

pro tem

NOTRE VOIX — NOTRE HISTOIRE

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le 31 octobre 2020

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Trapped

Kitty Yin
Metropolis

When I wake up, the room is filled with light. I exhale and a calm feeling flows over me from head to toe, like a warm, comforting blanket. When I brush my teeth and get ready, everything is the same. I go back to the bathroom and pause to see my reflection in the mirror; I see my lips tighten and frown as the slightest sense of unease makes my heart rate increase slowly. I shake my head to clear it, and the uneasy feeling fades as I descend the stairs. Everything is normal. From the kitchen emanates the sharp, pungent smell of coffee, and as I pour myself a cup I look outside — the sun is bright and I am at peace again.

I take my coat to go outside for a walk and a sense of fear surprises me; it is stronger than the discomfort from before. I figure that breathing in fresh air will help me find out why that is, and step out. There

is no one else on the street. A growing sense of inexplicable dismay fills my chest and quickly moves down to my toes — my street is never this empty on a Saturday. A knot forms in my chest now. The feeling that something is wrong steadily heightens as I walk briskly down the narrow, suburban street. I come to an intersection and look around — my head turns swiftly and the unexplainable anxiety diminishes as I see a young woman jog past on the opposite side of the street, her dog panting happily at her side. I shake my head at having been paranoid for nothing and smile; I'm feeling lighter now, and turn right.

I've made it down a few blocks, towards the centre of the neighbourhood. I'm thinking about my homework and whether I should call my friend tonight — it's been at least a week. No, two. A month? Time seems to stand still lately. I am deep in contemplation when a thought suddenly races through my brain and overtakes all the others: "the air is contaminated." I frown, and

stop in my tracks; there is no reason why that thought should exist. I continue onwards at a faster pace, when the feeling of a stone dropping down from my throat to the bottom of my stomach seizes me abruptly; my eyes begin to widen with shock and disbelief. For I notice, with a startled pang in my chest, that the people around me — pushing a stroller, riding a bike, a couple walking past — have no mouths. Not that they don't have one at all — I know they must, but somehow, I can't see them from the nose down. The lower half of their faces are not blank, but blocked. Confusion overwhelms me and I convince myself to move forward, thinking I must be tired from staying up late last night.

I enter an affluent neighbourhood in the core of the suburban community to see a family of four coming slowly towards me — a mother, father, and their two children, both under six years of age. I smile at them as they approach me but a few

Continued on **PAGE 6**

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About Us

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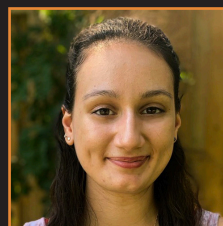
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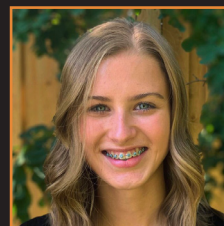
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Bonjour, Glendon!

Joyeuse fête d'Halloween ! As promised, I present you with Pro Tem's spooky season surprise! We've been so excited to release this issue since the beginning of the semester, in hopes that it would bring the Halloween spirit to all our readers in isolation. Nous savons que cette année l'halloween est un peu différent et que la plupart des festivités semblent perdues, donc nous espérons fêter avec vous par cette publication.

Throughout the issue, you'll find exclusively eerie content, from recipes, to playlists, to suggestions on how to celebrate this Halloween. My personal favourite part of the issue can be found in Expressions: Chaire de poule - Pro Tem's Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark! The Pro Tem team gathered all our creative energy to put together a series of terrifying tales — our own bilingual take on Goosebumps, the horror novels we all know and love from childhood. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoyed writing them!

Le prochain événement que Pro Tem a à vous offrir est AGO... +G. AGOG, l'Art Gallery of Glendon, est notre tentative de rendre la célébration de l'art par une galerie d'art accessible à Glendon pendant la pandémie. Allez à notre Instagram ou Facebook pour plus d'information! Si vous faites d'art visuel de n'importe quel type, nous vous encourageons à soumettre vos œuvres! Vous pouvez les soumettre en envoyant à @protemglendon sur Instagram, ou à editor@protemglendon.com par courriel.

Merci d'avoir pris le temps de lire un autre publication de votre journal étudiant! Nous vous encourageons à soumettre votre propre travail, si l'écriture, les photographes ou l'art, à Pro Tem pour qu'il soit publié.

À la prochaine fois,

Eden Minichiello
Editor in Chief



The Haunting of Glendon Manor

Rejean Ghanem
Contributor

To our dismay, the hot summer is over and the leaves are beginning to change. Iced coffees are being replaced with lattes and the days are ending earlier. As the trees turn from green to orange, we often take our cameras out while passing by the beautiful manor on our campus. We've heard of its rich history, but have you heard of its haunted past?

This may surprise you, but Glendon is a feature on Toronto's Ghost Tour and is recognized as haunted by the Toronto Ghosts and Hauntings Research Society! Glendon is home to many ghosts which have been reported by dozens of witnesses.

