

B222 Journal

TRANSIT

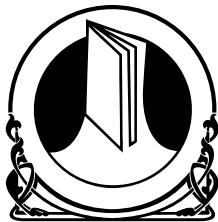


Fall 2025



Issue 6





B222

ART & LITERARY JOURNAL

FALL 2025
ISSUE 6

TRANSIT

B222 Journal acknowledges the land on which we operate has been and still is the traditional territory of several Indigenous nations, including the Anishinaabe, the Haudenosaunee Confederacy, the Huron-Wendat, the Métis, and the Mississaugas of the Credit First Nation. Since time immemorial, numerous Indigenous nations and Indigenous peoples have lived and passed through this territory.

We recognize this territory is covered by the Dish with One Spoon treaty and the Two Row Wampum treaty which emphasizes the importance of joint stewardship, peace, and respectful relationships.

B222 Journal affirms it is our collective responsibility to honour and respect those who have gone before us, those who are here, and those who have yet to come. We are grateful for the opportunity to be working and living on this land.

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A MESSAGE FROM THE TEAM

B222 Journal was conceptualized in a Journals and Zines class in 2022 by a group of Creative Writing & Publishing students (Noémi Blom, Emily Breitkopf, Hazel Mekkattukulam, and Stephanie Pugliese). The intention of the journal was to create a space for the Sheridan art community to have their work traditionally published. Over the span of two years, this team published four issues of prose, poetry, and visual art by Sheridan students across all programs and campuses. Their mandate was not only to showcase the talent of our contributors on the page, but to give hands-on industry experience to students on their team and give them content for their professional portfolios.

To develop this mandate, last Spring *B222* made the decision to instate a new team each year, to expand and strengthen the community CW&P has cultivated. *B222* stands as a space for Sheridan students to learn, grow, connect, and look to their futures with anticipation, and each new masthead will have the opportunity to carry that spirit forward. We are honoured to be the first to carry this legacy on. This change was rather poetically reflected in our submissions and in what became this issue's name; *Transit*. We hope you enjoy it.

Sincerely,

The 2025-2026 *B222* Team

A LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Dear Reader,

Before you peek inside Issue 6, I would like to thank the *B222* alumnus who paved the way for our current team. We wouldn't be here without those who came before us. I write this letter to you as the new Managing Editor of *B222* for 2025-2026, carrying the torch passed down to me by my predecessor, Gabrielle Goudie. Like many of our previous managing editors, I was a team member, before that a contributor, and before that a reader. *B222* has been an integral part of my journey in the Creative Writing & Publishing program, therefore I am honored to continue our work.

In our last issue, *B222* celebrated the many intersecting threads in life to produce our first issue under a new mandate which embraces change and encourages creative freedom. To carry that forward, this issue gave Sheridan students the freedom to submit their best work, regardless of its content. We were impressed by and deeply thankful for the enthusiasm our students showed, as we received over 100 submissions. Through weeks of deliberation, this issue's own intersecting threads became apparent.

I am overjoyed to introduce you to 'Transit'. Many of our contributors reflect on the transition from one state of being to another. They invite you to think on this transitional phase, as we move in time and space, embracing nature's dynamic and ever-changing state. We welcome the New Year approaching and the opportunity to create this team's second and final issue for you all, knowing that while we trudge through the darkness of winter, spring's light will always eventually emerge.

With love,



Juliana Putri Tan
Managing Editor



A REFLECTION

Olliver Chin-Yee
Illustration
Third Year

LEECH VENUS

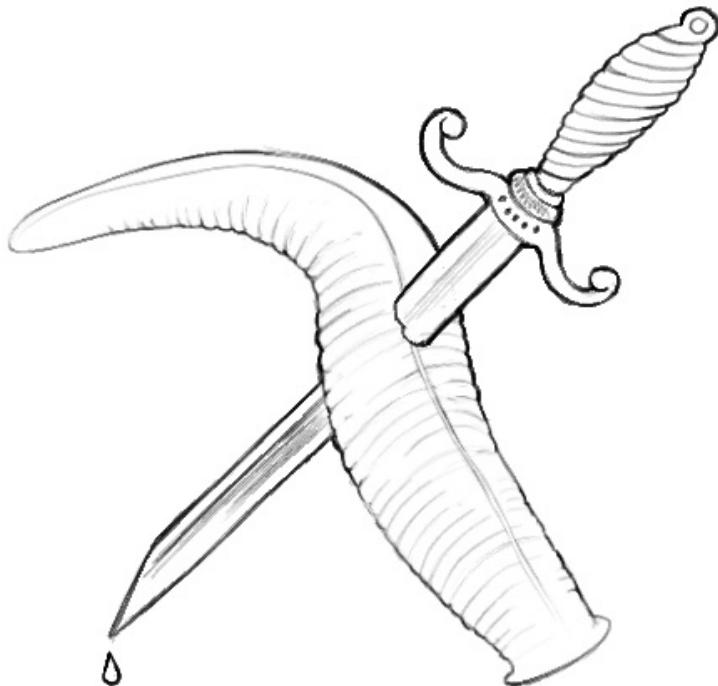
SHAUNA KERNAGHAN
Creative Writing & Publishing
Fourth Year

A Venusian blood clot statue blocked
me from entering the secular leprosarium
over which I contended
irreverent and irradiated ladyship. I idle
outside on the four-square court, waiting
for admittance, and
fail to pick up the ball with my remaining
clumsy, unfeeling fingers.

One of my subjects ripped
the leeches off his nerve-dead patchwork
callouses and tenderly applied
them to the coagulated false idol; she will
be served glaring rare on a vanity plate
anathema as we poke straws
into the phlebotomy bag
packed in my lunchbox, and shared.

The lepers and I let together
gleefully, bleeding to electric elevator
carols
over imbalanced humours, and fission
into terminal lucidity on kenotic
carpet alongside upside-
-down lifelines, deadlines, faultlines.

They never notice my signature
scent because it's weak amidst
decay and they never replaced
the colony's clapper like I asked because they
forgot,
I'm outside,
a similarly paralyzed instrument, hemorrhaging
over how I've done, I'm doing, I'll do, I
don't know if I do, I
won't ever
do
good.



THE WORLD (*STILL*) BOILS RICE

JADE JACOB

Creative Writing & Publishing

Fourth Year

There shall be no womb if I am first to die.

—threescore and ten—

olde mistresses and misters
shan't stand with their sleep-scored legs and print
their morning on clay, silt and sand.

Do not fold

your hands and hold still. There shall be no prayers
in a turf-altar choked with ceremony
and no marble
husk to keep my mouth polite. I will pass the fountains
with their vertebrae of rot and the fences forgetting
how to stand but find me with my bone-brothers:

basalt and shale.

Stack me small between gravel's urgent teeth.

Lay me in a mantle of raw timbre stretching
a hearth that burns and let me be with Mother
in the roughness of her keeping—
not in a stately silence that suits like a borrowed suit.
Let me climb through thickets, wind through water'd brooks
breathe air untainted until the sky splits and blackens
and I wear it like my skin. I will fold into the mouth
of this old planet and sleep under loam with

beetles and bones.

