

# YOUNG AUTHORS AWARDS

# PRIX JEUNES ÉCRIVAINS

ONTARIO ENGLISH  
**Catholic  
Teachers**  
ASSOCIATION





YOUNG AUTHORS AWARDS

PRIX JEUNES ÉCRIVAINS

2022





# PREFACE

Congratulations, Young Authors!

This anthology celebrates your literary talents and accomplishments as provincial winners of the Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association's (OECTA) 2022 Young Authors Awards/Prix Jeunes Écrivains.

We applaud all of you, as well as the thousands of students across Ontario who participated in the classroom, school, and unit levels of this year's awards program. The insightful works you have crafted remind us that the next great Canadian writers are presently in our classrooms.

Your enthusiasm and dedication, as well as the support of those around you, ensures that the Young Authors Awards/Prix Jeunes Écrivains program continues to grow and improve with each year. We deeply appreciate the commitment of your wonderful teachers, whose inspiration and encouragement provided you with the opportunity to empower yourselves through this competition.

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 you, our 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 à vous, jeunes écrivains !

Ce recueil a pour but de célébrer vos talents littéraires et vos accomplissements en tant que gagnants à l'échelle provinciale de l'édition 2022 des Prix Jeunes Écrivains/Young Authors Awards de l'*Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association* (OECTA).

Nous félicitons tous nos gagnants, mais aussi tous les milliers d'élèves de l'Ontario qui ont participé au programme en classe, à l'école et au niveau des unités. Votre travail remarquable nous rappelle que les futurs grands écrivains canadiens sont actuellement dans nos salles de classes.

Votre enthousiasme et votre détermination, ainsi que le soutien de votre entourage, garantissent la croissance et l'amélioration du programme des Prix Jeunes Écrivains/Young Authors Awards chaque année. Nous sommes profondément reconnaissants de l'engagement de vos remarquables enseignants, dont l'inspiration et l'encouragement vous ont donné l'opportunité de vous engager dans ce concours.

Le programme des Prix Jeunes Écrivains/Young Authors Awards n'aurait été possible sans le dévouement des nombreux membres de l'OECTA de toute la province. Les enseignants, les représentants de l'OECTA dans les écoles, les présidents des unités ainsi que leurs membres exécutifs jouent un rôle critique en menant le programme dans leurs classes, dans leurs écoles et dans leurs unités. Nos membres dédient leurs compétences, leur temps et leurs efforts afin de préserver l'esprit et le succès continu de ce programme. Ensemble, nous honorons l'excellent travail de nos enseignants et de vous, nos élèves.

Nous ne saurions trop souligner la valeur des contributions des membres dévoués de l'OECTA qui veillent chaque année à l'épanouissement de ce programme au bénéfice de nos élèves.

Merci, et continuez d'écrire !

Susan Perry  
Département du développement professionnel  
Ontario English Catholic Teachers' Association

# **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

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# YOUNG AUTHORS AWARDS

2022



# The Amazing Race



SCHOOL: St. Patrick

TEACHER: Jamie Minns

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Brigida Pilato

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten

ELEMENTARY – JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / SHORT STORY

by Elizabeth Diaz O'Leary

Once upon a time there was a Queen and a Princess. The Queen said she wanted a unicorn. The Princess agreed. The Prince said, “No, we should not get a unicorn.” The King agreed. The Queen, the Princess, the Prince, and the King decided to have a race in the mud. If the girls won, they would get a unicorn, if the boys won, they would get candy.

The boys made a beautiful forest so that the girls would be distracted by the sparkly trees, but the Queen had a phone that could see the traps hidden in the sparkly trees. The girls avoided the traps. The King and the Prince found a rope and set a trap with it in a tree so that they could catch the girls. When the Queen and the Princess got to the tree, they started to climb. At the middle of the tree, the Queen’s phone saw the rope and turned red, telling them of the danger in the tree. So, she grabbed the rope and threw it down the tree. The Queen and the Princess jumped down the tree and ziplined over the sparkly mud trap at the bottom. The King and the Prince were so angry that they stepped in the sparkly mud.

The girls ran off through the forest and the Princess put on her magic glasses and saw Dolly the Whale. They hopped on Dolly the Whale and swam through the river. The King pulled out his special balloon that lifted the boys out of the mud. They ran to get to a dolphin to catch up to the girls. The boys finally found Harley the Dolphin and he zoomed off.

The Queen fell off of Dolly! Dolly looked on the top of the water but the Queen was not there. So, Dolly went under the water and found the Queen near a dangerous fish that was going to eat her. Dolly yelled, “STOP,” grabbed the Queen, and swam away.

The King and the Prince were getting close because the Queen fell off of Dolly. Dolly had to drop the Queen and the Princess off at the dock because they had to run the rest of the way.

Harley and the boys found a shortcut and met up with the Queen and the Princess. They all raced to the finish line, but the Queen and the Princess were going so fast that the King and Prince couldn’t keep up. So, the Queen and the Princess counted to three and jumped over the finish line. The girls won and got their unicorn! They named it Sparkle Uni.



# Snowflakes



SCHOOL: Our Lady of Mount Carmel  
TEACHERS: Julie Bell and Lisa Amey  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Donna Brett  
UNIT: Algonquin–Lakeshore  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Dan Graham

ELEMENTARY – JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / POEM  
by Emmy Siedmiogrodzki

When it is winter, it is really cold  
When it is cold, snow turns into ice  
I like to play around on the pond  
I like to skate around on the pond  
I can play around on my big snow hill at home  
I can play with my friends making snowballs  
Snow is spongy, it feels like foam  
When I make snow angels, the snow is squishy  
Snowflakes come from the sky  
Snowflakes make me shiver



# I Love School



SCHOOL: Our Lady of Mount Carmel

TEACHERS: Julie Bell and Lisa Amey

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Donna Brett

UNIT: Algonquin–Lakeshore

UNIT PRESIDENT: Dan Graham

ELEMENTARY – JUNIOR AND SENIOR KINDERGARTEN / NONFICTION

by Brooklyn Marie Scanlan

I love school because it is the best. I have so much fun, and at the end of the day, I really don't want to go home, but I have to. When I play with my friends, they make me smile. They bring me lots of joy. At school, they have all the toys that are fun, like the stroller and the Secret Code letters. They also have math, and everything else. Every morning when I come in, my teacher gives me a big hug. They do word games that are fun. They have rhyming games and they teach us how to read. The Secret Code letters helped me to read because letters can be tricky, but I kept practicing and now I know them. When I read my first word, I felt so much happiness in my heart. When there was COVID, I didn't get to go to school. COVID is the worst, and I hate it. Everyone in the world probably hates it. When it is over, we probably won't have to wear a mask at school anymore; I really believe that. I like being in the classroom better than online learning because I get to see my real friends, say hello, and give them hugs. At school, there are lots of people with big hearts. I love going to school because school is the best.



# The Tricky Prince



SCHOOL: St. Patrick

TEACHER: Laura Thurlow

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Brigida Pilato

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / SHORT STORY

by Christopher Diaz O'Leary

Some time ago, there was a unicorn named Pixy. She played ball with a princess named Beth. They were in a forest with lots of trees. A prince joined in and he asked if he could play. The girls said, "Yes! What is your name?" "Chris," the Prince said. They played for hours and then he heard a bush shaking. A bear jumped out, and the bear wanted to eat them! They screamed and ran away from the bear. Then, they saw a knight. The knight fought the bear, but the knight lost. He got eaten. So, the bear sniffed around and smelled the unicorn's perfume. He ran that way to catch up to Pixy and Beth. Pixy and Beth climbed a tree and saw a castle. Chris started cutting trees so that Beth and Pixy would be trapped. Beth and Pixy were stuck in the tree, and the bear was still at the bottom. Chris got to the castle first and he locked the gates so that he could be king. He sent his soldiers to capture the girls and put them in jail. Chris lived happily ever after.



## Food Fight



SCHOOL: St. Mark

TEACHER: Anna Lyon

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Lori Dias

UNIT: Dufferin-Peel Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Gremmen

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / POEM

by Ella Defina

I like my spaghetti with a meatball.

I like my lasagna when it is tall.

But be careful, the lasagna might fall!



# Letter to Santa!



SCHOOL: St. Hilary

TEACHER: Jane Nwakoby

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Luiza Dowling

UNIT: Dufferin–Peel Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Gremmen

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / NONFICTION

by Sophie Angeline Kosiorkiewicz

Dear Santa Claus,

How are you? How are Mrs. Claus, the Elves, and the workshop? My name is Sophie. I like to wrap presents for people and I am 6 years old. I like to draw also. I don't know if I'm on the naughty or nice list, but I am in Grade 2. My teacher is Mrs. Nwakoby and she trained us very well, even the Grade 3s. So, might I be on the nice list? I don't have any stockings on my Christmas tree for decorations. I like Christmas because Santa Claus will come to houses all around the world with a big gift sack. I'm not sure what I want for **Christmas**, so could you give things to the **families** who need them most and make their **dreams** come **true**? It will be your **promise** to **give** families **gifts** they need most.

Thank you, Santa. Do you know why Christmas is my favourite time of the year? Christmas is my favourite because I get to celebrate Jesus' birthday and get together with my family. I hope that everybody will have a blessed Christmas. Merry Christmas Santa!



# Duck and Dog and the Runaway Bone



SCHOOL: St. Mother Teresa

TEACHER: Alison Kearney

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Amanda Walchuk

UNIT: Peterborough, VNC

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 3–4 / SHORT STORY

by Catherine Cole

Every day, Daisy would get a bone, whether her owner gave her one or she dug one up from the garden. But today, some strange things occurred: one, her owner didn't give her a bone, and two, when Daisy went to the yard to get the bone she had left there yesterday, it got up and walked under the fence. Daisy was amazed; she had just witnessed a magic bone! But, magic or not, Daisy, the big, brown hound needed that bone!

Daisy the dog was setting off in the direction that the bone went, which happened to be the forest. Daisy had been in the forest a few times, mostly because she had been chasing squirrels. As Daisy wandered through the forest, she heard something. She had heard it before, but now it was time to investigate. The sound was coming from near the river and, as she got closer, she realized that the noise had been quacking. Daisy saw a family of ducks on the river, then almost walked into a little duckling.

The duckling cowered in front of her, so she said: "Hello?" The duck's eyes widened, but he stood still.

Daisy blabbered on. "My name is Daisy."

The duck finally responded, slowly, with: "Hi. I'm Doug."

"Shouldn't you be with your family?" asked Daisy.

"Well... yeah... that's my family," he said, pointing with his head toward the ducks Daisy had been looking at, "but I wanted to explore," stated Doug bravely. "Anyway, why are you here?" Doug continued.

"My bone ran away," Daisy mumbled sadly.

"Your bone?" questioned Doug.

"Yes, my bone," replied Daisy, "I walked out of the door and my bone walked under the fence... in front of **my very eyes!**" Daisy was not the smartest hound.

Doug spoke again. "But bones can't walk! Maybe something was pushing, pulling, or carrying your bone."

Daisy gave in. "Fine... Maybe. But either way, I want it back."

"OK. Can I help?" asked Doug, "I know the forest very well. I explore a lot." Doug was smart, but also curious and brave.

"Sure!" Daisy agreed quickly, and off they went, two new friends searching for a runaway bone.

"Is the bone just a regular bone?" questioned Doug as he struggled to keep up with Daisy.

"Yeah, it—**SQUIRREL!**"

"Huh?" Doug looked up just in time to see Daisy running away after a squirrel.



Doug chased after her. "Daisy! Daisy!" he stopped, panting, "Come back!" Doug started up again, running. He heard Daisy barking and ran faster until he got to her. She was standing at the bottom of a tree and barking at a squirrel in its branches.

Doug got frustrated and yelled: "Daisy! Aren't we trying to find a bone!? Not get distracted by squirrels!?"

Daisy let out a soft whimper, but immediately got cheered up when she saw the bone in the corner of her eye.

"Doug, Doug, my bone!" Daisy barked in excitement.

"Where?" asked Doug, suddenly sprung into action by Daisy's yelp.

"Over there!" hollered Daisy, running whilst trying to point.

"Daisy," said Doug, hesitantly.

"Yes?" Daisy stopped and answered.

"I don't know how to fly yet, so..."

"Sure, you can ride on my back," interrupted Daisy.

Doug was surprised, and not ready to be flung onto Daisy's back. "Wha—tha—that's not what I said!"

But Daisy was already bounding through the forest toward the bone. The bone was in sight until it ran into a berry bush and a long pink tail went with it.

Daisy didn't pay any attention to the tail and instead said: "Well, we lost the bone, but let's make the best of it since it led us to some delicious looking berries." Daisy's mouth started to water.

"Wait!" yelled Doug, "Don't eat those!"

"Why?" Daisy asked, as she turned back toward him.

"They're poisonous," he said in a quiet, frightened voice.

Daisy started to growl and backed away from the berries. A little while passed because Doug was resting.

"Daisy, quit growling so loud," complained Doug.

"That's not me. I stopped growling a while ago!" answered Daisy.

"It's me," growled someone in a deep voice behind them.

The little duck and the big dog whipped around to see something even bigger behind them... a bear.

They both screamed: "**RUUNN!!**"

Daisy was running, with Doug on her back, through a beautiful, sunlit forest away from a deadly bear.

"What do we do, Doug?" yelled Daisy in alarm.

"Uuuuh, uumm, aaahh. I thought you'd know!" Doug was very scared. "Wait, I have an idea! Go to the river and the bear won't be able to follow us!"

"Where's the river?!" howled Daisy.

"I'll show you." Doug yelled directions, quickly, through the forest, until they got to the long, rushing river.

"Ah!" blurred Daisy. The bear was gaining on them and the river was flowing very fast and dangerously.

"How am I meant to get across?" yelled Daisy over the sound of the river.

"I think you'll have to doggie paddle!" replied Doug.

"Ok. But **you** cannot swim in that. You have to stay on my head or you'll get swooped away by



the river," said Daisy, scared for Doug.

"I'll stay on your head, but be safe! 3... 2... 1, GO!" That was the last thing Daisy heard from Doug before her ears were clogged with water.

Daisy was paddling through the water, fighting against the current. It wasn't long before she hit the other side of the river. It wasn't that wide, after all. The bear was left on the other side.

"Now what?" asked Daisy.

Doug started to talk slowly. "Daisy, don't be alarmed, but I see, and hear, your bone."

"My bone?!" Daisy was excited now.

"And your bone isn't magic. A rat was carrying it the whole time."

"Oh," Daisy replied, "well, where's the bone now?"

"I think the bone is supporting this rat's nest," hypothesized Doug, right before Daisy picked up the bone to reveal a hole with string, fluff, leaves, dead cedar, some small, cracked sticks, and a rat.

"That sure is a weird nest," acknowledged Daisy, remembering her dog bed at home, "but I wouldn't want to disturb him, he looks too happy."

Doug was surprised. "So, you're not going to take the bone?"

Daisy stayed calm. "No, I'll just have to wait until tomorrow. Now it's getting dark, so I have to go home and I bet you do too."

Daisy the dog and Doug the duck heard quacking, and Doug waddled back to his family.

"I hope we meet again in the future," Daisy called, "goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" echoed Doug.

Daisy didn't have any trouble getting home because most of the creatures in the forest were asleep by now. As Daisy entered her doggie door, her owner greeted her with a smile, a cuddle, and a bone!

Her owner also said soothingly: "Oh Daisy, I was very busy today and I am so sorry I forgot to give you a bone."

Daisy was glad that her owner had forgotten to give her a bone, because Daisy had found a new best friend and had had an amazing adventure!

The End



# What is Home? Where is Home?



SCHOOL: St. Teresa of Calcutta

TEACHER: Diane Heaney

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Lisa Santi

UNIT: Halton Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tara Hambly

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 3–4 / POEM

by Julia Sansoni Melo de Queiroz

**What is home?**

**H**ome is a feeling. Home is with people you care about. Home is love, joy, and happiness

**A** place of laughter and fun

**T**he place to play all day

**I**n your home, you'll be safe

**S**adness and tears should not live at home

**H**ome is where your loved ones are

**O**r love of endless supply

**M**y home is where I have a bed to sleep in

**E**ven my family to keep my heart warm

**W**here is home? Home is a place of comfort

**H**ome is where you live and learn

**E**very time I'm sad, my family can change that

**R**unning with my little sister sure is fun

**E**specially when she's happy

**I**n your home, you'll have support

**S**omeone to make you feel confident

**H**ome is a special place

**O**r a place to feel calm

**M**y home is where I can relax

**E**veryone deserves a Home



# The American Eel



SCHOOL: St. Teresa of Calcutta

TEACHER: Diane Heaney

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Lisa Santi

UNIT: Halton Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tara Hamblly

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 3–4 / NONFICTION

by Sofia Crescini-Dickson

American eels are one of many endangered animals in the world today. They live in the Sargasso Sea, the mid-Labrador Coast, and the Great Lakes. They eat aquatic insects, fish, crustaceans, and worms. This makes them carnivores. At silver stage (when they are much older), they do not eat anything.

American eels can grow longer than one metre in length, heavier than 7.5 kilograms in weight, and larger than 0.4 metres in circumference. They are olive green and brown to greenish yellow, with a light gray or white belly.

American eels have many structural adaptations. Their bodies are coated in a mucus layer, providing protection and a way to absorb oxygen, which allows them to move out of the water and across land. They are very flexible and can withstand changes in the sea.

American eels have many behavioural adaptations too. Since they do not have strong enough jaws, they must spin their bodies to break apart their food. Only females migrate downstream to the ocean to spawn eggs, and they hibernate in the bottom mud.

American eels are endangered because of alterations, dams and turbines, fishery harvests, changes to ocean conditions, contaminants, and parasites.

Some people are creating trap-and-transfer programs to trap the American eels and then release them back into their habitat.

There are only 1% of American eels left in the world. They are disappearing fast! We are all part of God's creation and should respect everything that He has created. If we don't help American eels, they will become extinct!



# The Railroad



SCHOOL: St. Mary's (Collingwood)

TEACHER: Christine Montgomery

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Heidi Lemanczyk

UNIT: Simcoe Muskoka Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kent MacDonald

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / SHORT STORY

by Raglan Jenkins

After each step I take, the nagging ache in my left calf increases my discomfort. I squint from the glare of the last remaining sliver of sunlight. Counting my steps, this short journey feels like it will never end. Unable to focus on the positives, my stubborn thoughts focus on the bad parts of my day, but I'm too exhausted to fight them. If my mother could see me now, I would be shamed for how hunched over I am, my posture poor from the heaviness of the day. But at last, I feel a dose of relief and all of my muscles begin to release some of the pent-up tension I have been holding onto for the last twenty-four hours. Opening the door to my small brick house causes the hinges to creak loudly; the horrid sound pierces my ears, the last thing I need. My small, sweet, white curly-haired dog brings a smile to my face from his relentless licks of love. I run to the large green sofa and collapse, my dog follows and sits down on the opposite end. Newton's third law of motion comes into play and I spring back up. My eyelids slowly flicker and I drift off into a deep, dark sleep...

Waking up with a jolt, I stretch over to snatch my watch from the glass coffee table. The numbers seem to be brighter than I remember. Peering, I read off the numbers seven, two, and four. Shock hits me as my mouth spits out the words, "Seven thirty!" Jumping up off of the couch, my eyes hit a dirty, white envelope that used to be sealed with a maroon sticker. Beside it sits a folded piece of paper that reads: "Birthday party at 8:00!" Running over to my room, I open my dresser to find a pair of red socks and a gray sweater. Struggling to put them on, I dash to the garage, hitting a button along the way that triggers one of the large doors to open. A clicking noise is made when I clip my bike helmet straps together. I walk my bike onto the driveway and hit a second button along the way to close the garage door. Hopping on my bike, I ride to the sidewalk, jumping up and down on the odd bump. Even after that necessary nap, my body still aches. After one good look at the entrance to the trail ahead, I start to judge how well I know these paths. I enter the very eerie looking entrance, hoping deep down that nothing bad will happen. I push on, pressing on a single pedal at a time. As I enter, my vision becomes slightly compromised due to the depth of the fog. The path turns to gravel and I rock around on the uneven surface. A distinct, earthy, soil-type smell fills my nostrils. Prickly bushes cut my baggy pants. The further I go, the darker it gets. I hear tree branches here and there. Judging by the amount of noise, I assume that the forest is vivid, even in the darkness. Looking up, I see the last remaining source of light; a full moon. Noises clog my ears; owls, wolves, leaves, and even more snapping branches are all



part of the obstruction. Just then, a large, thick oak tree blocks the moon's light that illuminated the path ahead. Without the light, I am unable to see where the bendy path will take me next. As I keep riding straight on, I hit something so hard that, in the blink of an eye, I collide with a second tree and tumble down the hill. I realize I should have taken a left...

Just barely able to stand, I feel all of the scratches, cuts, bumps and bruises on my beat-up body. I try to climb the steep hill that caused my downfall, but being in this condition puts aside that possibility. Too tired to think straight, I pick a direction and limp to it. The ground is so damp that water splashes up my legs. Each time I press my foot into the forest floor, pain shoots up from my ankle to my thigh. I smell something strange as I continue; the potent smell of rusting metal. Just as the smell gets incredibly strong, I stub my toe on what looks like metal train tracks. Finally, a source of civilization. I follow the tracks to the right, not knowing where they will lead. The hope is slightly drowned out with fear when the sound of cracking branches comes closer and closer. I sprint as fast as my wounded legs will take me. I freeze dead in my tracks like a statue; something has just tapped me on the shoulder. I slowly turn my head, like the owls watching me from above. To my relief, nothing is there but the track. Something tickles my ankles. Looking down, I find vines, branches, leaves, and twigs all coiled around my ankles. Just as my eyes start to widen, my feet are pulled out from under me. The forest is alive! More clinging plants attach themselves, pinning me to the train tracks. All that I am able to hear is the slithering and rustling of the vicious overgrowth. The only part of me that is still exposed is my head. That's when I hear it; these tracks are supposed to be abandoned. The headlights of an oncoming train flash on the pile of overgrowth. My screams are drowned out by the loud convoy. My last words are my screams for help.



# A Heart Split in Two



SCHOOL: St. Mary's (Collingwood)  
TEACHER: Christine Montgomery  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Heidi Lemanczyk  
UNIT: Simcoe Muskoka Elementary  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Kent MacDonald

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / POEM

by Kayla Pincivero

A whole heart now split in two  
A fallen friend you thought you knew  
But still his words ring in your ears  
You can feel your pain and hear your tears

Once friends, thought never to part  
Now you stand with a broken heart  
You feel lost, you cannot speak  
As a silent tear rolls down your cheek

You look amongst the somber faces of gray  
As the rain starts to drizzle and the trees sway

So now here you sit atop your pedestal of pain  
The echoing whispers fill your brain  
Funny how much a simple thing can do  
Easily turning your whole life askew  
A simple thing or a single person  
As the pain in your heart continues to worsen  
The rows of people all dressed in black  
The graves all crumbling or cracked

You bend down and begin to cry  
Like a once happy bird now unable to fly  
Your wings, all shattered to the ground  
Your soul, lost, never to be found

Your whole body aches and cries out in pain  
But nothing hurts more than a heart with a stain  
So how can you now feel happy and true  
When you're left with a heart now split in two



# The Magic Users



SCHOOL: St. Michael's (Dunnville)

TEACHER: Sylvia Papez

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Rebecca Vallee

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / NONFICTION

by Madison Wilkes-Wilkins and McKinley Bishop

## FORGOTTEN FOREST: TREEHOUSE

KIMBERLY and EVERLY are sitting on their couch watching TV.

KIMBERLY grabs her bow and arrow from the corner of the treehouse and walks onto the balcony. She puts her quiver on her back and grabs an arrow from her quiver. She looks around for something to shoot when she sees a rabbit. She lines up an arrow on her bow, but is distracted and misses. KIMBERLY holds her breath. Those are hooves.

## FORGOTTEN FOREST: UNKNOWN TRAIL

ELIJAH is at the front of the MAGIC SOLDIERS when he hears a soft “swish”; the sound of an arrow nearby.

ELIJAH holds up his hand and points in the direction the sound came from, signaling for the rest of the MAGIC SOLDIERS to go to it. With one tug on his horse’s reins, they are off.

## FORGOTTEN FOREST: TREEHOUSE

KIMBERLY: Get out here.

EVERLY: What do you want?

KIMBERLY: The Magic Soldiers are coming.

EVERLY: AHHHHH!

KIMBERLY: Don’t yell, they will find us.

EVERLY: We’ve got to get out of here.

KIMBERLY: I have a plan. Follow me.

KIMBERLY and EVERLY go inside the treehouse. KIMBERLY grabs a shirt as well as her bow and arrow. She turns the shirt into a rope and ties it to one of her arrows. EVERLY grabs two hangers and hands



*them to KIMBERLY. KIMBERLY changes the hangers into two harnesses. She fires at a tree branch with the roped arrow. EVERLY attaches the harnesses to the rope, and they attach themselves. EVERLY slides down the zipline with KIMBERLY behind her. Suddenly, it starts to pour above the MAGIC SOLDIERS, tarnishing their silver armor.*

ELIJAH: They must be close by now. Split up and search everywhere, you never know what Magic Users can do.

KIMBERLY: I see the Magic Soldiers; we've got to go faster.

EVERLY: Follow me.

*EVERLY starts climbing up the tree instead of down.*

KIMBERLY: What are you doing?

ELIJAH points at KIMBERLY.

ELIJAH: There's a Magic User, GET HER!

*KIMBERLY and EVERLY climb to the top of the trees as fast as they can.*

*KIMBERLY grabs EVERLY'S wrist and teleports them out of the tree. At the last second, she thinks about a different place and accidentally teleports them to the MAGIC SOLDIERS.*

*The MAGIC SOLDIERS surround KIMBERLY and EVERLY.*

*The MAGIC SOLDIERS tie the two girls up and put them on the back of two separate horses.*

*The rain above the MAGIC SOLDIERS turns into hail and hits the soldiers, missing the girls, all the way to the castle.*

#### THE CASTLE: PATHWAY

*KIMBERLY and EVERLY are shoved off of their horses.*

ELIJAH: Untie their feet and go get a dungeon guard to escort them to their cells.

