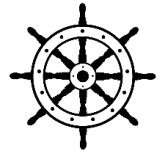




The Mizzen



Class Afloat 2022 – 2023 Student Newspaper. Volume 8: May 15

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Andy Munar

The Mizzen's Paradigm: consent, diversity, accuracy, quality, student perspective, representing ourselves, our peers, and the people and places we visit with respect.

The Final Edition

Eric S.

With the end of the academic year approaching, I would like to acknowledge the students' major contributions to the newspaper, Political Science, and English. Launching and editing *The Mizzen* was a joyous and exciting experience, made possible only through the high-level submissions from the student artists, poets, journalists, writers, and photographers. The creative capacity of this learning community produced a newspaper that rivals established publications for the strength of its insights and exploration of relevant topics. Writing and oral story telling are two irreplaceable and deeply human qualities; our graduating student writers should continue engaging in the creative process by contributing to university journals and papers.



Image by Eric S.

Teaching and learning alongside motivated, passionate, and conscientious students was truly a blessing. In Political Science, students' questions and comments about theory, philosophy, and ideologies drove our collective and individual learning forwards. In English, students analyzed texts and journal articles related to our journey while creating wonderful original pieces and poetry. During 1st and 2nd term, students refined their public speaking skills by presenting and teaching lessons to their peers. Unparalleled moments occurred which boosted spirits whenever they were recounted throughout the year.

Thank you for positively contributing to my experience. Best wishes for your bright futures.



Momentum

Mila Trager

Thoughts going through my head on September 13th, 2022, at Natura: so, there's Emma, Ella...and Ellie, don't confuse them! And then there are two Andy's, two Alex's and two Maya's. And does this one student go by Sam or Wallace? The two names are so different too, why can't he just decide on one like the rest of the world? Oh...that might be his last name. I kind of like "Wallace," so I'll just call him that.

All these people whose names I didn't even know a couple of months ago would eventually become family. I guess that's what being stuck together on the wide ocean in a metal tin can does to you; it bonds you weather you like it or not. Through the ups of scuba diving, seeing the breathtaking beauties of nature and exploring foreign cities, as well as the downs of storms on the Atlantic crossing, strenuous backshaft hours and fights over mistakenly coloured laundry, or the last piece of toast, these people were always there with me. I have seen my friends at their best and at their worst and conversely, they have seen me burst with laughter but also sat with me on the bathroom floor next to the toilet when seasickness got the best of me. I feel weird when I don't see certain people as often as I usually do for a couple of days, so how am I supposed to say goodbye to them without knowing when I will see them again?

On the boat it can sometimes feel like you lack personal space, and everybody is crowded together. But now, as the end approaches, I cannot imagine living miles away from these people. Entire oceans and different time zones separate me from my closest friends, making it difficult for me to remember how I ever could have wanted more time and space to myself.

So whether you are a future Floatie, a parent excited to reunite with your child, or an exhausted student or faculty member on our current journey: this will be cheesy and you have heard this a million times before, but I will remind you again, everything is temporary. Life flies by; if you don't stop and look around you might miss it. If Class Afloat has taught me one thing, it is to live in the present, to cherish the good moments, and to make the most out of the difficult ones.



Respect for the Ocean

Silvana Ponce

The ocean is a gigantic and mysterious world, its depths shrouded in darkness and its surface shining with the bright sun. It is a place of both beauty and danger, where the shimmering waves dance in the sunlight and the furious storms rage with anger.

In the silence of the morning, the ocean is a peaceful oasis, the gentle waves splashing against the shore. But as the day wears on, the ocean's mood can shift, its waves growing stronger and more unpredictable.

At night, the ocean is a mysterious and haunting place, its black depths contrast with the bright stars above. The sound of the waves crashing against the shore echoes through the darkness, a reminder of the respect we should show to this gigantic powerful being, the ocean.



