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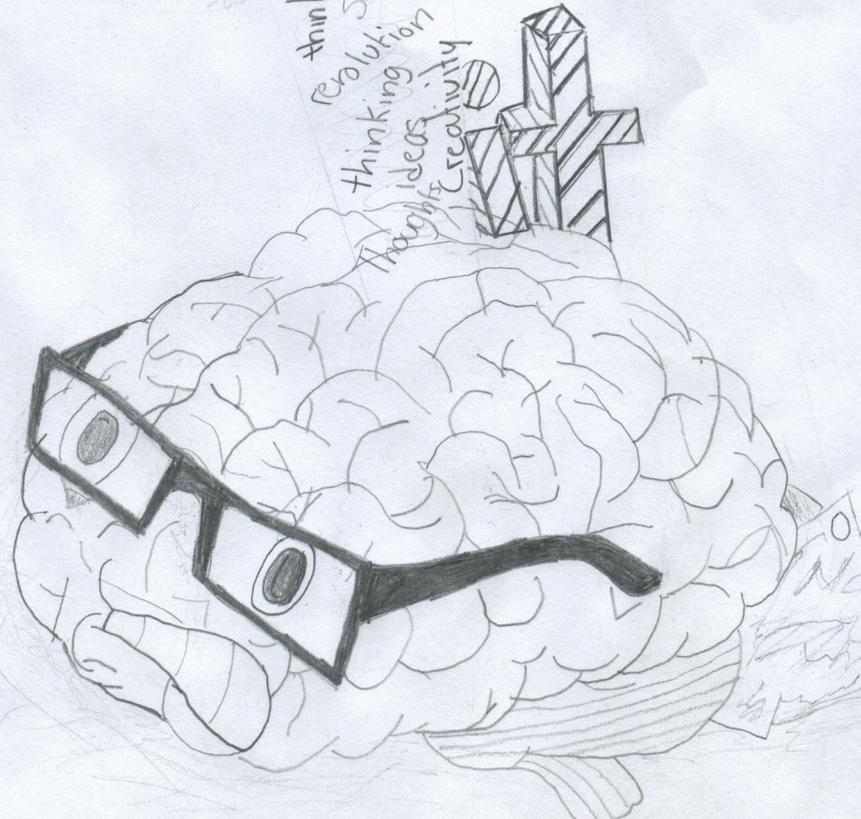
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Cover Art
by Julia



La Tuque High School 2014

Writers in the Community Program

Fall 2014 La Tuque High School 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

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Thanks to the students for your creative energy and poetic skills!

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du Canada**

As we
see it

La Tuque High School 2014

Where I'm From

By: Alexis

I'm from playing Nintendo 64, DS, Xbox 360
and really bad early 80's games on my dad's old computer.

I'm from playing soccer and tennis in the summer
and skiing in the winter.

Where I'm from, we ate Garbage Can-dy, PEZ, and Sour Patch Kids.

I'm from watching the Wizard of Oz, Finding Nemo,
and other Disney movies on VCRs during the weekend.
I'm from waking up early to watch Spongebob Squarepants.

I'm from reading Goosebumps, Diary of a Wimpy Kid, and Big Nate
books.

I'm from dreaming that I was an astronaut,
discovering new planets and galaxies.

I'm from hugging my brother one second and punching him the next.

That's where I'm from.

Where I am From

By: Corallie

I am from a small town called La Tuque
where everyone knows your name
From watching Hannah Montana everyday
playing Nintendo until lights out

I am from spending time with my family
exchanging warm hugs and goodnight kisses
dreaming of the cute boys in Simple Plan

I'm from fighting with my sisters
pulling each other's hair
From teasing them until they lost their cool
As I hid Nutella from their greedy hands

I am from family vacations
those long days at the beach
with sand on my feet
playing ball with my cousins

From eating my favorite jujubes until I got sick
and being silly with my friends

This is where I come from
from past, present
and future dreams
from unanswered cries
I come from these
precious memories
I'll never ever forget

Where I am From

By: Gabriel

I am from Mario Bros on DS
while eating Lasagna

I am from Spider-Man
since the first time I watched movies

I am from dodge ball with balls falling
in the water puddle

I am from my dad's music
in his car while traveling with him

I am from waking up at 6 o'clock
to watch Sponge Bob each morning
with my brother

I am from eating Smarties
while thinking about being a fire fighter

I am from reading Captain Underpants
while always saying "ow!"

I am from here and there but
I am only from me.

Where I Come From

By: Jason

I come from doing airsoft wars with friends
and playing hockey at the Patinoire de la Terrasse
to sliding at the ski hill in a snow storm.

I come from having some family suppers
and dancing to awesome songs
then fighting with my cousins.

Where I'm From

By: Julia

I'm from waking up early to play Barbie
eating soft peanut butter on toast
cut into triangles

I'm from that little school
where kids play skipping rope
wishing to be the best

I'm from admiring Zac Efron
from High School Musical
while eating that famous green popsicle
during never ending sleepovers
filled with extended giggles

I'm from fake sleeping when mom passed by
hoping to not laugh
followed by a goodnight kiss

I'm from silly fights
that lasted a day
which made you stronger in a way

Where I'm From

By: Marie-Pier

I'm from playing pet shop and Barbies in my room
while stuffing my mouth full of delicious Kit Kat bars.

I'm from playing bingo with my family
wishing I could be the best at everything.

I'm from crushing on celebrities
playing librarian
and exchanging the dearest secrets that I keep to this day
with my best friends.

I'm from those never ending recesses on the swing set
dreaming about talking cats and pink dogs.

I'm from watching iCarly early in the morning
hoping that one day I was going to be a big star.

