

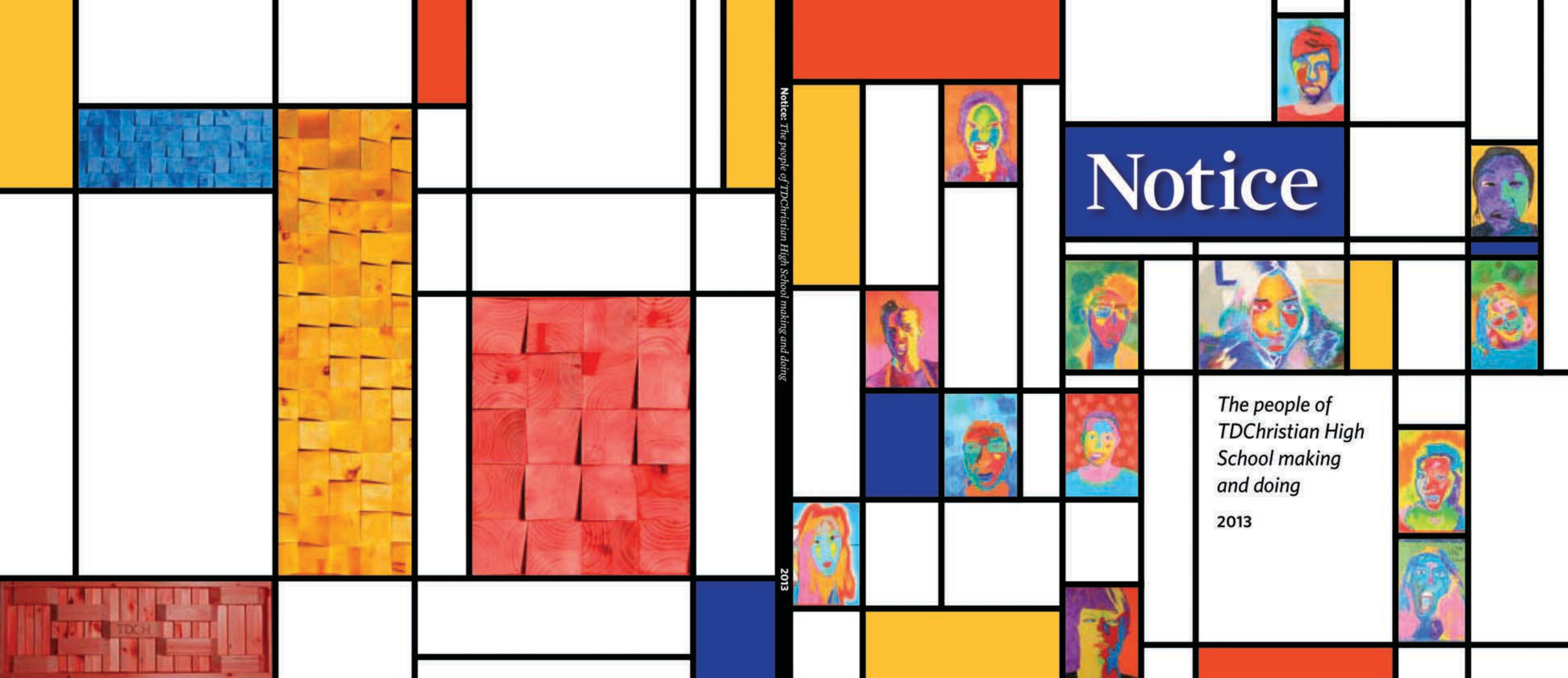
Notice

*The people of
TDChristian High
School making
and doing*

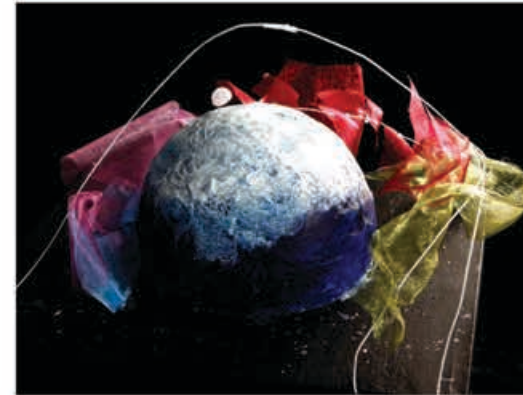
2013

Notice: The people of TDChristian High School making and doing

2013



Foreword



“Aurora Borealis,” Melissa Bruinooge

Cover art (left to right):

MinHee Kim, Evan Versteeg,
Nicole Eygenraam, Cruz Jiang, Kevin Kim,
Claire Koropatwa, Ethan Cragg, Leah Jin,
Zach Albert, Megan VanZeumeren,
Samantha Frankruyter, Jea Park,
and Allison Elgersma

What a delight it was to read through all of the pieces one last time before writing this foreword. So many writers and artists and photographers and builders and designers from all grade levels have contributed works, and so many areas of the TDChristian high school life appear in this anthology.

On these pages, you’ll see everything from punchy little writing exercises to profound eye-opening responses to the problem of pain. You’ll read classroom scrawling as well as some of the finest writing high school students can do. You’ll see pictures by students who win photography contests and hear the voices of students who do not often speak up. Finally, you’ll read and see the work of young people working out their vision for life and faith in richly varied ways.

We hope you like this collection. It’s current and eclectic, imperfect but authentic. Enjoy!

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PHIL VRIEND

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TDChristian High School *Educating teens for service in the light of God's word.*

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Harmony Brobbel

Journey

Free Falling

RAWAN MOKABEL

Up in the sky, I sat on the edge of an airplane while a middle-aged man attached himself to the back of me. Being 12,500 feet up in the air was the most amazing feeling ever. Cool air rushed through my hair and adrenaline pulsed through my veins, just like what happens on initial drop of a roller coaster, except this time it had been going on for more than ten minutes. My mind kept racing as I imagined every scenario that could possibly go wrong and result in my death. As I looked below, I saw a never-ending body of water in one direction and ant-sized humans playing in the sand in the other. At this point, I was certain that either the parachute was going to fail or a sudden gust of wind was going to pick up and blow me off into the far distance. Although I was worried, the calming shade of sky blue completely surrounded me, ridding me of any previous worries. The man behind me asked if I was ready and I quickly nodded. I got into position, and then we pushed

off the edge of the plane.

I could not stop smiling, although I couldn't really say it was a "smile," considering the wind was rearranging my lips into an "O" shape and blowing my cheeks up. It was a feeling of freedom, fresh air, and serenity. After 55 seconds of free-falling, the parachute was pulled at 5,000 feet. There was no sound to be heard—no birds chirping, no children yelling, no parents nagging—just pure silence. The man asked if I wanted to see a cool trick, and I promptly agreed. He pulled the parachute to the left so we could be above a perfectly shaped cloud. He made sure our shadow could be seen right over it, and then



Nicole Eygenraam

in one quick movement, he twirled the parachute towards the sun, making a complete 360. Then he told me to look on the cloud, and there it was—a rainbow. The man explained how it happens, but I was so mesmerized that the only thing I was able to remember was that it is called a "skydiver's halo." Fifteen minutes later, we arrived on land and the only thing I wanted was to be back up there, reliving that exhilarating experience.

This memory has become my comfort in times of stress, uncertainty, and panic. I'm glad to say it was a very vivid experience that I will never regret having.

Evan Versteeg

Who Needs Consonants Anyway?

MEGAN ADEMA

I didn't learn my ABCs until I was in grade three, and even that was an accomplishment my eight-year-old self had never thought possible. I found punctuation, sentence structure, and spelling all very difficult as a child. This is an understatement; let me make it clear how English-disabled I really was.

It all started when I got to the age when your speech is expected to go from baby babble to toddler words; my toddler words, however, came out in mashed up jumbles, and my sentences had no flow or real sense to them at all. My parents, being optimistic, believed these bad habits would disappear once I went into kindergarten, and so they sent me off to school with high hopes. Even with my poor teacher's lectures and persistent teaching, nothing changed. It was clear I had a serious problem, not only with talking, but with spelling and writing the English language.

That's when I started to see Sarah, my very own speech

therapist, who took hours out of her day to play spelling and pronunciation games with me in the hope that one day I'd be able to function in society. During these lessons, I was taught how to pronounce my r's, s's, th's, f's, and sh's. I can remember how Sarah made these simple sounds into fun games and how easily I caught onto the way she pronounced them. After two years of these lessons, I was able to speak like any other small child; I even got a certificate for passing all of Sarah's lessons! But even with this certificate, my ability to spell did not improve.

This became a major problem when grade three came around and my parents were asked to meet with my teacher to talk about my writing. "Megan doesn't use any consonants in her writing, only vowels. She's failing all her grammar lessons no matter how many times I help her with them," my grade three teacher told my parents. At this, their hope that I'd

finally been fixed through speech therapy went down the drain. They sent me straight to the in-school tutor for more extra help. Each day I spent two classes with her learning grammar rules and practising all my spelling over and over again. I guess after a couple of years, the tutor either gave up or decided I was somehow functional enough to graduate from her program, and once again I got a certificate proving my ability to utilize the English language.

With all those years of extra learning, temper tantrums thrown, and tears cried, you'd expect those lessons to be burnt into the back of my brain. Honestly, though, to this day I couldn't tell you off the top of my head what an adverb is, or where you should place a colon; my spelling still makes English teachers cry on a daily basis. That's not to say I don't try, or that each time I write I don't learn something new, because I do. With each piece I write, I find myself paying closer attention to punctuation and spelling,



Rebecca Feddema

and as I grow older, I truly do see myself maturing through many of my works. Even though most kids start with learning their ABCs, I had to start off with mistakes. I had to jump over many rough patches to get my writing to where it is today. Because of that, I am proud of every

single writing piece I produce, and each new edit is a learning experience for me. If it wasn't for that speech impediment and those forgotten consonants, I truly don't think I'd care for writing like I do today. All those years of hard work and practice have made me love the

English language, and that is why I will never stop trying to expand my English knowledge and grow as a writer.

Late to Class

BEKAH DYCK

When the bell goes off with a piercing ring, I grab my books and walk briskly out of class. I jump the stairs two by two, passing by many people on the way to my locker. I struggle with the lock before getting it open, then pull out my English binder and two bucks. I shut my locker and walk down the hall, checking my phone as I go, twisting and turning through the crowd until I end up at the vending machine. I slip my toonie into the little slot and press the buttons—and out comes my favourite pack of Skittles! I pick them up and walk to my class. A piercing ring blares again: the final bell! I run and slip through the door of my English class. But it's too late. My name is already on the board. I am always late to class.

Grade School

JACK CABRAL

Grade school was extremely legendary.

I could say I learned nothing, but that would be false.

I could say it was pointless, but that also would be false.

I did learn things. I did gather some amount of intelligence from the experience, as most (if not all) people do. I will say this, though: it is not for everybody. It appears to be engineered for people who are meant to learn the Pythagorean Theorem, or that energy equals mass multiplied by the speed of light in a vacuum ($E=mc^2$). Not everyone is meant to think on a scale that grand. I myself think I should become a public speaker, not an astrophysicist. I do not mean people with education should have ownership over people who don't, I mean everyone has a purpose in life, and certain individuals' purposes may not be found in the educational process.

Things I Love

ALYSSA CHONG

I love playing the piano: feeling my fingers hovering over the keys, touching each note, hearing the melodious sound it produces, and combining those notes to create music. I have always loved the piano. Even when I was little, I'd willingly roll up my sleeves and practise for hours. I'd pore over music books, search for familiar melodies, listen to famous compositions, and attempt to play them myself. And I'd attend piano lessons every Thursday. Nothing gave me more pleasure than to sit down at a piano and play. My dream was to become a concert pianist. I practised every day, training my fingers. I felt proud every time I took an exam, passed with flying colours, and advanced a level. There is nothing I love more than to hear the glorious sound of the piano.



Multiple exposure inspired by *The Matrix*, Andrew Barton

Clutchplate English

CARA-LEIGH VIVIER

Not enough people realize that community and environment greatly impact the language of individuals. I was born into a family of deeply-rooted South Africans patriotic to the Afrikaner ways. We had a rich pride in our heritage, even while being raised in a rough neighborhood and living difficult lives. I was brought up to embrace the language of my Dutch ancestors, Afrikaans.

