





WORDS Writing Project  
2017/18 Anthology



AGES5-7

Bhushan, Shalik	Buckingham	Winter
Castellanos, Acacia	Brantford	Le ocon de neige tombe
Chung, Theodore	Buckingham	e Airshow
Garlick, Ella	Clinton	

A series of horizontal grey bars providing a template for writing the names of the students and their corresponding locations and activities.

**AGES11+ Continued**

Mah, Kathryn	Buckingham	The World's Music
Medeiros Papantoniou, Amelie	Taylor Park	Deserted Wonderland
Miki, Emily	Clinton	Our Story: Residential Schools
Ogalino, Cassandra	Stride Avenue	Coming in the Closet
Rae, Michael	Brentwood Park	If You're Not From My Time
Roy, Cadence	Brentwood Park	The Mercy of Forgiveness
Takhar, Kiran	Clinton	In Their Eyes

A series of horizontal gray bars, serving as a template for additional entries in the table.

## GRADES11-12

Allueva, So a	Burnaby Mountain	Because I am
Bajracharya, Shreya	Byrne Creek	Behind the Door
Chen, Carolyn	Burnaby Mountain	Chrysanthemum Tea
Chong, Troy	Burnaby North	Wild re Rage
Chow, Aaron	Burnaby North	Melancholy
Chow, Lindsay	Moscrop	Black, An Inscrutable Rustle
Daruwalla, Zeh	Burnaby South	Everything Walks into a Bar
Diogo, Carolina	Burnaby North	Passion Fruit
Hammond, Evan	Burnaby South	e day of Infestation
Hardjowasito, Clare	Burnaby Mountain	Poetry
Huang, Naomi	Burnaby Mountain	Stuck
Huang, James	Burnaby South	Trickling
Jung, Yoojin	Burnaby Mountain	Everything
Lantz, Madison	Burnaby North	Grey
Lantz, Madison	Burnaby North	A House's Perspective
Laroche, Alexandre	Cariboo Hill	Monopoly
Lieu, Andrew	Burnaby North	e Wings of Butter ies
Lin, Angela	Burnaby South	Go Back
Liu, Eric	Burnaby North	A Bowl of Cereal
Mah, Elianna	Burnaby North	Beauty Beyond Wisdom
Mansouri, Khayria	Burnaby South	Mondays
Mercs, Rebekah	Burnaby South	Followers
Minic, Adrian	Cariboo Hill	Une longue roue (i) -5 (l) -5 [(U) 43(n) 4yTJ ET (o) 1 11 p1 0 0

# Spring

Olivia Helland Gilmore Community School

Spring

Baby animals born among the flowers.

Fresh fruit waiving in the air.

A chickadee singing its spring song.

A bee's honey fresh from the hive.

Soggy grass between my toes.

Spring









# It's Cold

Ella Garlick Clinton Elementary

Frost covers the windows! We sip warm cider. Snow covers the ground like a blanket and snow flakes fall down to the icy ground. Then we snuggle under a quilt of winter and ice. In the morning, I shiver as we creep outside, pushing away the snow in front of us. We reach the glowing fireplace! The fire sizzles

# Silent

Alee Moreno Brantford Elementary

# How to be Vanesa

Vanesa Al-Abboudi

Buckingham Elementary

Be an animal lover

Do sports

Play X-Box1, have a phone

Swim and skate

Be hungry

Love your dog forever

Be loud

Love your family

Be helpful and caring

## Quiet

Tristan Khayatian  
Aubrey Elementary

There are many kinds of quiet.  
Reading with my sister quiet.  
Wonder quiet.  
"Wow!" quiet.  
Squirrels sleeping quiet.  
Writing a book quiet.  
Summer breeze quiet.  
Maple leaves falling to the ground quiet.  
Everyone in the city asleep quiet.

## Flowers

Michael Doerksen Inman Elementary

Orange flowers on a steep green hill of tall grass.  
Blue, yellow and red flowers in a greenhouse.  
Purple flowers in the shadow of a giant tree.  
Big green flowers in a medium sized flower pot.  
Flowers filling the grasslands with bees and butterflies.  
Flowers everywhere.



# Reborn

Sophie Zhao

Cha ey-Burke Elementary



# Kisamon

Jocelyn Hoshizaki Clinton Elementary

On a cold winter's morning, Kisamon was in her bed. Then her father came and gestured to her. Kisamon was confused but she went. Her father led her out past the longhouse into the forest. Kisamon was only 6 and it was the season of Bare (Winter). Father led Kisamon to the creek. The cool breeze hit







## Pourquoi l'océan est salé ?

Linus Scriven Marlborough Elementary

Il y a très longtemps, vivait un aigle très méchant qui s'appelait Boo. Boo aimait pousser les autres animaux, se moquait et jouait des tours à tout le monde. C'est pour ça que tous les autres animaux n'aimaient pas vraiment Boo.