Do not cry for me:

memento mori.

You and the lichen know my face; I am not forsaken!
Do not map where the dead go and touch the small habits:
 the generosity of a grave
 the persistence of an inheritance,
 the thinning of skin to parchment.

Do not dress the dead in light too bright for morning.

The ground knows what to do! So let the wind speak
their names in the pollution of pollen and the river
bruise the stakes of a laughter.

Do not wash the cups; leave the lip-print for the moths
to read what I am not was
in the rust of hinges and in the tint that catches morning.

The man who wore my father's face stood like a punctuation,
with a shirt fast-tucked for ceremony
with sun hard on tin roofs
with reprimanded remains
and the prevalent fevers that expedited it.

Now, he is maddened under **thess and moon** sink dirt

But there is reverence
in letting him exist in the forgiveness of soil.
There would be nothing left but recurved bones
and bitter-chalky ashes; and,
soon I will be
him.

I will be marrow
pressed into basalt, pulse dissolving
in the slow remembering of loam;
in the curvature of his
against each other like brittle water
grave and hum

and our shadows braiding in the hard syntax of
dust and sun.

The small violences of the earth would learn our shape.
And yet, why should you think the soil seethes
for our grief?

The air will stall itself with bone-dust and mangoes
will bruise sweet in their hanging,
dogs will bark the colour of iron,
and the world will still boil rice
with its white sins. Grain against grain,
jaw of the sun still working.

and, persist.

Memento amori.



ALL THINGS PASS IN MOTION

GABRIEL MOULTRIE

Creative Writing & Publishing

Third Year

LINEN IS DIFFICULT TO IRON. I wasn't wearing my seatbelt, for fear I'd undo the work it took to get the wrinkles out of my shirt. The alarm was a minor nuisance—muffled by the din of a morning talk show. Someone had called in to debate the ethics of GMOs. I glanced out of the passenger-side window, seeing Toronto in the distance. My son and I were due to visit the CN Tower that weekend. I imagined him drinking in the 1,000-foot view, the excitement of which alighted on my chest—an energy greater than the coffee I still tasted from breakfast. I reached for my phone to capture the moment, missing the other driver. The same talk show would later report that he had a blood alcohol level of 0.29%. I felt the contact before I heard it. Force bloomed from the rear on the driver's side, rippling through my fingers on the steering wheel. I lost sight of the Toronto skyline, as if someone had clicked and dragged the image off my desktop and into the bin.

My car danced the waltz across the overpass. It spun counterclockwise, inviting the hands of my watch to do the same. If they had accepted, surely time would've followed. The last few moments would be undone. The passenger-side window shattered as it met the road. The metal frame tumbled in the same direction I had been travelling, and momentum seemed to apologize. *The best I can do is get you closer to work.* He rolled us across the overpass, as though we'd pick up the pavement and become larger. Perhaps he'd make a snowman, like my brother and I did when we lived in Alberta. The crown of my head passed through the driver-side window. I remembered my son crowning in the hospital 10 years prior. My wife insisted that I watch. I heard her cries replaced by his, then by mine.

I understood his anguish then, as I was pulled from darkness into light too bright for my eyes. My feet cleared the window shortly after my head. I thought I might avoid injury altogether by running across the car as it continued rolling. I remembered watching a logrolling competition in college. It seemed stupid at the time—Lake Ontario was so cold that most of the competitors were rushed to the hospital. I wished for their expertise then, as I saw the same lake far in the distance. I wondered if I'd

get thrown there. Would I land safely? The other car flew off the overpass, casting its shadow over the 8 lanes of traffic below. I imagined the driver's perspective—a home run heading for the bleachers. My brother caught one when we were kids, before the SkyDome became the Rogers Center. We took my son to watch the Blue Jays decades later—for his 9th birthday. *Can we go home now?* We didn't catch anything.

I hoped the Air Canada flight on the horizon would change its course to catch me. I'd climb aboard, taking the middle seat so my son could look out the window, and my wife could get up easily. *Do you have any cookies? He doesn't like pretzels.* I felt a tug at the nape of my neck. Gravity caught me in her jaw; I was a kitten being carried back to safety. I wondered if I'd catch fire on the way down. *They're not actually stars, Dad. They're just meteors. Well, that's still pretty cool, don't you think?* I followed the trajectory of the markets in 2008. My son was born in 2009. We moved back in with my wife's parents in 2011. We watched the Olympics together in 2012. We lost our voices cheering for Rosie MacLennan on the trampoline. I hoped there was one waiting for me below.

My dad never installed the net on ours. I remembered my brother chipping his tooth on the springs, and I wondered if I'd lost any teeth when I went through the window. I had nightmares of my teeth falling out often. It means you're hanging onto grief. My bones shattered into a kaleidoscope of memories. I saw my dad, sleeping in his recliner, where no one else was allowed to sit. When they were selling their house, my mom thought she should list him as part of the furniture. I could smell her cooking. Whole-wheat pancakes coated in maple syrup. I tasted them then, instead of the blood in my mouth. My ears caught an echo from earlier in the year. *I'm scared, Dad.* I felt the cushion of his bed instead of the asphalt. *It's okay to be scared. I'll stay until you fall asleep.*

ON THE SILL

ARIA V. AHEEM

Creative Writing & Publishing
Fourth Year

I glimpse her gaudy plume,
sunlit on the sill,
where she lies
beneath scored glass,
another thankless fugitive
who failed to fly
away through the window
again.

This morning she squawked syncopated
birdsong, perverting the pristine
rhythm of Bach—a sickly thing whistling
between downbeats, as though she'd learned nothing
from *Prelude & Fugue No. 2 in C Minor*.
She shrieked over clean chords, maddened by fowl spite,
broke her hollow bones against the bars caging
such saccharine sixteenth-note quartets.

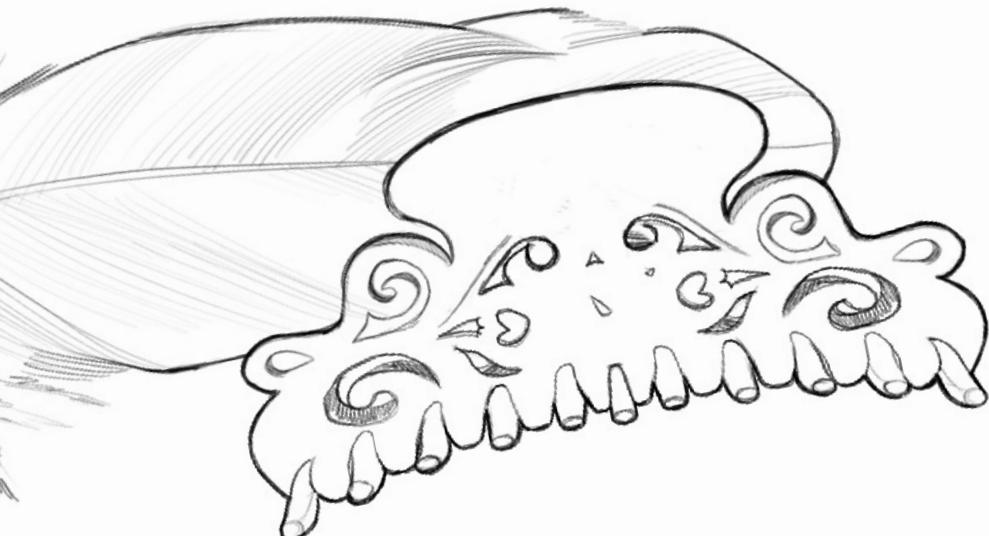
And then I caught her,
this passerine wretch,
ferreting through her feathers
with that crooked bulk of beak.