During my toddler years, my parents decided it would be in my best interests to learn English. Making the huge transition from regularly speaking Afrikaans to only speaking English in my household was a nightmare. I was constantly punished for answering in Afrikaans. I was expected to answer in English, no matter in which language I was addressed. For the most part,

my English came along nicely, and I developed it to the point where I could carry on fairly lengthy conversations without having to pause too much.

It was in school where I struggled with my English the most. I was branded a “clutchplate” by my classmates and teachers. “Clutchplate” is a derogatory term English South Africans use for Afrikaner South Africans. In my head, I couldn’t understand what was so different about me. I spoke English just like everyone else. Sure, my accent was a little rougher and thicker, but I was speaking English nonetheless. I was at a loss as to why I was being teased and bullied at school. However, I braced myself every day and went to school punctually.

I found out later what was wrong with me. My grade two teacher sat me down with a paper I wrote for homework. Then he explained to me the importance of vocabulary. The rough neighborhood I grew

up in had rubbed off on me in ways that I’d never suspected. The type of language that was spoken around me, that I had inherited, was considered vulgar and crass to middle- and upper-class society. While I thought I was speaking and writing English very well, I was actually utilizing the crude slang that fell under the category “white trash” or “clutchplate.”

I was relieved. Finding out what was wrong with me lifted a heavy weight off of my seven-year-old shoulders. After this meeting with the teacher, I made a silent vow to myself to improve my spoken English as well as my vocabulary.

I started carrying a little notebook around with me and observed the people in my surroundings. Particularly, I tended to hang around on the outskirts of the English South African group. Every now and then, I caught words and phrases and wrote them down in my little notebook. I looked over my notebook every night

before I went to bed and absorbed these new words and phrases like a sponge. I made a point to use these new words in my everyday speech, as well as to incorporate them into my writing. I saved up money and bought myself a journal. I dedicated this book to story writing, and I spent my free time writing stories that integrated my new English terms and phrases.

Needless to say, my English improved on a daily basis, the spectrum of my vocabulary extended dramatically, and my writing progressed to the point that I became one of the strongest writers in my grade. I had learned to articulate myself and now used a polished English that oozed sophistication.

To this day, I constantly work to extend my mental dictionary. I do not carry a little notebook with me anymore, but over the years of struggling with my English, I have taught myself to take in and be aware of the language used around me.



Who Am I?

ANNA ZANDSTRA



I am a Canadian, with strong Frisian roots, who was born into a United Reformed Church background. I am also the second oldest child in my family. Being a middle child is the reason I'm a critical thinker who's possibly more responsible than my older brother, and maybe a little smarter at making decisions; I'm the "go-to" girl for my parents. In respect to Western culture, it is easy for me to embrace its riches and values, but I'm also an outsider because I'm a Christian, and my views are not the same.

Even though my mom is an immigrant from the Netherlands, we never really stressed our heritage, and she never taught me how to speak Frisian. My Dutch heritage goes as far as eating potatoes at almost every meal and knowing my prayers in Frisian, as well as doing other traditional things when we get together with our extended family. My mom embraced being Canadian, so if we ever complained about living in Canada or said that there were other, more interesting places where we could be living, my mom made a point to say that Canada is a really great place to live. Even though Holland is also a wealthy country, our freedoms in Canada and the Christian community in which we get to live is such a blessing. Our misfit culture, with so many different nationalities, has been a big part of the way I've grown up.

A factor that really separates my family from others is that my parents are very strict in our Christianity. I wouldn't call it "overbearing," but my family is very conservative. Our family has always gone to church twice on Sunday. My church still holds many of the traditions from hundreds of years ago—like

singing hymns and only hymns. My mom and my dad still hold true to many traditions and strict ways of thinking, and a lot of the time it's frustrating. It's most frustrating when I don't know why we stick to certain traditions—but once I figure it out, it makes a whole lot more sense. Even though it's not always how I want to serve God, I think it's most important to serve HIM, not myself. Fully believing what God says through the Bible is one of the most important values to my family.

Another tradition that my extended family really embraces is music. On my mom's side of the family, whenever we have a reunion, we always break out the brass ensemble. My family is gifted enough in music that we have our own band. This is a very typical Dutch thing because a) our family is big enough to have a brass band, and b) brass bands are HUGE in Holland, but not so much in Canada. I used to be a part of this band too and I loved it. It's true to say that in my family, we really know how to express ourselves through music, and we like being able to share that gift with other people.

In respect to our Western culture, I tend to lean to the "cheap" side of things. My family is not huge on buying the latest toy or piece of machinery, yet we are still a part of a consumer society. If you look at the rest of the world, having a detached brick house with two cars is a big deal. Getting a new TV when your 20-year-old set still works is materialistic. Almost all my siblings have their own room, and that is an example of individualism. Our society is so in touch with being an "individual," and it values being "unlike" everyone else. Yet we are all the same. We all sit our phones and

computers and tap into Facebook or Twitter for hours on end, doing nothing productive. People in our culture are largely invested in themselves, and that has also had a huge effect on me.

One of the heroes in my life is my mom, because even though I struggle with a strict faith, I've realized that following in those footsteps has brought me so much freedom in life. It's not a battle to be perfect, but it is a battle to serve God daily, and that has actually been the most satisfying thing so far in my life. My mom has really taught me how to live out my faith in God. The second hero in my life is my friend Colin, because he has taught me so much about truly trusting God to meet all my needs. He taught me the importance of being there for people and moving out of an "individualistic environment." Why? Because we are a community and that's how God meant for us to be. My third hero is probably this girl who used to babysit me, Amy. Her faith is really inspirational, and she and her husband have travelled all over Canada while continuing to work and do what God has called them to do. They have really embraced cultures all over the country, and they have been members of amazing communities in P.E.I., British Columbia, and the Yukon. Reading her blog and hearing about her faith is really inspiring.

Overall, I found that I'm highly invested in my culture even though I don't realize it. My "normal" is not the same "normal" that exists for someone else, and even though I have seen and been a part of other cultures, I don't yet know the full extent of my mythology.

I Hate You

BETHANY FRIESWICK

INSPIRED BY "I HATE YOU" BY JULIE SHEEHAN

I hate you. You're hot.

Everything I am is everything you're not.

The jiggle of my fat hates you.

The way I put on my clothes hates you.

If my bones were assembled next to yours in a museum, my skeleton taking up one and a half spaces to your half space would hate you.

Every flick of the page I am reading hates you.

Airbrushed perfection! Anorexic! I hate you.

The mascara I bought when I saw your ad and put on my face, only to realize that it makes me look like a dead raccoon, hates you.

The history of my diets hates you.

My groans while trying to squeeze into a pair of jeans hates you.

My daily supper at McDonald's hates you.

My fragile ego hates you. Also, my low self-esteem.

Your Photoshopped ad is both a stupid idea of beauty and an idea of how much I hate you.

My eyes when I see you: hate.

My expression when I gain another pound: hate.

My wallpaper of you on my phone: hate.

You know when I wear an outfit that looks good because I used you as a role model? Hate.

The sharpie mustache I drew on your photo shows my

hate. Ten pounds, sharpied on, prove my point.

My sucked-in stomach finally relaxing in sweat clothes hates you.

Sugary and addictive-coated hate, a candy bar.

Time changes but your body doesn't, while I scan for one single flaw to hate, a flaw to unravel your patchwork of deception, so that I may eat leisurely and extensively.

My stretch marks, symbols of shame, map my body with the pure need of my hate that can never ignore your ads.

And instead waits breathlessly, like an addict wishing to get high.



KEENAN HULL

This piece is about a person who has two separate personalities. These contrasting personalities are controlled by his daily medication. Without his medication, he is himself: outgoing, hyper, confident, and caring. But when he is on his medication, he turns into a whole new person. This person is exactly the opposite: a boring, calm, anxious wreck. There is one catch though. When he is on his medication, he is able to stay on task, but when he doesn't, he has absolutely no focus. He tries to be friendly with everyone, but he is petrified of sharing his real side, and for that reason he doesn't know how to connect with the friends he does have. It is almost a personality crisis. He just wants to be accepted and do well in school. Unfortunately, you can have only one or the other. The friends that he does have only know one side of him.

Left: Victoria Greening

Right: Courtney Boelens



This and That...



Angela Dekker



MR. DAVID ROBINSON

In Grade 12 Earth & Space Science, students explore how geological forces, processes, and materials affect their daily lives. As societies become more complex, our roles become more specialized, and our ability to understand many technological

subtleties fades. I've always wondered: if I were sent back in time, would I be able to explain the ancient advances that got us to this place today, like iron smelting? Prior to the project day, I built a small smelter out of bricks and mortar, leaving gaps for air to get in and the slag (molten rock after iron

has been removed) to be poured out. On the project day itself, we cheated and used a leaf blower instead of bellows. In the end, we exceeded 1200° C, creating a rough iron bloom with molten slag pouring out the sides.

MAGGIE KRCMAR

Our world today revolves around the media; it helps us stay connected. However, it also stereotypes what roles males and females are supposed to play. Some of these you may already know, such as what “perfect” looks like, but others you may never have noticed until now. The bottom line is that even after so many years of fighting for equality, men and women still conflict over this problem, and the media has a huge role to play, since the media tells us how we should look and act.

“I wish I looked like that.” “Why can’t I be like that?” “I’m so ugly!” Have you ever caught yourself thinking these things? You might have been taken under the media’s control. There is an image going around of what “perfect” is supposed to look like for both men and women. I’m sure you all know what it is: women are supposed to be thin and have long legs, slim hips, large breasts, and a pretty face in order to be considered beautiful. Men are supposed to have a tall, muscular build and have a full head of hair to be desirable. Society tells us that if you look desirable, you will be able to find an equally beautiful mate, have a better life, and live happily ever after. Don’t believe me? Look at before-and-after pictures on weight loss ads. In the “before” picture, all the people look unhappy with no one beside them, but in the “after” picture, they look very happy and often they have an attractive mate beside them. So to be considered “perfect,” people go through changes that may be harming the bodies that God gave them so that they can feel happy. But it’s completely, 100% false. It’s *horrible*, actually! It demolishes any uniqueness in human beings and makes

them all living robots that do the exact same thing. That’s why I really admire people who are different; it’s refreshing! So in this case, being different is not a bad thing at all; in fact, I’d prefer it!

Even after you watch hundreds of hours of TV, I’m sure you still haven’t noticed certain things about commercials. For one, they subconsciously stereotype men and women, even little boys and girls. Have you ever noticed that in children’s toy commercials, the girls are always in their bedrooms or out in their backyard, while the boys are usually out exploring the world? This implies that women should stay at home (other than to go shopping), but men can be allowed to go places. Also, when a company releases a toy into the market, they also release a pink version that they claim is for girls. Sure, some girls prefer pink to blue, but there are also some boys that prefer pink to blue as well. And it seems that they make toys only for boys, such as Nerf guns or Beyblades, and some only for girls, such as dolls and kitchen sets. Most of the toys made for girls, if you noticed, have to do with the home, and raising a family; this also implies that women are only good for housework. As children watch TV, they watch a lot of these commercials, and even though they’re not old enough to figure out the equality conflict between men and women, they are subconsciously being fed the idea that women should stay at home, and men should have more freedom.

Along with the way males and females should stereotypically look, there are also “rules” about how they should act; each gender plays a specific role (according to society) that is completely absurd. The media

portrays woman as being very quite, emotional, well-mannered, and soft around the edges. She is a person who can’t take care of herself; she needs a man. A woman is also viewed as being the damsel in distress, not the hero; as belonging at home to take care of the children and cook. There are also stereotypes for how men should act. A man should be able to fully provide for his wife and family; he should be protective, tough, and strong. He must show little emotion. See, this can actually become a medical problem because statistics say that if a man has all the symptoms of depression, he is less likely to be diagnosed with depression than a woman is, even though she may show the same symptoms. The reason? Because he is a man, and men should apparently learn how to suck it up and get over it. Again, these subconscious “rules” for males and females strip all uniqueness from human beings and make them robots, and this is not good!

The world today spends a great amount of time dealing with the media, whether it’s on the TV, computer, or even the radio. So we’re pretty much used to the constant battle between men and women. Along with keeping us connected, the media tells us how women and men are supposed to look and act, almost subconsciously. The media affects us negatively today more than ever, so now it’s your choice: are you going to be a slave to it?

**MEGHAN BOTTOMLEY**

On our trip to Belize during March Break we built a basketball court for a school. While we were working, Richard offered to let me weld, although he said he would have to teach me first. I wasn’t very good—I was actually terrible. It was a cool experience, and Richard was a very patient teacher.

