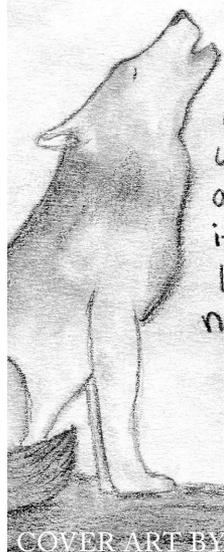
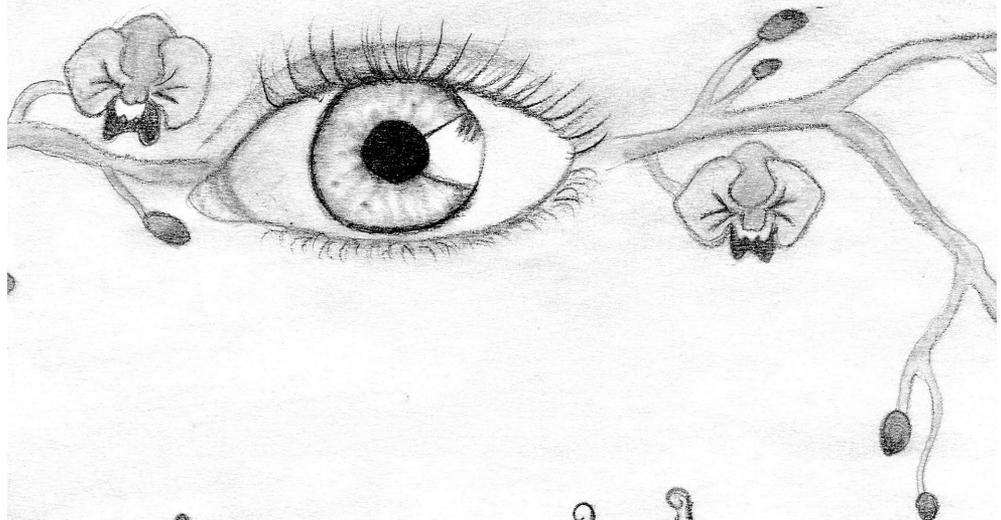


ople  
ut  
a?  
ath responded!  
use you are a beautiful  
ie and I, a painful Truth..



She was like the  
Moon, Half of  
her was always  
hidden.



Maybe the  
wolf is in love  
with the moon  
and each month  
it cries for a  
love it will  
never touch...

Who  
We  
Are

Writers in the Community Program

# Autumn 2013

## LA TUQUE CLASS

This zine was produced at La Tuque High School as part of Writers in the Community, a program run jointly by the Quebec Writers' Federation and The Centre for Literacy.



**The Centre for Literacy of Quebec**  
Le centre d'alphabétisation du Québec

[www.qwf.org/programs/wic](http://www.qwf.org/programs/wic)

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Thanks to the students for all your poetic skills!

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**Canada Council  
for the Arts**

**Conseil des Arts  
du Canada**

# Who **WE ARE**

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## WHERE I'M FROM

By: Alex Montminy

I'm from Xbox 360, Wii, PS2

I'm from street hockey and from sports game like NHL 10 and NFL 09

I'm from playing outside or playing video games

I'm from music, more precisely David Guetta, Akon and Flo Rida

From Alex Kovalev and Saku Koivu, who I admire a lot

Also I'm from gummy bears that I always eat

I'm from The Simpsons

I'm from the book Captain Underpants

I'm from the work "Genre"

I'm from wanting to be a police officer

## WHERE I'M FROM

By: Dave D

Playing Legos as long as my imagination goes  
Basketball was my sport  
Daily repairing my cabane because of Kaylen  
Swimming and fishing with Dave  
While listening to 80s music like no one was around  
Mom was my hero; Dave was the coolest guy I knew  
Eating my Vachon cakes while watching The Simpsons at 6:00  
Reading Tintin comic books  
Constantly saying “you know” without knowing  
When I was younger I wanted to be a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle  
Exactly like Raphael  
All this is where I come from

## WHERE I'M FROM

By: Karina St-Louis

I'm from the "No Name" brand  
and listening to my dad's best band,  
watching Hannah Montana in the morning  
with a heartwarming meal in the evening.

Small fights with sis  
and that goodnight kiss,  
monsters that take over my nightmares  
without forgetting the pinkie swear.

