

Our horrible world

So everybody knows about robots and their impact on earth. We all know that jobs are being taken over and people are becoming more and more broke. I have noticed how scared people are for their future, even if they are not trying to show it. The world is becoming more and more destroyed yet we are too stupid to see it.

I have always wanted a child but as life goes on I fear for the life it's gonna live. We all used to make fairy tails but we all knew that what we were saying wasn't a lie. I mean who knows, maybe someday zombies will run around. But it's not flesh eating zombies, it's completely normal people. Those people are just destroyed and broken with no air to breath. They walk around with nothing to do for everything was taken away from them.

So far in humanity we have made creations smarter than people. Like that robot that beat the jeopardy champion or the robot created for chess. we are even on our way to making humans robot by C.R.I.S.P.E.R..

So many people want to do something but they feel so small and that they don't matter.

Every single person on this planet no matter how small can do something, and they should do something. If everyone picked up 5 pieces of garbage everyday, our world would be cleaner. If everyone started no meat mondays, our world would have way less pollution. If everyone was kind to all the people we met, no one would feel less than. We could all make the world better in just a blink of an eye.. That means no more poverty, pollution, trash, or the end.

I think we can do it, and so should everyone else. If they just believe!



Do they hear us now?


I wish I could go back in time, back to the "nicer time", the "better time". The time where families couldn't be families because of one's skin and love couldn't be love because of the complexion we see. But that's a better time? I would look back in time and ask myself why was racism a thing? But what I should have been asking is why racism is still a thing.

When I was little I would contemplate making a time machine, so I could soar above the world and fix things I didn't like or couldn't understand, in reality I would probably be in some cardboard box waiting for dinner to be made. Those things I couldn't understand wasn't because I was too little, it was because I was too confused why they exist. When I was younger I was always taught to treat people the way I wanted to be treated, so I always did just that. The colour of someone's skin is something I just never looked at, I never looked at it as a way to treat someone or verbally change my tone with them. One thing I still do to this day is doubt myself, not because of my height, body shape or my personality but because I am a half Jamaican girl living in Canada. I feel knocked down, underestimated or harder to make friends and have been left out of group activities because of it.

Actually hearing people make comments on the colour of me at only the age 5 is something I can't wrap my head around. My skin tone is my biggest insecurity. Before kindergarten I never paid attention to the colour of my skin, it was just apart of me. Going into elementary school was when it became a problem. I was known for being the "black girl", or the "puffy hair" girl. Something that doesn't seem so bad to them, or even to you, but when I heard it all the time, it made me look in the mirror and want to change that part of me.

I never reached out to anyone to talk to this problem I was having because I felt like they would not understand. The frustration that built up in me ended up breaking me down, and now that's all I see and that's why I want to change that. I know I shouldn't be ashamed of it because it makes me who I am and I'm trying to get better at understanding that, trying to be proud of it and not letting it get in the way of myself. I still look in the mirror and judge me for it, but through the years I have been proud of myself for finally accepting myself more. I'm still learning and it will probably take a lifetime to, I still get comments on it quite a bit and doesn't help me especially going into high school where I'm going to be around a whole bigger group of kids.

I'm in a place where I haven't been before, I look in the mirror and smile for once, I smile because I feel like I'm becoming more of myself everyday and the racism that comes my way isn't knocking me down much any more. Why I wrote this is to say, times need to change. We have had wars, fight for rights and protests for things that went away in a snap. So why can't this? What is so hard about accepting one other? We are who we are, we can't change that and neither can anyone else. So when the world ends and I'm gone let's make the world worth remembering. So, do they hear us now?



My View of a Perfect life

People's beliefs for a perfect life always differs from person to person. People believe that to achieve this perfect life they have to be great at everything, while others believe that living a perfect life is living in the moment. I don't believe in any of those.

I believe that to achieve this perfect life you have to make everything, every task you do, your manners, your wealth, your reputation, your beliefs, all have to be perfect... Did you really think I would actually say something along those lines? Well no, I don't believe that's also a way to a perfect life. The world can't hand you a perfect life on a platter, you have to climb and grab it. I think having a perfect life is achieving the impossible, having good manners and knowing a certain breaking point for when you need to stop doing something.

