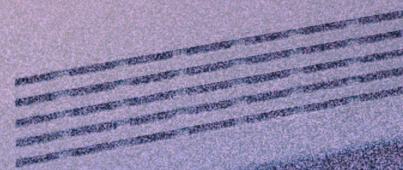


CAUGHT IN 2K



Macintosh Plus



a note from the co-editors

In our totally epic Fall 2021 zine, *CAUGHT IN 2K*, we reminisce on the joys and pains of childhood, teenagehood, and/or adulthood in the 2000s, and reflect on our shared yet infinitely unique roots. Featuring works of creative writing, poetry, visual arts and crafts, photography, film, music, and more, *CAUGHT IN 2K* promises to be almost as iconic as the early 2000s and its mind-blowing music scene, wacky yet iconic fashion statements, and blossoming digital technology!

For a more immersive experience, this zine is structured into the "rooms" of a classic 2000s house party. You can check out the cool tech in the computer room, get cozy in the kitchen, go wild at the backyard pool party, look through childhood memories in the bedroom, swap tales in the basement, and look up at the stars with friends on the rooftop. So turn the page, and come on this vibrant journey into the past with us - this is one celebration you definitely don't want to miss!

We owe our deepest gratitude to all the members of the X University arts community who contributed to this project. Thank you to all the spectacular artists who generously shared their work with us - your passion and talent are what keep us going in our mission to spotlight student creatives! Thank you to our massive 2021-2022 Continuist team of student leaders, content creators, graphic designers, and social media experts - this project was only made possible through your hard work and enthusiasm! As always, we want to thank the X University Faculty of Arts and the Ryerson Liberal Arts Society (RLAS, in the process of renaming) for their kind and constant support. Last but not least, thank you to our readers old and new :)

Without further ado...let's get this party started!

Eunice Addo, Rebecca Rocillo, Catherine Dias, Tanvi Vyas
Co-Editors of The Continuist, Fall 2021

content warning

Please note that this zine contains depictions or mentions of subject matter that may be disturbing or triggering for some readers.

This includes:

mature language • bullying • harassment • body image • eating disorders • neglect • homophobia (external and internalized) • verbal and physical abuse • suicide • implied car accident • explosions • colourism • misogyny • substance abuse • graphic violence • cannibalism • blood/gore • murder • death

We strongly encourage you to please put your own mental health and wellbeing first while enjoying this publication!

special thanks to

The Continuist Executive Team

Maya Morrow - Social Media Director
Jaden Tsan - Graphic Design Director, Publication
Cindy Phung - Graphic Design Director, Outreach
Ionna Hipolito - Creative Director, Fiction
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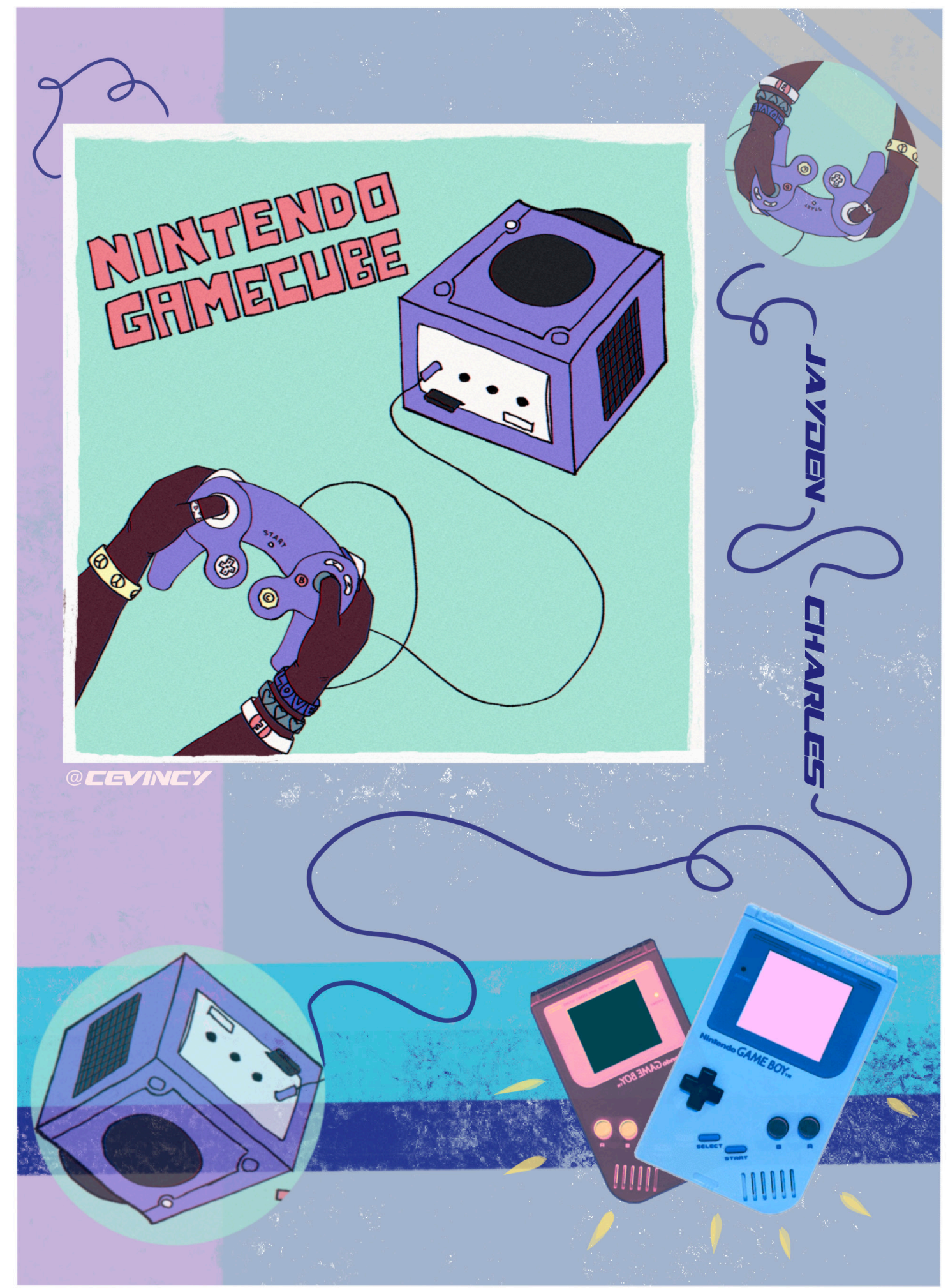
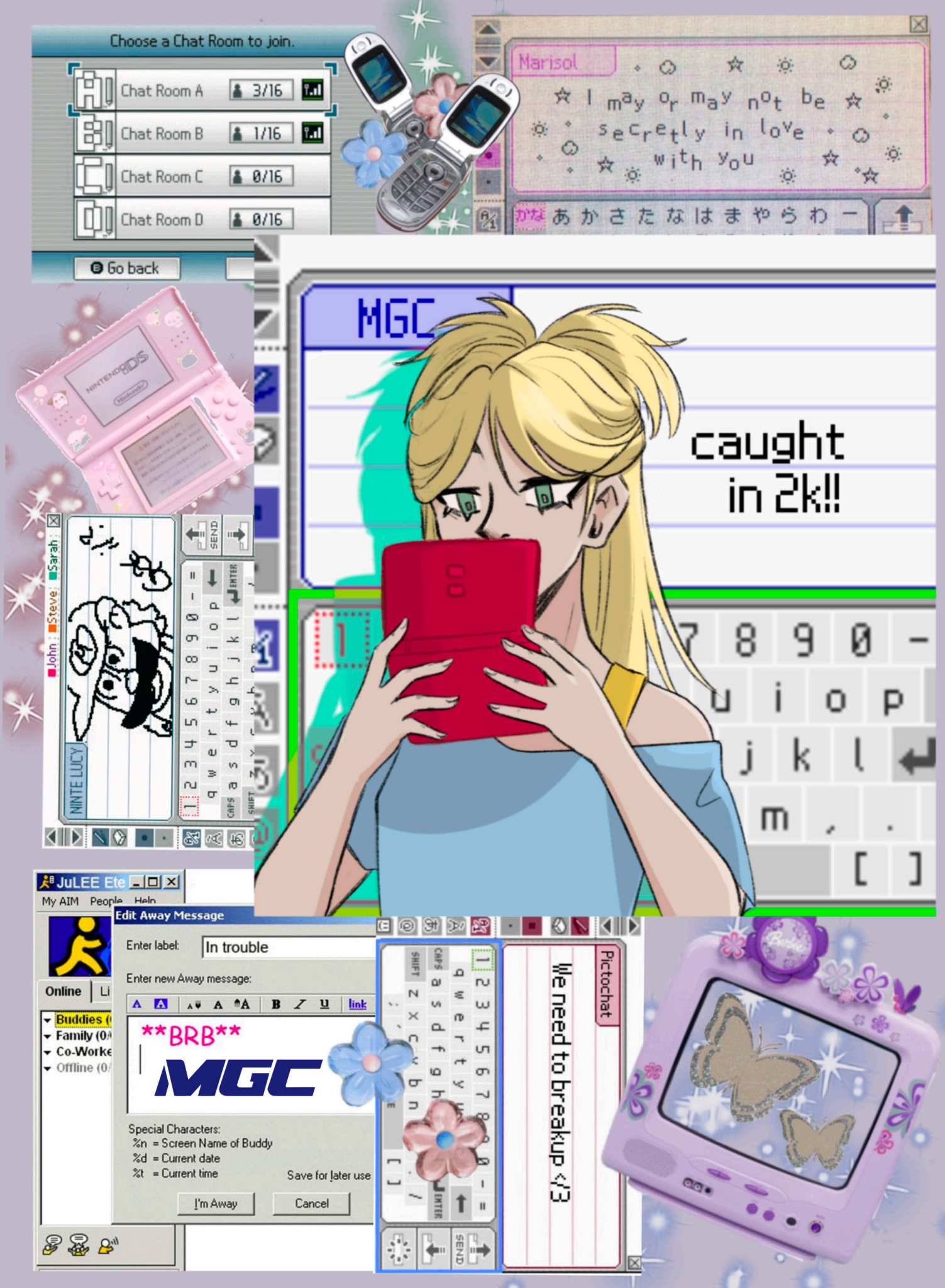
The Continuist Graphic Design Volunteers

