

SPIRIT

June 2020

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SPIRIT

June 2020

Dear Readers,

I'm writing this from the porch and it is a *very* sunny day - the kind of sun that pierces through your head and makes your brain hot, but it isn't unbearable because there is a wonderful refreshing breeze. Birds are singing, trees are waving in the wind, and this, this is the perfect summer day - the reason people put up with ridiculous Northeastern weather when weather anywhere else is far more predictable. School is out for the summer, but it's not as much of a triumphant feeling as the end of school usually brings. Normally, one has the feeling of a year well-managed and over - we are moving on to the next grade! That satisfaction is almost tangible, but this year I'm just not feeling it. However, Navin and I camped out in our backyard the other day to simulate the camping experience (to make this feel like an ordinary summer) and it worked very well, so my suggestion to anyone feeling acute end-of-year melancholia is to spend time outside (with sunscreen!) so that you feel like it's properly summer. Tell us what you are up to this summer - we always love to hear.

Smiles,

Editor Jaanu

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Quote of the month June 2020

*it is only with the heart
that one can
see rightly.*



the little prince

Antoine de Saint Exupéry

Hitting the Road

A short story by Cali

The alarm clock is blaring but the birds are far too loud for it to only be 5:15 in the morning. The house is loud too, and Sherman can hear his family zipping up suitcases. He can hear the soft hiss of pancake batter hitting the pan in the kitchen, and the sound of someone thundering down the stairs to the garage to put a case of water in the back of the car. Sherman blinks and, wiping sleep from his eyes, slings a leg over the side of the bed. There is an almighty crash. Sherman's brother Kyle sits bolt upright and stares in amazement at Sherman stirring feebly from the ground. Sherman mumbles something weakly about forgetting that they had the bunk bed and drags himself to the door. Kyle turns over and falls back asleep. Sherman heads down the stairs about fifteen minutes, and collides with the charging form of his youngest sister. They both collapse on the stairwell - the Johnsons are a family of tall, thin, reedy people. "Nicole?" Sherman asks shakily, "What on earth?" Nicole is fuming. She accuses Kyle and Sherman of making them late for the road. Sherman feels lost. Nicole charges past him and wakens Kyle with a bowl of ice cold water. Kyle joins Sherman in the kitchen, sputtering, a minute later. They are warned by the furious family that they both have five minutes to be packed and in the car. It comes back to them in a flash that they are meant to be on the highway in a very short time. They run up the stairs, gangly Sherman tripping over Kyle in his haste, and hurry to fill their suitcases with the bare necessities. Shortly after, we find Sherman in the car. He's excited. Canada, *nous voici*. 🚗



Jot-Thought's

Reviews

CRITIQUE ON LITERATURE AND MORE

The Little Prince by Antoine de Saint Exupéry

Review by Jaanu

There are not many movies or books that make me cry. *Saving Private Ryan* made my eyes a bit watery - but I did not cry. *On My Honor* (the book) made me sad, but again, no tears. *The Little Prince* did. I love this movie - the animation beautiful and the storyline sweet, but so many important morals can be taken from the story. Fortunately, the moral has not been lost in translation. The aforementioned tears were due to a single scene but the plot makes up for it.

I rate this movie:



I recommend this movie for all ages - the message of *Le Petit Prince* is something that remains poignant through different mediums because it



rings true with everyone.

It has elements of fiction within fiction but incorporates these elements so seamlessly into the plot that it is impossible not to believe. The characters were realistic and easy to like.

The storyline was engaging throughout and I can't say enough that this is the kind of movie that you'll not forget.✈️

fine arts

sky and water
arden peterson
photograph



maine
jaanu
photograph



tutorial
vj
colored
pencil on
paper



Impression
Jaanu
oil on paper

Send us your fine art to see it in print in a future edition of *Spirit!*

Email editorjaanu@gmail.com!





Dear Jaanu,

I loved the cover picture! This is something I am looking forward in every issue. It really attracts and captivates one's eye. My favorite in this issue was "T-minus 30 minutes". I could literally picture myself in it, only an addition to it would be me flipping through the pages until the moment my teacher yells, "I am going to close the doors; anybody still reading outside can remain outside 😂". I loved all the fine arts pictures. Like you said, springtime is the land awakening. It is truly a beautiful season and I hope you spend some time outdoors (even while doing homework if you can 😊)

Overall a great issue!