*A SOLDIER leaves and comes back with a GUARD dressed in dull, gray armor.*

#### THE CASTLE: DUNGEON

EVERLY: Left, right, straight, right, right, left, straight, straight, left, three down.



KIMBERLY: What are the directions for?

EVERLY: When we bust out, we just need to follow them backwards.

KIMBERLY: You already have a plan?

EVERLY: ... Maybe?

KIMBERLY: Ok.

GUARD: Get in.

KIMBERLY: Ok, Ok!

*KIMBERLY walks into the cell. EVERLY tries to follow, but the GUARD grabs her arm.*

GUARD: You go in that one.

*The GUARD points across the hallway and EVERLY walks into the cell.*

KIMBERLY: Ev, what is your plan to get out of this dump?

EVERLY: Well, what if you turn those bars into snakes, and turn mine into snakes, so that we can escape and attack the guards with them?

*KIMBERLY and EVERLY hear a mysterious voice nearby.*

BAILEY: That won't work.

*KIMBERLY and EVERLY push their heads to the bars to see who it is.*

BAILEY: You can't get out through the tunnels, I mean. The rest sounds fine though.

KIMBERLY: Well, how do we get out then?

BAILEY: One of these cells has a secret tunnel that leads to the dining room, but you might want to watch out.

KIMBERLY: Why's that Miss...

BAILEY: Bailey.

KIMBERLY: My question still stands, Bailey.

BAILEY: Some people bite.



EVERLY: Really? That's all?

BAILEY: Everyone down here is gifted. They have a separate dungeon for the rest of them.

*KIMBERLY turns her bars into snakes, walks out and does the same to EVERLY'S. KIMBERLY and EVERLY walk down the hall to a different cell and hear a voice.*

PRISONER: HEY! You two! Can you please get me out of here?

*KIMBERLY turns in the direction of the voice while EVERLY goes to a different cell. KIMBERLY turns the bars of the cell into twigs, lets them drop to the floor, and walks into the cell. Meanwhile, EVERLY rusts the bars off of a different cell, hoping whoever is inside is friendly.*

EVERLY: Hello? I'm not going to hurt you.

*Something bites her ankle.*

EVERLY: AHHHHH

*KIMBERLY comes running when her friend screams.*

KIMBERLY: What happened?

EVERLY: Something bit my ankle!

BAILEY: Relax, I'm not venomous enough to kill you. Just be glad I'm not any older, or you might be dead by now.

*EVERLY turns white.*

EVERLY: I feel like I am dying.

KIMBERLY: Relax, you're fine.

EVERLY: HOW DO YOU KNOW?

BAILEY: Keep your voice down!

KIMBERLY: Sorry Bailey. Everly, if you think you are going to die, I will make you a bandage.

EVERLY: That won't help.

KIMBERLY: THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT US TO DO?

BAILEY: Be quiet, or else.



KIMBERLY: Or else what?

BAILEY: The guards will come and put you guys in the down below cells.

EVERLY: What?

BAILEY: The down below cells. It's really far down in the ground. You can get out of the cells but you can't get out from the underground.

KIMBERLY: Yeah okay. Sure.

BAILEY: You better believe me; I have been there before.

KIMBERLY: How'd you get out then?

BAILEY: Uhh... I did good deeds.

*EVERLY looks at her oddly.*

EVERLY: I don't believe this.

BAILEY: Why?

EVERLY: You are suspicious.

BAILEY: Lots of offense taken, missy.

EVERLY: I call it as I see it.

KIMBERLY: Would you two stop? We need to keep searching for the way out.

BAILEY: Fine, bossy pants!

*KIMBERLY goes to check the cells she unlocked.*

KIMBERLY: Guys I found a way out of here.

*EVERLY and BAILEY rush over.*

BAILEY: Well, we should go now.

EVERLY: Not so fast. We need to rescue the others!

BAILEY: They don't matter right now. The guards could come at any moment!



KIMBERLY and EVERLY ignore BAILEY'S warning and go to the other cells.

KIMBERLY: DON'T WORRY GUYS, WE'RE HERE TO HELP!

KIMBERLY and EVERLY slowly release them one by one.

EVERLY: Follow us, we know where to go!

*When KIMBERLY, EVERLY, and the freed PRISONNERS reach the cell with the trapdoor, BAILEY is gone.*

KIMBERLY: She must have gone through already.

*KIMBERLY goes through first, then the PRISONNERS and EVERLY follow. EVERLY makes a flood that goes just below the windows.*

BAILEY: Not so fast.

KIMBERLY: I thought you ditched us!

BAILEY: Only to get the guards.

EVERLY: Quick guys, get out of here.

BAILEY: A long time ago their families dedicated themselves to the royal family. Now they are stuck here.

EVERLY: WHAT!

*KIMBERLY pushes EVERLY out of the window and jumps. The flood carries KIMBERLY and EVERLY to the treehouse.*

KIMBERLY: AHHH

EVERLY: What's wrong?

KIMBERLY: THE TV IS SOAKED!

EVERLY: So?

KIMBERLY: Your books are too.

EVERLY: NOOOOOOO!!

NARRATOR: And they all lived happily ever after, THE END.

KIMBERLY: Who said that?



# My Quiet Place



SCHOOL: St. Ann

TEACHER: Charlene Bishop

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: John Janiec

UNIT: Thunder Bay Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Aldo Grillo

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / NONFICTION

by Marcus Owen Junzo Oshimo

In a cozy, delightful campground not too far from here, we slowly made our way to see the secret beach. On the way, I watched the clouds circling around me like running mice. The trees showed an eventful story, bending back and forth. We made it to the beach and I could see the beautiful sunset starting to form. When we got back, the glazing, beautiful sunset stared into my eyes. The fire warmed me up like a big hug. The clear lake reflecting the trees and sunset made me feel just at home. The trees were standing strong, but still dancing in the wind. I went to get my tin bucket to catch toads and frogs. We ran and we ran. Finally, it was time to let the green frogs and toads out so that they could be on their way. Late night BBQs crackled in the breeze, and the waves were crashing onto the beach. Birds sang peacefully before they went to bed along with myself. As the warm sand slowly started to fade along with the sunset, I laid in my RV in Browns' Clearwater West, I wondered what tomorrow would bring.



# Checkmate



SCHOOL: Christ the King  
TEACHER: Phillip Beneteau  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Kelly Costello  
UNIT: Windsor-Essex Elementary  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Darryl Fanick

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / SHORT STORY  
by Rielle Genevieve Cruz

The Caddel Dynasty had ruled over the Aurum Kingdom for centuries. They began as warriors, defending a nameless land, miners, mining nothing but rock, until it was discovered that the nameless land was worth more than anyone could've ever thought. From the place that later became known as Aurum came the purest gold on earth. The Caddels did not use this to enhance their riches, but to better what later became their kingdom.

The Caddel Dynasty stretched out over five generations, and in each of them, two children were born: one boy, and one girl—one king, and one princess. The latest generation had followed this trend; and so, born to King Lucien and Queen Marian were Alexandra and Angelo Caddel, the defender of man and the gift from God.

Time had taken its course, and soon, it was time for the king and queen to step down and make way for their successors. To do this, their children would need to show their promise; Angelo would need a queen, and Alexandra, the princess, would need a prince.

*“But Father, I do not wish to marry Bastien—”*

*“It is not what you wish that I think of, Alexandra, it is of the good of our kingdom.”*

*“What good will I be to our kingdom in the hands of a man I do not love?”*

*“Alexandra, we will not further discuss this matter. Is that understood?”*

*“But Father—”*

*“Enough. The chariot is waiting to take us to the cog.”*

*“Then I will not come! You have made it quite clear that my wellbeing is not necessary for the thriving of this kingdom, thus, I do not need to be at Angelo’s ceremony. I will enjoy what freedom I have left.”*

*“Alexandra—”*

*“Have a safe voyage.”*



Alexandra could remember the conversation as clearly as she could remember the halls of the Caddel castle. She could remember locking herself away in her chambers, watching her family ride away on the chariot without her and thinking *good riddance*.

But, as she stared at the coffins of the people who raised her, she could barely even think about how the hand that was caressing her shoulder belonged to the man that was the very reason she argued with her father on that day in the first place.

"Our beloved King and Queen were taken from us before their time. Prince Angelo, on his way to be crowned king, was killed by the ruthless tide. Our leaders, gone." The preacher droned on and on, but Alexandra could only focus on the wooden boxes behind him. A ringing filled her ears, like she couldn't hear anything at all.

"...cess Alexandra?"

Alexandra looked up to see Bastien, his hand still on her shoulder, but when she looked around, the rest of the church was empty. She blinked. "Where are the rest of the townspeople?"

"They have followed the preacher," he responded, giving her a look, "they have gone to bury your family."

Alexandra swallowed, sharply looking away and re-directing her gaze forward. "I do not wish to watch."

"The people will soon realise that you are not there. You and I were meant to be leading their march," he sighed, running a hand through his blond hair, "it might not offer the correct impression if my queen were not there."

Alexandra paused. He had called her his queen. There were so many things about it that suddenly put her on guard. She narrowed her eyes. "*Your queen*," she emphasised, "what do you mean by that?" She looked back up at him, tilting her head.

"We are meant to take the throne as you're the last living Caddel. Unorthodox, perhaps, but surely, you have realised this."

She nodded. "No, I have realised this," though, it had not yet registered completely, "but there was something in your tone when you said that." She stood up, facing him directly.

His face contorted into an expression that made her weary. "No, I am not sure what you mean." Alexandra opened her mouth to retort, but he took a large breath and clasped her shoulder. "I will be at the burial. I suppose it is not necessary that you attend. The king's attendance is what is most important, thus, you may remain here if you so please," he patted her back lightly, *like a dog*, she thought, "farewell."

Alexandra watched him walk away until she could no longer see him, turning again toward the front of the church when he was gone, and holding her hands out together in front of her.



Bastien was speaking as though they were already married. A betrothal was somewhat like that, as though it was already set in stone, but he unnerved her. Already, he was speaking to her like she was beneath him, even though Aurum was worth far more than the kingdom his family ruled.

He did not think like a king, she remarked. He thought like a man who wanted to be king; not thinking of the good of his people, but a good of his own. It was about how *he* would come across, not about whether his people would be alright. In the brief time she had known Bastien, she did not like him. He was charming, yes, and intelligent, and she had no doubt he could *rule*, but she knew in her heart that he could not *lead*.

And so, there in the church, she bid farewell to her parents. Alexandra vowed that she would not let Aurum fall, not when the good of the kingdom had been the last thing her parents wished to secure, not when it had been the only desire in her brother's life.

*I will not allow Aurum to crumble under Bastien's rule*, she thought, *not even if this battle ends with my dying breath.*

...

"I was King Lucien's Head Knight for decades! If anyone deserves to be king, it is me! There is no one who knows him better."

In one of the smaller war rooms of the Caddel castle stood about a dozen men, their chairs long forgotten, having risen to stand in the heat of the argument. To Alexandra, who was still seated, their yelling was more audible than her own breathing.

"Knew him, Niklaus," a nameless carpenter drearily corrected him, "in case you have forgotten, he is dead. How is it possible that you would be able to lead this kingdom with a brain so small?"

"Why, I—"

A bang resounded through the room and everyone went silent. "Enough!" When Alexandra looked towards the noise, she was met with the sight of her betrothed, his fists balled up on the table. "I will be king, and this is the last I will hear of it!" he shouted.

"You?" the same knight from before chuckled, "Our people don't even know you, and you expect one of the worthy candidates in this room to give up their *rightful* position—to you?"

Bastien donned a calm smile that didn't correspond with his earlier actions. Alexandra sat up straighter in her chair. There was something about this man that was... eerie. "Well, I am to marry Lucien's last living heir, so I suppose this makes this... *my* right, more than it is any of yours," he goaded.

Suddenly, the men started fighting once more, the yelling re-commencing, but all Alexandra could do was stare at her husband-to-be as bile threatened to reach the surface of her mouth. She could not remember anyone but her mother calling her father by his given name, without title, not a single person.



*He is treating this like a battle already won, she thought.*

In the midst of everyone's arguing, Alexandra abruptly stood up, catching the whole room's attention.

Bastien's eyes subtly widened. "Alexandra—"

"You all have forgotten one very important detail." She cut Bastien off then cleared her throat once she had heard her voice's hoarseness, realising how little she had spoken. She didn't let this deter her. Silent, she would no longer be. "This heir you speak of is standing right in front of you," Alexandra paused, shaking her head with a small, humourless chuckle, "this... *right* you speak of, is *my* birthright. And no matter how long you all argue like children over who will be king, there will only be one queen, and she is *I*."

The room was silent for a moment, and if Alexandra didn't know better, she'd say that they had understood what she had said, but she knew so much better than that.

In less than twenty seconds, Niklaus started laughing. Alexandra's eyes darted to him, daring him to speak. If anything, her actions only encouraged his words. "My apologies, *Princess*—" the knight cut himself off in a fit of laughter, only continuing once it was manageable, "but you are not fit to rule."

Alexandra leaned forward. "Oh?" she tilted her head, "How so?"

Bastien cautioned, "Alexandra—"

"You're a woman," Niklaus stated, shrugging as if that one phrase explained everything, "indubitably, the queen of a kingdom is important. Who else would decorate the castle?" A chorus of laughter echoed throughout the room, making Alexandra ball up her hands, her nails digging into her palms. "But, tell me, Alexandra, what will happen when it comes to the *actual* work? How will you expect anyone to listen to you? All order in the land will be lost under your rule."

Alexandra was quick to snap back. "And if you were king, in your first fortnight, there would no longer be a land to rule."

Niklaus recoiled slightly as if he had been slapped, and a few stifled snickers could be heard in the room. It took him a moment to respond. His jaw clenched. "You cannot speak to me as such—"

"And why would I not?" Alexandra held her hands out in front of her, shrugging as he did before. "As you said, you were my father's Head Knight, and I am the *Princess of Aurum*, the last living Cadel heir," she cocked her head, "I outranked you, Niklaus," she spat out his name like it was poisonous; her voice raised, "sit down."

Niklaus stayed where he was for a few moments, his eyes locked with Alexandra's as she dared him to look away, and in their stare, she watched as his eye twitched before he reluctantly sat down.

Alexandra let her eyes fall on each other person in the room before they landed on Bastien, his



eyes hard. Maintaining their eye contact, she announced: "I will not let you *fools* tarnish my family's empire, tarnish Aurum's good name, with your selfishness." Her betrothed's jaw strained. Sensing that he received her message, Alexandra looked back at the rest of the men. "I will lead Aurum correctly with my brother's vision and my father's strength," she promised, "and I will be the queen this kingdom has never seen before."

...

Crackling from the fireplace filled the air when Alexandra walked into the castle's main hall, furrowing her brow. At one of the more petite tables farther into the hall next to the fireplace, she could make out a figure.

She walked closer until she was within speaking distance of the person she soon recognised, clasping her hands together in front of her. "I had thought you would be long gone by now."

Bastien looked up from what he was fiddling with, pursing his lips into a strained smile. "Considering the recent circumstances, I thought it best to wait until the tides had calmed."

Alexandra did not let herself falter at the sly attempts he had made to rile her up. "Yes, I would do the same." Though she, too, had a smile on her face, she couldn't be sure if her true emotions towards him had slipped through her voice.

Judging by the change in his expression, she could guess that she didn't do well enough to hide them, even if she didn't want to in the first place. He quickly covered whatever reaction he had briefly displayed on his face and gestured to the table in front of him. "I wish to play a game. Please," he held his hand out to her, "accompany me."

Alexandra narrowed her eyes. He was asking her to play a mere game, perhaps, but she knew that this simple ask was more than that. Yes, it was a mere game, but the game he was playing at was much more dangerous.

"Why, I would love to."

Sitting down, she glanced at what he had laid out. Chess. She hid a smirk. "I take it you know how to play, *Princess*?"

She kept her expression neutral, replying: "My father taught me, briefly."

He hummed, starting off by moving his knight. "It is a game of skill," he said. She moved her pawn a space on the board upward. "It requires more than just... the watching of the execution, but experience," he moved his knight again, "for some, it can be quite hard."

"I agree," Alexandra moved another piece, "some people are not meant to play chess."

"Yes—"



"Others, they can be... exceptional players," he moved his bishop to her end of the board, "but against other people, they fall short of what makes an exceptional player a distinguished one."

She moved her knight and he swiftly took out one of her pawns with his bishop, knocking it over before picking it up. "You were saying?"

Alexandra chuckled under her breath. Of course, he would go for one of the pawns first, the weakest link. She took her time before touching her next piece. "You get so close to the pawns," she shook her head, grinning, "they are small, perhaps, but they can still do damage," she divulged, her undertone condescending, "it is believing that you're better than the small ones," she grabbed onto her bishop that was in direct line with his, "that gets you," she knocked his piece over, "killed."

Bastien grit his teeth together. When she reached for his bishop, he grabbed her hand, and when she met his eyes, they were vicious.

"What game are you trying to play, Alexandra?" He pulled her hand tighter, and she knew they weren't talking about chess anymore. "You can't possibly think you are better than me, that you are more fit to rule than I."

She scoffed. "Contrary," she ripped her arm from his grip, "*I know I am.*" Gone were the pleasantries of the façade they put on, and thrust out into the open were all the feelings they couldn't speak of in the presence of others.

Bastien tilted his head, seeming to be thinking for a moment before he spoke. "Fine," he lightly threw his hands up, "you want to rule, I want to rule. We should settle this fairly."

Alexandra interrupted. "Or we simply admit that I'm the rightful heir, and you leave my castle willingly before I have you thrown out."

Bastien ignored her as though she hadn't even said a word. "No person that is incapable of winning a match of chess should be allowed to rule over a kingdom," he raised an eyebrow, "what do you say, winner takes all?"

She snickered at his proposal. Bastien was childish enough to bet a kingdom on a game, a game Alexandra knew for a fact he'd lose. "Winner takes all," she repeated, and with that, their match resumed, this time with renewed determination.

Throughout the game, Bastien made trivial comments towards her that she paid little mind to, searching for an opening to get one of his powerful pieces and making sure hers weren't on display.

She didn't know how long they had been playing for, but soon, any remains of daylight outside vanished. There were only a few pieces left on the board, and of them, the pieces they both had were the king and queen.

Next to his king was her queen, and blocking that was a rook. That rook was the only thing stopping Alexandra from winning. If she could just get that piece out of the way...



Alexandra controlled her expression as to not show the idea she'd just come up with, moving her bishop away from her king. Bastien did not put the same effort in controlling his reaction. Just as she knew he would, he took the opening and moved his rook to kill one of the pawns in front of her king, not yet placing her in check, but close.

She smiled. "I always found it odd," Bastien looked up, not paying much attention to her words, waiting for her to move, "the *king* is the winning piece. The *king* determines it all. Yet the queen... has the most moves." In the blink of an eye, Alexandra took her queen and swept out his, now right next to his king. Bastien's eyes widened as he stammered in surprise.

She leaned back. "Checkmate."

"What—no, that—I can still move—"

"Yes, you could, but if you move to the side, you would be exposing yourself to my bishop, and if you moved forward, I would just move my queen diagonally and you would die. You have no more plays," Alexandra tilted her head, challenging him with her eyes, "I repeat myself. *Check. Mate.*"

Bastien stuttered. "I—"

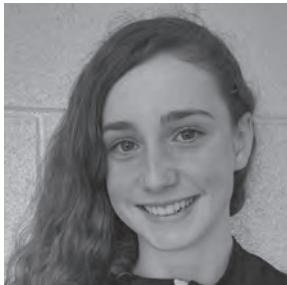
Alexandra stood up. "Do not be too hard on yourself," she advised, the corners of her lips curving upwards. She walked closer to him, placing a hand on his shoulder as he had done to her earlier and patting his back. "A king is still powerful, but against a queen, you never stood a chance," she started walking away, "safe travels, Bastien."

Yes, the Caddel family had ruled Aurum for centuries. But rule, Alexandra would not. She promised herself that she would lead in a way that would make her family proud. She would be the queen that Aurum had never had, and she would be the queen they never thought she could be.

THE END



# Beneath the Ground



SCHOOL: Monsignor O'Donoghue

TEACHER: Laura Firth

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Ashlea Fitzgerald

UNIT: Peterborough, VNC

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / POEM

by Ella Smit

I feel the petals of the flowers  
As they brush along my hands.  
I hear the sounds of buzzing bees  
As they fly throughout our lands.  
I smell the scent of the salmon  
Mama's cooking inside the house,  
I hear my sister run behind me  
Quiet as a mouse.  
I throw the shed door open  
And we quickly crawl inside,  
I hear my sister whisper softly,  
*"I don't want to die."*  
They came earlier that morning,  
Even though Papa had told them, "No."  
They have tried to come for us every year,  
Before the winter snow.  
Despite our failing efforts,  
They captured us that day.  
They took us to a living hell,  
And drove us far away.  
They washed and scrubbed our skin 'till dusk,  
They tried to dull the brown.  
When they cut our hair and changed our clothes,  
I felt my spirit drown.  
I told them my name was Medika,



The water lily that grew around our shore,  
But they said my name was now a number,  
It was 224.

I missed my family just too much

And tried to run away,

But they caught me in the act,

And beat me everyday.

I felt my body start to wither,

The fire within me started to fade.

My exhaustion slowly overcame me,

Until I was no longer afraid.

Now I live above the clouds

Where I watch my body lie.

My skeleton buried beneath the ground,

Decades passing by.

Until one day, when human folk

Dug deep into the ground,

The Earth's soil finally revealed the truth;

A revolting scene was found.

Now everybody realizes

What happened at my school.

I did not deserve this fate,

Just because I broke a rule.



# Camaraderie & Love



SCHOOL: St. Justin, Martyr  
TEACHER: Craig Phillips  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Vito Totino  
UNIT: York  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten



ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / PLAY  
by Stanley Zhou, Graden Lynch,  
Chloe Miu, Karis Tang, and Kara  
Cespedes

## Characters:

Captain Avril  
Admiral Leigh  
Quartermaster – Beiden  
Commander – Simon  
Lieutenant – Herschel  
Sailing Master – Ainsworth  
Master Gunner – Stamford  
Gunners – 1, 2  
Crew  
Midshipmen – 1  
Wimpy Sailor  
Queen  
Servant

## ACT I

### SCENE I. Aboard the Betelgeuse.

[Enter CAPTAIN AVRIL, BEIDEN, AINSWORTH, STAMFORD, GUNNERS and CREW]

#### Captain Avril

*[raises a goblet of rum] Ahoy! We've raided another loaded ship!*

#### Gunners and Crew

*[raise goblets] Ahoy!*

#### Captain Avril

Let us rest as we sail 'round the seas, we shall 'ave a feast tonight 'n hunt for more booty on the morrow!



**Gunners and Crew**

Aye, cap'n!

*[Exit AINSWORTH, STAMFORD, GUNNERS and CREW]*

**Beiden**

A moment o' yer time, cap'n?

**Captain Avril**

Aye, Beiden, wha' is it?

**Beiden**

We spotted a guarded ship headin' towards the empire 'n believe the Navy be protectin' precious cargo.

**Captain Avril**

Precious cargo, ye say? I like the sound o' that. Which direction be the ship's headin'?

**Beiden**

Headin' northeast.

**Captain Avril**

We follow now 'n attack at sunset.

**Beiden**

*[salutes]* Aye, cap'n!

*[Exit CAPTAIN AVRIL and BEIDEN]*

**SCENE II. Aboard HMS Servitium.**

*[Enter ADMIRAL LEIGH, SIMON, HERSCHEL and MIDSHIPMEN]*

**Admiral Leigh**

Commander, are all cannons ready and prepared in case of an attack?

**Simon**

Yes, ma'am.

**Admiral Leigh**

Excellent. If all things go according to plan, the cargo should be transported safely. Lieutenant, are all midshipmen educated on how to defend?

**Herschel**

Yes, ma'am

**Admiral Leigh**

Splendid. We're set to arrive at our destination in a few days. Everyone knows what to do in case of an invasion?



**Midshipmen**

Yes ma'am!

**Admiral Leigh**

Then you may retire to your cabins.

*[Exit MIDSHIPMEN]*

**Herschel**

Leigh?

**Admiral Leigh**

Yes?

**Herschel**

I've received reports of enemy ships in this area.

**Admiral Leigh**

Enemy ships? Well, we ought to be prepared. Exactly which one of our enemies are we talking about?

**Herschel**

Pirates.

**Admiral Leigh**

Oh, *pirates*. I suppose we can continue rotating the shifts for the watch teams. Please let them know to sound the alarm if there is an emergency.

**Herschel**

Will do.

**Simon**

Leigh, I've a bad feeling about the pirate ships.

**Admiral Leigh**

I hear you, Simon. I, too, am not 100% certain of peace, but there is no reason to panic. They'll attack under the shield of fog. Expect their invasion to happen in the morning.

**Herschel**

Are you quite sure of that?

**Admiral Leigh**

Yes, there's absolutely no reason for a sunset att—

*[Horn sounds]*

*[Enter MIDSHIPMAN 1, panicked]*

**Midshipman 1**

MA'AM, WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!



[Enter the Betelgeuse with CAPTAIN AVRIL, BEIDEN, STAMFORD, GUNNERS and CREW]

**Captain Avril**

CAST OFF, POPPETS 'N LADS!

[All on stage, save for STAMFORD and GUNNERS, unsheathe their swords]

**Simon**

PIRATES!

**Admiral Leigh**

ALL MIDSHIPMEN ATTACK!

[CAPTAIN AVRIL, BEIDEN and CREW leap aboard HMS Servitium]

**Stamford**

YO-HO-HO! [fires cannons]

[GUNNERS fire cannons]

[CREW and MIDSHIPMEN engage in battle]

[BEIDEN takes on SIMON and HERSCHEL]

**Herschel**

[deflects BEIDEN's sword] Have you pirates gone mad!? WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING US!?

[SIMON lunges at BEIDEN]

**Beiden**

[ripostes SIMON] Fer the loot 'n the thrill, o' course!

**Simon**

[parries BEIDEN's attack] THEY'RE GOING AFTER THE CARGO!