The reason I believe that is simple. To achieve the impossible means to overcome a task that usually thought to be impossible. Being able to do something when everyone thought you couldn't, shows how determined you are to finish. That shows you won't give up abandon hope and instead will try. Then we get to manners. A lot of people don't even know basic manners yet. Manners could start from how you treat someone, then to proper etiquette. If you can clearly see that you making someone aggravated, or is clearly mad, do not do something repeatedly to make them even more mad. That goes in the line with Manners. That was an example for people with bad manners.

Even though I explained how to get a perfect life, at least in my expectations. It's not easy getting a perfect life. You can't change the ways you adapted too, and keep them the same with short amount of time. You can't achieve the impossible without thinking it through, and failing, and trying and trying again.

For those who had their o-so perfect life given to them, I wouldn't say they've had the perfect life experience. I think that to live the perfect life experience, you have to have had the struggle to attain the perfect life. They may have had stress throughout their lives, but they still were born with a silver spoon in their mouths. So there for, I do not believe that they are living in a perfect life.

So that's my thoughts on a perfect life. Achievable, yet hard to achieve. Everyone has their own opinion on how to get a perfect life, but just because they have thoughts on how to achieve a perfect life, does not mean that they can achieve what they think is a perfect life. This essay is based on my opinion of a perfect life, not anyone else's. Others may have the same thoughts, but does not mean others may agree. So this is my view of a perfect life.

My Future

Thinking about my future has got me pondering, what do I want to become in my future? To become a lawyer, as my parents want for me, or an engineer, a doctor, an electrician, going into college? My future positively consists of completing high school and going into a college. An occupation in which ensures my necessities and enjoy doing would be desirable. Also, be able to leave the city of Winnipeg and explore other countries. Going forward I want to work harder in being able to achieve this future.

Most individuals have an idea of their future job, I being one of those individuals, want to work towards becoming an architectural engineer. I have always been fascinated by the architecture and engineering from Japan's high technology toilets to heated flooring and their ancient shrines to modern architecture. And with this been wanting to be able to build a house in which contains the Japanese elements but also put in touches suited to the house owner. In my future becoming an architectural engineer can allow me to build and design homes that achieve my dream occupation.

A top priority of mine other than my job includes my parents. Another reason in which I chose to be an engineer was to build a residence for my parents. To do more than just be there for them, but build them a house. A home where they could feel comfortable and similar to their home country the Philippines. Providing not just my parents, but also working with other people in building their own dream home.

To accomplish my understanding of engineering I plan to go overseas to Japan to extend my horizon even further. To go abroad many preparations would be needed. Learning the language by the end of grade 11, through self-studying, and a lady from church who plans to teach us Japanese in 2020, January. Receiving help from my father who is an electrical engineer, to prepare for the exams required to achieve the MEXT Scholarship to Japan. A scholarship in which pays for my tuition, monthly allowance, and a round-trip flight between Japan and Canada. Savings from a part-time job could also provide money, other than the money provided by the scholarship. By the time this list is all checked off, I hope to have, a master's degree in architectural engineering in Japan.

Besides that, I also want to live a peaceful life. To live with my parents, stay connected to my siblings and old friends as I continue to mature. I don't know what's going to happen down the road but I hope to at least receive a job I enjoy. All I could do is continue from here and work hard now before something brings me down. From now on I should focus on the decisions I make moving forward, can't wait to see what waiting for me.

My Fight

I tend to constantly look back on the past like its apart of my future, I'm not saying that it's bad to remember the things you've done over the time span of your life but I think It's starting to get really repetitive. My life has been a lot different from most peoples but I can still relate to a handful of people around me. I had to deal with pain at a young age, from birth really, and I can't seem to get away from it. I've seen and dealt with a lot much as a child.

The only thing I can really remember from my childhood is the way my father treated me. With hatred and disgust. Sure I could never say for sure that he hated me but his actions definitely didn't say that he loved me, much less cared about me. I mean, he was the same way to my mother and he claimed he loved her too. Hell, he even married her. So maybe that was his way of showing us he cared, It doesn't make his actions right. The truth is simple. I hate him.

