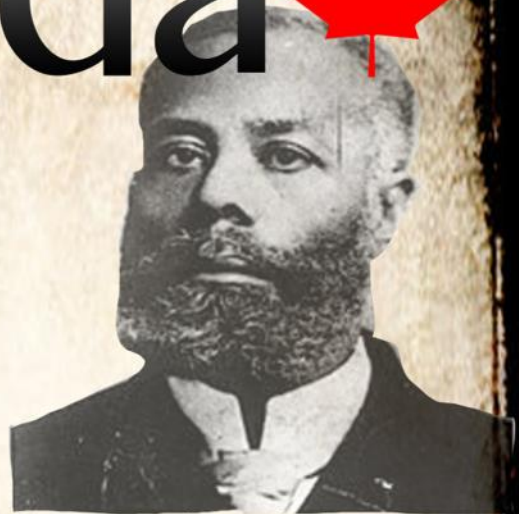


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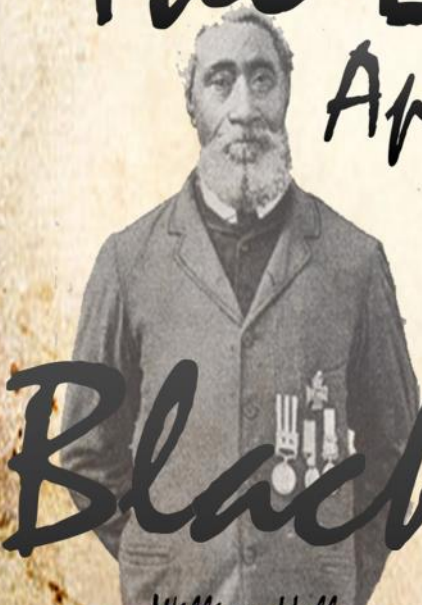
Josiah Henson



Elijah McCoy

The Exchange

April 2018



William Hall



Robert Nathaniel Dett

Black History

Month

'My goal is to stay alive'

This is a Grade 9 creative extension based on the true story of Poon Lim, who survived alone, on a raft, for 133 days.

By Quin Kelleher

Dear diary, today is February 1, 1943. It's day 70. It's me again, Poon Lim.

I was thinking of Wong Po on my ship, the *Ben Lomand*. I helped him in the kitchen when he needed supplies. Wong was a cook on the ship and we talked about different things when he was cooking. He talked about having a family back home. There was also Ernest Richard, chief officer, on the ship. I didn't talk to him a lot but I followed his orders.

I didn't suffer major injuries when I was hurled from my bunk. I did have some bruising along my back and forearm where I landed on the deck. I took some cuts on my back when jumping from the ship deck. After 70 days on this raft, the thing that was causing me the most harm was the sun giving me a bad sun burn. It got better when I made the makeshift tent over my raft.

The question also was what am I going to have to eat. After about a couple of days after I ran out of fish. I noticed that there was a gull flying and so I was thinking about having the gull as food. So, I laid out the fish to

rot in the sun. I it took about three days to the gull to take the bait. I just grabbed it not knowing if it would fight back but it did and I took cuts on my hands. To kill it I had to bang my water jug against his head over and over, until it stopped moving. I had food for that day and it might last me the week.

When I saw the freighter, and I thought I was soon to be rescued, I took a large drink of water. I did not know it would just keep sailing by me. Then I realized that I had a big problem on my hands. I was running out of water. I didn't know what to do. I had enough for 5 days. I tried thinking of gathering water when it rained. It's just how I would gather the water was the problem. I had it. I started to rip my life jacket's water-proof canvas into a bowl to collect water. The water tasted salty, but it was fresh enough.

Staying focus on the goal of staying alive might be hard. To try to stay positive I had to think what if I came home. How would they see me as hero who lasted this long on a raft? Another thing that is keeping me positive is my family back home. I just must tell the story of the people lost on the ship. Like I said my goal is to stay alive and to see my family.

Write in you in a week.

PS Low on paper, that's why .



