

1

Jacob Aie

Grade 8

Desert Sands Community School

Remus

It was fun

Until he came the first Hun

The Barbarians started squeezing them tight

But Remus and the soldiers put up more then a fight

The commanding officer took his final breath

Then it was his untimely death

The battle was won

But the deed was done

Remus was commanding soldiers the city had

But the situation was bad

The Romans prepared for battle

Evan the gods would be rattled

Remus asked alia out

She responded "without a doubt!"

The barbarians lined up to fight

The Romans still had a bite

The arrow was shot and it missed

Remus and alia kissed

2

Jacob Aie

Grade 8

Desert Sands Community School

Remus

Arrows flew

At the Emperors rule

The battle was near

From a child's cheek fell a single tear

Remus yelled "all for Rome!"

They swept through the barbarians like a comb

The battle raged on

At the start of a new dawn

Remus got shot in the chest

He starts his eternal rest

Alia fell beside Remus and they died hand in hand

They go to the underworld to a new land

In the year 476 BCE Rome had lost

The soldiers were tossed

## A Distraction

### **Part One: Emma A. Moors**

It took a conscious effort not to tap my foot, to check my phone, to tap my fingers on the scratched up desk in front of me. I started to tip back in my chair before remembering the last time that happened; I had fallen, the sharp noise alerting the entire class and I could still feel the way their mocking eyes bore into my own panicked ones, sending a shiver down my spine. All four legs hit the floor.

I couldn't see the teacher from my spot at the back of the class, not like I had to anyway. I finished all the textbook pages we were assigned yesterday. I was soon regretting my decision to finish early last night in a failed attempt to halt my swirling thoughts.

Biting my thumbnail, I let my gaze twitch around the room filled with people I'd shared classes with since kindergarten but never cared to really know. My converse-clad foot twitched. Tap... tap... tap tap *tap taptaptaptaptaptaptapta*. I hissed in pain as I finally pinched my thigh hard enough to stop my foot from tapping. I wiped my annoyingly sweaty hands on the sleeves of my black hoodie, desperately needing a distraction from my own racing thoughts.

Pulling out a thin, sharp sewing pin from the seam of my jeans pocket with my left hand, I set my right on the desk, fingers splayed. I carefully placed the sharp end of the pin on the skin between my first and middle finger, finding it's place among dozens of tiny specks of pearly white that contrasted sharply against my tan skin.

I let out a breath... pressed down... and through.

**Part two: Mr. L. Stewart**

I'll admit that I am an inexperienced teacher, being only twenty-six, this being my first teaching job. It was supposed to be a simple class of only seventeen grade nines. I was immensely glad to be away from the hustle and bustle and noise of the intercity schools I finished my student teaching in. I guess even rural schools have their issues though. There was one particular “issue” though, that I could've definitely done a better job of dealing with.

When I first saw the fourteen-year-old blonde girl, I just assumed she was just doing it all for attention, as many kids do. The black clothes, the vague answers, the way it seemed like she would silently look down on others. No wonder she had no friends, I thought before immediately feeling a wave of guilt.

It was a cold Autumn day, the class was filled with the soft chatter of teens still learning to keep silent, or at least whisper. I turned away from the board to scan the class and sent sharp looks to the kids who didn't have their noses stuffed in their textbooks. They were all doing as asked, all but one. I felt a flash of anger before remembering that she already handed in the work just three minutes before class. Throughout the two months since the beginning of the school year, I happened to notice that she never talked to anyone for longer than a passing moment, a greeting or commenting on a book. It wasn't like she was bullied or anything, no, it was more like she was just out of place, a faded shadow.

I watched her for a moment with a frown as she fidgeted in her seat, twisting her head around and rubbing her hands on her pants. She pulled out a sewing pin. I opened my mouth to call her up to hand it over but my whole being stalled as I watched her slowly drive it through the skin between her first and second fingers. I was shocked. I didn't know how to deal with this, w-why would she- *BRRRRR!!!!!!!!!!!!!!*ING! The bell signaled the end of class and kids jumped out of their desks, shoved their books in their bags and rushed to the door.