**Captain Avril**

That I am, darlin'! [runs to front]

[Exit SIMON, HERSCHEL, BEIDEN, STAMFORD, GUNNERS, CREW and MIDSHIPMEN]

**Admiral Leigh**

Oh, no you don't! [leaps in front of CAPTAIN AVRIL] Not on my watch!

**Captain Avril**

Ahoy! 'Ave ye come t' stop me, lass?

**Admiral Leigh**

Indeed, I have! [feints]

**Captain Avril**

[laughs and blocks ADMIRAL LEIGH] Wha's a pretty thing like ye doin' fightin' out on the seas?



*[lunges and strikes]*

**Admiral Leigh**

I could ask the same of you, pirate! *[blocks CAPTAIN AVRIL]*

**Captain Avril**

Pirate shmirate. Call me by me feared name, Cap'n Avril! *[disengages, then strikes again]*

**Admiral Leigh**

*[circle-parries CAPTAIN AVRIL's attack]* Exactly what is your goal, fighting us here, pirate?

**Captain Avril**

Find me some booty, o' course! *[remises from right]*

**Admiral Leigh**

Some what? *[pauses]*

**Captain Avril**

*[grabs some rope from the deck and ties up ADMIRAL LEIGH]* Aye, there we go! Ye sit pretty right here while I grab wha' I came fer. *[runs off]*

**Admiral Leigh**

*[struggles]* Stop! SIMON! HERSCHEL!

*[Exit ADMIRAL LEIGH]*

**Captain Avril**

Now, where's me loot? *[catches sight of crates]* Aha! *[opens crates and stuffs bags with riches]*

*[CAPTAIN AVRIL walks out]*

*[Enter ADMIRAL LEIGH]*

**Admiral Leigh**

*[still struggling]* Agh! What kind of knots do pirates tie!? SIMON? HERSCHEL!? Hey—THERE YOU ARE! Free me this instant, our fight isn't over!

**Captain Avril**

*[laughs]* 'Twas o'er the moment ye froze in yer boots! What's yer name, darlin'?

**Admiral Leigh**

That is none of your business! *[proudly]* Just know that I am the admiral of the Navy!

**Captain Avril**

*[pauses]* Admiral, huh? Ye must be worth somethin'... I be takin' ye wit' me! *[drags ADMIRAL LEIGH by the rope]*

*[Enter BEIDEN, holding SIMON and HERSCHEL captive]*



**Beiden**

Cap'n! Wha' shall I do wit' these monkeys?

**Captain Avril**

Bring 'em to me ship! We be goin' t' use 'em fer ransom!

**Beiden**

Aye aye!

*[Enter STAMFORD]*

**Stamford**

FIRE IN THE HOLE! *[blasts cannon]*

*[Cannonball flies towards ADMIRAL LEIGH and CAPTAIN AVRIL]*

**Captain Avril**

Woah, there! *[pulls ADMIRAL LEIGH out of the way]* Watch yer aim, Stamford!

**Stamford**

Sorry, cap'n!

**Beiden**

*[waves arm]* Back t' the ship!

*[Exit ALL]*

### SCENE III. Aboard the Betelgeuse.

*[Enter CAPTAIN AVRIL, BEIDEN, SIMON, HERSCHEL, AINSWORTH, STAMFORD, GUNNERS, CREW and MIDSHIPMEN]*

**Captain Avril**

Ainsworth! How be the seas?

**Ainsworth**

The seas be great fer sailin'!

**Captain Avril**

Lovely!

**Ainsworth**

Why are ye draggin' 'round the soldiers? Ye should've scuttled 'em, dead men tell no tales!

**Crew**

GIVE NO QUARTERRR!



**Captain Avril**

Belay yer mouths! We've got ourselves ransom captives!

**Beiden**

Where will we put 'em, cap'n?

**Captain Avril**

Err... yer cabins?

**Admiral Leigh**

Your cabins!?

**Captain Avril**

Where else? Overboard?

**Admiral Leigh**

Y—your cabins are fine!

**Captain Avril**

That's wha' I thought!

*[Exit ALL]*

**SCENE IV. In CAPTAIN AVRIL's cabins.**

*[Enter CAPTAIN AVRIL and ADMIRAL LEIGH]*

**Captain Avril**

So, ye want some grub or somethin'?

**Admiral Leigh**

Grub?

**Captain Avril**

Aye? Ye know, things ye put in yer mouth when ye're starvin'?

**Admiral Leigh**

You're offering me *food*?

**Captain Avril**

Oh, call it wha' ye want! I'm goin' t' get meself some grub. Ye tired? I can hang a hammock fer ye.

**Admiral Leigh**

I'm... a prisoner though, right?

**Captain Avril**

Well, I mean, aye, but where will ye sleep, the floor? That's mighty uncomfortable.

**Admiral Leigh**

You're giving me a place to sleep? I mean, sure, but what kind of pirate are you?

**Captain Avril**

[proudly] The best o' 'em, thank ye!

[Exit CAPTAIN AVRIL and ADMIRAL LEIGH]

**SCENE V. Aboard the Betelgeuse.**

[Enter CAPTAIN AVRIL, BEIDEN and AINSWORTH]

**Captain Avril**

How 'ave yer captives been?

**Ainsworth**

Mine refused grub 'n water wit' a dirty look in 'er eye!

**Beiden**

They seem t' be confused.

**Captain Avril**

Keepin' captives be difficult.

**Ainsworth**

Well, 'm starvin'. Sound the grub bell!

[Bell sounds]

[Enter STAMFORD, GUNNERS and CREW]

[Everyone sits at the dining table]

**Stamford**

Cap'n, didn' t'cha say th' admiral be valuable?

**Captain Avril**

Aye... Stamford, find a wimpy lad, 'n tell him t' go runnin' back t' th' Empire.

**Stamford**

Aye, I've just the lad for ye!

[Exit STAMFORD]

**Gunner 1**

Cap'n, we've ne'er taken scallywags captive afore. Wha' changed?

**Beiden**

I think yer cap'n thinks th' admiral's pretty—



**Gunners and Crew**

[surprised] CAP'N!?

**Captain Avril**

[sputtering] Th' admiral has value, s'all!

**Ainsworth**

[snickers] Sen'imental value, aye?

**Captain Avril**

Oh, shaddap!

**Ainsworth**

That be an 'aye'!

[Enter STAMFORD, dragging WIMPY SAILOR]

**Stamford**

Wha' be an 'aye'!?

**Captain Avril**

NOTHIN'!

**Beiden**

The cap'n fancies th' admiral!

**Stamford**

The cap'n be in love!?

**Captain Avril**

THE CAP'N BE GOIN' T' BED.

**Gunners and Crew**

Awww...

**Gunner 1**

Goin' back t'... back t' th' admiral, cap'n?

**Stamford**

Yo-ho-ho!

**Captain Avril**

All of ye, shaddap! Somebody help me set up another hammock fer the captive!

**Ainsworth**

Why don't she jus' share a hammock wit' ye?

**Captain Avril**

[aggressively stabs fork into table] I'll do it meself!

[Exit CAPTAIN AVRIL]



**Stamford**

She be mighty mad at ye—

**Gunner 2**

Maybe we took it t' far...

*[Exit ALL]*

**SCENE VI. In CAPTAIN AVRIL's cabins.**

*[Enter ADMIRAL LEIGH and CAPTAIN AVRIL]*

**Captain Avril**

*[quietly]* Blasted lads, the lot o' 'em. *[louder]* I've yer grub and hammock!

**Admiral Leigh**

How shall I eat? My hands are tired.

**Captain Avril**

Hmm... I'll free ye if ye give me yer name.

**Admiral Leigh**

That's it?

**Captain Avril**

I'll also be watchin' yer every move.

**Admiral Leigh**

*[sighs]* Alright, then. You can call me Leigh.

**Captain Avril**

Lovely. *[bends behind ADMIRAL LEIGH and unties her]* 'Ere ye go, then. *[places a dish down]*

**Admiral Leigh**

Hmph. *[begins to eat]* Thank you.

**Captain Avril**

Looks like th' admiral knows 'er manners!

**Admiral Leigh**

*[swallows]* What would a pirate know about manners?

**Captain Avril**

I know that if yer life be saved, ye say thanks.

**Admiral Leigh**

*[pauses]* Thanks, then.



**Captain Avril**

*[surprised] Ah—yer mighty welcome! Now, mind adjustin' me hammock and puttin' up yers?*

*[ADMIRAL LEIGH groans but gets up and obeys]*

**Captain Avril**

Well then, g'night, Leigh! *[stretches onto hammock]*

**Admiral Leigh**

Good night, *[pauses]* Avril.

*[Curtain draws]*

## ACT II

### SCENE I. In the Royal Empire Castle.

*[Enter QUEEN and WIMPY SAILOR]*

**Wimpy Sailor**

Y—your Majesty! *[drops down to one knee]* Admiral Leigh has been captured! The pirates have written a note.

*[The WIMPY SAILOR passes the QUEEN a piece of paper]*

**Queen**

*[pauses, then chuckles]* “My dearest Queen. I do not know how to tell you this, but I have always loved you. Your berry-blue orbs entrance me, your chocolate brown hair—”

**Wimpy Sailor**

*[coughs and snatches the paper out of the QUEEN's hands]* Excuse me for my treason, Your Majesty! I did not intend to hand you that, um, private letter. This should be the correct one.

*[He holds out a second piece of paper, but the QUEEN does not take it]*

**Queen**

Perhaps you should read it to me.

**Wimpy Sailor**

Ah! Yes, Your Majesty. *[clears throat]* “To the Queen of the Empire. Ahoy! ‘Tis Captain Avril and her crew. We have captured your beloved admiral, and will now use her for ransom money.”

*[raises voice]* “IF YOU DON’T WANT THE ADMIRAL TO DIE A PAINFUL DEATH, MEET US AT THE WEST HARBOUR OF THE EMPIRE TOMORROW AND GIVE US A BOOTYLOAD OF BOOTY, YOU CHILD!” *[lowers voice]* “Sincerely, pirates.”

**Queen**

*[scoffs]* Such foolishness. Leave me.



*[WIMPY SAILOR drops to a knee, then leaves]*

*[Exit WIMPY SAILOR]*

**Queen**

They think I will just hand over money? The audacity to capture my admiral, and then invite me to the harbour without any peace treaty? *[snaps fingers]*

*[Enter SERVANT]*

**Servant**

Yes, my Queen?

**Queen**

Order the troops to gather at the West Harbour for tomorrow. We have some pirates to threaten.

**SCENE II. In CAPTAIN AVRIL's cabins.**

*[Enter ADMIRAL LEIGH and CAPTAIN AVRIL]*

**Captain Avril**

Leigh—It's me turn t' cook fer everyone 'n I've nominated ye t' help me!

**Admiral Leigh**

Oh, Lord.

*[ADMIRAL LEIGH and CAPTAIN AVRIL walk to the kitchen]*

**Admiral Leigh**

So, what do you have?

**Captain Avril**

Pickled vegetables 'n fruit, beans, salted beef and fish.

**Admiral Leigh**

How about a fish stew?

**Captain Avril**

Aye!

*[ADMIRAL LEIGH chops up pickled vegetables]*

*[CAPTAIN AVRIL boils water]*

*[ADMIRAL LEIGH cuts up the fish]*

*[ADMIRAL LEIGH winces, yanking her hand away]*



**Captain Avril**

*[immediately drops ladle]* Wha' happened?

**Admiral Leigh**

It's fine.

**Captain Avril**

Yer bleedin'—that doesn't look fine. 'Ere, let me help ye cut the fish.

*[CAPTAIN AVRIL reaches around ADMIRAL LEIGH, placing her hand over the latter's and cutting the fish]*

**Admiral Leigh**

*[hissing]* What are you doing?

**Captain Avril**

'M cuttin' the fish?

**Admiral Leigh**

It—it must be uncomfortable—

**Captain Avril**

It... ain't. It ain't uncomfortable.

**Admiral Leigh**

*[pulls away, pressing a hand to her forehead]* S—sorry. I think I may have a fever. It's very warm here.

*[Exit ADMIRAL LEIGH]*

*[CAPTAIN AVRIL presses her hand to her own forehead]*

**Captain Avril**

I reckon I be comin' down wit' a fever too.

### SCENE III. Aboard the Betelgeuse.

*[The stage is split in half. On the left are the PIRATES. On the right are the NAVY. The spotlight is illuminating the NAVY]*

**Admiral Leigh**

Why must I be in that loud, obnoxious captain's cabin? I so wish that she'd be kept out of my sight. Her presence is larger-than-life, and it is distracting! I can't plan my escape! It doesn't help that she always smells of alcohol, to the point where I just know when she's been drinking, which is usually rum with a splash of grape juice. Who in their right mind chooses that combination to drink? And there's nothing for me to do on this dumb ship, so all I do is *[imitating Captain Avril]* "sit still 'n look pretty." My pride, it shatters! All because of that idiotic Captain Avril!



*[The spotlight switches, illuminating the PIRATES]*

**Captain Avril**

I tell ye, that Leigh be plannin' somethin'! She's on a pirate ship, wit' a bunch o' pirates 'n weapons, 'n she 'asn't made a single move t' try t' attack or capture me! Don't even mention the way she rambles on 'n on when she's bored, which be all the time, which be jus' mighty ungrateful fer our hospitality. 'N when she sleeps, she snores; I mean, 'tis nah mighty loud, but 'tis this odd kitten-like purrin'. I've been losin' sleep because o' 'er!

*[The spotlight illuminates both sides]*

**Beiden, Ainsworth, Simon and Herschel**

Looks like love—

**Captain Avril and Admiral Leigh**

Wha' (what) is love!?

*[Enter STAMFORD]*

**Stamford**

BABY DON'T HURT ME—*[freezes]* bad time? Bad time—aye, I'll just escort meself out—

*[Exit STAMFORD]*

**Admiral Leigh**

In love with—you think I am in love with—with a pirate!?

*[The spotlight illuminates the PIRATES]*

**Captain Avril**

Wha' made ye think 'm in love wit' Leigh?

**Beiden**

I saw the way ye looked at 'er when ye was makin' that grub together.

**Captain Avril**

I was lookin' at 'er funny 'cause she hurt 'erself, that's all!

*[The spotlight illuminates the NAVY]*

**Simon**

Leigh, you came running out of the kitchens clutching your finger like God just blessed it—

**Admiral Leigh**

*[indignantly]* I wasn't clutching it!

*[The spotlight illuminates the PIRATES]*

**Ainsworth**

The cap'n be definitely in love wit' th' admiral!



**Captain Avril**

'M NOT!

*[The spotlight illuminates the NAVY]*

**Herschel**

*[to ADMIRAL LEIGH]* Please, you even know what kind of rum she likes!

**Simon**

Falling in love after only a few days, dang.

**Admiral Leigh**

Stop! Why would I ever like a pirate? They smell and have no respect!

**Herschel**

Pirates smell? What does Captain Avril smell like?

**Admiral Leigh**

Like grape ju—THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT!

*[The spotlight illuminates both sides]*

**Beiden and Simon**

Anyways, people be (are) alreadybettin' (betting). Ye (you) goin' (going) t' (to) give us results?

**Captain Avril and Admiral Leigh**

YE (YOU) BET ON US!?

**Beiden and Simon**

So there be (is) an 'us'!

**Captain Avril and Admiral Leigh**

WHA' (WHAT)!? NO!

**Beiden, Ainsworth, Simon, and Herschel**

There be (is)!

**Captain Avril and Admiral Leigh**

[sigh] There ain't (isn't) gonna (going to) be an end t' (to) this, right?

*[Exit ALL]*

#### SCENE IV. By the West Harbour of the Empire.

*[Enter CAPTAIN AVRIL, ADMIRAL LEIGH, BEIDEN, AINSWORTH, SIMON, HERSCHEL and STAMFORD]*

**Captain Avril**

Today's the day.



**Admiral Leigh**

Today's the day.

**Captain Avril**

Ye be, uh, excited t' go 'ome?

**Admiral Leigh**

Not really...

*[Enter QUEEN]*

**Queen**

So, you pirates kept your word.

**Captain Avril**

Aye, we did. Did ye?

**Queen**

Excuse me? I'm not about to give you money for kidnapping my admiral! She's clearly untied, so she'll come straight away to me.

**Captain Avril**

Ye don't 'ave the booty?

**Queen**

What I have is a whole army ready for you if you don't hand over my admiral.

**Admiral Leigh**

My Queen, is this really necessary? That isn't fair—

**Queen**

Fair? You know what isn't fair, admiral? What isn't fair is that I had to wake up before noon, just to save you!

**Admiral Leigh**

What isn't fair is that you came here without the money. And, uh, I might not be going with you—

*[Everyone gasps]*

**Queen**

Admiral. Do you truly mean to say that you will choose these pirates over your Queen? Come here, Leigh.

**Admiral Leigh**

There are misconceptions, my Queen. These pirates; although they took my crew and I captive, they left us untied and provided us with proper food and bedding.

**Queen**

It matters not. You shan't choose both the Empire and the pirates. They're evil, taking from us with force.



**Stamford**

Actually, missy, we use brandin' t' convince y'all t' hand over the booty.

**Queen**

Such unrefined language! You dare address me as 'missy'?

**Simon**

I've been studying the wage of average sailors, and while you pay high-ranking officers quite a large share, average sailors barely receive enough to survive.

**Herschel**

Living as pirates might even give us a cozier life.

**Queen**

This is outrageous! Admiral. Choose, now.

**Captain Avril**

Leigh—look at me, Leigh. It don't matter which side ye want t' end up on, as long as ye think 'tis right. If ye be happy, I be happy. Perhaps we shall meet each other at sea again.

**Admiral Leigh**

[surprised] A—Avril?

**Beiden**

Woah, there, cap'n!

**Ainsworth**

'N t' think ye be spoutin' lies 'bout hatin' 'er yesterday!

**Admiral Leigh**

But—Avril, you hate me. Don't you?

**Captain Avril**

Ah. Well, 'tis quite the opposite, ye see—

**Queen**

Oh, please! Pirate, you don't deserve her. Leigh?

**Admiral Leigh**

I'm—I choose—*[quietly]* to stay.

**All**

What!?

**Beiden, Ainsworth, Simon, Herschel and Stamford**

SHE STAYS!

**Captain Avril**

[surprised] Ye—ye stayin'? Wit' me? *[smiles]* So ye couldn't resist me charms, darlin'?



**Admiral Leigh**

[laughs] Don't let it get to your big head, Avril. [slips her hand into CAPTAIN AVRIL's]

[Everyone cheers]

**Queen**

Ugh! This is preposterous! [stomps away]

[Exit QUEEN]

**Beiden**

Back t' the ship!

**Simon**

To our home!

**Pirates and Navy**

T' (to) our 'ome (home)!

[Exit ALL]



# Unclean Drinking Water on First Nations Reserves



SCHOOL: Pope John Paul II  
TEACHER: Chelsea Henderson  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Julia Mullins  
UNIT: Thunder Bay Elementary  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Aldo Grillo

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / NONFICTION  
by Aspen Starr

My name is Aspen Starr, I am a member of the Biigtigong Nishnaabeg First Nation located on the greatest freshwater lake in the world, Lake Superior. While I have never had to worry about the quality or safety of the water that comes out of my tap, many Indigenous Peoples in Canada like myself, do.

During the 2015 Canadian federal election, Justin Trudeau made a commitment to get rid of all long-term drinking water advisories for First Nation Reserve public water systems by March 31, 2021. As of November 1, 2021, 119 advisories had been lifted, but 43 were still ongoing in 31 communities.

Health Canada has distinguished three different types of drinking water advisories: Boil Water, Do Not Consume, and Do Not Use.

A **Boil Water** advisory is placed in effect when a community's water system is polluted with fecal pollution indicator organisms, like E. coli, or when the quality of the water is questionable because of operational deficiencies. When in this situation, boiling water to a rolling boil for a minimum of one minute will make it safe for human utilization. A **Do Not Consume** advisory is put in place when a community's water is contaminated with things like lead, and cannot be resolved by boiling the water. A **Do Not Use** advisory is put in place when water usage contains a risk to your health; the water system contains pollution that cannot be extracted by boiling the water. Exposure to this water could cause skin, eye, and nose irritation.

Aside from these three types of advisories, there can also be short-term advisories, which last less than a year, or long-term ones which last a year or longer. Short-term advisories normally imply a temporary issue.

Most First Nations people have cultural and spiritual connections to water; so even though water is easy to access for the average Canadian, many First Nations communities have been experiencing challenges accessing clean water for way too long. The number of infections caused by water in First Nations communities is 26 times higher than the national average.



Despite all the efforts made, the situation of insufficient access to clean and safe water in First Nations communities is still a problem. The government has failed to meet the 2015 commitment to get rid of all long-term water advisories by March 31, 2021. Communities that are still under these advisories cannot move on, or start new projects, because of their water. Communities cannot advance if they are denied clean water.

In 2003, Josephine Mandamin walked around the Great Lakes, worried about the pollution of the water. She carried water in a copper pail, as copper has a significance in First Nations Culture. Josephine is also known as the Water Walker, because of her determination. Because of her significance, Josephine has had a book written about her. In the story, Josephine appears as *Nokomis*, the Ojibwe word for grandmother. Nokomis walks to raise awareness, and for her great love for *nibi*, which is the Ojibwe word for water. Josephine has inspired many people with her story.

No matter the religion you practice, the cultural teachings you learn, or even the colour of your skin, you shouldn't have to face the challenge of unsafe water.



# The Tango



SCHOOL: St. Mary's (Kitchener)  
TEACHER: Roseangela Cappellano  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Ted Mukhar  
UNIT: Waterloo  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Patrick Etmanski

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / SHORT STORY  
by Bella Lewis

My eyes gaze up at the staircase as a murmur goes through the crowd. There she is, wearing a crimson red dress with a slit trailing up her thigh. It ends just low enough to hide the dagger sheathed within. By the colour of her dress, I can tell that blood will be spilled tonight. *My blood.*

Her golden blond hair is tied into a neat bun on the top of her head. Handy if she needs to jump into action swiftly. Her face is covered in a small amount of make-up, making her look like a porcelain doll. She is the image of perfection; not a hair out of place.

Jane.

I watch as many of the men in the ballroom turn their gaze onto her. It makes me want to cry out that she is mine. I want to carry her out of this room myself. I want to take her to a place where we can be alone. No spies, no cameras, no secrets. Alas, she is my enemy and I must control myself.

I see her finally reach the end of the staircase. The music starts up again as Jane glides towards the dance floor. A man offers up his arm and she takes it, gracefully spinning around to the beat of the song. It takes all of my self-control to contain myself; I calmly walk over and tap the man on the shoulder.

“Pardon me sir, may I dance with this lovely lady?” I say.

The man sneers, but steps aside to be polite.

Jane places one hand on my shoulder and the other in mine. “Lovely lady? Be careful, Ned, you might make me blush.”

“When have you ever been known to blush at a man’s compliment?” I ask.

She looks me up and down. “When have you ever been known to give a lady a compliment?”



A new song starts up and I recognize it as a tango. This should be interesting. I pull her closer, our faces only inches apart. We start walking side by side, perfectly in tune with the song, and with each other. It feels like our bodies are made to fit together. Two pieces of the same puzzle who have been apart for too long.

Jane looks up at me, her eyelashes fluttering. The look she gives me is almost enough to make me fall weak at the knees. *Almost*. I look into her eyes; they are bluer than any sea I have ever seen before. I find myself drowning in them, never wanting to surface again. She moves closer than I ever dared to. I can feel her warm breath on my face. Feel her chest pressing against the pistol hidden in my suit jacket, our lips almost brushing.

Jane smiles a wicked smile. “Oh Ned, did you really think it would be that easy?”

I feel the dagger before I see it; before I have the chance to defend myself. A scream leaves my lips as I crash to the floor. I see her cackle as she wipes her dagger on her dress. She looks at me with a gaze so fierce, any grown man would run away crying.

“Goodbye, Ned,” is the last thing I hear before I am consumed by darkness.



# The Mouth of a Shark



SCHOOL: Sacred Heart  
TEACHER: Angela Cherubini  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Jamal Warda  
UNIT: York  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / POEM  
by Natasha Abor-Gabriel

- i) I heard that no one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark.\*

Indeed

We had to leave to live

Flee to be free

Wind up here or end up dead.

Yes, no one leaves home

Unless home is the mouth of a shark

But where else do we begin?

Why struggle to escape the beast,

if you can't swim?

- ii) I had a home,

short days ago

A home soon darkened

by the fat man's shadow

First our dignity ran away

Now wandering bodies,



sure to follow

Use our ribs to feed your wives

And have us eat your rotting apples

I had a home short days ago

My motherland now drowned in sorrow

“Oh, how I love my home sweet home”

I say, with tears on foreign soil

**\*Note from the poet:**

The line in this piece, “No one leaves home unless home is the mouth of a shark,” is an allusion to the well-known poem *Home* by British-Somali poet Warsaw Shire. The quote is most significant to my story as an immigrant. It is a great honour to be inspired by such profound words.



# Murder Strikes the Half Moon Club



SCHOOL: Francis Libermann  
TEACHER: Stephanie Iacobacci  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE:  
Paul DiProspero  
UNIT: Toronto Secondary  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / PLAY  
by Jeslyn Hou, Youmna Asaad,  
Annmaria Rajan, Christina Shi-  
Yun Cho, Savita Tom Yew, and  
Samantha Marcelina Papilla

## Scene I

*RUBY enters the Half Moon Club. She hears muffled arguing between a man and a woman. She disregards it.*

## Scene II

*HAZEL frantically runs around the club. She is looking for FANNY.*

HAZEL

Where is she? That bird is doing me no good, giving me the heebie-jeebies!

*HAZEL goes to the back of the club to check for FANNY, but instead, she finds LEONARD standing over FANNY's body. HAZEL gasps.*

HAZEL

Leonard... what... w—what have you done?

LEONARD

It's not what you think, Hazel!

*HAZEL runs off into the club to get help, with LEONARD staggering behind her.*

LEONARD

Hazel, wait!



### Scene III

*LEONARD, HAZEL, FRED, and JUNE are sitting in the now empty bar, waiting for HAZEL to explain the situation. RUBY is eavesdropping behind the door.*

HAZEL

I was looking for Fanny... and then...  
Leonard—that bloody killer! Killed my poor Fanny!