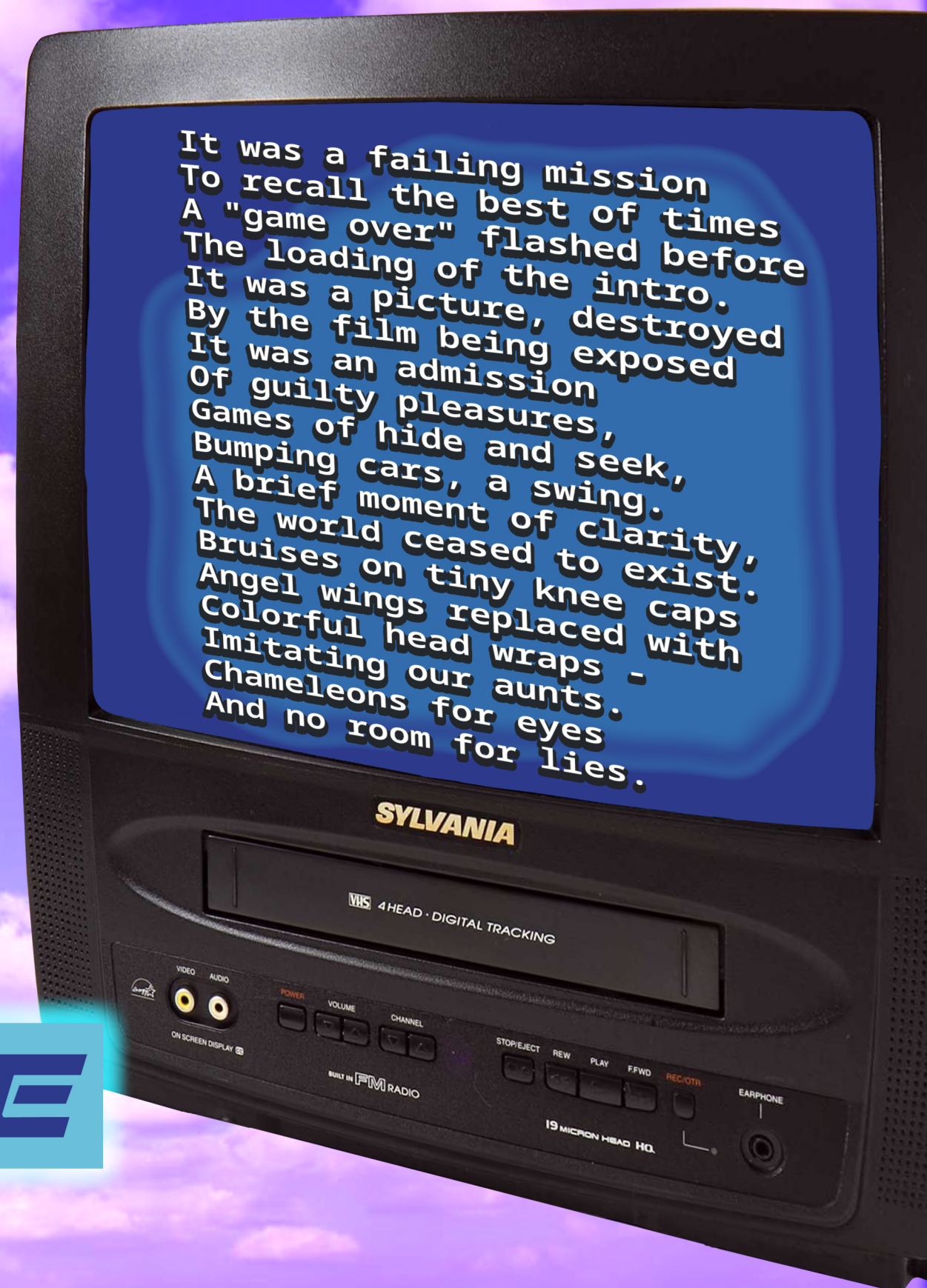
(see credits at the end of this zine)



COMPUTER

TV ROOM





JUMP IN TIME

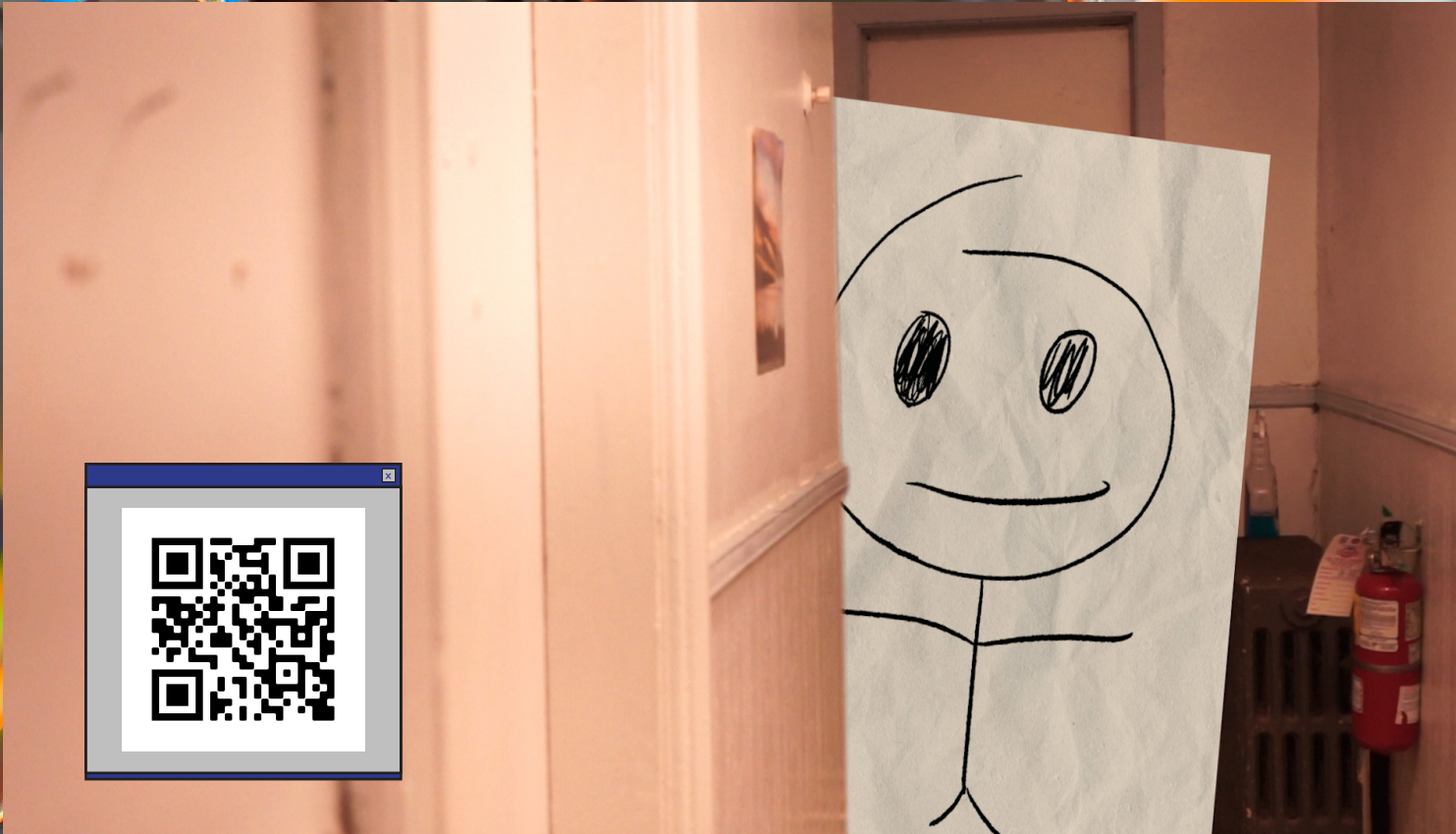
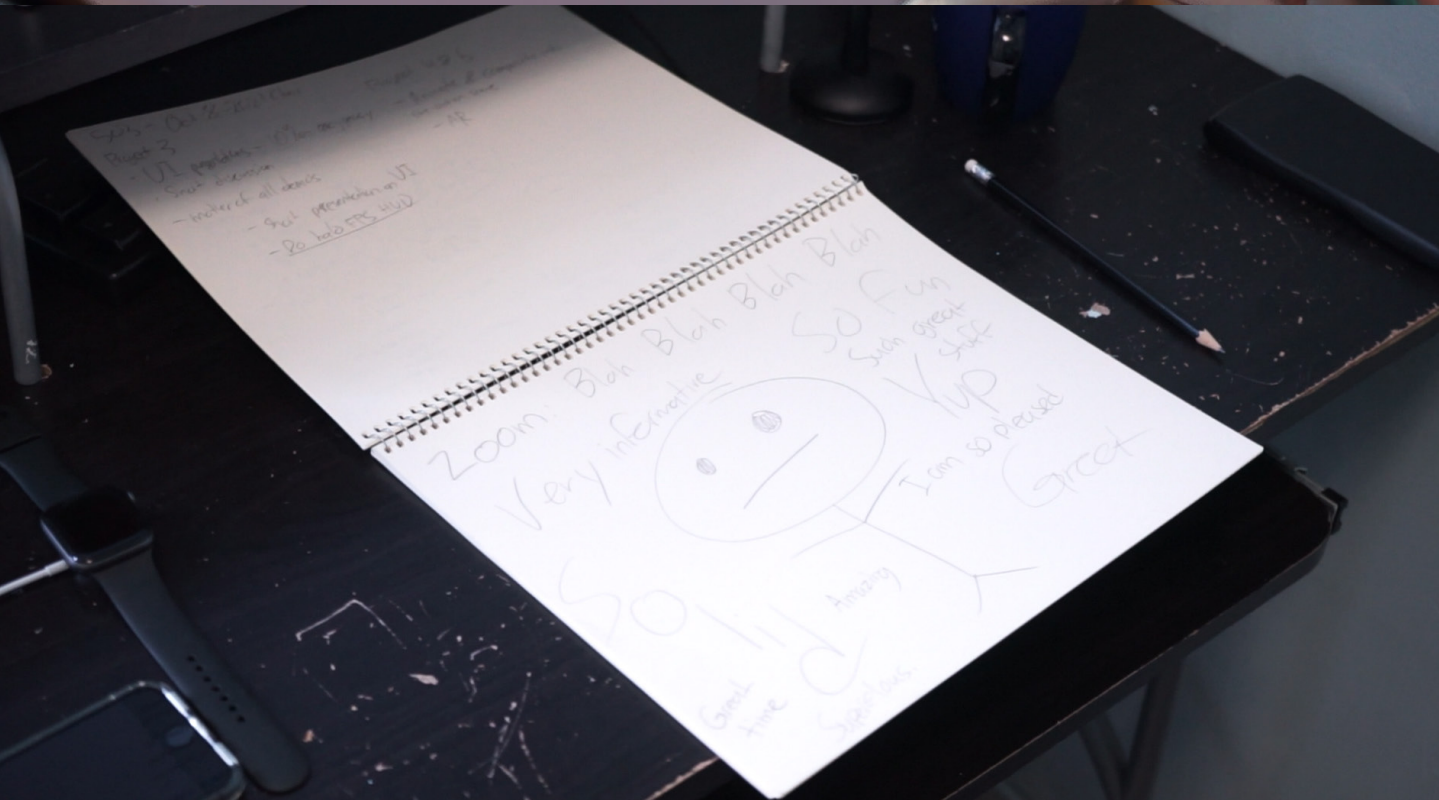
PUNKZ: NOW, THAT'S WHAT I CALL LOVE

Eunice Addo

@thatfinkjazz



IN TRANSITION



NOVA



In my childhood days
My faithful friend always
Was my precious pen
In my homework, when
I felt it was an ordeal
And how dreadful did I feel
On my desk, he gazed at me,
Full of kindness and sympathy
“Don’t sit and mope,
you will be able to cope.”
During my university years,
he seemed to tell me, “Have no fears.”
To write a paper or an assignment,
he was full of encouragement.
In my creative writing course,
He never left me, of course
He inspired my creativity,
when I started to write poetry.
He is short and slender,
but powerful and tender
Silvery like a star,
Glistening so far.
Blue, like the sky,
I am moved, I cry.
I squeeze him in my hand
I know he can understand,
That he’s a sweet and devoted friend.
Our friendship will never end
He is as good as gold
I hope he never gets old
Good heavens! Replace him? Never!
I will keep him forever and ever!



