

purple and gold

Vancouver College
Middle School Magazine

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STAFF

Mr. O'Donnell
VC Staff

-
Sponsor Teacher
Editor

Christophe Manapat
VC '25

-
Magazine Designer
Founder

William Huang
VC '25

-
Website Designer
Interviewer

Declan Ng
VC '25

-
Website Designer
Marketing Coordinator

A Note from the Team

Hey guys! Welcome to the all-new Vancouver College Middle School magazine, ***Purple and Gold***.

We've put a lot of effort into putting together this extremely ambitious collection of writing, art, music, and photographs created by the students walking through the hallways of Manrell Hall. It's been such a fun journey to look through all of the amazing creations that were submitted for the magazine, and we are so grateful for your willingness to participate in this project. Every accepted submission is also on the website, including some other website exclusives for you to enjoy online, including abstract art, 3D renders, songs, and short stories.

The QR codes included link you directly to the specific submission page on the website, so scan those for either a clean, digital version or a full-length piece that you can read anytime.

Thanks for your support and appreciation, and enjoy.

- *The Purple and Gold Magazine Team (2022)*

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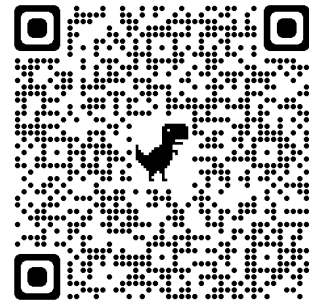
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Letter to the King



Leo Park, VC '26

Your Majesty, Alfred the Great.

The Anglo-Saxons are in great distress. This letter is to make you aware of the current situation. I am Sir Parkington, one of the many knights providing protection for our great kingdom. The Saxons have ravaged our lands for decades, sir, their brutal raids destroy villages across the coastline. At a young age, I have experienced these raids; death took my mother and father's lives with a brutal swing of an axe. I then was taken to be a knight at age 7 and trained for 14 brutal years. Then I was dubbed at the age of 21 by a Lord. I was lucky to be a knight living under a roof on a small fief generously given to us by a lord while serfs had to work to death. Our serfs have to sleep with an eye open and casualties rise by the week.

We must defeat the Saxons and end this violence in Europe. These attacks are having a huge impact on our food supply and trade. Long-term effects will happen, like famine due to the loss of food. We have no defence for the villages across the shoreline. I've seen their attacks while taking watch of a village. The northern winds blew down on my armour. Fog obscuring my vision of the ocean. Then came out of that mist boats made with wood and masts that soared high up in the sky. Men lined up bearing

shields and weaponry. I have never seen such speed. It was as if they planned it all out. It was as if they knew the weather was awful. The village was still sleeping, and grey clouds swooped over the village. I rang the bells, but it was too late. I had to flee with my horse. I took refuge at a peasant's house by the inland. This looming warfare needs to be dealt with or else these barbarians will take our lands effortlessly. A solution to these attacks could be bringing reinforcements to villages by the coastline as they seem to only raid and not push inland. We need to create barriers and walls to slow down these raids. Enforce Christianity on captured Vikings. Possibly also create a temporary alliance to ease the violence. Create our own fleet of ships patrolling our shores due to the constant raids, forgery of armour and weapons. The wealthy should have full armour, but the wealthy have only but chain armour. Anglo-Saxons must fight as one. To overcome this situation, the knights of the kingdom have to be dealt with first sir. Your majesty, if you are reading this, this is my signal to you as one of your knights about the current situation of our great kingdom. Serving for your lord is a pleasure, and I hope our glorious kingdom lasts forever.

Sincerely, your loyal knight, Sir Parkington.