My mother tells me I have every right to hate him. She says if I never want to see him again then that's my decision. What I could never understand was why she would even want me to see him at all. Why would she even think that I would want to see him when I'm older? I didn't have a childhood and it was all because of him. Why would I want to bring that pain back into my life again? Surely she would understand that.

I've talked to many people in my time coming to Winnipeg, I still do to this very day. They always tell me to think about the good memories, the happy ones, push away all the bad things. How can I do that if I don't remember the good things? My mom and my grandparents constantly tell me about the things that happened when I was a child, the good things that is, and I can never remember them. The only thing I can really see clearly and remember is the bad things, every one of them.

Scientists say that the brain will shut out traumatic experiences in order to protect itself. It will fill in the empty space with good memories to replace all the ones that are bad, like they never even happened in the first place. If that's the case than why do I remember all the traumatic events but can't seem to grasp all the good things? It's like all my life held was bad things, never even good.

Which is why I'm writing this right now. I just don't understand why people tell others to forget about the bad things. They think it's so easy but really it isn't. Instead of telling people to forget about the bad things that happen, we should be trying to help them over come those memories, trying to help them to cope. We need to start changing the way we think about others and their pain. We need to talk, not ignore.





Body Image

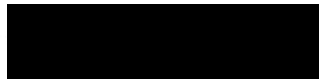
Everyone has a different body than the person next to them. Someone, might have curves, and the next might have a straight narrow body. Everyone has a different body image, and that's what i'm here to talk about. First, i'm going to start off with what your body image is. Your body image, is how you see your body. It's your mental image of yourself. It's when you look in the mirror and look at yourself and admire how beautiful you are. But, not everyone has a positive body image, like my previous example. Some peoples body image is negative. Some, when they look in the mirror they see there flaws. What they don't like about their selves. If a person, has something they don't like about themselves, it's all they might see.

The media doesn't help some with their body image either. They see beautiful people, on Instagram with bodies to admire. When, some of the time, they photoshop their bodies so they look more presentable. People see these gorgeous teens, and adults, on the covers of magazines like Vogue, and wish they had that body, or that face. These thoughts aren't those companies idle outcome, but it's what happened. No matter what these magazines do, they will add to the negative side of someones body image. Eighty percent of woman who watch television, and reads magazines have said that they make them insecure. Even though some companies have started to advertise self confidence, society can overpower their attempts to help woman, and also men.

Everyone has the ability to have a positive body image but some don't put effort into trying to see themselves better. They don't put effort into embracing their flaws, and taking in their

beauty. Because not every is beautiful in every single but, when you look for your beauty, you can find it all around you.

What Girls Feel After a Break Up



Submitted to Mr. Schmidt

Class 815

How do girls feel when guys break there heart, break there trust and tear apart their world.

What are your first thoughts after a break up? Break ups are never easy for anyone. You are losing a significant other that you have probably been with everyday ever since you've gotten together. Plenty of people have been talking about the seven different steps after a break up. Here they are.

Firstly, denial. We all have to take some time to process the break up and accept that it's true and it isn't just a dream. At some point we will all check our phones to check if our ex has texted an apology (In the back of our minds we all know it won't happen). Constantly thinking about your ex is normal after a break up and you shouldn't feel bad for always having them on your mind. After denial, we feel anger.

After a while, you will carry a grudge and feel like smashing things. You do have a right to feel angry after a separation, especially if you were broken up with or been messed with. If you end up doing something you're going to regret, then you should get ready to face the consequences.

After you've cooled down, then comes most of the tears and sadness after your break up. In my opinion, this is the worst stage. This is the stage where you start scrolling through your camera roll and watching couple goal videos while eating a pint of Ben & Jerry's ice cream and also getting rid off the stuff he gave you, the clothes he gave you and deleting pictures of you together.

The hardest thing to do is to forget about him, all you do is think about him all day, sometimes you ask yourself if he's still thinking about you or if he still has feelings for me or if he found someone new. This stage is actually the most helpful part after a break up because you're letting all of your feelings out and you aren't keeping it bottled up.