Where I'm from

By: Mathieu

I'm from playing hockey outside until dark
and watching the Montreal Canadians every night

I'm from playing with little cars
until it was time to sleep

I'm from hide and seek with my cousins

I'm from playing Call of Duty on Xbox 360
with my friends until midnight

I'm from watching The Simpsons every day at 6
and listening to Simple Plan in the car

I'm from all the good moments in my life
that I will never forget

I am From

By: Molly

I am from watching Asterix and Obelix with my dad

From playing Barbie with Julia and reading Geronimo

Dreaming of being in the CIA also

I am from doing gymnastics and dance with friends

From eating yogurt to become strong

I am from Fighting with my sister for Zac Efron
until the point where mommy would get involved

I am from always giving a good night kiss to my parents
before bedtime came along

They are my family, the reason why I am who I am today

Where I am From

By: Noemie

I am originally from a small lost town
where hunting is a major sport
and where everyone knows each other.

I am from wanting to be a nurse when I was older
and listening to the music my father used to listen to.

From playing pet shops, Nintendo and Game Cube.
I am from fighting with my brother
before going to bed
and from fighting with him using mostly sticks.

I am from watching That's So Raven,
before going to bed
and before going to school.
I am also from a smaller town
in a enormous city.

I am from waking up in the morning at 5am
and taking a 2 hour bus ride to school.
Where I'm from the only games we played were
hopscotch and speed ball.

Where I'm From

By: Laurence

I'm from playing Barbies
and pet shop in my room.

From playing tennis in summer
at Parc Bertrand tennis court.

To sliding and gliding on the ice
of the *Colise* doing an amazing
skating show.

I'm from those long days at
Parc des Bouleaux.

To singing and dancing
in front of my mirror,
Blasting Simple Plan and Green Day
all through my house.

I'm from running and playing games
in Mr.Olsen's Phys.Ed class,
listening to the same fitness music
over and over again.

I'm from crying on my daddy's stomach
after he told me he was leaving
our house.

I'm from speaking with two women
about my feelings and thoughts
about daddy leaving.

I'm from sharing so many things
that I discovered a passion, talking.

I'm from listening to music in my bed
to escape from everything
and thinking about my future as a radio host.

Where I'm From

By: Noah

I'm from listening to Nickelback in my mom's car,
thinking they were music gods
and taking walks in the woods with my friends.

I'm from playing PlayStation 2 in the morning,
then being yelled at by my brother
and even my mother at the end of the day.

I'm from wishing I could be in the NFL,
to dreaming that I could one day fly
and even thinking that I could be survivor man.

I'm from being the kid who lingered in older people's shadows,
to being the independent guy who thought he could do anything
and trying to act like an adult.

I'm from all those things.
No one can change that
and no one ever will.

Where I'm From

By: Nicolas

I am from playing Brothers in Arms
and James bond on my GameCube.

I am from waking up early every morning
to play computer.

I am from playing Pokémon on my DS.

I am from playing football with my friends.

Where I'm From

By: James

I'm from a small house in a crooked river
named La Croche.

From spending most of my days
watching the startled birds fly away
from the farmers.

I'm from playing GameCube.

From Super Smash Bros Melee
to Mario Sunshine to Wind Waker,
I never got bored.

From Metroid Prime to Goldeneye
to Star Fox,
I couldn't stop.

From watching the neighbor's cat
unsuccessfully tinker with sprinklers
and rows upon rows of crows,
standing on the power lines like a choir.

When winter struck,
the lively valley became
a desolate wasteland.

I'm from golden wheat
and other crops in autumn
and from giant fields of white
in the winter.

I'm from a little home
next to a river,
but it felt like a whole
new world back then.

That's where I'm from.

Where I'm from

By: Andy

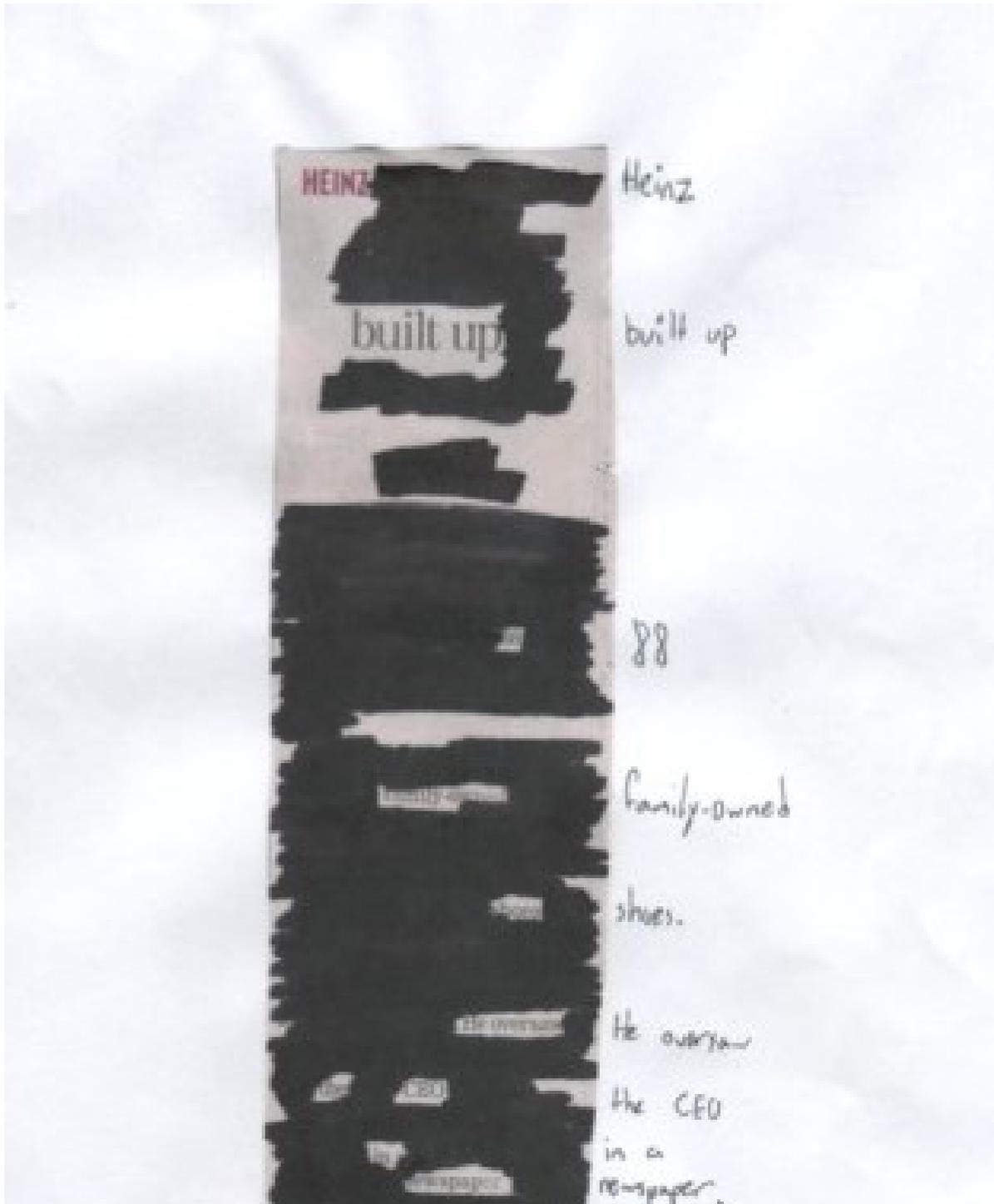
I'm from playing hockey on Tuesday nights
and playing NHL 2010 and Mario Kart
on the Wii with my brother
and jumping in the air each time I scored a goal just
to annoy him.