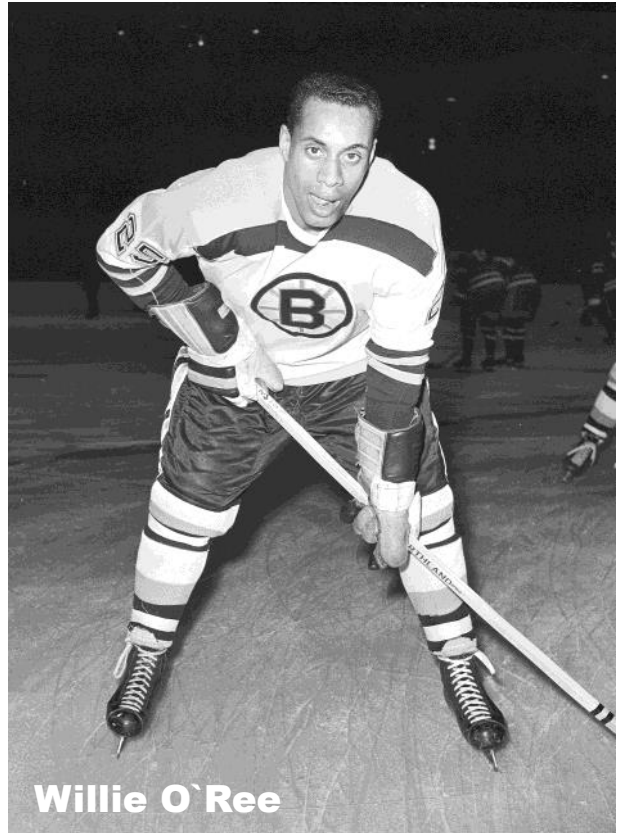
THE ASSUMPTION COLLEGE EXCHANGE

APRIL 2018

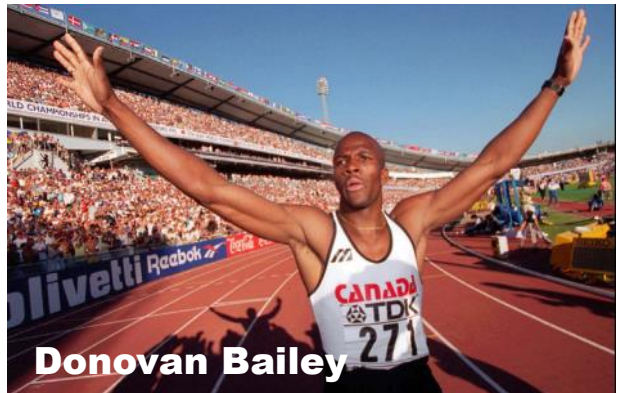
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The Exchange

This edition was put together with help from staff members: Mrs. Fergus, Ms. Birka, Ms. Ratelband, Mr. Nagler, Ms. Kibbe, Mr. Paonessa.



Willie O'Ree



Donovan Bailey

BLACK HISTORY

Willie O'Ree

By Owen Hutchinson

Willie O'Ree was born in Fredericton New Brunswick on October 15 1935. The O'Ree family was one of two black families in Fredericton. He was one of thirteen children. Willie's grandparents escaped to Canada through the Underground Railroad in the 1890's. Willie started playing organized hockey at the age of five. When Willie was a teenager he met Jackie Robinson and told him "someday I am going to be the first black hockey player the same way you were the first black baseball player."

Breaking the colour barrier is how Willie O'Ree has made a difference in the lives of others. Although Willie O'Ree only played two games in the NHL he paved the way for future black hockey players like Grant Fuhr, P.k Suban, Jerome Iginla and many others. Without Willie O'Ree it would have taken longer for black hockey players to play in the NHL. Willie played most of his career blind in one eye. Willie lost sight in his right eye after getting hit by a puck.

It is important to celebrate black history month because there are many inspirational black Canadians who have shaped the course of Canadian history. People like Lincoln Alexander, Viola Desmond and Donovan Bailey should be celebrated for fighting for what they believe in and doing what they love. Willie O'Ree helped gain rights for black athletes while doing what he loved.

Harriet Tubman

By Tyrese Austin

Harriet Tubman was born 1822 in Dorchester County, Maryland and passed away on March 10, 1913. Harriet Tubman's birth name was Araminta Ross. She was born into slavery and was beaten often by her masters. Harriet escaped slavery and fled to Philadelphia where she could be free. After Harriet got to Philadelphia she went back to Maryland to bring many other slaves to freedom.

Harriet Tubman freed slaves so they could start a new, free life. Harriet made a difference because she fought for what was right and didn't just sit back. She changed peoples lives because she freed black people from enslavement.

Black History Month is important because people need to be aware of the horrible things that happened to black people just because of the colour their skin. Black History month isn't only just to recognize slavery, but it's also to recognize achievements made by black people.



Donovan Bailey

By Joseph Jonathan-King

Donovan Bailey was born on December 19, 1967 in Manchester Jamaica. He came to Canada in 1981. Donovan Bailey is a Canadian former sprinter and Olympic gold medalist. He became the first Canadian to achieve the sub-10 seconds time in the 100m run. He also won two gold medals championships and world indoor record for one of his races. Today, Donovan Bailey runs an import and export clothing business and has investment in some other business. His net worth is \$1.3 Billion.

Donovan Bailey created The Donovan Bailey Foundation to help young, "up and coming" track runners. He also opened the Sports Injury clinic in Oakville, Ontario where he lives today.

Donovan also helps kids in Jamaica by giving them food, water, and free schooling. He is the co-founder of Big Brothers & Big Sisters program, making a difference in the lives of others because he helps kids and young teens with no big brother or no big sister.

Black history month is important because it shows us why it is important to keep hope. It also shows that people overcame challenges like discrimination based on the colour of their skin, or how much money they have. Black history month shows that when people have hope, they can do anything they want. It shows us that we shouldn't push off people because of the colour of their skin. Black history month shows that through hope, and people that were willing to help other people, that anything can happen.

I am deceptive

**By Chris Phillips,
Sharde Stemmler
and Rodney Smith**

I am deceptive, with revenge in my sight.

I am loyal to Othello but I “only follow him to serve my turn upon him. (1.1.43)

The role of the first lieutenant was thieved from MY possession!

I will create a spider web of lies to turn my FOES against themselves.

Roderigo, the buffoon, couldn’t tell an ally from an enemy if the man had a sword drawn against him.

With ease, I was able to make the fool sell his possessions “thus do I ever make the fool my purse.” (1.3. 376)

I will make use of my silver tongue to ensure that I am NEVER found at the scene of a crime.

Othello hath made me a cuckold and will PAY for tainting my marriage.

Damned Othello. Treasonous Moor.

“Hell and night must bring this monstrous birth to the world’s light.” (1.3. 396)

I LIVE and BREATH deceit.

I AM Iago.



Submitted Photo

Laurence Fishburne, as Othello, and Kenneth Branagh, as Iago, in Othello.

