

IS ANYTHING REALLY WORTH IT?

By Lily Abrams



So we all know AI production and usage is on the rise, putting people out of jobs and sucking the creativity from life and just causing general harm. The amount of water it uses is inexcusable and nothing can justify it. We've been declared to be in a water crisis and all for what? So you can flirt with your favorite character on an AI texting app? All of this being true and quite frankly nasty proposes the question. Is anything really worth it? Like why study when AI is gonna take your job? Why write when AI can do that for you in less time and at a level it'll take you years to achieve? Why sing when AI does that too or draw or dance or create at all when a machine can do it ten times better? Why do anything at all? Let me tell you before you decide to quickly put this paper down and not hear me out.

We do all of this because it means something. For AI it could create a million things a day and remember them all for years but is it really remembering if there's nothing to remember? It can't remember, all it does is store data. It's useless. We can do everything AI can do. AI means nothing because it does not remember. We should study and dance and sing and draw and teach and talk and write because without art what are we really? We are on a floating rock hurtling through space. We could be dead tomorrow so why would you ever want an AI to do for you what you could do with love and time and patience and soul and kindness when AI is capable of none of that. Is consuming AI really worth our inevitable demise?

Is consuming AI really worth it if it's perfect? Nothing should be perfect, especially not something done by a soul sucking lifeless machine. This is honestly the stuff from nightmares being pressured by peers and mentors to use something as vile and evil as AI to perform basic tasks. Again the question. Is anything really worth it? Is anything really worth it when it's the mistakes that make it perfect, when it's the hours of bending over a canvas, your tears mixing with paint to make a color as fleeting as it is beautiful when AI could capture that color forever, frame it and call it art.

Honestly, I'd say it is worth it, because we can capture moments forever and feel it when we look back at it and whether it's sad or happy or confusing it's something. To quote something almost painfully relative and beautiful (and from one of the best movies of all time) "We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. And medicine, law, business, engineering, these are noble pursuits and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for." - Robin Williams playing Mr. Keatings in Dead Poets Society. RIP.

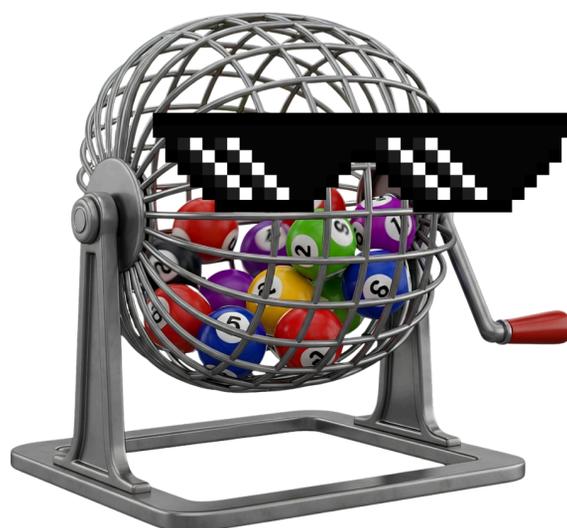
There really is no point to living without the love that goes into art and friendship and writing. Without art we are nothing. So to leave you with something to think, talk, and argue about, is "art" really worth consuming if it's made with AI?

BINGO NIGHT!

BY LIAM MP

GVS student council is bringing Bingo night to GVS! On April 9th from 6:30-8:30 in the gym we will be playing bingo! Doors open at 6:15 and bingo starts at 6:30. We will be playing 10 games of bingo. Snacks will be available for purchase. There are prizes for winning! Available for all players ages 10 and up! (Bingo cards must be purchased. For \$12 you get 3 cards per game and a Bingo dabber. Additional cards can be purchased in increments of 3 for \$10.)

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The Winter Olympics 2026

By Jareth Klassen

I'm sure a lot of you watched the winter Olympics that took place in Italy this year. It was called the Milano Cortina because of the primary venues used in the games. The city Milan had the arena that hosted hockey, figure skating, and speed skating. The other part of the name comes from Cortina d'Ampezzo, a mountainous town where alpine skiing, curling, bobsleigh, skeleton, and luge took place. Other venues hosted some sports as well, but not as many as these two locations.



