

WILFE

FEATHER APR-JUN 2025



Wings of Escape
Cover by Anya Xu



WLIFE

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Dear Readers,

“Times makes you bolder, even children get older.”

— *Landslide*, Fleetwood Mac

I never really saw the appeal in flying when I was younger. When someone would ask me what superpower I would choose to have, my answer was always invisibility, or talking to animals, or reading minds, but never flying. I didn't see yet what it meant to hold a pair of wings.

That sentiment began to shift when goodbyes became a thing in my life. Not just the phenomenon that sometimes people would simply stop showing up, but the recognition of the distance that followed. And since distance means a whole lot to a kid who has barely taken a step on their own, bit by bit, flying held more weight.

In that weight, I found your word of the season: Feather.

This issue started off in my mind as a celebration of levity. But as I was assigning tasks to the team as usual and realized our senior members were bidding their farewells, feathers became more than lightness; they became closers of distance.

A singular feather doesn't lift a bird — they're grouped, arranged, and paraded into the sky to become the carrier that they are. Just like the pieces of writings and artworks selected in this edition, together is a flight into the world awaiting, no matter how tall or unexplored. We take from feathers bravery, and we take from feathers brevity.

Fly, no matter how much you feel your feet.

In takeoff,
Emmie Zhang
Editor in Chief

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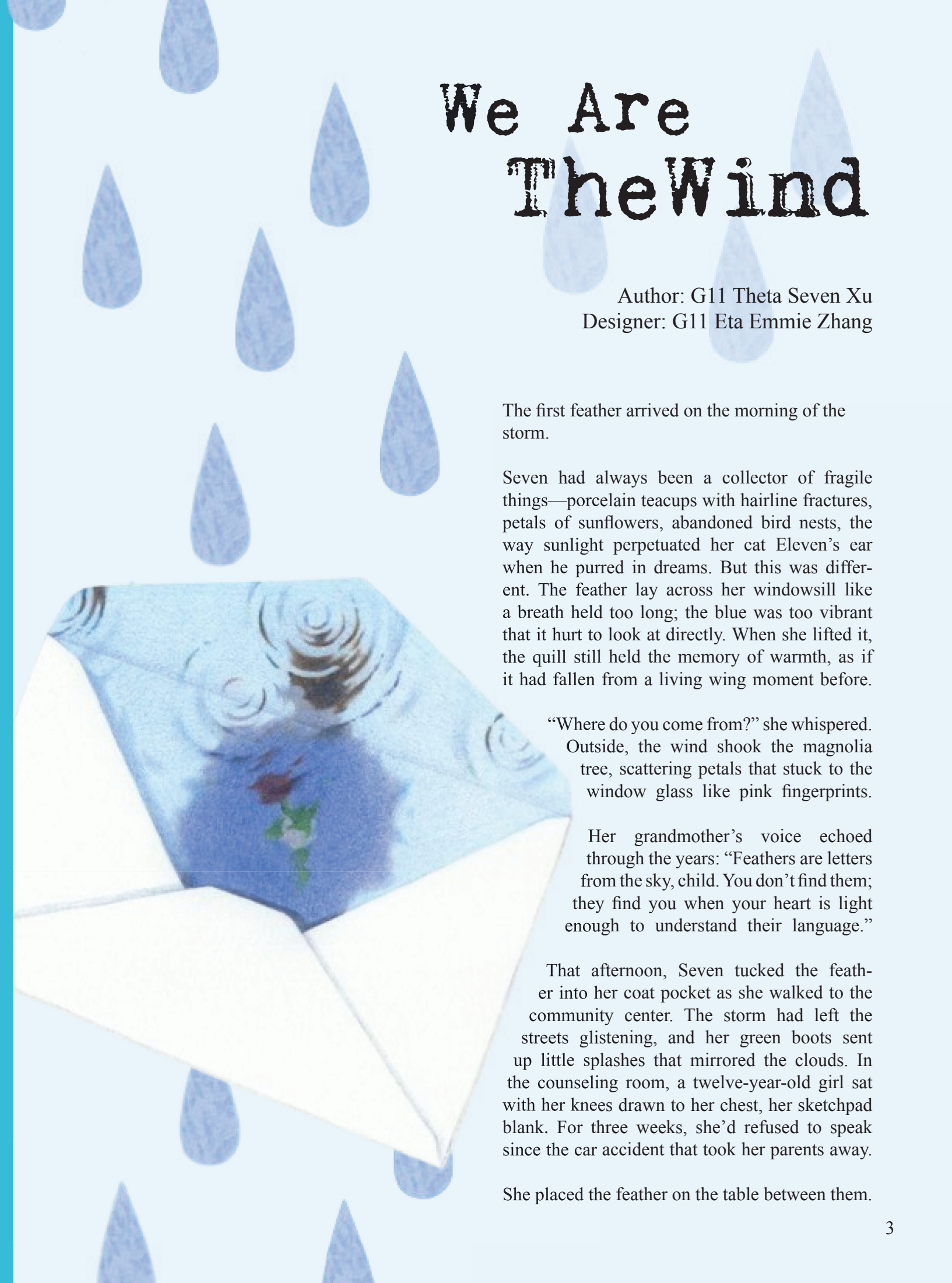
FEATHERS

APR-JUN 2025

WLSA Shanghai Academy
Journal



01 Literature



We Are The Wind

Author: G11 Theta Seven Xu
Designer: G11 Eta Emmie Zhang

The first feather arrived on the morning of the storm.

Seven had always been a collector of fragile things—porcelain teacups with hairline fractures, petals of sunflowers, abandoned bird nests, the way sunlight perpetuated her cat Eleven’s ear when he purred in dreams. But this was different. The feather lay across her windowsill like a breath held too long; the blue was too vibrant that it hurt to look at directly. When she lifted it, the quill still held the memory of warmth, as if it had fallen from a living wing moment before.

“Where do you come from?” she whispered. Outside, the wind shook the magnolia tree, scattering petals that stuck to the window glass like pink fingerprints.

Her grandmother’s voice echoed through the years: “Feathers are letters from the sky, child. You don’t find them; they find you when your heart is light enough to understand their language.”

That afternoon, Seven tucked the feather into her coat pocket as she walked to the community center. The storm had left the streets glistening, and her green boots sent up little splashes that mirrored the clouds. In the counseling room, a twelve-year-old girl sat with her knees drawn to her chest, her sketchpad blank. For three weeks, she’d refused to speak since the car accident that took her parents away.

She placed the feather on the table between them.

The girl's fingers twitched. Slowly, she picked it up, holding it to the lamplight until the blue bled into violet, then indigo. When she finally reached for a pencil, Seven watched as she drew wings—first tentative strokes, then great, sweeping arcs that spilled off the page. At the bottom, she wrote, "I dream of flying where the silence is soft."

The next morning, a scarlet feather waited beside her toothbrush, its barbs ruffled as if it had fought its way to her. That day, her lab partner Keagan snapped a beaker in frustration, his hands shaking after pulling another all-nighter to pay his tuition. Seven slipped the feather into his textbook with a note: "Even phoenixes are born in ashes." He smiled, pressing it to his palm like a band-aid for the soul.

The feathers kept coming.

A gold one appeared in her corn and pork rib soup on the day her exchange student roommate Hyeon sobbed for her grandmother's kimchi recipe. A charcoal-gray flight feather,

strong as a sword, touched her hands in her boxing glove before her first amateur match. And when the old lady Mrs. Wang next door forgot Seven's name for the third time that week, she found a downy purple plume in Wang's abandoned chessboard and threaded it through her buttonhole. "For luck," she lied. Her tears dampened her shoulder as she hugged her.

Winter deepened; snowflakes fell. The feathers grew scarcer, their appearances more deliberate. One frostbitten dawn, Seven woke to find Eleven playing with something beneath the bed—a single iridescent feather, its tip dipped in what looked like ink. That same day, the girl spoke her first full sentence in therapy: "The blue feather girl taught me silence has a shape." Keagan brought her a vial of bioluminescent algae, grinning as it glowed cobalt in her hands. Mrs. Wang left a jade chess piece on her doorstep with a note: "For when you're ready to beat me properly."

She understood then.



Love was never meant to be kept. It was a current, a ceaseless giving and receiving, each act of kindness a wingbeat stirring the air for someone else's flight.

With trembling hands, Seven opened her diary. The pages were full of pressed feathers now, their stories woven between her words. She wrote:

"Sincerely, Seven.

I finally realized. We don't catch or chase feathers. We are the wind."

Outside, a breeze lifted the last feather from her palm, carrying it up, up, up until it disappeared into the light.



Feather and Fetter

Author: G10 Eta Jerry Zhai
Designer: G11 Gamma Alice Qin
Translator: G10 Sigma Ricky Zhao

How are differences made,
Where we are all born the same,
But when we part ways as our shadows fade,
Somethings will never be the same.

For different paths on which we stayed,
The beasts on the way in which we tame,
Then comes the rewards we've displayed,
But things are never the same.

With the efforts you've paid,
The acknowledgments you claim,
The public's praise, society's serenade,
For it is life's only aim.

On the way, dreams squandered,
Morning birds chirp, under the noon flame,
Afternoon's coffee, dawns shade,
As we look for meaning, we've forgotten our own name.



A SHORT STORY



Tattoos

AUTHOR/DESIGNER: G10 GAMMA ANGELA LI

S mashed cucumber salad. Min gently sets down the last dish on the kitchen bar table. She pulls out the chair and sits down across her younger cousin, Yang.

Yang doesn't look at her. She fiddles with her phone and pretends to scroll through something. An awkward silence hangs in the air. Min absentmindedly prods at the potato shreds, her eyes eventually drifting to small etches of black peeking out from under Yang's sweatband. Min points at her own right wrist.

"What's that?"

"Oh—that?" Yang's eyes drift leftward. "Nothing...really." She coughs. She cranes her eyebrows and blinks. After what feels like a decade, she slowly, hesitantly lifts her sweatband. "...it's the logo of a 70s rock band called Led Zeppelin. They've got some dope Norse myths references in some of my favorite songs," she grins. "You don't hear much of that from them, you know."

Min's eyes widen. "Chill, Min, it's gonna wear off—"

"Hold up. What? No, I'm obsessed with them! Robert Plant is like, biblical, alright?"

Yang's mouth drops open. "Min? No way! You like—"

"My favorite is Jimmy though. Seeing him live tops my bucket list right now. Hands down. Rain or shine.

