

IBDP EXHIBITION

THE MOON AND THE SUN

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

THE PAST HAS NO POWER...

THE HOUR THAT WASN'T

A TOUR THROUGH KURASHIKI

POWER PIN

AI AND THE FUTURE OF WORK

STOP FIGHTING AI AND START TEACHING IT

TANGO

YOU FEEL

an indescribable sense of peace, especially near the water. The air is fresh, the wind strong, the sunlight sometimes blinding, but warm nevertheless, making you want to tilt your head up to the sky. Some boats rest on the river, while others, full of people wearing pointed hats, glide steadily across the water without so much as a ripple. Stone bridges surround the water, where, if you look closely, you can make out an elaborate carving of a dragon or two. Sometimes you

feel as if you could create a story from the simplest things, where those dragons on the bridge will come alive at midnight, or where cute characters in a window display have a conversation. Swans duck under the water, stretching their long necks, then raise their heads after a moment, as if to bow to the children that happily call out to them. Picturesque gardens are tucked away in the corners, where you might be tempted to fall asleep on a bench, overcome by the tranquility of your surroundings. Miniature shops line every street, bursting with rich cultural and historical meaning, filled with finely crafted little things that you are extra careful to touch or walk past, with flowers in almost every color arranged in front. And while some of these shops might be small or these streets might be cramped, you find that you're too busy admiring the beauty all around you to care. You feel like you're in a different world, in a different time. You might see a car that you've probably only ever seen in movies. If you take a photograph and remove all the color, it would look exactly like a picture from a different century. And yet, it still remains to be an extraordinarily beautiful place.

*PICTURESQUE
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A TOUR THROUGH KURASHIKI

Article by Anya Muthuvelan Photos by Achyuta Muthuvelan

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COVER ART
Monica Koleda-Yamamoto

AI and the future of work: How to achieve prosperity for all:

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...Continued from page 5

something personally connected to you through art while also exploring many mediums. This exhibition showed creative interpretations of well known concepts, for instance, Hiro Nakajima created artworks based on the seven deadly sins. His concept demonstrates how good a communication tool art is by visually stimulated feeling. One art work, Gluttony, features a sandwich in a fridge; it gave me an urge to eat the sandwich, allowing the concept of gluttony to take effect (Although I'm a foodie, so I'm always hungry). Amelie Xenakis' exhibition was a tremendous success in engaging the audience. Her rationale explained a theme of perspective and "how perception changes our understanding of ourselves, the world around us, and the society". I found her range of mediums compelling, especially since she was the only one who used animation (One Piece being "An eye for an I). I found it interesting to see the cartoon-esque style of the animation with pieces that feature realism in the same exhibition. I believe it shows the wide range of skills you learn in art. These features show that the IB DP art exhibition was not just a simple showcase, but rather evidence of the long hours put into the IB art course, and I am grateful to have experienced the end result.



KATE BROWN - IN YOUR ORBIT

My left hand reaches for the tallest flower.
The right cuts off three centimeters,
places it front and center into the kenzan—
a circular bed of waiting spikes.
I push it in
to be sure it holds.

A familiar hand, not mine, appears.
“Be sure not to make it too long.”

The flower is lifted,
trimmed again—
another three centimeters
quietly removed.

Once more,
I place it front and center.

I follow it with two others of the same kind.
One is cut shorter than the center.
Another shorter still,
but never equal,
never allowed to compete with it.

Variation, they say,
keeps the eye moving.

Everything bends toward
that first decision.
I arrange the rest carefully,
measuring difference,
controlling attention.

None may stand taller.
None may burn brighter.
None may risk
becoming too much.

I make sure it remains
front and center—
not because it must,
but because it has always been.

The arrangement begins to feel larger
than the table beneath it.
What I thought was supposed to be creative
reveals itself as a system.

There are limits to the space
invisible lines
where stems may enter
or must be turned away.

Some flowers are welcomed,
so long as they learn
the correct angle.

Others wait on the old newspaper next to the vase,
Waiting to be
measured, inspected,
cut down until they fit
what is already here.

I do not call these borders,
but they behave like them.

Even the future must ask permission
before it is placed.
It is shortened, adjusted,
taught where not to stand.
Anything that challenges the center
is quietly redirected
or removed.

They tell me this is stability.
That the structure protects itself.
That tradition must always be preserved

They say the present moment
is free from the past.
Yet tomorrow will inherit
these same boundaries,
these same silences,
the center guarded
by rules older than the flowers,
That controls our every move.

The flowers will change.
The people will change.
But the structure remains—
Like old laws afraid to be removed
mapping the future
according to the past.

by Minatsu
Chimura

“THE PAST HAS NO POWER OVER THE PRESENT
MOMENT” — ECKHART TOLLE

...OR
DOES
IT?

Ted set his computer aside, sighing, and glanced briefly at the clock.

11:60 PM

He let out a short surprised laugh, then leaned closer, squinting. That surely said 11:60. The digits sat there calmly, staring empty back at him, bright and unmoving. He was probably just really tired, after all, he had been working nonstop for weeks—

Then it changed.