Many claim to see a floating woman in a white dress strolling through the rose garden late at night. It is believed to be Mrs. Wood, who lived in the manor years ago, and owned the rose garden herself. Sometimes inside the manor, students have reported seeing her standing by a window and often smell perfume when she's around. Want to see more ghosts? If you dare, take the stairs to the second floor of the manor where you may encounter a darker spirit. A former head of the house, who is unable to move on, angrily haunts the second floor. Many report feeling watched and the sudden urge to flee after being on the second floor.

But what about the residences? During my time in Hilliard, I remember hearing other residents' personal encounters in both the Wood and Hilliard buildings. Naturally, students are a little more fearful of Wood since it is older. However, only in the basement of Wood have there been reports of spirits, some even reported to the Toronto Ghosts and Hauntings Research Society. Students report random objects going missing and reappearing from nowhere, feeling watched, and feeling as if someone is following them. In Hilliard, students also report feeling watched although some already believe they know the spirit who haunts the dorms. They believe it is Marion Hilliard herself, a former nurse that the residence is named after, floating about the hallways. Some students have reported waking up in the middle of the night and seeing a woman standing over them, looking down.

Is Glendon really haunted? Or are these just stories retold from overactive imaginations? If it is the former, do we

have enough evidence? If it is the latter, then why are so many students reporting the same experiences? Perhaps it is something you have to experience on your own to believe. I, personally, believe there is more to our world than what we can see. If you're curious, take a friend and visit the manor around Halloween, and maybe you will be the next person to report a ghostly encounter. But I do remind you to protect yourself if you go. Be respectful to both the living and dead. Most importantly, do not search for something that you do not really wish to discover. Have fun, but be safe.

Disclaimer: If you do decide to visit the Glendon Manor, please respect all COVID-19 guidelines and restrictions.



12.11.2020 | 5 PM EDT

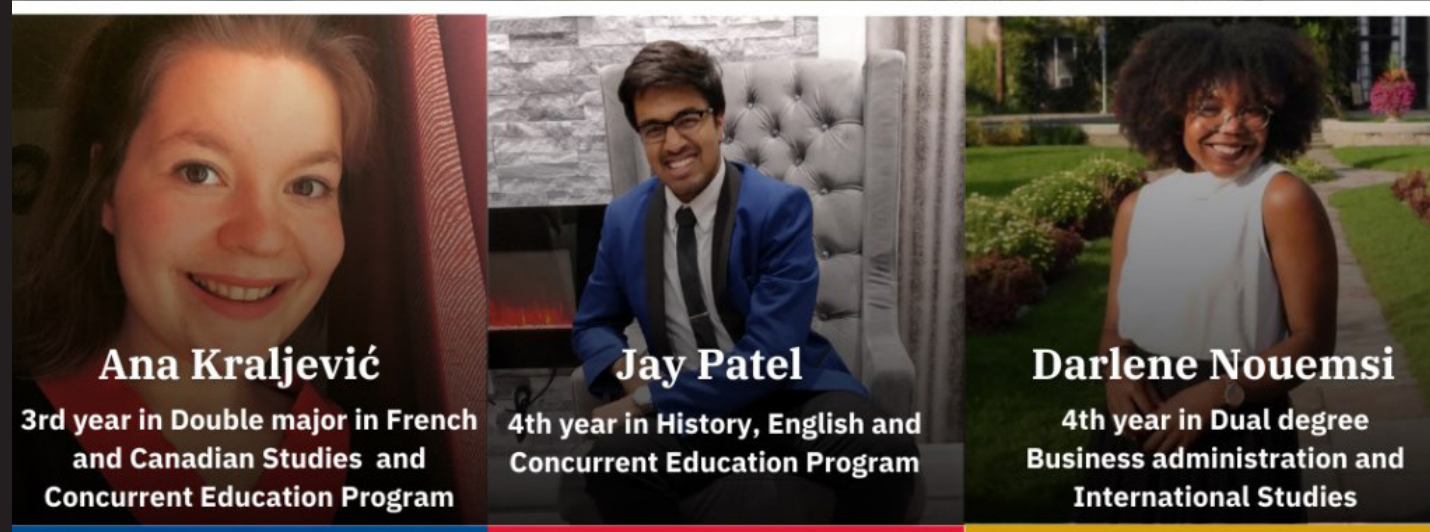
En conversation avec...

Fireside Chat with...

Nos étudiants et étudiantes sont les artisans du changement.
Our students as changemakers.

Rencontrez nos trois étudiants-panélistes pour partager leur expérience, leur implication et leur impact à Glendon.

Meet our three student-panelists who will discuss their experiences, their involvement and impact at Glendon.



Ana Kraljević

3rd year in Double major in French and Canadian Studies and Concurrent Education Program

Jay Patel

4th year in History, English and Concurrent Education Program

Darlene Nouemsi

4th year in Dual degree Business administration and International Studies



Handwashing Practices for Good Boys and Girls

Adam Kozak
Assistant English Editor

I live in an older apartment building on Lakeshore. You know the type; brick, kind of dilapidated, built in the 1980s or something like that. I've lived there with my family for as long as I can remember, in a rear-facing unit with a nice view over Lake Ontario. When we were kids, my sister and I would play with the other kids in the block in the park behind the building, so we knew the other residents well. My father often complains jokingly about how much noise we made running up and down the floors, "like you all had mad cow disease." We had free reign of most of the apartments in the whole building back then.