FOLLOWERS

Samantha Kaszas

@samanthacarlyk

A flash of light splashed through the hallway window, followed by a thunderous crack. The storm was announcing that it was close, very close. Nearing right over top of the sleepy four-bedroom family abode nestled in a tree-lined suburb. Leanne, startled by the sharp slap of the lightning, nearly leapt out of her Kim Possible PJ bottoms. Her hands clapped over her mouth to prevent a small squeal from escaping her lips. A quick glance towards Mom and Dad’s bedroom door assured her that they were still safely within the confines of their own room. Leanne forced her breathing to slow. She wasn’t used to taking risks, to disobeying her parents. She shuddered to think what would happen if they found her sneaking around the house in the dark after midnight. Truth be told, Leanne had never been punished much past a light scold. The punishments that her mind could conjure up were likely far worse than anything that would actually transpire.

Leanne looked to the room at the other end of the hall. An ominous blue glow illuminated the closed door. The eerie light pooled beneath the door on the drab cream carpet of the hallway. Leanne paused for a moment, looking forlornly upon the brass doorknob. Michie’s room. Leanne’s older sister. Only 16 months between them. It might as well have been that they were born in different centuries. Michie had just begun 11th grade and Leanne was starting her first year as a freshman at Bishop’s High School. She couldn’t remember the last time it felt like they were in the same universe, never mind attending the same school. Michie was just so *far ahead* of Leanne. Her taste in music, going to parties, *boys*. It’s not like Leanne didn’t want to join Michie in this sparkling



new world, but every time she tried to get in, she was met with closed doors. Just like she was now.

Dejected, Leanne slunk down the stairs to the main floor. Her destination was the family office that housed the only computer the Johnson's owned. Her heart started to quicken with excitement. It had been three days since she had been able to get to the computer without her family noticing she was amiss from her bed after curfew. Leanne's mind was racing. *His* image flashed in her mind. Charcoal brown curly locks, hazelnut eyes flecked with gold, a dazzling smile. Wallace. She'd carefully laid out the groundwork. She'd been playing things cool, and it had been *going well*. Tonight, was the night things could go to a whole new level. *Chill Leanne, chill*. She hopped over the last creaky step and was on the main floor landing. Two shuffles and a skip and she'd reached her destination.

A multi-colour psychedelic screensaver rippled over the face of the square computer monitor, lighting up the shadowy room. Leanne practically leapt into the large leather office chair; her force rolled it forward slamming into the computer desk with a loud bang. *Shit*. She held her breath and snapped her eyes towards the doorway, holding her gaze until she was sure the coast was clear. No one was coming. The sounds of the thunderstorm had masked her clutzy moment. Satisfied that she could continue in privacy, Leanne turned back and booted up the machine. The familiar Windows flag shimmered on the screen. Warm, fuzzy endorphins washed over her, settling in her stomach as happy butterflies. Her heart pounded in her chest as she waited for the system to load. What would her next move be? Should she open with light conversation? Or was it time to get into something heavier...

Melodic bells chimed out from the computer, letting Leanne know it was game time. Her hand hit the mouse and clicked open the program before she'd even looked at the screen. The monitor lit up Leanne's eager face. Youthful features awkwardly clung on for dominance in a face that was headed towards maturity. Large child-like eyes, set against cheek bones that had begun to sharpen, they looked out of place beside her rounded chin. The colours from the screen shone on her skin, brightening her already elated demeanour. A happy jingle drifted out of the speakers. Leanne opened up the last play file. There he was. Wallace Garrett Larson. Leanne was still impressed at how close she'd been able to get the appearance. The graphics were pretty

far out in this game, she even got a match for his favourite hoodie. At school, her and Wallace didn't really talk much... yet. Well to tell the truth, she actually hadn't talked to him since 4th grade when he came over for the first unisex birthday party that Michie ever had. It had been Spice Girls themed. Mostly the girls screamed and danced in the middle of the living room while the boys crowded on the couches looking sorely out of place.

In the game it was different than at school. They were friends, maybe even more than friends, Leanne hoped. She thought that tonight if she tried a flirty action that he might like it, possibly even reciprocate... She got to work, clicking away on the mouse, instructing the game version of herself to approach Wallace. In rapid succession she fired off actions for her player to take...

Chat.

Joke.

Talk about day.

Ask him about his interests.

Back to chat.

Tease.

Apologize.

Friendly hug...

Green plus marks floated over both of their heads indicating it was *working*. He liked it. He liked *her*. Leanne's heart was in her throat and her stomach churned uneasily. The happy butterflies had turned into flapping sparrows. Her legs tingled, she fidgeted in her seat and her finger came to an abrupt halt hovering over the mouse button. Yes. It was time.

Romantic kiss.

The animated version of Leanne leaned back shyly for a moment considering the command that had just been issued to her. A blush spread across the in-game Leanne's face, she turned away from the digital Wallace before following her orders and stepping towards

him for their first -

BANG! Violent light flooded the room coupled with a clap that vibrated through Leanne's bones. Complete darkness followed the alarming crack of lightning. Leanne's blood thrummed in her ears. Hazy white clouds hung in her vision. Her retinas, scorched from the brilliantly bright screen, now helpless in the pitch black of the power outage. She looked aimlessly from left to right. The elation she had felt moments before was quickly fading as she realized what she had missed. Did she go through with it? Would it pick up where it left off? She sunk into the chair. Angry tears began to prick the corners of her eyes. Leanne buried her head in her knees, dampening Kim P's cartoon face with salty tears. She was getting ready to pick up her sorry self and go to bed when a green glow filled the room. Her heart leapt from her stomach back up into her chest. She was almost too nervous to look.

Through her fingers, Leanne peeked up at the looming monitor. The game wasn't on. *Nothing* was on the display. Nothing she recognized anyway... The screen was illuminated with a hazy green. It reminded Leanne of when she opened her eyes underwater at the lake. She sat up to get a closer look. There were darker green shapes that seemed to recede into the background of the display. Two dark oval pits, a wide horizontal line. The lights and shadows intermingled in such a way that the screen took on a three-dimensional appearance. Leanne had never seen the computer do anything like this before. She had a creeping sensation she should reach for the power cord and *yank* it out of the socket. A happy chime sounded out from the speakers and a white vertical bar popped up on the right side of the screen. It started rapidly filling with text.

Followers | Samantha Kaszas

603973: Go for it girl! He is SO yours.

820014: UGH, what is the obsession with this guy...

462900: LEANNE, PERF. We LOVE you.

859373: Here 4 the cringe

927463: DO IT. OMG I CAN'T WAIT. PLS PLS

619374: XD

937582: I CANT WATCH sum1 tell me when its over

803830: Why can't I look like Leanne D: That skin. So jelly...

498284: Get it over with nerdalert

462900: Wait a minute... SHE'S HERE. It's her, I can see her!

SEND

USERS

603973

859373

462900

820014

927463

619374

937582

498284

803830

560297

133941

782019

Leanne blinked hard. What the hell was going on. Suddenly the shapes that had been hiding in the depths of the watery green screen began to shudder and shift. They were moving towards the front of the screen, becoming more prominent, *more* three dimensional, more... like a face. Leanne's mouth dropped open in horror, she pressed herself against the backrest of the chair trying to put room between herself and the computer. The face was settling now into a featureless mask, as though a skull had been buried underneath sand and only the reminder of a human face remained. The shadowy holes where eyes should be, closed and open, like blinking... the mouth made shapes in a slow, shaking fashion.

"What are you..." The hoarse whisper escaped Leanne's lips before she knew what was happening. An awful curiosity was surfacing alongside the horror in her heart.

820014: *We're your followers.*

SEND

"Followers... What...Where - Have you been watching me?" Leanne swallowed; her throat had begun to ache with a tight fear.

498284: *Duh.*

927463: *OMG EVERY DAY.*

SEND

"What - I, I don't even play every day..." Sweat ran down the back of Leanne's neck.



