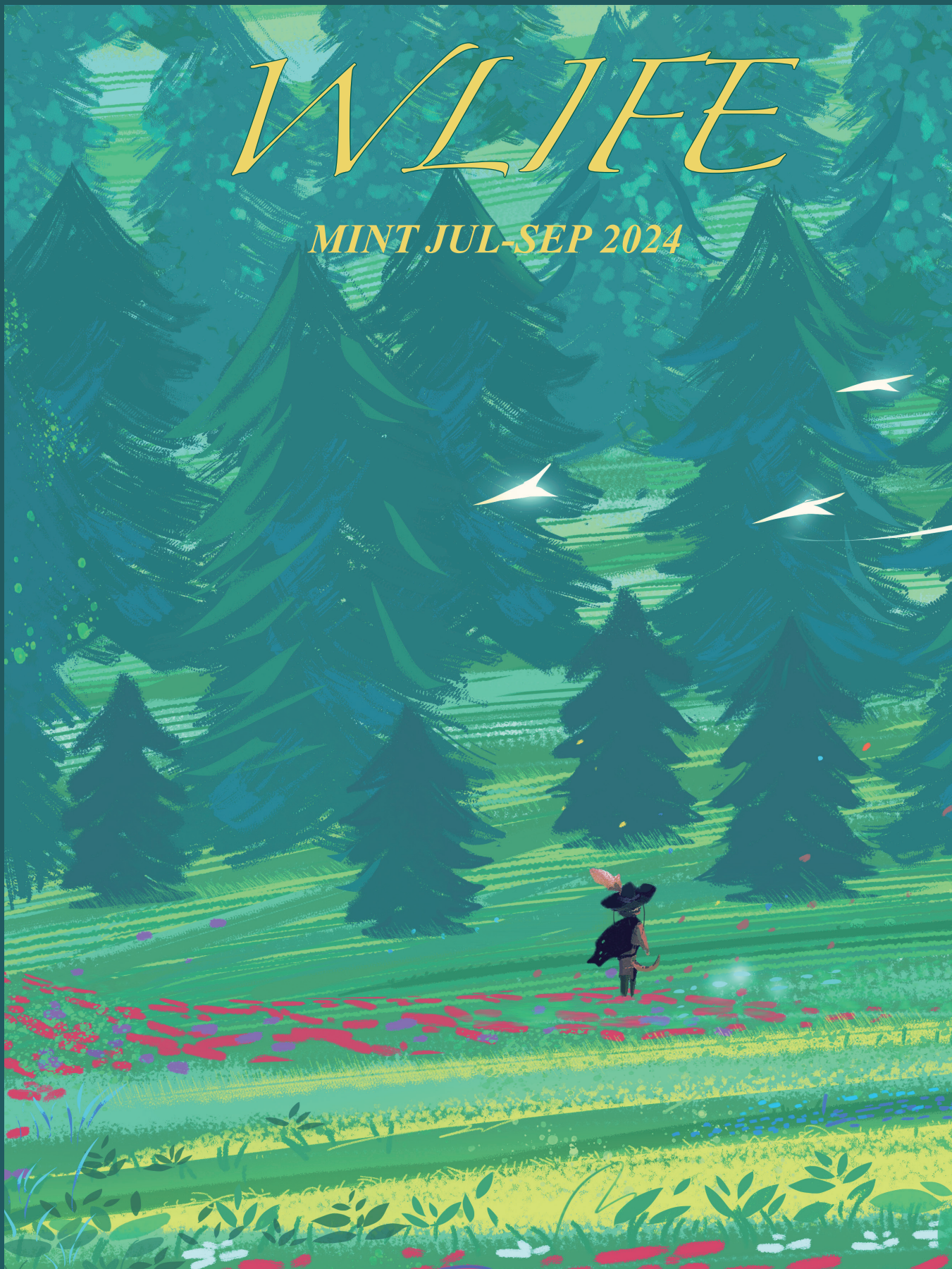


WLIFF

MINT JUL-SEP 2024



Forest
Cover by Iris Bian



WLIFE

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Dear Readers,

"The soul always knows what to do to heal itself. The challenge is to silence the mind." — Caroline Myss

As the summer sun gently bows out and we find ourselves at the beginning of a new academic year, we release WLIFE's latest July to September issue, themed around a symbol of refreshment and renewal—"Mint."

Much like the way mint cools the palate and enlivens the senses, this issue is designed to invigorate your mind and spirit as we get ready for the new journey. Mint, with its crisp leaves and unmistakable fragrance, reminds us that there is always a way to find freshness, a moment to pause, and a breath to renew. When transitioning from vacation to faster-pace school days, you may find yourself excited, anxious, motivated, or stressed out. But no matter what kind of feelings you are experiencing, this issue is a good can offer you creativity, thoughtfulness, and inspiration as refreshing as mint itself to help you calm down, to help you take a deep breath and get prepared.

Within these pages, you'll discover a diverse collection of poems, essays, artworks. You can find narratives that demonstrate students' novel perspectives, essays that reveal precious childhood memories, or artwork that revives people's imagination.

We hope this magazine serves as your mint leaf in a cup of tea—bringing you clarity, calm, and a sense of renewal as we step into this new chapter together.

Thank you for your continued support, and here's to a refreshing read!

Warmly,
Thea Zhang
Editor in Chief

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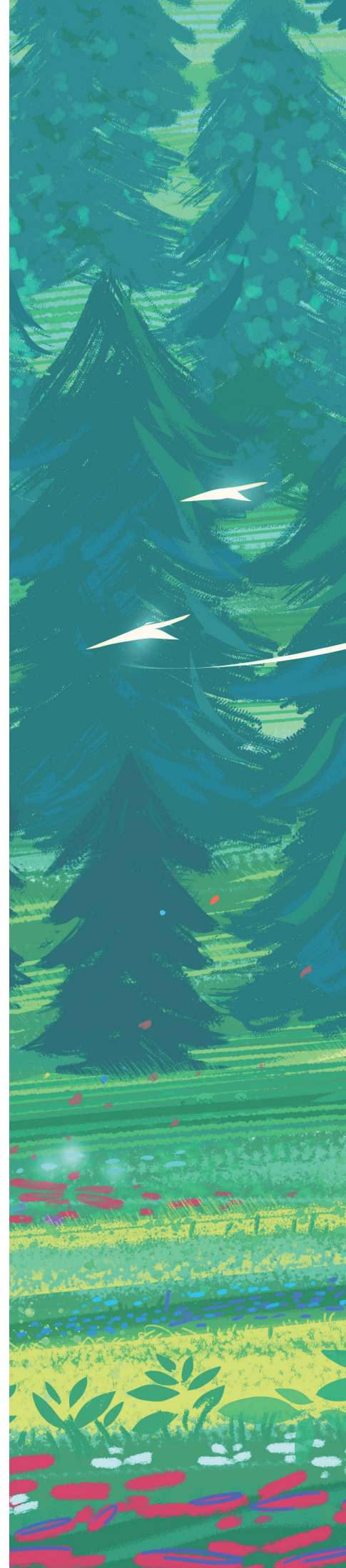
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MINT

JUL-SEP 2024

WLSA SHANGHAI ACADEMY
JOURNAL



01 Literature



ARE YOU MINT

Author: G10 Gamma Joshua Ma

Designer: G11 Thea Zhang

“We are mint today but we know we will become banyans trees that will catch every breezes across the leaves of our lives.”

Many people will refer to different colors when they try to identify their personalities. For example, when someone is very bold, passionate, full of charisma or even aggressive and demanding, we normally label this personality as red, and even more, when this person is ultra idealistic or even dangerous, we describe this personality as deep red. By far, I assume many figures with such “red” personalities are dashing into your minds, like Che Guevara from Cuba, and the Beatles. Normally, the “red” people are key opinion leaders, influencers and game changers because of their strong belief, ignorance to norms and rebellion against traditions.

Next to red, yellow will be matched to another personality, especially the personality that people driven vs. facts driven. People driven here means, when there is a complicated incident involving the top 5 key factors of who, why, when, where, what, how. People with this personality will normally prioritize the factor of who as the No.1 factor that trigger the whole complicity. Motivation, emotion, empathy, fairness, and justice is what they care the most. At the flip side, because these people put too much weight on the factor of people complex, other factor, or even facts, will be underestimated and or even out-weighted

when they are trying to sort out an incident and figure out a solution. Another very impressive feature of this “yellow” personality is conformity, meaning, they tend to follow other key opinion leaders’ opinions and loose their own standpoints when in public. There is no right or wrong about this as every personality with their traits to be demonstrated in different scenarios. Yellow people are good supporters, followers and they are the group around those “red” people and they are the public.

On the platter of personality, no doubly there is a grid of blue. In many occasions, blues means quietness, depression, coldness and isolation. People of blue personality are deep thinkers, and they establish a well-structured processing pattern to probe into the route cause across layers of complicated and puzzling myths, very logically, sharply and abstractly and they accumulate deep insights from trivial and small details and they are horse powers across an organization and they are critical to norms and cliches by cracking down statues and challenging authorities with their reasoning, probing and deep diving. They are thinkers, academics and wiseman. We can endlessly name those people with such blue personalities, like Albert Einstein or Oppenheim, etc.,

Finally, in our lives, there are countless people, who are easy-going, friendly, peaceful, quiet. In an organization, they are taken as the supporters, connectors. They are peace lovers and conflict avoiders, violence terminators. They are patient, slow, hesitant to changes and quite often, prefer Status Quo vs. drastic changes and disruptions. But they are kind hearted, empathetic but with a clear standpoint, they are quiet but relentless supportive and they are powerful because of their resilience and softness. When it comes to colors, this typical type of personality will be labeled as “green”. The spectrum of green is very broad ranging from pale green to bright deep green. if, with the privilege to map me, myself to this colorful personality Platte, I might put a label of “mint” onto my forehead.

What is mint? First of all, it is mild, soft green. mint pleasantly brings softness, calmness to the world. Secondly, they are growing and transcending to a more mature deep green just like new born tend grass in the early spring, but ultimately, they will grow into a landscape of trees of deep green under the sunshine. We are mint today but we know we will become banyans trees that will catch every breezes across the leaves of our lives.

