



THE BEACON

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CORPORATE CINDERELLA

Once upon a time, Cinderella lived with her little brother in a small city apartment. They weren't rich by any means, but she still strived to give her brother the childhood and education every child deserves. Working two jobs to make ends meet was her reality, living paycheck to paycheck, just like a corporate slave. However, Cinderella never despaired, she always kept her late mother's words in mind. She stayed humble and kind. It might be as simple as holding a door open for a stranger or saying please and thank you, just a little bit of kindness goes a long way. As usual, Cinderella would greet the nice baker on her way to work. As usual, Cinderella would hold the door open for her coworker since they always arrived at the same time. As usual, everyone would greet Cinderella with a bright smile. However, what was unusual was that her friend Orla had yet to arrive. An hour had already passed and there were still no signs of Orla. That's when Cinderella heard a faint noise, almost as if someone was sobbing. After investigating the source of the disturbance, she quickly realized that it was her friend Orla, who hadn't been seen since morning. She instinctively pulled her into a tight hug, not letting go until the tears finally ceased. She muffled under her breath, "Emma threatened to fire me if I didn't finish the report by tomorrow." As ridiculous as it sounded, Cinderella knew Emma would resort to such means if it meant a potential promotion. She didn't hesitate to throw the previous boss under the bus and take his position. A second hadn't elapsed and she was already at her boss's door. With the same determination Emma used to climb the ruthless corporate world, Cinderella barged into her office. Her boss barely looked up from the glossy invitation in her hand. It was for the annual

company "Ball," a lavish networking gala where promotions were decided behind crystal glasses and polite laughter. "Back to work," Emma snapped. "Unless you'd like to clean out your desk."

Cinderella steadied her voice. "Threatening employees won't make profits grow. It only grows fear."

Emma's eyes hardened. "You're replaceable."

The next morning, an email summoned Cinderella to HR. By noon, she was fired—escorted out of the worker building with nothing but her dignity and a cardboard box. In her rush, one of her worn flats slipped off on the marble lobby floor, left behind like a modern glass slipper.

Defeated, she sat on a bench outside until the company's retired founder, who had quietly mentored young employees for years—her very own fairy godmother—approached her. He had overheard everything.

"You have courage," he said gently. "Come to the Ball tonight. Let the board hear the truth."

That evening, Cinderella arrived at the gala in a simple borrowed suit and her remaining shoe. Whispers followed her as she presented documented proof of Emma's exploitation—unpaid overtime, falsified reports, threats.

The board members listened carefully. Then someone produced the abandoned flat from the lobby, recognizing it as belonging to the employee who had stormed out defending a coworker.

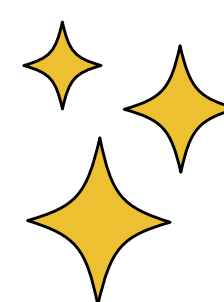
By midnight, Emma was dismissed. Weeks later, Cinderella was offered her position.

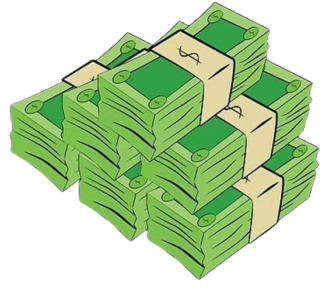
On her first day as boss, she called Orla into her new office—not to threaten her, but to thank her. She raised wages, respected deadlines, and led with compassion.

And in the corporate world, where ambition often crushed

kindness, Cinderella proved that integrity always fits—just like the right shoe.

-Edouard Roussin





THE SMITH BROTHERS

They had been competing since before they could remember. The three Smith brothers grew up in a big building in the middle of Manhattan, raised in a world of stock terminals, big deals, and the quiet clink of crystal glasses after market close. Their father ran a hedge fund and believed in one rule above all others: only the strongest survives the market. He raised his sons in a corresponding way. By the time they were teenagers, the competition had already begun.

Ethan, the oldest, believed in speed. He traded like a storm, high leverage, fast positions, money moving in and out of markets before anyone else could blink. When he graduated from Columbia, he launched his own fund, promising investors aggressive returns. For a few years, he looked like a genius. Headlines praised the young prodigy who could turn volatility into gold. But markets have teeth. One autumn morning, after a series of reckless bets on collapsing tech companies, Ethan's fund imploded. Investors vanished overnight. The glass office emptied. His empire, built quickly and loudly, fell just as fast. The brothers said little when it happened. In their family, failure spoke loudly enough.