There was one unit we weren't always free to enter: unit 206. The dusty and sketchy-looking door with those three rusted numbers stood at the end of the hallway where our unit was. For as long as I can remember, no one has ever lived there. We only ever saw the inside of it occasionally when we heard feral cats take up residence in it and called the super to unlock the apartment and chase them out. It looked like the place hadn't been updated since it was built: walls painted teal, corduroy couch, and in the very center of the living room was one of those little old LCD TVs with wooden accents. We some-

times tried to turn the thing on when we followed the super inside, but we could never get it going before he chased us out, too. But at night, if you stood outside the door of 206, you could hear noises coming from inside. Occasional crackles of static and white noise, then suddenly the sounds of a broadcast that was so quiet you couldn't make the words out from behind the door. Sometimes we'd make each other stand in front of that door late at night as a dare. When I went down there once, I picked out one phrase from the noise coming from the unit. In an upbeat, sing-song voice, almost like that of an old-timey radio announcer, it said: "Always remember to wash your hands!"

Recently, an incident occurred in that unit. The building was upgrading to fiber TV and Internet, so a lot of the units had to have their walls torn down to get at the wiring, including unit 206. I think it was kind of a rush job, because the three technicians who came that day worked past sunset. My sister and I watched the super open unit 206 for them as we came back from class that evening.

The next morning, we could hear loud voices coming from down the hall. When I poked my head out our door, I saw three police officers struggling to restrain one of the technicians I saw yesterday. As they dragged him into the stairwell, he screamed repeatedly "I have to wash them! Mine must be clean!" growing more frantic with every repetition. Just as the officers dragged him around the corner, I saw his hand reach out past the wall. It was horribly mangled, so badly that little bits of bone peeked through his flesh. An officer

stopped me from entering the apartment when I went to ask what's going on, saying "This is a crime scene. Please go back to your unit." I obeyed. But not before I caught a glimpse of the top half of an eviscerated corpse lying behind the door. It looked like it had been drained clean of blood, or left out in the desert for days until all that was left was dried skin and bones.

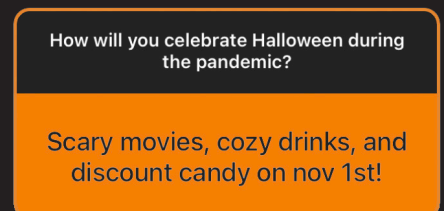
That night, curiosity got the better of me. I waited until I heard the officer on duty leave, then snuck up the hallway to the apartment door. It was cordoned off, but the door must have been damaged in the struggle because the doorknob was hanging off the door by splinters. I found two chalk outlines on the floor of the apartment and spatters of dried blood, mainly around the midsection of the figures. There was also a bit of steel wool lying a small distance from the outlines, in the direction of the kitchen. I was about to go look in there when I heard the crackle of static behind me. I turned around and watched the little TV in the living room come alive. I was greeted by the black-and-white image of a 30-something year old man, dressed in a plain gray suit with way too much grease in his hair. He cleared his throat, then with a beaming, ear-to-ear smile, said simply: "Welcome to Handwashing Practices for Good Boys and Girls."

I hear the footsteps of the officer coming back. I understand now what happened. That man... he wasn't diligent enough. He didn't clean them enough. He wasn't a good boy.

But I am. Mine must be clean.



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L'enfant et le motocycliste

Béatrice Bouaré
Assistant French Editor

Ce soir-là, Alain passait la soirée chez ses amis. Au menu: pizza et soda. Ils étaient tous avachis sur le canapé les yeux fixés sur le match de football. N'ayant pas vu le temps passé, son téléphone commença à vibrer lui rappelant qu'il doit être au travail à sept heures du matin, ce qui mit fin à sa soirée. Malheureusement, il était déjà une heure du matin.

D'un air ennuyé, il salua tout le monde avant de sortir de la maison. Alors qu'il se dirigeait vers sa moto, un de ces amis lui proposa de passer la nuit chez eux puisqu'il se faisait tard. Bien qu'il voulût accepter, il refusa d'un hochement de tête et le salua une dernière fois avant de prendre la route.

La nuit était sombre et brumeuse et sur la rue du Couteau, on entendait que le bruit de la moto du jeune homme. Dans le désir de raccourcir son trajet, Alain prit un chemin qu'il n'avait jamais emprunté auparavant. Cette ruelle était plutôt sombre. À moitié chemin, il vit un enfant. Celui-ci était tout seul dans l'obscurité. Stupéfait et alarmé, Alain ôta son casque et éteignit sa motocyclette. Le jeune homme interrogea l'enfant en criant, tuant ainsi le silence majestueux de la nuit: «Petit, comment t'appelles-tu ? Où sont tes parents?»

Aucune réponse de la part du petit garçon qui n'arrêtait pas de le fixer du regard.

« Que fais-tu ici tout seul ? » insista le jeune homme d'un air inquiet.

Pas un mot. L'enfant continua à

l'ignorer tout en restant figé et en fixant le motocycliste.