11:61.

His eyes widened as he stared at the small, rigid lines glowing green. They formed three numbers and a colon. He traced them with his eyes; 11:61. The clock didn't flicker or stutter. It glowed, almost ominously, with a quiet certainty.

Ted grabbed the clock; It felt cold and smooth to the touch. He tried shaking it, and knocking on it. He examined the plastic casing, tapping it nervously as if he could fix it. Frustrated, he set it down with a bang. The clock just advanced patiently. 11:62.

Ted snatched his coat with a swipe and tucked the clock under his arm, setting out quickly for the clockmaker's shop. Places like that were rare now, but his father had once known a man who cared deeply about clocks: Far more than Ted ever had. Until now, of course. It was probably just 00:02, that was the sensible explanation, at least. Still, there was a growing urgency inside of him, a quiet insistence that something was wrong.

As he reached the shop, Ted quickly glanced up at the worn, brass sign. "Smith Horologist" It read. He quickly peeked inside: The owner was the only one there, motionless behind the counter. The whole shop looked abandoned, and he could already imagine the stale, dingy smell of the place. He pictured a thick layer of dust coating the entire surface like snow.

He let out a breath and pushed the door open with a creak. Inside, he glanced at Mr Smith, dozing off in his chair, then took in all the beautiful clocks, alarms, and cuckoos plastered to the wall. All different, unique,

each its own little masterpiece... he had never noticed before.

Then he leaned in closer.. Every single clock had no hands.

Ted took a step back, but then heard a metallic clink beneath his shoe. He looked down.

A clock hand, wait, no, dozens of them. A whole puddle of thin, loopy metal scattered across the floor.

Ted shook his head, his breath catching in his throat, and he spun around in a frenzy. He checked his watch.

11:73

With growing panic, he rushed to Mr Smith. "I-I apologise for waking you—" Ted tapped his shoulders urgently.

No answer.

"Please wake up" He looked around quickly "Please!" Ted hastily snatched a bell from the counter and rang it, hard. The sharp ding



echoed hollowly through the whole shop, but Mr Smith did not move.

Ted's face turned white. His hands were shaking and clammy, but he brought them slowly to the man's neck.

A pulse.

Ted stepped back and exhaled, confused. He rubbed his temples, trying to understand. Then, he stepped outside. A breeze made him shiver, but then he paused. Everything was silent; Everyone, Everything, was frozen in place.

TED SET HIS COMPUTER ASIDE, SIGHING, AND GLANCED



Ted's mouth gaped open and his eyes widened, but before he could scream, it hit him: He was dreaming! Of course, how had he not thought of it sooner?

He exhaled. The lingering tension unraveled in a second and made way to relief, which tingled up his spine, and settled warmly in his heart. He rushed home to set his clock back, then picked up his computer. Before he could turn it on, though, he remembered he didn't have to work. He could finally take a break from this suffocating obsession. A grin spread across his face, and he dropped his computer onto the couch with slightly more force than necessary.

He sprinted to the door, determined to enjoy this moment while it lasted. He felt.. effervescent. Giddiness bubbled up inside him- so light and buoyant that if he tried, he felt he could almost float up to the sky from excitement.

He darted into the street to examine the frozen people. First was an elderly woman. He could already tell she was the neighbourly kind, who

down shopping list: fabric, lace, buttons, and seam rippers. Ted didn't know what seam rippers were, but he could assume she was sewing a garment: a dress perhaps. Ted pictured the old woman concentrating for hours with a needle and a thread, doing something she really loved, and the image warmed his heart.

He went on looking at these small details, something he had never done. It was such a silly idea, but maybe it was necessary.

A man's worn paddock boots told him he must go horse riding. A poodle wearing a pink bow and a frilly dress made him think the girl owning it was lively, and he smiled as he imagined her laughing as she coaxed the dog along. There was a schoolboy gripping a textbook under his eyes, too close. His knuckles were white, and he looked focused. His eyebrows were frozen in a furrowed expression. Ted noticed he reminded him of someone: himself.

Just then he realized you could really learn so much from just a single frame in this movie of life. He had missed so many moments: time escaped his grasp and moments fled away from him. He was isolated and too consumed in his own world... A warm tear slid down his face, and his breath, creating white puffs in the freezing air, trembled. He decided to go home.

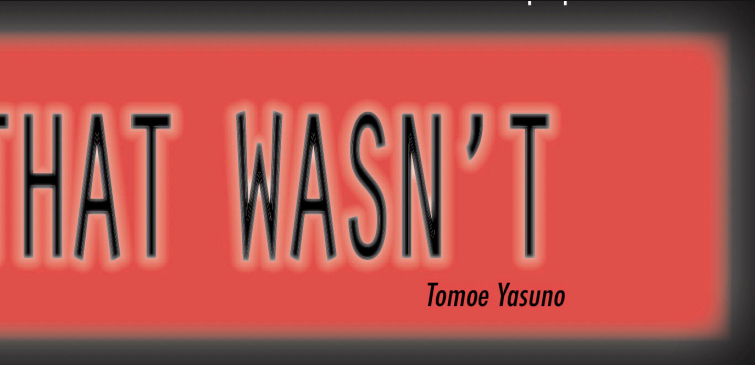
Later, laying in bed and looking out of the window, he suddenly caught a flicker of movement with the tail of his eye. A shuffle; an old woman. The old woman. And she was moving! She smiled warmly. Ted was about to smile back, but then quickly forgot everything.. Seizing the moment would have to wait: He had woken up from his ridiculous dream! Quickly, his smile disappeared.