LEONARD

That's baloney! You know me, I'm on the level... I didn't bump her off!

HAZEL

But—but I saw you! My eyes never deceive me. You were there... standing over her dead body!

LEONARD

I saw her too! But when I got there, she was already dead!

HAZEL

You're bluffing!

LEONARD

Come on, Hazel, why would I do that to Fanny? We had a good friendship—there was no bad blood between us, I swear.

FRED

Leonard has a point, Hazel. I don't think he'd do something so atrocious.

HAZEL

Well, fine then... Leonard? Did you see anything else? I could only manage one glimpse of poor Fanny's body before...

*HAZEL becomes emotional.*

JUNE

Oh, for god's sake... I've had an earful! Suck it up, Hazel! We get it, the doll is dead. Let's just get on with this before the police get involved and shut this juice joint down!

LEONARD

Well, I'm pretty sure Fanny was shot.

*RUBY leans onto the door, causing it to open. She stumbles out into the open.*

LEONARD

Is that... Ruby Miller? What are you doing here at this time? The joint is closed.

JUNE

Have you been eavesdropping this whole time?!



RUBY  
I can explain!

HAZEL  
Beat it, Ruby!

RUBY  
No, please. I didn't mean to eavesdrop, I was just gonna get my things and go, but the door was closed... and I didn't wanna barge in, especially since this whole thing seemed so... intense.

HAZEL  
Well, get your things and leave then.

RUBY  
But, I'm already here anyway... I'd like to help.

HAZEL  
Frankly, Ruby, this is none of your beeswax.

RUBY  
Look, I didn't know Fanny that well, but that flapper helped me feel welcomed in this town. And... I think I heard that she was shot? I'm pretty familiar with firearms, so I think I can help.

FRED  
Hazel, she's already eavesdropped. There's no undoing that. Let's just let her stay.

RUBY  
So, I know I said I was eavesdropping, but can I hear what happened again?

LEONARD  
Alright, so, as the joint was closing, I went out to the back to throw away some things. But I wasn't expecting to see Fanny's body there. She was just... there. I didn't know what to do, so I just stood there. Next thing I knew, Hazel was there too.

HAZEL  
Yeah, I was looking for Fanny because we usually leave together. But, when I saw Leonard there, just standing over Fanny... it looked like he killed her. I mean, what else was I supposed to think?

RUBY  
You could've listened to Leonard instead of accusing him right away. Honestly, it just seems as though you're trying to make him seem the most suspicious to drive the attention away from yourself.

HAZEL  
Excuse me? What are you implying?

RUBY  
Simply that we're all suspects. Even you, Hazel. So don't even try to make yourself look innocent right now by putting all the suspicion on Leonard.



HAZEL

You've got this all balled-up. Fanny was my best friend. I wouldn't hurt her, there was no reason for me to do so. Who do you think you are, anyway? If we're all suspects, let's talk about you, then.

RUBY

Look, I'm just saying we can't pinpoint it on one person right now. That's not fair.

FRED

Okay, cut it, let's just get back on track.

LEONARD

Well, I do remember something about Ruby. Before Hazel arrived, I saw the wound on Fanny's body. Now, before tonight, before all of this chaos, I also remember Fanny saying that she saw Ruby hide a gun in her garter.

HAZEL

Well! That would make sense! Why else would you know so much about firearms, then, Ruby? You probably own one of your own!

LEONARD

Ruby, did you—

RUBY

It's not like that! I'm telling ya—it wasn't me! And I'll prove it wasn't me by the end of this, you'll see.

*MR. CHARLES "LUCKY" COLEMAN walks in happily, clueless to the situation at hand.*

HAZEL

Good heavens. This is bad. We can't just tell him that his girlfriend was murdered at the back of his own club.

CHARLES

What's going on fellas? I just got back from my business trip, but I thought it'd be good to stop by...

*CHARLES notices the depressing and intense vibe within the group in front of him.*

CHARLES

Uh, what's the matter?

*Everyone is silent. They don't know how to tell him the bad news. RUBY steps up.*

RUBY

Mr. Coleman, or—can I call you Charles? Fanny was killed at the back of your joint.

## Scene IV

*FRED pulls RUBY aside.*



FRED

Listen Ruby, you clearly have the brains to figure out this... situation.

RUBY

You mean murder?

FRED

Uh, precisely. But I think it'd be quite nifty if you'd allow me to point out to you how, well... obviously it's that Charles killed his girlfriend. You know, since you're new and all.

RUBY

I thought Mr. Coleman's friends called him Lucky.

FRED

Uh, well... I did say you had the brains for this, right?

RUBY

Enough small-talk.

FRED

Right. Well Char—Lucky, *Lucky* thought Fanny was an ordinary baby vamp. It wasn't until the two of 'em started to argue and double-cross one another that he realized she was a bearcat.

RUBY

Go on.

FRED

Well, of course. It's also always been the talk of the town that Mister Lucky Coleman is affiliated with a gang. Ever heard that? Well, it means the bird is a natural at violence. I'll bet ya' the live-wire had fun bumpin' her off... Or tellin' another goon tuh' do it for him.

RUBY

Hm. Thank you for your input, Mr. Ford.

FRED

Oh please, call me Fred.

## Scene V

*RUBY and LEONARD make their way towards the bar.*

LEONARD

Well, you're a lot like a Christmas tree... Although I wouldn't say being under the table is quite fitting for this occasion. I don't think Charles would mind getting a little woozy soon.

RUBY

Mr. Lewis, would you mind holding on to that moonshine a minute?



*RUBY approaches CHARLES.*

RUBY

Everything is Jake, you'll get your liquor in a moment. First, I must speak to you. Mr. Coleman, I understand you're in a state of shock right now, but try hitting on all six and answer me to the best of your abilities. What can you tell me about your relationship with Fanny?

CHARLES

God, the relationship I *had*. Okay, well, Fanny and I had been going out for a while. I'm on the up and up when I say that what we had together was the butterfly's boots. Boasting is no good, but I must say, our relationship was quite nifty.

RUBY

I'm sure it was. Now, I must inquire about something other than the cat's meow. What can you tell me about the talk around town being that you are, perhaps, affiliated with a gang?

CHARLES

You better catch up with the current tales!

RUBY

I don't—pardon me, Mr. Coleman, but I do not seem to understand.

CHARLES

Oh no, my apologies, it slipped my mind that you haven't been living in this town for the last twenty years or so. I only razed you about that rumor because I haven't heard it in years! You see, back in my swell days of high school, a classmate of mine had both started and spread the rumor you just spoke of. A good fella, he was. Wonder where he went.

RUBY

Is there anything else you'd like to add? Anything that you presume would lead me—lead us—closer to finding Fanny's killer?

CHARLES

Just now, I arrived back from a business trip. I was sitting pretty out there... if only I came back earlier... perhaps she'd still be alive.

RUBY

Mr. Lewis!

*LEONARD hands CHARLES a glass of liquor.*

RUBY

Mr. Coleman? Did Fanny happen to have any tensions with anyone?

CHARLES

No—well, I used to date June Jenkins. I ended things with her after meeting Fanny. I never double-crossed June, and Fanny had always tried her best to be on good terms with June, but June never budged. Oddly enough, she has always been jealous of Fanny, even though I'm the one she should have been upset with.



RUBY

Thank you, Mr. Colman, for sharing.

## Scene VI

*FRED is drinking at the bar. RUBY approaches him.*

RUBY

Mr. Ford, I'd suggest going easy on the drinking, you look rather ossified.

FRED

Lay off.

RUBY

Well, that was uncalled for. I only wanted to ask you where you stand in this... situation. Did I ever tell you that I heard Fanny arguing with a man earlier on?

FRED

What are you implying? That *I'm* the killer?  
You dumb Dora. You've come to silly conclusions.

*FRED gets out of his seat, and grabs a cigarette from his jacket pocket.*

FRED

It was a stupid argument anyways.

*FRED leaves the bar to smoke outside. RUBY has a flashback of the argument she previously overheard.*

JUNE

I need a puff.

*JUNE rummages through FRED's jacket, looking for a cigarette, and finds a gun instead. RUBY takes the gun from JUNE's hands, and starts examining it. The others gather around.*

RUBY

Aha! There's a bullet missing!

*A wanted poster is shown. It displays FRED FORD as dangerous.*

THE END.



# The Hidden Masterpieces of Johann Sebastian Bach: Contemplating Bach's Greatest Organ Works



SCHOOL: St. Michael's Choir School

TEACHERS: Keenan Dougherty and Allison Holmes

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Rouba Abou-Merhi

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / NONFICTION

by Peter Leong

Widely regarded as the father of Classical music, Johann Sebastian Bach occupies a significant and noteworthy position in the history of Classical music. Born during the Baroque era in 1685, Bach composed more than 1,000 works for chamber, keyboard, orchestra, violin, and numerous other forms during his life. His works display the very same intricate detail, opulence, and beauty that can describe much of the era's architecture and visual art. While many are aware of some of his most famous compositions, such as the *Brandenburg Concertos*, *Mass in B minor*, *Das wohltemperierte Klavier*, and *Matthäus-Passion*; a larger number of his most remarkable works, such as his trio sonatas, preludes, fugues, fantasias, and concertos for organ, remain unknown. This is caused in part by the small size of the global organ community, but is also due to the niche position organ culture holds in modern society. My goal in this paper is to expose some of Bach's most fascinating organ works by explaining their unique or differentiating musical features and prevalence amongst Bach's other works.

Bach's six organ trio sonatas, *Bach-Werke-Verzeichnis* ("BWV") 525–530, were written during his later years in Leipzig whilst he was at his zenith of musical prowess. During this time, Bach composed hundreds of sacred cantatas, large scale works, such as *The Art of Fugue*, and secular music (e.g., his numerous organ works). What made Bach so innovative was his adaptation of the form—for what was usually composed for numerous instruments—to the organ. Although the trio sonatas can appear simple in nature—featuring only two voices on keyboard and basso continuo in the pedal—they demand nothing but the highest level of technique and mechanical skill from an organist. Additionally, despite some of Bach's other contrapuntal organ works being more complex polyphonically—composed using five to six independent voices—the trio sonatas present their own difficulties in that, due to their clear texture, any error made by a performer can easily be heard. Another challenge that directly affects a performance is an organist's choice of registrations. The organ is unique from any other instrument because of the diverse and vast collection of sounds it can produce. Each family of sounds is classified as a stop; selecting the correct combination of stops requires both experience and expertise. Although the three melodic lines found in the sonata can be registered using stops with similar timbre and colour, choosing a registration that allows for distinct yet complementary



voices helps to bring out each independent melody. Any musician capable of conquering the organ trio sonatas will acquire the necessary precision and artistry to overcome any problems they may encounter in either old or modern organ literature.

Although not as abundant as those he wrote for keyboard, Bach impressively composed well over twenty large-scale preludes and fugues for the organ. It is fascinating to observe the development of his musical maturity present in these works which were composed periodically throughout his life. Some of the greatest of these include his Preludes and Fugues in C major, C minor, and A minor; all of which were written during Bach's years in Leipzig. The Baroque prelude is a free-form structure which allows composers to write freely, unrestricted from many strict constraints of other styles. In addition to exploiting the capabilities of this free-form style, Bach capitalized on the unique traits of the organ to create majestic preludes. Unlike some forms which use the pedal solely as accompaniment to the melody, Bach often keeps the pedal active and lively, at times using it independently to create pompous pedal solos. Like many of his other works, Bach consistently expresses his intellect by using common harmonic progressions in innovative manners throughout his works. One of his most widely used progressions, the descending fifths sequence, is often referred to by some musicologists as "Bach's phone number" because of its frequent appearance in his repertoire. It is commonly used to quickly move from one key to the next; the destined key is typically closely related to the home key and deviates no more than one accidental. The descending fifths sequence, like other sequences, is pleasing to the untrained ear because it follows a structured pattern that is less harmonically dense and easier to follow. The full sequence appears in his "Dorian" Toccata and Fugue in D minor, BWV 538, as Bach moves from the home key to the dominant key of A major (Ex. 1).

Ex. 1: Measures 21-24 of the toccata from BWV 538

Source: Dietrich Kilian. *Bärenreiter-Verlag: Orgelwerke Band 5*. 1972

The fugue generally follows after a prelude but can also succeed a toccata, fantasia, or be written as a standalone work. It can be viewed as opposite in nature to the prelude due to its organized structure. A fugue contains two key components: the exposition (this includes the subject, answer, and countersubject), and the development (any re-entry of the subject is connected to the previous entry or re-entry via a fugal episode). These episodes allow the composer to develop the fugue in



any way they see fit, provided they abide by the intrinsic rules of counterpoint. Finally, an optional recapitulation can be used to summarize a fugue's major musical ideas. In the Classical world, the fugue is widely considered as the pinnacle of contrapuntal writing because of the sheer complexity that arises through having numerous and independent yet accompanying melodic lines. Fugues set for organ can use the pedal to increase contrapuntal complexity; Bach achieves this consistently throughout many of his fugues to create a rich texture of contrasting and complementing voices. One of his most extraordinary examples is his fugue for six voices based on the chorale melody, *Aus tiefer Not schrei ich zu dir* (BWV 686). In this fugue, Bach gives the pedal line not one, but two independent voices in addition to the four already present on the manuals. He augments and places the main melody predominantly in the top pedal part, allowing it, through certain registrations, to pierce through the thick texture (Ex. 2).

Ex. 2: Measures 9-12 from BWV 686

Source: Albert Riemenschneider. *Clavier-Übung III.* 1959

In literature, a text is more enjoyable when its author seamlessly connects their ideas and expressions from one to the next. In a similar manner, there is a desire in music to maintain a sustained flow throughout a piece. Bach remarkably accomplishes this in many of his works, but does so particularly well in his fugues. These organ preludes and fugues represent a small yet significant portion of Bach's tremendous contribution to organ literature, serving as a precursor to some of his largest works.

Often dwarfed by the Toccata and Fugue in D minor, BWV 565, and many of Bach's other Weimar compositions, the five organ concertos hold a special place in Bach's repertoire because they are not compositions of his own, but rather arrangements of pre-existing concertos. They include Vivaldi's Violin Concerto in D major, *Ryom-Verzeichnis* (RV) 208, Concerto for 2 Violins in A minor (RV 522), Concerto for 2 Violins and Cello in D minor (RV 565), and two lost violin concertos by the Prince of Weimar. Commissioned by Prince Johann Ernst, the organ concertos were written with the intent of



being virtuosic and practical in nature rather than being works for study (Williams 202). Additionally, unlike many of his organ works, the organ concertos retain the documented registration used by Bach. In his Organ Concerto in D minor (BWV 596), Bach solely uses 4' stops in order to achieve the same register for what would have been played by the first and second violin in the original concerto (Ex. 3).

The musical score shows three staves. The top staff is labeled 'Oberw.' and 'Octav. 4''. The middle staff is labeled 'Brustpos.' and 'Octav. 4''. The bottom staff is labeled 'Pedale' and 'Princip. 8''. The music is in common time and starts with an Allegro tempo. The notes are primarily sixteenth notes.

Ex. 3: Measures 1-6 of the first movement from BWV 596

Source: Pierre Gouin. *Montréal*. 2015

Bach also makes extensive use of manual changes in these concertos to create colourful, contrasting sections. In the first movement of his Organ Concerto in G major (BWV 592), Bach utilizes the ritornello form to move quickly from the established forte theme on the Great to a quieter complementing gigue-like B section on the Swell. The two easily flow into one another, free of complications (Ex. 4).

The musical score shows three staves. The top staff is labeled 'Rückpositiv'. The middle staff is labeled 'Rückpositiv'. The bottom staff is labeled 'Pedale'. The music is in common time and starts with a forte section. The notes are primarily eighth notes. Measure 37 marks a transition to a quieter section on the Swell manual.

Ex. 4: Measures 32-37 of the first movement from BWV 592

Source: Pierre Gouin. *Montréal*. 2015

These innovative musical ideas allowed Bach to compose works beyond the scope of the Baroque era, culminating in the creation of one of his most difficult, complex, and significant works, *Clavier-Übung III*.

Although the complete work and its numerous parts all deserve recognition, the prelude and fugue that commence and conclude the work respectively stand out as the most famous among them all. *Clavier-Übung III* is commonly known as the “German Organ Mass” due to it containing the various components of the liturgy, such as the Kyrie, Gloria, and Credo. Despite the success of his recently published *Well-Tempered Clavier, Part I*, Bach wrote the majority of *Clavier-Übung III* using modal systems, likely due to their religious significance (Riemenschneider 18). Additionally, even though the sonata form is typically attributed to being a style developed during the Classical era, Bach implements



the form exceptionally well in his prelude, featuring all of its key features (exposition, development, recapitulation, and coda) that were only established as such well after his own death. The prelude itself can be divided into three central themes, each symbolizing a different Person of the Trinity (Riemenschneider 27). The first theme symbolizes God the Father in complete grandeur and majesty, yet beneath all His splendor, dignity is found. Through its amicable and light phrases, the second theme portrays Christ descending from Heaven, expressing His love and compassion for mankind. The third and final theme represents the Holy Spirit through an ever-moving, swift flow of notes, symbolizing Him “as HE appeared in a rush of reviving wind” (Riemenschneider 27). Rather than separating the two, Bach effortlessly continues the melody through both the manuals and pedal, never failing to maintain its constant motion (Ex. 5).



Ex. 5: Measures 147-151 of the prelude from BWV 552

Source: Thomas A. Schneider. *Präludium und Fuge Es-dur*. n.d.

The triple fugue which accompanies the prelude is written in five parts; it too symbolizes each member of the Trinity in its three parts like the prelude yet does so in different manners. The opening fugue which represents the Father does not focus on his grandeur as the prelude does, instead, it portrays his serenity through the calm, amble movement of each voice. Bach creates a distinct separation between the end of the first section and the beginning of the second fugal exposition through a change in time signature from 4/2 to 6/4. This second fugue depicts Christ with quick melodic figures which symbolize Him carrying out his duties on Earth. The absence of pedal “is symbolical that Christ’s mission on earth was to be of short duration with no abiding place” (Riemenschneider 146). The third exposition begins by changing to a time signature of 12/8 where Bach opens the final fugue by a figurative use of an E-flat major triad separate from the subject (Ex. 6).



Ex. 6: Measures 82-85 of the fugue from BWV 552

Source: Thomas A. Schneider. *Präludium und Fuge Es-dur*. n.d.

Contrary to the prelude’s portrayal of the Holy Spirit, the fugue depicts Him moving ever upwards in great speed and power. In conjunction with the prelude, BWV 552 illustrates Bach’s complete mastery



of organ composition in addition to his profound devotion to God.

It is difficult to imagine a world without Johann Sebastian Bach, thus, it is disheartening to see many of his greatest works go unrecognized. By not listening to these works, many will never attain a complete appreciation for Bach or organ literature in its entirety. His mastery of the contrapuntal arts is displayed eloquently in not just his elaborate fugues, but also in his simple natured trio sonatas. Additionally, while many may consider Bach to be unemotional in his writing, his exploitative use of the beautifully contrasting possibilities found on the organ—frequently showcased in his organ concertos—speak otherwise. Lastly, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat Major effectively expresses his compositional ideology through ingenious symbolism; for it is Bach himself who proclaimed, "The aim and final end of all music should be none other than the glory of God and the refreshment of the soul." For this reason, I hope many will take the opportunity to listen to the enriching and culturing experience of what can only be described as some of Johann Sebastian Bach's most important and influential works.

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# A Story: My Time in Rhodesia



SCHOOL: Cardinal Carter Academy for the Arts

TEACHER: Isabel Molino

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Isabel Molino

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / SHORT STORY

by Terrin Hicks-Jacobs

**"My time in Rhodesia" and the first man to correct me; A tribute to the eccentric life and essential works of the ever-influential Andretti Tilman, via written account and anecdotal recollection of his long-time friend.**

**by Eric M. Vernon**

One's first introduction to Andretti was widely accepted as an essential "right of passage" of sorts. In journalism, it is hardly uncommon to find yourself in the company of, or acquainted with, some... idiosyncrasies; that is to say, fellow peers who shine with a certain captivating glow. In the case of Mr. Andretti Tilman however, rather than a man who seemed to have *developed* this trait, he seemed something more akin to a man who simply was born with it. Never had I met a man who could talk at length about just about any topic. I myself talked extensively with him about the beauties of Belize, which he knew intimately, and overheard him speak for hours about rabbits. Within the industry, he stood as a kind of litmus test for what one could expect to meet on the other side, in the world outside the writers' room. He was constantly a wonder to talk to, and something about the way he spoke promoted you to consider how you responded. He was a tall man, standing around 6'2". He wore exclusively flared or bootcut trousers, often in a shade of blue. He wore sharp point-collar dress shirts made of silk, heavy cotton, or velvet, which stayed unbuttoned at the top and opened wide to see the tank top he wore beneath. Every morning, he'd trade the blazer he wore into the office with the same green cardigan he kept in his office. He came in sporting pairs of heeled leather boots, which were not far off from Cowboy boots, and would change into the same pair of leather dress loafers that sat just inside his office door. He liked thick-framed glasses and skinny ties (when he wore them).

We never learnt his actual age until his funeral. His untimely passing at 55 was a shock to many, but stung even sharper to his co-workers, who had all assumed he wasn't older than 40. I myself put the man no older than 45, and I knew him for nearly 20 years. He took very good care of himself, evidently. His skin was smooth and rich with a slight tan, his face just unique enough to be considered attractive rather than bizarre. He had features that implied he was a man of southern European descent, when in reality, as I would come to find out, he was from Egypt. He often smelt of earthly scents, like sandalwood or honey, and on the rare social occasions that he would attend, he adopted a sweeter, vanilla and lavender tinted smell. He sported slightly curled jet-black hair, which, in retrospect, justifies the confusion regarding his age. He was a man of eloquent taste who was keen on presenting it. He was known for the expensive candles in his office and the many dazzling jewelry pieces he wore, ranging from rare watches to his extensive collection of rings from the many countries he had visited. Most



importantly, he was, without question, the best writer I ever had the pleasure of knowing.

The man possessed an attention to detail and a fixation on authenticity that was palpable. I was his boss at The Collected Times, a monthly variety magazine that covered everything from contemporary politics to current pop culture. During the '60s and '70s, it was incredibly popular in North America for its exciting journalism and left-field approach. In a magazine full of extensive, multi-paged articles about politics, philosophy, worldwide journalism, and interviews with some of the most important people alive, our readers would frequently send letters to my office begging me to prioritize his pieces, which were notorious for their brief nature and overly long titles.

Now, you might be wondering how he garnered such cult-like following from the readers of my magazine, which had a large following spanning almost every demographic. The answer to your question is the same thing you are implying is a problem. When I first assumed my role as Chief Editor here at The Collected Times, Andretti was a mere music reviewer who was slated for a page a month and rarely got in the first 50 pages of any issue. He was paid a modest salary and was well received, both by co-workers and the larger press world. His reviews tested well with readers consistently. What was painfully apparent, however, was the man's discontent. You see, the man I described to you was Andretti in the last 20 or so years of his life. Before then, he appeared no different from the dozens of men with whom he shared a writers' room. He wore a plain white dress shirt, poorly fitted suits, and, for some odd reason, he kept his hair short and slicked back. He was soft-spoken and patently reserved; he interacted with his co-workers only when necessary. When it came time for meetings and final revisions, he'd speak when prompted, then return to reading or writing. To be honest, dear reader, I hardly noticed his presence at the office. It wasn't until well into his second year of employment that I got a clue into the man that he was.

There was a knock at my office door.

"It's open!" I gently called out, glancing up at the door. In came Mr. Tilman as we knew him at the time. Without word nor hesitation, he sat himself at my desk and placed the previous month's issue down.

"You got a minute to talk?" he asked, in his slightly accented voice.

"Not much longer than that, so keep it concise." I sat back in my chair, placing the draft of that month's issue on my desk. Something about the confidence he walked in with had certainly caught my attention.

"I need to be put in charge of next month's issue," he stated bluntly, no implication of a request; rather an admission of the truth. To be honest, it took me a moment to respond as I had no prerequisite experience with such a bold assertion.

"...May I ask on what grounds or reasoning might you say this?" I replied, not keen on letting such blatant entitlement prosper.

"Have you read it?" The tone of his voice was as assertive as before, calm as could be.

"I have," I retorted.

"So, you know that it's garbage." He spun the issue around on my desk, pushing his round, wire-framed glasses up his nose, opening the copy to one of the many bookmarked pages.

"The writing is inconsistent, the topic selection is comparable to second place student submissions in a high school writing competition, and these so-called journalism pieces are... Well..." he paused to flip to a 2-page article titled *My Time in Rhodesia; The Jewel of Africa and the Beauty of Apartheid* by Richard



Lemaire, which featured a quarter page coloured printout of, to my recollection, our journalist wearing a Cowboy costume, standing aside South African police, brandishing pistols.

“Well...” I attempted to respond, only to be stopped by his continued point.

“There’s more.” He pulled on a sticky note to flip to another page, featuring the same journalist eating among other seemingly well-off white men in a beautifully furnished home, Black men and women serving them as they smiled and ate.

“That’s not—” He cut me off, slamming his index finger to the caption of the picture, which read: “*while there is an argument that Rhodesia would thrive if not for the coloured residents, I myself find they are quite a valuable asset as servants and yard workers.*” Andretti kept his finger placed firmly on the caption and stared at me. Eventually I gathered the courage to look up at him.

“...It’s well written...” I attempted to justify, not faring well at hiding my obvious understanding of the issue at hand.

“It’s horrible. How did this get published? It’s blatantly racist and this man is a white supremacist. At one point in *this* article, he drew comparisons between watching African children play in a yard to the last time he went to a Zoo.” His tone made his frustration, and even confusion apparent.

“Lemaire’s one of our most respected journalists. He’s been writing since the Civil Rights movement. His articles are never rejected,” I explained.

“Oh, I’m aware. I tried speaking to him about it, but stopped when I noticed he’d hung a racist depiction of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. up in his office, behind his head, like it was a Gold Record,” Andretti recounted.

“...We don’t discriminate based on political belief at The Collected Times. Even if I could reject his piece, it’d be going against my morals to censor him for his opinion.”

“You’re pedaling racism, Vernon. And poor journalism too. He spends a paragraph complaining about his car selection at the rental dealership.”