~Doc

My Dear Editor,

The Spirit with the colorful butterfly....lovely starting! T-minus 30 minutes took me to the exam hall back again. Yes, I think the experience almost would be the same for everyone who is through with school. Fear more than confidence? The guide for garden itself attracts us towards gardening. But practically not possible those who live in flats. Coochi's Pagúy the pickled pear was so nice. Yes we need to take time for breath, well said and I like it. Thanks for the reply to Japan PP as that was my earlier question! Thank you editor for the wonderful edition.

~Peri

jaanu interview with

*Inspiring Entrepreneur and
Avid Feminist*

ELLIE ZIMMERMAN

It isn't often that one meets someone who is kind, and thoughtful, and innovative all at once, but Ellie Zimmerman is one of those uniquely wonderful people. Most teens aren't CEO of their own company by senior year of high school, but then Ellie isn't most teens. She's passionate about the environment and approves wholeheartedly of service learning. In fact, it was on a semester school trip to Chile that she was inspired to start her nonprofit organization: Interns 4-Good. Ellie is easy to talk to, and I'm chatting with her after one of the

regular Interns 4-Good leadership team meetings. She's a good leader: someone who is easy to look up to and admire.

She's firm in a friendly way and makes good executive decisions. Ellie says she

started Interns 4-Good because she knows how hard it can be for high school students to find opportunities to help with different things they are passionate about, but also because there are many nonprofits out there who need support from interns. Her organization helps with both needs. They provide high school students with opportunities to assist nonprofits; these projects are called 4-G Gigs. Ellie's idea (originally dreamed up as she backpacked across Patagonia National Park) has come a long way. It wasn't always easy, she admits, but her family and friends from her semester school gave her full support. She has both mentor and role model in her mother, a hardworking businesswoman. It runs in the family :)

So what's her plan for the future of I4G? Possibly an app. "Interns 4-Good grew a lot through the Internet," says Ellie, "Google helped a lot." She hopes to try to make the I4G experience more streamlined for both prospective volunteers and nonprofits. Her goals as a person?

"Some kind of profession where I can help other people."

"I think I've always been someone who wants to give back."

*Inspiring Entrepreneur and
Avid Feminist*

ELLIE ZIMMERMAN



Interns 4-Good responds to the community too; it's rather a dynamic sort of undertaking. In response to the Covid-19 closings, Interns 4-Good is supporting students and educators with custom learning materials, 1-on-1 tutoring, and technology help. And now, I4G raises awareness and shares positive messages and art in support of BLM movement. Among the many causes she advocates, Ellie feels most passionately about those that combat social inequality. What does she do for fun? "I love to read," says Ellie, "I like listening to audiobooks and reading along with them."

She's also an environmentalist and a lover of the great outdoors. Hiking and working out are two things she's fond of doing. Ellie Zimmerman is 100% an inspiration to us all. One thing she mentioned in our interview really rings true with her ideals: don't give up, because even if it's difficult, the impact you'll make it worth it. We commend you for your achievements thus far, Ellie, and we can't wait to see what else you'll accomplish! 🕯️

To contact Ellie, or to become involved with Interns 4-Good, check out the website: [Interns 4-Good](#)

To hear more about the organization in Spirit, or to read more from this interview, email Jaanu at editorjaanu@gmail.com!



The Phoenix: Alex Zanardi by Eagle

phoe·nix \ 'fē-niks \
noun

: a magical bird which rises from its own ashes
: Alex Zanardi - likened to a phoenix

Alex Zanardi is an Italian professional racing driver and Paralympian. He won the CART championship in 1997 and 1998 and took 15 wins in the series. He also raced in Formula1 from 1991 to 1994 and again in 1999; his best result was a sixth-place finish in the 1993 Brazilian GP. He returned to CART in 2001, but a major crash in the 2001 American Memorial resulted in the amputation of his legs. But nothing held him back; he returned to racing less than two years after the accident, competing in the European Touring Car Championship and WTCC, scoring four wins. Alex took up competition in handcycling, a form of Paralympic cycling, with the stated goal of representing Italy at the 2012 London Summer Paralympics. And at the 2016 Paralympics in Rio de Janeiro, he won a gold medal and a silver medal. On June 19, 2020, Zanardi was involved in a serious road accident near Siena. He underwent three hours of neurosurgery and maxillofacial surgery - related to the face - before being placed in a medically induced coma.

Yet we have no doubt that the Phoenix will rise again! 🦅



Philosophy of Voltaire the Second

A half-serious, half-joking manuscript by jaanu



I have throughout my life accepted events as they come with a kind of philosophical resignation, like the famous William Brown. My long-suffering family, like the long-suffering family of the famous William Brown, dreads my eloquence. Not even kidding, as I write this, each member of my family fears another bout of my philosophy. What can I say, though, when inspiration strikes, the artist must produce work (or lose the inspiration?) To the left, is one of France's greatest thinkers, Voltaire.