He rushed to his couch hurriedly. He could never finish his work on time: he must have slept for at least an hour! He snatched his computer and quickly started typing. Time, time, time! How could he beat the deadline?

He worked relentlessly all evening, then finally finished. At last.

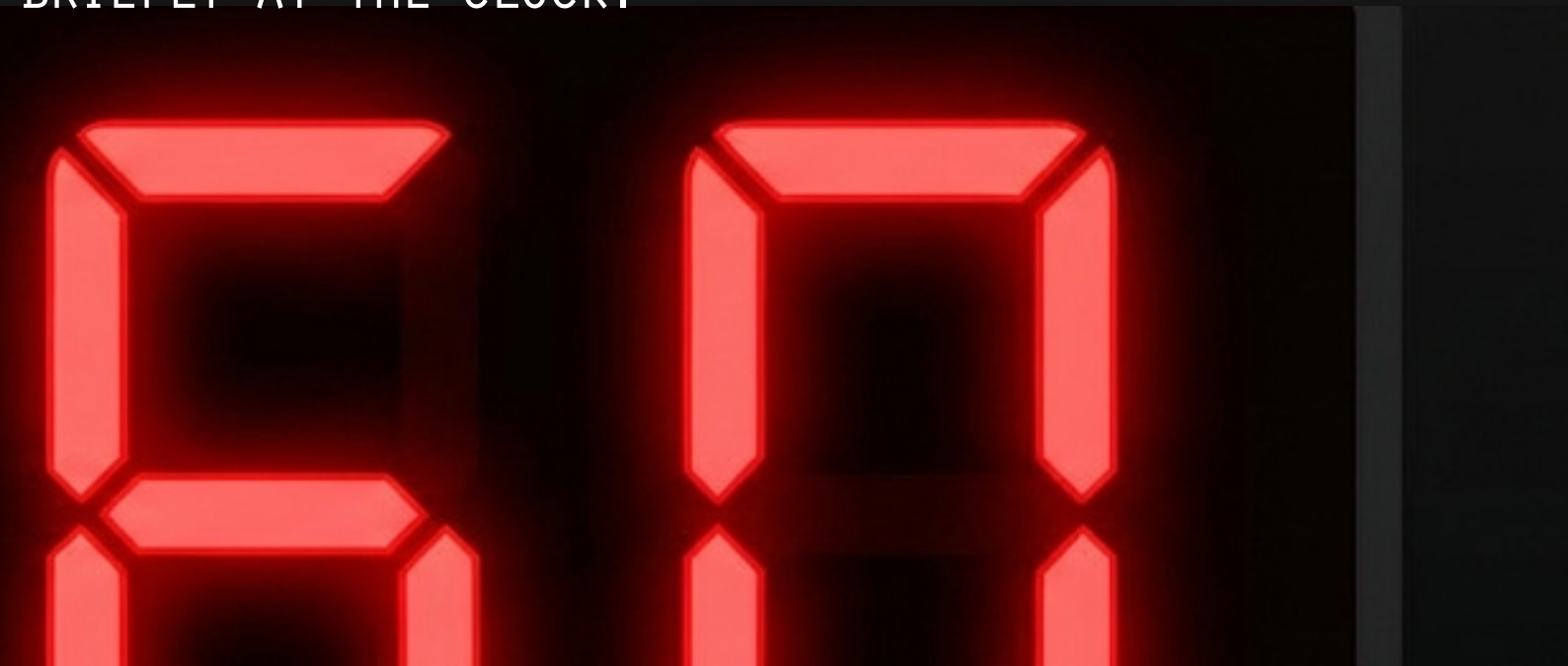
Ted set his computer aside, sighing, and glanced briefly at the clock.

11:60 PM



lured you in for dinner sporadically, who annoyingly distracted you from work in the worst possible moments. The woman's skin was paper thin and wrinkled, and her face worn. However, she was dressed elegantly, and almost audacious rouge lipstick coated her lips. Dreamily, Ted presumed she must have been from an elegant family. Maybe, back in her day, she hosted fancy parties with expensive champagne and prawn cocktails... He noticed a piece of paper in her hand, and he delicately peered over her hunched shoulders to see. It was a neatly scrawled

BRIEFLY AT THE CLOCK.



