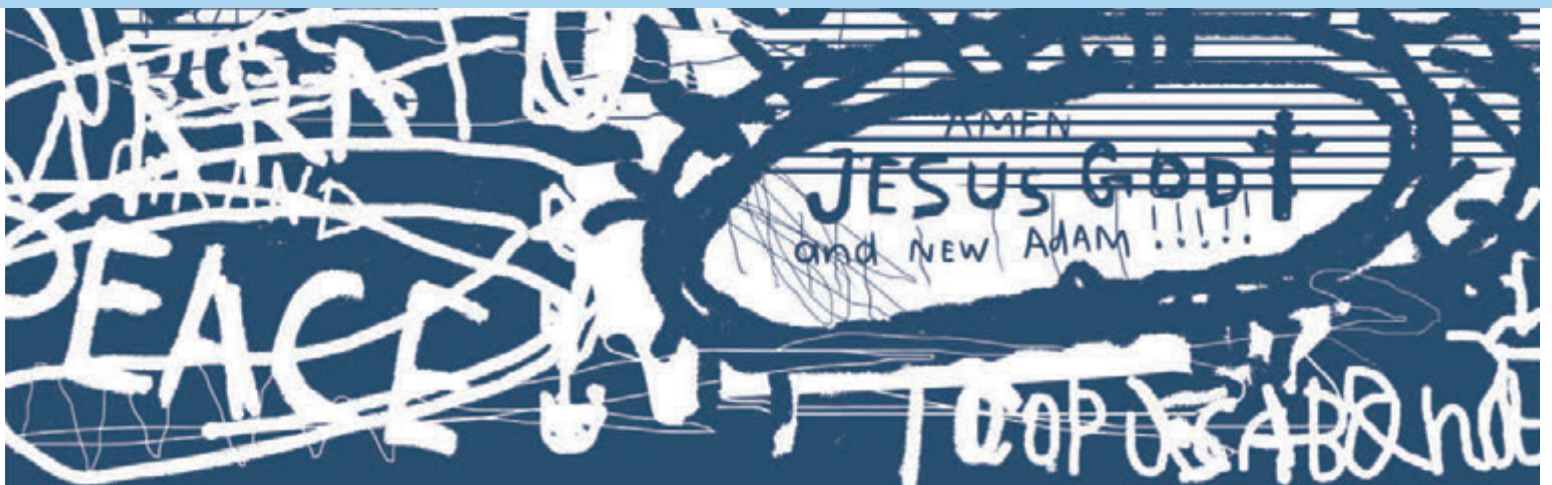




YOUNG AUTHORS AWARDS
PRIX JEUNES ÉCRIVAINS

ONTARIO ENGLISH
Catholic
Teachers
ASSOCIATION



Young Authors **Awards**

 2018

PREFACE

Congratulations, Young Authors!

This collection is a celebration of the literary talents and accomplishments of the provincial winners of the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association's 2018 Young Authors Awards/Prix des Jeunes Écrivains.

We applaud all of our winners as well as the thousands of students across the province who participated in the classroom, school and unit levels of the awards program. The insightful, skillful works crafted by these young authors remind us that the great Canadian writers of the future are presently in our classrooms.

The enthusiasm and dedication of every student and supporter ensures that the Young Authors Awards/Prix Jeunes Écrivains program continues to grow and improve with each year. We deeply appreciate the commitment of our wonderful teachers, whose inspiration and encouragement provide students with the opportunity to empower themselves through this competition experience.

The Young Authors Awards/Prix Jeunes Écrivains program would not be possible without the hard work of many OECTA members across the province. Teachers, OECTA School Association Representatives, Unit Presidents and Unit Executive members all play critical roles in directing the program in their respective classrooms, schools and units. Members contribute their talent, time and effort to preserve the spirit and continued success of the awards. Together, we honour the outstanding work of our teachers and students.

We cannot overstate the value of the contributions of all the dedicated members of the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association, who ensure that this program flourishes each year for the benefit of our students.

Thank you, and keep on writing!

Susan Perry
Professional Development Department
Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association

Félicitations aux Jeunes écrivains!

Ce recueil a pour but de célébrer les talents littéraires et les accomplissements des gagnants à l'échelle provinciale de Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association's 2018 Young Authors Awards/Prix des Jeunes écrivains de l'édition 2018.

Nous félicitons tous nos gagnants mais aussi tous ces milliers d'élèves de la province qui ont participé en classe, à l'école et au niveau des unités du programme des Prix. Le travail remarquable et instructif de ces jeunes auteurs nous rappelle que les futurs grands écrivains Canadiens sont actuellement dans nos classes.

L'enthousiasme et la détermination de chaque élève et leur soutien garantissent la poursuite du développement et de l'amélioration chaque année, du Programme Young Authors Awards/ Prix des Jeunes Écrivains. Nous apprécions énormément l'engagement de nos enseignants remarquables, dont l'inspiration et l'encouragement donnent aux élèves, l'opportunité de s'engager dans l'expérience de cette compétition.

Le programme Young Authors Awards/Prix des Jeunes Écrivains n'aurait été possible sans le dur labeur des nombreux membres de l'OECTA de toute la province. Les enseignants, les représentants de l'Association OECTA dans les écoles, les présidents des unités et les membres exécutifs de ces unités, jouent un rôle critique en menant le programme dans leur classe respective, dans les écoles et dans les unités. Les membres mettent à profit leur compétence, leur temps et leur effort afin de préserver l'esprit et la réussite continue de ces Prix. Ensemble, nous honorons l'excellent travail de nos enseignants et de nos élèves.

Nous n'exagérons en rien la valeur des contributions des membres dévoués de l'Association des Enseignants Catholiques Anglophones de l'Ontario, qui veillent chaque année à l'épanouissement de ce programme au bénéfice de nos élèves.

Merci, et continuez d'écrire!

Susan Perry

Professional Development Department
Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association

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THE COTTON CANDY SURPRISE



SCHOOL: Sacred Heart
TEACHER: Jennifer Tate
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Elizabeth Villegas
UNIT: Simcoe Muskoka Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Kent MacDonald

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / **SHORT STORY**
by **Jade Wootton-Radko**

It was a bright sunny morning when me and my Mom went out to play ball. A small rainbow appeared with some white fluffy clouds. The sky got dark. The clouds fell from the sky straight down. They landed on our lawn. Suddenly, the clouds turned into cotton candy. I skipped over to eat the cotton candy and it tasted like gumballs. It was yummy. My Mom came over and ate some with me. There were a lot of clouds. All of a sudden the clouds disappeared! My Mom and I went back home. I fell fast asleep because I had a long day. The end



LITTLE LOVEBUG SNOWMAN



SCHOOL: St. Pius X

TEACHER: Lisa Jostiak

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Jeff Mastalerz

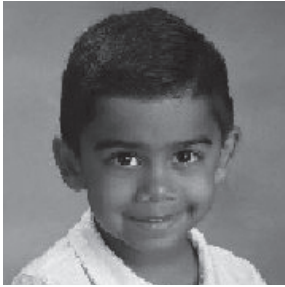
UNIT: Thunder Bay Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Aldo Grillo

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / POEM

by **Blake Monsma**

I have a little snowman
that has two buttons and a nose,
and when she goes to market
she dances on her toes.



SCHOOL: St. Andrew Catholic School
TEACHER: Karen Cuggy-Murphy
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Maria Picone Tornifoglia
UNIT: Halton Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Nina March

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / NONFICTION
by **Kai Fernandes**

Pluto is rocky and icy because it is the farthest dwarf planet from our sun. Scientists discovered that Pluto was too small to be a planet. Did you know that Pluto has a heart?



THE #22 RACER



SCHOOL: St. Mary-St Cecilia Catholic School

TEACHER: Shelley Bray

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Patricia Wouters

UNIT: Eastern Ontario

UNIT PRESIDENT: Dale Fobert

GRADES 1-2 / SHORT STORY

by Riley Jansen

Billy went to the racetrack with his #22 race car for the big race of the year. For the whole year, he had been competing against Willy, who was the best driver. Willy was very competitive and was certain he would win this big race. The race started with Willy in the lead, followed by Billy's #22 car. Twenty laps into the race, Billy fell five cars behind Willy, who was still leading. Suddenly, two cars crashed in front of Billy and he narrowly escaped the crash himself! The two drivers made it out of the crash, but they had to stop racing because their cars were not fixable in time to keep racing. Ten laps later, Billy and Willy were neck and neck. It was anybody's race! Now Billy looked over at Willy, who gave him the evil eye, so Billy was a little nervous. Before Billy knew it, the last lap was upon him. He could hardly believe his ears when he heard the announcer say that the #22 race car had won! Surprisingly, Willy had a big smile on his face and said, "I knew you could do it." They both held the trophy up together and Billy suggested they put Willy's name on the trophy as well. They became the best of friends!

The end



BLACK HISTORY MONTH REFLECTIONS



SCHOOL: St. Jean de Brebeuf
TEACHER: Lisa Diessel
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: David Twigg
UNIT: Simcoe Muskoka Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Kent MacDonald

GRADES 1-2 / **NONFICTION**
by **Violet Squires**

Minty (Young Harriet Tubman)

If I were Minty, and I had only one toy, and it got burnt by my mistress, I would cry until I'm done. If I were a slave like Minty, I would want freedom so much. If I were Minty, I would want every person and thing to be free. If I did something wrong and was threatened to be sold south, I would be scared.

Freedom in Congo Square (New Orleans)

On Sundays, in the morning, the slaves would go to church. In the afternoons, they would go to Congo Square to sell crafts and food. They would sing, dance, see their family, speak their own languages, and have fun.

On Mondays, they would feed the children, prune the trees, do the laundry, kill and cook the chickens, keep the field in good condition, take care of the farm, and fan the white people. They would get hot, tired, and sleepy. If they stopped working, or tried to run away, there would be dogs chasing after them, and they would get whipped. It seems super scary to me.

All week long there were so many chores to do; six days of non-stop work. Sunday at Congo Square would be a nice break.

Spirituals (Songs of Hope)

"Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" is slow and hopeful. I think that it is sad. "Steal Away" is slow and hopeful. What is hope? Hope is when you want something nice. The slaves who made these songs sang for help. They had hope to get to Heaven.



WINTER



SCHOOL: St. Joseph's School
TEACHER: Kristin McNiven
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Colleen Haegens
UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk
UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

GRADES 1-2 / POEM

by **Rilla Arrojo**

Winter snowflakes fall from the sky,
light as feather, twirling through the air graceful as a ballerina.

A cold wind blow whisks from a height.

The wind picks up, Mother Nature calls the snow.

Below is a wonderful sight.

A winter wonderland growing by night.

Snow is shimmering under beautiful light,
outside the window is an extra-delight.

Snow Day! According to the three feet snow.

Hot cocoa and mittens, pancakes plus boots.

It's hard to eat breakfast while putting on a snowsuit!

Pick up a snowball, make a snow fort too.

Building a snowman and sledding down-hill too.

When snow days are finished, like hot chocolate too,
someday winter will end.

And spring is coming around the bend!



HOW THE WOLF GOT HIS HOWL



SCHOOL: St. Ann Catholic Elementary School

TEACHER: Michelle Mastalerz

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Cecilia Person

UNIT: Thunder Bay Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Aldo Grillo

GRADES 3-4 / SHORT STORY

by **Gracie Almgren**

Have you ever wanted to know how Wolf got his howl? Well, it all started when the whole wolf pack was on a walk looking for food. But the youngest wolf, Max, started to chase a rabbit. He wasn't paying attention to where the wolf pack was going. Then it started to get late and dark. The wolf pack started to leave, but where was Max? The wolf pack didn't notice that Max was gone. A minute later, Max noticed that he was alone, lost in the deep dark forest. Max tried to get back home, but he got even more lost. Max was scared. He had an idea. It was to call the wolf pack by squeaking. But the wolf pack never came. Then Max tried to yell. But no one heard or came. Max had tried everything.

Suddenly he heard something coming towards him. He started to shake and his fur went straight up. He got scared because all of the birds that were sleeping woke up and flew away chirping. Then this loud sound came out of Max and he didn't know what it was. He was hoping someone or something would come and help him before the footsteps got closer. Then out of nowhere Max's Mom came running towards him. Mama Wolf had no idea what the sound was, but she knew someone or something was in danger. After Mama Wolf came a First Nations boy, running towards Max. He thought a wolf was in danger. Mama Wolf recognized the boy. He was the only human friend the wolf pack had. The boy said, "From now on let's call that sound a howl." He also said, "Let's use a howl whenever a wolf is in danger. So we know when a wolf needs our help." So they took Max back to the wolf pack and they talked about a howl and when to use it. It was the morning, but wolf finally got to go to sleep after a long day. That is how wolf got his howl.

The end



FALL FUN!



SCHOOL: St. Paul Catholic Elementary School

TEACHER: Debbie Matthews

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Lisa Cossar

UNIT: Peterborough Victoria Northumberland and Clarington

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

GRADES 3-4 / POEM

by **Jack Reed**

Shoal and I
at the Norwood Fair,
on the hang gliders
after lunch,
because we like the view.



EVERYONE'S LIKE AN M&M



SCHOOL: St. Mary Catholic School
TEACHER: Megan Stokley
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Ben Hayne
UNIT: Wellington
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mark Berardine

GRADES 3-4 / NONFICTION

by **Chloe Almeida**

Everyone's like an M&M; all different colours and flavours (personalities). Why do people judge this? I know no good reasons. From time to time, you probably look around in the world and judge. It doesn't mean you're a bad person; it just happens. People are judged by their skin, hair, body type and facial features. So what if you were an M&M? People love the red ones. You may be a yellow M&M. Or maybe you're a brown one? Either way, we're all God's people. Did Jesus do that? That's why somebody made up the saying, "WWJD." (What would Jesus do?) So maybe, you could inch a little closer to Jesus. Also, don't eat M&Ms; you are eating yourself! 😊



SCHOOL: St. Justin Martyr Catholic Elementary School

TEACHER: Craig Phillips

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Alejandra Ortiz

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 5-6 / SHORT STORY

by **Enya Wang**

Part 1

The Battle of Pilckem Ridge, July 31, 1917. 3:50am.

I charged onto the battle. Smoke in my eyes, blinding me, I screamed with fury and pulled the trigger of my rifle. *POW!* The terrible song of the firearm rang in my ears. Shrapnel exploded in my face. Mud caked my knees. Despite all that, I felt powerful. The feeling of my gun in my hands, my fingers running over the metal was comforting, giving me strength. I heard a voice shouting behind me, “GET DOWN!” Instinctively, I dove forward and fell on my stomach. *BOOM!*

A mortar shell exploded. I felt the wind as the shell hit the ground, crushing some unfortunate British troops from our ranks. There was no time to grieve for their deaths. I didn’t even stop to see who was killed. I got back up and kept running. I saw my friend, James Taylor, furiously trying to reload his rifle. I immediately ran over to help him.

Now, call me an idiot. You can call me a fool, a maniac, whatever. But James had been my friend since childhood. I still remember those days when we pretended to be soldiers and ran freely through the woods, pretending to march into battle in glory. But now that it was a reality, I wished that it had never happened.

I ran to James as he fumbled with a sack of gunpowder. He cursed as the gunpowder spilled all over the ground, and tried to use his hands to sweep it back up. Without thinking, I shoved my gun into his hands.

“Take it,” I said. James stared at me like I was crazy, but he refused the gun. “No! Are you mad? I’ve got everything under control! You don’t need to—”
BOOM!

We had been stupid enough to stand there for too long. A bomb exploded at our feet, and we were blasted in different directions.

James was on the ground. His arm was bleeding, and his face was completely covered with mud. I was, miraculously, unhurt. James looked at me, then at my feet, and his eyes widened. "RICHARD! WATCH OUT!" he screamed, diving for cover. I looked down at my feet.

Too late.

BOOOOOOOOM!

The grenade that had rolled at my feet exploded. I screamed as I was sprayed with shrapnel, dirt and debris.

Then everything went black.

I gasped and woke up. I was in my dirty, itchy, scratchy excuse for a bed, in our small little flat in Berlin, Germany. World War II was stirring. It was March, 1945.

The dream that I'd had many nights before had felt so real. I could remember every detail, like James Taylor had actually existed, that we'd shared a past together. That was crazy. My dream of myself as a British soldier named Richard Wilson, marching into battle in World War I. I was no glorious British veteran, someone to be honoured. I was a seventeen year old kid in Berlin, who could do nothing except stay in the flat and help my mother with chores. My father was in the war. I also wanted to fight in the war, but my mother never let me.

"Hans," she'd cry, grabbing my arm. "You are never to leave this house. It's too dangerous, you hear me? I'm not losing another child."

By 'another child,' my mother meant my dead brother Peter. Three years ago Peter had gone playing with one of his friends, and they'd stumbled upon a flak tower, which was a large, above-ground, anti-aircraft gun blockhouse tower built by the Nazis. I didn't hear the full details of what happened, but Peter and his friend were never seen again.

The real reason why I wanted to join the army was not so I could fight for our country, but because I wanted to find James Taylor.

It's insanity, I know. But I knew that my dreams about war were no ordinary dreams. I've had dreams like this since I was a young child, having flashbacks of James and me as children, playing in the woods. And as I grew, so did my character in my dream, Richard Wilson. It was like living two lives: one in the present, in Berlin, with my mother in a small little flat, trying to stay safe from World War II, and the other in my dreams, as Richard Wilson the British soldier. It was almost like I'd died, and my spirit was put in a new body several years later and brought back to earth with a new face, identity and life. I'd never learned a different language before, but I had a strange ability to speak English although I'd never had a single English learning session in my life. In my dreams, everybody spoke English, but I could naturally understand it all as if everyone was speaking German. I wasn't quite sure if James was still alive, or if he even existed, but I would somehow get back to him. I would see him again. I'd do anything to change my dull, monotonous life, even if it was hopelessly impossible. I didn't care about the chances of finding James, like

if he was still alive, if he even existed, how I would find him, and even if I did somehow find him, how would he recognize me? He would see a German child, an enemy. He wouldn't see the soldier from Britain that he played with in the woods so many years ago.

But joining the army could give me a possibility to find him. We would be going into enemy territory, Britain. I could somehow slip away from the battle and search for James. It was madness. I might never see the world that same again. But I only had one goal in mind, and I was going to achieve it. I was going to return to my past life, as Richard Wilson. I was going to find James Taylor.

Part 2

That night, I packed my bags and slipped through the window without considering what my mother would think of me. I'll be honest, I kind of forget her. The only thing I had in mind was to find James.

I knew where to go. There was a recruitment post at the east side of the city, which actually was very close from here.

I walked the whole way. I brought with me a small bag carrying some clothes and money. I kept my head down, making sure that I didn't attract attention. People would think that I was running a late errand for my mother, which was just as well because there was a market near the recruitment post. The night was cloudy and rainy, so not many people would be outside at this time. I just hoped that this wouldn't cause suspicion to myself, because not many kids would be out running errands on a night like this.

A guard stood by the post. There was always a guard. They took shifts, day and night, guarding the post because they wanted to actually see who was willing to join the army, and if they were worthy of it.

I took a quick glance around, aware of who could be watching me. There was almost no one outside. My clothes were soaking wet. Taking a deep breath, I walked up to the guard. He turned in my direction at the first step I took.

"Are you joining the army?" He asked, crossing his arms. His face was expressionless. "Uh—" I cleared my throat, and at that moment the guard slapped me in the face. I stumbled backwards.

"If you're not joining the army, then what in the world are you doing here?" he roared.

"I... uh. I am joining the army..." I stuttered. The guard glowered, sizing me up.

"How old are you?"

"Um, seventeen..." The guard shoved me in the chest, and I stumbled backwards again. He crossed his arms. "Not very strong," he grumbled to himself. Then he shrugged. "Why not... the

army could use some new recruits, as long as they don't go crying for their mothers." He handed me a sheet of paper and a pencil. He tapped the bottom of the page. "Sign here," he said gruffly. I did as he asked, and the guard too the paper back.

"Come back here tomorrow morning. That's when you'll begin."
Begin what? I thought, but I didn't dare say it. Tomorrow morning? I'd packed my bags for nothing, but at least I could stay home for one last night. I nodded in agreement and left.

I couldn't sleep that night. How could I sneak out of the house in the morning without my mother noticing? Should I say something about what I was going to do before leaving? That wouldn't work. She'd think I was insane. Write her a note? Maybe, but what would I write? That I'd disobeyed her to join the army? That I'd ran away from home? I didn't want to torment my own mother with worry and concern, so I decided just to write as much as I could explain down on paper: The dreams, James Taylor, the army. Everything. I tried to make it sound as realistic as possible, but would she still believe me? I might never see her again.

So I wrote, and wrote, and wrote. The letter took up two pages, but I still wasn't satisfied when I read it over. It sounded too crazy, too unreal. Then I thought, who cares? I'll just make up a lie. So I crumpled up the paper and threw it out, and wrote another letter, this time much more brief. Then I read it:

*Dear mother,
I'm going to leave for a while to help out my old friend Klaus. His father is very ill, and he needs me to help out around the house while he takes care of him. His call for help was very urgent and on short notice, so I apologize for not letting you know earlier. Klaus' home is far from here. I don't know how long I'll be staying, but Klaus says that they have enough space and food to take care of me too. Don't worry.
Take care of yourself. I'm sorry I can't be at home, but this was very sudden. I love you.*

*With apologies,
Hans*

The letter still sounded like a fat lie to me, but it was better than nothing. But I still had to find a way to sneak out of the house.

Then I had an idea. My mother didn't get out of bed until seven in the morning. I could turn the time on all of the clocks in the house back three hours, so when it was seven in the morning, the clocks would say that it was four, and hopefully, she would go back to sleep. It was also likely to be dark and cloudy tomorrow because of the rain, which wouldn't give away any clues of what time it was.

So I crept out of my room and carefully placed the note on the kitchen table. I took the old clock sitting on the table and twisted the gear on the back, turning the minute hand back around and around, until it read that it was three hours earlier. I did the same to all of the other clocks, sneaking into rooms and adjusting the time. With my work done, I lay back on my bed, but didn't dare go to sleep, as I was afraid I'd oversleep. So I lay there, listening to the sound of rain falling outside.

It was six in the morning (although the clocks said it was three) when I slipped out the window, making sure to close it afterwards. Carrying my bag, I walked back to the recruitment post. Just like I'd predicted, the sky was dark and cloudy. A lot of other recruits were already waiting there anxiously, ready for whatever the army had planned for us.

A man then walked up to the front, and everyone stopped what they were doing. I could feel the tension rising as the man stood in front of us.

"I am Colonel General Kurt Student," he said. His voice boomed like thunder. Everyone was stiff with unease. "When you speak to me, address me as 'General.' Got that?"

"Yes, General!" we shouted in unison.

"You will all be training as recruits for the Nazis in the 1st Parachute Battalion. Do not take this lightly. If you are not working hard enough, you will be punished. If you disobey an order, you will be punished. If you do something wrong, you will be punished. It is as simple as that. Work hard and follow the rules, and you won't be punished."

Training was torturous. I won't describe it to you, because I don't want to picture it myself. I want those memories to be forgotten. I can't tell you how many times we were all punished. How much we suffered, how long we survived the General's brutal training. Finally, a month later, training was over, but our first mission had only just begun.

"The Germans are losing the first," announced General Student. "The 1st Parachute Battalion is one of the only units left, and we need to gain control of Hamburg. You recruits are going to join the battle.

And so the Battle of Hamburg began.

April 24, 1945.

I was back in action. I'd done this in my dreams, but I'd forgotten how good it felt. The gun rested perfectly in my hands. Or good isn't the right word. I felt powerful, strong. But I also felt something was wrong in doing this. I was attaching the British, my former allies in World War I. But I needed to show loyalty to my country, even if that wasn't the real reason why I was there. James Taylor, I thought. Where are you? James wouldn't be one to miss out on the action. World War I might leave some battle scars, but he was only eighteen when I last saw him on July 31, 1917. That was twenty-eight years ago. He couldn't be that old!

Suddenly, someone caught my eye. A man was running by, carrying a medic's pack. He was in his forties, with blue eyes and brown hair cut in a military style. He was a British medic, but something told me not to shoot him. That twinkle in his eye reminded me of James. I still remembered his face clearly from my dreams. Even now, twenty-eight years later, with a new identity, I could still recognize his face.

It was James Taylor.

"James!" I cried, running towards him. He was bent down beside a wounded soldier, but looked up once he heard his name. When he saw my red Nazi armband he whipped out his pistol.

"Wait!" I gasped. I was speaking in English. "It's me, James. Richard!"

He narrowed his eyes at me. "I think you're mad, Nazi. I'm surprised you can speak English, but I think I'll end you now."

BOOM! A bomb exploded somewhere behind me, spraying shrapnel all over my back. From somewhere, I heard the general yelling, "What are you doing, recruit?! Why are you – "

BOOM! His speech was cut off by another explosion.

James still had his gun on me, but he was hesitating. "Well, madman, I have a question for you. What did you say your name was?"

"Richard," I panted. "Richard Daniel Wilson." James' eyes widened, but he still didn't seem completely convinced.

"Richard was killed twenty-eight years ago," he spat bitterly. "How could you, a Nazi, be him?"

"I'm not actually Richard in person," I rambled. "I died, but my spirit was put into a new body. I was given a new identity. I'm still him!"

James scowled at me. "You really are mad, but I'll give you a chance." He took a deep breath. "If you are Richard Wilson, my poor dead friend reincarnated into a new body... Then tell me... what is my middle name?" he stuttered.

I searched my memory. James had told me! Memory don't fail me now, I thought. Then it came to me. "Andersen," I said with confidence. "James Andersen Taylor." James gasped. "My Lord!" he shouted. "You really are Richard!"

He tore off my armband. "Dear friend, I can't tell you how much I've missed you. I can't believe that you're here with me, right now. But you're no longer a Nazi. You don't belong there. You're now a British soldier, my dear friend Richard Wilson. That is where you belong."

I felt a sense of warmth wash over me. The gunfire and shrapnel was forgotten. It was just me and James, arm in arm. Reunited again, after twenty-eight years. The joy, relief, safety, love, sock and sense of success inside me wanted to burst. I'd achieved my goal. I'd found my old life as Richard Wilson.

BOOM!

A bomb exploded. James and I were thrown in different directions, and I got a sudden flashback to 1917. We'd been separated by a bomb, before a grenade rolled to my feet and killed me. Somehow, I knew we wouldn't make it out alive. But I wasn't sad. I smiled at James. He smiled back at me. "Looks like we're at the end, Richard," he croaked. "But we'll make it to the end together," I said. BOOOOOOOM! Then everything went black.

I then felt a sense of warmth about me, a feeling of life. I opened my eyes and saw two loving parents beaming above me. I was a baby lying in a crib, staring up at two larger faces. It was 2018. I had just been put into a new body, starting a new life.

I had been reincarnated.

The End





PEOPLE, JUST LIKE YOU AND ME



SCHOOL: St. Mary Catholic School
TEACHER: Heidi Schumacher
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Ben Hayne
UNIT: Wellington
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mark Berardine

GRADES 5-6 / POEM

by **Mairéad McElhinney**

Who were these men who went off to war?
They left and they served and saw families no more.
They watched their friends die, while down there they lie,
in a trench but inside they quietly cry.
These men were people, just like you and me.

Who were these men who once had a life?
A family, friends, and good times with no strife.
A home and a school, a park and a pool,
but in war only hope that their country would rule.
These men were people, just like you and me.

What did they see, those prisoners of war?
I doubt it was happy, just grim and gore.
Not even after, if they made it home,
did they forget being all alone.
These men were people, just like you and me.

How did they feel, the army out there?
It must've been awful, getting those scares.
From up in the air, or low in a trench,
seeing such death must've made their hearts wrench.
And these men were people, just like you and me.

Where do they go, these men of war?
Often a boat to places afar.
In a trench, in a plane, fearing their death,
hoping a battle won't bring their last breath.
These men were people, just like you and me.