Friends that support you through hard times are one of the most helpful things to have through a break up. They'll be there to comfort you, cry with you, make you laugh, eat junk food, EAT ICE CREAM with you and watch Tom and Jerry, everything just to make you feel better than the other days you cried alone. Even though you let all of your anger out and your tears made a lake in your room, you still have this feeling that you just want to hurt him and hit him after what he did

to you. After you gave all you had to him, your time and your love for him. The great memories you made with him, planned the future with him. But then it ends, we don't die together in front of a sunset and we don't have a happily ending together.

About a year and something ago, I was in my uncle's car, with my siblings and mom, having just brought the pizza I was forced to pick up. The kids were hyper, laughing and talking loudly. We were going to visit my cousins, eat pizza, and possibly go to the park. I was staring through the window, mulling over the likelihood of seeing friends, when I noticed a rather dubious looking lady, a road directly across from me, seemingly talking on the phone and—wait a moment—is she staring at me? Greatly unsettled, it was evident she was pointing at our car, with me staring unabashedly, eyebrows raised. Suddenly, her phone call halted, and, I kid you not, our eyes met. She kept her unwavering gaze on me as she continued her phone call, now speaking rapidly.

At first, I was speechless, but my interest mounted, now with added concern. I began insistently tapping my uncle, trying to gain his attention. “Ok, ok, what is it?” I gestured towards the lady, and he squinted. His expression went from deadpan, to surprise, to what I think now, was realization. He turned on the ignition, backing out of our parking, onto the road. Silence was screaming, questions hung in the air. *What just happened?* My uncle was quiet, and someone laughed nervously. Slowly, the tension broke, and the rest of the day was a blur. Soon shortly after, we were back home.

A brief knock came from the door, sending expectant looks my way. As I unlocked the door to what I thought were the neighbor kids asking to play, I prepared to break the news that we couldn't play, when I paused. To my utter disbelief, a tall, white police officer was at the door, complete with the duty belt and disarming smile. A cruiser is parked in front of our house. My head quickly runs through a few worst-case scenarios, and I hesitantly call for my mother to come.

Later, I learned that someone had called the police, on account of ‘suspicious behavior’ and ‘screaming’ coming from the car. They were told someone was hitting a child, and gave our license plate. It must've been a surprise when all of my younger siblings bombarded the policeman with greetings and questions. He interviewed each of the kids, you know, *just* to be sure. It was clear now it was a misunderstanding, and nothing was written. He left, and we didn't bring the event again. I remember joking about the lady who phoned was probably blind, adding some fitting adjectives.


While it's understandable that the police were checking in to see if things were alright, I was a whole different issue with the woman who called on us. It was basic racial profiling, and let me define that real quick. It's the act of suspecting or targeting a person of a certain race on the basis of observed or assumed characteristics of a racial or ethnic group. Not only limited to race, but religion as well. What I want to go into depth with this essay is the huge link between racial profiling and law enforcement, and its disastrous consequences.

In every case of a position with high power and authority, people will abuse it. In America, there is a huge problem with police brutality. It is deeply tied to racism, and often goes unaccounted for. If it comes down to word of a police officer against the word of the potential criminal, you can easily see the bias this can inflict. Pair this with racial prejudice, the color of your skin, and you have a system built against you. People live in fear of the very same authority that is supposed to protect them. You subconsciously watch your mouth, make sure you don't do anything that might result in an early grave, god forbid the cop asking for

your I.D is feeling a little trigger happy. But progress is survival, and at the end of day, is what matters most

Each time another unarmed black man or woman is killed; there always must be some kind of justification. To dehumanize and move on, shielding the real reason, racism. Its mind numbing when the cop claiming self defense isn't convicted of their blatant murder, when the truth is so obvious it hurts. It leaves you with the feeling of helplessness. Even when action is taken, they're still going to be on payroll for next year, long after the dead man's under the ground

Yes, I know the majority of cops are actually good people, that this doesn't represent everyone, and I sound like a cynic. But it's necessary to realize and take action against the people who abuse, and continue to do so, their position of power without consequence. It is uplifting to see people continue to seek justice and protest unjust killings. While this is part of a bigger issue, namely a corrupt judicial system, we gotta tackle on issue at a time, baby steps.



