





WORDS WRITING PROJECT
2014/15 ANTHOLOGY

Words Move Us

AGES 11+

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2014/15 ANTHOLOGY

Words Move Us

Ages 5-7

My First Tooth

Vanesa Abboudi
Buckingham Elementary

I lost my first tooth on Christmas.
It caused a lot of pain.
I was crying.
I lost it when I was 5.
I have lost 4 teeth.
At night it fell out and
I put it in an envelope that
Says, "tooth fairy."
The next day I got \$10!

Gold Nuggets

Mabell Mathews
Buckingham Elementary

Have you ever struck it rich?
A gold nugget sure is worth a lot!
It's as rare as a diamond,
As precious as a wedding ring.
As smooth as glass,
As shiny as the shimmer of the sun.
I wish I could find one in my stream.

Toutes les réponses

Un matin en été, dans une petite ville, il vivait une petite fille qui était intelligente et jolie.

Elle voulait porter les mêmes souliers chaque jour parce que ses souliers étaient magiques.

Mais, un matin d'été, les souliers de Katharine ont couru dans la rue. Elle a fait ça parce que les souliers voulaient que Katharine porte ses souliers magiques. Alors, Katharine a décidé de créer un remède magique. En premier, elle a collé les cordes ensemble et dernier, les souliers ont dit « désoler » à Katharine et Katharine peut porter ses souliers magiques.

Ages 8- 10

Humanity

Eshan Barha
Buckingham Elementary

Humanity needs to be harmonized
Like the dark red roses and pale blue skies

Like musical notes woven into a song
That makes everyone feel like they belong

Because they do.

And I'm telling you this
Because humanity is not perfect the way that it is

But we can work together
and make something better
For me, for you, for us all, for whomever!

Because each is important for all of our race

Regardless of

Life of a Pit Pony

Teodora Ostojic

Taylor Park Elementary

I, a sturdy pit pony am all they need.
Sometimes I feel like I'm their mighty steed.
I work in the mines that are dusty and cold.
It feels like I'm working in a smelly old mold.

Me, yes me, I carry thick chippy coal.
Miners create such incredible holes.
Every time I go into that cough ridden mine.
I think of couplets that seriously rhyme.

Mines make my skin shutter and jump.
Then the coal slips from my shovel and it goes thump.

An explosion! Tc -0.(on)23(!)-27.8(Tc -0.(on)2sp0 Tc 7m)-6.9(an go i)-4-4-4-4.n 0 Tw 15.966 0 Td ()Tj EMCdd0 Tdnj EMC

Shanghai

Hannah Zhou, Taylor Park Elementary

Shanghai is one of the biggest cities,
If you can't go oh, such a pity!

There are always busy streets day and night,
The lights are dazzling at dark, what a sight.

I know a restaurant called, "Eat Your Souls"
Try the hot, crisp, crunching, oily spring rolls.

Summer the temperatures so high
it melts plastic wastes,
Stores show off their beverages
with spectacular tastes.

The Science World there

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I Stand On The Side Lines

Chioma Oluka, Chaffin Elementary

I stand on the side lines looking in

Changing Forever

Brian Zhang
Capitol Hill Elementary

On the surface of the winter lake,
Cracking, thawing, in the winter sun,
A change begins to occur.
Loosening, wobbling, and giving way
to the temperature,
The ice begins to melt,
Changing appearance, size, and state of matter.

The ice has changed into water,
A free flowing liquid,
Devoid of any shape, it simply moves around,
Quenching thirst and cleaning bodies.

Now, in the heat of summer sun,
The water molecules gain energy,
And another change occurs,
The water soon becomes water vapour,
An invisible gas that floats without hindrance
throughout the air.

Existing in 3 different forms naturally, es-4.2(v)12.4(i1)

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Jerry

Susan Chung, Windsor Elementary

Every morning, the buses

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My mind was clouded with scarring thoughts, my fists clenching until they turned white from force. I punched a street sign in anger, screaming in absolute agony. These people, these humans who disrespected me for feeling different, they weren't terrified of themselves. We were terrified of each other. I was afraid they wouldn't accept me – it's not like they did, anyway – and they were afraid of my overly powerful anger that has swelled within me from the haunting life I've lived so far.

