

Lines  
from

different  
minds





May 2025

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<https://qwf.org/activities/programs/writers-in-the-community>

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Cover art by EB

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# **This Is Spring**

*By KB*

The blossoms are out  
The flowers are blooming  
Colours burst forth everywhere  
Radiant and stunning  
Flowers shimmer like a sunset  
All coming together for the season of renewal  
This is spring

The time of rejuvenation  
Of life and rebirth  
Of love and freedom  
The birds fly home  
Wings flapping in unison  
The V formations in the sky  
This is spring

Songs of the seasons  
Birds tweeting  
Strong winds howling  
Woodpeckers pecking  
Frogs croaking  
All coming together like an orchestra  
This is spring

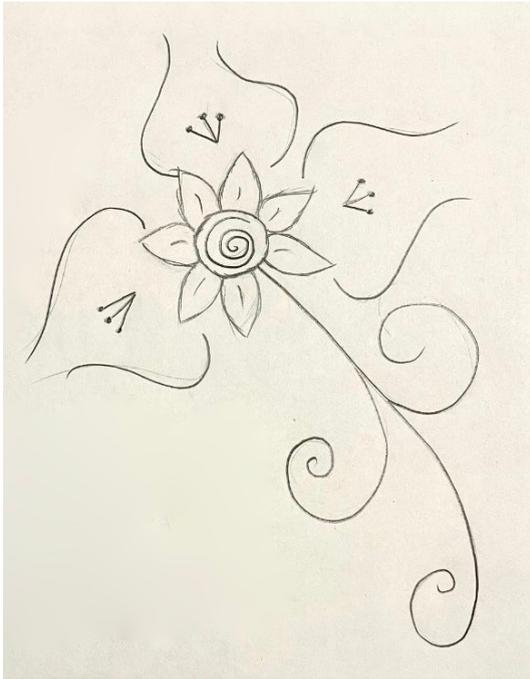
Honeybees buzzing  
Crickets chirping  
Spiders making their webs  
Bats waking up  
Getting ready for breakfast  
Echolocation helping them  
This is spring



## Spring Is Here!

*By EB*

I walk around, down the block  
The sun is hot on what I touch  
I eat my ice cream feeling alive  
The sight of it is quite enough  
The freshly cut grass roams the air  
I hear bees buzzing everywhere  
This is how I know spring is here



## **The Beginning Of Life**

*By AH*

Spring is a beginning, a fresh start  
The season of nature's art  
It's my favorite time of year  
It lets me know warm days are here

No more frosty air  
Only fresh breezes moving through my chocolate hair  
The frozen pond melts away  
It becomes a community for all animals to come together

The fish swim, the ducks float  
The frogs leap, hop and croak  
Winter's grasp has finally let go  
Its curse of death has been lifted

It is time for spring's veil to come off  
With its spell of life being conjured upon us once more  
The flowers feed the bees with their sweet honey nectar  
The fish in the rivers nourish the hungry bears  
We're all connected in a never-ending circle of life

Everything in nature has a soul and is alive  
Brand new flowers bloom every day  
The sun and moon rise and set  
And new trees are planted

I sing a song along with the fresh spring breeze  
I hum with the wind in my ear

# Love

*By AF*

I am like a bunny because I am cute  
I am the sound of notes when I sing  
I am the season of winter because I am light as snow  
If I were a place, I would be a beautiful garden  
I am the color pink, and I am sweet like donuts  
I am like a feather, drifting through life  
I am the rhythm of music  
The silence in the wind  
I am not just one thing  
I am everything