Lessons In Middle School

How much of an improvement have I made since the beginning of middle school? What did I change? Learn? Improve on? These are the questions I wonder, looking back and seeing my growth throughout the past 3 years of my prepubescent teenage days.

Whenever I recall how I was 2 years ago and compare myself to the 'me' now, I often give myself a pat on the back, knowing how much I've grown both as an individual and a student.

One of the things I have nurtured and shaped me as I am now is the voice in my head. To put into simple words, my mindset and my self-esteem.

In the second year of middle school, I faltered and frequently faked optimism and became pessimistic about things. Rather, I would say, "I've done a good job," when in my head I'd feel like I messed up.

However, having been surrounded by a positive community, and a supportive family, it influenced me to shift my perspective and see things in a different view.

Grade 8 was that point in middle school where I believed more in myself than I have in the past years.

Another lesson I've learned was that trying new things is good. New things give us a challenge and along the way, we discover more about ourselves and our weaknesses which we can later work to improve on.

Back in grade 6, I used to think that trying something "new" sounded intriguing. Although when you actually get yourself out there, continuously exposing yourself to something foreign, you pick up gems. Those gems are what you've learned and you keep them, so when you encounter something similar in the future, you put them into use.

I won't move forward without a challenge. These challenges get bigger and bigger and it's meant for me to get stronger. To be able to move forward, I need to challenge myself to meet new things. This was what I realized as the years go on, which gave me a strong will and determination when doing things.

There are a lot of things I still have yet to discover. I need to continue to work hard as I strive to become a better version of myself each time.

I could describe this as rock-climbing. A big tall wall looms over me and I have to climb over and reach the top. In order to reach the end, I need to step forward and step on the right rocks to be able to advance, moving at my own pace. But when things don't go my way and I get stuck, it's okay to slow down and think carefully. Then, I'll muster up all my courage and push myself up.

Are you fake?

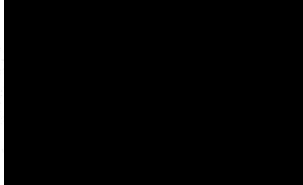
Have you ever lied to your self or felt like your living in a fake life?

What did you with your self?

When I was stuck in a deep hole of depression, everyone around me said that they would stick with me and help me out. Others promised me that they would be the ones to pull me out of the very dark, deep hole with the shortest rope ever. Most people that would help someone that's depressed would tell you they're doing it for the person but that's all fake, lies they tell you that so you believe them.

I think the reason is to get acknowledgment so other people will think of them as a person to care for everyone, to be liked in order to get more fake friends. I do think I am fake. Most teens are either in relationships or friendships. I believe it's because they want to get the most friends or just feel good about themselves. The reason I think I'm fake is because I tell everyone in my life that I wake positive, I live a healthy life style, happy, loved, friendships are great, jobs, given the truth stuff like that. I think Imposter Syndrome is what half of teens go through at their age because we don't know who we are as a person yet. What do you think?

I relate to imposter syndrome because I doubt my accomplishments in life.



This man rants about how there are not that much good video games anymore.

Video games are used for entertainment and lots of people play video games nowadays the average gamer will almost everyday start up their console or gaming pc and play a game that they love but now video games are getting less and less original as the years progress because they keep redoing the same thing every time but adding just a small feature or "microtransactions". microtransactions are one of the things that make lots of gamers empty their wallet to make them better then free players for an example but lots of games are not free and still have these awful microtransactions example call of duty. I have had lots of experience with gaming and lots of the games I play are good and less bad except in recent years I would say games are getting a lot more in the middle not good but not bad either due to it being almost the same or again microtransactions another thing I should throw in is video games have a shorter story modes or just easier objectives of some sort making it beatable in a 1 day or so if you're a hardcore gamer and if you are some how even better then a hardcore gamer you can beat it in a few hours which makes buying an 80\$ game not as worth as it would be if it took a couple days like it did a decade ago maybe...