IB ART

exhibitions are an amazing culmination of the grade 12 IB DP art students' best work throughout the year. The exhibition was opened by the parents of the 4-student class by cutting a ribbon. It was wholesome to watch. The presentation showcased each student's individual take on their art assignments, demonstrating the diversity of creativity that art students have even

when working with the same guidelines. As a 11th grade student taking art HL, I find it very helpful to see the directory of my course through the work my upperclassmen do. Therefore, this exhibition opened my eyes to how I should approach my future and/or present tasks, while encouraging me to work harder to achieve a result like theirs. Overall, it "told me" to stop procrastinating and make use of your art class like your cool seniors! An amazing example of a cohesive and recognizable art style could be seen through the work of Monica Koleda.

Monica's rationale states her exhibition "explores the relationship between consumption and identity". I found her exhibition to be a perfect mix of playfulness and meaning; her whimsical color usage and proportions draw you in, then hit you with curiosity, "Oh! This giant apple sculpture has... teeth? I wonder why..." A showcase that really makes you think about the complexity of identity was Kate Brown's. Her rationale mentions the importance of "Identity and my place in it". I found Kate's work to be a creative way to convey

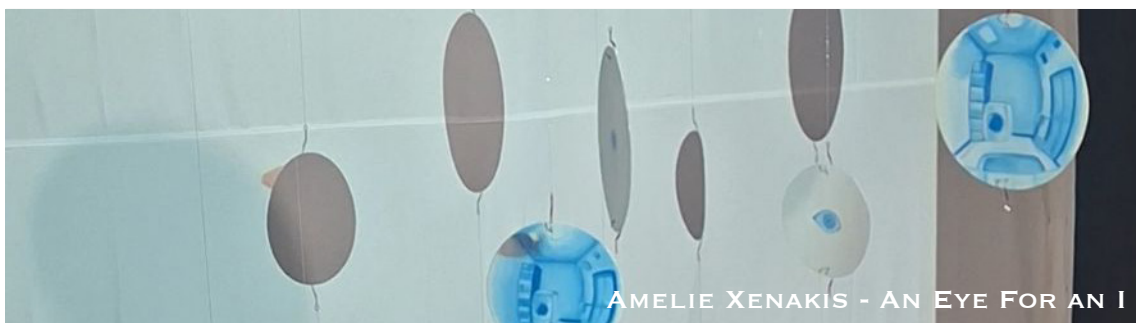
IBDP



MONICA KOLEDA-YAMAMOTO - DEJA-VU



KATE BROWN - AN UNRESOLVED THREAD



AMELIE XENAKIS - AN EYE FOR AN I



HIRO NAKAJIMA - GREED

EXHIBITION 2026

A REVIEW BY MAYA SHETTY



THE MOON

When the sun goes down, the moon rises up.

When the moon goes down, the sun rises to bathe in all its glory.

Warm and chilly.

Mysterious and welcoming.

One can only rise when the other has accepted its defeat and settled down to rest for the day.

The Sun bestows light and warmth, guiding us through each step, each path we chose to take on during the day. It is the Sun that most adore, the constant presence to which we all express our gratitude while the day unfolds itself into its repetitive sequence.

The Moon, on the other hand, brings darkness and uncertainty along with its arrival. The night unsettles what we recognize in daylight; it hides more than it reveals. For many, the Moon is a signal for withdrawal – the time when society retreats inward and into their beds to protect themselves from their vulnerabilities that the night can expose. Our Moon is associated with fear, uncertainty, and devastation, but not because it acts, but only because we humans chose to hide away the small crevices and cracks that appear in our facade once the show is over for the day.

But it is only through the Moon's quiet authority that the Sun holds its significance. Without darkness, light would lose its value; without silence, music would just become mere noise. When the Sun has finally decided to slowly and steadily surrender into the depths of the earth's horizon, a bloody scene of the dying amber is left behind. Yet this fiery scene is what captivates us most, even under the context of the Sun's defeat.

The Moon and the Sun. The Sun and the Moon. Polar opposites, but twins at the same time. Each carries its own burdens, and each is beautiful in its own way. Both can only shine in the spotlight when the other has stepped back to support the one from the stands.

Miu Imoto



AND THE SUN

Google announced in December of 2023, that they would layoff another 30,000 employees on top of the 12,000 employees they already fired (Singh, 2023). The reason for this; Google would implement their new AI called Gemini and Google Bard, which ironically this company created. Amid evolving technology, artificial intelligence stands on top as the vanguard, capable of revolutionizing industries, reshaping workforces, and most importantly alleviating or exacerbating economic inequality. These potential scenarios lead to a big part of the world being afraid of this new technology, rather than excited. In a recent poll, Pew Research Center found that in 2023, 52% of American adults were more concerned than excited about AI in daily life, compared to that of 38% just a year prior (Favario and Tyson, 2023). Interestingly, in 2023, only 10% of the respondents said they were more excited than concerned, an 8% point decline since 2021.

Looking back in history, there have always been serious concerns regarding the development of technology and its ability to displace human labor. "Does Machine Displace Men in the Long Run? New Studies Cited as Old Argument Is Renewed Over Significance of Technological Unemployment" (Stark, 1940). Surely this is a typical article from these days, right? Well, that is incorrect. In fact, this article was published 84 years ago in The New York Times newspaper. It is evident that the worry of technology replacing workers has persisted from the old days throughout history. Even at the dawn of Industrial Capitalism, skilled workers organized to destroy machines, called the Luddite movement. More recently, people started to have concerns about a possible wave of

unemployment caused by robots and automated machines, called the Robocalypse.