What is love?

**The heritage of a kind
mind.**
*The fever’d diadem on my
brow*

**AND A PROUD SPIRIT
WHICH HATH STRIVEN.**

**It was night in the
lonesome October.**

*The skies they were ashen and
saber*

*The leaves they were
crisped and withering.*

**MY MOST
IMMEMORIAL
YEAR**

In the ghoul haunted woodland of weir.

**It was down by the dank
tarn of Auber**

*And the raven, never
flitting, still sitting.*

**— Keanan Brown,
Grade 9**

Reflections on **The Book of Negroes**

The Period 2 Grade 12 English Class, for February's Black History Month, viewed and studied the mini-series based on Lawrence Hill's novel, *The Book of Negroes*. When asked to respond to what they learned from that viewing and studying experience, here is what they had to say:

I learned that there is evil everywhere and unfortunately it seems it is not going to stop anytime soon. This is unfortunate because people deserve to live a happy long life without having to worry about if someone is going to kidnap their child (which happens to Aminata). Another thing I was reminded of is that there is still racism in the world. We may have different skin colors but we are the same on the inside, same blood, same cells, same ligaments, same bones. It should not matter about the packaging, the skin color. Aminata suffered so much, because of her skin color. Lastly, I learned we should not take what we have for granted, like freedom, ample food, a place to sleep. Aminata sometimes struggled for these necessities that we might take for granted but we should be grateful for.

- Madison Owens

I learned that Aminata experienced horrible acts of crime, which mostly targeted her and can be linked to equally horrible situations that ultimately show how evil humans can be.

I learned that it was corporate greed which prompted the capture of Aminata from her African village. She also suffered at the hands of her plantation owner, Mr. Appleby, who raped her and then sold her first child, May. He did these horrific acts to her due to rage and envy. Aminata learned to read and write, two skills denied to her due to her gender and her status as a slave. Aminata struggled with racism every day of her life. This all stopped when she testified for the British Parliament

to abolish slavery and her plea was successful. I have learned that Aminata experienced how evil humans can be through horrible crimes such as slavery, racism, corporate greed and an overall lack of respect for human rights.

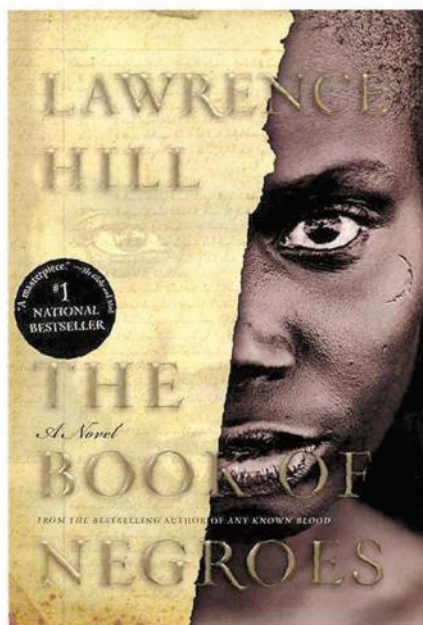
- Benjamin Tamilia

I learned that evil is everywhere but it can be stopped. You see a young girl (Aminata) being whipped for praying, but that did not defeat her. You see her, years later, being raped by her plantation owner, but that did not defeat her. You see her continue, believing the British government that her life of freedom will be better for her in Nova Scotia but it is not. The white Nova Scotians did not appreciate the Black Nova Scotians bring brought to their community and evil seemed to grow. But, there is hope. You see it at the end when Mr. Lindo's, who had mistreated Aminata, finds and returns her daughter to her. He wanted to right his wrongs. He wanted to fix his past mistakes. Aminata never reacted with evil or violence and she ended up living despite all the evil. So, it is a story of hope.

- Josh Wolanski

I learned that people like Aminata suffered every day. I had no idea of the awful situations that slaves had to endure from their slave owners.

It also bothered me when the men abused their power over the females. Mr. Appleby, the plantation owner raped Aminata and then when she became pregnant from her husband, Chekura, he, Appleby, got jealous and sold the newborn baby to teach Aminata a lesson, showing his rage and envy. It bothered me that those in power, the White men, were untouchable for their crimes. There were a few decent men (Captain Clarkson and Mr. Lindo) who helped Aminata along the way. I also did not know that there was an actual book or recording of the freed blacks who were transported to Nova Scotia and the name of that real document is *The Book of Negroes*.



Power of Perseverance

**By Megan Timson
and Kylie Korpan**

As the cascade of colour fell from the trees and covered the ground, Ruth Everdean sat in her frigid lecture hall staring out the window, concentrating on each leaf and colours that make them unique. Ruth has always been interested in the aspects of colour, how it can change and represents someone's heart and soul. As her concentration grew stronger the creak of the door, in need of repair, brought her back to reality. Her best student, Estella, walked in looking distressed. Witnessing her distressed look, Ruth walked over.

"Estella, what's wrong?"

"Oh Mrs. Everdean it is happening again!"

"What's happening again?" Ruth grabbed her hand as they sat down in the lecture chairs.

"Mrs. Everdean, I am getting bullied because of my reading disorder." Ruth paused, looking at Estella in apprehension.

"Do not let them get inside your head. They are just cowards that are not going anywhere in life."

As Estella quickly gets up, she fires back, "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND!" And furiously walks away.