# I Am Many Things

By AN

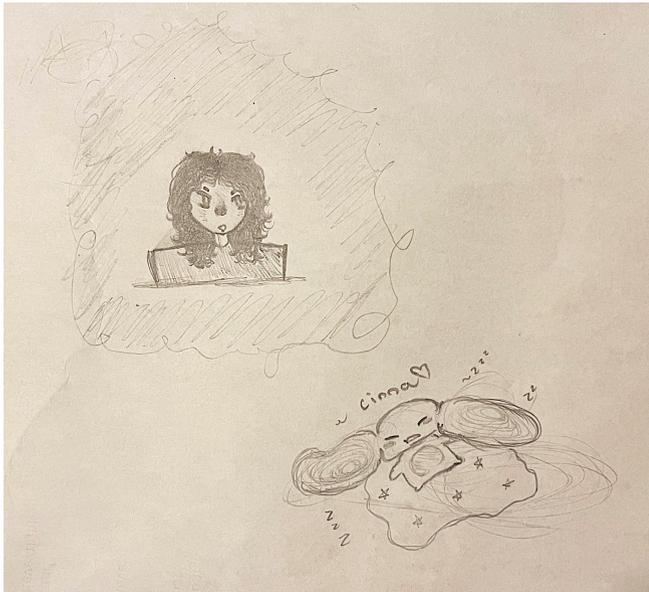
I am a whale shark because I like playing  
I am the sound of birds chirping when I'm happy

I am the season of autumn because I'm moody  
I am a field of lilies of the valley

I am the colour aqua, the taste of ice cream sandwiches  
I am like a book - useful, forgotten, or held onto

I am the storm before the calm  
I am the rhythm of the rain, the silence among chaos

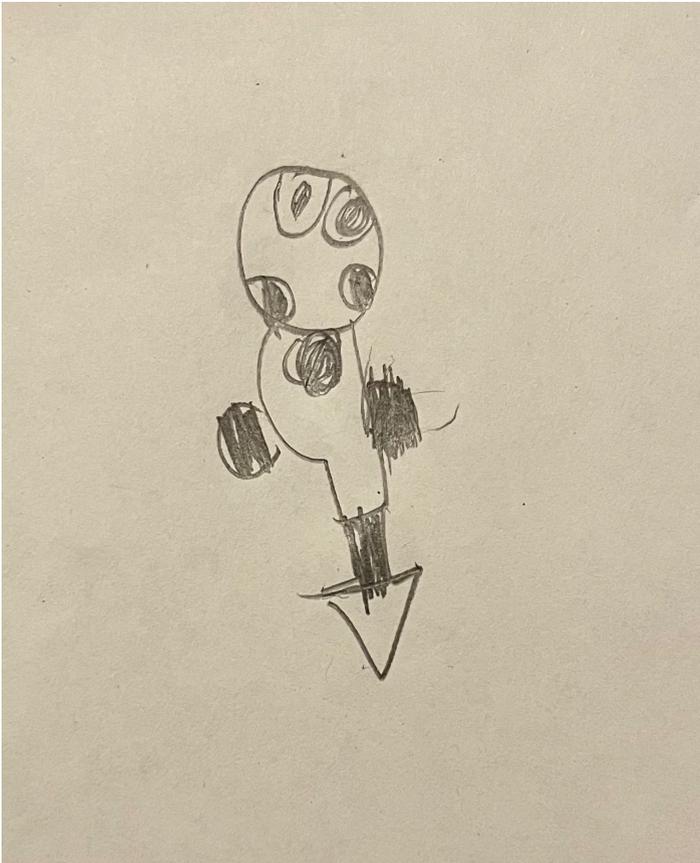
I am not just one thing -  
I am many things stitched together



## **Where I Belong**

*By AR*

I am here  
But I miss my real mom  
She is a good mom to me  
I want her to be here on my birthday  
I wish she would surprise me  
And take me back home where I belong  
I want to be free



## Adeline

By AA

A series of rather odd events shall unfold, changing the lives of Adeline and her family. As the moment approaches, a breeze lets Adeline's brown curls fall over her shoulder and onto her back.

"Ahh, another successful peaceful evening," she says to herself.

With her white cardigan, her light blue top, and her grey pants, she carefully steps through the nurtured and well-grown flowers in her parent's garden. Adeline lets herself fall on both knees, running her hands through the green grass. "Perfect," she says, "one of the many times Lucas is not needed for a wonderful time." She laughs to herself. Her life feels perfect, loving parents, a caring sister. Everything is peaceful, but not for long.