Now for the important part. Who won? Norway took the top spot with 18 gold medals, 12 silver, and 11 bronze, bringing them to a total of 41 medals won. 14 of those medals came from cross country skiing alone, with 7 of them being gold.

After Norway came the USA: 12 gold, 12 silver, and 9 bronze. The sport that they got the most medals in was freestyle skiing, winning them 8 medals from that one sport.

Third place went to the Netherlands, who had 10 gold, 7 silver, and 3 bronze. Every single medal that they won came exclusively from skating. They got 7 medals in short track speed skating and 13 from general speed skating, earning 5 golds in both sports.

Canada came in 11th place. The true north earned themselves 5 gold, 7 silver, and 9 bronze. Our country mostly got medals from speed skating, short track speed skating, and freestyle skiing, winning 5 medals in each category.

But you may wonder, how does the Olympics determine which countries come out on top? It's actually based on quality of medals, not quantity. This method is called the gold-first system, and it ranks countries based on how many gold medals they have. If two countries tie in terms of gold medals, then the amount of silver medals will break the tie. If the countries somehow tie again, then bronze medals will be the tiebreaker.

But overall, it doesn't really matter who wins and who loses. The Olympics bring the whole world together in a friendly competition, and it's good to see that our planet is still capable of doing this, no matter the state of the world.



All's well That Ends Well

C.B.

This book is dedicated to all the people who have ever handed me a book. and to all my ELA teachers: Mrs. Epp who encouraged my writing and always has a smile, Mrs. Little whose positive energy never fails, and to Mr. Martens whose imagination never ceases.
- C.B.

LAST EDITION:

She stopped; Charles seemed to be talking to her. Lily eventually ceased sobbing. "Thank you, Charles. You always know what to say. For now, I'm staying with a man named John. If this happens to change, I shall let you know." Her voice softened. "Love you too, Charles. Bye."

Just as she hung up, John entered the room. If he noticed her tear-stained face, he didn't say anything. Just smiled at her and said she could stay at his house for as long as she liked.

John wrapped his arms around Lily's shoulders and led her to her room, then bade her good night and left. Lily climbed into bed and fell asleep.

CONTINUED EDITION:

John wrapped his arms around Lily's shoulders and led her to her room, then bade her good night and left. Lily climbed into bed and fell asleep almost instantly, but her sleep was plagued with nightmares. Her fathers screams and the neon flames haunting her. She woke up screaming and thrashing in terror. Her screams brought John running.

"Lily! Lily, it's alright! Stop thrashing, you're going to hurt yourself."

Lily seemed to be trapped in the nightmare. And Dr. Reynolds' prediction seemed to be correct. John pinned Lily's arms down but she was still fighting, her eyes were open and there were tears streaming down her face.

John continued murmuring words of encouragement telling her that she was safe and that he was here beside her. Lily ceased fighting and John finally let go of her arms. He sat beside her and helped her sit up and lay her head on his chest. John wrapped his arms around her trembling frame. Lily then started sobbing, ugly choking, sobs. John rubbed slow circles on her back.

“Shh, it’s ok Lily, you’re safe, you’re safe. I’m here,” John whispered.

“I-I can’t,” Lily choked, her voice dissolved into another round of sobbing. They stayed like that for a while, John rubbing her back and stroking her hair. Slowly Lily’s sobs quieted and her whole body relaxed. She seemed to be asleep. John lay her down and tucked the quilt around her shoulders. Then he went to his bedroom to get some sleep.

Lily woke up to a beautiful sunrise. She got out of bed and went down to the kitchen. She started making breakfast, eggs and toast. Lily had just finished putting it on plates and was making tea when John came into the kitchen. He sat at the table and smiled when he saw the plate in front of him.

“Good Morning Lily,” John greeted.

“Good Morning John. I hope you don’t mind that I made breakfast. I’m working on tea, and then I shall join you at the table.”