Crossing the Atlantic

Sarah Tyler

The wind was our guide as we set sail across the ocean. The sun was setting in the distance, casting a golden glow across the waves. The sound of the waves crashing against the hull was a constant reminder of the power of the ocean.

As we sailed farther into the open sea, the horizon seemed to stretch out endlessly. The ocean was a never-ending expanse of blue, with no land in sight. We were alone with the elements, and the occasional sight of dolphins below.

The wind picked up, and we hoisted the sails to catch its full force. The Alex II leaned from one side to the next as we picked up speed. Slicing through the waves with ease.

The night sky was a canopy of stars, each one shining brightly in the darkness. The moon cast a silver light on the water, illuminating our path to watch exchange. We felt like we were sailing through a dream world, far away from the troubles of everyday life.

Finally, after what seemed like an eternity, we caught sight of land on the horizon. The buzzing of our phones filled us with a sense of relief and excitement. We had conquered the Atlantic once again.

As we came alongside in the Azores, we felt a sense of pride and accomplishment. We had sailed across the Atlantic Ocean, and we had experienced the true power and beauty of the sea.



Choices

Sophia Angi

Choices, decisions.
Big choices, big decisions.
Life altering decisions.
All consuming choices.

No pressure. It's only the rest of your life.
Pros and cons list.
Reading, writing, thinking.
Anxiety, tears, fear.

Deadlines.
A decision finally.
Excitement.
Then the second guessing comes in.

Back to the excitement.
This is a good thing.



Green Sails

Lauren Dupuis

The wind hit my green sails, moving us forward across the sea. Standing at helm, feeling the breeze, I gazed towards the horizon, my mind at ease. In the distance, I could see a storm of clouds waiting for me. I turned the wheel hard, preparing the boat, my green sails began flapping all about. When suddenly, I heard a strike, loud thunder struck within the night. With every strike the sky lit up, revealing just how rocky and rough it was. As my green sails went down, the wind picked up. The waves crashed high against my boat, knocking us down trying to stay afloat.

We stand here together, one by one. Pushing through the storm, one wave at a time. In the end we'll sail through together, endless storms and beautiful weather. We sail through highs, we sail through lows, we sailed through storms no one else knows. Throughout our journey we have come, across the ocean together as one. No matter the weather, we'll stand here together.



Society's Norms

Anonymous

Everyone seeing everything
Bold opinions and I'm sweating
The prying eyes; trying to shame
Wanting to love one of the same

A perfect future told to me
Upon an alter with a man
Now ensnared for a lifespan
Wings clipped, wanting to be free

Enveloped in orange, white, pink
Rejecting myself in a blink
Faking the infatuation
Life filled with dissatisfaction

The aversion of being seen
Overpowers the way I've been
Tried to fit society's norm
Never going back to before



Emma Leclair

Traveled to all the corners of the
world with a family by my side.
Lived it on a green sailed ship
Of which I called it my home.

The rough seas hitting the hull
Us on watch trying to stay still.
During the biggest storm of the year
By my side with all of my peers.

Watching all the sunsets and
sunrises. I stood there standing tall.
Looking back at the year
And being proud of it all.



Graduation

Beth Warsof

Congratulations, Floaties! Welcome to the esteemed ranks of Class Afloat alumnx. It's not a small feat that you have accomplished; it's a rare few who have even have the courage to seek what you have. We're so proud to welcome you into our fold.

It has been a privilege to join you on your journey this year. In Switzerland, I sent off this message: "This is the most amazing moment - to be standing on the peak of an alpine mountain with students who have just seen the middle of the ocean and the jungle and island beaches and European cities and Caribbean towns and African ports... my heart is just blown open. I'm so grateful."

This captures my awe of watching you all grow this year. We're not the same humans who joined together, nervous and unknowing, back in September. You've experienced so much, a great deal of it challenging, and a great deal of it asking you to keep your hearts open, to the experience and to each other, as you leaned into the heel, and life, together.