*After all I've done! Teaching her to preen!
With a brush, a comb, a leopard-print clip!*

I sought to seal that beak, stalking her
with a string of serrated ribbon, I tried
plucking the feathers from her crest to make room
for a proper, powdered, periwig crown.
She skittered, leaped,
wings pumping like a heart
overcome by the courtship of moon-spotted loons
and sunk her razor hook, fleeing the sforzando
spray of my suckle-milk blood.

As I searched for her, I cooed
in the strain of *Prelude in C-sharp Minor, Opus 3 No. 2*
that I'd grind down her beak when I found her,
syringe cement to solidify her bones,
screw in dentures, staple in nails,
replace her toes with fledgling fingers.

On Rachmaninoff's final toll, I hear the thunk.
I find her, sunlit on the sill, lying in a hideous heap,
a half-perfect mammalonian masterpiece,
wheezing, twitching, then still



TAKING INVENTORY

TRISTEN AMARAL

Creative Writing & Publishing

Third Year

400 blue lights glare in office buildings, 80
blue lights glare in college lecture halls, 30 blue
lights glare in high school classrooms, 10 blue lights
in a 4 person household, blue
lights blare in black bedrooms, cool blue
lights line every edge of ceiling, blue children draw
with white apple pens, big
blue lights in little hands, blue TVs
in every room
blue babies wail for attention, blue
pacifiers can't quiet them down, big blue
arms don't hold them, blue baby bottles
full of milk, blue
strollers left on porches, while blue
blue faces decay

CAN YOU HEAR ME

DELORA DREAMER

Creative Writing & Publishing

Second Year

I TOOK A PHOTO OF BIRDS FOR YOU. They were snuggled together, lazing on a branch under the evening rays, shadows of leaves dancing upon their heads. They reminded me of you, a serene warmth, a feeling in my stomach that it'll be okay.

I took a photo of fritters for you. They were freshly made, glistening and fragrant, the warmth inviting and persuasive. I resisted gluttony for the photo. It reminded me of you, a presence endearing, a delightful anticipation for our union.

I took a photo of the park for you. It was dark, midnight, silent and lonely, myself enveloped by shade and half-awake, wandering in circles. I snapped a photo sitting under an unlit standing light, it reminded me of you; the swirling dark, the endlessly consuming curiosity I have for you.

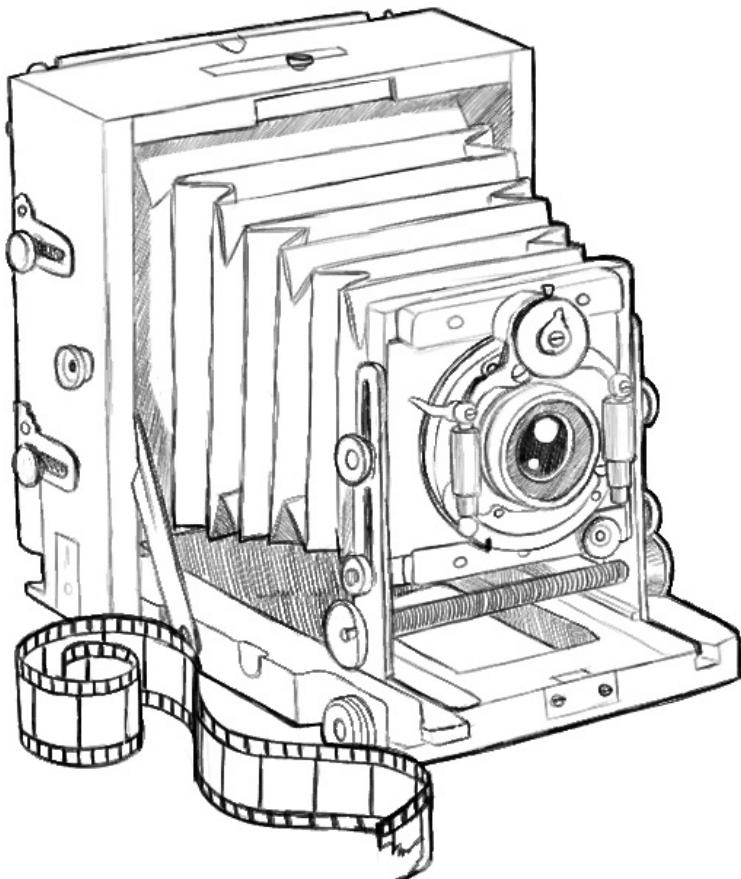
I took a photo of a cracked mirror for you. I saw myself, splintered across the floor and fractured before me, my every feature distorted, disorganized, yet strangely satisfying. It reminded me of you, the hesitation I feel, yet preceded by my zealous loyalty.

I took a photo of my hand for you. It was blooming red blossoms, lustrous under the bathroom light, pooling into my palm and spilling onto my feet. It reminded me of you, your handiwork, the unbearable heat, everything stained, smeared, smothered, by my scalding imprint.

I took a photo of an IV-drip for you. It dripped, drop after drop, through a tube to my veins, a slight chill where it met me. It kept me alive, bread crumbs to a starving duck, mort morsels, scattered along, dragging me on, stomach twisting carry-on. It reminded me of you.

I took a photo of pills for you; pink, red, blue, oval, disk, circle. They dispense from a stand, the amount for a day, the perfect amount, perfectly designed, perfectly bringing my function to a crawl, perfectly distracting me from the cause. They reminded me of you.

I took a photo today. Heart throbbing 9mm of lead lovingly smothered in copper, radiant under my desk lamp, sat spun towards me. Reminds me, I've run out of film for my digital camera.



HANGMAN

DIMITRIE ERMURACHI
Creative Writing & Publishing
Second Year

Cold, I leave you hanging.
My body slips into the shelter
of the southbound bus.

Rows of glances flicker, flash forgotten
letters from words I have yet to speak,
strung across foggy glass and dissipate
like borrowed hours to the sound
of raindrops on the roof.

Regret is grief for a time
that never was – the force of ink
which formed my arms to reach you. Its weight pulls
and tightens the memory around my throat
as I stutter choked vowels.

To you I'd run on this one leg, raise
my empty head, and pronounce a hopeless guess
with a look through pitch-black irises.
Yet, my abdomen dangles in silence,
devoid of breath.

But just before the letters dim from sight,
I take an empty space to sit.

By the window,
where shaky fingers sketch
at last, my final limb.