Alain décida alors de s'approcher de l'enfant. Tout à coup, celui-ci commença à courir dans tous les sens. Pas un mot ni aucun cri; il ne faisait que courir. Alain n'arrivait même pas à l'attraper tellement il courait à une vitesse incroyable. Alors, il tenta de le rassurer en lui offrant des bonbons; ce qui fut une stratégie sans succès.

Ce qui était encore plus bizarre, c'était qu'à chaque fois que le jeune homme avançait dans la même direction que le petit garçon, celui-ci le déviait et prenait le sens opposé. Sans perdre courage, le jeune homme décida d'élaborer une dernière tentative: il allait faire semblant de partir. Tandis qu'il marchait à petits pas vers sa moto, l'enfant se mit à le suivre.

Cette fois-ci, pour ne pas que celui-ci lui échappe, Alain se retourna rapidement tendant ses bras pour le porter. Soudainement, le petit garçon disparu.

Ébahi et les yeux pleins d'effroi, il fit volte-face et vit l'enfant à nouveau. Alain pensait halluciner, mais ce n'était pas le cas. L'enfant avait bel et bien disparu et réapparut sous ses yeux.

Les pieds tremblants, il s'avança de nouveau vers le petit garçon mais celui-ci disparut encore et une bonne fois pour toutes. Ne comprenant pas ce qui lui arrivait, le jeune homme se précipita vers sa moto et sortit à grande vitesse de la ruelle.

Une fois arrivé chez lui, fatigué et encore saisi d'effroi, il monta les escaliers jusqu'à sa chambre. Il ouvrit délicatement la porte et alluma la lumière rapidement. À sa grande surprise, que voit-il en plein milieu de sa chambre?

L'enfant qu'il avait voulu aider un peu plus tôt, toujours le regard fixé sur lui mais cette fois-ci il avait un couteau à la main.

You Can't Spell "Petroleum" without "Poem"

Ameer Shash
Contributor

On a toned-down October afternoon, a stretch of road is scenic and green.

But what lies behind the shops on Bayview are gasoline tank machines.

Many are blinded from this reality that, I've seen, exists.

To so many who don't live close, it's a myth.

A pungent strike of fumes and an ear-damaging sound,

I turn around quickly — truck's oil cargo on the ground.

"DANGER", "KEEP OUT" signs in my midst, my mind in a twist.

SCREECH, goes the semi-truck, widely turning out the lot.

My mind beyond capacity, it begins to rot.

I thought this was where I came to learn, play, and thrive,

But this darkened reality makes it hard to survive.



Trapped (cont.)

feet before they do, they suddenly swerve and move off the curb to the pavement, as if to avoid me. The strengthening knot of trepidation and anxiety intensifies to add to the feeling of increasing bewilderment as I resolve to return home — my parents will know why people are behaving so strangely. Maybe they can also explain why I can only see people's faces from the eyes up. I see a park on my way, and stop at the swings. Surely nostalgia would help me to calm down. But before I can touch the metal chain of the swing, my hand stops, recoils and drops to my side. I subconsciously realize that it is a reflex now. "The swing is contaminated", I hear myself thinking

The emotions of bewilderment, fear, anxiety, and helplessness mount, and hopelessness festers in my chest like a constantly throbbing, seeping, spreading

wound. I decide to call my friend on my way back home; they can help me understand why I feel so frightened and neurotic. As I pull out my phone, the incomprehensible worry increases twofold, now accompanied by a sense of sadness; regret, even. The knot in my chest tightens. The question "who knows when I can see them again?" enters my consciousness as suddenly as a subsequent surge of distress. A pervasive, unsettling numbness starts from my toes this time, then spreads to my chest, stopping and taking root there; it is now a part of me. I call them and they pick up — I ask when we can see each other next, then they say we won't be able to, indefinitely. I hang up. I am beyond confused and find myself reaching home. Once back, I pull out my laptop and start to do research. There is page after page of Google entries, but I can't seem to read them — something tells me that I have already, and I'm tired now, much too tired of reading the same thing

and reliving the same day. I stay on my laptop and remain in front of the screen the whole day. The stark, contrasting colours of the black text and white background glare back at me — for how many consecutive days have I been sitting here, in this same exact position, in front of the same screen, doing the same thing? Will this never-ending cycle ever stop? I stop typing and rub my eyes from the fatigue; my eyesight has been worsening. But how can I rest my eyes when my entire life resides within my laptop? I shut it down and have the sensation that my chair is now a part of me; as if it has attached itself to me and now is a physical extension of my being. Although the previous nagging feeling of discomfort and uneasiness has subsided, it has been in the background the entire day. I don't know how to make it go away. I know the knot in my chest can never go away.

It is night now. I brush my teeth. When I look in the mirror, my slight frown

appears to have been there forever. I can't remember when it wasn't, and I can't recall how it felt not to have fear living in me. I exhale slowly, and it alleviates momentarily, but before I can draw my next breath, it returns. I mechanically put on my pajamas and am overpowered by an all-consuming, overbearing sensation of stagnancy — as much as I want things to change, I know the next day, the day after, and the one after that will be all the same. However, when I lower my head onto my pillow, I exhale and a feeling of calmness flows over me from head to toe. But I know that a perpetual sense of powerlessness steps just beneath the thin facade of fake calm. The monster without a face takes its daily, weekly, monthly toll and soon the only proof of time passing is the gradual change of seasons. How can we win against a force that is omnipotent and invisible?