I'm from long road trips  
and that famous "are we there yet?",  
making a wish when we saw a jet  
and eating too much fish and chips.

From family reunions  
and my uncle's bad jokes  
and playing volleyball with my folks.

I'm from that small school,  
where rumours spread  
and the drama never ends.

This is where I come from,  
from sadness and happiness  
with these moments I'll never forget.

## WHERE I'M FROM

By: Marie-lee Fortin

Where I'm from, Geronimo Stilton  
was the famous mouse in the house.  
It's with this silly mouse  
that the fun began.

Where I'm from, I am considered  
Simple Plan's only fan.  
Their music was always the one  
I would pick first to listen to.

Where I'm from, friends can be quite silly,  
especially when we are three.  
The thing that makes me laugh  
is that one of them is as tall as a giraffe.

Where I'm from, the smallest person is me.  
But that is not a problem cause soon I'll be as tall as them.

## WHERE I'M FROM

By: Naomi Armstrong

Where I'm from is a little town where we eat Skittles with Barill!  
I'm from a small school where everyone is like a huge family.  
We had these stupid fights over stupid things,  
Disliking school and wanting to be on strike,  
Spending hours learning new things when we felt like sleeping.

Where I'm from is this little house,  
There were trees and bees.  
We used to play outside all day long and drive  
Ski-Doos and drink Mountain Dew,  
Four wheelers and being scared for real,  
Bicycles and eating cyclones.

Where I'm from  
We would swim and sing  
Talk and walk  
Run and have fun  
Laugh and cry.

## HOCKEY LIFE

By: Nathan Todd

I am from the early mornings at the town rink.

From travelling to Quebec City for tournaments and keep on asking  
“ARE WE THERE YET?”

to playing street hockey and pretending you're Wayne Gretzky.

“I'M GRETZKY!” “IM THE ROCKET!”

From screaming “CAR!” and moving the red nets from the street full of  
snow.

From the snowy outdoor rinks when shuffling the metres of snow on the  
ice ain't a choice,

to sniping and deking the poor goalie

I am from dominating the outdoor rink league cause I'm tha best!

from balls to pucks

to hot chocolate breaks.

I am from clicks on the my mom's work computer, watching Megan fox  
and Sid the Kid's great dekes.

To playing cars on the insane carpet,

from prank calls that turn out all wrong,

from crashing into my sister with Tonka trucks

and being grounded for playing.

I am from a world where injuries didn't exist

“Did somebody get hurt?” “No it was the dog!”

From pucks on the knee, to fake hockey fights,

to telling everyone the rink is closed to be the only ones.

I am from late night snacks

from gaming with my homies

to pretending to win the Stanley Cup's playoffs with the Habs.

I am from not missing a single game with Daddy, yellin “GO HABS  
GO!”

And wondering why my dad would yell “AHHH , COME ON!”

I am from great memories and great moments with my family

And living the dream

What were your dreams?

## WHERE I'M FROM POEM

Emy Nadeau

I come from underwater where I'm in my bubble, Pretending to be alone  
in the world, And the bubble floating out of my mouth, And to see the  
light reflecting on the water, The feeling of comforting rays of the sun on  
me, Music, really good music that puts a smile on my face, To see Daddy  
cooking something because I smell it, And mom looking out the window,  
Watching me like a Hulk, But the best feeling is to be home and to be  
loved...

## WHERE I'M FROM

– Shayne MacDonald

I'm from Grove Street, Grove Street that famous street from a PS2 game called Grand Theft Auto San Andreas. I'm from eating gummy bears that my mom used to buy me.

I'm from my living room watching hockey playoffs with my father.

I'm from the fresh air; I'm from the Canadian forests.

The wind blowing in my face while I'm skiing down the hills.

I come from La Tuque where I used to play PS2 in my mother's bedroom and went hunting with my dad.

## HAIKU

- Dara

I love life so much,  
but sometimes bad things happen,  
it never gets easy.

There are ups and downs,  
it's all worthwhile in the end,  
it'll be okay,

if it's not, it's not the end.

TIME POEM  
- Emy Nadeau

True love never dies, it only gets stronger with time...

HAPPY POEM  
- Emy Nadeau

Be happy for this moment, this moment is your life...