“What else should he talk about?”

“Literally anything going on in Rhodesia right now. The entirety of southern Africa is in the middle of historic civil unrest and we’re publishing articles that are already on the wrong side of history.” His frustration was potent, which was only accented by how right he was. What I would never admit to him was that I had not in fact read the previous month’s issue in full. By then, it’d been well over a year since I had. I often skipped reading through our best writers’ works to save time and, in truth, it made my job remarkably easy.

“Well, why should you be in charge?” I deflected, hoping to move past my glaringly obvious mistake.

“Because I’m one of the best writers here. Half of these guys have been copying and pasting for years, or are just shameless pastiches of better writers. I’m one of the only guys here with style, substance, and some flipping intellect,” he said with enough confidence and vigor that I began to believe him.

“You’re a music reviewer,” I attempted to humble him.

“Because that’s all I’ve ever been given! Not once have you given me an actual assignment,” he near yelled at me, standing from his seat.

“Listen, give me two weeks and I’ll give you the best article this place will have published since bloody Woodstock. If it isn’t? I’ll shut up, resign quietly, and take my talents somewhere else.” His tone made it clear that he meant every word he had just said. This man, who had never written anything longer than a page, was demanding that I entrust him with one of the magazine’s most important slots. If he hadn’t been who he was, it would have been an absolutely preposterous request. Luckily for him, I could tell he meant it. Moreover, he had also just successfully convinced me to replace Richard Lemaire.



We agreed on a budget and a timeline, and within two days, he was on his way to Rhodesia. He brought along his wife and her older brother, who owned and knew how to operate an array of cameras, saving The Times the expense. Due to the nature of his location, communication between us was infrequent and brief. The man could very well have died and we might not have been aware for weeks. Shortly after leaving, the rumor around the office was that Andretti had replaced Lemaire. While this wasn't technically true at the time, they had no idea how right they would be.

Upon his return, Andretti handed to me what was, to this day, among the best pieces of journalism I have ever read. Aptly titled *My Time in Rhodesia Redux: The horrors of Apartheid, the beauty of rebellion, and the battle for cultural liberation*, Andretti penned a hauntingly honest yet beautifully human 27-page article about the youth in Rhodesia and their fight for freedom. He met the subject of the piece, Tichaona Anashe, while walking unaccompanied through the capital city, Salisbury, on his second night. Tichaona was a lyric writer for any of the country's most popular musicians, but, until the article, remained largely unknown out of fear of persecution. In his article, Andretti depicted the wonders to be found in the country, detailing insightful conversations with the racialized people of Rhodesia. He navigated his readers through the complexities of the history of racism in such a concise and effective way. He also managed to include an entire second narrative following youth culture and what would become the next generation of Africans in Rhodesia. The same youth that were bravely standing up to the deplorable government while attending school.

He interviewed someone who had known Steve Biko, a revolutionary figure in African history prior to his assassination the previous year. He met another who was there for the Soweto uprising two years prior. For the uninformed, the Soweto uprising occurred in the township of Soweto in South Africa, where Black African students marched to protest during the Apartheid. Specifically, they were protesting the recently implemented change of using Afrikaans as the default language in textbooks, which the majority of the Black population were never taught to read. The completely non-violent protest resulted in the massacre of countless young students, with 176 confirmed deaths and estimates of up to 700 additional deaths that were never reported by the Rhodesian government. In vivid detail, Andretti gave the readers of our magazine a crash course on the African experience in some parts of Africa, and directly called for our collective eyes. In the same breath, he birthed a renaissance and new-found fame in the South African music scene after giving Tichaona Anashe, and the artists he wrote for, the spotlight. He helped readers empathize with the hopelessness that could come with such unprecedented hatred from those in power, and clearly outlined how, if things didn't change, their future could feel like a sinking ship. Furthermore, his depiction of the students in Rhodesia was so good at capturing the essence and truth of their experience that they became majorly influential in the West as symbols of bravery and rebellion.

Upon his return and the subsequent publication of his works, Andretti became one of the most important and revered writers alive. His many essays, articles, and reports for The Times helped to redefine the company as a whole, doubling its audience during his 15-year tenure. After his retirement, his own publications, most notably his novel *Among White Sheep I Bleed Red*, became staples of contemporary literature; his novel became a defining book in the ongoing conversations about the African Diaspora. His life was adapted into a movie that wasn't very good, then a miniseries that was far better, but with worse casting. Just under a year before his passing, he was given the honour of



having a place on Hero's Hill set aside for him, a privilege in Zimbabwe (modern day Rhodesia). Such an honour is almost exclusively reserved for war heroes and politicians. Not long after, he was cited as a hero by then-President of South Africa, Elon Musk. In a public letter posted in The Times, Andretti demanded that he was never to be referenced or mentioned by Musk again, and promptly spent three pages intensely bashing the billionaire, calling for his immediate resignation.

Andretti served as my equal for the better part of 20 years at The Collected Times. I promoted him immediately after the release of that first piece, and the company never regretted the decision. As soon as the man got the attention that his writing should've gotten him all along, he embraced his true self and never looked back. He and his wife never had children and didn't seem to have many, if any, ties to anybody but each other outside of work. They spent their free time traveling. The magazine paid for his expenses and still left him with a generous amount left over, but if I'm honest, no amount could compensate the man for the work he did. Eventually, he even landed an office that was bigger than mine (as a result of a company relocation due to a fire. We had indoor smoking in the '80s).

The morning I got the call from his wife will always be atop my list of worst memories. She had returned home from a brief work trip to Paris to find him dead in their bathtub. When it came time to start his obituary, it was intimidating. Prior to this, my most recent work to be published was before I took the job at The Times. To be asked to pay tribute to a man as infinitely esteemed as him was harrowing. I'll leave it to you, dear reader, to decide whether I properly honoured Andretti.

In closing, I must admit that I'm still not quite used to not having him around. Even though he technically retired years ago, he came into the office frequently to help with the magazine. He claimed it was to uphold consistency in quality, but in truth, I think he had too much pride to admit he missed us. Luckily, I possess no such pride, and find no shame in saying how dearly I will miss my friend.

That same pair of loafers and that same forest green cardigan sit in his office, waiting for him to put them on upon his return. Until we see him again, I reckon we should all be thankful that we got to be entertained, entranced, and informed by the works of a truly once-in-a-lifetime man.

Rest in peace, my friend. Thank you for letting us see the world through your beautiful eyes.



# Body With Meaning



SCHOOL: Holy Trinity

TEACHER: Sarah Landry

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Katherine Bidgood

UNIT: Peterborough, VNC

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / POEM

by Emily Collicutt

I am a body with a consciousness  
all too cognizant of the bumps on my skin  
when a chill seeps through my spine  
and travels through my nerves  
stiffening my bones and preparing my mind  
for an onslaught of stimulation

I am an outspoken daughter  
who hasn't learned to hold her tongue  
at the dinner table  
in the car  
in the presence of older sisters  
and proud, stubborn parents

I am the little sister  
of giants whose shoulders I stand on  
and somehow remain level with  
their booming voices crow about my achievements and choices  
sometimes with a tinge of frustration or pride  
but always with love

I am a friend trying her best  
offering smiles and support  
with lanky limbs meant for embracing  
and providing comfort



soft-tipped brash words that spill from my lips  
are met with grins and understanding looks

I am too much noise  
and eerie quiet  
a tiny figure curled up behind a pillow  
hiding for a long-forgotten reason  
in due time the deafening silence will subside  
and the reverberating presence will return

I am dependant  
on blaring music at the witching hour  
filling my head with melodies  
promising catharsis and peace  
which I yearn for as my silhouette dances  
unseen and unheard

I am the opening act,  
the performer who sings  
while the audience leaves for intermission,  
the most boring entertainer,  
the most inspiring thespian,  
the grand number to end it all

I am everything to someone,  
nothing to another,  
a footnote on my worst days,  
and an anthology on my best,  
a statistic, an acquaintance, a friend,  
a sister, a daughter, the world

I am a body with meaning



# When a Clock Goes Counter



SCHOOL: St. Anne

TEACHER: Andrea Rice

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Kristin Procyk

UNIT: Windsor-Essex Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Jody Meloche

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / PLAY

by Cullen Burke

*Fade in*

**INT. OFFICE – MORNING**

*BRUCE SKALLING, 40s, is sitting in his office at his desk. Disinterested in the work he is doing, he sighs, palms his face, and stretches, bored and frustrated.*

*He is working on boring paperwork.*

BRUCE

Screw this.

*BRUCE sits back in his chair, hands along his bald head and clean-shaven face.*

*We hear a knock at the door. BRUCE checks his phone. It is 10 a.m., time for his next appointment.*

BRUCE

Come on in.

*A young man opens the door, wearing baggy clothes and ripped jeans. JEAN COVINS, 20s, enters the room.*

JEAN

Hey, are you Bruce?



BRUCE

Yes. Bruce Skalling.

*BRUCE reaches out his hand as a gesture. JEAN looks, walks over towards BRUCE and loosely shakes his hand. BRUCE checks his hand and subtly wipes it on his pants, then seats himself.*

JEAN

Jean Covins. I'm your 10 a.m. appointment.

BRUCE

Yes, you are. Please, take a seat.

*JEAN sits in a chair, nonchalantly.*

BRUCE

So, Jean, normally I start off sessions asking simple information about my patient's childhood, past events, relationships (ongoing or ended), struggles with depression in the family, suicidal thoughts, etc.

JEAN

My mom's had depression since I was a kid.

BRUCE

Okay, okay, that's good to know. I am sorry about that.

JEAN

No worries.



BRUCE

What about your father?

JEAN

Never met him.

BRUCE

Mother ever say anything about him?

JEAN

Sure. Simple things. Such as he is an evil specimen.

BRUCE

Did she ever elaborate on that?

JEAN

(chuckles)

No. Never really cared for it.

*BRUCE begins to shuffle through some files. He ends up finding a file written by JEAN's previous therapist, Dr. Ketto. He pulls it out and opens it.*

BRUCE

Now, I am aware you've seen psychologists before, as well as psychiatrists, yes?

JEAN

Correct.



BRUCE

*(reads intently)*

Says here that you were diagnosed with bipolar disorder as well as antisocial personality disorder?

JEAN

Psychopathic behaviours is what they told me.

BRUCE

*(reads out loud)*

"Struggles with diagnostic features such as superficial charm, poor judgment and failure to learn from experience, lack of remorse or shame, impulsivity, grandiose sense of self-worth, pathological lying, manipulative behavior..."

JEAN

All of the above.

*BRUCE pauses momentarily.*

BRUCE

Manipulative behaviour?

JEAN

Yes.

BRUCE

*(smiles)*

Always makes it a tough one, eh?



JEAN

For sure.

*BRUCE sits back in his chair once again. They continue talking, words are exchanged, but no voices are heard.*

**INT. OFFICE – 1 HOUR LATER**

*BRUCE is smiling, mid laugh. As is JEAN. BRUCE checks his watch and suddenly stands up.*

BRUCE

That's time.

JEAN

That is time.

BRUCE

It was good talking, son.

*BRUCE extends his hand for a shake.*

*JEAN hesitates, but mentally agrees to it.*

JEAN

Good talking, father.

*BRUCE chuckles once again.*



BRUCE

I will see you Tuesday at 4 p.m. then, right?

JEAN

Yes.

BRUCE

See you then bud.

*JEAN exits the room. BRUCE sits down; the smile on his face is gone, ending the façade.*

**EXT. PARKING LOT – LATER THAT DAY**

*BRUCE exits the building labeled “N.Y. PSYCHOTHERAPY”. He is walking to his car but, once he reaches it, he is met by a colleague of his. GRANT FIELDS, 40s, begins talking with BRUCE.*

GRANT

How's it going, Brucey?

BRUCE

Good.

*BRUCE tries to get into his car, even though GRANT is in the way.*

GRANT

I noticed you had a session with the Covins kid.



BRUCE

Yes, I did, good kid.

GRANT

Not really.

BRUCE

*(smiles)*

Why do you say that?

GRANT

I've got a friend, psychiatrist in Virginia, says that Covins is an absolute monster.

BRUCE

He lives in Virginia, what would he know?

GRANT

He's seen the kid before.

BRUCE

He's not Dr. Ketto, so I seriously doubt that.

GRANT

Before Ketto.



BRUCE

And why is he a monster?

GRANT

Look man, I don't know much, but I know Covins has been all around the country.

BRUCE

So what? He's traveled a lot.

GRANT

That's not my point. Rumour has it that he's been looking for his father.

*BRUCE enters his car, sits down, and tilts his head back with a sigh.*

BRUCE

And what's that got to do with me?

GRANT

I'm just saying to be careful, man.

*BRUCE starts his car.*

BRUCE

I will Grant. I will see you tomorrow.



GRANT

Alright.

*GRANT wanders off to his own car as BRUCE closes his door and drives off.*

**INT. APARTMENT – NIGHT**

*BRUCE is making dinner with his wife. The TV is blaring in the other room, some sort of news channel. GWEN, 40s, makes salad on the island away from the counter while BRUCE makes homemade pizza.*

GWEN

You never told me how work was.

BRUCE

You never asked, hun.

GWEN

Should I need to at this point?

BRUCE

Yes.

GWEN

*(frustrated)*

How was work?

BRUCE

Good. New client today.



GWEN

What's their story?

BRUCE

Father left before he was born. He was an “evil” man, apparently. I assume that’s some motherly manipulation. I probably shouldn’t say much, but he has both bipolar and antisocial personality disorders. Do you know how rare that is?

GWEN

Not a clue.

BRUCE

Very rare. They’re two different types of disorders. I mean, only 7.2% of people with bipolar disorder are recorded as having psychopathic traits. That is really not that large of a number.

GWEN

Well, what do you think?

BRUCE

It’s something I’ve never seen before.

*BRUCE stops making the pizza for a moment.*

GWEN

What’s wrong?

*GWEN goes over and touches BRUCE’s shoulder.*



BRUCE

My colleague, Grant, said that this kid's been traveling the country looking to find his dad.

GWEN

What's that got to do with you?

BRUCE

What if he thinks I'm his dad?

*(Transition to flashback)*

*BRUCE is shaking hands with JEAN.*

BRUCE

It was good talking, son.

JEAN

Good talking, father.

*(Transition back to original scene)*

GWEN

I doubt that, Bruce.

BRUCE

He might have had intentions.



GWEN

Don't stress about this. You have enough anxiety.

*GWEN goes in to hug BRUCE from the back. As she does so, BRUCE cradles her arms and kisses her hand. A fearful look is painted on his face.*

**INT. BEDROOM – MIDNIGHT**

*The scene reads “2 months later”.*

*BRUCE is sleeping on the couch, alone. All of a sudden, a cell phone rings, ruining the sheer deafening silence. He picks up the phone.*

BRUCE

Hello?

JEAN (ON PHONE)

*(frantic)*  
Bruce, I need your help.

BRUCE

You are no longer to call this number Jean.

*BRUCE hangs up. Soon, another call comes through. He picks up.*

BRUCE

What!?



JEAN

*(calmly)*  
I need your help.

BRUCE

You need to leave me alone.

JEAN

And you need to listen very carefully.

BRUCE

What?

JEAN

I need you to meet me at your office in 20 minutes.

BRUCE

I am not meeting up with you Jean.

JEAN

You are aware that I have proof, right?

*A sudden silence goes through BRUCE like a gust of wind, knocking his spirits down.*

JEAN

Yes, I know about the woman.



BRUCE

Listen here you little... you've already ruined my marriage, my life, my job—enough! Don't you dare even thinking about making things worse.

JEAN

Bruce, calm down.

BRUCE

Why would I stay calm!?

*BRUCE proceeds to hang up. Just to get another call. Which he answers within a few rings.*

JEAN

20 minutes. See you then.

*JEAN hangs up. BRUCE sits still for a few moments, then springs up.*

#### **EXT. PARKING LOT – 20 MINUTES LATER**

*A car pulls into the parking lot. It is late in the middle of the night.*

*BRUCE exits his car and heads up to his office. As he enters onto his floor he begins walking toward his office.*

*He gets to his office and begins to unlock it. As he does, he notices the door is already unlocked. Actually, it's broken. He creaks open the door slowly to see a woman laying dead on his floor in front of his desk.*

*BRUCE gets a call. He quickly answers.*



BRUCE

Hello???

JEAN

Hey Bruce.

BRUCE

What have you done!

JEAN

Recognize her?

*BRUCE looks towards the body, realizing quickly who it is.*

BRUCE

Jeez, Jean. Why!?

JEAN

You were late.

*JEAN hangs up. We hear police sirens.*

*BRUCE's phone rings again. He picks up.*

JEAN

Oh, and say hi to the pigs for me?



*BRUCE drops his phone in disbelief. He walks towards the body with a disgusted, but concerned look on his face. He then notices some papers on his desk he had not seen before; three pictures of him and this same woman.*

*The sirens grow closer...*

**INT. PRISON CALL CENTRE – AFTERNOON**

*The scene reads “1 year later: Metropolitan Correctional Center”*

*BRUCE is sitting behind prison walls, dressed in orange with a look of exhaustion across his face.*

*A man sits down on the other side of the glass. They both pick up the phone. The man is his attorney, WILL MOLAR, 60s.*

WILL

Bruce.

BRUCE

Will.

WILL

I have some big news.

BRUCE

Big enough to get me out?

WILL

Maybe.

*BRUCE sighs. Almost like he's heard this line before.*



BRUCE

Go ahead, then.

WILL

Your motion to get a blood test from yourself and Jean went through.

BRUCE

And?

WILL

He's your kid, man.

*BRUCE has an astonished look on his face.*

BRUCE

Are you messing with me?

WILL

No Bruce. He is your kid.

BRUCE

Could that get me out of here, I mean...

WILL

Maybe, maybe. Look Bruce, I believe you didn't kill her. And at first, I was skeptical about why you were asking for blood tests, but if we can prove that it wasn't your blood mixed with the scene, we can get you out of here.



*BRUCE sits back in his chair and puts his hand on his forehead.*

BRUCE

Man, he called from payphones, killed her, and linked everything to me. He is smart enough to get out of this.

WILL

No, he's not. We got him this time.

*Silence enters. Moments pass.*

BRUCE

He's my son... how?

WILL

Remember Marion Fields?

BRUCE

Yeah, why?

WILL

Our first case together, we dealt with a restraining order taken out on her. Considering she was your ex; something was bound to happen. Just, not like this.

BRUCE

Jesus...



WILL

You know what I always say...

BRUCE

When a clock goes counter, bad things fall from the ladder.

*WILL and BRUCE both laugh.*

WILL

I'm going to get you out of here.

BRUCE

I trust you.

*WILL and BRUCE sit in silence for a bit, as we pan outwards.*

#### **INT. LAW FIRM – 1 WEEK LATER**

*Scene reads “1 week later”.*

*WILL is sitting in his office, working on some case files. All of a sudden, he hears a knock on his door.*

WILL

Come on in Stacy.

*STACY, 30s, enters the room.*

STACY

Mr. Molar?



WILL

Yes, what's going on?  
*STACY scans through the room and closes the door behind her as she enters.*

WILL

Everything okay?

*STACY hesitates.*

STACY

I just got a call from the Metropolitan Correctional Center.

WILL

Oh okay, what's up?

STACY

It's Bruce Skalling, sir. They found him this morning... They just called...

*WILL sits quietly. He slowly looks towards his desk. Despair crosses over his face. We take his point of view and see the document he is working on. It reads "People v. Skalling".*

*He was working on BRUCE's case.*

WILL

He was free.

*Fade out*



# And I Introduce to You...



SCHOOL: Holy Cross

TEACHER: Jim Pedrech

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: No Staff Representative

UNIT: London District

UNIT PRESIDENT: Charlotte Wells

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / NONFICTION

by Abigail Johnson

The stage had a certain ambiance to it. Haunting in a way. Surrounded by black candles, embellished with floral lights, and covered in abstract lilies. A crystal chandelier hung from the shadows in the ceiling. He skimmed through the setlist, taking a seat. “Good evening.” *Nirvana: Unplugged in New York* begins. “This is off our first record; most people don’t own it.” Those words have been ingrained in my head. Anytime that record begins, I hear the rumble of the engine and think of leaving the driveway in our old, black Ford truck. The music still means as much to me now as it did back then. Maybe even more.

When I was little, I had the seat behind my dad. I remember when I would put my head in between his headrest and tell him to turn “scratchy voice” down. Mind you, I was six, and that’s what I called Kurt Cobain. How disrespectful. Bob Dylan was another story, but I quickly became accustomed to his sound. Neil Young’s, too. The soft grumble of Leonard Cohen, and the intensity of Jack White. These voices were staples in that old truck and in my childhood. In my life.

I must have been about ten years old when my mom encouraged me to try playing an instrument. I don’t know if there was suddenly another release of *Somewhere Over the Rainbow*, but the ukulele was very popular, and still seems to be. So, the ukulele was what I learned. Eventually, because of the genres of music I was interested in, the ukulele didn’t seem to fit. Next came the guitar. And it stuck. For about five years, I have sat in the living room with my amplifier and beloved Alvarez guitar, playing music for my dad. Sometimes, I will wake on the couch at midnight with the notes of the last song ringing in my head; it is one of the most surreal ways to end an evening. You could say that it’s as dreamlike as sitting outside at our cottage, late at night, the roof strung with soft, white lights, and a distant storm brewing across the lake as I play guitar with my uncle and cousin. “It’s like we are in a band!” my uncle always says.

The three of us—my uncle, my cousin, and I—share quite an obsession with music. They have established my love for the folk-rock genre and made sure that my music library is abundant in The Lumineers’ songs. Actually, my second concert ever was to see The Lumineers with the two of them. I remember that I took a seat next to my cousin, and, looking over, I could tell that she was just as



awestruck as I was. Fog enveloped the floor of the arena. Everywhere, hearts dropped with the first kick of the drum. The fist strum of the guitar. The lively hit of the tambourine. I remember noticing that the piano player was barefoot, completely entranced by the musical atmosphere. Afterward, I learned that some musicians often free their feet on stage so that they can truly *feel* the music running through the floor. In that moment, the thought of how dull life would be without music became so frighteningly clear to me. And so, my idolization for it only continued to grow.

A lot of this idolization has come from my brothers. When I was in my last two years of elementary school, I remember when I would be sitting in the classroom waiting for the last bell to ring. It was never really that exciting because my bus ride home was one painful hour long. But on the days where my brother could pick me up from school, I was nothing short of excited. These were the car rides that introduced me to so many of my favourite musicians and bands. Pearl Jam and Eddie Vedder's riveting *Into the Wild* soundtrack. My love for Alice in Chains and the incredibly complex and acoustically driven album, *Jar of Flies*. Even the classic *Rumors* album from Fleetwood Mac. I still feel like every time I listen to that album, I get the sudden urge to drop everything and go on a road trip, drive until all I can see is where the horizon touches the sky. Each of these albums can be found in the case my brother keeps in his car, which now houses so many CDs that I won't even try to close the zipper. If my first car isn't old enough to have a CD player, I don't think I want it.

During grade ten, I was tasked by one of my teachers to choose and conduct research on a song with a political stance. Of course, I chose *Sunday, Bloody Sunday* by the band U2, and by spending as much time as I did on it, I was bound to become even more enthralled by the band than I already was. For as long as I can remember, my mom has always declared U2 to be her favourite band. Her love for them stretches all the way back to when they first rattled stadiums back in the '80s. So, obviously, she was keen on passing her love for them down to me. Well, she did. Thank you, mom, for being the cause of me staying up way too late to watch live concerts from their *Joshua Tree* era. I can't help it. There is just something about being alone at one in the morning, the rest of the house asleep, and nothing but the majestic sound (as my brother would describe it) of *Where the Streets Have No Name* playing in my ears. The instantly recognizable use of the delay pedal gets me every time. It's as if listening to it puts me in a trance. How therapeutic indeed.

But no matter the song and no matter the age, I will forever be connected to music. The people that have introduced me to it have guaranteed that it will always be a fundamental part of my life. Nirvana's *Oh, Me* will always remind me of my dad, the same way I will always think of my brother when I hear *Hard Sun* by Eddie Vedder. Music will never just be sounds. It has the ability to elicit emotions and change one's outlook on life, the same way it has done for me. That is why I will never be able to let it go, because the feelings and memories it holds will always be a deciding factor in who I have become and who I will become. Always.



# PRIX JEUNES ÉCRIVAINS



# Mon lutin



SCHOOL: Madonna Della Libera

TEACHER: Liane Lalonde

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Liane Lalonde

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / SHORT STORY

by Jaiden Alexis Misener

Mon lutin s'appelle Julia GlitterPants. Elle est rigolote et folle. Elle a une robe rouge et verte adorable. Mon lutin peut voler dans le ciel. Un jour, mon lutin va dans le traîneau du Père Noël. Elle boit du chocolat chaud et mange des biscuits. Elle voit le sac avec tous les cadeaux. Elle va dans le sac et elle se transforme en cadeau. Ensuite, le Père Noël prend le sac et va dans une maison. Il met le lutin Julia GlitterPants sous le sapin de Noël. Maintenant, il y a une petite fille qui ouvre le cadeau et elle est très contente car elle a une nouvelle poupée.



# Mon poème sur l'hiver



SCHOOL: Madonna Della Libera

TEACHER: Liane Lalonde

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Liane Lalonde

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / POEM

by Lillianna Matthews

**Hiver au pôle Nord**

**Il y a un igloo blanc**

**Voilà mon fort**

**Et un bonhomme de neige**

**Roule la boule de neige**



# Le Voleur de crème glacée



SCHOOL: St. Leo

TEACHER: Alessia Topino

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Steve Squeo

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 1–2 / SHORT STORY

by Sophie Postma

Quand j'avais 8 ans, je suis allée en Turquie avec ma grand-mère et ma maman pour rendre visite à mes cousines, ma tante, et mon oncle. Nous avons fait beaucoup de choses amusantes, mais une chose que j'ai beaucoup aimée était le voleur de crème glacée. Voici l'histoire :

Un jour où il faisait chaud, je marchais dans la « vieille ville » avec ma famille pendant presque toute la journée et nous cherchions une nourriture froide. Après avoir marché un peu plus, nous avons trouvé un stand de crème glacée !