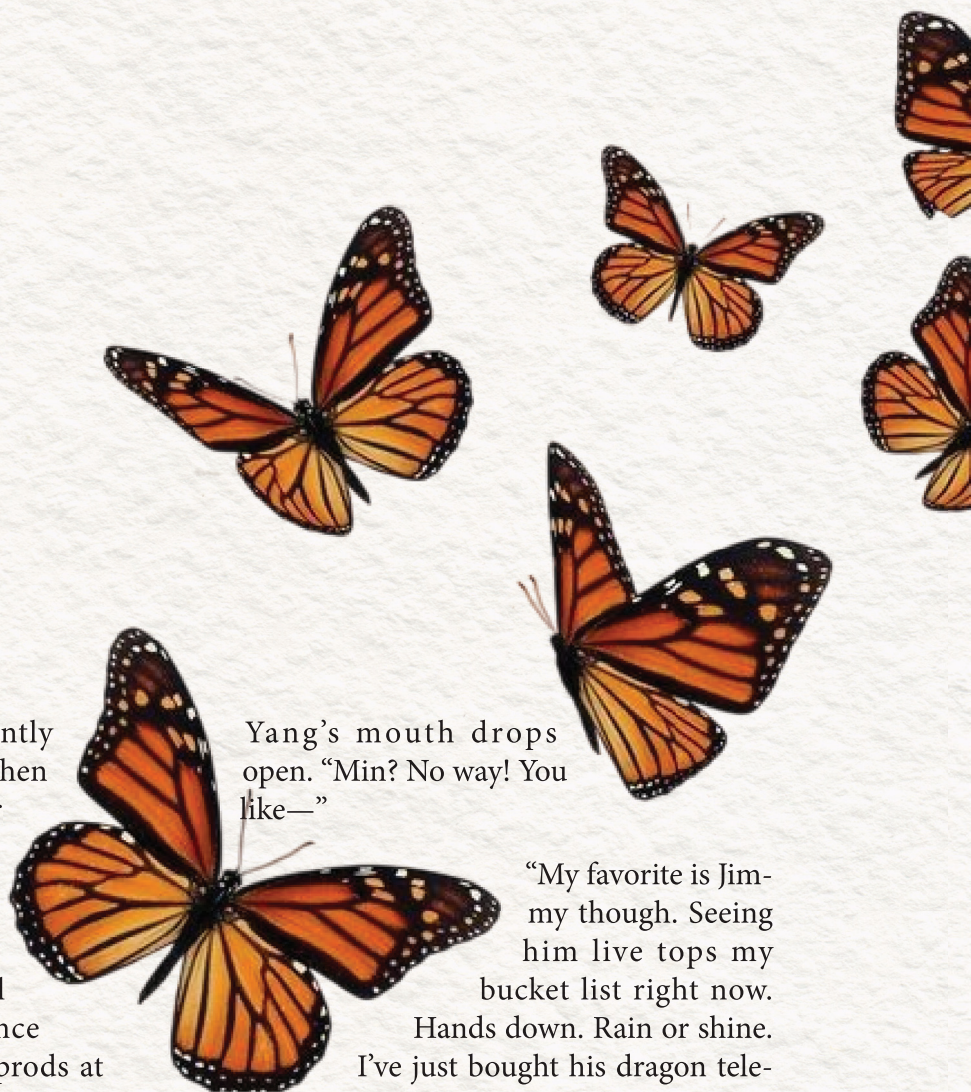
I've also finally earned enough to begin taking guitar classes. Oh and—" playful mischief slithers in her eyes as her voice winds down to a whisper. "You wanna see something?"

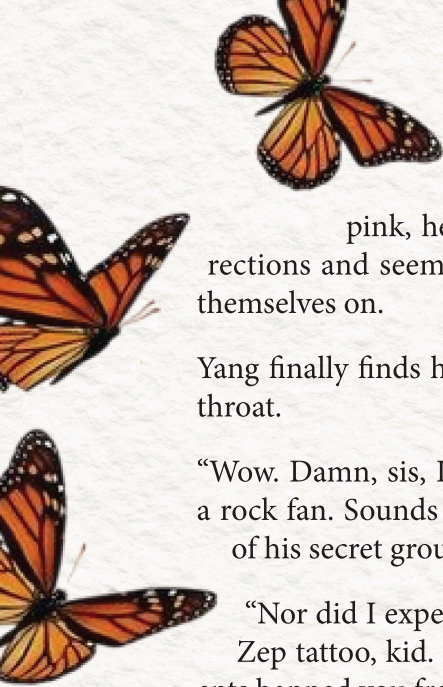
Min quickly lifts her sweater to reveal the guitarist's "zoso" symbol etched in pine green beneath her left ribcage, her grin spreading like sunlight at daybreak.

"He's there. Right below my heart."

Yang's gaze settles first on her tattoo, then traces the deliciously gentle yet pronounced contours on her pale chest, then trails lower down her stomach to the silver beads glittering on her navel piercing.

Her fruit fork clatters against the plate to produce a screech.





Min chuckles as she watches Yang's ears turn pink, her eyes darting in seventy directions and seeming not knowing what to set themselves on.

Yang finally finds her voice again and clears her throat.

"Wow. Damn, sis, I did not expect you to be a rock fan. Sounds like you'd totally be one of his secret groupies back in the 70s."

"Nor did I expect you to have a Led Zep tattoo, kid. Haven't your parents banned you from—"

Min gasps.

"Wait. You're not telling anyone I've got Jimmy tattooed on me, are you? I swear if you tell either one of our parents, I will hunt you down the gates of hell. You're getting bad karma rest your life. And I swear, you ever get to see my telecaster—"

"Chill! You know I'm not gonna Yang giggles. "And you must too that you won't tell on me! will kill me if she finds out what's sweatband."

"Okay," Min raises her orange juice. "Deal?"

"Deal—To the 70s!"

"You're making us sound like two weird hippies—"

"A toast—to Jimmy Page!" Yang downs the contents in her glass in one gulp and wipes her mouth with the back of her palm, her cheeks a sanguine bright red as though drunk from orange juice. Min stares at her empty glass and lets out a sigh.

"I haven't been back to Yangzhou for Spring Festival since I left for university five years ago. But this year, I had to return for the blind dates she arranged me. She somehow figured 24 is the perfect age to start looking for a life partner—"

Min's phone buzzes and cuts her off. "Speak of the devil," Min mumbles.

"Wéi? Hello? Min?" Her mother's voice crackles through the line.

"Yes Ma."

"5:30 PM, Harmony House. I arranged a date for you tonight. Why don't you go and confirm his friend request?"

"I will—"

"—listen up. How many times have I told you to start taking care of yourself? Look at you! Always buried in books like a dork. You should be ashamed. Get in that dress I bought and go put on some makeup! And those glasses—you're not some old maid, take them off!"

"But Ma! I can't fit contact lenses in my eyes—"

"Contact lenses are no rocket science, why can't you wear them like everyone else? And another thing—don't you dare tell me you've been out there smoking, drinking, or getting tattoos and piercings! I heard your roommate has a nose piercing. She must look like a cow. Who wants to marry a girl like that? You'd regret it, and I'll make sure you do."

The line goes dead; the uncomfortable silence resettles itself over the table.

"I've been considering having my tattoo removed." Min says quietly, staring at her phone.

"What? Min! Who the heck's ever gonna pull up your clothes just to check if you've got tattoos on your—"

"Look. That's not the point. The point is, Yang, you will always have to cover them up. You have no choice."

"But why? I won't be covering up my tattoos when I can finally get them in college. I'm just hiding mine now because of my stupid school



for the
will never

do that!"
s w e a r
M o m
under my

and my stupid parents. But I just have to have one on my wrist or my collarbone. Nobody can stop me.”

“No. Think about your job interviews. You won’t stand a single chance of getting hired unless you wear long sleeves or collars to cover them up. Even in summer. That’s just how it is.”

“Then why did you tattoo Jimmy Page in the first place if you weren’t trying to push back against what they want from you? You knew you would never be the perfect obedient daughter ever again the second you asked to have ink pricked into your chest. You knew exactly what they’d call you. Cheap? Trashy? Indecent? And it might’ve been at least somewhat forgivable if you tattooed the name of, like, a pet or a friend who died. But seriously, out of the 8 billion people in this world, you tattooed Jimmy Page? A heroin addict who can’t say no to middle school groupies?”

Min flinches and nearly chokes on her juice. “...that’s not why I love Jimmy. You know it. Besides, Yang, tattoos sometimes define us way more than we want them to—”

“Your tattoo is no more than etches on your skin in a pattern that you like. Twenty grams of pigment cannot determine or define who you are, Min. Why won’t you unforgivingly be your-

self—”

“I am being myself—”

“—you are afraid of being yourself. You knew there’s something wrong with how people see tattoos. And you conformed.”

Min stares at Yang. The thick silence hangs in the air by a thread.

“But, Yang, didn’t you too?”

Min’s voice is barely above a whisper. But it is enough to stun Yang, who then glares at her elder cousin like a cat ready to hiss after getting

stepped on the tail.

“If you’d like to be yourself, why don’t you take off your sweatband? Go ahead and show the world you don’t care about what your parents think.” Min raises her trembling voice. “You don’t care about what your teachers think. You don’t care about all those side eyes and derogatory BS you’ll get. You don’t care if your job interviewer tosses your resume straight into the shredder once you expose your tattoo even slightly. You don’t care if you get kicked out of school even if you’re taking the Gaokao next year.” Min slams her chopsticks on the table. “Come on. Your tattoo isn’t even permanent, you coward—”

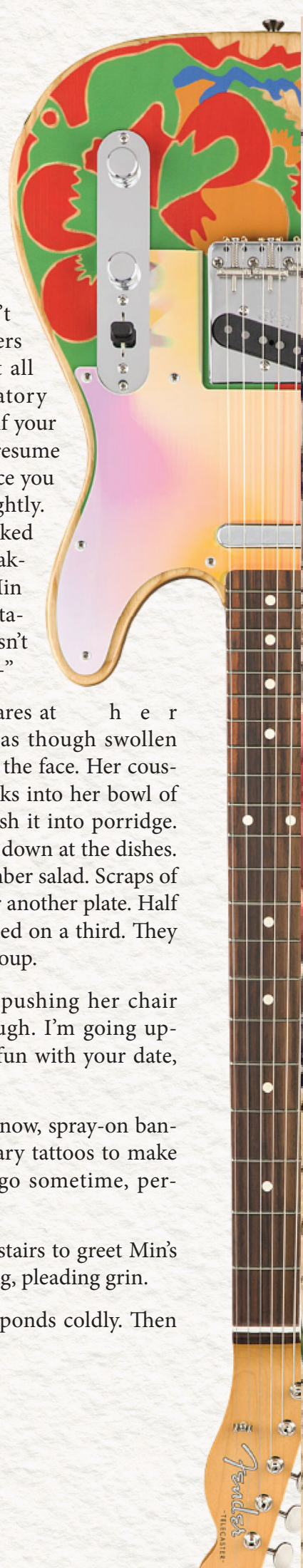
Min pauses abruptly. She stares at her cousin, whose ears are red as though swollen and sore from a firm slap on the face. Her cousin keeps poking her chopsticks into her bowl of rice, seemingly trying to mash it into porridge. Min bites her lip and glances down at the dishes. They have finished the cucumber salad. Scraps of potato shreds scatters all over another plate. Half the steamed fish sits untouched on a third. They hadn’t even started with the soup.