Un jour, un corbeau a appelé tous les autres animaux pour une réunion. Le corbeau a fait un grand feu dans le milieu d'un cercle de grands cèdres et tous les animaux sont venus, même le plus vieux serpent de la forêt. Le corbeau a demandé : <<Qu'est-ce qu'on peut faire pour arrêter Boo d'être si méchant ?>> Un lynx a répondu : <<Il boit l'eau de l'océan chaque jour je crois ?>> <<Oui>> a répondu le vieux serpent. <<On peut peut-être mettre quelque chose dans l'eau pour chasser l'aigle ?>> suggère le serpent. <<On peut saler l'eau !>> a dit le corbeau. Alors tous les animaux sont allés chercher du sel dans la terre de la forêt. Le corbeau a versé de l'eau sur le feu et est aller chercher du sel lui aussi.

Trois jours plus tard, tous les animaux sont arrivés au bord de l'océan. Le lynx a dit à tous les oiseaux : <<Volez vers l'océan et verser votre sel dans l'eau et sur Boo qui est sur la roche!>> Les autres animaux ont juste versé le sel dans l'eau de l'océan. Boo s'est envolé et il est allé sur une autre roche. Comme il avait soif, il a bu de l'eau salée. Il est devenu malade et s'est envolé pour toujours. Tous les animaux étaient très heureux et depuis ce jour l'océan est salé.

## In Their Eyes Kiran Takhar Clinton Elementary

In their eyes I am nothing. To them I am just a number with no name, no meaning, no purpose in life.





## A Melody for the Deep Blue

Ruth Aaron Brentwood Park Elementary

A calm ocean,  
 Awaits a melody  
     Will you play it?  
 With a violin in hand,  
 And your eyes on the cloud,  
 You play YOUR song,  
     Without a doubt.  
 Seated on the tail of a gentle giant,  
 Let the ocean wash your nerves away,  
 And all around you,  
     e waves dance and sway.  
 As you watch all the commotion,  
 You know now,  
 at it's your duty  
     To Play for the Ocean.

## Broken

Ella Hall Sperling Elementary

I'm a little bit broken  
 But that's O.K.  
 I'll still get by  
 From day to day.  
  
 I'm a little bit crooked  
 But that's all right  
 If you're surrounded by darkness  
 Just move to the light.  
  
 I'm a little bit cracked  
 So I can't be sold  
 But holes can be lled  
 With beautiful gold.  
  
 I'm a little bit broken  
 So no one's like me  
 If we were all perfect  
 en where would we be.

## Silence

Vanessa Wong Confederation Park Elementary

Silence.  
 It bangs on the walls and cries out for help. It's deafening and as loud as thunder.  
 Darkness.  
 It blankets me and starts to close in. I'm beginning to give up.  
 en.  
 Somewhere in the distance, a light ickers, far, far away.  
 Hope.



## Toute Blanche

Margaret Kuts Sperling Elementary

La neige tombe toute doucement,  
 Toute blanche, toute blanche  
 Pas d'empreinte sur des kilomètres,  
 Toute blanche, toute blanche  
 Le vent hurle comme un loup a amé  
 Chatouillant la neige,  
 Toute blanche, toute blanche

Cher ocon de neige,  
 Si léger et si parfait,  
 Laisse-moi m'envoler avec toi...  
 Laisse-moi, je t'en supplie!

Nous danserons autour de Pôle Nord  
 Avec les lumières magni ques de l'aurore  
 Nous irons en Norvège  
 Pour descendre dans les ords  
 Nous survolerons l'Égypte, la France  
 Et, pourquoi pas, le désert de Sahara!

Sous nos yeux, la pleine lune prend forme,  
 Sa luminosité riche nous enrobe  
 Tout ce voyage est trop splendide,  
 Trop magni que pour être vrai...

Peut-être c`était qu`un rêve?

Main non, c`était vrai!  
 Mes cheveux, ils sont encore mouillés,  
 Grace a la neige qui tombait,  
 Toute doucement,  
 Toute blanche, toute blanche

## Confiance en soi

Annie Wu Marlborough Elementary

Quand je fais une faute,  
 Je pense que c'est la n du monde  
 Quand j'attends mes résultats,  
 Je pense que j'ai échoué  
 Les voix négatives chuchotent  
 "Qu'est-ce tu peux faire?  
 Tue es juste une enfant sans voix"  
 Je regarde autour, puis à moi  
 Est-ce que je suis vraiment une lle sans voix,  
 Pas de pouvoir?  
 Je ré échis encore  
 Non,  
 Je sus une lle courageuse,  
 Intelligente et j'ai une voix forte  
 J'ai dit aux voix,  
 "Je sus une lle capable de faire n'importe quoi!"  
 Les commentaires négatifs ont disparu  
 Je suis moi,  
 Je peux le faire,  
 Je peux réussir  
 Car je suis capable de le faire!

