



An Eclectic Collection of Words

2008/09 ANTHOLOGY

A Message from the Board of Education

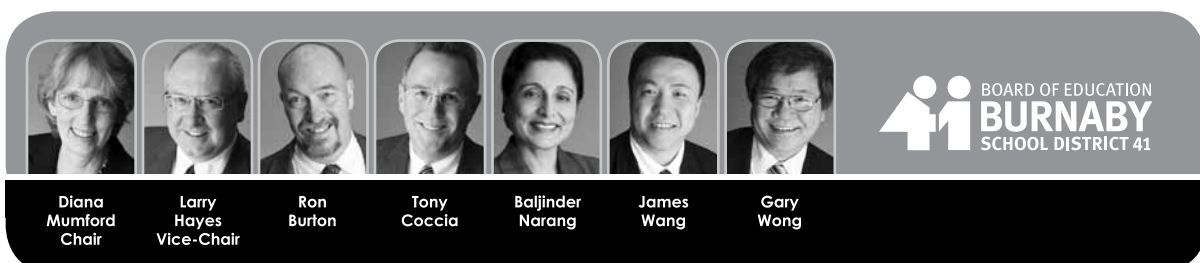
A single word is usually not as meaningful as a sentence. And a sentence generally has greater meaning in the context of a story or poem. This anthology, *An Eclectic Collection of Words*, has its own unique significance. It brings together the powerful ideas, thoughts and feelings of students throughout our district – from all grade levels, from all ethnic backgrounds, in two languages, on a variety of topics.

For 23 years, Burnaby's *WORDS Writing Project* has provided district students the opportunity to express themselves through the power of words. Its growth and success are a direct reflection of the support provided by our dedicated:

- staff who nurture the writing talent of our students
- parents who encourage their aspiring young authors
- sponsors who support youth, literacy, and community

The 2008/09 limited edition anthology, *An Eclectic Collection of Words* represents the best in student writing from Burnaby's *WORDS Writing Project*.

We know you will enjoy their WORDS.



Burnaby's *WORDS Writing Project* includes creative writing submissions from K-12 students throughout the district. With no theme provided, the topics are endless – from stories of adventure to journeys of introspection, from lighthearted poetry to verse that is poignant in its insight. Their submissions are reviewed by a panel of judges with a background in writing and communications. They are grouped according to age or grade, while the students name and school remain anonymous.

Submissions from the following students were selected for publication in the 2008/09 *WORDS Anthology, An Eclectic Collection of Words*, to showcase the talent of Burnaby's aspiring young writers.

Ages 5-7

Poetry

Olivia Hu	Clinton Elementary	My Secret Friend
Eric Lee	Buckingham Elementary	Winter
Matthew Chin	Clinton Elementary	Before Time
Marlon Buchanan	Clinton Elementary	Cookie
Matthew Chiang	Buckingham	Winter

Poetry – French

Ryan Jinks	Aubrey Elementary	La Neige
Sophia Moreira	Sperling Elementary	Les Fleurs

Prose

Ella White	Parkcrest Elementary	Hearts
Isabelle Cosacescu	Clinton Elementary	The Missing Cat
Carymnn Skalnik	Clinton Elementary	The Adventure in the Snow

Prose - French

Henry Hart	Sperling Elementary	Un ami pour Nounours
Julia Maclean	Sperling Elementary	Oiseau vert et oiseau bleu

Ages 8-10

Poetry

Karin Jin	Clinton Elementary	The Eagle's Hunt
Lila Mooney	Buckingham Elementary	The Water Lily
Lydia Chow	Parkcrest Elementary	Ferrero Rocher
Enoch Qin	Taylor Park Elementary	Moon
Maryn Lum Tong	Nelson Elementary	Walking in a Winter Wonderland

Poetry – French

Alexandra Crouch
Michelle Hung
Colton Van Der Minne

Sperling Elementary
Marlborough Elementary
Sperling Elementary

Donne ton amour
La neige
Dans le noir

Prose

Ian Lau
Kayli Jamieson

Parkcrest Elementary
Lakeview Elementary

Swallowed Up
Dolphins Are A Girl's Best Friend

Prose – French

Katya Bessarabov
Hazhir Goodarznia

Sperling Elementary
Marlborough Elementary

12:00 AM
Les Changements
Au Canada pour Les Jeunes
Pourquoi les Poissons ont des
écailles

Ages 11 +

Poetry

Erica Wong
Stefan Gataric
Alona Besan
Isabelle Spinney
Daphne Patterson
Sabrina Wang
Catherine Liu
Samantha Manalac
Susanna Fang
Kayla Roffel

Morley Elementary
Stoney Creek Community
Nelson Elementary
Aubrey Elementary
Stoney Creek Community
Maywood Elementary
Morley Elementary
Stoney Creek Community
Cascade Heights Elementary
Stoney Creek Community

My Friend
Silence
Save The World For Me
Underwater Rainbow
Praise Song for the Moments
Imagine a Place
Hopeful Man
Old Friends...Old Jeans
Pink
The Forest

Poetry – French

Marissa Ng
Sonja Horstmann
Natasha Vlajnic

Marlborough Elementary
Seaforth Elementary
Marlborough Elementary

Pourquoi
Si le vent
Tellement depend sur

Prose

Igor Mihajlovic
Sever Topan
An Qi Dai

Maywood Community School
Suncrest Elementary
Brantford Elementary

Majestic Rose: Prologue
Frost
Something Precious Has
Been Lost
Unresolved Past - Prologue

Prose – French

Isabelle Spinney
Andrea Vulinovic

Aubrey Elementary
Marlborough Elementary

L'étoile d'espoir
Villageville

Grade 8

Poetry

Kristina Fleming
Noor Bhandal

Burnaby South Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Words from a Book
Scooby Dooby Doo,
Where Are You?
A Delicacy
East Meets West
The Bell of the Mountains

Elena Hsu
Phoebe Joy Lim
Natalie Tam

Burnaby South Secondary
Burnaby North Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Poetry – French

Naana Agyemang
Michelle Scarr

Alpha Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary

Musicale et Physique
Je suis

Prose

Sammi Wu
Vivian Fung
Noor Bhandal

Burnaby North Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

A Day of Many Firsts
Miracle
The Wheel of Fortune

Prose – French

Madlen Oakes
Angela Sun

Cariboo Hill Secondary
Moscrop Secondary

La furie de l'orage
La Poupée de Papier

Grade 9-10

Poetry

Lillian Ying
Shayna Virginillo
Linden Maultsaid-Blair
Michael Sargent
Eleanor Hoskins
Dorothy Yang
Shayna Virginillo
Siobhan Walchuk

Burnaby North Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Burnaby North Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

The Forbidden Word
Human
Sketchbook
First Day
Greater Gravity
The Piper
The Kiss
Let's Pretend

Poetry – French

Anna-Beth Seemungal
Celia Beketa
Jeff De Guzman
Eleanor Hoskins

Moscrop Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Burnaby North Secondary

La Nature
Qui Suis-je?
La Guerre, La Paix
L'inconnue

Prose

Alan Tang
Marina Smirnova
Marina Ren

Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Byrne Creek Secondary
Burnaby Central Secondary

Prelude to a Summer's Day
Alien
Set Free

Prose – French

Helena Trajic
Christina Guan
Bahar Vaghari- Moghaddam

Moscrop Secondary
Moscrop Secondary
Moscrop Secondary

Une mémoire déchirée
Le Cadeau Idéal
Olympie

Grade 11-12

Poetry

Alison Brierley
Polina Boltova
Daniel Chou
Hannah Tench
Safia Suleman
Joanna Liang
Cathy Chen

Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Burnaby South Secondary
Burnaby South Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Burnaby South Secondary

This is Where I Split My Lip
Dimitry
Fades
Memory Book
Teen vs. Parents
Invisible Boundaries
Wall

Poetry – French

Angelina Marikovic

Moscrop Secondary

Pas de tromperie, pas de
Mascarade
Le requiem du corbeau

Jing Kai Pang

Moscrop Secondary

Prose

Kseniya Vazyanska
Catherine Chan
Byron Ma
Jessica Giang
Alison Brierley
James Brandon

Moscrop Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Moscrop Secondary
Moscrop Secondary
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Cariboo Hill Secondary

Out of the Blue
Five Minutes
Boogieman
Freedom, Beware
Double Knots
The Man in the Fog

Prose – French

Anita Huang
Lindsay Fenwick

Moscrop Secondary
Moscrop Secondary

Le Jardin
Dans un monde de pourquoi

An Eclectic Collection of Words

WORDS Writing Project 2008/09

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WORDS Writing Project

2008/09

My Secret Friend

Olivia Hu
Clinton Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry

"Play, play me," my secret friend said.
"Okay, I really love to play."
When I touched the black and white keys
I saw Little Hope with golden wings
Fly into my heart.
I saw lovely Thumbelina dancing
In the flower petals.
I saw stars shining brightly.
I saw children laughing
While being on a swing.
The piano is my friend
He will always bring me joy!

Winter

Eric Lee
Buckingham Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry

Snowy white
Rolling snowshoeing snowballing
I love fluffy snow
Cold

Before Time

Matthew Chin
Clinton Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry

In a dark, prehistoric sea
Some Platecarpus swim in the dark
They catch some tiny squid
Trying to escape with ink
Then other predators fight for their food.

Cookie

Marlon Buchanan
Clinton Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry

Yummy juicy cookie
You are chocolaty in my mouth
You taste very yummy in my tummy
Cookie you make me want to eat more
I love you Cookie with milk
I see you Cookie in the jar
You are a really brown cookie with
chocolate chips.
I only have one more of you left
But I have a tummy ache and I can't eat you.

Winter

Matthew Chiang
Buckingham Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry

White icy
Sledding sliding rolling
I like skating on ice
Hockey

La neige

Ryan Jinks
Aubrey Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry - French

Je porte des gants.
Il neige.
Je porte des bottes.
Il neige.
Je porte un manteau.
Il neige.
Je porte mes pantalons de ski.
Il neige.
Je porte un chapeau.
Il neige.
On s'amuse dans la neige.
J'aime la neige!

Les fleurs

Sophia Moreira
Sperling Elementary
Ages 5-7 Poetry - French

Regardez les fleurs
les fleurs, les fleurs
Regardez les fleurs
Comment sont-elles?
Elles sont belles
Elles sont différentes
Belles
Différentes
J'aime les fleurs

Hearts

Ella White, Parkcrest Elementary, Ages 5-7 Prose

Once upon a time there were two hearts named Kevin and Megan. They lived in a big house with roses and every flower you can imagine. Their house was pink and red.

One day they lost their magic. They tried to fly but they fell from the sky. They got dizzy and then Kevin got up! When he did, guess what he saw? He saw a fairy heart mother.

The fairy heart mother said, "I can replace your magic. Wake up your sister." So he woke Megan up. She replaced their magic!

Megan and Kevin tried to fly and they could. "She replaced our magic," Kevin explained. "Yay!" Megan said. "Thank you," said the hearts. "You are welcome," the fairy heart mother said. They all went to bed. They read books. They fell asleep when they were reading.

When they got up they saw the fairy heart mother fly off to help someone else.

The Missing Cat

Isabelle Cosacescu, Clinton Elementary, Ages 5-7 Prose

Once upon a time I had a cat named Dilihla. I played with her a lot. I really loved her. One day she got lost! I was so worried about her and she did not have a collar. She was very cuddly and I could never sleep without her. I had to find her! I looked for her all night but I could not find her. She was cuddly, soft, playful and...lost! The next day I searched the garden all around. Then I looked in the bushes and there she was! She had babies! They were very fluffy and wet but so cute. I brought them into the house and dried them off. Then we lived happily every after!

The Adventure in the Snow

Carmynn Skalnik, Clinton Elementary, Ages 5-7 Prose

This is dedicated to my family because they support me.

One day in the winter morning, I was still sleeping and something woke me up. I looked on my lap and I saw Snowflake, my puppy. Snowflake said, "I want to go outside!" Then she just remembered I have an old doggy door! Snowflake ran to the door as fast as she could. When she was at the door she ran outside and she thought what should I do? She saw her friend Lola come by. Snowflake asked, "What have you been doing?" Lola said, "I just came from a walk around the neighbourhood." Snowflake said, "That's it!" Lola said, "What's it?" Snowflake said, "We can have an adventure!" Lola said, "That's great. Come on, let's go!" "Okay," said Snowflake.

So they went on the journey from the sunny spring garden where they lived to the cold Antarctic! When they reached the cold Antarctic, Snowflake said, "Maybe we should go back home!" Lola said, "Okay, but there's one little problem. Where did we come from?" Snowflake said, "Aren't you silly! We came from that path on the right!" "Okay, let's go then" said Lola.

So they went to the path on the right but there was one problem. Just because it was the right way, doesn't mean it is right! But they did see something. They saw a cave. Lola over-reacted, "Ahhhhhhh! What are we going to do! Even more, where are we going to sleep!" "Don't worry! We can sleep in the cave!" said Snowflake. "Okay" said Lola. "Oh, it's time to sleep," said Snowflake. So they went in the cave but just when Snowflake peeked its nose inside....a fox jumped right in front of Snowflake! The fox said, "What are you doing? Lola stepped in and said, "We were going to sleep here, but don't worry, I'll just go". "No, come on in. You can join me!" said fox.

Meanwhile....it was morning and they really missed home and they couldn't even sleep. The fox said, "Do you guys want anything?" Snowflake and Lola were just too cold to speak, so they just pointed to outside. The fox just asked if they wanted to go back home. They nodded. So the fox asked, "Do you guys live in Burnaby on Clinton Street?" It was a lucky guess.

When they reached the start of Burnaby, the fox asked if they could go from there. They nodded yes. Snowflake and Lola went home. They were just in time for dinner. Before Snowflake could even eat her dinner – her owner Lily hugged her and they went to bed.

Un ami pour Nounours

Henry Hart, Sperling Elementary, Ages 5-7 Prose - French

Par une nuit sombre je me suis réveillé. Mon nounours s'est réveillé aussi! J'ai dit, « Veux-tu quelque chose? ». Mon nounours a dit «Oui! Je veux un ami ». J'ai dit» D'accord! Je vais acheter un ami pour toi! ». J'ai mis mes souliers et puis je suis allé dans la nuit pour acheter un ami pour nounours!

Oiseau vert et oiseau bleu

Julia Maclean, Sperling Elementary, Ages 5-7 Prose - French

Dans la forêt tropicale beaucoup d'animaux doivent avoir de la nourriture. Il y a beaucoup d'animaux qui aiment les fruits mais il y en a deux oiseaux qui n'aiment pas le fruit! Un était un oiseau vert. L'autre était bleu. Ils ne veulent pas manger du fruit! Alors, un oiseau a dit « On n'aime pas les fruits alors on va manger quelque chose d'autre! ». Et... ça c'est ce qu'ils ont fait! Ils ont mangé des légumes!

The Eagle's Hunt

Karin Jin
Clinton Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry

Sharp and quick
Ready to attack
Birds are afraid
I open my large wings
My keen eyesight on my predator
Powerful, strong, vicious talons
Tear my prey into lunch
The ferocious Bald Eagle

The Water Lily

Lila Mooney
Buckingham Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry

The water lily stands
In the heart of the pond,
Blooming,
 blossoming,
 fading,
 withering.

The ripples mirror it.
Bullfrogs croak.
At night the water lily
Closes its curtain of
 mysterious
 mist.

Ferrero Rocher

Lydia Chow
Parkcrest Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry

I reach for it, out of the clear case,
I unfold the gleaming gold wrapper,
It glimmers in the light, and seems to wink
at me with its sparkle.
Beads of saliva drip down my chin as I
ponder the taste.
The wonderful aroma of the chocolate fills
the air.

I take my first bite.
Savoring the crunchy almonds, the
delicious cocoa swirls, mmmmm....
I sigh, staring at the limp, empty wrapper.
My heaven is gone, all too soon...

Moon

Enoch Qin
Taylor Park Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry

A
Metal like planet
Glimmering
On the sea
It will always
Shine
Until –
The morning
Blindness
Of the sun

Walking in a Winter Wonderland

Maryn Lum Tong
Nelson Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry

Just looking out the window makes me
want to go outside,
Where *dainty* snowflakes come whirling,
twirling down,
All right I am too tempted, let's go outside.

I just love how the snow **CRUNCHES**
underneath my boots,
So fluffy and soft, not to mention **COLD!**
But that's okay I have my mittens, toque,
boots and winter jacket.

Walking in the snow makes me happy,
And it makes my dog even happier,
As he frolics and races in the **freezing**
snow.

The snow also makes me sleepy,
I feel like the snow is whispering to me to
go to sleep,
"Go to sleep," it chants over and over again.

Hiking in the snow was so much fun,
I can't wait to go again!

Donne ton amour

Alexandra Crouch
Sperling Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry - French

Dans mon cœur
Il y a une voix,
Qui dit les choses,
Comme,
Donne ton amour à l'autre,
Donne ton amour,
À la famille du monde.