J'ai été la première à commander ma crème glacée. J'ai choisi le parfum vanille. Mais, avant que je n'aie la chance de manger ma crème glacée, l'homme dans le stand a commencé à mettre ma crème glacée entre trois cônes différents ! Il disait que je devais tourner en rond. Puis, il m'a offert ma crème glacée pour que je la lèche, mais il a pris la crème glacée avant que je ne la lèche et il m'a touché le nez avec ma propre crème glacée !

À la fin de la journée, je marchais avec ma crème glacée à la vanille. C'était délicieux, et je n'oublierai jamais l'expérience avec le voleur de crème glacée !



## La Couleur verte



SCHOOL: Madonna Della Libera

TEACHER: Krystina Pucci

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Liane Lalonde

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 3–4 / POEM

by Chase Cooper Kuhlmeijer

Vert est la couleur d'une plante brillante.

Le vert sent bon comme une pomme verte.

Vert est le goût juteux d'un raisin.

Le vert est lisse comme les feuilles dans tes mains.

Vert comme une grosse jungle.

Le vert fait un bruit de gazon dans le vent.

Vert est un arbre.



# Les Sans-abris



SCHOOL: St. Cyril

TEACHER: Hélène Lavertu

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Hélène Lavertu

UNIT: Toronto Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Julie Altomare-Di Nunzio

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 3–4 / NONFICTION

by Emilie Saks

Être sans-abri est une triste affaire. Chaque jour, plus de 100 personnes perdent leur maison, alors soyez très reconnaissants d'avoir un toit au-dessus de votre tête. Ils perdent leur emploi, ils ont une maladie, ils perdent un membre de leur famille, ou plus. Oui, vous pouvez aider des milliers de personnes simplement en faisant un don aux refuges. Être sans-abri signifie que vous n'avez pas de maison et cela signifie que vous vivez dans la rue sans nulle part où aller. Les sans-abris se réchauffent sur les grilles de ventilation. Les sans-abris doivent dormir dans la rue par des températures glaciales. Les personnes sans-abris n'ont pas d'argent. Il existe des refuges pour les sans-abris, mais certains sans-abris ne veulent pas y aller, alors les refuges utilisent une camionnette et leur donnent de la nourriture et des vêtements. Certains sans-abris jouent de la musique dans la rue pour se faire de l'argent.

FAITES UN DON AUX REFUGES.



# Une aventure à l'épicerie avec Scrunchie ?



SCHOOL: St. Cyril

TEACHER: Roger Fogain

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Hélène Lavertu

UNIT: Toronto Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Julie Altomare-Di Nunzio

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / SHORT STORY

by Veronica Ambrosino

Susanna (Suzie) Adamo allait avoir 40 ans. Elle célébrait son anniversaire le jour de la Saint-Valentin et son unique enfant, Valentina, voulait une double célébration parce que cela signifiait plus de friandises sucrées à manger.

C'était l'une des rares fois où sa mère lui permettait de manger des tonnes de malbouffe sans lui faire se brosser les dents tout juste après en avoir mangé. Susanna s'inquiétait souvent des caries et a déclaré que sa grand-mère n'avait pas de dents à cause des caries. C'est pourquoi Susanna était obsédée par le brossage de dents de Valentina et détestait les friandises sucrées ! Susanna disait souvent que les bonbons avaient été créés pour rendre les dentistes riches !

Valentina était une fille de 11 ans et elle était une artisan passionnée qui aimait faire des produits à la main comme des bracelets et des colliers de perles. Elle avait aussi aménagé un jardin avec son regretté Nonno (« grand-père », en italien). Suzie était ravie de son 40<sup>e</sup> anniversaire. Cependant, elle était parfois attristée parce que Valentina lui disait souvent qu'elle n'était pas amusante et l'appelait « maman sérieuse ». Susanna savait qu'elle était amusante, mais croyait qu'une fois qu'elle était devenue maman, les choses étaient différentes. Le comportement enfantin n'était que cela, c'était pour les enfants. Son plan se déroulait à merveille jusqu'à l'aventure à l'épicerie.

Tout a commencé lorsqu'un voyage ordinaire au magasin GROCERYGREEN local s'est terminé par un voyage dans les souvenirs de Susanna. Lors d'un voyage routinier au supermarché un samedi matin, Susanna est tombée face-à-face avec une vieille amie de l'université, en la présence de sa Valentina de 11 ans.

— Scrunchie, Scrunchie, Susanna entendit quelqu'un crier du bas de l'allée des biscuits.

Susanna était en train de discuter de choix de collations saines avec sa fille. Au début, Susanna ne croyait pas ce qu'elle entendait, mais ensuite, ses yeux se sont écarquillés et, sortie de nulle part, une silhouette qu'elle n'avait pas vue depuis plus de 15 ans est apparue.

C'était Georgiana, son amie de l'université qui avait déménagé à Rome, en Italie, parce qu'elle avait trouvé un emploi après l'université et s'était finalement mariée.

Valentina regarda sa mère et dit :

— Maman, qui est Scrunchie ?



— Moi, murmura-t-elle sous son souffle.

— Pourquoi t'appelle-t-elle Scrunchie ? Qu'est-ce que cela signifie ?

— J'adorais porter des chouchous (*Scrunchies*, en anglais) dans mes cheveux, même si ce n'était plus vraiment une mode à la fin des années 1990. Cette dame, Georgiana, me taquinait en disant que j'aurais toujours un chouchou au poignet au cas où nous devrions nous attacher les cheveux !

Alors que Susanna expliquait cela à sa fille, elle a eu un flash-back d'il y a 25 ans lorsqu'elle était sur une plage italienne avec ses cheveux attachés avec son chouchou fleuri préféré ! Un chouchou qu'elle avait encore caché dans une boîte à souvenirs nommée *ESTATE*, ce qui signifie « été » en italien. Georgiana s'approchait de Valentina et de Susanna ; Valentina apprendrait bientôt les détails du voyage européen que sa mère avait fait à la fin des années 1990. Susanna et Georgiana ont commencé à parler et à rire, et Valentina ne pouvait pas suivre ce qu'elles disaient.

Cependant, Valentina a compris que Georgiana n'était au Canada que pour le mois de février pour rendre visite à sa tante malade. Elle retournerait bientôt à Rome où elle vivait maintenant.

Apparemment, Susanna ne l'avait pas vraiment vue depuis son mariage, mais, à un moment donné, elles étaient proches et se considéraient mutuellement comme « BFF » (*Best Friends Forever* — meilleures amies pour la vie) ; un terme que les enfants utilisent aujourd'hui.

Cependant, au fil des ans, le fait d'être dans des fuseaux horaires opposés leur a fait perdre le contact. Les deux dames ont commencé à se rappeler leur voyage en Europe et tous les sites merveilleux qu'elles avaient vus. Elles parlaient de comment elles avaient eu le temps de faire tout ce qu'elles voulaient avant de se retrouver aux prises avec des « responsabilités d'adultes », peu importe ce que cela signifie.

Valentina n'avait jamais réalisé que sa mère allait dans des endroits sans elle. Elle a constaté que sa mère semblait incapable d'arrêter de sourire en voyant cette femme. Elle n'était pas aussi sérieuse, et Valentina trouvait cela étrange.

Georgiana avait apparemment une fille et un fils de 14 ans. Ils étaient jumeaux et n'avaient pas fait le voyage au-dessus de l'Atlantique avec leur mère. Georgiana a expliqué que ce voyage était bref et destiné à passer du temps avec sa tante malade. Les enfants de Georgiana s'appelaient Tomaso et Tiziana, mais elle appelait sa fille Titi pour faire court.

Apparemment, Titi était une athlète accomplie et elle excellait en cross-country. Son fils Tomaso était avide de lecture et de musique ; il adorait vraiment jouer au piano. Valentina a aussi demandé à sa mère si un jour elle pourrait rencontrer les jumeaux ; après tout, ils n'avaient que 3 ans d'écart. Valentina a demandé à sa mère comment elle s'était retrouvée en Italie puisqu'elle disait toujours que ses parents étaient extrêmement stricts et n'avaient presque pas d'argent pour faire quoi que ce soit d'autre que de fournir le strict nécessaire, comme tous les nouveaux immigrants au Canada.

De plus, Susanna disait toujours qu'elle n'avait pas vraiment le droit de partir en voyage seule en tant que jeune femme adulte. Susanna expliqua à Valentina que c'était sa Nonna (« grand-mère », en italien) qui l'avait emmenée en Italie un été et qui lui avait permis de rencontrer Georgiana à Rome où elles



avaient fait une visite historique de la ville. Georgiana avait de la famille élargie à Rome et aimait leur rendre visite presque tous les étés depuis qu'elle avait l'âge de Valentina.

Georgiana parlait couramment l'italien et c'était une décision naturelle d'aller vivre en Italie après l'université. Susanna adorait sa Nonna et considérait souvent son temps passé avec elle comme le plus amusant qu'elle ait eu avec une personne âgée ! Susanna était tellement reconnaissante pour cet été puisque Nonna est décédée plusieurs années plus tard.

Valentina était très très jeune quand elle a rencontré son arrière-grand-mère avant son décès. Valentina était un bébé et ne se souvient d'elle que sur les photos qu'on lui a montrées. Nonna souriait toujours, elle était fière de son sourire édenté ! Les deux femmes ont ri de façon incontrôlable dans l'épicerie. Des étrangers ont commencé à les regarder et à se demander ce qui se passait alors que les rires devenaient de plus en plus forts. Valentina savait que lorsque les adultes riaient de manière incontrôlable, cela signifiait qu'ils essayaient de dissimuler les comportements stupides du passé. Georgiana regarda sa montre et dit à Susanna qu'elle devait partir, qu'elle devait rendre visite à sa tante et ramener à la maison ses biscuits préférés.

Une fois de plus, elles ont échangé leurs numéros et se sont promises de rester en contact. Georgiana a même encouragé Susanna à faire un voyage en Italie où elle résidait avec ses jumeaux et son mari italien.

Susanna avait un scintillement dans les yeux et a dit :

— Peut-être un jour.

Alors qu'elles faisaient leurs adieux, Georgiana a ri et a dit :

— Regarde Scrunchie, ils offrent un voyage en Italie ; participe au concours, peut-être que tu gagneras et tu pourras me rendre visite le plus tôt possible.

L'urne du concours était près de la caisse ; le fromage SALUT commanditait l'événement pour promouvoir leur nouveau produit de fromage à pâte molle. Le grand prix était un voyage en Italie et une visite de la fromagerie où ils produisaient du fromage de chèvre authentique. Susanna a ri et a dit :

— Qui sait, peut-être que ce sera un cadeau d'anniversaire précoce ?

Et juste comme ça, Georgiana est sortie des portes du supermarché.

Valentina s'est approchée de l'urne et a commencé à inscrire leurs noms sur les bulletins d'inscription. Finalement, sa mère est venue et elle a répondu à la question de test de compétences mathématiques, puis elles ont quitté GROCERYGREEN. Valentina a pensé que ce serait une excellente façon de célébrer le prochain anniversaire de sa mère, et que la visite d'aujourd'hui à GROCERYGREEN s'était transformée en une aventure d'épicerie certainement à poursuivre...

La fin.



# Souvenir



SCHOOL: Immaculate Conception

TEACHER: Lucette Parent-Mundy

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Catherine Dominelli-Hayden

UNIT: Sudbury Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Chantal Rancourt

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / POEM

by Abigail Ouimet

**Soldats importants pour le monde**

**Onze heures, nous faisons deux minutes de silence**

**Un drapeau pour le Jour du Souvenir**

**Venez célébrer le Jour du Souvenir**

**Et beaucoup de gens sont morts à la guerre**

**Nous portons un coquelicot**

**Il y a des soldats qui se sont combattus pour nous**

**Regarde, toutes les personnes portent un coquelicot pour se souvenir**



# La Raison pour la saison



SCHOOL: Madonna Della Libera  
TEACHER: Stacey Turcotte  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Liane Lalonde  
UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / PLAY  
by Garcia Pucci

Narrateur : C'est le jour après Noël et les amis de Miguel sont allés chez lui pour jouer avec leurs nouveaux cadeaux.

Miguel : Venez les garçons ! J'ai quelque chose à vous montrer !

Narrateur : Miguel met une voiture jouet sur le plancher.

Miguel : Regardez ! J'ai le plus beau cadeau du monde !

Johnny : C'est bon, mais mes blocs LEGO® sont très grands. Je pense qu'ils sont plus beaux.

Lucas : Non ! Vous vous êtes trompés ! Ma bicyclette est meilleure que toutes vos choses !

Miguel : Non ! Mon jouet est le meilleur !

Johnny : Non ! Le mien est le meilleur !

Lucas : Non ! C'est le mien !

Sebastian : Pourquoi vous criez ?

Johnny : On se dispute à propos de qui a le meilleur cadeau.

Sebastian : Vous ne devriez pas décider qui a le meilleur cadeau. La raison de Noël est que bébé Jésus est né.

Johnny : Jésus est le meilleur cadeau du monde.

Miguel : C'est vrai, pourquoi est-ce qu'on se bat ?

Lucas : Nous sommes ridicules.

Johnny : Désolé.

Miguel : Moi aussi.

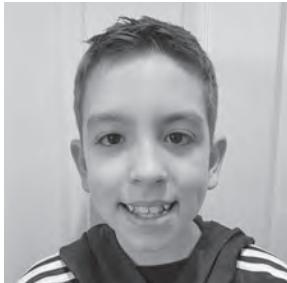
Lucas : Et moi.

Narrateur : Les garçons vont manger le dîner et ils font une prière.

Miguel : Merci Jésus pour ce bon dîner et que l'on soit ici aujourd'hui. Bon appétit tout le monde.



# Les Marmottes en guerre



SCHOOL: Immaculate Conception

TEACHER: Lucette Parent-Mundy

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Catherine Dominelli-Hayden

UNIT: Sudbury Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Chantal Rancourt

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / NONFICTION

by Noah Maxwell

Le jeudi 3 février 2022

En Ontario et en Nouvelle-Écosse, au Canada, les marmottes ne sont pas d'accord et pensent deux différentes choses. L'une d'elles pense que le printemps arrivera tôt et l'autre pense qu'il y aura six autres semaines d'hiver. Deux différentes températures ont causé ce désaccord hier.

Wiarton Willie, la marmotte en Ontario, a prédit un printemps tôt pour l'Ontario. Le temps était très nuageux hier en Ontario et Wiarton Willie n'a pas pu voir son ombre. Hier, à 8h07, c'était une différente marmotte qui a fait la prédition. L'année dernière, les personnes n'avaient pas vu Wiarton Willie et beaucoup d'entre elles pensaient qu'il était mort parce qu'il avait eu une infection des dents. Mason Mailloux a dit que cette marmotte est très rare parce qu'elle est une marmotte albinos.

Shubenacadie Sam, la marmotte en Nouvelle-Écosse, a prédit six autres semaines d'hiver. C'était très ensoleillée hier en Nouvelle-Écosse et il a vu son ombre.

À 9h37, les personnes ont vu la vraie marmotte et cela a créé une partie du désaccord. Mason a dit que Shubenacadie Sam est une imitation de Wiarton Willie. Les marmottes ne sont pas d'accord. Elles ont seulement raison 37% du temps, alors les deux prédictions ne sont pas fiables. Qui aurait raison ?



# Une fille qui s'appelle Klee



SCHOOL: St. Patrick (Brantford)

TEACHER: Lisa Venne

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Tyler Leyzer

UNIT: Brant Haldimand Norfolk

UNIT PRESIDENT: Tom Laracy

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 5–6 / SHORT STORY

by Mulan How

Voici l'histoire d'une fille qui s'appelle Klee. Klee porte un chapeau rouge, une robe rouge et un sac-à-dos brun. Elle habite en Allemagne avec son ami qui s'appelle Dodoco. Dodoco est un renard en peluche. Un jour, Klee marche dans la bibliothèque et voit un livre arc-en-ciel sur une table. Elle ouvre le livre et commence à le lire. Le livre dit qu'il y a un pays très loin de l'Allemagne qui s'appelle *Golden Island*. Sur *Golden Island*, il y a beaucoup d'argent. Le pays est en dessous de l'Allemagne. Klee est très excitée. Elle pense aux choses qu'elle peut s'acheter avec l'argent. Mais, où est ce pays ? Il est en dessous de l'Allemagne, mais Klee ne comprend pas. Klee court chez sa tante et lui dit :

— Barbara ! Il y a un pays avec beaucoup d'argent ! Je veux visiter ce pays !

Barbara est très confuse. Elle va trouver sa grande sœur qui s'appelle Jean. Barbara lui dit :

— Jean, Klee veut visiter un pays.

— Où est le pays Klee ?

— En dessous de l'Allemagne ! répond Klee.

Barbara et Jean sont très confuses. Barbara pense à une idée :

— Nous pouvons marcher au pays.

Les trois commencent à marcher. Elles marchent et marchent et marchent. Un jour passe et Klee est très fatiguée ; elle dit :

— Barbara, je suis tellement fatiguée, est-ce que je peux me reposer ?

Les trois s'assoient sous un arbre et se reposent. Klee commence à pleurer.

— Klee, pourquoi es-tu triste ?

— Je veux visiter *Golden Island*.

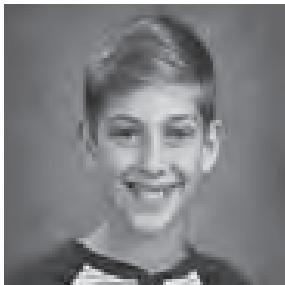
Klee continue à pleurer. Tout à coup, l'arbre et la terre commencent à vibrer. La terre se fend et les trois tombent. Klee se réveille et commence à marcher. Elle voit l'océan. Il y a une table avec cinq chaises. Sur les chaises il y a Dodoco et son ami. Klee est très surprise. Elle crie :

— Barbara ! Jean ! C'est Dodoco !

Barbara et Jean se réveillent et voient la table. Elles sont tellement contentes et commencent à jouer dans l'océan avec Dodoco et son ami.



# Respirer



SCHOOL: Monsignor O'Donoghue

TEACHER: Jacquie Watkins

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Ashlea Fitzgerald

UNIT: Peterborough, VNC

UNIT PRESIDENT: Kelly McNeely

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / POEM

by Nathaniel Blais

Pensées, émotions, comme une inondation de poids. Respirer, prendre une pause, ta vie est douce comme les bonbons. Je garde mes pensées dans un pays enchanté. Sortez-vous du monde réel, respirez. Faites-moi tourner, je ne laisse pas le stress me contrôler. Dansez sous la pluie, sautez, détendez-vous. Des beaux jours, la brise, respirez. Deux pieds dans l'eau. Les bons sentiments, la belle vie. Pas de stress, pas de pensées, pas de responsabilités. Je suis content que le soleil brille. Respirer.



# Le Lion et le tournesol



SCHOOL: St. Hilary

TEACHER: Blair Tremblay

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Luiza Dowling

UNIT: Dufferin-Peel Elementary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Heather Gremmen



ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / PLAY

by Vivian Vu, Kyle David Valdez, and Naomi Miceski

## Personnages

Narrateur

Léo Francis le lion

Linda Francis la lionne

Remy la souris

Rafiki le singe

Pikey le hérisson

Docteur

## Scène 1

(Les rideaux s'ouvrent. Le DOCTEUR, LÉO FRANCIS et LINDA FRANCIS sont sur la scène.)

Narrateur : Dans une petite ville, il y avait deux lions qui s'appelaient Linda et Léo. Linda était très, très malade. Ils allèrent donc chez le médecin.

Linda : (tousse) Je suis tellement malade.

Docteur : Vous avez une grippe sévère.

Léo : Oh non ! Qu'est-ce que je peux faire ?!

Docteur : Vous devrez vous procurer le très important tournesol qui peut guérir et soigner Linda. Mais assurez-vous de l'obtenir avant 40 jours, ou elle mourra de sa maladie.

Léo : D'accord ! Je ferai n'importe quoi.

Narrateur : Alors Léo est parti à l'aventure pour trouver le tournesol.



*(Tout le monde sort de la scène, les rideaux se ferment.)*

### **Scène 2**

*(Ouverture de rideau. REMY est sur la scène, LÉO entre.)*

Narrateur : Léo a marché encore et encore, et a trouvé Remy.

Léo : *(marche)* Je dois trouver la fleur, je vais demander à quelqu'un. Ah ! Bonjour, savez-vous où je peux trouver un tournesol magique ?

Remy : Quelle fleur ? Pourquoi en avez-vous besoin ?

Léo : Un tournesol ! Une fleur pour sauver ma femme, pour la guérir !

Remy : Une fleur ? Une fleur magique ? Pour sauver quelqu'un ? C'est faux, ça n'existe pas.

Léo : C'est vrai ! Elle peut guérir ma femme.

Remy : Et bien, vas-y, trouve cette fausse fleur.

Narrateur : Léo était triste, mais il a continué à marcher.

*(LÉO sort de scène, les rideaux se ferment.)*

### **Scène 3**

*(Ouverture du rideau. PIKEY est sur la scène, LÉO entre.)*

Narrateur : Léo a marché encore et encore, et a trouvé Pikey.

Léo : Salut Pikey !

Pikey : Bonjour Léo ! Qu'est-ce que tu fais ici ?

Léo : Savez-vous où je peux trouver une fleur magique ?

Pikey : Que voulez-vous dire par « fleur magique » ?

Léo : Un tournesol ! Une fleur pour sauver ma femme, pour la guérir !

Pikey : Une fleur ? Une fleur magique ? Pour sauver quelqu'un ? C'est faux, ça n'existe pas.

Léo : C'est vrai ! Elle peut guérir ma femme.



Pikey : Et bien, vas-y, trouve cette fausse fleur.

Narrateur : Léo était de nouveau triste, mais il continua à marcher.

(*LÉO sort de scène, les rideaux se ferment.*)

#### **Scène 4**

(*Ouverture du rideau. RAFIKI est sur la scène, LÉO entre.*)

Narrateur : Léo a marché encore et a trouvé Rafiki.

Léo : Bonjour Rafiki !

Rafiki : Bonjour Léo ! Comment ça va ?

Léo : (*souffle*) Ça va très mal !

Rafiki : Qu'est-ce qui se passe ?!

Léo : Tout le monde pense que la fleur magique n'existe pas !

Rafiki : Un tournesol magique ? La seule fleur qui peut être utilisée pour guérir les maladies ?

Léo : Oui ! Oui ! Enfin quelqu'un qui me croit !

Rafiki : Eh bien, je sais exactement où tu peux l'obtenir, suis-moi.

Léo : D'accord !

Narrateur : Alors Léo a suivi Rafiki sur les collines et à travers les arbres.

(*LÉO et RAFIKI sortent de la scène, les rideaux se ferment.*)

#### **Scène 5**

(*LÉO et RAFIKI entrent à nouveau sur scène, les rideaux s'ouvrent.*)

Rafiki : Va dans la grotte avec les fleurs. C'est ton voyage maintenant.

Narrateur : Léo est allé dans la grotte et a trouvé le tournesol. Remy et Pikey ont secrètement suivi Leo à la grotte.

(*REMY et PIKEY entrent à nouveau sur scène.*)



Léo : Je l'ai trouvée ! Je l'ai trouvée ! J'entre à la maison.

Pikey : (*chuchote*) Remy ! Qu'a-t-il dans sa main ?

Remy : C'est la fleur, il avait raison !

Narrateur : Léo ramasse le tournesol et commence à sortir de la grotte. Léo commence à marcher vers la maison. Remy et Pikey le suivent chez lui.

(*LÉO, REMY, et PIKEY sortent de la scène, les rideaux se ferment.*)

### **Scène 6**

(*LÉO, le DOCTEUR, PIKEY, REMY, RAFIKI entrent à nouveau sur scène, les rideaux s'ouvrent.*)

Narrateur : Léo revient en ville, il a été absent si longtemps que les gens le croyaient mort.

Léo : Je suis de retour ! Où est ma femme ?!

Docteur : Je suis désolé, ta femme est décédée.

Léo : CE N'EST PAS POSSIBLE !

Docteur : C'est trop tard. Elle est partie...

Léo : Non, c'est impossible !

Pikey : Léo, je suis désolé que nous ne t'ayons pas cru.

Remy : Oui, nous sommes vraiment désolés.

Léo : C'est bon, il n'y a rien que nous puissions faire maintenant de toute façon.

Narrateur : Pikey et Remy ont aidé Léo à enterrer Linda et à mettre le tournesol sur sa tombe.

(*Les rideaux se ferment.*)

**La fin**



# Est-il bon de conduire des voitures électriques ?



SCHOOL: St. Joseph the Worker

TEACHER: Jessica Liu

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Catherine Cummings

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten

ELEMENTARY – GRADES 7–8 / NONFICTION

by Jakub Grysiewicz–Loeppky

Conduisez-vous une voiture à essence ? Je sais que vous ne voulez pas perdre de temps à acheter une voiture électrique, car vous avez une voiture en parfait état. Mais connaissez-vous les effets en conduisant une ? À mon avis, je pense que toutes les voitures devraient être électriques.

D'abord, les voitures électriques sont bonnes pour l'environnement et pour vous. Les voitures à essence émettent des produits chimiques nocifs et des gaz qui sont mauvais pour l'environnement. Malheureusement, à cause de l'activité humaine, 43,1 milliards de tonnes de dioxyde de carbone sont dans l'atmosphère et les voitures à essence y contribuent. Si vous brûliez un gallon d'essence, cela créerait 2,3 kilogrammes de dioxyde de carbone. La voiture moyenne émet environ cinq tonnes de dioxyde de carbone chaque année, si vous la conduisez 11 500 miles chaque année. Les voitures électriques, cependant, ne polluent pas car elles ont des batteries lithium-ion qui utilisent de l'électricité, donc les voitures elles-mêmes ne polluent pas. Mais, quand les voitures à essence polluent, les combustibles fossiles détruisent l'atmosphère et c'est une des causes du changement climatique. Les rayons du soleil peuvent traverser l'atmosphère jusqu'à la Terre, puisque l'atmosphère est maintenant fine, mais ils ne peuvent pas sortir, donc ça réchauffe la planète. C'est bon pour vous, parce que, quand il y a les voitures électriques, elles ne produisent pas de combustibles fossiles, mais les voitures à essence en créent, et les personnes respirent les produits chimiques dans l'air. Environ sept millions de personnes dans le monde sont mortes à cause de la pollution de l'air produite par les voitures et les usines. Même moi, j'ai l'impression d'avoir mal à la tête à cause du monoxyde de carbone qu'ils émettent. On peut réduire les combustibles fossiles des voitures jusqu'à 85% si on conduit les voitures électriques. Elon Musk dit : « Pour avoir de l'air pur dans les villes, il faut passer à l'électricité ».