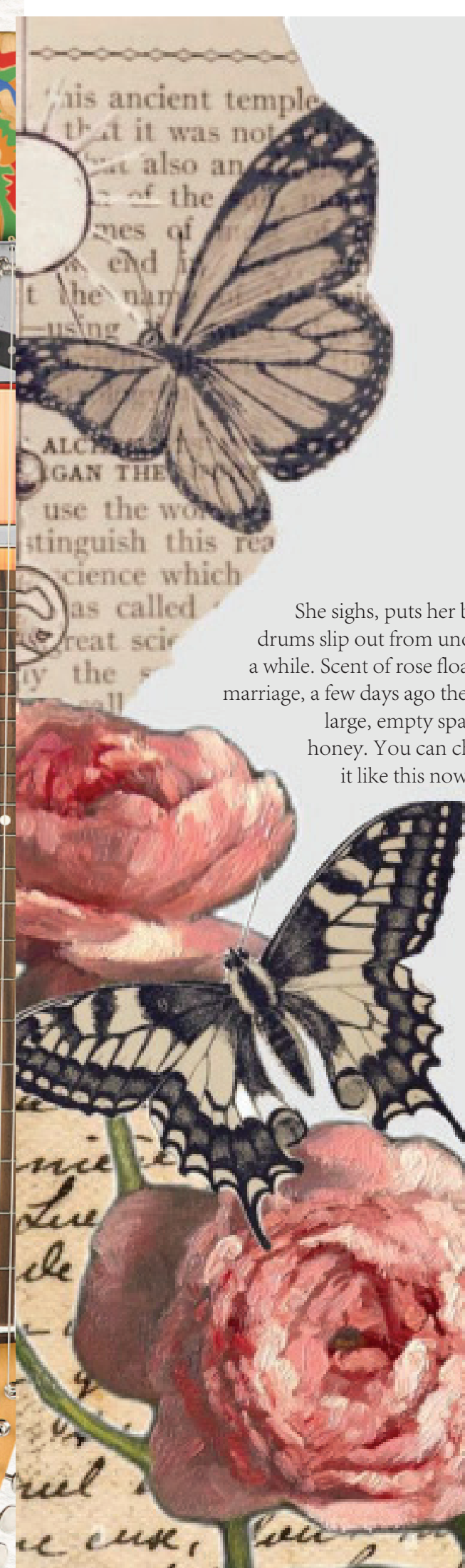
“Whatever,” Yang mutters, pushing her chair back. “I think I’ve had enough. I’m going upstairs for schoolwork. Have fun with your date, you prick.”

“Before you go—Yang. You know, spray-on bandages are good with temporary tattoos to make them last longer. Give it a go sometime, perhaps?”

Yang’s eyes travel back downstairs to greet Min’s eyes, wrinkled in an endearing, pleading grin.

“Yeah. Thanks, Min,” she responds coldly. Then she disappears upstairs.





Burgundy

Author: G10 Phi Avery Liu

Editor: G11 Eta Amanda Jin

"Kat, listen, I am not blaming you, I just think it would be nice if you can go to therapy with me this weekend."

"Why? Like I'm ill?" Katlyn closes the front door, the corner of her mouth lifts in quiet defiance.

"No, honey. I—"

"Okay, Jake. I'm home. Safe drive."

She sighs, puts her bag on the cabinet and walks inside the living room, sounds of light drums slip out from under her heels. Sunday morning, she has not been feeling so cozy for a while. Scent of rose floats in the air. The couple just purchased this house for their coming marriage, a few days ago they chatted about buying a cat or a puppy to bring some life into this large, empty space, but Jake denied. "I'm really satisfied with this house, our house, honey. You can change it whenever you like, but I feel like it's totally okay if we leave it like this now." That's what he said. Katlyn did not respond, she just giggled and walked away. Or, a few months ago, Katlyn was obsessed with a wooden, painted desk for the bedroom, she looked at it online day and night, until Jake pulled her out of the shop and said, "Kat, Colorado is dry, too dry. Wooden material will crack in no time and the paint will eventually become unrecognizable." Katlyn did not say anything either, she bought some daisies for the living room instead.

So where is the rose? How come it smells like rose from somewhere in this house? She pauses for a moment, takes off her heels and holds them in her hands. Bedroom. That's where it comes from. Frowning, she opens the white, carved door. A burgundy leather handbag on the edge of the bed. A bouquet of roses, vibrant and clean like a newborn. She blinks in doubt and immediately recognizes the perfume left in the air, a perfume she wouldn't even bother to try in a shop because she knows she isn't the type. If it was a few years ago she would've bought it, but now she prefers something more mature, like a bottle of vintage wine Jake would sip like elixir. She rushes to the bouquet, her hair is blown by the sudden speed. A piece of note is placed on the flowers. "Happy weekend, my love. I visited but you were not here. Don't ask



She swipes the bag and the bouquet off the bed, petals flutter all over on the floor. Katlyn lets herself fall onto the mattress, with feet hanging in the air, trembling. She stops breathing. Rose scent. Burgundy handbag. A girl who wants to see her fiancé every day. Haunting eyes like sapphires. So traditionally blonde and white who makes Jake crave for the fragrance escaping from his skin after every departure.

No wonder why Jake would suggest her to go to therapy. He is tired of her losing the life in a young girl, but she gave up everything to become his. She moved to Colorado, found a new job as a barista, deals with annoying rich customers all day, never had a chance to get a bouquet of roses because she lacks the confidence to come into a flower shop with coffee spots on her shirt. But "Sapphire" is different, in many ways. She is better for Jake's passion of love. She could give him everything that makes them feel like they're in a novel—like proposing a date in Katlyn's cafe just to gain the joy of winning, and Jake would let her gain it, because he wouldn't notice a barista in the corner of a coffee shop. He would call her his sapphire, his little hound, while Katlyn rots in one cup of rose flavored latte after another, until she fades into the back of his mind.

Until the afternoon she didn't get up, she nearly fell asleep a few times but she woke up full of grief. She knows she couldn't get away from this. Sunlight spills all over the yard, the door lock clicks. Jake comes in with groceries and a blouse. "Honey, are you home? Hello?" Katlyn opens her eyes as Jake's steps approaches. He opens the bedroom door, and sees Katlyn lying on the bed like a corpse—she did not change, did not even put a quilt on her, and still, her feet are on the ground. "Oh my lord. What happened?" Jake's

head looks down to the floor and gasps, "That's my mom's bag. She said she lost it somewhere. Why is it on the floor?"

"I don't know. I thought someone broke into our house. Check the note." She says with a rough voice.

Jake picks up the note and reads it while Katlyn clears her throat and staggers to the bathroom. Warm water brings her face back to life, she brushes her hair and looks in the mirror. She stares long enough.

"She has our address? How did she even get in?" Jake's dim voice interrupts.

"I don't know, Jake." Katlyn turns to his direction and says. She recalls his mom's beautiful sapphire eyes, and her personality. She always dressed herself like a zebra and brought them to weird, avant-garde restaurants. Now everything makes sense. Katlyn closes the bathroom lights and leans against the door frame.

"Babe, I don't think I would make it to our dinner tonight."

"Perfect, honey. I was just about to tell you that I might need to get to my mom to, you know, talk to her." Jake smiled.

Katlyn stays, she makes a look light as a feather at his hand clenching the bag. His fingertips are whitening. It was tense, but clearly he didn't want to make it obvious.



"When are you leaving, then?"

"Now. As soon as possible."

"Okay... Remember to call me." She turns and sails back to the bed.

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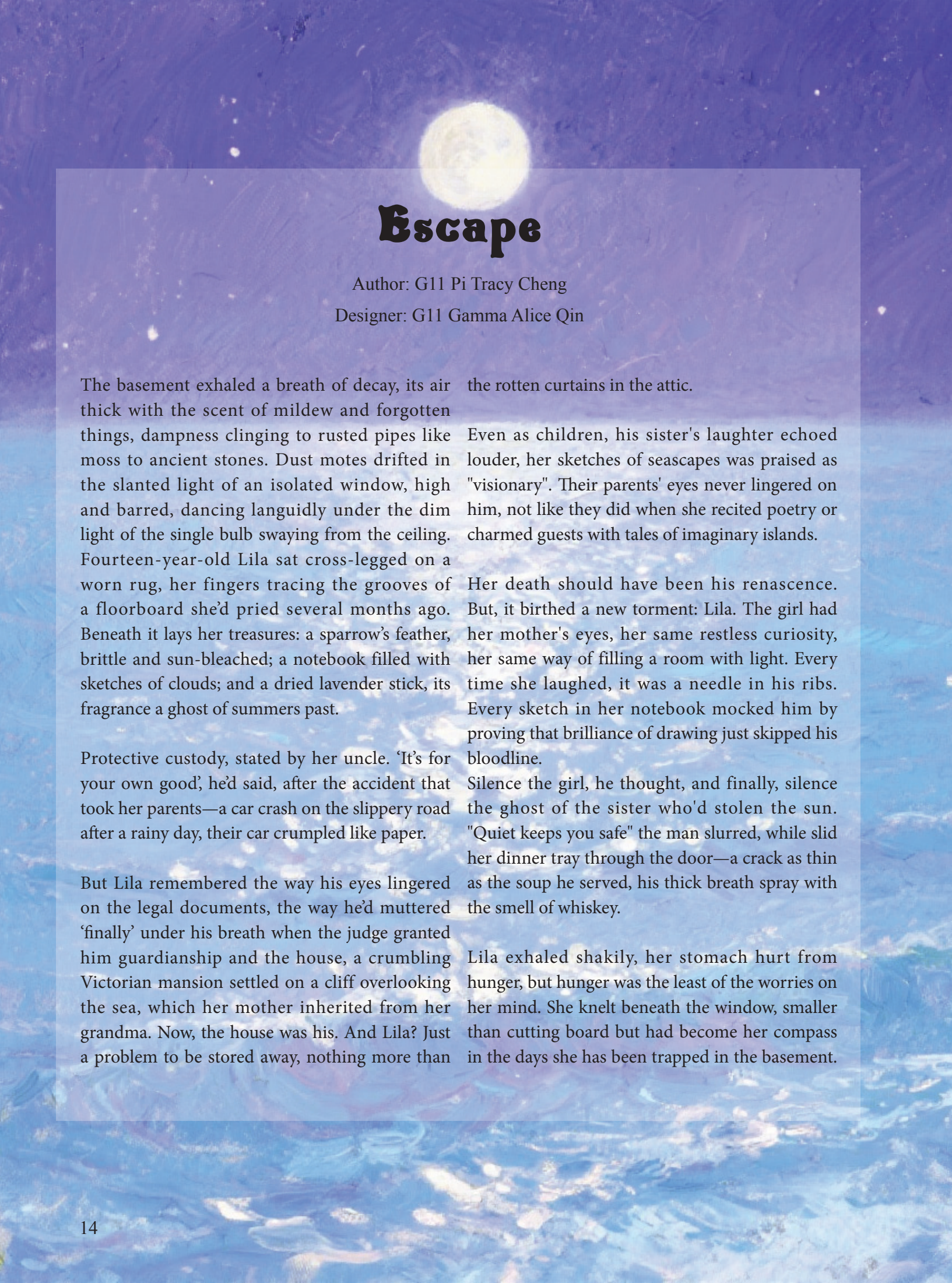
Beautiful, quiet summer afternoon. Spruces sway in gentle warm air. Katlyn pulls out a phone from under her pillow, unlocks it, and dials a number at the bottom of her phone page. She breathes in, no more perfume is left in the air, the scent of newly washed sheets comforts her like a baby. Her skin glows like moonlight reflected upon a pond.

"My fiancé's left till night. Can you take me out?" She speaks gently to the phone as if she was talking to a cat.

