



# Vision Journal

A Guide to a Sequenced Dreamscape

The 11:11 Series

Made by students, for students.



# A Sequenced Dreamscape



from *CAZ!*

I'd like to thank all the individuals that were involved in creating the third edition of Vision. The following pages display the multitude of talents that our ICCIT students hold. I hope, in reading it, that these stories and reflections resonate with you as they have with us. This journal allowed the students to show us what 11:11 means to them through emotions and various art forms. Every page, story, illustration, photograph, and design is composed from various perspectives and experiences. Even in the midst of challenges, the students managed to create something that entangles and presents their work together. I am eternally grateful for all of the amazing people, especially my contributors, who have put in hours of hard work and dedication into this journal. It was an honor to have been your Lead.



**SIMRAN**  
**JOURNAL LEAD**



**ADDIE**



**FAIZA**  
**PHOTOGRAPHY**  
**LEADS**

Through these challenging times, we are able to come together and create a journal that showcases the abilities of our students. This journal would not have been able to be created without the leads, photographers, authors, editors, graphic editors, and illustrators. Each and every person in this journal has a unique story to what 11:11 means to them and thankfully through this journal we are able to see how 11:11 is represented to them. To us, photography is a beautiful way to express ourselves and our emotions, dreams, and aspirations for the future. You can see the beautiful stories be expressed through many forms and for that, we are very honored to represent them through this journal. We are both immensely grateful to be a part of this talented team and as photographers, we hope as you read this, you feel the emotions and dedication put into this journal. Thank you to our leads, all our co-leads, graphics, editors, authors, and illustrators for a great and creative year!

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# EDITORS

Each story in this journal reimagines the meaning of 11:11. I am proud to have worked with such a talented and committed group of authors and editors. Each writer arrived at the meaning of 11:11 from a different perspective, creating poems about angel numbers, characterizations of dream-like nature, complex characters that just want their wish to come true, or narrations about food-related lifestyle changes. Simultaneously, between each revision, the editors managed to make these stories gleam, by playing with imagery, details and tone. As writers we sometimes get lost in trying to find our voice, the story's tone, or in trying to make characters come to life. I think this team managed to find the essence to each of their stories, creating something truly unique in the process. I am grateful to have managed to contribute to stories that portray such profound emotions and beautiful ideas. To work with such a talented team and with the other leads has been an absolute pleasure. Thank you for the amazing experience as your Author's and Editor's Lead.



**JENNI**  
**AUTHOR & EDITOR**  
**LEAD**



**CHANTEL**



**ZIAD**

## **GRAPHICS & ILLUSTRATOR LEADS**

Even though it was challenging, working together in order to create this issue was a special moment. For us, 11:11 is a very broad topic, and it encompasses dreaming, wishing and nostalgia. Our illustrators, photographers and authors interpreted the theme beautifully, which gave us the honor to compile everything and compliment each of their work accordingly. We hope that these pieces mitigate thoughts and feelings, as well as appreciation for our team's hard work. We'd like to thank all the leads, illustrators, authors, and photographers for putting up with our pestering and trusting us with our creative vision. As designers, we often get carried away, however for this issue, we carried.

# **NOTE**

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PHI  
Phi  
Phi

# Rhino Rock

**Story by: Amanda Liu**

**Edited by: Libby Setiadi**

**Illustrated by: Ziad Harmanani**

I dig up the white sports top from what seems to be a pile of messy clothing. It matches with my grey Under Armour pants and I skim the room to pick up my white NY Yankee cap by chance. I'm wearing a pinkish blazer and have my hair up in a ponytail. I check my outfit to see if everything fits well. Today's one of those days I want to dress up.

The clock blinks 9:08.

I holler, "Cherry, get up now! We're going to that place you've always wanted to go to!"

"Why me? I worked a late night yesterday!" I hear my sister Cherry yell back. She struggles with the blanket covering her head.

I stand aside Cherry's bed and laugh at her.

"Come on, do more exercise! Or you'll become a mushroom one day!" I say.

Anderson chills on his bed with his phone.

My brother Anderson is thirteen years old. He attends high school this year - a natural-born, prodigal player in Sheng. It's a kind of Chinese free reed wind instrument. He looks studious with his pair of black glasses hanging dully on the bridge of his nose.

"If you aren't coming today, I'm not gonna hike with you anymore!" I say cheekily.

"I know! Did you miss your date today, Sis? Huh?" Cherry says as she flips her blanket over.

"Alright, I'm not gonna force you to go there. But you will regret it. I'm gonna go by myself anyway," I say.

"Fine. Where are we going?" Cherry asks.

"It's Rhino Rock! The cute place I've always wanted to go."

"Aw, I remember that! I'm going," Cherry says.

Rhino Rock is a short trail in Stanley. It seems to be an Instagrammable spot for bloggers to flock to.

Suddenly, Mom walks into the bedroom.

“Is the trail easy? Girls, take good care of your brother, okay?” she says.

“No worries Mom! The trail is short but amazing.” I say, grinning

Mom gets a matching black T-shirt and sports pants for Anderson. She stuffs Anderson’s bag with two giant water bottles, a carton of lemon tea, biscuits, two pears, a towel, and sunscreen.

“Are you serious? Mom, that will be too heavy! No need to bring that much! I’ll prepare everything just right for us,” I say to my Mom.

Mom gazes at me for a while, laughs, then removes the stuff from the bag and places it on the dining table.

“Hey sis, do I look okay with this outfit?” Cherry asks.

“Fantastic! Better get yourself a pair of pants though, not shorts,” I say.

I pass on two caps to Cherry, “Which one do you like?”

Cherry chooses the black one.

“Oh, yeah, and get yourself a pair of sunglasses,” I say.

I double check the 2L of water, snacks, and hiking essentials in my pinkish Decathlon backpack.

“Anderson, we’re leaving in 5 minutes! Get yourself ready,” I roar.

Before we leave the flat, Anderson, Cherry and I get some bites on the cheese bread from A1 Bakery.

We take the subway and drop off at Northpoint station.

As we step out of exit C, Cherry makes a dash for the 109 bus. She thunders onto the bus as I hold my brother’s hand and chase after Cherry’s back.

Luckily, we make it onto the bus. We both gasp. I beam at Cherry.

We’re breathing hard as we take a seat at the back of the bus carriage.