Adeline breathes in the fresh air, listens to the birds chirping, and the sounds of grunting, heavy objects hitting the ground. "My, what weird parents I have. Weird, weird parents."

Wait. Grunting...heavy stuff hitting the ground...that's odd. Her eyes shoot wide open as she hears her parents call her name. She rushes through the garden, not caring about the plants she steps on. Once next to her parents, she stops herself, almost tripping. When she finishes catching her breath, she starts questioning her parents and sister, slightly raising her voice. Adeline knows how unpredictable her parents could be. She knows that SOMETHING is going to happen.

"MOTHER!?!.. FATHER!?! WHAT'S GOING ON!! GOSH YOU GUYS ARE A BUNCH OF UNPREDICTABLE BA-"

Adèle's parents notice the change of tone and silence her.

"Adele!!" says her sister, almost getting physical.

After a whole lecture about respect, her parents explain how they all got opportunities that take place far from where they live. When they finish telling her the unexpected news, they head for the driveway where the car is parked slightly out of place.

"Come on, now. Can't keep your new school waitn'!" Her mom says.

But then they all stop in their tracks and turn around to face Adèle, who is still standing where she had stopped. She bursts out laughing, talking about how they almost got her. "Oh-ho-ho! What a funny bunch!"

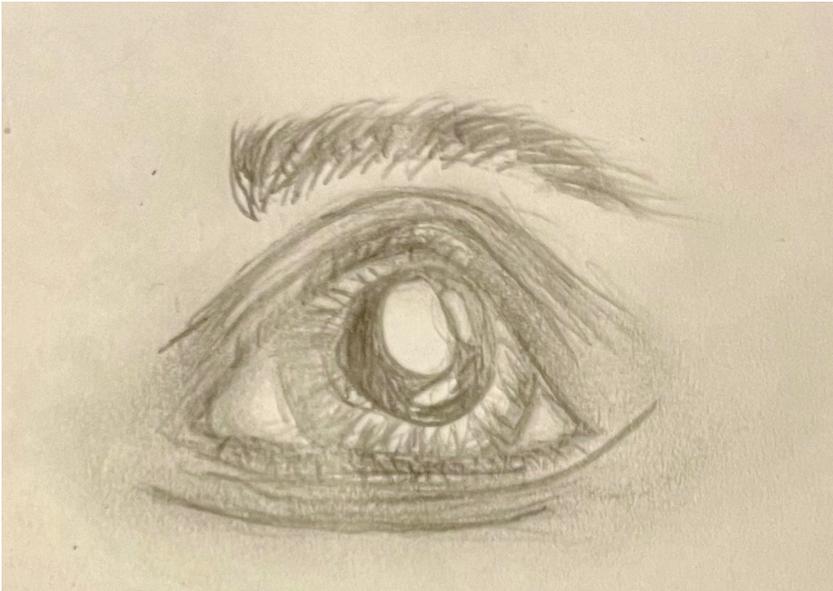
Adèle's parents both let out an annoyed sigh. They tell her that her bags are packed and to go get them. "Go on! Gosh! Start takin' things seriously, 'aight?" Her dad tells her.

Adèle had always listened to people no matter how uncomfortable she felt. But now, this went too far. She starts screaming, yelling, waving and saying everything she thinks. "This is not fair! I like it here. I haven't even said bye to my friends yet! And what about Lucas!?! You know I love him!!"

She still hadn't gathered up the courage to confess her undying love for the guy. After her whole tantrum, she stays

silent. She doesn't know what to do or say anymore.

With Adèle's parents questioning her sanity, she storms through the open doors to their strangely decorated house and runs up the long spiral staircase. While walking towards her bedroom door, she curses her family for doing this to her. They are ruining her whole plan for the future. She is mad, confused, and over stimulated.