That is why we remember,
on the 11th of November,
the people who died,
and gave us their lives.
Because they are people, just like you and me.



DISTRACTED DRIVING



SCHOOL: St. Patrick Catholic School
TEACHER: Janice Hamilton
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Marie Smith
UNIT: Wellington
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mark Berardine

GRADES 5-6 / NONFICTION

by Taylor Toomey

Have you ever been in your car and noticed cars swerving on the road, or heard tires screeching to a stop? I have, and it is a growing problem on our roads and in our society today. Our roads and highways are dangerously unsafe and something needs to be done, fast!

Distracted driving is when you're distracted by something or someone – it could be your phone, your kids screaming or laughing in the back seat, or even falling asleep at the wheel.

On July 27, 2017, my family received a horrible phone call from my uncle. We were pumping gas into our car and my brother, Tyler, and I looked out the window. My Dad was in tears and no one knew why or what happened. He came into the car and said, "Uncle Steve and Thomas were in a car accident and we don't know if Uncle Steve made it." Tyler and I were in shock. The accident was caused by a distracted driver of a transport truck who was texting on his phone. My uncle and cousin had stopped at a construction site on Hwy 48 in Georgina.

My cousin was asleep in the back of their car when a gravel truck ran into the back of them. The gravel truck was going well over 100km per hour. They were hit twice. My cousin survived but unfortunately my uncle passed away at the scene. My cousin, Thomas, was airlifted to Sick Kids Hospital and is doing well now, but we were saddened and it will never be the same without our Uncle Steve.

My aunt was left without her husband. Connor and Thomas were left without their father. Steve's parents were left without their son. Sonya was left without her brother and all the cousins left without their uncle.

From December 11-15, 2017, the Ontario Provincial Police stopped around 3,500 transport trucks and gave 1,836 charges with 223 distracted driving charges. Distracted driving is now the number one risk on Canadian roads, contributing to 8 in 10 collisions.

The following are percentages of Canadians admitting being distracted while being the wheel: 71% adjusting iPod or radio, 87% eating or drinking, 60% looking and talking to passengers, 51% reaching for something in the back seat, 59% playing the radio too loudly, 35% adjusting setting

on GPS, 47% talking on a cellphone, 35% sending text messages, 29% putting on or taking off accessories, and 13% fixing hair and makeup.

The government is working together with the OPP in a joint effort to create awareness and stop distracted drivers once and for all. They have increased fines, there are more spots checks, and they even have undercover transport trucks and vehicles policing our highways and roads. With over 125,000 kilometers of roadways in Ontario alone, this task is impossible unless we all do our part.

If you are caught breaking Ontario's distracted driving law, you will receive a fine of \$400, plus a victim surcharge and court fee for a total of \$490, if settled out of court. If you receive a summons or fight your ticket, you can receive a fine of up to \$1,000, plus three demerit points will be applied to your driver's licence.

Careless drivers in Ontario causing death could soon be fined up to \$50,000 as the government plans to introduce tougher penalties in the hopes of cracking down on distracted driving. The fines for distracted driving will also increase from a maximum of \$1,000 up to \$2,000 on a second conviction, and up to \$3,000 for a third, as well as six demerit points for multiple offences.

Please help me spread the word about distracted driving. If you're in the car with a distracted driver tell them to pull over before they hurt themselves or someone else.

Thank you for listening.



A LEAP OF FAITH



SCHOOL: Christ the King Catholic Elementary School

TEACHER: Iva Valent

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Iva Valent

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 7-8 / SHORT STORY

by **Jin Schofield**

A Leap of Faith

I was the model citizen. I made the correct choices, spoke the correct words, and performed the correct actions. I was the perfect, compliant, *Juche*-embodying citizen. The portraits of my Great Leader and his son hung on my bare wall as sacred as the Christian cross on yours. I was raised reciting Kim Il-Sung's quotes as often as you recite the Lord's Prayer. I was a devoted Korean, proud and in love with my country; the fruit of true Communism. I loved my Great Leader more than I did my own father. I was perfect.

Yet, despite all of that, I kneel here – motionless, unloyal, my heart pounding with betrayal.

The sky is dark. Yet, this is the brightest night I have ever experienced. I stare out across the calm Tumen River, observing the newly paved roads and painted buildings just past its gentle waves. Light streams out of the open windows at this time of night; a sight I have never seen on my side of the river. The Tumen is what separates my world from theirs. A seemingly impregnable barrier that serves more to keep us in than to keep the American Imperialists out. This impossible truth was a jigsaw puzzle that had taken me years to solve. My entire life, I had pieced this together, memory by memory, sorrow by sorrow. It is only now, at the edge of my prison, that I can look back with my story – whole and uncensored.

May 12, 1986

My classroom was exceptionally tidy that morning. My teacher, Ms. Yi, had dusted every shelf and removed every trace of chalk from the folds of the same black skirt she wore every day. Minutes we had waited, backs straight, smiling at the flaking wall. It was clear there would be no lessons that morning. It was not long before the door swung open and Ms. Yi enthusiastically introduced the peculiar pair of visitors whose wide smiles did not reach their eyes. They were Party members – people of high authority you rarely caught sight of in a school. Surely not in a classroom of fourteen year-olds. The woman and man paced, halting around the room and studying us – our faces, our postures, our hands. They began to pluck out a few girls from our class – the pretty ones. As the woman worked her way down our row of desks, she laid eyes on my sister and me.

Eleven months apart, she was just old enough to be in my grade. Her name was Ji-ae. Although we look remarkably similar, our personalities were distinctly different. She was sweet and innocent, naïve and dutiful. She found joy in the most insignificant change, and hope in the most impractical situations. If she was a trickling, flexible stream, I was a direct, crashing waterfall. We shared the same crescent-shaped mouth that made us seem content when we were upset. We even had the same squint that blurred the contrast between when we were laughing and when we were crying. It was true – we were reasonably good-looking. Both of us. The woman paused before us and directed us to join the group of other grinning, doe-eyed girls. We were ecstatic. Giggling and gossiping, we were led to an empty classroom across the hall.

Three days prior, Ms. Yi had forewarned us to prepare our best clothes and brightest smiles for this day. Two Party members would visit our classroom and select a lucky girl to live in Pyongyang, with our celestial, all-knowing Great Leader. To be chosen was the greatest honour. Though we were not told what exactly we were to do in Pyongyang, it truly did not matter. To escape our dull town of Puryong and live in our glorious capital was a blessing. Our town was agricultural and primitive, incomparable to the advanced, progressive Pyongyang we were taught about. Every one of my friends had a different fantasy of what our capital looked like; mine was of tall buildings that caressed the clouds, and gardens of flowers that coated the ground in a kaleidoscope of various colours and hues. I would say anything – do anything – to realize my dream.

Individually drawing us aside, the pair began with straightforward, uncomplicated questions. They were questions about our interests and our hobbies, soon evolving into questions about politics – what we thought of the outside world, what we thought of our hometown, what we thought of Pyongyang. Naturally, I replied with brutal honesty. It was a great offense to lie, especially to Party members. I explained my hope to leave Puryong, and the burning curiosity that sometimes overwhelmed my fear of what lay past our borders. I talked about my life at home – how different I was from my sister, how I was more like my father. I did not realize when I misspoke, but it was not long before the pair’s phony smiles faded, their eyebrows knitting together as their whispers grew in urgency. The interview ended abruptly and I was cast back to the group of other girls. Ashamed and humiliated, I could not bear to look any of my fellow classmates in the eye – not even my sister. Needless to say, I was not chosen.

However, Ji-ae was.

The last words she said to me were more of a curse than a farewell. When she was called to be interviewed, she quickly squeezed my hand and whispered, “Great Leader, help me.” Her eyes were twinkling when she disappeared behind the door. Unlike the other girls in our group, she did not return from her interview.

As I returned from school hours later, I found my mother sprawled out on our floor, sobbing. Between shaky breaths, she explained how father had been beaten by government officials just half an hour earlier. My mother stopped crying when she heard why Ji-ae had not come home and why I had. When it was explained to me why girls like Ji-ae were taken to live with the Great Leader, and why men like father were beaten in their own homes, it was my turn to cry.

July 8, 1994

When the news broke on that grey, dull morning, many of us went into shock and heartbreak. Many of us lost our direction in life. It was like losing a father. Who else, if not our beloved Kim Il-Sung, would watch over us and protect us? To them, the world was ending. All hope had vanished. Then there were people like me.

Those who bit into their lips until their raw, aggravated eyes spilled tears of pain onto their cheeks. Those who questioned what was wrong with themselves – why they were not grief-stricken and paralyzed with sorrow like everyone else.

The day it happened, life had been bearable. I cared for my mother, who had never recovered from the loss of father and Ji-ae, although I had moved past the pain and loss. Father had not survived very long after his beating eight years prior – he had quickly fallen ill with tuberculosis and died. Father would be gone, but Ji-ae would wear pretty silk dresses and serve the Great Leader, never to worry about what her next meal would be. I had convinced myself it had been an equitable and unavoidable trade. I had convinced myself that they would have beaten father anyway, no matter how well I had weaved the right words and phrases into my answers. Of course, those were lies, but they were the only assertions that separated me from my mother.

The news spread like wildfire, leaving nothing but embers of uncertainty and sorrow in its wake. I had been at my makeshift dinner table, savouring the taste of home-grown tomatoes mixed in with our state-provided rice. I had even enjoyed a slice of pork from one of our neighbours' pigs – I had made sure to thank the Great Leader for my tremendous fortune. My mother had silently entered the room, quickly falling to her knees and murmuring inaudible words that soon transformed into a nonsensical wailing. As I journeyed deeper and deeper into the heart of Puryong, I found more and more people doing the same – kneeling and wailing. It was a peculiar sight. It was not long before I realized that our Great Leader had passed away. In fact, it was not very difficult to find out – children shouted in the streets and shaky voices declared so from state-owned megaphones. The odd thing was – authority seemed to be monitoring us. Every street had its own designated teary-eyed chaperone.

That was when I noticed that I had not been crying.

I was a mass of conflicting emotions. The Great Leader had given me my magnificent country, yet had also taken my father from me. He had saved us from the evil that was capitalism, yet did not provide us with any more luxury than the rice at our tables. The truth was, I was not able to cry. Yes, I missed Kim Il-Sung. Yes, I deeply regretted this overwhelming loss to our nation. Yes, my feelings of security and safety were diminishing with each second of thought I gave to his passing. But I did not cry, until I realized I had to.

With so many men stationed so suspiciously, it was obvious we were being watched. I might have been young at the time, but I was not naïve. My instinct had been to blend in – so I did. I fell to my knees, faked my tears, and walked home with my head down, ‘sobbing’ until my throat burned.

As I glanced around at my fellow neighbours, I made a sudden realization. There was no way of knowing which tears were genuine, and those that were fashioned from pain, wit, and fear.

April 21, 1996

As my aunt spoke, it was difficult to distinguish her tears from the heavy rain falling over the makeshift grave we had fashioned from wood and paper. She spoke slowly and quietly, her voice barely audible over the weeping of my other family members. She spoke of my mother – the way she looked, the sweetness of her voice, her golden heart, of everything except for the way she had died. None of them had been there, none of them had seen it. The way her personality, everything that defined who and what she was, had faded away long before her body had finished devouring itself. The way her cheeks had hollowed out, then her eyes had dimmed, and finally her soul had tarnished away. How her last waking moments were not ones spent as mother and daughter, but as a forsaken girl and a lifeless shell.

It was a very Korean ceremony. My mother’s mouth was filled with rice – a very rare commodity at this time, as per Korean tradition. However, we did not have the abundance of food, the ropes, the shaman, or the cotton to have a true, traditional ceremony. It was disrespectful, rushed, and one of my deepest regrets. Only so much of my family could attend. Some were in Pyongyang, rich with full bellies, too bothered with their own petty lives to come. Others were awaiting or had suffered my mother’s fate – scavenging the streets for the rations they were promised, only to realize that there was none to scavenge for. Those who did attend were not faring much better. The cousins who stood across from me, eyes also avoiding my mother’s skeleton-like body, were the perfect, textbook example of starvation. Their wrists were thin enough for me to encircle with my thumb and index finger, and their stomachs were swollen and misshapen. Their skin appeared dry enough to flake off at the touch, and they simply did not seem alive, *or present*.

It was almost laughable. How just a few graves away, another family could be seen – probably one of party officials enjoying their bulging pockets and glazed pork. They wore ironed, vinylon clothes, and stood around a polished stone grave on which Hangul was flawlessly engraved. Their family was large and diverse. Even the youngest of their family had not fallen to starvation. In fact, none of them not even the person they mourned, had. Despite the apparent sorrow they demonstrated, they still wore the tall stature and bright eyes that verified their hope for the future and belief in their country. Almost all of which we had lost.

My aunt was done speaking. The moment of silence had passed. My mother’s burial had been performed quickly and efficiently. The funeral was over – I could relax. In fact, I had attended two in the past four months. It was a miracle that our family even bothered to attend these events anymore.

It was inspiring how our family, through all our hardship and misery, still insisted to attend our ‘bi-monthly family reunion.’ That was a desperate name for them. The person that maintained and nurtured this family was my grandfather. Even before the long drought, my cousins and I would gather around him as he told us thrilling stories about the history of Korea, heroes and villains, and his many past experiences. As expected of such a determined family patriarch, this tradition never died. My cousins and I, now all in our early twenties, appeared to the untrained eye as teenagers. It was only with our shared experiences that one could learn to identify someone’s age through their eyes, in which you could see the suffering and pain that led to such a growth-stunted body. My grandfather, *Haraboji*, as we called him, began to tell us another one of his stories. Yet, it was different. In the past, these stories had evoked feelings of pride and wonder. *Haraboji* had seemed like a fountain of knowledge, more knowledgeable than all of the books in all of the libraries in Korea combined. And certainly more entertaining.

“Are you okay, *Haraboji*?” I asked, my voice still wavering and weak.

“Yes, *Ji Su*. I just can’t remember... can’t remember whether the American-brainwashed South Koreans had invaded us in 1950, or whether we invaded them.”

“How could you possibly forget something so obvious!?” I shouted, my emotions a mixture of anger and confusion. “*They* invaded us. *We defended* ourselves, *Haraboji*.”

There was a pause. He was thinking, staring up into the sky, as if asking a question to the clouds. After a long moment, he lowered his head with a newfound certainty, his eyes widening in clarity.

“No, they didn’t *Ji Su*.”

It was only with the unimaginable hardships that I had faced, and the losses that I had suffered, that I was able to believe him. But, I did. I did believe him.

Here I stand, on the edge of the Tumen, with my head concealed by an inch of grass. I am rid of the lies. I am rid of the myths and the disinformation that have been preached to me by the mother I loved so much. Rid of the books in which I placed all of my trust, and the country to which belonged all of my pride.

The truth is now as clear as water.

Our history is fictitious and fraudulent, nothing more than party-generated propaganda.

Our government is corrupt, inefficient, nothing more than an elite ruling over a helpless population.

My life is a lie, and it is not going to follow the same path my mother, or sister, or father did.

So, as I glance around one last time to thank North Korea for the suffering it has taught me to endure and the lessons it has forced me to learn, I whisper my final farewell.

And I jump in the water.





HUMILITY



SCHOOL: Father Francis McSpirtt
TEACHER: Barbara Symbolik
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Barbara Symbolik
UNIT: Dufferin Peel Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Rose Procopio

GRADES 7-8 / POEM

by **Fiona Aguigwo**

It is not thinking less of yourself,
but thinking of yourself less.
It is not denying your strengths,
but accepting your weaknesses.
It is not decreasing your substance,
but having a modest view of your importance.
But many people lack it,
or simply just don't have it.

We live in a society where having more is best,
and owning riches upon riches is considered blessed.
We brag about who is better dressed,
when there are more important issues to be addressed.
We only appreciate those with money,
when there are people living on pennies and dimes monthly.
What happened to being humble?
Is self-centeredness going to be the reason why our society crumbled?
Why do we continue in our acts of egotism,
when the right way to go is altruism?

Is this a future we truly want?
A future filled with useless needs and selfish wants?
A place where the greedy are more relevant than the needy.
A place where we celebrate the arrogant,

because their lifestyle is more extravagant.
What will it take for us to realize,
that being the wealthiest is not what we should idealize?
People will love you and support you when it is beneficial.
So living a lavish life is basically superficial.

You'll see that as soon as that money leaves you,
those "friends" will be quick to dismiss you.

Maybe then you will start to see,
That what truly mattered was what you had within.
You shouldn't need to brag or advertise your accomplishments,
And show off just so you can receive compliments.
With pride comes disgrace,
With conceit comes ignorance.
If all were to develop the virtue of humility,
We would be able to create peace and unity.

Some people are lucky to be born with a silver spoon in their mouth,
But that doesn't mean that they get to boast about what living life is about.
So what, you earn twice the amount that someone else makes in a year?
It doesn't make you more important than you appear.
Don't you ever wonder?
Don't you even ponder?
"Do people only like me because of my money?"
If the answer is yes, then I'm glad my lifestyle is what you consider crummy.
As crazy as that may seem,
I would rather have people like me for me.

The unfortunate whose lives are described as a dystopia,
Will rise and live a life defined as utopia.
"The first will be the last, and the last will be the first."

For the kingdom of God will reward those who kept their lives reserved.

“Whoever exalts himself will be humbled,”

And will be embarrassed to see how quickly their popularity crumbled.

“Whoever humbles himself will be exalted,”

And will cease to live the life of the unwanted.

Pride leads to disgrace,

Which is why it's humility we should embrace.

Those who gloat over their success,

And sings one's own praises about the skills they possess,

And choose to display self-love over selflessness,

Are no better than the lowly in spirit and the oppressed.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.”

God will rejoice those who remain self-effacing 24/7.

The ones who see their own weaknesses and readily admit to them.

The ones who help others, but don't do it for show.

The ones who put others first and listen to know.

The ones who live with an attitude of gratitude.

The ones with a tender conscience and who are quick to repent.

The ones who don't brag about how much they've spent.

The ones who constantly display humility,

And without pride, still retained their dignity.



SCHOOL: St. Patrick Catholic School
TEACHER: Marie Smith
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Marie Smith
UNIT: Wellington
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mark Berardine

GRADES 7-8 / NONFICTION
by Logan May

Silence

They say “Silence is golden,” but the more I think about that phrase, the more I have come to realize it isn’t. In reality, silence can be harmful and even *deadly*! Mrs. Smith and my fellow classmates, I am here to speak to you about the dangers of silence.

Now, I know a lot of you are looking at me kind of weird right now. You might be asking, “How could silence ever possibly be deadly?” Well, I am talking to you about a different kind of silence. The one where we lose our voices. So, don’t worry, we will get there together.

Martin Luther King Jr. said in one of his 1967 speeches, “In the end, we will remember not the words of our enemies, but the silence of our friends.” What does this quote mean? Well, when I was hanging with my friends on the playground, one of them started talking about another classmate. Not in a very nice way, let me add. I listened to him call this person mean, derogatory names behind his back. And there I was, standing there, watching and listening.

What happened to my voice? It’s disappeared. I tried to speak, yet no words came out. I knew what this person was doing was wrong... But I sat there, silent, listening, not saying a word. My only thought was to get away from that uncomfortable situation.

So, did you catch that? Yeah, nothing. Nobody said anything. When we witness bullying and we stay silent, it’s a form of approval to the bully. So, because I stayed silent, the bully thinks that what he did was OK and he will do it again in the future. And now, because I stayed silent, the kid who got bullied thinks that there is nobody on their side and that they’re alone. Wow, that’s not how I feel about him at all. I should have said something...

Did you know that 36 percent of people say that when they have an issue, they keep it a secret? It may not sound like a big problem, but it truly is when it gets severe. Imagine this, you are having trouble with something. It may be friends, school, sports, anything. This issue is preventing you from continuing, from learning, from having fun. But, instead of going out and getting help for it, you keep it a secret, not telling anyone. You think that if you forget about it, it will go away. Although, it doesn’t.

It keeps growing and growing in the darkness, where you cannot see. Eventually, this problem could get so big that it is harder to fix than it was in the first place. So keeping it a secret, hoping it will go away, only caused it to grow on your subconscious, making it harder to fix.

Silence can be harmful, as well, when we see a fellow human being in need. We see that they are struggling with something, but we don't say anything to them. Maybe it's because we don't know what to say, or maybe we figure that it's just not our problem. But in the end, it does take a lot more bravery and effort to say something... to ask them if there is something wrong, or some way to help. Sometimes, we just have to listen, but it all starts with you starting the conversation.

"Is there a way to stop all of this from happening?" Yes. First, ask for help. Instead of keeping our fears a secret, ask people for help. Talk to somebody to get that fear out of your brain. Second, speak up! If someone is doing something you and everyone knows is bad, speak up. Tell him that he shouldn't do that. He may realize, "Hey, nobody liked that. I won't do that again!" Third, challenge the bullies. Ask the questions that you might not like the answers to. "Why did you bully him?" "Why did you exclude her?" "Do you think that you're better than him?" Challenge people who are promoting racism, hatred, sexism and inequality. Find that voice deep inside you.

When you know something is wrong, don't shy away. As Gandhi once said, "Be the change that you wish to see in the world." So, if you want the world to be a certain way, it all starts with you changing yourself first.



SCHOOL: St. Francis de Sales Catholic School
TEACHER: David Condon
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Mary-Anne Godfrey
UNIT: Durham Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Melissa Cowen

GRADES 7-8 / PLAY
by Hilary Element

Characters:

Dad: *Father of Hilary, accountant, likes cars.*

Hilary: *In grade eight, daughter of Mom and Dad.*

Mom: *Mother of Hilary, chef.*

Act I, Scene I

Lights come on, living room, Hilary and Dad on couch looking at cars on AutoTrader.

DAD: Hey, Hilary, how do you like this type of car? It's cute, isn't it?

HILARY: Yeah, they're cute little cars. I like them.

DAD: That's like Herbie from those old "Love Bug" movies. Have you ever seen one of those movies before?

HILARY: No, but I've heard of them.

DAD: They're cute. We should watch them sometime. I know you'd like them. You know we should get one of these cars and fix it up together. That could be our thing.

HILARY: *(Looks at Dad like he's crazy)* Really? That's not actually going to happen, is it? I know you are just dreaming.

DAD: No, I'm serious. I wouldn't do a car restoration with your sister. She's busy with her university courses. It would be a cool project for us to do together.

HILARY: *(tentatively)* Okay... sure.

DAD: Wouldn't it be fun?

HILARY: Hmm... yes, it would. But you also said getting a boat would be fun. Then you said you were just dreaming with that. Are you not dreaming about this too?

DAD: Not really. I'm pretty serious.

Lights go down.

Act I, Scene II

Lights come on; Hilary is at the kitchen table doing homework.

DAD: *(comes up to the table and sits down)* Hey, do you remember a few weeks ago we talked about doing a car project together? I found two cars like Herbie out in the Renfrew area. Let's go on Saturday to look at them.

HILARY: We're going to drive out there and back in one day?

DAD: Yeah. We can get up early and drive out to Belleville for breakfast. We will go on to Renfrew from there. The two cars are not far from each other.

HILARY: Okay, what are the car colours?

DAD: One's red and one's blue.

Lights go down.

Act I, Scene III

Lights come on, Hilary and Dad sitting on two chairs as if in a car.

HILARY: How long have we been driving now?

DAD: About two hours. Hey, we're in Tweed right now. This is where they say Elvis moved after he supposedly faked his own death.

HILARY: Well, this is the middle of nowhere.

DAD: Hey! Elvis is a one-of-a-kind name. Our car needs a one-of-a-kind name too. What names do you like?

HILARY: “B” names because it’s going to be a Beetle. Betty, Betsie, Barney, Bernie. I know this isn’t a B name, but I like Eleanor for some reason.

Lights go down.

Act I, Scene IV

Lights come on. Same chair formation on stage, but chairs facing different directions.

HILARY: That guy really liked cars... almost talked your ear off!

DAD: Yeah. But the car has a few rust holes and I don’t want to have to learn how to weld. Guess that’s not our car.

HILARY: Maybe the next car will be a bit better. So, what’s going on at work?

DAD: Thanks for asking. Well, I have two guys coming in from England on Monday and I have a lot of meetings next week. How’s school going?

HILARY: Okay. We are doing football in gym right now. I don’t love sports, but I’m a pretty good thrower. I get a spiral almost every time.

DAD: Really? I thought you hated gym.

HILARY: Well, it’s still not my favourite subject, but I am better at it than I thought. I think I get a bit better in each class too.

DAD: See, you don’t have to be perfect the first class. It is kind of like our car project. It will certainly not be a perfect car, but we can still enjoy it. *(Car rolls to a stop)*
Here we are! Let’s go have a look.

Lights go down.

Act I, Scene V

Lights come on. Same chair formation, although facing slightly different directions again.

HILARY: That was in alright shape, wasn’t it?

DAD: Well... it was. But there is no way we could get it home. The guy is moving away.

I guess it's not meant to be. But we are going to find our perfect car. We just have to look a little harder.

Lights go down.

Act II, Scene I

Lights come on. Two chairs are set on stage, both facing different angles. Hilary and her mother are in the chairs.

HILARY: Mom, why is the garage door open and Dad's car is here?

MOM: *(Smirk on her face)* I don't know. Let's see.

HILARY: *(Surprised. She jumps off her chair to walk to stage left where four smaller chairs are arranged)* Dad, you got a car!? Where did you find it? Who did you buy it from?

DAD: It was not far from here. The lady who works at Sobeys was selling it. I know, I know. The wing on the back has got to go.

HILARY: I love it. It's so cute. We have to pick a name now.

DAD: *(Giving Hilary a toy car)* The lady gave us a toy car too. It's the exact colour... coral.

HILARY: Now I can have a little one in my room too!

DAD: Let's go inside and think of a name to call it.

Lights go down.

Act II, Scene II

Lights come on. Dad and Hilary are sitting at the kitchen table with notepads and pens, coffee mugs and empty plates as if they have been there for a while.

HILARY: What a list. Internet ideas, friends' ideas, family ideas. We finally have it down to two names.

DAD: We'll only know by looking at her as we try them out.

Lights go down.

Act II, Scene III

Lights come on. There are four smaller chairs arranged as car seating for a Beetle.

HILARY: I can't choose! Eleanor or Betty? Betty or Eleanor?

DAD: What does she look like to you?

HILARY: *(Hesitates)* ... I think... she's an Eleanor.

DAD: I think so too. There you go! She's got a name. Well, Eleanor, it's time for our first drive.

Hilary and Dad settle into seats and begin to drive.

HILARY: Dad, this is great. Our first drive with her.

Car comes to a sudden, unexpected stop.

HILARY: Hey! What happened? Why did we stop?

DAD: I don't know. Well, we have to get her home somehow.

HILARY: How will we push her all the way home? That will take forever!

DAD: She won't be that heavy. I guess Eleanor was overexcited about her first ride with us. She fainted in excitement!

Hilary and Dad get out and start pushing. Both are smiling at their adventure.

HILARY: So, I guess this is our first memory with her?

DAD: In ten years from now, we'll be telling our friends about it!

Lights go down.

Act II, Scene IV

Lights come on. Four small chairs are arranged to look like seating in a Beetle.

DAD: That was faster than I thought. Only one week with the mechanics and Eleanor is back! We can have our first real drive with her now!

HILARY: *(Laughing)* Let's hope she doesn't stop on the road.

*Hilary and Dad climb into the seats.
After driving for a while...*

HILARY: Dad, why do so many people wave and honk at us as we are driving along?

DAD: They love Eleanor as much as we do. When you get a cool car like this, you are kind of part of a "club." And you don't see many of these around anymore. She is a real special car.

HILARY: I like how we spend more time together because we have this car. We are together in the garage making repairs, I'm learning more about cars, and we are talking more.