"Emma." She froze at the exit, the sound of laughter and chatter echoing through the now mostly empty class.

"Ye-" she coughed a bit, "Yes Mr. Stewart?" She looked nervous and cautiously hid her hand in her sleeve.

"May I see your hand?"

She looked like she was debating with herself in her head before she averted her eyes and showed me her hand and the smear of blood that was already starting to darken and flake, there were maybe twenty or more spots of scar tissue. I cursed and dropped her hand. She met me with a teary desperate look, one that just screamed *"Leave me alone! Please don't tell! Oh god, you're gonna tell and everyone will know and-"* Her breathing hitched as she yanked her hand back.

I took a calming breath. "Look. I won't say anything unless you want me too, but I want to know... Why would you do this to yourself? You have friends you can talk to,"

"A Distraction"  
Ruby Allard  
Chase Secondary School  
Grade 8

*No she didn't. "Adults you can trust!" I judged her on the first day. "Parents that would listen!" But no one showed up to the parent-teacher conference. In fact, he'd never even... "There are people you can ask for help!" ...Are there really?*

I ran a hand through my hair when I realized how I must look, and turned back to face her only to see that Emma was gone. I cursed myself and slammed my fist on my desk.

Emma A. Moors didn't show up for class the next day.

Brooke Arnott  
Grade 8  
Desert Sands  
Grade 8

Diamante Poem

Happy  
Joy, cheerful,  
Peaceful, glad, bitter, sorry,  
Smiling, laughing, delighted,  
Crying, hurting, weeping  
Tragic, pathetic,  
Sad.

Haiku Poem

Summer  
Nights at the river  
Long summer days laughing  
Making memories

## The Stranger

I open my eyes taking in the view around me. The way the cool spring breeze ruffles the leaves on the trees. Or the way the soft hue of the sky holds an innocent feeling. My mind melts away into the landscape. Little did I know this would be my last moment of peace.

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I wake up in a cold and musty room. Feeling tired and scared. The aura of the room makes my hands clammy, and worst of all the eerie stranger in front of me sends chills up my spine. "Good you are awake," said the strange man. I let a small teardrop slide down my face, looking gracefully up ahead at the strange man I get a glimpse of his appearance. Cold grey eyes and a smooth chiseled face, I close my eyes letting my mind wander. The man in front of me smiles, exposing a set of coffee stained teeth. "What do you want from me?" I scream. The lights flicker on and off, casting down strangely shaped shadows along the wall. My mind thinks of something else to say. "You must have the wrong person" He laughs, "No I don't."

The man let his eyes close for a fraction of a second. "You don't think this was accidental?" He laughs. I look up, letting a grim expression paint my lips.

"Yes I have someone else for you," I close my eyes trying to think of the cloudy sky. "My friend." I quickly pause taking in a deep breath. "You would like her a lot more."



I don't know how many hours or minutes had passed, while I stay silent in that tiny room. "Well let's go then," The man said with a smile. I stay rooted to the seat, trying to stall him from coming near me for a bit longer. "Oh come on now Adelaine."

I fiddle with my hands, just thinking of all the possible explanations as to why he would want me. My family was decent, and I was good for the most part. So why would he want me?

Looking up at the ceiling I slowly unstick my hands from the backing of the chair and begin to stand up. The fluorescent light flickers off as the man points in the direction of the door with a gloved finger. "Come on" The walk down the narrow hall was awful, and the smell wasn't even the worst part.

My nose scrunches up in disgust as we near a large metal door engraved with "Addy" into it. I look up at the man, shooting a piercing glare in his direction. "Why am I here?" I screech, my fingers dig into his arm, causing him to throw me to the side angrily.

"Silly girl," The man says with a menacing smile. I try to pry his cold hands off my bruised wrist.

"Let me go," I whisper as he pushes me towards the tiny room. The door closes making a loud thud as it shut. Tears pour down my cheeks making me pull the back of my sleeve up to my face. I slowly crawl towards the tiny but oddly neat twin bed in pain.

“Why did this have to happen to me?” I wondered, as I lay on the bed. I look around the room taking in the way everything looks. The way the room is so neat compared to the rest of this place.