Once through the door of her room, she lets herself fall on both knees, then her whole body crashes onto the creaking wood floor. What is she going to do... Adèle tells herself that she can adjust and make everything the way it was before. But little does she know, this is just the start.

After calming herself down and picking up some extra stuff to add to her already packed bags, Adèle is ready to accept this new life of some sort. Despite having a bad feeling, she rushes back through the same path she took to get to her room. Once Adèle steps foot outside the doors, she avoids all eye contact and physical touch. The family ignores her strange behaviour, as they need to leave ASAP. They know she'll be back to normal eventually so they aren't really bothered to begin with.

Most of the car ride is painfully quiet. After many stops, they find a nearby hotel to settle for the night, as they need to rest and recharge if they want to keep going. Adèle has resigned to the fact that she can't do anything for now. All she knows is that this is going to be a long trip.

## **I Am**

*By AH*

I am complex, definitely not at all simple  
My mind and body are a temple  
I may not be able to see in the future  
Though I know where I want to go and I see the now  
Yet I still need to ask all my whys and hows

I am wide awake  
I can hear the calls of destiny and fate  
I feel there is too much on my plate  
I hear the silence, it is almost loud  
It is only now that I wish for noise

I can't stop all these voices in my head  
Covering and overshadowing my very own voice  
I feel a sudden shake or attack to my heart  
Like I'm on the edge of falling apart  
I can't reverse the past but I can make a better future

I am all of these things I lose and misplace  
But there is one thing I know I am not  
I am many things, but to be lost is to be nowhere  
And if there is something I know  
It's that I am heading for some place somewhere

No matter all who want to judge and stare  
I know I am well prepared  
I know where I am  
Here I now stand  
Up in the higher lands

I have moved up, down, left and right  
To get to where I am now at  
It was never easy  
But now I have a head start  
And no one will stop me from continuing my art



## **I Am Poem**

*By AF*

I am cute  
When I see things, I wonder what they are  
I hear the soft wind  
I see a cat  
I want candy  
I am a girl

I feel the dog  
I touch the pencil  
I worry about myself  
I hope to be happy most of the time  
I am pretty

I learned from people  
I learned that I am pretty  
I wish that I had more power  
I plan to be an actress  
I can't believe that unicorns exist

I understand what you say  
I think I am pretty but I don't show it  
I dream about things that are in the future  
I try to not cry  
I am a beautiful, smart and cute girl

## **What My Body Knows**

*By AH*

This body has known love and hate  
It has walked through hell and carried heavy burdens  
These hands have colors  
This heart still beats loud and strong

There were days when I felt I was at a low point  
Right now I stand tall  
I want to tell this body of my very own possession  
I thank you for everything big and small

This body may not be perfect  
But it is more than enough  
And it is still becoming more  
Than I ever imagined it could be

# Interesting Days

*By EB*

It all began when I was placed with my father. I had started a new school, which I'd been dreading since the day I found out. Still, I hoped it was going to be great. It might be fun to meet new people, but considering the kids nowadays it was sort of a "trend" to be rude and very judgemental to others.

## Chapter 1 - First Day of School

I walked into the schoolyard. Kids, parents and teachers were chattering and I was just awkwardly standing by the side of my dad. He was wearing slippers and jogging pants with a T-shirt that was written the words 'PROUD TO BE A CANADIAN', even though he isn't a Canadian at all. My father had a small smile on his face, much more of a smirk, actually.

A man came out a door with two golden dogs by his side. He had spiky grey hair that stuck up in the air. He was wearing dirty grey pants. At first I thought they looked like a construction worker's clothes, the ones that work with paint.

"Good morning students and staff. Welcome to the first day of school. It was your vacation and now it's your parents' own."

The adults laughed and so did my dad. Personally, I didn't

find it funny at all, but I guess it was a joke for the parents. He explained to us where we will be going and so on and so forth.