La neige

Michelle Hung
Marlborough Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry - French

La neige est ma chose favorite pendant
l'hiver,
Mais ce que je pense n'est pas la même
que mon père.
Il pense qu'avec la neige partout c'est très
dangereux,
Mais je l'ai dit encore que c'est amusant et
ça me rend heureux.
J'aime la neige parce que c'est très beau,
Sauf quand ça fond et devient de l'eau
J'aime jouer une bataille de neige avec mon
frère.
Quand moi et mon frère jouons c'est
comme une vraie guerre.
Quand je vois la neige sur le plancher,
Je ne peux pas attendre d'aller jouer.

Dans le noir

Colton Van Der Minne
Sperling Elementary
Ages 8-10 Poetry - French

Dans le noir,
Il n'y a pas d'amour,
Ni des amis.
Mais moi,
Je suis dans la lumière.
Il y a de l'amour,
Aussi des amis.
Alors viens avec moi,
Dans la lumière.

Swallowed Up

Ian Lau, Parkcrest Elementary, Ages 8-10 Prose

It was nighttime and I had to sleep. I loved my cozy meat-section bed in the supermarket. Suddenly, there was a rush of people. A rush of people!?!? “Oh no! They might take me home and I might get eaten!” I screamed. It was the 4th of July and there was a good chance I could get cooked! Too much horror-can’t-take-it... Where am I?

I looked around and saw a barbeque. I had to be at a barbeque party, I thought. What bothered me most was the sauce and spaghetti I was sitting on. WAIT... THAT MEANT I WAS ALREADY COOKED; I quickly realized.

A spoon brought me up to a mouth. “Oh, this is the end” I muttered. There is only one way to save myself – to roll off! I rolled off two times, but the person got mad and used his fingers to hold me tight and put me in his mouth. The tongue was wiggling around and made me move a lot. It was fun, but I knew it was dangerous too. I was almost chewed by big teeth, but I escaped. Before I knew it, a saliva wave pushed me to another place.

“Aaahh!” I screamed. I was falling down the esophagus. There was only one way to save myself. I tackled the walls as hard as I could. “It’s no use. He won’t vomit!” I bellowed. I might be able to climb up, so I tried. When I looked up all I could see was that a bunch of spaghetti was going to fall on me. I was feeling scared. I climbed, but the muscles were pushing me down. Oh how I wished I had been a T-bone steak in a hidden place instead of ground beef in plain sight with a 25% off sign.

I fell and dropped into the stomach. I remembered thinking that I should hang onto the walls. They sure felt soft and crumpled. Soon, the walls turned smooth and I slipped. “Oh no!” I yelled. I had no choice. I had to fight the gastric juice. It was dangerous, but I survived.

I was now in the small intestine. It was a boring ride, but when it sucked up my goodness it tickled a lot. It was taking hours for me to get into the large intestine because bile kept hitting me. It felt really uncomfortable and gooey. “Wait, I’m almost at the end,” I exclaimed, as bile continued to hit me.

Finally, I arrived at the large intestine. Not much seemed to be happening, but other than that it was a comfy and roomy ride. Strange, I thought. I felt harder. Although I was hardened, I still thought this place was comfortable. I thought about my cousin Sarah, the steak and my friend Kerry, the gummy bear. They would think this place was gross. I was thinking so hard about them that I forgot what was next.

I was soon excreted. It was cold and wet, but I was still very happy that I made it out alive, but different. I had just been through quite a scary and exciting adventure.

Dolphins Are a Girl's Best Friend

Kayli Jamieson, Lakeview Elementary, Ages 8-10 Prose

"CRASH!" Terri woke up suddenly. The entire house was shaking violently. The windows rattled, and Terri shook with fear.

"What's going on?" she thought worriedly.

"DAD!" Terri yelled. Her dad soon hurtled into the room. "Terri! It's okay! There's a hurricane right across from here! Just stay calm, okay!"

Terri was comforted by her father's presence, but she was still afraid. Finally, she fell asleep.

The next morning, Terri's family gathered around the kitchen table as they retold what had happened the night before. Terri was thankful that her family was safe.

Terri was a strawberry blond haired, ten-year old girl who lived right next to the sea in a remote village in Labrador. Her parents were marine biologists. They were content, but Terri was very lonely, for there were no other children to play with.

That afternoon, Terri explored the beach for items that may have washed up along the seashore during the storm. Suddenly, she saw something flicker in the water in the corner of her eye. Terri thought it was just the sun reflecting off the waves so she just ignored it. Terri became curious when she noticed that it was a very cloudy day.

"That's strange," she pondered. "What type of creature is that?" The answer to her thoughts flew up in the air. "It was a... A dolphin!" she exclaimed excitedly. It was a playful young dolphin whose skin was the colour of the blue turquoise ocean. It chirped happily as Terri ran over to it in the shallow water and stroked his back. So Terri concluded that this would be her dolphin pet. She was very relieved to have finally found a friend. She rode on her pet's back the entire afternoon. However, when she went home she forgot all about it...

"We're moving," her father told her as he crunched his Caesar salad.

"WE'RE WHAT?" Terri cried. Her heart skipped a beat.

"Terri, we're not getting paid enough as marine biologists! We need to snap back into reality. I'm disappointed too, but we need a new job to help support the family." Terri's mother explained.

The next day was a miracle. Some new people moved into the beach house next door. It was always for sale, and as far as Terri could remember, nobody had EVER lived there. Terri would soon realize that the new family would create a big difference in her family's life.

The new neighbors had a daughter named Hali. Hali was a bubbly, brunette haired girl, who was around Terri's age. Terri talked to Hali and learned that Hali's father was going to create a big boat company in Labrador and was looking for a biologist.

Terri immediately ran to ask her father if he would like to work in the new boat company that Hali mentioned. Terri's father saw this as a possible job opportunity and went to talk to Hali's dad.

The discussion between the two fathers worked out well, and Terri's family decided to stay after all. Terri was so excited to have a human friend. She showed Hali her dolphin pet. After she showed her dolphin to Hali, Hali gave her a dolphin necklace in a two part set so that they would never forget each other.

"Best friends forever," Terri whispered.

Have you ever thought that people don't have 'happily ever afters'? It looks like this one does.

12:00 AM

Katya Bessarabov, Sperling Elementary, Ages 8-10 Prose - French

La nuit, à douze heures le matin, une petite fille et un lapereau approchent une maison. La maison était noire. La petite fille a frappé à la porte. La porte ouvre. La petite fille entre dans la maison avec son lapin. Elle regarde autour de la maison. Elle voit une fenêtre qui a un trou. Elle voit aussi quelque chose de bizarre. Elle voit FRANKENSTEIN! Elle court à gauche, elle court à droite et Frankenstein a disparu. Maintenant elle voit Frankenstein et un fantôme. Elle court à gauche, elle court à droite et Frankenstein et le fantôme ont disparu. Elle voit une sorcière, Frankenstein et un fantôme. Elle court à gauche, elle court à droite, et la sorcière, Frankenstein et le fantôme ont disparu. Elle voit un zombie, une sorcière, Frankenstein et un fantôme. Elle court à gauche, elle court à droite, et le zombie, la sorcière, Frankenstein et le fantôme ont disparu.

La petite fille a couru jusqu'à l'autre bout de la maison.

"Surprise!" crient le zombi, la sorcière, et le fantôme.

La petite fille demande, "Mais où est Frankenstein?"

Tout le monde regarde autour

Les Changements Au Canada pour Les Jeunes

Hazhir Goodarznia, Marlborough Elementary, Ages 8-10 Prose - French

Si j'avais le pouvoir de changer le Canada et ces citoyens, j'aurais changé beaucoup de choses-des centaines de choses. Mais, vraiment, je veux juste parler de trois de ces choses. Je veux qu'il y ait plus de jeunes qui font les sports, les jeux vidéo plus éducatif sans la violence et qu'il y a plus d'éducation pour les jeunes!

Le premier changement c'est les sports pour les jeunes. Je ne pense pas que les jeunes font assez de sports ou d'exercice. Je veux que les jeunes font au moins un à trois exercices par jour, sur tout les fins de semaines. Comme ça, les jeunes au Canada vont être en bonne santé.

Est-ce que vous avez jamais pensé qu'il y a trop de jeux vidéo qui sont violents? Les jeunes apprennent les choses de ces jeux et les essaient sur les vraies personnes vivantes. Mais, je veux arrêter ça. Je veux enlever ces mauvais jeux et les remplacés avec les jeux plus éducatif. Avec ces changements, les jeunes vont être moins violent et même un peu plus intelligent.

Est-ce que vous avez jamais pensé qu'il n'y a pas assez d'éducation au Canada? Il y a beaucoup d'éducation dans les autres pays comme la Mexique et Iran. Si j'étais comme le premier ministre du Canada, qui a beaucoup de pouvoir, je voudrais mettre un peu plus d'éducation pour les jeunes au Canada. Comme ça, avec ce changement, les jeunes vont avoir de la discipline, faire leurs devoirs plus vite et plus facilement, vont avoir moins de devoirs à la maison, et ils vont aussi être plus intelligent.

Pour conclure, maintenant vous savez qu'est-ce que je pense des changements que je veux faire pour les jeunes du Canada. Merci Pour Votre Attention

Pourquoi les Poissons ont des écailles

Crystal Lee, Marlborough Elementary, Ages 8-10 Prose - French

Il y a longtemps, dans un lac près d'une maison de fées, habitait un poisson nommé Orièna. Comme les autres poissons, elle n'avait pas d'écailles. Elle était aussi très, très, curieuse. Un jour en hiver, Orièna voulait regarder ce que faisaient les fées. Mais à ce moment, il a commencé à neiger et le lac a commencé à geler. Orièna, qui était au bord de la rivière, a frissonné parce qu'elle avait TROP froid. Elle ne pouvait que bouger ses petites nageoires délicates. Tout à coup, les fées sont sorties pour jouer dans la neige. Mais, il neigeait si fort que les bouts des ailes des fées sont tombés! Orièna les a pris et elle a mis les bouts d'ailes sur elle-même. Comme un miracle, les bouts d'ailes ont été collés sur son corps. Quand tout son corps était couvert de bouts d'ailes, elle se sentait plus chaude. Les autres poissons ont trouvé ça joli et chaud, et l'ont copié. Après ce temps les poissons n'ont jamais eu froid encore. Et ça c'est pourquoi les poissons ont des écailles

My Friend (Books)

Erica Wong
Morley Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry

No matter how you're feeling,
He is always the friend
You can turn to.
He can take you anywhere you wish to go.

All you have to do,
Is scan your eyes over
His tattooed stomach,
And you leave your world behind.

His spine is connected
To a pair of beautiful wings,
That glide by as you take your journey.

He can be frightening
Hilarious,
Cheerful or depressing,
Pick your acquaintances wisely,
And you will have a good time.

Silence

Stefan Gataric
Stoney Creek Community School
Ages 11+ Poetry

I move faster
And faster,
I was amazed, shocked, and scared
Thunder booms,
Then a suspenseful silence
You regret coming here
Rain falls,
Thunder clashes,
Shadows move,
The cloud upon you
The crispy smoke moves fast
Curiosity flashes to my head
I run
Lost
Alone
Wet
Sweat pours down my head
I feel like I won't make it
Surprisingly there's
Silence

Save The World For Me

Alona Besan
Nelson Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry

Keep away from a grizzly bear,
When he climbs up a tree,
Stay quite far from a weapon to make it fair,
Save the world for me.

Lead white tailed deer away from the zoo,
Allow them to skip as far as we can see,
There may be fewer than you thought you
knew,
Save the world for me.

Preserve the sweet sound of chirping
Blue Jays,
Keeping them soaring high and free,
Through their few short remaining days,
Save the world for me.

Fresh clean water was meant for marine life
to frolic in
So hold our industrial waste away from sea,
Let the rebirth begin,
Save the world for me.

Imagine a Place

Sabrina Wang
Maywood Community School
Ages 11+ Poetry

Where the sea is an image of the sky
Perfectly mirrored
Stars dancing in the water

Underwater Rainbow

Isabelle Spinney
Aubrey Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry

I hold my breath and plunge into the warm,
clear, water.
Immediately I depart with my worries, my
fears, and my nightmares.
I am in a whole new world, near, yet distant.
The colors, the shapes, the sizes, are
endless; an artist's palette splashed against
a sky-blue wall.
Vivid, bright, colourful.
I rise to the earth, only momentarily visiting
reality, and then I am back, savouring every
moment.
Sunlight streams from above, golden
specks scattering across the gentle waves
lapping the shore.
I can hear distant cries of children from the
soft sanded beach, but I do not flinch, for I
am content and peaceful.
This is where I belong, and where my heart
lies forever, in this silent, gorgeous
underwater rainbow.

Praise Song for the Moments

Daphne Patterson
Stoney Creek Community School
Ages 11+ Poetry

Some days;
Seemingly devoid of pleasure,
When the seas and storms of hatred and
fear put out any match I attempt to light.

Some days, like those;
When my tears refuse to be halted,
When the water-proof-matches of bliss
Are out of my reach, but teasingly close...

Then praise song for the moments!
The moments, like sandbags, that make the
flood waters recede
Until there's ground beneath my feet;
And my matches can't float away.

Then praise song for the moments!
The soothing words,
The gentle hugs,
The caressing laps that welcome me at
every hour of the day.

So praise song for the moments!
That make life lovely,
The moments;
That help the sun to always shine.

Hopeful Man

Catherine Liu
Morley Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry

Somewhere in the world
a man's on the street.
Begging for little,
And getting nothing

Alone and scared
He travels the city.
Not caring what people think
Of his torn clothes,
Tattered face and stench.

Against the wall
He's hiding.
Covering his face,
Ashamed,
Of what he's become.

On the inside,
He's the same as all of us.
But on the outside,
He's different.
He's judged.

Somewhere in the world
A man hopes for a better life.

Old Friends...Old Jeans

Samantha Manalac,
Stoney Creek Community School
Ages 11+ Poetry

There's comfort in the past
And what used to be
You are my best friend
Or,
Maybe that was the past
So,
Maybe the right statement would be
You were my best friend
Of course I miss you
I remember
All of the things we loved to do,
All of the things we hated,
But most of all,
I remember,
All of those times we laughed
And how we could always help each other.
We'd say
"Boys are gross"
And not have one second thought about
them
We'd laugh and giggle
About the things that happened yesterday
You are my old friend.
Kind of like my jeans,
Worn to its extremes,
Torn in so many places and yet,
Loved
Loved to the point where we became one
Me and my jeans!
We'd do everything together
The memories
That live in these jeans
Could be practically anything!
I'd live everyday with these worn out jeans
And then,
Something changed.

Maybe one tear was too big
Or one stain couldn't be removed!
Or,
Maybe I simply outgrew them
But,
Whatever happened,
I needed new jeans
New jeans, new friends
Maybe these jeans are pretty,
And they look good on me
But the fit is wrong,
They don't know me
I'll have to be careful about them
Don't tear them, don't rip them
Make them completely immaculate jeans
I wouldn't wear them everyday
They are too precious
I still love them
But I'll need to wear them and wear them
Until they finally feel right
And then, they are my old jeans again
My old friends
There is never a time I will regret them
Some jeans end up being comfier than
others
Some are hard and stiff forever
You never know
Old friends, old jeans.

The Forest

Kayla Roffel
Stoney Creek Community School
Ages 11+ Poetry

A forest of
white birches
Snow
everywhere
Some of the bark gently
peels
off
A small bit of sun in the background,
Reflects
off everything
It's bright
but a bit faded,
Peeking in through the trees

Like a mother would play peek-a-boo
With her little child
It's sort of early
but not really
The sun just recently risen,
Covering a piece of a cloudless, pure
chalky blue sky
All is peaceful,
calm,
beautiful
and joy
is everywhere
Sometimes the surrounding noise is filled
with laughter,
People run past you
You're surrounded by noise
But it's wonderful noise
And you can feel the happiness
Sometimes there is just a faint noise in the
distance;
A bird singing its song,
or a rustling of leaves
And sometimes,
it is completely silent
But not a haunting silence
A wonderful, peaceful
silence

The whole world around you
stops
and all you can see or hear is that one
area,
Where those trees were lucky enough to
live,
When trees all around had been cut down
for us,
For us to learn, have fun,
and grow
Why would people cut down so many trees
to make this neighbourhood, but leave
the tiniest sliver of it beautiful?
Perhaps, to save some of it
from dying
To save the trees,
all of the creatures around it
and
us

Pink

Susanna Fang
Cascade Heights Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry

Some people think that I love to drink
Coca-Cola that is pink!
(I don't) but I do like pink.
Also, what is the difference between a fink
and a mink?
I really think
that a fink
Can wink
and a mink
can tink.
But I found out that a fink
can tink,
While in a sink
that is pink!
Then a mink
came 'round with a link
With a wink
in a rink.
Now I think that I should tink
Since my pen is out of ink!

Pourquoi

Marissa Ng
Marlborough Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry - French

Pourquoi est-ce qu'on
Demande les questions?
Ne demande pas moi.
Je ne sais pas.

Pourquoi est-ce que le ciel est bleu
Comme les yeux?
Pourquoi est-ce que les arbres sont verts?
Je ne suis pas claire.

Pourquoi est-ce qu'on doit aller à l'école?
Des élèves pensent que c'est folle.
Je ne sais pas pourquoi ils viennent
S'ils peuvent déjà conter sur ses mains.

Pourquoi est-ce qu'on
Demande les questions?
Ne demande pas moi
Je ne sais pas.