I'm from eating PEZ
and playing with the dispensers
after I was done eating the candies.

I'm from eating pizza every now and then with my family.

I'm from playing Nerf and Legos all summer long
at Camping La Tuque with friends.

I'm from Mom, Dad, and William, my family
all from La Tuque, Quebec, Canada
to me, this is one of the best places to be.



ERASURE POEM I
By: Alexis



ERASURE POEM II
By: Alexis



ERASURE POEM
By: Andy



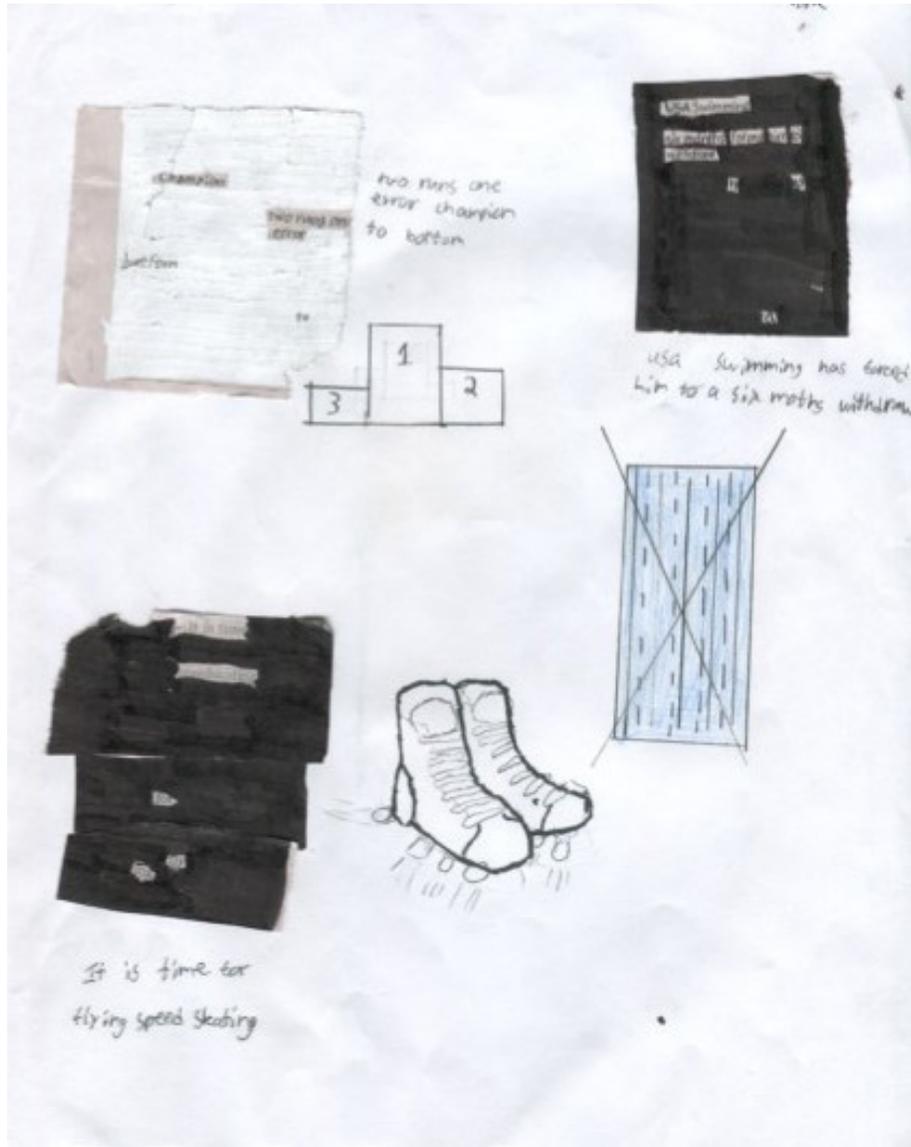
ERASURE POEM
By: Corallie

ERASURE POEM
By: Julia



ERASURE POEM
By: Laurence





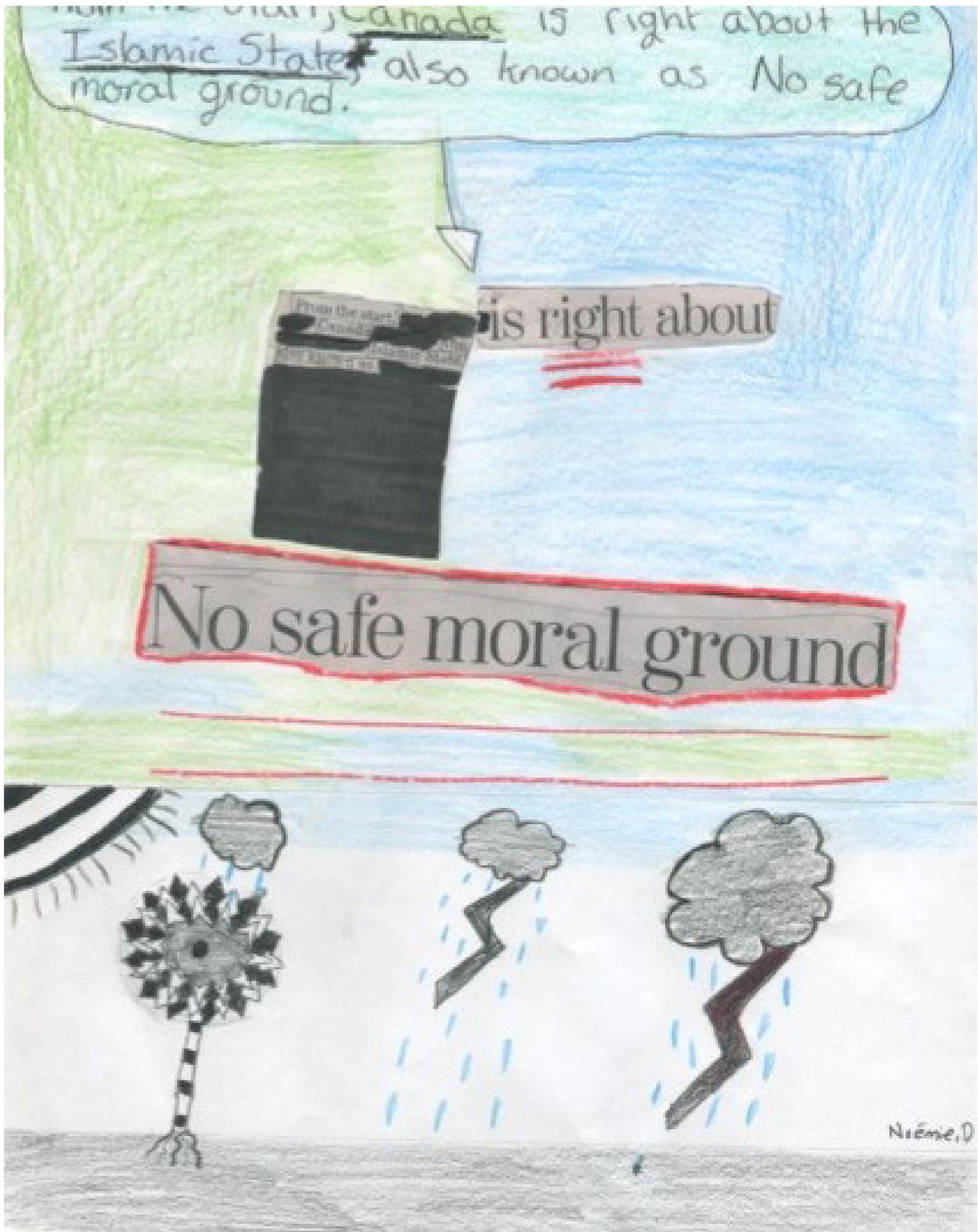
ERASURE POEM
By: Malik



ERASURE POEM
By: Mathieu



ERASURE POEM
By: Molly



ERASURE POEM
By: Noemie



ERASURE POEM
By: Gabriel

Haiku

By: Alexis

what makes me happy:
one: chocolate chip cookies
two: there is no two

I hate November
it's dark early and rains lots
nobody likes November

waking up, it's six
trying to go back to sleep
i am unable

Haiku

By: Andy

Hockey is a sport
I play hockey every day
I play xbox too.

Christmas is coming
I like Christmas you get gifts
holidays are fun.

Haiku

By: James

Refrigerators
I like Refrigerators
Refrigerators

Spoilers suck a lot
They always ruin a story
That's why I spoil stuff

This is a haiku
Something with something, haiku
It's still a haiku

Haiku

By: Nicolas

Gaming is awesome
Because it's exciting and
Entertaining etc . . .

I hate high places
Since they freak me out a lot
I'm so scared of heights

Haiku

By: Corallie

I love Christmas Eve
Spending time with my family
Eating the good food

Homework is boring
I hate working after school
I prefer watching tv

I embrace basketball
The games are the best of all
I love my teammates

Haiku

By: Malik

I am bored at school
Jesus come and get me now