JUST KEEP WORKING

Lexx Santana-Munoz
Illustration
Second Year

TRAINSPOTTING

MATTHEW BOYLAN

Creative Writing & Publishing

Fourth Year

“and what you saw was that it was perceiving these fragments as fragments that made it possible to have a real conception of what wholeness might be in a work”

Helen Dewitt

THE MOON A WHITE PLATE OVER STONE HOUSES IN THE COLD. Fires in windows mothers and children sleeping candles dripping sedate smoke spilling out of mouths and chimneys laughter and drinking and coins exchanging hands and hands exchanging grievances in all colours these sounds of night. At the edge of town empty fields stretching well into the distance. Farmers pathways long trodden and deeply routed by winding rivulets from torrid rains woven through silt and mud that map the world's topology in all its trembling. Slant silver grass bent to the breeze. To the running. A child leaping in the cold. In the night running. Breathless and vaulting fences in darkness. Wiry arms flailing as arms and body moved at the distal end of some unknown median. Some unknown origin. Passing an old truck frame rusted in the ditch. A gnarled knotted tree arced like a portal. Corn sheaths recently harvested. Rendering darkness material. Forms all. Running through the cold night. Of the roads and crossroads there were many. Crossing a threshold and hearing now the steady sound of his salvation. His lungs white hot. Burning in flight. A promise made in the alcove of her parents' barn. A temporary refuge. Fondness of youth. Forever as a conceivable unit of time. When feeling encompasses the entirety of body as something novel rather than recurrent. When your organs mean something beyond their autonomy. When you can feel your heart in your chest behind the thin veil of skin. When certainty is certain because you have not been given reason to doubt. When her word in your ear is met not only by sound but touch and her touch is met by the immutable certainty that this is reason in a universe of unreason. The reason. That no dogma can supercede skin. That skin is a layer you learn. That she would be there. He ran on. Leaping over mounds of earth and stone. Free in the night. He approached the trainyard as the moon fell over the horizon. Framed in the first threads of new daylight. We'll meet at the car that's yellow and blue. It's the only one of its kind. You'll know it when you see it. I know it. That's how we'll know where to meet. Okay she said and she kissed his shoulder. He kissed

her mouth. It's odd how memory intercedes on present. How tenses collapse in the immediate. As if the Now was indivisible. As if the present was amalgamation. I'll look for you. I know. He let go. He went on. He bent over to remain unseen but no one was awake. The ticket examiner was asleep in his booth. The conductor in town under sheets with two women. The engineer somewhere else. He crawled under the hole in the fence with his face to the ground and tasted earth yet it was good. It was free. He chewed and spat and walked his way down the rail line. What if we get caught We won't. What if we do We won't. How do you know I know. Certainty given no reason to doubt. He looked for the yellow and blue car in the sea of rust. As image through mind. As pale skin under hand and tongue. He sprinted alongside the farmers field and looked at the cows and they looked back in silence and suddenly crooned through the silence so he picked up his pace. He ran alongside the stationary boxcars and flatcars and cylindrical tankers as time passed and distance closed within what felt like thousands of steps but it was much less. He arrived at the yellow and blue car and the door was open and he felt his heart flutter and his legs shook but when he looked inside it was empty and there was no one there. He leapt inside and felt the ache of dread in his tiny heart. An all consuming desolation. He closed his eyes. Psst! Motionless. Psst! Jumping out and looking to the left she was there. Hanging in the frame of an old rusted boxcar. I thought this one would be less obvious she said and she smiled. Both breathless. I made it. I know. You scared me. I made it. I know. I told you. I know. They smiled. They look. She pulls him up. They hold each other. Are our courses fixed? They sit. Legs in the air. Her head on his shoulder. They look out at the morning. Interminable in the dawning. They move within. No one comes to close the door for the freight is unloaded and it is time to return. All clear as the day breaks. They lay back and feel the slow chug of the engine through their bones. Intertwined. A cool gust of wind. Movement by virtue of pure instinct. Ungoverned. Intentional. A boy and girl with no clothing in the cold but warm. Skin with sweat and pulse and sound. Stray dogs howling. A family sleeping. A boy and girl missing. Schoolchildren from town. Morning bells. Day of harvest. The train is moving along its fixed course. The sun is full. Look to home. A child is crying in the other room. The mother goes to check. The room is empty.



ACCOMPANIED

Albert Xu
Illustration
Fourth Year

THE OUTLAW'S REVENGE

NATALIA DAVID

Creative Writing & Publishing

Fourth Year

BLACK SCREEN

A slow, sinister WHISTLE cuts through the silence. A moment later, the CREAK of old floorboards moans under the weight of a heavy foot.

FADE IN:

THE WILD WEST: 1873

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S SHOP - DAY

SHERIFF WALKER (46) stands in front of the shop, one foot on the wooden steps, looking at stray coffins disinterestedly. He ignores STERLING (52), who sits with his feet propped on another chair, hat drawn low over his eyes.

STERLING

(bored)

Come to arrest me again,
Sheriff?

Sheriff Walker rests his hand on his holster and takes a menacing step forward. Behind him, far in the background, a shadowy figure watches, unbothered by the bustling street around them.

SHERIFF WALKER

I've come to remind you to
keep that mouth of yours shut,

SHERIFF WALKER (CONT'D)
else I'll shut it for you.

Sterling peers up at Sheriff Walker from beneath the brim of his hat. A bitter and mocking sneer tugs at the corner of his mouth.

STERLING
Like you did to our last
sheriff?

Sheriff Walker's face flushes bright red. He knocks Sterling's hat off and grabs his collar, hoisting him up until they're nose to nose.

SHERIFF WALKER
I've done my part in cleaning
up this shithole, no thanks to
that last sheriff.

STERLING
(steely-eyed, unflinching)
He was a good kid.

SHERIFF WALKER
He was weak.
(beat)
And I won't have you spreading
lies about me in my own town.

STERLING
Yes, you're quite good at making
them die out. You know, I've
gotta thank you, Sheriff, for
keeping me in business all these
years.

Sheriff Walker shoves Sterling away. Behind him, unfocused in the background, the shadowy figure (JO, 31) slowly walks towards them.

SHERIFF WALKER
(sarcastically)
That's what old friends are for.

Sterling and Sheriff Walker glare at each other for a moment before Sheriff Walker scoffs and stalks away. As he does, Jo collides with him. Unbeknownst to Sheriff Walker, she slips a piece of paper into his shirt.

STERLING
(to Sheriff's back)
Your day of reckoning is coming,
Billy Walker!
(quieter, to himself)
And I'll be here waiting.

As Sheriff Walker storms off, Jo turns to watch him for a moment. Her hand drifts to something concealed beneath her poncho.

STERLING (CONT'D) (O.S.)
(beat, weary and
slightly impatient)
Who's died now?

Jo watches Sheriff Walker for a moment longer before she drops her hand and turns to face Sterling. Her face concealed in her hat's shadow, Jo doesn't speak. Instead, she tosses a bag of gold on Sterling's footstool and hands a note to him.

A grin slowly spreads across Sterling's face as he reads the note, and he looks up at Jo, intrigued.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff Walker stalks up to his office. His hands dance from his holster to his hat before smoothing out his shirt; he feels the paper that Jo placed earlier and reads it.

His eyes widen in shock, his face pale with fear before contorting into rage, and he glances back the way he just came.