## The Thing in the Closet    Cassandra Ogalino Stride Avenue Community School

Dark, stormy night  
Spent in an old, dusty mansion.  
People say it's haunted here.  
Curiosity pesters a young couple.  
The guy willingly goes in  
while the girl feebly follows.  
They walk in, their footsteps creaking  
against the weak wooden floors.  
Strange shadows creep around,  
hiding in every nook and cranny.  
A strong gust of wind brings chills  
to their young bones.  
The girl wants to leave,  
She is scared  
While the guy is brave.  
Then there's sound,  
Coming from the closet.  
Was it the wind?  
Was it a racoon?



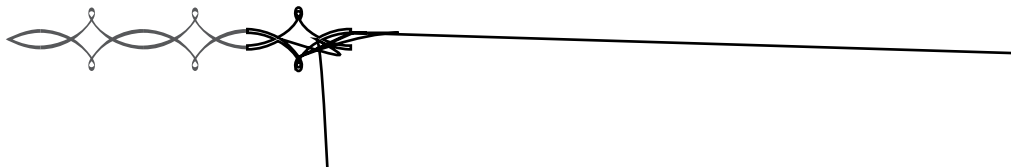
















The sun shone down dimly beneath the grey clouds, causing a chilly breeze to form in the sky, in which there flew a flock of ravens; and a small and fragile raven flew at the end, its beak hanging open strangely as it gasped for much needed breath.

Two ravens kept glancing back, keeping watch on the smaller raven. Their beady eyes were clouded with worry, and they cawed restlessly. The smaller raven, it seemed, had just learned to fly recently, and tried to call its parents back, but all it could do was choke even more that it already was.

The small raven suddenly felt weak and dizzy, and so started gasping even more for oxygen; but to no avail, for it could not close its beak, and lost a great amount of breath. Before it could gasp for a second breath, it realized that had been its last.

Wailing for the last time, a single tear fell from its beady black eyes, wetting its feathers slightly. Thinking about never seeing its family or to never feel the wind in its feathers ever again, caused pain to build up in its chest; and the raven struggled to keep breathing.

Body weakened from the lack of oxygen, the raven felt its wings give way and stop moving all at once. And so this fragile raven fell from the sky, its chest no longer in its arms.









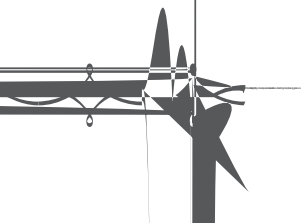


So you think it's easy being a book? Well, it's not. It's like being a boy.











## Escape Audrey Allanson, Katherine Liu &amp; Simrit Guram Alpha Secondary

This is my life  
 With just one pill  
 I don't need a knife  
 I can take your life still  
     A mask of shadows  
 A failed disguise  
 For I can see it  
 In her eyes  
     Searching  
 For a break  
 For a solution  
 An escape  
     From the world  
 An alley we meet  
 Her face is beautiful  
 But she doesn't shine  
 Instead she hides  
 Scared of what might happen  
 It's her first time

*First swallow  
 First dose  
 A noose placed  
 But still a ghost*

*Hour after hour  
 Day after day  
 Sensing self control  
 Withering away*

Dissolving in my mouth  
 Knowing that damage  
     Has been done  
     Regret  
 Like a slap in the face  
 And then I forget  
*Escape Escape Escape*

The pain of before  
 I will never miss it  
     Always trade it  
 For this irreplaceable bliss  
 Forget the cold abyss  
 And remember only this

Secondtime  
 The alley was more familiar  
 Secondtime  
 Courage came easier

This could've been once

*It's never just once*

I want to reach out  
 To save her from this path  
 For a moment I feel I can

But my head goes down  
 Knowing inside  
 I can't fix my life  
 And I can't fix hers

Seconddose



Was easier to swallow

Misunderstood  
Always solo

*I'll be with you always  
I'll be the support you never had*

A failed painting  
Ready to be thrown out

*I'll be what you turn to  
At the end of a long day*

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## Darkness Hugo Zhou Burnaby North Secondary

I was in complete darkness, crying silently in my bed. This was a vivid memory of when I was five, sleeping alone in my bed on an ominous and terrifying night. Since I was little, I had been afraid of darkness, because it can swallow everything. In the dark nothing is visible, and who knows what might be lurking around the corner?

It was my first experience sleeping alone.

“Good night, mom,” I said.

