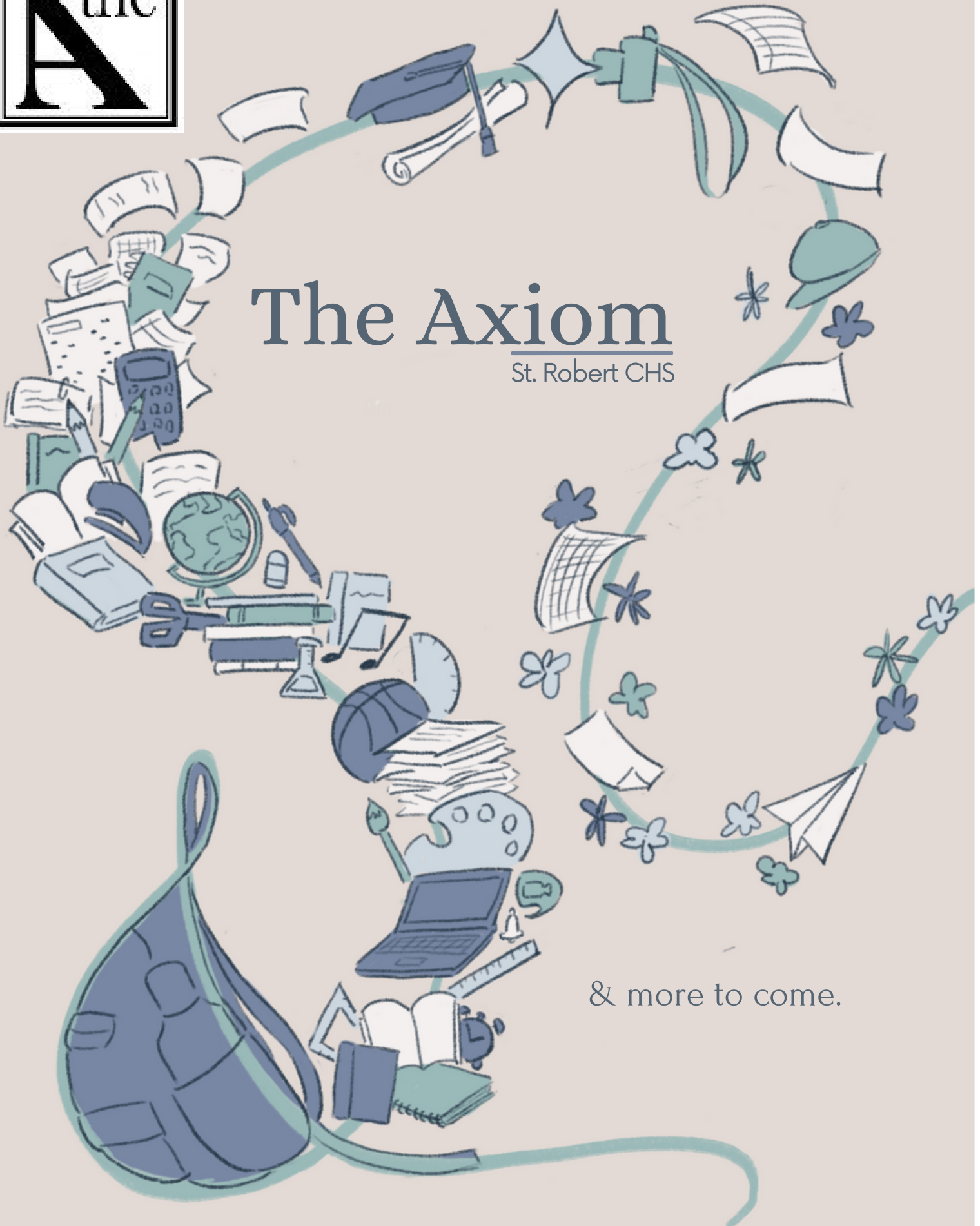


June 2022



The Axiom

St. Robert CHS



& more to come.