Scenes from the French Revolution

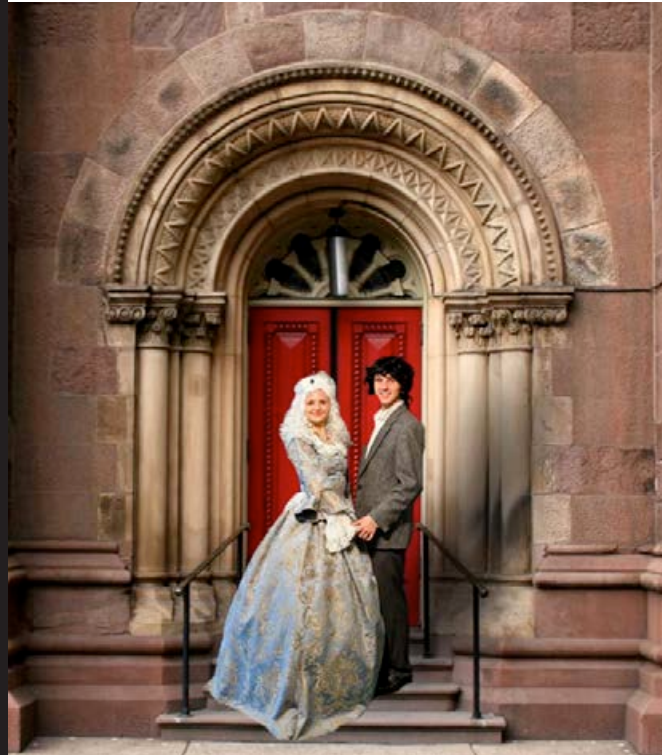


AIDAN DEBOER

This picture is about the escape of the French royal family from the palace of Versailles. The setting is outside of the palace near a carriage that my character, Count Axel von Fersen, had obtained for such an event. The entire royal family is gathered outside with me to escape, as they fear the revolutionary movement of the people. Included in this picture are Blake Garbe as King Louis, Laura Khani as Queen Marie Antoinette, Brendan Ferreira as Louis Charles, Alyssia Longo as Princess Marie Therese, and Alysha Buikema as Marie Therese of Lamballe. The escape, however, was not successful, and the royal family did not make it to the border. Before the capture, Marie Therese of Lamballe and Axel von Fersen had both left.

JOSH VEREECKE

After being given the consent and approval of Lucile's father, Camille Desmoulins and Anne Lucile Laridon-Duplessis, who were madly in love, married on December 24, 1790, at Saint Sulpice in Paris. Robespierre, Camille's best friend since childhood, was a witness to their marriage. Lucile wore a ravishing pink dress. Because Camille had been a passionate senior journalist already for ten years, the couple could afford to establish a home in the Cordeliers district of



Paris, where their son, Horace, was born on June 6, 1792. Camille, an anti-royalist and pro-Revolutionary, wrote several books promoting change in French culture, more or less supporting the French Revolution.

But Camille did not admire the direction in which the Revolution was going. He thought Robespierre and Saint-Just were out of control. Camille was looked down on by the Committee of Public Safety, to which Camille had once dedicated himself. He said, "It is marvellous that I have walked for five years along the precipices of the Revolution without falling over them, and that I am still living; and I rest my head calmly upon the pillow of my writings.... I have dreamed of a Republic such as all the world would have adored. I could never have believed that men could be so ferocious and so unjust."

A trial was held in the National Assembly. The astonishing, dramatic, unfair, spur-of-the-moment trial sent Camille Desmoulins and followers to the guillotine during April 3–5. Camille died knowing his wife would soon be executed as well.

Lucile was executed on April 13, 1794. Her final message to her mother read, "Good night, dearest mother. A tear falls from my eye for you. I will go to sleep in the tranquillity of innocence."



KEENAN HULL

In my French Revolution picture, I am Jacques Pierre Brissot. During the French Revolution, I was executed for obscure reasons. The person that accused me of such wrongdoing was someone I used to be close with. He brought me to trial, and I was found guilty.

I chose to depict the scene of the wedding dinner with Robespierre, Camille, Lucile, and Danton. At the time of the picture, we were all friends and having a good time celebrating Lucile and Camille's wedding. This was before the time of the Revolution. In the picture, I am the second from the right with my arm around Danton (David Pomposo). We are laughing and just enjoying what we have. The couple on the left are Camille and Lucile (Cara-Leigh Vivier and Josh Vereecke), and they are just enjoying their wedding. Later on they turned on me and were the final piece to my demise. This revolution turned friend against friend and neighbour against neighbour, and this was a clear example of that.

Reminders:
 Height of Sphere is 5.6cm Volume is Sphere is 91.932 cm³ Surface Area is 98.55 cm²

#6.a) Determine the dimensions of a cylinder that has the same volume and height as the sphere.
 (Include a check of your answer.)

Radius is 2.29cm ✓
 Height is 5.6cm

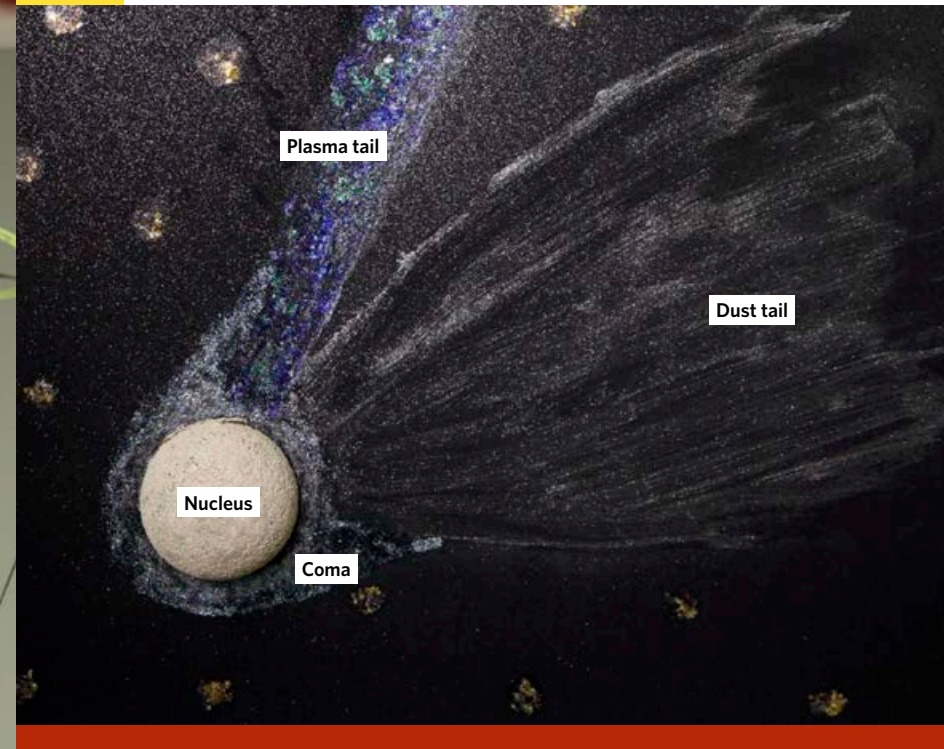
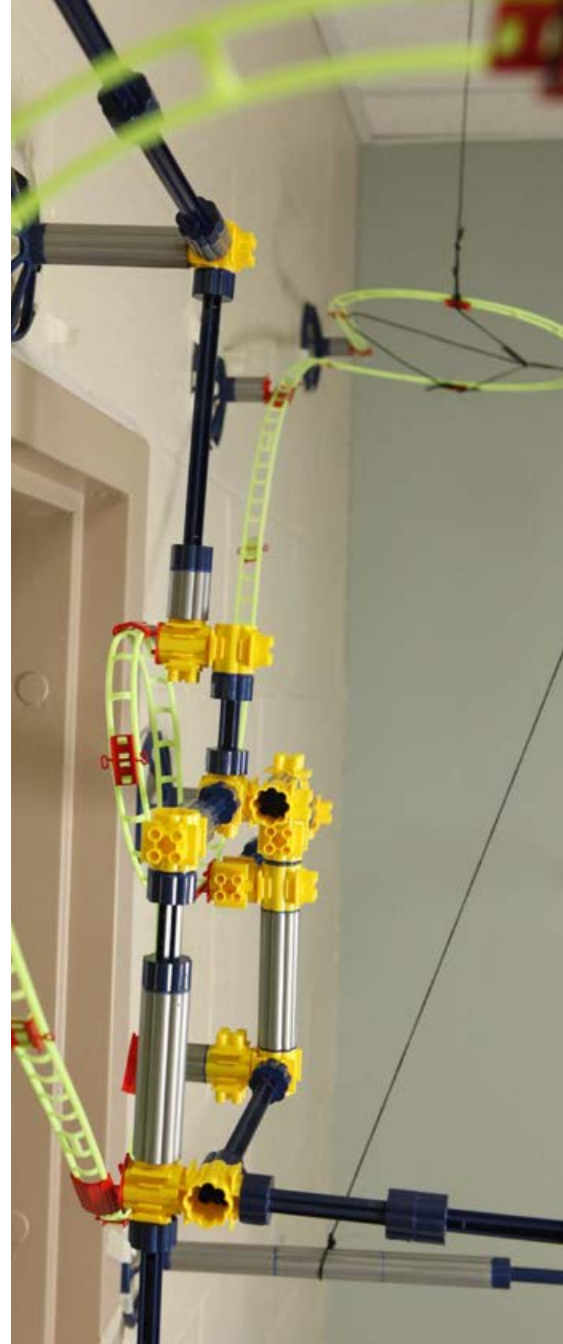
$V = \pi r^2 h$
 $91.932 \text{ cm}^3 = \pi r^2 (5.6)$
 $\frac{91.932}{\pi (5.6)} = \frac{\pi r^2 (5.6)}{\pi (5.6)}$
 $5.23 = r^2$
 $2.29 = r$

CHECK
 $\pi r^2 h$
 $= \pi (2.29)^2 (5.6)$
 $= \pi (5.24) (5.6)$
 $= 29.34 \pi$
 $= 92.17$

2.29 ✓



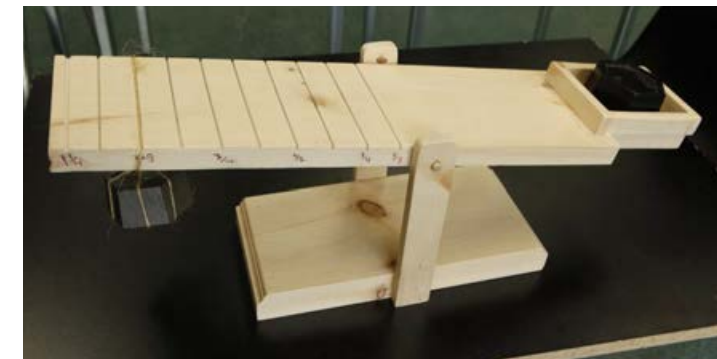
Grade 9 students first performed calculations (above: Alyssa Chong and Hannah VanRooyen), then created different objects with equivalent volumes (below: Ashley Tiemens, Amanda VanderSchaaf, Marieke Groot, Abiya Tamang, Riley Marchand, Jason Jung, Makayla Schoonhoven, Alex Kim, Emily Blydorp, Melissa Bruinooge, and Micaela Stegeman).



Left: Grade 12 Engineering Block students Aidan deBoer and Evan Hiemstra designed and built a marble rollercoaster to explore the concepts of kinetic energy and gravitational potential energy.

Above: Comet PANSTARRS, Justin Ramos; Andromeda Galaxy, Hannah VanRooyen; colliding spiral galaxies NGC 2207 and IC 2163, Kierra Smith.

Right: Grade 12 Engineering Block student Nathan Blom created a system for measuring mass that applies and demonstrates the concept of torque.



Response to *The Nature of Things* episode “Smarty Plants” with David Suzuki

MATTHEW LISE

I feel really evil. I’m hurting all these plants, and all the while they scream out with their chemical voices and try to send me away by getting bugs to come and defend them. If I were an insect, that would probably be effective, but for now, they can’t hurt me (unless, of course, I accidentally eat one of them and then either die or get really, really sick from the poison).

So, anyways, this video was interesting. David Suzuki is a real funny guy with a great English vocabulary and a good sense of humour. He said “astonishing,” like,

four or five times in this video. Kind of funny.

