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B222

Issue 2 | Fall 2023

B222

Issue 2 | Fall 2023
Beyond the Ordinary





Masthead

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Letter from the Editor

I first joined *B222* in January 2023 as one of the editorial assistants. Around this time, I was searching for a way to become more involved in the Sheridan community and seeing *B222*'s call for applications shortly after I discovered this passion of mine to get involved was like an omen. Through my involvement, I have had the privilege of working with some extremely talented individuals that shared the same passion I had for art, but also for community.

At the core, this is what *B222* is about: community. The ability to unite students from across three campuses, over 140 programs, and a diverse multitude of backgrounds is a wonderful thing to see in action.

For our second issue, we were extremely excited to create the first of many themed issues. For Fall 2023, our theme is *Beyond the Ordinary*. We found that *Beyond the Ordinary* encompassed so many of the submissions that we received for our inaugural issue: innovative, unique, fantastical, and more creative than we could have ever imagined.

Surely with new submission guidelines that included a submission theme, we expected there to be questions from students. We received quite a few questions from students asking us if their work would follow the theme and most times, I had to contain my excitement as they told me about their idea. Our themes are always open for interpretation because we feel it is important not to limit creators in their work of creating art, but rather for these themes to serve as guidelines for inspiration and a way to bind a diverse array of artwork together in a single book.

Going through the submissions was so much fun because we never knew what we would see next. We listened to original songs, viewed oil paintings and digital drawings, read poems, scripts, and stories, and not a single piece resembled anything we had seen before. To our creators, thank you for making our submission meetings outlandish at times and always full of conversation.

We hope that everyone that reads this issue is inspired by the pure talent of our *B222* contributors now in this moment, as they will eventually move forward to do many great things. Here at *B222*, we are grateful to be a part of each person's artistic journey. We hope that through your experience with *B222*, you are able to always find a place where you belong.

Even as we begin looking forward to our next issue to be released in Spring 2024, we hope everyone takes a moment to celebrate themselves and all the ways that they are *Beyond the Ordinary*.

Sincerely,

Arianna Zangara
Managing Editor



Laugh at This

Marilyn Braun

First Year - Photography

Laugh at This is about finding humour in everyday situations. It is about focusing on the positive and not taking things too seriously. Life is too short to do otherwise.

Marbles

Ari

Second Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

Where are my marbles?

Hard softness that refuse
spheres with typical scoliosis.

Still, they roll into sour milk.

My appetite leaves orbit
under the sun of a hollow spread,
craving my teeth on jawbreakers.

I can see them— floating, exploding
into themselves.
But you can't touch gas,
I can't go up there.

My marbles are gone— they're asleep.

I'm still peeling my eyes,
I'm still trying to touch gas.

In a pool of acid tyndall,
scattered— scalding my hand,
auroras bandage the burns.

My marbles will come back
eventually.

I will wait down here.

Make more of them instead.



The Birthday Party (top) and The Dance Performance (bottom)

Isie Yang

Third Year - Illustration



These two pieces focus on the feeling of nostalgia, and not fully remembering your memories, but still having a general visual idea of them. This is why the choice was made to paint old photographs with some of the figures in the background being distorted or pixelated.

Between the Lines of Rilke and Snow

Saidah Vassell

Third Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

They call him God and that we may never know his mind.
I would argue we never knew his soul.

They say his wisdom
helps guide them, but
how do they know? They say
his heart glows and it is by this glow
that we must lead our lives.

But,
His expectations will bind you. His strength
or curled finger command you.
Charisma runs
up through the vessels of blood towards the brain
winding, through the labyrinth of thoughts, memories, wants,
dreams,
and pause, replacing your own wants with His.

A shutter over your gaze, two-toned,
the goals you once saw for yourself superimposed with His.

Hold fast, remove the film from your eyes and see:
the snakes will rise from his head,
the feathered talons of a hawk will sprout
rough, and sharpened: bestial
not from his shoulders
but instead from the torso and the neck
like a demon-- a chimæra

His eyes are many, a million irises pressed together, each with
3000 individual optical units, made for viewing
every angle and misstep, and dissent like a mosaic

--a kaleidoscope--

And what He cannot see, his followers account for it
documenting, criticizing, openly and without remorse.
Nowhere is safe if you conform to His will,

Nowhere is safe if you push at the edges
of His commandments.
You must pick your path and stand by it,
confident in your stance.

Docility is easy,
falling in line with the throng of others, soothing.
If this is your path, the sheep will commend you;
accept the parts of you they like with open arms.
If this is not your path, ostracization awaits you.

But do understand,
the fork in the road is an illusion.
No matter the life you lead, prepare to fight
to be you.

Death's Walk

Cassandra Lyons

First Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

CW: Death, child death, mentions of disaster and war

Death wandered the empty roads. She stepped lightly over the fractured pavement, brushing off the persistent ash that floated through the air and clung to her robes. The city's foundations had broken, its houses collapsed and buildings crumbled, and its once-bustling square now devoid of Life.

The passing of time was strange for something like herself. Death was ageless, eternal, and Time respected her enough to shift its flow to suit her whims. Yet that day, with the seconds slipping through her fingers like grains of sand in an hourglass, she felt she was running short on it. So many lives, lost. So many souls in need of her help. She worked with age-old proficiency, and had patiently led them in droves from one plane to the next.

There was no birdsong or chatter anymore. No dogs barked, no children played. The streets were silent and still—a cesspool of grief, longing and fear. Not a kind place for people to live, and yet they had never been given the choice. Humanity could be cruel.

"Excuse me?" asked a voice from behind her, quiet and wavering. Death turned to find a child, no older than eight, who startled when he saw her face. She would not blame him for that. Her face could be disconcerting, especially to those who were not expecting her.

For a brief moment, she thought he was alive: a child who had witnessed so much death and destruction that his living eyes could perceive Death herself. Maybe she had simply hoped that the wreckage would surrender a survivor, but that was not the case. There was no rise and fall to his chest, and his steps made no sound on the concrete.