Yet, this Robocalypse, along with all the other similar concerns in the past never took place. First, although some jobs were replaced as technology developed, productivity increased and as a result, people became richer so the demand for labor increased. Second, even if some jobs were replaced by these machines, new jobs were created. MIT professor David Autor and other researchers examine the change in job categories and find that 60% of job titles in 2018 did not exist in 1940 (Autor et al, 2022). Moreover, because one job consists of several tasks including some that are difficult to be automated, the probability of job replacement by machines is lower in reality. Although there wasn't mass unemployment or a Robocalypse, there was a serious effect of technological progress on inequality. In reality, since 1980, there has been an increase in income inequality and a decrease in labor shares out of GDP, meaning that the distribution between the rich and the poor has worsened. Indeed, many economists report that technological progress coupled with globalization and workers' weakened bargaining power, played a major role in this process (Acemoglu and Restrepo, 2022).

**"INTELLIGENCE
ABILITY TO
CHANGE."**

AI AND THE FUTURE



Today, there is a new concern about a technological revolution because of the rise of AI (Brynjolfsson, 2022). Specifically, AI is different from previous advancements, in terms of its scope and power. It has the ability to handle implied knowledge and solve complex problems without following direct rules. This means that AI could replace non-routine labor much more than before, such as in an office setting. Although it may be too early to assess the effect of this new technological revolution, looking back through history, the possibility of mass unemployment may be once again, unlikely, in the near future. This is because although AI has skillful abilities as said previously, it still has a long way to go until it can match the creativity, contextual thinking, and emotional intelligence of a human which is required in many jobs today. Adding on, the development of AI will open up new jobs such as prompt engineers or AI research scientists. Therefore, the future of employment along with the implementation of AI will be uncertain (Kessler, 2023).

Even though AI is unlikely to cause mass unemployment, AI's effect on inequality can seem worrisome, similar to what happened in the case of automation. However, there is no evidence supporting this claim yet, in fact, there is very much the opposite. It seems that there will be reduced inequality from the development of AI. Unlike other eras

of technological development such as the recent automation era, widening the gap between the wealthy and the poor, this era of artificial intelligence will act as a "great equalizer" (Smith, 2023). This means that, although everyone may benefit from AI, those who benefit the most will be the less skilled. As a result, poorer individuals will make the most of AI to increase their productivity. It is reported that for customer service center employees, writers, and consulting workers, generative AI helped the less skilled workers more, thus reducing inequality. However, inequality only decreases between workers within the same job category. If AI progresses enough to replace the whole job, and those displaced workers are not able to find a decent job, then, there could be a danger of raising inequalities.

Although we are not sure about the events of the future, we can help shape them to reduce the harmful effects of AI on the market. Many argue that governments need to implement complementary policies such as public investment in education and workforce training, regulations on tech monopolies, protection of workers' rights, and the provision of a social safety net. Among others, a crucial factor is within the workers themselves: how they organize and fight for their jobs in the midst of this AI revolution. For example, recently employees in Hollywood went on a strike, worried about AI, demanding stable employment (Dalton and Fauria, 2023). As a recent book, *Power and Progress*, about the history of technology argues, bargaining power matters for prosperity for all when there is any technological innovation (Naughton, 2023). Stephen Hawking said, "Intelligence is the ability to adapt to change." That being said, can human intelligence also adapt to the coming artificial intelligence?

Written January 2024

OF WORK

HOW TO ACHIEVE PROSPERITY FOR ALL

Yoonjae Lee



SOMEWHERE IN THE

"Michael! Michael!" I blinked my sleep-crusted eyes slowly as I adjusted to the ceiling light, which was dispersed from Alexander looming over me. "Don't you oversleep again! Sokolov will kill you! He's already threatened to send you back to the Russian Arctic mines, get a hold of yourself!"

"As if the Arctic mines could be worse than this dump," I groaned, sitting up groggily. Heaving myself off the bed, I asked, "What time is it anyway?"

"6:55," Alexander read from his wristwatch, which he always had on because the strap had pierced itself in an un-untangle-able way. I'd seen him shower with the watch on sometimes, so I questioned its accuracy.

"25 minutes isn't that late," I yawned, flicking my lighter on and grasping the box of cigarettes on my night stand.

"Late enough that you missed breakfast," Alexander retorted. "The new cook's sticking to the schedule, not waitin' around for you. Alisa left today, to see her family or something."

I fumbled the pack of cigarettes in my half-conscious state, but managed to pluck a stick out before the box hit the ground. "Why's our cook leaving in the middle of the drilling season?"

"It's almost Christmas, Michael. Of course people will want to go home. Like you said, our rig is not the most festive of places. Now get up, man, and don't smoke in the bunks."

"Merry Christmas to you too," I grumbled, provoking a half-smile from Alexander.