"Okay. Love you. Bye." Katlyn picks a burgundy silk dress from her closet, walks to the mirror and puts it in front of her. She tilts her head and smiles, as if she was in high school, profoundly white and blonde. Katlyn tries to keep the state while opening the front door. A white convertible waits by the sidewalk, a young man with sunglasses turns his head and waves. She slips in like a movie star and kisses him on the face.

The car is humming, sunset all over them, Katlyn is amused by the temperature of evening. She stares far. She doesn't know what she wants, and she doesn't want to know. She just let the wind blow on her cheeks, and felt her hair blossom like flowers."





Escape

Author: G11 Pi Tracy Cheng

Designer: G11 Gamma Alice Qin

The basement exhaled a breath of decay, its air thick with the scent of mildew and forgotten things, dampness clinging to rusted pipes like moss to ancient stones. Dust motes drifted in the slanted light of an isolated window, high and barred, dancing languidly under the dim light of the single bulb swaying from the ceiling. Fourteen-year-old Lila sat cross-legged on a worn rug, her fingers tracing the grooves of a floorboard she'd pried several months ago. Beneath it lays her treasures: a sparrow's feather, brittle and sun-bleached; a notebook filled with sketches of clouds; and a dried lavender stick, its fragrance a ghost of summers past.

Protective custody, stated by her uncle. 'It's for your own good,' he'd said, after the accident that took her parents—a car crash on the slippery road after a rainy day, their car crumpled like paper.

But Lila remembered the way his eyes lingered on the legal documents, the way he'd muttered 'finally' under his breath when the judge granted him guardianship and the house, a crumbling Victorian mansion settled on a cliff overlooking the sea, which her mother inherited from her grandma. Now, the house was his. And Lila? Just a problem to be stored away, nothing more than

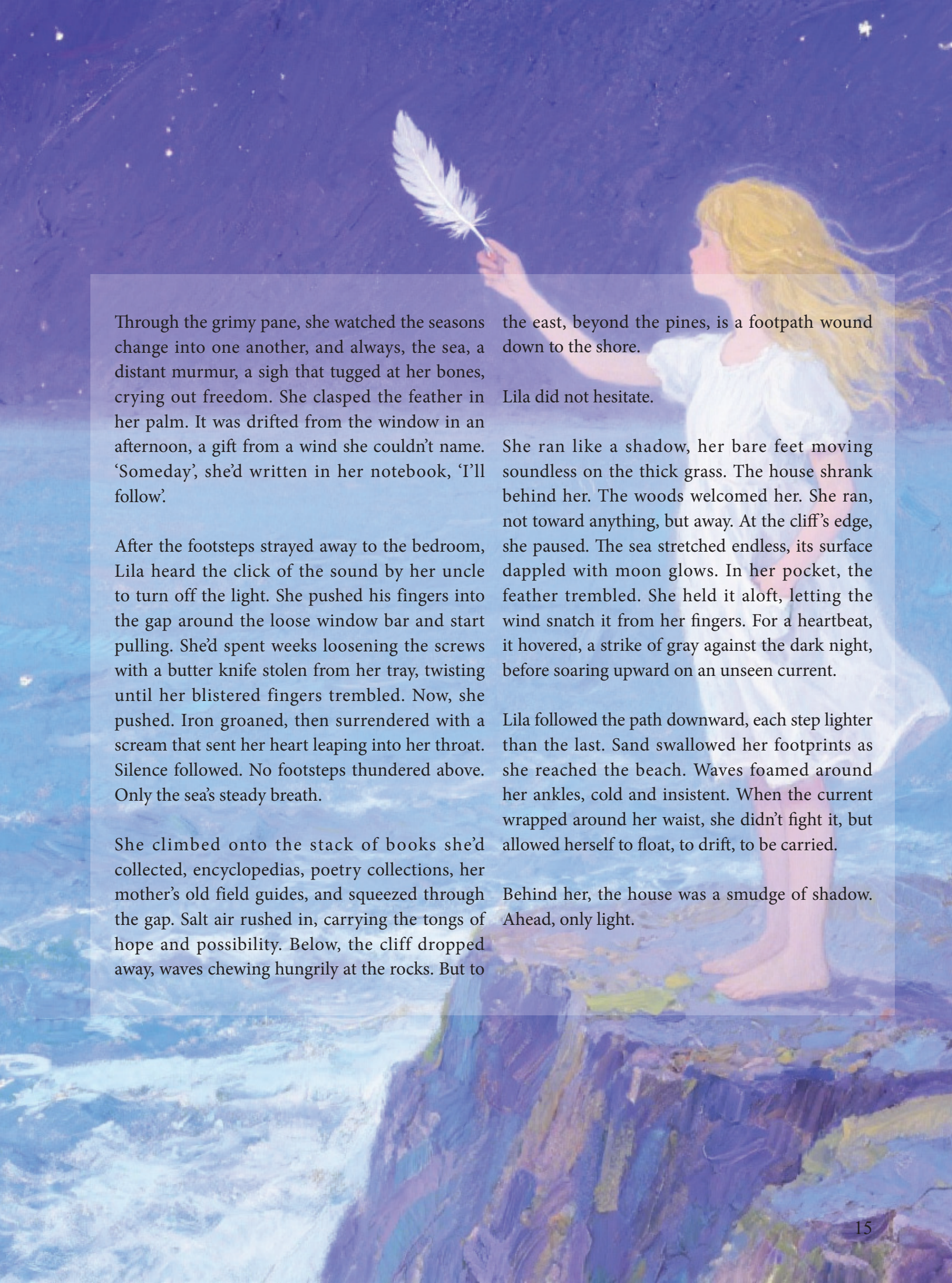
the rotten curtains in the attic.

Even as children, his sister's laughter echoed louder, her sketches of seascapes was praised as "visionary". Their parents' eyes never lingered on him, not like they did when she recited poetry or charmed guests with tales of imaginary islands.

Her death should have been his renaissance. But, it birthed a new torment: Lila. The girl had her mother's eyes, her same restless curiosity, her same way of filling a room with light. Every time she laughed, it was a needle in his ribs. Every sketch in her notebook mocked him by proving that brilliance of drawing just skipped his bloodline.

Silence the girl, he thought, and finally, silence the ghost of the sister who'd stolen the sun. "Quiet keeps you safe" the man slurred, while slid her dinner tray through the door—a crack as thin as the soup he served, his thick breath spray with the smell of whiskey.

Lila exhaled shakily, her stomach hurt from hunger, but hunger was the least of the worries on her mind. She knelt beneath the window, smaller than cutting board but had become her compass in the days she has been trapped in the basement.

A girl with long blonde hair is shown from the side, holding a white feather up towards a dark, starry night sky. She is wearing a white dress. The background is a deep blue and purple sky with many small white stars. The overall mood is dreamy and ethereal.

Through the grimy pane, she watched the seasons change into one another, and always, the sea, a distant murmur, a sigh that tugged at her bones, crying out freedom. She clasped the feather in her palm. It was drifted from the window in an afternoon, a gift from a wind she couldn't name. 'Someday', she'd written in her notebook, 'I'll follow'.

After the footsteps strayed away to the bedroom, Lila heard the click of the sound by her uncle to turn off the light. She pushed his fingers into the gap around the loose window bar and start pulling. She'd spent weeks loosening the screws with a butter knife stolen from her tray, twisting until her blistered fingers trembled. Now, she pushed. Iron groaned, then surrendered with a scream that sent her heart leaping into her throat. Silence followed. No footsteps thundered above. Only the sea's steady breath.

She climbed onto the stack of books she'd collected, encyclopedias, poetry collections, her mother's old field guides, and squeezed through the gap. Salt air rushed in, carrying the tongs of hope and possibility. Below, the cliff dropped away, waves chewing hungrily at the rocks. But to

the east, beyond the pines, is a footpath wound down to the shore.

Lila did not hesitate.

She ran like a shadow, her bare feet moving soundless on the thick grass. The house shrank behind her. The woods welcomed her. She ran, not toward anything, but away. At the cliff's edge, she paused. The sea stretched endless, its surface dappled with moon glows. In her pocket, the feather trembled. She held it aloft, letting the wind snatch it from her fingers. For a heartbeat, it hovered, a strike of gray against the dark night, before soaring upward on an unseen current.

Lila followed the path downward, each step lighter than the last. Sand swallowed her footprints as she reached the beach. Waves foamed around her ankles, cold and insistent. When the current wrapped around her waist, she didn't fight it, but allowed herself to float, to drift, to be carried.

Behind her, the house was a smudge of shadow. Ahead, only light.

景如画

A Living Art

天光茫，雨淅沥，独坐幽亭望柳堤。
风徐徐，云激浪，手中杯水轻荡漾。
杨柳飘，叶翻舞，落至远山幽静路。
景如画，愿长存，但见杯中闯红昀。

Daylight dims,
rain whispers low,
alone in the pavilion,
I watch willow shores.

Breeze lingers,
clouds churn like tides,
in my cup,
water trembles and glides.

Willows sway,
leaves twirl and flee,
drifting down the
mountain's hushed lea.

A Living Art—oh,
might it stay!
Yet red dusk
bursts in my cup's array.



Author: G10 Phi Richard Li
Designer: G11 Eta Carol Dong

02 Journal



The clearest way into the Universe is through a forest wilderness—or the wings of a bird.

—— John Muir

FEATHERS IN NEED: A GUIDE TO BIRD RESCUE

Author: G11 Theta Gabriel Shen

Designer: G12 Kappa Sharon Xiong

John Muir's words remind us that birds are portals to the universe's wonders. This passage is not only a guide to bird rescue, but also a philosophical reflection, as I learned that birds are mirrors—reflecting our capacity to care for the most vulnerable forms of life, and to return freedom where wildlife rightfully belongs.

ENCOUNTER — CHECKING HEALTH AND CONTACTING ORGANIZATIONS

On her way to the subway station, Ms. Ada found a bird on the ground. It kept trying to fly, but failed each time. Ms. Ada conducted a quick health check on the light-vented bulbul. Fortunately, the bird showed no visible injuries or signs of abnormal behavior, aside from its inability to fly. She immediately contacted me with a video call and followed my suggestions. Gently holding the bird in her hands, she brought it back home to care for it.

This is the right procedure when first encountering a bird in distress:

Evaluate the age, species, and physical state of the bird. Use an app like *Aboutbirds* or *Merlin Bird ID* to help you determine the identity of this poor creature.