ATHLETES BECOMING ATHLETES



Room: 8-15

As a human being, I see myself as one of the individuals around me. However, I also try to look and see what other things I can do better than the majority of the people. For me, that one thing is my athleticism. Some people assume that athletes only become one for the fame or the awards they receive which creates hatred and most of the time, jealousy. In a way, people dislike sports due to thinking sports is a waste of time. For me, athletes are the ones who have suffered the most trying to strive for achievements to the best of their abilities.

With that being said, I am here, as an athlete, to advise some information and ways on how athletes walk into a journey to become one. A few main topics will be having motivation, reaching beyond our comfort zones, and keeping our knowledge set to seek for positivity. These are some of the ways how both young and professional athletes develop themselves to endeavor.

Based on my experience, motivation is the foundation of all athletic effort. It's a part of my way of thinking to continue pushing forward and forcing myself to determine what else I can do. I try to motivate myself to maximize my ability and achieve my goals. To be motivated, we must be willing to abide and face challenges, agony and pain. The importance of this is it will have a huge impact on our understanding when we begin a competition. I was motivated by my church mates and by watching motivational speakers. It changed my whole mindset as I listen to inspirational athletes and made an effect to my physical performance, mental knowledge, and general lifestyles. It is those who are eager to push themselves forward that are most likely to be successful in what they want to do. From what I've learned from the past, it's that if we're passionate about doing something new, we have to exit our comfort zone.

I believe that some of the young athletes have a couple of rationales on why they won't step out of their comfort zones. One of these is that they are afraid to change for the new situations, or of

failure. A key to overcome this is to share how we feel and ask those around us to some possible blind spots.

Another idea is to try something new daily to get used to stepping out of your comfort zone. Growing up, I realized that every time I step out of my comfort zone, my aspect of experiencing new things become stronger. The challenges I stated "impossible to obtain" in the past.

Successful athletes always seek for positivity and maintaining a positive attitude. Athletes set high, realistic career goals to pursue. The emphasis of being positive is that we are capable of imagining higher and positive possibilities. From the young people I've examined, the negativity took their mindset and thus gave them thoughts to give up, hesitate, and let their doubts and anxiety to take over. However, it's not difficult to overcome these kinds of negativity. In other words, the mental toughness of athletes are mostly based on overcoming challenges and seeking for positivity if we continue to crave for eagerness.

We do not have to be professionals to achieve our goals. Instead, we should keep pushing ourselves towards our limitations and keep moving forward. In conclusion, being motivated, getting out of our comfort zones, and seeking for positivity will hopefully work its way to help the young athletes' journey to keep moving forward.

(This is my essay that I probably will have to redo because I actually don't know what I'm writing about so here we go)

Essay About Art Styles and Drawing.

Having an art style while drawing is very important for a person to improve how they draw. Their understanding about the concepts of drawing a basic person, for say if that is what you're drawing at that moment. There are so many different art styles and none of them are alike. If you claim that someone had 'stole my style' its actually impossible since EVERY STYLE has something different to them..

STYLE 'STEALING'

As I have said before, it's quite impossible to steal a style from a person unless you actually trace the artwork from the person. Everyone who has a drawing style is unique and their drawing is unlike anyone else's. If someone does attempt to steal your drawing style it's a sign that you should be proud of what you've worked on. It is a wrong thing to do, unless your like Krista and you need to trace for a school project because you're trash at drawing (Krista gave me permission to write that. She is actually quite good at drawing.)

Art Style Referencing

It is okay to reference an art style to get ideas, or to try out the style. I myself, have referenced many different styles when first starting out to get the jist of doing, said styles. There has been many different times when I have heavily referenced a picture of a male to know how and where to draw the things (because I actually suck balls at drawing males. Not gonna lie.)