Lucas, the middle brother, believed in appearance. He built something beautiful—an investment firm with marble floors, art on every wall, and clients who loved the way success looked. Lucas understood networking better than numbers. His firm grew through reputation, partnerships, and charm. For years, it worked. But reputation is fragile. When a partner accidentally revealed that Lucas's firm had been hiding losses to keep investors calm, the illusion cracked. Clients withdrew billions in weeks. Lawsuits followed. The marble floors stayed, but the company behind them hollowed out like a shell. Another brother dimmed the lights.

The youngest brother, Daniel, had watched everything quietly. Unlike the others, he never rushed. When their father died, Daniel inherited the smallest share of capital. Instead of building something flashy, he built slowly—almost boringly. His company rented a modest office space downtown. No marble, no headlines. Just risk models, patient investments, and rules that were never broken.

While Ethan chased speed and Lucas chased image, Daniel built foundations: diversified portfolios, careful leverage, and systems designed to survive crashes rather than celebrate booms.

Years passed. Markets crashed again—this time harder than before. Firms across Manhattan collapsed like dominoes. Traders who had once laughed at Daniel's caution now scrambled to survive, but Daniel's company stood. The losses came, but the walls held. The systems worked exactly as they were designed to. Investors stayed. Slowly, quietly, the firm even began absorbing pieces of the fallen companies around it.

One winter evening, Daniel stood in his office overlooking the same skyline where he and his brothers had grown up. Two empires had collapsed. One remained, not the loudest or the most beautiful but the one that had been built to last. He knew there and then that taking your time and not being overly ambitious or living above your means was the way to go.

-Killiam Lefebvre



THE PRINCESS & THE UNIVERSE

Once, in the deep depths of space, a child was born. Not from a mother and father but created by the cosmos. Created like how a flame appears, or a flower blooms. She came from a spark of light and from there, she was the daughter of the universe. The princess.

In another corner of the universe, the oldest part of the universe, there is a tiny planet. It's called Planet Star Beam. The only thing on Planet Star Beam is a little castle with a king and a queen, what's left of the Star Beam family. The Star Beam family has lived on this planet since the creation of everything. You see, the universe gave them a special responsibility in the cosmos: to create the stars. When they cut a piece of their pearly blonde hair, a star is formed in a new corner of space.

A long time ago, the castle was filled with family members—uncles, cousins, children and old souls—who could create stars from a lock of hair to fill each speck of nothing. Now, the king and queen are all that's left to fill the galaxy. Instead of creating milky ways they sit in the highest tower with their heads bent and soft moon dust falling as tears from their eyes. The last people who can make stars. Don't. They are too sad to realize the time passing, or their long tendrils of golden hair that are starting to cover the floor.

they don't even realize as the universe darkens with each star snuffing out.

Once, while the princess of the universe was exploring the cosmos on the stepping stones of our timeline, she came across the Planet Star Beam. She slipped through outer space and landed on the dusty surface. In front of her stood the huge gates of the Star Beam Castle, but gates can't keep out a princess that is made of ideas and is about as physical as any concept. So, she slipped right past and knocked on the door.

The king and queen opened the huge doors to see the most strangely beautiful thing they had ever seen. Her eyes were deep like the milky way. Her dark hair flowed around her and through space like a wormhole. The robe wrapped around her body was made of the countless stories told by intelligent life.

"Hello," said the queen, "Can we help you with something?" Her voice was hoarse because she hadn't spoken in a long while.

"No, I don't think so." Said the princess

I just want to come in," and she did.

She stepped into the castle and the king and queen stepped aside, astonished at her boldness. The princess looked around. It was a very simple castle made of grey stone with candles all over the walls. Still, she studied the castle thoroughly with a look of curiosity on her face. The king and queen were quite intrigued by this character and they invited her to sit and have dinner. As they ate, they sat in silence while the king and queen stared.

"Her presence is quite strong," said the king after dinner, "She could finally be the one to take our place."

"How do we know if she really is special?" asked the queen, "What if she lets the universe down like we have?"

So, they came up with a plan. As the princess bathed, the king and queen stacked 100 mattresses on a beautiful glowing star. If she saw the light and saved it before it snuffed out, her loyalty to all objects of the universe would be clear. The princess stood in front of the towering bed and looked at the king and queen who were standing by. "We want you to be comfortable; you are our guest after all," the queen said, waving her hand forward. The princess smiled and nodded.