How to be a Spectacular Student

\\ Joseph Penamante, VC '26

"The mind is not a vessel to be filled but a fire to be kindled" (Plutarch)

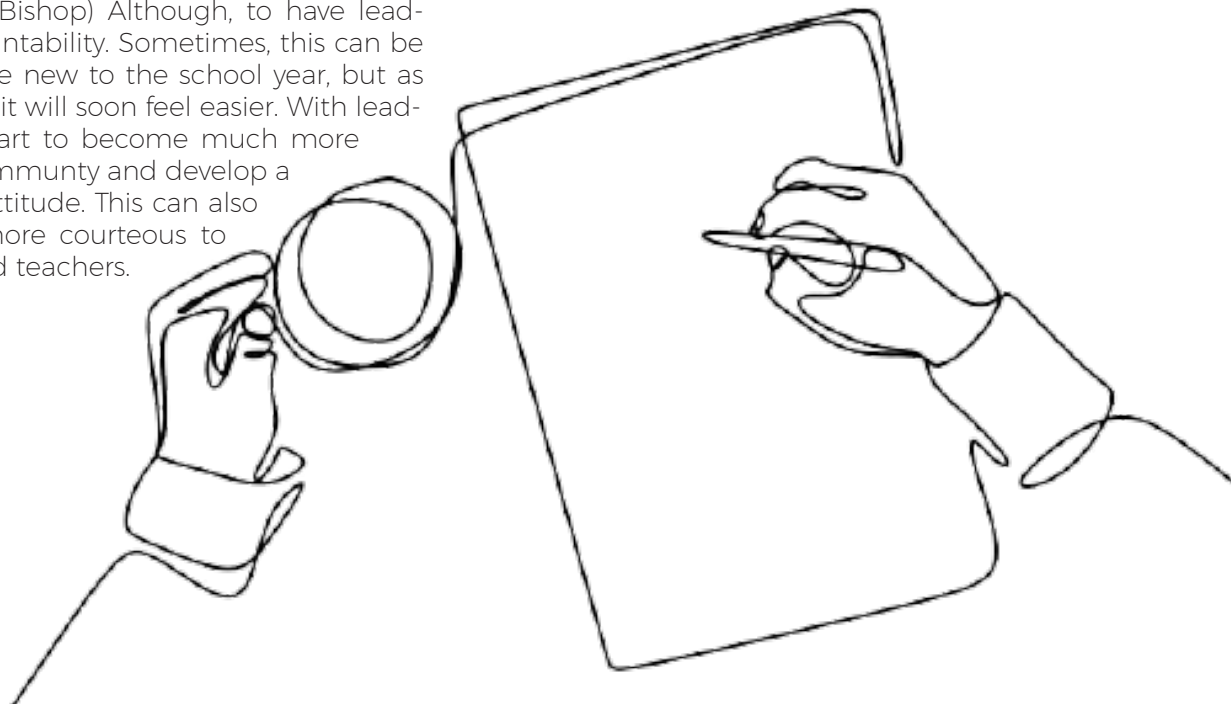
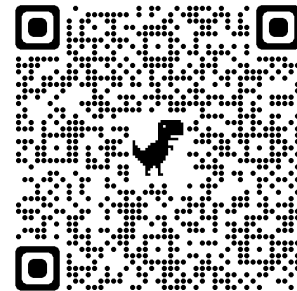
This means that our brains should not solely be filled with knowledge, we must also have inspiration to learn. Without inspiration, we have no interest in anything that we have learned, therefore we can not utilize any of our competencies later in life. Once we have interest, we will eventually be capable of motivating other people if we maintain an inspired mindset. To have a prosperous year, students must show interest, leadership, and maturity.

To have a prosperous year, students must show interest. "Interest is a powerful motivational process that energizes learning, guides academic and career trajectories, and is essential to academic success." (Harackiewicz) Interest in itself is crucial in any task you perform. It also plays a humongous role in the concept of learning and education because if you do not have it, you will not find passion in what you are studying. With that being said, you would easily get distracted without interest and you will find it hard to listen.

To have a prosperous year students must show leadership. "It's important for students to experience leadership opportunities during their schooling, to learn the art of building relationships within teams, defining identities, and achieving tasks effectively." (Bishop) Although, to have leadership takes accountability. Sometimes, this can be hard when you are new to the school year, but as you get used to it, it will soon feel easier. With leadership, you can start to become much more involved in the community and develop a more optimistic attitude. This can also lead you to be more courteous to other students and teachers.