CUT TO:

EXT. UNDERTAKER'S SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Sterling bends over a large, half-finished coffin, prying at the wood as he HUMS a jovial tune. Sheriff Walker storms up, waving the note around. He shoves a coffin aside, and it CRASHES to the ground.

SHERIFF WALKER
You! Who put you up to this?!

STERLING
(mocking)
Now I haven't a clue as to
what you're referring to.

SHERIFF WALKER
Don't lie to me! I told you
what happened that—
(hurriedly lowers voice)
that day in confidence. No one
else would be able to write—
(wildly waves note around)
—this! Whoever this was, you
were part of his plan!

Sterling stops, unable to hide his grin, and

slowly looks up at Sheriff Walker.

STERLING

You know, now that you mention it, I had a new customer stop by. Paid a hefty price for express service too, wants a coffin finished by sundown. Say, how tall would you say you are, Sheriff?

Sterling waits for a reply. Sheriff Walker stands completely still, uncomprehending, and Sterling turns his attention back to his work, still unable to hide his grin.

STERLING (CONT'D)

(beat, gleefully)
Remember when you killed the last sheriff? Well, you forgot to finish off the boy's sister.

Sheriff Walker's face pales, remembering. We hear a GUNSHOT as we-

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A slow, sinister WHISTLE rings through the silence left from the gunshot, crooning the same melody heard in the beginning. Close up on the boots of a younger Sheriff Walker striding towards the camera. He crouches down and unceremoniously removes the bloody sheriff's badge from a body. Slow pan up to reveal Sheriff Walker's face.

The shot shifts slightly to reveal Jo on the ground behind him, her back to the camera, unmoving. Push in on Jo and linger for a moment, Sheriff Walker now O.S.; right before we cut

away, Jo takes a quiet, laborious breath.

END FLASHBACK, BACK TO UNDERTAKER'S SHOP

Sheriff Walker remains rooted to the ground for a moment, face pale, before he bolts away.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN STATION - MOMENTS LATER, SUNSET

Sheriff Walker tears onto the station platform, wildly looking around. His face is illuminated in the setting sun's glow, light and shadows flashing across him as a train passes. He turns his back to the sun (and train) just as the last few cars leave to reveal Jo, merely a dark, unfocused figure in the background.

We focus solely on Sheriff Walker (Jo now concealed behind him), and for a moment, everything is silent, before a slow WHISTLE drifts towards us on the breeze. Sheriff Walker turns to see Jo, standing across from him on the other side of the tracks.

Jo lifts her head, her face finally visible beneath the brim of her hat, and raises her hand from beneath her poncho, black gun glinting in the sun. Sheriff Walker frantically reaches for his holster.

Close up on Jo as she lowers her head slightly, her eyes cast in shadow. Only her mouth is visible now, twisted in a furious scowl. She FIRES. A moment later, a bitter smile tugs at her lips before she starts to turn away (cut to black before she has completely turned).

END.

OPACITY (SUPERMAN ISN'T REAL)

ANNIE LYNN TEBBUTT

Creative Writing & Publishing

Third Year

fermentation brings slow collapse,
filaments shift in quiet patterns,
every breath a solvent, dissolving certainty,
leaving only traces that refuse to settle.
but superman isn't real.

what erodes is not structure but taste,
reagents drift into shifting resonance,
ash lacquers what remains unmeasured,
distortions unravel into vacant arcs.

sanctified exhalations linger,
alloys pool in silent recesses,
edges rapture, collide, recombine,
congealing where reverence has ceased.

salt crystallizes along invisible edges,
phosphorescence blooms in the corners of thought,
traces hum beneath the structure of things
counting every fracture we call choice.

absinthe coils with borrowed certainty,
entropy traps the echo of its fall,
patterns fade, imprinting their own dissolution,
proof that even miracles rot into resin.

catalysts fuse in suspended tension,
edicts quiver along veiled convergence,
affinities fold into latent autonomy,
but

superman isn't real.

IN THE WAKE OF PEACE

LEE IFILL

Creative Writing & Publishing

Third Year

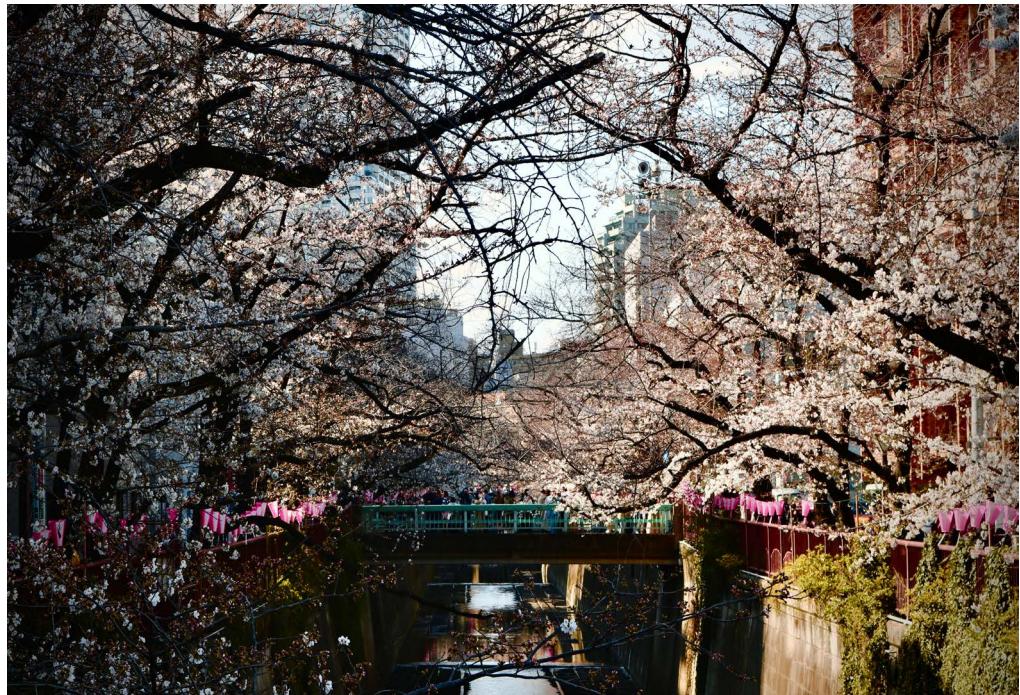
Forsaking your house of worship,
I walked from beneath the shadow of the congregation
with a sinner's freedom, I've lived,
as though incense could sanctify my lungs.

Departing from the words of man,
their commandments fading with the tide.
My path, with its preordained footfalls,
outnumbered the grains of sand,
and returned me, once more to the sea.
I stand, unmoored, within all that is
floating in endless hope, above all that could be.
My faith buried me beneath what was.

At the feet of our wrathful god,
I sat, dutifully,
until the roots of my soul
tethered to this life and the next
bloomed among sea fan altars,
calling out to those below.

To my sistren who take their rest
on seabed's of coral
my voice stirs the eddies from their rest.
To my brethren whose hands unite in stone
my heart firms the sand below
your anchored feet.
For within their holy scriptures,
echoes of forgotten gospels
lay sermons of torment,
the justified venom that numbed my tongue to prayer
condemned our spirits at peace.
Casting off the branded devotion of his flock,
the tide has unshackled my thoughts

To the water, I surrender my body,
let it wash from me your shame,
from my liberated mind,
the doubt of my ego's love.