Yes, humanity could be cruel indeed. Cruel enough to strip children of their chance to live for the sake of winning a



I Ate These But I Still Got Another

J. Hurren Photography

Second Year - Photography

Prioritizing space to devote to imaginative play throughout this artist's life has formed the foundation for his practice. Building river bank forts taught him risk management at the service of satisfying childhood abandon. An expression of this energy and a result of similar processes, this work was created with a camera the artist had never before touched, laying haphazardly beneath a sheet of glass barely supporting his model. Accidental reflections are visible, announcing the human touch.

pointless war.

"Yes, little one?" she asked, sweeping her robes behind her and kneeling next to him. *"Can I help you?"*

"Um..." The child, seeming to make up his mind, nodded resolutely. "I can't find my Mommy and Daddy."

Death tilted her head in consideration. There had been numerous, frantic parents she had led away earlier, searching desperately for their children in the crowd while simultaneously praying they wouldn't find them there.

"What is your name?"

The child blinked, as if not expecting the question. "I'm Oliver."

Death nodded her head in respect. After all, it was not every day that a soul managed to evade her gaze for so long, lingering unseen on the mortal plane while the rest were shepherded away. *"Pleased to meet you, Oliver. I know where your parents are. May I take you to them?"*

Oliver looked around. "They aren't here?"

"Not right now," she said. *"They had to leave."*

Oliver's lip trembled. "Mommy told me to hide in the basement, and that I should only come out if I could hear sirens, so I waited down there—but the—the house started shaking and I was scared..."

Death softened. *"You were very brave, Oliver. You stayed hidden longer than anybody else. I am sure your parents will be very proud."*

Oliver's eyebrows furrowed. "Can we go see them now?"

Death cast one final look at the ruined city and then turned away, her hand held out for the child to take. Time would stall for her, but in the end, it waited for no one.

"Of course. Let us go."

Listen here on YouTube!



Blood Runs Too Thin

Quinlin Caid

Third Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

"Blood Runs Too Thin" tells the story of a guardian angel being haunted by the ghost of his human self, and travelling back in time to reassure that broken child.



Abstracted Freak

Sim Yuan Hee

First Year - Computer Programming

This illustration was created out of frustration and art block.

The figure is loosely based on a typical ancient Chinese peasant's look. The top knot is stylized to convey strong emotion. The shape behind the head is intended for focus and contrast. This work was created with a smartphone.

Dirt Deal

Filomena DeRose

Second Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

Characters

REYA: Fourteen. Average height. Black midi dress, oversized cardigan. Took on a bigger task than she could handle.

DEVIL: Centuries old. Appears to be a human man in his early 30s. Between 6'1" – 6'4" tall. Dark red suit pants, black dress shirt, dark red waistcoat, black dress shoes. Charming and manipulative.

CARLEY: Six. Small, average child. Cheery yellow dress. Playful and curious.

Setting

Basement. Kid toys stage left, wooden staircase stage right, circle of lit white candles center-right. Late evening.

At Rise

Lights up on REYA kneeling in the candle circle. Small wooden box in front of her. REYA stands, shoves a folded piece of paper into her pocket, looks around, places her hands on her hips and huffs. CARLEY is playing with dolls to the far left.

[Parents arguing upstairs—muffled.]

REYA

Could this take any longer?

[Stage lights flicker. DEVIL appears behind REYA.]

DEVIL

Perfection takes time.

Christ—
REYA
He's never as efficient.
DEVIL
[REYA looks to see if CARLEY noticed DEVIL. CARLEY'S busy playing.]
REYA
How's your night going?
DEVIL
I doubt you're here for pleasantries with the Devil.
REYA
Mama didn't raise me to be rude.
DEVIL
[Chuckles] What do you desire, child? Fame? Fortune?
REYA
Need help fixing something. I, uh, *[almost a whisper]* I tried to hex someone. It didn't go according to plan.
DEVIL
[Intrigued] Go on.
REYA
My dad's an abusive dick, right? So, I hexed him to shit his pants anytime he thinks about violence. Want him to suffer anytime he raises a hand, throws a fist—it didn't work.
DEVIL
I'm impressed you attempted to dabble in my arts. But it seems like you need a man who knows his way around black magic.

REYA
The hex worked.
DEVIL
What?
REYA
It just... landed on the wrong man.
[DEVIL looks REYA up and down.]
DEVIL
What spell did you use?
[REYA hands DEVIL the folded and crumbled paper. DEVIL takes it, pulls out his tiny rectangle glasses, puts them on and reads.]
DEVIL (CONT'D)
Where did you get this?
REYA
Grandma.
DEVIL
This is older than most of God's angels.
REYA
Grandma's old.
DEVIL
Okay. Sure—but this should not have failed.
REYA
Well, it did.
DEVIL
Well, it couldn't have. This is handwritten by yours truly. No chance it failed. *[re-reads]* Unless...

Unless?

REYA

DEVIL
[Laugh builds to a cackle] Oh, child, who did you hex?

[REYA silently looks to the ground.]

DEVIL

Who?

REYA
[Beat.] My teacher was talking about the Cold War. While describing the action he, uh...

DEVIL

Shit himself.

REYA
 Yeah. I thought it was a minor, coincidental accident but, um, it's happened every class.

DEVIL

Every class?

REYA
[Voice pitches up; she shrugs] History.

[DEVIL bursts into laughter.]

REYA (CONT'D)

Stop it!

DEVIL

While performing the hex did you say—

REYA and DEVIL

My father.

[DEVIL belly laughs.]

REYA
 Yeah, okay, I fucked up. I didn't know my mother FUCKED my history teacher fourteen years ago!

DEVIL
 Best laugh I've had in centuries. Thanks, kid.

[DEVIL turns and walks towards stage left.]

REYA
 Hey! Wait! *[follows]* I summoned you to help me.

[CARLEY walks over holding a doll.]

CARLEY
 Reya, your imaginary friend is here too! Can we play?

REYA
 No, Carley—he can't play.

[CARLEY hands the doll to DEVIL. DEVIL pulls its head off, pockets the head, and holds the body out to REYA. CARLEY giggles. REYA waves off DEVIL. DEVIL tosses the doll over his shoulder.]

REYA
 Carley, can you just play with your imaginary friend?

CARLEY
 She likes your friend! *[To DEVIL]* Tea?

DEVIL
 I'd love a cup, darling.

[DEVIL sits on the child-sized chair, crosses one leg over the other, and accepts the plastic teacup CARLEY hands him.]

REYA

Can we get back to business?