"I'm going to kill you!" The words roared inside me, frustration and shame flooding my senses. Red adrenaline blurred my vision as I found myself in the forest, my place of tranquility. I took out a lighter from my pocket, grabbing a fistful of dead grass and burning the plantation. I threw the blazing grass to the base of a tree, causing the surrounding materials to start sizzling with sparks. Smoke flew around me in a hurricane of wind. It was getting hard to breathe. If I was dying, every part of me died as well. I set my place of peace ablaze and waited for the growing flames to engulf me.

Grade 8

As Tests Fly

Karen Oliv~~as~~
Cariboo Hill~~Secondary~~

As tests fly, time does not
Homework just seems to pile up
When does learning become simply passing?
It comes to a point where being smart
is just surpassing

People like to divide
The intelligent and idiotic

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Just Because. . . . Jarrad BanigarBurnabyMountain Secondary

Just because I'm autistic.

Doesn't mean I can't be cool.

Doesn't mean I can't learn.

And doesn't mean I'm weird.

Just because I have a hard time learning new things.

Doesn't mean I'm not smart.

Doesn't mean I can't learn.

And doesn't mean I always get bad grades.

Just because, I sometimes act silly and weird

Doesn't mean I can't have friends

Doesn't mean I always act weird.

le

La Prophétie d'Esse

Maya Delzer, Moscrop Secondary

Il y a longtemps, dans la ville de Windermere, il y avait un duc froid et arrogant appelé Gustave Martin. Il courtisait une dame, Sylvia, qui était fidèle et douce. Gustave a dit qu'il aimait Sylvia, mais leurs visites sont devenues de moins en moins fréquentes, alors Sylvia a commencé s'inquiéter. Une nuit, juste avant qu'il est parti, elle lui a demandé, «tu seras ici demain, oui?»

Il a répondu avec un petit hochement de tête. Le lendemain elle l'attendait, mais il n'est jamais revenu; le duc a trouvé une femme beaucoup plus belle, et beaucoup plus riche.

Le temps passait, et maintenant le peuple était rassemblé dans la salle d'audience.

«Amène le prisonnier!» a crié le magistrat. Le claquement des portes immenses résonnait dans la salle alors que deux gardes traînaient un homme avenant mais débraillé.

Le magistrat gueulait, «M. Pascal Martin, fils du Duc de Windermere, tu es accusé de l'entrer par effraction dans la maison de Mademoiselle Jacqueline, et de l'avoir agressée en lui donnant un baiser, sans aucune permission, pendant qu'elle essayait de dormir! Tu dis que c'est à cause d'une 'prophétie'. Est-ce que tu peux nous expliquer ce qui est arrivé?»

«Bien sûr. Cela a tout commencé quand je me promenais dans la forêt» disait Pascal, pendant qu'il tournait sa tête vers la gauche et attendait le flash-back.

«Je suis tombé sur une vieille femme gentille. Elle m'a donné du thé et nous parlions de toutes sortes de choses. Mais quand j'ai dit mon nom, elle était choquée. Martin, comme Gustave Martin?» elle m'a demandé. Je lui ai demandé si elle le connaissait, mais elle a seulement regardé dans le vide. Puis elle m'a raconté d'une prophétie et d'une fille qui avait besoin de mon aide! Alors j'ai dit merci, et j'ai grimpé le premier tour que j'ai vu! J'ai donné un baiser à la belle madame et voilà, elle s'est réveillée! Mais au lieu d'être reconnaissante de mes efforts, elle m'a donné une gifle!»

«Je crois qu'il est fou Monsieur!» a interrompu Jacqueline. «Il y a seulement une façon de savoir pour vrai.