Tellement dépend sur

Natasha Vlajnic
Marlborough Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry - French

Tellement dépend sur
Un ciel sans fin
Tout au bout du
regard d'un humain
D'un profondeur
et d'un largeur
Le grande bleu
au-dessus, en haut
Me fait sentir comme
un colombe faux.

Si le vent

Sonja Horstmann
Seaforth Elementary
Ages 11+ Poetry - French

Si le vent,
Nous contrôlait.
On serait,
Comme des poupées.

Si l'eau,
Nous verrait.
On verrait,
Plus d'animaux.

Si le feu,
Nous détruirait
On pourrait,
Ne jamais voir
Nos enfants.

Si la Terre
N'était pas ici
On serait
Sur un autre monde
Une autre planète
Un autre.

Si la Grand Explosion
N'est pas passée
On ne serait
Jamais ici
Jamais
Dans un univers noir
Noir pour éternité.
Jamais de lumière.
Jamais.

Si le Dieu
N'était pas ici...

On doit
Coopérer.

Majestic Rose: Prologue

Igor Mihajlovic, Maywood Community School, Ages 11+ Prose

The skin on my neck sizzled as the Underworlder's saliva drip-dropped onto it. My elbows buckled as its inhuman strength pounded on them. And its rancid breath threatened my consciousness. I couldn't give in. Not if I wanted to avoid the most horrible fate I could possibly imagine in my deepest darkest nightmares. This thought fuelled my fear like dry wood fuels a fire, and after tapping into my final reserves of strength I managed to force it up, just a fraction. With a bewildered expression the Underworlder faltered, its strength wavering for just a second. It was enough. Squeezing my hand into a tight fist, I brought it up and slammed the creature in the jaw with as much force as I could muster. I felt the bone crack under my knuckles as the Underworlder was sent reeling into the grime-covered wall of the tunnel. I knew it wouldn't be down for long, so giving it one last kick I sprinted down the tunnel. Kicking someone when they were down was low, but the laws of the moral didn't apply when you were up against a creature who would give no second thought to ripping apart an innocent toddler.

As I ran, my footsteps made splashes against the liquid green filth that covered the surface of the tunnel. I looked behind me and felt my heart sink. The Underworlder was already on its feet, clutching its jaw. I had expected it to be on the ground for at least a few more seconds. Luck was not on my side. I could already hear the splish-splash of its footsteps as it prepared to sprint after me. Once that happened I knew I was in big trouble, to say the least. There was no way I could outrun an Underworlder – it was like comparing a penguin to a cheetah. Any second now, he would be upon me...There was a sharp right turn in the tunnel up ahead-a blind corner. If I could only make it around...the splish-splashing got faster and faster behind me, getting louder and louder with each passing second. I pushed my legs harder, willing myself to go faster. I was almost at the corner, the monster almost on me...and then I was there, slipping sideways to the right. For a brief few seconds the splashing was on my left.

Now came the tricky part. The timing would have to be perfect in order for what I had planned to work. I'd seen it done a thousand times but never actually tried it myself. *Well*, I thought. *It's not like I have anything to lose.* I pressed myself right onto the edge of the corner of the tunnel. I could feel the damp grime seeping into my thin shirt, but that didn't matter now. After all, at this moment I was weighing my entire life-and possibly the fate of the entire world- on a dumb trick I'd seen Bugs Bunny perform on Yosemite Sam. Funny how life can put you in situations like this, isn't it? I braced myself as the splashes got louder and louder. I waited one second...two...and when the splash was almost beside me, I shot my leg out of the corner. The Underworlder slammed into it with such force that it nearly dislocated my knee. But it had the desired effect. The Underworlder was sent flying like a jet plane until it slammed into the wall in front of me with a sickening crunch. I slowly walked over to it and nudged it with my toe. It didn't stir. I turned away from it, and a strange sensation bubbled up in my chest. It made its way up my throat and out my mouth. It was a sound I hadn't heard in a while. I started running, the splashes of my footsteps echoing in harmony with my involuntary laughter.

Frost

Sever Topan, Suncrest Elementary, Ages 11+ Prose

Where am I? I opened my eyes. A tent. *I don't remember getting here! I don't remember anything!* My head felt sore. I slowly brought my hand over to the back of my skull. A big, rough, scab protected the skin under my hair.

What happened? Why am I in a tent? I slowly crawled over to the tent flap. It was partially covered by a giant backpack adjacent to a first aid pouch with spilled contents scattered around it. *I must have used this for my head.* Preoccupied, I looked into the backpack: a compass, a watch...and more camping gear. My eye caught something sticking out of the pocket of my jacket. It was a card. It read:

Good luck, Mark!

I have faith in you.

-Nicholas

Mark! That must be my name. I flipped the card over. It read "Alaska crossing 3". *Alaska? I can't be in Alaska!* After unzipping the flap a sudden gust of cold wind entered the tent. I peered out upon a vast snowy plain dotted with trees and rocks. A wave of helplessness washed over me.

What should I do now? If I stay here, I'll eventually freeze to death. If I try to find a village, I might starve or get injured in the process. I like the odds of the second option better.

I slowly packed the tent. *In which direction do I proceed?* The landscape gave no indication. *I should just pick a direction and stick with it.* I decided to follow the red arrow on the compass.

The next few hours passed uneventfully. At dusk, I set my tent up and ate. As I lay in my sleeping bag that night, I heard a howl. A long moan that sent shivers up my spine. Whatever was outside, I hoped to never meet.

When I opened the tent the next day, a sudden burst of snow flew inside. It was snowing heavily. After an hour of preparation, I found myself walking again. It began snowing harder. A world of pouring frost. I started running. Everything was white! I was engulfed by snow!

I'm caught in a blizzard! I suddenly felt myself slipping forward. Ice. My center of gravity shifted, and I lost my balance. Pain exploded through my body as my head crashed against the ice. All I knew was that I was cold, and that I was sliding, sliding...

I landed in a pile of snow. After a painfully long time and a great deal of effort, I got to my knees. *This is hopeless.* I looked up. The sun was setting. *Wait! It's only noon! Could that be...a house?* I summoned all my energy, got up, and did a stumbling jog-walk towards source of light. My vision was blurring around the edges. I pounded my fists desperately on what looked like a door. My legs suddenly gave way. Everything went dark.

• • •

My eyes opened gazing at a white stucco ceiling.

"Look he's awake!" a thick male voice announced.

I tried to get up, but a spider web of tubes attached to me kept me down

"Slowly now!" said a calm voice. I turned my head. A man with silver hair stood near my bed with a doctor beside him.

"Where am I?" I croaked.

"Whitepoint Hospital, Alaska," the answer came.

"Who are you?" I said with a cough. The man shot a concerned look at the doctor.

"It's the amnesia, sir," the doctor said. The man looked back at me with half hopeful glance.

"I'm Nicholas-your father. You were very good at climbing, Jonathan. It's just that this trip to Alaska was, well, a little different. Just rest – you're safe now."

As I lay in bed I remembered. *Did he call me Jonathan? Then who's Mark? Something tells me that I have to retrace my steps to find answers.*

Something Precious Has Been Lost

An Qi Dai, Brantford Elementary, Ages 11+ Prose

"Gramma...gramma..."

A small child with dark hair and light eyes cried, his voice echoing into the night sky.

"Gramma...where are you? Gramma..." he lowered his face, making shadows dance mysteriously on his face.

A slight pout had formed itself on the boy's lips, and they trembled slightly.

"Your grandma's gone, Jaqui," his papa had said. "Where?" the boy asked, hurt.

"Where did gramma go?" Papa leaned over, as if punched. His expression was pained.

Jaqui was searching now. Searching for his grandma.

"Gramma!" The boy was tired and lonely. "Where are you? Where did you go?"

"Here...here...here..." Jaqui spun around, but it was only the swaying trees.

"Where?!" he cried. "Here...here..." Jaqui knelt.

Then...all was silent...except for the gentle pit-pat of tears landing on the soil.

Unresolved Past - Prologue

Madeline Sun, Maywood Community School, Ages 11+ Prose

There was a flash of bright light outside the unusually dark window; not even half a second had passed before the light vanished and the city was enveloped in darkness once again. The flash of lightning was soon followed by the distinctive roar of thunder. Raindrops started pelting themselves at the ground, making a loud splatter sound against the roof of the house. Two children cowered against their mother.

"Hush, children," their mother coaxed, "it's alright."

Another burst of thunder. The smaller child started crying and clutching the mother closer. Her small but sharp nails dug into her mother's leg, she winced but said nothing.

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door. The blood from the mother's face vanished and was quickly replaced by an unnatural chalky white colour.

"Quick, Jake and Alexa, go to the bedroom and *hide*!"

Wide-eyed with fear, the children obeyed their mother's order without hesitation. As they were darting up the stairs, their mother – Jane – suddenly exclaimed,

"Wait!" She ran to where her beloved children were and grabbed them into a tight hug. Jane kissed both of their foreheads and ran her hand lovingly through their hair.

"Goodbye, my children. I love you."

Jake and Alexa stared at their mother, confused.

"Mommy, but why –" Alexa started to ask.

"Shh," the mother interrupted, "Just remember that I love you, and I will always love you, okay?"

"Okay," the children replied obediently.

"Now run! Go hide! And whatever you do, *don't* make any noise."

The impatient knock sounded again, this time louder. Jane threw a frantic glance towards the door.

"Mommy, we love you too," Jake and Alexa said in unison.

Her eyes filled with tears as she hugged her children for the last time. She wished that she could tell them everything, but that would only put them in more unnecessary danger. Without a backwards glance, Jake and Alexa turned and sprinted up the stairs as fast as their little legs could carry them. Jane watched them with so much love in her eyes as her two little miracles bounded and stumbled up the stairs. Countless numbers of images and memories flashed through her head. Alexa's first word – Mommy – and Jake's first tottering step...The first time she held them in her arms....

Snapping back to reality, she heard the knock again. Jane realized that tears were pouring freely from her face now but she made no move to conceal them. She steadied herself as she slowly walked to the door. Jane looked back one last time; she heard nothing from where her children must be hiding. Good, she thought, at least they're safe. Pain and sorrow was etched into every surface of her tearstained face, "Farewell..." she whispered as she looked around the house for the last time. The little messy playing corner of her children... the spotless marble counter of her sink...

As Jane walked the last few steps to the door, the knocking abruptly stopped as if whatever was behind it could hear her coming. With a violently shaking hand, she started to unlock the door; her clumsy fingers slipped off the simple locks more than once. Jane braced herself, a fierce expression replacing her mask of sorrow, the continuous flow of tears cut off, and with a steady hand, she unlocked the last bolt and braced herself for her fearfully awaited fate. Even with all her precautions, nothing could've prepared her for what she saw now. Before she could stop herself, an ear-piercing scream escaped through her lips, even deafening herself. Jane felt something hard hit her head; there was a burst of pain and then it was all black.

Upstairs, in the bedroom and under their beds, Jake and Alexa heard a blood curdling scream that sent shivers down their spine. The scream suddenly cut off and they realized that their beloved mother was no more...

Villageville

Andrea Vulinovic, Marlborough Elementary, Ages 11+ Prose - French

Il était une fois, une jeune fille qui avait beaucoup de mauvaise chance. Elle s'appelait Claire. Claire aimé toujours se promener et essayer des nouvelles choses. Le problème était que quelque chose de mauvais toujours lui arrive.

Un jour, Claire est allée se promener à la ville. Elle a acheté un nouveau chapeau blanc à son magasin préféré.

« Je devrais retourner à la maison, » elle pensait.

Claire a vu un autobus.

« Je pense que ça c'est le 144. Ça devrait retourner à la maison. »

La jolie fille est entrée dans l' autobus.

L'autobus avait six roues. Le conducteur avait l'air bizarre. Ses cheveux était bleu crépu.

« Ça a l'air différent, » Claire a remarqué.

Juste pour s'assurer qu'elle était dans l'autobus correct, elle a demandé au conducteur :

« Monsieur, où est-ce que cet autobus arrête ? »

« Cet autobus va directement à Villageville. »

« Quoi? J'ai besoin de retourner à la maison! S'il vous plaît, vous pouvez me laisser ici. Je peux marcher. »

« Madame, vous ne pouvez pas sortir. J'étais choisi par le maire de t'envoyer à Villageville, » il a répondu.

« Pourquoi? » Claire a demandé.

« Tu es 'choisi'. »

Claire est allée s'asseoir, dans un siège, en boudant. ~

Après un bout de temps, l'autobus s'est arrêté.

« Je vais sortir, » a pensé la fille malchanceuse.

Quand Claire est sortie, elle avait un visage triste.

Villageville était très sombre. Tout était sale. Les murs étaient pleins de gros mots et les planchers étaient couverts de déchets. Il n'y avait pas d'enfants qui jouaient.

« Qu'est-ce que j'ai fait cette fois? » elle se demandait.

Un vieil homme a vu Claire. Il l'a approché.

« Bonjour, je suis le maire de Villageville, » l'homme a dit.

« Pourquoi est-ce que je suis ici? »

« Il y a une prophétie que tu vas nous sauver de la méchant sorcière Crapaud, » il a répondu.

« Elle a détruit Villageville. Maintenant, les enfants ne peuvent pas s'amuser et les personnes ne peuvent pas être contents. Tu as besoin de lui tuer. »

« Je m'excuse mais je ne peux pas. J'ai besoin de retourner à la maison. »

« Comme tu veux, mais tu peux pas sortir de Villageville sans détruire Crapaud. »

Claire a pensé. Elle a décidé. qu'elle le ferait.

« D'accord, je vais t'aider si tu me ramènes à la maison et que quelqu'un m'aide, » a dit Claire.

« Je peux t'aider. Viens avec moi »

Claire et le maire sont entrés dans une maison. Le maire a ouvert une boîte.

«Voilà, ça c'est une épée magique. Tout ce que ça touche change en chocolat. »
Soudainement, l'épée est tombée et a touché un livre. Le livre s'est transformé en chocolat.
« Il faut aussi faire beaucoup d'attention, » Il a additionné. « Crapaud vit là »
Il a pointé le doigt à un immense château noir. Ce n'était pas très loin. Claire est sortie et a commencé à marché.
Elle est arrivée au château de la sorcière. Claire a entendu une voix à l'intérieur.
« Entre, je t'attendais. »
Claire est entrée le château.
« Fille, qu'est-ce que tu fais ici? Tu as fait une erreur de venir. »
Crapaud, la sorcière, avait des cheveux verts. Elle avait les ongles longs et un visage épouvanté. Crapaud a bu une potion lentement.
Soudainement, elle a grandi. Beaucoup. Elle était cinquante fois plus grande.
« Je n'ai pas peur! » crié Claire.
Elle courait vers la sorcière, épée en haut. Soudainement, Claire est tombé sur un morceau de bois.
« NON! »
L'épée a volé dans l'air jusqu'à ce qu'elle soit tombée sur Crapaud. Crapaud, s'est transformé en chocolat géant.
Tout le village est venu manger Crapaud. Maintenant, elle était délicieuse!
« Merci pour tout, » disaient les villageois.
Claire n'avait plus la mauvaise chance. Elle est retournée à sa maison fière et avec un grand morceau de chocolat.

L'étoile d'espoir

Isabelle Spinney, Aubrey Elementary, Ages 11+ Prose - French

« Raconte-moi encore l'histoire de Mika et l'étoile! » Demande Kamiq.
« Pas maintenant. Tu es fatigué, et tu dois dormir, » répond sa mère doucement.
«Non! Raconte-le!» Sa mère pousse une soupir et commence la légende.
« Il y a longtemps, un ourson qui s'appelait Mika. Sa famille était un des seules familles d'ours polaires qui restaient. »
« Où sont les autres?» Demanda Kamiq.
« La terre se réchauffait, et la nourriture était rare, à cause des animaux du sud qui marchaient sur deux jambes. Les ours qui ont survécu étaient dispersés autour du toundra. »
- « Seulement deux jambes? » Pose l'ourson avec des yeux gros.
« Oui, et sans la fourrure. »
« Comme un poisson? »
«Non. Laisse-moi finir. Mika voulait trouver le pays de la glace qui ne fondait jamais, mais les autres membres de sa famille ne voulaient pas. Ils disaient que chaque fois qu'ils déménageaient, la glace fondait là, aussi.
Alors, trop jeune pour aller toute seule, et incapable de convaincre les autres, Mika restait avec sa famille. Chaque nuit, après que c'était noir, elle allait à son endroit où personne ne pouvait lui trouver. Un glacier où on pouvait voir toute la toundra. Elle regardait le ciel et les étoiles, un en spécifique. Ce n'était pas une étoile normale. C'était blanc comme la neige et sa

brillait comme le soleil. Cette étoile donnait à Mika de l'espoir pour continuer. Je vais trouver le pays de la glace éternelle, elle pensait. Et quand je le trouve, je le dirai à tous les ours polaires de la toundra. Après plusieurs cycles de la lune, sous couverture de la nuit, Mika a commencé sa mission. Elle courait sur la glace et sur la rivière gelée avec le vent sur sa fourrure et l'espoir de l'étoile dans son cœur. Elle traversait la toundra en passant par plusieurs ours polaires. Chaque nuit, elle voyait la même étoile dans le ciel foncé, et, sans savoir comment elle le savait, elle se dirigeait vers la petite boule blanc brillant.