CREATIVE WRITING



Thawed

Emily Yang (11) | STAFF REPORTER

Mary Lynn, 35 years old, a widow. Her past seven years had been but a slow, excruciating deterioration of her individuality. She looked old for her age, prematurely shriveled by the passion of grief. Her face showed an unapproachable solemnity with a burden of sadness.

She went about her days in a gray haze. Her eyes were never present nor did she use them very much. She looked without seeing. Her voice often cracked from disuse as she avoided communion. Well, it was more so that her nature gravitated people away from her.

Mary used to be someone thoroughly different. She was lively, the kind of woman who held weekly dinner parties for anyone who would come. She loved the snow, especially when it fell fresh from the sky. Lovely luscious hair of a deep, redwood brown fell past her shoulders. Her animated laugh could enliven any room. She was beautiful but she had her faults. Her husband was her whole life, her sole motivation. She besought his love, attention, approval, and satisfaction in her every move. Luckily for her, he was a kind and decent man. He loved



her honestly, as a husband should. He never deprived her of the loving care that she so craved.

Six years and 364 days ago today, Mary was cooking dinner. Pumpkin soup. She sampled some with her finger and decided it needed more salt. Her phone rang as she reached for the spice cabinet. The screen displayed an unknown number. She rarely answered ambiguous calls, however, this night was an exception. She picked up the phone.



"Hello?" She answered, digging through the cabinet to find that the salt was empty.

"Good evening. Is this Mrs. Lynn?" Inquired a deep male voice with a serious tone.

"This is she. May I ask who's speaking?" She asked, pausing at what she was doing. This man knew her name and number.

"This is the regional police department. I'm very sorry Mrs. Lynn, it's your husband. You need to arrive here now."

Mary froze.

She couldn't breathe. She was paralyzed, standing at the kitchen counter with her phone held to her ear. Her heartbeat quickened. She felt her head pulse as the



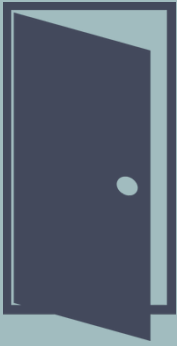
CREATIVE WRITING



blood rushed upwards. Her knees buckled under her and she crashed to the floor, dropping the phone.

Six years and 364 days ago today, Mary left herself. Her enlightening smile, charm, and humor were never seen again.

The next morning, Mary awoke at the usual hour. She no longer used an alarm clock, she never slept for long anyway. Pulling herself out of bed, her feet walked themselves to the bathroom. She got ready for work as she did every other day. Except today was not every other day. Today marked seven years since her life slipped right out from under her.



At work, Mary was absent-minded. Her eyes seemed half closed the entire time. At the five o'clock mark, she got up and wandered towards the door to go home. Every movement she made was of muscle memory.

She made it home at the prevailing hour. Letting her shoulder bag drop onto the floor, she went over to the kitchen. She started making dinner out of habit. Pumpkin soup again. She grabbed a fresh pumpkin, an onion, and broth from the fridge. As she rinsed the pumpkin, thoughts started to invade her vacant head.

She turned off the faucet and took out a cutting board with a kitchen knife. Hacking

down at the pumpkin over, she started to remember things she thought she had long forgotten. The night she and her husband met, the green dress she was wearing. The night he proposed. Walking down the aisle on their wedding day. The dinner parties they hosted in this very apartment. Their old friends who have long since turned to strangers.



After shutting them out for nearly a decade, Mary's feelings began to take over. She didn't know whether she was to laugh or cry, to joyfully reminisce or crumble in despair. She missed him terribly. Nevertheless, all her memories of him were of a time of euphoria, which was comforting. Her cheeks flushed, the color bringing a youthfulness to her face that resembled her old self. The more she recalled images of her former life, the more the corners of her mouth simultaneously lifted as her eyes teared up. Her hands started to tremble. She laughed, and tears spilled down her face. Her shoulders shook up and down with affection.

Preoccupied as Mary was with her head spinning upon her neck, she didn't hear the keys jingling in the lock or the front door open.

"Hey hon," a familiar voice called.

Mary, caught off guard, spun around to face who had entered her apartment.