DAD: Hey! I feel that way too. I find myself thinking about what we are going to do next together with Eleanor. A repair, a wash and a wax, a trip? I love talking about these things with you. Like I said, she is a special car.

HILARY: And you're right, she really is.

Driving off, more waves and honks, lights go down.

Curtain falls.



THE FLAMINGO MAN



SCHOOL: St. Mary Catholic School

TEACHER: Jane Cowan

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Patti Shea

UNIT: Waterloo

UNIT PRESIDENT: Patrick Etmanski

GRADES 9-10 / SHORT STORY

by **Jacob Lohrenz**

The late July sun rose from behind the thick wall of banyan leaves while small blades of light cut through the window, slowly giving colour to the bedroom that only a few minutes ago had been encased with the darkness of night. The Flamingo Man opened his eyes then quickly shut them again, for a stream of sunlight had assaulted them. A moment later, he rose from his mattress and thought that one of these days he'd have to buy sheets for his bed. He stretched out his lanky arms and brushed the ceiling with his downy feathers.

The Flamingo Man loved many things in this world. He loved his tiny house on the edge of the river bank, the thrill of learning as he worked on his studies, and he even loved the dull rain that would thump against the metal of his room because he knew the more rain that fell, the brighter the orchids' petals would gleam on his walk to school. But there was something the flamingo man treasured most of all: his feathers. They ran in five rows along each arm from his wrists to the back of his neck, then down his spine coming to rest at his tail bone. The brilliant varieties of pinks and roses would have had any artist baffled and rushing to consult their colour wheels for proof that these colours could in fact exist.

The Flamingo Man dressed himself in the way he had to, having become a master at this craft thanks to his nearly five years at the institute. His clothes were always the same: a pair of grey pants and a long-sleeved shirt embroidered with the institute's crest. He never wore short-sleeved garments for fear of revealing his uniqueness to his colleagues and professors. Finally, he wrapped his signature accessory around his wrist; a cloth bandana which he had painted pink to resemble his hidden feathers. Even though no man-made paint came close to recreating the shimmer his feathers gave off, he wore this bandana so even when he had to conceal his uniqueness, he still felt like himself. It was also a helpful excuse when professors would ask why his colleagues would call him by his nickname "Flamingo Man" and not use the name given to him by his parents. His parents had run away in a confused and frightened hurry after the doctor told them he had never heard of a cure for humans growing feathers.

He picked up his final masterpiece and documents for the end of year exam and headed out the door. The walk from his humble home to the institute was not a far one, but on days when the predators roamed the main square of the campus, all of them sporting the newest shoes

and all the most illustrious brands of shoes and shirts, the walk felt like a marathon along a path whispering with danger.

On this day, the predators were out, prowling in their cliques looking for even the smallest morsel of reason to demote a colleague, making sure their dominance was always known. On this day, the king of all predators, Abdul, was out with his herd, lurking and prowling for someone to feast on. Unfortunately, he had an obsession for ridiculing the pink bandana and after a single glance he swung his ugly face around and began to strut in the direction of the Flamingo Man. “Why hey there, Pink Man!” called out Abdul.

The Flamingo Man knew that conflict with this particular group of carnivores would only result in his humiliation, so he mentally braced himself for the usual onslaught of verbal rips and jabs at his humanity. And when the usual rips came, they came like a mighty waterfall. They hit the Flamingo Man with a force able to break ten strong-souled creatures. But the words of hatred and taunting seemed to roll off the Flamingo Man’s conscience like water rolls off the side of an apple. The Flamingo Man was not a man of violence, so he waited until Abdul and his pack of hyenas were frustrated with the lack of concern he was giving to their threats. They left cursing under their breath.

The Flamingo Man had become a master at protecting himself against these attacks. He always reassured himself that he was better than those savages because he was different from them. They couldn’t understand he was so plainly different; it was like an unspoken truth that hovered above his head. And the fear of them finding out the true extent of that uniqueness was always lodged in the dark corner of his mind. The horror that would befall the Flamingo Man if his greatest secret was revealed was too terrifying to even dwell on; he collected himself and set off again towards the institute and more importantly, his final class of the year.

Lecture hall A4 was the smallest of all the lecture halls found in the institute. It was a quaint room allowing no more than forty-five colleagues with a seat accompanied by a small desk. It also allowed for one larger desk to be placed in the front of the room, its edges touching the wall. For half the semester, the lights were usually turned off and the door was locked, for there was no use for such a small room. Its claim to fame was its use by individual graduating students presenting their final exams to the institute’s plethora of prestigious professors. Setting up his final masterpiece under a black curtain, the Flamingo Man found he was last on the list of graduating students in his course. He regretted not posting his name higher on the list for when the professors were still attentive and eager to hand out career requests.

The front of the stage was prepared and the Flamingo Man leaned on the desk with his fingers, trembling ever so slightly as he waited in anticipation for the professors to arrive and critique his masterpiece. He knew his own professor would not be attending the showcase, for homeroom professors were not permitted to mark exam finals in this course. Just when the Flamingo Man had thought the professors had forgotten about the last student on the list, the door flung open

and two of them bounced in! One was plump and hearty while the other was tall and skinny, both wearing Hawaiian shirts, each with a different assortment of tropical flowers and mismatched shorts that equally reflected the flamboyance of their attire. The Flamingo Man was quite perplexed with all the energy that came from these judges as he had been expecting composed men in suits who were tired from all the previous evaluations. Yet, he saw no weariness in these men as they sat down in the desks still finishing a joke that the two couldn't stop giggling at.

The Flamingo Man realized that his body was filled with tension so he shook it off and introduced himself to the men. The first professor, who called himself Julius, looked at his list and asked "And why do you call yourself Flamingo Man?"

"It's a nickname that stuck because of this bandana I wear," said the Flamingo Man. "It's a lovely name," said the second professor who said his name was Norman. The Flamingo Man smiled widely as he was quite happy to be presenting his exam in front of these two vibrant professors. He was about to launch into the introduction of his piece when the door opened once more and a third man walked in. This mysterious third professor was nothing like the other two. Not larger and jolly or lanky and exciting, but short and somber. He walked calmly into the middle of the room and took a seat next to the other professors and adjusted his suit so it would not wrinkle. The playful energy that had enveloped the room seemed to have been sucked away in an instant and had been replaced with a tone of seriousness. The two professors looked disinterested as though nothing had happened and neither shared the Flamingo Man's confusion.

"My apologies for my tardiness," the mystery professor said tartly. "My name is Gowther and my partners and I shall be critiquing your final exam to see if you are worthy of receiving a career request to work alongside us." The Flamingo Man was in shock as he realized that these three men were the head executives of the institute's art department! He had expected the adjudicators would be high ranking but he never expected to have a chance to show his masterpiece to the country's kings of the art world! The possibilities, if they were to grant him a career request, were endless! He could have his own office in the higher levels of the institute. He could teach a class or two and educate the next generation of artists. But most of all, he would gain the respect he deserved for all his hard work, so neither Abdul nor anyone else would insult him for being different from the rest! "Are you ready?" asked Gowther.

In an instant the Flamingo Man's focus was back to lecture hall A4. He looked up at the three professors and inhaled deeply, realizing that this was his moment and his time to take the stage. The Flamingo Man took the next ten minutes introducing his piece, trying to build up the suspense as much as he could. The three professors looked and listened in silence, paying very close attention to every detail of his introduction. Then, as the Flamingo Man concluded his introduction he announced with triumph, "And now, I present to you, my masterpiece!" With all the enthusiasm he could muster, he pulled the black curtain away from the painting and revealed it to the professors. It was a superb painting, whose canvas spanned little more than one meter high and wide, yet there was still so much to absorb you could stare at it for hours and not see

all it had to offer. The painting was that of a single tree that stood alone in a field. It was tall and grand with large leaves that consumed canvas, tricking the eyes into thinking the painting was coming to life. The vibrant greens and browns blended together to create a piece that only a master could create. The Flamingo Man looked at the three professors, waiting for a response, a critique, something! But they were silent; it almost seemed like they had stopped breathing.

“Mr. ... Flamingo Man, how well do you feel you executed this painting?” asked Julius. “I think I made my best effort and it turned out exactly as I wanted it to,” said the Flamingo Man. “Well,” said Gowther, “please give us a moment to discuss your piece amongst ourselves.”

The Flamingo Man was asked to leave the room while the three professors talked about his piece. As he waited outside in the hall, the sweat of anxiety started to roll down his back and around his collar. His hair (and feathers, of course) stood on end, for this was his chance to make it big. He began to remember all the times people had said he would amount to nothing and become no one. He, the Flamingo Man, was different, and it was him alone that seemed to have accepted this. But by achieving this grand career he could become respected and appreciated, both by the institute and in his personal life. The door opened and Norman beckoned him to enter. “Please, have a seat,” said Gowther, gesturing to a chair that had been placed in front of the professors.

“Flamingo Man... there is no other way to say this, but we loved your art,” said Gowther.

“It’s marvelous!” said Norman.

“Amazing,” added Julius. “We loved everything about it and we want you to work with us as this institute’s fourth head executive of the art department!” The Flamingo Man was speechless. Everything he wanted was coming true; all he ever wanted to be was being placed out on a silver platter! He knew he deserved this career, because anyone who had experienced that much loneliness and that many hardships deserved this success.

“Of course I’ll accept the offer!” said the Flamingo Man, his face widening into a smile that stretched to both ears.

“Let us celebrate finding our new co-worker by going for a swim in the institute’s pools,” said Gowther. Overjoyed, the Flamingo Man followed the three professors out of the lecture hall and towards the pool. Only professors and members of the swim team were allowed to swim on weekdays, so it was very alien to the Flamingo Man when they entered the pool seeing no one there. Usually it would be overflowing with children and parents mixed in with other colleagues, but today it was a deserted oasis begging to be used.

After the three professors had changed into swimwear it was the Flamingo Man’s turn to put on the trunks Cedric had lent him. He then looked in the mirror of the private change room and realized that he would have to take off his shirt. The horror quickly slid into his mind like a serpent.

After a tense few moments of trying to figure out a solution, he realized there was no alternative – he would have to reveal his feathers to the three professors. He then started to think about how they had been so accepting of his art piece and how kind they had been to him in such a short time. Maybe they would understand he was not different by choice and get to know him for who he was. The Flamingo Man nodded to himself in the mirror and slid off his long-sleeved school uniform; and there they were, breathtaking as always. His pink feathers gleamed in the light of the change room as he flexed his arms to show them off. He then inhaled deeply and opened the door to the pool where the three professors were waiting. They stopped their conversation and stared dead at the Flamingo Man.

“What lovely tattoos.” Julius said, with a hint of concern rising in his voice.

“These are not tattoos,” said the Flamingo Man. “These are my feathers. I was born with them.” The Flamingo Man took a few steps towards them and all three men backed away, clearly on edge.

“Wha... what are you?” asked Gowther.

“I’m just like you, a human, but with a little more uniqueness,” said the Flamingo Man.

“You’re a freak! That’s what you are!” cried Norman.

These were all words he had been called before, but now that they were directed at his feathers, the things that made him who he was, he snapped. He now understood what the world thought of him: a freak, a hermit, an introvert, and above all else, someone who was different. The Flamingo Man ran out of the pool room and sprinted through the doors of the institute, still half naked, exposing his feathers so that everyone could see. The hateful words still rang like church bells over and over, stirring up a never ending hurricane of raw emotion. He would always be different, no bully or professor needed to tell him that anymore. So the Flamingo Man kept running, trying to get away from the malice of fate’s cruel hand.

Nobody ever saw the Flamingo Man after that Thursday morning. No one even bothered to look for him. The only thing that remained of the Flamingo Man was a trail of pink downy feathers with blood stained tips. For, if he took the time to pluck all his feathers out, he would be just like everyone else.



THEN AND NOW



SCHOOL: Loretto Abbey Catholic Secondary School
TEACHER: Giuseppina Caprara
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Paul Andreacchi
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 9-10 / POEM
by **Stefania Mattarucco**

It's 1930, I travel for work.
They call me hobo, they treat me like dirt.

migrant workers

It's 2018, we still give helping hands,
but now they don't want foreigners on their lands.

It's 1930, my challenged friend is misunderstood.
Most people think he is up to no good.

mental disability

It's 2018, we observe, adapt, and change,
but mental health issues are still seen the same.

It's 1930, I'm a working older man.
Despite what I've lived through, I'm kicked like a can.

ageism

It's 2018, I've been placed in a home.
My family has moved on and left me alone.

It's 1930, I'm a stay-at-home wife.
A man feels he owns me, I don't choose my own life.

sexism

It's 2018, I've won the right to choose, work, and vote,
but I still have to march because "No doesn't mean No."

It's 1930, I'm still someone's stable buck and identified by my skin colour.
Where loneliness and separation make me feel smaller.

racism

It's 2018, improvements have been made,
but if you listen and watch closely, have people's comments and actions truly changed?

And now our commentary has come to an end and so we ask, whose life truly matters?



LIVING WITH LESS



SCHOOL: Resurrection Catholic Secondary School

TEACHER: Barbara Downey

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Kyle Sutter

UNIT: Waterloo

UNIT PRESIDENT: Patrick Etmanski

GRADES 9-10 / NONFICTION

by **Abigail Harvest Walker**

Do you have possessions that you never or rarely use? Most people do. We live in a world where we believe that what we wear and what we own define us. What is popular and what people want is always changing. What if we decided to stop buying things, and take a step back from our possessions? What would happen? How would it change who we are?

Christ McCandless is a man who tried to live with as little as humanly possible. He decided to give away all his possessions, donate the majority of his money, and burn what little he had left. He left everything behind to live on the road. McCandless believed that everyone should live like he did. He greatly admired the author and adventurer Tolstoy, who himself gave up all his wealth to live with the poor. He was embarrassed by people who had too many things, and didn't want to be associated with them.

McCandless could be defined as a minimalist. A more recent example of someone who has chosen to live as a minimalist is Daniel Suelo. He decided to live without money, and not just for a short period of time. He has lived without money for twelve years. He, like McCandless, gave away all his money and decided to live off the land. He now lives outdoors, seeking shelter in caves mostly. He believes that people would be better off not living with money: "I feel happy regardless of not having money." (*Daniel Suelo*) They proved that it is sustainable to live with little to no possessions.

People have too many possessions and buy too many things. Fewer than 1% of things bought are still in use after six months. (*Story of Stuff*) People throw away things and then buy more things. From a young age, most of us attach value to our possessions and allow that to affect how we feel about ourselves and others. "Money only exists if two or more people believe it exists." (*Daniel Suelo*) Our happiness often depends on how many things we buy and what we buy. It is a cycle in which we are trapped.

If we decide consciously not to buy as many things, then we will save money. Right now, people own too many things. McCandless stated that we live in "a world of abstraction and security and material excess." (*Krakauer, 20*) People often shop as a way to relieve boredom and to fulfill a

need that is not being met. With the explosion of online shopping, people now spend their hard-earned money with the click of a computer mouse. Money is losing its meaning as we rarely handle it. Simply, people spend too much money. Saving money is a huge benefit to living with less.

Also, if we were only to possess the things we need, we would be happier in our everyday lives. McCandless stated, “Happiness is only real when shared.” (*Krakauer, 189*) This means that we cannot be truly happy if we only experience happiness that stems from physical objects. To be truly happy, we need to share our happiness with other people, not with our things. McCandless also said, “It is the experiences, the memories, the great triumphant joy of living to the fullest extent in which real meaning is found.” (*Krakauer, 37*) We are living our best lives when we are with others, instead of with our things, and we cannot live our best lives until we have lived with others and have had experiences with them.

What can you do? One way you can save money and become happier is to live only with the things you absolutely need. You can do this by keeping the things you need, and giving away the things you don't need. One strategy created by “The Minimalists” you might use if you are unsure what things you need and what you don't need is to put everything you own in boxes. You will then live with all of your possessions in boxes for a week. Throughout that week, you can pull out things that you truly need when you need them. At the end of the week, everything that remains in the boxes are things you don't need. You can then donate them or throw them away. McCandless believed that “you should own nothing except what you can carry on your own back at a dead run.” (*Krakauer, 32*) Another thing you can do to help you live with less is to make sure that you only buy things that you absolutely need. If you are questioning whether you need it, you probably don't. By taking only a few seconds to pause before making a purchase, you may come to the realization that it can be left on the shelf – you will have saved money and be a happier person.

Look at your own life. Do you have a house full of things? Do you have things in storage that you never use? Do you shop for things that you already possess because what you own now is out of style? Try living with less. Try giving up those things that you never use, or don't buy new things if you already have them. If you try this, you will save money because you won't be buying things that you don't need. Also, you will be happier in your everyday life. Living with less will help you live a richer life. As Tolstoy, McCandless' idol, said “Everyone thinks of changing the world, but no one thinks of changing himself.” (*Tolstoy*)



THE FESTIVE FIASCO



SCHOOL: Patrick Fogarty Catholic Secondary School
TEACHER: Anne O'Neill Bradt
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Anne O'Neill Bradt
UNIT: Simcoe Muskoka Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Michele MacDonald

GRADES 9-10 / PLAY

by Ireland McCarthy, Jaz Flannery,
Mary Misak, Reese Oliver
and Sarah Blair



Narrator One: Our story begins on a cold snowy night at the North Pole only a few hours before guests begin arriving for Santa and Mrs. Claus' annual Christmas Bash, called "Santa's Snazzy Christmas Party." This VIP event is invitation only and you had to have RSVPed by the due date. It is known in the North Pole Times' as "a winter party to be seen and heard."

Narrator Two: This event has only world class chefs, like Gordon Ramsey, and performers like Canada's Justin Bieber, Drake, and the Weeknd. However, they are all trying to get on the good list, so they thought if they helped Santa out it would work.

Scene I: Santa's Office

Enter Santa, Mrs. Claus and Bumble the Head Elf.

SANTA: Ok Bumble. Let's check the list twice!

MRS. CLAUS: Oh, dear. Just relax. You have been worrying about Santa's Snazzy Christmas Party for over 176 years now. You know it is always successful!

BUMBLE: It is always best to double check Mrs. Claus. Here is your copy. (To Santa) And here, Mr. Claus, is your copy. *(Hands a sheet of paper)*

SANTA: *(Scanning list)* Um, yes. Good... hmmf. Very good. Excellent. All appears to be in order.

BUMBLE: Not so fast, Santa! We must have two checks beside each name. As you can see, there is only one. Here it goes.

MRS. CLAUS: Cupid, Easter Bunny, and the Tooth Fairy.

BUMBLE: Check once. Check twice.

MRS. CLAUS: Mother Nature, Leprechaun, and Father Time.

BUMBLE: Check once. Check twice.

MRS. CLAUS: Jack Frost

BUMBLE: Check once. Check twice.

MRS. CLAUS: Perfect. Mr. Sandman.

BUMBLE: Check once. Check twice. Also, I have alerted the cleaning crew about their attendance. Brooms, ready!

MRS. CLAUS: Oh good! The Thanksgiving Turkey.

BUMBLE: Check once. Check twice. And we have advised the kitchen not to include the Thanksgiving Turkey – or any turkey – as an entrée.

MRS. CLAUS: I feel like we are missing someone...

BUMBLE: No, Mrs. Claus. We have made the list and checked it twice. I don't make mistakes using the St. Nick Method of List Making. The St. Nick Handbook, rule #897, clearly states that "making a list and checking it twice is always the best method for list-making."

SANTA: You are always efficient, Bumble. Now go shine your shoes and wear your best Elf hat for the festivities. See you in an hour!

An hour later.

BUMBLE: *(Announces each new guest) Now arriving... (each character walks in very grandly and waves. Announce each character about two seconds apart using a voice similar to a boxing or wrestling announcer.)*
Hopping in... the Easter Bunny!
Brace yourself for this one... the Tooth Fairy!
Here to stir up a storm... Mother Nature!
Don't fall too hard for this one... Cupid!
Here to do a little jig... Leprechaun!
Give a warm welcome to... Jack Frost!
Here to blow you away is... the Sandman!
Oh, perfect timing... it's Father Time!
Here to spice up the party... the Thanksgiving Turkey!
(Turkey holding sign saying "Eat Beef")

BUMBLE: Now announcing... the Groundhog! *(Silence. Bumble repeats twice)* Oh deary me! Mrs. Claus was right! I've made a mistake in the method! *(Faints)*

SNOWFLAKE THE ELF:

(Comes up to the Podium as other Elves drag Bumble behind the scenes) And now everyone! Hold on tight to your Elf hats. Tuck away your candy canes. Stuff your stockings. Hold onto your snowballs, because here comes the marvelous, the magical, the mystical... our hosts of this extravagant party... SANTA AND HIS LOVELY WIFE MRS. CLAUS!" (Santa and Mrs. Claus enter. The crowd cheers wildly)

SANTA: Welcome to the North Pole, and to our annual fête! Thank you all for coming! Please mingle with each other.

Groundhog sneaks in wearing disguise.

Scene II: The Party

GROUNDHOG:

(Walks up to Mother Nature)

(Aside): My first victim... Mother Nature. *(turns to Mother Nature)* Great party! What do you do for a living?

MOTHER NATURE:

I'm... I am in the weather business.

GROUNDHOG:

(Feigning interest) Oh, how interesting. I just overheard people talking about Mother Nature.

MOTHER NATURE:

Oh, really? What were they saying?

GROUNDHOG:

They said that Mother Nature has a short temper and that's why the weather is so unpredictable.

MOTHER NATURE:

She does not have a short temper! *(Throws snow and storms off)*

The crowd shivers.

GROUNDHOG:

(Walks up to Cupid)

(Aside): My second victim... Cupid. *(Turns to Cupid)* What's up with the diaper?

CUPID:

Why you gotta hate the Huggies? They are comfortable and absorbent.

GROUNDHOG:

Someone over there (*Generally points everywhere*) told me that Cupid doesn't write his own Valentines. I heard he's been copying from Hallmark.

CUPID: What?! He is not a thief. If anything, Hallmark steals from him!

GROUNDHOG:

I dunno man. That's just what I heard. (*Turns and walks away*)

Cupid walk one way with the others walking a different direction. All look confused.

GROUNDHOG:

(*Spots Jack Frost and grins wickedly*)

(*Aside*): There is Jack Frost. My newly minted nemesis. (*Turns to Jack Frost*)

You know all those winter movies about Jack Frost? Well, notice they are winter movies and NOT Christmas movies? That's because everyone in Hollywood thinks he is a fake and a poser, and shouldn't be in Christmas movies.

JACK FROST:

What are you talking about? He's just as important to Christmas as Santa. What is your important holiday?

GROUNDHOG:

(*Pretending to hear someone call him*) Coming! (*Runs away quickly*)

Mother Nature, Cupid and Jack Frost meet centre stage.

MOTHER NATURE:

(*To the others*) Who is that adorable guy with the funny glasses and prominent nose?

Cupid: His costume is impeccable but he made fun of my Huggies, yo!

JACK FROST:

I am in a Christmas song. It's called "THE Christmas Song." Can't get more authentic than that! Who is he to make fun of me? I will nip at his nose! (*Singing*) Chestnuts roasting on an open fire // Jack Frost nipping at your nose. (*Walks off humming the tune*)

All depart.

Scene III: Party continues

GROUNDHOG:

(*Spots the Leprechaun and grins*)

(*Aside*): This is going to be easy. (*Turns to Leprechaun*)

Top o' the morning ta ya!

LEPRECHAUN:

Don't you mean top of the evening to you?

GROUNDHOG:

Uh.. yes. Evening. I heard (*Randomly point around*) that someone stole the Pot of Gold. People are saying that it was the Leprechaun so he could take it for himself. (*Walks away slyly*)

LEPRECHAUN:

(*Dances a wee jig of anger*) Where's me pot of gold? They're always after me Lucky Charms! (*Storms off*)

GROUNDHOG:

(*Spots the Tooth Fairy*) I love your wings! And that wand with a tooth. Wow, what a fashion statement. Am I right, or am I right?

TOOTH FAIRY:

(*Uncomfortable*) Um, thank you?

GROUNDHOG:

I heard from someone over there (*Points erratically*), that everyone should stop giving their teeth to the Tooth Fairy because she's gone broke.

TOOTH FAIRY:

(*Reaches into pockets, finding them empty*)
She is not... uh... um. The stock market is down, ok?

GROUNDHOG:

Um. Right. Down... up. Like an elevator. (*Scurries off*)

TOOTH FAIRY:

What was that fine furry stranger?

GROUNDHOG:

(*Walks up to the Easter Bunny, who is eating a chocolate bar*) Hey. What kinda chocolate bar is that? Kit Kat? Oh Henry?

EASTER BUNNY:

WHAT'S IT TO YA!? It's an Oh Henry, OK? What's the issue... need a tissue?

GROUNDHOG:

No, no! No tissue! But hey, you don't want to turn into the Easter Bunny. I hear he's been gaining weight from eating all those Easter eggs.

EASTER BUNNY:

(*Grabbing at stomach*) He has not! It's just winter weight! Leave me... uh... I mean, him alone! (*Runs away eating chocolate bar*)

GROUNDHOG:

I just heard that there was a big sandstorm in Egypt caused by the Sandman's flatulence.

SANDMAN: Say what?

GROUNDHOG:

Farts! He has bad farts! *(Crowd gasps)* They're so bad that he starts sandstorms in Egypt!

SANDMAN: UH. UM. OH.

GROUNDHOG:

Oh, I hear my name... Coming!

SANDMAN:

(To himself) He just made fun of the Sandman but his moustache is on fleek.

Easter Bunny, Leprechaun, Tooth Fairy, and Sandman gather centre stage.

TOOTH FAIRY:

Who was that guy with the fantastic glasses?

EASTER BUNNY:

I don't know, but I really want some chocolate right now.

LEPRECHAUN:

Milk! I need milk.

TOOTH FAIRY:

I want to publicly declare that because of Donald Trump the stock market is up and down, but that Tooth Fairy always has money to give to good little girls and boys when they lose their teeth!

EASTER BUNNY:

I am NOT fat. I am really fluffy. I recently switched conditioner brands. It's the conditioner... you know, fully bodied?

LEPRECHAUN:

Milk! I need milk.

SANDMAN: For the record, I have a doctor's appointment next week about my farting problem. And it's not that serious. The Egypt thing was completely unrelated.

Scene IV: Party

GROUNDHOG:

(Walks over to the Turkey)

(Aside): This is going to be spicy! *(Turns to Turkey)*

Hey! I love your whole “East beef, Not turkey” campaign.

Thanksgiving Turkey: Oh, wow! Thanks!

GROUNDHOG:

But I did hear that Santa and Mrs. Claus have been secretly eating turkey every Christmas Eve. It's pre-stuffed and pre-basted.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY:

No! That can't be true! They've been eating tofurkey for the past 100 years! How could they!?! *(Waddles away angrily)*

GROUNDHOG:

Yikes... that's gotta hurt!
(Sees Father Time changing that clock to make it be later)
Well, well, well. What are you doing?

FATHER TIME:

Nothing! What does it matter to you?

GROUNDHOG:

Nothing. Wow! I can't believe it's already that late. But I have heard that Father Time has been switching the clocks around.

FATHER TIME:

Pardon me, but I... I mean he... only switches the clocks at Daylight Savings Time! Like... like everybody else.

GROUNDHOG:

Well, that's not what I have heard. Wow! Look at the time... it sure does fly by!

Thanksgiving Turkey and Father Time gather.

THANKSGIVING TURKEY:

I know! He also told me some awful news... news that makes my feathers want to fall out!

FATHER TIME:

He was insulting clock work! Even a broken clock is right twice a day!

TURKEY AND FATHER TIME:

(Together) We need to tell Santa!

Scene V: Telling Santa

Narrator One: The fake news and alternative facts are quickly spreading around the party. The festive mood is turning sour, so the Tooth Fairy decides to pull Santa aside and have a heart-to-

heart talk.