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It's Raining Cats and Dogs

Bradley Tang, Cariboo Hill Secondary

Long ago, there was a country called Pets. The Prime Minister of Pets was Pet Harper, a not very bright man, who always wanted his country to surpass bordering countries. The two co-capitals of Pets were Cat City and Dog City, which were situated close to each other. The two cities pitied each other because in Cat City, everyone loved cats and in Dog City, everyone loved dogs. The mayor of Cat City was a clever young man, Cat Corrigan, who didn't dislike the mayor of Dog City, Dog Ford, as much as the city he was the mayor of. On the other hand, Dog Ford despised Cat Corrigan for his youthfulness.

Since Pets was a rather humid country, it often rained heavily. The citizens of Cat City and Dog City each developed an expression for every time it rained heavily: "it's raining cats" and "it's raining dogs" for the respective city.

As the cities developed, their borders soon touched. Since neighbouring countries often laughed at how Pets had two co-capitals instead of one capital, Pet Harper decided to merge Cat City and Dog City, to form Pet City. Everyone at Pet City started to get along, letting go of their past beliefs, until it rained heavily again. Every time a citizen from one city said his/her city's expression for when it rained heavily, everyone else from the other city did not understand.

Cat Corrigan, Dog Ford and Pet Harper decided to have a meeting regarding the issue. Pet Harper quickly suggested, "I think the expression should just be 'it's raining pets.'"

"Not every pet describes well enough how hard it rains in Pet City," Cat Corrigan explained.

The mayor of a nearby city, who was also invited to address the issue, came late and proposed "it's raining mouses," as the city he was the mayor of was Mouse City. Cat Corrigan chuckled and said, "I believe that mice are too small to describe how hard it rains in Pet City."

"And if mice were big enough, the expression would be 'it's raining mice,'" said Pet Harper, trying not to laugh and thinking how clever he was.

Embarrassed, the mayor of Mouse City left as quickly as he came. Knowing that Dog Ford did not really like him, Cat Corrigan recommended hesitantly, "Maybe instead of 'it's raining pets', the expression for heavy rain can be 'it's raining cats and dogs.'"

After hearing the conversation, Dog Ford let go of his hatred towards Cat Corrigan, agreeing. Pet Harper also agreed, happy the meeting was over. They all walked outside to the podium, where citizens were waiting anxiously, to announce the new official expression describing heavy rain. Everyone loved the expression, so it quickly caught on.

To this day, people still use the expression "it's raining cats and dogs" whenever it's raining heavily. You might even come across someone who says "it's raining mice," or even "it's raining mouses."

For Every Storm, a Rainbow

Julia Han, Burnaby Mountain Secondary

I am the rain. I stare into the sky as clouds begin to intertwine with each other, constructing a dome over the earth, sealing all its inhabitants in a dreary atmosphere. Weeping from the heavens above sprinkles placid droplets underneath the rolling clouds. I feel myself drifting as I unknowingly, unconsciously, searchingly lend myself to the misty blanket of faded grey wrapped around the sublunary world. I fall for what seems like eternity, until I hit a rough gritty surface below.

Back When

Grade 9-10

Broken Words

Shenna HeBurnaby North Secondary

We live in a world of blatant pageantry,
An unholy nucleus to persuasion and indoctrination
Caught in never ending cycles of inflicting pain and apologies,
Happiness peeling away until there's nothing left but a bruised and rotted core
Our flaws obscure our v p3(hi)-4.3(n)11a221.3(es)1h7le ssingoteiurnti

Lost Summers

Lila Mooney

Burnaby Central Secondary

Do you remember those

The Walk Home

Hayes Wong
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Walking home seemed so easy,
A mere stroll, not a hike,
But as I leave the light of the bus,
I am engulfed by the murk of night.

The distance seems to grow
As I peer into the coal black darkness.
My nerves turn to jelly,
As I start on my path,

I muster up my courage,
And march along the road,
But my gallant spirit,
Turns coward as I hear a snap.

My heart rate quickens,
When I peer into the dark,
My eyes dart everywhere,
As fear rips through my mind.

"It's nothing," I think,
As I tighten my grip on my bag,
Gravel scatters behind me,
And all my bravery evaporates.