CREATIVE WRITING



She could not believe the sight before her. Her traitorous, tearfilled eyes must be deceiving her! She blinked and stared in shock as her husband stamped his shoes off on the doormat.

"Every evening you leave your bag on the floor, and every evening I pick it up for you. Sometimes I wonder what you would do without me!" He sighed with a warm smile, hanging her bag up.



Mary simply gawked in disbelief. He frowned at her, coming towards the kitchen.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Oh no, what's wrong? Did something happen at work?" He asked, noticing the tears streaking her face.

She was at a loss.

"Um- no, no, nothing, I'm okay. I'm just fine," she sputtered in bewilderment.

He glanced past her at the food on the counter.

"Pumpkin soup?" he asked, stepping around to the opposite side of the counter. He sat down on a bar stool to face her. Resting both his elbows on the counter in front of him,

he leaned towards her.

Mary's mind was racing.

"What are you doing here?" She asked after a moment of hesitation.

"What do you mean? I live here."

"No, I mean, WHAT are you doing here?" She demanded.

"Mary, honey. What's wrong? What happened?" He asked, making his way over to her. She shrunk back.

He put his broad hands on her quivering shoulders in an attempt to steady her. Feeling his touch, the familiarity of his presence near her, she closed her eyes and leaned into him. Their frames fit perfectly. Relief spread through her. She felt as if she was returning to the sanctuary of a childhood home. Finding the furniture and decor exactly how it was left. Everything was the same, as if time froze the second it was forsaken.

On merely opening her eyes, Mary came to life. She returned from what seemed to be an indefinite hiatus from her life.

"Honey," Mary said to her husband, reluctantly hauling herself off him. "Would you line some baking sheets with tinfoil? I'm going to roast the pumpkin."



CREATIVE WRITING



This was out of the ordinary. She normally boiled her vegetables.

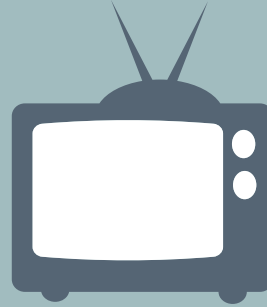
"Sure," her husband replied.

This night went on as every night used to. Though Mary felt something unsettling about reliving her past, she was not angry. On the contrary, she was grateful to whichever greater force (she was no longer religious) out there that granted her this blessing.

Mary blended up the soup while her husband cleared the remains from cooking. The two worked together harmoniously as wind and earth move to make a river flow. They talked and laughed about the most peculiar things.

With a dash of salt and pepper, the soup was finished. Turning around, Mary saw that he had already set out a pair of bowls and spoons. It was these little things that Mary dreadfully missed when she was alone. She served the soup. By instinct, her husband took up the bowls and walked over to the living room to set them down before the television. She observed him wistfully, with a wrinkle of sorrow in her gaze. Although she was looking right at him, Mary was failing to convince herself that this was really happening. With a glance from him, she noticed her cue and went to sit down next to him.

Mary's husband reached for the remote and turned



on the television. He shuffled to their favorite movie to watch: *Sleepless in Seattle*.

The soup was eaten, the wine was drunk, and the couple was peaceful for the evening. They were on the verge of finishing the movie when Mary looked out the window. Down came the first snowfall of the season. Catching her diverge of attention, her husband turned his head to the window as well. Mary stood up and walked over to the door to the balcony. Without bothering with a jacket, she slid it open and stepped outside. The chill of the air was mellowed by the delicacy of the marvelous white bliss all around. The city was serene, as if the presence of snow quieted the ordinarily busy hour. Fluffy snowflakes landed on her shoulders and eyelashes. Wrapping her arms around her torso, she tiptoed forward to the railing, admiring the sight of the city being enveloped. Fresh snow piling up on rooftops and sidewalks, cars steering carefully on the roads. She closed her eyes and filled her chest with the crisp frosty air.

The door behind her shifted. Mary turned to see her husband wearing a jacket.

"I just came out to see the snow," she whispered, facing the city again.

He came up next to her. "I know."