---

I’m not sure how many hours had passed until I heard the sound of the door opening. It seemed as if night had passed and morning was upon us. “Wake up,” The man said, smiling. I groan in pain, feeling the memories of last night come back to me.

“Where am I?” I say to him with a questioning look on my face. He laughs filling the small room.

“Why would I tell you?” he pauses taking a small breath, “So you can escape?” He laughs once again; I see a dark silhouette behind him. My breath falters a little, my hands getting clammy.

“Who’s that?” I say pointing towards the small and frail girl.

“Your new friend,” the man says with a smile. “Addy meet Kelea,” The girl squirms under the tight hold he has on her.

---

Kelea and I stay seated on the small twin size bed, nervously fiddling with our hands. She looks around helplessly before turning around to meet my view. "Addy that's a nice name"

I smile, "it's short for Adelaine"

Kelea giggles, "Even nicer."

Surprisingly I enjoyed talking to Kelea, it brought me a sense of comfort knowing that I was trapped here. She told me about the way the man claimed he was taking her for me, and how she wouldn't be missed by her family. I told her about my family, and how If we ever escaped. I would bring her back with me. "Oh Addy," Kelea paused with a sad smile on her face. "That will never happen."

I laughed off her comment, but secretly wondered what she meant by that.

---

The man came back. But this time he had a silver tray placed in his arms. "I got some food for you girls." I look up at his piercing grey orbs.

"Thanks," I mumble. He pushes a small coffee table towards us.

"Eat now my lovelies."

I question his wordings, but cave in anyways letting the smell of food fill my head. After we ate Kelea got dragged out of the room. I wasn't sure what was going to happen

“The Stranger”  
Tanisha Bohn  
Chase Secondary School  
Grade 8

to her, but I was scared and could feel the bile rising up my throat. It came to the point where I was slowly giving up. “Kelea!!” I screamed. I could feel the tears at the backs of my eyes. “Kelea where are...” Kelea landed on the floor with a loud thud. Marks covering her arms and face.

“Addy we have to escape.”

### **Trapped Inside**

As I looked into the mirror I saw the girl banging  
And screaming And crying. She just wanted out,  
But I told her I can't let you out so I have to keep you trapped.

### **Nothing I'm Fine**

As I sat on my bed crying I saw a pair of scissors on my bed staring back, I didn't know  
what else to do I had nobody to turn to as I picked up the scissors and slid it across my  
wrist one by one my wrist turned into a murder scene, the next day everybody asked me  
what happened to my wrist I pulled my sleeve over my scarred wrist and told them it  
was nothing.

### A Saviour

She wants to save people from  
pain, sadness, depression, loneliness, and heartache.

But how can she even do that if she can't even  
help herself?

She can come off as  
strong sometimes, but most of the  
time she falls asleep crying.

She acts like nothing is wrong,  
but maybe she is just really  
good at lying.

A Lifetime

Once you open your eyes for the first time.

Life isn't a stopping place.

You go through all the hard struggles in life.

You learn, and play,

While you see people passing before your eyes.

You grow, and laugh, having fun.

Meanwhile you see other people crying & grieving.

You cry tears of joy,

When you see your child's eyes open for the first time.

When time goes on,

You marry the man of your dreams.

You watch your child grow, and play,

While you grow old and weak.

Once the hourglass of life

Slowly starts to fade,

Its last grain of sand gently falls.

While you lay in a little box,

Guinevere Camille

St. Anns Academy

Gr.8

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### A Lifetime

Waiting to be put to rest.

You look up at the stars and clouds,

And you smell the scent of the flowers

On your grave.

While you gently fall to sleep.



Jillian Evans

Grade 8

Westsyde Secondary School

In Between

Running through the unknown depths of the rainforest, Cathy turned her head, seeing if the creature was still chasing her. Heart racing, Cathy caught a glimpse of the creature's tail, and turned around to take off running again. Finally, reaching a large clearing, she stopped to catch her breath and take in her surroundings. There was a floor of moss underneath her feet. Looking above, she found that there was a canopy created by the trees, covering the skies light from plain sight. It was extremely dark in the clearing, making it hard for Cathy to tell if it was day or night. Cathy had been running for such a long time, she couldn't care less. The creature was now out of sight, and she could just barely hear its roars and moans anymore. Cathy decided to have a short nap, to regain some energy. Judging by how much she recognized around her, (which was to say nothing), she would be doing some more physical activity when she woke. After finding some small pieces of mosses and leaves, she created a small bed to sleep on. As she drifted off to sleep, the creature began to prowl closer to her, and... <sup>1</sup>

Golden Child

Sophia Greenidge

Grade 8

SAA

Golden child lion boy tell me what it's like to win.