La nonne et son chapelet

Eden Minichiello
Editor in Chief

J'ai grandi en tant que catholique romaine. Ma famille italienne était très religieuse et superstitieuse. Plusieurs de mes grand-tantes étaient des nonnes, mais l'une d'entre elles était un peu différente des autres. Mon père m'a expliqué qu'elle était mentalement perturbée. D'ailleurs, c'est la raison pour laquelle elle a dû quitter le couvent pour venir habiter chez nous.

C'était un matin d'automne froid lorsqu'elle arriva. Je me préparais pour l'école lorsqu'une voiture noire s'arrêta devant notre maison et qu'une vieille femme mince sortit du siège arrière. Je ne l'avais jamais rencontrée, mais j'avais immédiatement senti un malaise en sa présence. Je l'ai tout de même salué et me suis présentée, et elle fit de même, mais lorsqu'elle me regarda dans les yeux, un frisson parcourut ma colonne vertébrale et j'eus la chair de poule. Je me suis vite débarrassée de cette sensation, ce n'était qu'une vieille dame après tout, frêle, vêtue d'une chemise de nuit à fleurs et de pantoufles italiennes.

Pendant que j'étais à l'école, elle s'installa dans la chambre en face de la mienne. Les premiers jours, elle ne sortait pas beaucoup. Je lui apportais donc des repas et j'essayais d'engager la conversation, mais elle ne parlait pas. Le seul son qui



sortait de sa chambre était sa prière incessante du chapelet, qu'elle priait toutes les trois heures, le jour comme la nuit. Mais, après six jours, elle commença à sortir de sa chambre chaque nuit à 3h00.

Au début, il me paraissait qu'elle allait juste utiliser les toilettes ou se diriger vers la cuisine pour prendre un verre d'eau. Mais nuit après nuit, ses balades étaient devenues de plus en plus longues. Je pensais qu'elle était peut-être somnambule, alors une nuit, je la suivis pour m'assurer de sa sécurité. Il s'est avéré que j'avais raison : elle était dans un état de transe et se tenait au bas des escaliers. Je la guidai doucement vers sa chambre et tout semblait bien se passer.

Le lendemain matin, tout changea. Elle ne se réveilla guère pour prier

le chapelet à 6h00 comme d'habitude. Inquiet, mon père entra dans sa chambre pour s'assurer qu'elle se portait bien, mais rien de grave, elle avait juste dormi trop longtemps. Ce jour-là, près être rentré de l'école, quelle fut ma surprise de voir ma grand-tante assise sur mon lit. Je m'arrêtai donc à la porte. C'était comme si elle m'attendait, puis regardant fixement dans le vide, elle me dit : « Pourquoi m'as-tu interrompu ? Tout est ruiné. Il viendra ce soir. Il me prendra et te prendra aussi. Dis au revoir. Il te prendra. ». Elle se leva brusquement pour se diriger vers sa chambre, puis claqua la porte derrière elle. Je ne voulais pas raconter cela à mon père, je me calma et je me raisonnai : elle était mentalement perturbée, c'était probablement juste à cause de ça. Mais j'avais tort de ne pas lui

avoir dit.

Cette nuit-là à 3h00 du matin, elle se leva comme d'habitude. Marchant, marchant, marchant, faisant presque les cent pas. Je me réveillai autour de 3h10 suite à une vibration qui fit trembler la maison. Le sentiment immédiat de malaise revint. J'eus une étrange envie pressante de prier le chapelet. Des pas montant les escaliers rapidement se faisaient entendre. Ils s'arrêtèrent à ma porte avec un bruit sourd. Puis, ma porte s'ouvrit toute seule et le cadavre de ma grand-tante traîna dans ma chambre. Lorsque je vis son corps se soulever en l'air, suspendu par le chapelet autour de son cou, j'étais terrifiée. Un murmure désincarné, juste à côté de mon oreille, me dit « Il semble que tu n'aies pas prié ton chapelet. »