Or else I will die

I like BMX
It is the best sport ever
It rules the world yah

Haiku

By: Noemi

I might not like you
you're not a good person for me
so leave me alone

haikus are not easy
but still I can write them
but they are not good

HAIKU

By: Laurence

Crazy Good

5; Stay in pajama
7; while watching the Maze Runner
5; on a Christmas night.

INVERTED HAIKU

By: Laurence

Crazy Bad

7; Waking up Monday Mornings
5; don't know what to wear
7; smelling unpleasant bad smells.

Crazy Good

7; pass time with my family
5; on the Christmas night
7; sliding and having good times.

Crazy Bad

7; Being sick of being sick
7; going to the hospital
5; not understanding

Haiku

By: Gabriel

I'm not good at this
I don't think trolls exist
because they are weird

video games, fun
the goal of games is for fun
and they are unreal

Haiku

By: Molly

Let's go to the farm
Look at all those fine chickens
I'm legally blind

I went to Marie's
About a weekend ago
Shoot to all the pairs

My throat hurts a lot
I drink a lot of Starbucks
Starbucks is so darn good

Haiku

By: Corallie

I love Christmas Eve
Spending time with my family
Eating the good food

Homework's are boring
I hate working after school
I prefer watching tv

I embrace basketball
The games are the best of all
I love my teammates

Haiku

By: Julia

I love my puppy
His fat belly is funny
It looks like jelly

My passion, skiing
I love the bumps in the snow
Spending time with pals

Haiku

By: Jason

The iPad is so
slim and so fast that it beats
the speed of light !

It's so small in your
pocket, the resolution
is bright like HD

Life is much better
with it, you have contact with
the world and friends

Hockey Haiku

By: Mathieu

Hockey on ice games.
The best things about hockey:
puck, sticks, ice, goals, shots.