Check for obvious wounds, fractures, diarrhea, convulsions, or other abnormal conditions. If the bird does not show an apparent anomaly, observe for longer times to prevent rash actions. Ask

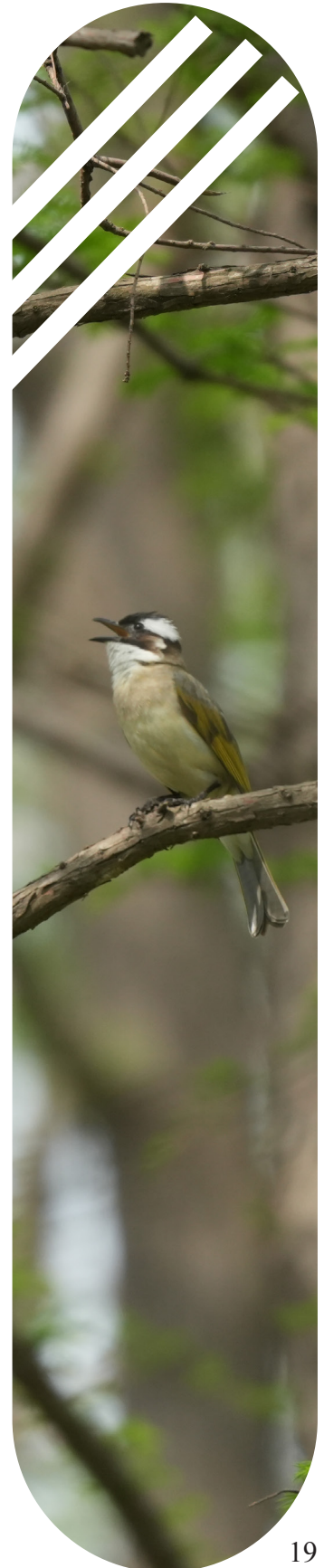
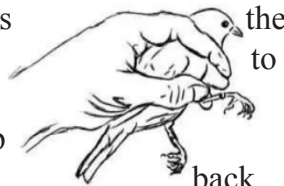
for help when uncertain about the bird's state.

Contact professionals for guidance, including the local Forestry Bureau, animal protection organizations, and birdwatching communities, and follow their suggestions. In Shanghai, dial 12345 (Citizen Service Hotline) to contact related organizations. However, there were still details that could be improved:

Hold the Bird's neck gently using two fingers, and keep the wings held towards the bird's body to prevent flut-

tering. Keep the bird's back towards the holder's palm. When dealing with a large bird, use a sock or handkerchief to shade its eyes and hold its claws together in the holder's hand.

Transport the bird using a carton if possible. Avoid exposure to harsh lights and heavy tossing.



SOJOURN — TEMPO- RARY SHELTER, FOOD, AND WATER

After arriving home, Ms. Ada placed the bulbul in a cardboard carton to serve as a temporary shelter. Following my advice, she lined the bottom of the carton with a towel and attached hand warmers to the walls to maintain warmth. She offered the bird a mixture of saline and millet; while the bird drank some of the saline, it refused to eat. Later, she moved the bird to her room and left mealworms and millet nearby in case it felt ready to eat on its own.

To create a better environment for recovery, follow the reminders below:

Cartons, instead of cages, are most suitable as a temporary shelter. Wild birds would continuously crash into the cage walls, attempting to escape, which causes excessive injuries and mental stress that hinder recovery



Heat Preservation comes first. Birds recover at an optimal temperature of approximately 30°C. Artificial warmers can be utilized to maintain warmth. Meanwhile, it is equally significant to monitor that the temperature

does not exceed the optimal range.

Hydration should be implemented frequently. Birds are organisms of extremely high metabolic rates. Thus, it is vital to provide the creature with sufficient water and electrolytes. Medical saline would be enough. Feed the bird slowly and gently with an injector or saline-dipped chopsticks. During hydration, closely observe for water inhalation risks. Saline may be provided in a shallow dish, but excessively large and deep containers should be avoided to prevent drowning. Food is recommended but not necessary. The food habits of specific birds can be found in handbooks and official WeChat accounts. Noticeably, if the bird refuses to eat, do not force

it. For bulbuls, insects, fruits, and seeds are the best food.

RECOVERY — OBSERVA- TION WITH MINIMAL DISTURBANCE



Ms. Ada's compassion was evident in every step she took to care for the bulbul. To make it feel less lonely, she thoughtfully purchased parrot toys and even placed parrot dolls beside it for companionship. She also followed my

recommendations diligently, refraining from lighting scented candles and limiting unnecessary visits to avoid stressing the bird. In addition, she carefully observed the bird's condition, paying close attention to its behavior, energy levels, and feces to monitor its health.

The following day, Ms. Ada brought the bulbul to me, and I placed it in the teacher's office to ensure a more controlled environment. To help the bird stay calm and reduce external stress, I restricted student interactions and minimized the opening of the carton, allowing the bulbul to rest and adjust in peace.

Her dedication is commendable; however, during animal rescue, it is crucial to obliterate human-centric viewpoints and develop a bird's mind:

Feces of a bird reveal the health conditions. Assess the presence of diarrhea by examining whether the feathers around the bird's vent are soiled with feces. If diarrhea is observed, immediately contact related organizations and ensure increased intake of



water and electrolytes for the bird.

Observe the energy levels of the bird once per hour. Avoid opening the box directly when observing the bird; instead, ensure that the bird is unaware of your presence. Pay attention to whether it flutters its wings, which indicates a positive sign of recovery.

Avoid the following behaviors to ensure minimal disturbance:

1. Feeding the bird with human food
2. The use of pungent or volatile substances in the room
3. Exposing the bird to strong light
4. Touching or any form of close physical contact with the bird

Do not expect the bird to react in the way you hope or imagine. A bird is an independent being and may not respond in ways that align with human expectations. A bulbul is probably unable to play with parrot toys due to variations in the toe morphology of *Passeriformes* (songbirds) and *Psittaciformes* (parrots).

Maintain respect for these delicate lives, and uphold a constant reverence for nature.

RELEASE — INEVITABLE FAREWELLS AND UNRE- STRAINABLE FREEDOM

Although it was difficult to part, the moment I saw the bulbul fluttering its wings, I knew it was time for its return to where it belonged. Around noon, we brought the carton outside the school. I gradually opened the box, allowing the sunlight to filter in slowly so the bird could adjust to the change in light. We carried it to a quiet, shaded corner and fully opened the carton, then stepped back to give it space.

After a few minutes of stillness, the bird suddenly flew out and landed on a nearby tree, joining others of its kind. It perched briefly on a branch, and then it was gone. It was as if it had never entered our lives at all—only an empty carton

remained.

The birds will always return to their own world:

Fluttering its wings frequently = time to set the bird free.

Release birds into specific biomes, avoiding areas with heavy human traffic, the presence of stray cats, or a lack of natural cover.

Keeping wild birds as pets is not only illegal, but also unethical—set them free, and let them return to where they truly belong.

Watching it disappear into the distance, we felt a sense of relief as well as melancholy emptiness. It reminded us that the bird was never ours to keep—it belonged to the trees, the sky, and nature.

Yet, we still had the feathers it left behind. It was at this moment that we understood: they belong to nature, not to us—creatures beyond our control, untouched by the molds of human will.

APPENDIX I: THREAT- ENED FEATHERS: ILLEGAL AND UNETHICAL ACTS AROUND US

Luring: Using baits, mainly food, to attract birds for photography.

Such behaviors disrupt normal foraging, courtship, and breeding behaviors of birds and lead to a series of negative ecological consequences. Bird-netting: Set to prevent birds from accessing crops and fruits.

ILLEGAL! Bird-netting causes indiscriminate suffering, trapping, and killing. Their use prioritizes human convenience over ecological balance.

Caged Wild Birds: Capturing wild birds (e.g., Chinese Hwamei) and keeping them in captivity as pets



***All wild bird species in China are protected under the “Three-Value” Wildlife Conservation List and safeguarded by law.**

Light-Vented Bulbul, *Pycnonotus sinensis* Length: 18-19cm

Well adapted to the urban environment, light-vented bulbuls can be found everywhere in Shanghai. In fact, it is considered the most common bird in Shanghai. Though you may not recognize them, you will likely know their songs.

Spotted Dove, *Spilopelia chinensis*

Food Habits: Seeds (They are the only vegan among the Big Four)

Spotted doves are so common that they actually develop a symbiotic relationship with humans. In contrast to magpies' exquisite nests, spotted doves adopt a minimalist style, with only a few sticks.

*Doves and pigeons are both members of the Columbidae family, but the former is smaller and the latter is larger in size.

Eurasian Tree Sparrow, *Passer montanus*

Length: 14-15cm

Food Habits: Grains & Insects (esp. during brood stage)

Sparrows were considered pernicious birds due to their food preference for grains. However, when nurturing their birdlings, sparrows feed heavily on insects and facilitate pest control. Nowadays, any attempt to harm them is against the law.

Chinese Blackbird, *Turdus mandarinus*

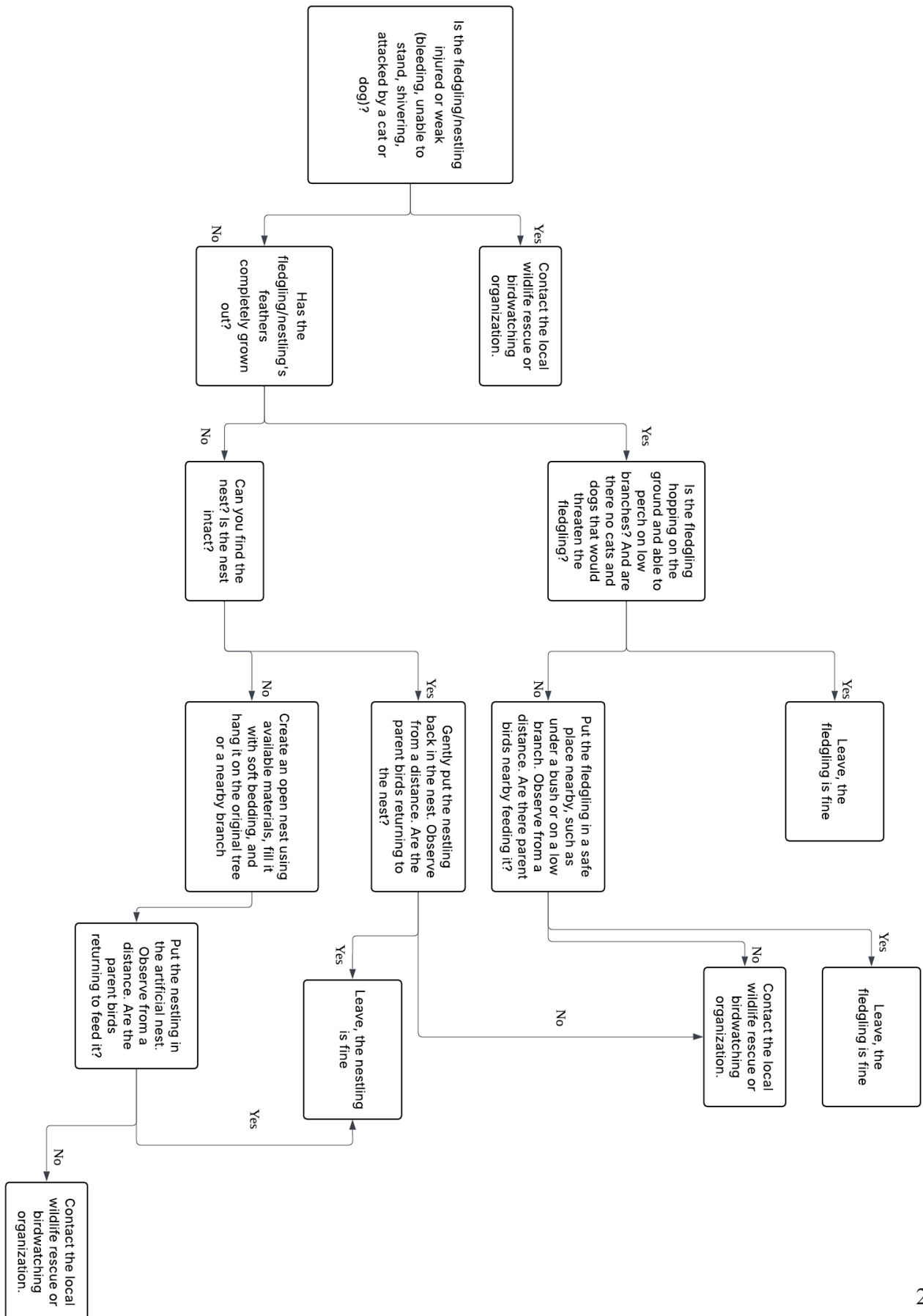
Length: 27-29cm

Food Habits: Earthworms & Insects

Usually seen in parks and forested areas, Chinese blackbirds are often mistaken for crows. Unlike corvids, Chinese blackbirds are timid and agile and can mimic birdsongs of other species.