Review of Cemetery Boys by Aiden Thomas

Brianna Carrasco
Arts and Entertainment & Expressions

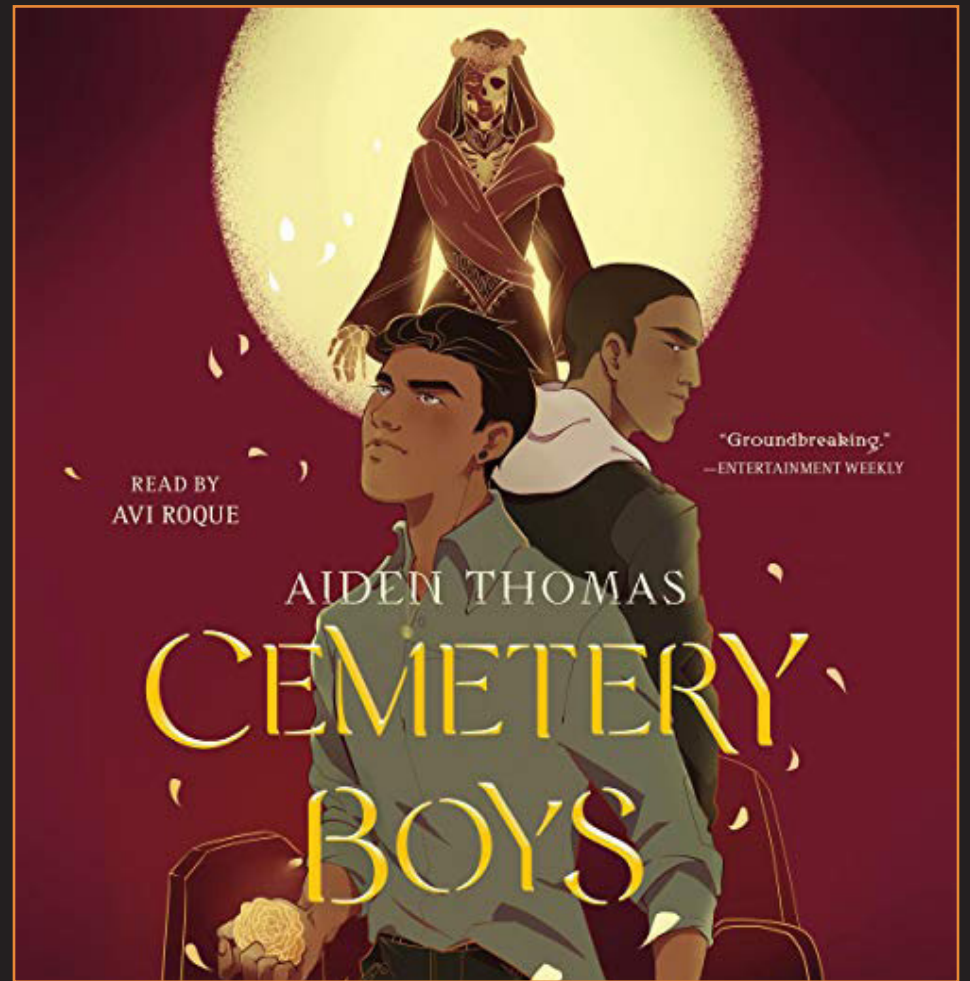
Cemetery Boys by Aiden Thomas was my most anticipated young adult novel of the year, and it completely delivered! The story follows Yadriel, a transgender *brujo* (the Latin-American term for a male practitioner of witchcraft). His family has trouble accepting his gender identity, so he sets out to perform a ritual to prove to his magic-practicing family that he is a real *brujo*. However, while doing so, he accidentally summons the ghost of his misfit schoolmate, Julian.

This book is incomparable to anything I've ever read before. Latinx culture and mythology are practically absent from mainstream media, and transgender teenagers even more so. It is essential to have a story that represents LGBTQ+ Latinx individuals that is simply joyful and doesn't

revolve around trauma and hardships. This is life-changing in a world where the common narrative is that LGBTQ+ individuals cannot experience joy.

The writing was amazing for a debut young adult novel, with a combination of fun, adventurous scenes and tear-jerking, heartfelt moments. Particularly, the action scenes towards the end of the book were so intense that they were making my heart rate quicken! As for the characters, the protagonists, Yadriel, Maritza, and Julian are such well-rounded and enjoyable individuals that I know will remain in my heart forever. By the end of the novel, you can see the positive emotional transformation that Yadriel has experienced after summoning and forming a relationship with Julian's ghost. Besides that, I loved the themes of family and acceptance, as well as the themes of chosen family and friendships. I didn't want the story to be over by the time I got to the end!

This book is perfect for anyone who wants to learn more about Latin-American culture and the Mexican celebration, *Día de Muertos*, known in English-speaking countries as The Day of the Dead. This is a great read to give you major spooky Halloween vibes!



Pro Tem's 'Harvest Haunt' Spotify playlist



Pro Tem's 'Harvest Haunt' Spotify playlist is here! Halloween may look a little different this year, but that doesn't mean that you can't listen to some spooky tunes as you gorge yourself on candy in your costume. This playlist is best enjoyed on shuffle, for the true trick or treat, mix 'n match feel! Filled with groovy hits and classics alike, there's sure to be something for everyone. And if you've got songs that you think would make this playlist so much better, click the 'Add Songs' button to let everyone else listen to your funky October tunes!

Click the link below to listen!

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/1ZGMEIAykVsGDfyPrFkeWu?si=exTcV8WzSwmts_vvOB1r0A

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LE JOURNAL BILINGUE DE GLENDON

LES DATES-LIMITES POUR CE SEMESTRE

- LE 18 SEPTEMBRE
- LE 2 OCTOBRE
- LE 16 OCTOBRE
- LE 30 OCTOBRE
- LE 13 NOVEMBRE

ENVOYEZ VOS ARTICLES A
EDITOR@PROTEMGLENDON.COM

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Que faire à Toronto pour célébrer Halloween ?