Suddenly, her feet left the ground and she floated into the air. She gracefully swam through infinity and landed on the hundred mattresses. However, something didn't feel quite right. She shifted on her mattresses, trying to get comfortable. But it just felt weird. She sat up just as the king and queen were walking out.

"Um, are you sure this is right?" she asked. They turned to face her.

"Is what right?"

"I feel a bit like something's wrong," she put her finger to her chin in contemplation "I can't put my finger on it."

"I'm sure it's fine dear, try to get some rest."

But she just couldn't. She tossed and turned all night. She knew she could feel some sort of energy in space. Little did she know that far below each mattress was a star that was dimming and losing its light. The princess lay on the bed awake, trying to sing herself to sleep. She turned over, her blanket rustling and coming undone between her legs. As the blanket moved, she realized there was a faint glow on the center of the mattress. A light was coming up from beneath the bed. She peered over the edge of the pillowy tower. A faint light was shining under the last mattress.

Filled with curiosity, she floated down to the ground. When her bare feet reached the ground, she could barely see a light at all. It was dimming, and fast. What could possibly be under these mattresses? She wondered. Placing her hands on the side of the structure, she pushed. She shook the stack until the mattresses started toppling off. Finally, she could reach under the last mattress.

A warmth and yellow brightness filled the room as she pulled a beautiful ball of light from beneath the blankets, sheets, and pillows. A star! But the star was flickering and losing its shining energy. She rushed out the door, up flights of stairs, and through the halls until she reached the highest tower that had held the king and queen for so long. As she burst into the room, she stopped abruptly in front of the king and queen. They were standing next to each other, seemingly waiting for her. The princess looked from one to the other.

"What's going on?" the princess asked.

"We have let the universe down," the queen said, her face neutral but with a certain solemnity. "Our job is to create stars in the darkness, but we have abandoned our jobs to sit in solitude."

The king stepped forward and raised his hand.

"You have saved this star," he gestured down and she looked to the star which was now emanating a steady golden glow, "Please take our jobs. Create light for all of existence."