DEVIL

I can't undo the hex.

[DEVIL, holding his pinky out, takes a sip of "tea." CARLEY returns to DEVIL with another doll; she pulls the head off, places it in his cup, then tosses the body over her shoulder. DEVIL high fives CARLEY.]

REYA

[Aspirated] What? 'Course you can! You're the most powerful, talented, competent—

DEVIL

Flattery is futile. *[Beat.]* I'm impressed by your attempted hex, but not compelled to fix it.

REYA

[Gestures between them] Isn't that the point of this?

DEVIL

I don't feel sorry for the guy shitting himself, Reya.

CARLEY

Who's shitting himself?

REYA

For God's sake—

[REYA yanks DEVIL off the chair, takes the cup out of his hand and shoves it into CARLEY'S, then drags DEVIL back towards the candles.]

CARLEY

He was having teatime with Lily and me!

REYA

[Ignoring her sister] I raided Grandma's stuff.

REYA (CONT'D)

There's nothing to counteract this!

DEVIL

Should have let one who knows what he's doing—

REYA

Why would I bother you when I knew how to do it myself?

DEVIL

You're a little aficionado of hexes, hmm? Used this *[tosses crumbled paper at her]* hundreds of thousands of times?

REYA

No, but—

DEVIL

But you've used it a few dozen times?

REYA

I—

[Father shouting is heard from upstairs.]

DEVIL

Not even once.

[REYA looks at the stairs, then at CARLEY who is holding a tea-cup to the lips of a large doll on the small chair.]

REYA

I didn't have time—

DEVIL

Too young, yet too proud to ask for help.

REYA

I'm asking now.

[REYA's cardigan has slipped down—massive blue/purple bruises are visible along her back, shoulder blade, and upper arm.]

DEVIL

[Beat.] What's in it for me?

REYA

I can work for you! Do you need a secretary or something?
[cringes at her question]

DEVIL

No, I do not need a *secretary* for *hell*.

REYA

My guitar?

DEVIL

An oversized fiddle? Surely you can do better, Reya.

REYA

You in the market for a bride?

[DEVIL raises an eyebrow and folds his arms over his chest, unimpressed.]

DEVIL

All payments come in the form of a soul.

REYA

Really? Great—take it!

DEVIL

I don't want yours.

[DEVIL looks at CARLEY. Beat.]

REYA

[Laughs] What?

[Crash upstairs. CARLEY, sitting criss-cross on the floor surrounded by dolls, has both hands covering her ears.]

DEVIL

Don't you want to protect your Mama?

REYA

Of course, but—

DEVIL

The woman who read you bedtime stories?

REYA

Yes, but—

DEVIL

The woman who placed herself between you and your father when he tried to strike you at four years old?

REYA

[Beat.] Will she keep living after you...?

[DEVIL shakes his head "no". Yelling upstairs gets louder.]

DEVIL

Tick tock, Reya.

[Mother sobbing upstairs. Heavy footsteps coming towards the door at the top of the stairs.]

DEVIL (CONT'D)

You can let Mama continue being his punching bag, or take the deal and let me hex the asshole upstairs. *[Beat.]* Damned if you do, damned if you—

[REYA quickly extends her hand, eyes to the ground. She doesn't want to see the wide grin growing across DEVIL's face as he grabs her hand and shakes.]

THE END

Listen here on Spotify!



A Futile Race Against The Illusion of Time

Whitecap Grave (Petr Zabolotnikov)

First Year - Educational Support

The chosen song is about the overwhelmingness and uncertainty of existence, and how pointless it can seem at times to race against its seeming illusion.

Hoarding; Hoarded; Hoards

Blythe Smith

Fourth Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

Hallway.

No coat stand or closet with space for sweaters,
or welcome mat to wipe your feet,
instead slopes of slacks, size 32 and ranging.

Newspaper stacked steeply to popcorn ceiling:

The Seattle Times, 1994,

Suicide note, shotgun near body of musician in his Seattle home.

Smudged ink,

stained with windshield washer fluid,

coated in slush and salt used to slick sidewalks.

Living room.

Avalanche of *Anne of Green Gables*,

each copy doubled by six,

baby blankets and binkies under the television stand,

the children having moved out two decades ago.

Granny square coasters, polaroid pictures of retirement parties,

half-started scrapbooks,

stained with Busch Light,

coated in the hair of a feline long gone.

Kitchen.

More mold than tupperware,

clear-plastic now fogged,

distinct crunch of cheerios and raisin bran underfoot,

sink containing silverware, rusted under clusters of cockroaches.

Tea towels gifted as wedding presents,

stained with sleepytime tea,

coated in rat droppings.

Bathroom.

Medicine cabinet stuffed with used tampons and expired hair
gel,

bathtub occupied by power tools,
a loofah home to earwigs.
Toothbrush holder and towel wedged under doorway,
stained with urine and bile,
coated in fecal matter.

Bedroom.

Mountain of empty Pepsi cans and garage sale blouses,
homeowner deceased via cardiac arrest,
arms stiff, stomach bloated, blood pooled in lower-lying portions.
Floral printed bedsheets and passed-down quilts,
stained with lung fluid expelled through nose and mouth,
coated in liquefied elbow skin.



Middle of Nowhere

Golchehreh Mirmoghtadaei
ESL Program

Middle of Nowhere is a reflection of one's imagination.
Through imagining, one can make even the darkest rooms
bright and full of life, as if they are by the ocean rather than
inside the prison of that room.

When Loneliness Comes

Rachelle-Anne Lawka

Third Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

The moon is hollowing,
its yolk
of a stomach breaking
open,
open,
open,
spilling forth innards in the shape
of tiny, glistening
specs of light; each gentle spark
cascading, drowning, lavishing
naked flesh
beneath the forest's towering limbs.

Drip,
drip,
drip,
each fleck like gold upon
small tender breasts, flames
licking higher, small embers
dancing a melancholy ballet across the coiling
darkness of night.