Tell me how it feels to fall

down and

always get back up again.

I want to know how it feels when

everyone cheers

for your name.

I wanna know what it's like when

you don't feel like bursting into flame.

Tell me what it's like to not always want to scream out in pain.

Everyday something happens and someone has to take the  
blame but that should not be me when I'm not the one to blame.

Tell me how it feels when you finally get to win.

I've always wanted to know how people don't give in.

I want to know how they hold it all in.

One day you'll break down and you'll want to end the pain.

But today you have to fight to see the sunrise again.

Golden child lion tell me how you don't burn.

Golden child lion boy tell how to not hurt.

Don't Throw Your Life Away

Sophia Greenidge

SAA

It doesn't matter what you say

You have one more chance

To take all the pain away

Forget your doubts and your worries

Love every second every minute of everyday

Because you're strong and you're worth it

Don't throw your life away

Robin Kennedy  
Grade 8  
Desert Sands Community School  
Poetry

"Unforgivable"  
Fire to the building,  
People are running,  
Fleeing.  
It started at your feet,  
It roars from street to street.  
Red and white lights  
Causing frights,

You wipe a grin off your face  
So no one would expect it was you.  
They tries to tame  
What started the flame,  
But they were unable to tame the beast hidden inside.

"Sorry"  
The note he left me  
Was what one would not want to read;  
"Our love was not meant to be,  
It's not you, it's me.  
I hope you understand,  
The love you demand  
Not one person can stand,  
I'm sorry."  
I bottle up the emotions,  
Even though I have a different notion  
And move along with my day.

Life is Rough

Rylee Lake  
Brock Middle School  
Grade 8

Although it may seem otherwise,  
life is tough.

To wind one's way in life,  
without a second of falter or regret is idealistic.  
Every road acquirable is bound to be rough.

For the fortunate, rough is nothing but a speed bump.  
The earth paved and an incline small,  
yet hard to quickly overcome.

To conquer,  
there is a small moment where adrenaline is high,  
all as you are inching towards the obstacle;  
tires gain traction and wait for the moment of release.  
That second the gas hits and gravity takes over,  
a feeling of relief washes over.  
Although apprehension is great,  
all the troubles are left behind in the far distance.  
Waiting patiently for someone else to come along, and conquer.  
With or without assistance.

Fortunate and privileged don't know the rugged,  
they see no reason for anyone not to be trusted.

We fortunate dismiss what's happening to those who suffer amidst us.  
Someone could be truly trampling over the rough terrain.  
Falling over every step;  
one step forward, two steps back.  
But why would we keep track?

Those fighting disease in poverty, no loved ones,  
begging: "*Just please.*"  
Wishing for peace.

We try to say we feel sympathy,  
but when someone dies from an OD-  
where are we?

True struggles such as resorting to lower means to make ends meet,  
still not being enough.  
Choosing food over rent.  
Now in a car parked on the street.  
All this to make ends meet?

Life is Rough

Rylee Lake  
Brock Middle School  
Grade 8

A fear of judgement and ridicule,  
but also those wicked and cruel.  
Nonetheless, nothing can be done but stick with it.

These "*rough patches*" making our deepest fear arise.  
Fears that lay dormant will be alive.  
Those silly childhood fantasies such as trolls and vampires.  
The fear of the dark magnified from it's youth,  
although for a different reason;  
yet, the monsters still seemingly real.

Sharp teeth like razors,  
tall shadows against the buildings.  
Humane once,  
innocent once,  
a child once;  
loved once.  
Now is not once.

The fortunate may be able to warm their hands on drinks,  
but others are getting things to numb the brisk breeze.