To have a prosperous year students must show maturity. "Maturity plays a role in a person's ability to accept responsibility for his or her own thoughts, feelings, and behaviors." (DaSilva) Having maturity is a key feature in preparing yourself for something such as a new lesson in math or a new sport. The reason is because having control of one's inner self can make one's years of education a lot easier to process and progress through because they can minimize stress and anxiety. Furthermore, students can solve problems with more confidence and can come up with solutions more conveniently because they become focused on anything they need to complete.

All these characteristics will undeniably inspire a student to make the most out of their school year. They become more curious and have the ability to learn, if not master, subjects and even let them learn new skills comfortably without heaps of struggle. With that being said, once people start to see the brilliance of a student with these traits, they too will be persuaded to put their greatest effort in any goal they wish to achieve. So in the words of Brian Herbert, "The capacity to learn is a gift; The ability to learn is a skill; The willingness to learn is a choice." **May we always strive to pursue excellence in all endeavors.**



The Leaf
Jack Kennedy, VC '25



Jack's image encourages the audience to look more deeply at the world around us. The image makes use of the leaf's stem to act as a leading line, allowing the viewer's gaze to be drawn from the bottom to the centre of the work. Jack's use of bokeh only adds to nature's innate beauty, rather than distracting us from it.

Charles's work captures the beauty of our school even during the bleakest of days. In the centre of the image, a tree clings to its remaining leaves in spite of the approaching winter. The dark mood of the scene is in contrast to the carefree figure walking through the frame, perhaps on his way to class.



Reflection
Charles Black, VC '25



The Calm Before the Storm

Matthew Ngan, VC '25

The drops of water patiently hang in wait to fall to the ground. The droplets are resolute in their battle against gravity; the rail stands sturdy after the first wave of wet bullets falls from the sky. The railing sticks out from the building like a worn out olive branch.



The Path of Life

Kevin Ma, VC '25

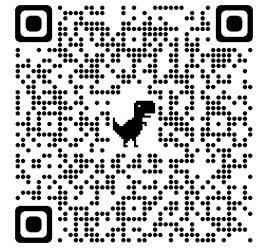


Kevin's image takes a location that is familiar to all of us, but it becomes confusing through his use of transformation. The disorientation of the viewer is a metaphor for the complex path that students have to navigate as they make their way through the school, in a literal and figurative sense.

THE WAR WITHIN

Christopher Goehring, VC '25

Read the full story:



I WATCHED THE MASSIVE SILVER RAT SCUTTLE ALONG THE FILTHY, MUDDY BASE OF THE TRENCH, FINALLY RESTING UPON THE BODY OF A CANADIAN SOLDIER.

It had recently rained, so I stumbled back to my post through the deep narrow ditch with my Lee Enfield Rifle slung across my back, gazing at the large, fresh shelled holes that had exploded the day before, leaving the distinguishable scent of cordite lingering in the air. I thought, "This has been my life for the past month."

My home had become a cramped, mucky, and inhospitable enclave that I dug myself. Since then it reeked of cigarettes and the stench of urine, and although it gave no warmth during the night, I could occasionally manage to sleep when the god Ares was not shooting fire from the sky. The shelling had been relentless horror, the screams from my fellow soldiers were like nails screeching on a chalkboard. They echoed throughout the battlefield, and the constant fear of dying tore me up from the inside. It seemed like a nightmare, my routine every day consisted of staring through a periscope for hours on end observing the enemy and analyzing their movements.

The blow that extinguished my fire was trench foot. My feet had started to turn a disgusting blood red and deep sea blue, and they felt numb from the brown, watery sludge that entered into my boots while living in this hole. If I was able to catch some shut-eye, I would have cried myself to sleep.

It was Wednesday, April 9th, 1917 at 07:00. The lads and I were in our trench, waiting for the captain's signal to charge over the ridge into no-man's land.

"So why is it called no-man's land anyways?" said William.

"It's in the name you idiot! You venture into the land where no men go willingly, and you get your head popped off by the lads in the other trench!" said Cole.

"Well I guess if you put it that way, then it makes total sense," said William.

The corner of my mouth bent upwards into a subtle smirk.

"You're such a basket case Willy... What do you think, Jackson?" said Cole.

"To be honest, I think you both are full of it!" I joked.

William burst out laughing like a dying goat, and Cole gave me a stone cold stare that said, "Oh, you're gonna get it."