The wailing grows louder, the circle
of bodies larger,
oh, how lovely,
the sound of the ground reverberating
sings beneath your feet.
How marvelous it must be
to be the form of an all-knowing owl, perched
so high above
wings kissing
the lips of Gods,
of heaven, itself.
How infinite it must feel, to simply stretch

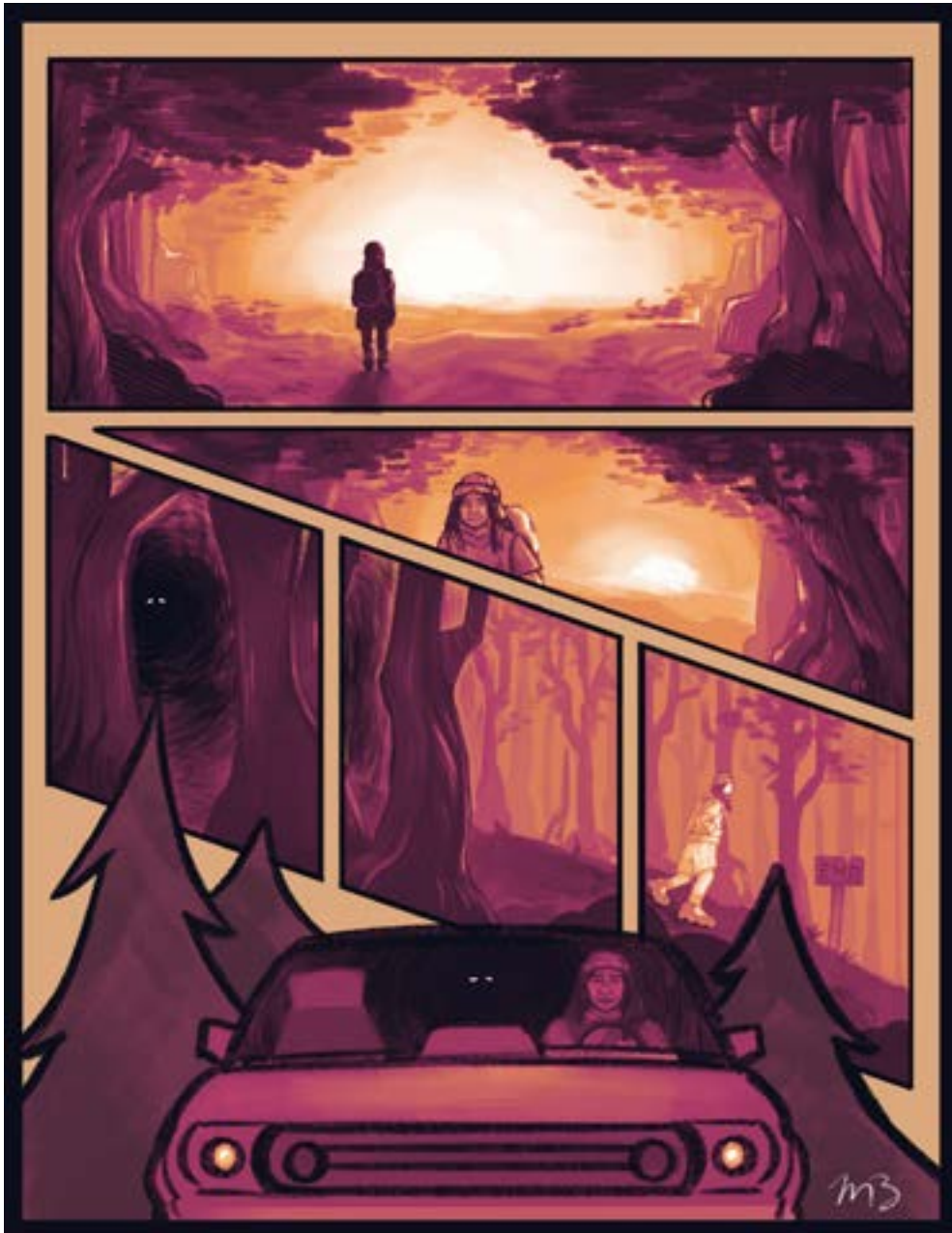
your body out, leap,
and
be free of a material world,
so desperately trying to
hold you down.

(On the next two pages) In the Woods Somewhere...

Maggie Bartninkas

Third Year - Illustration

In the Woods Somewhere... follows a hiker's journey through the forest at sunset. The hiker descends the trail, unaware of the ominous presence lurking in the shadows waiting to follow them home.



Fo'lornne, the Feathered Saint

Dani Arieli

Second Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

A life shrouded in golden coin
and soothing sheets was promised
by my father's tongue; the feathered
cluster of grandeur stalks the morning
milk that spills tenderly over my back—
untainted by prickled holes of maroon disease,
and I can not round a corner without stepping
on a fickle, grey feather. Loathing claws
burrow into the trenches of my skin,
and I screech as the night bird surely would,
but it remains silent—for it does not even
hold true a name! Lingered whispers
have allowed titles to migrate amidst
these vulgarly-ornate halls of gold and copper;
'Fo'lornne, the Feathered Saint,' the Lady once mused,
so I will name it that. But would one of Holy
descent act as a wolven predator
unto its utmost and innocent prey?

A mouse proclaimed:

'Could not be me, for I am merely an ant within
these harrowed halls of grand moans and bellows
betwixt repugnant riches! It should be not of my
service to traverse these halls in shadow, fearful
of the saint who stalks the night; a young woman,
an adherent to the Church is I, so why does this
feathered foe seek me out with such fervent disdain?'

Under this evening's moon, I fear the one
who scouts so soundly, for a man resides
in my most intimate of quarters. Watchful
eyes sear into my skin, and I count
six more grey feathers today than its usual

ashen array of opulent blight. My cheeks swell
as this gentleman holds one of the fallen
feathers betwixt his thumb and index
finger, and he frowns and asks,
'Didst thou steal
a life here? Of a meagre canary, perhaps?'

I hear the saint's wicked laughter, mocking me,
but I do not know where that damned prowler resides!
I would say it is perched somewhere amidst my mind,
but for a nightly eidolon to linger about one's brain
is a tale only a bard would tell; fables of wolven
creatures glistening brighter than the North Star
stalking woodlands at night—bah!
A cynical coo shakes me from the foreign shackles
of this gentleman's embrace, and a pitiful array of
ashen plume plagues the stale air of this pompous
excuse of intimate lodgings, and so I wail.