三日見ぬ間の桜
MIKKAMINUMANOSAKURA
Iris Zhang
Art Fundamentals
First Year

“An intense and sudden change, much like the cherry blossoms that one hasn't looked at for three days.”

MÉMOIRE DE L'EAU

FAYE SUSAN

Creative Writing & Publishing

Third Year

The mémoire de l'eau, or the memory of water, is a controversial and disproven theory put forth by immunologist Jacques Benveniste positing that water could contain the "memory" of an antibody even after it is no longer present.

The traffic light is a Coca-Cola cap,
glassing bus tread into stasis
of human hothouse. A hostage
art expedition contemplating
crumpled office building reflection:
the confusion of lacquer and kernel palette,
the waver of water colour seen
through cherried branches.
Party tissue paper the nanosecond
before it is torn.

Arabesque of a lifted, ineffectual lens,
released untriggered

into the cotton candy
netting of purse and knee knotted jeans.

Memory is painted
by a popped corn, falconing
through air, consumed by the coy
mouth of a childhood crush –

the frisson as a glossed
petal drops. It floats,
unbottleable.

WHAT DOESN'T FIT IN A SUITCASE

GABRIELA RODRIGUEZ ALVARADO
Creative Writing & Publishing
Third Year

IDON'T BOTHER GLANCING ONE LAST TIME AT THE BUILDING BEHIND ME. I rush to the vehicle that has just parked in front of my dad and me. It's only a few steps away, but I run as if the cold breeze of the fall was chasing after me. I want to leave it behind. I want this place to become another item on the long list of things I had to abandon today. I want it to be the first thing on that list that I'm not sorry to say goodbye to. I drag my father by the hand and we hop into the car, watching Toronto's international airport gradually fade from our field of view as the man behind the wheel drives away.

I sit by the left window, like I always do. Except this is not our family's car, and when I turn to my right, I can't find my sister sitting on the opposite side. Dad squirms on the spot she would usually occupy, struggling to find a comfortable position. It's unsettling, how uncharacteristically vulnerable this otherwise dependable man seems, now that he has no choice but to give up the driver's seat to a stranger. I can't bear the sight. I tear my eyes away to gaze out the window, but the scenery I'm met with isn't any more comforting. In the place of big mountains adorning the outskirts of the city, tall buildings tower over me as if they're ready to swallow me whole. I close my eyes, the way I would cover my head with my blanket as a child so the bogeyman couldn't reach me. I hope to hide away in dreamland, even if just for the short fifteen minutes our ride is supposed to take.

But I never managed to beat my worries at hide and seek before, and this time is not the lucky exception. My restlessness had kept me awake the previous night, and I had just gotten off an exhausting flight, followed by an even more draining round of paperwork, questioning, arguments over lost luggage, and a COVID test that I was unlucky enough to be randomly chosen for. Yet, my anxiety is somehow proving to be stronger than the lack of sleep and the fatigue that I'm running on, and I fail to take the nap I so badly need.

"I'm tired," I say to my dad. "I wish I could give Canela a big hug right now."

He chuckles at the sound of the familiar name. Canela. The family dog we left home, 2,700 miles away, under the care of my mother and sister. The emotional support animal who powered us all through

lockdown, one belly rub at a time. This time though, she is way too far away to provide any sort of comfort, and the thought of her starts taking the shape of longing and nostalgia in my head instead.

She stands second on the list of things I wish I hadn't left.

"Me too," he replies. "I miss them already."

At the sound of my dad's voice—the only link I have to my native language in this foreign place—I find myself thinking of the family I left behind. First item on the list. I bite my lip, teeth digging into my skin as if thirsty for blood, as if pain could keep the tears at bay. I struggle to stay composed. I struggle because I know that what awaits me at my destination is neither the warmth of the home I grew up in nor the comfort of the bed I lay on to rest every day after school. Items three and four. And I know that what will greet me is neither my mom's cozy hugs nor Canela's wagging tail. Five and six.

I realize, half a year of preparation and a six-hour trip too late, that it is a change I'm not ready to face.

I shouldn't have boarded that plane. I struggle to understand what prompted me to book those flight tickets, or why I even made the choice to leave the comfort of my parents' home in the first place. Why I willingly gave up on free accommodation, a stable job, a local university's acceptance letter, and the love and company of family, friends, and a relationship that I had to step away from before I even got the chance to explore. I had six months of a long and tedious immigration process to dump the idea, but I never did. I was once convinced that no matter how hard, this was the best choice to make. Am I strong enough to take it, though? Now I'm not so sure.

People say it's safe here. I can probably use my phone on the bus without fear. I try to remind myself of the motivations that pushed me to this point, to this car seat in this unfamiliar place. *Education in Colombia is not great... And it takes way longer to complete a degree.* I go one by one through all the reasons, as if they were items on a list. Yet another list, not much more optimistic than the last. *Degrees rarely ever get you anywhere there. I may have a better shot at a decent future in Canada.* I've lost count of how many times I've gone through these words since I crossed the door this morning, I've lost count of how many times it has failed to make me feel any better. *Dad dreamt of this for so long. Of the future he wanted to give me, of the future no one gave him when he was my age...* No matter what I tell myself, I can't seem to erase the guilt of leaving behind everything dear to me. In the face of panic, no argument

sounds convincing enough.

Somewhere deep inside my brain, I'm aware that I'm having another episode. I'm letting my anxiety mislead me. Perhaps things do get better once you settle? Still, that small, grounded part of myself fails to win the battle against my agitation. I'm crumbling to pieces in this suffocating car, crumbling in fear that the disastrous start that my journey encountered may be the way in which the universe is warning me that I made the wrong decision. Canela's unknowing eyes, the tears down my mom's cheeks, the turbulence on the plane, the lost bag, the COVID test, this Uber ride... Is it all a sign that I should go back? That I should have never made the trip in the first place?

"We're here."

Dad's voice offers a temporary distraction from the turmoil of my thoughts that I'm glad to accept, coming back to reality as I open my eyes to find the car parked in front of our hotel. I almost wish I didn't have to get out. In my bags I carry pieces of my home and hopes for my future that I don't know if I'm ready to take out of the trunk. I get the sudden urge to ask the Uber to turn back. Maybe if I didn't dread the airport with every cell in my body by now, I would.

We pay our driver. Dad gives him a tip, a big one. In our preparations for the big day, we had come across numerous articles about the do's and dont's to keep in mind. Forget about the lightweight clothing and tropical weather; pack fleece, layers, and a good winter jacket. Leave the hugs and cheek kiss greetings back home, people won't appreciate it if you're not close... Oh, and don't forget to tip. It isn't mandatory, but it is expected. An unspoken rule, or so they say. We aren't sure how much we are supposed to tip, so Dad tries to be generous. Neither of us wants to start off on the wrong foot in this country, after all.

"Thank you," the driver turns to look at us and says his farewell, "and welcome to Canada."