I scabble for escape,
Like a cornered rat,
Flailing toward my porch that is a beacon,
In the gloom of the night.

Something shambles behind me,
But I dare not turn around,
As I reach the landing,
I decide to sneak a look.

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Vancouver

Selena CūBurnaby North Secondary

Where the sea hugs the land

In an unforgiving embrace

And the wind strolls down busy streets

And teasingly plays with your hair.

High above it all

Perched on the nose of a peaceful mountain giant,

I see the city pulse with a golden glow.

They vault the bridges,

glimmer around the webbed grids

And climb the mountain towards me,

falter, and halt.

They fight against the closing curtains

And threaten to envelope our tiny existence with

fear, confusion, chaos

Unspoken Words, Unheard Melodies

Annika Fong
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Tell my love the words that I cannot dare to speak
From the depths of the ocean
to the tallest mountain peak

Expressed from my truthful innocence
But clashes with sorrowful dissonance
Your tender melody wraps around
my delicate heart
Protecting from whoever dares to tear us apart
Breathtaking music flows through my ears
and echoes afar
And stretches as far as a shimmering,
shooting star
As I reveal my beauty for all the world to enjoy
Hear my sweet harmonies
as my voice does not annoy
Rather it enriches the soul
as you feel the keys descend
From the final notes of the pianist
to the bittersweet end.

Lonesome Auras

Emily Lukas
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

To think that

A regal queen,
Clothed in her splendour,
Would feel hollow within.

A sovereign king,
Valiant and brave,
Would feel lonely at heart.

A noble prince,
Filled with potential,
Would feel worthless inside.

To think,
That the pinnacle of society,
The respected elite,
Somehow felt incomplete.

Would be absolutely absurd.

An Idea

Karin Jin
Burnaby South Secondary

He gazed at me with chocolate eyes,
Hair sleeker than a starless sky,
His perfume breath, like a blanket on my skin,
His mouth turning upwards as he held my chin.

He looked at me with such adore,
With a sense that I was his, forever more,
He held my cheek like candy glass,
Fragile and delicate under his grasp.

But...

I fell into the ghost of him,
Hitting hard on a figment whim,
I fell in love with the idea of perfection,
The thoughts and complexion of a fictitious
reflection.

I didn't want to see the cracks of you,
So I hid them away and believed the untrue,
I thrived off the idea of you in my mind,
Always remaining oblivious and blind.

Because We're Family

Vanessa Chow
Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Here for you no matter what,
If you're hurt we'll heal your cut.
And if you fall like an ancient statue,
We promise to be there to catch you.
Because we're family.

Strong individuals, but stronger together,
Sturdy as stone, not frail like feathers
Through thick and thin, we never leave
We're inseparable like Adam and Eve.
Because we're family.

Linked by generations of bloodlines, 71.001 Tw 11(3u 4

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Humankind

Jamie Barrett-Lennard, Cariboo Hill Secondary

The Donut Incident

Ricky Yin, Alpha Secondary

There was a squeak as the car door swung open, and the abrupt clump as the door closed echoed into the dimly-lit street illuminated by a single flickering streetlamp. A soft gentle drumming of precipitation falling was the only sound as the man stepped out of the vehicle. The passenger door opened and another man stepped out. There was a whoosh as the man quickly unfurled a black umbrella and closed the door. The first man ducked under the umbrella and the two hurriedly rushed past the lit area pooling at their feet, the heavy drops of water coalescing from the dripping metal beacon bouncing off the soft fabric of the umbrella with a patter. The gurgling from the miniature stream flowing into the gutter echoed as a soft jazz melody was heard as the duo neared the nearby café. The moon slowly faded behind a cover of clouds, rendering the already pitch-black atmosphere even darker.

There was a light jingle as the two entered the empty coffee shop, the warm air enveloping them in an aromatic embrace, and the two sighed contentedly as the parasol was closed. The barista behind the counter quickly noticed their presence. No words were exchanged as the first man nodded to signal he would like the usual. The two collected the small paper bag and coffees and slid into a booth. bofquioupape.quioupapgh(n(r)4.4

Grades 11-12

The Dance Suzanna Brenton, Burnaby Mountain Secondary

Uno! Dos! Tres!
The Spanish ballads ring in our ears
as we spin around,
Our hands firmly clasped,
Bodies swaying in unison,
Our hearts race as we dance to the beats.