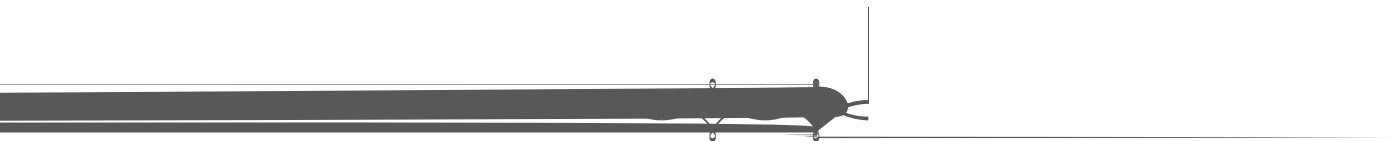
“Are you scared?”

“No,” I quickly replied, trying to sound brave.

“Alright. Good night. And have a good dream,” my mom whispered.

My mom closed the door and the sounds in the room became clearer. Rain was pounding on my







“Is it because I made a wrong move that automatically got me disqualified?”

Or, “Are my skates too loose?”

I'm looking into the final corner, I'm over-confident. I tripped in the corner. I hit the ice 374.436 47.316 201.56



## Regret Vincent Gao Burnaby North Secondary

My grandfather always wrote a letter to me, every single week. I remember when I was young, and my mother and I would read the letters together. I used to love my grandfather, and waited patiently for the familiar manila envelope to appear on my doorstep every week. My feeling slowly changed. As I grew older, my love for my grandfather greatly diminished. I started tossing the letters at the very back of my closet, letting them stack up higher and higher. I soon learned that I would regret doing this.

It was a cloudy, grey day when my grandfather had his funeral. A sense of misery and grief filled the air. Many of his friends and family came, mourning for him, and comforting my parents and I. They all had that same expression.





## La Clé Troy Cheah Moscrop Secondary

J'entends des pieds lourds qui montent les escaliers dans ma chambre. Mon père entre avec un grand sourire emplâtre sur son visage. « Mon Is! J'ai finalement découvert la clé portail à ma dimension alternative! » Je lève les yeux au ciel, exaspéré. « Cependant, mon Is, ne va pas le voir, et ne touche jamais la clé! JAMAIS. Il y aura des conséquences très graves. »

C'était après minuit. Je descendais les escaliers étroits, sur les bouts de mes pieds. Le seul bruit que j'entendais venait de mon sou e profond et rapide. J'entre par la porte entrouverte de son labo. Tout

i am from snippets of quotes  
from my favourite books  
where the boy's held captive  
in imagination,  
his mind buzzing with

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I wandered between spreads of sand and restless roads one day.  
Between the somber vast sea and buzzing little city, I walked  
And wrote down what I saw and am about to convey.

Below a bed of winking winter stars  
I saw a barren beach ~~ch~~reaming by the subdued sea.  
Warped waves of the sea somberly sang a diminished song.

Ecstatic sounds of rapture bounced o' ribbons of water  
Reverberating o' a back alleyway in the city yonder,  
Oblivious to the requiem of the rushing rapids.

The smell of the city's dwindling early spring rain  
Weaved its way into the swelling sea's suppressed sob,  
And there arose a bittersweet breeze of reminiscent smells.

For a second



## Fragmentary Self Esteem: A Reverse Poem

Alison Lu  
Burnaby North Secondary

I am a failure  
And it is a lie that  
I can be happy  
Abide in the stinging shadows of self-imposed hatred  
I refuse to believe the following line  
“You’re beautiful.”

Outer appearances hold more value than personality  
I don’t think that  
People respect me as an individual  
No.  
ey only care about looks

Inner beauty does not exist in this world  
Do not be naive and think that  
Such an incorruptible grace can endure in our society

“You’ve gotten fatter”  
Believe what they tell you  
Don’t  
Love yourself

“I am enough”  
Is a false statement because  
I am, and never will be enough

(Now read in reverse)

## Leaving

Ella White  
Burnaby North Secondary

you don’t need to understand  
it took so much of me  
to go back  
and retrace  
every footprint  
but i looked at  
everything  
and i came  
to a possibility  
that  
it doesn’t have to matter  
that  
my body is like  
citrus  
and some people are like  
dairy  
that  
we will not mix well  
even if i try  
to slice myself up  
we cannot be friends  
and  
you don’t  
need to understand



# Elle

(une lettre d'amour à n'importe qui)

Josemaria TelegMoscrop SecondaryThe Freedom







# Fear

Soniya Huda  
Cariboo Hill Secondary

Shame is a huntsman  
And I am the deer  
caught in its trap,  
Forced into the serenity  
Of a glass piece.