“Cherry, wake me up when we arrive at the final stop,” I utter. I lean my head on

Cherry’s shoulder with my eyes closed. She plays Candy Crush on her phone.

Suddenly, Cherry shakes me. I gradually open my eyes. The sea is so blue from afar. It shimmers like an ocean of sapphires. Or lapis lazuli. Anderson hugs his bag with both hands.

As we drop off the bus, I open the Hiking app to find the starting point of the trail.

The bus driver lip-syncs “Rhino Rock” to us at his seat. I nod at him.

The driver gets off the bus and leads us to the starting point.

“Thank you!” We all smile.

The sky is blue. The clouds are comical. I’m once again reminded of the depth of gemstones like topaz and aquamarine. I feel grateful.

We take a couple of inclined stairs from the start of the trail.

As we walk, I look up at the emerald leaves. The sunlight seems to pass through their veins. I take a photo until the sun is just hidden behind the trees. The forest is beautiful during the day-time.

I decide to go in a zig-zag shape with my steps. Anderson and Cherry take their steps carefully.

I pause and release my mask for a clean breath.

“There aren’t many people around. You can take off your masks if you want to. It’s safe here,” I say. I take a sip from the water bottle.

“I’m good with it. I feel safer,” Cherry says.

Anderson surpasses Cherry with his light steps. I keep the lead.

Cherry inhales, exhales, grimaces, then breathes.

“How much longer till we get up there?”

“Should be within an hour,” I wink.

Cherry picks up a long stick and uses it as a trekking pole. Anderson searches for one on the way up. I take off my cap and wipe my sweat away with my wrist.

A crowd walks down the steps. A white poodle wiggles its tail as it passes us.

The route becomes flatter and muddier, but we manage to limp between the bushes. I leverage my body with the woven vines and branches.

Suddenly, I hear Cherry yell excitedly, “Hou Liang ah (That’s so beautiful)!”

I look out and see that the coast is immense, stunning and sparkling. The sea is shallow, turquoise, and smooth. I feel at peace because I love nature.

I grab out my phone and take photos for Cherry from different angles. She’s grinning as she poses.

“Nei jui liang (You’re the prettiest) la!” I say.

Anderson asks from behind us, “Is the Rhino Rock just some steps away?”

“Yeah! We’re almost there. Add oil (Cheer up) ah!”

We continue, narrowly avoiding slipping down the steps.

“Good job bro! We did it!” I smile and pat Anderson on the back.

“The rock looks just like a rhinoceros!” he exclaims.

I find that it’s true, the Rhino Rock bears an uncanny resemblance to a rhinoceros. The Rhino seems to be attempting to go down the slope.

A guy rides on the horn of the rhino while swinging his legs. A girl takes a photo for him.

The crowd scatters around the area and I peer at the panoramic sea view. The blue sky fits perfectly with the entire scenery.

Out of all of this blue, a boy emerges from the crowd, walking up to me.

From my side, I hear Cherry chuckle, “Perhaps you have been secretly in love with her before?”

A girl giggles, “Whooo.”

“Hey, don’t be hypocritical Cherry!” I exclaim.

“Maybe you were in the same dorm as me?” The boy asks again.

I shrug, “No I don’t, sorry. Maybe it’s because I have a familiar face?”

A man teaches every person how to climb up the Rhino Rock with his salsa steps from afar. Our little group observes the trick from below.

I feel my sister tug on my sleeve.

“I’m scared, Sis. I’m not gonna go to the tip of the rock,” she says.

“I will go up first. Follow my steps!” I say with confidence.

The guide directs me with his steps, and I go one at a time up the side of Rhino Rock.

“Take your steps bit by bit. Slowly. Don’t cross your legs!” The man says.

I eventually make it to the column of the Rhino’s nose. I grasp Rhino’s column like a handrail.

Rhino inhales, exhales, grimaces and breathes. It sniffs, and its column quakes, causing goosebumps to blossom all over my stiff and sweaty arms.

I test the rock surface with my sneakers. I try to reach Rhino’s horn with more tiny steps. I hesitate, I flinch, and I keep myself steady on where I am. I feel a bead of sweat trail down my neck but every ounce of my focus is on moving forward.

I look down from Rhino for a split second and see there is nothing but the calming sea. The clear shoreline, the eagles spiralling in the sky, the gusty wind blows. I feel like I’m on top of the world.

“Sis, look over here. Pose for yourself!” Cherry cries.

My ears feel sore. I hold Rhino with my right hand and raise my shaky left hand with a rock sign waving, “Am I looking good?” I call out.

Cherry takes multiple photos of me on her phone.

“Tighten up your core!” she yells.

“Do you think I can still move?” I say.

I suddenly hear a random lady call out from afar, waving her arms, “If you want good Instagram photos, just bear with it! It’s worth it!”

I try a different pose, making sure it’s within my limits, but I fail. I cringe away, step by step from the danger zone.

“See? No fear. You did it!” The guide says.

“Thank you so much!” I smile. I hold the lingering rope to reach the ground.

I exhale.

**i hold the lingering  
rope to the ground  
i exhale.**





# butterfly

by Gladys Lou

“Butterfly” is a collection of drawings of moths. The piece draws on the idea that moths are often misidentified as butterflies in visual culture. The name challenges the viewer to spot out the difference between a moth and a butterfly. This piece explores the various shapes and forms that a moth could take, guiding the viewers to appreciate the beauty and diversity of this life form.



*i wish they would all drop dead*



11:11

*i wish i was normal*



*i wish i lost weight*



*i wish somebody asked me to the dance*

# Birthday Cake

**Story by: Meighan Atkinson**

**Edited by: Rachel Pantos**

**Illustrated by: Chantel Ong**

Jamie's mother presents the cake to her daughter. It's hand-cut into the shape of a heart, but a wonky one. The right side threatens to collapse from the weight of the baby pink icing. Sparkly letters read Happy Birthday Jamie, slanted and dripping from the heat of the candles.

Mom spent all afternoon in the kitchen fussing over the cake: Betty Crocker cherry chip cake mix and fluffy canned frosting, with red smarties lining the borders. Before the divorce, Dad would get a grocery store cake, with printed images of fondant depicting Jamie's favourite cartoon character—Hello Kitty.

"Birthdays suck." Jamie laughs from behind her cake. Her smile doesn't reach her eyes; it barely lifts the corners of her mouth.

Mom returns a half smile, her thin lips like a crescent moon.

"It's your favourite, honey."

