrong? Why are you yelling?"

"The fruit is gone! What are we gonna do? Some monkeys probably sniffed them out. We don't have anything else! I shouldn't have listened to you," said Kev.

Speechless, she grabbed a sharp rock and ran into the thick of the jungle.

Creeping, Mia made advances on her prey. She climbed up a tree

and peered down at the animal. She clenched her rock and stick. This will have to do, she thought to herself. In a matter of seconds she swooped down and attacked the feathered creature. She got it by the claws and grabbed her stone "hammer". She closed her eyes, which wasn't the best procedure, and swung the large rock up and smashed the bird's head. Not a pretty sight.

Brooding, Kev searched for something to eat near where they were "camped". He took a rest at the bottom of a tree he wished gave way to mangos. Guilt set in. He shouldn't have blown up on her like that. They were both sad, exhausted and hungry. She didn't deserve it. All that clouded Kev's

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mind was Brad and how he was gone too soon. His face, his smile, haunted him. It should have been me, he put his head in his hands, Anything is better than trying to survive on this desolate island. No food, no water...

"If you hear me," he said aloud, raising his head to the sky, "Help us! We need food, but first and foremost, water! WATER!" The moment his yell ended, a sound began to rise up and get louder and louder. Is that the wind? He wondered. A storm approaching? As it reached its peak, the sound was joined by more ominous howls.

Wolves? It's official, I'm going crazy.

Kev wandered back to "camp" and lay down unable to sleep. A snap of a stick in the distance caught his attention.

"Hey," said Mia's unusually quiet voice. They exchanged apologies, "Here's a peace offering," she laid the body down and unwrapped the leaf she used to hide the obliterated head. Excited to



have a meal ready for the next morning Mia began climbing a tree to put it in.

"What are you doing?" Kev questioned.

"I'm looking for a good place to hide the meat so no animals try to get it, like they did the fruit."

"Oh come on Mia! That's ridiculous! No animal that ate our fruit is gonna eat meat. Come down, if you fall, we don't have anything to help your injuries."

Mia rolled her eyes and climbed down with the meat.

Mia's eyes opened at the sound of something moving around. She lifted her head and whatever it was, was gone. She felt for where she put the meat. Gone. She shook Kev. "It doesn't matter, go

to sleep," was his reply. In a huff of a cloudy mind, she fell back asleep.

Waking up, Kev stretched. Mia's eyes slit open. He looked to where the meat was. So it wasn't a dream! Then he felt something. A figure was watching him

from the thicket. Its eyes didn't blink. It stared. Its eyes were low. He moved slowly to Mia's "hammers" and the make shift spear she had tried to sharpen. Gripping them both he backed away, in the direction of the beach. Where is Kev going so early? Mia wondered. It followed slowly. Was it a person watching him so closely? Why? Finally on the beach, the follower stopped in its tracks before hitting the sunlight. It stooped. Shot up like a spring and pounced on him. It was a panther.

Realizing that the animal was out for his breakfast, Kev grabbed the spear lying next to him. Then he lunged at the beast with the spike aimed for the animal's stomach. A roar and growl came from the animal. The hit seemed to make

the beast more determined to shred Kev up. It swiped at his arms, getting his arms, getting his forearm. The panther lunged once more at Kev, getting him pinned down. Their tussle created a small cloud of sand rising up. It stung Kev's wound. He grabbed a hold of some sand and desperately

threw it in the animals face gaining a few moments to grab Mia's stones. The animal shook and went after Kev again.

Noticing he was taking a while, Mia peered onto the beach. Shock and fear filled her. She immediately ran back and grabbed another pair of large, hard "hammers." Seeing the cloud resulting from the fight coming near, she took a deep breath and pounced onto the back of the beast.

Kev began banging the rock down onto the wild things paws. Mia held onto it with her legs while waiting for the right moments to smash the rocks onto its head. The three began getting tired: Kev, Mia and beast. Their hits and bites weren't as powerful. When Mia and Kev began losing hope, they both at the same time felt a snap



as if they had been whipped. Kev on his arm and Mia on her leg, they both gave off a cry. The beast began to finally slow down. The pair felt another whip simultaneously, but this time on the opposite side. A third, this time only Mia felt it slash her head and back. Both Kev and Mia realized they had blood where they had been swiped. This is the end. This is how I die, they both thought. At that moment the beast gave off the most terrible roar, growl or whatever you want to call it. In that small moment the panther collapsed onto Kev, limp.