TOOTH FAIRY:

Santa, we all love your parties dearly but something rather odd is happening here tonight.

SANTA: Something wrong? At my party? Oh dear, what's happening?

TOOTH FAIRY:

Well... there's this adorable furry creature who has told us all some strange rumours, alternative facts and gossip about each of us. I have never seen him before. Do you have any idea who it might be?

SANTA: A furry creature? Doesn't ring a bell... wait a second! This is a case for my dear friend Bumble. BUMBLE! Oh, BUJUMBLE!

Bumble comes running to Santa with an ice pack on his head.

BUMBLE: Yes, Santa? What do you need me for? *(Throws ice pack off stage)*

SANTA: The Tooth Fairy has just informed me that there is a furry creature roaming around spreading suspicious rumours, fake news and alternative facts. Any idea as to who it is?

BUMBLE: I have no idea who it is! But I will put your best Detective Elf on the job. Me!

SANTA: Thank you for stepping up and taking over this case Bumble. I am sure I won't regret choosing you!

Bumble runs off stage.

Scene VI: Bumble the Detective

Bumble comes enters wearing a detective outfit.

MOTHER NATURE:

Bumble, I love your ensemble! But why are you wearing that?

BUMBLE: I am on a case. Haven't you heard? Someone is going around spreading gossip, fake news and alternative facts!

MOTHER NATURE:

Are you talking about that classy gopher with the glasses to die for?

BUMBLE: I am afraid it might be. *(Tiptoes around and scans the stage)*

FATHER TIME:

Bumble... what on Earth do you think you're doing?

BUMBLE: I am looking for a rat-looking creature who is spreading rumours, fake news and alternative facts.

FATHER TIME:
This sounds like it's worth a court case – the court of public opinion!

Scene VII: Court House

Everyone is talking loudly.

FATHER TIME:
Can everyone be quiet... quiet, please... QUIET! (*Everyone looks at him*) I'm afraid to say that this is the first ever trial held at Santa's Snazzy Christmas Party.

Everyone gasps.

FATHER TIME:
Now, please don't get out of hand! We can deal with this. All we have to do is keep calm. I am going to now call up my first three witnesses in this trial of rumours, fake news and alternative facts: Mother Nature, Jack Frost, and Cupid.

Mother Nature, Jack Frost, and Cupid walk up.

FATHER TIME:
What exactly did you hear or see?

CUPID:
Well... I was just enjoying some classical music when a small and cute creature came up to me. I don't know him, but he be rude! He said that I don't write my own Valentine's and started dissing my Huggies, yo! They are extra padded, you know what I'm sayin'? Double the comfort, amirite?

FATHER TIME:
Um. Yes. Thank you Mr. Cupid. Now, what about you Jack?

JACK FROST:
Same here! He just came all up in my business. And said that I'm a fake! Not cool dude.

Crowd starts talking amongst themselves.

FATHER TIME:
Shhh. Order! Order in the court! Now, Mother Nature. What did you see or hear?

MOTHER NATURE:
Well, I was insulted as well.

FATHER TIME:
Thank you! Now before I go discuss this matter further with Santa, I'm going

to call up the next three witnesses.

Groundhog sneaks onto the stage.

LEPRECHAUN:

(Jumps up, spilling his Lucky Charms) Wait! There he is – there's the guy! The handsome one with the funny glasses on!

Groundhog freezes in place.

Scene VIII: Santa's Office

Santa paces back and forth in his office.

SANTA: I cannot believe they found the guy spreading these awful rumours, fake news and gossip.

MRS. CLAUS: Now dear. Let's try not to get too worried until we find out who it really is.

BUMBLE: Alright. Let's go look. We're missing the whole trial. You can't hide in your office all night.

SANTA: Good point. Besides, how bad can it really be?

They walk out of the office and into a chaotic courtroom with everyone yelling.

MOTHER NATURE:

Well, I was insulted as well.

TOOTH FAIRY:

Santa! It's a mess! They found out who was spreading the rumours, fake news and alternative facts, and I don't think you will like it.

SANTA: Thanks Tooth Fairy. *(Clears throat)* Everyone! Please remain calm. There's no need to panic.

FATHER TIME:

Santa... It's astonishing. Our spreader of rumours, fake news and alternative facts is none other than... the Groundhog!

Everyone gasps.

BUMBLE: It wasn't hard Santa. I followed the clues. And some really nice smelling aftershave!

SANTA: Good work Bumble. *(Turning to guests)* But what are you all talking about? I haven't heard from the Groundhog in ages... he didn't even want to come to this party, even though I invited him.

FATHER TIME:

I guess he decided to come anyway, even though he didn't RSVP. *(turns to the Groundhog)* Everyone knows you have to RSVP to a party. It's really just good manners. RSVP means... now listen carefully... "Répondez s'il vous plait." It's French! One of our two official languages!

SANTA:

How could he do this to me after all we have been through? I always wanted to stay friends with him after he betrayed me by taking my spot on our high school football team. I thought that since we have been fighting since high school, I would invite him to show how sorry I was for getting mad at him. But instead he came...

GROUNDHOG:

(Jumping up) Really? You invited me? I didn't get the letter. I was so hurt I thought I was the only one not to receive one! I'm sorry for all that football stuff in the past. I knew you only wanted the spot on the team just to impress Mrs. Claus when you first started dating.

MRS. CLAUS: He was quite handsome in that striped jersey! *(Blows Santa a kiss)*

SANTA:

(Waves to his wife) Hello, my sugarplum. *(Clears throat)* Well, thank you for your honesty, and thank you for coming to the party. But why did you spread all of those lies?

GROUNDHOG:

Well, I felt like you thought all of them *(pointing everywhere, including toward the audience)* were better friends than me, so I thought that if I were to spread those lies, rumours, fake news and alternative facts you might see we all have our insecurities.

SANTA:

Let's go tell everyone else the good news. *(Santa and Groundhog walk toward the crowd)* Everyone listen. Attention! We have good news. The Groundhog was never doing this to be rude. In fact he felt left out. Nevertheless, this "Snazzy Christmas Party" isn't like the rest. We learned that the true meaning of festivities is not about the fancy food or the classy music. It is about the true meaning of friendship.

GROUNDHOG:

What I did was wrong. It is never good to spread lies, gossip, or rumours. I'm just thankful that you all forgive me... now there's a party just waiting around the corner!

BUMBLE: Candy cane flavoured hot chocolate for everyone!

Everyone cheers.

Curtain falls.



SCHOOL: Mary Ward Catholic Secondary School
TEACHER: Jennifer Hayes
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Jennifer Hayes
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 11-12 / SHORT STORY
by Alicia Phen

Aromas of rich spices filled Kamala’s home as her mother hovered over the stove, nearly finished preparing a curry for the night’s dinner. Kamala peered over her mom’s shoulder, taking a peek into the steaming pot, tasting her creation, and sprinkling more spices into the curry.

“Betee? Hand me that spoon over there.” Her mother held out her hand, grabbing the ladle from her daughter and giving the bubbling pot one final stir before putting the stove’s flame to a close and topping the dish with a green garnish.

Kamala busied herself, setting plates of warm naan for the upcoming meal, and calling the rest of her family down to the table. She inhaled the colourful scents that lingered in the air, causing her mouth to water, eager for the meal she’d soon be having. Eating the food, however, was only her second favourite part of the process, right after cooking with her mom. She was not only able to learn the secrets to her mother’s unwritten recipes, but was able to do it while sharing rare quality time with her.

She was soon met by her siblings and her father, who, after serving themselves a bowl of the fresh meal, found a seat around the table. It wasn’t until her mom was seated that they began feasting. Kamala tore off a piece of the rounded bread, dipping it in the hearty sauce and stuffing it in her mouth. She tasted the intense flavour, savouring its spice as she felt the familiar tingle on her tongue. She looked around at her family enjoying the warm meal together, sharing their praise for her mother’s skill. The scene brought comfort to Kamala, while her senses were treated by the sights and smells of her culture’s food.

So, during lunch at school the next day, when she opened her thermos to find leftovers of the same dinner, she was surprised to see that her friends’ faces had shifted into a look of disgust.

“Hey,” Stephanie began, “do you guys smell that?” Kamala’s other friends mumbled in agreement. Steph looked around the lunch table with squinted eyes, her gaze eventually landing on Kamala’s lunch. “Kamala, is that your food?” A look of suspicion grazed her rosy face.

Kamala tensed. Her mind went into a flurry of thoughts. “It could be... why? What does it smell like?” She asked warily, but was not prepared for the answer that her question sparked.

“It smells like onions,” Alexia remarked through her scrunched face. She waved her hand in an attempt to waft away the unfamiliar smell. A few of her other friends saw and did the same.

“But it’s just... really bad,” Mary added before letting out an exaggerated gag. Her reaction left a few of her friends snickering. “What are you even eating?” Her tone exuded bewilderment, wondering how anyone could eat a lunch that had such a potent stench.

Kamala’s eyebrows furrowed, “It’s just curry.” She brought her lunch up to her nose, but was left dumbfounded as her mouth watered as a result of the array of flavours. “I don’t see what’s so bad about it.”

“That’s because you smell it all the time, so it doesn’t affect you.” Liz was quick to counter. “Trust us, it does *not* smell good.” Her comment seemed to conclude the conversation, as the others silenced and continued to eat their own lunches. Kamala was taken aback by her tone, but she stopped herself from reacting, and opted to continue her lunch without causing another uproar.

Kamala’s eyes wandered silently over to her friends’ meals. Both Stephanie and Mary munched on plain ham sandwiches, while Alexia forked pasta that lacked sauce into her mouth. Liz was tearing through a piece of pale meat, along with various boiled vegetables. *Prison food...* Kamala thought, but kept her words to herself. Instead, she was careful to cover her container when she wasn’t eating.

“So, are any of your guys doing anything over the weekend?” Stephanie asked, diffusing the situation.

“Oh!” Alexia perked up excitedly, “I’m going to have a picnic at the beach with my family! It’s for my little brother’s birthday.”

“That sounds fun!” Mary commented.

“Are you doing anything tomorrow, Kamala?” Stephanie asked with a smile. Kamala looked up from her food, ignoring the recent commotion and grinned. “Yeah! I’m actually going to a mehndi party for my older cousin. She’s getting married soon!” Her answer left a look of confusion on her friends’ faces. Her excitement died down, as she remembered her friends were unfamiliar with the Indian tradition. “Basically, when a woman is about to get married, she has a mehndi party to decorate her hands and feet before the wedding.”

“What’s... um,” she paused, struggling to pronounce the word, “*mehn-di*?” Liz questioned.

“It’s a brown paste made from this plant that stains your skin, so some cultures use it to draw designs on themselves.” She saw the look of confusion on their faces. “It’s like a tattoo, but it only lasts for a few weeks.”

“Oh,” Alexia started, “that sounds interesting. Are you going to get any of these... tattoos?”

“Yeah, most woman get their hands done for the wedding. It’s going to be really fun!” Kamala smiled thinking about the upcoming event. She continued eating her lunch, amidst her friends, who chattered about their own weekend plans.

Kamala sat as she watched Amira lounge in her sari, surrounded by her friends and family. She lay on a pile of vibrant pillows while Bollywood music blasted from speakers across the room. She watched her aunties and cousins dance to the beat of the music, laughing together as they entertained the bride. The guests’ moods stood high in the lively atmosphere, while the women ate, drank, and danced at the bride’s ceremony.

A mehndi artist held Amira’s hand gingerly, drawing intricate details using the red-brown paste. The mehndi that covered her feet and wrapped around the bottom of her legs were dried; her arms were nearly finished as well. The copper lines covered her skin, forming elaborate patterns of leaves and flower, folding over her fingers onto the palms of her hands. Amira’s sister, Sherina, laughed as she fed her a snack, ensuring she would not ruin the fresh art. The image reflected that of a Grecian goddess. “Don’t move! You don’t want to rub it off before it hardens – you’ll want it dark for your wedding day.”

Amira smile, responding, “Yes, I know! The darker the mehndi, the happier the marriage!” Kamala laughed along with her. “Plus, as long as it lasts, I won’t have to do any housework!” Kamala’s relatives roared in amusement at her comedic remark.

“Amira,” Kamala got her attention. “Where did you put Ravi’s name?” she asked, searching Amira’s hands for her future husband’s name interwoven amongst the design.

“Here,” Amira said, nudging her chin towards her forearm where *Ravi* was hidden in a collection of paisleys.

“Do you think he’ll find it at the wedding?” Amira’s sister teased.

“Well...” Amira hesitated, resulting in a snicker from her sister. “I hope so... or else it’s going to get awkward,” she said, giving a small laugh.

“Are you ready to get your henna done?” Amira looked at Kamala eagerly as the artist finished off the last of her pattern. Kamala nodded excitedly, holding out her hand. It was one of her favourite parts of weddings. She felt pride in being able to show off her culture’s traditions. She watched as she felt the cool mehndi paste squeeze through the cone applicator onto the back of her hand.

“Kamala!” Alexia exclaimed, “What’s on your hand?” The reddish-brown pattern trailed along the back of her warm, brown hand, curling around the edge of her fingertips and stopping just before

her wrists. Kamala tensed. She used the sleeve of her shirt to hide the stain, but Alexia had grabbed a hold of her arm.

“I told you, I went to a mehndi party,” she responded cautiously, studying the expression on the faces of her friends. Alexia turned her hand, bringing it closer to her face as she observed it in detail.

“Whoa!” Liz let out a breathy reaction; her green eyes widened in amazement.

“That is so pretty!” Stephanie commented, beaming at Kamala. The compliment caught her off guard.

Kamala hesitated. “You think so?”

“Yes! Where did you get this done?” Liz inquired.

“Well, at the party we all got our own little designs by the mehndi artist. You should see my cousin, Amira’s. They covered both her arms and legs! She looked so beautiful!” Kamala gushed.

The interest of her friends was enough to make Kamala wear her sleeves above her elbows.

It had been about a week since the mehndi party, and the once russet designs had begun to fade to a lighter wine hue. Kamala’s lip pouted when she remembered she would no longer have the patterns in a few weeks’ time. She joined her friends at her table in the cafeteria, throwing her bag onto the table and taking a seat next to Stephanie.

“Hey, Kamala,” Liz’s blonde hair waved as she made a steady job towards her and her friends. Kamala took notice of Liz moving with an outstretched arm. It amused her as she wondered what kind of antics Liz might have gotten up to, but her delight soon died as her friend was close enough for Kamala to see the prominent reddish-brown stain on her pale skin. She couldn’t help but be taken aback by the appearance. *Had she been invited to a wedding?* Kamala let her thoughts trail.

“I got my mehndi done!” Liz held out her arm. Squiggled lines decorated her arm, creating a mess of red-brown ink. It was a poor attempt at a recreation of the designs Kamala had seen. Mary and Alexia examined Liz’s arm in excitement.

“That’s pretty cool,” Stephanie said, turning Liz’s arm. “It’s just like Kamala’s!” Kamala couldn’t help but feel offended.

“Did you go to a wedding or something?” She was curious as to the occasion of the traditional custom.

“No, but guess what – I told my sister about your mehndi, and she said there’s this pretty similar thing called henna, so she bought a kit online!” Liz spoke, continuing to display her arm.

“Yeah, henna and mehndi are actually the same thing, but mehndi is the Hindi word for–“

“Isn’t it so cool? We match!” Liz interrupted enthusiastically.

“Yeah, ha.” Kamala responded dryly, brushing off Liz’s comment.

“Hey,” Alexia got Liz’s attention, “do you think you could do that for me too?” Kamala’s head turned to Alexia; her eyes narrowing.

“Yeah, of course. I’d be happy to!”

“Wait, but you guys aren’t having any celebration. You’re just doing mehndi because it looks... cool?”

“Isn’t that the point? It’s just a fashion statement isn’t it?” Kamala’s mouth bobbed as she tried to process Liz’s answer. *Did she not know what ‘tradition’ meant?*

Kamala took out her lunch in silence, too stunned to respond. Liz’s ignorance made Kamala fume. Her blood boiled knowing that her friends thought this aspect of her culture was just a simple trend, rather than a custom celebrated by her culture throughout their history. It enraged her even more knowing that just a week ago, she was embarrassed to show off her henna until her white friends took notice of its beauty.

She opened her container; the scents of turmeric and chili were missing. She paused – a sandwich. *That’s alright.* After last week’s fiasco, she had asked her mom to make her something that would not smell. Kamala’s hands, stained with the rust-coloured ink pick up the bland, white bread. She bit into the crust, disappointed by its lack of flavour.

Liz pointed her own stained finger at Kamala, “Oh, thank God you don’t have that curry again.”

Her comment went ignored however, as Kamala thought about what food she and her mother could cook next.



BLUNT FORCE OBJECT



SCHOOL: Loretto Abbey Catholic Secondary School
TEACHER: Kathleen Steele
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Paul Andreacchi
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 11-12 / POEM

by **Katrina Agbayani**

I'm blue half the time. *Ever get that way?*

Like you're full of evening? No body, no form.

The frayed ends of the living room rug teach me to unravel.

But I'm not made of anything so

durable.

My blue is more than
just dye.

I can't shampoo it out of me.

I can't take an x-acto knife to it. It's a scalpel,
acrylic paint all over my white t-shirt, all over
my slippery, moon-struck July, all my
evenings end too dark,
too quickly. The other half the time,

I've got a body that tries to get away from itself.

The knees fold into the
eyes, hands into feet.

I've been sleeping in the garden,
in front of the dog shed.

Water basins catch last week's rain, this week's breakfast.

I've got a body that's so much of a body
that the earth wants it back.

The earth takes me all; even the blue.

Which is more than I can say for myself.



RING AROUND THE RUBY



SCHOOL: St. Michael Catholic High School
TEACHER: Norman Evans
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Norman Evans
UNIT: Eastern Ontario
UNIT PRESIDENT: Dale Fobert

GRADES 11-12 / NONFICTION
by **Peyton Horning**

In a cramped, dusty classroom in the back of the Montreal Airport, Corinne received her training. Girls from all across the country had been uprooted from their homes, re-planted in the city, and encouraged like dainty flowers to blossom into their new roles. It was their duty to help their country in its time of need. It was a time when men were away overseas and jobs needed filling; jobs like the one Corinne was so eager to take – air traffic controlling.

There were nineteen other girls also being trained in her class, but none were as willing and ready to learn as Corinne. Air Traffic was not an easy subject. The material being studied was so different and more exciting than what Corinne had ever learned at school, back home in Prince Albert. The abbreviations for each airport in the country, cloud formations, and the effect of air currents were all topics covered in class, except for a period of three days when what was being excitedly studied by these young women was a group of soldiers, come to join the class. They had been commissioned, served one year overseas, and were back home to work as officers at various airports. Naturally, they were not pleased with having to study in a classroom of girls who would be taking over and doing a “man’s job.” The girls were thrilled to have them, but alas, after three days, the soldiers left, having decided they couldn’t possibly study in a classroom full of girls, that contained, in their words, “a brainless nineteen year old.” Corinne was humiliated. She was the only student in the class under the age of twenty.

Despite the soldiers’ rude comments, Corinne continued to try hard, and she flourished in the class. In 1942, this group of twenty girls, most of whom had never even flown before, was the first all-female graduating class of Air Traffic Controllers in Canada, and Corinne was proud to be among them. She immediately took a job in Edmonton with a fellow classmate, Marian, a native Edmontonian, with whom she had become fast friends.

With each passing day, Corinne gained a little more experience, and discovered she was really quite good at the job. A bold child with few fears, Corinne had often done outlandish things, especially for a girl, and this outgoing, eager personality led to her success as an Air Traffic Controller, and to some pretty fantastic adventures. One such adventure included a romance with a dashing young Scotsman, Frank, who was in Canada training as a Navigator for the Royal Air Force. The two immediately hit it off, and before long it was evident that their future marriage was cleared for takeoff!

Not all of her experiences at work were wonderful. Part of the job was dealing with inevitable disasters. During one of Corinne's shifts, there was a terrible crash on the tarmac. When all the medical personnel had taken care of the situation, she went to see the damaged plane for herself. While pacing the tarmac, Corinne found a ring she guessed had belonged to a passenger from the crashed plane. It was the most striking ring Corinne had ever seen; gold, with a diamond inlaid in the centre. Two intertwined snakes curled their way around the ring, each with small diamonds on the head. Despite spending almost a year in a secure "lost items" area at the airport, its owner never came to claim it and Corinne was given the ring, which she wore on her finger as a reminder of the tragedy and the importance of her job – ensuring that more accidents didn't happen.

After a few years working at the Edmonton and Winnipeg Airports, Corinne was excelling as an air traffic controller and loved her job. Unfortunately, her mother fell ill and Corinne had to leave the work she had grown to love to return home to Prince Albert to care for her mum. By now, Frank had completed his training and was scheduled to fly to Burma, to fight the Japanese and Burmese Independence Army. After losing her first husband – an RAF officer killed overseas in a maneuvering accident just weeks after their marriage – Corinne worried. Frank promised he'd return safely, and after three years, he did.

The war was a time of change for everyone. Corinne had taken a job in a field that wouldn't have otherwise been open to her. She was part of a new frontier of working women. Frank had also been on a new frontier, the Burmese jungle. It was a completely new environment, with snakes, monkeys, and danger all around. Burma was, in many ways, very different from his home in Scotland and the training he had done in Canada.

Both Frank and Corinne were plunged into new worlds as a result of the war, but both accepted these new challenges and environments, and faced them head-on. It was no wonder that they made such a good match, and fell in love.

Once the Burma Campaign was over, Frank reunited with Corinne, whom he hadn't seen since 1943. He had the most fascinating and thrilling stories to tell her about his adventures in Burma. He shared tales of daring escapes, dangerous flights in the dark of the night, and rescue missions so incredible that it was a good thing Corinne knew Frank was not one to embellish tales, or she mightn't have believed him!

He told her of a flight, a simple supply drop, that turned into a rescue mission. He and his pilot had landed just past one of the British bases near Rangoon, and the officers who met them asked if their plane was equipped to carry passengers. The plane was, and when they told them so, one of the officers brought a girl who, unbeknownst to them at the time, was a Burmese Princess. Frank and his pilot safely flew the princess to her destination. Once everyone was on the ground, the entire flight crew, including Frank, was rewarded with a beautiful Burmese ruby for their efforts. The ruby was a deep red; so dark it almost looked black. Frank tucked the jewel into his wallet, where he hoped it would be safe until his return to Canada. Corinne had written

him about the ring she had found, and Frank thought a Burmese ruby would make a beautiful addition. The two snakes wrapped around the diamond reminded him of the pythons the jungle-bound soldiers were wary to find in their sleeping bags every night.

While Frank was lucky to escape major tragedy and returned safely home after the war, the ruby wasn't quite so lucky. Somewhere between Burma and Canada, Frank's entire wallet was stolen – the wallet that contained his Burmese ruby. It turns out, snakes aren't only in the bottom of sleeping bags. Frank didn't have the chance to give the ruby to his darling Corinne, so it never took its rightful place in her ring, but she loved it anyway and wore it for the duration of her life. Besides, the real and most valuable treasure made it home safely into her arms.

Decades after the passing of her husband, Corinne was lying in bed in a hospital in Pembroke, Ontario. She had lived a long and exciting life, as one of the first female air traffic controllers, a hospital receptionist, and a radio announcer. She had lived in Saskatchewan, Alberta, Manitoba, Scotland, and Ontario. She had raised five children; one boy and four girls. Corinne was a well-respected citizen of Pembroke, where she lived the last forty-seven years of her life. She was a fighter, a leader, and a wonderful spirit. All of these qualities she passed on to her eldest daughter, Suzanne, to whom she also passed on her ring; the ruby-less ring with two diamond-headed snakes. Suzanne was an athletic, headstrong tomboy, who devoted her life as a teacher to inspiring young girls to break from traditional roles and become as strong as her mother had been. Corinne knew this, and hoped the ring would be a reminder to Suzanne of their connection, her father's bravery and love, and a symbol of blooming where you're planted.

Suzanne celebrated her sixtieth birthday just days after her mother's passing. Her husband, Ron, wanted to do something special not only for Suzanne, but also to honour the memory of Corinne. Ron had married Suzanne, a feisty girl who at just nineteen years old was standing in front of a classroom full of children, a teacher who found ways to weave cloud patterns into science lessons, and who ensured the girl students in her classroom enjoyed just as much time playing with the building blocks and dye-cast cars as the boys did. Ron knew the story of the ring and the ruby and he wanted to find a way to ensure it had the right ending. So, for his wife's birthday, he had a jeweller fit into the ring a Burmese ruby as red and deep as his love for her. The ring was finally complete.

Years later, the ring sits on Suzanne's hand, and her two granddaughters admire it. They are girls who have been taught how to be strong, powerful women, with the guidance of their grandmother and the memory of their great-grandmother. They play sports, support environmental causes, and have pursued the political process fighting for the rights of girls and women. To them, the ring on their grandmother's finger serves as a reminder of equality, that girls can do anything. Their great-grandmother had certainly believed so! It also just so happens that one granddaughter is one of the only girls in a college class full of "brainless" boys! Corinne would certainly have laughed to see how times have changed since the days of her air traffic control classes.

As the story of the ring, and the ring itself, was passed on from generation to generation, it became clear that the real jewel was never really the Burmese ruby. It was the love of a young soldier for his bride-to-be, of a dying mother for her daughter, and of a grandmother to her granddaughters. It's the unbreakable connection of four generations of women who, although they lived in different times and have had different experiences, have shared a common dream and desire for change, adventure and equality – all treasures more valuable than a ruby on a ring.





THE RISE AND FALL OF THE FRACTIONALIZED NATION



SCHOOL: Assumption College High School
TEACHER: Kim Pearce
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Lisa Brunone
UNIT: Windsor-Essex Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Joe Brannagan

GRADES 11-12 / **NONFICTION**
by **Chidera Ikewibe**

A play based on the Nigerian Civil War

Judas... A teacher turned general who leads to his peoples' suffering

Anna... A bar owner, who believes in diplomacy, Victor's wife

Woman... A Red Tribe woman.

Man... Woman's husband, from the Blue Tribe.

Drunkards... Three drunk people who sing.

Drunker... Lead Drunkard.

Boy... Messenger boy, Judas' assistant

Act I, Scene I

[Setting, a bar. The setting should not be distracting – only a simple desk and a chair make up the bar as a large group of people sing, dance, party and drink nearby. The Red Tribe wear red clothes, the Blue Tribe wear blue clothes, and the Yellow Tribe wear yellow clothes. Music is playing.]

Enter Judas, dressed in yellow, barefoot. He calls out as he weaves through the crowd.

JUDAS: Anna! Anna, where are you?

Anna dressed in orange, rushes over to Judas and hugs him

JUDAS: What's going on? Why aren't you at home yet? I've been looking for you –

ANNA: Relax darling husband, I'm fine. I'm keeping the bar open late to celebrate Judas! No need to worry.

JUDAS: Why shouldn't I be worried – you weren't at home. What could you possibly be celebrating now?

ANNA: What, are you deaf? Did you lose both your ears or something? Edollia is a free country now! The Periwinkles, they went back to their stupid island and finally left us alone. Isn't that wonderful? [Hugs him]

JUDAS: Why do you have to leave the house to celebrate? There is beer at home. It's... it's not safe for us out here.

ANNA: *[Breaks hug]* What do you mean it's not safe? This is my bar, in my own country. *[Laughs]* Can you believe it? Say it with me Judas, my country!

JUDAS: Close up the bar and tell everyone to beat it. The only people who drink this late are bumps and loose women anyway.

ANNA: Hey! Those are my best types of customers. Why are you so... angry? Today is a good day –

JUDAS: You want to know why I'm angry, woman? I don't have any shoes.

ANNA: They stole your shoes again? You should just tell those men to leave you alone. This is Edollia, we are all Edollians. Even if we are from different tribes. The Reds, Blues, and Yellows all make this country Edollia –

JUDAS: No, they are the Edollilans. You and I are just Yellows and get their shoes stolen and get fired by Edollians.