FUTURE POEM  
- Emy Nadeau

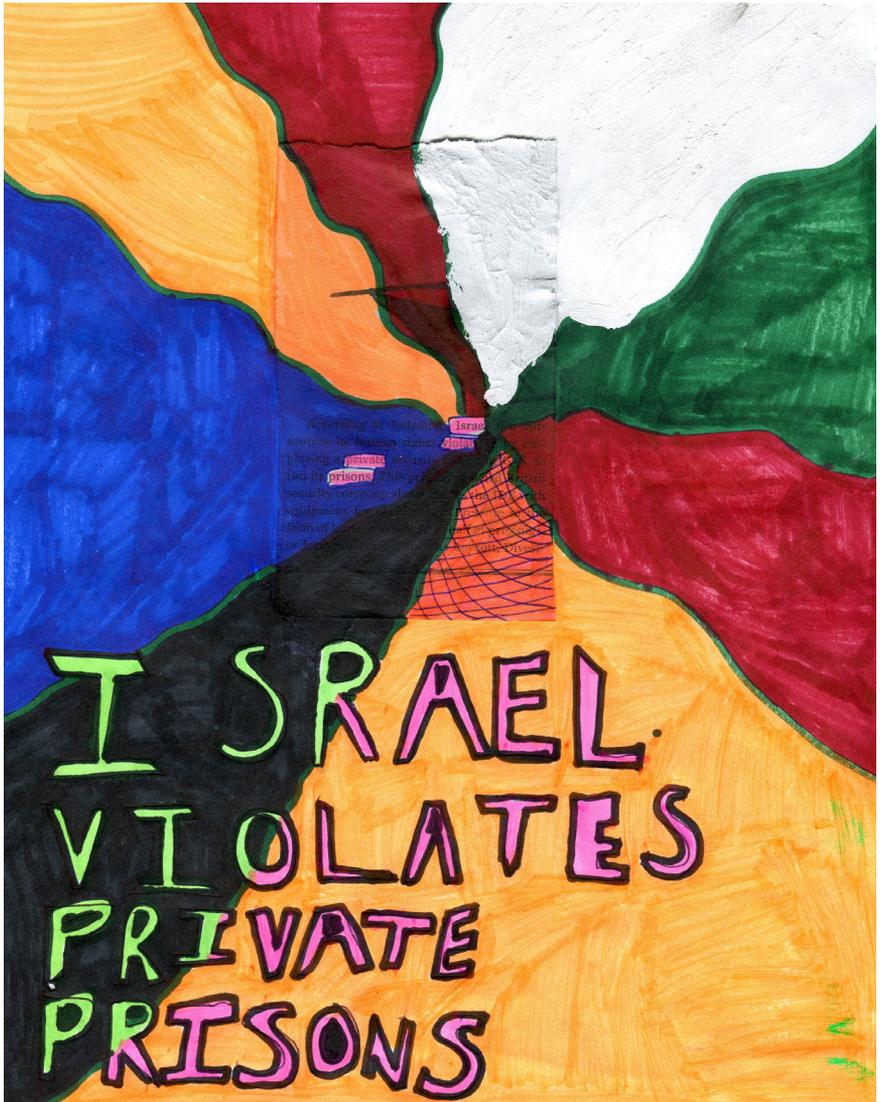
Here's to the Future, because I'm done with the past...

BEST FRIEND POEM  
- Emy Nadeau

He is my best friend, break her or him, I'll break your face...

ERASURE POEM

- Dave



# ERASURE POEM 1

- Dara V.

A for the New England Patriots, was arrested this summer under suspicion of ~~drugging~~ ~~his~~ ~~brother's~~ ~~boarder~~ ~~(if you hadn't heard)~~ ~~the~~ ~~wake~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~ass~~ ~~one~~ ~~came~~ ~~out~~ ~~claiming~~ ~~that~~ ~~during~~ ~~college~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~needed~~ ~~constant~~ ~~supervision~~ ~~to~~ ~~prevent~~ ~~him~~ ~~from~~ ~~blushing~~ ~~out~~ ~~at~~ ~~others~~ ~~This~~ ~~didn't~~ ~~stop~~ ~~the~~ ~~Patriots~~ ~~from~~ ~~drafting~~ ~~him~~ ~~in~~ ~~2010~~ ~~(they~~ ~~knew~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~past~~ ~~transgressions~~ ~~including~~ ~~a~~ ~~bar~~ ~~fight)~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~giving~~ ~~him~~ ~~a~~ ~~\$40~~ ~~million~~ ~~contract~~ ~~in~~ ~~2012~~ ~~They~~ ~~argued~~ ~~that~~ ~~his~~ ~~immense~~ ~~talent~~ ~~was~~ ~~worth~~ ~~the~~ ~~risk~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~past~~ ~~issues~~ ~~Rolling~~ ~~Stone~~ ~~also~~ ~~reported~~ ~~that~~ ~~before~~ ~~this~~ ~~summer~~ ~~Hernandez~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~taking~~ ~~100~~ ~~regularly~~ ~~was~~ ~~writing~~ ~~increasingly~~ ~~paranoid~~ ~~and~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~instructed~~ ~~to~~ ~~go~~ ~~to~~ ~~a~~ ~~safe~~ ~~house~~ ~~by~~ ~~his~~ ~~coach~~