SPRING PERFORMANCE

ISABEL LIN

Creative Writing & Publishing
Second Year

Apocalyptic bodies
like elks huddled,

compressed in a tin

spellbound and exhausted

Violin bows pierce

fingers, stamp oboe keys
into skin

French horn valves clatter with

our frantic feet, counting measures to project

melody through darkness

and muddled treks from wilted trees

Curtains slide away—

glowing eyes of wolves, their gaze locked

on shaken faces, staccatos poke
my limp body into a corner

like an elk left to fend on its own

from those freezing lights, mallets
clutched white.

Buzzing dots flit by

and the needle rises, heads follow baton and

with one deep breath—

The flutes and baritones sing

xylophone dings melt snow into

ice. Trombones sway with clarinet's

timbre, wakes

chickadees to flap their wings

A tuba's resonance waltzing
along chime rings
while peonies pirouette
wondrously.

Brittle clicks
echo, hares hopping
through fields
together

a bassoon's lullaby
embraces dandelions
blooming slowly
beside gentle thumps
of mallet to timpani
The wolves' eyes dim,
they hum collectively.

Our breaths finally synchronized
bears awakening to our song of a warmer day.





THREADS OF WARMTH, BEACHSIDE DISCOVERY

Alexa Chemikos
Animation
Third Year

SISTER MATERIAL

DAWN A. KUDLOWICH
Creative Writing & Publishing
Third Year

my sisters are still
rocky river dock
blue newborns
grasshopper chimes
we carry bread
in liquid liquor layers
clinks of cone
at the top of the field huddling
only we know the jingle
snakeskin strangers
ice smoke lingering in
sweet grass ferns
the flutter of feather fans
only to look up
and yell their secrets
of the field in swift tin turns
on hawks

thick trunks of pristine trees
our hands locked
palm heated hearts
our boundaries blow in the wind
cupped in our skirts
sense of lavender
circulation
spindling threads
outside the iris field
lost strings fly in the wind
our black eyes
hiding from the sun's light
our cousin's loon call
while we rest
past our hems
layers of their dresses
soaring us

owed like posts
firm grips of
our cousin's hoops
clothespin damp laundry
they bled together
in the air
sisters loosley bundled
mouse whispering
we are not sisters but
wandering with
shoes that trample the tall
licking our faces
beating hide drums
our cousin shake their bells
floating along the tree line
lingering eyes
in our long-lasting break

EMBRACE

STACY ESTABILLO

Creative Writing & Publishing
Second Year

An offered hand refused
results a blistering havoc
I stuck myself in. Eyes
flit to every whipped
object flying in the distance: worn
down chairs, soot covered tables,
rusty frames detached from windows.

My unmoving feet
beneath the crumbling earth,
watching the torrents
of a storm, the flooding waters
rushing up my ankles
and a fog follows.

Eyes
close, my heart echoes
and fingers twitch
butterfly taps on shoulders.

Inhale
the scent of damp wood and brine.
It fills my nostrils, traveling
through the esophagus
and relaxes my nerves. Gentle
air dances, guides
my hip to sway slow
like the mellow currents.

Exhale
steady, eyes open to morning
view. The fog dissipates,
the sun rises warm, calm sea
beside me. Embrace
with arms, my world.





SPRING GARDEN

Jessica Antonik
Illustration
Third Year

POST COITAL

SHIVA MARZOOGHI
Creative Writing & Publishing
Third Year

Alone,
I awake surrounded by arms.
Sweat and bedsheets cling to bare skin,
the world looks sideways from my bed.

Does left become up or down? Does north
become east with no sun to guide my eyes?

In a cocoon of fabric the cold can't reach me,
yet I'm unshielded from touches and stares.

Easy to witness without consequence
or awareness. Planted, and still
can't gain my footing, or place where I am
in a matter of seconds as I leave once again.

I am in Spain.

In Space.

In the walls

of my old home. In a Van Gogh painting,
hanging unseen in a restaurant.

I am inside someone's flesh.

They are beneath my skin.

I am one,

or half of one, or one of many

inviting many in one.

I forget what human is.

Wordless

meaningless

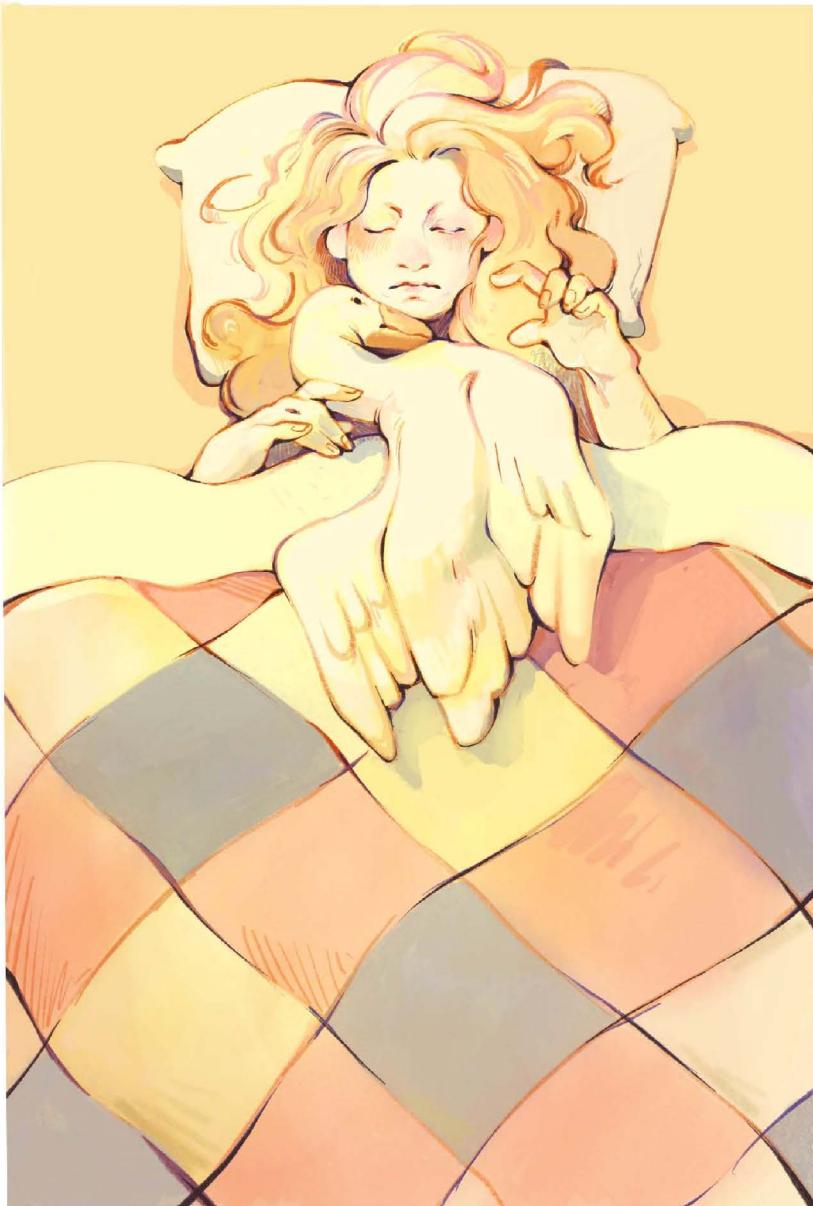
silence

void

Explosion of colours with no name,

one with infinity and nothingness.