Followers | Samantha Kaszas

619374: *LOL*

498284: *y do i even bother with this chick*

603973: *Hun... we don't just watch you when you're playing the game.*

462900: *OMG I WATCH ALL THE TIME!! I WOULDN'T MISS ANYTHING. YOU ARE MY EVERYTHING!!!!!!*

SEND

USERS

603973

859373

462900

820014

927463

619374

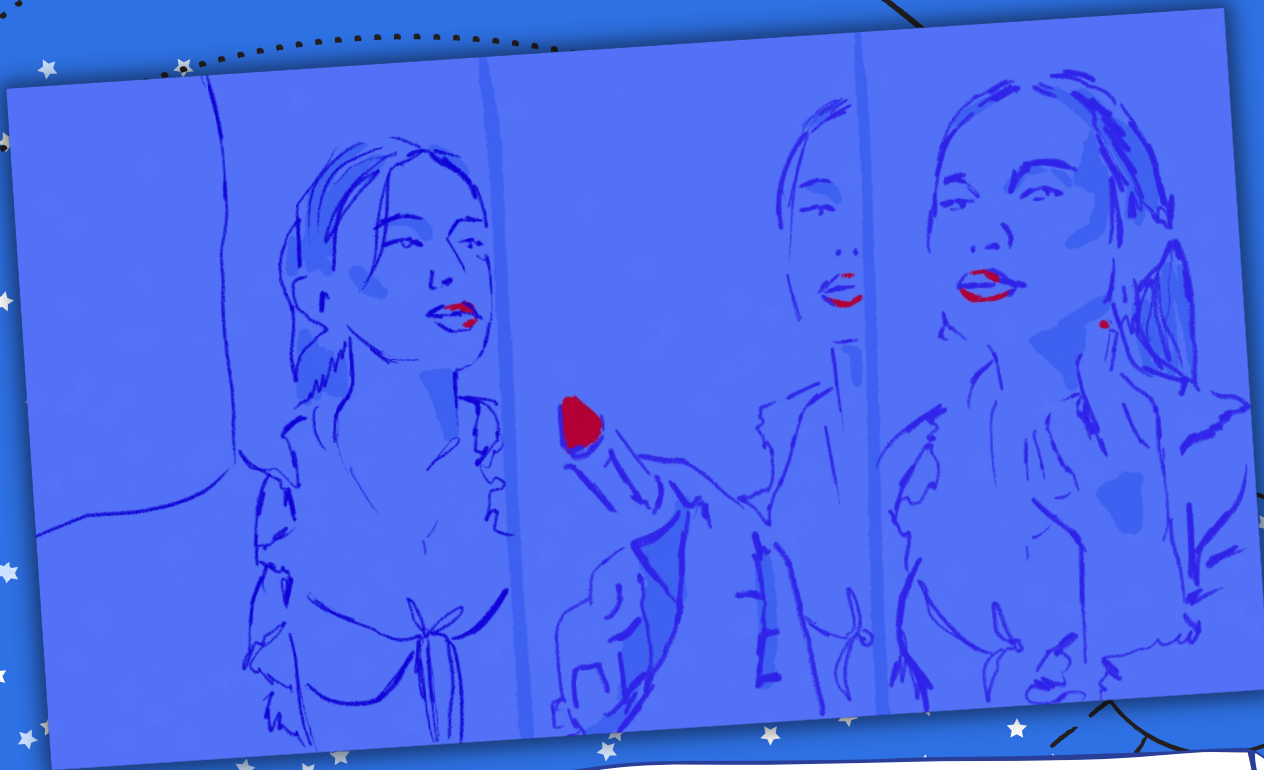
937582

498284

803830

Leanne shoved herself back from the desk, the chair rolled into the wall and a framed picture of her, Michie, Mom and Dad fell to the ground, the glass shattering on impact. She leapt out of the chair and lunged for the computer cord, yanking it out of the wall. The room returned to darkness and Leanne stumbled out the door, rounding the corner and running up the stairs as fast as she could. In just moments she had shut her bedroom door securely behind her and dove straight into her covers. Under the safety of the blankets, Leanne's breath began to return to normal and her heart rate slowed. What just happened and how was it even possible? Leanne shook her head trying to rid herself of the awful memory. She didn't know how to make sense of it... it was probably just some spyware. The computer was constantly getting bugged up with different viruses. Dad had *told* Michie to stop pirating music, now look what happened. Leanne was going to give Michie a piece of her mind tomorrow - Michie wasn't the only person in the universe, she could stand to care about *others* once in a while. Leanne's anger took hold in her mind, eagerly replacing the fear. A wave of relief swept over her as she made sense of the situation. She rolled back onto the pillow and closed her eyes, focusing on her breath and waiting for sleep to bring sweet dreams. An eerie green light lit up the back of Leanne's eyelids and her body clammed up with fright. She kept her lids screwed tight. Maybe she was dreaming, there was no computer in her room, she wasn't even allowed to have a laptop, maybe it... Leanne's skin turned cold. They said they watched her everyday... Just a few months before, for her 14th birthday, she had gotten a TV...





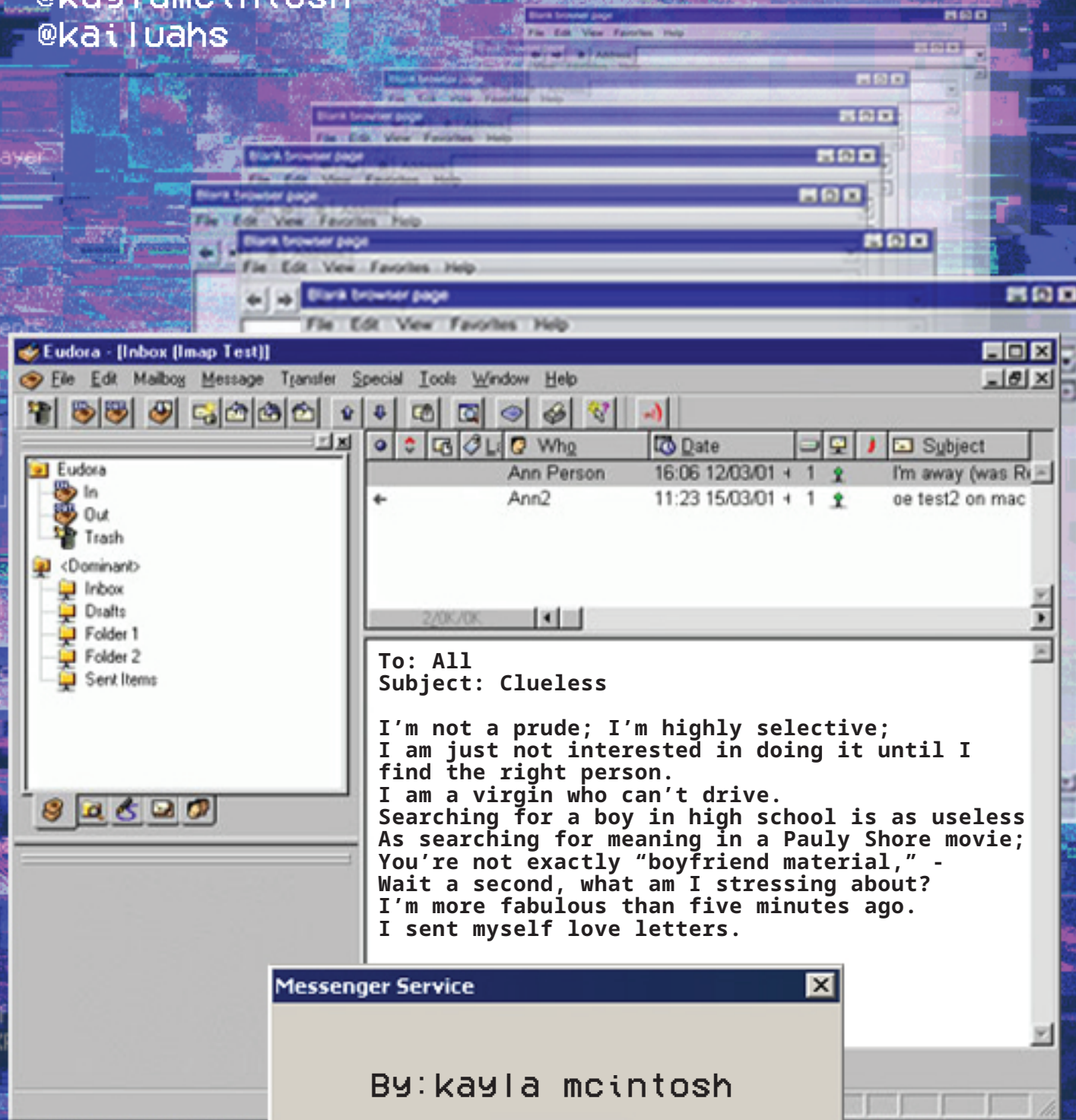
Cammie Mulligan
"Solitude"



CLUELESS

@kaylamcintosh

@kailuhs



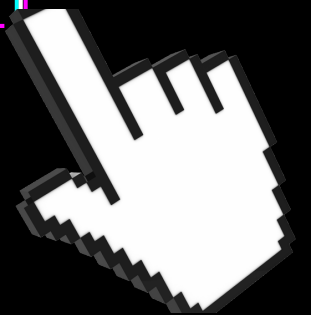
THE ICONIC

Wait a little longer kid,
Whatcha want to grow up so fast for?
It's a hard world;
Second-hand smoke kills;
We have nothing - no money, no credit cards;
Sweatpants are all that fit me right now;
What can I get that has no sugar, no carbs, and is fat free?
Just water.
Why do you look so sad?
It's the botox - I can't show emotion for another hour and a half.
But really - I feel impotent and out of control,
Which I really hate.
Just buy a Chanel and get over it.
I figured if I am going to be a mess -
I might as well be a hot mess, right?

by kayla mcintosh

composed of early 2000s movie quotes

Inbox (1)