“I don’t mind at all Lily,” John replied. “It looks amazing. I am terrible at making food. Toast would end up burnt when I make it,” he chuckled.

Lily finished making tea and put a cup beside John’s plate. She sat down across from John.

“Do you mind if I pray for this meal Lily?” John asked.

“Of course not, John,” Lily replied.

And so they bowed their heads and John thanked the Lord for the beautiful day ahead. He thanked the Lord for the lovely breakfast Lily had made and for Lily herself. When Amen was said John eagerly dug into his food.

The days passed quickly. Everyday starting with Lily making breakfast. John and Lily would read or garden. John even surprised Lily with a new wardrobe.

On some nights Lily awoke screaming from nightmares. John was always there, holding her hand and whispering that she was safe.

One evening Lily was reading in the living room curled up in an armchair by the fire. John came into the room, sat down on the sofa and folded his hands in his lap.

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“What book are you reading Lily?” he asked.

“To Kill A Mockingbird,” she replied. “It’s quite fascinating. The items Finch displayed are the evidence of Tom Robinson’s innocence and the jury went out and voted him guilty. I cannot believe that some people are so biased. Declaring someone is guilty just because of what they look like. Atticus was very brave to have defended a black man. Especially when people were scorning him because of it.”

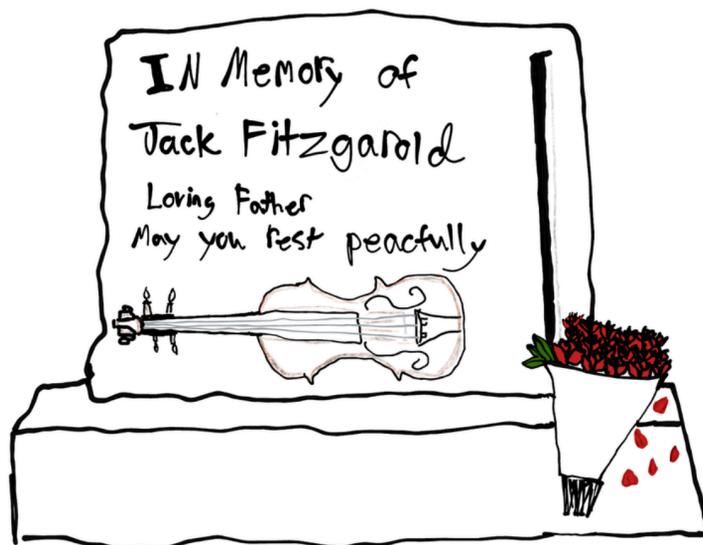
“Indeed,” John said. “Lily, Charles is out of school tomorrow. Would you like to get him from the station?”

“That would be perfect John, thank you.” Lily smiled but her smile faltered when she saw John’s hands. They were folded up and he sat hunched over.

“Are you all right John?” Lily asked, sounding concerned.

John sighed. “I’m fine. There is something I wish to share with you Lily. The matter of memorializing your father. You could write the obituary and I could help you place an order for a memorial stone. I have already had an idea of what it should look like. John stood and as he pulled out a folded bit of paper from a pocket in his pants he passed the page to Lily who unfolded it.

This is what the drawing looked like:



“The drawing is amazing John,” Lily complimented.

“Thank you,” John replied. “What do you think of the design?”

“It’s perfect,” was all she said. Lily’s eyes were swimming with tears. “The violin is a perfect accent. It was his most prized possession.”

John reached over and grasped Lily's hand. "I'm glad you like it, Lily. Shall we go forward with it?"

"Yes," Lily said. "Thank you John." Then got up. "Get some sleep Lily. We have a big day tomorrow." He then left. Lily put the book on a table beside her and went to her room. She put on her new silk nightgown and climbed under the covers. Sleep did not come easily to Lily. She tossed and turned trying to find a comfortable position to sleep. But when she eventually drifted off she managed to sleep through the night.

Image digitally drawn by Rose based on the original sketch by C.B.