The other dancers match our steps,
Their shadows spring to life on the cobble court,
Old and young, it matters not,
Life shines through them as they swirl.

The instruments pulse in rhythm,
Voices float in and out of the plaza,
People open their windows to hear
the spicy, vibrant music;
This is in our blood.

Love and laughter fills the calle,
Dresses flow and ripple, like waves,
Vitality breaks free as everyone moves,
We live for this.

Drop of Dew Ariel Chiao, Burnaby North Secondary

The day before you were gone
You were a drop of dew
So pure, so innocent
Your smile is far more beautiful
Than the badge on your collar

Now you are gone
Somewhere across the country
Somewhere on a General's list
Somewhere beyond my reach
There you are, aiming with one eye shut,

Math

Kathryn Choi, Burnaby Mountain ~~School~~

Neatly compose the f of x equation;
There is no room for a faulty notation.
To start, define the nameless variable.
Don't worry my peers, this stuff is all bearable.

We must state the unknown, begin with our marks,
Pick any letter, no more question marks!
The later you realize the letter you see,
The sooner you'll accept that you got a C.

Expand the factored form, and merge it to one,
Hear your mom shout, "Don't disappoint me son!"
Isolate, substitute, use the quadratic formula.
There's no need to rush, for you see the parabola.

Lastly, find your roots both the y and x intercept
To wake up in math class confused but well-slept.

Guilt of Gorging

Lydia Chow

The Equality of the Sky

Melissa Roffe Burnaby Mountain Secondary

The sun's being picky today.
It just can't make up its mind.

La Voix d'un Album Souvenir

Samantha Hji École Cariboo Hill Secondaire

Je place l'album souvenir dans mes mains
Au début, je n'entends rien.
C'est un objet, il est muet.
Mais tout à coup j'entends une douce voix,
Timide mais insistante.
L'album souvenir me raconte d'un mariage autrefois,
Avec une voix joyeuse.
Il rit à cause des moments hilarants
Bien qu'il ne se souvienne plus pourquoi
Ces occasions étaient tellement drôles.
Peu à peu, sa voix s'intensifie.
Il sourit comme un parent fier
En révélant la naissance des enfants.
Maintenant il glousse
comme un enfant d'âge préscolaire
Quand il revisite les années de la marelle
Et de l'apprentissage
De lacer ses propres chaussures.
Il chuchote à propos des autres instants
Qui n'étaient pas si glorieux :
Un enfant en pleurs, une maman épuisée,
Un papa avec un air stressé;
La mort d'une grand-mère.

Les Papiers Blancs

Catherine Zhu, École Moscrop Secondaire

Le vieil homme,
Qui habite sur la rue dix-sept,
Achète une pile de huit par douze feuilles de
papiers blancs,
Chaque jour.
La commerçante ne demande jamais pourquoi,
Mais elle ne doit pas.
La lumière fluorescente de la boutique réfracte,
De la broche de guerre du vieil homme,
Parfaitement épingle sur son cœur,
« 1939 – 1942 »
Sculpté doucement par le bord.
Mais une fois, elle remarque ses doigts méticuleux,
Qui sont la taille parfaite pour le clavier d'un piano.
Alors elle demande,
« Pourquoi ? »
Et il répond : « Pilote, j'étais un pilote. »
Alors elle demande,
« Pourquoi ? »
Et il arrête.
Mains serrées sur le paquet de papier,
« L'invincibilité »
Puis il part,
Et il n'est jamais revenu.
Une couche de poussière épaisse se recueille sur
les paquets de huit par douze papiers blancs,
Attends le vieil homme,
Attends,
Attends.
Finalement, la commerçante prend un paquet de
huit par douze papiers blancs à la maison du vieil
homme.
La porte s'ouvre et la femme du vieil homme l'a
remercie pour le papier.
Lui dit de la suivre dans la salle de séjour.
La commerçante est surprise parce que dans le
coin de la salle de séjour,
Était le vieil homme,
Qui pliait,
Un avion en papier.
Entouré par des centaines d'avions en papier.
Elle demande,
« Pourquoi? »
Et le vieil homme sourit,
Il tient un avion en papier et dit, « L'invincibilité. »