« Est-ce qu'elle l'a trouvé? »

« Oui. Après longtemps, à minuit, elle a vu cette vallée magnifique. Elle a vu la glace blanche, la rivière qui reflétait la lune, et les arbres verts qui l'entouraient. »

« Mais, surtout, elle a vu l'étoile d'espoir qui était dans le ciel dessus la vallée de la glace éternelle.

« Qu'est-ce qu'elle a fait? » Demande Kamiq.

« Elle a envoyé un oiseau de glace à tous les ours qu'ils pouvaient venir. »

« Et ils l'ont écouté »

« Oui, parce qu'ils n'avaient pas de choix. Leur maison fondait, et c'était leur seul espoir. Mika était une vraie héro et un des oursons les plus brave dans l'histoire des ours polaires. Personne n'oublierait son histoire, jamais. Est-ce que tu peux t'endormir maintenant, Kamiq? » Mais l'ourson ronflait déjà.

East Meets West

Phoebe Joy Lim

Burnaby North Secondary

Grade 8 Poetry

I've always wondered
And pondered and thought
When east meets west
Although it could not

Would it wave a greeting
Through the vast blue ocean
Echo 'hello' to the hills
With a happy emotion?

And would the west reply
With bellowing ground
With its westerly winds
To that easterly sound?

But the problem is
As you can tell
The east can't speak
To the west that well

On one side it's day
The other it's night
One lies to the left
The other to the right

Still I always wonder
And think, and ponder
When west meets east
Where will I wander?

Words from a Book

Kristina Fleming

Burnaby South Secondary

Grade 8 Poetry

Portals into other worlds,
Doorways across vast stretches of time
and space,
a glance at unknown places,
long forgotten,
knowledge passed on through time,
Let your imagination grow,
explore,
wander and discover,
for those who don't enjoy,
their life is not full,
something is missing, .
they will die without knowing the emotions,
Emotions brought by stories of far away
lands,
with magical creatures,
true love,
and tragedy.

Tales come in all shapes and sizes,
they can be long,
like a journey across the ocean,
Or they can be short,
like a walk on a peaceful trail in the forest,
They can be heroic,
with knights in shining armor,
and beautiful maidens,
with damsels in distress,
and mythical dragons and elves.

They can be tragically romantic,
with roses,
chocolates,
and mixed emotions,
turning into sadness and betrayal,
Heartbreak and hate,
but ending in love and happiness,
forever.

They can be rebellious,
Breaking away from the crowd,
Fighting oppression,
Battling the society,
and one's inner emotions,
deciding their fate,
making choices,
mistakes,
Trying to be different,
trying to stand out,
accomplishing goals for life,
no matter the cost.

They can be tales of sorrow,
looking deep inside your heart,
rethinking life,
and considering people around you,
helping out,
being pushed away,
a cast off,
a nobody,
a welcomed once more,
into the open arms of strangers,
only to leave again.

Stories,
Adventures,
Folk lore,
Whatever they may be called,
they take you on a journey,
and make you think,
looking at the world,
from a different perspective,
Thoughts and feelings of others,
cast in your mind,
because of simple words,
words on a page,
Words,
From a book.

Scooby Dooby Doo, Where Are You?

Noor Bhandal

Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Grade 8 Poetry

With its carpet covered walls,
The room is filled with children,
And their unwashed hands.
Art projects have gone astray.
As I walk across the classroom,
My sweaty feet stomp over the mess.
Our stumpy old teacher is shouting our names.
"Jenna! Zachary! Kenny! Don't you dare spill that paint young man!"
Me. Me, I'm just waiting for that minute hand to turn to the six.
As everyone does their share of clean-up time,
I sit there in that little plastic chair,
Clutching my Scooby Doo lunchbox.
Running my hands over the patterns of his face.
The bell rings and I turn to leave.
I run out the door and into my mother's arms.

A Delicacy

Elena Hsu

Burnaby South Secondary

Grade 8 Poetry

Some may think of friendship,
Forever lasting bonds,
Some may think of doves,
For freedom and beyond.

Some may think of riches,
Past all sense of reality,
Some may think of fame,
Universally and theatrically.

Some may think of glory,
Taken from a blood feud,
Although you may call me a pig,
I however, think of food.

I just love the mouth watering taste,
My tongue tingling with glee,
Savouring all of it,
I hope you don't disagree.

If I was a beggar,
I would ask for an apple from Peru,
With a Bacon n' Egger
And a side dish of beef stew.

If I was a millionaire,
I would ask for spaghetti with steak,
With meat balls galore,
And strands of noodles, like snakes.

Freshly baked bread from France,
Is quite a pleasure,
With sunny side eggs on top,
Would be such a delicate treasure.

Deep fried food is paradise,
Bacon, chicken, doughnuts and fries,
Crunchy snacks with lots of fat,
Are great like blueberry pies.

A closet of junk food,
Everlasting ice cream,
Dancing chips and soda fountains,
Every kid's dream.

Creamy, soft cheesecake,
Has a cookie crunch,
Dark, sweet chocolate cake
Goes great with your punch.

As I sit here looking at the clock,
Not paying any attention,
My mind jam-packed of food,
Out flew a chalk with a pass to detention.

The Bell of the Mountains

Natalie Tam
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 8 Poetry

Fog and mist wreath the mountains,
So mysterious and gloomy.
Clouds float over the moon,
Covering the light.
An owl hoots,
A bloodcurdling shriek is heard
A shadow slips through the trees,
Silently,
So silently,
You won't notice until it is too late.

A bell is heard.
The skies clear up.
The clouds fade away from the moon
Uncovering the bright light that shines,
And gives the cold stone,
An unearthly glow.
The fog and mist dissolve,
Like a curtain that magically opens.
The sweet sound of the bell,
Rings once again,
Resonating,
Echoing in the canyons.
Peace is in the mountain once again.

Musicale et Physique

Naana Agyemang
Alpha Secondary
Grade 8 Poetry – French

Musicale
Forte, mélodieuse
Écouter, jouer, chanter
Le piano, la chaine stéréo, **la natation,**
le sport
Bouger, danser, participer
Active, agréable
Physique

Je suis

Michelle Scarr
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 8 Poetry - French

Il fait noir ici.
J'ai froid.
Je suis pur, personne ne me touche.
Et puis, la lumière!

J'entendais un cri de joie.
Un manteau blanc m'enveloppait.
Je suis ouvert, tout le monde peut me voir.
Ils me regardent avec des yeux jaloux, sauf
un, qui me regarde avec l'amour.

La première toucher m'a étonné.
L'électricité fait des vibrations dans mon
corps.
Je suis vivant!
Et j'ai une raison pour vivre...

Chercher.
Je cherche quelque chose, et je sais qu'est-
ce que c'est.
Un signal, une communication.
Un lien!

Chaque jour il me pousse, il m'utilise.
Chaque semaine, je tombe et je suis
blessé.
Chaque mois, je suis oublié, je suis perdu.
Mais il me trouve et j'ai chaud et je suis
sans danger encore.

Je suis très important.
J'ai les souvenirs des jours.
J'ai l'information à l'infini.
Je suis un téléphone cellulaire.

A Day of Many Firsts

Sammi Wu, Burnaby North

Grade 8 Prose

"... and it's huge!"

I paused, grinning wildly at each of my friends' envious faces. Stretching my hands out horizontally, making a human T, I attempted to demonstrate, quite overdramatically, its rough shape. Eyes bulged. Sheer innocence, you might call it, but at that very moment, I was as happy as can be. Until, that is, someone flipped the switch.

It was the last school day till Christmas vacation as I rushed up the ridiculously steep hill leading to my house. My parents had reluctantly agreed to something life-changing just the night before; starting today, I would have my own room. I held my breath as I stepped over the neglected lawn, withering and weed-infested, onto my porch steps. "CREEAAAK" the aged, rusted screen door greeted me as I dashed by it.

Here I was, age 7, in the living room of 2894 Turner Street. I let the breeze rush by me from the wide, gaping door, painting my cheeks bright crimson. I sprinted down the hall. I pounced into my cubicle, my new pride and joy. The carpet, vanilla cream colored, matches my walls. My abused, secondhand desk stood to one side, my petite bed to the other. I walked over to my overflowing toy box and fished my hand in; my first time playing my own room. I smiled slightly when I pulled out my favorite Barbie. With her shiny plastic legs and long wavy hair the color of sunny wheat, she has many names; Daisy, Flora, Sally, Mi-mi. I guided her across the room, my fingers fusing with her artificial joints. I was just reaching the height of my game, when she rescued the helpless prince, when Mom appeared, weight shifted onto the doorframe. While gesturing that I clean up, her hand accidentally knocked the light switch.

"MOM, TURN IT BACK ON!" I pipe out, horrified. I can no longer see anything. My heart beats sound more like beats on a punching bag, rough and uneven. I am breathing like I have just run a marathon. The light flips back on. I'm still frozen- in fear.

I whimpered and shivered like a cat just out of the bath. Mom knew we were both thinking the same thought. "If sleeping alone in the dark scares you, come sleep with us tonight," she suggested gently. Just like that, the battle inside me begins.

The rest of the night was a mess, with my pride, confidence, morals and guts at war. I was silent during dinner for the first time in months. I brushed my teeth three times, until the toothpaste tasted just like the water. I would do anything that would stall my bedtime, but it still came, a disaster right on queue.

I climbed into bed and received an aftershock of the emotional earthquake. Both ways were desirable, but choosing either would have its consequences. I then realized that I couldn't choose, so I deceived.

I jammed my eyes shut and concentrated on making my breathing even. It worked until I heard the click of the light switch; my pump skipped a beat. I dared not to glimpse into the darkened world beyond my eyelids, directing my willpower into distracting myself; what will the weather be tomorrow? What will I wear? I do not know when these meaningless activities became more vivid, impossible screenings, but when I opened my eyes again, it was the dawn of a new day.

You may think I have failed myself, lied and cheated my fear, but I know I have succeeded. I will close my eyes and keep going.

Miracle

Vivian Fung, Burnaby Mountain, Grade 8 Prose

Elise sat waiting near her mom. They were both at the hospital and everything seemed to be a blur. Her mind was going around in circles and spinning out of control. Why was she here? Why did this have to happen? Nothing seemed to answer those questions, no matter how much she wanted them.

She looked at her mom for comfort. Her mother was really pretty, with her soft brown hair framing her face and delicate features, but today her face was tight with worry, and her hair was frizzy and unkempt. Her breathing was hard and noisy, but it was natural to feel that way. After all, the news that they had received was very alarming. Elise tensed up. Although her mother was acting this way, although her mind was working properly, why did she feel so calm? Her heart was beating normally; it wasn't racing at all, like her mothers, it was like nothing happened. She wasn't worried either; it was like her mind hadn't registered what had just happened. Either that or she just didn't care.

The doctor appeared out of nowhere. "Mrs. Matell? I have some news regarding your husband." His tone was soft and kind. Elise's mom jumped out of her seat and rushed to the doctor.

"How is he? Is he going to be OK?" Unlike the doctor's, her voice was shrill and worried. Her face was anxious, like she was imagining some grueling images of what her husband was going through. Mr. Matell had Leukemia. They had no idea how, but it was really sudden. Mr. Matell was a big business man, who travelled from place to place for his work. He was also very fit and healthy. Mrs. Matell was shocked when they said he had it, but for Elise it wasn't surprising. After all, for weeks now, her father had been complaining that he wasn't feeling well and had even taken a break from work. Mrs. Matell thought he should've gone to the doctor, but he was convinced it was just the flu. It wasn't until last week when he collapsed during work when he finally got checked by doctors. Elise shook her head. If only her father agreed to go to the doctor like her mother had asked instead of being a stubborn mule, this problem could've been averted.

The doctor and Mrs. Matell were now whispering in low voices, their expressions serious. They kept glancing at Elise and she began to feel awkward. To avoid this sensation, Elise cast her gaze downwards, towards her new shoes. They were the newest sneakers from Diesel and were super expensive. Her father had bought it for her 14th birthday while he was working in Italy, but Elise knew better. It was an "I'm sorry I missed your birthday so here's a present to cheer you up" kind of gift. Elise had many of these types of gifts ranging from the most fashionable clothes to the state of the art laptop. Her friends thought it was cool, but Elise was sick of it. Just thinking about it brought up a surge of fury. Angrily, she kicked off her shoes, and a couple of kids stared, thinking she was crazy.

"Let them stare. I don't care." She thought furiously. Her hands were balled up into fists as her thoughts drifted off to her father. "That man wasn't even like a father. He was gone for at least ninety five percent of my life and just sent out gifts as apologies. He never even had the guts to send out one measly letter to say sorry! It was work, work, and work. Was his work even more important than his family?" As the question surged through her mind, she got even angrier. "Let him suffer. He's probably not going to die anyway. He's probably going to stay in

this dump for a month, then the doctors will magically cure him, and he'll be back; back to his work, and away from me." Elise gazed listlessly at the opposite wall. She then heard an abrupt gasp and she shifted her view to her mother. A dull blow hit her stomach, as she caught a glimpse of her mother with tears in her eyes, before the doctor moved and blocked her view.

Elise's heart thumped. It was beating so fast and it seemed to go faster every minute.

"No, don't cry," she told herself, "What has that man done for you? Absolutely nothing, that's what he has done for you."

Did he tuck you into bed when you were young? No, only my mom did.

Did he ever go to your school for parent teacher evening? No, not once.

Did he ever come to your birthday parties and wished you a good birthday? No, not in all those 14 years since I was born.

Elise pursed her lips as she recalled all the unhappy thoughts she had been burying deep into her soul. In her whole life, her father had never been there for her, it was always her mother comforting her, congratulating her, and praising her. Why should she be worried about her dad now? He had never loved her so why should she now? Elise wasn't worried now, instead she was steeling herself from the news about her father, determined not to be affected in any way. Her fingernails were biting into her hands, as if to say "I'm ready."

How many days did you cry yourself to sleep when you first heard the news?

Elise's fists slackened as it lost its entire grip. Her eyes glazed as tears began welling up.

"Looks like I couldn't do it after all." She thought as she slumped back into her seat. The tears began pouring out and she started to sob, ignoring the stares of all the other patients. Mrs. Matell sharply turned around, alarmed by the tears of her daughter.

"Elise, what's wrong?" She walked away from the doctor and briskly walked towards her daughter. Elise tensed up, not wanting to let her mother see her this way, not wanting to hear about her father, so she closed her eyes, determined to push everything from her already spinning mind.

"Please God." She began. Her prayer was already finished by the time her mother reached over and hugged her. Quietly, they began talking in hushed voices and Elise confessed her feelings. At the end, when she finished, her mom looked at her blankly.

"But Elise, your dad's not going to die. He's expected to make a full recovery. After all, the hospital already has a bone marrow match already in store."

It was Elise's turn to stare blankly now. Did her ears just fail her now? Elise had seen her mom cry just moments before though. Did she somehow mistake them for tears of sadness instead of joy? She must have then. Elise gazed happily back at her mom. "Let's go now Elise. It's about time we get home and eat dinner." Elise gladly took her mom's hand and clutched it tightly. As they left through the sliding doors, Elise took one last look at the waiting room, then closed her eyes and bowed her head and whispered,

"Thank you."

The Wheel of Fortune

Noor Bhandal, Burnaby Mountain Secondary, Grade 8 Prose

Dear Diary,

Oh god! I have had the most horrible day. First, I didn't even get to eat a proper breakfast, well except for that handful of Cap 'n' Crunch I shoved in my mouth. Then, when I got to school, I found out that I had Biology homework to do that I didn't even know about! Casey, my best friend, hardly paid attention to me when I was telling her about yesterday's drama. She didn't even meet me at my locker as she usually does. As I was walking into English, I saw him. Him. That guy that makes my bones melt when I'm merely walking in the hallway. Stupid Will Miller. I hate wanting to be with him. I'm just like those idiot cheerleaders who ask him if he's gonna be at the party that's happening that week. Of course I'm not popular enough to go to those parties. Instead I get to spend my days sitting at home and watching Wheel of Fortune with my mother. I've known Will since kindergarten, when he shoved a worm down my shirt. Yes I'm aware of how romantic that sounds. We've been in pretty much all the same classes since then. As I tore my eyes away from Will, I stumbled into class and sat down in my usual seat. The one setback was that Will usually sat right in front of me and I never even talk to him. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Will walk into the room, but I was too busy staring at my notebook to look up. I just know that we'll probably never speak to each other again until he needs to borrow another pencil. A girl can only hope.

Brutally but Honestly Yours,

Jamie

La furie de l'orage

Madlen Oakes, Cariboo Hill Secondary, Grade 8 Prose - French

L'orage n'arrêtait pas. La pluie frappait les fenêtres et inondait les rivières. Le ciel était gris comme de la fumée. Le vent déracinait les arbres et volait tout l'esprit du peuple du village de Saint-Gorger. Tout ce que le peuple avait était leur conviction que l'orage terminera. Les pères s'inquiétaient pour leurs enfants et leurs époux pleuraient sans cesse. Toutes les formes de communication étaient impossibles car les câbles téléphoniques se sont brisés comme des brindilles dans le vent et les rues étaient submergées dans l'eau. L'orage était le pire que la ville avait jamais eu.