As Ruth sat in disbelief, she returned back in time to December 1961, where it all began. Ruth was in third grade and she remembers clear as day sitting in her early morning language class when the teacher asked a boy named Justin to hand back the classes' writing assignments. As he came across Ruth's paper, Justin began to laugh foolishly and announced to the class that Ruth had received a C-. Justin slapped the assignment on Ruth's desk as her eyes filled with tears. The feeling of disappointment and embarrassment Ruth faced, changed her life in many ways. Ruth worked for many years with tutors, as well as her parents, to become stronger in the subjects where she needed extra help and to come up with strategies on how to overcome Dyslexia. Ruth's perseverance and dedication has led to far greater things, including becoming a professor at Harvard University. Ruth suddenly snaps back to reality. As Estella is about to walk out to door, Ruth yells,

"Wait! I was bullied all through elementary school... This is my advice."



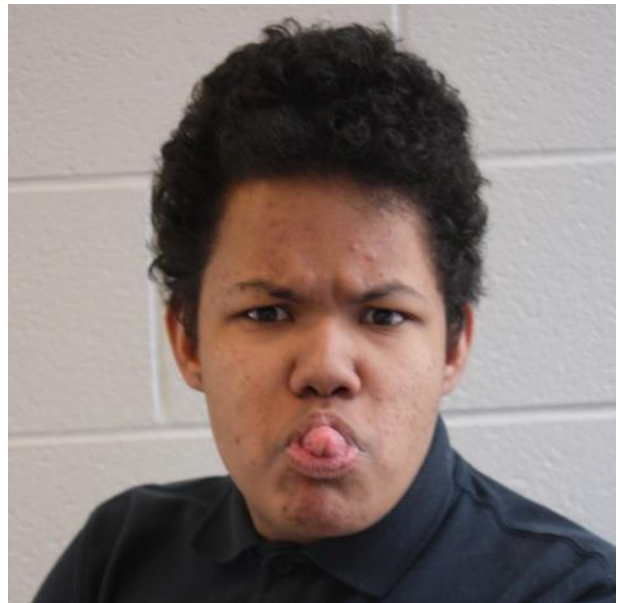
The Grand River

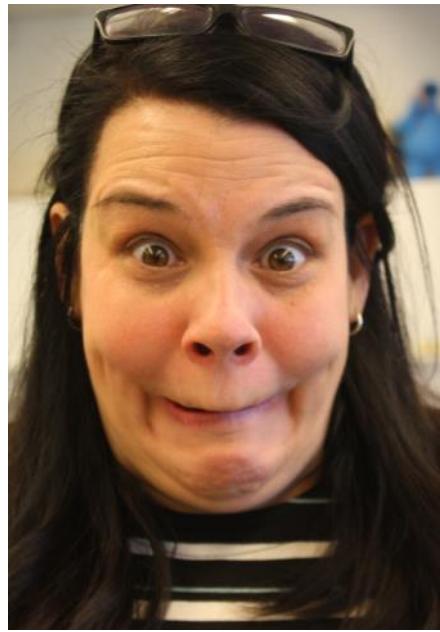
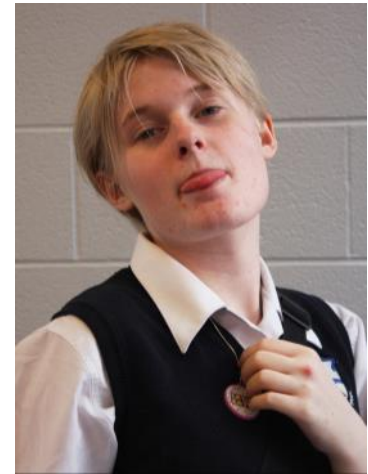
By Bailey B. Gardien

There is a river that runs through my town
I drive beside it everyday
I watch the trees reflection bounce off its surface
A moment of beauty for a town that I have never loved
(Perhaps the morning sun blinds me)
The river runs through my town
Dividing it in two
Us against them
Yet still one town
The river runs brown where once ran sea green
In a town that has seen better days
And no matter how grand it claims to be
It is still just a river that runs through a stolen town
But still at the end of the day
A quarter after three
I will let the river guide me home

Face value

Photographers Kirsten MacDougall and Jessy Galasso capture the unique looks of Assumption Lions





Breakeven

By Alexandra Medeiros

It has been 3 years since the accident with Maya and I still can't manage to let it go. It is early December now and today, the 2nd, marks its anniversary. I can't help but replay the whole incident in my head as I sit in my room on the filthy floor in my disgusting apartment on Chapman Street.

Every now and then I have a small panic attack remembering what I did. More specifically, what I didn't do.

Maya and I were best friends, like sisters. We told each other everything-- more like I told her everything.

I, much like everyone else, knew that Maya had her problems. Not comparable to the miniscule everyday ones you and I would have. Real ones. The psychological ones that mess with your perception and mentality. I just never knew or even understood how bad they were.

Obviously, Maya had her problems with food. She always had. I guess naturally since that was always the way things had been, people just adapted to it and assumed it was "normal" behaviour for her. I tried to help her with it without getting doctors involved but things only got worse. I knew I had to tell someone, so I went to her parents to confess our "treatment" that we had been doing behind their backs. For telling, Maya resented me. I almost stopped being her friend because of the complications.

But, it wasn't just the food for her. It was everything else that came with it. The emotions, the image and the lifestyle were all things that she vented to me about. I knew though that there were things she didn't vent about. Things that were exclusively for her. What I did know however, was that she wasn't satisfied with herself. No matter what, she wasn't able to be happy. I assumed it was just low self-esteem.