Pulling my neon-orange waterproof work jacket over my welding overalls, I stood, throwing on my hard hat while also pocketing my cigarettes. Alexander followed me out to the hallway, where we strolled to the canteen. As Alexander had said, the temp cook was nowhere to be seen, presumably resting in his or her guest cabin.

We walked up to the mess hall's far wall, which housed the notice board, a cork board with so many holes from tacks that wherever you stuck a pin its location was predetermined; a replacement whiteboard was supposed to have arrived last week. The board was two-thirds covered with papers which had every individual's daily tasks organized by job. Mikhail and Anastasia were already reading the bulletin as we approached.

"My fellow Michael," Mikhail greeted me, which was our joke based on our somewhat homophonic names. I replied with a chuckle, and Anastasia rolled her eyes, and finished reading off her given chores.

"Let's go, Mikhail," Anastasia grabbed the back of Mikhail's jacket and tugged him towards the canteen exit, to Alexander's amusement. Her work-calloused hand easily gripped the thick jacket, demonstrating why she was a mechanic. "Your shift is fifteen minutes earlier than mine, дурак [fool]! You can't be hanging around here."

She quickly turned to me and grinned, "I'll see you later начальник [boss]." I rolled my eyes, as being the chief mechanic was no different than being a regular one except having access to a better coffee mix.

After the door shut, the wind was blocked, and the poorly pinned papers stopped fluttering about, I scanned the mechanic crew's duty list, where my name was at the top. "Recalibrate radar and repair defense mechanisms," I read out loud habitually. Alexander finished studying his drilling instructions and headed for the canteen exit, walking backwards to talk to me.

"You up for poker with Mikhail and Venedikt after our shifts?" he asked, using his body to push open the door to the wailing of salty wind.

"Sure, I'll see you in your bunks."

He left, and the metal push bar door shut on its own from the oceanwater-doused gale, which continued to persistently batter at the closed door.

"McLaren!" The PA system rang out suddenly, and the growl of Manager Sokolov's voice blasted out through the decrepit overhead speaker. "What's the hold up? You're late."

I sighed and pulled out my cigarettes, flicking the lighter back on. I held the tobacco in my mouth and held the flame to the tip of it, inhaling the smoke that resulted from the ignition. I put the light away, walking to the rear exit of the cabins' hallway, which was a single door rather than a double like the one Alexander had left through in the mess hall.

I turned the handle and pulled it, coming into contact with the harsh winds of the Pacific, which nearly put my cigarette out before I cupped a hand over it. The metal-grated bridge between the bunks and the control center clanked with every step I took. I looked down to see Morskoy and Isaak, the other drilling operators. They looked up as they heard the

clanging of my steps.

"Michael!" Isaak laughed as usual, waving good-naturedly. Morskoy tipped his hard hat, grinning up at me. I held up a hand in greeting and they shuffled off, bundled up in heavy jackets underneath their safety vests. I hurried the rest of the way, puffing out a combination of cigarette smoke and vapor from the frigidity, more vulnerable to it because I wasn't as well-insulated as the two below.

I was reaching for the command center's hatch when the ground shook, and I had to grasp the freezing ledge of the platform. "дерьмо! [Crap!]" I yelped when I nearly slipped on the frosty steel grills. Tremors indicate drilling, I thought, holding my hard hat down onto my head as I regained my balance. But the operators are still in plain sight! I could still see Isaak and Morskoy, who were almost at the elevator shaft down to their station, helping each other up. I continued to contemplate, absentmindedly chewing on the tobacco. Alexander is

THE
GROUND
SHOOK
ONCE
MORE ...

PACIFIC OCEAN

the only other operator on the rig right now, but even if he got to his post first, he wouldn't be able to start up the machine without Morskoy's key...

My thought process was interrupted when the control room's gate swung open from the inside, revealing a peeved Sokolov. "Get in here!" His eyes blazed with annoyance and impatience. "And put out that cigarette!" I opened my mouth an inch and let the tobacco fall, planning to crush it with my boot, but it fell through the gap. To cover this up, I quickly stepped in, hearing Sokolov mutter, "I swear to God these Засранец [nuisances] are going to get me killed someday..." The head technician, Sergey, was there as well, fiddling with some levers.

"I've been tinkering the tech for a half minute now," Sergey confided helplessly. "I think the radar's jammed mechanically. That's your thing."

"I'll try something," I answered. "This rig's breaking down so often I can't guess what the problem is," I added quietly after confirming Sokolov was out of earshot.

I opened up the panel underneath the dashboard and crouched to see better. Immediately, I saw what was wrong. "All of the high-frequency dedicated transceivers have expired," I reported. "The metal's rusted from the salty air. The speed and angle readings are probably okay, but the location accuracy is going to be a few kilometers off at the least." I took out the rusty transceivers and tossed them into the trashcan. I got up, went to the cabinet in the corner and fumbled around until I found three fresh ones. I went back to the radar, popped the transceivers into place, and made a few adjustments with one of the spanners I kept dangling on my overalls's belt.

I closed the panel back up and stood up, finished. "Should be back to normal in about ten minutes. The system takes a bit of time to readjust."