Power of Tranquility

Can you recall when did you breathe the fresh air in a dawning morning? When did you see a tiny star lights up above your head? Or, when did you hear the whispers of tree leaves across the dark forests? Have you ever experienced when especially at these moments, you will be hit or touched by the power of tranquility?

Symphony orchestrate energize us with heartbreaking euphoria and complication, but solo touches my soul with slow melody with simplicity and quietness. Colorful palette catches us with brightness and dazzle, reminding us how beautiful and rich life can be, as a floating feast. But when we are alongside the simple green lane to the endless landscape, or alone the seashore, we will find us back with assurance and calm.

This is the power of tranquility.

How can we, in our busy lives find the power of tranquility? Reading, walking, meditating, deep breathing, napping. Normally, we need to spend huge amount of money, take a lot time, and have to find many people to find joy, euphoria. But it is free of cost, and very easy for you to be refilled with

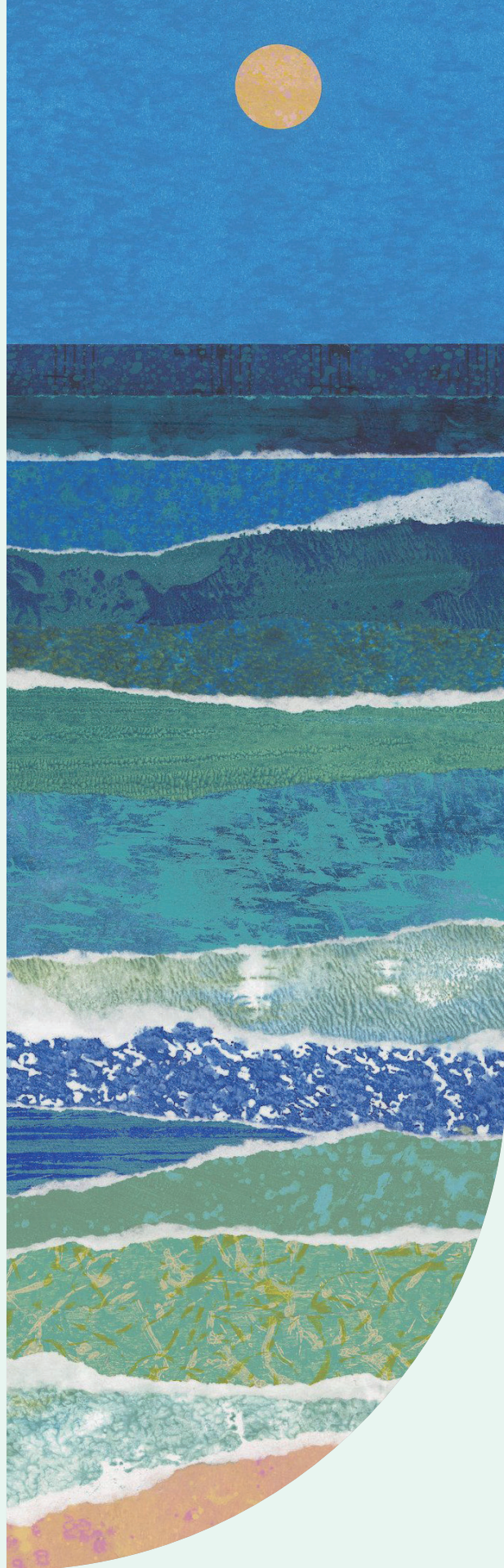
the power of tranquility. Just stay alone and be yourself, and with yourself, and it not necessary has to be hours or days, instead, it can only be 5 minutes of jogging. 10 times of deep breath, or 10 minutes' meditation.

Find your way of being quiet, alone, and peaceful. Pleasant with your soul, your heart and your brain. You will realize how powerful it can be when you can be alone, longer, longer, and longer. This is the power of tranquility.

Author: G10 Gamma Joshua Ma

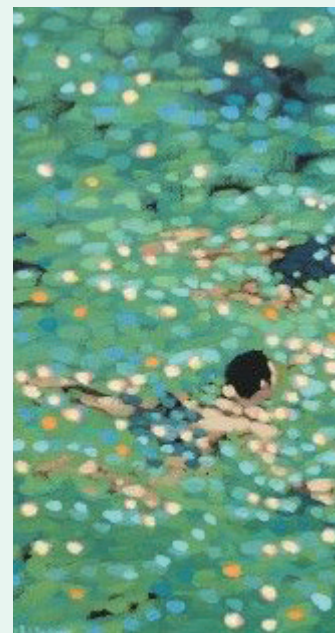
Designer: G11 Eta Thea Zhang





Find the power of tranquility

Find yourself a solace



“Find your way of being quiet, alone, and peaceful. Pleasant with your soul, your heart and your brain.”



Mint Chocolate

Author: G10 Theta Seven Xu

Designer: G11 Eta Thea Zhang

I'm always a fan of mint chocolate's grace,
In the cold winter's embrace,
Where frost adorns the window class,
And the snowflakes of love are gently lain.

In the hush of snow's soft lullaby,
Where starlight spills on the midnight sky,
Mint chocolate dreams begin to weave,
In the heart's warm core, where shadows
cleave.

The fire's glow dances, the radiant grows,
While outside the chill makes the cold
winds blow,
Yet inside the comfort, sweet and deep,
Mint chocolate's charm awakens sleep.

Every bite, a melody rich and bright,
Plays in the soul's deepest night,
A harmony of mint and love,
Below the stars, and above.

Winter is a love letter from the North,
Where snowflakes fall and dreams form,
Mint chocolate's kiss, both cool and warm,
Is love's own song, in winter's call.

02 Art Gallery





Artist: G11 Theta Stella Hu
Designer: G11 Eta Thea Zhang

Pattern study of Argentine horned frog, Poison dart frog, Blue-back reed frog, and Xenopus. For each frog, I conducted a pattern study and applied the simplified pattern elements to the background, which is illustrated as the habitat each frog lives in. The main figure is drawn by acrylic painting, and editing digitally later to add lights and textures.



阿根廷角蛙、毒鏢蛙、藍背蘆葦蛙和爪蟾的圖案研究。對每只青蛙我進行了紋路研究，並將簡化的圖案元素應用到背景中。背景是在每種青蛙棲息地的基礎上創建的。主體是由丙烯繪畫繪制的，然後通過後期添加燈光和質感效果。

03 Journal

Dear Diary

Author: G12 Omega Joy Wu
Designer: G12 Sigma Nancy Xu

7.2 (2012)

Today I leave kindergarden.

I make a pinkie promise with Duoduo. Because Mom tell me to say a final goodbye to my friends.

I like to sit with him every noon and read Amelia Bedelia.

I like the sunshine. It make the pictures bright. It make Duoduo's hair brown and fluffy.

(I still remember sitting beside Duoduo in the afternoon everyday, waiting for the teacher to end the day.

The afternoon sunshine is always gentle and mellow in the winter garden. The white carpet is painted to a yellowish hue; the golden dust shimmer in the sunlight like jumping springtails in the grass field.

The boy sitting next to me is always under the sunlight. His eyes closed for a nap or looking down at his book. The sunshine shine through his eyelashes and his hair, shedding light on his face, making the tips of his hair shine like brown glitter. The fluttering of pages turning is always golden and brown to me; sitting beside him feels like immersing myself into a warm pot of honey, still and relaxed and nice-scented and wrapped up in the honey blanket.

I never had the urge to jump up and join the running crowd in the playground when Duoduo was beside me when I read. I liked how we wait for each other with a book in the end of the day, without having to say anything. I liked how he share the funny illustration or the interesting plot in his book to me. I liked how he giggles when I act as Amelia Bedelia on the carpet, both my feet and my stomach feel like being tickled by bird feathers.)

I feel funny and happy and a little stupid, like Amelia Bedelia, when me and Duoduo's pinkie finger touched.

We say we will never leave each other.

(The closing of my kindergarten life was in a cozy summer evening. Mom and Dad skipped work to see our graduation performance.

I was acting as the mighty warrior who protects the prince (acted by Duoduo) in his journey. The gentle afternoon sun reflects on the flat leaves of the green plants beside the stage, dazzling my eyes, blurring my vision of the audience and the prince I ought to protect.

I scared the dragon away. I conquered the city. I won the battle.





I scared the dragon away. I conquered the city. I won the battle. I bowed. I left the stage with an aching eye. Ms. Cindy took a photo for me and my parents. I grabbed my backpack. I waited at the gate. I was ready to leave.

“Joy, you wanna say goodbye to your friends?”, my dad laid a hand on my shoulder.

“Huh?”

“It’s the last day of kindergarten, don’t you want to say a final goodbye?”

I shrugged, what’s the big deal of saying goodbye? Either you see them again or never again.

But in the dizzy afternoon light, I gave Angel and Ariel and Charlie and Shannon a hug and said, “see you again”.

The yellowish hue of the carpet and the winter garden slid in my eyelid, reminding me it was the time I usually read with Duoduo. A tiny sound of murmur beside me. It was Duoduo, looking straight to the sunlit room, his brown and fluffy hair pressed into a flattened shape by the prince crown.

I giggled at his hair. It was funny and banged like Amelia Bedelia’s hair!

“Byebye”, he murmured. Or maybe he I don’t remember. My ears were ringing shouting goodbye, my eyes ached again reflecting from the leave.

I stuck out my pinkie finger in front of “We’ll never leaving each other.”

He pointed his pinkie finger out.

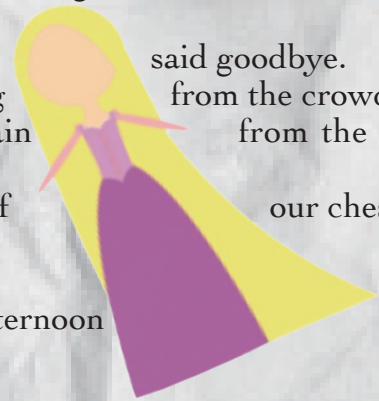
“You’ll still act Amelia Bedelia in the afternoon everyday right?”