As her best friend, I should have been able to see it. That made the whole thing worse. I also didn't know what lengths Maya would go to in order to get to what she deemed to be "perfection".

December 2nd was the day when we were supposed to go out together. Maya had asked me to pick her up, so I had made a detour to get her. When I was driving down Grey Street (Maya's street), I heard the ping of a text message. I looked down for 3 seconds to check who it was from. It was from Maya. Before I could even open it, I heard a wail and I looked up mortified to see a

frail frame fling itself right in front of my old blue Chevrolet pickup. I smashed my foot on the brake, but I wasn't fast enough to lessen the impact. We collided and when we did, the body crunched like a bag of chips. My wind shield cracked as the body slid across it and thumped onto the road.

I didn't even have to get out of the truck to know who the body belonged to. After calling emergency services, I was able to check my messages. It read a simple I'm sorry.

That was that. Things didn't go very well from there. Maya was rushed to a hospital, but everyone knew that she wouldn't make it. Their predictions were right, since she died on her third day there. Doctors ruled it out as a suicide.

Her funeral was hell for all the guests. Barely anyone attended besides myself, her parents, and a few faculty members from her college. I couldn't look any of them in the eyes, and I had a meltdown. Nobody said anything to me, but they didn't have to. We all knew the truth.

Even now, looking back on it, I still have the same outlook. I can't bring myself to visit Maya's parents or even drive down that street because of the unwanted memories it brings me.

I only leave my apartment for work and groceries. I live my life similarly to a zombie, in the dark and void of real emotion. I make people around me uneasy and worried. The only person who ever comes over to visit is my mother. She just wants to make sure that I haven't offed myself yet. I know that today she will show up at 3:00 since it is Saturday. It is the same routine every week. She will bring some type of pastry she has made and try to make me see some therapist she was referred to.

Like clockwork, I hear a key in the door. After letting herself in, she decides to begin the weekly lecture. She says, "Beth, I have found a good one. Just try it, please. You don't have to live like this, it isn't healthy."

I don't want to argue. Not today. So, I agree with her and submit with a simple, "Fine."

Today is my first appointment with the therapist that my mother scheduled for me. I know there is no getting out of it. I have been sitting in the parking lot of the office for an hour anticipating the questions that they will be asking me. I look at the clock and realize I am already 15

(Continued on page 11)

(Continued from page 10)

minutes late. I don't care. I decide that now is a good time to go in and rip off the band aid. The sooner I go the sooner it will be over.

When I enter the office, it smells like Lysol and furniture wax. Despite my tardiness, I waltz into the room with my therapist's name on it trying to maintain my confident façade. After sitting down, I have a hard time making myself comfortable because of the person watching me. We have our introductions and then get to the real stuff.

We talk about everything. Although I would never admit it, it makes me feel a bit better to vent. I am given prescription for some medication that she believes I need and I now have weekly appointments scheduled.

My sessions are once a week and I am never late. I always go. I am on antidepressants now for my condition that nobody ever thought I had. The meds normally work but this month just brings me back.

When I replay the moment this time from my room, things look different. I see it from an outsiders' perspective. They don't see it as my fault, they see it for what it is. Maya puts herself in that position, not me. I didn't push her, she jumped. Sure, there were things I could have done to help, but at the end of the day the decision was hers. The version I have always thought was reality was only in my head. Just like hers was.

Not even knowing where I'm going, I get off my newly cleaned floor and leave the building. I find myself wandering the lot looking for my old truck. When I find it I hop in and just go.

After 20 minutes on the road, I see that I am at the old church my mother and I used to go to. There isn't a mass going on today, but they have visiting hours. I let myself in and find a seat. I clear my head and think for a bit.

Being there for just an hour makes me feel cleansed. I know now that everything is okay. I had some time while I was there to talk to a priest and receive confession. I think I could become a regular at Sunday mass. I feel like I am forgiven. But not completely.

When I get in my truck again, I know where I am going—Sobeys. More specifically, their floral section. I pick out the nicest bunch of lilies (Maya's favourite) I can find and bring them to Greenwood Cemetery. I see Maya right away, right at the front. I lay the flowers in front of her grave and whisper "I'm sorry."

At that moment . . . I am forgiven.

To the Bone

By Valeriya Repnikova

27,26,25,24...

The tape drops onto the rugged carpet flattened by the endless sets of sit-ups and soaked in sweat. Fingers sliding through the bumps of rigid bones and ice skin as she looks into the mirror.

Like a mammoth she thinks

But her dad is yelling and her mom is praying

God give her strength

Tears are wept and eyes are pierced with agonizing pain,

Why cant I be like her?

A walking stick wearing garments of clothing loosely swaying against the wind down a runway.

Why?

She lays on the ground like an abandoned dog whimpering in the streets and quietly screaming. The shaking of the dog gets worse, shivering from the cold as people mindlessly walk by leaving the pain unnoticed

Everything was crumbling down, as if the end of the world has come. She wants to say her last words. Put the pencil down and finish the last chapter of her life

But as soon as one of her tears rolled up to her chin, warm hands wrapped around her body like a tepid blanket giving a full cover

It was God.