The reports have been written by the Patriots, in an attempt to disassociate themselves from Hernandez, but at the very least, they knew when they drafted him that he had previously had "character issues" (the catch-all phrase used in reference to players who commit crimes or make mistakes in college or high school). At some level, they knew of his erratic behaviour leading to the murder, and didn't do anything to really help him.

The Hernandez story is an extreme example of the norm when it comes to players with "character issues" — a general disregard for the player's well-being. Professional athletes with enough talent are given the benefit of the doubt for past mistakes until they become liabilities to the team.

But the idea of "character issues" itself is highly racialized, as non-white players are characterized by the media and scouts as "thugs" or "gangsters," whereas white players are seen as kids who have just made a mistake as a result, the treatment players get can vary dramatically.

It takes a minute from college football: ~~10~~ ~~Mathieu~~ ~~now~~ ~~a~~ ~~cornerback~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~Arizona~~ ~~Cardinals~~ ~~was~~ ~~suspended~~ ~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~2011~~ ~~season~~ ~~at~~ ~~Louisiana~~ ~~State~~ ~~University~~ ~~for~~ ~~breaking~~ ~~team~~ ~~rules~~ ~~Reports~~ ~~stated~~ ~~that~~ ~~Mathieu~~ ~~had~~ ~~failed~~ ~~a~~ ~~drug~~ ~~test~~ ~~after~~ ~~smoking~~ ~~synthetic~~ ~~marijuana~~ ~~In~~ ~~2012~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~again~~ ~~suspended~~ ~~reportedly~~ ~~for~~ ~~testing~~ ~~positive~~ ~~marijuana~~ ~~He~~ ~~later~~ ~~enrolled~~ ~~in~~ ~~drug~~ ~~rehabilitation~~ ~~and~~ ~~then~~ ~~was~~ ~~caught~~ ~~with~~ ~~marijuana~~ ~~and~~ ~~kidnapped~~ ~~off~~ ~~the~~ ~~team~~ ~~He~~ ~~was~~ ~~drafted~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~third~~ ~~round~~ ~~(lower~~ ~~than~~ ~~he~~ ~~was~~ ~~projected)~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~pick~~ ~~was~~ ~~considered~~ ~~risky~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~Cardinals~~ ~~This~~ ~~is~~ ~~not~~ ~~just~~ ~~for~~ ~~a~~ ~~player~~ ~~smoking~~ ~~marijuana~~ ~~a~~ ~~recreational~~ ~~drug~~ ~~that~~ ~~though~~ ~~illegal~~ ~~is~~ ~~hardly~~ ~~likely~~ ~~to~~ ~~make~~ ~~the~~ ~~player~~ ~~a~~ ~~liability~~

Compare that to Johnny Manziel, the current quarterback for Texas A&M. There are multiple photos of Manziel drinking alcohol while underage, for which he has never received team punishment. Manziel was also caught up in a 'scandal' this summer after he was caught selling his autograph, a violation

of one game by his coach. Both of these players are labeled as having "character issues," so what's the difference? Mathieu is black, and Manziel is white. One guy loses a season for marijuana, the other gets nothing for drinking and a half a game for selling autographs. Manziel is expected to be a first round pick in next year's draft, even with his "character issues." It's just the example of how non-white athletes are consistently treated more harshly for their mistakes.

In the intensely weird world of draft scouting, when players are put under a microscope by teams and media alike, nothing makes a prospect fall faster than perceived "character issues." These are as innocuous as getting caught smoking or drinking while in college (inconceivable) and illegally making money as a college athlete, to more serious crimes such as theft or violence. Either way, if a player makes a mistake at school, they are likely to fall draftwise for it, because franchises mostly want to invest in sports machines committed to just playing the game. And some players are dinged a little harder than others.