Deuxièmement, vous pouvez économiser de l'argent. Les voitures électriques demandent beaucoup moins de dépenses. Oui, peut-être que la voiture électrique que tu achètes sera plus chère, mais c'est juste la voiture. Comme je l'ai dit, elles **ne polluent pas**. Donc, vous n'avez pas besoin de changer l'huile, si vous la chargez dans la soirée c'est moins cher, vous n'avez pas besoin de payer pour l'essence, les rinçages de liquide de refroidissement ou des systèmes d'échappement. Vous pouvez économiser des centaines de dollars par an et, si vous comptez l'essence, vous pouvez économiser des



milliers de dollars par an si vous conduisez 20 000 kilomètres chaque année. Par exemple, le modèle Tesla S a un moteur très sophistiqué, et il n'a pas besoin d'être réparé si souvent. Cela vous permet d'économiser tant de dépenses.

Ensuite, vous pouvez gagner du temps et être plus confortables pendant la conduite. J'ai vu des gens en revenant de leur travail dans des voitures électriques, et cela semblait tellement plus pratique et cela semblait gagner beaucoup de temps ! Si vous conduisez une voiture à essence, que devez-vous faire ? Vous devez vous arrêter à une station-essence si vous n'avez pas assez d'essence. Mais si vous aviez une voiture électrique, vous pourriez avoir une station pour charger les voitures électriques chez vous. Vous pourriez aussi faire cela avec une voiture à essence, mais ce serait plus gros et beaucoup plus cher. De cette façon, vous pouvez avoir une petite station et brancher votre voiture dans le mur et cela vous ferait gagner beaucoup de temps, car vous n'aurez pas besoin de conduire à la station-essence. Les voitures électriques rendent la conduite beaucoup plus confortable. Elles sont plus silencieuses. Si vous voulez que les gens entendent votre voiture, vous pouvez toujours mettre un gadget pour la rendre plus bruyante. Mais, si vous êtes dans un endroit où il n'y a personne, vous pouvez dormir dans la voiture et elle serait très silencieuse car elle fonctionne à l'électricité. Si vous êtes dans une voiture à essence moyenne, cela créerait du bruit mesurant environ 70 décibels (dB). Mais si vous êtes dans une voiture électrique, le bruit produit serait d'environ 35 dB. C'est beaucoup mieux. Le bruit produit une réponse au stress dans l'amygdale, qui est une région du tronc cérébral du cerveau. Elle émet du cortisol, une hormone du stress. La pollution sonore n'est pas bonne, et 80% de toute la pollution sonore mondiale vient des voitures. Les gens peuvent devenir stressés et cela est mauvais. L'exposition à un bruit fort peut aussi provoquer des hypertension artérielles, des maladies cardiaques, des troubles du sommeil et du stress. Ça peut affecter toutes les personnes, mais surtout les enfants.

Les voitures électriques peuvent vraiment changer le monde. Elles sont bonnes pour vous, pour l'environnement, et pour vos économies. Elles sont plus confortables et ne causent pas beaucoup de pollution sonore. Cela ferait une énorme différence dans le monde et sauverait toute l'humanité. Achetez-vous maintenant une voiture électrique ? Qu'en pensez-vous ?



# La Légende de la fourchette



SCHOOL: Cardinal Carter Academy for the Arts

TEACHER: Andreea Timis

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Isabel Molino

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / SHORT STORY

by Grace Chen

Dans le lac de Genève, à Vevey, en Suisse, il existe une grande fourchette qui n'est pas une fourchette ordinaire. Cette fourchette a une histoire que seulement les gens de cette ville connaissent. Je vais vous la raconter ici.

Il y a longtemps, une bataille a eu lieu entre le roi de la Suisse, Avaro, et son fils, le prince Rutherford. Tout le monde connaissait Rutherford, qui était semblable à un « grand frère ». Il était gentil, actif, humble, honnête, et aimant. Avaro, contrairement à son fils, était cruel et très cupide. Tout le monde dans le royaume le détestait. Les citoyens le détestaient, mais Avaro détestait aussi beaucoup son propre fils. Pourquoi ? Il craignait le fait que Rutherford puisse un jour usurper le trône. Le fait de voir Rutherford grandir fâchait le vieux roi et il pensait chaque jour à un plan pour se débarrasser de son fils. Un jour, Avaro a descendu les escaliers et il a fait appel à tous ses serviteurs. Il leur a parlé à propos de son plan grotesque. Puis, il leur a interdit de parler à n'importe qui à propos de son plan, leur disant qu'ils seraient tenus responsables de leurs actes. Après leur avoir parlé, Avaro a monté les escaliers et il s'est enfermé dans sa chambre. Parallèlement, deux serviteurs sont allés à la chambre de Rutherford. Ils sont entrés dans la chambre et ils se sont assis à une table avec lui. Les serviteurs lui ont dit qu'Avaro voulait se débarrasser de lui. Le plan était de le faire au lac de Genève, le jour de son 18<sup>e</sup> anniversaire. Avaro apporterait une fourchette magique qui pourrait s'agrandir. Ce serait l'arme du crime dont la jalousie serait le mobile.

Pendant longtemps, Avaro a attendu le grand jour. Le jour du 18<sup>e</sup> anniversaire de Rutherford, Avaro lui a dit qu'ils iraient au restaurant en après-midi. Rutherford a entendu le plan de son père et il sentait déjà le piège à plein nez. Pour ne pas susciter les suspicions de son père, Rutherford a fait tout comme d'habitude. Il s'est douché et ensuite il s'est habillé avec de majestueux vêtements. Finalement, le père et le fils sont allés au restaurant. En mangeant, Rutherford était étonnée qu'Avaro n'ait encore rien essayé. Après avoir fini de manger leur repas tendu et énervant, Avaro a finalement demandé à Rutherford s'il voulait aller se promener autour du lac de Genève. Rutherford lui a dit qu'il voudrait bien y aller. Avaro a souri, car il pensait encore qu'il réussirait à accomplir son objectif. Quand ils sont arrivés, ils se sont promenés autour du lac, quand, soudainement, Avaro s'est jeté en avant vers son fils. Il a retrouvé sa fourchette cachée dans sa poche et il a essayé d'appuyer sur le bouton pour la faire



grandir. En dépit de ses efforts, et bizarrement, la fourchette ne s'est pas agrandie. Ça ne fonctionnait pas ! Il y avait seulement un homme fou et une fourchette cassée sur la scène. À ce moment, tous les serviteurs d'Avaro sont venus et ils ont dévoilé le fait qu'ils avaient en leur possession la vraie fourchette magique. Ils ont aperçu Rutherford et ils ont couru vers lui. Un des serviteurs lui a donné la vraie fourchette. Rutherford a appuyé sur le bouton et la fourchette s'est agrandie. À la surprise de Rutherford, la fourchette est devenue grande de huit mètres ! Avaro a vu l'énorme fourchette et, par choc et par surprise, il est tombé dans l'eau ! Les serviteurs ont piégé le roi, donc il n'a pas pu s'échapper de la scène. Tous les gens ont dit à Rutherford de se débarrasser du roi, mais Rutherford n'a pas pu le faire. En fin de compte, c'était toujours son père. Malgré tout ce que le roi lui avait fait, Rutherford n'a pas pu lui faire du mal. Fâché et désespéré, Rutherford a jeté la fourchette dans le lac de Genève. Il s'est approché de son père et il l'a aidé à se relever. Il a demandé à ses serviteurs de l'amener dans une chambre verrouillée où il passerait le reste de sa vie à payer ses crimes. Après ce grand bazar, Rutherford a été couronné comme le nouveau roi. Tous les citoyens du royaume étaient ravis d'être finalement capables de vivre paisiblement et sans peur. Plus tard, Avaro s'est éteint, seul dans sa chambre, et c'est comme ça que la grande bataille du lac de Vevey s'est enfin terminée.

Actuellement, la fourchette dans le lac de Genève est un rappel du bon prince ainsi que les risques pris et les gentilles actions que Rutherford, le dernier roi, a fait à Vevey. Elle est un rappel du fait que nous devons tous apprendre à être gentil(le)s et que nous ne devons pas être égoïstes, cupides, et affreux(-euses) comme le vieux roi Avaro.



# Toute seule dans ce monde détruit



SCHOOL: Bishop Allen Academy

TEACHER: Mirela Leopold-Muresan

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Drazana Cuvalo-Pedro

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / POEM

by Alexia Morales-Rodriguez

Je suis misérablement seule dans mon coin...

C'est de l'assurance dont j'ai besoin ;

Le monde tourne avec maladie,

La société est avalée par la tragédie.

Les autres me jugent,

Mais je continue à prendre refuge

Les vaccins nous aident et apportent de l'espoir,

Mais le monde pleure toujours dans les mouchoirs.

Mes larmes tombent, mais elles continuent d'apparaître ;

Je vois le monde que j'ai déjà connu, disparaître.

Ces restrictions qui sont mises en place,

Ne me laissent pas aller en classe.

Je ne peux plus voir mes amis.

Je suis seule à cause de cette pandémie.

J'aimerais aller jouer,

Mais depuis deux ans, tout est fermé.

Il n'y a plus rien à faire,

Mais le gouvernement dit que c'est nécessaire.

Je ne peux plus socialiser, alors je n'ai plus de vie,

Et je reste sans énergie.

Tout ce qui m'entoure est infecté par des bactéries.

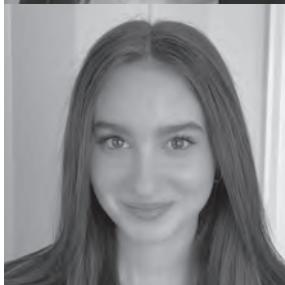
Je suis coincée seule dans ce monde détruit.



## Acte VI – Le Bourgeois gentilhomme



SCHOOL: Bishop Allen Academy  
TEACHER: Mirela Leopold-Muresan  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Drazana Cuvalo-Pedro  
UNIT: Toronto Secondary  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay



SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / PLAY  
by Zoe Petropoulos, Alexis Vieira,  
Sofia Macri, Audrey Dempsey,  
and Sinead Dorgan-McAuliffe

(*Musique de mariage en arrière-plan*)

PRÊTRE : Tout le monde, levez-vous pour la mariée.

(*LUCILE et M. JOURDAIN descendant l'allée*)

M. JOURDAIN : (Parle aux personnes dans les sièges) Je ne peux pas croire que je suis un Mamamouchi !

DORIMÈNE : Oh mon Dieu ! Qu'elle est belle !

MME JOURDAIN : Ma jolie fille, je suis si contente pour toi !

PRÊTRE : Nous sommes réunis ici aujourd'hui pour célébrer l'union de ces deux personnes dans la célébration du mariage—

M. JOURDAIN : JE NE PEUX PAS CROIRE QUE MA FILLE SE MARIE AVEC LE FILS DU GRAND TURC !

FOULE : Shhhhh.

PRÊTRE : Comme je le disais (*roule les yeux*), nous sommes réunis ici aujourd'hui pour célébrer le mariage de Lucile Jourdain et Clé—the fils du Grand Turc. Le mariage est une promesse entre deux personnes qui s'aiment et qui ont confiance en cet amour, qui s'honorent les uns les autres et qui font le choix de passer toute leur vie ensemble. Je suis si content que ces deux ici se soient trouvés et que cet amour va les guider.



M. JOURDAIN : Tu vois, toutes mes leçons avec les maîtres se sont avérées utiles, nous serons riches ! Imagine comment nos vies seront changées ! Nous dînerons avec le roi !

MADAME JOURDAIN : Tais-toi ! Ce jour n'est pas pour toi et tes leçons. C'est la journée de ta fille, alors sois respectueux !

DORIMÈNE : (À DORANTE) Je ne peux pas croire que M. Jourdain est d'accord que Lucile se marie avec Cléonte, considérant à quel point il veut être un noble.

DORANTE : Oui, je sais.

M. JOURDAIN : QUOI !? Que dites-vous ? C'est le fils du Grand Turc. De quelle bêtise vous parlez ?

(M. JOURDAIN regarde CLÉONTE en essayant de trouver la vérité.)

DORIMÈNE : Attends, tu ne le savais pas ? C'est Cléonte.

M. JOURDAIN : Vous le saviez tous et ne me l'avez pas dit ?

(Tout le monde se regarde d'une manière gênée.)

M. JOURDAIN : Vous êtes tous des menteurs. Vous me faites passer pour un idiot devant tout le monde, comment pouvez-vous me trahir comme ça ?

PRÊTRE : Maintenant, je demande si quelqu'un a des objections, parlez maintenant ou taisez-vous à jamais.

M. JOURDAIN : Je m'oppose !

(Tout le monde a le souffle coupé.)

MME JOURDAIN : Oh mon Dieu, quel désastre !

M. JOURDAIN : (s'approche de CLÉONTE et lui arrache son déguisement)

(Tout le monde a le souffle coupé.)

M. JOURDAIN : Cet homme a caché son identité. Il ne sera jamais assez bon pour ma belle Lucile qui mérite la royauté. Vous devriez avoir honte de vous faire passer pour ce que vous n'êtes pas.

CLÉONTE : Qu'est-ce que vous auriez voulu que je fasse ? Vous ne m'auriez pas accepté autrement. Je me suis dit que c'était le seul moyen de vous convaincre de me laisser marier votre fille.



M. JOURDAIN : J'ai essayé de m'assurer qu'elle ne soit pas avec quelqu'un comme toi, et regarde ce qui s'est passé.

LUCILE : Papa, arrête ! Je me fiche qu'il soit riche ! Il me rend heureuse, et c'est tout ce qui compte ! Tu n'as rien à dire concernant cette affaire.

MME JOURDAIN : Tu as été tellement concentré par ce « style de vie parfait » que tu as oublié comment agir. C'était censé être le jour spécial de notre fille et tu le gâches avec ton égoïsme.

M. JOURDAIN : Je suis tellement étonné par cela, vous me manquez de respect et vous ne m'appréciez pas ! Ma fille m'a trahi, et ma femme m'a menti ! Je m'en vais ! (*claque la porte*)

PRÊTRE : Alors, peut-on continuer la cérémonie ?

LUCILE : Oui, s'il vous plaît !

CLÉONTE : Je suis désolé pour toute l'agitation que j'ai causée. Je veux seulement épouser la fille de mes rêves.

LUCILE : Ne t'inquiète pas mon chéri, ce n'est pas de ta faute. Continuons ce mariage !

PRÊTRE : D'accord. Cléonte, voulez-vous prendre Lucile comme légitime épouse ?

CLÉOTE : Oui !

PRÊTRE : Lucile, voulez-vous prendre Cléonte comme légitime époux ?

LUCILE : Oui !

PRÊTRE : Vous pouvez embrasser la mariée !

(*Tout le monde applaudit.*)

DORANTE : Félicitations à vous deux ! Je suis tellement heureuse pour vous. Vous faites vraiment un couple formidable.

MME JOURDAIN : Je t'aime, ma chérie ! Vous êtes trop mignons !

DORANTE : Allons manger du gâteau !



# Trouver l'espoir à travers le chagrin



SCHOOL: Neil McNeil

TEACHER: Alma Prendi

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Patricia Murphy

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / NONFICTION

by Matthieu Moisan

(Critique du film *Monsieur Lazhar*)

*Monsieur Lazhar* (2011) est un film francophone populaire qui a été réalisé par Philippe Falardeau et le personnage principal est joué par Mohamed Fellag. Grâce à son histoire très triste et émotionnelle, ce film a gagné multiples prix comme le Prix du public et le Prix de la critique au Festival international du film de Locarno et il a été mis en nomination aux Oscars dans la catégorie Meilleur film en langue étrangère. L'histoire suit Bachir Lazhar (Mohamed Fellag) qui arrive dans une école pour enseigner à des enfants après la mort subite de leur enseignante, Martine Lachance. Dans le film, au lieu de seulement parler du mystère derrière la mort de Mme Lachance, on discute aussi des autres problématiques ayant affaire avec la famille et la jeunesse. Les élèves dans la classe sont traumatisés par la mort de leur enseignante qu'ils aimait tous.

On ajoute à toute cette tristesse les problèmes de M. Lazhar, qui a immigré au Canada. Il enseigne aux enfants et essaye de les aider. Il leur apport du soutien émotionnel et même académique. Il accomplit cet objectif en même temps qu'il s'occupe de ses sentiments de perte et de solitude en tant qu'immigrant qui a perdu sa famille pendant la guerre en Algérie. Cette force interne qu'il démontre donne un ton sérieux et même sombre au film, même s'il y a des moments comiques et légers aussi. Utiliser le contexte émotionnel est une meilleure façon de raconter l'histoire plutôt qu'utiliser un format « roman policier » parce qu'on peut s'identifier aux élèves pendant qu'ils s'occupent de leurs émotions pures. En même temps, on entre dans une combinaison du monde de l'éducation et de la santé mentale des enseignants qui doivent être forts pour leurs élèves. C'était une série d'événements malheureux pour tout le monde.

Une critique du film est le fait qu'on a été introduit à tous ces personnages un peu trop vite. Même s'ils jouent tous des rôles qui semblent importants, plusieurs de ces personnages secondaires sont seulement utilisés une fois pendant le film. Je pense que le réalisateur aurait dû introduire chaque personnage, un à la fois, et pas en succession. Des exemples sont Chanelle, Abdelmalek, Marie-Frédérique, Boris, et Victor. Le film aurait pu les décrire un peu plus pour sensibiliser les spectateurs



aux autres problématiques des pressions auxquelles ils doivent faire face. Marie-Frédérique doit affronter des pressions de réussite académique, Boris est intimidé dans la cour de récréation à cause de son poids, et la méthode que Monsieur Lazhar utilise pour punir Abdelmalek offre une discussion sur les notions divergentes de discipline dans de différents pays. Il est évident que les personnages plutôt ignorés ajouteraient de la profondeur à l'histoire.

Une des caractéristiques positives du film est que l'acteur qui joue le personnage de M. Lazhar vient de l'Algérie. Ceci fait que son rôle est très bien joué parce qu'il a lui aussi survécu à la guerre d'indépendance de l'Algérie. Une bombe a détruit sa maison et ceci est la raison pour laquelle il a quitté l'Algérie. Ce contexte sombre a beaucoup amélioré l'histoire parce que sans lui, le film manquerait l'effet « waouh ». J'aime que les messages qu'ils donnent ne soient pas directs, mais plutôt insinués. Le film ne nous fait pas voir tous ces événements d'un point de vue objectif, mais plutôt, nous laisse faire nos propres conclusions. Ceci, combiné avec beaucoup de messages implicites, donne au film une profondeur non-commune. Un exemple serait la scène où M. Lazhar dit à sa collègue Claire Lajoie qu'immigrer n'est pas similaire à l'expérience de voyager dans un autre pays.

Un autre détail intéressant est l'ajout de la fable *L'Arbre et la chrysalide* à la fin du film. Elle parle d'un arbre qui protège une chrysalide de la même manière que M. Lazhar essaye de protéger les enfants. Il est triste qu'il doive les quitter de la même manière que le papillon doit quitter l'arbre. Le feu ravageait la forêt ; ceci est un exemple du fait qu'il ne pourra pas les joindre dans leur prochain parcourt, ni les voir grandir à cause du fait que la vérité de son identité a été découverte par les parents. Cependant, il a sûrement eu un effet irremplaçable dans les âmes de chacun de ces enfants, un fait qui est symbolisé par le triste départ entre M. Lazhar et Alice, qui arrête finalement d'être forte et montre ses émotions en sanglotant.

En conclusion, je crois que ce film a été une excellente adaptation ; il a partagé beaucoup de messages importants sur la réalité du système scolaire et des problèmes de la vie de tous les jours. Il a accompli tout cela en racontant une histoire émotionnelle et intéressante. Le film est une adaptation de la pièce d'Évelyne de la Chenelière ; la pièce était une réflexion du personnage Bachir Lazhar à propos des événements et non une présentation de ce qui s'est passé. La pièce originale était jouée entièrement par l'acteur qui jouait le rôle de M. Lazhar. La pièce se nommait *Bashir Lazhar* au lieu de *Monsieur Lazhar*. Un autre détail intéressant est que le personnage de la mère d'Alice dans le film a été joué par Évelyne de la Chenelière elle-même. Il faut remercier Évelyne de la Chenelière pour l'original et Philippe Falardeau pour sa merveilleuse adaptation.



# Le Bateau peint



SCHOOL: Regiopolis Notre-Dame  
TEACHER: Nathalie Bélieau-Scott  
SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Geoff Mackler  
UNIT: Algonquin-Lakeshore  
UNIT PRESIDENT: Dan Graham

SECONDARY – GRADES 9–10 / SHORT STORY  
by Alex Duggan

— Camille, crie ma grand-mère, c'est le moment de partir !

J'ai pris un tour final sur ma glissade préférée et j'ai couru à toute vitesse vers ma grand-mère.

— On doit retourner à la maison maintenant, le soleil se couche et ce n'est pas une bonne idée de jouer au parc quand il fait sombre à l'extérieur, m'a-t-elle dit.

J'aurais pu jouer au parc pendant une éternité ; c'était mon parc préféré de tous les parcs du monde entier. Le terrain de jeux incluait des glissades, des balançoires et des grandes structures de couleurs vibrantes, telles que le violet, le vert, le rouge et le bleu. Un jour auparavant, ma grand-mère m'avait expliqué que ces couleurs étaient comme celles qu'on retrouvait dans une aurore boréale ; un spectacle de lumières dans le ciel qui est reconnu dans le monde pour sa beauté. Dans le petit village de ma grand-mère, il y a des touristes qui viennent dont la seule intention est de voir l'aurore boréale, mais c'est difficile de la voir, il faut venir en mars ou en septembre, quand l'aurore boréale nous rend visite.

— Mais grand-maman, tu as dit que l'aurore boréale illuminerait le ciel aujourd'hui. Tu m'as promis qu'on pourrait la voir !

— Tu as raison Camille, mais tu dois dormir sinon tes parents ne vont plus te laisser rester chez moi !

Je me suis dirigée lentement vers ma grand-mère pour lui communiquer ma déception.

— Regarde Camille, je sais que ce terrain de jeux est très amusant, mais avant que tu ne te couches ce soir, je vais te raconter une vieille histoire à propos de l'aurore boréale. D'accord ? a-t-elle proposé.

— Oui, ça va, lui ai-je répondu avec mécontentement.

Nous sommes retournées à la maison, et quand j'ai ouvert la porte, je pouvais sentir l'odeur familière de biscuits. Nous en avions préparés ensemble en après-midi, et l'odeur persistait à travers la maisonnée. Cette odeur de biscuit me réconfortait, comme le chocolat chaud à côté de la cheminée pendant l'hiver. J'aime beaucoup aider grand-maman, et je crois qu'elle adore faire des activités avec moi.



— Viens-ici, dit-elle, tu peux manger un biscuit pendant que je te raconte l'histoire.

Je suis entrée dans le salon avec mon biscuit, et je me suis assise confortablement avec une couverture, prête à écouter son histoire à propos de l'aurore boréale.

— Il y a longtemps, quand les continents n'existaient pas et les pirates n'erraient pas les mers, il y avait une place très froide. La neige tombait fréquemment et les villageois s'habillaient chaudement de vêtements fabriqués de leurs propres mains. Il y avait quatre communautés, et une grande montagne les séparait. Des maisons de bois rectangulaires avaient été construites dans des champs d'herbes ravissantes. Il y avait des enclos pour les moutons, les chevaux et les chèvres, et de petits ruisseaux s'écoulaient à proximité des maisons. Les villageois passaient leurs journées aux travaux de la ferme, à s'occuper des animaux, à pêcher dans les ruisseaux et à construire des structures comme des maisons ou des bateaux. Les quatre communautés ne s'entendaient pas très bien les unes avec les autres, alors il y avait eu un accord que seulement une communauté à la fois pouvait avoir accès à l'océan chaque année. Dans l'océan, les poissons et les autres créatures étaient nombreux pour se nourrir, et la graisse de baleine convoitée pouvait y être trouvée. Dans chaque communauté, il était interdit que les villageois interagissent avec les personnes des autres communautés, et si cette règle n'était pas respectée, il y avait des conséquences sérieuses.

— Mais grand-maman, comment est-ce qu'ils ont décidé laquelle des communautés aurait accès à l'océan ? lui demandais-je. Je regardais ma grand-mère avec impatience pour qu'elle continue de me raconter l'histoire.

— Oui Camille, bon point. À chaque printemps, les quatre communautés participaient à une course de bateaux où la communauté qui remportait la course recevait l'accès à l'océan pour la prochaine année. Pour la course, chaque communauté devait choisir quatre participants qui pagayeraient leurs bateaux fabriqués à la main. La première communauté qui arrivait au repère gagnait l'accès à l'océan jusqu'au prochain printemps, expliqua-t-elle.

Avec tous ces détails, j'avais presque oublié la raison pour laquelle j'écoutais l'histoire, mais je voulais en connaître plus à propos de l'aurore boréale. J'ai regardé la grande fenêtre située juste à côté et j'espérais tellement que l'aurore apparaisse, mais le ciel restait tout noir sans aucune lueur. Il y avait seulement des étoiles qui brillaient dans le ciel. C'est ainsi, en ressentant beaucoup de déception, que je me suis retournée vers ma grand-mère.

Elle continua :

— Chacune des quatre communautés avait une couleur qui la distinguait des autres. Les villageois avaient peint leurs possessions et les structures avec leur choix de couleurs, ce qui leur donnait un sentiment d'appartenance et de fierté. La communauté du nord de la montagne était représentée par le rouge, la communauté à l'est par le violet, celle du sud par le bleu, et finalement, celle de l'ouest par le vert.