"I don't really like cake anymore."

Mom starts to sing, "Happy birthday—"

"No, Mom. Come on. You don't have to sing." Jamie scoffs, tugging her scratchy hand-me-down sweatshirt over her belly.

Mom sighs.

**"Make a wish, baby."**

"I can't think of anything to wish for." Jamie swallows, refusing to meet her mother's gaze. A hot tear streams down Mom's face. She paws it away with her cardigan sleeve. Mom grabs her hand from across the table and draws circles on the soft skin Jamie's wrist with the pad of her thumb.

"Honey, I know this year's been hard—"

"I don't feel like cake." Jamie blurts out.

"You didn't make a wish, honey. Just make a wish."

The candles drip wax onto the cake, burning to nubs. The frosting droops onto the cardboard serving tray.

“You make one.” Jamie chips at her blue nail polish. Mom squeezes her eyes shut and clenches her fists. The furnace groans, filling silence between them. Mom blows out the candles.

At breakfast the next morning, Jamie scrapes her leftover eggs into the trash. She hardly ate even half of her breakfast, but she scattered the lumps of egg across the plate so Mom wouldn't notice. She tosses the cake into the trash can. Red smarties and pink frosting stick to Styrofoam packs soaked with raw chicken juice and potato peels. When she looks up from the trash can to see if she's gotten away with her crime, Jamie sees Mom's gaze rests on the trash can.

“Do you want to know what I wished for yesterday?” she whispers.

“No, cause then it won't come true.” Jamie laughs, shoving her hands in her hoodie pocket. It used to hug her figure, but now the shoulder lining falls near her elbows. Jamie swings out of the kitchen to her bedroom.

---

Jamie was seven when the girls on the schoolyard first pointed out how her thighs deflated against her plastic chair. Vanessa and the other girls' thighs maintained their shape.

“Your legs are kinda fat, Jamie.” Vanessa snickered. “My sister calls them thunder thighs.”

Her band of best friends nodded their heads, identical ponytails swinging up and down.

The room seemed to go silent for a second, the rustling of scissors gliding through paper and pencil crayons scratching quieting. Jamie's skin lit on fire as every nerve twitched.

Her thighs weren't so fat, Mom had insisted. She hadn't lost her baby fat quite yet, maybe because her birthday was so late in the year. She wasn't fat.

“Shut up,” Jamie said, tugging her blue denim shorts down from where they hiked up.

Vanessa's digital watch bedazzled with pink and purple rhinestones sang the Barbie theme.

## ***“Guys it's 11:11, make a wish!”***

Jamie swallowed the bile of nerves that had collected in her throat.

“Jamie probably wished her thighs weren't so fat.” Vanessa said. The girls giggled.

---

At lunch, Mom rinses the plates and loads the dishwasher. “I was thinking we should do a girls' day, what do you think? We could go get our nails done, get some wine. Maybe order some pizza?”

Jamie stacks the Tupperware's of leftovers in the fridge. "I have a lot of coursework to do tonight, I don't know."

Jamie rushes upstairs, getting dizzy by the time she reaches the top. That damn iron deficiency her doctor keeps pestering her about. The scale is hidden under her bed skirt, shoved so far back she needs a hanger to reach it. Three months ago, the scale in their bathroom disappeared.

"Oh, I don't think we really need it, honey." Mom had said, a pained smile on her face.

The three dashes dance on the screen, taunting her. She sucks in her stomach, or what's left of it, like it'll make a difference. She peeks down at the number and bites her tongue so hard she draws blood.

There's really just so much course work, I have to catch up on my sleep, she runs through her excuses in her mind.

---

The Grade 8 graduation was top of every student's mind at Summer Heights Junior High that week. The girls were grouping off, planning trips to the bridal shops to try on dresses together; the boys comparing dance moves on the soccer field. Tabby and Jamie sat in the doorway, hiding from their peers' line of sight. Their own little world.

Tabby usually wore her father's old band t-shirts paired with baggy shorts. She kept her hair cropped to her ears and dyed the tips red with cherry Kool-Aid. She transferred to Summer Heights halfway through Grade 7, traipsing into math class with her oversized ACDC shirt concealing any hint at the shape of her body. The students whispered amongst themselves.

The only empty seat in the class was the desk next to Jamie's. Until then, she had spread her books over the two desks, enjoying the island she had to herself.

Tabby whispered, "Can I sit here?". They silently passed scraps of paper back and forth, marking tic tac toe grids.

That Saturday, Tabby slept over for the first time.

"I refuse to wear a dress to this fucking grad," Tabby muttered, chipping away her black nail polish.

***"I can't find one. They don't carry my size."***

Jamie spat. Reitman's went up to a size twelve, and Jamie wore a fourteen. Since Jamie turned nine, Mom had shopped for her clothes in the women's section. She had outgrown even the double XL's of the girls' section, and now the women's too. She wondered what came next.

“Oh crap, it’s 11:11. Okay, I wish all of our classmates would drop dead and we could celebrate grad just you, me, and the DJ.” Tabby laughed, tousling her bangs in the mirror.

“I wish somebody would ask me to dance.” Jamie sighed.

When the graduation came, she wore a black sheath dress the shopping assistant had called, “slimming.”

---

The carefully stocked stash of Slimfast beverages and e-cigarettes in Jamie’s dresser drawer is askew, like somebody had rooted through it and haphazardly returned everything back into place. Jamie sifts through the meal replacement bars; but her bottle of MiraLax is gone.

Fuck. she thinks. Fuck fuck fuck.

Mom had let her believe she was naïve to Jamie’s laxative use. She never vocalized any concern about her daughter’s declining weight, merely suggesting second helpings or pleading that her daughter take a few more bites. A wall of glass stood between them, and she didn’t dare shatter it.

She runs to the bathroom, maybe she just forgot to put it away this morning. She doesn’t find them. Not there, not in Mom’s bedside table, not anywhere.

“Dinner’s ready, honey!” Mom hollers from the kitchen.

Jamie splashes cold water on her face, splotchy with tears.

Some nights, Mom gives in. Tonight, she boils or steams everything, uses the leanest ground chicken she can find. She won’t even comment on how small a piece of meat Jamie takes.

Mom looks down at Jamie as she sips her wine, humming. She smears a pat of butter on her broccoli. “Honey, I found something of yours this morning.”

“Oh, what was it?” Jamie’s throat begins to close like she’s going into anaphylactic shock.