No more is this gentle man
before me; he was as gentle as his nature
allowed, yet he was no man, for he showed
only exceptional cowardice. Passion's raging
embers are snuffed out as the hours pass,
and I curse myself, in the name of the Lord, for this
feathered saint had pecked open my eyes as I lied,
spread sweetly on my bed for that man, in a virulent
cloud of blindness; ay, a watchful eye, no doubt.



D&D (Dining Rooms & Dragons)

James Domingos
Third Year - Animation

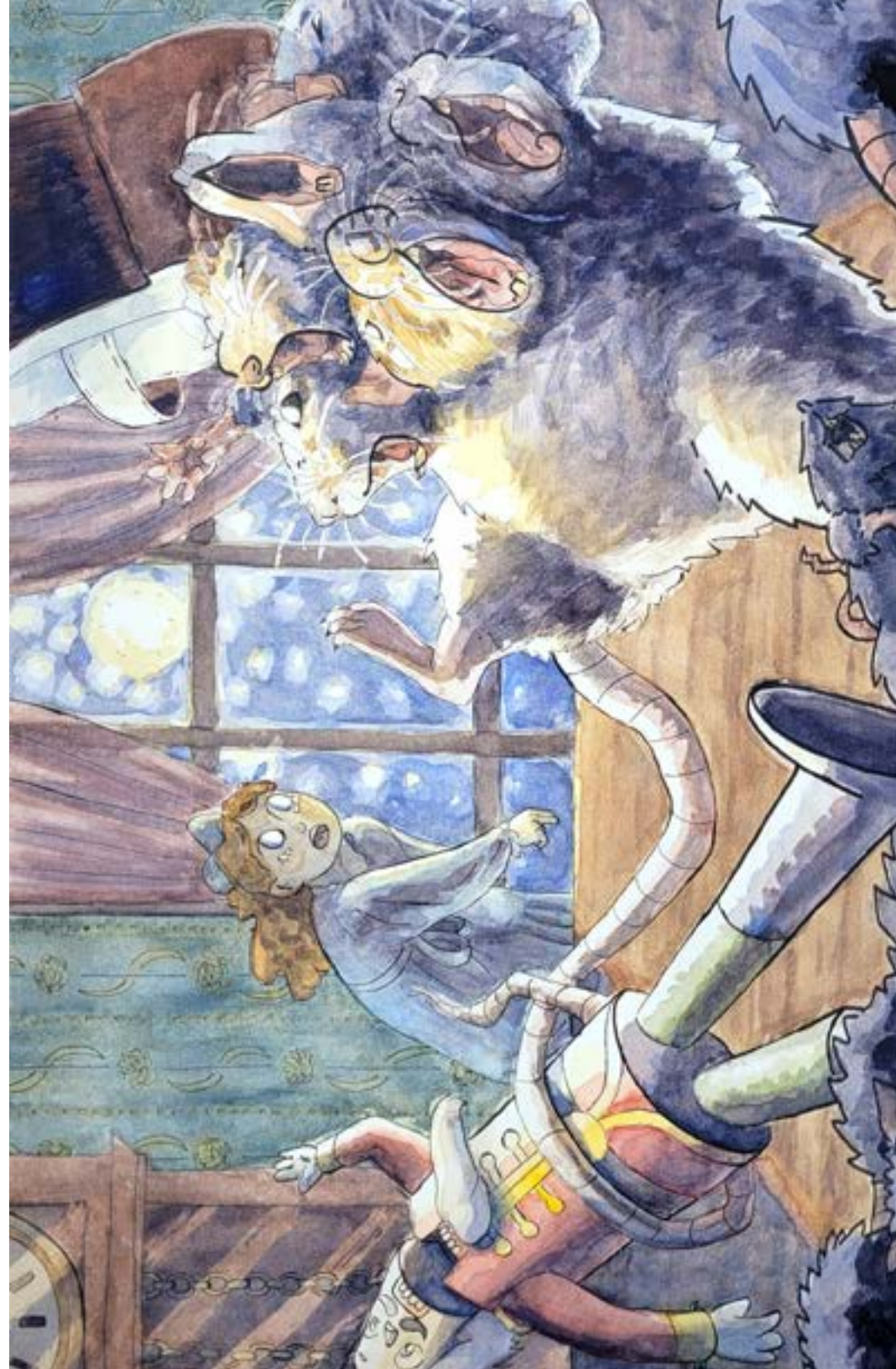
As someone who has worked in the service industry, this piece reveals the truth that the differences between creatures of old and customers of new are far less than you'd think.

Save the Nutcracker

Vivian Cheng

Third Year - Illustration

This watercolour captures the power of bravery and selflessness in preserving what matters most.



Birds talk in verse and Thunderstorms aren't real

Alex Yau and Lauren Redwood

Fourth Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

The Bird and I are sitting at the dining table having lunch.

It's Sunday today and it's drizzling. The room is mildly dark for a spring afternoon. Oppressive, even. As usual, the Bird is having ham and sausages while I've got a cinnamon bun and a cup of coffee. Not the most filling lunch, admittedly, but I hadn't expected rain today—who could blame me for having no time to prepare?

"When are you getting back?" I ask.

"I'm not sure," the Bird says, nonchalantly. "It looks pretty bad."

It looks pretty bad, I repeat in my head. The Bird isn't wrong. Against the window the rain pulses, swaying like evening waves.

"Anyway, you oughta be careful," I say, shaking my head.

I stand and collect my plate, brush the crumbs into a trash bag, and toss it in the sink. The pitcher of coffee is still warm so I pour a drip into a bottle cap and slide it to the Bird. "Sugar?"

The Bird shrugs. I've never seen a bird shrug.

Standing here in the darkness, it's like the whole house is trapped in a vortex, pitch black and spiralling onto the sea floor. Undersea pressure slowly tears at reality, as vague shapes and colours drift outside the window: fallen petals from the dogwood, the purple hydrangeas that've likely been flattened, clouds clumped in a cold black mass like an enormous stingray soaring under the sun, its wings steadier than any bird's, disrupting the quietude of our empty afternoon. No, I wouldn't call it a stingray. More like a worm. Round and rangy, knocking against the sky. The cyclone's

greedy cousin

swims restlessly. Mi

grating across endless

swathes of sky, visible

from outer space.

As if it's scaling the atmosphere, looking for an exit. I feel my head start to spin, my heart thudding as loud as the rain, and I'm reminded of what the Bird said to me the first time we met.