CREATIVE WRITING



It's magical, isn't it?"

"It's gorgeous," he sighed.

He moved around her and encased his arms around her waist. She rested her head against his collarbone.

With a heavy breath out, she peered into the sky, at the endless distance from which the snow was falling.

"You're freezing," he said.

"It's cold out," she assured.

At this moment, time stopped. Mary was finally at ease. The warmth from his jacket radiated through her back to the tips of the fingers and toes. For seven years she had been in exile, and her salvation had finally come.

After a while, her husband pressed his nose to the side of her head. "You aren't so cold anymore," he began, "it's like you've thawed out."

Mary opened her eyes. She was no longer standing, the air was no longer cold, and she was alone. She was in her bed. She immediately jumped up and ran out to the living room in search of her husband. It was empty. The kitchen, the bathroom, the balcony, all deserted. Checking the clock, she saw that it was almost noon.

Where is he? And did I sleep past my work day? She thought to herself. She stumbled back into her bedroom and sunk into the bed. She never overslept.

Was it all just a dream? It can't be. He has to be here. Her eyes filled as a sob came up from her gut. She buried her face into her pillow and slowly soaked it with tears as she encountered her reality. When the pillow was no longer of use, she curled up in a ball in the middle of her bed and wept. Mary cried and grieved for hours. When her tear ducts were exhausted, she laid there and stared at her ceiling.

Mary finally sat up and glanced at the clock again. Five o'clock. Hanging her legs over the edge of the bed, she got up and went over to the bedroom window. When she yanked the curtains to each side, streams of cheerful golden sunlight filled the room. She squinted at the same view she had eulogized with her husband. The longer she looked, the more color she saw. She noticed things she hadn't in a while.

A soft delight shone in her face. She rejoiced at the hustle and bustle of the city beneath her. The people were enchanting, each with their own journeys of their lives. Most of all, she looked into the sky and the glorious glow its colors cast onto the land was fascinating.



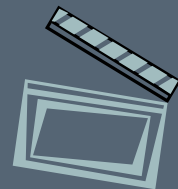
ENTERTAINMENT



MOVIE REVIEW

"Spider-Man: No Way Home"

Emily Sun (11) / STAFF REPORTER



****SPOILERS AHEAD****

Spider-Man, one of the world's most famous superheroes, returned to theaters on December 17, 2021, starring Tom Holland, Tobey Maguire, and Andrew Garfield. Director Jon Watts gave fans exactly what they asked for, to bring all three Spider-Man's to life by connecting the multiverse theory together. This film was extremely successful in box office sales, reaching nearly 1.9 billion USD.



The movie starts as soon as the last one ends, with Mysterio revealing Spider-Man's identity as Peter Parker. The unwanted fame brings misfortune to him, MJ, and Ned, where they were rejected by their dream college, MIT. Peter then decides to visit Doctor Strange for

a spell to reverse time back to before everything went wrong, but that was unattainable. Instead, Strange had a spell that would allow everyone to forget who Peter Parker was. During the casting of the spell, Peter continued to modify it to exclude his loved ones, such as MJ, Aunt May, Ned, and others. This caused the spell to become unhinged and spin out of control, opening the multiverse and allowing super villains from alternate universes to crawl through.

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This movie is truly brilliant, as it manages to scratch all the itches of Marvel lovers. In Spider-Man: No Way Home, we got to see the three Spider-Mans working together, and the love story between Peter and MJ blossomed. This movie gave closure to many fans, allowing them to see a happy ending for two of the three Spider-Mans. The only Spider-Man who did not get their happy ending was Peter Parker (played by Tom Holland). Hopefully we will get to see more of his story in the future.



ENTERTAINMENT



Find Live Music Near You... Again!

Rory Wei (10) | STAFF REPORTER

A drought emerged succeeding the COVID-19 pandemic: a drought of fun activities. People lamented over their cancellation of trips to tropical islands, weddings, sporting events, and concerts. Albeit travel restrictions are vigilantly monitored and enforced, what has resurfaced much to the relief of people are concerts. In 2022, several award-winning artists broke out of their concert cancellation cocoons like Doja Cat, BTS, and Harry Styles, teasing fans with 2022 world tours.