Josée Philips
Health and Wellness

Cet Halloween n'est pas comme les autres. On ne peut pas célébrer avec tous nos amis et notre famille ni sortir faire la fête en ville. Pas de soirée de costumes à Lunik ni de Pub Night. On vit déjà une année qui ressemble un peu à un film d'horreur. Mais il y a d'autres façons de célébrer cette fête tout en restant en sécurité. Peu importe si vous voulez rester chez vous ou sortir faire une activité, cette liste vous fournira beaucoup d'idées pour un samedi d'Halloween amusant.

Commandez une pizza avec les gens de votre bulle sociale, sortez les bonbons et organisez une soirée de films d'honneur. Quelques-uns de mes films préférés sont Halloween (1978 et 2018), Scream, Friday the 13th et Trick or Treat.

Une autre idée d'activité amusante à la maison est de faire un concours de costume à la maison, que ce soit avec tes amis, ta famille, en personne ou sur zoom, il est encore possible de créer de bons costumes.

Aller à un champ de citrouilles. Je l'ai déjà fait cette année parce que c'est une de mes activités préférées. Vous pourrez découper votre citrouille, cuire les graines et faire une bonne tarte! Aussi, beaucoup de champs de citrouilles ont des labyrinthes de maïs et du cidre de pomme à goûter. Quelques champs autour de Toronto et de directions diverses sont les suivants :

- Au nord : Reesor's Farm Market à Markham, Brooks Farms, Cooper's CSA Farm & Maze
- À l'est : Linton's Farm Market à Oshawa, Pingle's Farm Market,
- À l'ouest : Albion Orchards à Caledon, Andrews' Scenic Acres Farm Market & Winery à Milton

Si vous aimez les activités de plein-air, vous pouvez aller vous promener le soir (ou le jour si ce n'est pas pour vous) sur une piste dans la forêt, apportez une caméra et revivez le Blair Witch Project. Il y a plusieurs belles pistes de marche autour de Toronto tel que le Doris McCarthy Trail, le Cedar Trail et, si le campus vous manque, la forêt Glendon au Parc Sunny-

brooke est aussi une belle option.

Vous pouvez aussi visiter un vrai site hanté pour vous mettre dans l'esprit d'Halloween. Si vous voulez ressentir plus les présences fantomatiques, recherchez l'histoire du lieu supposément hanté et visitez-le tout en respectant les règles sanitaires concernant la pandémie et celles du lieu en question. Il y en a plusieurs tels que notre propre manoir Glendon, le Théâtre Elgin et Winter Garden, le campus Lakeshore de Humber College, la maison Mackenzie et bien d'autres!

Il y a aussi quelques activités organisées de manière sécuritaire pour permettre la distanciation sociale. Assurez-vous de vérifier la disponibilité et les heures des événements suivants avant de vous y rendre:

- L'événement « Halloween Night of Lights » à Vaughan, qui vous conduira dans une expérience d'Halloween illuminée.
- Le « Toronto's Haunted Drive-Thru », tout comme l'événement précédent vous conduira dans des espaces avec des thèmes différents tels que le cimetière, le champ de citrouille hanté et bien d'autres.
- Si vous aimez l'art, il y a une exposition nommer « All of



Them Witches » de Suspiria, une artiste espagnol basée à Toronto et d'Apollonia Vanova, artiste et directrice de la galerie Darren, qui porte sur les mythes féministes.

- Un dernier évènement, un parmi tant d'autres qui se passent à Toronto, est la célébration de « Day of the Dead » à Drummond Manor, qui est présentée

comme l'événement qui célébrera la fin de l'été, la fin de la cueillette de l'automne, le début de la moitié la plus froide de l'année et les esprits.

Espérons que ces idées vous inspirent à passer un Halloween plaisant! Vous ne porterez peut-être pas un masque terrifiant, mais n'oubliez surtout pas votre masque afin de vous protéger de la COVID!

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LES ÉTUDIANTS DE YORK, ENVOYEZ VOS ARTICLES EN FRANÇAIS À EDITOR@PROTEMGLENDON.COM

Spooky Eyeball Cake Pops (no-bake)

Natalie El-Rifai
Chief of Operations

Halloween in a pandemic is rough. Without dressing up and trick or treating, the main fun of the holiday seems to be lost. However, that just means you have to celebrate in your own way! With this super easy and fun no-bake cake pop recipe, I can assure you that you can still have a little spooky fun in your kitchen!

Preparing these spooky Halloween eyeballs with family and friends is just what you need for a creative quarantine pick-me-up. Plus, it's low cost and low effort!

This recipe is for all the inexperienced bakers (like myself), as well as those who hate to waste food. If you have some leftover cookies and pieces of cake in the pantry and are unsure what to do with them... Keep reading for a dessert recipe that doesn't require any baking at all. Get your chef hats on!