ANNA: What?! But you're good at your job. You can't be – they can't – they shouldn't! That's not fair...

JUDAS: Life's not fair. My mother called me today at work about my sister. You want to know what they did to her up in the Red Tribe area?

ANNA: Your sister, the reporter? What happened, is she okay?

Music stops playing.

JUDAS: They killed her Anna. They killed her, and every person from the Yellow Tribe who lived there, right down to the dogs and kids. Tell me Anna, what part of that was fair? Did my sister deserve that? Just when you think everything is fine, life beats you down. Oh, wait that's not life that's just the Edollian way. *[Walks away]*

DRUNKARDS: *[In yellow, singing and swaying]* This home is my home. I made it with my hands. I live on my own land. Let all my enemies turn to sand.

DRUNKER: But who, o but who? Who gave me this land?

DRUNKARDS:

We did, yes we did. We all build it out of sand. The sand is the bones of the enemies of our land.

Drunkards cheer and swig their beers.

WOMAN: *[Dressed in red clothes, walks between the Drunkards, pushing them. Covers her ears]* I thought this was a bar, not hell.

DRUNKER: Stop complaining. Yer jus jealous. *[To the other Drunkards]* Sad she's not half as good a singer as me, I reckon.

WOMAN: You wish. I've passed air between my arse cheeks that sounds better than you, old man. Smells better than ya too! *[Pinches her nose]*

DRUNKER: Really?

Drunker raises his arms and the other two drunks faint into unsuspecting crowd members' arms but wake soon after.

WOMAN: Yeah, and I would get the words right too.

DRUNKER: I was singing the right words girly. Whatcha talkin' on about?

WOMAN: It starts like this. This land is my land. I got it from my dad who gave it to my hand, who got it from his dad. Not what you said.

DRUNKER: *[Walks up to her]* That's the Red Tribe version.

WOMAN: What of it? And what version are you spitting?

DRUNKER: The right one. The Yellow one.

WOMAN: *[Shoves Drunker]* Just like a Yellow. Everything ya do is right isn't it? Ya should just leave the nation. It would be better off.

DRUNKER: Okay, we'll just take all our teachers and doctors too. And let the rest of year try to live then. A nation without doctors and teachers is a dead country.
[Pushes the Woman]

WOMAN: Stop acting like y'all are so great. Y'all are so rich because you were friends with the Periwinkles. Everyone knows it. Eating five meals a day while the rest of us starved.

DRUNKER: We were starving right next to ya!

WOMAN: *[Yells]* All ya Yellows should have just left with 'Winkles, because God knows we don't want ya here!

Some crowd members in Red and Blue cheer and stand behind her.

Anna rushes in between the Drunker and the Woman

ANNA: Please, everyone calm down. We are all Edollians.

WOMAN: As long as you aren't a Yellow, sure. *[Looks at Anna's orange clothes]* So what are ya? *[Pulls on Anna's shirt]* A Yellow sympathizer?

ANNA: *[Pulls away from the Woman]* My mom is from the Yellows and my dad is from the Reds. Which makes me Edollian. And I will not have a fight in my bar. We can settle this like civilized people.

WOMAN: Oh no! A half breed did not just tell me where to go in my own country?

Reds and Blues cheer in agreement.

JUDAS: This is Yellow territory miss, and I suggest you step off it before I have to remove you for talking to my wife that way.

Yellows stand behind Judas.

MAN: *[Walks up to Judas and punches him]* Don't you dare touch my wife Yellow!

Judas and the man break into a fight. Music stops. Anna hides behind the bar. Yellows fight with Reds and Blues. The Woman finds Anna and drags her out from the counter by her feet. Anna grabs a beer can from the floor and throws it at the Woman, who lets go. Anna grabs a bottle and smashes it over the Woman's head, who passes out. Anna cries out in shock and the fighting dies down, then stops.

ANNA: Is she... is she dead?

MAN: *[Bends over to hear her breathe]* No. *[Carries her in his arms]* You're lucky, half breed. *[To other men]* Let's go. The booze was watered down anyway. *[Exists with Blues and Reds]*

ANNA: *[Shaking]* I could have killed her. *[Looks at her hands]*

JUDAS: *[Puts a hand on Anna's shoulder]* This, ladies and gentlemen, is just an example of what we have been going through for generations. The Reds, the Yellows, and

the Blues have never gotten along, and never will. When the Periwinkles claimed this land as their own and set up their schools and government here, the Reds and Blues tried to fight them away, but our people tried to learn from them. Yes, we went to their schools, not because we liked them, but because we thought the best way to defeat our enemy was to study them. And study we did, until we became the doctors, and teachers, and lawyers, and drove those damned 'Winkles away! *[Crowd cheers]* I myself went into the Blue lands to teach the Blue's children, only to be fired and beaten. Only to have my family... killed. Only to discover what happens when people do not learn. They turn into that. *[Points to where the Reds and Blues exited]* Without learning they are no different from pack animals who listen to the loudest amongst themselves.

DRUNKER: What's that gotta do with us? That's how it's always been. You said it yerself, we've been fighting for ages.

JUDAS: Yes. But never on their land, in their homes. In their bars! I don't know about you but I don't want to be a second class citizen in a country where my citizenship is in question. So we will make our own country.

Crowd murmurs in agreement.

JUDAS: Yes, our own country! Right here in the land of our ancestors. Let them have their country. We will have Yellowlandus. Yellowlandians. Who's with me? In the fight of our lives we might just lose, but if our children can live free in our legacy then I am ready to lay down my life, are you?

Crowd cheers.

ANNA: *[Pulls Judas aside gently]* Judas please don't do this. There are more of them than us. We can solve this with our words and a declaration of independence and planning. I can't watch as you lead our people –

JUDAS: Then join me, Anna *[Kisses her on the forehead and exits with the bar crowd]*

The lights turn off. The bar is moved to serve as a desk, the chair is moved behind the desk.

Act I, Scene II

In darkness Judas sits down, his back partially to the audience. The lights are dimmed but are not on Judas. A spotlight is shone.

ANNA: *[Enters into the spotlight]* Judas, why are the kids playing with guns?

JUDAS: *[Busy writing]* They are boys, Anna. It's not playing, it's practice for them. Who knows how long the war will last.

ANNA: So the boys were telling the truth.

JUDAS: Well, that depends. What did they say?

ANNA: That you gave them guns as a birthday present. Is it true? Tell me it's not true.

JUDAS: It's not true.

ANNA: Oh thank goodn—

JUDAS: I forgot their birthdays.

ANNA: What?!

JUDAS: Anna, when you are trying to fix your country for three years you get busy and forget things. But if it makes you feel better the guns don't work.

ANNA: Aren't those the same guns the soldiers are using though?

JUDAS: Maybe... kind of hard to tell the defective ones from the real ones without squandering a bullet or two. But nothing but the best for my boys. Spent four bullets for the two of them.

ANNA: So I see the money you are saving on bullets isn't going to food, because there is nothing to eat. The kids are starving! There isn't even any bread. Today the boys asked for sweet bread. I can't believe they still remember what it tastes like. It's been so long.

JUDAS: If they want something sweet, bake them a cake.

ANNA: I said there is nothing to eat. Are you even listening?

JUDAS: Yes.

ANNA: What did I say?

JUDAS: Anna, I'm busy. Can't we talk about this later? *[Waves her away]*

Anna exists. The lights turn off.

Lights turn on. Spotlight relocates. Anna re-enters in a traveling coat and suitcase crying.

ANNA: Judas, it's been six years now. I don't think I can take it any longer here.
[Wipes tears from her eyes] I'm leaving.

JUDAS: Okay, be back soon.

ANNA: No Judas, I'm leaving.

JUDAS: And I said be back soon. It's not safe out there for us.

ANNA: Well it's not safe in here either. *[Exits]*

Act II, Scene I

Lights off briefly, then turned fully back on – well lit. Judas is still at his desk. A young boy enters.

BOY: *[Wearing yellow]* Morning sir.

JUDAS: Morning boy. Send my wife in. I need to tell her the war will be over soon. I can feel it.

BOY: The phone lines are down today sir. Maybe tomorrow?

JUDAS: Phone? Where is she? Isn't she in the house?

BOY: No sir, she left two weeks ago with one of the relief aid nurses from far away.

JUDAS: Wait why? Why didn't she tell me?

BOY: She said she told you sir. She didn't want the kids to die of starvation like most of the others.

JUDAS: What do you mean by 'others?'

BOY: Most kids sir. They pass away from starvation. The government just blows up any food that's sent here, even relief aid. So the kids turn into skeletons and then just... well, it's actually too sad to mention. I saw with my own eyes, my sister. She died.

JUDAS: *[Sadly]* How boy? How did she die?

BOY: There're big bucks in smuggling, especially if you're tiny. She likes to smuggle in new sir. All kinds sir, at least she used to... Then with nothing to eat she couldn't, without nothin' to eat she went to bed one night and never woke up.

JUDAS: No... no... please tell me this isn't true.

BOY: I can't sir. You get used to it after a while. It's better to not think about it sometimes. I brought your paper sir – it's from 'Winkles. One of the relief aid nurses brought it over.

JUDAS: Does it say anything about my wife?

BOY: *[Flips through newspaper]* Yes sir!

JUDAS: *[Stands quickly]* What does it say? Is she happy?

BOY: I don't know... I can't read. But there's a picture of her at a grave sir.

JUDAS: *[Waves the boy over and takes the newspaper]* You can't read? Don't the schools teach you anything? *[Flips through the paper]*

BOY: No sir, school stopped when the war started. Best three years of my life.

JUDAS: *[Cries out]* She's at our sons' funeral. *[Reads]* 'The sons of Judas, the self-proclaimed Yellowlandian rebel leader, died as they tried to pass the Edollain borders with their mother. Both sons were shot twice. Anna, Judas' wife, weeps as she buries her sons in Periwinkles, where she seeks asylum. *[Wipes tears from his eyes]* You said you don't go to school boy? *[Concerned]* What's your name?

BOY: They call me Pack Animal sir, 'cos I follow the pack. But when you give me a gun I just go crazy! Those idiots on the other side don't know what hit 'em.

JUDAS: *[Shakes his head slowly]* Boy, would you consider me loud?

BOY: The loudest sir. That's one of the reasons I believe in you. Everyone else is so soft spoken but you just get into it.

JUDAS: Send in my generals. Tell them we need to talk about our surrender.

BOY: But sir –

JUDAS: You're right. I can't show my face to the people. Or the government. The government will probably kill me too.

BOY: *[Worried]* Whatcha gonna do sir?

Judas pulls out a suitcase from under the desk and quickly puts random papers inside.

JUDAS: What do you think I'm going to do boy? I'm fleeing. I can't stay here. My people are being slaughtered, children are starving, innocence [Pauses and looks at the boy] is dying. And I'm the one to blame.

BOY: *[Walks up to Judas]* You can't! People are counting on you General Judas! You can still turn this around. You just said the war was going to end –

JUDAS: I lied.

BOY: Then our fighting... it's been for nothing? My sister died... for nothing?
[Backs away]

JUDAS: No one ever dies for nothing. She died because I thought that the only way to make peace was to take it by force, regardless of the sacrifice. But I've lost too much, even if Yellowlandus is formed. It will only ever be a graveyard.

BOY: *[Turns his back to Judas]* Just leave already. I don't even want to look at you.

JUDAS: *[Approaches the boy]* I don't blame you son. But remember all of this. The pain, the hunger, the death. All of it! Don't let it happen twice. Learn from my mistakes and work together.

BOY: So, you want us to break bread with our enemies?

JUDAS: They are no more your enemy than I am to you. *[The Boy faces Judas]* I want you to forgive and let go. Even though I cannot. You must. I lived under the notion that Reds and Blues were the animals, but in truth it's only those who refuse to listen to others who are the real animals. I couldn't have gotten this far without you son. *[Salutes the Boy. Takes a few steps towards the exit, then turns]* Oh, and son?

BOY: Yes?

JUDAS: Get a new name. *[Exits without the suitcase.]*

The End

Jeunes Écrivains **Prix**

 2018



LES ÉLÉPHANTS



SCHOOL: St. Bernard Elementary School
TEACHER: Latoya Lang
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Sarah Polowski
UNIT: Thunder Bay Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Aldo Grillo

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / **SHORT STORY**
by **Kyra Gail Valdock**

Mila est une éléphantelle. Elle est violette et elle est grosse. Elle a quatre ans.

Elle marche et marche : « Oh non, je suis perdue ! ». Elle est triste.

Tout à coup, elle voit un éléphant : « c'est maman ». Mila est contente.

La fin



LA PAIX



SCHOOL: Jean Vanier

TEACHER: Maria Sampson

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Joyce McLean-Seely

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / POEM

by **Falyn Urbanowicz**

La paix est l'école.
La paix est Noël.
La paix est ma famille.
La paix est les animaux.
Je suis la paix.



LES CAMIONS DE POMPIERS



SCHOOL: Jean Vanier

TEACHER: Maria Sampson

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Joyce Mclean-Seely

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / NONFICTION

by **Benjamin Veber**

Les camions de pompiers portent l'eau.
Les camions de pompiers sauvent les gens.
Les camions de pompiers aident les gens.
Les camions de pompiers éteignent les incendies.
Mon père est pompier !



LE CHAT ET L'ÉCUREUIL



SCHOOL: École catholique Cathédrale
TEACHER: Sharon Drouin
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Laura Vermette
UNIT: Algonquin-Lakeshore
UNIT PRESIDENT: Bob Giasson

GRADES 1-2 / SHORT STORY
by **Charlotte E.D. Stroud**

Un jour dans l'automne, il y a un chat et ce chat cherche une souris, mais il n'a pas de chance. Il regarde dans les trous et sous les maisons, mais il ne voit toujours rien.

Tout à coup, il a vu quelque chose bouger dans un arbre ! « Une souris », pensa le chat. Alors, le chat a sauté dans un buisson et il entend un bruit. Mais l'écureuil est monté sur une branche. L'écureuil a grimpé jusqu'au sommet. Le chat pensa :

- *Un écureuil ? Je pensais que c'était une souris ! Mais c'est encore bien, je vais manger.*

Alors, le chat a foncé dans le buisson et a chassé l'écureuil. L'écureuil a couru très vite !

Une petite fille qui s'appelle Annie joue dehors quand un chat et un écureuil courent devant elle. Elle dit :

- *Oh, oh ! Un chat chasse un écureuil !* ».

Elle bondit, saisit le chat, le met de l'autre côté de la clôture et ramasse l'écureuil. Elle apporte l'écureuil dans la maison.

- *C'est quoi que tu as là ?*, dit le papa d'Annie.

- *Oh, papa, c'est un petit écureuil ! Un chat l'a chassé ! Je l'ai nommé Bobby*, dit-elle.

- *Qui est Bobby ?*, dit papa.

- *Bobby est l'écureuil*, dit-elle.

- *On ne peut pas laisser entrer Bobby dans la maison, Annie. Il est un écureuil.*

- *Oui mais je pourrais faire une note et si maman est d'accord, Bobby peut rester avec nous*, dit-elle.

Alors, Annie fait une note :

À maman : « *J'ai trouvé un écureuil qui s'appelle Bobby. Est-ce que je peux le garder ?* ». De: Annie.

Quand maman est retournée à la maison, elle a trouvé une note. Quand elle a lu la note, elle a dit :

- *Non Annie, tu ne peux pas garder un écureuil, mais on peut aller au parc et il peut vivre là-bas.*

- *Oui, oui, oui !*, dit Annie. *On y va maintenant !*



LES COULEURS



SCHOOL: St. James

TEACHER: Meagan Carroll

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Kristy Tait-Angel

UNIT: Eastern Ontario

UNIT PRESIDENT: Dale Fobert

GRADES 1-2 / POEM

by **Aubree Bowes**

Le vert est pour les feuilles.
Le rouge est pour les pommes.
Le noir est pour le chat.
Le bleu est pour la pluie.
Le jaune est pour le soleil.
Le rose est pour les cœurs.
Et toutes les couleurs pour colorier le Monde.



MON VOYAGE À CARCASSONNE



SCHOOL: École catholique Cathédrale
TEACHER: Sharon Drouin
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Laura Vermette
UNIT: Algonquin-Lakeshore
UNIT PRESIDENT: Bob Giasson

GRADES 1-2 / **NONFICTION**
by **Vera-Claire Hsu**

L'année dernière, je suis allée à la ville de Carcassonne en France avec ma famille. Quand on est arrivé à Carcassonne, la ville était très grande. La ville était sur une grande colline. Dans la ville, il y avait beaucoup de magasins et de restaurants. Autour de la ville, il y avait un grand mur. Nous sommes allés marcher sur le mur. C'était une longue marche sur le mur mais c'était une marche amusante. Après la longue marche, on a exploré les petites rues et on a vu de très vieux immeubles. Ensuite, on a fait le tour de la ville. On a vu une église. L'église est le plus vieux bâtiment dans toute la ville.

J'ai aimé mon voyage à Carcassonne.



LES TROIS JEUNES SORCIÈRES



SCHOOL: Blessed Trinity CES
TEACHER: Carmela Simone
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Livio Porcelli
UNIT: York
UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 3-4 / SHORT STORY
by Gianna Nicole Trusolino

Bonjour! Je m'appelle Kristina. Je suis une sirène, mais pas une sirène ordinaire. Je suis la princesse des sirènes ! Je suis un superhéros aussi ! Je porte un collier magique qui peut me transformer en une fée, un humain, et une sirène ! Je porte une robe turquoise et mauve, et une tiare turquoise. Je veux te raconter une histoire.

Narrateur :

Un jour, le réveil de Kristina a sonné trop tard. Elle s'est préparée et elle a mangé le petit-déjeuner. Après ça, elle dit :

- *Je suis tellement excitée ! Moi et mes amies allons beaucoup nous amuser !*

Elle saute de sa chaise, nage dans l'océan, se transforme en une fée et vole chez ses amies.

Quand elle arrive à la maison de ses amies, elle dit :

- *Ohhhh ! Je suis très excitée !*

Mais dans la maison, elle peut entendre :

- *Muahahaha ! Nous attrapons les petites fées et les mettons dans une place secrète !*, dit une voix méchante.

- *Oh non !*, dit-elle.

Kristina court dans la maison et elle voit trois sorcières !

- *Qui êtes-vous ?*, demande Kristina.

- *Qui êtes-vous ? C'est ça la question ?!*, dit une des sorcières.

- *Je suis Kristina, la princesse des sirènes ! Où est-ce que tu vas mettre mes amies ?!*, dit-elle.

- *Nous ne devons pas te le dire*, dit une autre sorcière.

- *Mais si tu réponds à cette question, nous pouvons t'en dire un peu !*, dit la troisième sorcière.

Puis les sorcières posent la question :

- *Je peux tout manger, mais pas de l'eau parce que l'eau me tue : qui suis-je ?*

Kristina pense longuement et, finalement, elle pense qu'elle a la réponse !

- *Le feu, dit-elle.*

Les bouches des sorcières tombent et la chambre est en silence. Puis finalement, les sorcières disent un mot :

- *Correct !*

Kristina saute, saute et saute ! Elle est très excitée !

Puis, les sorcières disent qu'elle doit aller dans une caverne : la caverne de cristal ! Kristina dit merci aux sorcières et elle part. Elle vole vers l'océan et puis se transforme en sirène. Elle nage longtemps et quand elle arrive à la caverne de cristal, elle entend : « À l'aideeeeeeee ! ».

- *Ce sont mes amies !*, se dit-elle.

Elle nage dans la caverne de cristal et elle voit ses amies ! Ses amies sont perdues dans la caverne ! Kristina nage vers elles. Mais quand elle est presque arrivée, les roches tombent ! Mais Kristina utilise sa magie et bouge les roches ! Maintenant, il y a un espace où ses amies peuvent nager dehors. Puis les amies nagent jusqu'au château de Kristina. Les filles racontent leur histoire et rient toute la soirée !

Quand le matin arrive, les filles vont à leur maison sur la terre et elles voient les sorcières ! Mais cette fois, les sorcières sont gentilles ! Les sorcières disent qu'elles sont très désolées et qu'elles ne vont pas faire de mal aux filles. Et finalement, Kristina, les filles, son amie Super Bébé et sa sœur Waves, vivent très heureuses maintenant !

La fin !



CADEAUX PAS REMARQUÉS



SCHOOL: St. Elizabeth Seton
TEACHER: Antonella Scornaienchi
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Diana Miscolci
UNIT: Dufferin-Peel Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Rose Procopio

GRADES 3-4 / POEM

by **Rachel Faith Canimo**

Je vais à l'école
Il y a 17 autres élèves dans ma classe
J'ai une mère qui travaille et m'aide
J'ai un père qui travaille et joue avec moi
Je suis sur l'arbre généalogique de la famille
Je peux sortir avec maman seule
Je n'ai pas besoin de juste rester à la maison
Les filles et les garçons sont égaux
Je vis au Canada
Au Canada, nous sommes forts et libres
Je suis Rachel

Elle allait à l'école
Elle avait environ 100 autres élèves dans la classe
Elle a une mère qui travaille à la maison
Elle a un père qui travaille pour acheter de la nourriture
Elle est la première fille sur l'arbre généalogique depuis 300 ans
Elle devait sortir avec un mâle
Elle devait rester à la maison
Dans son école, les garçons sont devant avec une chaise
Les filles sont derrière sur le plancher
Dans son pays, les personnes ne sont pas libres
C'est Malala

Je suis chanceuse.
Je suis reconnaissante.



LE WAPITI



SCHOOL: Jean Vanier

TEACHER: Liane Lalonde

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Joyce Mclean-Seely

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

GRADES 3-4 / NONFICTION

by **Holly Sutton**

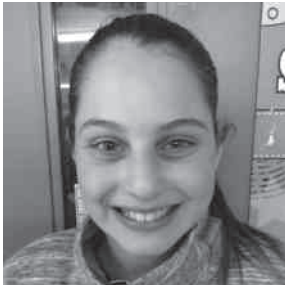
Le wapiti est grand et mauvais. Les wapitis sont bruns, noirs et blancs. Ils ont les bois tranchants. Ils ont aussi des grands sabots.

Il habite en Amérique du Nord, dans la forêt.

Il mange les plantes, des feuilles, de l'herbe et écorce d'arbre.

Il a 2 ennemis. Les ennemis sont les loups et les cougars.

Les wapitis sont très puissants. Ils sont aussi très très grands.



SCHOOL: St. Brendan
TEACHER: Mirand Masoud
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Alison Misa
UNIT: York
UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Masassis

GRADES 5-6 / SHORT STORY

by **Lauren Deena Vassos-Martino**

Il était une fois un monde drastiquement différent du nôtre. Ce monde était composé seulement des quatre éléments : l'eau, le feu, la terre et l'air. Chaque personne de cet univers alternatif était née avec un de ces éléments. Mais ça, c'était juste ce que tout le monde pensait...

Un jour, une petite fille est née. Ces yeux bleus émeraude étaient brillants comme le soleil, et son sourire nourrissant de joie. Ses parents l'avaient appelée Alina, qui veut dire brillante, car son visage était comme une étoile brillante et pleine d'amusement. Quand un nouveau bébé naît, on peut voir son élément tout de suite.

- *L'eau !* crie le père de cette petite fille.

- *Et le feu ?*, répond sa mère avec une tête maintenant un peu inclinée.

- *Et la terre, et l'air*, réplique le docteur.

- *Tout quatre. Ma fille a tous les quatre éléments*, ont dit les deux parents, confus et surpris en même temps.

Soudainement, tout le monde a vu quelque chose...Alina était en train d'utiliser le feu donc ses yeux étaient d'un rouge puissant. Puis elle a commencé à utiliser l'eau, et ses yeux sont devenus bleus cristallisés comme l'océan. « C'est vraiment incroyable », s'exclame le docteur. Ses yeux uniques changent de couleur chaque fois qu'elle utilise un élément différent.

Chaque élément a eu une section pour tous les enfants nés avec ce pouvoir. Tout le monde dans la famille Rilea était né avec l'eau, génération après génération. Il n'y avait pas un seul Rilea né avec quelque chose d'autre que l'élément eau. Sauf Alina maintenant.

- *Où est-ce qu'on va vivre ?*, pose Alexa, la mère d'Alina.

- *Je ne sais pas*, répond Adam, son mari.

La nouvelle famille a trouvé un petit chalet rustique, juste hors de la section d'eau. Cette maison était vraiment mignonne. Elle avait quatre grandes fenêtres pour que le soleil jette un coup d'œil dedans chaque matin entre les énormes chênes dans l'arrière-cour. Une maison idéale pour elle.

Quand Alina est devenue plus âgée, ses pouvoirs ont commencé à être de plus en plus forts, plus forts que tous les pouvoirs de tous les citoyens réunis ! Dans la vie, Alina a eu deux sortes d'amis : ceux qui étaient supportifs et ceux qui étaient jaloux.

À l'école, Alina était la plus populaire. Tout le monde voulait voir sa magie incroyable et unique. Tout le monde voulait voir ses yeux aux couleurs brillantes. Tout le monde voulait voir la fille née avec tous les quatre éléments. Mais tout le monde dans son cœur voulait ce qu'elle a eu.

Lors de la 14ème fête d'Alina, quelque chose s'est passé. Un dégât monstrueux s'est produit. Tous les éléments ont commencé à s'effondrer. Lentement, mais rugueusement aussi. La section d'eau avait des ouragans immenses et sinistres. La partie de feu avait des feux de forêt brutaux qui ont causés la destruction d'une moitié de la section. Il y avait des avalanches cruelles sur la terre, et des tornades à la vitesse des éclairs dans l'air.

Personne n'a su quoi faire. La seule chose qu'ils pouvaient faire à cet instant était d'espérer pour le mieux. Tout le monde, dans toutes les parties, poussait des cris de peur brisant les oreilles. Ses cris déchiraient le cœur d'Alina. Elle a dû faire quelque chose, donc elle a traversé les bordures gigantesques de la partie du feu et elle a essayé de calmer les citoyens.

- *On doit communiquer avec les autres éléments, a crié Alina courageusement. Si on parle avec l'eau, on peut arrêter le feu. Et si on parle avec la terre, on peut arrêter les avalanches !*, s'est-elle exclamée comme une cheffe.

Tout le peuple de la région du feu a commencé à marcher vers la barrière forte qui le séparait des autres zones. Alina l'a traversée sans problème. Mais les gens n'ont pas réussi. Les enfants de l'élément feu étaient capturés dans leur espace sans possibilité de sortie. Normalement, tu peux te déplacer où tu veux, mais ce n'était pas le cas à ce moment-là.

- *Je suis la seule personne qui peut aller où elle veut*, explique la jeune fille tristement. *Je suis la seule qui peut sauver ma maison. La seule pour sauver mes amis, ma famille. C'est à moi de tout faire maintenant*, explique Alina très nerveusement.

Elle ne savait pas ce qui allait se passer, si elle serait vivante après avoir mis sa vie en jeu. Alina n'a pas voulu partir avec tout ce monde qu'elle adorait depuis le commencement de sa vie. Mais elle a promis à tous les citoyens et à elle-même de toujours être gentille et de faire ce qui est le mieux.

Donc elle a commencé par la fin. Elle a commencé par consommer tous les désastres menaçant la vie de chaque élément. Personne ne pouvait absorber tout ce pouvoir et vivre. Personne. Après avoir fini, la pauvre fille était sur le plancher, dure et froide. On ne pouvait entendre une seule voix sauf celles d'Alexa et d'Adam. Ses parents hurlaient avec des voix fortes. Mais au coin de leurs yeux, ils ont vu tout à coup une lumière. Une lumière plus brillante que le soleil: Alina.