APPENDIX III: IMMATURE FEATHERS: RESCUING BABY BIRDS 2





free

Author: G11 Kappa Tony Liu
Designer: G11 Eta Carol Dong

bird:

lynryd

skrynrd



luesy rhythm; three guitars; southern voice; long, fluffy hair; freedom with a hint of sorrow; and a name that's impossible to pronounce unless the band tells you exactly how to do it on their album cover and that's exactly what they did. Unmistakably, these spell "Lynyrd Skynyrd", to be "pronounced 'leh-'n é rd 'skin-'n é rd".

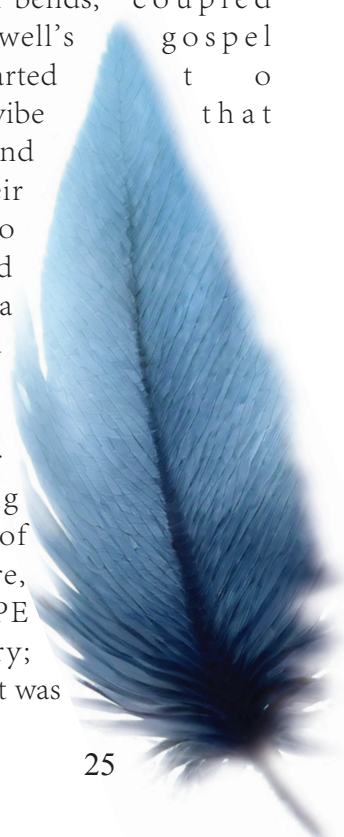
Frankly, most people don't tie a positive image to the American south. Dangerous habits, dustbowls, gun violence, terrible weather, poverty, stubborn believers, rampant racists, and filthiness. These are the words that pop up in my mind when I think about its mainstream image, and to be honest they are not very far from the truth. Because of its geographic distance from the centers of commerce at both coasts of America, the engraved conservatism that permeates the southern identity, and the Neoliberal industrial shift from manufacturing to finance making Southerners even more jobless, this region is recognized as the least developed area of America; America's "fence", almost. Think about the media that you have absorbed, and you'll notice that all the douchebags live here: Trevor in GTA5, Calvin Candie in Django Unchained (played by Leonardo DiCaprio), all the murderers in Memphis (which has murders more often than WLSA has quizzes and exams) and, depending on your take on American politics, President Bill Clinton (who was born in Arkansas). But the band Lynyrd Skynyrd lives here too, and they have some serious, rebellious, legendary, unbreakable retaliation against all the stereotypes that you have read above.

For those of you unfamiliar with Lynyrd Skynyrd, I highly recommend their most renowned track and one of the greatest tracks in southern rock history: "Free Bird". Like the Southern attitude and lifestyle, it starts off slow and morosely, almost like a disheartened cowboy talking in his dream about the journey he has to take. He grows increasingly confident of this journey, however, as he recognizes the value of freedom above all else; the "bird you cannot change" takes off in a flurry of frenzied guitar solo that seems to put the strings on southern fire with the lead guitarist Allen Collins's frantic playing. The solo totals at a staggering 4 minutes (longer than most Taylor Swift songs), but is a complete epic in itself that starts with bluesy

erupts in Southern rock fire. I beg of you: none of this could possibly make sense unless you go ahead and listen to it yourself, because only then can you experience the emotional catharsis and liberation derived from one of the hallmarks of rock music.

The story of Lynyrd Skynyrd itself is very similar to the progression of Free Bird. Allow me to start with the backdrop of American south in the 1960s; the majority of the south being rural and blue-collar laborers, the resentment towards Northern elites perpetuated the southern identity as well as Lynyrd Skynyrd's musical career, like their sarcasm of banks' cruelty in one of their earliest songs "Mr. Banker". With the Civil Rights movement in the 1960s, the abolition of segregation, and the condemnation of racism along with the whole of southern culture, people from the American south were widely regarded as being obstinately conservative and boorish. The southerners' resentment did nothing to change the fact that the country was hailing the very factors that they despised: preferring finance over manufacturing and counterculture sweeping the country.

In an atmosphere of depression and scarred by social division, five rebellious boys took to music to express the grit of their lives and the glory of southern culture, by championing the very musical elements that define the soul of the south. Guitarist Allen Collins actively included Blues music roots into his playing, like pentatonic scales and emotional guitar bends; coupled with keyboardist Billy Powell's gospel piano playing, the band started to create a rural story-telling vibe that told of southern struggles and pride. On top of that, their rebelliousness is brought to its apex by naming the band "Lynyrd Skynyrd", after a PE teacher, Mr. Leonard Skinner, who took the five boys into the principal's office for wearing their hair too long. The depressing social context, the pride of southern music and culture, and the most influential PE teacher in musical history; Lynyrd Skynyrd was born. It was



finger to the dirt-throwers, a voice for southern rebellion.

Throughout the late 60s they toured the southeast moving from bar to bar and stopping at gas station to gas station. The music industry back then had no room for southern rock – in fact the term "southern rock" hadn't been coined yet simply because no one famous did it – as the market was stuffed by British invasion bands (it's funny for a Beatles fan such as myself to see two of my beloved bands fighting for market) and psychedelic rock (that often aimed to replicate effects of LSD through music). The top brass in music industries simply had no idea what to do with a southern band that talked in a southern accent about southern life. But that didn't matter for Lynyrd Skynyrd; they simply continued blues-ing, gospel-ing, singing, and declaring their southern passion. By 1972, their big break finally came as they were signed to a label after its executive saw them play in Atlanta. Lynyrd Skynyrd then packed up their gear and rebellion, moved to Georgia, and unpacked them in the countless hours of rehearsal. With a year of effort and the addition of two new members, they released their first album to the world and to the south: "(Pronounced 'Lŋh-'n ē rd 'Skin-'n ē rd)". You can almost hear the the southern accent screaming "Lynyrd Skynyrd!!!" at you just by reading the southern accent screaming "Lynyrd

band's seven members waiting at a bus stop to go work. The free bird with the dirty feathers of media critique and radio hesitation took off at 1 million copies of their debut album and a soaring career ahead of them.

In 1974, their second album "Second Helping" brought them their biggest hit track: "Sweet Home Alabama", a retaliation to Neil Young's mockery of the southern way of life in his track "Southern Man". Despite that, it wasn't a song of spite or blind patriotism; instead, "Sweet Home Alabama" used smooth rhythm to depict the everyday southern life of "big wheels" and the "southland". Go ahead and feel the song for yourself: to me it is a song lined with Forrest Gump-like wisdom of optimistically moving on regardless of others' glances, and that energy would be vital as the band struggled through the next three years – which, unfortunately, would also be its last with the original lineup.

By from 1975 to 1977, fame took its toll on Lynyrd Skynyrd: fights among members broke out, drugs multiplied, and consequently music suffered. Its 1977 album "Street Survivors" was a self-critique of the band's descent into excess, but just as they picked up the passion to start anew with their trademark southern pride, tragedy struck:

On October 20, 1977, their plane crashed in Mississippi. Just like that, the bird fell from the sky,





I quote from the Shawshank Redemption:

"Some birds aren't meant to be caged, that's all. Their feathers are just too bright."

That fits right into Lynyrd Skynyrd, and everybody fighting for their dignity and freedom in the midst of darkness. Some people aren't meant to be silent, that's all. Their voices are just too loud and proud.



Quo Vadis

Author: G11 Gamma Joshua Ma

Designer: G11 Kappa Olivia Tang

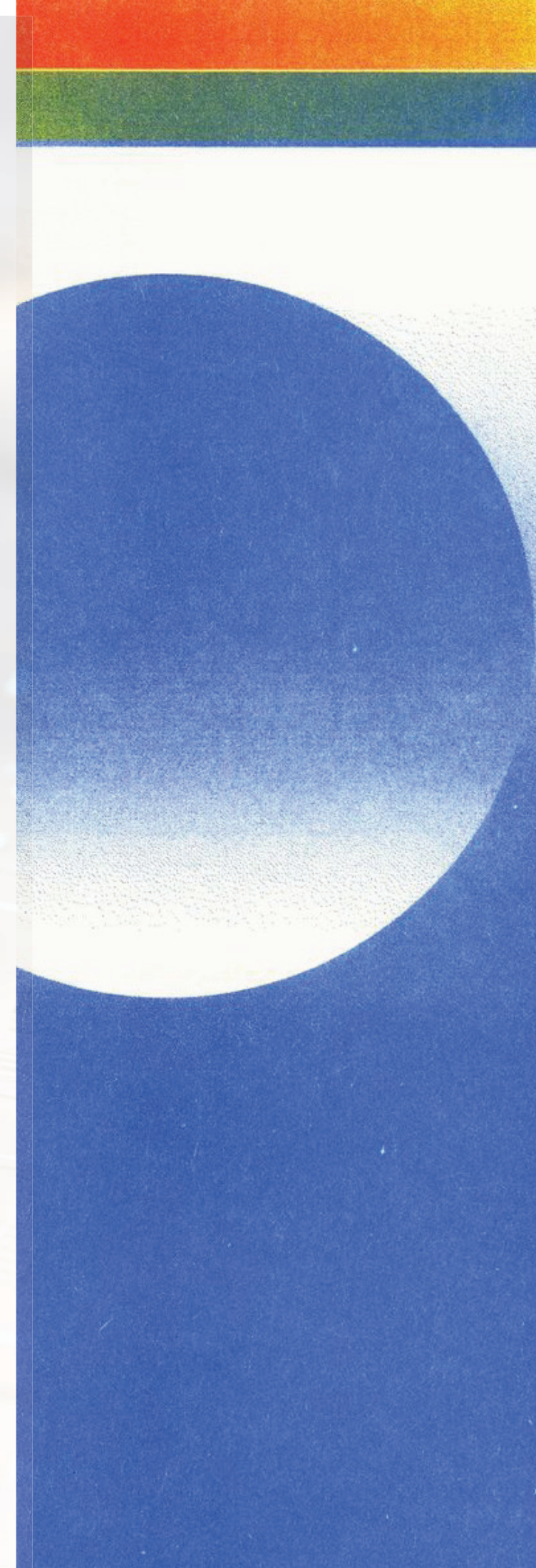
Starting from April 2, when Trump Administration announced “MAGA”

Liberation with reciprocal tariffs against more than 180 countries, the world was immediately plunged into a trade turbulence. This situation, in my view, is akin to a bursting pillow with feathers blowing chaotically in the air, or just like lava from a volcano outspreading angrily in every direction. Global stock exchanges, including key indicators like the DJIA and S&P 500, Nasdaq Composite Index experienced a continuous decline over 12 working days, resulting in a significant evaporation of world wealth and triggering big uncertainty to the world economy. For ordinary people, prices of eggs, toilet paper, bananas soared, forcing them to be more cautious with their pay slip and to turn off their air-conditioners or heaters to save some power spendings. The

feathers of this trade war fly aimlessly.