A bit ago, Megan asked us for our learnings from Class Afloat. I shared, "On land, we're tricked into thinking that life should be steady, flat, and solid. Class Afloat has taught me to trust the rhythm of the waves, that the ups and downs of our own lives are what carry us to our next destination." These words have been true for me since my first sail, and I hope they will become true for you.

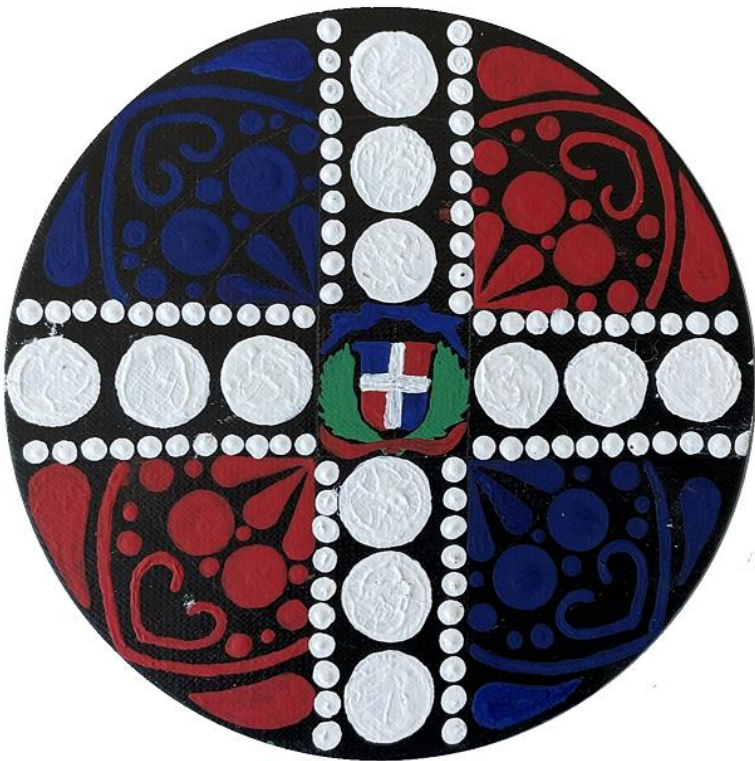
Continue to carve your own paths – it gives me permission to carve my own too. Continue to seek adventure, to believe in community, to miss people and call to cry about the times you never thought you would long for – this all gives me permission to do the same. I believe Class Afloat teaches us we can get used to anything – and thrive – by leaning into the goodness of the people around us.

A final note: Class Afloat doesn't end on graduation day. There's a third semester, and it's what happens next. How will your relationships evolve? What learning will you explore and share next? What questions will you ask, what actions will you take, and how will you show up accountable to these incredible humans? When we're all together, it can be easy to see only our differences. When we're far apart, what brought us together, what continues to bring us together, becomes a gift we can open each day.

I'm changed by each of you and I'm grateful for each of you. I can't wait to see how you impact the world next.



The Flags of Our Journey



Relearning Your Right from Your Left

Amélie Lynn

Dear Ship,

This is it; we have seen every variation of colorful sunrises and sunsets. We have watched dolphins dance around the bow; some have even seen sharks—but, I believe it's only an urban legend. We have travelled some 14 thousand nautical miles, crossed the Atlantic Ocean twice and visited brand new continents week in and week out. It's the end of an era. Even if some of us come back on the Alex II as part of the regular crew, none of us will ever experience the comradery of living with a group of 40 - something kids your age on a boat for over 6 months. Like I said: the end of an era. An era marked with lots of Nutella toast—probably more than the healthy amount—as well as different German words such as *danke*, *wasser* and everybody's favorite *telloffel*. It's hard to think about how I won't be able to walk a short few flights of stairs to end up surrounded by the openness of the ocean, or that I won't be able to read lounging in the bowsprit enjoying the hot Caribbean afternoon weather. I will miss coming onto deck when we see the first glimpses of land in the horizon, or seeing the continent of Africa for the first time in my life; or even weaving around the British Virgin Islands. We have exhausted every karaoke song and celebrated every single special day. You have held together and brought us to safety even in the rockiest times.