Ses yeux étaient maintenant rouges, bleus, verts et bruns tout à la fois. Elle avait sur ses mains tous les symboles des éléments. Alina n'était pas morte. Elle était re-née. Plus forte qu'auparavant. Tout le pouvoir du monde était à elle maintenant. À partir de cet instant, les gens la respectaient. Ils ont eu espoir en elle. Et finalement, ils ont vu, pour la première fois dans l'histoire du monde, une fille née avec tous les quatre éléments.

As-tu pensé que c'était la fin ? C'est juste le commencement. Les quatre éléments étaient si forts ensemble que cela a créé quelque chose de nouveau. Quelque chose d'inimaginable. Cela a créé un élément nouveau appelé l'énergie. Alina Rilea exerce maintenant toute l'énergie du monde.



UNE JOURNÉE SPÉCIALE



SCHOOL: Immaculate Conception

TEACHER: Lucette Mundy

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Catherine Dominelli-Hayden

UNIT: Sudbury

UNIT PRESIDENT: Chantal Rancourt

GRADES 5-6 / POEM

by **Emily Boulanger**

Sur le jour du Souvenir
Nous avons une célébration
Des personnes jouent le clairon
Je suis remplie de fierté
Que le Canada soit en liberté

Il y a beaucoup de coquelicots
Dans les champs de Flandre
Le jour du Souvenir est le 11 novembre
Des soldats utilisent des canons
Des soldats ont des médaillons

J'aime le drapeau
Les coquelicots sont très beaux
J'aime le jour du Souvenir
Le poème de Flandre
Je vais le lire.



LES FEMMES INFLUENTES ET FORTES DANS L'HISTOIRE



SCHOOL: St. Cyril Catholic Elementary School
TEACHER: Hélène Lavertu
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Denise Wales
UNIT: Toronto Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Patricia Minnan-Wong

GRADES 5-6 / NONFICTION
by **Julia de Leon**

Depuis l'Âge de pierre, on dit que les hommes sont plus forts et qu'ils sont plus intelligents. Mais les femmes, elles ?

Aujourd'hui, les femmes sont plus reconnues. Mais il y a aussi beaucoup de femmes influentes dans l'histoire qui sont méconnues. Cependant, en même temps, toutes les femmes brillantes ne sont pas ignorées. Marie Curie, Julia Morgan, Amelia Earheart, et Sophia Jex Blake : toutes ces femmes étaient influentes et ne sont pas ignorées. Marie Curie a découvert deux éléments du tableau périodique : le polonium et le radium. Julia Morgan était une architecte très prolifique. Amelia Earheart était la première femme à traverser l'océan Atlantique par avion ; et en Grande-Bretagne, Sophia Jex Blake a permis aux femmes d'aller à l'école de médecine.

Cependant, il y a une femme qui est très méconnue. Est-ce que vous savez qui a découvert la structure double hélice de l'ADN ? Au début, on pensait que c'était James Watson, Francis Crick et Maurice Wilkins. On avait tort. C'est une femme qui a réellement découvert la structure double hélice de l'ADN en 1951. Et cette femme est Rosalind Franklin. Elle est une femme obscure. Il fut découvert que c'était elle qui avait vraiment découvert la structure de l'ADN bien après sa mort. Messieurs Watson, Crick et Wilkins ont volé le travail de Mme Franklin, et ils ont reçu tout l'honneur. Watson, Crick et Wilkins ont gagné un prix Nobel pour "leurs recherches".

Avant le vingtième siècle, les femmes avaient très peu de liberté. Elles n'avaient pas le droit de vote, elles ne pouvaient pas travailler et tous les jours, les femmes devaient rester à la maison pour prendre soin des enfants. Plusieurs femmes pensaient que c'était injuste. Pourquoi seulement les hommes pouvaient-ils travailler ? Pourquoi seulement les hommes pouvaient-ils voter ? Pourquoi seulement les garçons pouvaient-ils aller à l'école ? Alors que les femmes étaient également capables de faire le travail, de voter et d'aller à l'école – pas seulement les hommes et les garçons !

Par conséquent, dans les années 1800, les femmes ont pris des mesures ! Cela a commencé avec des manifestations pour donner aux femmes le droit de voter ! Puis l'Association Nationale du Suffrage des Femmes (ANSF) a ouvert en 1869. Cette association a été créée par Elizabeth Cady Stanton et Susan B. Anthony. Le Parti Démocrate était contre l'ANSF parce qu'il avait peur que, si les femmes obtenaient le droit de vote, les femmes noires l'auraient aussi. En mai 1919, les femmes ont obtenu le droit de voter aux États-Unis (mais pas les femmes noires) !

Ceci était seulement un exemple de discrimination contre les femmes. Les femmes étaient moins payées que les hommes mais maintenant, il y a « à travail égal, salaire égal ». Aujourd'hui, il y a beaucoup de filles dans les écoles - comme moi - et les universités. Ça, c'est parce qu'il y avait des femmes fortes qui ont combattu pour nos droits, et il y a plusieurs filles et femmes à venir !

Recherches effectuées sur :

- la-conjugaison.nouvelobs.com
- www.canadianwomen.org
- www.britannica.com
- Biography.com
- Nwhp.org
- Evolutionofwomencitizenship.weebly.com
- Livescience.com
- www.synonymo.fr



LES COMPTES FRACTURÉS: LE MONDE ADORE LA FAMEUSE MILKY WHITE



SCHOOL: St. Joseph

TEACHER: Andrée Coutu

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Andrée Coutu

UNIT: Peterborough Victoria Northumberland and Clarington

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

GRADES 7-8 / SHORT STORY

by Ella Morash

Il était une fois, dans un petit village, un jeune homme qui s'appelait Jack et sa vache qui s'appelait Milky White. Ils étaient les meilleurs amis.

- *Mon fils, vous devez amener Milky White au prochain village pour le vendre, a commandé la mère de Jack.*

- *Mais Maman, Milky White est ma meilleure amie, a plaidé Jack, mais elle ne voulait rien entendre.*

Alors Jack s'est dirigé dans les bois pour vendre sa vache.

Jack a flâné dans les bois pendant des heures mais personne ne voulait acheter une vache. Jack a vu une petite fillette dans une cape rouge comme le sang, plus éloignée dans la forêt, mais il ne voulait pas lui demander car il a entendu dire qu'il y avait des méchants loups dans cette partie de la forêt. Plus tard, il a vu une élégante jeune femme dans une robe de bal mais encore, il n'a pas demandé car elle avait l'air un peu trop préoccupée. Jack était trop fatigué pour continuer donc il a dormi sous un arbre.

Le lendemain, Jack a continué sa recherche et finalement, des personnes se sont approchées. C'était une femme qui avait des cheveux comme de l'or et un homme avec des yeux bleus comme l'océan. Les deux avaient l'air très pauvres.

- *Qu'est-ce que tu fais avec une vache dans la forêt ?, demandait l'homme.*

- *Je veux vendre ma vache, Monsieur, répondait Jack.*

- *On n'a pas beaucoup d'argent, mais nous avons des haricots magiques, disait la femme.*

Jack, avec hésitation, a pris les haricots et a adressé un dernier « Au revoir » à Milky White. Après, il a couru dans l'autre direction. Au même instant, Milky White s'en allait avec les personnes.

Ils rentrèrent dans une petite maison qui avait l'air plus grosse de l'extérieur qu'elle ne l'était réellement à l'intérieur. La maison était couverte de photographies admirables qui ressemblaient à ce que tu vois seulement dans tes rêves les plus fous. Ils ont amené Milky White dans une petite chambre simple et vide. Même s'ils n'avaient pas beaucoup d'argent, ils ont quand même donné à Milky White de la nourriture délicieuse et l'ont traitée comme une reine. Elle avait le meilleur temps, mais elle n'était pas tellement heureuse. Son meilleur ami, Jack, lui manquait. Dans le passé, ils étaient inséparables. Comment vont-ils alors être les meilleurs amis s'ils sont si loin l'un de l'autre?

Le jour suivant, après le déjeuner, il prenait Milky White pour prendre des photos d'elle.

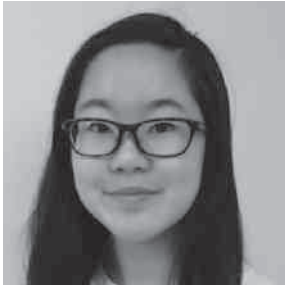
- *Je crois que ces photos vont être merveilleuses*, s'est exclamé l'homme quand il prenait les photos.

Plus tard, ils envoyaient les photos à une compagnie de lait pour voir si Milky White pourrait être la mascotte de la compagnie. La semaine suivante, ils ont reçu une lettre à propos des photos. C'était un grand succès et Milky White était fameuse ! Ses photos étaient sur tous les cartons de lait dans le monde ! Au cours des prochains mois, Milky White a voyagé dans le pays pour voir tous ses admirateurs et elle prenait des photos avec eux.

Un jour, quand elle voyageait, elle a vu une grosse tige d'haricots qui allait jusqu'au ciel. Elle était en train de la regarder et Jack est descendu de la tige. Quand Jack a vu Milky White, il a couru et lui a donné une grande caresse.

- *Oh mon Dieu, je croyais que je ne te reverrais plus jamais*, disait Jack, plein de joie.

Après cela, le couple a demandé à la mère de Jack s'il pouvait aller avec eux et Milky White pour quelques jours, et elle a dit oui. Alors, il est allé avec eux. Quand ils voyageaient, Jack a parlé d'une grande aventure dont ils faisaient partie et ils étaient même les géants ! Le lendemain, ils prenaient les photos de Jack et les ont envoyées à une compagnie de haricots. Plus tard, ils ont entendu que Jack est maintenant la mascotte de Géant Vert. Il était fameux aussi ! Maintenant, il est riche. Ainsi, il peut aider sa mère. Et Milky White et Jack sont de nouveau réunis.



SCHOOL: St. Rose of Lima
TEACHER: Marianna Hordiyuk
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Theresa McMahon
UNIT: Dufferin-Peel Elementary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Rose Procopio

GRADES 7-8 / POEM

by Yuehan (Hannah) Jiang

L'espoir
Quand je peux t'attendre sur cette rue
Même si tu ne viens pas

L'espoir
Quand je veux voir des fleurs écloses
Même si c'est l'hiver

L'espoir
Quand je peux souhaiter voir le soleil
Même s'il y a trop de nuages

L'espoir
Quand je veux trouver un arc-en-ciel
Même si un orage est juste passé

L'espoir
Quand je peux apprécier le coucher du soleil
Même si ce n'est pas la soirée

L'espoir
Quand je veux te suivre comme une ombre
Même si tu ne me verras pas

L'espoir
Quand je suis avec tout le monde, particulièrement toi
Même si tu es dans un autre monde

C'est l'espoir
Qui me donne la vie



POURQUOI C'EST IMPORTANT DE RÉDUIRE NOTRE CONSOMMATION D'EAU?



SCHOOL: Our Lady of Good Counsel
TEACHER: Kimberly O'Brien-Délorme
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Julie Borer
UNIT: Eastern Ontario
UNIT PRESIDENT: Dale Fobert

GRADES 7-8 / NONFICTION

by **Marc Borer**

Nous devons réduire le montant d'eau que nous utilisons. Il y a 7,6 milliards de personnes sur notre planète qui utilisent d'énormes quantités d'eau chaque jour. Même si 70% de notre planète est recouverte d'eau, seulement 2,5% de cette eau est bonne à boire. De plus, 0,75% de cette petite quantité d'eau douce est accessible. On doit commencer à ménager l'eau potable pour le futur, pour la simple raison qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup d'eau douce sur la Terre et finalement, pour l'environnement. À mon avis, la meilleure façon de résoudre ce problème est de réduire le montant d'eau que nous utilisons et d'en prendre bien soin.

Premièrement, nous avons besoin d'eau potable pour le futur. Un manque d'eau dans le futur aura des conséquences comme un manque de nourriture, des taux de vie moins élevés et des dangers pour la santé. Nous avons besoin de sauver l'eau pour nos enfants et nos petits-enfants (générations futures). En plus, l'eau ne sera pas toujours une ressource renouvelable. Ce n'est pas une réserve infinie.

Deuxièmement, il n'y a pas beaucoup d'eau douce à notre disposition sur la Terre. On doit arrêter de contaminer le peu d'eau que nous avons parce que la vie aquatique va souffrir énormément. Les industries doivent arrêter de jeter leurs produits chimiques dans les rivières et les lacs. Il me semble que nous devons arrêter les guerres pour l'eau. L'eau n'est pas répandue de manière égale, alors on doit la partager. Aussi, ceux qui sont dans des pays développés doivent arrêter d'utiliser l'eau pour le gazon, les piscines et autres fins récréatives parce que c'est gaspiller l'eau potable précieuse.

Troisièmement, nous devons conserver l'eau douce pour protéger l'environnement. Sans eau, les animaux et les plantes ne pourront pas survivre. Si nous n'avons pas d'eau, les plantes ne peuvent pas pousser. Conséquemment, on n'aura pas de nourriture ou encore plus effrayant : pas d'oxygène ! De plus, un manque d'eau aura des conséquences négatives sur notre santé. Il y a environ 10 maladies reliées à l'eau comme la malaria et la méningite. Ces maladies vont devenir plus fréquentes si l'eau devient plus rare.

En conclusion, on doit réagir immédiatement. Si tout le monde aide à conserver notre ressource la plus précieuse, on pourra continuer à jouir de notre planète pour des milliers d'années. À mon avis, les trois raisons les plus valables pour réduire le montant d'eau que nous utilisons sont pour le futur parce qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup d'eau douce sur la Terre et, dernièrement, pour préserver l'environnement. La décision est à toi ! Pour moi, c'est simple : réduire le montant d'eau qu'on utilise nous donnera un meilleur futur.



POUR MON FRÈRE



SCHOOL: Monsignor O'Donoghue CES
TEACHER: Meaghan Tahon
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Krista Wells-Skinner
UNIT: Peterborough Victoria Northumberland and Clarington
UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

GRADES 7-8 / PLAY
by Isabella Assinck

Les personnages :

Hugo, Alex, Maman, Papa, Luna, Sebastian, Figure Mystérieuse

Acte I, Scène 1

[Hugo entre par la droite de la scène. Il marche au milieu de la scène. Les lumières ne sont pas allumées, sauf le projecteur sur Hugo.]

HUGO : J'avais six ans quand c'est arrivé. Ça fait sept ans et je m'en souviens encore comme si c'était hier : l'accident qui a changé la vie de mon frère pour toujours.

[Le projecteur s'éteint et les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 2

[L'ensemble est dans la cour, devant la maison d'Hugo. Maman fait la lessive, Hugo est dans le bac à sable, et Alex et Sebastian jouent au volleyball. Alex frappe la balle qui roule sur la rue.]

MAMAN : Je vais chercher Papa. Alex, ne bouge pas!

[Maman entre dans la maison et Alex attend qu'elle soit partie pour marcher sur la rue.]

SEBASTIAN : Alex, ta maman a dit d'attendre.

ALEX : C'est bon. Personne n'est jamais sur cette rue.
[Alex marche au milieu de la rue quand une moto semble accélérer vers lui.]

HUGO, EN CRIANT :
Alex non!

Acte I, Scène 3

[Sept ans après l'accident, Alex et Maman sont assis à la table du dîner.]

ALEX : Je pense que c'est bizarre qu'avec toute la technologie de nos jours, ils ne peuvent pas trouver un remède à la paralysie. Le cancer et le diabète oui, mais pas la paralysie.

HUGO : Alex, tu répètes la même chose depuis la cinquième année, change de disque.

ALEX : Hugo, pourquoi tu ne le fais pas toi-même?

MAMAN : Les garçons, assez! Je sais que ça fait un moment que votre Papa est parti pour trouver un remède, mais ce n'est pas une excuse pour vous retourner l'un contre l'autre. Mangez maintenant.

[Hugo et Alex échangent un rapide coup d'œil et commencent à manger. Les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 4

[Hugo et Maman sont dans la cuisine, faisant la vaisselle.]

HUGO : Le dîner était délicieux Maman. Désolé pour les problèmes que j'ai causés.

MAMAN : C'est bon Hugo. Merci.
[Maman soupire et se détourne d'Hugo.]

HUGO : Quel est le problème, Maman?
[Les larmes aux yeux, Maman se retourne et fait face à Hugo.]

MAMAN : Je suis inquiète. Inquiète que ton Papa ne revienne jamais à la maison. Que le remède ne soit jamais trouvé et que ton frère sera déprimé et qu'il fera quelque chose d'irrationnel.

[Maman pleure maintenant.]

Que toi, petit garçon, tu n'auras jamais la vie que tu mérites parce que tu t'inquiètes pour tout le monde.

[Hugo marche vers sa maman et l'embrasse.]

HUGO : Je ne laisserai pas cela arriver. Tout ira bien, je vais tout réparer.

[Les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 5

[Dans sa chambre, Hugo est assis sur son lit, confus.]

HUGO, MURMURANT :
Ce n'est pas possible.
[Alex roule dans la chambre.]

ALEX : Qu'est-ce qui n'est pas possible?

HUGO : Non, rien. De quoi avez-vous besoin?

ALEX, SOUPIRANT :
Je suis inquiet pour Maman.

HUGO : Pourquoi?

ALEX : Elle semble éteinte. Comme si tout ce qui s'est passé l'avait finalement atteinte.
[Alex lève les yeux vers Hugo en espérant une réponse qui va tout réparer par magie.]

HUGO : Alex, je...

ALEX, REGARDANT VERS LE SOL :
Hugo, tu sais de quoi tu es capable et je n'attends rien de toi.

[Alex tourne la porte et les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 6

[Hugo est assis à son bureau dans sa chambre quand Maman frappe à la porte.]

MAMAN : Qu'est-ce que tu fais?

HUGO, LES YEUX TOUJOURS SUR LE LIVRE :
Je lis, pourquoi?

MAMAN : Je peux voir ce que tu lis?

HUGO : Les journaux de Papa.

MAMAN : Encore ? Je pense que trois fois, c'est assez.

HUGO, LEVANT LES YEUX :
Ça ne sera jamais assez jusqu'à ce que je trouve le remède.

MAMAN : Dormir est plus important. Bonne nuit Hugo.

HUGO : Bonne nuit Maman.
[Maman sort de la chambre et ferme la porte.]

HUGO, EN BAILLANT :
Il doit y avoir quelque chose dans ces...

[Sa tête frappe le bureau et il s'endort profondément.]

Acte I, Scène 7

[Hugo est allongé au milieu de la scène quand il se réveille soudainement. Les lumières sont éteintes, sauf pour le projecteur sur Hugo.]

HUGO : Salut? Est-ce que quelqu'un est là?

[Les machines à fumée s'allument et une figure mystérieuse apparaît.]

FIGURE MYSTÉRIEUSE :
Salut Hugo.

HUGO : Qui êtes-vous? Comment est-ce que vous savez mon nom?

FIGURE MYSTÉRIEUSE :
Ça ne fait rien. Ce qui compte, c'est que je sais comment obtenir ce que vous désirez le plus.

HUGO, MURMURANT :
Le remède.
[Il reprend son ton normal.]
Alors, comment je l'obtiens?

FIGURE MYSTÉRIEUSE, GLOUSSANT :
J'aimerais que ce soit cet enfant facile. Je peux seulement vous dire que vous devez trouver le loup près de la grotte. Lui seul peut vous aider à sauver votre frère.

HUGO : Mais...

FIGURE MYSTÉRIEUSE :
Je dois partir maintenant. Rappelez-vous ce que je vous ai dit et faites tout comme prévu.

[La scène devient noire et les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 8

[Hugo est dans son lit, Alex est sur lui.]

ALEX : Hugo réveille-toi! C'est l'heure du petit-déjeuner.

HUGO, SE FROTTANT LES YEUX :

Ok, ok, je suis éveillé.

[Hugo pousse Alex dans la cuisine et s'assied à la table.]

MAMAN : Bonjour Hugo.

HUGO : Bonjour Maman. Je vais aller marcher, est-ce que tu as besoin de quelque chose du magasin?

ALEX : Puis-je venir? Ça fait un moment que j'ai envie d'air frais.

HUGO : J'imagine bien.

[Les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte I, Scène 9

[Hugo pousse Alex sur le trottoir et Alex met les mains sur ses roues. Il signale à Hugo d'arrêter de le pousser.]

ALEX : Penses-tu qu'ils ne vont jamais trouver un remède?

[Il lève les yeux vers Hugo.]

HUGO : Alex, je suis le plus jeune, je suis censé poser les questions.

[Hugo sourit à moitié.]

ALEX : Je sais, mais tu es le seul auprès de qui je peux obtenir une réponse honnête.

HUGO : Ok mais...

[Hugo voit quelque chose scintiller derrière la tête d'Alex.]

Qu'est-ce que c'est?

[Il commence à marcher vers Alex qui roule derrière lui. Quand ils arrivent à la source, ils trouvent une pierre blanche scintillante.]

ALEX : C'est une pierre.

HUGO : Essayons de la soulever.

ALEX : Un, deux... trois !

[Les garçons soulèvent la pierre. Les lumières s'éteignent, les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte II, Scène 1

[La scène est éclairée par une lumière brune. Hugo et Alex gisaient sur le sol dans un endroit où la seule direction est tout droit.]

HUGO, SE RÉVEILLANT :
 Alex? Alex? Où es-tu?

ALEX, EN TOUSSANT :
 Par ici.

HUGO, EN AIDANT ALEX À RETROUVER SON FAUTEUIL ROULANT :
 Est-ce que tu vas bien?

ALEX : Je vais bien. Où sommes-nous?

HUGO : Je ne sais pas. Nous devons trouver une grotte.

ALEX, EN REGARDANT HUGO, CONFUS :
 Quelle grotte? Comment le sais-tu?

HUGO : Juste une intuition. Maintenant, allons-y!

[Les garçons marchent et Alex voit une silhouette debout au loin.]

ALEX : Qu'est-ce que c'est?

HUGO : Allons le découvrir.

[Les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte II, Scène 2

[Les garçons s'approchent de la silhouette. C'est une femme debout devant une grotte.]

LUNA : Salut les garçons. Je vous ai attendus. Je m'appelle Luna. J'ai été envoyée ici pour vous accorder votre plus grand désir. Ne me faites pas perdre mon temps.

HUGO : Salut, pouvez-vous me dire comment obtenir le remède, s'il vous plait?

ALEX : Attendez. Le remède contre la paralysie? Hugo, tu as seulement quatorze ans. Il est impossible pour toi de le découvrir.

[Luna s'agace.]

HUGO : Je sais mais j'ai besoin de le trouver pour te sauver et retrouver Papa.

ALEX : Hugo, il y a...

LUNA : Le temps est écoulé.

[Les yeux de Luna deviennent rouges et elle hurle bruyamment.]

HUGO ET ALEX :

Courons!

[Hugo et Alex courent. Alex a l'air préoccupé.]

ALEX : Nous ne pouvons pas courir ensemble. Laisse-moi et cours.

HUGO : Non, je ne te quitte pas.

ALEX : Oui, je te dis.

[Alex met ses mains sur ses roues, arrête le fauteuil roulant et envoie voler Hugo au-dessus de sa tête. Luna attrape Alex et entre dans la grotte.]

HUGO : Alex...non!

[Hugo est inconscient. Les rideaux se ferment.]

Acte II, Scène 3

[L'ensemble est dans la chambre d'Hugo. Papa et Maman entrent dans la chambre.]

MAMAN : Hugo, réveille-toi. Aujourd'hui, c'est le jour J.

HUGO, SE FROTTANT LES YEUX :

Qu'est-ce que tu racontes?

PAPA : Juste le jour où mon fils est honoré pour avoir découvert le remède contre la paralysie.

HUGO : Mais je ne l'ai pas... Où est Alex?

PAPA : Dans la cuisine mais...

[Hugo court dans la cuisine.]

ALEX : Bonjour.

[Hugo court vers lui et le serre fort.]

Woah! Sois prudent, je suis encore un peu endolori.

HUGO : Je ne peux pas croire que tu es en vie. Je l'ai regardée t'emmenner.

ALEX : Oui, je sais. Quand je me suis réveillé, j'étais à l'hôpital. Ils m'ont dit que je pouvais marcher de nouveau et que vous avez découvert le remède.

[Maman et Papa marchent dans la cuisine.]

PAPA : Je suis si fier de toi.

MAMAN : Très très fière.

ALEX : Tu m'as sauvé.

[Ils s'embrassent. Tous les rideaux se ferment.]



SCHOOL: St. Robert
TEACHER: Assunta Morra
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Don Devine
UNIT: York
UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 9-10 / SHORT STORY

by **Teresa Vu**

Beep. Beep. Beep.

C'est le premier bruit que j'entends. J'ouvre mes yeux. Où suis-je ? Je regarde autour de la salle. Il y a un moniteur et des tubes ! Comment est-ce que c'est arrivé ? Soudainement, j'ai commencé à tout comprendre. Je me suis souvenue que j'ai fait de la gymnastique pour le championnat régional et j'ai gagné la première place. Je me souviens que nous sommes partis au restaurant avec mes parents dans la voiture pour une célébration. Je me rappelle du mouvement de la voiture mais pas du reste. Mon cœur battait rapidement. Pourquoi je ne me souviens pas ? Mon infirmière se précipite dans ma chambre et s'approche de moi.

- *D'accord mademoiselle, dit-elle. Vous êtes en sécurité ici.*

- *Où suis-je ?? Et pourquoi je suis ici ?, je dis avec anxiété.*

- *Vous êtes à l'hôpital, elle répond calmement.*

Elle fait une pause et dit doucement :

- *Vous avez eu un accident avec vos parents. Je suis très désolée. Vos parents sont...morts.*

- *Non, non, non ! Ils sont tout à moi.*

J'ai du mal à respirer et tout est flou. Comment vais-je vivre ? Je pousse un cri horrifique que je n'avais jamais fait avant. Il n'y a personne qui peut me consoler, me soutenir et prendre soin de moi. Il n'y a personne ! Mes parents sont partis. Partis. Partis...Cela était ma dernière pensée avant que la tristesse ait pris contrôle de moi-même.

Trois semaines plus tard

Une nouvelle vie. C'est ce à quoi je pensais pendant que le conducteur m'amenait vers ma nouvelle vie. Dans les trois dernières semaines, tout s'est passé très rapidement, surtout parce que je prenais des médicaments. Ils m'ont aidée à ne pas être submergée par l'émotion. J'ai

des médicaments au cas où j'en ai besoin quand je suis déprimée. Apparemment, j'ai eu un accident avec mes parents mais je ne me souviens pas de l'accident, à part d'avoir été dans une voiture. Des médecins ont dit qu'il est normal pour les victimes de ne pas se rappeler de l'accident et que ma mémoire reviendra. J'ai fait des exercices pour m'aider à regagner de la force. Mais les médicaments ne m'aident pas partout avec mes cicatrices émotionnelles. J'ai eu des cauchemars d'avoir perdu mes parents dans différentes situations. Les médecins m'ont conseillée de prendre des médicaments pour m'aider à ne pas avoir trop d'émotions, particulièrement pendant l'enterrement de mes parents. Je sais que je ne semble pas forte mais en réalité, je suis brisée, personne ne peut me comprendre. Plus tard, des personnes arrivent pour s'occuper du testament de mes parents. Ils me disent que j'habiterai à la maison d'un ami de ma famille : M. Thorne et sa famille. Ils habitent dans le côté riche de la ville où des personnes conduisent des voitures de sport et vivent librement. C'est mon nouveau style de vie, je suppose. M. Thorne habite avec sa femme et sa fille Amélie qui a le même âge que moi. Pour être honnête, je ne les connais pas vraiment. On est allé chez eux seulement deux ou trois fois quand j'étais jeune. Mais apparemment, ils sont de très bons amis de mon père. Je regarde à l'extérieur de la vitre et je vois mon reflet. Mes cheveux foncés, une peau pâle, un nez long, des yeux bruns qui sont un peu grands pour mon visage, et un corps maigre et musculeux. Suis-je la même fille ? Non, j'ai changé après la mort de mes parents.