For players who are talented enough, the label of "character issues" means they get drafted later, or lose millions of dollars, for many. It's not just not being drafted, it's also facing the uphill battle of making a team after being drafted in professional football. Yannick Burfict was predicted by many to be the five draft pick in the 2012 National Football League (NFL) draft. When Burfict admitted to the media that he only played "average" football the year before, what damaged him more was his reputation for being "out of control" according to one unnamed scout on the field. Burfict ended up going completely undrafted before signing with the Cincinnati Bengals. He's now one of the better linebackers in the league, though people still consider the Bengals signing him a risky move.

For every Burfict that makes it to the professional league, there are a way more who bounce around, never finding a stable team situation. Even when players do make it to the league despite their "character issues," they are kept on a shorter leash than other players, barely given a one-strike policy. This is not supported by their organization, but these organizations are not truly "supporting" their players. Rather, they are punishing them to a much stricter standard than anyone else and giving an attitude for their mistakes. Take Dez Bryant, a wide receiver who sat out his final year of college after he was ruled that he was in contact with a sports agent. He was still drafted in the first round, a marker of his skill — but the team gave him a one-strike policy. Bryant reportedly had a mid-night ~~Orlew~~ had to ask for the team's permission to go out at night, and had a rotating

Character issues, troubled, Out of Control, trying to face the uphill battle. If you hadn't heard, I'm not giving up, I'm starting over, again....

Mathieu

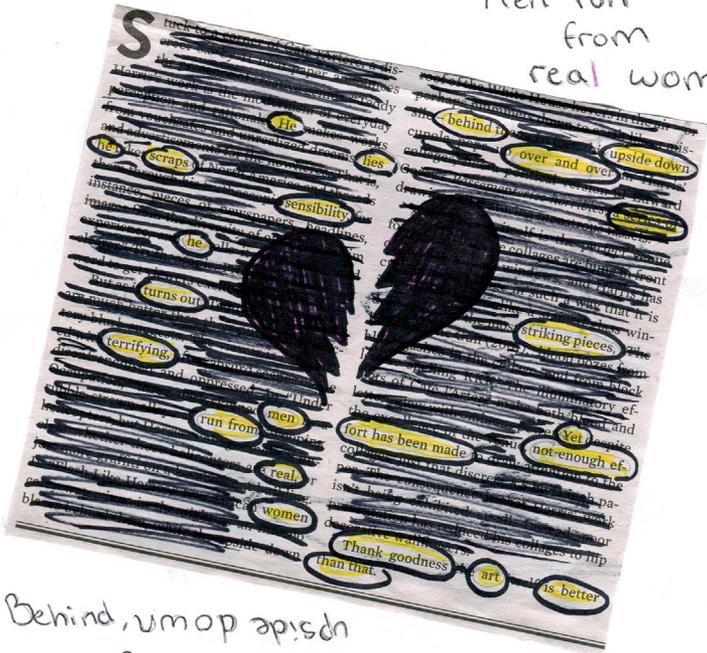
Dara V.

ERASURE POEM 2

- Dara V.

He lies.  
He scraps sensibility.  
He turns out terrifying.

Men run  
from  
real women.



Behind, umop apisdh  
over & over,  
a series of striking pieces..

Yet not enough effort has been  
made.

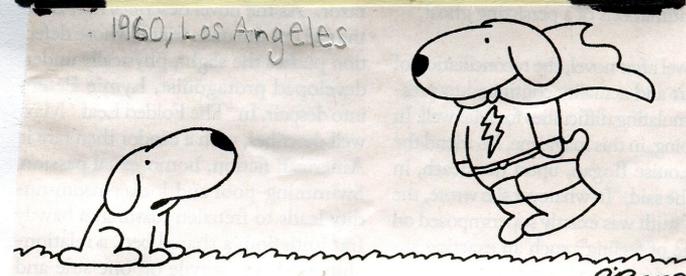
Thank goodness, art is better than that.

ERASURE POEM

- Emy

1960, Los Angeles

Junior Lyndon Johnson,  
son of Henry Cabot Lodge  
was Superman.





# ERASURE POEM

- Karina

Racism at McGill were all topics of discussion at a workshop co-facilitated by Shaina Agbayani and Annie Chen on October 16. The first half of the workshop, presented by Chen, focused on the basics of racial microaggressions, in addition to systemic and individual racism.