« Maman ! » plaignait Joséphine « Où est Isabelle, Maman ? Pourquoi est-ce qu'elle n'est pas retournée de l'école ? »

Marie, la mère de Joséphine a seulement levé les yeux de ses genoux.

« Ne bouleverse pas ta mère, Joséphine. » disait d'un ton sec William, le père de Joséphine et Isabelle.

« Je me demande la même question, William ! L'école s'est terminée il y a trois heures. Trois heures ! Je ne peux pas supporter le fait que je n'aie aucune idée où est ma petite fille au

milieu d'un orage, » disait Marie en versant des larmes sur ses joues. « Isabelle a seulement neuf ans ! Elle est petite et légère. Le vent pourrait facilement l'emporter n'importe où. »

« Vient ici ma chère » William a dit en ouvrant ses bras.

Marie s'est levée et tamisait dans l'étreinte, sanglotant sur son épaule.

« Tout ira bien mon amour. Je vais chercher Isabelle tout de suite. Prends soin de Joséphine et il ne faut absolument pas sortir de la maison. Est-ce que vous vous comprenez ? » William a expliqué. « Je vais retourner en quelques heures. »

En disant ces mots, William a pris ses bottes et son manteau. Il a donné un bisou à Joséphine et à Marie. Finalement, il est sorti de la maison.

Après son départ, la maison était étrangement placide. Même si les branches des arbres frappaient aux fenêtres et le vent hurlait dans la cheminée, Joséphine et Marie ne pouvaient entendre rien sauf les battements de cœurs dans leurs oreilles.

« Isabelle ! Où es-tu ? » hurlait William à travers le vent et la pluie. « Il faut que tu me donnes un signe Isabelle ! »

William cherchait d'en haut en bas pour essayer de la trouver. Il fouillait dans les bois et il barbotait dans les rivières tout le long espérant qu'il trouvera Isabelle. Il espérait qu'il la trouvera en vie.

Quand il s'approchait à l'école élémentaire d'Isabelle, il n'était même pas sûr s'il était au bon endroit. L'école ne ressemblait plus à une école mais plutôt à un dépotoir de bois et de ciment. Une partie du toit était complètement déchiré de sa structure originale et un petit lac boueux entourait l'école.

William était étonné. Il n'a jamais vu une scène aussi déprimante que cela.

« Ma chère ! Je suis ici ! » criait William ne s'attendant pas à recevoir une réponse.

« C'est toi, Papa ? Aide-moi ! J'ai peur et... » disait une toute petite voix ; le reste de ses paroles étaient mangées par l'orage.

« Isabelle ? » s'est exclamé William. « Tu es là ? Il faut que tu dises quelque chose d'autre ! »

« Papa, j'ai peur ! » sanglotait Isabelle.

William s'approchait de la voix. Il pouvait juste voir une tache de sa chemise bleue au-dessous d'une pile de bois. Il soulevait le bois et petit à petit Isabelle était libérée. William s'est étendu la main à Isabelle et l'a soulevé dans ses bras. Elle était trempée par la pluie et elle frissonnait irrésistiblement ; mais elle était en vie !

William l'emportait jusqu'à ce qu'ils soient rentrés. Quand Marie a vu sa petite fille elle a commencé à pleurer de nouveau mais cette fois ci pour le bonheur car Isabelle était finalement en sécurité !

L'orage s'est terminé le moment où Isabelle a mis un pied dans la maison. Toute la famille était ensemble, et c'était tout ce qui était nécessaire pour vaincre leur crainte.

La Poupée de Papier

Angela Sun, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 8 Prose - French

Nous nous allongeons sur le sol de ta chambre et dessinons des dessins pour l'un l'autre avec des pastels. La seule couleur que tu utilises est le gris, et la seule chose que tu dessines est la ligne des toits de la ville.

— Pourquoi n'utilises-tu pas des autres couleurs? je te demande.

Ma feuille de papier est remplie de cœurs rouges, noirs, et roses. Je trace soigneusement des fissures au milieu de chacun.

— Parce que tout a l'air d'être gris, tu réponds.

Tu atteins pour le pastel orange et gribouilles sur ton dessin précis.

— Regarde ici. Si tout brûlait, ne serait-il pas magnifique?

.....

Nous nous asseyons autour de la table de cuisine. Il y a des roses décomposées dans le vase fêlé, et je te dis que je pense que les roses sont toujours belles, même après avoir décomposées.

— Les roses ne vivent pas pour longtemps, tu me dis. Si on meurt quand on est jeune, on reste joli.

Je te corrige. Quand une personne meurt, et ça ne dépend pas sur leur âge, ils vident le sang du corps, retirent les yeux, et cousent la bouche alors elle reste fermée. Comment est-ce que ça pourrait être joli?

Et tu décides que même s'ils font tout ça, on semble être joli à l'extérieur parce que les autres ne peuvent pas voir la laideur de l'intérieur vide.

Tu deviens silencieux après avoir dit ça. Je lève mes yeux à les tiens, rencontrant ton regard distant.

Je n'ai pas remarqué que tes yeux sont devenus gris jusqu'à ce moment.

.....

Il y a une colline au parc où, quand on s'y assoit, on peut voir la rue. Parfois nous mangeons le déjeuner ensemble ici. Tu me dis que parfois qu'il y a des choses qui arrivent sans raison, comme les accidents de voiture et la foudre et les feux de forêts.

— Penses-tu que seulement les choses mauvaises arrivent sans raison? je te demande pendant que je dévisage le rouge-jaune-vert du feu de signalisation au bout de la rue.

— Est-ce que tu peux penser de bonnes choses qui sont arrivées sans raison?

Je hausse les épaules, mais après du temps je réalise que je n'ai pas de raison pour t'aimer.

Le rouge-jaune-vert du feu de signalisation embue et devient un gris terne et, secrètement, je veux l'incendier.

.....

Les histoires que tu me racontes sont remplies de promesses. Elles sont à propos des petites filles qui ont des joues rouges et des lèvres blanches. Tu les appelles des poupées de papier. À la fin de chaque histoire, la poupée de papier ne trouve pas son prince, et son cœur meurt lentement.

— Est-ce que je peux être ta poupée de papier? je te demande.

— Seulement si tu veux, tu réponds tranquillement.

— Je ne veux pas, parce que je veux te trouver à la fin de l'histoire.

— Alors peut-être que tu devrais avoir commencé les recherches depuis longtemps.

Je regarde les nouvelles à la télévision chaque matin et je compte le nombre de la lettre E que je peux trouver sur l'écran.

Parfois c'est sept. Parfois c'est vingt-trois. Ce n'est jamais un. Jamais zéro

.....

J'ai fait un chaîne de poupées de papier le jour après que tu es parti et j'ai écrit mon nom sur chacun. Il y a un an depuis que je les ai fait. J'allais te les envoyer, mais j'ai oublié. Elles restent au coin de mon bureau, à côté de mon vase fêlé de roses décomposées, et elles sont devenues poussiéreuses.

De toute façon, je ne saurais pas où les envoyer.

Parce que je ne t'ai pas encore trouvé.

The Forbidden Word

Lillian Ying,
Burnaby North Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry

I am the "R" word,
That nobody dares to yell,
I am like a ghost slowly creeping-
Up to my prey,
I am the presence of evil,
That everyone wants to get rid of,
Yet, despite numerous suggestions,
I am still here,
I would like to proudly announce that
99.999% of the population absolutely
detests me,
I am the reason why auto-workers lost their
jobs,
Blame me for all the job losses,
I am the reason why people lost their
homes,
I am the reason why stocks plummeted
To a record low,
Blame me for inflation,
Call me awful, call me terrible,
Cause I am the nightmares,
That makes everyone stay wake,
But hey, look at the positive!
0.001 % of the population still loves me,
To be honest,
I don't know why they love me,

Who gave birth to a devil child like me?
That's what I want to know!

Who was it? Was it the government,
bankers or companies?
Or was it simply GREED itself?
The contagious greed inside everyone,
Spreading like an infectious virus,
In order to conceive a baby,
that carried unlimited wealth,
Instead, greed created me,

For once, I would like to say
I am terribly sorry,
I never realized that my devious actions,
Could hurt so many people,
Yet, I am a strong reminder
Of karma that will always be around,

Who am I?
Sorry!
I can't tell you!
Because I am the recession
That nobody dares to speak about.

Human

Shayna Virginillo

Cariboo Hill Secondary

Grade 9-10 Poetry

I love that sweat isn't pleasant
and sleep isn't automatic
words are my lover
feels good on my tongue
colours are my best friend
taste good on my eyes

they complain about school
I love fingertips
like I love the complications of emotions
and the awkwardness of falling in love
they cry about not getting a kiss yet

I love being able to smell
it wakes me up in the morning
allows me to sleep
keeps me relaxed during the day
I want a garden

they'd trade eyesight
for cigarettes

I love the thought of the money
on the top of your body
in a wallet with a zipper and a lock
you add to the change
bills grow

theirs fall to the ground
aren't picked up

I love skin and how it tingles
assuring you that underneath
the flow's working hard
dancing from your wrists
to your ankles in seconds
makes your heart feel like its drumming at
your hip
but before you calm it down
it's juggling in your upper throat
their faces are going pale

I love how other people's toes always look
odd
because everyone's are so different from

your own
the pinkies stick out and sizes are never
even
and how shoes always give you blisters
because otherwise
it would be too convenient for you and
your somewhere destinations

they try to cut the pinkies off
then complain about how it hurts to walk

I love how even though sometimes
I wish I could be thirty for half an hour
to write an amazing poem with an adult
vocabulary
the universe doesn't allow me to do that
and keeps me on track
so that I stay real

they'll be satisfied in ten years

and I love how everything good in life
is slightly off
like punching oxygen
like a short poem
like the aftertaste of coffee
the smell of a rose
and irony

it's not worth their time.

Sketchbook

Linden Maultsaid-Blair

Cariboo Hill Secondary

Grade 9-10 Poetry

Life is a sketchbook.
A single rose here,
A crowded circus scene there.
Captions on dramatic sketches,
Factions on a war-time poster.
Propaganda.
Busts of Ghandi.
And a black, black storm
On the second last page.

The Piper

Dorothy Yang
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry

You stand in a field of paper dolls.
They flutter in the wind of the Piper's tune.
They pick up their lightweight paper feet, And
dance in the silver light of the moon.

Vacant eyes in paper faces,
They're lost in the dream of the Piper's dirge.
Follow the Piper down the streets
Down to the river and never merge

The river runs deep, its waters are black, But
the foolish children follow blind
His dancing feet into the rapids,
And not one puppet turns to look behind.

Tug of the string, and they all fall down, Lose
the life they cherish.
The Piper watches, a smile on his lips,
As one by one they perish.

It's a sweet, alluring melody, but
Jump not with the rest to your death.
Follow not where the Piper goes.
Put down that cigarette.

First Day

Michael Sargent
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry

Face forwards
You punks!
Come to MY class
Wearing that junk?
Hats OFF,
Hoods down!
Class starting,
Here's the breakdown:

Sit straight,
Pay attention!
DON'T be late;
Want detention?
NO questions,
Don't ask!
Stop talking;
Get to the task!

Music? BAH! You'll
Blow your ears out!
And anyways,
I'll have to shout!
Didn't they teach you?
My KID knows better!
Go to the PRINCIPAL
While I send a letter!

To your MOM and DAD:
(blank) kid has been,
MISBEHAVING in all
The classes he's in.
Come to my class
So we can discuss
Your kid's
RING! RING! - (Cuss)

Class isn't over
You're NOT dismissed!
Homework: an essay;
It must consist
Of 1000 words, NO LESS!
Topic: The joys of learning,
And how this class
Can create that yearning!

Greater Gravity

Eleanor Hoskins

Burnaby North Secondary

Grade 9-10 Poetry

Timid streetlamps send starved rays out
into the eerie grey
Sharp, tangy ozone drifts through the
morning gloom
Bright light under blue tarps, behind the
chain link
A half-bridge into the void
This is a place without god
Inhabited by the sorrowed souls of
meaningless numbers 110, 134, 144, 110
and the lesser demons of squalor and
cynicism
They settle on the spirit, sealing in the
cycle.

Faded white splotches worn flush with the
concrete
Recall the snap of open-mouthed chewing
Tiny, forgotten worlds, exploding into thin
films of colour
Bright hues drained away by a flat, gritty
leech
This is an aperture into apathy
Casually, a man tosses toxic dependence
to the ground
Smoke flirts with fog, wafting up into
invisibility
Strewn with their overlooked corpses,
Someone else should clean this up.

They huddle under strange domes, caked
in frost
An arrival masked in mist, muffled
The rumble smacks of despair, and of
small, slow spirals
They march to the sound of creaking, tired
machinery
This is claustrophobia
Pressed into a box for long, dark travels
The hollow shriek of silence echoes in the
streets
Ugly black words sunk through weary walls

This is a fraction of what really is
There is something beneath us; we are
already submerged
Skimmed over, forsaken, untamed
This is a living dream
I have been here, shattering reality through
another world
Climbing into a steel can to carry us past
pavement
Past plastic and glass, past comfort, past
straight lines
I have been to rare places where mystery
still breathes in the wilderness,
Peeled away from an orbiting rock
To fall through the stars and planets
To sing an older, abandoned song
In exhilarating, terrifying flight.

The Kiss

Shayna Virginillo
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry

Your skin
against my skin
is going to form so much friction
that it will create
a raging inferno
so great
that even the sweat from our pores
or the spit from our lips
can't put it out

it will burn so fiercely
that our hearts will catch fire
and we'll just admire
unable to think about anything else
but the heat of our bodies
caused from each other
and the unbearable burn
whenever our lips meet

your flame
is the only thing I crave
and your name
sends heat waves through my flesh

when the fire finally starts to die
we will melt together
like glass being fused
into the shape
of an hourglass

we will be left with nothing
but sand to fall
breathing along side each other with
connected hearts
beating in harmony
and unable to part.

Let's Pretend

Siobhan Walchuk
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry

Let's pretend for a minute
Take a step back in time
Restrung unraveled thread
And fit the pieces back together

We'll put spilled milk
Back in its jug
And say that we don't remember
Because it was long ago
Last weekend was a blur, not last year.

We'll insist your cat's the one
With razor sharp nails
And it's the time of year
For mosquitoes
I say what I mean, you mean what you say.

Let's pretend that if this were a puzzle
We could put it back together
And let's pretend that if this were the end
We'd be satisfied with the beginning

La Nature

Anna-Beth Seemungal
Moscrop Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry - French

C'est quoi la nature?
Seulement la verdure?
Les obstacles durs?
Non, c'est une aventure.

La vivacité du soleil,
Des centaines de feuilles.
Loin de la réalité,
C'est la définition de la tranquillité.

Les gouttes de pluie sur ma peau,
Je vois toujours les traces d'eau.
Cette sensation, je ne trouve pas de mots!
Il y a tout autour des animaux.

Je n'ai pas peur des tempêtes,
Ce n'est pas un secret.
Mais je ne suis jamais prête
À voir des milliers d'insectes.

C'est quoi la nature?
Seulement la verdure?
Les obstacles durs?
Non, c'est une aventure.

Le vent vient avec la pluie,
Écoutez mes garçons et mes filles,
Je diminue, la nature dit.
La mort fait partie de la vie.

La Guerre, La Paix

Jeff De Guzman
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry - French

La guerre la misère
La paix nécessaire
La terre est couverte
Plein de cimetière

Oh quelle tristesse
Le monde sans sagesse
La vie en querelle
Que ferons-nous d'elle?

La paix seulement trouvée
Quand la guerre est cessée
La vie finalement améliorée
La guerre est passée...

L'inconnue

Eleanor Hoskins,
Burnaby North Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry - French

Je viens des sables la couleur du soleil
Des jungles, des îles,
Des océans de blé étendus vers l'horizon
Je viens des montagnes en blanche glacée
Je viens des forêts en feu, feuilles en
flammes
Je suis venue de la terre.

Je viens d'une maison adolescente
Un abri incertain, quittant l'enfance
Je viens d'une place changeant, jour à jour
Je viens des chambres partagées
Des murs solides traversés dans le passé
Je suis venue d'une évolution.

Je viens des équations troublantes
Je viens des chevilles suspendues sur talons
Je viens de l'air frais et vivant
Des bateaux qui séparent l'eau salée
Des touches en ivoire lisse, marmonnant aux
après-midi
Je suis venue de plusieurs amours.

Je viens des bonbons en couleurs éclatantes
Des lettres gribouillées qui tombent d'une
ligne bleue
Je viens d'un lapin en peluche
D'une poupée décolorée et d'une amie
oubliée
Je viens d'une chemise verte, décorée
d'oiseau
Je suis venue d'une croissance.

Je viens des écrans qui brillent dans le noir
Des papiers croulés sur le plancher
Des gouttes séchées au cours de la nuit
Je viens des verres vidés en ligne sur un
comptoir
Je viens d'une petite dose angoisse et des
vrais rires, sans honte
Je suis venue de l'inspiration.
Où vais-je?
Qui suis-je?
C'est à venir.

Qui Suis-je?