Unfortunately, I do not know French enough to read his writing, but the translations we studied are enough to tell me that this man was on the right track about quite a few things. And so, I have decided to become his namesake! I, like Voltaire, shall preach my love of truths and hopefully in the process gain some actual wisdom.

Introductory philosophy of Voltaire II:

Self-evident truths are truths and one must come up with those but truths that other people prove to be true are also true (sometimes), so you are at liberty to accept those truths too but don't spread them about unless you cite the source.

Life is a search for protein. From the smallest of our fellow creatures, to the humble spider (avoid this beast if you can), to the sprightly robins that roam New England, every creature is searching for protein, whether they know it or not. You work and create and think but what do you do every day after work, creation, and thought? Eat dinner! Yes, you eat dinner so that you can consume macromolecules to... create proteins.



Who is Voltaire? (from Jaanu's history notes)

Probably the most brilliant and influential French writer of the Enlightenment Period in Europe!

His real name is François Marie Arouet, but he published over 70 books of political essays, philosophy, and drama. Voltaire was a talented speaker who campaigned for tolerance, reason, and freedom of expression (i.e.: speech, religion). His most powerful tool

was satire - he used his sharp wit to target members of the clergy, and the aristocracy, and corrupt government officials. Many of the rights we take for granted today were rights Voltaire fought for in the late 1600s and early 1700s. He made a lot of powerful enemies because of his relentless sharp wit, both in the court and out. These enemies ensured that he went to prison twice, and even that he was exiled to England after the second period in jail. Voltaire used his quill pen "as if it were a deadly weapon in a thinker's war against humanity's worst enemies - intolerance, prejudice, and superstition." People whom Voltaire satirized felt foolish trying to retaliate; he was too witty and often seemed like he was only joking - but his jokes were often very significant. One of Voltaire's most famous quotes from court one day captures perfectly his poise: "I do not agree with a word you say but will defend to the death your right to say it."

Voltaire's original texts in French are not easy to read - only those truly skilled in French can truly read and understand it. 🇫🇷

To learn more about Voltaire, visit [Voltaire](#)

To hear more about Voltaire II, or to read more of my "philosophy", email Jaanu at editorjaanu@gmail.com!



FRUIT OF THE MONTH



Poco-loco about Papaya

By Jaanu

You have more evidence than usual to trust this account to be factual and completely believable, because I bear no personal tie to the papaya whatsoever. In fact, if anything, I grudge them shelf space at the market and often (not really) wonder why anyone can like the sweet yet not taste of papaya. But I suppose that to an impartial source, papayas would be quite delicious.

Some health benefits and factoids:



- Papaya (scientific name *Carica papaya*) is loaded with nutrients like vitamin C, vitamin A, folate, magnesium, calcium, vitamin B1, and a host of others.
- Unripe papaya contains latex and should never be eaten raw. Ripe papaya is edible raw. Papaya contains lots of healthy antioxidants.
- Papaya contains compounds proven to reduce oxidative stress and lower risk of heart disease.
- Chronic inflammation can cause many diseases. Papayas contain carotenoids that combat inflammation.
- Patients in a study who ate papaya for 40 days had significantly reduced constipation and bloating.
- Papaya can make your skin look more "toned and youthful" because it heals skin damage caused by sun and reduces wrinkles.
- Also, there is a large quantity of lycopene in papaya, and lycopene has been proven to heal skin redness.

It may be true that I personally dislike papaya, but honestly, I'm willing (almost) to give it a try after hearing all these benefits!

To learn more: [Papaya](#) 🍈🥑



Superfoods: Real Ones Though

By Jaanu

Clickbait advertisements generally irritate me, but the only clickbait ad I've ever wanted to click are the ones that say something like "18 Awesome Superfoods that Will Improve Your Health" - but I never do since you just never know with those clickbait ads. So here are some genuine ways to incorporate super healthy superfoods into each day's breakfast menu.

Ginger: start the day with ginger to get your "daily dose of vitamin C!" Ginger is known to be one of the most versatile superfoods. For example, add ground ginger to your coffee intensify and accent that strong coffee taste. Coffee is already a large source of antioxidants.

Blueberry and Yogurt: Blueberries are high in fiber and low in calories, and Greek yogurt is high in protein and aids weight loss.

Green Tea: One of the healthiest beverages on the planet! Green tea contains antioxidant EGCG, which benefits the brain and nervous system.

Try those! While you're at it, let us know if you want lunch ideas too!