Microaggressions are small, everyday actions - whether verbal, behavioural, or environmental - that are hostile, derogatory, or insulting racial slights. Although they are often done unintentionally, the accumulation of these microaggressions over a lifetime can be psychologically damaging.

Chen gave an example of the McGill-centric website *McGill Microaggressions*, where people at McGill send in their experiences with racism on an interpersonal, often casual and everyday level.

Chen's part of the workshop also debunked the myth of reverse racism. A term thrown around to describe discrimination against white people, reverse racism is often

used in arguments against programs such as affirmative action.

Agbayani focused more specifically on race at McGill, and how racism manifests itself on an institutional, day-to-day, and curricular level. She highlighted that there is an underrepresentation of people of colour within McGill's faculty, as well as a lack of financial support for initiatives addressing racism, such as the Social Equity and Diversity Education Office.

Agbayani attributed the underrepresentation of faculty and staff of colour at McGill to a "feedback loop" between a lack of diversity in the student body and in staff. "Some people of colour who were offered jobs at Counselling Services rejected the offers because they noted that they wanted to serve student populations that [was] more diverse, and they wanted to be a mirror of identity in a position of authority for students of colour, which they didn't see a lot of at McGill."

In interviews with a former McGill dean and his daughter, a current staff

ERASURE POEMS

- Mari-Lee

~~"Nerds are people  
whose unbridled  
passion for some  
thing, or things, de-  
fines who they are  
as a person, without  
ear of other people's  
judgement."~~

~~Equipped with  
power, first class  
intellects, and  
imaginations  
stretched by Star Trek,  
nerds ushered in a new  
age, leading the world  
through a technological  
(i) revolution.~~

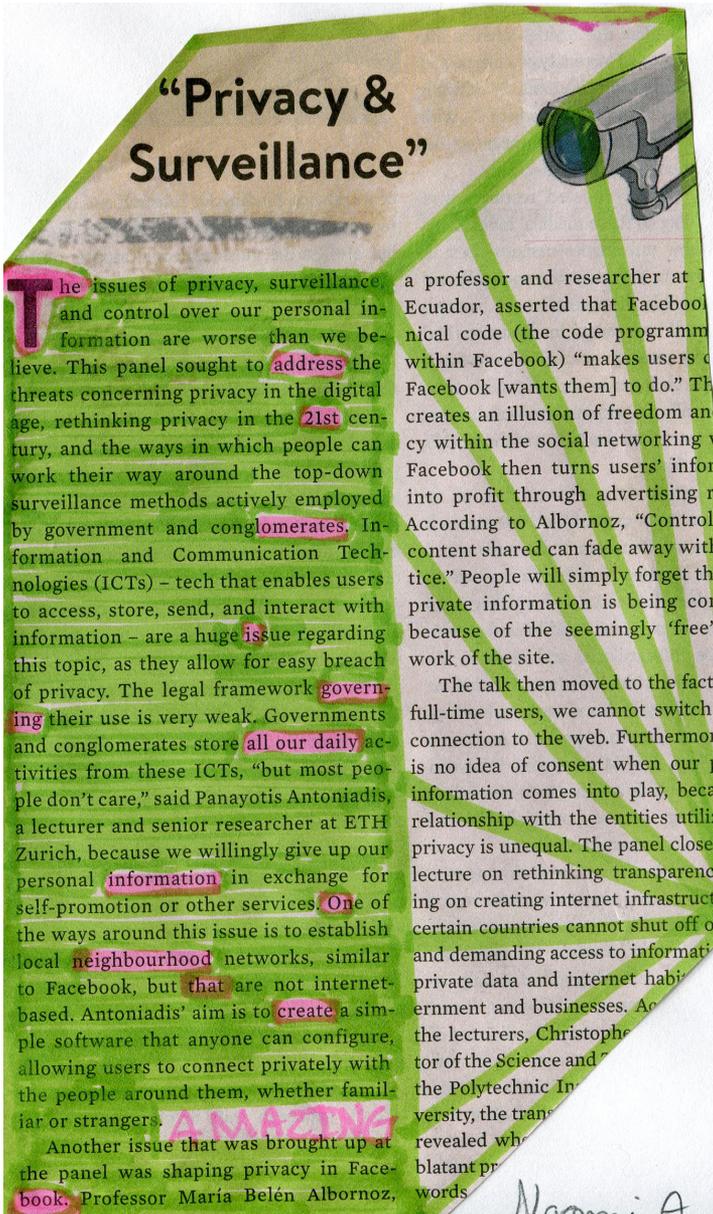
# ERASURE POEM 1

- Naomi



## ERASURE POEM 2

- Naomi



TRANSLATION POEM

By: Dara

He spied on my doll.  
He spied on my light bulb.  
He spied on my chili.  
Silent, calm, detached.