Mia's attention caught on to something wooden sticking out of the body, she pulled it out. An Arrow. Rolling over, aching, she held up the weapon. Laying next to Kev, he pushed the animal off him, to his side. They both

smiled, and then closed their eyes into exhausted sleep. They had won.

Mia began waking up. Her eyes moving around, but her eyelids closed. With a mind clouded and confused she wondered if she was back at home. Maybe this trip was all an illusion, just a

long nightmare. She saw a shadow move through her eyelids. Kev?

The pair woke up with the sun shining in their eyes. Looking at each other they realized they were no longer on the sand. They were laying in a brand new emergency raft with a banana leaf covering them, helping them to not get burned. They sat up. The island was too far to swim. In the distance Kev spotted a rescue boat steering towards them. "We're saved!" whooped Kev full of relief. They hugged out of joy and looked back at the island. The strangest thing happened. One second it was there, the other, it disappeared. The island was gone.

But who had saved them, someone or something?

The Descent

A comedic tragedy.



There I was, sitting in my seat on a long airplane ride, I had been binging on the Star Wars series. I was in the middle of Star Wars VII, which I was watching for the first time, when the flight attendant came up to me and commanded, “Sir, I’m going to have to ask you to put your headphones away, as we are soon descending.”

“What?! But I’m in the middle of this movie!” I complained.

“The use of over the head headphones during descent is not allowed, I’m sorry. If you have any ear buds you can use them,” said the stewardess almost robotically. When she finally walked away I sat there pouting and staring at my

screen.

But I have no ear buds! A silent film...great. I hate this, I thought to myself as Solo and Chewbacca argued after crash landing on Star Killer base. As I looked around, I realized two rows down a little boy was also watching Star Wars VII with his very own Darth Vader ear buds. He was even around the same part I was at! His father was dead asleep next to him.

“The plane is making its descent. The seat belt sign will be turned on shortly,” said the voice from the speaker.

Suddenly I noticed the boy pause

his movie and leave for the bathroom. An idea popped into my head, and as soon as I was sure the boy was in the bathroom, I dashed to the bathroom door and locked him in from the outside. I hope he’s doing number two!

Smirking, I sat in the boy’s seat and put on the child’s little ear buds, and got sucked back into the movie. Hans Solo and Kylo Ren were arguing. Just as Kylo lifted his light saber and I realized what was about to happen, the screen turned off. I shrieked, waking an angry father next to me. “Where’s my son!?!” he howled.

“Ladies and gentlemen we have landed,” blared from the speaker.

UA Flight 93, Pennsylvania

A tribute to the heroes.

