







# The Performance

It was December 8th, the first night in Cabo Verde. The Alex II crew assembled on the aft deck to be serenaded by The Ship Orchestra. People sat on the benches, laid patiently on their stomachs and others huddled on top of the charthouse, waiting for the performance to commence. Phones were out, people were whispering, “will it be good?” “What songs will be played?” anticipation was growing. When the crowd settled the members of the Orchestra calmly and collectively filled the stage. The crowd went wild with cheers, positive acclamations flying. And then it was silent, the music started, Aloahay, the bands favourite, was first. Corbyn and Henry strumming their guitars, Esa and Luna tickling the ivories, Tim bopping the sound box, Anya plucking ukulele, Simone played the flute, Charlotte serenading with vocals, Tom dualling with the accordion and his beautiful voice and Rachel and Bea slaying on the violins. It was beautiful. As the band played people swayed side to side, flashlight in hand as they sang and hummed along. The Songs: Feliz Navidad, My Bonnie, Drunken Sailor and Aloahay crested our ears, along with two renditions of classics. Yellow Submarine turning to the Green Alex II and Rolling Home having lyrics changed from “Old England” to “Bremerhaven” . The music was “Beautiful and heartwarming,” says Justin. “It was like I was at the Berlin Orchestra, So Great”, said the boat Doctor Tara. It took the crowd’s breath away. Towards the end people joined in singing and many applauds were given. Shout outs, cheers and cries to all the members of the band. The performance ended with a band introduction whereas members were introducing one by one, they would begin to play. “Wow, the building of the sound was amazing,” said Lily. The sound came together until the audience and the band sang in harmony with the talented musicians. Aloahay was the song that carried out the night. Aloalayahay – aloalayahay – aloalayahay...

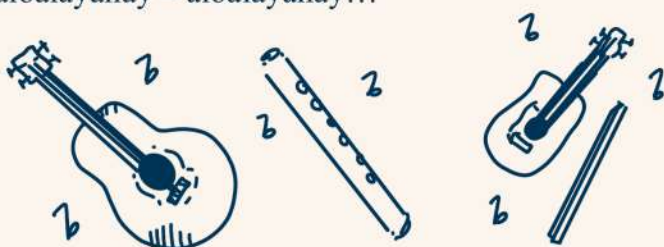


After the performance people were amazed and intrigued in all the work the band did to put the show on. Beth, the program manager was amazed how fast it was put together and admires their hard work and dedication. She says, “I feel like a proud momma”. The concert was incredible and what was so impressive was the many ranges in experience. Rachel, one of the violinists started at the age of 3 years old, Henry the Guitarist at the age of 5 on the piano then the guitar, and Anya learning ukulele 7 days prior. Even with all the levels they all worked together wonderfully and harmonically. That is talent. Tom, the main organizer who played the accordion and sang, started at young age with the drums and from there found a hobby learning new instruments... His message to his fans follows:

“It was a pleasure for me and the others. This is the first time I’ve done a band like this as I’ve never had a flute and two violinists. I started with the drums in the 70s and 80s. Then I switched to the guitar and signing and now I play the accordion. I was very confident and knew in advance that it would be a success and that people would like it. We suffer from hard days in the storm, so music is always a pleasure for entertainment.”

Continuing building the new orchestra, Tom has created an open stage for all musicians to play music together and he hopes to have more orchestra performances next semester!

- Ali







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## Walk a mile in someone else's shoes

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“Walk a mile in someone else's shoes” is a saying that is very prominent in everyday life on the ship. The last crossing was long, and it definitely took a toll on most people. It's to be expected that everyone has up and down days, and it's hard for people to grasp that not only is the ship physically taxing but it's also mentally taxing if they haven't walked that mile before. The relief that floods in when someone yells “land ho” or “Land in Sicht” is refreshing.

Experiencing the new cultures, breaking out of your comfort zone is something that's not only scary but also exciting, and that's where the fun begins. Honestly, (most parents probably don't want to hear this but...) getting “lost” in a new country, because the designated navi-guesser took a wrong turn is one of the most fun things to experience. Especially if the route is obvious and the navi – guesser was just not paying attention. Everyone has a different experience when we go on shore because we always split off into different groups but no doubt, we would all agree that we collectively boosted Cabo Verde's economy by stocking up on snacks at the grocery store. Fun Fact about the Class Afloat students: Snacks are key for survival. It's not necessarily the survival of the student eating the snacks per say but it's the survival of everyone else around them. ‘Hangriness’ is the number one threat on the ship and sometimes... it seems to be contagious. Just imagine a ship where snacks are scares and now everyone is suffering from ‘Hanger’. That's when you run for your life.