Drink, drink, drink, hot chocolate with mint.

Cuckoo birds are all around these days,  
They`re said to be called people.

## INFLATED IDENTITY POEM

By: Marie-Lee

I put the A in action.

The F in fantasy.

I am an author, so creative that I write stories for people who live in another universe.

I also write stories for the astronauts, who live on the moon,  
With whom I keep contact with.

I live in a bubble high in the sky  
And this is where I feel I belong.

I put the S in suspense

The I in interesting

I am a person with a lot of imagination, so sometimes

I must give some to other people.

When I start writing nothing can stop me!

I put the B in the beginning of each of my stories.

The E in the end to finish them, but most of the time it is hard to find an end,

Because life always goes on.

## POEM

By: Dara

She built up a world of magic  
Because her real life was tragic.  
I'm broke,  
Like an egg without yolk.  
Why am I here?  
This is all so unclear,  
This universe is all so tragic.  
Everyone is part plastic.  
When life puts you in tough situations don't say why me,  
Say try me.  
Let your imagination run free,  
Tear down the walls so you can see,  
Throw off the chains that lock your mind,  
There's so much to see,  
Don't be blind.  
I know I say that I'm just fine,  
But I hope you wonder from time to time,  
Everything you put me through,  
The things you said that weren't true,  
Cruel lies,  
Tired eyes,  
You destroyed me inside,  
And didn't mind,  
All the pain,  
All the fighting.  
I guess it's time for the awakening,  
It's time to be happy again,  
No one wants pain,  
But you can't have a rainbow without a little rain,  
Let the rain wash away,  
All the pain of yesterday...

## INFLATED IDENTITY

By: Karina

I put the me in awesome  
the I in beautiful

I am so mind-blowing, so powerful  
I shine brighter than all the stars  
with my eyes that sparkle like diamonds

I can roar louder than a lion  
and I'm as sweet as Mars bar

I put the r in radiant  
the million in millionaire

I am Einstein, so brilliant  
I am more intelligent than all the internet  
with my oversized brain

When I was younger I was a real monster  
I was more than evil  
I was the devil

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Sam

Barking bark bark barking,  
Tuco the maniac,  
is a terrorist of mine,  
in the gang of maniacs he's in.

# INFLATED IDENTITY POEM

By: Naomi

I put the B in basketball  
the U in universe

I am a reader, so fantastic  
I read to people who live on the moon  
with my unicorn and alien friends

I am as tall as the tallest skyscraper called Burj Khalifa  
and even more amazing than how it was created

I put the M in me  
The W in Wonder Woman

I am a singer, so breathtaking  
I can sing better than Celine Dion  
with my amazing voice that is the nicest in the world

When I lived in 2630 BCE I was part of the manmade  
creation of the Egyptian pyramids even if I was a girl

I put the A in amazing  
The E in the end of this incredible dream...  
That will never exist!!

## INFLATED IDENTITY

By: Nathan

I put the key in hockey  
The puck in the net  
I am great, so great  
I beat Sidney Crosby with Zdeno Chara on my back  
I am so great even with 5 goalies in the net  
and two players wrapped around my legs, I can still score  
I put the eat in great  
The speed in the ice  
I am fast, so fast  
That I never saw Flash Mcqueen  
When I fall asleep I'm in a hurry to wake up the next  
morning  
to resume being great  
I am great

## INFLATED IDENTITY

By: Sam

I put the name in the game  
the skills in the hills

I am the greatest, so great, I made the goon go boom  
with ma boyyyyyy boom boom (gangster voice)

I pierce a hole in the five hole goal  
and scored the goal in the North Pole

I put the pain in the game,  
the puck in slot,

I am so fan, so fantastic

I score goals  
with my eyes closed,  
when I score goals, the whole crowd, goes so loud,

I put the jersey, in my bag,  
the sticks in my bag,

but when it's time for a hockey game  
I'm in the locker room, our team is ready to zoom

Equipment is on, cause there is a game to be won...