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TWT: @kaylamcintosh

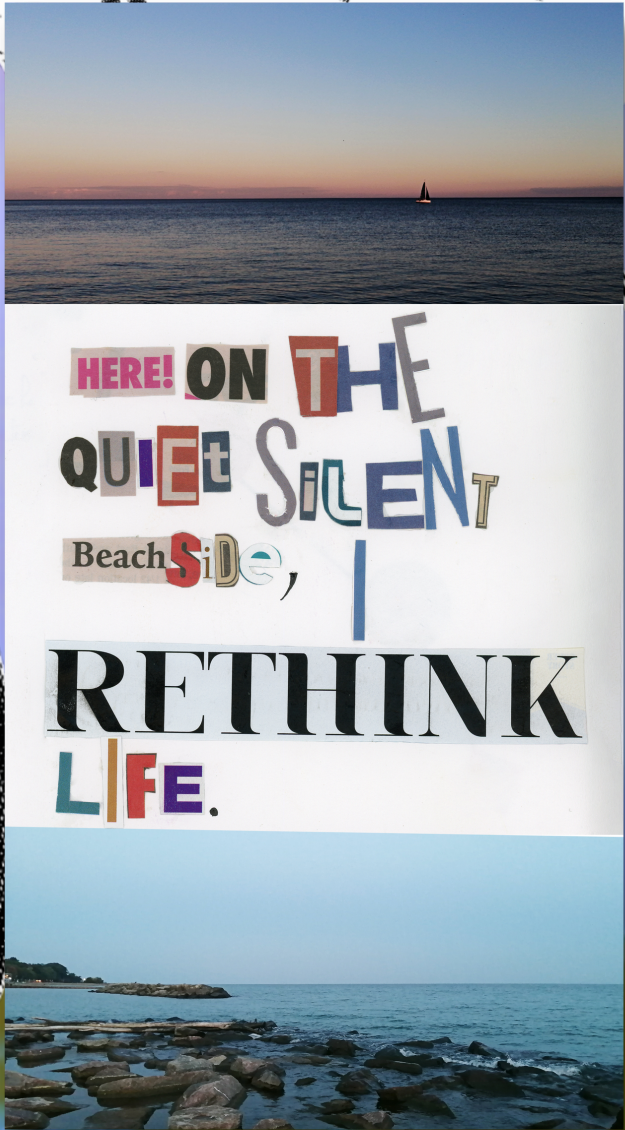


"Autumn Freestyle"
by Jon Green
dir. Sebastian Luca

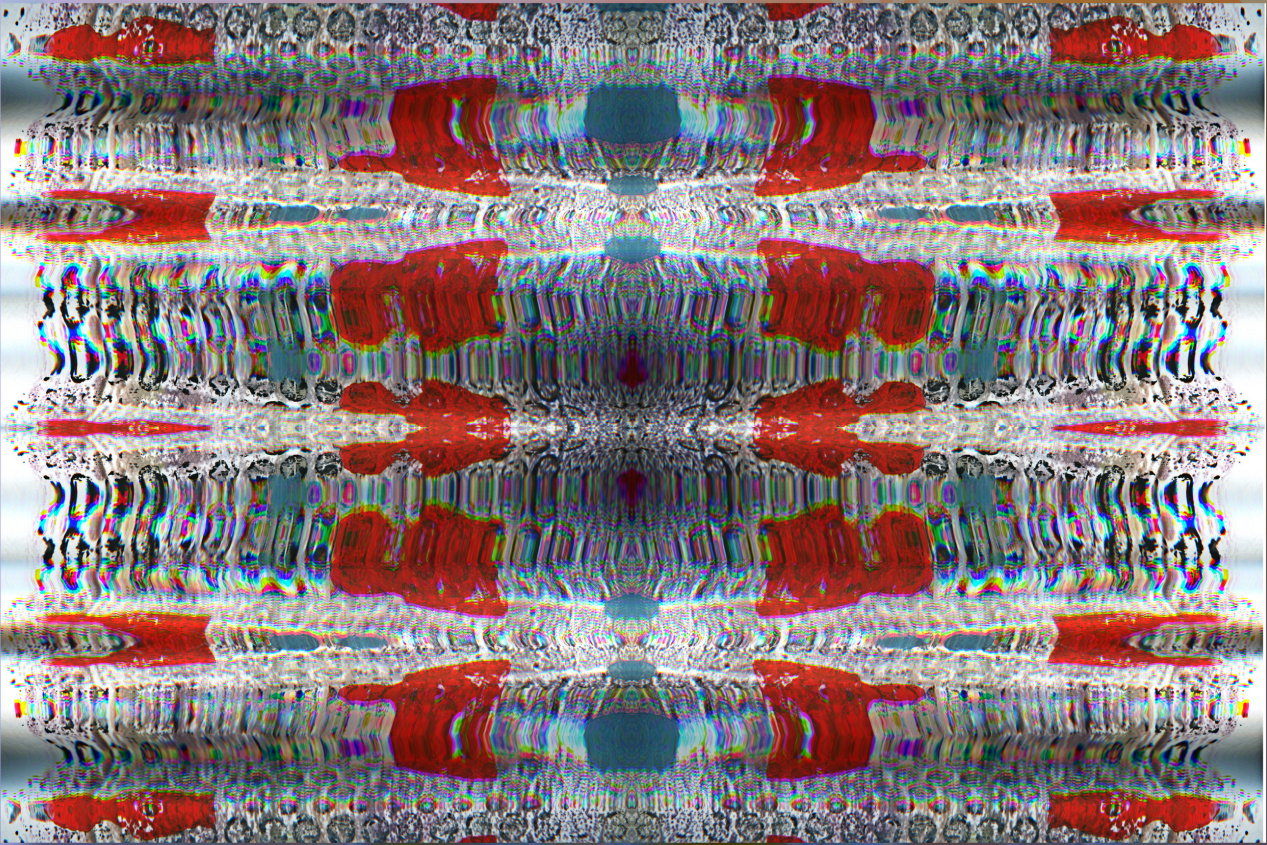


IG: @sebastianluca
IG: @lost.material





stuck in time
Nytha Oronga



IG: @nythaoronga

SOCIAL MEDIA LONERS

No pain no gain
Is what kids love to say
Growing up on video games
And anime
Learning how to trade
Pokemon cards
Like pieces of our hearts
Each trade was profit
Our childhood Charizards and Pikachus
Meant so much to me and you
But we didn't know that yet.

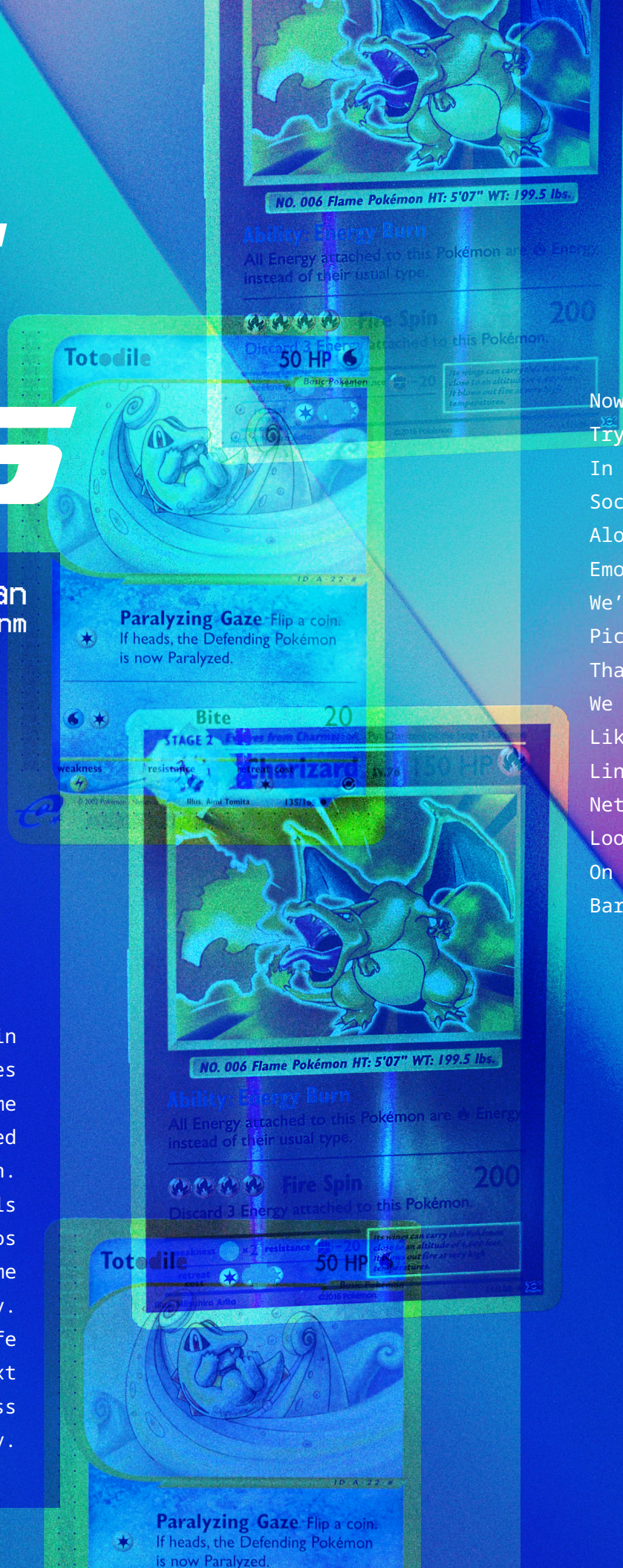
Lavarnan Mehavarnan
@lavarnanm

No pain no gain
Meant playing games
Wasting time
But time not wasted
At least, didn't feel wasted back then.
We pained over the final levels
Of Super Mario Bros
Wishing for Princess Peach to come home
But we knew how hard it would be to finish your journey.
Platforming through life
Jumping from one pedestal to the next
We were destined for greatness
Or so that's what our parents say.

Now we're adults
Trying to stay connected
In a world falling apart
Socializing behind screens
Alone in isolation
Emotions mingle more than we do with each other.
We're snapchatting the memories left of our teenagehoods
Picture perfect for our instagram stories
That we'll share with our grandparents over Facebook
We aspire to be Transformers
Like robots in disguise
LinkedIn to our profiles
Networking just to survive
Looking for the next hookup
On Tinder, while our tender hearts
Barely beating to stay alive

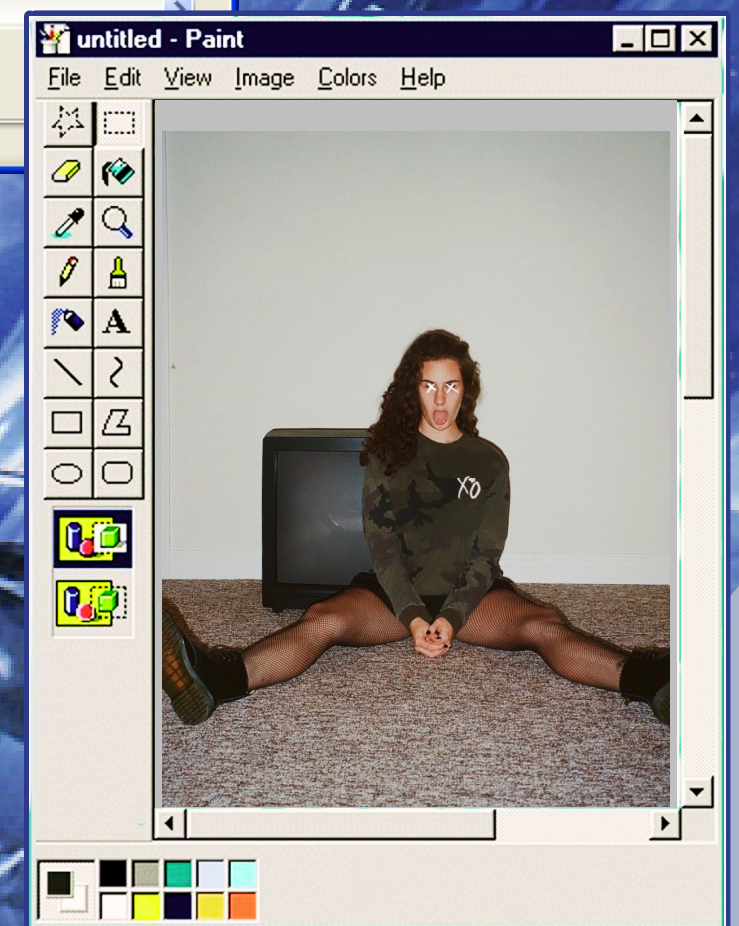
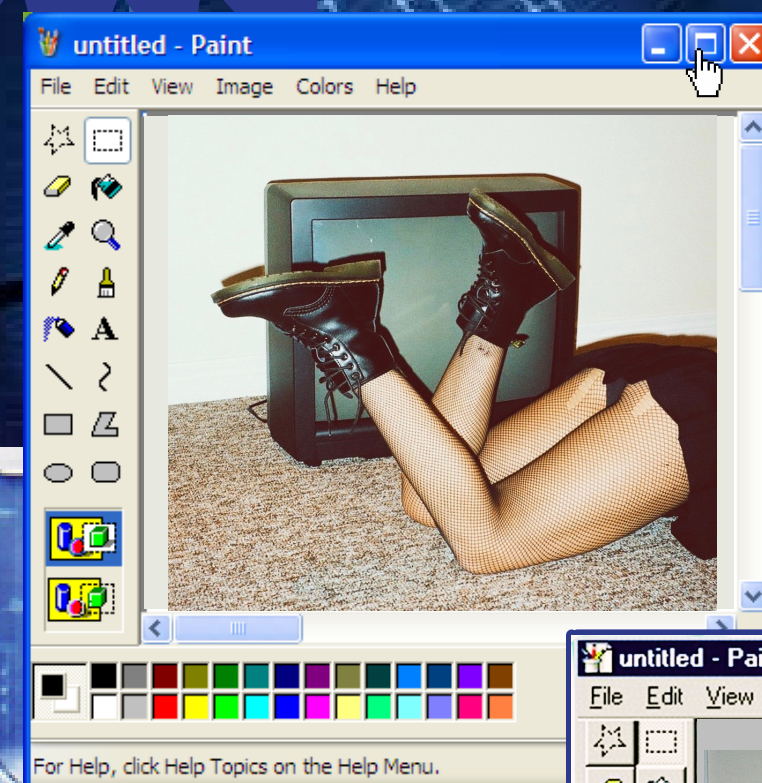
The 2000s were a runaway train
By our 20s we were hit by our mistakes
Of the time that we wasted
Gotta catch 'em all
As you begin to freefall
From 2000 feet above
Wishing things would get better real soon.
They had to get better, right?