In this time of life and death, we were still screwing around. We were all quite on edge for what was about to come, so breaking the ice helped. That's why I enjoyed these guys' company so much.

Cole and I grew up together in Halifax. Our families were always close, although we were an odd duo. I was the intelligent, quiet, but courageous sprout, and he was the massive, bold-tempered flame. He loomed over me like the Eiffel Tower, with obsidian hair and lapis lazuli eyes, as well as his signature broken nose. Despite our differences, we were always inseparable and his affection for our companionship got me out of a lot of trouble when we were younger. Since then we went from playing war in my backyard, to enlisting at 18, thrilled to serve Canada, starting with military training in Valcartier, Quebec. There we met William, a daft fellow with gingerbread curls and emerald eyes who never thought to think before he talked. We shared some memorable experiences together during training, forming a strong sense of comradery between the three of us...

The Most Virtuous Vice

Leonardo Yang VC '25

NOVEMBER HAD ARRIVED WITH ITS CHILLY AUTUMN WIND. Heavy drops of rain fell upon the sooty city as a thin woman made her way across the flowerbed of a majestic gothic home. The house did not fit into a neighborhood of Grecian villas and against the bright sunny cheeriness of the other homes. The woman's feet slowly stepped among the anemones and basil flowers, marring none of their withered petals and stalks. The seasons of spring and summer had long passed, and what remained of the garden was rot and amplified the gloomy feel of the home. The woman had a thin-looking face and a paleness that gave it a distinct aristocratic look. Her hair had such a dark shade of brown that it looked almost black. The messy hair had been tied into a proper bun and none of the usual decorous ribbons of upper-class ladies were seen upon her head. Her outfit was one of a brick-grey colour. It was simple, but suited the day's mood.

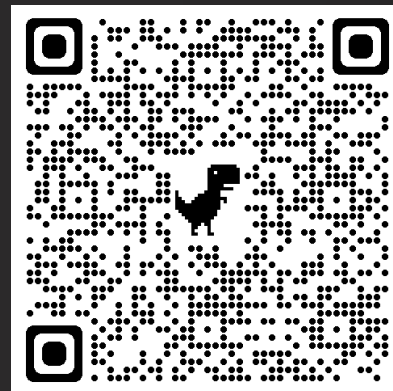
As Cassiopeia entered the gloomy gothic home, her light footsteps echoed across the hall, but there was no one left to hear it except her. Slowly, as she sauntered up the stairs, the sound of her footsteps died off. Her bedroom was as pristine as usual. After she sat down, a flicker in her eyes revealed exultation beyond description, her tear stained face lit up and brought the look of youth and beauty again into her face. However, the glow of joy that emanated from her face slowly faded away, and the look of paleness and the sorrow of bereavement quickly reappeared upon her face. Even in front of nobody, she was afraid of judgement for what she had done and the consequences she might face.

Today, her friends had come calling on her in proper 19th century fashion to pay their respects to Cassiopeia's deceased daughter, Andromeda, but something she knew and they did not, was her hand in forcing her daughter's death. As the eerie orange glow of dusk faded into the pale grays and blues of twilight, Cassiopeia relived the day's events. A long, black coffin made of cypress sat in the once modern and chic parlor. The

vases were filled with an odd bouquet: snowdrops, branches of cypress and willow tied together with white ribbons. The meaning of the flowers were consolation, mourning and melancholy, respectively.

However one plant could not be seen and that was rosemary, a symbol of remembrance. The meaning could not have been more pointed. Cassiopeia had hoped that no one would remember the tragedy of her daughter and question if she stood to benefit. Rosemary, a plant fit for a wedding dress. It was a symbol for people to remember certain events, but Cassiopeia wanted no attention, lest others see through the facade she had built and detect her hand in Andromeda's death. Her friends, all unimaginably silly, burred out faint praise for her daughter and pretended to care while gossiping with each other. No one at the funeral truly mattered to her and she longed for her son's return from France. He was the joy in her life and everything she did was for his good. She had no family and no truly close friends; he was what rooted her to the ground and prevented her from being lost in the ever-changing world...