“Yeah. I will.”

“Promise?” “Promise.”

And that we shook our pinkie finger together. Under the very ordinary sunshine, his finger warm and dry, his hair still brown and shiny, the winter garden still like a warm pot of honey, was the last time we saw each other.

(Neither of us stuck to our promise.)



said goodbye.

from the crowd

from the light

our chest.

2015.2.17

I want to be Tiana someday, or maybe Rapunzel, or maybe Belle.

(Disney movies had left me with sweet little fantasies: I had imagined deep talks about my past and dreams with Flynn Rider beside the lake brightened up by the orange lanterns. I had explored the world of the swimming pool like Ariel exploring the underwater kingdom, waiting for a prince to save. I had ran in and out of the pine wood in the back of the school, acting as Mulan fighting the enemy with Li Shang.

But none of them left the same wild and fancy thoughts as The Princess and the Frog did.)



I wish I would have a little bakery store. It will fill with the scent of flour and butter, decorate with colorful flowers, and my alligator friend singing jazz across the room. I would dress in the best evening gown. I would invite world-famous tasters to come and



taste my new inventions. I would sit on the other side of the long table, seeing their stern and serious face burst out stars when they take the first bite of the dessert.

I might kiss a frog, but only if it's Naveen. We would be calling each other names but get used to each other at last. I would walk in the woods as a frog and teach him how to mince a mushroom. The ground will be orange with the cooking fire shining through the pumpkin pot.

(For a very long time after I watched *The Princess and the Frog*, I loved to act as Tiana whenever I'm alone.

Every day I walk through a narrow walkway to go home, both sides fully planted with pine trees. The pine trees block the sunshine, making the walkway dim, and the sun seem higher than usual. I felt like a frog, small in the woods, living under the shadow of the forest, and the sun up high in the sky, unable to be touched. I hopped through the narrow walkway, pretending my green shoes are the floppy foot, my shoes tap dancing like a frog. I told the imaginary Naveen about the fun things that happened today, even though I was just talking to myself inside my brain.

The sprinkles of flour fall down lightly and slowly onto the thick and glossy wood table, my hands still holding onto the sifter. I patted my hands together, the thin flour flew out through my fingers, making elusive shapes from the translucent dust. I've made a pancake with powdered sugar! Though with no pancake and no sugar, just the flour and the cake I imagined I had made. I sneeze from the fine flour. I could imagine those tasters and Naveen sparkle stars in their eyes when they tried this "pancake".



I dressed myself with a light green blanket, sitting by the edge of my bed. The carlight slips in through the gaps of the curtain, dappling the ceiling, ripples of water above my head. The moonlight and carlight casts the green of the blanket on the floor, making the floor seem icy. I spun barefoot on the brown wooden floor as if I was dancing with Naveen beside the swamp, the green light under my toes giving me a jolt. I laid down on my bed, the ripples of light swirling on the ceiling, I could imagine Naveen telling me he would do anything to make my dream come true. Drowsiness slips into my eyes, I ask myself...)

Will someone love me even when I turn into a talking frog? Yes, I bet.

(I still ask myself. I still dream into the watery ceiling waiting for my dream to come true.)

4.28.2019

Oliver said I'm really smart today!!

Amy lost her notebook and we think someone stole it. (Looking back, I suspect she lost it because she simply forgot where she put it.)

That someone put a Harry Potter book open on Amy's desk.

It has a bookmark saying 20. I counted

to the 20th word, it says "forest". I

remember the forest in the back of

the school we usually play in, and

we just played tag in the forest

yesterday. And I thought,

someone might took Amy's

notebook away yesterday in the

forest! A bunch of people came

with me, including Oliver. I

carpet searched all the grass

under the tree, like I was

Sherlock Holmes and

all the others were my

Watson. As I expected

(Actually to my surprise),

the book was under the 20th tree! All the Watsons looked at

me like I was some celebrity. They walked behind me like a

swarm of bumblebees when we went back to the classroom,

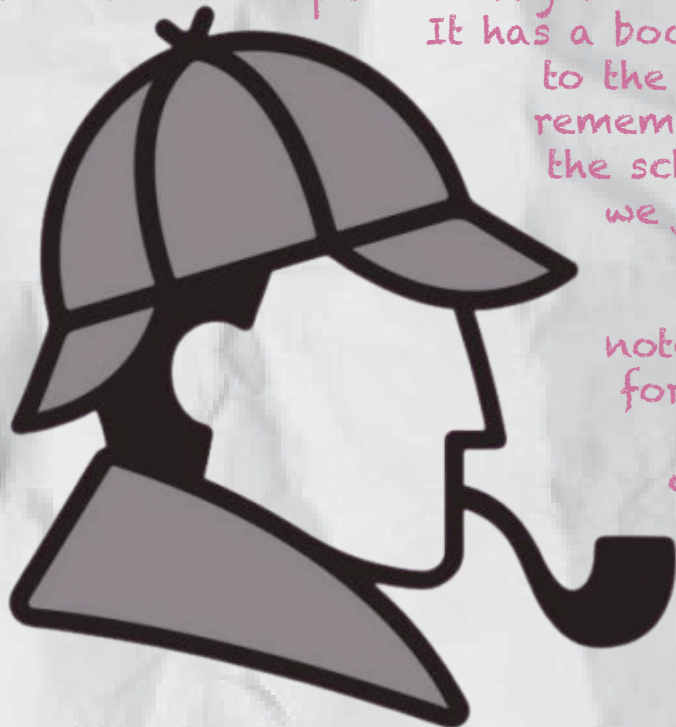
as if they were singing "ALL HAIL THE QUEEN BEE". When I

sat down in my seat, Oliver turned his head and said,

"You are really really smart, like Nate the Great." I expected

Sherlock Holmes though. But! He called me SMART! This, is a

step closer for him to like me!





6.6.2024

I remember myself scribbling down my thoughts about the pinkie promise on the car, bumpy bumpy till the tips of my pen leave the notebook pages frequently. I remember myself lying on the bed, covered by the green blanket, fantasizing my adventure as Tiana, can't even see my words clearly in the dim bedside lamp. I remember sitting on the table, putting my homework aside to write how Oliver praised me, the strands and strands of sunshine shine on my hand, warm and exciting.



I still think of my disney fantasies, I still get lost in those deep conversations with Flynn Rider and Naveen, dreaming one day I will meet my prince. I still write down precious moments of my crushes: "He showed me the sunset and dawn on his computer game, the orange LED light reflects on his pupil, the orange sunset outside the window, everything was in the best place to be romantic." and "I asked him if he wanted to go down and sunbathe for a while, casually. And he said yes! How romantic, the mix of the impulsive nature of a teenager and the punchy sunlight."

I collage all the pieces of BINGO-romance together, weaving my fantasies and idealisms into a sweet sweet dream.

他仰头看着十月的天空，嘴里叼着一根草。一阵轻风吹过，吹动了白色的衣摆。他喜欢这轻风吹拂的感觉，柔柔地打在脸上，钻进衣间的隙。夕阳不冷不热地照耀着，周围都被印成了金碧辉煌的颜色，像是从梦里或画里走出来般。活着，真好。

他曾经也是很喜欢热闹的，什么事总要往人堆里钻。“什么呀什么呀，你们再说什么”他常与同伴嬉笑打闹、勾肩搭背。住在在大城市里的他最喜欢夜里灯火通明车水马龙的时候，看这黄黄红红的点点灯光，听着街边人们嘈杂地闲谈，胖胖的小孩坐在竹编的小凳上，大爷大妈摇着扇子驱赶蚊虫，广场上人头攒动，小姑娘们手里拿着泡泡糖你追我赶，他很安心。

但后来他突然去了一趟草原。坐在那稍稍凸起的小山丘上，周围的花草树木绿得生机盎然又怡然自得，空气很是清新。他躺在草地上，望着远处点点牛羊悠悠得吃着草，甩着尾巴，牧羊人不见踪影。也是的夕阳把周围都找得很亮，心中涌起一份感动与浪漫。他忽然觉得，这寂寞是再也治不好了。

他曾常听大人们讲什么要学会独处，什么走到最后只剩自己云云，从来是不信的，只觉得是大人的世界无聊透了，无聊的人便只会不时发发牢骚，说些无聊的话罢了。

有些懂了。毕竟一个人大半辈子忙忙碌碌忙忙那的，沉思的时光却是少静下来，一便寂寞得痒难忍。

他惬意着这如偷鸡摸狗般偷得的稀碎时光。

他想，是否重，人们便只想整日里嘻嘻哈哈蒙混过

关？一个人做事时，时间便悄悄地流淌过去了，悄咪咪的像个秘密，没人知道，自己便也能心安理得装作不知。别人再多夸两句，再将用时间换来的筹码买饭去，饭足酒饱，月亮升起时把灯一关，躺在安逸的床上等明天，便也无暇关心了。所谓一条路走到黑，只要前头还是光亮的，走便是了，也是不必多想。

他的名字是虞七醒，念高中二年级。除去整日的瞎想，还算是个正常的少年。家里还算宽敞，他喜欢铺个席子在地上坐着看书，漫画小说文学都看。他小时曾幻想过若能躺在窗外成团的白云上是个什么感觉，它们看着如此轻盈柔软，白皙干净，光线也自然是极好，有时想着想着便趴着睡了。醒来已有人为他盖上了轻盈的薄被，翻了个个儿，头枕在了枕头上。他还想过，若是能在书里的世界穿梭该是多好，多有趣好玩，去看城堡，恶龙，木屋，森林中惨白的月亮，桃源，可不比平日里好玩得多？

他还曾想过写点什么，只是写出来的东西他拿起来左看右看不很满意，总觉得幼稚，便只得叹口气，放下了。写过日记也只是兴起，写了两三天便又搁置了。现在，他正拿起纸冥思苦想着，“...，而我终究发现，人生有这么故事可讲，是一件幸福的事。”