As a kid
I loved Pokemon
I loved playing games
And I love watching anime
I still do love these things
As an adult
I catch my dreams
With pokeballs
Stuffing them into my pockets
I jump across gaps in my self-esteem
When I try to make new friends
And I know that one day
Not even Bowser will be able to stop the person I become.
But that road ahead will always be difficult
The day that I numb myself of that pain,
I'll have nothing left to gain.





Video Killed the Radio Star



KIT HEN



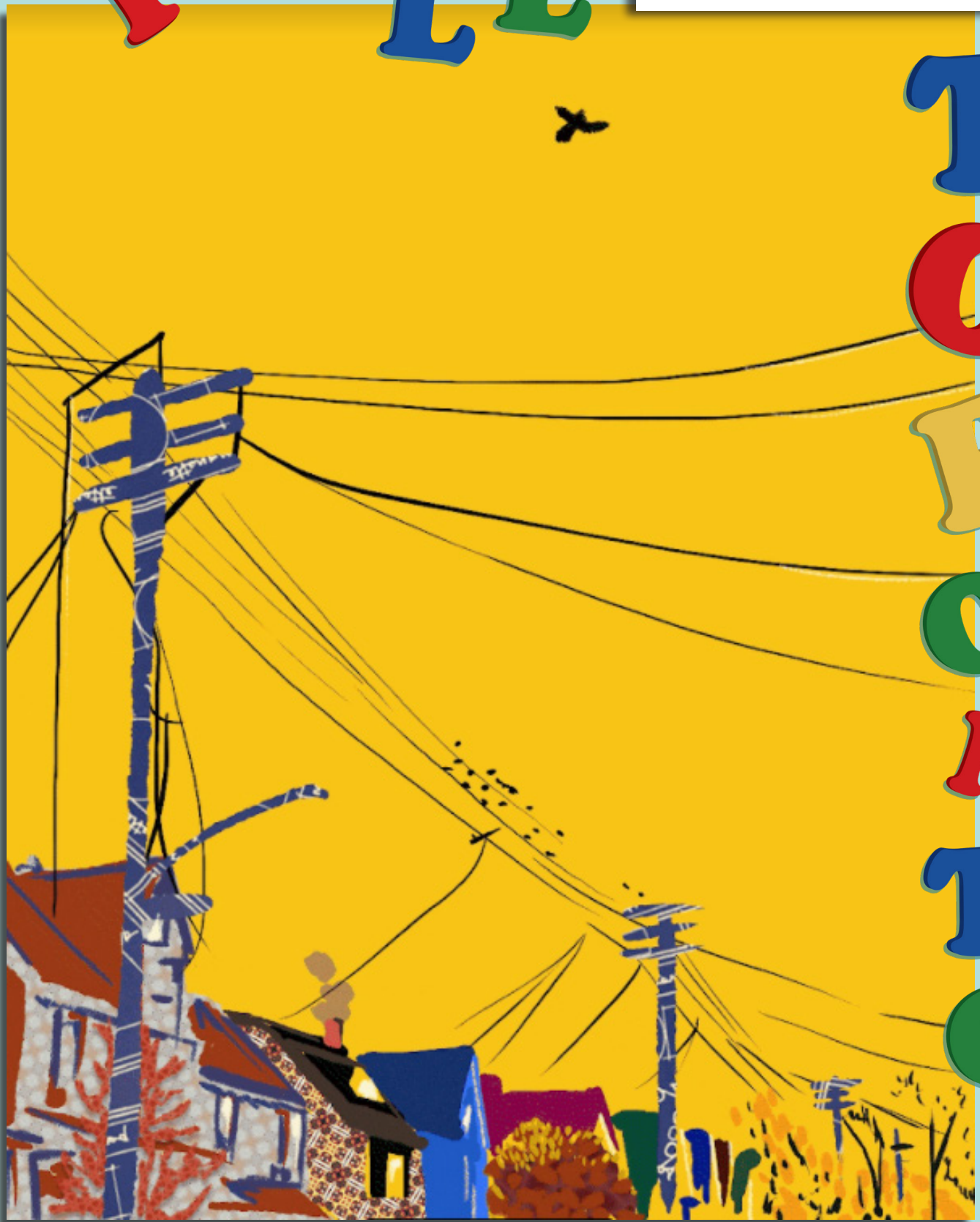
FALL



IN

@cammeep Cammie Mulligan

TORONTO



Vending Machine Collections

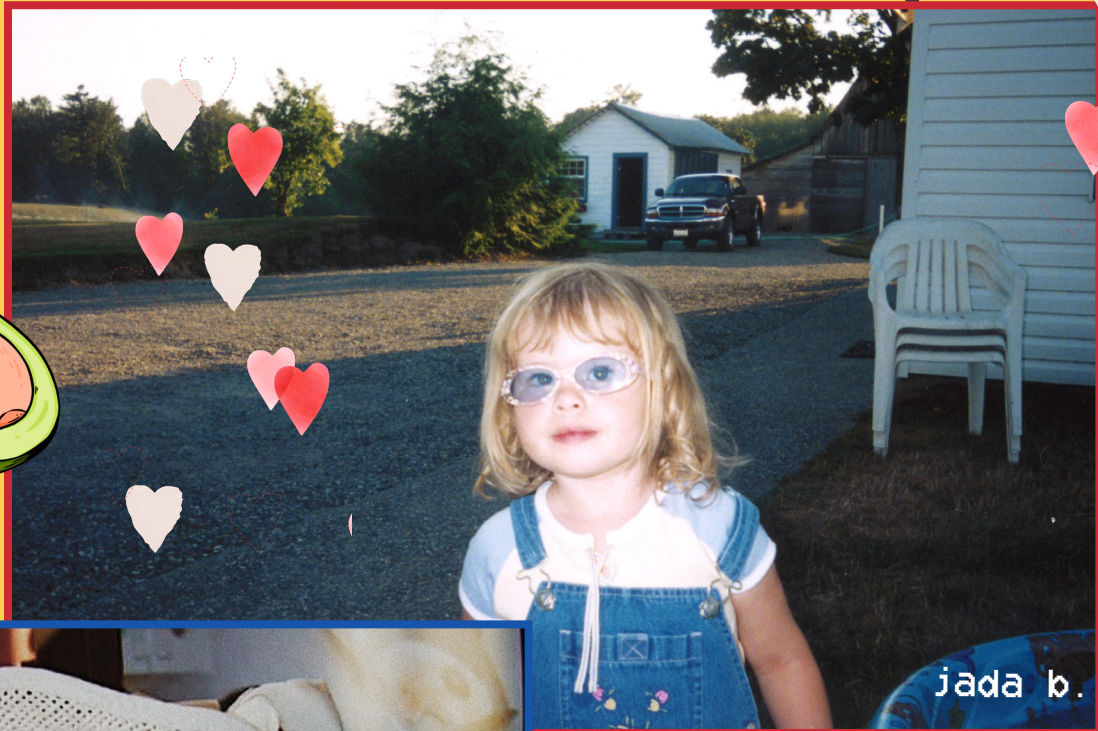


Christina McCarvell

@persimmon.sun



The Continuist in 2K



jada b.



jada b.



jaden t.