Not having Wi-Fi on the ship is nice while it lasts but the second we get into range the knowledge of it spreads like a wild fire. No one has to say anything, it's like suddenly everyone becomes telepathic for that one minute. But data is limited so we must figure out other ways to download our movies and contact our people. Let's just say that I think this one coffee shop was happy that Class Afloat came to town.



The shop was overrun by students, pouring in for the coffee and the inexpensive lunch. The only reason we kept going back is because – even if the shop didn't know it – comparably the food prices were student friendly.

One of the highlights in Mindelo was the swimming and scuba diving that most students participated in. The iconic scenery was more than enough to make Cabo Verde memorable. Not to mention the amazing experience swimming with sea turtles and sting rays. Some of us were even able to spot little Octopi swimming on the sea floor. Ironically, even though we have lived on a boat for 2 months, completely surrounded by water, this is the first time we have been swimming... in December no less.

Dinner time was a different story. Everyone starts to get tired but that's when the fun starts. We exchange the funny stories of the day, eating Nutella pizza for desert or ordering a sad looking Banana split.

On the boat, sometimes there is too much time to be stuck in your thoughts but when you're on land, too much is going on to think about anything else other than what's happening in that moment, making the experience so much better.

It's hard to understand an experience when you haven't walked in the same shoes, and it's hard to walk a mile in only one shoe. The experiences that we have will follow us for the rest of our lives and most things are hard to explain in words however, this is a little snippet of what happens during our time on land.

- Anonymous





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## Food Review!

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Reviews written by: Lily and Simone

### Morocco

#### Tagine:

Expectation: 7/10

Reality: 8.5/10

A large cone-shaped ceramic dish is carried out and placed on the table. The waiter lifts the top of it off and steam rises...it's Tagine! Tagine is a traditional savory dish found throughout Morocco. The dish consists of meats (beef or chicken) and vegetables coated in a variety of spices that have been slow cooked over a fire in the cone shaped dish. The meat is incredibly tender and falls right off the bone and the vegetables are flavorful from soaking up all the different spices. The unique presentation of it is one of the best parts. It is not a light meal and did end up causing most of us stomach issues from the large amounts of spices that we were not used to. Despite this, it was very good, and we enjoyed trying this traditional dish.



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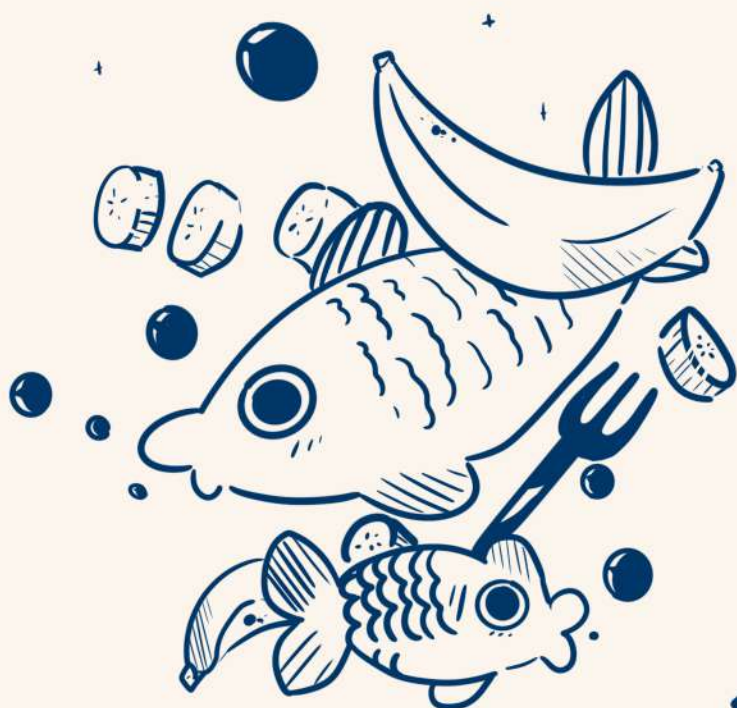
### Madeira

Espada com banana

Expectation: 4/10

Reality: 8/10

While on a tour of the city we were told we have to try the espada com banana, so they gave us a recommendation of a good restaurant to get it at. Espada, scabbardfish is a local fish that many call swordfish even though they are two different kinds of fish. They described the dish as either fried or grilled espada seasoned with lemon, salt, pepper and garlic and banana covered in a passionfruit chutney. It sounded like a very strange combination, but it was surprisingly good. The fish was very fresh and perfectly cooked. There were many different textures between the fish, the sauce, and the banana. The sweet from the banana and passion fruit worked with the saltiness of the fish. Even though it sounded weird, the flavors were really good together and I would eat it again.