I followed a group of kids looking my age into a classroom with two other adults. One was wearing a black vest and a purple shirt underneath with black tights. She had dark hair, was short and a little chubby. The other was tall and skinny. She wore khaki green denim pants with a white shirt and a dark grey sweater. Her hair was light brown and she had warm hazel eyes. Later on I found out that the one in purple was called Mrs Patricia and the one in white was Mrs Sandra. They told the other kids and I where to go, and soon I was off to another class.

## Chapter 2 – Fake Day

I woke up to the sound of my phone's alarm setting off for school. It was 5am on Friday morning. I didn't feel like going to school today after all that happened yesterday.

We had gym class at the last period yesterday, and I became a target for the annoying bullies. They came up with this wicked joke to bring me down in class. We were playing soccer and I was the goalie. Every time I'd block the ball (as my job as a goalie), they would shout: "Hey, that's not fair - she's cheating. Look at her body!" and everyone would laugh. I felt so angry. The gym teacher, Mr Vespa never noticed because he was too busy talking to another teacher.

I turned off my alarm, and squeezed my eyes shut, trying to get that embarrassing thought out of my head. After some time of replaying that scene in my mind I grabbed my phone, turned it on and texted my boyfriend, Christopher. "Good morning," I wrote.

I waited for a response, sighing. Nothing came. I closed my eyes and tried to fall back asleep. When I woke up again, it was 7:24. I decided to fake having a headache. It was Friday after all, what could I miss? I kept checking my phone for the time because my father should come to my room at any moment. My phone buzzed, a text message. "Damn, you are always up so early, good morning to you as well"

I smiled automatically. Christopher was never a morning person. I was, so it was fun spam calling him on Monday mornings, and it was the best when he would actually answer the calls. He would look a mess, his curly hair all tangled up, his eyes red as if he were up all night studying for some big exam, but he would still always smile at me. I stared at my phone as a voice message from him loaded.

"I hope you slept well. But I have no school today so guess what? I'm going back to sleep." I laughed softly and closed my phone.

Soon my dad knocked loudly on my door and swung it wide open. "Lola, what are you doing? You got school today, no?"

I shook my head and looked over at him, playing my best sick tone ever. "I do, but I have a really bad headache, and it's day zero today." He scoffed and walked away. I let out a shaky breath, happy that he didn't argue with me.

It was noon now, the air that roamed in my house smelled like soup. I got out of my room and walked to the kitchen. "What ya cooking?" I said after a moment.

"Nothing much, just some soup," my dad answered.

I nodded and sat down on the couch. Then he spoke again. "I'm going to go out to see Danny to fix my bike and get a few drinks," he mumbled the last part, but I was fine with that. Actually I was more than fine with that. I like having the house to myself.

"Okay so while you are out...is it fine if my friend comes over?"

He shrugged and took a sip of the soup to taste test, I'm guessing. "I don't care. I'm going to leave you some soup then I'm going to bounce."

He turned off the stove and walked to his room. I turned on the TV and waited for it to load. Meanwhile, I texted Christopher.

“Hey whatcha doing?” I waited for him to reply, which wasn’t too long.

“Nothin’ just took my shower. Bored, really.”

“You can come over.”

“Alrighty. I will be there in like 15 minutes.”

I smiled and turned on youtube, watching some WWE women’s wrestling...my favourite.

### Chapter 3 - A Short Chapter

The next day I walked to school slowly so I could be there late. I walked down the school halls, worried about how the day was going to go. I went to the office and got a late slip. I lazily walked upstairs and unpacked my bag. It was snack time I’m guessing because there was a lot of noise coming from the classroom. I walked in and Kayla, one of the girls that bullies me, gasped, “Oh my gosh is that Lola??”

She spoke in a sarcastic tone and then laughed with her group of fake friends. I could feel my blood boil a little bit, but I kept my head down and sat at my desk. I just waited for the bell to ring so I could go out to recess and be alone. I’m not sure, but it felt like it took forever for the bell to ring.