Porcelain Skin

Emma Karlsen
Burnaby North Secondary

a crack
running through my
porcelain skin,
it is small,
but it continues
to spread.
with each step
the fracture grows,
the fault lines
of my body
elongating,
wrapping down
my limu0C4ough 8 Tc -0k-0.014.006 Tw -6.466 -1[(p

page 57 of a lost journal stamped letter

Kate Olivares, Cariboo Hill Secondary

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Assimilation au Canada

Sofia Savkovic, École Alpha Secondaire

L'assimilation
débutée par l'éducation.
Sauvez les immigrants
des Canadiens trop dénigrants.
Sauvez les immigrants
qui ne savent pas
les valeurs
et les coutumes
canadiennes.

On cherchait à les intégrer,
à les faire parler
et les faire agir
pour les ourdir
à la culture canadienne.
Mais on aurait dû
laisser chaque groupe
valoriser son héritage.

A Child's Favourite Hiding Spot Chanessa Staurent, Alpha Secondary

A smile spread on your face, despite the pain in your side where a cardboard box of Band-Aids was digging into your ribs. An itching grows in your throat, caused by a stifled laugh, and your eyes fill with water. The harmless silhouettes of cleaning supplies blur into menacing ghouls in the dim light that the crack in the cupboard allows. There is a pain that runs up your spine and into your neck. You try to reposition yourself but the underbelly of the sink juts out from the ceiling of the cupboard, insisting that you stay the way you are. You freeze, and suck in your breath, you cannot afford to make a sound, not so much as a whistle of breath. The patter of curious footsteps that belong to oblivious people echo through the quiet house. The patter grows nearer, and you turn to stone. A stone statue with a beating heart, a typically silent beating with a sound now magnified by the surrounding silence; a stone statue whose heart be

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Different Home, Different World

Natasha Carson, Burnaby Mountain Secondary

I stroll towards the entrance of the care home, as per routine every Monday afternoon. It's been a countless amount of times volunteering here; there's no doubt that the familiarity of the building's fresh pine wood interior and the dark cobblestone pathway pass by me as though I'd been there for ages. You'd think, from its modern exterior design, that the building is a set of new quiet townhouses, or maybe a three-storied mansion with a conventional parking lot. Accordingly, I would say the care home isn't overly clinical in appearance.

As the glass doors shut behind, you might see Billy rolling around in her wheelchair. Her husband was a sailor; she asks me of his whereabouts every evening and waits for his red boat to come ashore. I always tell her not to worry and to join us for the afternoon recreational activities, though often, she'll refuse to. Like many of the residents, Billy longs to leave the care home, reunite with her deceased spouse and be liberated from the confinement. As much as I want to convince her to think otherwise, all I can do is make up an excuse for the man's absence and deliver a smile.

D'où Nous Venons

Mirgyo Kim, École Moscrop, Secondaire

Il se mit contre le mur, les mains secouant et réussissant à peine à tenir son fusil. Le plafond tremblait avec le bruit orageux des explosions et des coups de feu assourdissants. En reprenant son souffle, il sortit de sa poche une ancienne photo de sa famille; ses parents