Why feel pain?  
Why feel humane?  
Why feel when you can dream;  
let the feelings pour out in a stream,  
never to be seen?

These people are often  
known as unfortunate,  
their lives rough patches the size of mountains,  
however harder to climb.  
Each step more difficult,  
the further up you rise.  
The elements taking their toll,  
slowly degrading the person of their own worth.  
However, the strong fight through and conquer the mountain.  
Sadly, many do not.

The fortunate feel happiness;  
they don't have to wake up early in the morning with uneasiness or sadness.

Life is Rough

Rylee Lake  
Brock Middle School  
Grade 8

The fortunate love;  
they are not lonely.  
Never feeling like life is a puzzle,  
a clear picture but missing the most important piece.

The fortunate are unfortunate.  
Although some "*rough patches*" are speed bumps,  
and others are mountains that have to be climbed with weariness and caution.  
Some may be a pebble that is stepped on;  
small, yet cause immense pain.  
Everyone is fortunate,  
yet not.

Life is tough.  
The game of life different for everyone,  
not a walk in the park for anyone.  
The road is rough,  
but to contrary is the scenery.

A Frail Little Bird

There was a frail little bird that once soared.  
A small bird she was,  
but so high she flew.

At what some may call the prime of one's life,  
she found her way.  
To the alpins she ventured,  
and a mountaineer she became.

For adventure she longed;  
that adventure she truly got.  
Forever living life to the fullest.  
Forever facing obstacles.

The little birds wings brought her places in life.  
They let her have a good life,  
full of aspiration and accomplishment.

Later along the road,  
the strong little bird saw things.  
People injured, people sick;  
she helped.  
The strong little bird saw growth.  
Growth in her family, growth in her kin,  
the growth of her world.

The bird didn't soar as time went on,  
above the great alpins anymore.  
Despite that,  
she was free.

The little bird always had love and family:  
however as they grew older,  
they also grew apart.

She grew older as well;  
her memory;  
eventually fell to the depths of her mind.  
Living became difficult.



A Frail Little Bird

Eventually,  
the little bird didn't know anymore; anyone.  
Forced to live with assistance.  
Living with others like her,  
without any resistance.

The family she thought has gone away,  
came back and was always by her side,  
always to stay.

There was one love,  
that always helped the little bird,  
Despite differences he was always by her side,  
to remind the frail little bird of the alpines.

The little bird was weak,  
but coming closer to death made her strong,  
bringing out the strength she had all her life.

Eventually, as her pain faded,  
she brought pain to her loved ones.  
There were tears in eyes-  
fractures in hearts.

The frail little bird was strong.  
In her last days,  
she had to stay.  
Had to hear goodbyes.  
As life pulled away,  
leaving everyone else to stay.

A frail little bird.  
Forever she was gone,  
and forever flew away.

## **At Death's Doorstep: A Dungeons and Dragons Story**

The sweat and blood run down my face as I crushed the diamond between my grasp. It's shatter shrieks throughout the cave. The beholder begins another wretched incantation, magic emulating from one of its many sprouting eyes. Just then, the shards of the gem in combination with my mana began to ignite sparks which then turned into hellish flame. I hurl the spherical flame towards the enemy and in succession, it fired a beam of light that clashed with my mystical flame creating a disperse of magical energy. After the exchange of power, the beast of evil incarnate was slightly exhausted and in those few moments I broke another precious gem; a glorious sapphire. I take the pieces in both hands and then a longsword appears following the separation of my palms. I know in this moment that this the most meaningful dash in my life.

A discolored area on the beholders stomach proves that at least once someone came close to defeating it. I gripped the leather handle as the steel blade scraped across the bed of the cave. I use my momentum to slide under its stomach on my knees. The beholder, still distracted, doesn't notice my attack. With all the force that I have left, I raise the sword up to its vulnerability and pierce its underside with the blade causing it to screech out in agony. I quickly take out the blade and prepare for a second assault, but right before my final strike lands, the long sword disappears, leaving me in front of the beholder, helpless.