\* No photo





# Food Review!

Reviews written by: Lily and Simone

## Cabo Verde

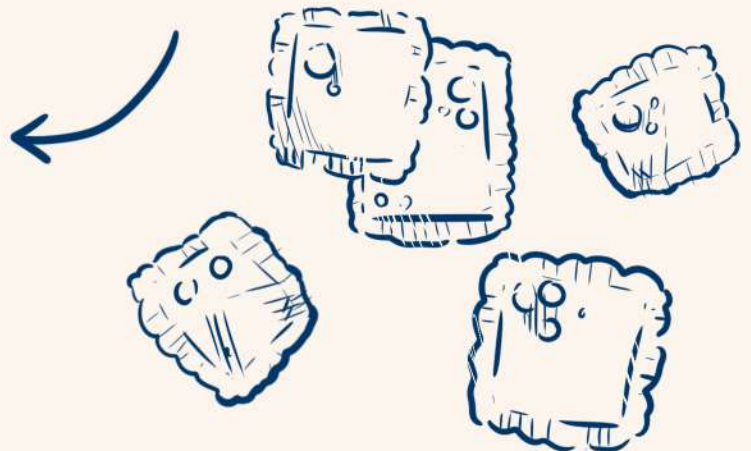
Cachupa  
Expectation: 7/10  
Reality: 9/10

This is the traditional and national dish of Cabo Verde. We had it at Quintinia, the 'little farm' where we had a port program. This little farm/community was objectively one of our collective favorite parts of our time in Cabo Verde and was made better by our supper that night; slow-cooked, locally sourced cachupa. After talking to Sofia, the owner of Quintinia, we learned that cachupa is a very homely, comfort sort of meal. Families normally eat some of the ingredients in the morning, such as the meat, corn, or chickpeas. Then, everything is put into a large pot, and left to simmer over coals throughout the day. The result: a warm, rich, flavorful type of stew in the evening, filling and nutritious. There is nothing quite like a home-cooked meal made with love; that is true in every country, and the feeling of eating such a meal, surrounded by your most trusted friends and new friends alike, is irreplaceable.



Pastels  
Expectation: N/A  
Reality: 9/10

While on a walking tour of Mindelo we were told we were going to a restaurant to get juice and authentic snacks. Sitting on the table when we walked in were multiple platters of delicious looking, small fried squares. Turns out they were an assortment of different fish fillings that were battered and fried, called pastels. When we bit into them the fried outside was flaky and the inside was warm and flavorful. We each ate about four and we kept going back and getting more because they were so good. These pastels can be found all over Mindelo, especially in authentic Cape Verdean bakeries.







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## Food Review!

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Reviews written by: Lily and Simone

### Cabo Verde



Fried dough balls  
Expectation: 10/10  
Reality: 10/10

These were delicious. Lily and I asked about the real name of these fried dough balls, and we were told, however we were overly cocky and thought we could remember it without writing it down... shocker alert: we couldn't, so 'fried dough balls' will have to do. As someone with Dutch heritage, they reminded me of 'olieballen', a type of fried pastry/ doughball. They were crispy on the outside, but soft and fluffy on the inside... perfection. The fried dough balls were part of a collection of traditional Cabo Verdean snacks that were set out for us and the local middle school to enjoy. There were also tamarinds, a bit bitter but definitely good, a type of baked biscuit/cookie that wasn't very sweet, which made it better. Overall, the food at Quintinia was top-notch, and felt very comforting.



### The Desert

The desert is a series of fleeting moments. It sees the joy of giving life, and the sorrow of taking it. There is neither good nor bad in the desert. No, the desert is an immortal entity that has been here since dawn. It is forever a moving constant. A companion to the lone traveller. Every second, minute, hour, or day, the desert listens and travels with its visitors. Every grain creating a path ahead and every gust of wind erasing it behind. The desert is a series of fleeting moments, yes, but it doesn't erase the emotion of these moments. The laugh of a traveller finding an oasis filled with water or the relief after the cry of a new-born baby. But also the pain of losing someone and the hopelessness that follows. The desert is but a simple witness to the cycle of life. A companion through humanity's worst and best. And it will remain that way until the end of time. Alone, guarded by one thing only: the silence of a dead planet.