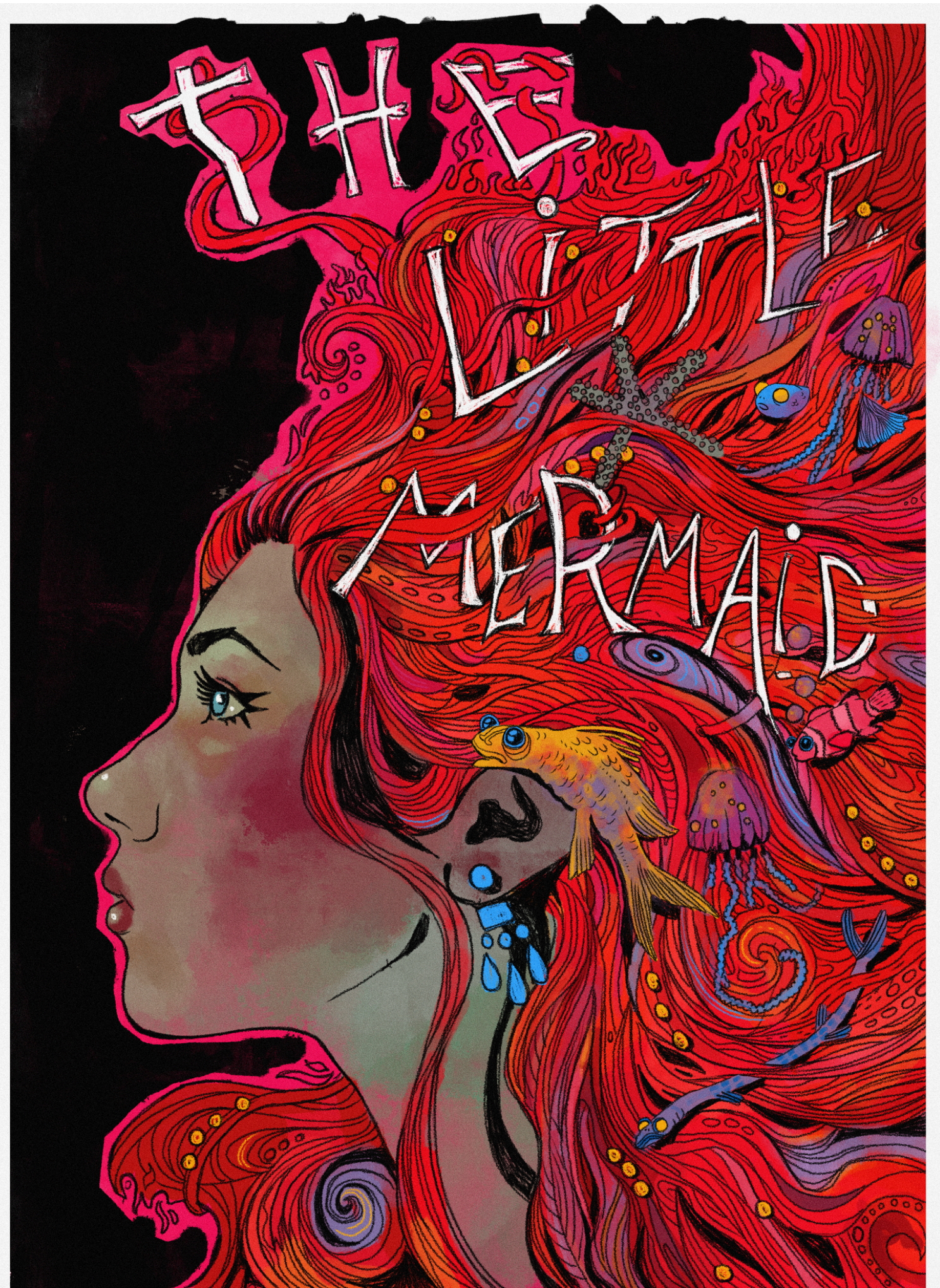
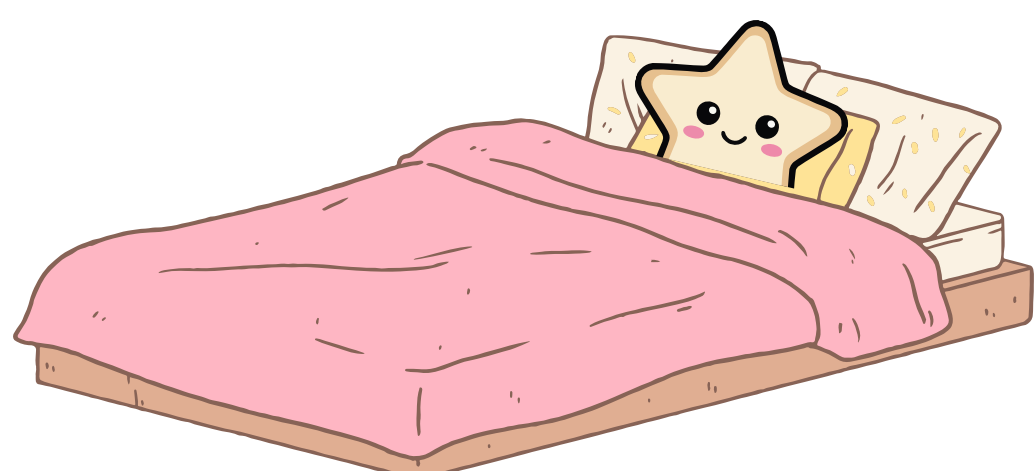
"The universe needs you," they said together.

"No, I can't. I don't understand. What will happen to you?"