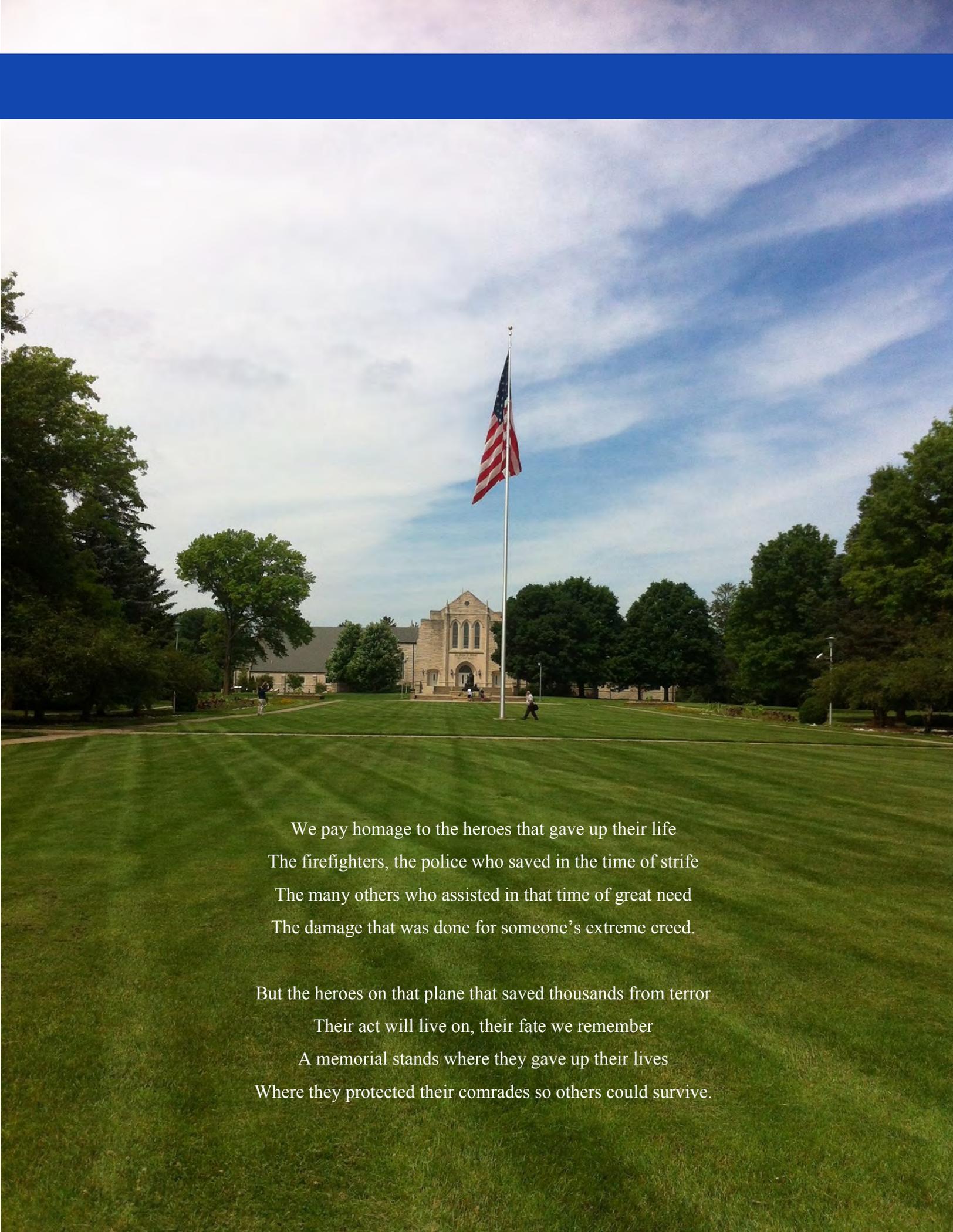
“Hijacked,” was the word that was ringing in her ear
The thought wouldn’t leave, it didn’t disappear
Her eyes became teary, her body trembled and shook
She wondered if this experience would be written in a book.

Her sweetheart attempted to calm himself down
He was waiting for her in San Fran, her home town
He collected himself and gave off his warning
“The towers have been hit by planes just this morning.”

She held her cellphone with eyes full of fear
“I just wanted to tell you, I love you, my dear,”
“I have to go, we’re gonna storm the cockpit,”
She hung up and held her scar, she’d been hit.

The yells and the shrieks just filled the plane
They hoped to conquer, they hoped to gain
Punches, hard blows were both quickly exchanged
The hijackers, she thought, must be deranged.

Minutes went by as the plane plummeted
The fear, the panic, their adrenaline skyrocketed
Crashing in a field the decision to sacrifice
What they feared would come, had already happened twice..



We pay homage to the heroes that gave up their life
The firefighters, the police who saved in the time of strife
The many others who assisted in that time of great need
The damage that was done for someone's extreme creed.

But the heroes on that plane that saved thousands from terror
Their act will live on, their fate we remember
A memorial stands where they gave up their lives
Where they protected their comrades so others could survive.



Titanic

Tragic

Iceberg

Terrible

A mistake

Never again

Icy water

Can I, will I survive?

My Twin

(achieved honorable mention (13th place) in Cover Story Limerick Contest)

I have a twin, her name is Cher

What we love to do is stare

Mom took my mirror

Now I can't see her

I guess she is no longer there

Late

(achieved 3rd place in
Cover Story Haiku & Senryu Contest)

Chilling with coffee

A short glance at my phone

Rushing to my gate

An island vacation

Ooh...Ah...

Smoothie in hand

The ocean is calling

Colorful fish dance at my feet

Bali!

Jetlag

There once was a girl named Eepy
No! She was not ever sleepy
She flew in a plane
She's no longer the same
Poor Eepy is now pretty creepy

Hotdogs In NYC

Squish wheeze gurgle gush
No, I'm not in the bathroom
I'm squeezing ketchup

Canoes

Can we make it,
Across the lake?
No, don't paddle on that side of the boat!
Oh! Get the paddle! We're sinking!
Everyone! Grab the boat!
Stupid idea.



Sending Fanmail

Sending fan mail to YouTuber, Paul Barbato,
host of "Geography Now!", and getting a reply

Dear Barby,

Let me introduce myself geographically. I was born in Canada. When I was 3 years old my family and I moved to Dakar, Senegal. We lived there for 5 years then we moved to Dili, East-Timor. We lived there for 4 years, and then we moved to Vientiane, Laos. We've lived here for 2 years so far, but it's already like home.