Many music lovers have one thing they have yet to check on their agenda after their second dose of the COVID-19 vaccine: see their favorite acts live. Although outdoor concert venue ticket prices have swelled due to high demand and people eager to escape the confinement of their homes, fans find this hefty emptying of wallets worthwhile in exchange for a change of scenery.

While people are snatching tickets at lightning speeds, new COVID-19 protocols have to be enforced at equal speeds at concert venues too. All attendees must be fully vaccinated or receive testing in advance of the event. Concert halls do not plan to loosen up mask restrictions until the city or province government has given them

the OK. People still have to adhere to social distancing rules, even when live music concerts are held outside. Thus, it has been made clear that concert venues plan to keep civilians as safe as possible – safety comes before pleasure.



Nonetheless, what has not changed besides the reservation rates of concert tickets and safety protocol are the fans' interminable ravenous appetite for live music and the artists dying to see their followers in-person. Musical artists can finally do what they are passionate about; performing and meeting fans. In conclusion, both parties are thrilled by the reopening of venues and cannot wait to carry out their passions of both music-listening and music-performing. Stay tuned for your favorite acts' upcoming tours and find music near you... again!



SPORTS



Controversies in the 2022 Beijing Olympics

Amelia Ciotola (9) | SPORTS REPORTER

This 2022 Olympics in Beijing was definitely the most dramatic event in sports history. By hosting this Olympics, Beijing became the first city to have hosted both the Summer and Winter Olympics. Months after the Olympics was held in Beijing, there is still major commotion within the community, reporters, and most importantly the athletes. Sure, it was expected that the 2022 Beijing Olympics would come with controversy since athletes and countries threatened to boycott the Beijing Olympics before the games even started. So, with the closing ceremonies in the record books, here is a timeline of the major controversies from this year's Winter Olympics.



02/07 Outfit issues cause disqualifications in the ski jump.

Five skiers were eliminated in the mixed team ski jump event due to baggy outfits. Athletes, all women, from Austria, Japan, Norway and Germany were discovered to have worn loose-fitting attire that gives the jumpers an aerodynamic advantage as they soar through the air.

02/09 Kamila Valieva tests positive for a banned substance.

This controversy was the most memorable event of these Games. Valieva tested positive for trimetazidine, a heart drug that is used as an oxygen booster. This announcement prevented the young skater from receiving her gold medal in the figure skating team event, where Russia won gold. Valieva quickly went from superstar to polarizing figure.



Canadian speed skater blasts Olympic schedule.

02/11
02/15

Canadian superstar athlete, Ted-Jan Bloemen, felt disadvantaged because he thought the speed skating schedule was unorganized and posed a disadvantage to his capability. Bloemen was frustrated about having to race conservatively in this year's men's 10,000-meter event to save energy for the team pursuit to win any further competitions. "I don't know who made the schedule, but it's ridiculous," said Bloemen. "You can't recover in two days from digging deep on a 10k. The countries that don't have skaters in the 10k have a huge advantage in the team pursuit."

This year was definitely one of the most drama-filled Olympics in history. With politics to new-suit technology creating issues, and a new movie that's sure to feature Kamila Valieva, fans did not have much time for a good night's rest to prepare for another scandal. The next Olympics, 2024 Paris Games, will have to have a lot of drama to even compete with this year's Olympic Games!



SCHOOL EVENTS



Guest Speaker: Nadine Williams

Vista Vajedsamiei (10) | STAFF REPORTER



This past February, the Saint Robert community celebrated the annual Black History Month. Among a variety of events, the school invited renowned poet, speaker, and author Nadine Williams. Ms. Williams shared with us some of her poetry and works, including “The Fabric of our Being” and “The Immigrant Child”.

She also shared the international “Fabric of our Being” quilt project with the school community. St. Robert’s BIPOC club has been working alongside Ms. Williams on designing this project. The quilt will be made of student designs and will be displayed at our school. The unique designs reflect the multicultural make-up of our student body.