Trembling like a leaf



i am  
a girl in braids, the most bitter candy you will taste, girl who cries so much  
that no one cares anymore. girl you promised you would never hate. girl too much for everyone,  
too little for herself.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND ANYMORE

you  
were the one who took everything away  
locked the doors, nothing gets in anymore, no nightmares, no hard feelings, no kneeling by the toilet.  
you -  
were the one who took everything away  
locked the doors, nothing gets in anymore, no dreams, no learning, no fighting back, no observation  
just you -  
when did i say yes?

i used to think that love was  
two teenagers holding hands, simple, easy, consistent like the way leaves grow back after the cold.  
i think  
i will know love when it walks in.

truth or dare, lie to me if you are the sun then i am the sky. it is okay for me to be angry  
i kept this for a year.

what will you keep?  
the playground and the trees and the walks and all the good things i lost

you don't understand i could  
be so , be quiet, girl born from rivers, from the soft sun in the evening,  
from the sway of trees on summer nights, from the most gentle words your tongue could speak.  
i could end this without me being angry, please, let me

i didn't notice you leaving  
until the first time  
i saw you make a mistake  
i saw you make a mistake





Depuis mon enfance, je suivais le chemin de la musique, et la musique m'accompagnait comme une amie qui ne partirait jamais. La musique est comme la mer, majestueuse et grandiose, et pourtant elle est tellement poétique et gracieuse. Les vagues de la musique ont le pouvoir d'inonder ton corps entier avec des sensations inexplicables, qui nous libère de toute l'agitation présente dans la vie. Dans deux jours, je sera sur scène au centre-ville pour partager avec le public la musique de Debussy, un de ses morceaux qui représente le plus de dé s. C'est un morceau caractéristique de l'Impressionnisme qui stimule tous les sens; on voit les couleurs rayonnantes, des étincelles et des éclats. Il serait la première fois que je jouerai du piano devant une audience de centaines de gens à un concert professionnel à grande échelle.

Il y a un jour qui reste, et du matin jusqu'à la nuit, je me suis assis devant mon piano, dans le salon. Il était di cile à croire que dans quelques heures, je jouerais sur un piano trois fois la taille d'un piano à la queue normale, avec une qualité qui surpasse la perfection: le piano Steinway. C'était toujours le rêve de chaque musicien d'être capable de même toucher un piano Steinway. Je me suis souvenu des paroles d'u















## Black, An Inscrutable Rustle

Lindsay Chow Moscrop Secondary

Black,  
Just an inscrutable  
rustle  
She becomes when the sky turns  
inky  
The night is her dance floor  
her bony fingers  
Foxtrot across keyboards  
to the sound of whirring computers  
and the sinister melody of her one goal  
Black,  
Just an inscrutable  
rustle  
she mutters to herself  
As a box appears  
"PASSWORD ATTEMPT FAILED"  
a few more clicks  
a few more tries  
"ACCESS GRANTED"  
a menacing smile  
she flashes  
As she takes a celebratory swig  
Of RedBull  
Ahhhh... refreshing  
when the lamp of day  
is finally turned on  
she winces  
and hides in the shelter  
Of her bedsheets  
But when night  
falls  
The dance floor opens once again  
And she becomes  
an inscrutable  
rustle

## Unfortunate Timing

Taryn Sabot Cariboo Hill Secondary

I love you  
As much as I love  
Controlling my bladder  
When I'm at the movie theater  
And the time is a third of the way through  
Which is to say,  
I don't.  
Either way, there are grimaces,  
And fist clenching involved.  
And whether it's the time or the interaction  
I can't wait for it to be over,  
So I can relieve myself of the pain it causes.  
Holding my pee inside  
My teeny tiny bladder,  
Brings me as much physical pain  
As your company.

## Melancholy

Aaron Chow Burnaby North 6(a)18(y)7t 12 327.2





# Stuck

Naomi Huang Burnaby Mountain Secondary

An endless loop.

Time moves so slow, I know what will happen.

It happens every time.

Blink.

# Home

Skem'cis Phillips Cariboo Hill Secondary

I am from that familiar smell when you open an old book

From broken sofas

I am from wild fields to forested mountains

And mush 'n honey

I am from the pack

Born and raised by lone wolves

The most elite molded the way I am today

Giving me vastness comparable to that of a team of Olympic gold medalists

I am from warring tribes that taught me to be as wise as someone who lived for a millennia

I am from the greatest Kondor soaring high above heaven and nose diving straight into hell

I am from highly respected families who have the power to dismantle empires with the motion of a finger

I am from responsibility and integrity

I am from the side of love and passion

I'm from old style living to new modern life

I am from the ghostly reservation land whose silence is so loud it literally makes you insane

I am from the spirit in the dark of the corner that lurks not far behind

From exiles in this alone forever

From times made into memory by music and scent such as going through the country with my grandpa blasting old tunes memories so precious they are held by my heart

I am from Nemiah Valley and Soda Creek who feast on moose and bears alike

I am from dimension hopping families who have seen inhuman things that no scientist would believe to be even remotely true

## Anth(r)ophobia     Anna Yun   Burnaby Mountain Secondary

As a child she would walk around flowers,  
Careful not to trample on the precious petals;

Dainty and frail

Gap-toothed smiles twisting from concentration as others  
Sped away whilst she tread carefully through the glades  
Looking under soles of muddied, Velcro shoes  
Wary of daisies, peeking from the green.  
She would cry to pluck such things;

Harmless, small, gentle.