Rising her up from the ground he gave her a great hug with the warm sensation in his hands helping her regain heat within her body

"Why are you here" she asked

But God wept and mourned not speaking a word

She broke into tears once again, and sobbed

For her life was nothing besides the desire to reach perfection

Her body was less than stick

And thinner than a needle

To which she soon came to realize the life she was willing to end to attain her wish

Bawling, she couldn't help but say

"Lord give me strength"

And so he did

For then she became healthy again

Because perfection

Doesnt exist

Redemption

By Elahna Rolls-Carson

It was because of his glorious wings and those passionate eyes that I couldn't help but fall for him- then with him... I was on the wrong side of a raging battle; all the war cries of Heaven filled my ears. They were the last thing I heard before I was knocked out of the sky by a force so powerful it shook the Earth. My wings, which had been reduced to tattered stubs by the blast, would never support my weight again. So I fell; farther and farther until I hit the Earth. Then farther still.

I fell to the place where evil lurks around every corner and the screams of the trapped souls are never silenced. Utterly defeated, I lay there listening to the symphony of suffering. My inner monologue ran on and on...

"How could He do this to us?" "Does He not love me anymore?" "Why did I choose this?"

The truth is that we brought this upon ourselves; we forced Him to do this. We rebelled and had to be punished, just like the humans He asked us to love more than Himself.

I lay there conquered by my sorrow, a mere shell of my former self. Wallowing in the raw misery this place embodies. The realization of what I brought upon myself hit me harder than the force that knocked me out of my home, the home I need to get back to. An unbelievable sense of clarity washed over me. In that moment, I knew I needed to redeem myself, but how to do so was still a mystery.

"You do not know how?" wailed a voice from the abyss. "Help me and I'll tell you everything you need to know."

"How would I go about getting you out?"

"Shine thine light upon my face and I shall be saved!"

So I tried, I imagined the bright, glowing aura I could once produce was once piercing holes through the darkness. I did not get what I hoped for, yet a single strand of light not much thicker than a strand of hair shone from my necklace.

One strand turned into two, then four and so on until I had a tree of light sprouting through my neck. When the light illuminated the abyss a man emerged. His most notable feature, his blood red eyes shifted to a light blue shade.

"Good evening my angel." He said in a smooth, suave voice. "I give you my eternal gratitude for rescuing me." He lifted from his bow and I saw his face clearly. He was certainly handsome for a human, but his eyes were full of sorrow and his smile forced.

Before I could stop myself my voice had already

clawed its way up my throat, "Why are your eyes so filled with grief? What have you seen that struck you so hard and left you broken?"

"My past is not something I like to talk about. Anyways, I promised to tell about how to redeem yourself. Shall we head off?"

"We?" I asked.

"Well you'd certainly never make it alone angel. The road to redemption is not easy and many will try to stop us on the way to the palace." The man told me calmly, "'If we don't stick together it would be a suicide mission, although it would be ideal with three..."

"Someone called for a third? A cool voice hissed from the shadows. "I believe I can be of assistance."

Out of the shadows came a man in a midnight cloak with wings like ash and horns of bone. "Don't listen to him angel! He is nothing but trouble for you." warned the human.

"Just because I'm a demon doesn't mean I am evil human." The demon spat "I just want out of this horrid place."

I didn't know what to think, I could listen to the demon and help him, or the human and leave him to rot. I decided, "I can't leave someone in distress, no matter who they are."

"Fine just remember what I told you." The human replied spitefully.

So on we went, an angel, demon, and a human gallivanting through the unholy lands, searching for redemption.

After a while I realized that the human had never told us how we would redeem ourselves. I debated leaving it for later but I figured it would be detrimental to our mission to know as soon as possible. "How will we do it human?"

"What do you mean how...? Oh, that. We have to take down the big boss." He said calmly.

Demon man burst out laughing "You guys are crazy!" he spat between laughs "You'll never be able to take him down without a weapon."

"But we do have one." Human gestured to my neck. "May I angel?"

"Go ahead but I don't know what a rune of light will do to the ruler of darkness." I shrugged and tossed him my necklace.

As soon as the rune left my hand a blinding light overtook the area and by the time the human caught it the rune had become a glistening white sword with golden embellishments.

"It's never done that before." I whispered.

(Continued on page 13)

(Continued from page 12)

"It's also never been needed before." Human snapped.

"Guys, we have to go now... The other demons are itching to stop us and can probably sense that beacon of a sword.

For the second time today, our band of misfits charged into the darkness. Although this time we had something to fend off the danger.

Hours later and the battle raged on, we'd cut down countless demons and wraiths, each screeching about betrayal. We all had different opinions on what that meant, but the human said that it's probably because the demon will betray us. The distrust caused a rift between us, but it didn't matter because we were approaching the castle now.

It was a behemoth of a castle made of glistening red bricks with a moat of bubbling tar and towers taller than mountains. It was intimidating to say the least; we faltered for a moment but continued on.

The moment we set foot on the outskirts of the property everything backed off. The demons following us seemed to vanish from thin air. Being as paranoid as I am I took as a bad omen. Soon after the doors lay right before us, behind them would be the tyrant of terror and thus the only way to redeem myself. I took a deep breath and pushed the doors open.

"I was wondering when you would get here... Darling, you of all people know I shouldn't be kept waiting." His voice was like the crack of a whip through the air. It seemed to silence everything around us and drove a chill up my spine.

"Hun, there is no need to be shy! Tell these two how you feel about me!" He hissed in amusement.

"Felt..." I crooned angrily. "Not anymore."

The human and demon stood frozen in shock. "You loved him." whispered the demon in disbelief.

"Let's just say my eyes were opened to his evil when he dragged

me down with him." My rage practically seeped from my skin.