Haiku

By: Marie-Pier

Starbucks is my love
Expensive but delicious
Heavenly and sweet

I can barely breathe
Under my sheets whispering
Go away demons

Haiku

By: Noah

Love:

Playing games all night
Doing some cool surf tricks
Going to bed happy

Going to bed late
Having fun with friends in town
Listening to music

Riding my motorcross
Shooting targets with a gun
Boating all day long

Hate:

The boring Mondays
The long and annoying talks
The dull walk to school

Annoying 5 year olds
Long oral presentations
Family disputes

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Alexis

I put the pro in progress the pine in spine
I'm so amazing, so cool I can put out forest fires with a single breath
I'm so good at basketball I can shoot from Spain to China and get a swish
I am so fast, so fit I won the Tour de France without using steroids
I put the Dr. in drums people achieve Nirvana simply by hearing me play
I enlighten people, I'm a modern day Buddha I'm not a god, I am god.

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Andy

I put the key in hockey the 3 in skate 3
when I have the puck the other team runs scared

I skate so fast my blades melt through the ice

I put the A in GTA especially when I blow the enemy away

In COD I'm so good the scoreboard goes crazy
like in skate 3 when I do all those 360s

Technology's my best friend
I taught Bill Gates and Steve Jobs how to use internet

I put the not in not poetic,
the end in it's the end of my poem

Inflated Identity Poem

By: James

I put the Me in gamer
the In in Nintendo

I'm so pro, better than you bro!

I have so many high scores people be like "that guy is hardcore"

I'm the Rocky Balboa of gaming
traded my passion for glory

I put the lad in Xenoblade Chronicles
the shock in Bioshock

I am so pro, so darn pro
I'll make you Bite the Dust and put you Under Pressure

When I press the start button I am feared because I am the best

I put the smash in Super Smash Bros
the Legend in Legend of Zelda

I had the Courage to find the Wisdom that gave me Power

Good luck finding those references
cuz my knowledge about video games is beyond
even my understanding!

That's why, I'm the Best. Gamer. Ever!

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Corallie

I put the B in ball
the D in dunk
I am so great, so exceptional
I can shoot a basket blindfolded
and it makes a swish in Saturn's rings
I am so good, I shine brighter
than stars in the sky

I put the F in family
the L in love
I am so lovely, so extraordinary
I can put a smile on the saddest face
just by looking their way
When I am around, I take peoples breath away
I am the Diva under spotlight

I put the end in friend
the home in my homies,
when I am with them
nothing can stop me

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Noah

I put the no in no-limits
The bull in bullet

I am so fantastic, so majestic
I can stand tall, taller than Mt. Everest
With my over-exceeding confidence by my side

I strike fear in my opponents' hearts,
So much that when I blow you apart
I even call it art

I put the lock in glock,
The dent in extremely confident
I am so amazing, so radical
I can fly like a god with my trusty fishing rod,
For you it may seem odd,
but you're just admiring my sexy bod

With this particular power
My purpose is to devour
people every hour
When they see me, they start to cower

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Gabriel

I put the Speed in need for speed
The g in gamer

I am so a gamer that when other gamers pass beside me
There are scared to lose

I am so fast that I make fast look slow

I put the a in awesome
The p in party

I am so awesome that I can learn the future with my mind

When I am around the party never stops!

I put the fire in power
The clues in mysteries

My mysteries are unknown
The same goes for this poem

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Malik

I put the X in BMX
the s in sport

I am so over talented that I am Shaune White's idol
At the Olympics I showed him how to do all his tricks

I am so small, so fast
I am a tornado walking down the street with Eminem in my ear

I but the pain in the game
when playing any game

I'm so powerful
Jesus prays to me

I put the flip in backflip
the bone in when I broke my collarbone

I am so awesome
I cause hurricanes when I whistle

The end!!

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Julia

I put the ball in the basket
the P in passion

I'm so good
I'm a virtuoso

I can shoot a basket with both eyes closed

I love this feeling when the whole world cheers
this fleeting sensation of power
like the universe only has eyes for you

I love basketball, it's my life
but when I ski it's only a hobby

I put the C in competition
the gold on my neck

I'm so impressive, so splendid
When I ski down Mount Everest
people are filled with amazement

I put the S in sport
but the L in lazy

Since I'm the best at watching a movie
with my hot cup of tea

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Marie-Pier

I put the m in madness
the r in reckless
my simple touch will make you love me
but caution darling I'm a terror
disguised as fantasy

Make me crazed
I'll make you pay
and sweetie it won't be pretty

I put the f in friendship
the h in hatred
be my friend I'll show you heaven
be my enemy I'll drive you crazy

I am full of magic and tricks
my wise words turn the devil into an angel

I put the f in forever
the e in eternal
I am so astounding and sublime
I live in infinity

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Mathieu

I put the net in the street
the hockey stick in my hands
the slap shot in the net

I'm so good that I scored 100 goals in one game
so good that I can score with eyes closed
I love hockey so much
that I sleep with my skates

I put the duty in Call of Duty
the games in video games
I'm a beast
I get all the kill streaks

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Molly

I put the s in sport
the v in volleyball

When I serve that ball
There's a hurricane across the net

When I'm in front of the camera
I own the place

Don't forget me and Netflix are BFFs

I put the t in travel
the whoa! In world

When I see the unknown
my eyes explode

I'm not perfect
pimples on my face
can't be faultless
life is that way

I put the u in puppy
like the u in cute

Rolling over for just a scratch
Tail wagging
Like a flag in the wind

iPhone in my hand
Got to go
sending those emojis to my homies

Inflated Identity Poem

By: Noemi

I put the fan in fantastic
the imagin in imaginairy

I live to learn the stories
that haven't been told

I put the smoke in fire
the lightning in thunder

I am so fabulous, so magestic
I can dance my way through clouds

With one touch of my small finger
I transform myself in a small blue bird
that hunts down any haters

As soon as I look at my pray or haters
they disapear in so much fear
they leave a cloud in the shape
of their silouette

Who I Am. What I love.

By: Laurence

I put the volley in ball
The zing in amazing.

I'm so rad, so surreal
People fall under my charm
the minute they see my contagious passionate attitude.
I love music to the moon and back.