Ingredients

- 6 pieces pre-made vanilla (or plain) sliced cake (mine are from Simple Joys Bakery, but any cake would work)
- 5 shortbread cookies
- 1 pack Wilton Candy Melts (White Chocolate) (100g)
- 2 tbsp butter
- ¼ cup milk
- Gel Icing (red and black coloured)
- 20 wooden cake pop sticks
- Non-stick parchment paper

Preparation

1. Place the cake slices, shortbread cookies, butter and milk in a blender and blend until you achieve a fluffy consistency.
2. In a small bowl, melt half the package of white chocolate in the microwave for 30 seconds and stir (be careful not to overheat the chocolate like I have one too many times, it's not fun).
3. Add the melted chocolate into the blender with the previously mixed ingredients and blend it all together (there's your cake!).
4. Take out your non-stick parchment paper and lightly

grease it with butter, then use your hands to roll the cake mix into about 20 walnut-sized balls.

5. Refrigerate for two hours or until firm.
6. Once firm, place a wooden stick into each cake pop to prepare it for coating.
7. The other half of the chocolate you will need to cover the cake balls. In a small bowl, melt the other half of the white chocolate in the microwave.
8. Add the cake balls one at a time into the melted white chocolate and gently roll to coat. Remove from the chocolate once evenly coated.
9. Let them set at room temperature for 10-15 minutes. Decorate with red and black gel icing to look like eyeballs (I used red for the veiny streaks and black for



the pupils, but this part is up to you and your creative mind).

That's all. Enjoy your spooky dessert! It may look freaky, but I promise you it's delicious.

AGO... +G

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The Rise of Dark Academia

Brianna Carrasco
Arts and Entertainment & Expressions

If you've been on TikTok or Tumblr lately (which I, unabashedly, have been — a lot), you've probably heard of Dark Academia, an aesthetic that has become so popular, particularly among young girls. I've been a fan of the Dark Academia aesthetic for a few years, but it's become a lot more common recently, for the right reasons.

Dark Academia started as a film and literary genre with the publication of "The Secret History" by Donna Tartt in 1992, but there is evidence of the genre from way before then. The book, one of my favourites of all time, follows five classic students at a small, elite liberal arts college who murder one of their closest friends. The goal of the story is to learn what could possibly have led this tight-knit group of friends to commit murder.

But what makes this book "Dark Academia?" Dark Academia is an unofficial genre with boundaries that are still unclear. The simplest way I can define the genre is "creepy things, typically suicide or murder, happening in a school setting." This might be too vague as, by this definition, *Harry Potter* could be considered Dark Academia — and some might agree! But there are a

few other unofficial aspects of Dark Academia that make it what it is. Gothic architecture, liberal arts students, classic Greek literature, Ivy League schools, plaid skirts, Oxford shoes, and chilly fall weather are all part of the Dark Academia aesthetic. The genre is extremely similar to the Romantic, Gothic, horror, and mystery genres, and it overlaps with the studyblr or cottagecore aesthetics that are so popular on Tumblr and TikTok.

I've thought about why Dark Academia appeals to me so much. After all, there are thousands of valid critiques. The Dark Academia genre is extremely Eurocentric. While it's not an issue to appreciate European literature, architecture, and languages, the problem is that Dark Academia labels European — specifically Greek, French, Italian, and British — cultures as more elite and intellectually stimulating, leaving little room to explore what beautiful and inspiring literature, architecture, music, and fashion other cultures have to offer. This Eurocentrism extends to the characters that are portrayed in the films and books. Dark Academia frequently puts thin, white, men at the centre of their stories and women are usually treated as sexual objects for the main male character's satisfaction. People of colour and trans individuals are normally nonexistent in the genre entirely. Usually, the cast of characters in a Dark Academia story reflect the elitism that comes with attending a respected university — something many people do not have the privilege to do. Furthermore, the Dark

Academia genre unhealthily romanticizes mental illness, drug and alcohol use, suicide, and trauma and violence overall.

But I still cannot stop my obsession with this aesthetic. I've always loved reading dark, creepy, gruesome stories. Horror is one of my favourite film genres. And I've always been a lover of the romance languages and classic Greek stories. But I first became interested in Dark Academia two years ago when I started university.

When I'm not stressed out and having a mental breakdown over exams and assignments, being a university student is relatively boring and even overwhelmingly lonely at times. I have always been what one might call a "perfect student" — my only focus throughout my entire academic career was to simply get the best grades possible without considering my mental health. So, reading stories and watching films about university students who have it all — rich parents, a cool and intellectual friend group, and a wicked fash-

ion sense (Dark Academics would never be caught dead in sweatpants like I usually am at 9 a.m. lectures) — is a form of escapism for me. Suddenly, taking notes doesn't seem so bad if it makes me as intellectual as my favourite Dark Academia characters. Getting dressed in the morning doesn't seem like such a feat if looking like an English lit professor makes me look cool and mysterious on the subway. Sometimes it's easier for me to romanticize the characters in movies like *Dead Poets Society* or books like *If We Were Villains* than it is for me to deal with the fact that being a university student simply sucks sometimes.

There are so many ways to make Dark Academia more inclusive, and I urge people to bring different cultures, religions, genders, sexualities, and body types to the Dark Academia genre. This type of criticism is essential in making this aesthetic a more enjoyable one for everybody. Until then, I find comfort in a genre that gives life and adventure to college-aged individuals.



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