"If I'm right in thinking that the speed is correct, then there's a big clump over here lingering about twenty kilometers away," I commented, studying the readings, where a particularly big lump was staying still near the far right corner of the radar's dashboard.

The ground shook once more, more violently this time. The three of us fell down, barely cushioned by the bare carpet which was shriveling up at its edges. We all got back up, slightly dazed.

"Probably a school of fish hanging around a coral reef or something," Sergey guessed, continuing my thought.

THE DEEP
BLUE
TURNED
NEARLY
BLACK AS
I SCANNED
THE SCENE

December 21st, 1977

EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Yoonho Lee

Continued on page 13

...Continued from page 8

"Probably..." I agreed.

"Stop the болтовня [jabber] and get back to work, both of you," Sokolov ordered, dusting off his neon-yellow safety jacket and running his hand through his balding dark-grey hair.

"Yes sir," Sergey and I replied in unison, like little children saying good afternoon to the school visitor. With some effort, I turned open the gritty hatch wheel and pulled open the heavy door. It shut on its own but I had to return the wheel to its original position, which was harder to do on the outside because of the rust and its ice-like feel.

Ignoring the scowl that Sokolov was giving me through the hatch's frosted window, I sauntered off, hands in my pockets, spanners clanking together like keys on a ring. I thought better of it and pulled my hands out of my pockets before a tremor would catch me off guard.

I made my way back through the hallways of the bunks, through another door, and went down the circular stairs into the heart of the rig, the underwater engineering bay. Anastasia was tuning a pipe valve, crouched down on the first underwater level, as I was going further down, clanging on the metal the whole way. She nodded to me solemnly, knowing I'd probably been berated by Sokolov, and I replied with a weary "hey."

In the second sub-level there was a relatively short metal-plated hallway with a couple leaks of seawater and an inward dent that hadn't been there a couple days ago. A wide circular window covered most of the left wall, and it was my routine to look out of it every time I was in this section. The glass was about two meters in diameter, roughly the height of the third-tallest guy on the rig. It always delighted me that out of the construction crew that probably didn't try their hardest on making this faulty structure, one of them appreciated the beauty of the ocean enough to create such a large, almost impractical window into it.

I reverently watched as fish, turtles, and other aquatic life swam about, almost distracting me from the bottomless void that was the ocean. The deep blue turned nearly black as I scanned the scene from top to bottom, which evidenced both the size of the window and the Pacific's drastic change in tone.

Exiting the hall, I began to traverse the labyrinthine mess of pipes, vents, and affixed metal boxes, the familiar clanking of the raised metal mesh platform echoing in the tight cavernous tunnels. Even though I'd been in the engineering section of the rig almost every day for four years, I still wasn't always sure if I'd taken the correct turn.

Thankfully, I found the defense mechanism room, where every indicator light was blinking red, meaning all the security measures in the rig – underwater flare cannons for warding off bitey sharks, beacons for signaling helicopters, the lifeboat ejection systems, to name a few – were offline.

"Пиздец... [what a disaster...] That's why we haven't gotten that whiteboard yet," I said, horrified that most of the rig's core mechanisms weren't functioning.

I had just started to open up the beacon's grid when a "McLaren!" crackled out the speaker. This one was even more staticky, though the wires connecting it to the main system were intact. "Report back to the control center, now."

I hastily unclipped the radio on my belt and switched to the main frequency. "The radar's already fixed!" I sputtered, confused as to why he would call me back.

"No, it's not!" Sokolov replied through the speaker. "It's still inaccurate."

"It's been more than ten minutes! The system's ought to be up and running!"

I heard Sokolov sigh, which was an almost undiscernible hiss of static. He spoke as if he was addressing a particularly unintelligent toddler, emphasizing each syllable. "It's. Not. Reading. Correctly."

"The readjusted radar's showing that clump from earlier to be right next to our rig, but there's no reef underneath us, so there's no reason for a school of fish to be loitering there," Sergey explained, cutting in.