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Alex

Yelling, yell yell  
Yelling, The Number 1 man,  
No the theme to dream Zoo  
I am going with Maica  
to Prince Edward (PI)

## Inflated Identity

By: Dara

I am undefeatable, so incredible,  
I put the I in invincible.

I am breathtaking, so mind blowing,  
the most fascinating.

When I blink the whole world stops,  
pauses, waits.

I take out wild fires with a single tear drop.  
When I drop marbles,  
the ground trembles.  
This whole universe is all so tragic,  
everyone is part plastic.

Death is evil, so insidious, conjuring.  
It takes life away,  
from all living,  
then I wake up,  
dreaming.  
Yet, I am still stronger than the strongest stranger.

## LETTER POEM

By: Karina

Dear Princess,

Remember the time where you could still trust?  
When you used to believe monsters lived under your bed  
but now I know that monsters live inside of us.  
Do not fear the world  
and when the girls laugh  
please do not burst into tears.  
You shouldn't be shy and don't let anyone bring you down,  
stay strong and proud.  
Never stay quiet, I want you to speak out  
and remember that you shouldn't doubt.  
Allow yourself to be free  
and the most important thing is to not lose your innocence.  
Because that is who you want to be.

No! Forget everything I said because I wouldn't be the same  
and I wouldn't feel like it's me.

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Nathan

Spin me high  
Spin me low  
Spin me how you want  
However, try not to drop me,  
Bro.

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Naomi

She drinks, drinks, drinks  
She drinks tea in Mexico  
But she doesn't in Zimbabwe.  
I'm going to Mexico, people.

## LETTER POEM

By: Dara

Dear Bizoune,

You used to believe that people could be trusted. Now you know that devils are here and there's no such thing as Hell.

When dad tells you he's leaving indefinitely for work, don't cry, trust me you'll get used to it.

When you feel like it's okay to trust, don't. When you think it gets easy, it doesn't, it never does.

When your mom gives you \$2 for the little machines in the mall, don't place it in the one on the right, that machine's empty, just like you'll be.

That day in the summer when you go to work with Morgane at the new house, keep your guard up, don't fall for that guy, just don't.

That day your aunt leaves the house next to yours to move to Quebec city, and the new neighbours arrive, don't get attached to that poor dog. Don't feed it, train it or start caring for it, because Baboush doesn't make it out alive.

That day your grandpa babysits you and you keep on hoping and waiting for Maggy to finally arrive soon, stop sitting outside and waiting, go inside and spend time with your grandpa. It's your last. Let him know how much he means to you because it's the last time you see him and hear his voice. Tell him you love him.

Never leave the house angry because you never know when it's someone's time to go. For good.

You'll miss those Christmases at grandpa's house with the whole family, when everyone loved each other and Santa wasn't fictional. But remember that there will be more fun times but they might not be as special.

Appreciate everything that is given to you, good or bad. Accept defeat and victory with pride. Never bring yourself down. You might not notice but you are special and beautiful, maybe not everyone sees that, but remember to surround yourself with those who bring out the best in you. Be yourself, it's what's made you strong enough to make it up to now.

## LETTER POEM

By: Marie-Lee

Dear Lili,

I write this to you during the cold weather that is winter. I know you know the tooth fairy is real, but you will learn that she doesn't exist. When mom asks you to put your toys away do not say "I'll do it later." When your father tells you to look at the bird outside, don't, it's a joke. When she asks you to do something, don't tell mom, "No, I don't want to do it."

Lili, I carry you. During the week of mom's birthday, don't climb up something and jump down. Particularly downstairs in the basement. Remember, don't jump off things when there is something under there... I was with you every day you didn't want to talk, where it tasted like you didn't even exist. When your mother asks you, "So how was school", say that it was fine, like always. When your father asks you to go help him do something, go help him, he'll be happy.

Lili, I carry you. Remember; don't jump from something that has something under it. I was with you when you went on vacation to Wildwood with your family. Where every day felt like you were alive and it smelled like the ocean wind.

Lili, If you teach me how to play tag again, then I promise to keep hide and seek a game you'll always like.

Yours truly, Marie-Lee.

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Karina

Doing dinner is so easy  
the intro of my micro  
so lazy and sleepy

TRANSLATION POEM

By: Marie-Lee

Jealous kid, beats someone.  
People can't deny it.  
Sometimes people can be bad,  
although we can be worse.