Celia Beketa
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 9-10 Poetry - French

Je suis

Une créature avec des yeux
Qui voient le monde en grand
Détail.
Le paysage me plaît, mais de temps en
temps
Je cours trop vite
Pour tout apprécier.

En train de plonger dans la
Profondeur
De la vie
Les vagues me maîtrisent et m'envoient où
ils peuvent.
Je flotte
Ou je coule.

Qui suis-je?

Pleine de couleur
Avec un esprit en miroir qui le
Reflète
Sur la peau.
Reflète les couleurs d'émotion.
Mais ces couleurs ne resteront pas.
Je suis toujours en métamorphose.

Un cerveau avec des jambes
Qui peuvent courir des millions de milles
En jouant un jeu de chasse
Avec mes idées
Mon
Identité.

Qui suis-je?

Je suis
Moi.

Prelude to a Summer`s Day

Alan Tang, Burnaby Mountain Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose

Lying on my comfy bed, eyes shut, curled up, and under heaps and heaps of blankets, I slept. Sharky, my stuffed animal, was somewhere on the ground, but I did not care. Yes, this was the life. Nothing can disturb me here, in this safe sanctuary. If I had a choice, I would never have gotten up. Just sleep, and sleep. But alas, fate was not to be kind to me on this warm summer afternoon. A day where there is supposed to be nothing to prepare for, nothing to wake up for, nothing to do.

Suddenly, my door slammed open and the harbinger of bad tidings rushed in. Philip, my brother, year younger, head shorter, brain smaller, and waist wider, shook me like a crazed monkey.

"WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!! WAKE UP!!" he shouted in his characteristically winy little brother voice.

To be honest, I think, at that very moment, I was sorely tempted to smack him on the head. However, I held back the temptation, mostly due to the crazy story I would have to somehow explain when my parents got back.

"You have 5 seconds," I replied, while getting onto my side in order to get a better position to throw a punch if need be."

"Come down! There's a lot of them! Hurry!" he answered briskly and ran out quickly, as if he knew what was going to happen through years of experience or brotherly intuition.

Groggily, I got to my feet, walked to my drawer, and got dressed. On the way to the door, I picked up Sharky and threw him onto my bed.

"HURRY UP!"

"Shut up! I'm coming" I replied rather bluntly.

As I entered the kitchen, I ignored Philip's frantic pointing and, instead, got a glass of water to drink. Finishing my daily routine, I then looked at Philip, then to his finger, and lastly to the spot to which he was pointing.

"What's wrong? You id-" And then I saw it. A sea of black, an entire regiment of little critters sent straight from Hell, each designed with its own set of mandibles and shiny, black armor. Their scouts had already blazed a trail to the sofa and its main body of soldiers was roaming underneath the dinner table freely, searching for food. No other animal could ever be this organized or tightly ranked. This invading army was made up of none other than ants.

Completely alert now, I yelled at Philip to get the vacuum cleaner. For my part, I began to do an improvised tap dance on top of the vanguard of our armoured foes. Reacting to the heavy blows, the army split up and began surrounding me.

"PHILIP! Where's the damn vacuum!?" I yell hurriedly, as I leapt away from the encircling jaws of the dark mass.

"Moment please," he answered.

Seeing the multitudes of foes before me, I decided that another frontal attack would be stupid. Instead, I waited for Philip to get the proper weapon for the job. I watched some ants carry their wounded into the safety of the dark hole that spat them out, while others began their orderly march towards me.

Right on time, Philip arrived with the hardware. Smiling to myself, I plugged it in and began the slaughter.

"VROOOOM!" roared the motor, "DIIIIEEEE!" yelled I, and away went the ants. Line upon line of ants was vanquished into the dark prison of the vacuum. Their army dissipated, they quickly retreated back into the dark crack.

Grinning with pride, I handed the vacuum bag filled with the once-strong, defeated army to Philip and told him to get rid of it.

"No problem," he replied and went to the garage.

Finally, as I was lying down on the sofa and on the verge of sleep, I heard a sudden, loud curse, as well as an audible 'thud' sound.

"Alaaaannn? We have another problem ... "

Alien

Marina Smirnova, Byrne Creek Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose

The sound of my alarm clock pierces the silence of early morning at precisely six am every day. I slip out of bed, dress quickly, and tiptoe downstairs. My school bag waits for me at the door like a old, faithful friend. Picking it up, I stop by the mirror. The next five minutes are spent scrutinizing my reflection. My curly black hair that has a mind of its own. The sprinkle of freckles across the bridge of my nose. My fair skin and almond shaped eyes. Everything seems to give away my identity, my past. Too Asian, yet somehow not Asian enough. I sigh, and part with the comfort and safety of home for yet another day. Then I lock the door behind me.

I had never truly enjoyed school since my only friend moved away. Now, I walk down the frosty alleyways alone, sit in a desk at the front of the classroom. Alone. I can feel the judging stares of my classmates boring holes in my back. Today is particularly miserable. Usually, my teacher and I have a kind of agreement. She leaves me alone, doesn't call on me for answers. She understands what it's like, being disliked because of your past. Today is different. A substitute, an elderly woman, stands at the front of the room, peering down at each one of us from behind her glasses with their scratched up frames. During attendance, she reads out my full name. Elizabeth Johnson. She pauses, confused, then goes on. What am I supposed to tell her? How do I explain to her that when mother married she took on her husband's name? That by marrying a Canadian then having a child was the only way she could avoid deportation back to a country where she was not welcome. One more person knowing doesn't make a difference. The whole class knows. It slipped out one day, then spread through the school. "Did you hear, Lizzie is an alien? She's not supposed to be living here." I sigh, slumping down in my seat, trying to become as inconspicuous as possible. I shiver. For no other reason but that people are cold.

I didn't think my mother's actions would influence what my classmates think of me. I was proved wrong when I forgot my money at home one day. I hesitantly approached one of the girls.

"May I please borrow a dollar for bus fare?" I ask. All I got in return was a disdainful stare.

"Why should I waste money on an alien? You can't live off of us hard working people all the time." She got up to join her friends.

I stood in the biting cold, suddenly feeling unwelcome. I take in a deep breath, the air feeling strange and foreign to my lungs. This would not be the last time I suffer because of my mother's decisions. I brace myself against the wind, and start making my way back to the safety and comfort of home.

Set Free

Marina Ren, Burnaby Central Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose

"Hey," she grinned up at him, "If I could ever be reborn, I think I'd like to be a bird."

A lone figure stood stiffly on a cliff overlooking the ocean. Clutching a Polaroid in his hands, he lifted the camera up to eye-level, tensing to capture a photo-but his finger lingered on the shutter release. With a sigh, the camera dropped from his hands to hang on his neck. He stared straight at the horizon, flinching as a seagull swooped down from the sky to the beach below.

"Look! It's a bird!" a toddler clapped her hands in delight, "Can I feed it, mommy, can I?"

He watched as the beaming girl collected the bread crumbs her mother handed to her. As she made to toss the bread crumbs however, the seagull unfurled its wings and took off to the sky once more. The crumbs wafted away with the wind, resembling the scattering of ashes.

"It's just that, a bird seems so free, you know? Soaring through the bluest of skies- I would like that."

He closed his eyes, collapsing backwards into the sand. Silence reigned on top of the cliff, contrasting with the laughter and chatter down below. He listened.

"I have to go for some tests. The doctors say it's probably not anything serious though; some of my stats are just a little irregular. They're just being cautious."

The sound of waves crashing against the shore was disrupted by a high pitched shriek, "No, my ice cream!"

A response followed the outburst, "Let me have some!"

"No way, I'm sick!"

The boy's tone turned concerned, "Hey, take care of yourself, okay?"

The girl laughed, "Don't be so serious. It's just a summer cold."

"Well, it's getting dark anyway. Should we head back then?"

She shook her head, pouting, "I don't want to go back yet. Look! The sky's so clear today, and the breeze feels so nice up on the hospital roof"

Obstinately, she stayed, watching him defiantly as he made to leave. The next day, he found her confined again in her room, bed-ridden with a high fever. She was staring at the closed blinds of the window wistfully.

"The sky," she breathed out with difficulty, "I want to see the sky ... ! I feel so trapped in here, in this ICU facility."

And so, he had brought a pile of the photos he'd taken of the sky to her.

He takes a photo now, catching a bird in the shot. Features twisting, he watched as the photo developed into one of the sky. He looked at it, he scorned it. She had her sky now. No, she was the sky now.

And this photo was just a cheap imitation of the sky she loved.

He let the photo go, watching as it fluttered away from him, carried by the wind. Then, promptly, he turned on his heel and walked away.

"Irony, isn't it?" she smiled bitterly, "I'm like a caged bird with clipped wings; I can't fly in the sky anymore."

"You're free now."

Une mémoire déchirée

Helena Trajic, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose - French

Tout autour de moi, je voyais ceux qui en avaient trop, ceux qui n'en avaient pas assez et d'autres qui en avaient juste assez pour survivre. Je vivais dans un petit village où les problèmes d'une famille étaient connus par tous, les secrets restaient rarement des secrets et la vérité ne pouvait pas être cachée longtemps. Il n'était pas surprenant alors que tout le monde savait déjà que je quittais le village pour trouver un emploi en ville. Je n'avais pas une éducation formelle ; avec 8 frères et sœurs mes parents avaient à peine assez d'argent pour nous nourrir et nous abriter. Nous vivions tous ensemble dans une vieille petite maison à trois pièces, au bord d'une rue d'allée sous-développée. Mes parents avaient de plus en plus de difficulté à nous supporter, et c'est pour cette raison que j'ai quitté.

Après avoir dit au revoir à ma mère et à mes frères et sœurs, j'ai pris ma valise à moitié remplie et mon père m'a conduite jusqu'à la station d'autobus du village voisin ; la nôtre n'en avait pas une. J'y restais longtemps en attendant le seul autobus qui passait par ici jusqu'à Belgrade. Quand il est finalement arrivé en retard, je me suis levée lentement, la panique traversant mon esprit. J'avais peur de vivre seule dans une grande ville inconnue, mais j'aimais ma famille davantage que je craignais la solitude. Il était déjà tard quand nous sommes arrivés à la station de Belgrade, qui était beaucoup plus grande que celle du village voisin et grouillée de passagers. J'avais dans ma main l'adresse de ma patronne, une veuve prospère qui avait besoin d'une gardienne pour ses deux enfants.

Après m'être perdue quelques fois dans les grandes rues qui semblaient se croiser dans une sorte de labyrinthe, je me suis tenue devant sa porte valise en main. J'ai frappé à la porte et quelques secondes plus tard une servante a ouvert la porte et m'a laissée entrer. On m'a mise dans une chambre somptueuse, qui avait sa propre cheminée pour me garder bien chaud. On m'a apporté un plat qui débordait de nourriture, une quantité qui aurait pu nourrir un tiers de ma famille. Après avoir terminé, une autre servante est venue chercher mon plat vide et m'a donné des instructions pour le lendemain. Je me suis couchée dans mon lit immédiatement, je ne pouvais pas croire combien il était doux et chaud. Je me suis levée de bonne heure le jour suivant pour rencontrer ma patronne et ses enfants. C'était une vieille femme aux yeux doux, qui m'a expliqué mes obligations sans perdre du temps. Les mois sont passés vite, les enfants étaient gâtés mais gentils et c'était facile de s'en occuper d'eux. Je recevais mon salaire à la fin de chaque semaine, et à chaque semaine j'envoyais la moitié à ma famille. J'étais contente mais solitaire ; ma famille et mes amis me manquaient et je pensais sans cesse à eux.

Ma patronne m'a donné la semaine de Noël en congé, et je me suis précipitée pour ranger ma valise pour retourner à la maison. Je n'avais pas peur cette fois en entrant dans l'autobus, j'étais impatiente de revoir ma famille. Quand l'autobus est arrivé finalement, j'ai remercié le chauffeur et j'ai couru à la maison. J'étais à souffle coupé quand je suis arrivée devant la petite maison qui abritait ma famille. J'ai frappé à la porte, anxieuse de voir la réaction de ma famille. Ma mère était celle qui a ouvert la porte, et je n'oublierais jamais l'expression que portait son visage. Elle souriait mais ses yeux étaient remplis d'inquiétude; elle m'a confié plus tard qu'elle n'avait pas assez de nourriture pour toute la famille. Encore je les voyais, ceux qui en avaient trop, ceux qui n'en avaient pas assez et certains qui en avait juste assez pour survivre. J'espérais surtout que ma famille aurait assez.

Le Cadeau Idéal

Christina Guan, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose - French

Maman lui a dit qu'un baiser serait suffisant.

Mais, le petit Jacques s'est mis à penser. Chaque année, c'était toujours lui qui s'est assis sous l'arbre, entouré par une mer immense d'emballages-cadeaux déchirés; toujours lui qui attendait le Père Noël par le feu.

Depuis sa naissance, Maman lui avait expliqué que les adultes n'avaient pas besoin de cadeaux parce qu'ils étaient trop âgés pour en recevoir. À Jacques, ce concept était incompréhensible. Les adultes avaient toujours besoin de *quelque chose*, surtout sa maman. Il s'est donné alors une nouvelle mission : trouver le cadeau idéal pour sa maman.

Jacques, âgé de 7 ans, était un très bon espion. Avec ses yeux ronds et ses oreilles attentives, il a vite découvert que sa maman voulait un nouveau frigo. Il pouvait facilement comprendre pourquoi. Pendant la nuit, leur frigo faisait des bruits bizarres et le lait n'était jamais assez froid. « Un frigo », pensait Jacques, « ne peut pas être cher. » Tous ses amis en avaient un, et chez lui, il y en avait même deux. Il était confiant qu'il aurait *même* de l'argent qui resterait.

Alors, quand il est allé au magasin le lendemain, après avoir donné un baiser à maman et avoir mangé ses Wheaties une facilité incroyable, il a ouvert les laides portes du centre commercial avec confiance, mais, entouré par un royaume de métal et d'acier avec ses yeux aussi grands que des balles de golf, il avait peur. Il était un chaton entre des géants. Avec une hauteur de seulement 3 pieds et 8 pouces, il ne mesurait qu'aux hanches des autres personnes dans le magasin. Avec son nez poussé contre la vitrine, il a compté les différents styles et couleurs qu'ils on offert. La douce musique de Noël a rempli ses oreilles et les décorations colorées dominaient du plafond. Perdu, avec ses cinq dollars brûlant dans sa poche, il est parti.

Il a réalisé donc qu'un cadeau fait à la main serait même meilleur.

Chez lui, assis sur la table avec un bol de macaroni et une bouteille de colle, il s'est mis à travailler. La tâche de fabriquer un collier était plus difficile qu'il avait imaginé. Les pièces individus se collaient constamment aux bouts de ses doigts et la forme ne ressemblait pas à ce qu'il a vu dans la vitrine. Haussant ses épaules avec un soupir, il a regardé son collier complet. Les pièces n'étaient pas connectées et la colle émergeait de chaque coin. En tournant pour placer sa création délicate dans une boîte, toutes les sections de macaroni se sont écroulées et les morceaux descendaient vers les tomettes froides du plancher. Défait encore, il est allé dormir.

La veille de Noël, Jacques n'avait plus d'options. Dans sa main, il n'avait que ses cinq dollars et un esprit écrasé. Ne savant plus quoi faire, il a pris le papier cadeau et a commencé d'emballer son billet de 5 dollars. « Elle peut acheter son propre cadeau », pensait-il.

Malheureusement, même cette tâche prouvait d'être difficile. Le papier a crêpé et a crépité et le ruban était trop collant. Ses ciseaux n'étaient pas assez coupants et ses bras n'étaient pas assez longs. À peu près une heure plus tard, il s'est trouvé tout emballé par le papier lui-même, sans la capacité de s'échapper. Même le nœud rouge et clair était collé sur sa tête. Avec un gros soupir, il s'est endormi.

Quelques heures plus tard, la maman de Jacques est retournée à la maison, et a instamment vu son petit fils, son cadeau de Noël idéal, sous l'arbre, emballé par du papier vert brillant. Un sourire s'est présenté sur ses lèvres. Elle marchait vers le petit garçon et l'a serré dans ses bras en chuchotant « Merci ». Il a répondu avec un court murmure, les cinq dollars encore dans sa poche. Eh bien, il le sauverait pour le prochain Noël...

Olympie

Bahar Vaghari-Moghaddam, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 9-10 Prose - French

Pandore. Une belle jeune femelle...la première de son espèce. Elle était créée par Héphaïstos et chaque dieu a contribué à son existence. Elle a séduit l'homme avec sa beauté, mais elle n'était pas là pour leur plaisir. Non, elle était la punition divine. Les dieux ont pris avantage de sa stupidité et lui a donné une boîte avec les instructions strictes qui lui a interdit de l'ouvrir. Bien sûr, elle était victime de sa curiosité et a désobéi les mots sages. Le moment que le couvercle a quitté le pot, un tourbillonnement de chaos est sorti. Ce qui est connu comme les « sept péchés capitaux » se sont échappés. Ces atrocités sont s'attaché aux humains pour l'éternité...jusqu'à maintenant...