Yet swirling through her eyes was only disquiet.

In visions,

Giant, grotesque disks framed by yellow,  
With heights rivaling that of man's  
Had one line and a million, beady speckles  
Little by little creating an itch that spread down her spine.  
She stood where the sun kissed the horizon,  
And in unison, slowly  
They all turned their heads to the center of attention—  
Shaking her head, she banishes the thought;  
Squeezing her clammy fists to rid the phantom sensation.

Whether out of malice or innocence,  
Others would thrust dandelions into her face;

Uncomprehending, bewildered

And through tears and trepidation her hand was forced to pick  
Buttercups from the earth  
Given promises of it becoming easier—  
It didn't, really.

Dying blooms would sit in a dingy cup on the kitchen counter  
Faces pressed on the clear plastic  
Reproachful eyes serving as a reminder for all her wrongs;

Jeering, scorning

And as the colour seeped from them,  
They degraded, devolved into a rotting green sludge.

All of them,

Black eyed Susans, zinnias, sunflowers,  
Loomed over her with unsettling scrutiny

Faces indecipherable.

And she, assuming the worst

Could not return the look,

Eyes pointedly focused on toes

Knowing of their presence through her peripheral.

And now with an audience preceding me,  
Stationary, packed into neat, uniform rows,  
A judgment hall

Of my every move and thought.

Paper wrinkles underneath paled knuckles  
As I look up from the sheet

And they

Harmless, small, gentle

Study silently.

Their words carry through the fields with ease.





Your Today  
Breah Zaman



If I could take back hours of throwing internet searches down the drain,  
(OK, Google, how many days would it take to lose X pounds?)  
I'd tell myself something else.  
I really would.  
I'd look myself in the mirror, and remind myself  
at I could have been doing something so much more worthwhile with my time.  
Like exercising, gosh darn it.

"Be confident, be you, skinny girls in TV advertisements cooed.  
Were they telling us to love or hate ourselves?  
The models blew kisses at me, but I felt nowhere close to being loved.  
I felt like dieting never made more sense.

I listened to this speech by a model who said that  
Beautiful people still struggle, skinny can't buy happy, etc.  
Let me ask:  
How many more chronically calorie counting ninth graders is it going to take  
Until billboard models like her gained some freaking pounds?

## Une longue route traîtresse se trouve devant moi

Adrian Minic Cariboo Hill Secondary

Une longue route traîtresse se trouve devant moi  
L'ange de la mort m'attend à la fin  
Et pourtant je continue comme il faut Comme on est tous obligés  
Et chaque nuit je me repose de cette route traîtresse sur laquelle on marche

## Monopoly

Alexandre Laroche  
Cariboo Hill Secondary

Une journée froide triste et déprimante.  
Pas une parcelle de ciel en vue.  
Nous avons le pouvoir total, chacun d'entre nous.  
Nous avons acheté des propriétés sans laisser de traces dans nos comptes.  
Avec quelque chose d'aussi simple qu'une tournure de dé, nous pourrions envoyer des gens en prison.  
Certains ont eu de la chance.  
Capable de capitaliser sur l'immobilier et construire à leur désir.  
D'autres ont perdu tout leur pouvoir avec une mauvaise décision.  
Des accords commerciaux solides ont été formés.  
Encore d'autres amitiés détruites.  
Chaque mouvement détermine notre destin.  
L'argent semblait illimité.  
Jusqu'à ce qu'il soit parti.  
L'argent était le pouvoir, le banquier supprime.  
Cela reste vrai.  
Avec un peu de chance,  
Et un peu d'habileté, vous pouvez tout revendiquer,  
Ou regardez tout votre empire tomber.  
Voitures en métal et maisons en plastique,  
Qui ne valaient pas le prix que vous avez payé  
Disparu avec l'indécision.  
Désolé, vous ne pouvez pas emprunter pour sortir d'un désordre.  
Les amitiés perdues valaient-elles vraiment la peine?  
Trop tard, aller en prison,  
Ne passez pas GO, ne recueillir pas votre 200 \$.





It began in the river. An inky black oil running free from the confines of the currents that bound the rest of the water; the oil snaked around as if alive with a cruel intelligence, smothering entire schools of fish as if swatting a gnat, leaving their corpses strewn across the beaches for the scavengers to pick at. Anything that drank from the river would fall down dead; seemingly choking on their own breath, and whatever consumed the corpses would suffer a similar grizzly fate.

Next it was in the ground, the oil leaking out of the corpses of any animal that came into contact with it zigzagging in odd patterns towards the trunks of old oaks that had stood for thousands of years and reducing them to twisted, blackened husks of their former selves.