他觉得，年轻时总该有些浪漫，一说浪漫他便想到巴黎，从没去过，也不知道究竟是怎样，但是印象中巴黎就是浪漫的。他看过一些零碎的照片，夕阳下的埃菲尔铁塔，时尚潮人的

衣着首饰，机

场里广告上的化妆品和手表，好像都与巴黎有关。

卢浮宫也在巴黎。

他觉得艺术家是浪漫的，因为他们能去捕捉生活中的美，去创造想象美，可他不知，也很多艺术是“丑”的，为了警醒世人，为了抒发苦闷与痛苦，为了年轻狂妄。他觉得很多事物都可以很浪漫，去世界环游，在深夜仰望星空，在森林中燃起篝火，明晃晃的黄红色暖光照亮朋友的脸，在城市里骑车穿梭，在繁华的街道上戴上耳罩展开手臂，在优美的咖啡馆喝下午茶看窗外街边的风景，在温馨的书店里安静看书，在奇绝的高山上大声吟诗，在海边沙滩看夕阳落下，坐船飘在潺潺的溪流上，在一人的影院里痛哭，和爱人拥抱着说“谢谢你。有你，真好”。

他拾起书架上的初中毕业相册，拂去表面一层薄薄的尘埃，仿佛拂去一层模糊阻碍的薄纱。他翻找着以前写过的作文，认真看起了曾经以为会让自己羞愧难当的稚嫩手笔，人长

很宏大，惊天动地的什么大事，去刻意想一些看似很深刻实际并不实用的道理，而是就着生活中的点点小事，去反映一些温暖的，令人高兴或叹惋的事。虽是这么说，真让他写这些鸡毛蒜皮的小事，他还是有些怯。因为他学校离家远，于是常常住在周边租的小屋子里，回家也基本睡在妈妈卧室的大床，学习什么的就去附近的图书馆，自己家太熟悉，

反而不想多呆。他才发觉很少踏进自己家中的卧室，天蓝色的墙，幼稚的青蛙窗

帘，已经

5,6年没

动过的

的钢

琴，

也没想

过要把

钢琴上

的挡灰的

帘子拉起

来看看。他

看着纪念册

上的照片，好

像有些陌生。照

片上的人都是在笑

的，好像和自己对初

中生活的印象不同。

他一页页的翻着，一些

片段回忆好像沉睡多年

被突然惊醒一样浮出了

脑海。一片片碎片拼凑

起来，渐渐凑出一个完

整的自己。

原来，我过着这样的

生活。

他看着语文

老师批改的秀丽笔

记，“转得好！人间

真情常在”，好像那

老师并不像自己想

象中那么讨厌。他

的目光扫过一张张曾经

熟悉的脸，他突然觉得很感

动，胸中淤堵这一些情绪，想要

放声歌（未完待续）

他仰头看着十月的天空

作者：熊扬智
熊扬智十二年级 Kappa
排版：熊扬智十二年级 Kappa

大了，可写的

好像多了些，不再会像以前写作文时绞尽脑汁。他发觉其实不许要写一些



A Letter My Grandma Will Never Read

That night, when I was in Hong Kong, I heard from my mother that you had fainted at home and lost consciousness. Your daughter sent you to the hospital and faced the news that you were diagnosed with cerebral infarction. I was afraid, afraid you'd never wake up. That night, lying in bed, memories of you sprang from the deepest part of my mind, flashing through my brain. I thought I had lost these memories, but then realized they had become a part of me.

The plane landed in Shanghai. Walking through the freezing, dark corridors of the hospital was the first time I realized the distance between life and death was so close. I entered your room and saw you there, fragile and lonely. A wave of relief washed over me when I saw you awake. You smiled and touched my face.

I don't know why, I was suddenly in a trance.

A similar scene has happened before, but it seems like so long long ago.

*

Our story started from that small town near the Shanghai Pudong Airport, a quiet and peaceful town far away from the center of the city. At that time, Papa and Mama just started their business. That town had the cheapest housing price in Shanghai. That's also the place where you and I spent my childhood together.

In front of the old house, there was always a girl and an old lady sitting on two wooden benches. The girl raised her head towards the sky, counting the planes coming and going. She knew the des-

tinations of those planes were somewhere she had never

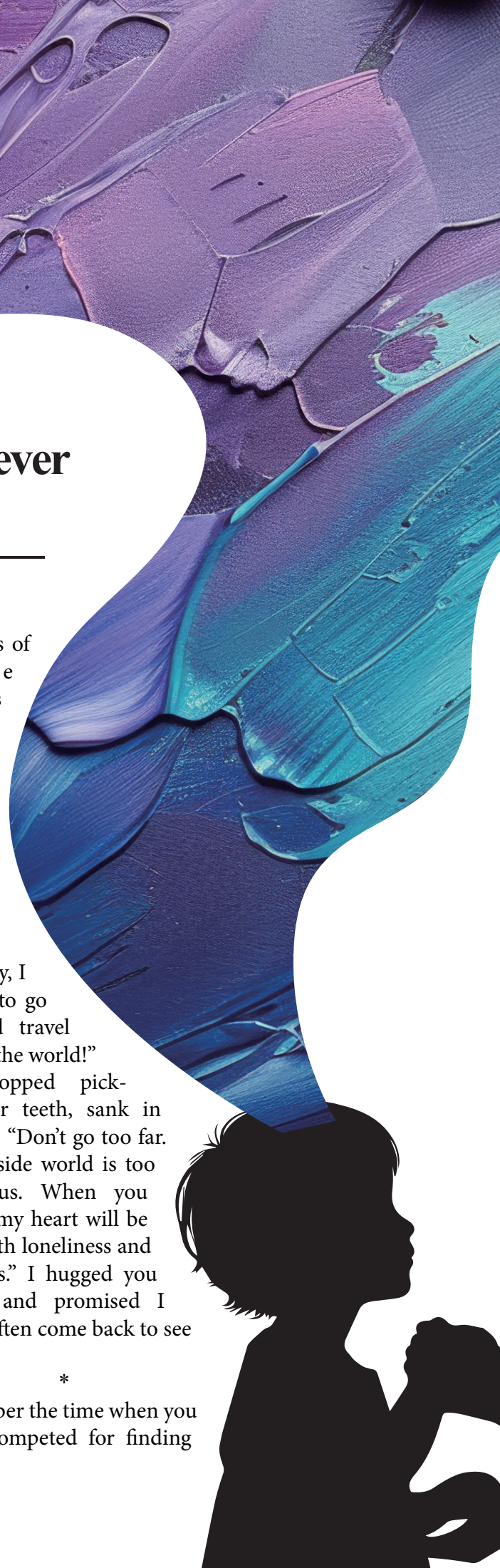
reached.

"One day, I wanted to go out and travel around the world!"

You stopped picking your teeth, sank in thought. "Don't go too far. The outside world is too dangerous. When you depart, my heart will be filled with loneliness and concerns." I hugged you tightly, and promised I would often come back to see you.

*

Remember the time when you and I competed for finding





Y o u would bring me luck. We spent the whole day flipping through all the clover thickets in our neighborhood, but ended up disappointed. That night, when I went back to my room, I surprisingly found a four-leaf clover painting beside my pillows. You told me that I was your clover which brought you luck and hope. At that time, I didn't know that the four-leaf clover I thought about day and night was always with me.

Having you is my luck.

*

You always said I was destined to become an artist. When I was six years old, you took me into the city center. That was the first time that I was shocked by the hustle and bustle of the city.

Coming back home, I worried that I would forget what I had seen that day. With my imagination and memories, I sketched the Oriental Pearl Tower on my paper. You were so proud of me that you hung my painting on the door.

Every time a neighbor walked past our house, you would

point to that painting.

“Do you see that? That's created by my granddaughter.”

I still remember the day the sky poured rain, and you insisted on sending me to the painting class. Our rain boots left a long trail of footprints in the mud, a witness to the difficulties we have overcome together.

But long hours of painting and sitting hurt my spine. In the fourth grade, I was diagnosed with scoliosis. When you heard the news, I saw your eyes suddenly turning red.

I gave up my pens, paints, and brushes. For months, you sat on the bed, analyzed my curved spine on the x-ray film, and read medical books

Maybe it is because of tears.

Or maybe because of reading for too long.

Your eyes clouded, assuming the form they are now.

*

Grandma, do you remember the rape flower field behind our house? To enter the flower field, we had to pass a stone bridge. On the stone bridge, there was a rusted bridge guarding the entrance. It was the door that teleported me to a new world, a door connected to a peaceful secret garden.

There was a special kind of potherbs hidden in the flower field. You always told me that the potherbs could clear away the toxic materials inside my body. Every afternoon when the sun went down and the air became cooler, you would spray some mosquito repellent over me, take the hoe, and lead me to the entrance of secret garden.





The setting sun shed a golden light over the raping flower field, transforming it into a golden ocean. Back at home, you turned these potherbs into a cold dish. "Good medicine is bitter." This is what you always told me when you forced me to eat it.

*

I sat on the back of your bicycle to observe the world with my curiosity. You carefully designed the backseat for me. You installed an umbrella to protect me on rainy days, the handles kept me from falling, and the backseat you'd covered with a thick layer of soft waterproof materials. Every time I went out with you, I was so proud, showing off my exclusive seat in front of my friends. It seemed like where there was grandma, there was shelter. I remember that there was a cypress path which connected our hometown to the city center. Sitting on your bicycles, passing through the cypress path. I surprisingly discovered that the trees somehow got connected, becoming blurred in front of my eye. The thick leaves blocked all the sunlight. When the wind blew on my face, I felt cold. I clung to your back and felt your warmth.

*

I remember that you often hid in the bathroom for a whole afternoon. when you came out, your eyes were always red. Is this because I didn't listen to you and eat vegetables during the lunch? Is this because I didn't tidy up my room?

Grandma, I have never tried to talk about this with you. It was only two years that my mother, your daughter, told me the secret.