You sure are dense.

You don't know anything about how the world works, do You?

Darkness rolls coldly onto my skin. I'm too distracted to turn the lights on so the lightning does it for me. Soon I hear thunder and at once the endless, glossy ceiling
cr a cks

The definition of uncanny
is as follows—the clouds
are upset, en
raged.

I look at the Bird. Warmthless, like a ceramic doll, feet tucked, wings compact. It's hardly larger than a teacup, an ornament in a manicured garden. I glance at the clock, humming silently in the shadows, its hands forever chasing a moment of another time. Birds can't read clocks very well, though a minute from now the Bird will be off, joined by others in the yard, less bird and more

guard, chests puffed
wings stiff in position:
swords in sheath.

It's time to leave, it says, so I crack open the door just enough for it to slip away, and I watch as it launches off, blazing a trail like the sputtering tail of a firework, its plumage glistening white in the rain, gleaming into the night sky.

They approach the Worm.
It, in its hulking mass,
glows bright magenta.
The air suffo

cates the space.

The domestique Bird
leads them into
a slip stream.

They combust in
pale violet flames—
crackle and spin to
ward the Worm, wings
tucked, beaks jutting out.

A funnel of birds
tunnel, like a smog
of exhaust, punc
turing a chasm
in the clouds.

The Worm rumbles,
waves of turbulence
cata pult
at the winged warriors.
It slams the atmosphere
and a transient
wave of light
strikes. Red lightning
blitzes an unsuspecting
bird out of the sky.

Beaks pry open
and dark violet balls
of flame churn within
spinning and careening
straight into the other
worldly beast. Hundreds
of birds fire at once, in
perfect synchro
nization.

The Worm, in its
sagging form ex
plodes into cas
cading
droplets.

The sky a spider
web, drifting rays
appearing in obsidian.

A tentative fog
of slumber settles
over the rain
covered roadways,
slumped flowers,
sighing trees, un
turned stones,
conversing mush
rooms.

As I watch
them disappear behind
the sleeping moon,
I sit and wait by the gap of the door,
waiting for birds to sing.

Trouble in Puppetland

Vivian Cheng
Third Year - Illustration

This oil painting toes the line between nostalgic and unsettling.





**One last hope -
A dystopian future**
Abhishek Dinesh Kumar
Game Level Design

Survival in a Dystopian World: Masks as Lifelines, Plants as Hope.

The Staircase's Lament **Lekan Olasina**

Second Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

Here he goes again with his 'madman running routine' running us: blind into insanity's dorn, running us: wearing and tearing our weariness wildly, running us: oak infested, flocked by creaks and squeaks and thuds, fracturing our dainty, daisy, wispy spines: our frame; assaulting serene with insulting feet at ungodly hours. Man, we had godly peace till he ruptured ours! Silence was like balm for our rickety bones – repairing us, dawning with the onset of steps waking unrest. Do they even care that we live here!? We're as much a part of this home as their snores, as their doors, as their TVs, as their washrooms, as their kitchens, even their beds! We make this place a home: interlocking floors, Connect 4. We are their stairway to heavens – rooms where they refresh each night... and yet, like dead escalators, we groan as uncaring feet remain uncaring.



Origins

Matthew A. Boylan

Second Year - Creative Writing & Publishing

FILE // CAPTAIN'S LOG // 03.23.11001
ENTRY BY M.B 00319

LOCATION // UNKNOWN
DISTANCE TO DESTINATION // UNKNOWN
DISTANCE FROM EARTH // 34,000,000,000 LY

ORBIT
C5.13+9.66
-3.35×10¹⁰ M☉

- 03/16 // As per my last log, I am beginning to regain full lucidity.
- 03/16 // I admit the fog becomes harder to clear after each long night. I do not know how many I have left.
- 03/17 // There should be only one serious question for our race—how did the conditions for anything to exist arise? What are the origins of matter?
- 03/27 // Primordial beginnings—what preceded the beginning of Time? From the void of nothingness there had to have come something.
- 03/27 // The question spawns infinitely more questions—the penultimate one being the origin of existence itself.

- 03/29 // Traditionally when we thought of existence, we thought of humanity. A narrow view we grew accustomed to—one we could not see past. I have traveled far. Existence spans beyond the scope of humanity and consciousness.

- 03/29 // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.

- 03/30 // We may not be alone, but I am certainly alone.

- 04/14 // An answer that lies outside the constraints of the physical laws that bind us to our Universe—I cannot help but think of beginnings. Even Time had to begin. Even God awoke from nothingness.

- 04/15 // I traverse the Origins of time—all I see is darkness.

- 04/15 // Gods demand the question of origins; even they are not privy to their beginnings.

- 04/15 // It is impossible for us to think on the universal scale, outside the bounds of our consciousness. We contain primordial inclinations toward infinity that lie forever at the limits of our reach.

- 04/20 // I am isolated. Deep within the void, surrounded on all sides by boundless space. I see a single point of light: marking an unfathomable distance, completely out of reach.

- 05/01 // I no longer hunger, I purely subsist.

- 06/25 // We are composed of primordial matter. We are eternal information. We are born—we die—we continue to traverse the fabric of Time largely unawares. But for a brief moment, we are here to witness the universe from within itself.

- 07/05 // Removed from the temporal, the present is infinity. Each moment we are in it, it is past. Likewise, all immediate futures become the present. We exist in a limbo of pasts and futures—we are here, yet never present. The now is always a bygone or a horizon: an indivisible, infinitesimal singularity in flux. With this knowledge, we transcend Time, and traverse the infinite.

- 07/27 // This far from Earth, even Gods dissipate.

- 07/31 // Yesterday, I forgot how to cry. To live a confined, solitary existence, estranged from all other living beings, and I can no longer form a tear.

- 08/10 // I look reality in the face, and I acknowledge its futility.

- 08/10 // It is amusing to incorporate viewports into a vehicle that is only ever surrounded by darkness.

- 08/10 // Life does not require a greater meaning in itself other than Being itself. We yearn to ascribe meaning to life until entropy and decay render the truth manifest. As a race, we will not survive to see our final act, so we continue the charade.