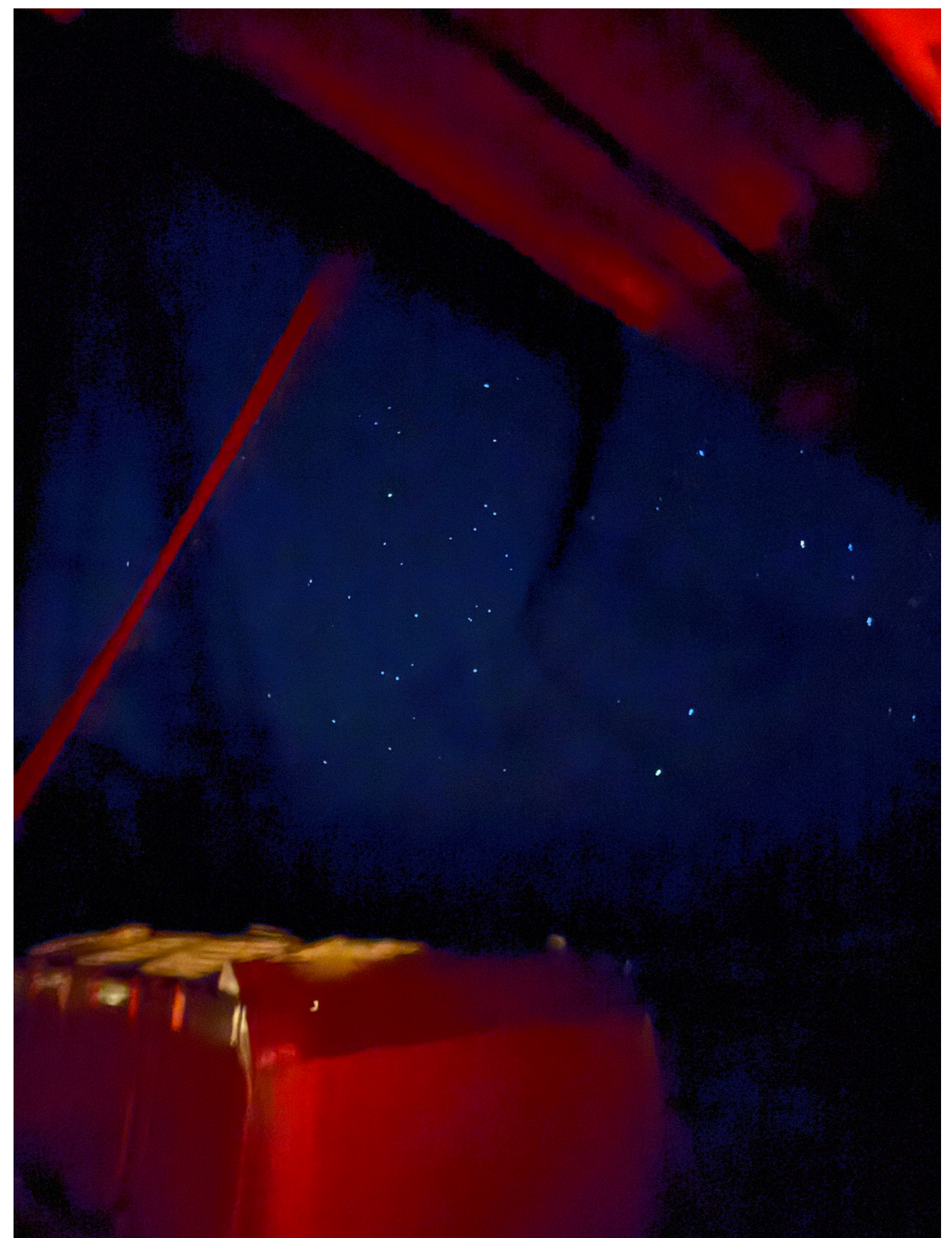
The king and queen looked at each other and then down. There was a long silence in the tower. But even before the princess had asked, she already knew. Their lives were no longer theirs anymore. They were slaves to their sadness. Everyone knows it's quite painful to live without existing. So instead, they must exist without living.

So, as the princess released the young star into outer space, the king and queen let go of the castle and floated away, slowly disintegrating into the galaxy.