My mom is from the US and my dad is half Dutch and half Belgian. I have tri-citizenship (Belgian, Canadian and US, yes I have 3 passports). I guess you could say I'm pretty mixed. I am crazy about history and geography! I love to travel!

When I found your channel, I became addicted! Thank you so much for the work you're doing, it's made me wanna learn more and more. Since you weren't able to come to Laos while you were in Southeast Asia, here's a souvenir from a stall near the night market in Vientiane. This pendant I'm sending you is made out of UXO scraps, from the secret war in Laos. If you ever want to come over to Laos, we could show you around! Love love love GN!

Your friend in Laos,

Nicole



His reply

Peace

A gallery of peace around the world.

Niagara Falls, Canada

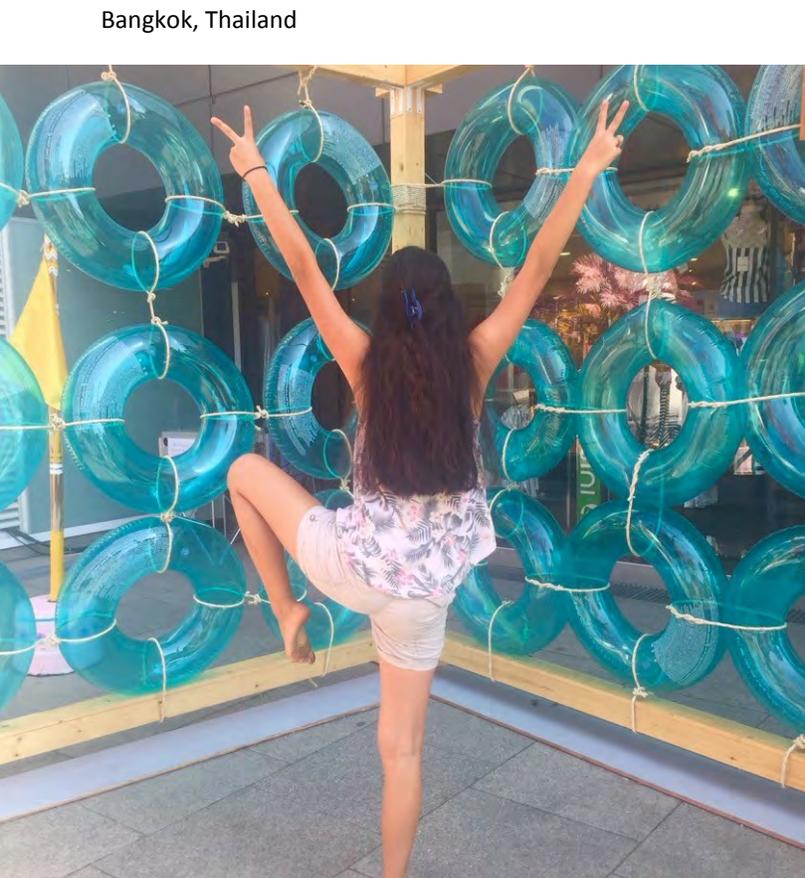




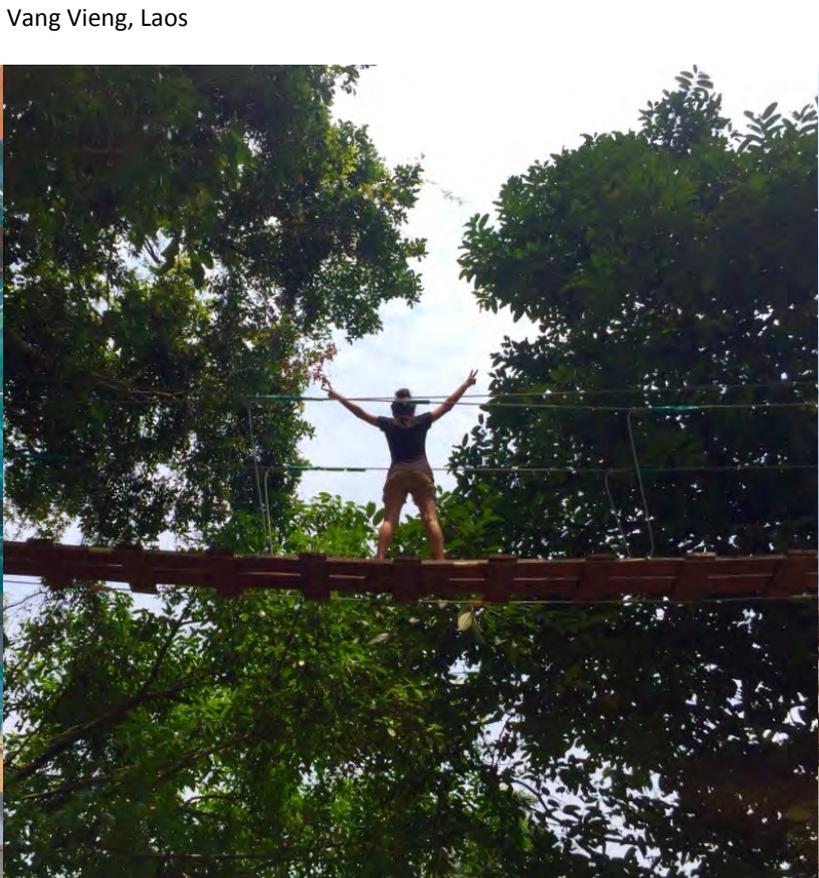
Beijing, China



Vientiane, Laos



Bangkok, Thailand



Vang Vieng, Laos



Gibsons, BC, Canada



Gibsons, BC, Canada



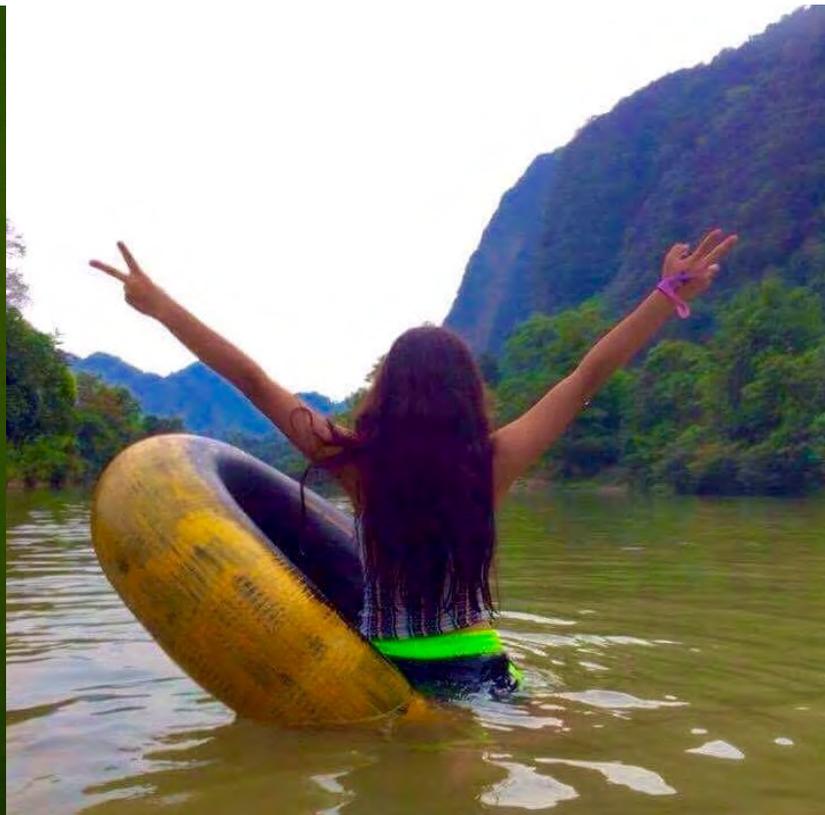
Gibsons, BC, Canada



Near Mount Rainier, Washington, USA



Vancouver, BC, Canada

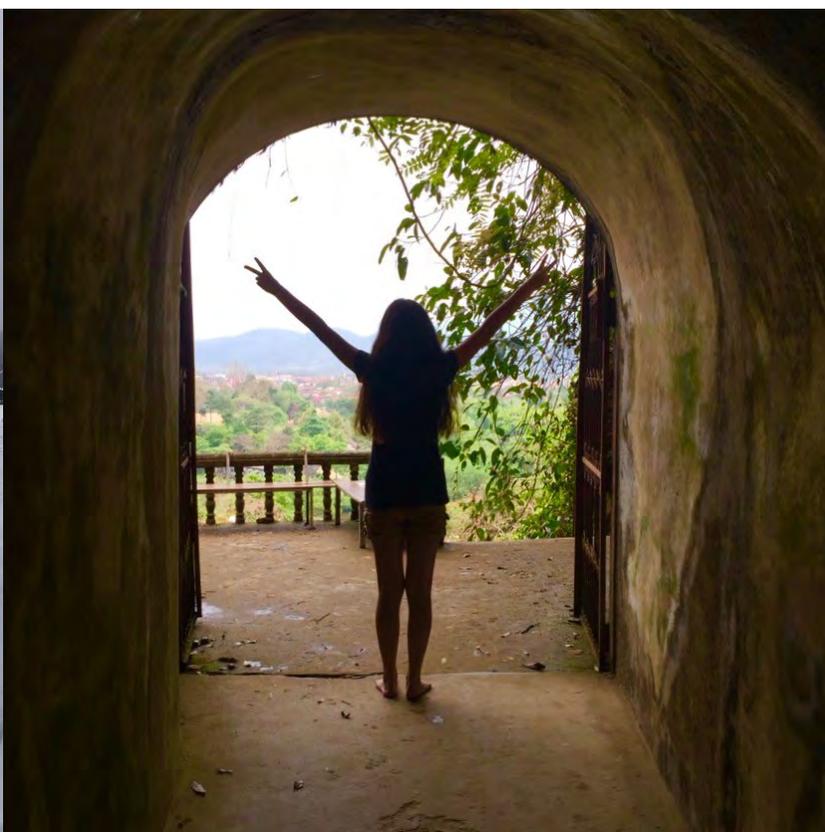


Vang Vieng, Laos

Mount Hood, Oregon, USA

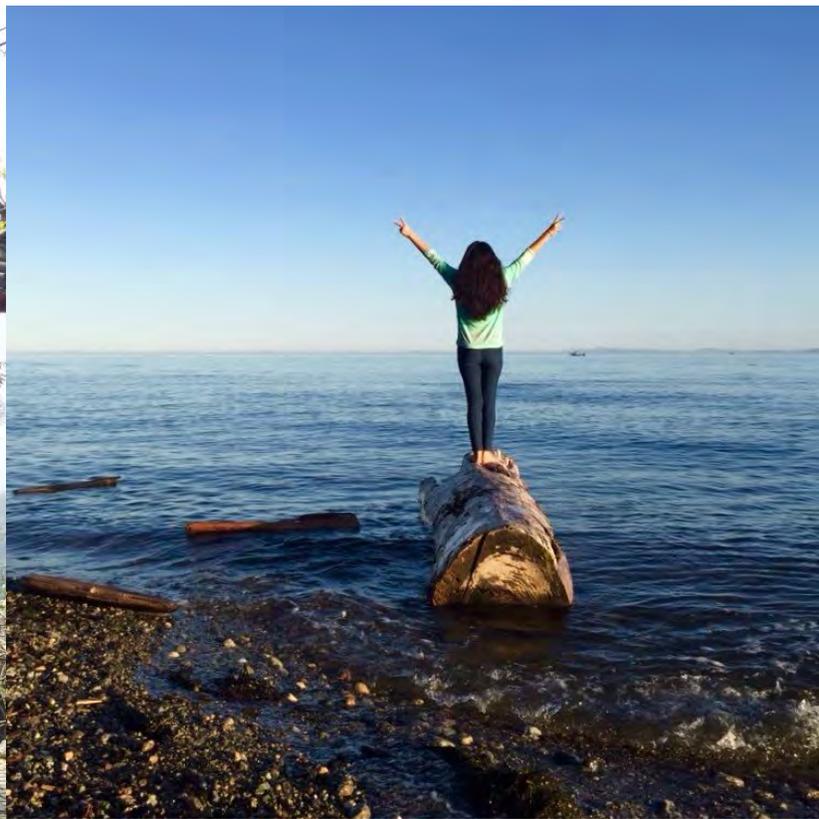


Tham Jang Cave, Vang Vieng, Laos





Mutianyu Rock Garden, Beijing, China



Gibsons, BC, Canada

The Great Wall, Beijing, China



Mount Rainier, Washington, USA

This publication was made in the 2016—2017 school year.
All photographs in this publication were taken by Nicole,
with a few exceptions taken by her mom and one by her friend and used with permission.
Every human in this publication has given permission for the use of their beautiful faces
Nicole was lucky enough to grow up overseas and travel the world.
This magazine was formatted by Nicole.
This magazine was written by Nicole.
Everything was Nicoled.