Plants are interesting things. They act a lot like animals, just a lot slower. They grow, get nutrients, live, fend off enemies and predators, seed their young around themselves and far away, communicate with other plants, do their best to get bigger than all the other plants, help their brother and sister plants out, and most importantly, look really good doing it. Like seriously, they look so fine, just sitting there and acting all high and mighty—like, who do they think they are? They’re just plants, man. But no, they just try to act superior because of their looks, and so I’m like, “Whatever, plant man.” And I tug them out of the ground, and they’re all like, “Dude, not cool,” and they spray warning signals. And then bugs come, and they find me and this plant fighting. Then the plant pins me to the ground, and I’m like, “Ouch, man, I didn’t mean nothing by pulling out of your home.” And then he’s like, “Let’s see how you like it! Let’s give you a taste of your own medicine!” Then he flips it around and tears ME out of MY house and home, and I’m sitting there crying because I miss my family and wish I had never pulled that stupid plant out of the soil. And then he saunters over and he’s like, “What did you say ’bout me?” because without realizing it, I had accidentally said “Stupid plant” out loud. So then I said, “Nothing,” and he’s like, “Sure it wasn’t,” and then starts beating me up.

I’m not sure where I was going with this. I’m gonna stop now because this is kind of dragging on and I’m pretty sure I have all the words I need. Cool.

Oh whoops! I have over 400 words. Sorry about that.



CATS

EMILY BLYDORP

Cats—the furry, little animals that everyone loves. Or not. Personally, I abhor cats. I hate the way they lick themselves while looking so self-satisfied. I would much prefer a nice dog—even a gerbil—over those felines. And why does everyone adore them? “Oh! They’re SO cute!” they squeal, and I can hardly contain my disgust. Honestly, they retch up hairballs, for Pete’s sake! Sooo adorable. Not to mention the fact that they feel indifference to anything other than themselves. Also, my brother’s allergic to fur, so if I purchased a cat, it would have to be one of those hairless things. Oh, the sight of them: eyes bulging out of their sockets, skin wrinkling in folds around their tiny paws! All I can say is, I’m glad that my family doesn’t like cats either.

Left: Tessa VanLaare
Above right: Aidan Flikkema
Below right: Sophie Throop



Digressions

TALIA HO

The clock read 6:30 am.
“Dad?” She whispered. “Daddy?”
“Murrghgh?” His eyes focused on the pot of coffee he was making.
“Dad, I need the car keys.” Her voice trembled.
“In my coat pocket,” he muttered blearily. The coffee dripped. His head drooped.
She dashed off, then returned in seconds.
“Which coat, Dad? Black, red, or your Sunday one?” Her heart pounded.
The coffee was ready now, and he carefully poured it into a mug.
“Ohhhh. Ummm...” He poured in milk and stirred. She waited, hands shaking.
“Maybe the green one?” he guessed dreamily.
She ran off. Crashing sounds drifted in from the general area of the closet.
He tapped in two spoonfuls of sugar and stirred again.
Somewhere, a car engine started up.
He took a sip.
The sound of grinding gears came from the garage. He finished the coffee, blinked, and was awake.
“GAAAHHHHHH! What have you done now?” he shouted, panicked, and sprinted out of the room.

SHANE VERSTEEG

“Mother Dearest, Best-of-All-Mothers-in-the-World, whose awesomeness overflows the dam of awesomeness, can I have some money?” I pleaded.
Mom laughed. “Nice try, buddy, but no, you can’t.”
“Awww, but Mom, what happens if I’m kidnapped by a stranger and they take me hostage, but I manage to break out and find myself far away from home? I’m gonna the money to get onto a bus to get home!” I exclaimed.
“Well, if you managed to get kidnapped, then you can find your way home,” Mom replied.
“Okay, but what happens if I fall asleep one night and wake up in some other province or country!? I’d need the money to call you!” I insisted, throwing my hands in the air in frustration.
“I highly doubt that will happen to you,” Mom replied.
“Can I just have some money, Mom?” I pleaded.
Mom sighed. “Fine! Here’s some money in case you get so-called ‘kidnapped.’”
“Thanks, Mom!” I exclaimed. “I’m going to the mall with my friends now that I have some spendin’ money! See ya later!”
Mom just threw up her hands and walked away.

READER BEWARE!
DON’T CHOOSE THE SCARE!

A FATALISTIC CHOOSE YOUR OWN ADVENTURE FOR ANCIENT GREECE BY PATRICK CLARK

For those readers who have yet to read a choose your own adventure novel, the rules are: read the paragraph, choose an option, and proceed to the selected paragraph.

- 1

You are walking along a road, hot and tired from your travel, when you come across three old ladies knitting. Despite the hot sun above, they are dressed head to toe in heavy cloaks, each of them meticulously knitting a scarf. One of the ladies looks up and points a wrinkled finger towards a cave behind them before grabbing a red piece of yarn and cutting it. She seems to be implying that she wants you to enter the cave. But should you trust this woman whom you have never met before? Perhaps she is giving a warning sign. However, you must make a choice concerning your fate. Do you:
 - Enter the cave? (Go to paragraph 2)
 - Choose to ignore her sign? (Go to paragraph 3)
- 2

You nod and move forwards, ducking slightly before squeezing yourself into a narrow cove that awaits you. Inside you find a woman who gazes dreamily into your eyes. She abruptly yells in a harsh, bitter tone, “Do you want to know your fate?” Do you:
 - Answer yes? (Go to paragraph 4)
 - Answer no? (Go to paragraph 4)
- 3

You stand firm until you feel something breathing down your neck. You look backwards and see a massive red cow breathing down your neck, twitching its legs. It is going to ram you! You sprint forward. The lady in red calls out, “Go into the cave!” Seeing no other options, you are forced to:
 - Listen to her (Go to paragraph 2)
- 4

You answer the lady and she responds, “There is only one fate I see. Your last breath will be in front of me.” You gasp at the revelation and realize that the cave is about collapse around you. You have very little time left to spare and save yourself. Do you:
 - Run? (Go to paragraph 5)
 - Stay where you are? (Go to paragraph 6)
- 5

You run but trip and fall backwards, looking up at the lady before you are crushed by falling rock. Your last images are the lady smiling and saying, “I told you so.”
 - SPLAT! (THE END)
- 6

You stay where you are but your impulses are too much. You break out into a sprint towards the exit. Fearing for your life more than the woman’s words and seeing no other options, you are forced to:
 - Run (Go to paragraph 5)



Rebecca Bijl and
Sabrina Alaimo



“eyePhone,” Megan Adema

BLIND MAN CAN SEE

DANIEL STARING

Once again, Tiresias, the 103-year-old prophet famous for being transformed into a woman for seven years, has managed to see those simple and obvious things that everyone else seems to miss.

Our favourite blind prophet was outside the temple last week when he became involved in a conflict between Oedipus and Creon. It ended with Tiresias prophesying that Oedipus had killed his father

and married his mother!

So can this blind man actually see? Witnesses claim Tiresias was daring people to touch his eye sockets when he heard a commotion. Creon was returning from his quest to the Oracle at Delphi (see last month’s issue) with news about the plague that has been killing your family members and, most importantly, our readers.

The Oracle declared that in

order for the plague to end, the murderer of Laius must be removed from the city. (For those readers who have forgotten, Laius was King of Thebes until his untimely death.) This news caused an outcry in the city centre, particularly from Oedipus, who vowed personal vengeance against the killer.

“I was later summoned by Oedipus himself. He asked me what I knew about the killer,” reports Tiresias, whom we caught up with at the local dry cleaners. “Of course, I already knew that Oedipus himself was the killer, so I tried to avoid answering the question.”

Inside sources confirm that Tiresias gave Oedipus a hard time while being interrogated for information on the killer. Tiresias finally gave up and declared, “I say thou art the murderer of the man, whose murderer thou pursuest.”

Tiresias later regretted it.

“I shouldn’t have said anything. I was going to let things play out on their own,” says the blind prophet. “I just got so angry when he was insulting me and my skills as a prophet. To retaliate, I blurted out that he had killed his father and

married his mother.”

“He flat out denied it at first,” continues Tiresias. “Unfortunately, he was so incensed at my accusations and so determined to save Thebes that he started pronouncing curses on the murderer, who, as it turns out, is himself.”

Eventually, through an exceptional set of circumstances, everything about Oedipus’ life was brought to light, and it was clear to everyone, even Oedipus, that he was the murderer. It was unclear how Tiresias knew that Oedipus was the killer even though he was blind.

“Well, the easy answer is because I’m a prophet,” responds Tiresias. “But, really, I knew about Laius and Jocasta’s baby from a shepherd who owed me a favour, and Oedipus arrived in Thebes shortly after Laius died. It doesn’t take a genius to figure out something was up. It just took somebody to put two and two together.”

It looks like this blind prophet could see the light just beyond the darkness.

CHARLOTTE LEFAVE

The beat blasts in my ears as I stroll around the house. I enter the kitchen, plug in my phone to the tall speakers by the door, and blast my favourite song. I sing along tunelessly as I put the pot on the stove and start chopping vegetables. As I dance around the kitchen, I look like I’m doing a mix of ballet, tap, jazz and hip-hop while having a seizure. My dog runs away into the other room so he won’t accidentally get squished. Using the spatula as a microphone, I scream out the lyrics. My sister simply stares at me. I laugh, but I don’t stop, and soon she’s dancing with me. We pull out moves we haven’t used since we were five. In a few minutes, both of us fall on the floor, laughing our heads off. I am such a spazz.

WILFRID WONG

I enjoy hunting ducks. I shoot ducks with my shotgun. I stuff ducks into my bag. I fry the duck in a pan. I marinate the duck in a succulent soy sauce. I bake duck pizza. I swallow the duck meat down my throat. I’m determined that I will be a DUCK HUNTER when I become a man. I run to the arcade to play DUCK HUNTER! I consume ducks while playing DUCK HUNTER. I munch down the rest of my duck pizza. I shoot the ducks with my plastic gun. I shoot 2000 ducks by the end of the game. I steal the arcade game and take it back to my house. I have been arrested for my love of ducks!

WRITING EXERCISES

MATTHEW KOK

“Yes, master,” I mutter, leering up at him. My humble stature ensures that our interactions always involve him towering over me. I think he enjoys it. He turns away coldly, as he tends to do, preferring not to acknowledge my existence. I manage to sputter out “I’ll get right on that, m’lord,” and then scurry away into the depths of our shared lair. As the click-clack of my hooves reverberates throughout the stone tunnel, I ponder our relationship. Lord Count von Baron, the Scourge of the North, brought me into existence, for which I am thankful, of course. However, any attempts I make to develop a friendship seem fruitless. Such is the lot of minions, I suppose, and I guess he’s probably made a bit uncomfortable by my massive buck teeth and wart-covered nose. I don’t think I’m all that unsettling to look at though; at least the bright yellow rings of fur spreading out from my wrists and waist nicely offset the black curls of hair covering my chest and arms. When we speak, I try to keep my voice as human as possible, frantically suppressing the nasal squeak. To my shame, my efforts prove futile, and the master just goes straight back to ignoring me after issuing his commands. If you ask me, his personality isn’t all that horrifying once you get to know him. I just wish he wasn’t such an introvert.

The mansion is haunted. Of this, we are all positive. My cousins, my sisters, and I scurry through the creaking corridors, flailing through the cobwebs. God

alone knows how long we’ve been running, yet fatigue has yet to infect us. Rather, we focus on escaping the horror that pursues us. Having lost sight of it, we run on, hoping to evade it permanently. As always, though, he returns. A smooth, shining skull slides up through the floorboards, and a skeletal, quivering body follows it. Having moved through solid wood as if it were air, the bony figure remains still and limp, as if hung from an invisible noose. It hovers a couple feet above the ground, cutting off our path. We screech to a halt. Panic and bile rising simultaneously, we turn around as quickly as humanly possible and resume our frantic escape. None of us speak, but the clatter of our feet against the ground echoes off the walls. I look back, expecting to see the embodiment of my terror staring back at me. He is gone. I whip my head around, keep running, and begin awaiting his arrival once again.