-Ynez Foxe-Robertson



Art by River Dury





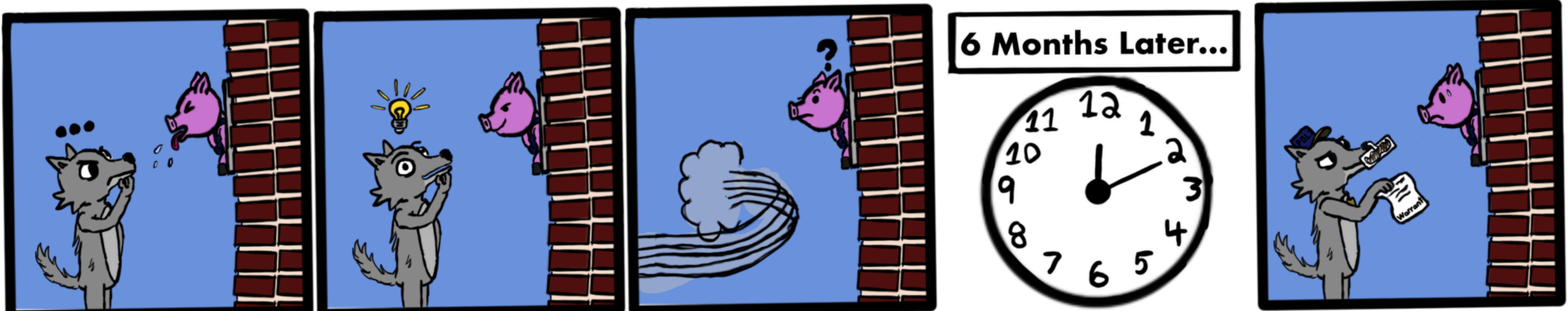
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Our whole childhood is filled with these impossible stories, of knights and princesses, dragons and heroes meant to defeat them. We are read stories of epic quests and play make believe where we get to be those brave adventurers, but only for a passing moment. Our whole childhoods we are taught to dream as big as we can possibly imagine; our passions are nurtured and talents celebrated. We feel like we can change the world. But then we are taught about Icarus and how in flying too high and in dreaming too big, he fell from the sky and died, not from his own carelessness but rather from the sun shining too brightly on him, melting the wax and tearing apart his wings. But imagine what the lesson of that story would be if he flew too low. For he was also told not to skim the ocean waters lest the sea spray break the seal on his wax and he fall to his death. Imagine if as young adults we were taught to worry about dreaming too small, about not finding grander adventures.

People always call life a fairytale when everything is going right, but what they seem to forget is that every fairytale has something unexpected go wrong. Life is never going to be perfect and neither were our favourite childhood characters. Yet what they managed to hold onto was as close to magic as I think I'll ever get. I think it's nicer to believe that everything in books could be real rather than just someone's imagination, that in real life people could make a wish on a shooting star and the impossible would come true. I think however that maybe we only see shooting stars when our wildest dreams are beginning to come true, at the start of an incredible new adventure. Perhaps that's why nearly every night I watch a few stars fall from their place in the sky, and even though I know they're not even stars, I believe and I make a wish.

I think the world would be a happier place if people believed. If they embraced the unknown and left a tiny bit of space in their heads for faeries and fae, for sea monsters and tyrants, for epic battles waged on battlefields in kingdoms that have never heard of our world's problems. Really, we'd be happier if we just kept a little bit of us as a kid. I find it so funny that as young adults, we flit between being told we are too immature or too serious, that we need to act our age or are asked why we take life so seriously. We're seemingly never doing the correct thing. But why must we be one thing? Why can I not be responsible and still believe in my childhood stories? Why can I not be trusted and still want to go on grand adventures? Everything around me currently looks like it was ripped straight from a fairytale book, bound with a navy blue canvas cover. How can I not believe when I am living the same story as so many I have read, when I feel the wind on my face and smell the salt of the sea? I look down at my watch, because it is so ordinary now, yet this exact minute is the one of two every day where everything is possible; "make a wish," I whisper.

-Claire Cuddihy



Comic by Gavin Zoffman

We asked the crew...



What from your childhood do you still want to believe in?

Fairies

Mermaids

Santa x6

My potential

That parents will never die

No concept of money

Everything in life is sunshine and rainbows

Barn Santa

Hogwarts and magic

The Easter Bunny

Skin Walkers

Leprechauns

If you sneeze three times, you have good weather

Unicorns



My Imaginary Friend

That there is a God

The Tooth Fairy

Human decency

Genuine kindness

If you eat your crust, your hair will be curly

Love

Happiness

Everyone has common sense

Dad is Superman and Mom is Wonderwoman

If you eat carrots, you'll have good vision

That getting ten hours of sleep a night is possible



OUR JOURNEY SO FAR

Time: 1845 UTC

Ship Time: 1945 (+1 hours)

Date: 30.03.2026

Weather: 13 degrees Celsius, 3m swell, clear skies

Sea State: 2

Wind: 23kn

Location: North Atlantic Ocean

Sailing Status: Sailing (Somewhat)

Kms Travelled: 2240

NM Travelled: 13371

Days till Graduation: 55



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO...

- Matt, who turned 19
- Alvaro, who turned 18
- Ayel, who turned 18
- Anya, who turned 19
- Louiza, who turned 19



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

“ALL OUR DREAMS CAN COME TRUE, IF WE HAVE THE COURAGE TO PURSUE THEM.”
-WALT DISNEY