I knew that you spent most of your life living in north-east China. When you gave birth to two daughters, my grandpa was furious and beat you, just because you were unable to bear him sons. Your baby girls witnessed the domestic violence, scarring them emotionally. You are such a brave and powerful woman that when you realized how your daughters were affected, you divorced grandpa, which I knew was a rebellious act in your time. Through the court settlement, you were given full custody of my mother, while my aunt was entrusted to grandpa. I cannot imagine how helpless you were at that moment when you realized one of your daughters would follow that demon. He formed a new family quickly. In the 1980s, you had no ability to protect your daughter as a lower-class woman. No one bought her clothes to stay warm in the freezing winter of northeast china; No one gave her a warm meal. No one cared for her. She spent her precious youth and childhood in a loveless home. I couldn't imagine your pain when you heard your eighteen-year-old daughter dropped out of school early, got married to a farmer, gave birth to a son, and was trapped in the backward village for her whole life. My mother

told me that it was a few months before my birth when you heard the news that your daughter drank pesticide and fed it to her one-year-old son in the basement.

Grandma, memories are passed through our blood, from mothers to daughters, from generations to generations, along with every sorrow a woman contains. I don't know how much pain and regret a woman can hold. I feel a rage against the inequality you experienced, I feel a need to protect you.

*

The thunder is coming.

"Close all the windows!" You shuttled back and forth in the rooms, turning off all the lights and electric appliances in every room.

As a child, I didn't understand why you did this, but I only knew you were afraid of thunder. I remembered the time when we sat on the wood floor and used bed sheets and pillows to create our castle. We hid in the castle with a flashlight, playing cards and painting.

I enjoyed the thunder days, the moment when we accompanied each other in our warm castle, the moment when we laughed and read short stories which we

ries. The thunder-like an adventure, in defeated our enemies.

But now I understood the enemies were something different for you. They were the enemies hidden in the dark, waiting in shadows. They were the memories of your daughter. They were the scenes of grandpa smashing glass.

*

Not only pain inherited, but so is hope. For a long time, you overprotected me, while I was the bandage over your wound. Seventeen years ago, you stood outside of the delivery room, and took me from the nurse. Since that day, you put all your love and protection on me. It seems like where there is you, there is a shelter. I know it must be hard to remove the bandage. But Grandma, I have to get away, follow my dream, cut my path, and take possession of my own life.

Grandma, please let me grab my stars.

*

You never knew that when I heard your story, a special mission awakened in my heart. A bond was connected, a cord weaving between generations. I remembered that day when I told you I established a women's association, you were shocked. You said you have never thought that one day your granddaughter could become a female leader, stand up, and have her own voices. Your eyes were red and wet. I knew you recalled the moment when you had to remain silent in the face of the violence.

I remember that day when I made my speech about body shame. You were sitting in the audience clapping for me. After the speech, you felt embarrassed to tell me that you didn't understand English.

Grandma, you thought you weren't a part of my speech, that you were far outside of my words, my voice. But you were wrong! You were there in every word of my speech. All the words spoken were played out to you. Grandma, you will never know how you've inspired me to become an activist; To become a change maker.

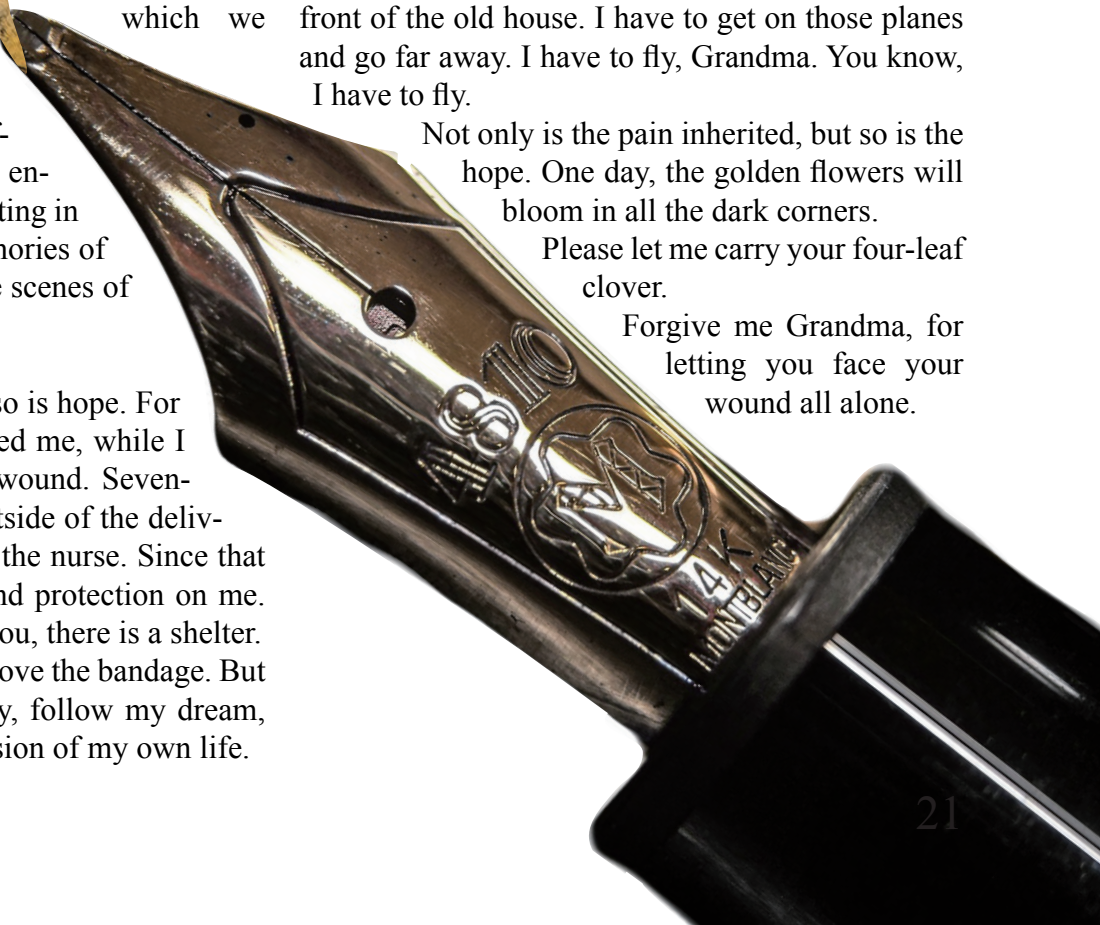
*

I am sorry, Grandma. I'll have to leave your shelter now. I'll have to break my promise that I made in front of the old house. I have to get on those planes and go far away. I have to fly, Grandma. You know, I have to fly.

Not only is the pain inherited, but so is the hope. One day, the golden flowers will bloom in all the dark corners.

Please let me carry your four-leaf clover.

Forgive me Grandma, for letting you face your wound all alone.





WHAT WAS YOUR NAME

Author: Anonymous

Designer: G11 Eta Thea Zhang

I don't know much of her early childhood.

It's marble, the surface of the sink, smooth and sleek without a speck of dust on it. She sat on it, legs open and hooked to the wooden chair next to her, hands pounding the fresh water that had just run from the faucet, guiding it down the slide of the plastic toy. She was the only one in the space, muttering some words to herself.

Her name was Christina. She was about six or seven years old at this time and had just returned to China from a three-month trip to the United States. She always told people that there was nothing very interesting in America. Not knowing much English, and having raw carrots and lettuce for lunch, kindergarten life was boring and even a little isolating.

"But America during Christmas times is especially picturesque," she said.

The memory is a bit fuzzy, vaguely remembering a few images. Colorful pendants

and light bulbs were hung throughout the streets of the residential area of Los Angeles, and the snowflakes were slowly falling, freezing cold. In the gardens of some homes were models of Santa Claus; some were reindeer; some were huge Christmas trees. As she stomped through the snowflakes.

This is too much like a place you'd only find in a picture book... is this really not a dream?

The memories after returning to China are even more fuzzy, as if the brain is automatically blocking out some memories. After elementary school, there seemed to be a sudden presence of a father figure in the family, not biological, and in fact Christina didn't know him very well. She was always flying around the country with her mother and would only stay in one place for a week or two. Friends were always made and parted not long after, and in the end, she became all about playing video games.

All in all, Christina had a gentle transition into elementary school.

She yelled to several people in front of her “Stop running! Even if you use all your strength I’ll catch up with you soon!” The playground at recess was filled with the sounds of screaming and shouting children every day. Seven- and eight-year-olds are full of brute strength, and so incapable of playing quiet games that they can play for two whole years just catching someone.

“Don’t you think she’s a little mean and too noisy?”

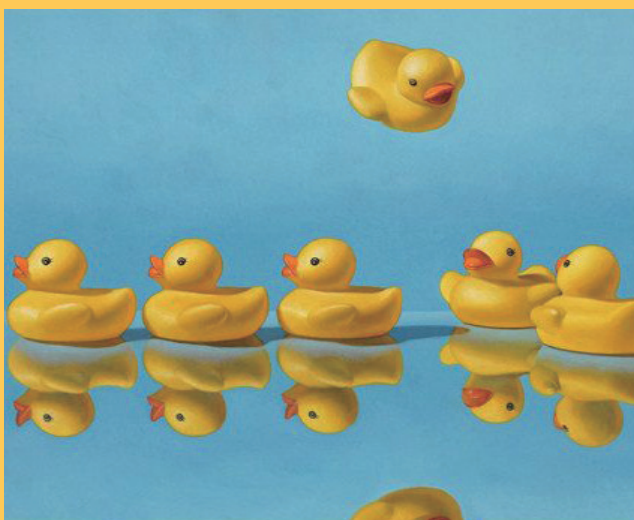
“I think so too, she doesn’t act like a girl at all.”

“I think the other girl is particularly more attractive.”

I thought they were getting along with me. Didn’t they play tag with me every day?

She walked beside her mother, stepping on the bricks under her feet and playing jumping jacks, the sound of rustling sycamore leaves and yellowing leaves that she stepped off made a rustling sound, and the chattering chatter of passersby seemed to have disappeared. Open the door, change the shoes, put on slippers, open school bag, take out homework, start writing. As usual, all things being equal, the world went to silence and all that was left was the live gameplay video on the iPad.