“Ribs must be modern-day ambrosia,” I thought, sinking my teeth into another hunk of meat. Until now, my experience with this divine food had been spotty at best. Each bite rocketed me up toward the heights of the human experience. Tangy and sweet—a perfect texture. Ribs were my new-found passion. I grinned, my face covered in barbecue sauce, my fingers down-right filthy. I continued regardless of the mess, repeatedly tearing into the delicious substance I held in my hands. Finally, the bone clean, I set down the remains onto my plate. “Another conquest,” I thought, reaching for yet another. The Food Network used to confuse me, but no longer. If food can taste like this, I realized, I could devote hours at a time to it happily. Joyfully, I

devoured rib after rib, and as I felt my stomach reaching its limit, my heart sank. “No,” I thought. “No, no, no, no, no, this can’t be the end!” In my haste to acquire and eliminate as much of this godly meat as possible, my limited appetite had snuck up on me. I considered crying, but decided against it, as it would likely disturb my parents. Defeated, I solemnly placed a half-finished rib down onto my sauce-covered plate. It stood out against the mottled white of my previous victories. Gulping down some water, I accepted my fate. The time would come again, I knew, when this wonderful, beautiful food would again grace me with its presence.

Harrison’s stomach performed backflips. Air travel had always intimidated him, and now his fears were being realized. As he and the stranger next to him plummeted toward the earth together, an oxygen mask dropped down in front of him; he was struck by its futility. His eyes slammed shut, his heart beat a thousand times a minute, his entire body secreted gallons of salty panic. “It takes approximately 2 minutes for a plane to hit the ground,” he remembered hearing someone saying, and somehow, this thought horrified him more than the terror-filled screams around him. Seconds felt like years; minutes, like millenia. He snapped his eyes open, breathing heavily, and looked over at the girl on his right. She was pretty. She also seemed to be handling the situation better than most. She sat still, her mouth shut, her nostrils flaring during her sharp intakes of breath, her eyes wide open, her hands clutching the armrests. Sweat beaded on her forehead, yet there was no screaming, no rending of clothing or clawing at

the air. She looked a lot like the girl who had sat next to him on the bus about two years ago, with whom he had tried to start a conversation before his nerves rendered him incapable of any suavity or charm. Her bleach-blonde, straightened hair aroused memories of his high school sweetheart, how she used to bounce over, smiling, and clasp his hand in hers. She reminded him of the girl he met at summer camp when he was 13 and later kissed under the willow tree near the pond. As she turned to look at him, her shining, hazel eyes sent him reeling back to his childhood summers, lying across from his mother in their hammock, waiting for the fireflies to come out. He looked at her, the plane reached the earth, and both were gone.



écriture en français

Sombres sont les nuits

MELISSA CRAWFORD

Le soleil se couche,
Mais votre cœur reste ici,
Et je cherche des mots à dire,
Souhaitant pendant ces moments qui passent,
Que tout sera bon,
Et que ce moment durera.
Mais la nuit approche,
Sombres sont les nuits où je ne dors pas,
Froides sont les couvertures qui essaient de me garder
au chaud,
Longue était la nuit quand tu es sorti de ma vie.
Les accusations et les disputes terribles,
Je te suis remonté, seulement pour te voir t'écrouler.
Mais je sais, je suis la seule personne à blâmer,
Et pour ça, le prix... je paierai.
Et si ces murs pouvaient parler,

Ils parleraient des larmes perdues,
Ils parleraient de toutes mes peurs,
Ils parleraient de mes nuits toute seules,
Et des prières sans signification.
Mais les murs ne peuvent pas parler,
Alors je dis que je vais bien,
Même si ce n'est pas la vérité.
Le soleil s'élève,
Mais votre cœur n'est plus là.
Les mots que je cherchais, sont finalement ici.
Souhaitant pendant ces moments qui passent,
Que tout sera bon,
Et que tout sera résolu.

Mono print by Kara Schuringa

La Mouffette mystérieuse

TORI DEROOY

Un été, toute ma famille était à notre cottage. Nous avions fini notre dîner. Il y avait des gens qui nageaient et d'autres qui faisaient un feu de camp.

On a pris beaucoup de temps de nettoyer après le dîner, car il y avait eu une mouffette dans les environs et nous devons faire attention à notre nourriture. Nous avons vu la mouffette plusieurs fois et ma mère avait très peur d'elle.

Après qu'on ait fini de faire la vaisselle, ma mère est allée faire une promenade en canot avec mon père.

Le reste de ma famille a décidé de jouer un tour à mes parents. Quand ils sont revenus de leur excursion, mon frère a fait semblant de voir la mouffette et de courir après elle. Ensuite il a fait semblant d'être pulvérisé par la mouffette, pendant que ma mère a regardé avec horreur, en pensant que c'était vrai. Elle a commencé à dire de gros mots et toute ma famille a crié « C'EST UNE BLAGUE, C'EST JUSTE UNE BLAGUE ! »

Elle n'a pas trouvé ça drôle.



Nina Janssen

Literature

HOLLY VROOM

“Zane! Zane what are you doing?” giggled Rikki as she ducked below his oncoming arm. “Wait, stop! Hahahaha! Stop—that tickles!”

“Well, I hope so, ’cause that’s kind of the point,” laughed Zane as he grabbed Rikki by the waist. “You’re beautiful. You know that, right?”

Smiling, Rikki checked her phone, then gasped.

“Oh no! My dad’s gonna kill me! I said I’d meet him, like, 20 minutes ago at the new frozen yogurt place!” She looked over at Zane, then she grabbed his hands and pecked his cheek. “I’ll see you later.”

As she sprinted down the dock and onto the grass, she could hear him sigh behind her.

“Dad! I am so sorry! Me and Zane were just down at the dock and—” started Rikki.

“I don’t want to hear it!” Crossing his arms, her dad gave her a stern look. “We said ten after twelve and that was twenty minutes ago! I swear, that boy has given you memory loss. Now get in there and tell my employees you are sorry for

Fluid acrylic, Kara Schuringa

the hold up and it won’t happen again.”

“Yessir,” she replied, slurring the two s’s, and she slipped inside the building.

REBECCA REID

“Pablo, why don’t ya listen to me? It ain’t that complicated!” Tony raged at his newest employee. “Check the order, box the pizza, pack ’em into bags, find the address, drive to the house, and deliver the pizza! Simple instructions, and how long does it take ya? Two and a half hours!”

Pablo lowered his head, embarrassed.

“Sir, I-I’m sorry. I’m really sorry. I didn’t mean—”

“I don’t wanna hear yer excuses,” Tony sneered, squinting straight into Pablo’s eyes.

Pablo shifted his weight nervously, desperately wanting this encounter to be over. He didn’t dare make a sound or even the slightest movement to wipe off the sweat



now almost dripping from his forehead.

“Alright, s-s-sir,” stammered Pablo.

“I’m sure ya know what’s gonna happen to ya if I ever find you draggin’ yer lazy butt around here again.” Tony’s demanding eyes met Pablo’s.

“Yes, sir. I understand.”

Birthday

DAELIN BRITTON

It’s my birthday today, so my mom and dad brought me to my favourite restaurant, Alifafiya. It’s in the Mashtal area of Baghdad.

My mom has been promising a special surprise for almost a month now. I hope it’s a puppy—although my dad probably wouldn’t allow it since there’s no way we could afford it. Recently, we had to sell our house and move into the poorer district. Al-Qaeda has been attacking embassies in the area, so my mother made him quit. Even in the middle of all this he still manages a smile. He says one day he will make enough money to move us to America where we will be rich and there won’t be any more fighting. I hope so—if we live in a big house, maybe then I can get a puppy.

My mom has been whispering to my dad about a man who has been staring at us since we sat down.

My father rises from the seat and makes his way to the man’s table; they exchange glances and a

short conversation that I couldn’t make out. He walks back, his tanned face now as white as a ghost. My mother asks him what he said. My dad replies, “Fanatic freak.”

“So how was school today, honey?” my mom asks, changing the subject.

“It was fine. We had another lockdown. There were men with guns on the road,” I reply, feeling the same fear as I did during the actual event.

“Oh no!” She gasps at the answer.

“It’s okay; the American men with guns scared them off, I think,” I say, remembering the heroes.

“Oh, thank Allah!” she says.

“Where is he now?” my father mutters.

“Shhh!” my mother hushes him while hitting his arm.

“What?!” He looks up into her burqa.

“Not in front of our son!” she says, raising her voice. The table goes quiet.

* * *

Ever since we moved to the poorer

district, my parents have been stressed. The bombings have been getting closer and closer to home, and we have nowhere else to go. Not even our family will bring us in because although my father is from Iraq, my mother is secretly from Iran. His family vowed to stay quiet, but they will not speak to either of them. They won’t even acknowledge that I exist—me being half Iranian—and this makes me sad.

* * *

“Afareen.” My father speaks up, saying my mother’s name. I had nearly forgotten he was sitting next to me, for he was so silent.

“Yes, husband?” My mother faces him, as do I.

“ I... I... love both of you,” he says, rising from his seat and bowing on the ground.

Everything goes black. I have no sense of time. I cannot feel my body.

* * *

“What happened?!” a soft woman’s voice says above me.

“Al-Qaeda bombing at a restaurant in the poor district,” a strong-voiced man says from by my feet.

“Three others since then,” another woman says while holding my side.

“Where?” the lady at my head asks.

“The prison, Green Zone entrance, and a roadside,” the man answers abruptly.

“NURSE!” A distance voice shouts from an unknown location.

“You two move him into the ER,” the woman at my head orders.

“Yes, ma’am!” Both the man and the other woman answer. They seem to levitate me off the ground. I look over my shoulder to see the stretcher that I am on bathed in blood.

“Mommy?! Daddy?!... MOMMY?! DADDY?!... WHERE ARE YOU?!” I scream. The man and woman just look at me. Then a tear rolls down his cheek.

“Let’s go. There’s twenty more out there.” They run off.

“DADDY! MOMMY!” I scream as something bubbles out between

my lips. A metallic taste fills my mouth.

“DOCTOR!” a woman screams.

“Cut the windpipe! Get a tube in there NOW!” another, more commanding, woman shouts at her.

“What?!” the smaller woman replies.

“He’s going to choke on his own blood! Now DO IT!” she barks back.

“Yes, ma’am!” The woman runs off.

“Its okay, everything’s okay.... You’re barely scra...” Her voice falters as she gazes into my chest.

“Mommy? Where are you?” I whisper, for I have no strength.

“Your mommy is sleeping, honey,” she says. Tears roll down her cheeks.

“Daddy?” I can barely speak. My voice trembles.

“He’s sleeping too. I... I... I’m sorry.” She wipes away her tears as the other woman comes back. The nurse cuts my throat, but I cannot feel it. My body is numb.

“Honey?” My mother is standing by my bed.

“MOMMY!” I scream, my arms

reach towards her for a hug, but she does not move.

“It’s okay, honey,” she says. She smiles as she looks deeply into my eyes.

“Wha... what?” I tremble.

“WE’RE LOSING HIM!” The doctor screams.

“Mommy? What do you mean?” I ask, reaching for her hand.

“It’s all right, honey,” she says, taking my hand.

“NO!” The doctor pounds on my chest. “STAY WITH ME!”

“It’s okay... It’s okay... Everything is okay.” My mom lifts me into her arms.

“DON’T YOU DARE LEAVE US!” The doctor pulls a defibrillator off the wall and presses it against my chest.

“CLEAR!” She shocks my limp body; it convulses.

“COME BACK!” she screams again, once more pressing the paddles to my chest. She shocks me again. My body spasms.

Everything goes black. I have no sense of time. I cannot feel my body.



Mayan calendar, Josh Yun

Wheel of Fortune

BETHANY FRIESWICK

The fans in the home click and clatter—
the beat of time for a room without laughter.

Wheel of Fortune is on: “He won! He won!”

An old man yells to a room of smells.

The dead lie awake here for a while,

heaped up in a wheelchair pile,

tired of trying but not of dying.

Gnawing, biting, hurting pain.

Here’s a pill for any gain.

You make to leave us all

no place for you beyond the wall.

You’ve been forgot

by those you begot,

but the Wheel of Fortune will play on.



Aztec calendar, Mitchell LeFave

LIBERTI TODD

Tall, dark, and handsome, he stands six-foot-four, or three. He is the type of person with quiet confidence, never there but always present; soft-spoken, but very smart. Hard work is in his blood. His dark ebony skin attracts you to him, whether this is your intention or not. He speaks and you hear sarcasm, but upon first meeting him, he radiates nothing but friendliness. He gives the best hugs, the kind that makes you feel love, the ones that make you laugh, but never cry.