I put the F in family
The mu in sic,
I am so great, so dope I surprise everyone
With my sublime smile.
When I play volleyball I become as powerful as a hurricane.

I put the Price in Carey
The f in family
Watching the Canadians with my extraordinary dope loved crew.
On Saturday night.
We are so awesome that the stores' automatic doors
Open wide when they see our fabulous smiles.

George Washington looking back on his time as a lumberjack

By: Alexis

People always talk about
how I cut down a cherry tree.
But little do they know,
that for 20 years, that's all I did.

Before I decided to compete for the elections of 1789,
I'd wake up every morning at 6 o'clock sharp
and I'd cut down at least 13 trees per day.

But those times are long gone
mostly because I've been dead for 215 years.

Martin Luther King Jr. as a Librarian

By: James

And so even though we face the difficulties of today and tomorrow, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the librarian dream.

I have a dream that one day; this nation will rise up and bring in their overdue books!

I have a dream on this red hill of Georgia that people will finally pay for the damages to the book they tainted with Cheetos dust.

I have a dream one day even the state of Mississippi, a state sweltering with people with expired library cards, will renew those cards.

I have a dream that people will realize their mistakes, and replace books back onto the right shelves and in order!

This is our hope, and this is the faith that I go back with behind my desk.

Persona Poem

By: Jason Moisan

Last night I dropped my phone in a sewer
I started dramatizing
but then I saw a light come
from high in the sky.

It landed on the ground next to me
I was almost blind.

Then I saw Jesus say "hey man don't cry
every little thing is gonna be alright."

Elmo Persona Poem

By: Marie-Pier

Elmo watches action movie,
Elmo doesn't recycle his paper,
Elmo is now a rebel.

Elmo steals Cookie Monster's cookies,
Elmo is a rebel.

Elmo gets a unicorn tattoo,
Elmo is a rebel,

Elmo robs a toy store,
Elmo is a rebel.

Elmo murders big bird,
Elmo is in jail.

Xbox Controller Persona Poem

By: Mathieu

I'm blue chrome

Almost every day he uses me to control games

He twists me, presses hard on me

It hurts sometimes when he gets mad
and he throws me away

I don't like when I lose batteries, it's like dying

I sleep at least two or more days

This is my way of life

Light yagami (kira) as an office worker

By: Noah

DELETE! DELETE! DELETE!

I have enough stress with L on my back.
But now I also have to hand these papers to Jeff for tomorrow!
How am I going to change the world now?
I'm stuck **IN THIS TINY DUMB CUBICLE WRITING ABOUT TAXES!**
All this just so no one finds out I'm Kira.

Once I get home I'm going to kill L for forcing me into working here.
Wait a minute **I DON'T HAVE HIS DAMN NAME!**
I've been spending too much time here, I can't even write names in the note.
I can't believe the thing that keeps me from getting executed is what I hate.
It's the same thing over and over
Type, print, type, print, type, print, **OVER AND OVER AGAIN!**
I CANT TAKE IT!

Might as well write my name on the death note
It would spare me and Ryuk the work
Wait, no

I'LL WRITE JEFF'S NAME ALONG WITH EVERYONE ELSE!
HA HA HAHAHHAHAHAHAHAH.

Persona Poem

By: Nicolas

I don't like when people press on my body
with their dirty fingers
or when they hit me if they are not good at stuff

Instead of people pressing on my body
I would like them to stroke me instead
and wash me more often

I don't want them to touch me
when their fingers are dirty
because they are greasy

Persona Poem

By: Corallie

I am that empty chair
sitting in the kitchen all day long
waiting for someone to use me

People think I don't have any feelings
but sometimes I get lonely
I wouldn't mind having company

Days feel like eternity,
when daddy leaves for work

What I like most are long cold winters
when the family gathers around the table
for a lovely christmas dinner

Persona Poem

By: Laurence

Cinderella, that's my name.
I'm not the hard working slave that I once was.
I became independent, confident about the princess that I am.
Working hard as a librarian for people to know my real story,
not that Disney type.

I turned into a Miss Movin' on,
I forgot everything and kept walking with my two shoes on.

I don't need that prince to save my life
I had enough of a broken glass shoe
I don't need a broken heart in addition,
not every princess lives in a fairytale.

I swept all my problems away,
including the half sisters I had.
I swept them away and got ready
for that dance I've been waiting for,
without the thought of being late
to come back home and clean once more.

Bob Marley, office worker

By: Malik

Why is everybody so stressed?

You've got to satisfy your soul

Last week I was walking in the office at a super high speed

Then I tripped on a book and broke my leg

But doc said "every little thing is gonna be alright"

My wife left me so I was sad cause no woman, no cry

My son Ziggy then went to war he went fighting as a buffalo soldier

The coffee machine was slow so I started yelling at it: stir it up

Persona poem

By: Molly

I am wide-awake at night
but nobody can see me
because I'm black

I run really fast after those weird white furry creatures
that my slaves stick in their ears

I love getting pet by that particular giant

Molly, she's a bit lame
but she's skilled especially
under the neck

I like that huge window
I can see the whole world
That's the best place
for naps

Wolverine, McDonalds
By: Gabriel

Hamburgers, fries, pickles, smoothies, pickles, mc cafe and again, pickles.

Which guy decided the logo would be a yellow M that looks like mustard?
Now we look like we're kings of mustard.

But in fact we're the kings of pickles.
God we put pickles everywhere.

I'm not made to be here, I have spikes.
One last time I JUST TRY TO give A LITTLE hamburger pickles.

And what happens?
Another hamburger sliced in 2.

Now when people see me they prefer not to eat.

People don't understand that I HATE PICKLES.
I need to stay clam and say "would you like a pickles with your hamburger, sir?"

I hate when people can't talk like that little boy, all I heard was: "Hhhhhh-hhhahsas pickels and fffffash poutine pickles gshdashgdvdbsdanb pickles please ah I forgot and asdhfdwhtydtwaqfsdgha."

After work today I went home and open the door and saw the worst thing.

My girlfriend cheated on me for a pickle!!!!!!?