“Browsing videos again? How about go out for a while?” “Maybe tomorrow, don’t really feel like going out.”



“I thought they were getting along with me. Didn’t they play tag with me every day?”

Christina transferred to a private elementary school two years later, because her mothersaid the public school teachers were too much of a control freak and she didn’t like it.

I disliked them as well. Ms. Chen likes to control the class by suppressing us. The last time I talked back I even got a few harsh sarcastic remarks from her. Speechless.

But life is still the same. Only the sycamore leaves became birch leaves; only the friends became new; only the malevolence became more lucid. Christina’s best friend told her that the boys in her class would discuss in private who was the most attractive and pretty in the class. She was placed last.

So am I really that unlikable?

Shouldn’t I be more gentle, more of a girl. But I don’t really seem to want to.

Elementary school life went on as normal. Christina still maintained her direct, sometimes fierce, outgoing personality, saying a word or two to anyone, but not seeming to know anyone very well. She remained the “least pretty” and the first in math, as if being first in math was enough to maintain a veneer of toughness.

“You’re going to have a brother or sister.”

Christina was silent for a long, long, rare moment, long enough for her mother to begin to get annoyed at her silence and say something to chastise her.

“I don’t want a brother or a sister, not at all.” She began to cry, sobbing as if she had never been so heartbroken, and began to say

things that blamed her parents, saying I'm eleven going on twelve, why would you want another child?

"It's not your decision to make, your father and I make the decision just fine, what does it have to do with you?"

"Then why are you acting like you care what I feel? What do you mean it has nothing to do with me? Why do you want to have another child when you can't even take care of me! Just think how many times have you forgotten to pick me up from school since I was a kid, how many times have you forgotten to come to parent-teacher conferences, how many times have you not read the messages from the class group?"

The bickering stopped with a reprimand from the mother and a long cold war began. She often shed tears over the incident and became lethargic every day at school. She told me that she couldn't remember much of what happened afterward, except that she had a particularly insecure time.

"I often feel like I'll be left behind."

"Why?"

"You know, I'm not exactly related to my future brother or sister."

"Do you care much about that?"

"Actually, it's okay, I don't really care about lineage. I just think it's hard for a child to be

born on the premise of an accident and a complicated family relationship. I was supposed to be an accident, and I know it's hard to process. And, to be honest, my parents weren't too responsible. It took a lot of effort to get to where I am now."

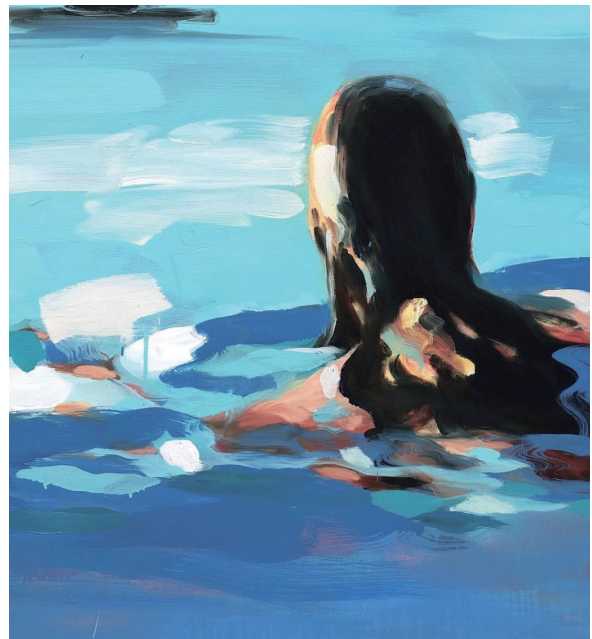
"Still, you become a very strong girl."

"I hope so, I've always wanted to, to be strong and independent."

When Christina's brother was about to be born, she transferred to another international school for middle school.

The new school is so lovely, I really like it.

There was a big flower bed, and the flowers



were different throughout the year, the purple and yellow ones being the most impressive. In the spring there were also cherry blossoms, and when the wind blew, the petals fell to the ground, and the whole corner was like an oil painting.

It was so braw, if only it could always be this braw.

In the first biology class after school started, the girl sitting in front of Christina asked, "Do you like brothers or sisters?"

The girl in front of her on the left replied, "Definitely the younger brother, but I think the younger sister would be too much. I feel like the younger sister would be a pain in the ass."

"Actually, the younger brother is the most annoying."

Christina followed with her thoughts, "I'd rather have a brother too, I don't like clingy girls."

Although Christina got what she wanted, she deeply regretted it.

She returned home after a normal day of after-school tutoring, physically and mentally exhausted, just wishing to eat the ice cream she had bought yesterday to ease her mind. She walked slogging into the kitchen, pulled open the refrigerator and rummaged through her ice cream with her hands.

"Where's my ice cream?" She exclaimed.



"I don't seem to care about those words anymore," she said to the friend.

Her mother answered her as if it was nothing special "Your brother was clamoring for it, so I let him eat it. I'll buy it for you after. "

"Why didn't you tell me?" She was getting a little irritated.

A child's voice suddenly rang out "I want ice cream! It's what mommy gave me to eat!" "What do you mean? Are you being reasonable?" She was nearing her limit.

Her mother scrolled her phone as she said, "Children don't understand what you are talking about, don't bother with him, I'll buy it for you."

The curse words were already on her lips and her brain was becoming feverish, Christina scratched her hair and threw her book bag on the bed. The door was slammed heavily shut. "What do you mean kid? I'm not a child? You shouldn't spoil him! I'm tired as hell and just can't get an ice cream I bought for myself!" She yelled outside with a sobbing

voice, her pent-up resentment exploding.

A long, long time later she told me that was when she realized she was wrong.

"Sisters are great. Now I want to have a sister. Boys can be as tiresome as the so-called clingy troublesome girls, like my brother kind of. I was just so prejudiced before, thinking I was the only girl who was 'not like normal soft girls'. Actually, it's good to be any kind of girl. It's good to be girls like me, and it's good to be a gentle girl."

After saying this, she seemed to whisper to herself "Also, maybe I need to learn to care less about my parents and family, stop letting them influence my mood."

She remembers vividly One night when she and her friends stayed at the school after the Chemistry Club. They were lying on the green lawn

of the playground, just getting dark, the streetlights were not even turned on, the campus was so quiet that you could only hear the sound of the wind blowing in her ears and the sound of her friends' voices chattering about the fun things that happened during the day.

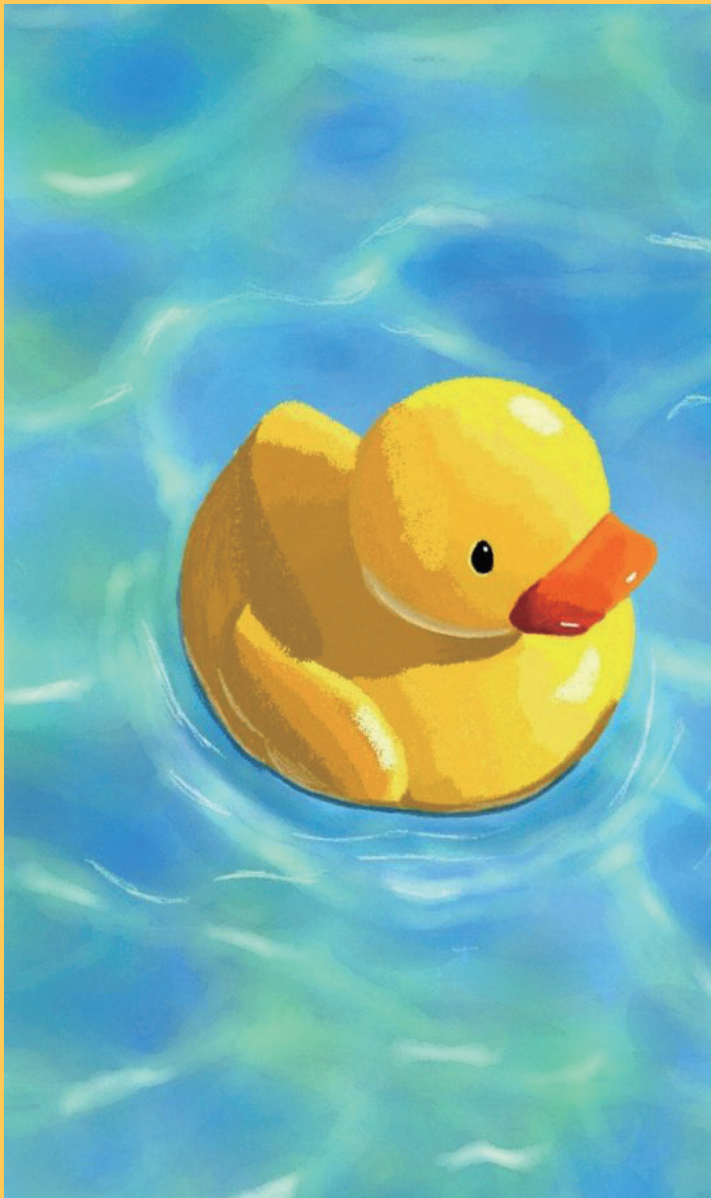
"I don't seem to care about those words anymore," she said to the friend.

"What words? Why?"

"I won't tell you, it's my secret. They're just mean things. Probably that I don't act like a girl enough."

"What do they mean you don't act like a girl! You're just being yourself," her friend said sharply.

"Well, I think so too. Maybe I'm kinda too awesome and too reckless for them." "How narcissistic you are," her friend's expression relaxed a lot.



“That’s a must, I’m your friend!” She laughed as she patted her friend on the shoulder.

“Actually I wasn’t always like this, I mean I wasn’t always so careless. In fact from a very young age I didn’t feel quite the same, I was too dominant. I’ve always been used to being independent, family reasons I guess. I’ve hated being like that, but inside I didn’t really want to change at all, how awesome and unique that is.”