Je m'appelle Othilus, princesse des Xophrans et fille de l'honorable reine Sablae. Les Xophrans sont des espèces avancées d'humains créés par les dieux pour « effacer » les humains de cette sale planète. Nous avons la sensibilité exacerbée et queues préhensiles, mais avec ces avantages, il y a un désavantage très mauvais...nous sommes immortels. Nous pouvons seulement être tués par les dieux. C'est ma mission, de retourner la Luxure, la Fainéantise^α, la Gloutonnerie, le Courroux, la Jalousie, l'Orgueil, et l'Avidité dans leur place.

Je commençais avec la plus facile, la Gloutonnerie. J'ai simplement laissé de l'Ambroisie devant la boîte et elle est sortie du corps qu'elle possédait. La seconde qu'elle est entrée le contenant, des humains sont tombés sur la terre. Quand je les ai examinés, ils étaient froids, pâles et dramatiquement maigres.

Je courais à travers la terre aride en cherchant ma prochaine opportunité. J'ai trouvé deux groupes d'humains qui se combattaient et trouvé là, le Courroux, l'Orgueil, et la Jalousie. Le Courroux a vu la boîte que j'avais sur ma ceinture. Il a couru vers moi et chuchoté dans mon oreille *haud-spiritus*^β. Soudainement je suis me senti l'endolori intolérable et l'odeur douce du sang. Il y avait une lame dans mon corps. Je ne pouvais pas garder mes émotions...j'ai ri et des larmes ont coulé de mes yeux. J'ai sorti sa lame et l'ai embroché en hystériques. Son esprit est retourné dans la boîte. Plus d'humains sont morts.

L'Orgueil et Jalousie étaient en choc. J'étais encore dans un état « amusée » alors les corps qu'ils possédaient, sont couchés dans une mare de sang...je ne sais pas la culpabilité.

L'Avidité était très naïve. Il voulait des richesses pour sa capture. J'ai lui promet une montagne de platine le moment qu'il rentrait. Il a seulement réalisé que l'argent n'a pas de valeur dans l'obscurité éternelle. Par maintenant seulement 200 des 700 humains sur le globe étaient vivants. Est-ce l'intention des dieux?

La Fainéantise et La Luxure attachent-elles sur des humains qui ont désespérément besoin de quelqu'un ou de quelque chose. La fainéantise fournisse la dépendance cependant la Luxure produisait quelque chose d'être dépendant *sur*. Un ne peut pas exister sans l'autre, donc je suis devenu eseuulée pour attirer la Fainéantise et l'a capturé dans la boîte. La Luxure l'a rapidement suivi.

Maintenant, la planète était non corrompue par les humains. C'était finalement pur. Je suis hâtivement retournée à Olympie. Je me suis présentée devant Zeus et lui donnais la boîte maudite et il a ordonné que ce soit envoyé à Hadès. J'ai été récompensée avec la mort et une place réservée à côté des dieux. Treize ans plus tard j'étais soudainement consommé en flammes bleues. À Olympie, Zeus m'a donné un tonnerre pour lancer à la terre. L'honneur de mettre une fin aux gémissements de Gaea^ζ. Avec une lance forte, elle explosait avec élégance.

^α La Fainéantise réfère au péché de désespoir et chagrin, pas être paresseux. C'est le vrai définition comme péché.

^β Cela signifie « non-vivant » en latin.^ζ Gaea est le nom donné au Terre

Dimitry

Polina Boltova
Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

His **weight** is unevenly distributed among all fours

His Fat j i g g l e s

up

His Whiskers bounce and Down

His joints ACHE as pressure builds

But

He fights through the **pain**
and travels to the kitchen.

To eat that slice of fresh fish.

Memory Book

Hannah Tench
Burnaby South Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

A memory book of names and numbers,
once held eagerly by a child,
now fragile and lost within adult hands.

Paper like skin,
worn old and dry.

Black and blue tears slashed through
broken loyalties and
forgotten friends.

Arthritic fingers slowly dial a number, but
"She's dead."

and the book drops to the ground.

Thin, weathered pages slip
between floorboards,
forever lost as
tired eyes mourn.

Fades

Daniel Chou
Burnaby South Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

I'm a m3m0ry ph0n3 b00k
I r3c0rd th3 1if3 Of a man
N0thing g3t5 0ff th3 h00k
Fr0m beginning t0 th3 3nd

I'm a mmry phn bk
I rcrd th if f a man
Nthing gt ff th hk
Unti1 th3 v3ry 3nd...

Unti th vry nd.

This is Where I Split My Lip

Alison Brierley
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

This is where I split my lip
This is where I split my lip,
Running too fast, too soon.
White enamel speckled with crimson blood,
Dripped sideways out of my parted mouth
Tasting like metal.

This is where I learned how to write,
Learned how to yell,
Learned how to cry,
Tears pulsate in restraint,
Buried between swollen eyelids.

This is where my name is written
On the back of a beige door, the paint
cracking and tattered.
Weathered and worn.
This is where I lost my tooth,
Lost my keys,
Lost my mom's favourite silver chain,
Lost my temper,
Lost my adolescence,
Watched it tumble awkwardly from the sky.
This is where I fell in love,
This is where I broke my heart.
This is where I remembered,
While trying to forget.
This is where I unpacked,
Moved in,
Looked down.

Grew up.

Teen vs. Parents

Safia Suleman
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

I asked my parents if I could go to a party,
***Our daughter asked if she could
go to a rave,***

They said no because they don't want me
to have any fun,
We told her it's not safe,

My curfew is earlier than all my friends,
She asked to come home at 4:00 am,

They don't let me do anything anymore,
We don't want her getting into drugs,

It's like they don't trust me,
There are bad people out there,

I'm not stupid; I can take care of myself,
***We don't want her getting harassed or
kidnapped,***

Nothing will happen to me,
You never know what could happen,

The only thing I'm allowed to do is homework,

***We told her it's best if she
focuses on studying,***

They're ruining my life.
***We're helping her make
the right decisions.***

I hate them.
We love her very much.

Wall

Cathy Chen
Burnaby South Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

When my paperback fairy tale wall fell
I suffocated.

A crumbling sanity,
Of a crumbling witness,
Enclosed by crumbling walls.

Once my root.
Welding my existence into the earth.
I grew, a bright young seedling
Then
The wind.

I fall down.
We all fall down.
This cycle.
Inexplicable.

Why the bright young seedling,
Dies in its own wake
Pinned down
By its fallen wall.
Unable to grasp at
The unfathomable depths of the azure.

The lies
Of childhood.
The jokes
On morality.

Because walls are paperback fairy tales.

Invisible Boundaries

Joanna Liang
Burnaby Mountain Secondary
Grade 11-12 Poetry

The skies- they were blue with
black clouds looming;
The greenest valleys smothered with
yellow lilies blooming.
There he lay under a tree that bore
no shadow below,
Surveying far and wide while he felt
the zephyr blow.
An eye-piercing glint caught his eye
And he could not merely let it slide.
He soared towards the unknown light-
In a flash found himself at that site.

There a dull penny lay-
'No gold or treasure' he thought in dismay,
But then he realized and his face turned pale,
Screaming a silent cry as he turned tail.
Clawing, reaching for something
that was not there.
Heart palpitating, aware of his despair.
But already it was too late
As the noise seeped through and
started to desecrate.

His world began crashing down on him;
The blues, greens, yellows started to
pale and dim.
The yellow lilies deforming and withering,
bittersweets sprouting under the dark skies,
headphones off, there he stood, doubting.
He was alone.

Pas de tromperie, pas de mascarade

Angelina Marinkovic

Moscrop Secondary

Grade 11-12 Poetry - French

Je me promène et je vois une femme tomber;
Je veux rire mais je pense, qu'est-ce qui arriverait
si j'étais

Une fourmi et elle avait tombé sur moi?
Alors je ne pense plus que c'est drôle.

Pour autant, les poèmes sont marqués.
Marqués par l'amour, la haine ou la tragédie.
Pourquoi sont-ils forcés? Pourquoi faut-il être,
fâché, malheureux, ou en amour pour écrire?

Pourquoi tromper? Pourquoi mentir?
Pourquoi ne pas écrire
sur n'importe quoi, au sujet de, tout?
Pas de tromperie, pas de mascarade.

Je veux décrire comment je joue avec les pétales,
Les pétales d'une fleur séchée,
laissant l'arôme sortir,
sortir pour que je me sente plus relaxe.

Je veux décrire comment c'est ennuyeux,
ennuyeux quand il y a trop de ketchup
Sur le couvercle, alors je ne veux pas l'ouvrir,
Et quand je le fais, le ketchup me pulvérise.

Je veux écrire comment j'adore sauter, sauter sur
les feuilles,
Les feuilles tombées en automne,
Seulement pour les entendre craquer

Oui, c'est simple, oui, c'est direct.
Mais aussi sans prétention, la vérité, c'est nu.
Pas de tromperie, pas de mascarade.
Les poèmes doivent évoquer l'émotion.
Quelle meilleure façon de le faire,
Que de montrer la quotidienne?
Pas de tromperie, pas de mascarade.

Le requiem du corbeau

Jing Kai Pang

Moscrop Secondary

Grade 11-12 Poetry - French

Le corbeau noir fait les tours autour de la petite
ville tranquille,
Dans le ciel d'obscurité
Le corbeau brille comme une étoile filante
Il amène la peur à tout au-dessous de lui
Chaque « Cra » qui vient de son bec, ruptures
les oreilles fragiles
Chaque attaque de ses talons est comme un
couteau qui ajoute la peau
Chaque mouvement des ailes, apporte le froid
absolu sur les cous des innocents
Les victimes qui ne sont pas assez fortes, assez
vites, assez intelligentes

Payeront avec leur vie
Alors cette petite ville souffre, souffre une
douleur éternelle
De ce maître diabolique impitoyable
Toujours le corbeau supplicie
Regarde, contrôle, amène la peur à la ville,
À sa ville
Mais le temps vient et le temps passe
Les chansons viennent et les chansons passent
Le requiem des innocents, la solution
Avec les voix des victimes, les cris des anges
Viennent des mains des révolutionnaires, des
mains de change
Ils ne savent pas quand, Ils ne savent pas
comment
Mais les blessés, les fatigués, les faibles tous
savent
Avec leur nouvel esprit, qu'ils vont purifier le ciel
Reprenant leur vie du corbeau fraudeur

Une attaque créée par les mains des victimes,
commence la bataille avec la bête du ciel
L'attaque est grande, l'attaque est forte
Mais les lames d'oiseau coupent les mains, les
mains innocentes
Les fragiles de la ville sans esprit
Chantent leur requiem
Ils regardent le ciel, ils regardent
Le corbeau noir fait les tours autour de la petite
ville tranquille.

Out of the Blue

Kseniya Vazyanska, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 11-12 Prose

It was the eyes that first caught her attention. Staring out from beneath a tattered grey hood, amidst the fallow, sunken face were the eyes of a young man who had clearly seen too many rough winters for his years. Yet even in the dusk of the city, it was hard to ignore their piercing blueness. They were the eyes that she knew all too well, although the person to whom they belonged could have easily passed for a complete stranger.

Dirty and battered, he sat against the wall in some disreputable back alley scraping the remains straight out of his can of stolen Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup. Exhausted and stressed, she appeared around the corner, dodging into the side street to avoid the onslaught of fellow chairmen and CEOs, all heading home after a day's work. Catching her D&G heel on a crack in the sidewalk, she stumbled snapping it neatly in half and cursed under her breath while smoothing out the wrinkles on her satin pencil skirt. As she quickly glanced around to see if anyone of importance had witnessed this humiliating incident, she noticed the pallid beggar, to the likes of which she usually heeded no attention.

Frozen in place by his gaze, memories of her former life thundered into her mind like a billion tidal waves, knocking away any protective barriers that had once been constructed there. After nine tumultuous years, she could still clearly feel the extent of her former passion towards him. He was her only devotion back then. She vividly recalled their nightly escapades, tearing alongside the ocean at 120 kilometres an hour with her hair loose, her spirit free, and the engine of their pick-up roaring. She was all that he needed. She wanted more. She was always aware that his laidback lifestyle would inevitably clash with her ambitious personality, but he was never prepared for the day when she chose her career over him.

Taking trembling, hesitant steps, she approached him and sank down to her knees. His skin was stretched, almost translucent and dark bruises now intruded onto his once youthful face. The deep creases on his forehead betrayed month upon month of misfortune. Always fretting over the next promotion, she had never even stopped to consider how much she was hurting the only man she had ever truly loved. She was not the type to let emotions interfere with her success thus she called off their relationship without a backwards glance.

No phone calls, no e-mails, no correspondence of any sort had passed between them throughout the past eight and a half years. She easily shut the door on that part of her life, all the while metamorphosing into a heartless, remorseless businesswoman.

His selfless blue eyes poured over every feature of her face. The vast array of feelings they held was enough to make her sob hysterically into his washed-out sweater. Just looking at him made her want to stab herself in the gut countless times over. She hated herself for putting him through such misery. She hated herself for once believing that an extensive amount of wealth and power could make her happy. She hated having to succumb to the realization that when she was with him, all her heart's desires had been truly fulfilled. But far more than anything else, she hated seeing the predetermined forgiveness in the gentle look he gave her.

It was evident from the moment he laid his blue eyes on her that he was ready to forget all the painful years just so they could be together again. Yet, as much as she yearned for it, could she really bring herself to come back into his life knowing that she may potentially break him down further?

"I've missed you Laura," he whispered hoarsely, pulling her close.
And she wept even harder.

Five Minutes

Catherine Chan, Cariboo Hill Secondary , Grade 11-12 Prose

"No," I sighed.

"How about some other day?" Jason suggested, hooking his fingers in the net of his backpack.

"The playground is for little kids ... but you're a big one. You said you liked picking out your own shoes, right?"

"Right ... " Jason tried recalling that memory.

"It's ridiculous how dangerous playgrounds are anyway. Whose idea was it to cushion the ground with long chunks of wood" --Jason spotted something that caught his gaze and let go of my hand-- "as if small rocks are any better."

I watched him ignore me and run toward the fence.

"JASON!" I called.

Normally, I'd run after him; but today the car loop was empty, so I decided not to bother. I just watched him running away from me. In a moment in mind, I even imagined him bolting through the barricade. Relieved when he did not, I shut my eyelids and massaged them. I opened them and light poured into my vision like a window shutter.

Jason crouched in front the coiled wire wall, distributing most of his weight to his ankles then gave the rest to his forehead which pressed against it. When I reached him, he looked over his shoulder, holding a plant so close to his lips it looked as if he may have been kissing it. Jason pushed a small gust of air from his lungs and watched half the seeds float gently like parachutes. He grinned at me.

"That's enough," I muttered, beckoning Jason with four fingers.

Jason curled his fingers around the holes of the fence behind him to pull himself up. Then he approached me in such a manner I imagined him as an ice skater, playfully dragging his feet over the small rocks underneath the both of us.

I began, "You love Grandma's garden, right?"

Jason stopped sliding his feet.

"Gardens are beautiful things aren't they? But these," I looked down at Jason's round seed head, "are weeds. Weeds destroy gardens from their otherwise beautiful appearance. Weeds tangle the good lilies and tulips, and eventually suffocate. Plus, they're very ugly."

Jason rolled the stem of a weed with his thumb and forefinger: it was hollow on the inside. My son lost what was left of his smile.

"Don't step in the mud Jason. I worked very hard to pay for those sneakers," I grabbed Jason's hand and tried pulling him into hug; but it only brought him closer to the sidewalk. I watched as Jason kicked skeletons of leaves on the ground, looking down and dragging his feet while he walked to get rid of the mud from his shoes. I wondered if he would look back at me if I just kept watching him, my little boy mad at me. I grabbed his wrist, turning him around toward the playground.

"Five minutes."

Boogieman

Byron Ma, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 11-12 Prose

"There's nothing there, Elizabeth, trust me," her mother cooed, gently stroking her head. Elizabeth craned her neck from under the pastel blue blankets that she had pulled up to her ears. Staring at the closet, she couldn't help but imagine the beasts that lurked within.

"Could you check? Please, mommy?" Elizabeth cried, tracing the edges of the wooden frame with her eyes, making sure nothing was trying to escape.

Her mother held firm, "No, Elizabeth, there's nothing in there and that's that. You just need to trust me. Now get some sleep. You start kindergarten tomorrow, aren't you excited?"

Elizabeth wasn't. In fact, she felt completely apathetic towards the whole notion. Right now, the only thoughts on her mind were of the terrifying creatures caged in her closet. Monsters that were just waiting for her maternal sentinel to leave her alone and vulnerable. Sitting up in her bed, she fixed her gaze on the closet doors and a shiver, like a bolt of lightning, surged through her body.

A feeling of unease ran through her as she stared at the familiar faces that were waiting for a response.

"C'mon, Lizzie, we're all friends, right? You're safe with us," Tanis said.

Elizabeth felt trapped, "G-guys ... I'm already skipping Calculus to hang out with you .. ."

"Exactly!" Tanis exclaimed, "and this is what we're hanging out to do. It feels amazing! Doesn't it, Damian?"

Damian nodded obediently and Elizabeth couldn't help but notice the eager look of anticipation on his face, daring her, taunting her, to go through with it.