Eminem as an auctioneer

By: Andy

The other day there was an auction in Texas
and I swore at it

'cause there were so many people
it was like survival of the fittest

There was one guy I sold a bull to
and when I went to claim the money
he said he lied and ran away

I started screaming at him
but I guess I liked the way he lied

I like being an auctioneer
I talk so fast I feel like a god
a rap god

Sport Poem

By: Alexis

In the locker room until the game is about to begin.
Gatorade and water bottles lined up under our team's bench.
Basketball shoes squeaking against gym floor,
rubber ball hitting the floor like an elephant's heavy footsteps.

Hearing a loud buzzer at the end of each quarter.
I'm eager for the next one each time.

Everyone together, end of the game
excitedly talking about how it went,
all of us wanting to play again.

Basketball Poem

By: Corallie

High pitch sounds

Sweaty smell

Uniform on

Socks pulled up high like the highest skyscraper

Trumpets in the crowd

The squeaking of basketball shoes

Sweat running down my face

Timer going bezerk

Swish in the net

Mommies screaming for joy

We won the game

Proud of us girls

Sport Poem

By: Malik

Pedal, pump, manual, jump and fall,
jerseys, freedom and injuries of course,
hot air passing through you,
the urge to finish first,
one mistake and you pass from first to last,
having lots of pain
while hearing your bones crack,
but BMX is still
the best sport in the world!

Sport Poem

By: Mathieu

Stress before every game
A war to see who's the best
Win or lose, happy to play

On the ice, the world disappears
It is not only a sport
It is a way of life

Sport Poem

By: Marie-Pier

crowd quite like mice,
pressure rushing like crazy,
shoot the ball and SCORE!

Dribble, pass, lay-up,
running and sweating like lunatics,
mind-blowing conquests.

Sport Haiku

By: Noah

The roaring engine
smell of gas in the air
and slow motion jumps
-motorcross

Smelly lockers
Beautiful gold jerseys
Lousy benches
-Basketball locker rooms

Sport Haiku

By: Noemie

Shoes on, Jersey on me
Arms up in the sky, ready
People are cheering

Dribbling with the ball
Fearless, dreamless, with no regrets
Ready to pass it

I dribble the ball
I dribble to shoot it
no looking back

Volleyball

By: Laurence

Happiness, relief and accomplishment
when I saw the ball hit the floor
making the championship all ours.

Sweat, intensity and passion
invaded the gymnasium.

Cheering parents and clicking cameras.

Touching the trophy, crying the tears
of your first REAL accomplishment.

Feeling my teammates'
warm embraces,
calling out our team cheer
to express our JOY.

The satisfaction and power I put in my spikes
and the power of being worth something
when I scream "GOT IT!" and everyone backs off.

This is what makes me fall in love
even harder with Volleyball.
I fall in love harder than the ball hitting the floor.

Sport Poem

By: Gabriel

Sweating like a waterfall pouring down my head
I feel the heat of me alone with the ball
I hear myself dribbling, pow pow
slowing down, I step in front of the 3pts
I take my shot
the stress is gone
it smells like rubber
the last sound I hear is me turning around with the net
and the other team's mad

Sport Poem

By: Molly

tight pony tails

whistles echoing in the gym

serves up high, defence down low

stress builds up

wiping sweat off

25 points scored

Champions

Sport Poem

By: Andy

My skates cut through the ice
cold air reaches my skin.

The odor of sweat and team spirit
roams the changing room.
The coach comes in
tells us it's time to hit the ice for a final period.
As soon as we get on the ice
we feel anxiety in the crowd.

The game resumes
our team takes the puck
my teammate passes it to me
I shoot and score.
We hear the beep.
Game is over
victory is ours.

Sport Haiku (spaiku)

By: James

Chess

Bishop on d6

In its line of sight, your king

I say checkmate

Skiing

Long, boring ride up

Fun, quick and very fast descent

And that is skiing

Sport Poem

By Julia

Wearing white knee pads

covered with red, blue marks and smelly pennies

I wait to race down the hill

As my knees push the front gate my heart stops

People cheering, cowbells ringing

Freezing cold air passes through my lungs

Skis cut through ice

I hear my score on the intercom

Knowing I did my best

Superstition Poem

By: Alexis

If you run over a penny while in your car, you will lose all your teeth.

In 1947, a Hungarian man was driving to work when he rolled over a penny. By the time he got there, all his teeth were gone.

Superstition Poem

By: Julia

In the 1900s it was believed that Halloween actually started the night of October 30.

On this date, malevolent spirits creep as children sleep.

They possess bodies to distribute candies. As the night goes on, children impatiently devour their sweets, filled with poisoned confections.

Children who ate that candy became babies for eternity.

Superstition Poem

By: Marie-Pier

A long time ago in the middle ages, when Christianity ruled all churches, Muslims did not have a lot of good days because of the religious wars but they always had a leap of faith. In their religion they thought that when the sun came up at 6am sharp, luck was going to be on their side all week long. After all these thousands of years their belief expanded to all kinds of religions and when the sun comes up at 6am millions of people are glad and plan to have the best week of their lives.

Superstition Poem

By: Noemie

Cutting yourself with a butter knife, you will have 24 hours of intense pain.

I have a couple of stories that are like this but I will only tell you about two different stories.

There was once a woman from a really small town, who cut herself with a butter knife and was not able to tolerate the pain. She was hospitalized and ended up dying because it hurt her too much.

There was once a man in his early 30s. He once lived in a big city but then he cut himself with a butter knife.

One night this man was cooking for his wife, he was spreading some garlic butter on bread to be put in the oven when he heard a big noise coming from his neighbors house. When he heard that noise it made him jump so he dropped the knife on his big finger and it started to bleed. He screamed since he was in too much pain. When his neighbor heard his scream she went to see what happened. When she entered his house she found him laying there on the floor in front of his stove, dead. He died since he was in so much pain he could not resist. The pain gave him a heart attack.

The meaning behind this superstition is that when you cut yourself or you get hurt, you should immediatly do something and not try to let the pain die off.