He is a man, unlike most, who

knows his way around the kitchen. He takes initiative and does things before he is told. He never fails to take responsibility and be the man in any situation. His strong, broad shoulders could carry the world; his built arms, which are long enough to hug a multitude, complement his physique. His hair curls tightly on his scalp, making a modest Afro that never grows past four inches long—he always maintains his ’do. He is the type of person who only engages in conversation if he must. He has this strange way about him that causes him never to look for

you, but makes you want to find him instead. He is solitary and keeps to himself, but he will always offer a listening ear.

All this being said, he might seem feminine and flighty, but he fights to the death for anyone close to him: his mother, his sisters, his nieces, his nephew, his girl, his brothers, his aunts, and cousins—anyone close. He is the definition of love, kindness, and thoughtfulness; he demonstrates confidence, humility, and wit. To me he is good-looking, smart, quiet and proud.



Bethani Todd

The History of Redemption, or, The Bible in Six Stanzas

JOSH HONG AND THOMAS VANLINGEN

God's great creation
Up to his standards of perfection
For man, he made an excellent foundation
Everything was in the perfect location
Adam and Eve named animals, even the
Dalmatian.
There was not a complication.

Adam and Eve met Satan who used
temptation
Adam and Eve experienced sensation
which led to a new generation
The tower of Babel led to no conversation
God still promised to save the world from
damnation
God renewed the world with a flood
covering his creation

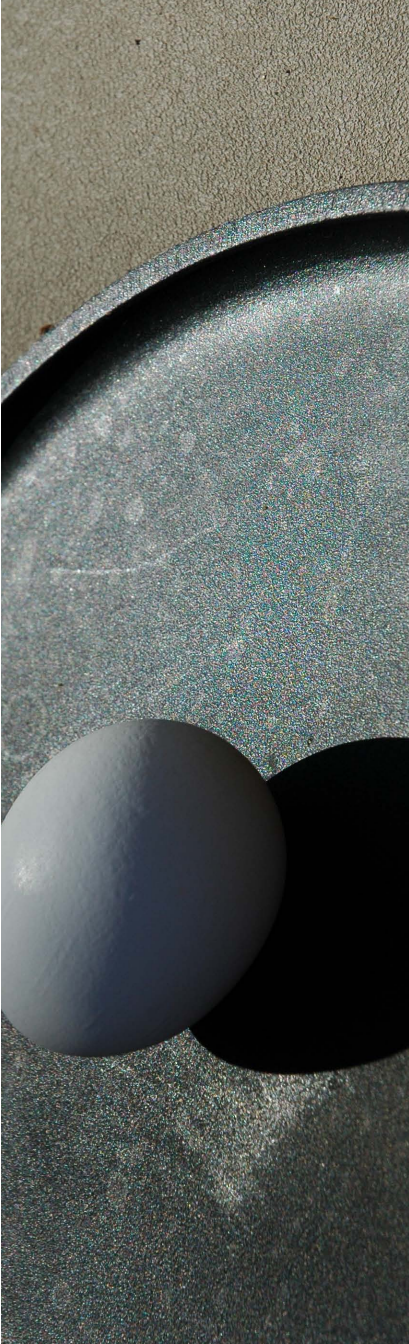
God promised his own nation
Abraham's family would undergo
multiplication
Israel was supposed to be his destination
But Israel created its own limitation
They should have shone but they lacked
motivation
Then the Babylonians began their
occupation.

Jesus was born to begin a revelation
His coming was good news to civilization
The Trinity was introduced—the perfect
combination
The way Jesus came was not the
expectation
Even though he died, the end was not his
crucifixion
This was the start of the Christian
population

Jesus is coming; we engage in preparation
We must make it our duty to avoid
manipulation
His gospel is the solution
The Bible should be our fascination
Our souls are in starvation
Let us go and proclaim our solution

This is the final revelation
Unknown is the future of his creation
It will be cause for exhilaration
It will be beyond all expectation
It could be like an amazing vocation
Thank God for our salvation

Robert Schutte

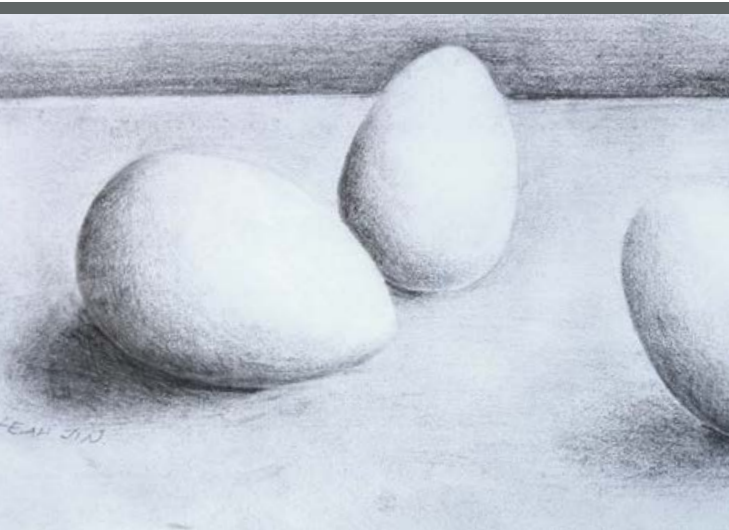


Let it Go KARA SCHURINGA

Take it outside. Thread it to the fence posts, the tall
grass,
the rivers leaving murky trails behind the house.
Press it under dark leaves and throw it up and out over
rooftops,
across the clouded ceiling.
If you want the sweet satisfaction
of having lived,
let it go.
Let it grow. Take its weary face between your palms
and tell it
yes, tell it
you're alright, you're okay,
and show it what there is to be loved.
Begin, perhaps, by naming the trees. Oak, pine,
sycamore,
and the birds, individually,
call them,
robin, raven, crow, exaggerate the differences, explain
them, repeat them.
Make it strong. Feel it stretch and pulse.
When it has unravelled stiff fingers and taken hold,
acquiring your senses,
Take it outside, and let it go. Let it be.
Watch it devour the dirt, the skies, the raised red
wounds in earth's flesh, watch it bleed. Because it
will bleed. It will raise its stunted voice against you
and your kind.
Your undefeated demons cracking skulls,

spilling oil over slick fish-backs, slaughtering
wide-eyed blue
faces, slitting the throats of the branches, piling bodies
on bodies on
flesh. And you, you will reject it, lie to it, tell it,
no, that is not I. That is someone else.
And it will be separate from you.
But let it know.
Reach out your mind and help it up from where it has
fallen
in a heap, in the dust
a pile of fragmented thoughts.
If you want to live, pick up your soul and take it outside
and tell it
I'm sorry, tell it
it's okay, I'm sorry, I know.
And it will twist itself, a dagger,
merciless, into you.
But let it go.

Leah Jin



I Dodged a Bullet

LYDIA GRIFT

It was the first summer job I had ever had. At fifteen years old, I got a job at a fancy French cuisine restaurant, working in the back doing dishes, cleaning floors, and polishing cutlery. There was also a patio across the street at the Rose Theatre where we dishwashers had to push fifty-pound carts carrying various plates to serve to customers. My sister Janita, who is one year older than me, also worked there along with her friend Kendra, and another employee named Kevin.

I had started work at 5 PM on a Friday night. The restaurant was packed with customers watching a live show of some guy—I forget his name—playing guitar and singing. Kevin and I were working together on dishes and occasionally mopping the floors. Everything seemed to be going smoothly, normally, routinely. Not even half an hour into dinner service, a middle-aged, seriously overweight, tall white man came into the restaurant. He wore brown Velcro sandals, brown shorts with a pocket on each side, and a green shirt with an ugly tropical pattern on it.

Without any explanation, he invaded the kitchen, remarking, “What are you doing!?! This is my restaurant! Stop cooking right now!” The cook, confused by what this man was talking about, told him he has no authority to be in the kitchen and continued to cook, splashing some white cooking wine into a pan and watching the flames jump into the air, then creep down gradually.

“I SAID STOP COOKING RIGHT NOW!” bellowed

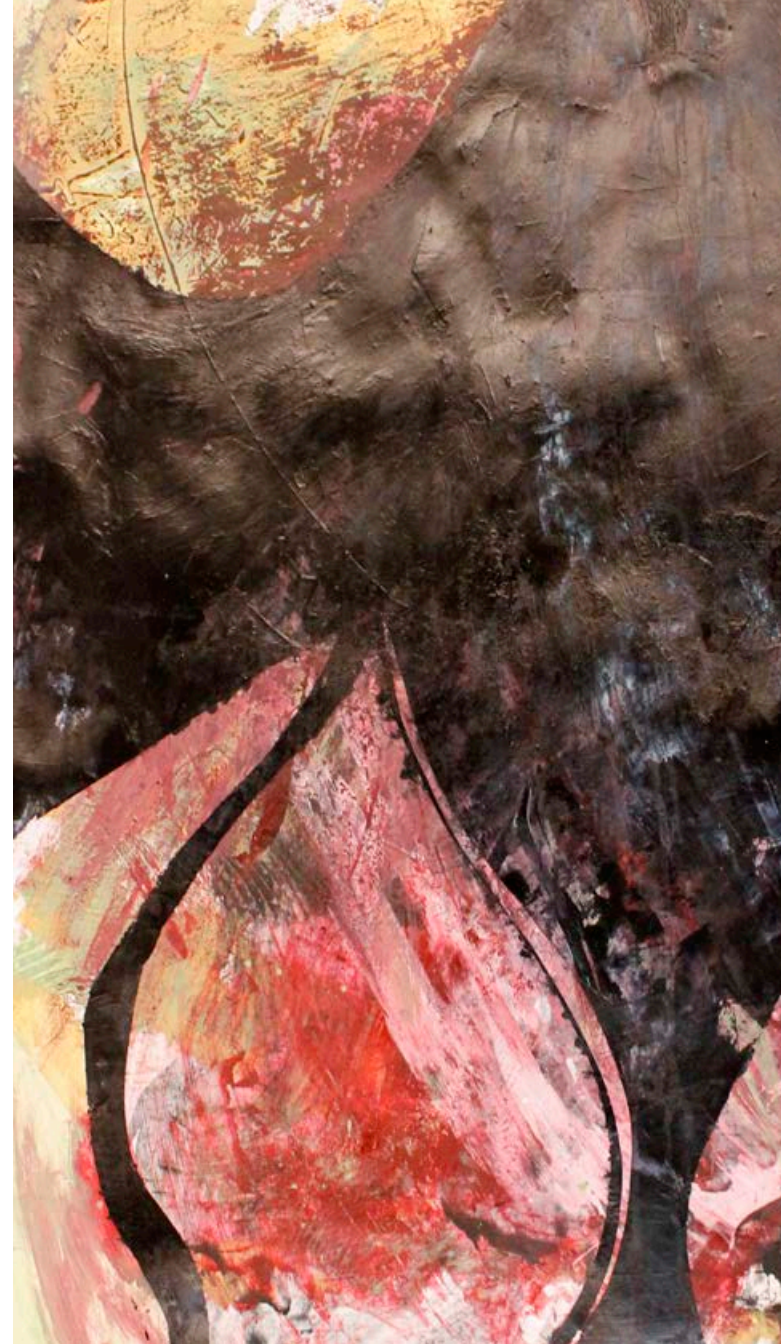
the mystery man. Disturbed by this man’s loud, invasive voice, I took the load of dishes out of the dishwasher and placed them beside it, not putting them away. At the sink, Kevin turned his head towards the man, also alarmed.

Still working on plates, the cook replied, in a surprisingly calm tone, “Why should I? There’s a packed restaurant waiting to be served.” The oversized man pulled out a handgun. Kevin and I froze in place and turned pale, numbed by shock and fear.

“STOP COOKING, OR I’LL SHOOT! THIS IS MINE! MY FOOD, MY PANS, MY STOVES, MY MONEY! EVERYTHING IS MINE!” the man said, his face red like an overly-ripe tomato.

I had never felt such fear up to this point in my life. It lurched through my body, climbing up my spine. I couldn’t talk, I couldn’t work, I couldn’t even move. Kevin looked at me, and by the look on his face, I could tell he was just as terrified as I was. Not one minute later, I heard the door open. I prayed to God that it was the cops; I prayed to keep us safe.

“Martin, put down the gun. Let us work this problem out. This isn’t the way to handle it. Just put it down.” I knew my prayer had been answered. The man, who I now knew as Martin, put down the gun after about ten seconds of absolute silence. As soon as the gun was down, six or seven cops bolted into the kitchen, snatching the gun from his hands, and leading him to the back to talk.