Mom narrows her eyes. “I think you know what it was.”

Jamie drags a floret of dry broccoli across her plate with her fork. “My keys? I’ve been trying to find them since Tuesday.”

Mom’s eyes turn glassy with tears. “No, not your keys. Baby, I think I’ve been really patient with you, and haven’t pushed you to tell me anything you’re not ready to tell me.”

“Oh, shit. I actually forgot about an assignment. I gotta— lemme go finish that up.” Jamie pushes her chair out.

“No! It can wait. We need to have this out—”

Jamie stops in the doorway.

***“What do you want me to say, Mom?”***

Mom slams her wine glass on its coaster. “I want you to admit you have a problem.”

***“I don’t have a problem! You have a problem.”***

The cutlery clatters as Jamie drops it in the sink. She storms upstairs.

---

In Grade 9, Jamie’s weight crept higher every day. Her dad moved to Nova Scotia that summer with his twenty-something girlfriend. His daily facetimes became weekly calls, and then the weekly calls became monthly texts.

She felt out of place at high school. The uniform khaki pants clung onto all of her least flattering places, and the nylon golf shirts rode up constantly. The students didn’t tease her, or even speak to her. She walked the halls like a ghost—never acknowledged, except by her overly kind teachers who seemed to sense her discomfort.

Jamie lingered outside the door to the girls’ change room. When she finally dashed inside, the scent of sweat and Victoria’s Secret body spray engulfed her. Adidas duffel bags with fuzzy pink charms lined the benches, and the Grade 11 Girls fitness class stood over them changing into their gym shorts.

Jamie sneaked in to retrieve the gym bag she forgot in first period. The older girls didn’t notice her collecting her blue New Balance sneakers and men’s t-shirt. She turned to leave with her bag in hand, but she realized she was missing her shorts. Where were her shorts?

She hears a shriek from across the room.

“Oh my god, look how big these shorts are!” a blonde exclaimed, pinching the sides of the navy-blue spandex with the tips of her thumbs and pointer fingers. “Stacey, I bet we could both fit in these!”

Jamie’s cheeks burned red. Her back faced the girls as they squeezed themselves into her shorts, each wearing one leg like a mini skirt. They laughed and recorded Snapchats. Jamie freezes in the corner, fiddling with her cell phone. She trained her eyes on the screen, hoping they girls didn’t detect her presence. When they filed out, she grabbed her shorts from the floor and runs.

---

Jamie thumbs through her dog-eared journal. Mom bought it as a gift a year ago, the pink pleather cover adorned with the inspirational platitude: Beauty Comes From Within. Knowing Mom, she probably believed that too.

Each page is dated in blue ink, with her weight in pounds under. It's never low enough. She scribbles the manifestations she learned from Tiktok in her neatest handwriting:

***I am losing weight  
effortlessly, I am  
thin.***

***11:11***

***I wish that by my  
birthday, I hit my  
lowest weight.***

She circles her wish three times with a pink highlighter and stashes her notebook under the bed. The affirmations hadn't worked yet, but all of the success stories on her For You page insisted she hadn't been trying hard enough. She wasn't visualizing herself at her lowest weight, she wanted it too bad but also not badly enough. Nothing she did was right.

The girls on social media didn't need to starve themselves to maintain their size 2 figures, at least not according to their *What I Eat In A Day* vlogs. They seemed to eat without a second thought—they ordered iced coffee with full fat creamer and as many pumps of vanilla as they desired, drowned in caramel drizzle.

They didn't seem to have the mental calorie counter constantly running in the back of their mind that Jamie did. Maybe they didn't know their Starbucks order alone was well over the amount of calories Jamie allotted herself for breakfast and lunch, or maybe they just didn't care.

---

In Grade 12, Connor McGrath marched down the hallway to Jamie's locker, where she tentatively unpacked her books. He slumped against the wall of red lockers with his bag slung to his right shoulder. She stared at the crew neck sweater draped on the hook, wishing the thick layer of cotton would jump out and swallow her alive in its fleece.

"What are you doing Friday?" he asked, cocking his left eyebrow.

"Um, I work." she whispered, eyes still trained on the sweater.

"Go on a date with me," he blurted, barely concealing his smirk.

The lump in her throat drops so quickly she's surprised it doesn't hit the floor. "Um—"

"Jesus, don't answer. It was a dare!" he took off down the hall, where his soccer player friends congregated. They greeted him with uproarious laughter and pats on the back.

Hot tears pricked the inner corners of Jamie's eyes.

---

Jamie dons her leggings and sports bras that once fit tight but now sag at the waist and chest. She powers through a low impact cardio workout, one with no jumping. She doesn't want Mom to hear her.

On her last set of pulse squats, Mom bursts into the room with a basket of laundry, her headphones in.

"Mom!" Jamie yells. "Don't you knock?!"

"I didn't know you were home, honey! I'm sorry." Mom busies herself with hanging clothes in the closet. "Are those the leggings I bought you a few months ago? They're already so loose..." she mumbles in the neatly folded piles of clothes.

"I don't know, maybe they stretched in the wash." Jamie rolls her eyes.

Mom faces the door. "You have gotten too skinny, Jamie. It's unhealthy." She pauses for a moment, sighs, and leaves quietly.

Jamie studies herself in the mirror. Her inner thighs touch at the knees, but the gap between them curves like parentheses. Her stomach caves between her ribs and hipbones. She remembers last summer while she was sunbathing, Tabby dumped her water on Jamie's stomach and watched as the water pooled. "I could go for a swim in there," she joked.

Her arms and legs are covered in different shades of bruises—more proof of the iron deficiency her doctor implored her to take seriously. For the first time she sees how her breastbone protrudes further than her actual breast tissue. How her once shiny, bouncy curls had fallen flat and dull. Even the eyes that stare back at her seem to have lost their shine.

She walks downstairs to the kitchen, cheeks red from her workout.

The Ben and Jerry's stares back at Jamie; daring her. The condensation drips onto the kitchen counter as brownie chunks swim in a melted pool of ice cream. She takes a spoon from the cutlery jar, fingers trembling. Half Baked was her favourite dessert until she was nine when she decided she didn't have a sweet tooth.

***One tiny bite, she thinks. It'll be like it never happened.***

The ice cream doesn't taste like blended frozen bananas and unsweetened cocoa powder, or Halo Top, or any other diet food she's convinced herself to love. It tastes like ice cream. It tastes like her Mom bringing home a pint from the store, and the sundaes bars they made while they watched princess movies.