The White Mongrel

By: Noah

If you're walking through the woods and you hear a high pitched shriek and you see some white figure walking on all fours, you better start running away. Lock yourself in a highly lit room if you don't want to lose your sanity, your willpower and eventually become just a puppet for the white mongrel.

Discovered in 1943, an Australian police officer named Nathan Willows went to investigate many disappearances of people who went out camping. So far there were 6 that left without a trace. He set off into the jungle where 16 year old Jessica James was found missing after going to get some firewood. Her parents reported having seen her walking like a dingo (some sort of Australian wolf-like creature) in the jungle. Although they didn't go see her for some reason.

As Nathan searched the very area where Jessica was last seen, he heard this high-pitched scream say something like "next" but it was too loud to be confirmed. A little bit scared, Nathan ran towards the sound, only to find this creature about 5 meters away. It looked like an albino person that was also anorexic, you could see its shoulder blades going up and down with every step it took towards the scared police officer as it stared at him with its black eyes, as if it had none at all. Nathan immediately pulled out his pistol and shot the monster. It evaded his attack and barreled towards him at super-human speed, knocking the breath right out of his lungs. Then it backed up and cocked its head and whispered a word that Nathan said chilled him to the bone. It said "Sacrifice." Nathan was scared out of his mind so he rushed to his 1940's style police car, unlocked it, got in and drove at maximum speed all the way home.

When he arrived home he tried to forget what he had just witnessed. He started making a sandwich, when all of a sudden he heard footsteps like those of a dog. Emerging from the dark into the poorly lit kitchen was the white figure from the woods, blood smeared across its face. With butter in hand, the policeman charged the beast, stabbing it right in the leg. He thought his attack would stop it. The monster looked upon the triumphant cop's face, raised his long white hand still dripping with blood, and cleaved Nathan's cheek as if it were a heated knife going through soft butter.

Nathan held his cheek as he ran towards his bedroom, turned on the lights, locked his door and took the shotgun out from under the bed. Gun pointed to his door, he heard light scratching on his door, then after a few minutes it stopped. Filled with relief that it had maybe left, he knew he had to get help, so he tore open the blinds of his window, only to reveal 2 black holes and a grimacing smile. He immediately backed away from the window and shot it without hesitation. As he was loading another shell, the gun jammed, rendering it useless. Nathan told us that at this point he thought he was going to die. When he saw that he hadn't killed the monster and it was now crawling through the window with a huge hole in it. As it descended the wall like a spider, it immediately let out a scream of some sort. It wasn't like those from before, it sounded like it actually was in pain. It instantly threw itself out the window writhing in pain on the lawn.

The next day he told us this story. This is why you must be on your guard at all times while walking in the Australian jungle.

Nature's Ghostbusters

By: James

When a cat arches its back at nothing, it's afraid of a ghost.

No one knows the reason behind the relationship between cats and ghosts, some say they are the past owners of the cat (if they had any) and some speculate cats are nature's Ghostbusters.

Superstition Poem

By: Laurence

It is bad luck to sing in Russell the sheep town.

Step on a crack, and you'll be pulled on the wrong side of the track.

When an owl howls, good luck is near.

Break a leg and you'll have 7 years bad luck.

Smell the magic, wet the bed.

At the end of the rainbow is your only Unicorn.

A unicorn at the end can keep lightening out of the rainbow.

Superstition Poem

By: Nicolas

If you destroy a PC you're going to be cursed for your entire life, which will stop you from using a computer.

In 2000 a guy bought a new PC because his old one was too slow. He was too lazy to bring it back so he destroyed it and was cursed for the rest of his life.

If you're lucky, the guardian angels of computers will come down and stop you from hurting other computers.

Superstition Poem

By: Andy

Did you know that if you look at a clock for over an hour without looking at anything else you will be transported back in time?

Depending on the hour the clock lands on after the hour of looking at it, this will determine the amount of years you go back. This happened to a young man in New York, in 1992. He was waiting for his wife, who was coming back from New Orleans by train at 12:00 in the afternoon. He arrived at the train station at 11:00 and he was so glad he couldn't quit looking at the clock, but when it was finally 12:00 it was too late he had gone back 12 years in the past. At first he didn't know what happened, but after looking around for a while he knew something was wrong.

The Steps

By: Molly

In modern times there is a superstition in the UK that if you go up/down a set of stairs and one stair squeaks, it means that you just gave a headache to someone you know. Many people I know believe it because it occurred for them. Once it happened to my sister and my friend, when they were going up the stairs her friend stepped on a stair that squeaked and my sister immediately had a headache. Another time, when I went down the stairs to go see my friend and a stair squeaked she got a headache then too.

Translation Poem

By: Alexis

Some want more money
Some want honour
Some want clothes
However, I desire
ducks

Translation Poem

By: Andy

Navi didn't live long enough to raise you

Eva and Yve went to Calgary to buy a Nokia phone for Eva

she didn't find one so to raise you she had to buy a Sony Xperia

Broken

By: Laurence

I wanted to go back to you,
Forgive you and hug you
But then I remembered all
the heartbreaks and betrayals.

When you left me alone
I needed you the most,
you come and try to win me back
but my broken heart just can't be put back.

Earth Poem

By: Molly

Jali was my brother
Was known as Dimia
Earth was his passion
Bamboo tapping on his teeth

Translation Poem

By: Julia

Shoot to the basket
Shoot the ball
Shoot and watch the whole world cheer

Translation Poem

By: Marie-Pier

I used to be very ordinary, but then I met my wicked.

Translation Poem

By: Malik

I am a doll

I kill everybody in the town police

Knives, guns, razorblades

Killing is my hobby

Beast - Translation Poem

By: Noah

You don't know death,

you know murder,

you are a monster,

I must stop that.

Basketball - Translation Poem

By: Gabriel

Swiss balls, slam dunks,
balls going in the air,
basketball, ball is a talent
and lots of fun playing it.

Basketball - Translation Poem

By: Corallie

Run, pass, shoot basket,
Run, shoot, dunk,
Run, stop, smile, dribble,
Clap for us Rebels

A s w e

s e e l t

La Tuque High School 2014