We thank you for being our rock; we thank you for being the one constant in our lives these past few months, for being the thing we called home in every port.

With Love.



Blanche Racicot

Hello young adults!

Yes, you who is around the age of exercising one of your most important duties as a citizen: voting. You probably realised that the world we live in isn't exactly perfect. From the climate crisis to the overturn of *Roe v. Wade* or from school shootings to racism, sexism, islamophobia, and homophobia, our generation has been forced to bear the burden of all those problems that contribute to social inequalities. Sure, it might be stressful and terrifying to deal with all of that, but as young people with new ideas and ambitions, it is our duty to be the initiators of change. And that starts by small gestures like voting. Wherever you live, and whatever your political opinions are, you should vote in the next election. Not only to take advantage of the fact that you have a voice, but to exercise the right that some of our ancestors fought so hard for us to have today. So, consider this a guide to the political scale for beginners:

“The Political Scale”

You probably have heard the terms right, left and center on tv or at the diner table around election time, but do you know what they refer to?

To understand the origins of the terms “right” and “left” it is necessary to take a trip back in time to the French Revolution where, for one of the first times in history, enough people challenged the monarchy to create a wave of change. In the parliament, people that were in favor of the King, the royal family and what they represented stood on their right and the ones that were in favor of a systemic change and a reorganization of the society stood on the left. The terms were kept and that lead to what we know today as the political right and left.

Imagine if peoples' political views were located on a straight line. The right side refers to the more traditional ideas. Usually, the right is associated with family, religion, private companies, and other general capitalist ideas. In Canada the conservative party would be associated with the right and in the United States it would be represented by the Republicans. Right wing ideas generally are anti-abortion, limited immigration, and anti-government intervention. The right wing is also called conservative.

The left generally embraces redistribution of resources, recognition of minorities, social justice, progressivism, and government intervention. In Canada, the NDP would be associated with the left and in the United States, the closest party to the left would be the Democrats, although many political analysts argue that the Democrats are more center left than actually left. Left wing ideas are usually pro-choice, pro-government intervention, pro-taxation of the rich, and pro-immigration. The left wing becomes more socialist the further it is from the center.

Like other aspects of life, some people and groups take their ideas to the extreme, and that is also very noticeable on the political scale. The *extreme* right can be synonymous with ultranationalism, discrimination, xenophobia, racism, or antisemitism. Certain groups like the Proud Boys, the capitol rioters or some of Donald Trump's supporters could be associated with the extreme right. The extreme right can lead to tragedies like fascism and Nazism.

continued

The *extreme* left, on the other hand, would be associated with state-imposed interpretations of “equality,” ideas like economic equality, Marxism, and communist values such as anti-capitalism, redistribution of wealth and recognition of the negative impacts of social classes. China, Cuba, and the former USSR are some examples of the closest that countries came to achieving communism. The extreme left can lead to tragedies like the Cambodian Genocide.

Now that you are a little more informed about the different sides of the political scale, just know that each party is situated somewhere along that scale and it is for you to decide which party aligns the most with your values and beliefs. Now go out there and VOTE with conviction.



David Green

The voyage has come to an end; the journey continues. We make ready now to leave the good ship Class Afloat and plough our own furrows through the sea of life, strengthened by our connections and deepened by our experiences. Some of us will return to the same schools in the same towns we left behind, knowing that we never step twice into the same stream. Others will land briefly like a skimmed stone and fly off into university or a new city, to different jobs, new friends, and experiences. Does a river ever look back and pine to be rain? Does it long for the ocean? It simply keeps flowing, and by doing so it brings life to the land and sparkles in the sun.

“Hope is not the conviction that something will turn out well, but the certainty that something is worth doing no matter how it turns out” (Václav Havel).



Image by Rafferty