Never Wish to be Invisible (it's not all it's cracked up to be)

A short story by Jaanu



I shivered as I pulled on my uniform on that cold May morning. By all accounts it should be sunny today, but the weather in Greytown, Idaho, was uniformly bad. Besides being cold, I was also very nervous, because we were going to have our final exams.

We would have our math exam as well as our science and grammar exam. These would be important chunks of my report card. I started my fateful walk to school. I was walking past drab storefront after drab storefront, and was so absorbed in my fidgety nervousness that I nearly missed Newton's Candies. Mr. Newton, a wannabe inventor who looked rather like a willowy Santa Claus, was busy repainting his shop a vibrant train-engine red. I paused. I'd meant to stop for candy (I felt that I needed sugar) but he looked rather preoccupied. Without turning around, he said, "Go ahead in, Hubert. Mrs. Newton's at the counter."

Astonished, I asked him how he'd known it was me.

"Reflected in the store window, son."

Embarrassed, I hurried past and entered the store. Violently colored boxes of sweets lined the shelves, but I was wrapped in my thoughts about school. I was feeling rather sick. Perhaps I shouldn't go? But then, I'd have to go home, and I'd be scolded for skipping school. "I wish I was invisible," I said to myself. That would be the perfect solution. I could wander wherever I pleased, and no one would know. "I

wish I was invisible," I repeated gloomily, and scowled at a tin of green peppermints, which seemed too festive for this dull day in May.

"What do you think I am, boy? A fairy godmother?"

The portly Mrs. Newton was smiling kindly at me from behind the counter, and I hadn't realized I had spoken out loud, or that I had approached the counter. She smiled. "Here, you look tired. Not too much candy in the morning, mind. Have these for free and come back after school exams so you can properly enjoy the ones you want."

I thanked her and took off down the street, popping the gingery yellow sweets into my mouth. I walked into the school building. I was happy after my tasty treat, and waved at the Secretary, Mrs. Winkle. Mrs. Winkle did not wave back. I was surprised, but also late, so I suppose it was for the best that she hadn't seen me. When I reached my classroom, I smiled at my friend Robert, and held out the last piece of the yellow sweet. He ignored me. I frowned and poked him. Robert looked startled and gazed around. I tried to get his attention and hissed his name several times but he never saw me. That's when I realized that I was invisible. I grabbed his shoulder and shook him. Robert glanced up warily. "Hubert? Is that...you?" he whispered. I nodded, but of course he couldn't see me. I explained my story, all the way from walking to school to getting the candy. Robert gasped. "It must be the candy! Old Newton told me last week he was making an invisibility sweet just for kicks, but I thought he was joking! Go back and ask him for help!"

Mr. Watson, the math teacher, hurried into the room. "Silence, Brown," he said coldly, glaring at Robert with his one good eye. "Stop talking to yourself."

"I'm not!" said Robert excitedly, "It's Hubert Johnson! He's invisible!"



The class tittered. Mr. Watson's glare deepened. "If Johnson is absent, just say so."

Robert tried again to say that I was invisible. Mr. Watson didn't believe him and simply said I wasn't there. I tried to tell him, but he barked at Robert and told him to stop mimicking my voice. "Enough rubbish!" Mr. Watson shouted at last. "Another word from you, Brown, and you'll find yourself in detention for a week! Now all open your textbooks to page 17!" All through the morning, Mr. Watson was convinced that I was absent. I knew I had to do something soon because I had to be visible for the afternoon testing. At lunch the students are allowed to leave the school for a short period. I ran back to the candy store and found Mr. Newton. "Mr. Newton!" I cried, "Help, I'm invisible!"

Mr. Newton looked at me, and then at Mrs. Newton. "Hubert?" Mrs. Newton nodded. "He wished to be invisible," she said, beaming, "And I thought how better to test your new candy!"

The Newtons danced a jig for joy. "It works!" they cried, "It works!" "Hello," I said, irritated, "hello! Hello! Excuse me! Hello! Hello!"

"Oh, sorry, my bad, Hubie!" said Mr. Newton, smiling, "here's the antidote, and come by this afternoon with your friends! We owe you some candy!" I had already seized the

fudgy sticks he proffered, and sped off down the road, arriving just in time for the exam. "Late, as usual, Johnson," said Mr. Watson venomously, "I expect Brown is happy now though." Robert grinned at me. "It's alright," I whispered, "we can go to the Newtons' after school for some proper sweets this time."

"Right," said Robert, "and don't wish to be invisible, either."

Mr. Watson trained his one good eye with fury on the class.

"Begin the exam!"





the Funny

BY COOCHI

A Separate Peace(s) with Pagúy