The next thing I heard was the performer out front saying, “It’s all right, ladies and gentlemen, as long as I’m here, this can still be a good night.” One of the two owners approached me and told me to make desserts for the customers since we couldn’t serve them their food. I realized I hadn’t moved from my spot by the dishwasher. Finally my feet unfroze and I walked out front to prepare the desserts. Kevin and I made countless creme brulees and talked about how insane the night had been. When we ran out of desserts, the night was finally over.

My parents came to the back of the building around 11:30 PM to pick me up. Two cops stood by the door with the man who had caused all the fuss and made sure I got to the car safely. I had to walk past Martin on the way out. I didn’t look at him. I didn’t dare. Rain was dancing through the cool night air and puddles dotted the dark, dreary pavement. As I got into the car, I looked back at the building, knowing this would be the end of my job there, knowing that this man would have his revenge.

The following day, I learned that the second owner, who apparently knew Martin, had taken all the money and left nothing for the other owner—the one who had talked to me about the desserts the previous night—and also left nothing for the employees. The restaurant closed, as expected. Although I was out of a job, I was glad the chaos was over.

Kirstyn Ryzebol

KARA SCHURINGA

My father rises with the sun each morning. He sticks his bearded chin around the corner of Elsie's door and she laughs to see his hair all stuck up about his ears, the print of the pillow marring his cheek. Her small voice slips under my door and soon we are all tumbling down the stairs, rubbing sleep from our eyes in the dim kitchen.

"Daddy," says Elsie, "why don't we turn on the lights?"

"Does the dark scare you?" I sit in the blackest corner of the room, untouched by the window's light.

"No!" Elsie shoves her hands under her armpits and scowls.

"We don't want to wake the house too soon," says my father.

"Wake the house?"

"The house isn't alive," I say.

My father's beard shifts, hiding a smile. He puts on coffee for himself, then produces milk and cereal for Elsie, who is glaring at me across the table. I lay down the bowls and spoons.

"It is alive," declares Elsie. "Or else Daddy wouldn't say so, right, Daddy?"

"Of course it is, dear." My father leans back against the counter, his shoulders pressing into the cupboards. "Can't you hear it breathing?"

We fall silent, Elsie's nose scrunched in concentration. I roll my eyes, but there is the invisible pumping

of a heart, of lungs—a tiny, low sweep of air rushing through the halls, unseen eyes glowing in the vents. I cough loudly, and Elsie shrinks slightly into her chair.

"There isn't anything to be afraid of," my father says. "Has the house ever hurt you?" He nods to himself. "Of course not! It's on your side, girls. Why else would it let you stay?"

"Because we bought it, Dad," I remind him.

"Ah, Melanie, don't be so serious." He smiles and ruffles my hair, which I pretend to hate. "The house has no idea how much we paid or whether or not we've got papers. All it knows is we are good enough that it shouldn't smother us." He laughs, shaking his head when he catches Elsie's expression. "Not really, dear. Houses don't do things like that. They just let us see, let us hear. You just have to listen."

"It's a house, Dad," I say.

"Shut up, Melanie!" Elsie glares.

"Yep, it's a house alright. And a fine one at that." My father pauses, stares into the mug he fills. The air leans on us heavily, the floors whispering against our toes. The sky is silent, listening, pressing into the house, filling it, releasing sounds and symbols. I catch my breath, tilt back.

"Time for school!" I shout it over the din of the house. Elsie looks at me, my father watches me push away from the table and take the stairs at a sprint.

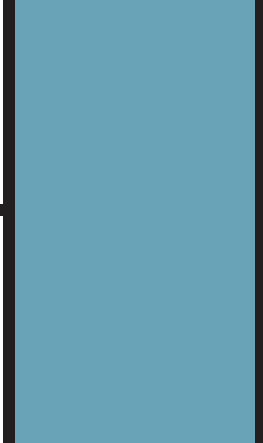
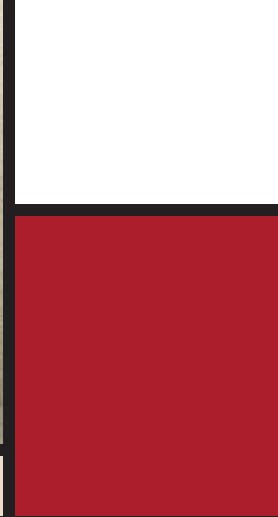
"It's just a house," I say.

MR. JERRY KLOMPMAKER

Zach Albert caught my attention during History class when he was frantically writing this note. After he had finished writing, I asked him if I could read his work. It was a stream of consciousness that was raw and gave me insight into what his world looked like that afternoon.

There once was a little boy who had no money. He ate some cheese and died of heart disease called baringitus. It was very scary, but quite interesting at the same time. I am never quite sure if I will die from a heart disease from too much sugar or if it will be on an airplane ride from Florida. It could also be from a car ride to volleyball which would really suck. Considering it is my favorite sport, volleyball is really fun but recently my team has become really bad. We are in kind of a rut that we can't go through some kind of slit at the front near the engine lost to our younger team which too is really really embarrassing. Then we lost in the bronze medal match which to be honest didn't bother me at all because we didn't try at all. We don't have a back up setter, so we made our right side a setter which really does show how much we didn't care. Now I am going on an awful rant that nobody is going to care about in the next few days that people might read this. This story that we are talking about is actually crazy. It's all about foreign people moving to other countries, the crazy thing is, most of this is after world war 1. Now we are watching the movie called max which I am pretty sure is about Adolf Hitler, was my writing is getting worse again, which is my time to fix it up again. Fight now. Pretty funny how we are watching a movie that says the "f" word 3 times, I am wondering how I am going to get all of my projects done in time because there is so much to do in so little time. I am finally in the last box and this is where my writing should be at its best. It's crazy to think that Hitler was in the war when he was a teenager, was that why he started ww2? Did he do it because he was crazy? I'm wondering right now if Korea attacks the USA that there is going to be a nuclear war or a 3rd war that people might actually try to fight Canada and since Brampton is really close to Toronto...

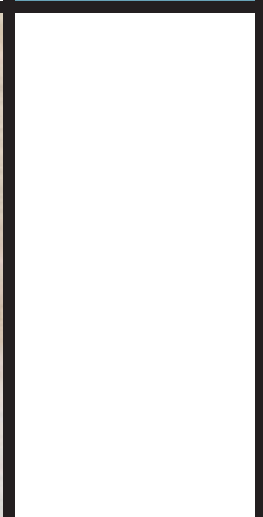
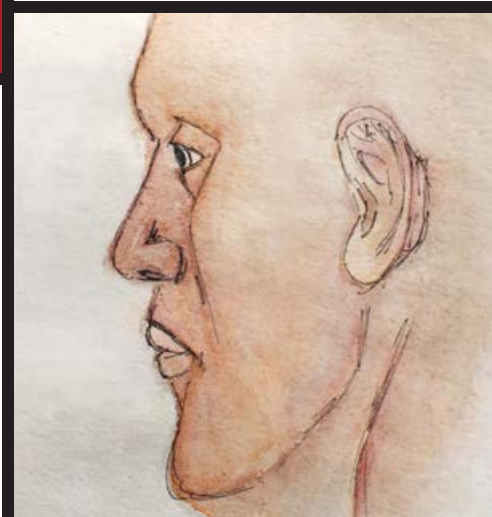
This is the second side of the page. I don't think I should write this small. Now I am slowly going to write a lot bigger. I remember when Einstein had a bunch of books that had all of his ideas. Wait that wasn't him, I mean Alexander Graham Bell. I want to do what he did but he was actually able to invent stuff with it. I mean if I had a job I would buy stuff for my inventions and see what I could do to change the world with what I have. Some time I had an idea that in the hood of a car there would be a turbine that when you drive the car, wind would go through some kind of slit at the front near the engine and electricity would be formed. Another idea that I had was why don't cars have solar panels on the roof so when a car was parked or even if it was driving, the it would generate. Being honest nobody should care about what the top of your car looks like if it might actually save the world. I always want to move to Denmark or Switzerland because of their advancement in green technology. But I also heard that China could soon lead the world in that just because of the problems in Shanghai about the smog and how children can't even play outside because it is so unhealthy for you. What if people actually wouldn't care about "things" and actually try to save the world, I think there should be something in the school that there is a website and challenges (I know of one but can't remember the name) and the school gets half of the money while the student or teacher that solves it gets the other half of them money. Just The money is like \$10,000



HEY SCHOOL

Thoughts on reintegrating after two months in the Dominican Republic

FAITH AND DIRECTION



“Psalm 63:4”
Kathleen Rumney

BEN SCHURINGA

Ummm... I just want to say, I did miss this place. In a way it's good to be back, but in a way it's also hard. Don't take this as an insult, because it has almost nothing to do with you guys. The schools we have been to in the last eight weeks have never had more than one computer, usually in the principal's office, and a lot of the desks were breaking down and in need of repair.

And now coming back here it's weird to see computers in every hallway, and so many white people speaking English, all with smart phones and tablets. Honestly, I'm not saying that as a bad thing, and I don't say it to guilt you into changing anything. We just need you guys to know that this is strange and different for us to see. And it will take some getting used to.

And a lot of us have questions about our culture here, and just how much we want to be a part of it. This doesn't mean we don't want to be a part of you guys or a part of this school; it's just hard being in a culture that revolves around getting stuff, a culture that is all about “me me me,” a culture that tells us that we always need more.

On this trip, a lot of us realized that we have way more than enough, and that some things—like new clothes, new cars, and just having a lot of stuff—really aren't that important. Coming home to a culture where that stuff is put at the height of importance is a difficult transition.

So, that's something we are having to deal with right now. I think it's good for us to tell you guys where we are at, because we still love you guys, and it's not fair of us to say that you don't understand what we have been through if we don't actually tell you what we have been through.

We have no right to be mad if you guys don't think the same way as we do. The past two months have been very different for us. We need to do our best to share different experiences, connect through similarities, and continue growing in love with each other.

And so now I humbly request that you guys will have patience and help us to get back into this school community as smoothly as possible. Thanks for your prayers, and thanks for listening.



DUQUESA: A DIFFERENT KIND OF VILLAGE

AMANDA KOERSSSEN

It's one thing to hear about poverty; it's another to see it with your own two eyes.

March 16, 2013 started off as a regular Saturday. We spent the morning tutoring at Ina's like we'd done every other weekend. It wasn't the morning that affected me, but the afternoon that followed. As soon as we were finished at Ina's, we hopped on a bus and headed to a place called Duquesa, also known as the "dump village." The question is probably circulating through your head, "What's a dump village?" Well, it's a village made out of a dump... literally. It's a place where the poorest of the poor in Santo Domingo live. People who could afford next to nothing started a village within the Santo Domingo garbage dump. They use things that come in with the garbage trucks to make their homes.

We had been told the night before that we'd be heading to the village, so it wasn't as if it took us completely by surprise; plus we'd experienced a little poverty before so we thought we were sort of used to it. I took 24 hours to think about what was ahead of us. My

initial expectations for myself were that I would break down and lose control of my emotions. But, like many other experiences I've had in the DR, I've learned that you can't always assume that something's going to happen, because half the time it goes in a direction completely opposite to what you expected.

The first sight of the dump shocked me. There was garbage everywhere. I guess that should've been expected; after all, it is a garbage dump. As we drove along to find a place to park and get out, my eyes wandered through the place. Beneath the bus were pop bottles, squished plastic cups, broken pairs of flip-flops, thrown away paper, and every other item someone might throw away. Beside me were hills, made not of dirt and grass, but of garbage bags and loose, useless materials. All I could think about was how disgusting I was as a person. Seeing all that garbage made me realize that some of the stuff I'd used while being in the DR definitely ended up here. The hardest realization was that my thrown away items ended up in someone else's home.

We pulled into the village, and as expected, it wasn't at all glamorous. It's not the typical city you'd see back in North America. The streets were dirt and mud. Houses were made of tin and scrap materials brought in by the garbage trucks. Homes were squished together. Young kids ran everywhere unsupervised, some of them stopping to talk to us, complete strangers. Some might perceive it as a chaotic mess, while others might see it as beautiful. I saw it as a little bit of both. I was nervous stepping off the bus at first though. I didn't exactly feel thrilled about touching and interacting with dirty kids. What if I got sick? It didn't take me long to realize once again how selfish I can be. The moment I stepped off the bus, a nine-year-old girl named Elisabeth reached for my arm and didn't leave my side the entire day. Her loving touch changed my heart instantly; I would now be more compassionate, not judgemental.