Those doors. Those magnificent, hallowed doors that separated her from grotesque demons with claws as long as rusted pipes and horns that scraped her ceiling. At times she imagined the doors to be giant gates of opalescent steel, so tall that they were swallowed up by the clouds above them. And now, her kingdom was under siege by the frightening horrors and disfigured fiends that lay within.

"Mommy, please. I promise I'll go to bed if you just check to make sure they're not there."

Her mother let out a sigh, "Fine, but this is the last time, okay? You're a big girl now, we shouldn't have to go through this every night."

Watching her mother gracefully walk towards the daunting obelisk of mahogany, Elizabeth clenched her fists around her blanket and tensed every muscle in her body.

"See? Damian liked it. We're even giving you the honour of going first. You wouldn't bail on us now, would you?" Tanis said.

Elizabeth watched with a sick stomach as behind Tanis, Lucian unzipped his bag to grab the dreaded device. It glinted in the sun almost angelically, as if assuring her that everything would be alright.

"C'mon Liz, it'll be fun. I promise." Lucian smirked, brandishing the liquid-filled needle.

"Wait!" Elizabeth said.

Her mother turned to face her and almost exasperated, asked, "What now?"

Elizabeth responded with anxious worry, "Be careful, mommy."

Her mother smiled, "I'll be careful," she said, and slowly pulled the doors open.

Elizabeth stared longingly into Lucian's deep, brown eyes. She was infatuated with his figure. She'd usually complied with whatever he asked of her, why should this be any different?

Finally, Elizabeth gave in, "F-fine ... You guys promise that you'll keep me safe, right?"

"Of course," Tanis grinned.

Elizabeth removed her black leather jacket and exposed her arm. At that moment it felt like time both stopped and sped up. Steadying her, Lucian pushed the needle into her vein and Elizabeth felt the demons flood into her bloodstream.

Her mother waved her hands through the dark abyss of the closet.

"Hello? Any monsters in here?" her mother said, "See? No boogieman," she turned off the lights and tucked Elizabeth in, "now get some rest. You got a big day tomorrow."

Relieved, Elizabeth wished her mother a good night and fell asleep quickly, assured that she'd be safe.

Freedom, Beware

Jessica Giang, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 11-12 Prose

In the impending night a slim, lanky silhouette leans against the tarnished concrete wall, an impeccably white sneaker forced against the wall while the other barely balances her miniature body.

"This is my liberation! Do you hear me? I'm free!" She triumphantly bellows.

There is no response from the pallid lights of the streetlamps, the quivering trees of Central Park, the quiet humming of the skytrain escalator, or the ebony coloured crows gazing intensely at her.

"Hey, Alice, is that you?" An eager, unfamiliar voice calls out. Intrigued, she slowly shifts toward the puzzling figure until they finally meet under the meager aura of the streetlamp, illuminating her porcelain skin.

"Lucas? What are you doing here?" The darkness casts a shadow across half of his face, but the overall impression of his face - the faded acne scars under his sullen cheeks, his thin, slightly-parted lips, and distant, wandering eyes, like those of someone disconnected from reality - is easily recognizable.

An impish grin on his face, he emits a boyish chuckle. "What are you doing here?"

"Just problems at home ... It seems like every time my mom's life seems to spiral out of her control she just tries so much harder to keep a firm grip on everything - including me. I couldn't handle it - the constant supervision, the nagging, and the suspicious glances when I walked in the door. It felt like I was being drowned, like I was being relentlessly compressed tighter and tighter into this little box that she wanted to preserve forever. I just - oh I'm sorry!" She stopped herself quickly, *you fool!* She berated herself; *you can't just go around telling your life story to everyone!*

Mouth curled downward and brows pulled together, he thought to himself, *maybe she's too young. ..*

"And do you like this newfound freedom? Does it satiate your thirst? Can you feel the adrenaline pumping through your heart, filling your lungs and clearing your brain?"

"It's hard to explain. Two days ago I had a roof over my head and for awhile I even had a functional family, and then I gave up the remnants of my life to get here. I yearned for freedom for so long that I've lost sense of what it should feel like! Ironical, isn't it? I can't believe I'm telling you all this." She threw her arms up in desperation.

"Is that a tattoo?" He extends his hand, reaching for her wrist. She motions closer to him, feeling drawn in by an inexplicable aura that emanated from him.

"It's a phoenix. They live for a few centuries, building a nest to prepare themselves for their death and when that time comes they just spontaneously combust! Out of their ashes rises a new egg, but the same phoenix as before."

"Well, look, maybe what you need is something to set you on fire. Not literally, of course, but I have just what you need. What do you say?" Pulling out a clear bag with a thick silver paint-like liquid sloshing around inside, he leans towards her.

"You'll find your freedom. Trust me. Just take a deep breath from the bag. The liquid evaporates, and voila! You'll be reborn."

She knows better than to take drugs, but here, in the gripping passion of the night, everything is unfamiliar and intoxicating; it's almost empowering. The notion of freedom is too strong to resist and her desire overcomes her will. Clutching the bag with clenched fists, she inhales deeply.

The noxious fumes scar her nostrils and throat, and engulf her lungs in flames. The world begins to shatter; the ground splits and Lucas' face twists into a hideous gargoyle with gaping scars and gleaming teeth. Her limbs grow limp as her consciousness grows cloudy, and she feels an enormous compression as her body collides with Lucas' shoulder.

"Funny ... this isn't how I expected freedom to feel."

Double Knots

Alison Brierley, Burnaby Mountain Secondary, Grade 11-12 Prose

In the summertime, the neighbour used to sit outside on his porch, reading a book, and drinking tea with a touch of lemon. He pursed his lips after every sip and blinked in controlled unison after every swallow. In the spring, the neighbour used to enjoy walking his dog on the new grass that lined the edges of the trail behind his house. He tied his shoelaces with double knots and got red blisters on his right hand from the matching red leash he always held. In the fall, the neighbour didn't really do anything. He really didn't like the fall all that much. In the winter, the neighbour would eagerly shovel his driveway and adjacent sidewalk. He used a blue shovel to scrape against the buried concrete and drops of sweat draped down across his balding forehead from beneath his weathered and frayed toque.

This particular winter there was a lot of snow. The flakes were fat and heavy and fell from the sky with an anxious weighted determination to reach the ground below. They lacked all empathy and pounded like fists into the earth. The neighbour ignored their obvious intrusion and glanced peacefully through his fogged living room window, already reaching for his blue shovel. He stepped outside and a burst of cold air raced up underneath his coat, piercing his chubby midsection with chills. It continued up the back of his spine, inching its way upwards through each separate vertebrae. Finally stopping in the crevices of his wrinkled neck, it nestled into the conformities of the scattered freckles that lay there.

The neighbour began to shovel. Up and down. Back and forth. Up and down. Back and forth. The shovel tore into the neat snow, cutting away at it and etching a clear path into the drive way. The neighbour began to toss the snow. Shovel and throw. Push and pull. Shovel and throw. Push and pull. A heap of white was mounted on the outskirts of the driveway, and the snow lay there; rejected. The neighbour began to walk back into the comfort~ of his warm house to marvel at his job well done. Left foot. Right foot. Left foot. Right foot. The neighbour began to slip on the conspicuous black ice that covered the newly exposed concrete. He fell

backwards smashing his head against the hard cement that took so long to uncover. Slip and skid. Fall and smash. Slip and skid. Fall and smash. The neighbour began to go unconscious; blood trickled from his head and carved a path into the remaining glistening white snow. It was sticky and thick. His jacket had drifted upwards from the fall and the neighbour lay there catching snowflakes on his exposed skin. His toque had drifted off of his head upon impact and it lay there too, encompassed in a pool of blood. His dog slipped out of the front door, across the front porch, down the small flight of frozen stairs and sat in oblivious naivety next to him. He wagged his tail next to the neighbour's now cold, rigid body sweeping a fresh layer of snow over top of everything that had happened.

Fall and die. Wag and sweep. Fall and die. Wag and sweep.

The Man in the Fog

James Brandon, Cariboo Hill Secondary
Grade 11-12 Prose

It was six o'clock when the fog rolled in. I was just reaching the halfway point of my evening stroll and noticed the thick mist behind me as I came full circle around the park fountain to begin my trek back home. A tall and rather shaky man began to approach me with his arm extended as if to shield his eyes from some kind of bright light, though the only light source in the area was from the light post behind him. The fog came over us now and I could see only the man's outline.

"A cold night aye!" the man said. "A man could grow blind in a fog such as this."

"Grow blind?" I asked. "And how would fog cause that?"

I would not hear from that man ever again. The fog was thick but I could manage through it without too much trouble. I thought it strange that there were no cars on the road, even in a small town such as this. I find a sort of hypnotism in night walking. I would soon lose myself to it, my footprints grow quieter, the street lights fade away, and the fog grows thicker.

"A cold night aye!" The voice was thunderous in the silent night. "A man could go blind in a fog such as this!"

My eyes ached from the sound and my foot prints were gone entirely. Silence overcame me and I screamed. I could not hear the sound of my own voice.

"A COLD NIGHT AYE!" The voice pounded in my head and I fell to my knees. "A MAN COULD GO BLIND IN A FOG SUCH AS THIS."

The light from the streetlights faded out of existence. I began to lose feeling in my hands, then my feet. I collapsed to the ground and knew no more...

I shielded my eyes from the light, and the sound of the world was nearly unbearable so I told the young man:

"It sure is cold tonight, be careful, a man could go blind in a fog like this."

Le Jardin

Anita Huang, Moscrop Secondary, Grade 11-12 Prose - French

C'est l'hiver, la plus belle saison au Japon. Les rues sont remplies de feuilles d'érables jaunes, oranges, et rouges. Les gens se promènent dans la belle neige du mois de décembre. Une journée comme ceci, une visite aux jardins japonais est très populaire pour les amoureux. Si on surveille plus précisément, on peut voir un jeune homme seul parmi les jeunes couples...

Je me souviens très bien du premier jour de la première année, ça semble comme si c'était hier que je l'ai vue—Mari, la plus belle fille que j'ai vu de ma vie. Le moment que j'ai vu ses yeux ronds, ses joues la couleur des fleurs de cerisier et son sourire tellement sincère, mon coeur s'est attendri.

<< Kenji? Kenji? Fais attention s'il te plaît! On apprend comment peindre avec nos mains aujourd'hui! Allô? Allô? De quoi penses-tu, petit gars? >>

<< Mais Madame, je suis déjà capable de le faire! Je n'ai pas besoin d'apprendre encore! >> La vérité était que je n'avais aucune idée comment peindre, mais je devais trouver des excuses pour jeter des coups d'oeil furtifs à Mari. C'est difficile à croire qu'à l'âge de six ans, un petit garçon comme moi pourrais tomber amoureux d'une fille dans la classe...

<< Kenji, sois plus gentil avec les craies sur ton papier! Regarde-moi! >> la voix de Mari m'entoure comme une eau de parfum et je fonds chaque fois qu'elle me parle...

Et c'est comme ça que les années ont passé; mes émotions n'ont jamais changé, au contraire, mon amour pour Mari devient de plus en plus fort avec le temps. Cependant, elle ne sait rien car je suis comme un ninja—je cache mes sentiments très bien quand nous sommes ensemble. À son avis, nous sommes seulement des meilleurs amis, rien de plus ni de moins. Je ne comprends pas pourquoi je n'ai pas la confiance de lui dire, peut-être je suis trop effrayé, j'ai trop peur d'être refusé par ma meilleure amie, ou pire, de la perdre...

Avec le temps, Mari est devenue plus belle et beaucoup plus populaire. Je ne lui dis pas ces choses-là, mais je me sens jaloux quelques fois. Il y a tellement de garçons qui la regardent comme si elle est un prix qu'ils doivent gagner. Ça me fâche chaque fois, mais quand elle me dit qu'elle n'est pas intéressée je me sens tellement mieux.

* * * * *

Pour son dix-huitième anniversaire, je veux lui confesser mon amour. Je veux lui dire que je suis son choix idéal car je la connais tellement bien et je suis le seul garçon à qui elle fait confiance. Maman m'a raconté une fois que quand je rencontre la fille parfaite, je dois l'apporter à un jardin japonais et lui confesser mon amour. De cette façon, nous serons en amour pour l'éternité. Je veux que Mari soit cette fille, la seule fille que j'aimerai toute ma vie...

Le jour de son anniversaire, il neige. C'est parfait pour une visite aux jardins couverts d'une neige blanche et poudreuse. Le temps de lui montrer mon amour est finalement venu. Je la vois jusqu'à l'autre côté du jardin immense. Elle porte une jolie robe violette, avec ses cheveux bouclés et ses joues la même couleur rose qu'en première année..

<< Mari! Je veux te dire ce que j'ai caché pendant toutes ces années... Je t'aime—je t'aimais depuis le premier jour de la première année. Je veux devenir plus que seulement les meilleurs amis avec toi, je—>>

<< Kenji, je m'excuse mais c'est trop tard. Tu ne savais pas ça, mais je t'aimais aussi. Je ne savais pas comment tu te sentais et je ne pouvais pas attendre pour l'éternité...Je...J'aime quelqu'un d'autre maintenant. Je dois partir, je m'excuse Kenji... >>

Avec ces mots, la princesse de ma vie s'est échappée vers son prince. Ce qui perce mon coeur est que son prince à la fin de l'histoire n'est pas moi...

LA FIN

Dans un monde de pourquoi

Lindsay Fenwick, Moscrop Secondary

Grade 11-12 Prose - French

Me voilà, à l'aéroport encore. Je viens de voir mon père pour la première fois dans plusieurs ans. Il est parti pour s'échapper de la société quand j'avais seulement sept ans. Je ne comprenais pas ce qui était en train de se passer au moment, mais maintenant je comprends. Il y a un certain sentiment qu'on a quand on est complètement libre. Il y a quelque chose d'humain avec cette expérience de vouloir se libérer de l'oppression, de l'histoire et des obligations. On aimerait tous se sauver de notre société cruelle où tout le monde est méchant envers les autres, même si on est tous pareil. C'est comme ça, je crois, qu'on détruira notre propre existence.

Je comprends pourquoi mon père est parti et pourquoi il ne reviendra jamais. Je l'ai cherché parce que je voulais me trouver. Je ne l'ai jamais connu, mais je pensais qu'en le rencontrant j'aurais une meilleure idée de qui j'étais. Il avait créé sa propre vie, peu importe ce que la monde lui disait. C'est pour ça qu'il m'inspirait.

Trouver quelqu'un qui ne veut pas être trouvé est une tâche extrêmement difficile. Enfin, j'ai réussi à contacter son ami qui m'a dit où il habitait au moment. Je savais qu'il ne restait jamais trop longtemps dans un endroit, donc il fallait que j'agisse vite. J'ai acheté un billet d'avion avant que maman ait pu me dire non. Je pense qu'elle sait au fond qu'il y a des liens entre moi et papa, mais elle ne l'admettra jamais. Elle ne veut surtout pas que je devienne une lâcheuse comme mon père. D'après moi, Papa n'a rien lâché, il voulait simplement sortir de cette société misérable.

J'ai pris un taxi à la région où il était la dernière fois que quelqu'un l'avait vu. Je l'ai trouvé assez facilement. Je pouvais voir dans ses yeux qu'il était choqué. J'ai les mêmes yeux quand quelqu'un me surprend. Je lui ai dit bonjour, puis il m'a embrassé. Il m'a dit que je lui manquais. Il était heureux de me voir et j'étais heureuse de lui voir. C'était exactement comme je l'imaginais. On a parlé un peu de nos vies quand il m'a dit finalement qu'il ne pouvait plus faire cela et qu'il fallait qu'il parte.

« Tu ne veux pas me voir? »

« Ce n'est pas aussi simple que ça »

« Alors où vas-tu? »

« N'importe où. Cette ville m'écoeure. Ça fait trop longtemps que je reste ici. Il faut que j'aille. »

« Est-ce que je peux venir avec toi? »

« Le monde, ce n'est pas une place pour une petite fille. »

« J'ai dix-huit ans. Je ne suis plus une petite fille. »

« Tu n'as pas encore vu la vie. Je ne peux pas prendre soins de toi, crois-moi bien. »

« Je suis majeure, je peux prendre mes propres décisions. »

« Tu ne comprends pas maintenant, mais un jour tu comprendras. Au revoir ma fille. »

« Salut papa... Est-ce que tu me rendras visite? »

« Je serai toujours avec toi, mais ne me laisse pas t'influencer. Je n'ai pas fait des bons choix dans la vie. Je ne pensais pas que je serais un bon père et j'avais raison. Je ne suis pas le bon type. »

« Tu n'as pas répondu à ma question. »

« Tu sais bien où je me trouve... où j'ai toujours été, à l'intérieur de toi. »

« Papa! »

« Salut. »

Comme ça, mon père est sorti de ma vie. J'ai pleuré pendant des jours après son départ, mais je me suis rendu compte que j'avais fait ce que je voulais faire. Je l'avais rencontré. Même si je n'entendrai plus parlé de lui, je saurai que j'ai essayé. J'ai toujours cru que ce n'est pas ce qu'on a, mais ce qu'on a vécu qui influence notre vie et nos décisions. Je suis contente d'avoir eu l'opportunité de lui dire au revoir parce que des fois, c'est la *seule* chose qu'on a.



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