"Good, you can't kill someone you love easily." The demon stated bluntly.

"Kill? The human said we'd just have to take him down." I muttered in confusion.

"Yes angel, to get back you have to kill me." His growling voice sent shudders through the earth. "But do you have the guts?"

"Yes." I said charged with my ethereal sword drawn. I hoped to catch him off guard but I had no such luck. He swiftly jumped from his throne and two glaves materialized.

In a flash we were together, weapons flashing in a cacophony of clashing blades. He seemed to be losing his footing so I swept one of my feet under his legs and toppled him. He recovered quickly from the shock of the fall and glared up at me for a moment. A cruel grin spread across his face and he said "Go ahead, princess. Do it, I won't be mad.

The moment of distraction was all he needed. A silver dagger plunged through my back, golden blood seeped through my wound.

"No!" I heard the demon cry as he ran to catch me. Glaring at the man who stabbed me; the human who murdered me.

All I could feel was the searing pain in my chest as I started to fade into a gentle white light. "Why?" was all I could whisper to the human. Before I was gone I needed to know why he betrayed us.

"Because..." explained the human, "It's been my job all along."

"I could finally leave knowing his answer, the pain ceased and I took my last breath as I dissolved into a shower of golden feathers.

"What have you done?" The demon screeched, "My angel was destined to survive, to be free!"

"Haven't you heard? I'm the master of rewriting fate."

Forever

Jenny Young

and William Prewett.

We are prey that is caught.

I leant upon a coppice gate

Saw ye my love?

To all things he is blind

Let the pain be bare.

What you had is fading instantly.

The slumbry elms together stoop and mingle in the sky.

No wonder you and I should droop

AND DOWN TOGETHER LIE.

— Josh Beaulieu, Grade 9

Melancholy Medic's Journal

By Morgan Walsh

07/01/1915

It's always funny how easy something looks when you're taught about it at school rather than being given the real deal. What we were given were lectures, photographs, tests, and the occasional activity involving dummies. But now, my eyes have been witnessing gaping wounds, where connecting flesh is torn apart and vulnerable muscle is exposed to the world. Legs, arms, chests, necks, and even the faces of the victims were given gory and atrocious dents. They showed us pictures of people suffering in hospitals back in medical school, but I had to witness it up close and had to deal with the fact that if I didn't take responsibility for them, they would die a painful and brutal death. I would have to live on knowing that I had the part in the death of another human being.

Judging from the state that my patients are in, I'd rather be a nurse than a soldier. I can't imagine being able to deal with spending my days deep in the dirt while bullets only just barely miss my head. At the very least I'm in a position where I'm protected and have a roof over my head. All of the men out there in the trenches are expected to sit in ditches clogged with the bodies of people they've possibly known for weeks, months, or even years. Every once and a while I've worked with patients that have been able to show their emotional side while alone in their beds as they wail the names of the people they've grown to consider close friends. It's become even more distressing for me to listen to these full grown men break down and describe the ways their comrades have fallen. They've been blown to chunks, had their limbs ripped off, and in some cases they've even had their organs spill out onto the ground horrifically. The wounds I have to fix are practically nothing compared to what turned soldiers into corpses out there.

On the bright side, I've made some friends in these dirty and musty old tents that are supposed to be serviceable hospitals. We normally don't talk that much because the stress of saving lives damaging our openness to social interaction, but occasionally we're able to share a word or two with each other. The lady I've gotten the closest with is Maggie, who's way tougher than I am

when it comes to dealing with the more mangled-looking patients. She works with them while I tend to the ones that are easier to stomach. Part of that is because of her relationship with her father back at home. He never wanted her to become a nurse because it wasn't what women were meant to do in his eyes. She always held a grudge against him, even after letting her enrol.

According to Maggie, even before the medical school business arose, he always favoured her four brothers over her and tended to punish her for even attempting to get involved with any personal interests or befriending females about her age. All of this, he felt was meddling with her chances of earning a man. Now that she's surrounded by men that are helpless and rely on her, she gets a somewhat sadistic enjoyment out of it. She still understands how grim our job is, but she still thinks of it as justice for all of those years of her father's authoritarianism. The other nurse I've gotten to know is Lilia, who is hardly ever seen wearing a frown when a patient needs her. She always greets the injured men with a sickeningly sweet tone in her voice and a smile that could outshine the most golden of the sun's rays. Every day she traveled from one hospital bed to another while kindly asking them little questions. Simple things like "how are you?", "are you comfortable?", "can I help you with anything?". Generally, Lilia preferred to deal with the simple stuff that involved the comfort of patients rather than any of the dirty work that me and Maggie specialized in. We don't mind letting her off easy, especially after what happened during our second month on the job.

During that time, we had to deal with a soldier that had his knee caps blown open after barely surviving an enemy shelling. The bloody gap in his leg had been infected from him dragging himself along the ground and it was drenched in dreadful puss. The other nurses and I rushed to inspect him, but she could only stand still with eyes widening. She darted out of the tent with her hand tightly clutching over her mouth. In a combined state of concern and panic, I dropped all focus on the patient and rushed to her aid. She was bent over while shaking horribly. Below Lilia was vomit sprayed across the dirt

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that was still in the process of being coughed up. When she stopped to look at me, her face was red from being soaked by her tears and sweat. I can still remember how she later came to me rambling on to me about how she always dreamed of becoming a nurse ever since she was a little girl. But she confessed that it was exhausting having to keep that grin and gleeful voice as so many living and breathing people were in perilous pain all at once. She's even reconsidering her future career because of this, which is a shame to me. If it weren't for the war, I'd have no doubt that she'd be one of the greatest nurses of our country.