The beast telekinetically throws a large boulder at an extreme velocity, the impact being so intense that I could not only hear but feel my arm shatter in multiple places. As I'm falling backwards about to blackout, I muscle through and manage to attain the Jade from my bag and go to crush it when I feel a sharp, searing pain through my abdomen. I slowly look down and see a stalagmite through me. The pain was otherworldly. Not only was I impaled and unable to move, I dropped the Jade. My last weapon.

The beholder sees the situation that i'm in and decides to methodically choose how it wants to do away with me. Its horrifying eye makes me feel like I'm in a living nightmare, which wouldn't be incorrect. I can sense its mana pouring into the room as all of its appendages begin charging a spell towards what's left of me. My head starts to get heavy as I wait for my impending death, but of no less than a miracle, I see a faint glint of green gemstone.

The beholder, proud of another kill, inches towards my nearly lifeless, almost corpse. Once more, one of its many beaming eyes glows a faint blue, indicating another light-based magic attack. With all my might, I fling myself towards the glowing jewel and just barely picked it up. The being of evil incarnate refuses to let me have a second chance and fires off its magic missile. I obliterate the precious stone with haste and lightning begins to crackle from my fingertips. The electricity culminates into a

“At Deaths Door”  
Titus Le Jeune  
Chase Secondary School  
Grade 8

destructive bolt, which I proceed to propel at the wicked creature. Right before its attack reaches me, I can see the lightning rip and tear its flesh to pieces, killing it for good. I let the missile hit my battle-ridden chest, and with only but a second of agony, I too found my way to death's doorstep.

Young authors

Ruby Liddy

St Ann's Academy

Grade 8

### Perfect Day

The wrongs and the rights wash over our souls in pain

We all can't have a perfect day

Nobody's the same and they don't all stay

Stay because maybe tomorrow will be your perfect day

### It All Reminds Me of You

Shadows dancing on the walls

They remind me of you

Did you have to go?

The books the dreams they, all, remind me of you

The plans we had to go away I'll put them off for another day

Did you have to go?

The pain and the heartbreak you faced

I would have taken it all if you could have stayed one more day

See I wish you could have stayed.

Calvin Little  
Grade 8  
Desert Sands  
Poetry

Sorry not sorry poem

I have double dipped  
The chips  
That were in  
The bag.  
I plunged the chip  
Into the salsa,  
Took a bite  
Then dipped again  
Forgive me for i might do it again.  
If there's chips and dip  
I will double dip.

Free verse poem

Sports

Basketball , basketball  
On the wood floor  
Dribble, dribble  
Shoot then score  
The big time rush  
On our last free throw  
The crowd starts to hush.

# I Don't Want to be Alone

By: Frank Padar

Westsyde Secondary

I don't want to be alone,  
Why you never call my phone?  
Always at home feeling so sad and alone,  
I'm in and out of my zone, like Post Malone,

I fall apart 'cause you keep breaking my heart,  
You used to be a work of art but now I need a fresh start,  
You were my silver and gold,  
But now I fell into a hole and these games are getting old.

Thought you were someone I could hold,  
But your heart is so cold,  
Dreams of you and me sting my heart like a bee,  
I can guarantee that you're all I need,  
When I see you new posts on the Instagram feed.

And you always avoid me, but can't you see?  
I have the keys to your heart,  
But you just want to go tear it apart,  
Late nights in my room always thinking of you,  
Staring at the moon,  
But you burnt my heart out and then you took me to the tomb.

Apart  
By Frank Padar  
Westsyde Secondary

I feel us drifting apart and it really hurts my heart,  
You push my feelings like a cart,  
Can't keep dealin' with this pain,  
It's playing with my brain.

You never snap me back and now my life's all out of whack,  
Feelings flying through my head like I'm a bat,  
Wish I could say I've moved on but we haven't talked in so long,  
I'm thinking part of me is gone,  
Always feel I'm in the wrong.

Remember all the times we shared,  
But now you're with him now,  
That's not fair,  
Moments like these have me stressing, tearing out my hair,

It's like a game of truth and dare  
Gave you my heart but you just threw it away,  
I ask myself "What's Going On" like my name is Marvin Gaye.