## Farsighted Hanna Song Burnaby Mountain Secondary

On the green table carpeted with velvet, I peeled a deck of new playing cards and spread them into a perfect arch in front of a girl with blue hair. She quivered, despite having been confident half an hour ago when she arrived. In her hands she held four cards of low value. Beads of sweat trickled down her face as she reached for the middle card, pulling it out slowly from the arch. In a sharp motion, I gathered the rest of the cards into a quick, neat pile. The girl's hands trembled as she flipped her card over. Her face clouded as she dropped to her knees. I looked over at the card hanging limp in her hands.

A black joker stared cruelly from between her fingertips. Aside from the nine of spades she had managed to grasp, everything else about her life had been taken away from her by the ruthlessness of pure, bad luck. I prepared myself as the girl slowly stood. The worst part of this job was the people who would flip out on the "dealers" such as myself. Even though they were the ones to jump at the opportunity to change their lives, no one really wanted to gamble away all that they had. I cleared my throat as the girl stood, placing the card on the table and looking at me with threatening desperation.

"Ma'am could I please ask you to go to the room on your right?" I braced myself as I spoke as quietly as I could.

The girl slammed her hands on the table. "This isn't fair! I was told I could do this twice!"

I sighed, sweeping the black joker towards her. "The rules were clearly explained when you decided you wanted a different life. If you have concerns, you can check with any other staff member. They will tell you the same thing. In the meantime, there are others waiting behind you, so if you would most kindly-

"NO!" The girl placed a hand on top of mine to stop it. "I-I can't just accept this! I-I don't want to do this at all." Flinging away the rest of her cards, she grasped at my hands, tears dampening the velvet cover of the table. "I want my old life back. Please. I want to go home. I don't want to be in the military. I don't want my parents to be divorced. Just let me go back!"

I gathered up her other cards as she watched helplessly.

"No, no, no, please, stop." The girl wailed as she buried her face into her hands.

I tucked the cards into an envelope and pressed it back into her grip. "We do not expect the people who come here to regret their decisions, but most do. Please cherish what you have in your second life." I sighed as I opened a pack of new cards, trying to sound as crisp as possible.

"Next in line please."







## Mondays Khayria Mansouri Burnaby South Secondary

It is another Monday morning. The fajr adhan can be heard from afar, beckoning everyone to their morning prayers. Soon, the streets of Tripoli will be filled with cars; driving off to start their day. I begin to dress into my uniform; tugging on the stiff, grey fabric of the pants, then putting on the pink blouse and rolling the sleeves. The outfit is much too big for me, but I've come to accept the fit as a teenager who has yet to reach five feet. Finally, I shroud my hair in a pink hijab. Content with my appearance, I head to the kitchen. Immediately, the scent of garlic hits me, as well as mint and olive oil which smelt like breakfast. When I enter, the table has already been set, draped with a red tablecloth and set with hand-painted plates. I greet my aunt with a smile. My sister, Suroor, soon enters behind me and reaches for an olive on my plate. I attempt to swat her hand away but am too late as she pops it into her mouth. I scowl at her but only to be met with a smug smile. Finishing up, we head out as our uncle has offered to drive us. He starts the car, and we begin our ride to school. As we pass by Libya's palm trees and crowded cafes, my sister and I whisper gossip about a boyfriend that her friend isn't supposed to have.

As we arrive at the school, we both thank our uncle for the ride. When entering, a group of armed men run toward us. Terrified, I scream, grab my sister's hand and run to the nearest entrance. I run as fast as I can, scared that they'd shoot or take us. For it isn't odd when little girls go missing in Libya. Young girls are constantly being snatched in broad daylight, never to return. But I couldn't let that happen; so I run as fast as my legs can take me. Finally, we enter the school, I let out a gasp trying to catch my breath. My sister starts to pale. "It'll be okay," I lie. The school's administration tell us not to go out. From the window, I watch the armed men run after someone. He's in a red tracksuit and runs like his life depends on it; it does.

The armed men open fire, and chaos ensues. Children start to scream and run for the doors. Meanwhile, the administration stand around, ghostlike. I try to ask for a phone to contact my mother, but met with the order to go upstairs. Bringing Suroor with me, we head towards our classes. When I meet my friends, we discuss what might've happened with tear-stained cheeks. Most of them shrug and tell me this is the norm now, this is what I must get used to. The day goes on regularly. Classes resume, teachers teach, distressed students learn. This is their normal Monday.



“Hide the knife,” D. Rosa whispered to me, slighting her head to the right to indicate my ~~avô~~ waiting

She took the passion fruits from my hands and cut them open. I sat next to my grandfather, and watched as the shell split open to release the sweet and tangy aroma.