— Mais grand-maman, quel est le lien entre l'aurore boréale, les couleurs et les communautés qui étaient proches d'une montagne ? ai-je interrompu.



— Sois patiente ! Il y a beaucoup de faits qui restent à raconter de cette histoire, a-t-elle répondu, bien que les autres communautés ne le savaient pas, chacune d'elles avait accueilli un bébé en même temps. Un autre fait surprenant était que les quatre enfants nés étaient des filles et elles avaient toutes été nommées Céleste.

Grand-mère a pris la couverture en arrière d'elle et elle l'a mise sur mes jambes.

— Quelques années plus tard, les quatre filles exploraient la montagne qui les séparait. Elles sont arrivées à un petit champ en même temps, sur le côté sud-est de la montagne. C'était une très belle journée ensoleillée ; les fleurs dansaient dans le vent et le soleil brillait.

— Eh, bonjour ! Qui es-tu ? demanda Céleste de la communauté du nord, apercevant une fille dans le champ. La fille portait une robe verte et elle examinait des petites fleurs roses.

— Salut, mon nom est Céleste, j'habite dans la communauté à l'ouest de la montagne, mais je passe la plupart de mon temps ici dans le champ. Je déteste être entourée par de nombreuses personnes qui ne s'entendent pas avec les gens d'une autre communauté.

— Incroyable ! Mon nom est Céleste aussi ! Et tu as raison, cette querelle est ridicule ! dit Céleste de la communauté du nord.

— Soudainement, deux autres filles s'approchèrent. Une portait une robe violette, et l'autre une robe bleue. Toutes les filles ont réalisé qu'elles venaient toutes de communautés différentes.

— Bonjour dit la fille qui portait une robe violette, mon nom est Céleste, et étonnamment, voici mon amie qui s'appelle Céleste aussi. Nous nous sommes rencontrées il y a quelques minutes.

— Quelle coïncidence ! Mon nom est Céleste et elle s'appelle Céleste aussi. Nous portons toutes le même nom, nous venons toutes de communautés différentes et nous aimons toutes explorer la montagne, ajouta Céleste de la communauté de l'ouest.

— C'est trop pour mon cerveau ! Je ne comprends pas, a exclamé Céleste de la communauté de l'est.

En baillant, j'ai réalisé qu'il était presque 21 heures. Je me sentais très fatiguée, mais je me suis rappelée que je voulais à tout prix voir l'aurore boréale et je voulais, plus que rien au monde, entendre la suite de l'histoire. Après tout, les histoires de ma grand-mère étaient des moments que je chérissais au plus profond de mon cœur.

Ainsi, ma grand-mère continua :

— Au fil des années, les filles continuèrent de se rebeller contre leurs propres communautés en querelle et elles continuèrent de se rencontrer sur la montagne. Elles sont devenues de bonnes amies et cette amitié s'est développée à un tel point qu'elles étaient devenues comme des sœurs et ce, malgré leurs origines très différentes.



Ma grand-mère s'est levée, et elle marcha vers la cuisine. Quelques secondes plus tard, elle est revenue avec un biscuit. Elle s'est assise sur le sofa à côté de moi, prête à continuer son récit.

— Un hiver, quand les filles ont eu quinze ans, Céleste de l'est a eu une idée :

— Je crois qu'on devrait participer à la course de bateau, déclara-t-elle, les autres filles la regardant incrédullement, c'est la meilleure façon d'unir nos communautés, et si nous gagnons, ça forcera tout le monde à partager l'océan. On pourra enseigner aux autres comment travailler ensemble. On pourra aussi bâtir notre propre bateau et le décorer, expliqua-t-elle.

— Les autres filles faisaient signe de oui de la tête, mais secrètement, Céleste de la communauté du sud avait des doutes qu'elle hésitait de partager.

— On doit commencer maintenant, avisa Céleste de l'est.

— Pour le prochain mois, les filles travaillèrent inlassablement à la construction de leur bateau et leurs rames en bois. Elles utilisèrent de la laine de moutons et de la mousse de la terre. L'artiste du groupe, Céleste de l'ouest, avait décoré les côtés du bateau avec des lignes complexes et des spirales d'un rouge écarlate, d'un bleu royal flamboyant, d'un violet profond et d'un vert émeraude. Elle avait créé une image si belle qui signifiait que les quatre communautés se rejoindraient.

— Grand-maman, c'est comme l'aurore boréale !

— Attends Camille, il y en a plus encore, répondit-elle, le jour avant la course, en après-midi, Céleste de la communauté du sud avait finalement ressenti le courage de partager ce qui l'inquiétait :

— Tout le monde, j'ai quelque chose à vous dire, mais je ne veux pas que cela affecte notre camaraderie.

— Qu'est-ce que c'est Céleste ? demanda la fille de la communauté nordique.

— Je ne pense pas que la course est une bonne idée, révéla-t-elle.

— Elle voulait rattraper ses mots et elle semblait regretter d'avoir partagé ses pensées, mais c'était trop tard. Les autres la regardaient d'un regard fixe et incrédule, mentionna ma grand-mère.

Je me suis relevée tout au bout de mon siège, impatiente et prête à entendre la réaction des filles.

— D'accord, dit Céleste de la communauté de l'ouest, si tu ne veux pas le faire, on va participer sans toi.

— Pourquoi ne veux-tu pas participer ? demanda Céleste de la communauté de l'est.

— Eh bien, je ne pense pas qu'on va gagner, donc ceci va causer encore plus de conflits entre nos communautés. Au lieu d'améliorer l'entente, ça deviendra encore pire, expliqua-t-elle.

— Alors je suis avec Céleste, conclut la fille de la communauté de l'est, si tu ne veux pas participer, on va faire la course sans toi.

— Mais non, répliqua la fille de la communauté du sud ; elle était la cheffe du groupe, et si



quelqu'un pouvait les unir, c'était bien elle, nous sommes devenues des amies et nous n'aimons pas que nos propres communautés soient en conflit. Nous nous sommes rebellées contre les règles pour démontrer à tout le monde qu'il est possible de travailler ensemble et que les anciennes règles sont absurdes. On ne doit pas abandonner tout notre travail maintenant, on doit participer à la course afin de prouver à tous que l'amour et la compassion pour chaque personne est possible. Alors Céleste ? Peut-être que tu vas changer d'idée ?

— Je ne sais pas ! Je ne veux pas causer plus d'ennuis !

— Mais Céleste, si on n'essaie pas, on ne va pas savoir si cela fonctionnera. La meilleure chose qu'on peut faire c'est d'au moins essayer, dit la cheffe du groupe.

— Je suppose que tu as raison, dit-elle en arrêtant un moment afin d'y réfléchir, d'accord, je vais y participer, déclara-t-elle en mettant sa main au milieu du cercle où les filles étaient restées immobiles.

— Fantastique, exclama Céleste de la communauté du sud en mettant aussi sa main sur la main de la fille de la communauté du nord, puis elle demanda aux deux autres :

— Céleste de l'ouest et Céleste de l'est est-ce que vous voulez participer ?

— Oui, ont-elles répondu en même temps.

— Les deux filles ont alors mis leurs mains dans le cercle. En criant en écho près de la montagne, les quatre filles ont dit :

— Un, deux trois, allons-y !

Grand-mère sourit avant de continuer :

— Quand les filles sont arrivées à leur point de rencontre près de l'océan le jour de la course, quelques villageois étaient confus ; plusieurs les regardaient avec désespoir et d'autres étaient indignés que des membres de communautés différentes soient ensemble. Les filles ont aligné leur bateau à côté des bateaux de leurs propres communautés. Elles étaient prêtes à affronter leurs opposants.

— Ce n'est pas permis ! Qui leur a donné la permission de participer ? Pourquoi est-ce qu'elles pensent que c'est approprié d'être ensemble ? s'écria un homme de la communauté du sud.

— Un autre villageois répondit :

— Laissez-les faire la course ! Il n'y a pas de chance qu'elles puissent gagner de toute manière.

Grand-mère continua de raconter :

— En dépit de ce que les villageois pensaient, les filles ont fait la course ensemble. Elles se déplaçaient très rapidement, comme si une force mystérieuse derrière leur bateau les poussait. Elles étaient déterminées à gagner, pour démontrer aux communautés que cela valait la peine de se battre pour le sacrifice de l'océan, ainsi que pour l'unité et le soutien des uns envers les autres. Les filles étaient réjouies d'atteindre l'ancien repère avant les membres des autres équipes. Elles ne concevaient



pas que quelqu'un, ou quelque chose, avait pu les assister.

— Alors, comment les villageois ont-ils réagi ? lui ai-je demandé.

— Les quatre filles ont décidé que tout le monde pouvait avoir accès à l'océan, et lentement, les communautés qui avaient été en rivalité étaient désormais devenues unies en une seule grande communauté où chaque personne acceptait l'autre. Quelques semaines plus tard, les filles sont montées dans leur bateau pour célébrer leur succès, mais en naviguant sur l'océan, elles ont ressenti une force qui venait de l'eau et qui les poussait. Céleste du nord a crié :

— Bonjour ! Qui est là ?

— Salut Céleste, répondit une voix fantaisiste.

— La voix venait du ciel, qui était sombre et sans étoiles, mais d'une clarté absolue, expliqua ma grand-mère, brusquement, l'esprit souleva les images des côtés du bateau, et celles-ci ont commencé à flotter vers le ciel en créant une nuée de lumières rouges, violettes, bleues et vertes. Le rouge représentant l'amour, le violet signifiant l'unité, le bleu symbolisant l'espoir, et le vert marquant le courage.

Grand-mère continua son récit :

— Depuis cette nuit magique, quand il y avait des conflits dans le village, l'esprit recréait ce spectacle de lumières pour rappeler aux villageois de s'aimer les uns les autres, d'être unifiés et de se soutenir dans la vie. Ces lumières rappelaient aussi qu'ils devaient garder l'espoir et le courage à l'intérieur d'eux. Les quatre filles sont devenues des héroïnes de leur communauté. Elles étaient déterminées et dédiées, et c'est grâce à elles que leurs communautés se sont unifiées. Il y avait des nuits où on pouvait apercevoir une couleur qui était plus proéminente dans le ciel, ceci était un rappel spécial pour les villageois afin de ne pas oublier ce que la couleur symbolisait et la valeur dans leur vie.

Soudainement, le ciel s'est illuminé. À côté de moi, j'ai pu apercevoir les couleurs vibrantes dans le ciel. C'était l'aurore boréale ! J'ai regardé ma grand-mère et j'ai eu l'impression que mon sourire pouvait toucher mes oreilles.

En m'exclamant, je lui ai dit :

— Regarde, grand-maman ! C'est l'aurore boréale !

— Viens Camille, on va pouvoir la regarder ensemble à l'extérieur ! Voilà, c'est un agencement idéal du bleu, du violet, du rouge et du vert ! C'est un signe pour nous ; nous devons toujours garder l'espoir et le courage en nous et être unies dans l'amour pour toujours.



# Une amitié dessinée par les crayons colorés



SCHOOL: Cardinal Carter Academy for the Arts

TEACHER: Maria Vaira

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Isabel Molino

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / POEM

by Miranda Gallo

Finalement, j'ai trouvé le courage de lui dire :  
« Choisi une couleur pour que je puisse dessiner. »  
« Bleu, a-t-elle répondu. »  
*Quelle couleur froide, ai-je pensé.*  
Froide, tout comme ses mains quand je les ai tenues  
Pour la première fois.

Ma main tremble quand je dessine les deux roses bleues.  
Me concentrant sur les détails les plus minuscules,  
Leur posture et leurs courbes.  
J'envisage deux poissons oranges nageant dans un lac vert,  
Un vert clair comme ses yeux,  
Son sourire, brillant comme le reflet du soleil dans l'eau.

Je me trouve étendue sur l'herbe.  
En regardant les nuages roses et violets,  
Qui passent lentement devant mes yeux,  
Je pense à son aura.  
Immédiatement, le dessin prend vie devant moi.

Elle.

Je l'aime.

Je dois supprimer mes émotions comme les crayons écrasés dans leur boîte.

De peur de perdre l'amitié, je ne peux rien changer.

Les mots demeurent tus... interdits.

Cette image est la seule chose que je puisse utiliser pour m'exprimer.

Cette image est ma seule expression d'amour.



# La Dernière planète



SCHOOL: St. Patrick (Toronto)

TEACHERS: Eric Démoré and Giulia Fierini

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVE: Alejandro Henriquez

UNIT: Toronto Secondary

UNIT PRESIDENT: Pete McKay

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / PLAY

by Gabriel Gaudet

## ACTE I

*La dernière planète que le PETIT PRINCE visite s'appelle Astéroïde 116. Cette planète est très, très grande, beaucoup plus grande que toutes les autres planètes que le PETIT PRINCE avait visitées. Le PETIT PRINCE se retrouve sur un grand plateau de glace, entouré par l'eau. Quand le PETIT PRINCE arrive sur cette planète, il est très choqué de voir un très grand ours polaire. Cet ours est énorme et il a des griffes très tranchantes. Quand le PETIT PRINCE s'aperçoit que l'ours l'observe, il a tout de suite la chair de poule. Il a très peur !*

PETIT PRINCE : Ne me... me... me... mangez pas, je vous en prie.

*Le PETIT PRINCE essaye de s'enfuir.*

ANTOINE : Mais non ! N'ayez pas peur. Je veux que vous restiez avec moi. J'ai besoin de votre aide ! Et vous pouvez me tutoyer.

PETIT PRINCE : Quoi ? Tu peux parler ?

ANTOINE : Mais bien sûr ! Tous les animaux sur cette planète peuvent parler !

PETIT PRINCE : Vraiment ? Est-ce qu'il y a d'autres animaux sur cette planète ?

ANTOINE : Oui, il y a quatre animaux sur cette planète ! Moi, qui suis un ours polaire, Gustav le manchot, Didier la tortue de mer, et Nathalie le puma. Oh, et moi, je m'appelle Antoine !

PETIT PRINCE : Bonjour Antoine ! Je suis le Petit Prince ! Mais pourquoi est-ce que tu as dit que tu as besoin de mon aide ?

ANTOINE : Nous avons besoin de ton aide pour améliorer les conditions engendrées par le changement climatique. C'est un problème très important dans la vie de tout le monde. Est-ce que tu connais le changement climatique ?



PETIT PRINCE : Malheureusement, oui. Je connais le changement climatique. C'est aussi un problème sur Terre. La température sur Terre est en train d'augmenter et les animaux ne peuvent pas vivre avec ces conditions climatiques.

ANTOINE : Oui, c'est exact. Dans le passé, mes amis et moi habitions sur Terre, mais nous avons dû la quitter à cause du changement climatique. J'habitais sur un grand plateau de glace dans le nord du Canada, mais quand les températures sont montées, il a fondu. Le changement climatique a causé le réchauffement des océans et c'est pourquoi toute la glace a fondu. Aussi, je n'avais plus rien à manger parce que tous les phoques sont morts à cause de l'eau chaude et la pénurie de glace.

PETIT PRINCE : Quel dommage, Antoine. Mais vraiment, c'est une histoire très triste. Où sont tes amis ?

ANTOINE : Je vais les appeler. Gustav ! Viens voir. Il y a quelqu'un avec qui tu peux parler !

*Derrière le PETIT PRINCE, une voix :*

GUSTAV : J'arrive ! J'arrive !

*Le PETIT PRINCE se retourne et aperçoit un petit manchot, qui est très mignon.*

GUSTAV : Bonjour mon ami ! Comment s'est passé votre voyage ?

PETIT PRINCE : Il a été très long, je suis extrêmement fatigué. Si je comprends bien, tu veux parler avec moi ?

GUSTAV : Bien sûr ! Tu es la première personne qu'on ait vue sur cette planète ! Je m'appelle Gustav et j'ai cinq ans. Sur Terre, j'avais une famille avec deux fils. J'avais aussi beaucoup d'amis. Mais comme Antoine, la glace où j'habitais a fondu. Les manchots ont besoin de la glace pour habiter, mais aussi pour avoir des enfants. La population des manchots sur Terre va disparaître. C'est pourquoi je suis ici, et ma famille me manque chaque jour.

PETIT PRINCE : Désolé mon ami Gustav. C'est triste. J'espère qu'un jour tu pourras revoir ta famille.

ANTOINE : Petit Prince, est-ce que tu veux parler avec mon ami Didier ?

PETIT PRINCE : Oui, bien sûr. Au revoir Gustav.

GUSTAV : Ferme tes yeux.

## ACTE II

*Le PETIT PRINCE ferme les yeux et, après deux secondes, les rouvre et voit une scène magnifique. Le*



*PETIT PRINCE est sur une plage, près de l'océan. Les palmiers se balancent dans le vent.*

*Une voix sur la plage :*

DIDIER : Bonjour, Petit Prince !

*Le PETIT PRINCE baisse ses yeux et voit une tortue de mer verte comme la couleur des palmiers.*

PETIT PRINCE : Qu'est-ce que tu fais par terre ?

DIDIER : Es-tu bête ? Je n'ai pas de jambes.

PETIT PRINCE : Oh, désolé, je pense que je suis un peu bête quelquefois. Tu es Didier ? Comment as-tu été affecté par le changement climatique ?

DIDIER : Oui, je suis Didier. Le changement climatique pour moi est une chose un peu déroutante. Pour les tortues de mer, si l'eau des océans est trop chaude, le ratio des femelles aux mâles devient très déséquilibré. L'eau chaude a fait que plus de tortues de mer femelles sont nées. Cette surabondance de femelles est la raison pour laquelle la population des tortues de mer autour du monde diminue très rapidement. S'il n'y a pas assez de tortues de mer qui sont des mâles, comment est-ce que la population peut s'élever ?

PETIT PRINCE : C'est logique. Donc la population autour du monde diminue ? Ça n'est pas bon. Merci de me l'expliquer.

DIDIER : Pas de problème. Maintenant ferme tes yeux, à l'endroit où tu vas maintenant il fait froid, donc, prépare-toi !

### ACTE III

*Le PETIT PRINCE ferme les yeux et se retrouve dans une région très montagneuse. Un puma très élégant :*

NATHALIE : Bonjour Petit Prince. Bienvenue chez moi !

PETIT PRINCE : Bonjour ! C'est une région très belle et majestueuse. Où est-ce que tu habitais avant de venir ici ?

NATHALIE : J'habitais en Oregon, aux États-Unis, mais, quelqu'un a été très imprudent. Bien, ce n'était pas seulement la faute d'une seule personne...

PETIT PRINCE : Qu'est-ce qui s'est passé ?



NATHALIE : Je crois que tu sais que le changement climatique est la raison pour laquelle la température autour du monde augmente. Dans les régions montagneuses et avec des forêts, le changement climatique est aussi la raison pour laquelle les arbres sont très secs et cela les expose aux feux. Un homme en Oregon a allumé un feu de camp et ce feu a enflammé quelques autres arbres, ce qui a causé un énorme feu de forêt. Beaucoup de mes amis sont morts dans ce feu et la seule chance pour que je vive était de venir ici. Ces feux sont très courants maintenant et beaucoup d'animaux et de plantes sont morts à cause de ces feux.

*Le PETIT PRINCE est très triste. Tous ces animaux ont été forcés de quitter la Terre à cause du changement climatique. Beaucoup d'animaux meurent chaque jour à cause de ça.*

PETIT PRINCE : Je suis très désolé, Nathalie. Les personnes sur Terre doivent en faire beaucoup plus pour essayer de renverser les effets du changement climatique.

NATHALIE : C'est vrai. C'est un problème mondial qu'on doit combattre. Maintenant, au revoir Petit Prince. Aie un voyage de retour sans encombre !

*Le PETIT PRINCE est aussi triste parce qu'il a vu les conséquences destructrices que cause le changement climatique. Les personnes sur Terre doivent changer leurs attitudes et leurs actions parce qu'il n'y a pas beaucoup de temps qui reste pour de nombreux animaux. Et, avec cette pensée, le PETIT PRINCE retourne chez lui.*



# Une dépendance toxique



SCHOOL: St. Theresa of Lisieux

TEACHER: Claudia Sabatini

SCHOOL STAFF REPRESENTATIVES: Rocky Savoia and Deborah Todde

UNIT: York

UNIT PRESIDENT: Mike Totten

SECONDARY – GRADES 11–12 / NONFICTION

by Diana Parsaei

Lorsque les gens entendent le mot « addiction », cela leur rappelle probablement les mauvaises drogues, ou même des médicaments sur ordonnance qu’ils peuvent se procurer à la pharmacie locale. L’addiction est définie comme l’utilisation de quelque chose de nocif. Les médias sociaux peuvent-ils aussi être nocifs ? Eh bien, si vous posez cette question, vous ne les avez probablement jamais utilisés, ou vous n’avez pas entendu parler d’histoires mettant l’accent sur le côté obscur des médias sociaux. Au fil des ans, j’ai remarqué chez moi une dépendance envers Instagram et toutes les autres applications de ma catégorie appelée « Juste pour l’amusement » sur mon téléphone. Je ne sais pas pourquoi j’ai nommé la catégorie comme je l’ai fait. Peut-être que les applications m’aident à libérer le stress ou sont un moyen de perdre du temps pendant que j’ai l’opportunité. Si vous me demandez si je suis satisfaite de mon addiction, ma réponse sera probablement non. C’est un changement au sein de ma génération. Si nous revenons au début des années soixante-dix, aller dans un terrain de jeux avec nos voisins avait le même effet calmant, mais c’était une version plus saine.

Je me demande souvent si les médias sociaux évoluent dans la bonne direction—sont-ils utilisés comme prévu lors de leur création en tant que source de communication et d’engagement communautaire, ou est-ce qu’ils sont en train de s’inverser en outils malsains et problématiques où les gens se sentent dépassés et anxieux tout en passant des heures à les parcourir ?

Mes grands-parents et la majorité de mes proches vivent dans différents pays. Je réfléchis parfois à la façon dont je communiquerai avec eux si les médias sociaux n’existaient pas. Et non, je ne voudrais certainement pas écrire de longues lettres et aller à ma boîte aux lettres chaque jour pour vérifier si quelque chose est arrivé. Je suis reconnaissante que mon téléphone et les médias sociaux soient devenus mes sources principales de communication avec eux. Je suis reconnaissante de pouvoir facilement les appeler ou leur envoyer des textos sur Instagram ; cela nous aide à rester connectés. Avec la présence des médias sociaux, tout le monde a une manière facile de rester en contact avec ceux avec qui ils ne peuvent pas communiquer en face à face, particulièrement pendant la pandémie.

De plus, je ne peux pas négliger le pouvoir des plateformes de médias sociaux lorsqu’il s’agit d’attirer l’attention à des questions cruciales. La mort de l’innocent George Floyd est un exemple remarquable. Des milliers de messages et de pétitions avec l’étiquette *#JusticeForGeorgeFloyd* avaient



inondé les sites Internet. Ce mouvement social a tellement sensibilisé la communauté à l'égard de la maltraitance des personnes racisées qu'on ne pourrait jamais imaginer, ce qui était absolument nécessaire à ce moment-là. À part d'exprimer des problèmes sociaux et de discuter avec nos proches, je crois toujours fermement que les inconvénients des médias sociaux l'emportent sur leurs avantages.

Je pense que des applications comme Instagram ou Snapchat, où nous avons la possibilité de partager des moments sur les *stories*, sont comme des brèves publicités de notre vie—un moment de notre statut actuel capturé sur une page verticale—publiées dans le monde. C'est peut-être difficile à comprendre pour les gens qui croient à peine à de telles choses, mais la publicité est super fausse, super hypocrite. Il n'est pas nécessaire de montrer ses nouvelles chaussures de marque, ou ses égoportraits avec un filtre qui donne l'impression que vous avez un visage parfait. Personnellement, je ne veux pas faire partie d'une culture où j'ai besoin d'être parfaite pour être considérée comme « belle ».

Je me souviens d'un moment quand j'étais à l'école primaire et j'étais dans un groupe de sept amies que mes amies et moi avions appelé #SQUAD. Un jour, deux d'entre elles étaient sorties ensemble au cinéma sans inviter formellement personne d'autre. Les quatre autres et moi avions réalisé plus tard qu'elles nous avaient toutes bloquées sur Snapchat afin que nous ne voyions pas leur publication et que nous ne nous sentions pas mal. Je suppose que j'apprécie leur action courtoise, mais était-ce vraiment nécessaire ? J'étais contrariée à ce moment-là, pourtant maintenant, je ne suis plus du tout dérangée. En fait, je trouve vraiment drôle de penser à ce qui se passait dans la tête des élèves de quatrième année qui venaient tout juste de télécharger Snapchat. Je me suis rendue compte qu'être bloquée était pire que de ne pas être invitée.

Les médias sociaux ont tendance à prendre de fausses images des réalités dans lesquelles nous vivons. Cela pourrait être observé à travers des photos de célébrités éditées par le logiciel Photoshop que nous voyons souvent apparaître sur Internet. Cela affecte négativement la stabilité mentale. Parfois, pendant que je lis des articles en ligne, je vois des histoires sur des adolescents qui utilisent leurs applications sociales pour se comparer aux autres. Et oui, cela mène à la tristesse, puis à la dépression, et quelque fois même au suicide. Tout cela est dû à un manque de vraie connaissance sur la vie de quelqu'un, ce qui peut parfois être loin de ce qu'on voit de l'extérieur. Ces gens célèbres, auxquels les individus se comparent, sont humains avec des émotions. C'est-à-dire, comme tout le monde, ils éprouvent une variété d'émotions chaque jour. Ils ont de bons et de mauvais jours. Leurs réactions aux mauvais jours sont habituellement cachées du monde. Ils publient rarement un égoportrait d'eux en train de pleurer, et se plaignent rarement de leurs situations personnelles parce qu'ils n'obtiendraient pas de vues ou d'abonnés. En fait, leur vie n'est jamais parfaite, ce que beaucoup d'individus doivent comprendre. C'est ici que j'ai réalisé et continue de réaliser que la transparence peut être l'innovation la plus perturbatrice et libératrice pour les médias sociaux.

En tant que communauté, il est notre devoir de reconnaître que ces plateformes ne dépeignent pas toujours la vérité sur la vie des gens, et donc, nous ne devons jamais laisser nos émotions être affectées par ce que nous voyons sur nos écrans.