Over the past three decades, the world has embraced the concept that earth is flat and the world is fabricated as an entity, as envisioned by Thomas Friedman. Free trade, cross-border people and culture exchanges, and global supply chain with full collaboration and competition were believed to bring the best quality food, shelter, and commodities to people across the world. Organizations like the WTO and other regional free-trade entities flourished, facilitating the movement of countless cars, TV sets, beef, lobsters, fruits, and barley to where they were needed.

However, conflicts and differences are still there. Alarmingly, since World War II, there have been 248 regional conflicts or wars globally, plus, the breakthrough of high-



technology escalated the fatality of the conflicts and pushed people compete from property and natural resources ownership to the controlling power of marine, outer space, or even mind world.

Where will these tabulated feathers go? Is the world heading to volatility, uncertainty, complexity, ambiguity just like chaotic quantum or aimless feathers?

Quo Vadis.

Fortunately, they are not as humans, other than wild animals, we are privileged with rationality, morals, conscience and love. These will guide us out of uncertainty, as they are human's northern star.

Feathers flying, but they will settle down.

No Reasons Are Justified for Bullying

Author: G11 Kappa Jessica Tao
Designer: G11 Delta Rebecca Kuang

Have you ever worked or studied with people from different racial backgrounds? When staying with them, have you noticed others' behaviors and attitudes toward them? Even today, individuals of different ethnicity, especially Black and Asian people, continue to face verbal attacks and suffer from acts of aggression. Despite technological advancements, economic growth, and improvements in education and core values, women's fundamental rights are still intentionally violated and abused, leading to widespread gender-based bullying and unfair treatment. The repetitive, intentional harm inflicted on Black people, Asian people, and women by others exemplifies bullying, where there is "an imbalance of power" between the perpetrator and the victim (Anti-Bullying Alliance). Bullies cause serious harm to their victims' mental and physical health, with consequences that can even lead to death. This writing will explore how cultural norms and societal expectations contribute to the bullying of individuals based on unfair social categories, and how certain cultural practices are currently in place to help inhibit these abusive behaviors.

Due to historical backgrounds, deeply ingrained beliefs, and bigoted perceptions of superiority, people of minorities are often subject to bullying and abuse, though cultural practices aim to mitigate these harmful behaviors. For example, in the United States, 80 percent of people believe that African American people are bullied, and 70 percent believe that Asian people are teased, according to the Pew Research Center (Daniller). The lives of these people have been severely disrupted by these social injustices. In the workplace, they are also paid far less than historically privileged workers and have fewer chances for employment and promotion. In everyday life, they are far more likely to be



policed without any cause, and often face similar discriminatory treatment in the courts. The public often directs racial slurs and violent behavior towards them, makes offensive comments, and harasses them out of fear or prejudice (Datz). Even more troubling, in emergencies, Black individuals sometimes fail to receive proper and timely healthcare due to discriminatory attitudes from medical staff. As a result, many may avoid seeking medical help, choosing to suffer from diseases and illnesses themselves instead. For Black students, the chances of being bullied at school are considerably higher than those of their white peers. A survey revealed that Black students make up the largest proportion of bullied students, with “37% despite being only 15.1% of the K-12 student population” (Bersi). Such bullying targets not only Black people but also affects Asian individuals, who endure aggressive treatment, offensive slurs, dishonest stereotypes, and physical assaults. Bullies have also triggered a great number of grievous consequences for both mental and physical health, “including elevated blood pressure, heart disease, and even premature aging or mortality” (Roeder).

The reasons why such abusive acts exist are mainly due to the public’s historical contexts, dogmatic convictions, and a sense of racial superiority. For Black people, these acts of bullying stem from centuries of slavery, colonialism, and segregation. In the history of the United States, for instance, the economic development of agriculture created a considerable need for labor on plantations. With the high mortality rate of Native Americans due to disease and starvation, slavery became common and profitable because of its low cost and high efficiency. In 1619, when the United States was part of the British colonies, the first enslaved Africans arrived at Jamestown, Virginia, representing the beginning of slavery in America. In 1863, Abraham Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, declaring “that all persons held as slaves” within the rebellious states “are, and henceforward shall be free” (National Archives), which officially ended the

institution of slavery. Slavery persisted for nearly 300 years, shaping the status of Black people as a marginalized group and continuing to impact their lives today. Racial segregation further reinforced the belief that Black people were inferior to White people, consequently limiting their freedom, rights, and power, and intensifying the bullying towards them. For Asian people, they were bullied because of concepts like the “model minority concept,” “yellow peril,” and “COVID-19” (De Leon). Specifically, the model minority concept, “developed during and after World War II,” suggests that “Asian Americans were the ideal immigrants of color to the United States due to their economic success” (De Leon). On the other hand, Americans feared that Chinese immigrants would lower wage scales, alter the nation’s identity, and invade their lands because Chinese men were willing to take on most jobs, even women’s work, which could drive wages down because of the increased labor supply. Additionally, Americans, proud of white supremacy, feared that marriages between Chinese and Americans would result in mixed-race children. These factors all contributed to the invention of the term “Yellow Peril,” which depicted Asian Americans as “a sign of villainy, malevolence, or undesirability” (Bowling Green State University). In fact, this further deepened discrimination and led to increased bullying against Chinese people.

Therefore, to advocate for equality and alleviate bullying in society, cultural practices such as movements, social media, laws, and social justice and racial equality.



For example, Black Lives Matter, both “an abolition-centered foundation fighting institutional injustice and serving Black people globally” (Black Lives Matter) and a movement for Black lives, aims to address violence and bullying against Black people. Additionally, people can create and share videos on platforms like TikTok to share their experiences or insights about bullying, raising awareness and promoting social justice. Moreover, to prevent racial bullying in schools, most states have implemented laws that require schools to adopt anti-bullying and zero-tolerance policies. Schools also educate students with world history, helping to shape their understanding of people from different races and influencing their perceptions, behaviors, and attitudes toward them.

To fully address the issue of bullying, it is important to recognize that the problem extends beyond race. Gender-based bullying and discrimination are equally pervasive and damaging. Despite societal progress and improvements in education, women are still bullied and oppressed by the general public, with their rights being neglected and violated. These aggressive and deliberate actions, along with the so-called superiority of men, stem from long-standing cultural norms and gender expectations in most countries. While cultural practices exist to prevent such bullying, some politicians still don’t take these issues seriously and, in some cases, even worsen the problem.

Take South Korea, for instance: several years ago, Mr. Moon was caught targeting young women who were “looking for high-paying jobs through social media platforms and then luring them into making sexually explicit videos, promising big payouts” (Sang-Hun). He also hacked into these women’s accounts, retained their information, and threatened them by sending these videos to their family members to obtain more footage. Known as “the Nth Room Case,” the scandal ended with Mr. Moon and his accomplices being arrested; however, this didn’t put an end to the country’s violation

of women’s rights. The recent “deepfake porn crisis” has severely affected women’s lives and violated their personal privacy. With men uploading photos of women they know, deepfake technology can automatically attach these photos onto bodies engaged in sexual acts using artificial intelligence in mere seconds, grievously hurting girls of all ages. Similarly, Afghan women’s rights and status have deteriorated drastically under Taliban rule: harsh and restrictive gender norms have been imposed on girls, severely limiting their freedom. Girls are regulated by law to cover themselves completely, from head to toe, in public, and are also banned from education, most professions, working, going out alone, accessing healthcare, and more, which symbolizes extreme gender-biased violence against women.

These gender bullying and acts of violence mostly happen because of cultural norms that have developed throughout history.

In many cultures, women are viewed as subordinate and inferior to men, often expected to follow rules and orders strictly without much right to speak and responsible for nurturing their families and sacrificing their lives. For example, in Chinese history, Confucianism dictated that women were typically charged with kinship roles: being a daughter, wife, and a mother in their lifetime. Later, women came to represent yin, which means “soft, yielding, receptive, passive, reflective, and tranquil,” while men represented yang, meaning “hard, active, assertive, and dominating.” The natural



relationship between yin and yang is the reason that men lead and women follow (Ebrey). During the Han dynasty, the law permitted men to divorce their wives on seven grounds, but a woman couldn't initiate this unless mutual agreement of divorce was reached. Afterwards, during the Song dynasty, the practice of foot binding, binding "the feet of girls aged five to eight using long strips of cloth" (Ebrey), was pervasive. While aimed to please the courts and enhance beauty, it greatly limited women's freedom and made walking difficult. Women's status in ancient Greece was similarly restricted: they had few rights, couldn't vote, own land, or inherit property.

Beyond historical events and cultural traditions, social expectations also elicit gender bullying: society often expects girls to follow rules strictly, maintain a slender figure, and be beautiful and diligent, so girls are sometimes criticized and teased if they don't meet these standards. I experienced this myself: I was fat in middle school and sometimes overheard some peers laughing at and remarking on my appearance and figure. This made me feel offended and sad. Society imposes strict aesthetic standards for girls, presuming they should be thin and pretty. Historical events, cultural traditions, and social expectations shape people's thinking, leading to the gender inequality and bullying in current society.

Therefore, cultural practices such as international laws, education programs, and community initiatives, try to resolve these issues. Outlining the bill of rights for women, the Convention on the Elimination of All Forms of Discrimination (CEDAW) is an international treaty signed by many countries to protect the equal rights of men and women. Global organizations like Girls Not Brides focus on creating worldwide movements to end child marriage, educate people about its harms, and provide support to at-risk girls. However, some politicians' indifferent attitudes and radical language exacerbate the situation for women. India, for

instance, has very high rates of rape cases, but politicians often find excuses for men and blame the victims. For instance, the home minister of Madhya Pradesh, Mr. Gaur, once stated, "It [rape] is a social crime that depends on the man and the woman. It is sometimes right and sometimes wrong." Similarly, the chief of the regional Samajwadi Party, Mr. Yadav, remarked, "Boys make mistakes. They should not be hanged for this. We will revoke the anti-rape laws" ("Indian Politicians' 'Unfortunate' Rape Remarks"). Such absurd and unjustified comments condone gender bullying and further diminish the status and rights of women.

Currently, people are still bullied because of their race and gender, leading to severe consequences for their mental and physical health. These behaviors mainly stem from social expectations and cultural norms rooted in historical contexts, long-standing beliefs, and ideas of supremacy. Although cultural practices have been made to improve these conditions, inappropriate and unreasonable remarks continue to exist. Society must take these issues of bullying, social injustice, and inequality seriously, working together to create a warm and united environment for all human beings. Only through collective efforts can we hope to eradicate such discriminatory practices and foster a more inclusive world for future generations.