Val D





## Poem page! ☆ ☆



Life moves on in this realm of existence  
A flowing river, a current, an eternal waltz  
between the past, present, and the yet-to-be.  
Why are we here?  
We wonder, yet why wonder when you can just be,  
To be is enough for me  
Why can't we all just be.

-Zak

### Canadian Tire prose Poetry

When you pop a tire near a dilapidated, suburban strip-mall, a Canadian Tire is not the worst place to find yourself.

Meanwhile, when you have an English assignment due, Canadian Tire poetry might not be the worst thing to have scrawled on your page.

From watch batteries to bike locks, Canada's mid-tier hardware/auto store has everything you don't need more than once a decade, if you're of a mind to walk through the freshly WD-40ed doors.

Getting hung up on the sign would be a waste, but if it helps you get through the door, pop open a keyboard or sharpen a pencil and walk majestically into a warehouse of recreational camping equipment.

The goal is not perfection, if it feeds your ambition, if it gets the job done, you've got nothing to lose, you're in an alright place.

-Erica Waugh

If I was a thing, although a woman is, technically, always one; I'd be a flower. Specifically, I'd be a violet, because a violet, is delicate. And, as a woman, I should be delicate. Speak my mind, but not too loud; Stand proud, but not too tall; Be a violet but don't shrink, because shrinking violets are not delicate enough.

- Megane Legault

### Prose Poem

In May, we might part ways,  
We will walk through different paths  
Each going in our own phase, And each having our own plans.  
We'll have our own start,  
And I'll miss you like before we parted in May,  
Where our laughters ringed in the boat,  
The place where we used to be under the same sky,  
Where the sun sets and rises every day,  
We do not know where life's journey will bring us.  
But do not fear my friend,  
As I will never forget you and how you've changed me.

How you've sat with me during the valleys low and the mountains high

How your laughter guided me through the storm and was my anchor in life's cascade.

Although we will part ways, Know my beloved friend, that we will meet again and laugh once more on the shining blue ocean.

- Anna

### On the other side of the porthole

On the other side of the porthole the waves splash  
the rain falls and droplets race down the side

On the other side of the porthole the clouds clash  
and a storm brew the dark clouds ahead that we can't bid adieu

On the other side of the porthole the wind howls  
and the sun shines we can only dream to sail from the inside

On the other side of the porthole the stars twinkle  
and the moon glows but darkness fills the air

When the portholes close time passes different  
because on the other side of the portholes in an unfamiliar world.

- Corbyn





## Poem page #2! ☆ ☆

### Prose for Pros

#### Prose poem

Is not bound to pros

simple words joined together suffice

to write is to form a poem, in a way

to complicate the writing is unnecessary

“Fools seldom comprehend when elephantine utterances are inscribed”

We have the ability to complicate

but

it limits the audience; it is hard to understand

to limit the crowd promotes an enclosed cycle of knowledge

those who understand grow, those who lack understanding struggle to grow

those of those who do not understand, make an attempt

though

to read more of the dictionary than the poem itself is a shame

a poem of little words but much meaning,

in my heart

will always resonate more than its counterpart

-Mekhi Wolfe: poet, philosopher and brave thinker

### The Dish Pit

In the heart of the pantry where the dirty dishes and clattered pots pile up, lies the dish pit. Its worn steel shows scars engraved by battles against the relentless movement of the waves.

Yet, within this chaos, the dish pit stands resilient.

The once cleaned aprons now are worn with pride and stains, unveiling memories and bonds created to withstand the test of time.

- Sophia



Go to watch while tired and rushed, keep in mind what bliss is in sleep. As fast as you can, without falling asleep again, get to watch on time. Accept either lookout or helm through the night, listen to your watch lead and the mate. Even when you are tired, the work needs to be done.

Stay away from getting in trouble for lateness, it will get you an extra gangway. If you are consistently late you may get a strike or even kicked off the ship, As the captain always has full control on weather you stay or leave. Once you are on time, do not let yourself slip up again.

Wake up at 6:30 in the morning, but not for watch, You may have no watch but you will be tired by your classes. Always be cautious of being late to backshafte, for you may get a yellow tick. But do not get put in dish pit whatever you do, for it smells bad and gets you wet, No matter how much you avoid dish pit it is somehow inevitable.