She couldn't pinpoint where it all went wrong. Gradually, over the course of years, food stopped being nourishment. It was her punishment, it held her prisoner. Ice cream wasn't a comforting dessert, it was calories and saturated fat.

Her stomach rumbles, like it needs more. Something else. Her hunger feels foreign. The urge to satisfy it isn't natural anymore. It feels awkward: looking in the fridge, in the pantry. What is she hungry for? She hadn't let herself feel hungry in years.

Mom walks in the kitchen and pretends not to notice the empty dish of leftover spaghetti and meatballs soaking in the sink. She hums quietly as she unloads the dishwasher.

"Mom, I want a do over on my birthday wish." Jamie croaks, her head nuzzled into her mother's armpit.

"It's 11:11, wish for anything you want."

"I wish I was normal again." Jamie laughed, but it falls flat.

Mom sighed. "You've always been normal. Wish for what you truly need."

***"I wish I would stop hating myself. I wish I didn't punish myself. I wish I would just, you know,***

***heal. Put everything behind me."***

She stumbled through her words, playing with the hem of shirt.

"Are you going to try then? Will you put in the work?" Mom whispered, apprehension clouding her eyes.

Jamie swallowed hard. "I promise."

Mom lunged towards her, wrapping her in a bear hug. "Then my wish came true." She whispered.

*"nom nom"*



*make a wish*

*"nom nom"*

# GUNITA

by Chantel Ong



***gunitá [noun] memory; recollection; reminiscence***

Gunita from the word itself is a picture piece dedicated to simpler days, a memory. I took these photos on a trip with my high school friends (pre-pandemic) to a province in the Philippines at Pagudpud, on the north coast of Luzon island with the towering Bangui windmills placed in a row along the coast, clicking away on my film camera with my friends by the beach without a care in the world. After watching the stars, we stayed awake to watch the sunset and walked along the shore to follow the windmills by the sea, while the local golden retriever played in the water with us. I'd say that 11:11 is a memoir to our simpler days. That mindless wish we would make upon a star before we fell asleep while listening to the sound of the loud but comforting ocean waves.





# What's Your DREAMSCAPE?



**“Traveling back home  
to Beirut has always been  
my escape”**

**Sarah Kneiber**

**“Tokyo, Japan”**

**Ines Bouach**

**“I’d love to escape to a  
vineyard in portugal,  
and drink wine in  
the middle of the Earth!”**

**Jennifer Schneider**

**“Bangkok, Thailand”**

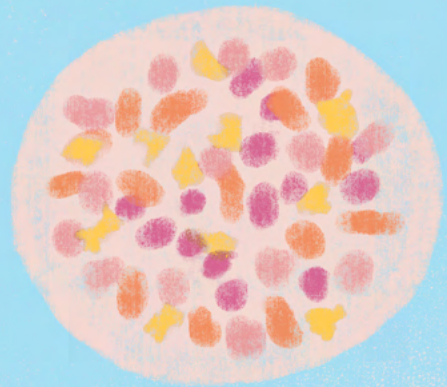
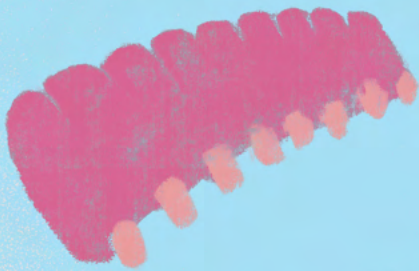
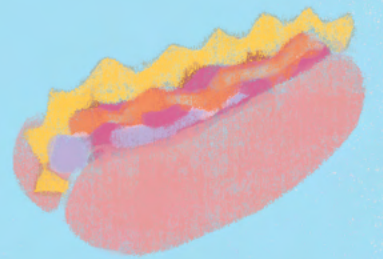
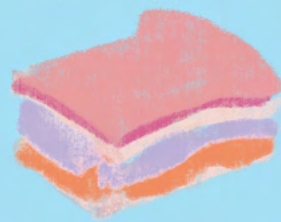
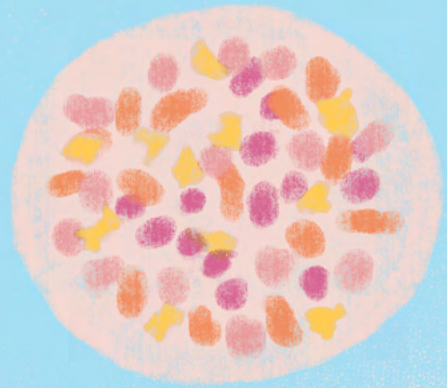
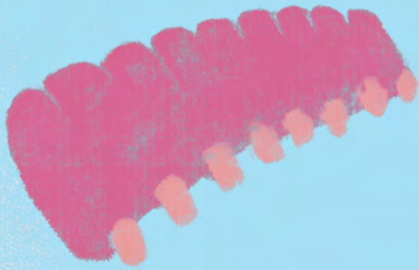
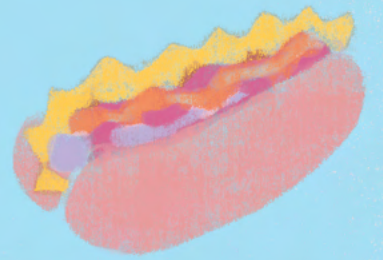
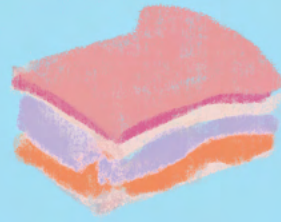
Zeyneb Ourraoui

**“I would love to  
visit Singapore again,  
as I sprained my ankle  
before my flight and  
missed it!”**

Mary Kazek

**“Paris, France”**

Nadia Brome



# How I stopped eating Pork on 11:11

**Story by: Tarek Tahan**

**Edited by: Chloe Cortez-Zgheib**

**Illustrated by: Gladys Lou**

It was November 11th. Every time my family went grocery shopping, I would beg my mother to buy pork hot dogs. I ate them at every birthday party, at every barbeque, and, on occasion, for dinner. When touring major cities with friends or family, such as Toronto or New York City, I would always get a cheap, piping hot sausage from a nearby street vendor. Every time I went out for fast food, my go-to places would always be Five Guys or New York Fries for their top-par hot dogs. My mouth would water, my lips would quiver as I took in the aromas of a hot sausage on a bun. The longer the wait, the hungrier I would get.