“And then I realized that it’s always men and elders who say these things, so what does it have to do with me? The elders were just stupid after being bound by tradition; the males I couldn’t even look at at first glance. And who are they to define what is female? I’m female, I think I’m female, and that makes me the most female of females. And so are you, Viola, don’t be bound by anything. I’ll always be a good friend to you, and I love hanging out with you. And you must remember to message me every day when you go to America.”

Christina murmured for a long time looking at the sky and Viola listened for a long time looking at her.

“For sure. And how’s your relationship with your mom these days?”

“It’s okay, about the same as before.” She looked at her phone message and added “My taxi arrived! I’m going home first. Oh, yes, some news! I’m going to change my name!”

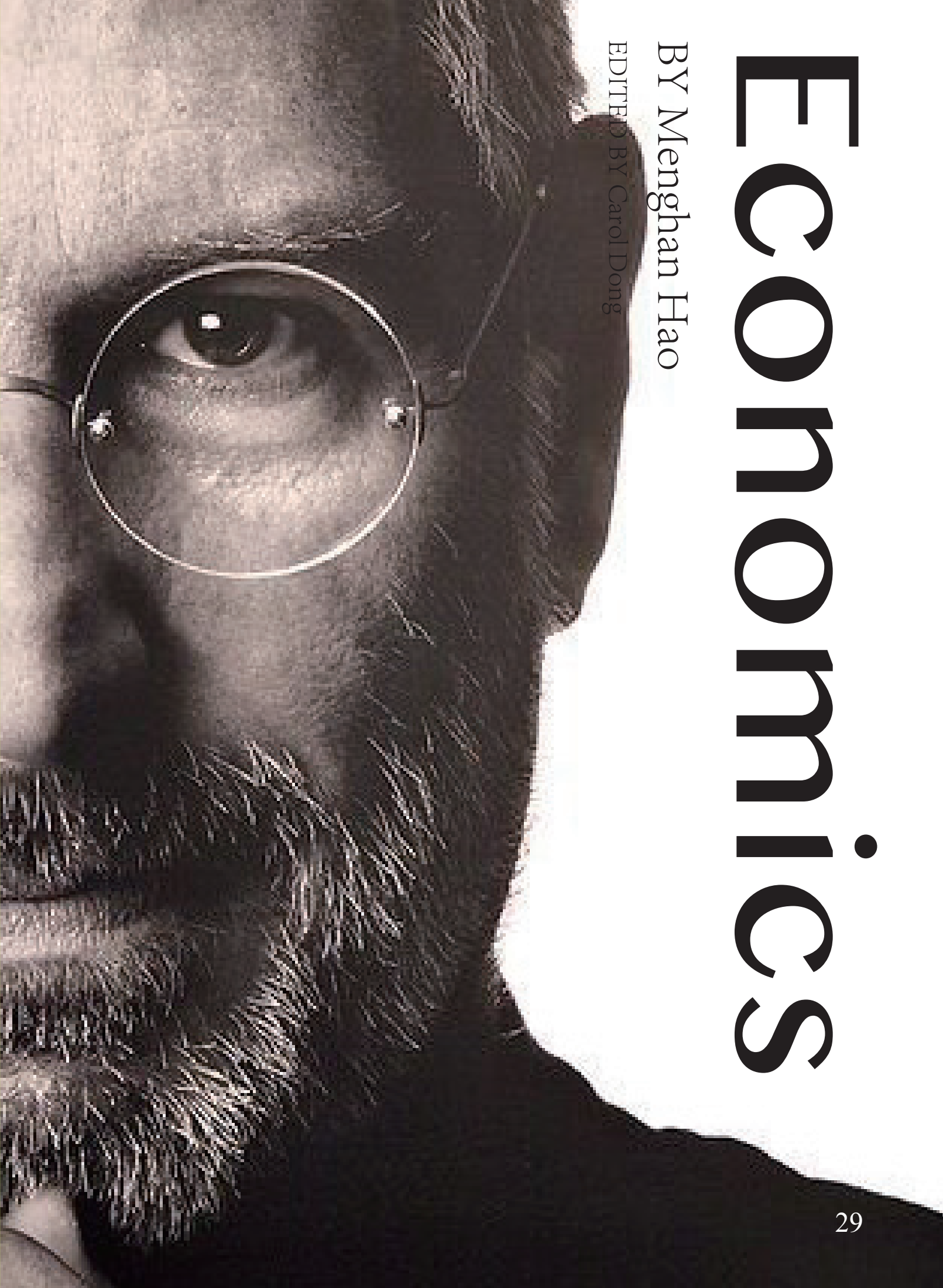
“Change your name? Change it to what?” She asked curiously. “You’ll find out someday.”

03 Science

Economics

BY Menghan Hao


EDITED BY Carol Dong





INTRODUCTION

From entrepreneurs like Steve Jobs to investors like Charles Schwab (Beattie, 2019), those who have amassed vast fortunes are the definition of successful business people. They hold important positions in society and have enormous influence and resources to shape the economic landscape. Their achievements, which often win admiration and respect, have the potential to significantly improve welfare. Some have devoted their wealth to supporting social progress by creating jobs (Kharas, 2021), driving innovation and funding charitable activity. In this essay, I shall explain how successful people, when they choose to benefit others as they earn and spend money, can inspire positive change and contribute to societal welfare.



#1 ceo wage gaps: others are not helped when successful business people make money

#2 the role of the state: others can benefit from the tax

#3 do successful business people have resource-intensive lifestyles?

#4 The Need for Government Intervention

#5 Conclusion

#1

CEO wage gaps: Others are not helped when successful business people make money

Senior business leaders, such as CEOs, command significant power within their companies, often facing insufficient checks on their compensation. CEOs' power and ability to use their relationships allow them to influence compensation that is disproportionately beneficial to them in relation to shareholders and other workers. Thus, in 2022, CEOs were paid 344 times more than the average worker, compared with an average pay ratio of just 21:1 in 1965 (Bivens & Kandra, 2022). Other empirical evidence suggests that CEO pay also outpaced shareholder returns (Frydman & Jenter, 2010). The evidence supports

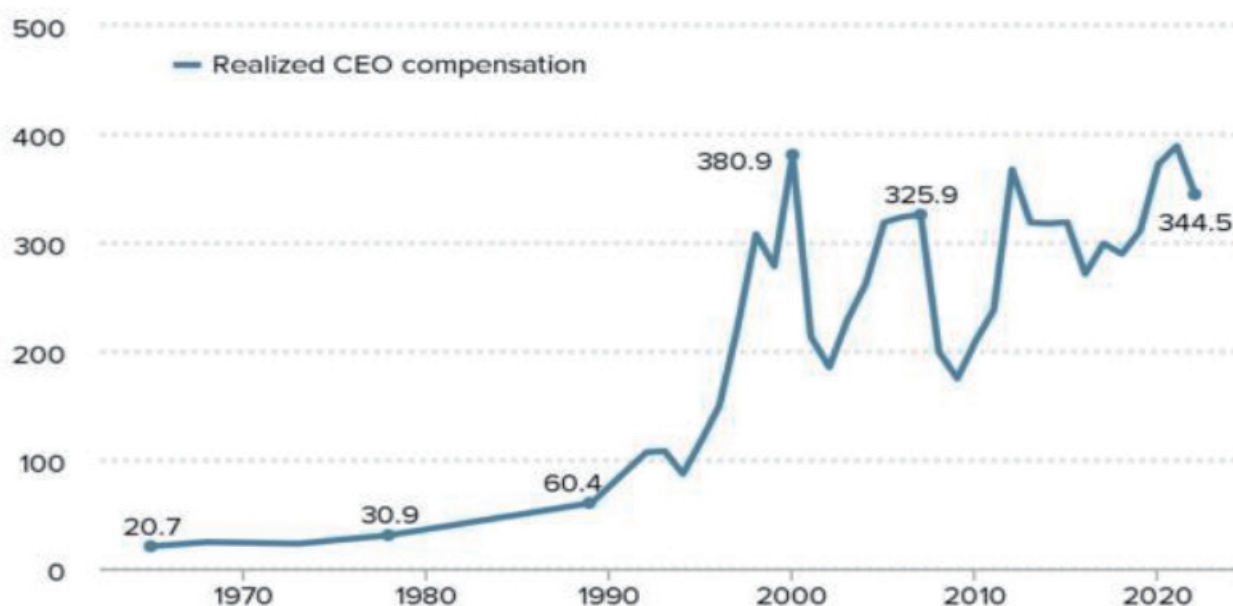
the theory that business leaders are very successful at rent extraction, prioritising the interests of other stakeholders, including shareholders and employees (Bebchuk & Fried, 2004).

Far from benefitting others, successful business people, when left unconstrained, will reduce the welfare of others through the rent extraction process. This will exacerbate income inequality and distort resource allocation within firms, resulting in inefficient production while also stifling innovation and depressing long-term growth.

The finance industry is one of the best examples of rent extraction, which ultimately decreases the welfare of others. Compensation within the finance industry is notably asymmetric, offering extraordinarily high rewards for success while imposing little to no punishment for underperformance. Empirical analysis by Fahlenbrach and Stulz (2011) showed that incentives embedded in bank

CEOs make 344 times as much as typical workers

CEO-to-worker compensation ratio, 1965–2022



(Bivens & Kandra, 2023)

executive compensation structures heavily incentivised risk-taking and, therefore, contributed to the excessive risk-taking in the run-up to the 2007-2009 financial crisis. Specifically, the use of stock options and bonuses tied to short-term performance encouraged executives to engage in behaviour that maximised their immediate personal financial gains with insufficient regard for risks taken. These incentives skewed decision-making processes, favouring short-term profits over long-term stability. Executives responsible for managing major systemic business risks were still rewarded compensation as large as \$32 million (Progressive Caucus Center, 2024).