Rebecca Rozek

Grade 8

April 18th

St-Ann's Academy

Skiing

Skiing

Gliding through snow

Floating through the powder

Standing on a snowy mountain

Forever

Rebecca Rozek

Grade 8

April 18th

St-Ann's Academy

## Happy

The teacher hands me the perfect, plain, piece of paper;  
My stomach starts to turn.  
I can't write a poem,  
my whole body fills with concern.

I sit down at my desk and I start to brainstorm.  
I can't think of anything...  
my brain is a thunderstorm.

After the school day is done I go home to relax,  
then I remember I have a poem due next class.

I know I should do it right away,  
but I'm just too tired.  
I decide to take a bit of a break.  
After, I promise myself I'll try hard.

I am refreshed and ready,  
prepared for a long night.  
I start to think up some rhymes,  
but they just don't seem right.

After what seems like forever  
the idea hits me like a ball to the face;  
I'll write about how this poem was so hard to make.

I carefully write the first line,  
after that, the ideas simply flow from my head.  
I could write pages upon pages,  
my poem could go on for ages.

Rebecca Rozek

Grade 8

April 18th

St-Ann's Academy

When the night is finally over I'm proud of my work.  
My poem is complete,  
and waiting to be marked.

Although it took me awhile,  
It truly wasn't that bad.  
I can write a poem now,  
I am so so glad.

# The Darkness in the Rainbow

Mikayla Slade Grade Eight Westsyde Secondary School

Everyone thought he was a normal teenage boy, but they never knew what happened behind closed doors. He showed up to school with a smile on his face, yet scared of what his father would do to him tonight. No one knew what he went through. He told no one about the abuse he has nonstop. He makes sure his friends are okay and happy, while he is not. His friends always wondered why they never see him on the weekends, and why he always had new bruises on his his body. He would always make up excuses for them. Then one day he broke...

Hey sorry for that teaser, I needed to grasp your attention. I'm Avery, and this is the story of what happened to my best friend. He was always cheerful, until that one awful day. He showed up to school with a black eye, and new bruises on his dark chocolate skin. They were very hard to see unless you knew him. Anytime someone would go to touch his arm to grab his attention, he would flinch and bring his hands around his head for protection. He told no one what was happening at home. All his friends noticed that he stopped wearing his t-shirts because he traded them in for hoodies.

One day I made him come over after school to tell me what was going on. I was getting really worried about him. When we got to my house, my younger sister ran up to him and greeted him with a large bear hug. A small grin creeps across his face creating gum-drop like dimples. I can't help but let out a small, faint sigh of relief seeing him smile again. A couple minutes go by, and I end up prying my sisters blueberry-like figure off of him, so we can finally go talk. Once we get to my room, we make small talk for awhile. Now is the time to ask him, I think nervously, in my wild mind of thoughts. But before the

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words can leave the part of my throat that swallows my fears, his eyes start to become glassy, like an antique doll. Then the tears start to roll down his face, the same way we rolled down hills as kids. The tears just keep coming, and coming. He tried to wipe away all the memories coming through his tears, with his frayed hoodie sleeve. In this moment of pain all I can do is hug him, thinking to myself, "what broke him?"...

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On a gorgeous fall afternoon in East Ontario, Achak a young, strong native man. He has long messy brown hair,6'2,and is twenty years old. He was trying to spear a fish in the river.

Spearing is one thing that he finds very difficult. He has only speared ten fish in his entire twenty years of living. Any other fish he has killed was from a fishing rod he made out of string and a stick. He loved helping people, and one of the ways he has helped was by giving fish to the elders.

When he got home he went into his tepe and told his mom he was going to see Cheveyo, the shaman of their tribe. Cheveyo has brown hair with patches of grey hair, brown eyes,and 5'1. She is 65 years old and has been a shaman for 25 years. Achak went to see her get her To help guide the spirits in his path for the competition for running for chief.

Ahiga has long hazelnut brown hair, brown eyes,6ft tall, and dark skin. He is strong, and a great fisher and hunter.

On his way home he ran into his grandfather, his grandfather's name is Chetan. Chetan has long black hair and it's always in a braid, brown eyes, and 5'11. Chetan and Achak have a pretty strong relationship.