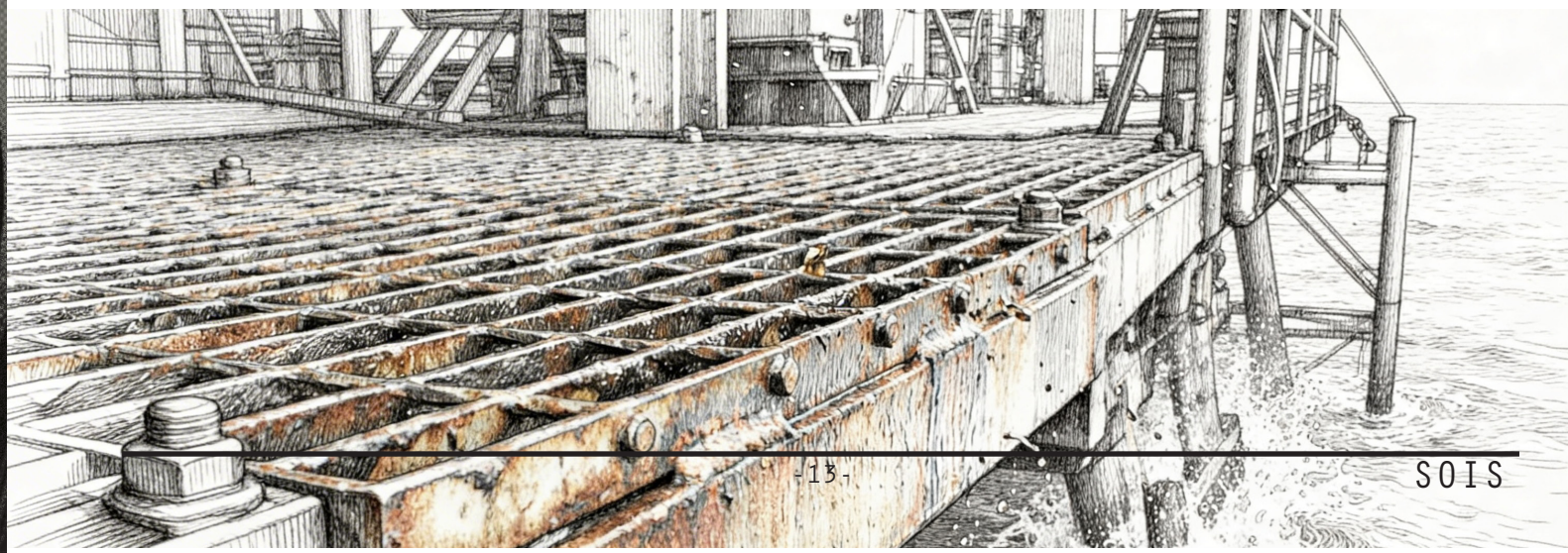
"The radar's just fine! I should be working on the defense mechanism if anything," I responded.

"Get your insubordinate behind back into the control center immediately or I will send you to the Arctic mines! Давай! [Hurry up!]" Sokolov roared, having seemingly overpowered Sergey for the microphone.

"I- b-but..." I gave up trying to argue the point and decided to just go and see what was "wrong".

I retraced my steps back to the stairs, a turbulent tremor causing the metal grates to vibrate beneath my feet and shake almost out of place where my weight wasn't holding them down. Weirdly, the quake didn't seem to come from the earth or any drilling. Stumbling upright, I fast-walked the rest of the way to the metal hallway.

That's when I looked out the window and saw a huge eye, staring back.



AI FIGHTING STOP

The first time I ever heard of ChatGPT was at one of our school assemblies. Students were being lectured about academic integrity and how using this new technology for school work was strictly prohibited. Here we are, years later, teachers and students still devoting much of their time and energy disguising and detecting uses of AI. Everyone is exhausted by this silly, time-consuming cycle, and I believe that to move forward we must address the education system itself and change the way we do things.

I was recently in the school library exploring university options, when a fourth grader glanced at my computer screen. She saw that AI was giving me a quick overview of schools, which she seemed to consider absolutely outrageous. It immediately triggered an unpleasant, disapproving reaction. I tried explaining how there were appropriate ways of using AI, but she didn't seem convinced. I hadn't realized that elementary students were already being introduced to AI in such a negative way.

This got me thinking about the deep-rooted stigma of AI in our school community. I understand that there are lines of what is acceptable or not in an academic setting, but the reality is that AI is taking over our world (at least through integration). The question educators ask should no longer be, or never was, "How can we restrain students' use of AI?" but rather, "How can we encourage and teach students how to appropriately and effectively use AI?"

I do see more teachers now openly talking about their own use of AI and allowing students to use it for certain purposes, such as generating citations or obtaining summaries of topics, but there is much more we must do. The purpose of high school is to prepare students for university

and the real world. That world has drastically changed now, and so must we. Preventing students from using the medium that will be so integral to their future careers, or pretending it doesn't exist, only holds them back. We are falling behind.

AI can be embraced in the classroom in a variety of ways. It could be used individually, collaboratively, or as a class, to enhance, personalize, and strengthen the learning process. Students can still grow intellectually and socially alongside AI. Students should also be taught how AI works, as well as why, when, and how they should use it. This includes how to automate repetitive tasks, create prompts, critique responses, generate certain content, or connect it with other platforms.

Once guided properly, students can save time, reduce errors, accelerate work, handle complex information, and manage projects with the help of AI. This technology has the ability to expand students' critical-thinking, problem-solving, and creativity. It is also important to consider alternative assignments to research reports and essays that have become less effective in assessing students.

It would be a major change for everyone. Teachers would have to learn how to incorporate AI into their teaching and redesign lessons and assignments, prioritizing the knowledge and skills now crucial for students to have. Students would have to adjust to a new, unfamiliar education system with classes and assessments different to what they're used to. Still, this is a change we must embrace, not resist. A school that teaches students how to use and master AI is the school that will ultimately produce students best prepared for success in this AI-powered world.

START TEACHING IT AI

by Ivy Meline

POWER PIN

Monica Koleda-Yamamoto



END



TANGO

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