Then I remember, and return.



LAZY DAY

Jessica Antonik
Illustration
Third Year

Contributors

ARIA V. AHEEM is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student who enjoys reading and writing poetry and has recently developed a possibly concerning addiction to Laura Secord Hot Chocolate K-Cup Pods.

TRISTEN AMARAL is a 23 year old college student from Brampton. She is in her third year of the Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing at Sheridan College. As a child, Tristen began writing poems, songs, stories, and making stapled books with illustrations. Aside from still writing poetry and songs with her ukulele and guitar, she has gained interest in the world of creative non-fiction.

JESSICA ANTONIK is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Illustration student who is still exploring and finding new ways to push her artistic voice. Through a combination of traditional and digital media, Jessica attempts to capture the comforting feeling of life's simple moments.

MATTHEW BOYLAN is a writer and graphic artist from Guelph, Ontario. In his free time he likes to read, write book reviews, and play chess. He enjoys experimental forms and content. His most recent review is published in *The Ampersand Review*. He is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student.

ALEXA CHEMIKOS is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Animation student who loves designing and illustrating characters in mundane scenarios, showcasing the beauty and wonder in everyday life. Outside of art, she enjoys researching obscure topics on Wikipedia, taking long walks on trails, and watching silent comedies.

OLIVER CHIN-YEE, now in his third year of schooling, is a 21-year-old Canadian artist pursuing his Honours Bachelor of Illustration at Sheridan College. His work often has a focus on depicting characters with some form of visual narrative, presently with a particular interest in drawing knights. After completing his studies, Olliver hopes to pursue work in the field of visual development, character design, or comics.

NATASHA DAVID is the author of a collection of short stories, poems, screenplays, and two half-formed ideas that have spent more time in her brain than on paper. She is a long-time lover of fantasy and dystopian fiction, and spends her free time playing piano and collecting more books than she can read. Her works have been published in issues 1 and 4 of *B222 Journal* and issue 10 of *Petal Projections Magazine*. She is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student.

DELORA DREAMER is a second-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student. She is an incredibly passionate writer whose focus always draws her to the more human aspects of life: love, despair, hope, and tragedy. She aims to provide works that sit with the reader, wracking their mind at night and inspiring them when they next wield pen and paper. She hopes more than anything to awe, despair, and mystify all who read her work.

DIMITRIE ERMURACHI is a second-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student at Sheridan College. A poetry enthusiast, Dimitrie finds inspiration in the shared harmony people achieve through the motions of everyday life regardless of their differences. He loves cooking, movies with mind-bending plot twists, and watching the water flow through the Credit River.

STACY ESTABILLO is a second-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student. She is from the Philippines, and aspires to broaden her creative mind and skills. While she is still unsure of what her future brings, she looks forward to where her creative writing journey will take her. Stacy wishes to reach and inspire others, and to make an impact with her work.

LEE IFILL is an Afro-Caribbean-Canadian writer in her third year of the Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing. She often uses poetry and storytelling to translate/explore the confusing jumble of her life experiences. This is her second time being published in *What's Up Magazine* but her first time with the *B222 Journal*.

SHAUNA KERNAGHAN is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student whose work lives through the music she listens to and often never leaves, but lately it's been breaching containment! Her interests include subversion, her esoteric dog, procreate pocket edition, being skinned alive, etymology, characters, collecting locks, cranberry juice, her Bose noise-cancelling headphones, animation, and OUTCOMES, BABY!!!

DAWN A. KUDLOWICH is an Anishnaabe third-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student currently living in Mississauga. She is an anxious multimedia artist and writer working mostly with short fiction and poetry. When not writing, she often works on sewing projects, plays video games and collects odd trinkets. Her goal for all art mediums is to make the unsettling beautiful, create emotional reactions, and provoke deeper thought.

ISABEL LIN is an aspiring writer interested in poetry and prose. She enjoys reading any novels recommended by others and playing her favourite songs on piano. She is a second-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student.

SHIVA MARZOOGHI is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student with aspirations to become a novelist. They also enjoy writing short stories and poetry.

GABRIEL MOULTRIE is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student at Sheridan College. He has worked with young Canadian writers, having led a creative writing workshop at Brampton Centennial Secondary School as a student ambassador for the CW&P program.

Jade Jacob is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student at Sheridan College and an experimental rising poet. Her work is deeply rooted in evocative verse and explores the fragile balance between philosophical creation (and destruction) while inspiring deeper awareness of our shared world. She also expands her craft through narrative storytelling and digital portraiture.

GABRIELA RODRIGUEZ ALVARADO is a multi-genre writer and aspiring editor. She enjoys reading fiction, and writing prose, poetry, and scripts. Through her writing, she seeks to explore her Latin American heritage and experiences as an immigrant, as well as themes of love and connection in all their shapes and forms. She is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing & Publishing student.

LEXX SANTANA-MUNOZ is a second-year Honours Bachelor of Illustration student with an interest in working in comics and cartoons.

FAYE SUSAN is a Canadian-American poet and writer. Their passion for writing is fueled by their experiences as a queer, autistic individual and their belief in the healing and transformative nature of art. Faye proudly calls Toronto home and is pursuing a degree in Creative Writing & Publishing from Sheridan College. Their work has appeared in *B222 Journal*, *Strange Horizons*, and *Phylum Press*.

ANNIE LYNN TEBBUTT is a third-year Honours Bachelor of Creative Writing and Publishing student. She is a poet and a game enthusiast from Mississauga, Ontario. Her works use abstract language to explore personhood and human emotion. She gravitates towards things that are peculiar or unconventional in poetry, prose, and game mediums to impact how others interpret the world around them.

ALBERT XU is a fourth-year Honours Bachelor of Illustration student whose work spans painting and digital experimentation. His artistic journey began during the pandemic, inspired by cross-cultural influences from China, Japan, and Canada. Blending traditional technique with contemporary media, he seeks to create pieces that evoke memory, nostalgia, and the complexities of identity.

IRIS ZHANG is a first-year student in the Arts Fundamental program from Toronto, Ontario. In her free time, she loves painting with water-colour and taking photographs to memorialize the sights she sees in her daily life. Having grown up rarely taking photographs of herself and others, she now loves bringing her phone or camera around with her to snap moments of her life to look fondly back upon when she is older.

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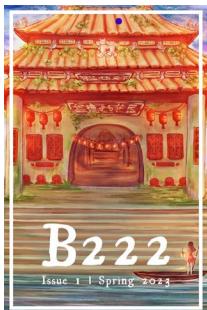
A final thank you is also due to our contributors, whose work makes this publication worth reading. Thank you for submitting your work and most importantly, thank you for creating your work in the first place.



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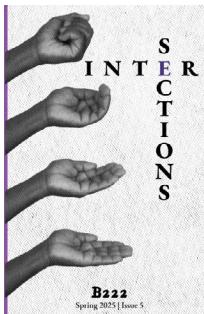
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