Chetan started talking about becoming chief.

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He said "It's a lot of work but you deserve this, you have been so helpful with this tribe. You've hunted, and fished for the tribe. You also help with ceremonies. I think that you got what it takes to be chief."

Achak said " Thanks grandpa I really appreciate all of your positive words."

Chetan said " Ok I better let you go, you probably have to go help your mother with dinner. See you later."

When Achak got home, he went to the fire and asked if his mom needed help with dinner. His mom has brown hair that is down to her butt, hazel green eyes and is 5'7.

They were having deer for dinner. She said just get the utensils and plates out. They use bison hooves and horns to make the utensils. During dinner all his father was talking about was how Achak was going to have a lot of responsibility when he's chief. He just kept talking and talking. Achak was getting kind of annoyed about it. He didn't want to tell his father to stop because that would be disrespectful. As his father was talking he was starting to think that maybe he wanted to be a shaman instead.

His father is 6'2, shoulder length black hair, brown eyes. He is very strong and a great hunter.

A shaman is somebody that helps heal people. And they are very spiritual.

Before he went to sleep he prayed to God, to help him make a decision on if he wanted to be a shaman or a chief. He dreamt about hunting with his father and his grandfather. All three of them go hunting together all the time. Chetan taught Achak how to gut a deer and how to make a drum.

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When Achak woke up he went to the river. He cleansed himself. Cleaning yourself in a river is very spiritual. You clean yourself with the clean fresh water, that helps to clean all of the bad spirits. You can also use the water when you pray. Achak was done with the river so he went home to see if his dad was awake.

On his walk home, he was looking at the beautiful view. There were pretty yellow, red, and orange leaves. They brought out so much color. He saw a squirrel collecting acorns and getting ready for hibernation.

When he got home he went into the tepe, and said to his dad " I don't know if I want to be chief, I kind of want to be a shaman."

His dad didn't seem to happy because he had an angry face " If that's what you want to do then I will support you but before you make a final decision you should talk to your grandpa and Cheveyo."

Achak said, " Ok, I'm gonna go for a walk and think about all of this."

As he was walking he was thinking a lot about becoming chief. When you're chief you have so much responsibility, and you have to order people around. When you're a shaman you help people. You are a spiritual leader. Achak thinks that he has made a choice. So he goes To go see his grandfather to talk to him about his decision. He thinks that his grandfather won't like the decision as much as Achak does, but he will still be happy for him.

When he arrived at his grandpa's Tepe he walked inside to talk to his grandpa about his decision.



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He waved at his grandpa and nervously said “ Grandpa I came here to say that I made a decision that I’m gonna be a shaman instead of a chief. I know you wanted me to be chief but I really want to be a shaman.”

Chetan replied “ Ok I get it I am totally fine with your decision. If you want to be a shaman then you can be a shaman.”

Achak walked up to his grandpa and gave him a warm loving hug.

He said “ Thank you, I have to go tell my father my news. Love you, I will see you later.”

He ran back to his tepe, as fast as he possibly could. He ran a little past his tepe by accident.

He walked inside and said happily “ Grandpa said it would be all right if I was a shaman instead of the chief.”

The next morning he did the same routine as yesterday. When he got back he found out that his dad called a tribe meeting to tell them about my decision. His father asked everybody if anybody else wanted to run for chief. Nobody answered. So that means Ahiga is the next chief. Before everyone left Achak had to do a smudge because if he wants to be a shaman he has to prove that he can be one.

When he was done he went to go see Cheveyo, to ask for help with being a shaman.

She said, “ You just have to know types of medicines and how to heal people and yourself.”

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Achak said " Thanks for all your help and support. I would like you to know that you are my role model and my hero."

She said " Thank you I believe that you will be a great shaman. You have been so generous to all of the tribe. We are so lucky to have someone like you."

He went home and his family celebrated for him becoming a shaman. They had a great big feast. Every day he would help people heal. He would even help young teenagers. Achak grew old and got married to a very nice native lady, that he met while they were traveling to find a new Territory. He became a little girls role model he helped her become a shaman because he felt like he needed to because that's what Cheveyo did for him.

The End