The impact of the financial crisis on the broader economy was immense. In the US alone, GDP contracted by 4.3% from its peak, resulting in the loss of 8.8 million jobs and causing unemployment rates to peak at 10% (Weinberg, 2013). Globally, the financial crisis led to the first contraction of global GDP since WW2. International trade fell 12% by 2009, and the ILO estimated that global unemployment increased by over 30 million between 2007 and 2009. Although individual bank executives received very high compensation leading up to the financial crisis, the definition of achieving business success and the risk-taking behaviour they engaged in—exacerbated by deregulation—led to substantial harm to the economy and society at large. Thus, while these executives achieved personal financial success, their actions, driven by skewed compensation incentives, significantly reduced the welfare of others. This example underscores the critical need for regulatory oversight and balanced compensation structures to prevent such detrimental rent extraction practices in the future.

#2

The role of the state: Others can benefit from the tax

Direct corporate taxation plays a vital role in ensuring that successful businessmen benefit others while making money. When firms make profits, they pay corporate tax, which is used to fund public services, infrastructure development, education, healthcare and social welfare programs (Burns & Krever, 1998). For example, nearly half of the mandatory spending in 2022 goes to Social Security and other income-support programs, such as the child tax credit, food and nutrition assistance, and federal employee benefits. The rest pays for two main government health programs, Medicare and Medicaid (FiscalData, 2024). By paying fair corporate taxes, successful businessmen contribute to societal welfare. This view is supported by the IFS report, which wrote that "tax is the most appropriate policy tool", meaning that altering prices or ROI is the most effective way to address market failure. Taxes can be a useful instrument (IFS, 2022). These contributions help bridge income inequality, support economic growth, and provide essential community services. Moreover, corporate taxes promote social responsibility. Therefore, direct corporate taxation is an important mechanism through which successful business people can positively influence others by making money.

Progressive income taxes play a crucial role in ensuring that the wealth generated by successful businesspeople

benefits society. By imposing higher rates on higher income brackets, progressive taxation ensures that successful business people contribute a bigger share to public goods and services, helping to reduce income inequality and fund essential programs. For instance, the top 10% of earners in the U.S. pay approximately 70% of all federal income taxes (Tax Foundation, 2023), highlighting their significant contribution. Income taxes, which account for about 50% of total federal receipts (CBO, 2022), are vital for funding education, healthcare, social security, and infrastructure. This system supports social cohesion and economic stability and promotes inclusive growth by redistributing wealth more equitably. Consequently, the primary way successful business people's wealth benefits society is through a robust and fair taxation system, ensuring their prosperity contributes to the welfare of many.

#3

Do successful business people have resource-intensive lifestyles?

Although taxation can address inequality within countries, the urgent trend of climate change brought a new type of inequality, namely emission inequality, where successful business people are renowned for their resource-intensive lifestyles. The volume of their carbon-intensive travel is disproportionately larger than the rest of the world; the richest 1% of humanity is responsible for more carbon emissions than the poorest 66% (Watt, 2023). Oxfam's (2023) 'The

Great Carbon Divide' states that 16% of the total global CO₂ emissions were directly or indirectly caused by the group of 77 million people who made over 140,000 USD per year. Their emissions arise largely from air travel, which could be for business trips that could potentially lead to large-scale investments and innovations that have greater benefits for society than the damage of the travel. However, this case loses plausibility with the growth in online meeting platforms that increasingly act as a substitute for business air travel. Rather than the richest, the poorest communities are often the most vulnerable. Sea-level rises will impact coastal towns first, and the driest countries, of which most are concentrated in Africa, will be at the mercy of carbon emissions. Finally, nobody is safe from the water-cycle risks associated with climate change, where successful business people have intensified the volatility of the water cycle, which not only impacts individuals and their health but also holds corporate impacts for any business exposed to water. Moreover, it's very difficult for a social planner to internalise these externalities as climate change impacts everybody and operates across borders. Therefore, a tax or regulation-focused response would require a multilateral agreement between almost all nations. Overall, the average successful businessperson negatively impacts society by virtue of their contribution to climate change and the subsequent financial and resource risks posed to food and water supply; these impacts will only intensify in the coming years.

However, there exist a handful of business leaders who might divest from major climate-damaging investments and redirect funding towards strategies and

resources that are water- and carbon-efficient. Take Fisher Investment as an example. The company launched the Sequoia and Climate Change Initiative, which aims to contribute to the conservation of California's native redwoods by reducing emissions and gases that threaten their survival, using sustainable materials and adjustable thermostats. Ultimately, the company's commitment to reducing its carbon footprint is unwavering (Lawson, 2017). There are plenty of examples of good businesspeople and companies making money while protecting the environment; however, that doesn't mean it's enough. A quantitative study of 475 stakeholders in 57 micro-companies identified the dimensions of entrepreneurial success that may help determine what activities have a positive environmental impact through a better understanding of external 3 assessments of success, its metrics, and dimensions (Razmus & Laguna, 2018). However, the ratio of successful enterprises is very small, proving that not many entrepreneurs pay attention to the impact of externalities while making a profit, so this needs to be improved. Many businesses are unwilling to divest or redirect capital to more environmentally friendly production means because they are unaware of the potential benefits to be gained. Therefore, better external and internal research into alternate methods can help businesses understand the upside. CDC (2022) reports \$436 billion in water-related opportunities for businesses that could change their inputs and strategies for water use; this could act as a huge pull factor for businesses that are less environmentally motivated because they will always be attracted by profit opportunities. While companies such as Apple, Tesla and Shell refused to respond

to the CDC, over 3000 US-listed companies provided assessments and data on their potential 'environmental upsides', of which the greatest unrealised financial benefit was a potential \$297bn in products and services, reported by 592 of these companies. While successful business people may not be morally incentivised to benefit others when making or spending money, the strong financial pull factors towards greater resource efficiency can help move the world in the direction where these people might bring great 3rd-party benefits.

#4

The Need for Government Intervention

Given my analysis so far, the government must impose some controls on businesses and individuals to limit their negative externalities whilst increasing the positive ones. Suppose governments do not raise taxes on those firms. In that case, negative externalities will begin to appear, in which the social costs outweigh the private costs, as these firms will profit-maximize and ignore the impacts on the surrounding people and environment. So, when the government increases taxes on these companies, the companies are forced to internalise the social costs, which are now paid for with financial penalties. With a need for the state to limit this in excess, governments can create a market mechanism where companies are forced to innovate alternate production methods; these companies must either have carbon permits or create a carbon-minimal process. Without this state intervention, these successful enterprises, backed by business

investment, would generally not benefit others when making or spending money. This marks another case where government intervention is critical to ensure others receive the full benefits of business expenditure. As another example, some monopolistic industries in an untaxed world may excessively raise prices, extracting consumer surplus. It is therefore necessary again to tax these businesses, ensuring they benefit others when their owners are making or spending money.

#5

Conclusion

Through a methodology that examines both positive and negative examples, the need for government intervention is highlighted. Successful business people acting in the best interests of others can ensure the well-being of all stakeholders only if regulatory measures are taken to prevent malicious behaviour. By striking a balance between individual success and the good of society, we can pave the way for a more equitable and prosperous future.

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05 School Event

GLOBAL EDUCATORS CONFERENCE 2024

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As AI, the tool of the future, is shaping industries and societies worldwide, so is education shaping the innovators and leaders of the future. Global Educators Conference (GEC) 2024, themed, “Navigating the Future: The Impact of AI on Education”, discussed the potential of their joint forces and drew the blueprint of a world both invigorated and challenged by the incorporation of AI.

Held on June 29th and 30th in NYU Shanghai (Qiantan Campus), GEC 2024 invited world leaders in education to engage in conversations regarding the shifting face of schooling and the renewed skills and qualities for educators to develop in students in preparation for future responsibilities. Members of the WLSA committee, leaders of renowned educational institutions, and independent educators dived into panelist discussions centered on the challenges, possibilities, and demands that AI places on learning environments and AI’s subsequent impact on industries. The panelist speakers, though varied in background and area of expertise, all combined their visions of AI in the classroom with past educational experiences and provided the audience with refreshing outlooks of human-AI interactions.

GEC 2024 is also dotted with socializing events, the most prominent of which are the CAN Fair on the 29th, containing widely-acclaimed American and Chinese institutions of higher education such as the University of Vanderbilt and Fudan University, and the Inaugural Secondary School Fair on the 30th, housing delegates from Australia, Bhutan, Canada, China, Korea, South Africa, the UK, and the US, who wove a global web of cooperation and understanding in developing interconnected global leaders. Members of the audience approached the educators during



these events, bursting with questions about their institutions and their speeches during the panelist discussions. It is no exaggeration to say that every participant of GEC 2024 felt at home and inspired by their learnings from the conference.

As Nelson Mandela once said, "Education is the most powerful weapon which you can use to change the world." This quote perfectly

illustrates the visions of WLSA and the spirit of the conference. In an ever-shifting era, GEC 2024 provided participants with not only the tools to stay afloat in the waves of AI but also the skills to navigate the ocean of possibilities that AI brings. Many thanks to the inspiring speakers and the enthusiastic support from the staff that made the conference possible.



"Together, let us embark on that journey to introduce AI to students, teachers, and administrators, ensuring that our schools remain at the forefront of preparing future generations for the challenges and opportunities of tomorrow."

World Leading Educators

WLSA Alumni Reunion

The WLSA Shanghai Academy successfully hosted its 7th Alumni Reunion Forum on July 9th, 2024, at Fudan University's School of Management. This annual event brought together alumni from around the world, offering them a platform to reconnect and exchange ideas.

The event featured several key segments, starting with guest speakers from various industries who shared insights on the latest trends and career guidance. These talks provided attendees with valuable advice on navigating their professional paths.

The following section was a panel discussion to bring together the diverse perspectives from alumni and special guests. For example, one topic would be the impact of AI on the job market and education. Additionally, several alumni from different





graduating classes also reflected on their experiences at WLSA.

One of the highlights was the breakout sessions, tailored to different alumni interests: career development, further education, and entrepreneurship. These sessions offered practical advice, from graduate school applications to navigating today's job market.

The event concluded with interactive activities, including a roundtable discussion, networking opportunities, and a memorable moment where old classmates and teachers reunited. This reunion, full of warmth and thoughtful dialogue, strengthened the WLSA alumni community and celebrated their ongoing development.



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