As D. Rosa cut the last one, I glanced over my grandfather’s wispy white hair at the door, wondering when my mother would arrive. Realizing I would have to wait hours to be relieved from my position as caretaker, I stood up and fetched some spoons. Just two steps into my return, I heard my grandfather speak.

“Estão envenenados,” the gravity in his voice shocked both me and the maid.

“Why would you say that S. Francisco? You know I would never,” D. Rosa swi ly replies. Her numerous years of experience with Parkinson’s disease having prepared her for situations such as these.

“Não como,” D. Rosa and I shared a look and I quickly caught up. No matter what she said, my avo would refuse to believe her, once again in a mistrustful mood. Understanding this, I walked over so that I was in his line of sight, picked up one of the pieces of the fruit and looked my grandfather straight in the eye.

“Look avô” Even I’m eating them,” I spooned out the contents into my mouth quickly, not noticing when a few slimy globs fell onto the table. “See. Nothing happened to me.”

I reached out with a passion fruit in hand and a spoon, but he de ly turned his hand away.

Ignoring the sting that followed his repudiation I tried once more, nishing the other half of the fruit. I smiled bright and gestured to the plate once more and said “Come ~~and~~ You know you like them.”

“I already said I wasn’t eating, dammit.” Instead of grabbing a spoon like I’d hoped, my grandfather scooted his chair back as he attempted to get up. D. Rosa rushed over to assist him, but he swatted her away, his pride getting the better of him.

As I stepped in to hoist him up, my heart fell into my stomach. I was supposed to be the one he listened to, I was the one he trusted. In this snappy dismissal, I could clearly see the distance that was now between my grandfather and me, in between him and the person he once was. Although he stayed as stubborn as always, his lack of reasoning damaged the image I had preserved of ~~him~~ ~~my~~ his startling white hair teaching me how to operate machines in his factory. Today, his crazed hair furthered the similarities between him and those once considered mentally unstable.

\* \* \*

e next morning, as the light bled through the windows, I sat cutting open a passion fruit for myself. When I felt the light touch of my



It was an unlikely tale of friendship. We first met in a classroom four years ago. Some would call her brash and arrogant, but to me her demeanor suggested confidence mixed with awkwardness. Her words often accelerated to the point where she would run out of breath.

Through some twist of fate, we became close friends to the point where we were inseparable. We would discuss anything that our minds found interesting, until it fell to the subject of writing. One day I asked her to critique my symbolism assignment for my English class. I had always known my writing wasn't the best, and so I asked her for her opinion on my use of a butterfly in my writing. She sat down, and quickly began mentally breaking down every letter in search of my poetic secrets.

"It's not too bad, you know," she said matter-of-factly after finishing her reading. "But there's no confidence in your words. You need to make your words mean something. You can't put down words for the sake of putting down words: each individual letter, each word, they all play a crucial part. Spread your wings a bit, flaunt your colours. And when you do, you'll be able to fly."

I was confused, and before I could say anything, she grabbed a piece of paper and began writing in small, neat print. Her pen was a needle threading words, able to weave sentences into effortless paragraphs. "Think about it this way," she said while pointing at the sheet. "Butterflies possess many different colours, and that's what makes them so unique. All you have to do is relate to people like us. Their wings are like our eyes: windows to the soul."

She thought for a moment before speaking again. "It's just like music. You need to command the stage, become the master of your own melodies. People will only remember the melody, you know."



She smiled at me, "Don't be disappointed. Goddess only picks the girl who is brave enough to stay in that room without fear, and once you're Kamari, it's not easy. You cannot play outside, can't laugh loudly, and you have to stay sitting during long pujasevery day."

She wiped my tears and smiled compassionately. She hugged me before I left. I walked down the wooden stairs, taking in the starry night, and the Kamari's words.

I won't be a goddess, but I will be free.

Nick was drying out the pint mugs, rubbing to the steady beat coming out of the jukebox. Flipping the towel over his shoulder, he glanced at his wristwatch. It was about 4pm and the pub would be filling up soon with the post-work rush. Fueled by the swagger of the Bee Gees, he wiped down the counter with a rag. After all, at this time of day the pub was empty. Nick had owned the pub for years, and it was the common watering hole in Eureka Springs, considering it was the only pub in town. Nick in an attempt to be quirky named it Einstein's Fine Wines, though he didn't actually serve any wine, just an assortment of beers and other liquors. Though it was a common misconception that he did serve wine, this agitated Nick severely. Done with all the clean-up, Nick waited for the first customer. The bell above the door jingled as it swung open.

The dwarf walked into the bar, waddled over to the nearest bar stool and climbed up on it. He ordered a pint and went on to spew about the day's events. As he poured the pint out from the tap, Nick nodded his head in response to the story. It was part of the job, a sizeable part that Nick couldn't deny. In Eureka Springs, it seemed as though the citizens were more likely to come to him for confessionals rather than



Clink.