- *Nous sommes arrivés, dit le conducteur. Bonne journée Mademoiselle Rivière.*

Je sors de la voiture, marche vers la grande maison de M. Thorne et je sonne la cloche. La porte s'ouvre et une femme âgée et jolie apparaît. Ça doit être Mme Thorne. Elle me guide vers le salon où il y a M. Thorne et Amélie. M. Thorne dit qu'il est très désolé, pose des questions et dit à Amélie de m'emmener dans ma chambre. Automatiquement, je réalise que je suis inconnue. Je suis dans une maison inconnue, je vis une vie inconnue, et même la couleur de mes cheveux est inconnue. Ébène dans une marée de cuivre doré. Mes parents me manquent beaucoup. Amélie m'emmène dans ma chambre.

- *Comment allez-vous ?, Amélie demande.*

Je réponds : *Je ne sais pas. J'essaie de survivre, c'est tout.*

- *Si vous voulez une amie avec qui vous pouvez parler, je suis là. Tout le monde doit avoir des amis.*

- *Merci.*

Elle part de ma chambre.

Je regarde autour de moi et je remarque que cette chambre est plus grande que mon ancienne chambre. Il y a un lit à baldaquin, une fenêtre, une table, un placard, une salle de bain et mes

deux valises. Je n'ai pas apporté beaucoup de mes affaires parce qu'elles me rappellent mon ancienne vie. Mais j'ai apporté des choses importantes pour m'aider à garder des souvenirs de mes parents. J'ai pris l'écharpe de ma mère et me pelotonne avec sur le lit. Je veux rentrer chez moi. Pour la première fois depuis l'enterrement, j'ai crié.

Quelques jours plus tard

C'est le premier jour de l'école et je ne suis pas nerveuse étonnamment. Mes vieux amis de mon ancienne école ont voulu m'aider mais ils n'ont pas beaucoup parlé. Peut-être que c'est pour le mieux, je peux vivre sans eux. Ces derniers jours, M. Thorne et sa famille ont été gentils avec moi, particulièrement Amélie. Ils n'ont pas parlé de mes parents mais parfois, ils m'ont traitée comme une enfant fragile. Comme leur maison est dans le côté riche, Amélie va à l'école privée : l'académie de Dumont. Ça sera ma nouvelle école. Maintenant, Amélie et moi marchons vers sa voiture pour aller à l'école.

- *Seras-tu OK ?*, Amélie demande.

- *Oui*, je réponds.

C'est à ce moment que je l'ai vu. Il marchait vers sa moto. Je peux voir ses cheveux blonds dorés, son menton soigné, sa grande taille, son corps musculeux et allongé...

- *Allons-y !*, s'exclame Amélie qui est déjà dans la voiture.

- *Ahhh. Tu vois Marc Martin. Avant, on se parlait de temps en temps mais maintenant, il ne parle plus aux gens*, elle dit. *Il va dans la même école que nous. Méfie-toi de lui.*

Bon à savoir. Amélie conduit la voiture à l'école et elle me souhaite bonne chance. Nous allons au premier cours. Pour moi, c'est l'anglais d'A.P. L'anglais n'est pas trop difficile et les autres cours ne sont pas mal non plus. Je remarque que beaucoup de gens à l'école sont des snobs riches et ils n'essaient pas beaucoup, mais moi, j'essaie. C'est la fin du jour de l'école et je marche vers la voiture d'Amélie quand, soudainement, je me rappelle de quelque chose. La rue était vide et je pouvais voir le panneau brillant de KFC quand une voiture nous a frappés. Ma vision était floue mais j'ai pu entendre clairement des mots : « *Je vous assure qu'ils sont morts* ». Tout d'un coup, quelqu'un prend mon bras et me tourne.

- *Est-ce que vous êtes d'accord ?*, dit une personne. Soudainement, je suis attentive. Je ne me rappelle plus. Je lève mes yeux vers la personne. Voilà, c'est Marc Martin qui tient mes livres. C'est fantastique. Il pense probablement que je suis folle. Je reprends mes livres.

- *Oui, je vais bien, ne t'inquiète pas*, je réponds.

Je pense à l'avertissement d'Amélie donc j'essaie de marcher autour de lui quand il bloque mon chemin.

- *Attendez un moment. Je ne connais pas votre prénom. Je m'appelle Marc Martin, dit-il.*

- *Je m'appelle Anne Rivière, je réponds.*

- *Pourquoi êtes-vous à cette école ? Nous n'avons pas souvent de nouveaux étudiants.*

- *J'ai eu un accident et maintenant, je vis avec M. Thorne et sa famille.*

- *Je suis désolé. Au fait, n'écoutez pas les choses sur moi. Elles ne sont pas la vérité, dit doucement Marc.*

Et il part juste quand Amélie arrive à côté de moi.

- *De quoi vous parliez ?, Amélie me demande pendant que nous marchons vers sa voiture.*

- *Pour être honnête, je ne sais pas, je réponds.*

Nous entrons dans la voiture et nous parlons de notre journée. Après, je continue à penser à ma mémoire. Ont-ils été assassinés ? Est-ce que je me rappelle bien ? Je ne sais pas.

- *D'accord. Nous sommes arrivées, Amélie annonce.*

Nous sortons de la voiture et nous entrons dans la maison.

- *Bonjour les filles !, dit Mme Thorne de la cuisine.*

- *Bonjour !, nous répondons.*

- *Anne, il y a des paquets dans ta chambre. Amélie, j'ai besoin de te parler, dit Mme Thorne.*

Je vais dans ma chambre. Il y a trois grands cartons devant mon lit. J'ouvre les cartons et je remarque que les objets appartiennent à mes parents. Quand je pense à eux, ça ne me fait pas beaucoup de mal mais c'est encore triste. Je pense encore à ma mémoire et essaie de me souvenir encore plus. Des médecins ont seulement dit que ma mémoire reviendra bientôt mais ils n'ont pas mentionné si cela reviendra entièrement. Même si ma mémoire est exacte, qui voudrait assassiner mes parents ? Ma mère était professeure et mon père était avocat. Peut-être un collègue ? Un client ? J'ai besoin de trouver la vérité. Il y a beaucoup d'idées dans ma tête donc je fais une promenade derrière des maisons du quartier.

- *Où vas-tu ?, dit quelqu'un.*

Je me tourne : c'est Marc. Je continue à marcher.

- *Pourquoi tu me suis ?, je demande. Et que voulais-tu dire à l'école ?*

Marc m'explique que la fille la plus populaire à l'école est amoureuse de lui mais il ne l'aime pas. Ses amis ont dû commencer les bavardages. Il dit qu'il y a des personnes dans l'école qui disent que ce n'est pas vrai et qu'il ne sait pas parler. Aussi, il m'en dit plus de lui-même. Il aime jouer au football, des choses technologiques, et lire des livres mystérieux. Il m'a dit des choses embarrassantes et il m'a fait rire. En échange, je lui dis un peu sur moi-même. Pendant une heure, on a continué à parler. C'est facile de parler avec Marc. Il ne m'a pas criée dessus quand j'ai parlé sérieusement et ne m'a pas traitée comme une enfant fragile. Il a l'air d'être un ami.

Les jours suivants, Marc est mon ami et il essaie de me parler quand il peut. Aussi, ma mémoire revient. Je sais que peut-être que ma mémoire n'est pas vraie mais j'ai besoin de trouver la vérité. Avec cette information, je n'accepte pas que mes parents sont morts dans un accident. Je n'accepte pas que le meurtrier est libre quand ma vie est bouleversée. Je sais que c'est mieux d'abandonner ces choses. Même si ma mémoire n'est pas vraie, j'ai besoin de savoir ce qui n'est pas vrai et je pourrai alors arrêter mon obsession. J'ai donc besoin d'aide pour trouver cette personne. Après l'école, je demande à Marc de l'aide pour résoudre le problème.

- *Oui, bien sûr, dit Marc. Quelle sorte de mystère ?*

Je lui parle de ma mémoire et lui dit que j'ai besoin de savoir si c'est vrai ou non.

- *Hmm. Ça va être difficile de trouver la personne, mais j'aime un bon défi.*

- *Merci beaucoup, je réponds et me sens soulagée.*

- *De rien. Essaie de trouver des choses qui aideront avec ta mémoire. C'est vendredi donc nous pouvons utiliser le weekend pour la recherche. Et envoie-moi un message quand tu trouves des choses importantes.*

Nous nous séparons et j'entre dans la voiture d'Amélie.

À la maison, je cherche des choses de mes parents et je trouve des vieux cellulaires de mes parents. Peut-être que leurs cellulaires ont des informations ou des menaces. Pendant qu'ils se rechargent, j'essaie de me concentrer sur ma mémoire. « Je vous assure qu'ils sont morts ». Qu'est-ce que cela voulait dire ? Je me concentre. Je me souviens d'avoir entendu une voix féminine. C'est un indice ! Mais je suis encore plus perdue : qui est la personne ? Leurs cellulaires ont fini de se recharger et j'essaie de les déverrouiller mais je ne connais pas le mot de passe. J'envoie un texto à Marc qui dit que la voix dans ma mémoire est féminine. Il demande à ce qu'on se rencontre demain et j'accepte.

Le soir venu, j'ai soif donc je vais à la cuisine mais je remarque que Mme Thorne crie dans le salon. Je vais vers elle et lui demande pourquoi elle crie. Elle répond qu'elle est triste parce que mes parents sont morts. Elle me dit qu'elle est sortie avec mon père quand elle était à l'école secondaire. Je l'aide à se calmer et quand elle l'est, je vais dans ma chambre. Cela me surprend, mais je me sens mieux de voir que je ne suis pas la seule personne en manque de mes parents.

Le lendemain matin, je vais à la maison de Marc parce que je ne veux pas inviter une personne dans une maison qui n'est pas la mienne. Marc m'amène à sa chambre. Il y a un lit, un ordinateur et beaucoup de livres. Il a l'air intimidé de me les montrer.

- *Je ne mens pas quand je dis que j'aime lire des livres mystérieux*, dit-il.

Nous regardons des choses que j'ai apportées et je lui donne les vieux cellulaires pour qu'il les déverrouille. Pendant qu'il le fait, nous parlons de l'information que nous avons. Il y a une femme sur le lieu de l'accident et Mme Thorne est sortie avec mon père à l'école secondaire. Ça ne fait pas beaucoup d'informations. Il nous reste beaucoup de travail à faire. Quand les cellulaires sont prêts, nous lisons et essayons de trouver les informations importantes. Je lis dans le cellulaire de mon père et je trouve un contact différent qui s'appelle Sylvie. Quand je lis certains textes, je crie.

- *Pourquoi tu cries ?*, demande Marc.

Je lui montre les textes. Il y a des messages comme « Je t'aime » et « Ne lui dis pas ».

- *Mon père a eu une liaison avec une femme qui s'appelle Sylvie. Regarde la date, c'est quand j'avais l'âge de huit ou neuf ans*, je dis, triste et furieuse. *Comment a-t-il pu faire cela ?? Ma mère a toujours été une bonne personne.*

J'ai du mal à respirer. Les mains de Marc frottent mes bras pour me reconforter.

- *Ça va aller*, dit-il.

Je suis très furieuse contre mon père. Il est infidèle ! Je lui demande :

- *Parle-moi de ta famille.*

- *Ma mère et mon père sont divorcés. Quand j'étais jeune, elle est sortie avec une personne et elle a été heureuse. Mais pendant une période, elle a été très mal. Tous les mariages ne sont pas parfaits*, répond Marc.

Nous nous asseyons en silence. Je tiens le cellulaire et lit le reste : « Je ne peux pas t'aimer plus parce que c'est mieux pour ma famille. J'assassinerai toi et ta famille ».

Je pause. C'est cette personne le meurtrier ? J'ai besoin de trouver cette personne. Elle a séparé ma famille et bouleversé ma vie.

Marc me dit :

- *Regarde le testament ! Le prénom de Mme Thorne est Sylvie. Comment ça ? Elle est sortie avec mon père aussi. Est-elle la meurtrière ? Mais elle est gentille avec moi.*

- *Continuons à chercher.*

Pendant des heures, nous essayons de trouver des indices.

Quand arrive le soir, Marc me dit soudainement qu'il a une surprise pour moi et que nous devons

aller quelque part. Il explique que nous avons besoin d'une pause. Il conduit jusqu'au parc et me donne un panier à pique-nique. Je remarque que j'ai faim et mon estomac fait un bruit. Marc rit et me dit que nous devons manger au bon endroit pour le travail. Nous marchons jusqu'au sommet de la colline pour regarder la belle vue du coucher du soleil. Nous mangeons. Cette expérience me rappelle les moments où mes parents m'amenaient au parc ou à la plage. Je remarque que je ne suis plus très fâchée contre mon père mais je ne lui pardonne pas. En fin de compte, il a eu un mariage heureux avec ma mère. Marc se penche vers moi :

- *Anne, quoique nous trouverons, tu dois savoir que je resterai à tes côtés*, dit Marc sérieusement.

Je souris et dis :

- *Je me demande pourquoi tu dis ces mots...*

Soudainement, son cellulaire sonne et Marc répond. Quand il a fini l'appel, il me dit qu'il doit rentrer à la maison. Nous entrons dans sa voiture et quand il conduit, nous nous sourions. Je sais qu'après ce moment, nous sommes un peu plus que des amis. Marc me dépose devant la maison de M. Thorne.

Quand je suis dans ma chambre, je me souviens de certaines choses plus clairement. La rue était vide et je pouvais voir le panneau brillant quand une voiture nous a frappés. Ma vision était floue mais j'ai pu entendre ces mots clairement : « je vous assure qu'ils sont morts ». Je tourne ma tête et vois le visage de la meurtrière. À présent, je fais un cri de surprise. Mme Thorne n'est pas la meurtrière. Je suis soulagée. Mais qui est la meurtrière? Je ne reconnais pas la personne. J'ai besoin de parler à Marc de ma mémoire. Je cherche mon cellulaire mais je me souviens que c'est Marc qui l'a. Je sais qu'il est occupé mais je dois lui parler. Cette information change tout. Je vais à sa maison et je sonne la cloche. La porte s'ouvre et une femme âgée apparaît. J'ai du mal à respirer : c'est la meurtrière dans ma mémoire !

- *Bonjour, je suis la mère de Marc*, dit-elle. *Comment puis-je vous aider ?*

Finalement, j'ai la vérité...mais qu'est-ce que je fais maintenant ?



LES ÉPINES D'UNE ROSE



SCHOOL: Mary Ward
TEACHER: Alexandra Reid
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Jennifer Hayes
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 9-10 / POEM
by **Arpsima Aziz**

Dans une obscurité sans lune, les ombres de l'âme dorment en paralysie
Avec un cœur rythmique dépouillé de sa belle mélodie
Sous un ciel de larmes, ses souvenirs pleurent
Comme si elle étouffait sous une lourde ombre de vaste douleur
Les mots, la souffrance et l'abus évoluent en une épine piquante
Et en isolement, elle est enfermée dans une prison du silence
Mais toute la haine et tout le tourment jaillissent d'un seul individu
Oui, la personne qui hante ses rêves est en effet vous...

Son histoire n'est pas à raconter oralement
Mais c'est caché sous les couches secrètes de ses lourds vêtements
Son corps frêle peint en bleu et noir
Quand vous l'avez violemment battue dans les couloirs
Des entailles rouges gravent son poignet
En essayant de soulager toutes ses pensées
Parce que comme une fleur qui se fane loin
Sa raison de vivre devient de moins en moins

Laide, grosse, inutile et sans valeur, c'est ce que vous l'avez appelée
Coup de poing, coup de pied, gifle, c'est comment vous la battez
Chaque jour, c'est quand vous lui faites mal
Et chaque nuit elle souhaite d'avoir une vie normale
Mais les femmes de douleur pleurent silencieusement sous les couvertures
Les larmes tendent leur beau visage tous les jours
À l'extérieur, des sourires plâtrèrent leur visage
Dans une tentative déperissante de montrer du courage

Un regard dans le miroir lui fait craquer le visage de dégoût
Surtout cette empreinte rouge que vous avez laissée sur sa petite joue
Les larmes font bouillir les yeux
Et elle se demande si cela n'ira jamais mieux ?
Vos mots deviennent une arme, une pécheresse
Qui l'a torturée dans la tristesse
Elle essaie de se lever
Et personne ne tente même de l'aider

Vous l'avez appelée grosse et elle s'est affamée
Vous l'avez appelée laide, et elle s'est maquillée
Vous lui avez dit de mourir...mais c'est quand elle s'est réveillée
Parce qu'elle a réalisé qu'elle ne vous laissera pas la contrôler
Elle se libère des chaînes qui l'ont délimitée
Et de votre intimidation qui l'a consommée

« La pupille se dilate dans l'obscurité et finit par trouver la lumière »
Cela dit par Victor Hugo, un littéraire
Mais pendant qu'elle brille comme une étoile à travers la nuit
Elle peut enfin rêver paisiblement de ce qui suit
Les épines de sa rose racontent une histoire
Mais à la fin, elle est montée dans la victoire !



LE QUARTIER DE PARKDALE: PAS PARFAIT MAIS PRESTIGIEUX!



SCHOOL: Cardinal Carter Academy For The Arts
TEACHER: Karine Chalhoub + Sarah Gallah
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Michelle Blais
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 9-10 / NONFICTION

by **Vianna Vaitkus**

Plurilingue! Prestigieux! Mais pas parfait! Savez-vous de quoi on parle? Du quartier de Parkdale, l'un des plus vieux quartiers de Toronto où les apparences sont trompeuses et la beauté cachée ! C'est le quartier de ma famille paternelle et un des quartiers les plus diversifiés de la ville de Toronto. Il est plein de beaux endroits importants, historiques même, et présentement peuplé de différentes races et cultures. C'est un quartier qui a subi beaucoup de changements au cours des années, mais qui est toujours attrayant grâce à sa proximité avec le lac Ontario, le Canadian National Exhibition, la plage de Sunnyside et le village de Roncesvalles. Venez découvrir, avec moi, pourquoi j'adore habiter en ville dans le quartier de Parkdale !

À mon avis, on y trouve des maisons de transition et des habitations communautaires, mais il y a aussi de vieilles demeures majestueuses et des maisons unifamiliales qui révèlent la vraie beauté de Parkdale. Moi, j'habite dans une de ces maisons individuelles et spéciales qui m'aide à me sentir à l'aise dans le quartier. J'habite l'endroit où se sont installés durant les années 1950 mes grands-parents originaires des pays Baltes. C'est pourquoi les liens à mon histoire et à ma culture y sont forts et évidents. En fait, j'habite dans la même maison où est né mon père car mes parents ont acheté cette maison de ma grand-mère quand ils se sont mariés en 1988. Quel plaisir de demeurer dans un foyer chaleureux où, souvent, un objet ou une situation peut faire rappeler un souvenir qui fournit des détails précieux sur l'enfance de mon père ! J'apprends beaucoup sur l'héritage de ma famille en habitant dans la belle maison de style victorien construite en 1906. Quand j'étais petite, mon père me racontait des histoires intéressantes et souvent drôles qui se passaient dans notre maison à son époque. On m'a expliqué un jour que c'était la maison originelle de l'architecte du quartier, celui qui avait conçu la plupart des grandes maisons de Parkdale !

Cependant, beaucoup de ces grandes maisons (pas la mienne) n'ont pas survécu aux changements subis par le quartier de Parkdale. La construction de l'autoroute Gardiner en 1955 a changé son visage originel, ce qui a donné lieu à la démolition de la section sud du quartier, y compris plusieurs grandes maisons ainsi que le parc d'attractions de Sunnyside. Ensuite, il y a eu la création d'une barrière entre le quartier tel qu'il était et le côté nord du lac Ontario. Le boom dans la construction des immeubles a suivi, remplaçant des pâtés de maisons entiers par des pâtés d'immeubles. La plupart des grands bâtiments résidentiels y sont encore, mais plusieurs ont été transformés en maisons de chambres. La composition démographique a

ensuite changé considérablement, y compris une proportion plus élevée de familles à faible revenu et des familles nouvellement arrivées. De nos jours, je pense que Parkdale est encore un quartier traditionnellement ouvrier ou modeste, avec un grand pourcentage de ménages aux revenus moyens concentrés dans la section sud, là où j'habite. Mais c'est précisément le fait que Parkdale serve comme point d'entrée pour les nouveaux immigrants qui l'a transformé en quartier transitoire pour ces gens. Entre 1980 et 2017, Parkdale a reçu des vagues de nouveaux immigrants arrivés des Caraïbes, du Vietnam, des Philippines, du Sri Lanka, de Chine, du Tibet et de Hongrie. Et voilà pourquoi, selon moi, c'est un des quartiers les plus diversifiés de notre ville. Il faut voir Parkdale ultimement comme la face cachée de Toronto car on y trouve toutes les cultures et toutes les races. Il est impossible que les Canadiens n'aient pas encore découvert ce coin précieux du pays qui reflète sans doute le vrai multiculturalisme de notre grand pays ! Nous avons même le petit Tibet car Parkdale est en train de devenir la plus grande diaspora tibétaine en dehors de l'Inde et du Népal. Parkdale est un foyer chaleureux qui accueille avec l'esprit ouvert et la bonne volonté !

Les « Parkdaliens » sont aussi contents que cette variété d'endroits intéressants accueille et attire les touristes à venir leur rendre visite. Notre proximité au bord du lac Ontario nous offre la plage ainsi que la piscine historique de « Sunnyside ». Le bord du lac abrite aussi « Le palais royal », une gigantesque salle de danse, « le club Boulevard », un club de sport privé ; et le Club d'Aviron Argonaut, un club populaire ayant le nom de l'équipe torontoise de football canadien. N'oublions pas que c'est sur le terrain de Parkdale où a lieu le très fameux « CNE », the Canadian National Exhibition, aussi connu sous le nom « The Ex » : un événement annuel, lors des trois dernières semaines de l'été, qui offre toute une gamme d'expériences interactives, de nourriture classique, foire, spectacles, manèges, pavillons thématiques et plein d'autres activités pour les milliers de familles qui y participent. Chaque année, ma sœur et moi participons à la compétition de talent au CNE. On aime bien danser devant un public si chaleureux qui apprécie le talent des jeunes ! En 2014, ma petite sœur a gagné un voyage à Punta Cana dans le « Rising Star Talent Competition » ! Finalement, Parkdale a une grande proportion de restaurants et de cafés, de petits magasins et de belles galeries. C'est un quartier qui attire un groupe significatif de musiciens et d'artistes en arts visuels qui prennent part aux différents festivals et autres rencontres organisés localement. Je dois absolument mentionner le célèbre hôtel Gladstone, l'hôtel le plus vieux de Toronto qui, avec ses 37 chambres créées par des artistes locaux, est devenu une maison sociale et culturelle donnant accès aux œuvres créées localement toute l'année grâce aux partenariats signés avec des organisations communautaires et des curateurs d'art. Quel artiste ne voudrait donc pas venir habiter à Parkdale ?

Enfin, quelle personne n'aimerait pas venir demeurer à Parkdale ? Vous savez ce qui est, pour moi, danseuse habitant à Parkdale, la cerise sur le gâteau ? On vient d'y ouvrir un studio de danse, – à juste 15 minutes de mon domicile ! -, le Millenium Dance Complex Toronto, qui est lié à certains studios de Los Angeles. Que demander de mieux dans un quartier qui n'est peut-être pas parfait, mais certainement prestigieux !



À L'AVENIR...



SCHOOL: St. Robert
TEACHER: Nancy Torresan
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Don Devine
UNIT: York
UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 9-10 / PLAY

by Mary Wang with Alina Zhao

Le prologue

ALPHONSE: Bonjour mes amis et bienvenue dans le futur! C'est l'année 2564 et le monde est très différent depuis les années 2000. Presque tout le monde a les améliorations. Les améliorations sont des pièces robotiques qui peuvent substituer les parties du corps humain pour que les gens puissent mieux travailler. Aujourd'hui, je vais vous raconter une histoire à propos de mon amie qui s'appelle Marie. Elle a 11 ans et son histoire est tragique. Ayez des mouchoirs sur place!

La première scène

Dans la chambre

MÈRE: Marie! Viens! Lisons pendant une heure avant de nous endormir.

MARIE: Mais... tu ne penses pas que je suis trop vieille pour les histoires du soir? Je ne veux pas que tu me traites comme un bébé. Je veux aller dehors et vivre indépendamment!

MÈRE: Non. Tu ne seras jamais trop vieille pour les histoires du soir. Je voudrais que ma mère puisse encore me les lire. Et tu n'es pas assez âgée pour habiter toute seule.

[Marie s'enfonce dans le lit avec les bras croisés.]

MARIE: Où est ta mère? Pourquoi est-ce que je ne la vois jamais?

MÈRE: Parce que... je ne sais pas où elle est. Peut-être qu'elle est montée au ciel. Quand j'avais 17 ans, ma mère a disparu.

MARIE: J'ai entendu dire que les personnes qui disparaissent deviennent des robots et perdent leurs cœurs. Mais je suis certaine que ta mère est dans une bonne place.

[La mère regarde le livre avec insistance et fait une pause.]

MÈRE: Possiblement... Euh, ma chère, tu as l'air fatiguée. Dors, je dois travailler toute la journée demain. N'oublie pas que j'ai trois emplois. Va à l'école demain, ne fais pas l'école buissonnière. Bonne nuit.

MARIE: Attends maman! Je veux te demander quelque chose.

MÈRE: Oui?

MARIE: Je sais que seulement les adultes ont des jambes et des bras avec les améliorations robotiques comme toi, mais j'ai vu un garçon de mon âge avec les jambes améliorées.

MÈRE: Oui, leurs parents n'ont pas pu prendre soin d'eux, d'accord? On dit qu'ils ne connaissent pas l'amour. Maintenant, va dormir. Bonne nuit ma chérie.

MARIE: D'accord. Bonne nuit maman.

[La mère ferme la porte.]

La deuxième scène **Après l'école**

[Marie s'assied sur un banc dans le parc à côté de son école. Elle attend sa mère depuis longtemps.]

GARÇON: *[Il court dans le parc et il la voit.]*
Bonjour mademoiselle! Pourquoi es-tu toute seule ici?

MARIE: Ma mère m'a dit de me méfier des enfants comme toi.

GARÇON: *[Souffle]* Je sais que je suis un enfant avec une amélioration mais ces rumeurs ne sont pas vraies! Je ne suis pas méchant. J'ai les améliorations parce que j'en ai besoin. Alors? Tu n'as pas encore répondu à ma question.

MARIE: *[Elle pense pour un moment.]*

D'accord, je te crois. Et j'attends ma mère ici.

GARÇON: Où est-elle?

MARIE: Je ne sais pas mais elle n'est pas venue me chercher après l'école.

GARÇON: Où habites-tu? Viens, je t'amène à la maison.

[Elle se lève et elle le suit.]

La troisième scène

Sur le chemin en allant chez Marie

MARIE: Pourquoi as-tu des jambes avec des améliorations robotiques? Je pensais que seuls les adultes avaient des améliorations. Tu as l'air d'un garçon qui a... euh... treize ans?

GARÇON: Comment est-ce que tu sais que j'ai treize ans? Tu es vraiment intelligente. Et à propos de mes jambes, je n'ai pas de parents parce qu'un jour, ils ont disparu, alors j'ai dû travailler pour faire de l'argent.
[Il a l'air triste.]

MARIE: Ils ont disparu? Pourquoi? Maman me dit que ma grand-mère a disparu aussi! C'est bizarre!

GARÇON: Oui, je connais beaucoup de personnes qui ont disparu. Trois personnes que je connaissais travaillaient dans une grande société pour les évolutions technologiques et, un jour, elles ont disparu aussi. J'ai entendu dire qu'elles avaient été enlevées par la société pour des tests.

MARIE: Oh... ce n'est pas vrai. C'est inhumain. Je ne veux pas penser à ça.