I was the first one outside, and I ran to the bench under the tree. Everyone claims that it's full of bugs and spider webs there, but it's actually a really nice resting place. I peeled a hangnail off my finger and started crying. I hate my life. I hate this school. I hate myself. I don't know why, but everything bad that's ever happened to me started pouring out in tears and negative thoughts. I didn't want to cry, but I couldn't hold it in either. I buried my head in my hands. "This school sucks," I murmured to myself.

I had told my dad when the bullying started, but he just told me to punch them. First, I would be too scared to do that, and second, it probably would just make them hate me more. He doesn't care at all if I go or if I stay, but I'm too scared to die and too scared to live, so what do I do?

My thoughts are interrupted by the feeling of something on my leg. I look down and see a small daddy long-legs crawling up my knee. It's the colour of dark dusty sand. I sniffle and slowly pick it up. It crawls around my hand, and I feel a sense of peace. I spend the rest of the school day looking for insects that interest me.

## **Jack and Ammas**

*By AR*

The mom and dad were making food for breakfast. They were making eggs and toast with ketchup. Then the mom went to Jack's room.

She said to Jack, "Make your bed!"

Jack answered, "Why do I have to make my bed?"

The mom says .....

Then the dad comes in and says, "Why is your room such a mess?"

The mom tells Jack to go to school.

The End



**Dear future me,**

Actress and singer.

I hope you remember that I am pretty.

You once believed that I would be famous.

I want you to know that I am perfect just the way I am.

Things were dark back then.

Please don't forget that it's okay.

I hope the world is a better place.

We were trying to help.

Love,

AF

## **A Mini Tale of My Busy Life**

*By AH*

I got out of the metro train, and walked up the dirty stairs and up the escalator. Once I got to street level, I saw an old friend of mine who was standing with one of my current friends. The old memories came flashing by my mind, one by one. I felt my lips curl up into a big, bright smile. She saw me and realized who I was and she herself also started to smile up at me.

We started to walk closer towards each other for a big warm hug. I never thought she'd be this happy to see me since I thought she was still a bit upset at me. I am very relieved and quite thrilled that she isn't.

All those crazy fake rumors that happened back then were a whole year ago. Who cares about all that now. I'm not too surprised since I also saw her for a bit at the mall a week ago. We chatted for a couple of minutes, just making sure that we were both on the same page as everyone else was in our humongous world of friends.

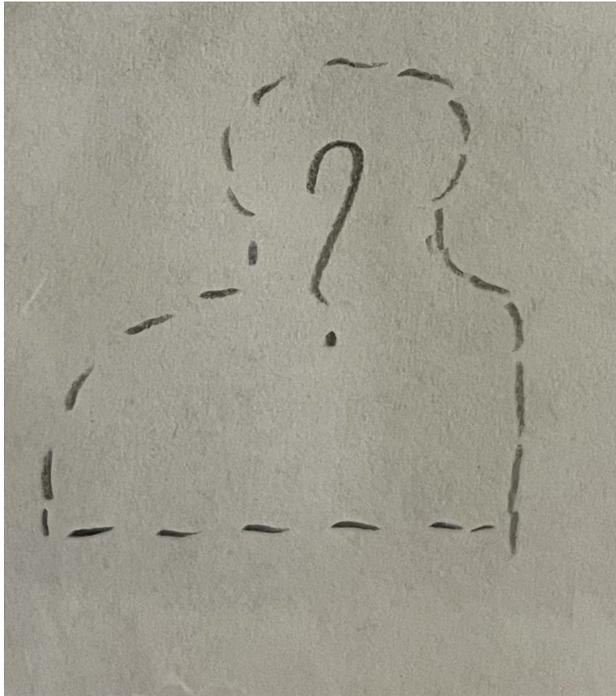
I guess I just think too much at night. I seriously need a vacation or a break of some sort. It's a good thing that Easter isn't so far away anymore. And speaking of Easter maybe I'll finally have someone to say happy Easter to, someone who isn't simply just a friend. I hope to say it to someone who means more than that for once.