I often think about all of those posters that had littered my home town that told promises of glory and heroism. For soldiers, their posters had always featured brave young men standing tall as planes flew past them, as if they were figures of justice. For nurses, our posters had women smiling in such pretty little aprons with words that tried to tell us how important we were to them. It's not that much of a wonder why anyone would sign up to come here, considering its advertisements. But if you were to ask anyone here how they felt, whether they were a soldier or a nurse, they would feel anything but heroic. The best way to describe us is that we're just ordinary people from ordinary lives trying to survive in a horrible war after being dragged into it by horrible people. I think that if we didn't have family or friends to come back to, we wouldn't even bother trying to spare our lives.

But what's always been a mystery to me is why I'm trying to survive. I know that the job of a nurse is incredibly safe compared to the job of a soldier, but we're still under the paranoia of

an enemy attack, which has happened before in many other camps. Even if we weren't afraid of being shot at by bullets, there was still rats that plagued us and threatened to give us a good variety of diseases. But unlike many other people here, I have nothing to come home to. Maggie may hate her father, but she still has a supportive mother to see. Lilia may have been traumatized into thinking of abandoning her job, but she's expressed an interest in having children once this is all over to pour her empathy into. But me? My old home was provinces away from any family, which I hadn't seen in years, and I have no husband or children. So, why do I bother even keeping up the fight at all? It all seems pointless when I knew the very ground I stand upon could be bombed by some Germans or rats could fill me with any illness they pleased. I'm definitely not happy here either. In the months that I've worked here, I've hardly felt any joy and all. So, if I know that death is always just around any corner and that the time I have left will forever be bleak, why am I trying?

I guess the only answer I can come up with is the very thing I'm here to do. I'm here to save the lives of others. I may not have anything to come back to, but like I said before, all of these other people do. Maybe I'll die a horrible death, but at the very least I've helped some people with something to lose to have hope that just maybe they'll see the end of the war. True, their chances of dying are incredibly high, but isn't better to end it all with hope in your heart? Maybe. At the very least it's something. If I keep in mind, maybe I can find some hope for myself and who knows? Maybe some of us will live.

"Maybe" can be such an empty word, though.

Together

They run so. They thought their heart would break

Thought tending to ambition

The heaven of heaven they build their heart-directed vows.

**They smile, they find a
music centred in a doleful
song.**

As I touch you, or gather from you.

**The sky overshot. dry. with
no tempest.**

Oh distant future children going down to the foot of the mountain

When everything that ticked
– has stopped- and space
stars all around.

*I have felt hand in
hand, we sat down on
the grass, to stay*

Under the red rose tree.

**By Quin Kelleher,
Grade 9**

Lost

By Claire Higgins and Olivia Roy

The burning flames danced around the pot like ancient tribal dancers twirling to the beat of drums. It was my turn cooking dinner that evening. It was so hot that the sun beat down over my face as I carried the large pot full of rice inside to serve to my older sister. She always reminds me to be careful when carrying the pot since it is so large and I am so small. On that evening, this reminder slipped my mind as I clumsily tripped over the threshold of the door, spilling our last bag of rice all over the dirt floor. You should've seen my sister's face! It contorted into a red, ugly grimace that pounced at me like a lion hunting for its evening meal. I knew I messed up. Without a thought, my legs started moving a mile a minute, sprinting towards the forest that surrounded my small village in search of my secret hideout. Since I was so caught up in panic, I hadn't noticed the warm sun setting, casting orange shadows through the trees and onto the soft forest floor. I realised that it would soon be dark and I would be trapped in the forest all by myself. I frantically started looking for the narrow gravel path that would lead me back home. I took ten steps to the left and twenty steps back to the right. I didn't want to wander too far from where I first realised that I was lost. I knew that in doing this, I would get further off track. The trees casted unearthly shadows in unfamiliar shapes and sizes. They started to scare me. More than ever, I wanted to be back home where the familiarity of my surroundings comforted me. Instead, I was lost in the forest as the sun hit the horizon and the cold wind sur-

rounded me like the last frail embrace of my departed mother. I was lost in my memories, when suddenly, I heard the rustle of leaves and the low, booming growl of a fierce lion hiding in the bushes. My mind was racing with questions, but I convinced myself that it must have been the sound of my empty stomach. After my mind calmed down, I was prepared to start looking for another way home. Before I could resume searching, many dark figures caught the corner of my eye. Although they were small, there were many of them. They screeched at high pitches as they crept out behind the trees and towards me. My terror grew as I recognised them to be monkeys with evil faces and snarled teeth. I started to retreat backwards but stopped dead in my tracks when a large, vicious lion stomped out of the bushes and loomed over the monkeys. As a pack, the lion and monkeys continued moving towards me as I slowly retreated backwards trying to escape them. At that moment, I thought that I'd never see my sister again. Suddenly, I felt the ground change. The softness of the muddy forest floor transitioned to a textured gravel path. Without even trying, I had stumbled across the path that leads home! My attention quickly snapped back to the horrifying animals but they were gone. I looked around, but all I saw was the dark outlines of the trees. There was no strange sounds or screeches of the

monkeys. They had disappeared. Was it all my imagination? I decided to think about it more when I was home safe with my sister. I took off along the path towards my house. A few minutes later, I stood outside of the door ready to finally face my sister and my wild imagination.