READ THE FULL STORY:



SUNKEN

DALE CAPISTRANO, VC '25

The quiet of the Eclipse Cove Laboratory was disturbed by the sudden wails of the sirens. The man, flustered by the abrupt shift in environment, recognized the urgency and darted down the hall that was filled with red from the alerting flashes of light; behind him, his assistant closely trailed.

"Hurry, Lilly! We must check the readings!" he exclaimed, almost echoing a mad scientist. The familiarity of their office reached their eyes as they skidded to a halt before the flashing computer. Gilbert reached the desk and put an end to the sounds of the sirens with the push of a button.

"Mr. Gilbert, look!" said Lilly, as she pointed to the screen. An image of a creature of tremendous proportions that floated in the water met Gilbert's vision. Beside it shining text read, "Unknown Specimen Detected". Excitement dawned on Gilbert and Lilly, knowing that their next mission would entail the beast. Full of joy, Gilbert embraced Lilly.

"It is about time that we—"

He was cut off by the arrival of a reckless-looking man, whose chocolate brown hair whooshed messily to the side when he stopped at the door. Although his marine uniform implied professionalism, his wild grin indicated otherwise.

"Hey, I saw the emergency light's goin' off and I just wanted to check on you," he said. "Can't have you guys dyin' on us!"

"Ah, Sergeant Dexter! I appreciate your concern. It is lovely to see you again. Come, we have great news!" replied Gilbert.

Dexter joined the two in front of the computer. Clutching her clipboard closer to her face, so as to stay discrete, Lilly attempted to hide her newly crimson cheeks from Dexter's sight.

"Lil, how are ya? We haven't seen each other in so long!" he said excitedly.

"H-hey, Dex...yeah, i-it's been some time, h-hasn't it?" she stuttered.

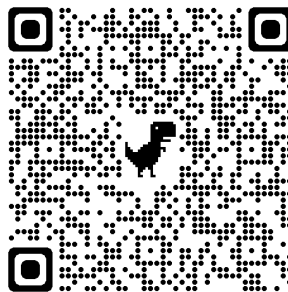
Gilbert explained the situation to Dexter, whose attempts to contain his excitement proved to be futile.

"So that's the monster, eh? It looks awesome!" said Dexter, pointing to the animal on the screen.

"Yes, it is truly stunning. We will need to request assistance from the Marine Corps, no doubt," stated Gilbert. "Together, we shall investigate the creature. We will descend with our Sunken ship into the Pit, which is where the creature resides. Lilly and I will pilot it while you and the rest will attempt to capture the creature. Hopefully, our capturing net will be able to neutralize the beast long enough for Lilly and I to navigate the Sunken back to the surface. From there, I aim to study it closely back here at the lab."

"Sounds great," said Dexter. "I'm pumped. This'll be my first time ever going as deep as the Pit! The farthest I've gone is only the Midnight Zone, and that's pretty much nothin'."

Read the full story:



WORD ON THE STREET

If you could watch only one movie again and again for the rest of your life, which would you choose?

"Spiderman into the Spider-Verse"
Kevin Wong, VC '27

"Wonder"
Jose Fernandez, VC '25

What kind of sports would you want a team for at Vancouver College?

"Hockey"
Kevin Wong, VC '27, Jose Fernandez, VC '25, Deon Chiu, VC '25

"Sailing"
Evan Liu, VC '23

What career path do you think you'd like to pursue?

"Professional Skier"
Callum Whidden, VC '25

"Artist"
Kevin Ma, VC '25

If you could teach/create your own elective, what would it be?

"Um... Cooking, Chef. I like cooking. [Cooking Class]"
Kevin Wong, VC '27

"Auto Shop"
Evan Liu, VC '23

If you could add a food to the cafeteria menu, what would it be?

"Chicken Pot Pie"
Evan Liu, VC '23

"Chocolate Pudding"
Jose Fernandez, VC '25

If you could be sponsored by one company for the rest of your life, what company would it be?

"Red Bull"
Callum Whidden, VC '25

"Amazon"
Jose Fernandez, VC '25, Evan Liu, VC '23

"Nintendo"
Kevin Ma, VC '25



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@purpleandgoldvc

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5401 Hudson Street
Vancouver BC, V6M 0C5
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