REFLECTIVE ESSAY

ANYA VANROOYEN



Discerning God's will for my life has been complicated. I find it difficult to understand how God shows us the path that we should be taking, but I think that a good place to start is to pray and ask God to show us what to do. I think after that we should speak to other Christians and ask their opinions on what they think would be the right career path to take. I believe that God has also given all of us unique talents, and these talents correspond with the calling he has for each of us. Depending on our talents, we can pursue different careers that allow us to serve God. I think that in our lives, God will also open and close doors for us. He could open opportunities that would lead us on his path. The Bible also tell us not to worry about tomorrow, but I don't think this means that God will just drop an opportunity

into our laps if we don't try. I think that we need to be active in trying new things and trying to find out what we enjoy and are good at.

As Christians, I believe that we view work not only as a job, but as a vocation, a calling to serve God in our lives. Even if we aren't working directly in ministry, we can still witness to others through our actions and our attitudes. No matter what we do, we should always try to set an example for others and do all of our work as if for God. I find it hard to constantly put my best effort into everything, especially if I don't find it interesting, but I think that by doing our best we can witness to others. Wherever we are in the world, including at work, we can always try to keep a good attitude and be trustworthy. At work we

can make friends; through those friendships we can witness to others.

As 1 Corinthians 12:4-7 says, each and every one of us has been given different and unique talents by God. These verses apply to this Careers course because they teach us about ourselves and the talents we have. We can now apply the things we have learned about ourselves to our futures in order to figure out which career paths to take. I think that God has given us specific talents that correspond with the plans he has for our lives and the careers we should pursue. Careers class has been helpful to me because I think that it helped me to get to know myself better and to figure out more about the things that I like to do. This helped me narrow down what I want to do.

I'm not really sure how I see my life unfolding over the next five years. I hope to do well in the rest of high school here at TD, but I'm not sure what I want to do yet afterwards. I know that I want to go to a university, but I'm not sure for what. I'm thinking of doing something in the medical field, because after visiting South Africa and seen all the poverty there, I really want to be able to do something tangible about it, possibly by helping the people medically. So far, I haven't figured out what I want to do with my life, but I hope that I can find the path that God is calling me to follow.



"YOU REMIND ME OF MY SON"

KENNY KOORING

REFLECTIONS ON THE GRADE 11 SERVICE TRIP

On this service trip I had a blast, and I have many stories to tell. I could talk about Peter Park falling asleep on the bus and missing his stop, about Sabrina constantly telling Terpstra to "man up," or maybe about getting groped on the street car. But the story I have decided to tell is about my experience at Sanctuary.

The day started off pretty normal: I woke up, had breakfast, and cleaned up my sleeping stuff. But after I left the church, I started a day I will probably never forget. Depending on where you live, waking up and hopping on a streetcar isn't anything special, but for someone like me who can count the number of times he's been on public transportation on his fingers, it's still something unusual. After the streetcar, we walked to Sanctuary. For those of you who don't know, Sanctuary is a ministry that offers many different programs for the homeless. On this day, we were there to volunteer in the kitchen, talk to the homeless, and just be among them.

My day began with working in the kitchen. I wasn't out there talking to the homeless or having my life changed forever, but I was having fun. I met some great people who volunteered their time to make food for the people who came in. I remember me and Graham

McDougall having fun comparing scars with one of the guys there. We were having a blast when he told us about the scar he got from getting stabbed in prison. Then it hit me: this guy was in prison! I had never met an ex-convict before, and he was a really cool guy. So that was the first thing that blew my mind that day, but that's not the most amazing part.

I later switched groups and took my turn talking to the people there. When I walked out, I was shocked by what I saw; it will be imprinted in my mind for the rest of my life. This may make me seem like a bad person, but I'm going to be honest: when I was told we were serving the homeless, I was expecting to see a bunch of scruffy people with overgrown hair and bad smells. I knew there would be people there with a history of abuse and drug use, but those are the types of people that Sanctuary is trying to attract, the broken who need a sense of community. But when I walked out into the dining hall, I just saw a bunch of normal-looking people.

I grabbed a plate of food and sat at a table. Later, I was joined by Graham and Jake Russell. Time went by and I had little conversations here and there but nothing really special. Then from across the table, a man asked me about my robotics t-shirt. I explained to him how I made a robot with some friends and raced them against other schools. This broke the ice and we just started to talk—well, when I say talk, I mean he was telling me stories, and I was listening. Not that I didn't try to talk, but this guy just *loved* to talk, and I enjoyed listening because he had some awesome stories that just kept me laughing for hours. My favourite story

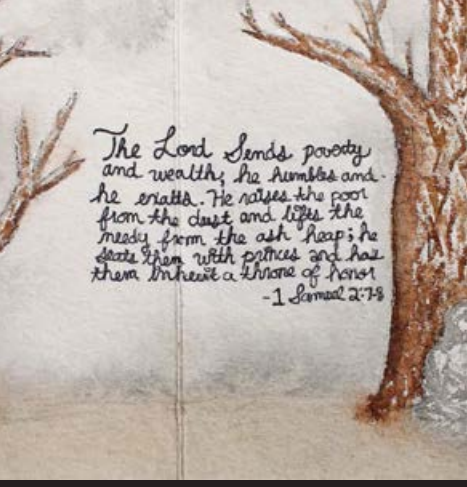
Rebecca Smith



was about how his dad and his uncle took down a chop shop because they stole his mom's car with his dad's tools in the back. They never got the tools back and the car was wrecked, but his dad and his uncle did make it into the paper. At this point, we had exchanged some stories back and forth. I had to censor some of my stories for safety reasons, which was killing me because I couldn't tell all of the stories I wanted to. As we were talking, he told me something that will probably stick

in my mind for the rest of my life. He told me that I reminded him of his son. At first this didn't affect me, and I didn't think much of it. He even showed me a picture of his son; to him, apparently, we looked the same, even though I didn't see any resemblance. Eventually, he had to go see the nurse, so we said our goodbyes and he headed off. After we started to clean up the tables and chairs, he walked up to me and we started to have a little conversation. Then he said it again: "You remind me of my son." These words hit me after we left the place: this man probably hasn't seen his son in a long time. After talking to him, it was obvious that he missed his son, and so it got me thinking that talking to this man was probably something that meant a lot to him, the closest thing he had to talking to his son in a long time. But when we said our final goodbyes, I could see that he enjoyed our talk, and I know that I did. I will say that this experience did make me feel weird, a kind of feeling that I can't really describe, but it definitely made me think.

Even though I had a blast this trip, I'll be honest and say that I don't see myself doing something like this again. This trip changed the way I see the homeless and the broken and it changed my worldview for the rest of my life, but I plan to return back to my normal life and use what I learned on this trip to change the people around me who maybe didn't have the same opportunity that I did.



THE BEATEN BOOKS, WITH STAINED AND MISSING PAGES

ERIN STECKLEY

We stopped abruptly at a small, pale blue building. It wasn't flashy, and it almost hid itself from the rest of pizza places and hair salons on the street. We hadn't been off the bus very long; our legs were gradually starting to feel less numb. The sign read "Lighthouse." Starting at one in the afternoon, that sign would translate as Safety, Help, and Food. Slightly unsure of ourselves, we pulled the door towards us and squeezed into the lobby. Books lay unorganized on the floor and desk. Pictures of grinning individuals were pinned on a board. Janet walked out, warmly greeting us with her gentle smile.

The stairs to the basement creaked, each of them a little unsteady. Immediately, the smell of a grocery store took over, that familiar, produce smell. A few dirty lights lit the room, but not to their full potential. The space was crowded, shelves on one wall, and refrigerators on the other. A few small carrots and onions lay in a crate on the concrete floor. We were all silent and a bit awkward as we paced back and forth, reminding ourselves of the system in this food bank. The stairs creaked again.

A woman with flowing, almost-black hair approached me. Wearing a red and holey t-shirt, her teenage son trailed behind her carrying a few bags; he looked like he had just rolled out of bed. The sound of clicking against concrete attracted my eyes to her feet. The high-heels she wore made her six inches taller. She smiled radiantly and began to grab her food for nine people. As she reached for her one small bag of cat litter, she looked at me and said, "Really? I've got five cats!" She began to laugh, so I laughed right along with her, but nervously. I even caught myself thinking that beggars can't be choosers.

She continued to take what she wanted, everything from the plastic bags stuffed with lentils and the greasy, battered fish, to old Christmas cookies and bashed-in cereal boxes. The cat conversation continued as she rambled on about her precious Nikita, who had just had a litter of striped kittens, and she was apparently quite protective of them. "I breed cats," she told me. "And then I train them!" Her enthusiasm for felines was clear, and the conversation was starting to get weird.

"Do you ladies have boyfriends? My son is single. You'll know you've met the right person when your hands start getting real sweaty. That's how I met my husband. Not the most attractive guy around, but he's perfect for me."

I can't say I expected to receive marital advice at a food bank. She looked around at the food again, probably contemplating if there was any way she could just have one more bag of rice, or one more yellow pepper. She spoke again, more serious this time. "My husband is lucky to be alive after his carbon monoxide poisoning. I was just laid off, too. Used to be a veterinary assistant." With the help of her son, they managed to stuff all of the

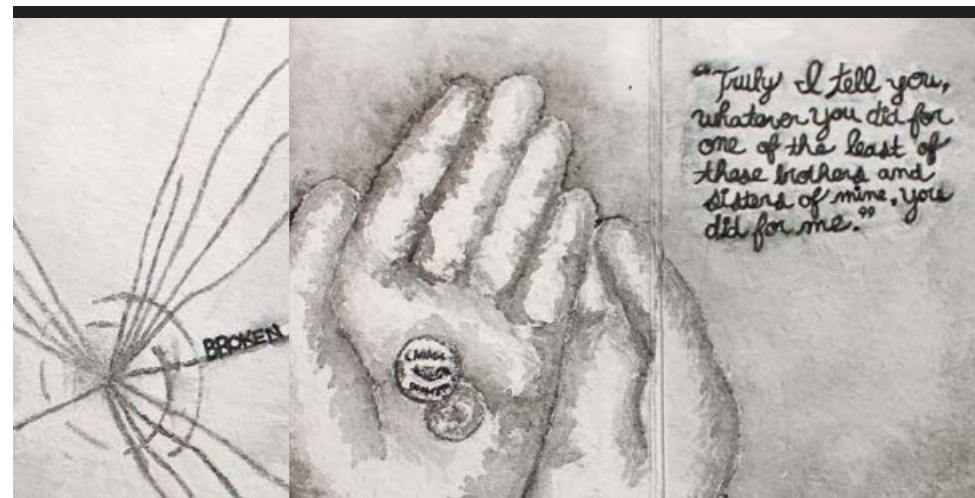
items into their tiny fold-up cart. "I think that's everything, ladies. Thanks so much for the help."

She trudged up those dangerous stairs again, struggling to pull the food behind her. We looked at each other, and we looked at the floor. It was our way of saying "We sure had her wrong" without actually saying it. She was far from the bitter lady who complained about the lack of cat litter, a made-up character I had assigned to her. Her intelligence was there, but hidden. Her kind heart meant well, but the occasional swear words made things foggy. I only realized this after she had left, much too late to say a nice word to her.

People tell us that we shouldn't

judge a book by its cover. Those are good words to live by, but what about the contents of a book? The truth is that even if we take the time to "read" their book and hear their stories, we still judge them. In fact, hearing all their mistakes just gives us more reasons to "factually" label them. I judged someone, and I ended up being the one who felt worse at the end of the day. I am back in the comforts of my own world with showers and the Internet, struggling to understand what I should do next. My mission is not to stop judging books by their covers. Due to human sinful nature, I will inevitably continue to do that. My mission is to look for the worst books, the beaten ones with stained and missing pages, and to sit down with them and hear their stories; it's something so simple and yet so trivialized by society. If I walk away from a book that looks bad, even if I don't judge it, I still have not done what Christ has asked of us. By looking at people and their stories, we put ourselves above them. By listening to their stories, we are among them.

Anyva vanRooyen



Nino Liu



Jessie Webster



Grade 12 Photography students took on the challenge of imitating the work of professionals. These are some of the results.

The End

L'ORÉAL



Laura Khani

Thomas Xing



Thomas Xing