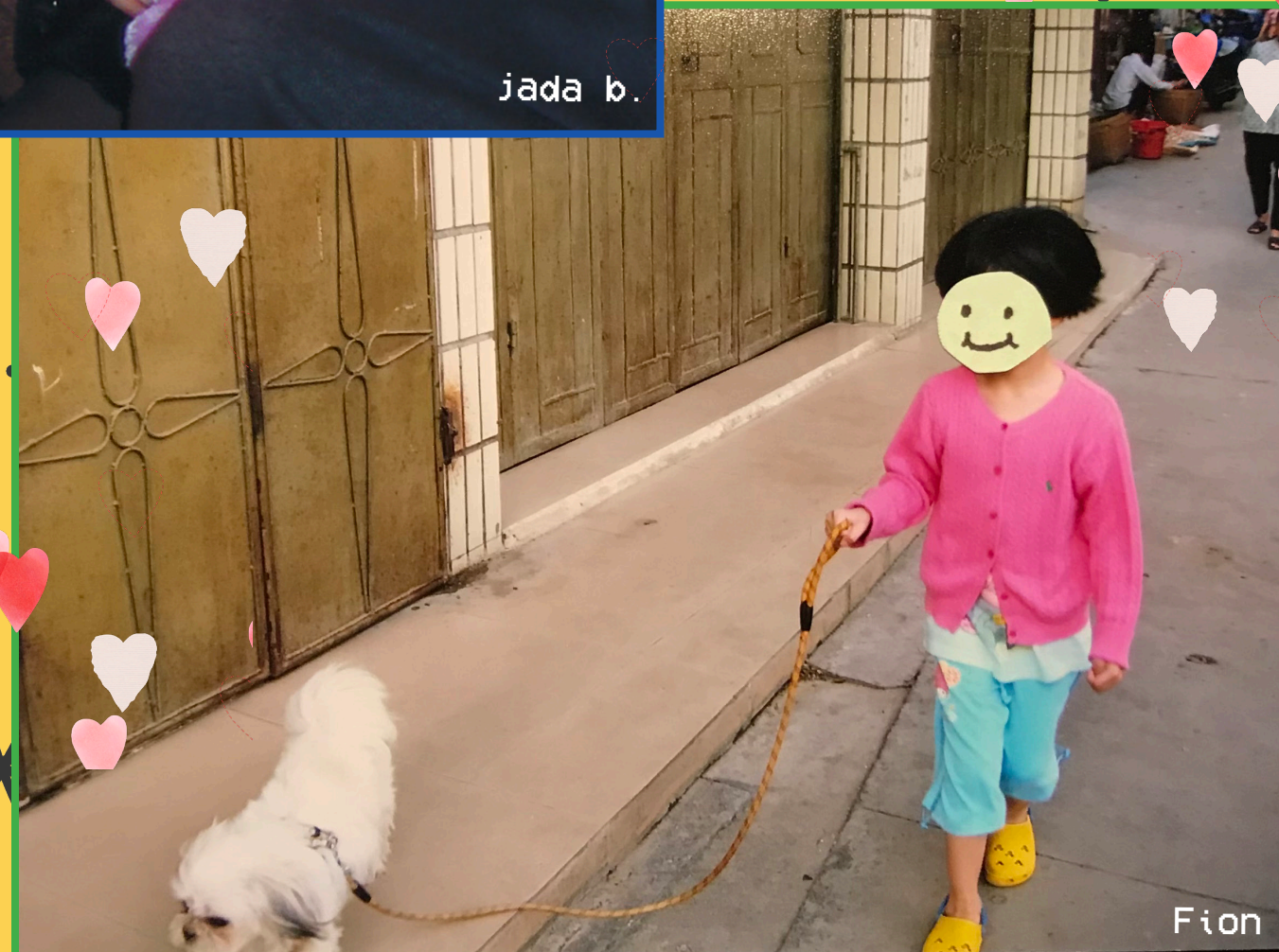


Kyndra French

01/22/2003



jaden t.



Fion



Eunice A.



TANVI V.



Rebecca R.



Rebecca R.



Cat D.



TANVI V.



Eunice A.

Whose Seat Is It Anyway?

by Valentina
Paola Grohovaz
ig: @valentinagrohovaz

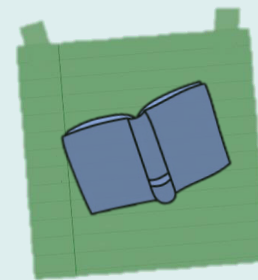
CW: mature language

I have about 367 readings to finish by the end of the week. I have my laptop, my London fog, the New England fog to look at out the window, and yet I pick up the book. *The* book. The same book, in fact, that I have read and reread since the day I picked it up at a secondhand store during freshman year. The store is long gone, this brownstone coffee shop in its place, and yet its grip on me still tightens. The place is bustling with students, middle aged office people, and loitering teenagers, but I always manage to nag my favourite pleather seat on the windowsill. I've basically branded it with my butt print at this point, pardon my French.

The paperback flops open on my lap, the well-worn pages fluttering in the light breeze. *Journalism can wait*, I tell myself, ecstatic to begin my little journey into the mind of Garrett Graham. I don't remember what time it is when I start, but it's around dusk by the time I lift my head up to take a sip from the dilapidated thrift store mug, long loss of its warmth.

"Oat milk latte for Garrett! Garrett?"

Well, that was out of character for him. Oddly out of character for a book I've pined over for the last four years. So out of character, in fact, it didn't even come from the book. I peer up at the birch wood counter where a tall brunette with thick, bouncy curls drops a gym bag and swipes the mug from the barista.



"Thanks, darlin'. I appreciate the extra cocoa." The figure drops a handful of coins in an almost unnoticeable tip jar and saunters out into the crowd.

That was weird. Or perhaps it was just a sign from the coffee shop gods that I've officially lost my mind over this book. *Too late, stupid coffee shop man! It's all your fault anyways, if you only left the bookstore alone, I might have found my next favourite already!* I really need to stop talking to myself.

Before I can stick my nose back into the delicately browned pages, I'm sucked back into reality - or so I think - by oat-milk-Garrett.

"You're in my seat."

"Um, no I'm not. This is my seat. Very clearly *my* seat since my ass is firmly planted into it at this very moment." I have all but forgotten about my book, nonetheless my assignments.

"Yes, well, before *your* ass went ahead and branded this seat as its own, *my* ass had its own branding."

"I have never seen you here before. Like, *ever*."

A small frown tugs at his lip. "I could say the same for you, blondie!"

"My hair is light brown!"

"No. I've seen enough west coast girls to know what blonde hair looks like, blondie, and you have it."

"I AM NOT BLONDE!" I screech, apparently unaware that I am arguing with a stranger.

"Okay, blondie." He smirks. His stupid jerk smirk that's perfectly perfect and yet perfectly jerklike.

"Well, Mr. Oat-Milk-Latte, we are very clearly on the east coast and my butt will stay in this seat as long as it so wishes!"

That last line was a little too passionate for the coffee crowd's liking as a few heads turned towards us.



"Look, I get it, I've been gone a few years, you take over, you sit and read by the window with your blonde hair and your little tea and you don't actually do any of your work. Well, I'm back now, and I deserve to reclaim my seat."



"I don't even know who you are!"

"Right, sorry about that. May I?" he gestures to the sliver of space between the window frame and my face-down book on the seat. I nod in agreement, albeit reluctantly, somehow intrigued by Mr. Oat-Milk-Stupid-West-Coast-Jerk-Face-Seat-Stealing-Ass-Wipe.

"I'm Garrett. Garrett Graham."

"Ha-ha very funny you read the back cover." I very clearly indicate that I am *not* amused.

"I'm not following you here, blondie."

I realize he's tossed the book on the end table adjacent to our seat. His name really is Garrett Graham.

"I've been at school for the last four years in San Francisco. Now I'm back, that's why I'm reclaiming my seat. This seat and I have been through a lot together- well, not like- not like *that* but... I'll just shut up now. It's nice to meet a kindred seat-appreciator. I believe your name isn't blondie so,"

I can't believe I haven't caught a fly yet. My jaw has been at the floor for that whole introduction. How many Garrett Graham's could there be away at school in San Francisco? It's not really that uncommon though, right? I realize I should probably reply before he calls a medic.

"It's Hannah. Hannah Wells."

"I knew it. TOTAL blondie name. Anyways, now that we're seat buds, whatcha studying?" He picks up a textbook long cast aside, "Journalism, cool! Bet you didn't think my stupid jock brain could handle it, did you? College hockey player, ready for the big leagues

now. Couldn't abandon Boston forever, right? I'm practicing 25 hours a day, but I still made time to return to the old place. Well, not old. It was brand new when I left. It used to be a bookstore; you know?"

A hockey player. Boston. He likes books. I'm lost.

"So," I pause, "Garrett. Have you ever heard of serendipity?"

"The maternity clothing store across town? Yeah, I've heard of it. Why?"

"I meant the *word* serendipity."

"I know. I just like messing with you Wellsy."

I start to respond when the clock tower on the other side of the street makes its hourly chime and I know I must get home. As much as I would like to see where this goes, my academic validation depends on my getting home by 8.

"I've gotta go."

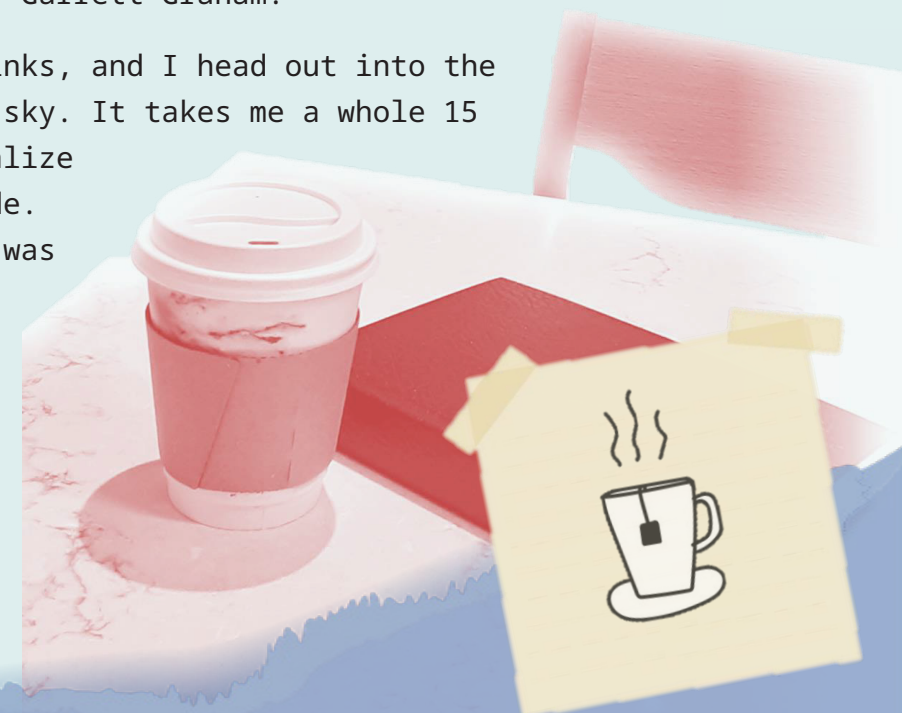
"Really? The whole Cinderella act is a little cliché, don't you think?"

"You're infuriating."

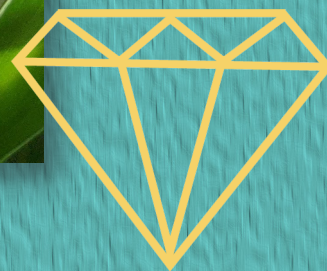
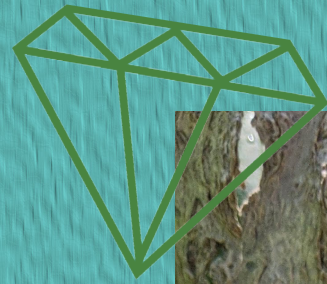
"You're an enigma, Hannah Wells."