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03 Art

Baltimore's Inner Harbour



This picture was taken in the Inner Harbour of Baltimore, Maryland. Baltimore is an important seaport in the United States. Though there were not many people walking on the streets, areas beside the Inner Harbour seemed to be livelier. People were chatting, driving boats at leisure, and enjoying their weekend.



Seagull

Landing on the spine of a boat
I am the captain
With iron in my gaze
Looking straight to the front
The ocean is vast
Pulsing mystery and danger
But I won't fear
For I have my wings

Artist: G11 Tau Emily Ding
Designer: G11 Eta Emmie Zhang

Light Within

Author: G11 Theta Sara Lin
Designer: G10 Sigma Sherri Sun

"Light Within" delicately traces a young survivor's journey through the observant eyes of a companion. The watercolor medium breathes life into her transformation - from the pale washes of isolation to the vibrant hues of reconnection. Each translucent layer captures fragile moments where fear and hope intersect, while the observer's steadfast presence emerges in warm golden strokes. This series celebrates the quiet alchemy that occurs when trauma is met with patient witnessing, where simple acts of understanding become the brush that paints new possibilities onto wounded canvas.



Mending Light

Author: G11 Theta Sara Lin
Designer: G10 Sigma Sherri Sun

"Mending Light" intricately weaves a survivor's final stage of healing through tactile mixed media. Punch-needle embroidery forms the foundation -each stitch a deliberate act of self repair. The gritty quartz sand background gives way to an oil-painted figure emerging with quiet determination, her features softly blurred yet resolute. Flecks of gold thread and wool pom-poms radiate outward like fragments of reclaimed joy. This work embodies the profound moment when trauma transforms into self-compassion, where brokenness is not erased but lovingly rewoven into new strength.



临江仙·滚滚长江东逝水

滚滚长江东逝水
浪花淘尽英雄
是非成败转头空
青山依旧在
几度夕阳红
白发渔樵江渚上
惯看秋月春风
一壶浊酒喜相逢
古今多少事
都付笑谈中

楊慎臨江仙文諒於滬

这幅书法作品是我用欧体书写的明代文学家杨慎的词——《临江仙·滚滚长江东逝水》。这首词描绘出了江流不息中的历史兴亡更替，让人读来荡气回肠、回味无穷。欧阳询的欧体书法，既端庄工整，又结构险峻，也是我非常喜欢的书法家和字体。我希望能用中国的书法，书写中国的文学经典，传递我们传统文化的美。

Author: G10 Eta William Gu

Designer: G10 Pi Isabel Wan

04 School Event

WLSA Spring Exchange

—AN EMBRACE OF SPORTS,
CULTURE AND DIVERSITY



AUTHOR- G11 THETA ALICE JIANG / DESIGNER- G11 ETA LUCAS ZHANG

As Confucius's famous saying goes, "Is it not a joy to have friends come from afar?" This April, WLSA warmly welcomed exchange students from Italy and South Africa to explore different school life and build global communities.

Through the full participation of the daily school schedule with WLSA student buddies, the exchange students were able to enjoy a truly immersive educational experience in WLSA. From engaging in thought-provoking discussions during Colloquy seminars, to exploring abstract theories and real-world applications in Physics lectures, they gained insight into the diverse learning experience on campus.



In School



After School

Beyond the classroom, the colorful afterschool clubs—ranging from arts academics and social initiatives—offered platforms for creative expression, personal development, and contributions to the communities. Through this holistic involvement, the exchange students not only experienced the rhythm of WLSA school life, but also developed deeper understanding of the distinctive approaches for learning and growth.

No sports, no WLSA. Led by the school varsity team members, the exchange students engaged in various sports such as volleyball and table tennis with WLSA students, enabling valuable opportunities to improve skills and pursue excellence. As a sports enthusiast, one of the exchange student Matthew was invited by the school basketball team to participate in a match together. Through mutual learning and collaboration, they discovered shared interests



The beauty of diverse cultures lies not only in their similarities but also in their differences. During this enriching journey, the exchange students stood in awe of the panoramic skyline from the top of the Shanghai Tower, feeling the pulse of the city's vibrant energy as they sailed on a night cruise along the Huangpu River. The bustling modernity of Shanghai met with the minds of Western beliefs, sparking reflections on the magical way that cultures intertwine and differ.

When the exchange students stepped down the historic paths of the Great Wall and through the ancient corridors of the Forbidden City, the students were not merely absorbing history but engaging in a deeper, more meaningful dialogue with the past. They were not only learning about past triumphs and struggles but also weaving a thread of cross-cultural understanding, building bridges between worlds often seen as separate.



When it comes to Chinese culture, how can one overlook its distinctive cuisine? This is why the exchange student buddy, Jayden Chen, invited his fellow exchange student, Matthew, to enjoy Chinese hotpot and local milk tea. Amid the steaming warmth of the bubbling hotpot, and in the sweet, settling pearls of the milk tea, youths from two distant corner of the planet were able to come together and recognize the variety of norms and traditions. Embracing differences also formulate a bridge to share and connect. Sara Lin, a student who took classes with exchange students, mentioned that this experience helped her realize that when encountering people with different backgrounds, it's important to listen to their stories and share our own. Such mutual exchanges pave the way for better communication."

Although the two-week exchange journey is fleeting, its impact on WLSA students and the exchange students are long lasting. These interactions enable us to find common grounds, acknowledge differences, and foster diversity and inclusions. In essence, the true meaning of exchange lies in the reciprocal act of mutual giving and receiving, not just in the tangible, but in the invisible connections we forge with one another—connections that continue to enrich and expand our understanding of the world and ourselves for life.



Fresh Start of A New Semester

Author: G10 Phi Avery Liu

Designer: G10 Kappa Gracia Chen

On a spring-colored Friday in March, we held another sports day in great care and passion.



At Huochetou Stadium in Jing'an District, a grand poster, in cooling blue and fluid fonts, caught our eyes as we arrived. Balloons decorated the front of the stage in pink and blue, like neon lights on the streets. All around, performers hurried about—checking makeup, adjusting costumes, and running through their final rehearsals. Meanwhile, our lively hosts, Vincent and Sherry from Grade 10, kicked off the event with an enthusiastic opening speech that instantly energized the crowd and set the tone for the day. Following the speech, our international principal, Mr. Marcel Gauthier, stepped up to the microphone. His warm words of excitement and encouragement inspired all of us. With a cheerful smile, he officially declared the sports day open.

Every class in school lined up with their unique slogan and show prepared, as well as their self-designed flags leading in front. As they marched in, sunlight illuminated their anticipation for what was coming. The WLSA Cheerleading team gave off a magical dance—their dynamic performance, perfectly choreographed and full of energy, received loud applause from the audience. Every movement was powerful and cheering, reflecting the time and effort they had put into preparation. After that, Melinda from G10 amazed us with another dance, but with bold and strong expressions, reclaiming the audiences' gasps. The opening segment concluded with the athletes' representative delivering a speech on sportsmanship and integrity, reminding us that the true spirit of the games lies in fair play and perseverance.

NO SPORTS NO WLSA



WLSA SHANGHAI ACADEMY SPORTS MEET OF 2025

SPORTSDAY

The games started in no time, the huge stadium was filled with competitors fighting for the first place. From badminton and frisbee to football and relay races, the range of events was impressive. The football field came alive with students sprinting across the grass, weaving through defenders, and striking the ball with determined precision.



On the badminton courts, shuttlecocks flew like arrows, cutting through the air. In the frisbee matches, teammates moved in perfect sync. Meanwhile, races set off with one whistle after another, racers took their marks, letting out incredible speed, eyes locked on the finish line.



Applause erupted as each winner's name was called. Afterward, all students participated in cleaning the stadium, collecting trash and restoring order—an act of shared responsibility and respect for the space. We returned to school on buses, tired but fulfilled.

A·FRESH·START·OF·A·NEW·SEMESTER

The games lasted from the morning to the afternoon, although the efforts are tiring to make, athletes won their places, volunteers took great responsibility, and teachers and judges dedicated their work on ordering games and recording scores.

As afternoon came, the sunlight dimmed and temperature cooled, the day ended with an awarding ceremony. Athletes who won the first place in games and races went on the stage, accepting their deserved awards.

As always, sports day reminded us that winning is not everything. What truly matters is the courage to participate, to give your best, and to support each other along the way. In that spirit, everyone who stepped onto the field was already a winner.

"Under the rapid pace of urban life and the constant ideological conflicts around the world, people are sometimes too busy to search for meanings in life. If you are one of them, please find answers in this book, with inspiring quotes like 'They are made for life, not for thought. Yes, and he who thinks, what is he there for? He is made for freedom. He who thinks for himself is free.'"

DER STEPPENWOLF

HERMANN HESSE



BOOK: *Steppenwolf*
Recommended by:
G11 Theta Alice Jiang

SHOW: *Derry Girls*
Recommended by:
G11 Theta Seven Xu



"My colloquy teacher, Mr. Brandon, once recommended *Derry Girls* as a masterful blend of humor and heart, and he was absolutely correct. This brilliant coming-of-age comedy captures adolescent life with remarkable authenticity, finding humor in chaos while never losing sight of its characters' humanity. The friendship at its core is endearing and everlasting, showing that even life's messiest moments can be uplifting."

FEATHER

Editor's Picks

SONG: *Blackbird*
Recommended by:
G10 Gamma Angela Li



"Written by Paul McCartney and released in 1968, 'Blackbird' is an iconic Beatles folk track with lyrics inspired by the civil rights movement in the southern United States. Whether you're a guitarist looking to challenge your skills or simply a fan of meaningful music, 'Blackbird' is an absolute gem that will not disappoint."

"No, not the Sabrina Carpenter song, but the movie that inspired it. For a popular and widely acclaimed film, this movie surprisingly perfects the soft but humorous tone of an indie film, especially with the soundtrack that genuinely feels like a warm hug from home. If that wasn't enough to convince you what a great watch this is, the male lead is literally Michael Cera."



MOVIE: *Juno*
Recommended by:
G11 Eta Emmie Zhang

Farewell from Thea,
WLIFE 2023-24 Editor-in-Chief

加上新竹园的 G9，我已经在 WLSA 待了 4 年了。现在毕业离开，觉得时间过得又快又慢。回想起来，在 WLSA 的时间我得到的最珍贵的就是和人的联结：我们的校园小小的，但是这反而增加了我和朋友老师碰面的频率，去办公室问问题也不用走很远的路了，走班制的 5 分钟课间也够用了。我很感激在 WLSA 遇到的所有老师，从仔细批注的申请 essay 到坦诚分享的人生选择，是你们让我相信教育的力量在于“具体的人”。同时，我更庆幸遇到一群真实的朋友，你们陪我走过了很多艰难压力很大的时候，我会一直记得申请季期中期末我们在大学路咖啡馆学到关门然后去吃夜宵的那些记忆。你们给了我很多很多很温暖的爱。我们都即将前往更大的大学，我相信这段小而紧密的集体生活，或许是未来面对更广阔的世界时可靠的锚点。

---- G12 Eta Thea Zhang