## Not For Me

*By AA*

I look up to many people, most of them being imaginary or made up for fake scenarios. But one that I look up to the most is...well...I dunno. I don't really look up to them, I more so just use them to make up scenarios. So finding someone real or fictional that I look up to isn't really something I can do. I would describe someone but I don't know how to start.

I didn't want to leave the paper blank so all this is pretty useless. I'll probably rip my organs out if I have to continue this.



## Emotion poems

*By AF*

Happy

It smells like flowers

It tastes like cupcakes

It sounds joyful

It feels like the sun

It looks like candy

Happy

Love

Love is pink

It happens when you have candy

It sounds like birds chirping joyfully

It smells like sweets

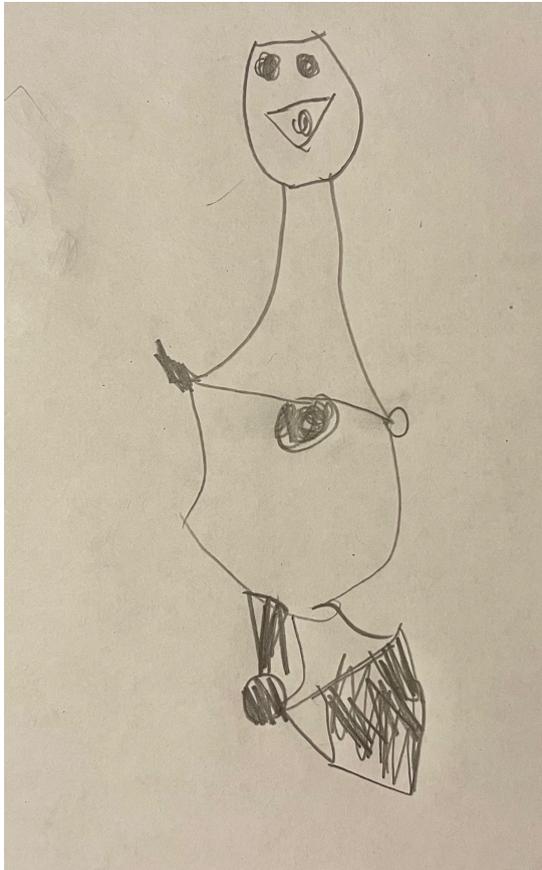
Love



# Games

*By AR*

My name's DD Rapper. I'm only 13  
I can rap yo do you know what I mean  
You can call me by my name  
I don't play games  
You want to know me that's ok  
Just be straight don't make up games  
I like basketball cuz I beat all



## **I Am From**

*By KB*

I am from stuffed animals  
From LEGOs  
And from books  
I'm from spaghetti and garlic bread

I am from the red brick house  
Comfy, messy, smells of cookies  
I am from the morning glory  
And winding vines of pink flowers

I'm from Nancy and Marc  
The book lovers and travelers  
The goodnight waffles and dog lovers  
I'm from "go to sleep" and "turn it down"

I'm from my mom and my dad  
From the Christian church and stained-glass windows  
I'm from the Himalayan mountain rescue by my mother  
To the adventures of my great-grandparents on the volcano

In boxes and baskets and frames and envelopes  
Are family memories captured in moments  
I'm from those memories, and from there  
I am on my own path

## **This Is Where I'm From**

*By AH*

I am from embroidered rugs  
From bean chutney and naan  
And big bangles and shiny anklets

I am from grassy fields  
Warm like humid days  
Loud like aunties yelling in puja

I am from the Hindu Kush  
I'm from henna and face markings  
From songs and guardians

I'm from last year's moments  
And dreams and wishes  
From the time I felt insecure and out of focus

I'm from chanting old songs  
That were passed down. From Nowruz and Holi  
I'm from songs and stories told in Dari, Hindi and Pashto

I am from the strength of the Bengal tigers  
Resilient like chaotic, loud rainstorms  
And I carry all this in me like a blooming flower