"Don't steal my seat tomorrow, Garrett Graham."

"Same time, same place," he winks, and I head out into the street under the crisp auburn sky. It takes me a whole 15 minutes back at my loft to realize what a grave mistake I had made. The book about Garrett Graham was left in the cafe next to Garrett Graham who, coincidentally, is the same Garrett Graham from my book about Garrett Graham.



BEJEWELLED

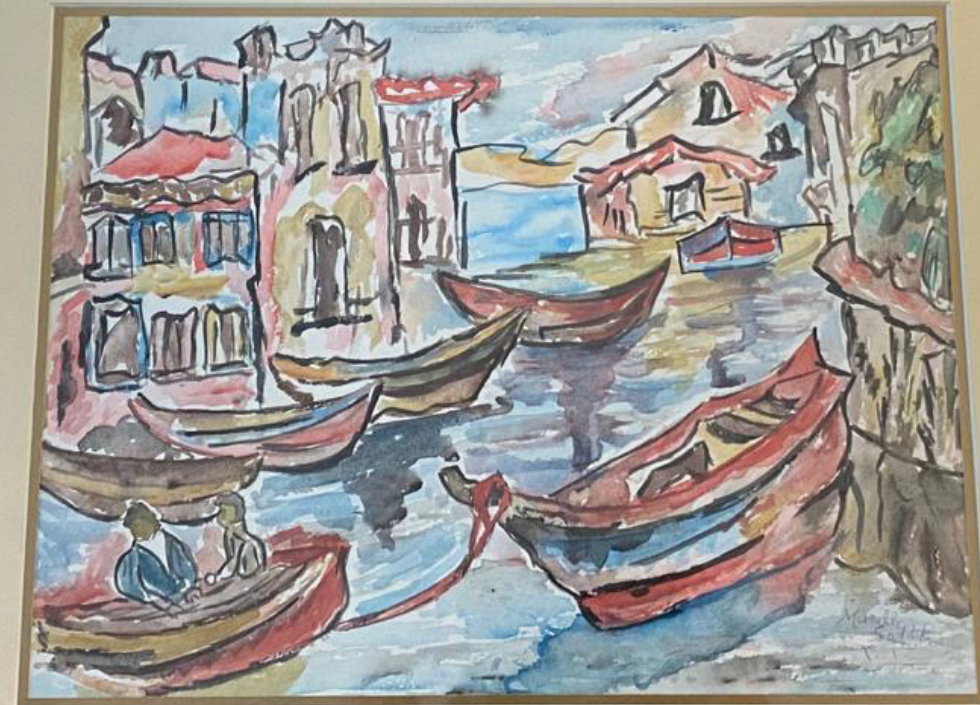


Christina McCarvell
@persimmon.sun



The British Countryside

Mireille Shenouda



Romantic Venice

Mireille Shenouda



The Tale of the Superhots! How to Make Hot Sauce with Crazy Hot Peppers!

Sam Kaszas

I fell into making hot sauce completely by accident. It all started when I purchased one of the hottest pepper plants in the world, the 7 pot primo. I had been a regular customer at a hole-in-the-wall local corner store/garden centre in Corso Italia, Toronto, and when spring rolled around, I was delighted to see they had quite the wide selection of peppers. I am big fan of hot food, and the pepper plants you can get at your garden variety garden centre (hehe) just don't cut it for me. I snagged a couple of reliable classics, thai chili peppers and peach habaneros (delish), a menacing sounding pepper called devil's tongue, and then I spotted the 7 pot primo. It had a tiny picture of what the mature plant would look like and showed a squat red pepper with a pointy "tail". Let's give it a try! I had thought to myself as I put it in my basket.

When I went to check out, the kind older woman who ran the convenience store tried to give me a warning, "These peppers, very hot, you be careful!"

I waved her off without a second thought, as young Caucasian female, people are always telling me to be careful when eating spicy food. I guess we have a reputation for not being able to handle the heat! So, it was because of this I didn't heed her warning... Excited about my new purchases, I rushed home to repot them outside in some fresh soil with room to grow.

Fast-forward several months, I now had happy and thriving plants that were bearing lots of rich colored peppers. It had been a hot summer, which as it turns out, is very good for hot peppers! I started out trying the devil's tongue. I figured that given its name it was likely the spiciest of the bunch. It was very hot! A little hotter than a habanero. After the taste test, I thought I should maybe find some recipes for using it and my other peppers. I had so many of them, and given how hot they were, they were difficult to use in every meal. I hopped on Google to search for some hot sauce recipes. I looked up recipes including devil's tongue and then I searched for recipes including 7 pot primo peppers...

That's when I found out **the 7 pot primo is the 4th hottest pepper in the world.**

Ringin' in at around 1,500,000 units on the scoville scale making it hotter than the ghost or scorpion peppers, but still only half as hot as the famed Carolina reaper (which I actually was able to get a hold of the following year). 7 pot peppers get their name because it only takes 1 pepper to heat 7 pots of chilli. So, what do you do when you have a whole plant of superhots? Get to makin' hot sauce baby.

I've taste tested many hot sauce recipes and tweaked them to my liking. This is my favourite recipe for a classic Louisiana style sauce that could go on just about anything! The roasting of the peppers gives it a smoky flavour, while the caramelized brown sugar adds the perfect amount of sweet.

First Thing's First

Please wear gloves when handling superhot peppers!! Do not touch your face or skin while you're handling the peppers and make sure to thoroughly wash your hands when you are finished. You'll also need good ventilation as the fumes can get intense, causing you to cough and get a stuffy nose or watery eyes. Open some windows and make sure your oven fan is on!

Now on to the good stuff...

Sweet and Smoky Louisiana Hot Sauce

This is a good one to start with as the ingredients are super simple! I was surprised how much I loved it when I first made it. It doesn't include some of the ingredients that I usually consider my fav when making a hot sauce (no fruit or molasses and not many spices) but this has turned out to be the sauce I use the most, really proving that sometimes less is more!

INGREDIENTS

5 - 15 Superhots depending on how spicy you like it - 7 Pot Primo, Ghost, Naga, Scorpion or even Habaneros will be perfect!

3 Red Bell Peppers

3 Cloves Garlic

½ Cup Brown Sugar

1 tsp. Paprika

1 Tbsp. Salt

1 ½ Cup Red Wine Vinegar

1 Cup Water

DIRECTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 425F.
2. First deseed the bell peppers and chop them into quarters. Next chop the stem off the superhots but leave them whole otherwise - leave the seeds of the superhots in and make sure to wear gloves while handling them. Remove the skin from your garlic cloves and put them into a roasting pan along with the peppers. Toss them in olive oil and salt and pepper.
3. Roast the pepper/garlic mix at 425F for 13 minutes.
4. Check to see if the outside of the peppers are charring - you want to have some blackened skin to get that real smoky flavour. You may need to take out the superhots first as the bell peppers make take longer to blacken. At the end of roasting for 13 minutes, you can turn the oven on to high broil to really get that blackened taste.
5. While the peppers/garlic are cooking, take a large pot and add the ½ cup brown sugar with a splash of water and oil. Cook this on low while peppers/garlic is in the oven. This should be a nice syrupy mixture by the time the peppers are ready.



6. Add the peppers/garlic to the pot with the brown sugar. Coat the peppers in the syrup mix.
7. Turn up the element to medium and add the 1 tsp. paprika and 1 Tbsp. salt. Toast these spices with the peppers for a minute.
8. Add the 1 cup water and 1.5 cups red wine vinegar to the pot and bring to a low boil.
9. Reduce to a simmer and let cook for 15 minutes.
10. Take the mixture off heat, allow to cool and then blend it all in a food processor or a blender!

Your sauce is good to go!

This recipe will fill about five 5oz bottles, so find some friends or family to share with. The vinegar is a natural preservative, so kept in the fridge, the sauce should last between 3-4 months.

Best Snacks to Pair With Hot Sauce

Really you can throw hot sauce on just about anything! Throw it on BBQ, top off your pizza, soak your ramen in it. My favorite is definitely the classic wings with hot sauce. Luckily, it's easy to whip up the perfect batch of wings...

Baked Wings

INGREDIENTS

- 2lbs of Chicken Wings
- 2Tbsp of Vegetable Oil
- 1 tsp salt
- 1 tsp black pepper
- 1 tsp garlic powder

DIRECTIONS

1. Preheat oven to 400F. Toss wings in olive oil and spices. Line a baking sheet with foil and place wings on foil. Bake in the middle of the oven for 35 - 45 minutes. Broil for a few minutes at the end so they are nice and crispy!

I also love vegan wings with hot sauce! You can find frozen vegan wings at most grocery stores now, so check your frozen aisle for a plant-based option!

There you have it! A super simple recipe with superhot peppers. Enjoy friends.



Kyndra French

Mom's KD and Hotdogs

Growing up in the early 2000's, my mom made KD and hotdogs... a lot. My sister and I always loved it, and to this day it's a nostalgic meal that we both still enjoy. I hope that you too, enjoy this struggle meal!

Best paired with a Chubby Pop or Minute Maid frozen fruit punch

INGREDIENTS

- 2 boxes of original Kraft Dinner
- 1 package of hotdogs
- ¾ cup of salted butter
- Ketchup

INSTRUCTIONS

1. Put YTV or the Family Channel on the TV, ensuring children will leave you alone.
2. Boil water in 2 pots, adding a guesstimate amount of salt to one for noodles. 3. Once water is boiled, add noodles to the pot, and hotdogs to the other pot. 4. Check on kids, make sure they're not fighting over the remote. 5. Test noodles, if cooked, strain, if not, keep cooking.
6. Once noodles are cooked, strain and put back in pot with butter.
7. Check hotdogs, if splitting, remove from pot, if not keep cooking.
8. Once hotdogs are cooked, put them on a plate and cut into bite size pieces.
9. Mix noodles and butter together, and add cheese packets. Once fully combined, fold in hotdog pieces.
10. Serve on paper plates, let kids add ketchup as they please.





Backyard Pool Party

Fantasy

AP

@patrosart



SUNFLOWER TINGS

YANIKA SALUJA

Blossom into the reality
The immense pleasure of the purity
The deep rust of forgiveness
Bottling up all the serenity
Crease by crease
Your thoughts do cease
But the hope of blooming
Still exists at ease
The sunflower never felt the breeze
The aerial soul on the ridge of the leaf
Immersing all the power
Never does it reimburse
Leap through the shell
Devour the divine



@yanikasaluja





Summer Drink Days



Cassandra Pascucci



Beach Bums

Kaitlynn
Kemp
@kaitlynn.kemp



Boredom