Besides, there were also other types of sausage that I liked. Whenever I went to the deli, I would sometimes get Italian or Spanish pork sausage, such as chorizo. While I have always heard about how insanely gross processed meats are from family and friends, or how they increase the risks of heart disease or cancer, I never cared. Whenever I bit into one, I never had second thoughts, I just dug straight in.

My love for pork did not stop at sausages. It also included other foods, such as ribs. Whenever I go out to eat with family or friends, one thing I always looked forward to were tender ribs smothered in thick barbeque sauce. Although they usually offer a side of coleslaw, I just went for the ribs.

Whenever I would order them, I would always get the large rack. The one thing I did not like was how messy it was to eat. A few years ago, when we were visiting relatives living in New York City, we ate at this one celebrity chef's restaurant. As the waiter handed out our menus and walked away with a courteous smile, the first thing that caught my eye was this barbeque pulled pork sandwich on brioche buns with a side of fries. I devoured the entire thing with no regrets and was so full afterwards.

And then there were cold cuts. If my sandwich did not have cold cuts, it would be incomplete. My favourite was the classic ham and cheese. Smokey and savory ham, in between two thinly sliced, toasted pieces of bread and mozzarella cheese melted to perfection. Sometimes, I would even add pickles and other condiments, such as mustard. Another favourite of mine was a salami sandwich. When I was in the mood for a late-night snack, I would even sneak downstairs to the kitchen and eat salami on its own. Oh, and who could forget bacon? I would order it on everything, from burgers to sandwiches to salads, for that extra crunch, or even on its own as a side dish. However, one day, my love affair with pork ended.

I was laying down on the living room couch scrolling through my phone, with nothing to do one afternoon on November 11th. My family and I just got back from a restaurant as we were celebrating both my sister and my fathers' birthday. As I was binge-watching hilarious Kitchen Nightmares and Hells Kitchen clips, my attention drifted to one recommended video. It was about how hot dogs are made. As I paused the current video I am on, and flashbacks of voices played in my head.

*"Hot Dogs are gross!"*

*"Cut down on processed meats!"*

*"They are so bad for you! Do you even know how many calories they have?! Do you even know the things that they put in there?"*

I played the video. Initially, it seemed appetizing; meat, water, and an array of spices being blended together. However, a few minutes into the video, I felt the bile in my stomach build up to my throat.

Thankfully, I suppressed my gag reflex. Meat trimmings and other unwanted scraps from pigs, such as connective tissue, snouts, ears, tails, and skin, are added to the meat mixture. What threw me off the most, which to others may seem unproblematic, was how the meat mixture is enclosed in a casing made out of the animal's intestines. My face scrunches up. The mixture is ground in a large tube and turned into this giant pink blob.

Afterwards I looked up how deli-style cold cuts, such as Bologna, are made, and it was not much better. What is even more disgusting is that from the moment they are born, and until slaughter, pigs roll all day in the mud and eat a mixture of cornmeal, dirt, and unwanted food waste. I laid down in bed that night, taking in the horror I just witnessed. I sprinted to the wash-room, held onto the toilet rims, and let out everything I was holding in. Ever since that one November 11th, my life was never the same. However, rather than dumping them in our shopping cart, I would just gag and turn away. Everytime we would go out to eat as a family, my brother and father would ask me to share a large rack of barbeque ribs, and I would refuse.

*'What happened?,'* my father asked me on time. *'You used to love pork.'*

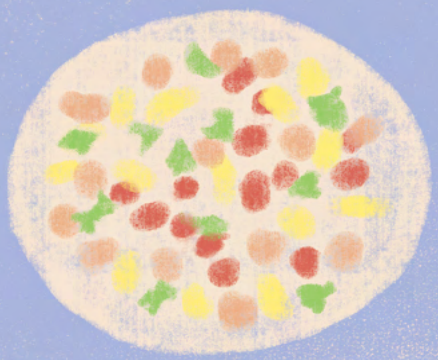
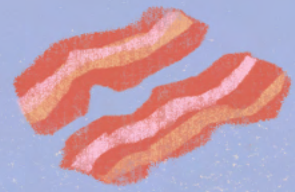
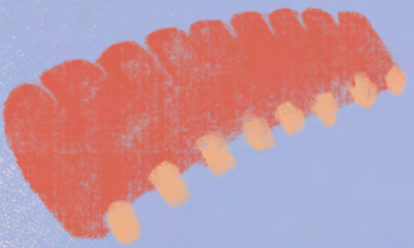
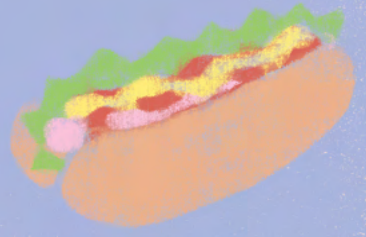
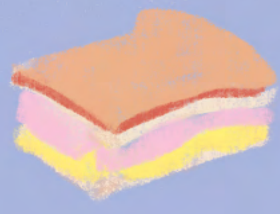
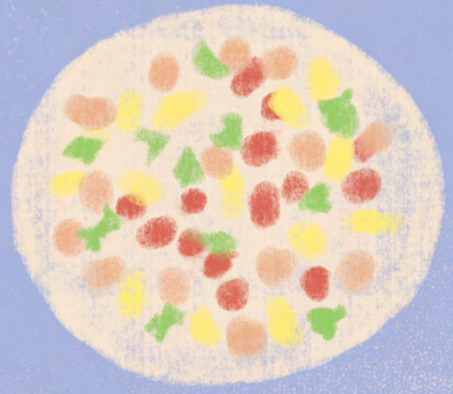
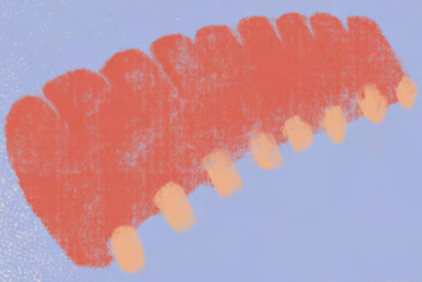
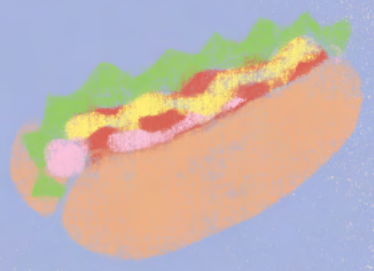
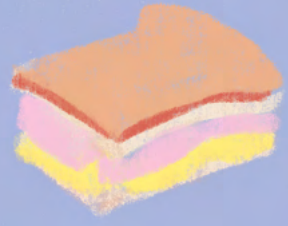
*'Not anymore,'* I told him. *'Not anymore.'*