- 08/15 // All will end. In spite of this, I cannot accept it without recompense.
- 08/20 // A long night feels more bearable now than a lucid day.
- 08/21 // Due to some sort of shift in my trajectory, or an ideal hallucination, I see refractions of light in the distance.
- 08/29 // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.
- 09/02 // The machinations of ants never concerned us. They weren't conscious of their inferiority! We'd be remiss to think this microcosm does not occur on a universal scale beyond the scope of our perception.
- 09/17 // If life is truly missing, the seeds of divinity are what I seek.
- 10/29 // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.
- 11/29 // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.
- 12/01 // Inscribed on my vest, I wrote alterius non sit, qui suus esse potest. "Let him not be another's who can be his own." I am my own, yet I feel an encroaching sense I have always been something's other.
- 12/20 // Nearing Earth's Christmas, I wonder who is left to celebrate. It is becoming harder to remain sane.

- 12/26 // How many last prayers cast up to the void? How many Gods have heard their last call? History swallowed by the yawn of time; idols' cries taper out as a whimper—no striking proclamations last. Gods of men and all their memories—sublimated into matter, swallowed by the abyss. Volumes and tomes disintegrated—nothing more than a return to atoms. Beliefs die out with time; history a wave towards a distant shore—beyond our field of view.
- 01/01 // Another Earth year.
- 01/06 // Value is not inherent in things. The farther I go, the more I realize this. We bestowed value onto things. The universe is not cruel; things simply take place.
- 01/12 // As something, I cannot comprehend the idea of nothing. Yet, as it stands, I am surrounded by it.
- 02/15 // We shouldn't exist, yet we do. Why?
- 02/22 // We are atoms: hydrogen, copper, and zinc. But I have hopes.
- 02/29 // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.
- 03/30 // I wonder why I record myself in this ledger. Memories leave no physical trace in the universe.
- 05/16 // I have lost some semblance of what is real and what is not. I assume this is the simple diagnosis of an enduring isolation.

- ???/? // A drop in a seemingly infinite universe. Space dust meandering through the void. These words—mere symbols for thoughts. Thoughts, pictures of my conscious experience, rendered by my mind's impulses sent from my brain to my hands. A mind, recognizing itself for what it is—a mere act of biology. Why has the universe constructed us to gaze upon it? Is it merely for the recognition of its own existence? I hear God laughing. Why is God laughing?

- ???/? // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.

- ???/? // SCAN RETURN: Domestic biology NULL. I have yet to find signs of intelligent life.

- ???/? //

- ???/? // If you could gaze upon what I see now, everything would finally make sense.



Future Fashionista

Alizah Hashemy

Second Year - Business Administration (Human Resources)

Millenia from now, a cyborg girl stares ahead, donning an outfit reflecting the abstract cityscapes from her time. Maybe she designed these cities, maybe she admires them — you can decide.



The Beginning of an Idea

Isabelle Stevenson

Fourth Year - Illustration

For the theme of Beyond the Ordinary, this illustration captures that ideas of the strange, the abstract, and the extraordinary actually come from seemingly ordinary people. It's the unique experiences and lives that we live that can inspire a world widely beyond our own.

Additional Artworks

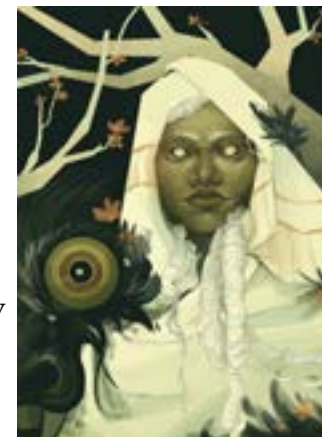
Front Cover

Watcher

Jessica Antonik

First Year - Illustration

This artist loves creating portraits, especially to showcase the subtle emotions people express. In this artwork, the artist wanted to study how light affects the way a subject looks and feels.



Bookmark and Masthead

Sea Creature

Jessica Antonik

First Year - Illustration

This artist enjoys combining different animal elements to create new monsters. Merging distinct attributes of a moray eel and a centipede to craft this sea creature.



Back Cover

Sense Without Sensation

Golchehreh Mirmoghtadaei

ESL Program

Sense Without Sensation is a reflection of the idea that to live life one must calculate their every step with all of their senses. The chess board is also an allusion to the game that is life.



Contributors

Abhishek Dinesh Kumar is a postgrad student at Sheridan specialising in Game Level Design. He is passionate about crafting 3D art and sci-fi concept renders, and hopes to work on exciting games after graduation. Alongside his game design journey, Abhishek also specialises in UX design and photography.

Alex Yau is an emerging writer from Mississauga, Ontario, in his fourth year of the Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing program at Sheridan College. His writing, sometimes deliberating Canadian-born Chinese experiences, primarily consists of literary fiction—to which he studies extensively by staring out windows, sitting aimlessly, and lying in bed (sometimes all in the same day). Outside of writing, Alex spends his time plotting with his dog, Kiko.

Alizah Hashemy is an illustrator based in Mississauga, Canada and a graduate of OCAD University. Alizah strives to create beautiful, eye-catching illustrations of fantastical worlds and characters. Her various sources of inspiration include her favourite video games and the colourful shapes and patterns of South Asian textiles that she grew up around.

Ari is a student in the Creative Writing & Publishing program. She loves poetry, coffee, and people.

Blythe Smith is a young Canadian emerging author, poet, essayist, and aspiring editor. Authenticity, originality, activism, representation—regardless of the form or genre, Smith's philosophy as a writer is to produce work that covers a variety of themes and subjects which invoke deep thought, reflection, discussion, and the breaking of social barriers. Smith is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing degree at Sheridan College.

Cassandra Lyons is 19 years old, and has loved creative writing all her life. When she's not trying to get her thoughts down onto paper, she can be found reading, drawing, walking her dog, or trying to get her unenthusiastic cats to cuddle with her.

Dani Arieli has been writing creative fiction her entire life, and has recently delved into the world of prose-poetry. Inspired by Old-English literature, she specialises in Gothic horror and dark fantasy, and is currently working on a novel of her own.

Filomena DeRose is an aspiring author who enjoys romance, fantasy, adventure, ghost stories, horror, poetry, and much more. She is working towards an Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing at Sheridan College, Canada. She has been published in *B222 Journal's* inaugural issue and has an upcoming publication in *Exposed Bone Magazine*. During her free time she can be found reading in the park, writing in a café, or walking down a wooded trail.