Soudain, la porte s'ouvrit. C'était Lambert; il était venu pour vérifier si Dubois allait bien. Ravi de voir son compagnon encore vivant, Dubois courut vers lui, sans surveiller son poignard. Dubois, dans sa tentative de présenter Tristan à Lambert, leur demanda de se serrer la main. Lambert hésita, ne sachant pas s'il pouvait lui faire confiance. Au même moment, Tristan, avec un mouvement prompt, poignarda Lambert dans le cou. Lambert saisit la coupure noire et profonde avec sa main, pour arrêter en vain la vie de s'en évader violemment. Matthew, dévasté de ce qui se passa, chercha son poignard, seulement pour se rendre compte qu'il était dans la main de Tristan. En ayant entendu le cris de Lambert, le caporal Mercier et le sergent Dufour arrivèrent, mais Tristan prit rapidement le fusil de Lambert de sa poche et les fusillèrent en un instant, comme s'ils n'étaient que de mouches. À ce moment-là, des renforts d'ennemis arrivèrent, et appellèrent le garçon : «Samuel?» Le garçon se retourna vers Matthew, fit un sourire diabolique, et tira sur son corps sans cesse. Matthew tomba comme une feuille d'automne, ses jambes devinrent trop délicates pour le soutenir, et la photo de famille, teinte de son sang, tomba doucement de sa main.

The Day the Music Died Andrew Leong, Burnaby North Secondary

"Blessed are those who mourn, for they shall be comforted..." Then, the room fell silent except for the sniffles that echoed off the wooden panels high above us.

"Why can't I cry?" I asked myself. I lift my head up, heavy with guilt. I looked towards my mother. A tear rolled off her cheek, the cold fluorescent lighting shimmering off of it. Swish swish. I spun around in my corduroy pants, looking for people I knew.

Most of the women were crying, handkerchiefs and tissues in hand. Most of the men bowed their heads down in order to preserve their masculinity. Even my dad, who was the strongest man I knew at the time, was sniffing. I could see my second cousins at the front. They were crying the hardest. "Of course," I thought, "It is their grandfather up there after all." Up at the very front was a closed black wooden casket, polished like a piano. To the right of the casket was a photograph of my cousins' grandfather, framed in black. It was an old photograph. He looked much younger. Next to the photo was a man behind a podium, staring at me. I realized I was interrupting the man, but everyone was looking at me already.

"Shh, Matthew, sit down." My mum whispered at me with her scolding face on.

"Huh? Oh." I said in a voice louder than it should've been. More heads turned towards me, their hawk-like eyes telling me to quiet down. "Huh? Oh." I whispered to my mum. Swish swish.

Red, green and white decorations accented the house as my uncle welcomed us in. "Merry Christmas!" My uncle said, giving my dad a bear hug. His hair had become greyer, but he still had the energy and spirit to host our family Christmas gathering. "Good to see you." My uncle said while hugging my mum. "Hey there, bud." Ruffling my hair with his coarse hands.

"Merry Christmas!" I smiled, showing off my pearly whites. I handed him a candy cane from a box I always carried around to Christmas gatherings. The smell of Christmas turkey filled my nose as I stepped into the house. The floor was spotless. Perfect for sliding around in socks and pretending I'm skating.

"Hey, Matthew, why don't you hand out candy canes to everyone?" My mum suggested. I slid around in my socks, handing out candy canes to everyone. I slid into the living room, past my cousin's family portrait in a black frame, and past their piano, which looked freshly polished.

"Hmm, that's weird. He's here every year." I thought. I slid to look for my cousins. "Where's your grandfather?" I asked them.

Dismayed, the older one looked at me and said, "Matt, he's gone." That's when it hit me. It was like someone punched me in the chest. My eyes began to water and shortly after, I was sitting in a puddle of tears. He's gone. Forever.

WORDS WRITING PROJECT

WORDS WRITING PROJECT

Protection

Jessica Su, Burnaby North Secondary

I shudder at the feeling of the breeze hitting my skin. Grasping the wool of my grandfather's sweater, I swiftly wrap it around myself, trying to bring the feeling of him closer to me. Remembering the roughness of his hands, guiding me through the hardships I faced in life, a stray tear slides down my face, forming a pool at the corner of my mouth.

The trees sway around me as I sit down on the grass. Surrounded by the feeling of death, I lift my hands up to touch the engravings on the stone that read the words that have scarred my heart. Taking a deep breath I close my eyes, trying to remember the last time I heard my grandfather's deep throaty laugh.



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