I no longer order bacon in a sandwich or caesar salad. No longer do I pack myself a salami or ham sandwich to school. One by one, all the pork products I used to enjoy were gradually phased out from my diet. Everytime a pork-related item would appear anywhere on a restaurant menu, my eyes would turn to the one after it. However, there was one occasion where I would order something at a restaurant thinking it was not pork. During a summer trip to Greece, my family and I were eating at this taverna, which are these small, inexpensive, and cozy restaurants serving exclusively local cuisine. Some are frequented by foreigners and tourists, others are highly acclaimed by the locals. When the waiter approached our table, I placed an order for a gyro pizza, a hybrid between pizza and popular street food that is shawarma's Greek cousin. When the pizza arrived, assuming that it was a beef gyro, I took my first bite into it, but something

tasted a little off. Confused, I called the waiter and asked her to clarify whether or not the meat was, in fact, beef. Little did I know, however, it turned out to be pork. While quietly suppressing a gag reflex, I slowly laid the pizza down on the table and kindly asked her to send it back to the kitchen. Her eyes widened, her hands trembled, and her heart was thumping loud enough that I could hear it..

*'You do not eat pork?'* she asked, raising an eyebrow. I shook my head, while assuring her that it was not for religious reasons. I requested that they take it back and make me a vegetarian pizza. After profusely apologizing, she took the pizza, quickly returned it to the kitchen, and got me a new one.

We associate different experiences and memories with foods, some of these, however, are not always pleasant. Foods are like relationships: some start off well and then end miserably, some flourish, and others are toxic from the very beginning. For me, pork is one of those foods that I loved initially but have come to hate overtime. November 11th will remain a memorable day for me not just because it is both my sister and father's birthday, but because it is when I began to no longer eat pork.



# NOT YET

**Illustration by: Anaiah Reyes**

In a whirlwind of unpredictable circumstances, 11:11 has been my constant. I remember a friend telling me that all wishes came true if you made them at exactly 11:11 at night or in the morning. So, I believed her for the fun of it and wished for free springs for lunch, something I knew would never happen but wished on for fun. 45 minutes later and my friend asks me if I want to take his lunch and switch for mine. I'm not superstitious but spring rolls are an oddly specific manifestation, at least to me.

It was in high school too when I discovered what I wanted to do in the future, and from that day forward all my 11:11 wishes became a reminder of the struggles and commitment to that dream. It has also served as a reminder to rest and to take breaks, whether for lunch or for sleep. It is the constant reminder of my passion for my major and the need to take a break occasionally, that defines 11:11 for me, a university student with dreams of her own.



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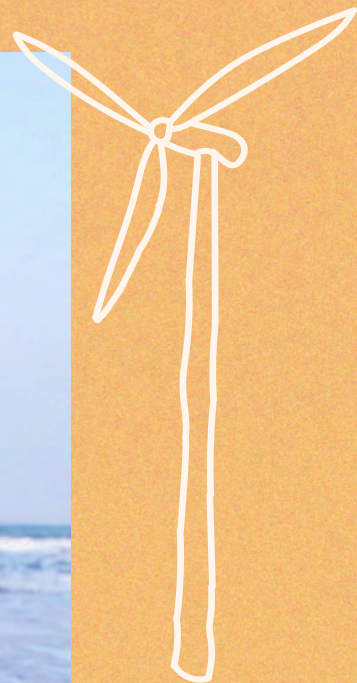
Msc BMC



My dreamscape is full of fantasies, some logical and some absurd. The three pictures represent them: the first is the early morning sky after the first snow the photographer experienced in the North American continent. Layers of green, orange, and purple filled the sky. The second picture shows a girl from the modern city looking into the deep mountain, where the 1000-year-old Hmong villages lie. The crisp black figure is distinguished from the foggy and misty background, creating a fantasizing dialogue between past and present. The most dream-like story comes from the third picture: Humanoid creatures with feathers nest in the high branches of trees and thrive in the sky. When their lives are coming to an end, the ocean calls them, so they shed their feathers and walk into the sea, calmly embracing death. This nonsensical story was captured in Haikou, on the south coast of China: a place of glazed waves. Feathers, clean and bright, can be found along the beaches, making me wonder if there are hidden myths. These three pictures tell three stories about how I interpret 11:11 and my dreams and wishes in reality.

# 11:11 and Me

by Yufei Yang



# MENTAL HEALTH CHECK

  11:11AM

Affirmations

Taking time to myself and doing activities that bring me joy 😊

@kraykraykasia

[Affirmed](#)

  11:11PM

Mood

always try to stay present in the environment I'm in

@faizahaquee

[Check](#)



11:11am

Reminder

Just keep  
going at your  
own pace

@chantel\_ong

Let's Go!