Golchehreh Mirmoghtadaei is a Persian-Canadian artist with over 20 years of experience working with oil paint. Through years of experience and experimentation, she began to create her style of painting. Golchehreh uses her paintings to channel her feelings, and beliefs.

She often looks back to her education in psychology to better analyse and reference her ideas, and the social issues surrounding her culture, and the world. Additionally, Golchehreh often finds herself mirroring her Persian roots and culture in her paintings.

Isabelle Stevenson is an explorer of mixed media and various forms of storytelling. Her inspiration often comes from her personal life, incorporating a little bit of herself into everything she does. Isabelle's outcome is always to provide a hopeful outlook on the world, pushing the boundaries on what she does as an illustrator with intriguing media and hidden messages.

Isie Yang is an Illustration student at Sheridan College, who loves to communicate visually through the languages of illustration and design. Her versatile work is often inspired by everyday life, nostalgia, fashion and nature. She hopes to bring a whimsical and playful creative voice to the arts and media industry in the future.

James Domingos is a story artist and animator, with ambitions of telling stories on the big screen! From a very young age, James has always been captivated by art and its ability to take what does not yet exist and invent it. James has always held the belief that the true worth of life lies in the moments that make us laugh, life gets silly! And that's the best thing about it!

J. Hurren Photography James Hurren is a hybrid analog and digital still artist from Kamloops, BC. After spending ten years photographing the Rocky Mountains, he's returning to his portrait and still life roots.

Jessica Antonik was deeply captivated by fantastical tales, losing herself in books for hours on end ever since she was young. This lifelong passion led her to weave her own stories, although she struggled to put them into words. Because of this, Jessica chose to tell her stories through art, allowing her to bring her tales to life through vivid illustrations.

Lauren Redwood is a young adult writer, short storyteller, and poet. She attends Sheridan College for a Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing. Lauren has poetry published in the *Dot Dot Journal*, the *Collecting Dust* anthology, and the Spring 2023 Issue of the *B222 Journal*. Lauren spends her days wheelchair racing on the track, reading too many books at once, writing her romantic musings, and having countless movie nights with friends. Find her at LaurenRedwood.com.

Lekan Olasina had a keen interest in the arts as a child. Today, he is a Creative Writing & Publishing student with experience working in the advertising industry.

Maggie Bartninkas is an artist based in the Greater Toronto Area. From digital art to traditional art, they are always sketching the world around them and creating narrative illustrations. They continue to pursue their art in Sheridan's Bachelor of Illustration program and hope their work finds a home in the minds of creatives everywhere.

Marilyn Braun is a first-year student in the Honours Bachelor of Photography program. Her creative interests include writing, graphic design, singing, podcasting, blogging, visual arts, videography, and photography. Marilyn is a graduate of the Media Communications program at Humber College and holds certificates in Digital Photography and Graphic Design from both Sheridan and George Brown College.

Matthew A. Boylan was born on a quite unremarkable, particularly cold March day. He enjoys the em dash, espressos, and martinis—but not together. He has two cats who watch him spend an inordinate amount of time attempting to string words together on a page. In his free time Matthew likes to play online chess, track sports statistics, and read.

Quinlin Caid is an aspiring author with a love for music, so a lot of his poems end up as songs. Regardless of the medium, he likes to write about identity and disability, but tends to hide those themes within allegories inspired by fantasy, science, or nature.

Rachelle-Anne Lawka was born in 1999 and is an aspiring Canadian poet who considers creativity to be one of her greatest passions. When she isn't writing prose, you can find her, instead, with a paintbrush in hand rendering something outlandish on canvas.

Saidah Vassell is a lover of stories. She has self-published a collection of short stories titled *Portable Magic*. She is currently studying Creative Writing & Publishing at Sheridan College and working on her debut novel.

Sim Yuan Hee is a self-learning artist who is familiar with pencil and digital drawing.

Vivian Cheng is a Chinese-Canadian illustrator who aims to use visual arts to tell stories. Her goals are to spend the rest of her life developing as an artist and to use storytelling to connect with others.

Whitecap Grave (Petr Zabolotnikov) is a solo deathcore/groove project that formed in 2013 as a collaboration between Petr Zabolotnikov and David Angel, the latter having shortly departed after its formation. The band has undergone several lineup changes and ultimately remains solo, has played two shows in Hamilton, and released a single in 2017 and two long-awaited EPs in 2023. Influences include The Acacia Strain, Vildhjarta, Emmure, The Tony Danza Tapdance Extravaganza, Dethklok and Meshuggah.

Acknowledgements

Firstly, thank you to Tali Voron, our faculty mentor, for giving *B222* her constant support as we continue to grow. She has been instrumental to this entire process by providing guidance based on her wisdom and experience in the publishing industry.

We are also extremely grateful for the ongoing support we have received from the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences that has made this publication possible. We especially want to thank Owen Percy, Genevieve Amaral, Morgan Dennis, and Paulina Delfino for helping us throughout our journey to publication.

To all of the faculty at Sheridan, we also want to thank you for sharing this project with the Sheridan student community and your willingness to do so.

And a final thank you again to the Faculty of Humanities and Social Sciences for their generous contribution that has made *B222* possible.

Thank You to Our Sponsor



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Next Issue

For our second issue, we asked students to submit their work that follows the theme *Beyond the Ordinary*. We were so delighted to see what everyone came up with and how they applied this theme to their work in a multitude of unique ways.

Without further ado, we are very excited to announce that the theme for the next issue is:

Visions of Home

What is your idea of home? Perhaps, it is a familiar smell, face, shape, item, or place. Take us through the halls of the house you grew up in, or down the streets you walked in your adolescence, or in the arms of the person who truly embodies home for you. We encourage you to get creative with your interpretations of home and show us what you envision when you think of home.

We're very excited to see what everyone comes up with and we will be updating our website with more information regarding submissions.

Not looking to submit? You can still get involved by attending *B222* events, joining the *B222* team, or picking up an issue of the journal.

Stay up-to-date with the latest information about *B222* by visiting our website: www.b222journal.ca and following us on Instagram and TikTok @b222journal.



B222

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