Whatever to do with yourself, through boredom and lack of internet. For you are on a sailing vessel and there is always things from sunbathing to music. Be happy with not always being worked, content with the bliss of nothing. With boredom looming over your shoulder and work around the corner. But do not waste your free time. Many happy times are born through freedom.

Try to avoid discipline, do not get in trouble at all. As getting in trouble may be inevitable to all but a certain few, try your hardest to avoid the unavoidable. And whether you have a new system to do so there may always be room to slip.

Through all, be at peace with your teachers, they control your school grades. And whatever work they put you up to, either do it or get a zero, but that would soon turn to regret. Through all the hardship and abundance of work, there is always the film called body paragraphs. Be happy with what you have, be thankful it's not IB

-Brooks





# Art Page!

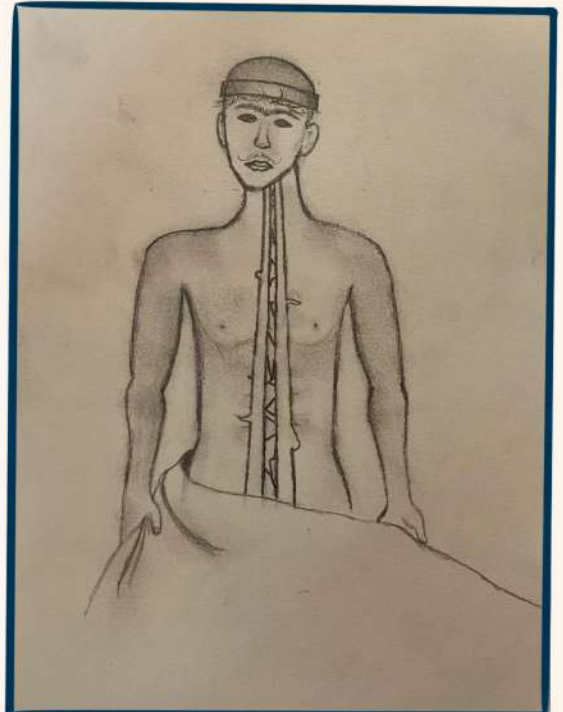
This page is meant to present pieces of art, poems, stories, photography, or anything that shows self expression from the crew, faculty or students.



By: Anna



Art History







# Term one memories!







## Welcome Aboard

Hello new friends  
Welcome aboard  
It's time for adventure  
and stories to be explored

Hello my name is  
I am this many years old  
My hobby is .....  
What is yours?

All the questions  
and conversation we'll have  
A few mixed-up names  
so don't get mad

A group we will become  
A collective family one could say  
so store your sea bags away  
grab your red shirt  
I promise we all look silly

We will all experience things at the same time  
and different memory will come to mind  
remember we all feel differently  
and everyone will look curiously

A floatie you have become  
We become one big family  
all as one  
and I know it sounds cheesy

So welcome all  
new to the team  
we'll catch you if you fall  
Its one for all

Hey guys!

- Ali







**-Studying, School, and Sailing all at once-**

When I think of all us as students do, it sounds like a circus act. Little did I know that the end of term would be more stressful than my entire Class Afloat experience combined. Everyone bus-sling around, getting their final assignments in, studying for important exams, and stressing over marks. I never knew it would be so difficult to balance creating the news paper and school. I would like to thank everyone who submitted to The Beacon this semester, and congratulations for making it to the end of term 1. Every piece of art, poems, literature, and photos received were taken or made by amazing members of the Class Afloat team. I would like to apologize for this late publication this month, as Christmas, New Year, and Classes got in the way. Yet now its time to relax until next semester.

Thank you so much for reading our hard work!

-EsaBella

*The Beacon Team!*

- Tom
- lily
- Henry.C
- Ali
- Esa
- Eric

**✿ It's not goodbye, It's see you later ✿**

Goodbye seems much to permanent as its feels like the end it could almost feel as interment to say goodbye to such a good friend

But this experience doesn't have to end it will be with you forever around every bend This world is vast and a far endeavour

So the people you meet aren't gone for good just farther to greet Further they stood

So its not goodbye its see you later Its a far away hi our time will only get greater

We're glad to you grow and become who you need too be but ever so miserable to see you go as your presence brought comedy

We all fit like a puzzle gathered far and wide as we all struggled in our big ship huddle

So once and for all its not goodbye its see you later don't let tears fall

-EsaBella  
See you later...



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**The Beacon stands by: Truth, Authenticity, Respect, Integrity, quality and engagement**