10:00AM

Vibe

lots of study /  
meditation /  
ambient music  
while do things

@c.v.cicho

Passed



11:11PM

Copings

movement &  
reading 😊 just  
getting lost in  
the moment

@jennism7

Coped



# LOOKING DEEPER

Story by: Nadim Kassymov

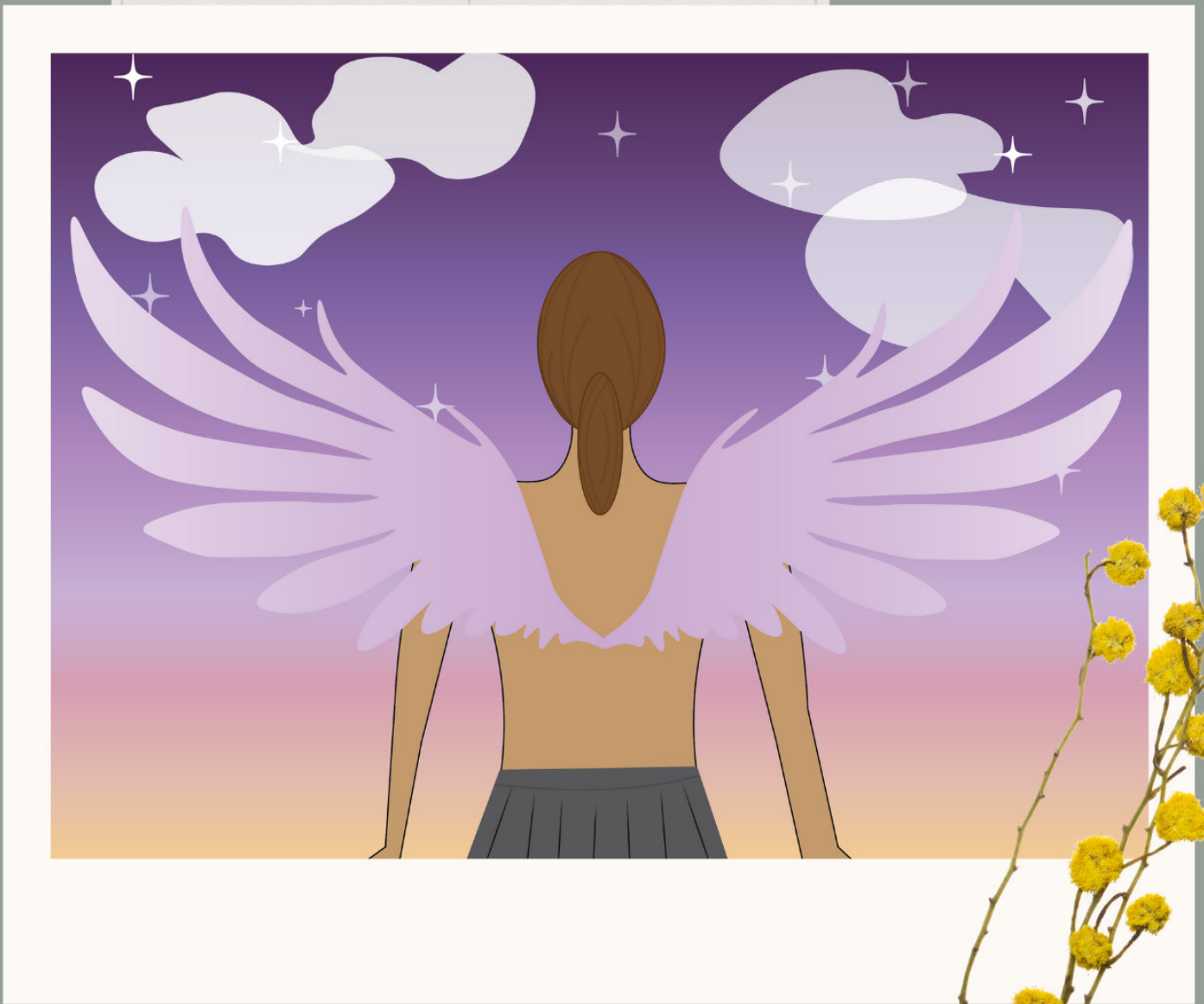
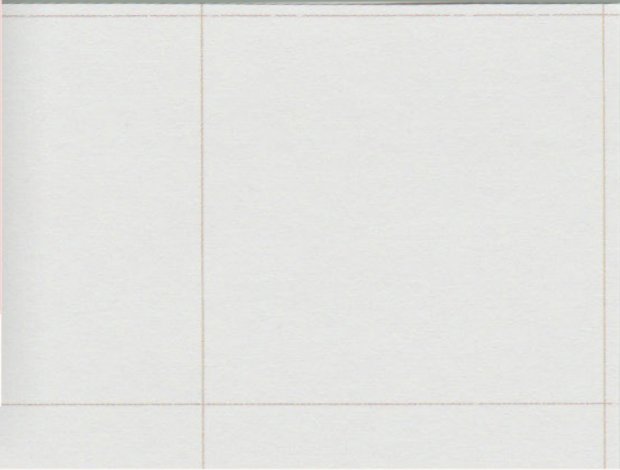
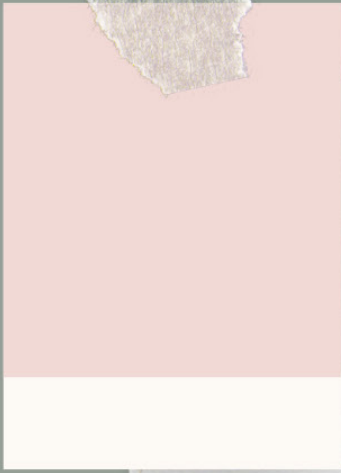
Edited by: Serena Vohra

Illustrated by: Anaiah Reyes

They say symbols carry meaning,  
They say symbols carry answers.  
But how can the dark shadows of clock hands,  
Show me a future of fruition?

Everywhere I go, everywhere I'm looking.  
The timekeeper's dancers crumble,  
Crushed by the frigid hands of an ice queen.  
A visceral nerve strikes my intuition.

They say symbols carry meaning,  
They say symbols carry answers.  
Once and for all, with a warm embrace I accept,  
11:11 will reignite my inner magician.



# Wings

by shashoti haque

A girl looking out at a bright sunset, ready to take on the world. When I think of 11:11, a few words come to mind. Dreams, wishes, and angel wings. The latter might be a bit odd, but I've always associated wings with 11:11 and I knew I wanted to incorporate them in the piece. I drew a girl with lavender wings, she's looking out into the sunset with her proud wings ready to take on the world. A song lyric that I kept in mind is "These wings were made to fly" by Little Mix. That is the idea I wanted to capture with this piece a young girl "spreading" her hypothetical wings.

# *BEAUTY IN SYNCHRONICITY*



**by Giuliana de Angelis**

11:11 represents synchronicity, new beginnings, and optimism. When looking in the mirror, you come face-to-face with a version of yourself. Is this version an accurate portrayal of who you are, or does it only represent a portion of yourself? The mirror represents looking at the person you want to be. The person is still you, but an evolved version with new experiences and exciting opportunities. Optimism about the future can be scary, but you must come out of your comfort zone in order to bloom and flourish. To me, pink flowers represent calmness, innocence, and contentment. These photos physically resemble 11:11 through it's synchronicity, but also metaphorically through new beginnings and hope. 11:11 as an angel number is often thought of as a call to your intuition and refinement. Next time you see 11:11 in your daily life, think to yourself what this could mean for you.





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