Every person has their own way of drawing some bad, some god like but, having a style is really important to get better at doing what you enjoy. (*cough cough* jO gET a STyLE *cough cough*)

(I will be adding more)

Why music is life

Music has and always will be an important aspect of my life. Music has the potential to change a mood, shift an atmosphere and to encourage a different behaviour. Music is an art form, a way to express emotions and a way to tell stories. Music is a powerful tool, it can turn a bad mood into a good one, bring back memories that you thought you forgot, make you think about love and can make you less stressed when need it the most. Music has helped me express my feelings for this girl that I've had a crush on since the beginning of the school year, it makes me feel like I have a chance with her but in reality I'll never be good enough. Music has helped me so much during stressful times and kept me sane through my darkest moments. Listening to the songs I like always puts me in a good mood and makes boring tasks (like writing an essay) less tedious. Music will always be a part of my life, whether I'm happy or sad, high or low, whether you like it or not, music is here to stay. Music is a universal language that can be shared and understood by everyone. Music has influenced society and culture so much that the only way it can disappear is if society disappears with it. In short, music is life.

What is Storytelling? | ELA Essay

Storytelling can tell us an indifferent version of reality, as it tells us another perspective beside ours. Books, TV shows, movies, video games, etc. We can receive a story from several forms of media.

You know that feeling when you must stop reading a good book? Or when you are forced to stop binge-watching a TV show? It's disappointment where you must go back to reality. I think that this book, or some other form of entertainment showcases us storytelling. In our daily lives, most of us follow a schedule or routine. Let's suggest a usual lifestyle; we would wake up, brush our teeth, go to our profession (education or work), go home, eat dinner, go to bed, repeat. Some days might be different than others, but generally it's an almost a similar schedule every day. In a story of entertainment, everyday doesn't usually follow a schedule. The conflict switches the routine around, the conflict changes the routine to be irregular and inconsistent every day. I think we could be "escaping" to this different world, just because we get to experience something else, something we are not used to in our daily lives. When we read or listen something that includes storytelling of someone or something's lifestyle, we want to binge. Storytelling tells us an altered lifestyle or situation, one that we probably hadn't gone through our life living or knowing with. That's what makes stories so interesting, it's telling us an experience that we aren't familiar with. We can be so invested in this type of storytelling entertainment because it is so, interesting!

I think storytelling is a form of art. Art is not always referring to painting, but I think it can be various expressions of someone's creativity or imagination. I think storytelling is somewhat like magic; storytelling tells us a story and a setting, and we feel suddenly teleported to this other world. This narrative telling seems difficult to recreate. The steps to be a good writer are, well, I don't think there's steps to begin with. Writing is simple; good writing is difficult. It is a form of art that just cannot be taught. Just like visual arts; painting is simple but painting a beautiful piece can be difficult. Again, this form of art just doesn't seem like something that can be taught to others. I think to make a good story is experience and inspiration. I think storytelling is a key point to make a good, interesting story. You could have a great plot and an interesting conflict with likable characters, but the author can express his story poorly. You could have a dumb plot and the simplest conflict with very few boring characters, but the author can express and tie his story all together. I think animators on Youtube rely on their storytelling skills to make good, interesting content. They animate, yes, but they need to animate a scenario along with narrating. TheOdd1sOut is one of the most popular animators (if not #1) on Youtube. His "Sooubway" videos are TheOdd1sOut's most popular viewed content on his channel, it has millions of views (~50 million) when it's just him ranting about his part-time job while he was in college. I think it is how he tells his scripts with the proper tone and relatable side arguments. He can turn a simple story from his life and turn it to a likable and entertaining content.

If I am honest, I don't read much books (besides WEBTOON); but traveling to the dimension of a novel is the best. A TV series is a good "escape from reality", although a novel is a greater escape than binge-watching a TV series. Why would ink and paper have a much more surreal experience than something that's already there to visualize? I think this is because in a novel, it allows much more imagination to create this other world. In other forms of entertainment of storytelling, you cannot visualize more creativity into this world because it's already set in stone; it's like an already coloured colouring book. Our imagination could be the "transporter" to the other world, I think this why we feel the printed words give us a surreal

experience. We envision this other world, and then we set ourselves in the setting and environment. Sometimes, I imagine myself as the main protagonist or other side characters. How do they still feel brave at their weakest point? Books somehow leave me with unanswered questions at the end, and subtle hints throughout the story can foreshadow an answer.