GARÇON: Oui, personne ne veut penser à ça.
[Il pousse un soupir de chagrin.]

MARIE: Oh, voilà! C'est ma maison. Merci de m'aider. Oh pardon, j'ai oublié de demander : comment t'appelles-tu? Je m'appelle Marie.

GARÇON: Je m'appelle Alphonse.

MARIE: Merci Alphonse. Est-ce que tu veux entrer chez moi? Tu m'as aidée, je veux te

donner des biscuits! Je les ai cuits hier!

ALPHONSE: *[Sourit]* D'accord si tu veux m'inviter.

La quatrième scène **Chez Marie**

[Ils ouvrent la porte.]

MARIE: Maman?

[Silence]

ALPHONSE: Il n'y a personne dans la maison... cherchons ailleurs. A-t-elle un emploi?

MARIE: Hum... Je pense qu'elle a récemment trouvé un emploi dans l'armée. Je vais téléphoner à Maman.

[Appelle le numéro.]

MARIE: Allô? Maman?

[Éteint le téléphone.]

MARIE: Elle ne répond pas. Hmm...

ALPHONSE: Peut-être qu'elle fait de l'entraînement.

MARIE: *[a peur]* Peut-être. Tu peux rester ici si tu veux.

ALPHONSE: Merci mais je dois travailler demain. Peut-être qu'après mon travail, je reviendrai encore ici.

MARIE: C'est d'accord. Je n'ai pas demandé : quel travail fais-tu?

ALPHONSE: Je livre des boîtes et je les charge sur les bateaux. C'est la raison pour ces jambes. Elles m'aident à courir et à charger les lourdes boîtes.

[Les deux regardent ses jambes.]

MARIE: Ahh, c'est logique.

La cinquième scène
Le prochain jour

ALPHONSE: *[Il court chez Marie et crie son nom]*
Marie! Marie!

MARIE: *[Elle ouvre la porte]*
Salut Alphonse, qu'est-ce qui se passe?

ALPHONSE: *[Prend son souffle]*
Marie, l'endroit où je charge les boîtes, c'est à côté du bâtiment de La Société des Évolutions Technologiques ou SET pour raccourcir. Quand j'ai regardé à l'intérieur, j'ai vu ta mère.

MARIE: Maman? Comment est-ce que tu connais ma mère?

ALPHONSE: Il y avait un groupe d'adultes qui faisait la queue au-dessous d'un panneau qui disait Améliorations du cœur. Quand ta mère était au-devant de la queue, l'inspecteur lui a demandé si elle avait des enfants et elle a dit : « Oui, j'ai une fille qui s'appelle Marie ».

MARIE: *[elle a l'air effrayée]*
Ce n'est pas maman. Elle m'a dit qu'elle travaille dans l'armée... Mais elle a aussi dit qu'elle avait trois emplois.

ALPHONSE: Est-ce qu'elle a des cheveux blonds, longs et bouclés?

MARIE: Oui.

ALPHONSE: Est-ce qu'elle est plus grande que les autres femmes?

MARIE: Peut-être que oui.

ALPHONSE: Son nom, c'est Mireille?

MARIE: C'est maman! C'est vraiment maman!

ALPHONSE: Vite, il y a du temps pour sauver ta mère. Elle est en danger.

La sixième scène

Sur la route, une heure plus tard

MARIE: Ouf, où est ton travail? C'est vraiment loin de ma maison.

ALPHONSE: Oui, c'est très loin. Mon travail est près de la mer.

MARIE: Pourquoi est-ce que tu étais près de mon école?

ALPHONSE: Parce qu'il y avait un paquet que je devais livrer. En tout cas, dépêchons-nous.

MARIE: Mais je n'ai pas de jambes avec des améliorations. Je ne peux pas marcher vite!
Marche plus lentement!

ALPHONSE: Oh oui, je le sais. Dans cinq minutes, nous arriverons à une gare où nous pouvons prendre le train.

La septième scène

À la gare

UN HOMME AVEC BEAUCOUP D'AMÉLIORATIONS SUR LE CORPS: *[Il chante.]*

Deux petits enfants. Deux petits fripons.

MARIE: *[Chuchote à Alphonse]*
Qui est-il? Il a une maladie mentale?

ALPHONSE: Chut! Ne parle pas.

[Alphonse prend la main de Marie et monte dans le train.]

ALPHONSE: Ouf.

MARIE: Pourquoi fuyons-nous cet homme?

UNE FEMME SE PLACE ENTRE LES DEUX ENFANTS :

Ça va? Ne parle pas avec cet homme parce qu'il est de l'armée avec un cœur amélioré, il est sans moralité.

ALPHONSE: Oh c'est vrai, mais je ne savais pas qu'il était de l'armée.

LA FEMME: Oui, mon grand-père a participé dans l'armée. Jusqu'à sa mort, il avait un cœur de pierre et il aimait bien tuer. Il n'était pas comme ça avant d'avoir rejoint l'armée. Il était un homme qui exprimait de l'amour envers tout le monde. Cependant, pour combattre dans les guerres, il a dû faire l'amélioration du cœur. Et il a perdu toutes ses émotions.

ALPHONSE: Mes condoléances.

MARIE: Alphonse! Ma mère! Elle est dans l'armée! Va-t-elle devoir le faire aussi?! Je ne veux pas que ma mère ait l'amélioration du cœur!

ALPHONSE: Ne t'inquiète pas. Nous essayerons de la sauver.
[À la femme] Merci beaucoup, madame. Comment vous appelez-vous?

FEMME: Je m'appelle Chantale et je veux vous aider.

MARIE: Bien sûr!

[Ils se serrent la main.]

CONDUCTEUR:
Le train va partir!

ALPHONSE: Allons-y!

La huitième scène

Sur le train

CHANTALE: Alors Marie, sais-tu où est ta mère?

MARIE: Elle est dans un bâtiment de la grande société des évolutions technologiques.

CHANTALE: Il y a beaucoup de grandes sociétés des évolutions technologiques. Laquelle exactement?

ALPHONSE: Elle s'appelle SET ou La Société des Évolutions Technologiques, mais je sais où elle est parce que mon travail est à proximité.

CHANTALE: Hmm... laisse-moi la rechercher.
[Elle sort un ordinateur portable et tape au clavier.]

MARIE: Vous tapez très, très vite! Quel est votre emploi?

CHANTALE: Je suis une programmatrice robotique et je conçois des robots. Ne t'inquiète pas, je ne travaille pas pour la SET. Pour mon emploi, j'ai besoin des doigts, des bras, et de la mémoire améliorés.

[Elle tape beaucoup de mots.]

CHANTALE: Euh, c'est loin et la région est très dangereuse.

ALPHONSE: Je connais un raccourci. Je connais bien la région.

MARIE: *[Un peu nerveuse]*
J'espère que maman va bien.

ALPHONSE: Si nous arrivons à temps, ta maman sera sauvée.

MARIE: Mais si nous n'arrivons pas à temps...

[Marie commence à pleurer, le train s'arrête.]

ALPHONSE: Nous sommes arrivés à l'endroit où je travaille.

La neuvième scène **À l'extérieur de la SET**

MARIE: Ce bâtiment n'a pas de fenêtres?

ALPHONSE: Oui, c'est bizarre. Mais dépêchons-nous, nous devons chercher ta maman.

MARIE: Comment est-ce que nous entrons dans la SET sans que personne ne nous voie?

ALPHONSE: Hmm... il y a les caméras de sécurité partout. Peut-être que nous pouvons essayer l'arrière du bâtiment. Je sais qu'il y a un site pour des ordures là-bas.

CHANTALE: D'accord. Mes petits amis, je dois partir mais vous pouvez avoir ce portable
[Elle leur donne le portable.] Contactez-moi si vous avez besoin d'aide.

ALPHONSE: Merci beaucoup Chantale!

MARIE: Merci.

ALPHONSE: Cours Marie!
[Alphonse tient la main de Marie.]

La dixième scène **Près du vide-ordures**

MARIE: *[Voit les piles d'ordures]*
Voici beaucoup de parties de corps robotiques. Mais comment est-ce qu'on y entre? Maman! Maman!

ALPHONSE: Chut! Les gens à l'intérieur peuvent nous entendre!

MARIE: Désolée. Je suis vraiment stressée. Je dois sauver maman!

[Marie commence à pleurer.]

MARIE: C'est de ma faute. Si j'avais aidé maman davantage, peut-être qu'elle n'aurait pas besoin de l'amélioration du cœur.

ALPHONSE: Ne pleure pas, nous essayerons de sauver ta maman.

[Les ordures tombent dans une pile par le vide-ordures.]

ALPHONSE: Regarde! Il y a un vide-ordures! Nous pouvons chronométrer quand les ordures tombent et nous pouvons monter le vide.

MARIE: Ça, c'est une bonne idée. Nous pouvons utiliser le portable que Chantale nous a donné pour chronométrer!

ALPHONSE: Oui, faisons-ça maintenant.

[Regarde le portable et chronomètre. D'autres ordures tombent.]

MARIE: Les ordures tombent toutes les 4 minutes.

ALPHONSE: Bon, alors, nous avons 4 minutes pour monter le vide.

MARIE: Nous n'avons pas assez de temps...

ALPHONSE: Ne t'inquiète pas, suis-moi.

[D'autres ordures tombent.]

ALPHONSE: Maintenant! Allons-y!

La onzième scène Dans la SET

[Ils arrivent en haut. Alphonse regarde et il y a un robot de sécurité mais il est occupé. Ils sortent du tunnel et ils se cachent derrière une pile d'ordures.]

MARIE: Maman! C'est maman!

ALPHONSE: *[Chuchote]*
Chut! Ne laisse pas les gardes t'entendre.

MARIE: Mais... maman... Elle est dans une cage! Comment allons-nous la sauver?
[Elle commence à pleurer de nouveau.]

ALPHONSE: Euh... Nous avons besoin d'aide... Peut-être que Chantale peut nous aider.
Donne-moi le portable.

[Marie lui donne le portable.]

ALPHONSE: Je le savais! Chantale a mis les conseils sur le portable avec son numéro de téléphone! Mais qu'est-ce que ces chiffres et numéros veulent dire?

MARIE: Laisse-moi voir. C'est un code?

ALPHONSE: Oh! Peut-être que c'est le code pour désactiver les robots de sécurité.

MARIE: Et si ce n'est pas le cas ?

ALPHONSE: Nous devons essayer pour le savoir.

MARIE: Regarde! Le robot de sécurité est parti!
[Elle court vers sa mère.] Maman!

[La mère ne répond pas.]

[Marie arrive à la cage et essaye d'ouvrir la serrure.]

MARIE: Alphonse! Je ne peux pas l'ouvrir!

ALPHONSE: Fais attention!

[Un robot de sécurité entre.]

ROBOT #1: Intruse! Intruse!
[Les sirènes hurlent, il se dirige vers Marie.]

[Marie se tourne, elle voit le robot, pousse un soupir et continue d'essayer d'ouvrir la serrure.]

ALPHONSE: Oh non! Qu'est-ce que Marie fait?!

[Il regarde autour de lui, il voit la porte. Des robots s'approchent. Il court à la porte et la ferme pour que les autres robots n'entrent pas.]

ALPHONSE: Marie! Attention!

ROBOT #1: *[Il voit Alphonse.]*
Un autre intrus! Un autre intrus!
[Il se dirige vers Alphonse.]

ALPHONSE: Stupide robot! Viens me prendre!

MARIE: Alphonse! Sais-tu où est la clé?

ALPHONSE: *[Il regarde le robot.]*
Le robot l'a!

MARIE: Penses-tu que tu peux l'obtenir?

ALPHONSE: Euh, j'essayerai!
[Il saute sur le robot et prend la clé, le robot essaye de le faire tomber.]

Attrape-la!
[Il jette la clé à Marie.]

MARIE: Merci!
[Elle ouvre la cage.]

ALPHONSE: *[Toujours sur le robot]*
Il a un clavier! Peut-être que le code marchera!
[Il tape le code et le robot s'arrête de bouger.]
[Marie aide sa mère à sortir de la cage et à marcher.]

MARIE: Dépêchons-nous avant que les autres robots ne cassent la porte! Et aide-moi à supporter ma mère.

[La porte se casse et les robots de sécurité entrent. Ils les voient et vont vers eux.]

ALPHONSE: Allez! Allez! Allez! Les robots se rapprochent!

[Alphonse arrive au vide-ordures et ouvre le clapet pour Marie et sa mère. Les robots arrivent et un robot saisit les cheveux de la mère qui est inconsciente.]

ROBOT #2: Je la tiens!

MARIE: Ah! Alphonse! Aide-moi!

[Alphonse court derrière le robot et le désactive. Il pousse la mère et Marie vers le vide-ordures et il les suit.]

La douzième scène

De nouveau à l'extérieur

ALPHONSE: Ce n'était pas si mal.

[Ils l'allongent légèrement sur le sol.]

MARIE: Maman! Tu te sens bien? Maman! Réponds-moi!

MÈRE: *[Elle ouvre les yeux.]*

ALPHONSE: Il me semble que nous sommes arrivés trop tard...

MARIE: *[Elle pleure et tient la main de sa mère.]*
Maman...? Tu te souviens de moi...?

MÈRE: *[Elle regarde Marie.]*
Qui es-tu? Où suis-je?

MARIE: Tu ne... te souviens pas...?

[La mère se lève et commence à partir.]

MARIE: Attends! Maman!

MÈRE: *[Elle arrête de marcher.]*
Maman? Moi? Impossible! Tu te trompes.
[Elle part.]

[Marie pleure.]





LA PREMIÈRE CHUTE DE NEIGE



SCHOOL: St. Robert
TEACHER: Nancy Torresan
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Don Devine
UNIT: York
UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Manassis

GRADES 11-12 / SHORT STORY

by Mahraeel Tadros

La nuit du premier jour de l'hiver, un petit oiseau noir regarde de son perchoir un homme et sa fille. Ils se sont assis sur le porche de leur maison. La tête sur l'épaule de son père, la petite fille regarde le ciel noir et peu nuageux quand un petit flocon tombe du ciel et atterrit sur son nez. Le petit oiseau s'envole.

- Papa, pourquoi neige-t-il chaque année?

La voix de la petite fille est douce, mais il l'a entendue. Son papa la regarde affectueusement et commence son histoire...

Avant l'ère glaciaire, il n'y avait pas de neige. Il y avait seulement des nuages, du vent et de la pluie. La Reine des Oiseaux contrôlait tout. Les nuages étaient les nids de son élite, le vent était causé par le mouvement de leurs ailes et leurs larmes faisaient la pluie. La Reine elle-même possédait beaucoup de pouvoir, mais personne ne le savait trop car elle avait rarement besoin de l'utiliser. Les rumeurs étaient quand même terrifiantes, et elles font partie d'une autre histoire.

[Ici, la petite fille frissonne légèrement].

- Ne t'inquiète pas chérie, elle ne va pas te blesser. On n'a rien fait pour la provoquer. Oui, souris chérie, tu as un si beau sourire.

[Une grande tristesse remplit les yeux du papa de la petite, mais il continua l'histoire avant qu'elle puisse lui demander pourquoi].

Comme je viens de dire, la Reine possédait beaucoup de pouvoir ainsi qu'un pupille unique. Il était connu pour avoir soif d'aventure. La Reine le réprimande souvent pour ses petits désastres. Quand bien même, il restait son favori. Un jour, alors qu'il faisait froid, des aigles jaloux ont décidé de se débarrasser de lui une bonne fois pour toutes. Ils ont fait un accord avec les trolls qui habitaient dans la Grande Montagne du Nord, - ils n'aimaient pas les pégases non plus - mais c'est encore une autre histoire pour un autre jour. Un des aigles a donc approché le pégase et lui a dit :

- *J'ai entendu que les trolls ont besoin d'un héros pour vaincre le dragon qui mange leurs enfants. Peut-être que tu considères cela?*

- *Mais c'est une idée géniale!*, répond le pégase.

Et il se prépare tout de suite sans le mentionner à la Reine.

Malheureusement, le petit pégase naïf ne savait pas que tous les dragons habitaient au sud, pas au nord. Imagine la surprise du pégase quand il arrive à la Grande Montagne du Nord et trouve un grand filet à l'entrée qui l'arrête dans son chemin!

- *Oh non! C'est terrible! Pauvre pégase!*, s'écrie la petite fille, horrifiée.

- *Tu as raison chérie. Pauvre pégase.*

Il a battu contre le filet mais il ne pouvait pas se libérer. Il resta là jusqu'à ce que la nuit tombe. Un petit troll apparut alors.

- *Hé, petit! Peux-tu m'aider?*, demande-t-il au petit troll.

- *Non! Maman m'a dit de te laisser. Je suis venu pour te voir car je ne croyais pas que tu étais si stupide.*

- *Pff, les dragons sont au sud, idiot!*, répond le petit troll en riant cruellement.

Puis le petit troll est rentré chez lui à la montagne par une autre entrée. Le petit pégase a commencé à pleurer et il est devenu si triste qu'il s'est transformé en une rose grise qui poussait des rochers. La Reine a attendu que le pégase rentre chez lui et qu'il lui raconte ses aventures. Aucun oiseau n'osait lui dire la vérité parce que les aigles, les plus forts des oiseaux, ont menacé ceux qui essayaient de dire à la Reine leur accord avec les trolls. Un des oiseaux a déclaré que la colère de la Reine serait plus terrible que les menaces des aigles.

- *Papa, c'est qui la perruche jaune? Le merle? Oh, je sais! C'est l'oiseau-mouche! Non, c'est le paon! Oui, c'est le paon, n'est-ce pas papa?*

- *C'était...le geai bleu. Il était le seul oiseau bleu dans l'élite de la Reine. Désolé chérie. Il n'y avait pas de paons dans l'élite de la Reine, ils sont trop vaniteux.*

- *Vraiment?*

Oui, le geai bleu était très courageux. Lorsque la Reine a appris par son pupille ce qui s'était passé, elle est devenue furieuse et a mis toute son élite à la porte, sauf le geai bleu qui est

devenu son messager personnel. Il a donc apporté les nouvelles aux autres pégases et ils étaient peinés au point qu'ils ont tous perdu leurs belles plumes blanches et ils en tombaient par terre. Avant qu'ils arrivent sur la Terre, le vent les a mis en pièces.

Et nous, nous voyons les gens comme des flocons de neige. Chaque hiver, les pégases se souviennent de leur petit qui n'est plus là. Pendant les autres mois de l'année, les oiseaux qui faisaient partie de l'élite se souviennent de leurs anciennes positions et ils pleurent ensemble en faisant la pluie.

- Papa, c'est une histoire si triste. Moi, j'aime l'hiver, et la neige, et Noël et les cadeaux. Les bonhommes de neige aussi, tout comme j'adore faire les anges de neige!

- Je sais chérie, mais la vie fonctionne comme ça. On vit puis on n'est plus là, n'est-ce pas Mabelle?

Lorsqu'il avait fini de parler, le petit oiseau noir se pencha sur une pierre tombale dans le cimetière. C'était celle de la sœur de Mabelle qui est morte d'un mauvais rhume l'hiver précédent.

FIN

Cette histoire était inspirée d'un poème qui partage le même nom. Le poème a été écrit par James R. Lowell après la mort de l'une de ses filles.



OÙ EST-CE QUE JE ME VOIS?



SCHOOL: Loretto Abbey
TEACHER: Miriam Thorpe
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Paul Andreacchi
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 11-12 / POEM
by Taylor Bligh Torreon

Je me vois dans le vent
Qui danse avec les feuilles
Et souffle tranquillement
Avec un parfum de chèvrefeuille.

Je me vois dans la rose
Qui fleurit au printemps
Et inspire le virtuose
À jouer du piano pour longtemps.

Je me vois dans le lever du jour
Qui illumine le ciel magnifique
Et le peint à chaque retour
Avec des couleurs artistiques.

Je me vois dans la nature
Avec toutes ses imperfections
Et son effusion d'amour
Pour la création.



LA DANSE THÉRAPIE ET SON EFFET AU DOMAINE MÉDICAL



SCHOOL: Cardinal Carter Academy For The Arts
TEACHER: Karine Chalhoub
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Michelle Blais
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 11-12 / **NONFICTION**
by **Rosamaria Conenna**

Le domaine médical offre beaucoup de solutions aux blessures ou problèmes de santé. La majorité inclut les diverses formes de thérapie. Quand les gens pensent à la thérapie, ils pensent souvent à la physiothérapie ou s'asseoir avec un psychologue. Cependant, il y a des aspects de la thérapie physique, que les gens ne connaissent pas, qui deviennent très bénéfiques à l'état neurologique et aux cas de santé mentale. Croyez-le ou non, les arts sont en train de devenir une partie essentielle de l'étude thérapeutique en Amérique du Nord. Je suis sûre que certains d'entre vous ont entendu parler de l'art thérapie visuelle. Mais c'est une nouvelle forme qui devient de plus en plus importante et efficace : la danse thérapie.

Beaucoup de parents inscrivent leurs enfants aux classes de danse pour leur donner un passe-temps et, grâce à cette forme d'art, les gens développent des compétences de vie essentielles telles que la persévérance, la discipline, le respect du corps humain, l'amélioration et l'entraînement de la mémoire. La danse thérapie prend ses origines aux États-Unis pendant les années 1940 et elle s'est développée à partir de l'idée traditionnelle que la danse a la capacité de guérir les humains naturellement. Dans les premières civilisations, la danse était considérée comme un remède pour la peste bubonique, la peste humaine la plus connue de tous les temps. Les symptômes y comprennent la fièvre, le délire et la formation de bubons. Et beaucoup de gens ont cru pendant longtemps que le mouvement était d'une grande aide pour diminuer les chances que ces symptômes se produisent.

Il n'existe pas de critère spécifique pour les mouvements utilisés dans l'exposition thérapeutique. Le mouvement est contrôlé par le cervelet, et la danse renforce cette partie du cerveau de sorte que chaque muscle peut apprendre à travailler avec l'autre. C'est l'appréhension d'utiliser et de contrôler chaque muscle individuellement qui donne des effets curatifs sur les problèmes de santé mentale ou les difficultés comme l'autisme, les troubles de l'alimentation et la dépression. Dans ces cas, les gens souffrent très souvent d'alexithymie où ils ne peuvent pas exprimer leurs sentiments en mots. La danse leur donne l'opportunité de s'exprimer d'une manière non verbale et les endorphines qui sont libérées grâce au mouvement aident à l'amélioration de l'image corporelle et de l'estime de soi. Un exemple que j'aime utiliser en expliquant ce point est celui de

mon étudiant. J'enseigne dans une école de danse et un de mes étudiants est autiste. Cela fait trois ans que je lui enseigne la danse thérapie et j'ai vu des progrès incroyables ! Maintenant, il a moins d'épisodes de colère, il est plus confiant, plus sociable et s'amuse beaucoup plus qu'au début. Il a également développé des compétences musicales et un grand sens du rythme.

Les idées novatrices comme celle de la danse thérapie sont la raison pour laquelle le monde se déplace vers l'avant. La danse thérapie a un très grand effet sur la vie des patients de tout âge en fournissant un traitement naturel et amusant qui inspire les individus à rester actifs. En faisant la promotion de cette thérapie, qui sait combien d'autres cela pourrait aider ?





JOURNÉE DE L'INSPECTION



SCHOOL: Bishop Allen Academy
TEACHER: Massimo Di Paola
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Joyce Moriana
UNIT: Toronto Secondary
UNIT PRESIDENT: Gillian Vivona

GRADES 11-12 / PLAY
by Jacob William Swist

Le scénario et le problème:

C'est le jour de l'inspection et Pierre a dit à tous les travailleurs de prendre un jour de congé.

Les personnages : Chef, Pierre, Un homme

Résolution : Le Chef force Pierre à tout faire et découvre que l'inspecteur a annulé sa visite.

Dialogue :

CHEF : Allez, allez ! Aujourd'hui, l'inspecteur Monsieur Renardière nous rend visite. Tout doit donc être parfait ! On ne peut risquer la moindre erreur !

Le Chef se retourne et voit seulement un employé.

CHEF : PIERRE ! Où sont les autres ?!!

PIERRE : Qui ?

CHEF : Qui ? QUI ?! Tous les autres employés que j'emploie et que je paie pour qu'ils travaillent.

PIERRE : Ah ces mecs-là ! Souvenez-vous qu'ils ont un jour de congés aujourd'hui.

CHEF : QUOI ???

PIERRE : Oui, comme vous me l'avez instruit, je leur ai dit de prendre un jour de congé aujourd'hui !

Le visage du Chef devient rouge et il n'arrive plus à se calmer.

PIERRE : Chef, est-ce qu'il y a quelque chose qui va mal avec vous ?

CHEF : Bien sûr que oui ! J'ai une inspection aujourd'hui et le seul jour où j'ai besoin que tout soit parfait, vous dites à tous mes employés de rester chez eux !

PIERRE : Mais vous m'avez dit de les envoyer chez eux mardi !

CHEF : C'est lundi aujourd'hui ! LUNDI, PIERRE ! Je dois vous l'expliquer plus clairement ou quoi ?!

PIERRE : Je devrais donc les envoyer à la maison demain aussi ?

CHEF : Incroyable.

PIERRE : Ma mère me dit la même chose tout le temps !

CHEF : Je ne sais même pas quoi dire. L'inspecteur sera ici dans trois heures et tout ce que j'ai, c'est vous. Non, je refuse d'abandonner ! J'ai travaillé beaucoup trop dur pour tout défaire maintenant. Nous allons faire de notre mieux et nous réussissons !

PIERRE : Mais comment ?

CHEF : Ce n'est pas le moment pour tes commentaires ! D'abord, commence à séparer les œufs...Je vais rappeler tous les autres au travail !

Dix minutes plus tard.

CHEF : Personne ne répond à son téléphone. Enfin, vous connaissez quelqu'un ?

PIERRE : Peut-être.

Pierre compose un numéro et parle.

CHEF : Pierre !

PIERRE : Quoi ?

CHEF : Je vous ai demandé de séparer les œufs. Pourquoi ce n'est pas fait ?

PIERRE : Je l'ai vraiment fait : les œufs bruns sont à gauche et les blancs à droite.

CHEF : Vous vous moquez de moi ou quoi ? Je voulais que vous cassiez les œufs, pas que vous les organisiez par couleur !

PIERRE : Oh, vraiment ?

CHEF : Oubliez- ça et faites la vaisselle ! Vous ne pouvez pas faire pire que ça !

Pierre commence la vaisselle.

CHEF : Qu'est-ce que vous faites ?

PIERRE : La vaisselle.

CHEF : Comment avez-vous été élevé ? Par des loups ?! Nous ne faisons pas la vaisselle en la jetant dans les ordures !

Un homme qui porte des vêtements de vagabond entre.

CHEF : Quoi maintenant ?! Dites-moi qui peut bien être cet homme ?

PIERRE : C'est l'aide supplémentaire que vous avez demandée. Il n'a pas d'expérience en cuisine ou comme serveur, mais il ferait n'importe quoi pour de l'argent et il était la seule personne disponible.

CHEF : C'est fini, j'abandonne. J'appelle l'inspecteur pour l'informer que nos portes resteront malheureusement fermées aujourd'hui.

Le Chef marche vers le téléphone principal et trouve une note.

CHEF : C'est quoi ça ?!!

PIERRE : Une note ?

CHEF : Ça dit que Monsieur A. Renardière ne peut pas venir aujourd'hui et qu'il s'en excuse.

PIERRE : Peu importe, nous fermons le restaurant de toute façon aujourd'hui.

CHEF : Vous savez qui est Monsieur A. Renardière ?! C'est l'inspecteur !

PIERRE : Quoi ? Mais l'inspecteur s'appelle Monsieur Renardière et ce gars est Monsieur A. Renardière.

CHEF : PIERRRRRRRRRRRRRRRE !

La fin



