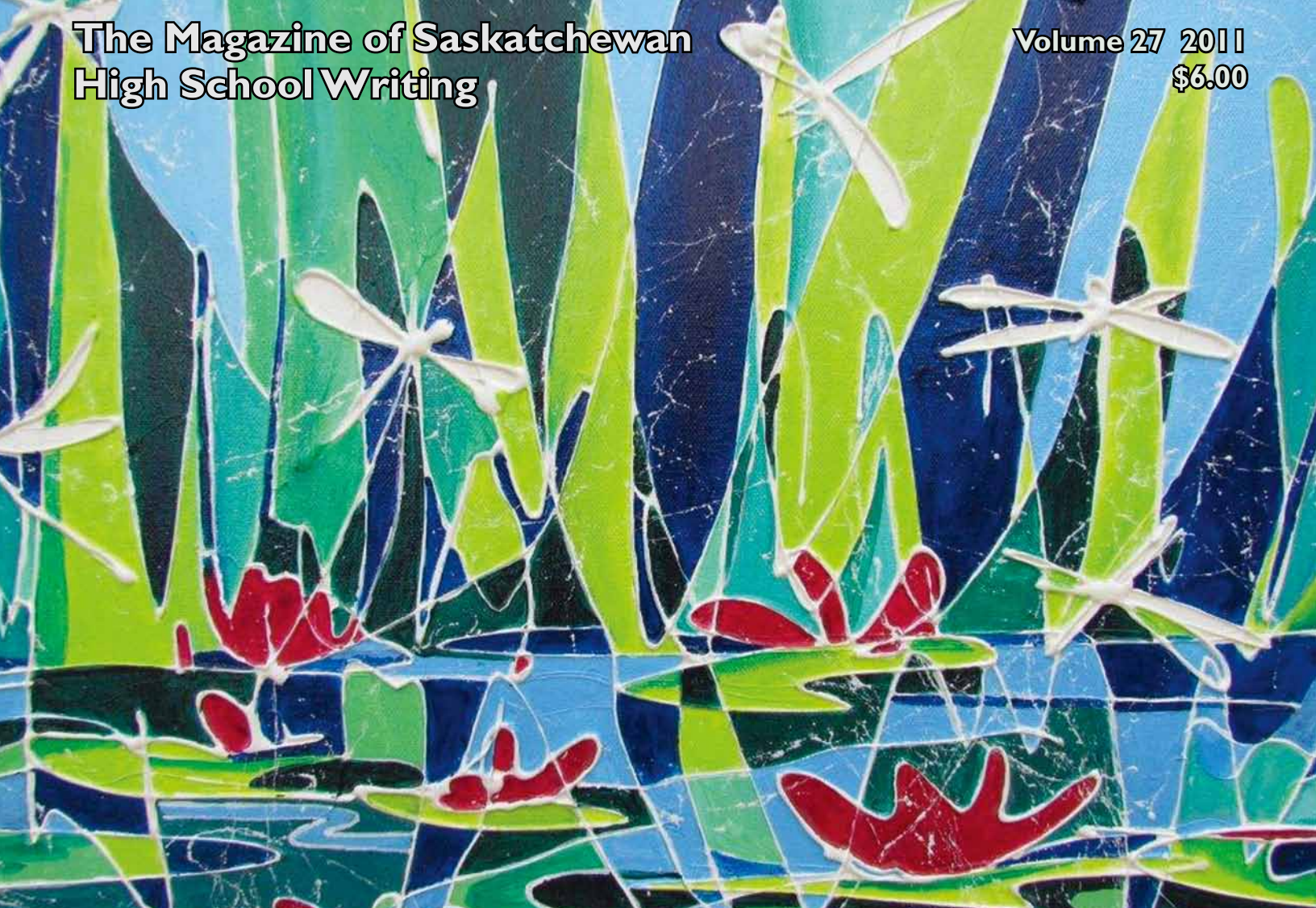


**The Magazine of Saskatchewan
High School Writing**

**Volume 27 2011
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Windscrip

Contributors

**Labiba Aboguddah • Zane Adam
Melissa Bereti • Lexi Blouin
Lexi Busse • Connor Brenna
Chase Caldwell • Kenton De Jong
Lana Eistetter • Kelsey Esterby
Ringo Gelsinger • Danielle Johnman
Nabeela Khan • Nikki Poncsak
Alyssa Prudat • Jessy Lee Saas
Sofia Salsi • Morganna Senyk
Robyn Tocker • Navin Wanusundra
Carter Catherine Yont**

Windscrip is a publication of the

SWG
Saskatchewan
Writers' Guild

Welcome to *Windscrip*t

Welcome to ***Windscrip***, the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild's print magazine and on-line e-zine of teen writing.

Volume twenty-seven of ***Windscrip*** is published on-line at www.skwriter.com. We hope you enjoy reading the remarkable poetry and stories from the high school students whose work was selected.

Many thanks to editor Lynda Monahan for her dedication and skill. Thanks to each and every student who sent in their work, and to Saskatchewan's teachers and librarians who encourage student writing.

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Then, as now, the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild supports young creative minds. Fort San, SK 1976.



Some of the contributors to *Windscrip*, Volume 26, 2010

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Jan Morier

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Dragonflies and Waterlillies

by Jewel Buhay

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MISSION

We advocate on behalf of writers and to improve their economic status

We foster a sense of community among writers

We foster excellence in writing

We make writers and their work accessible to the public

We make writing and literature accessible at all levels of education

Cover Art: Dragonflies and Waterlillies
Acrylic paint and glue gun on canvas.

Artist **Jewel Buhay** was raised in Prince Albert, Sask. and has lived in the Allan area for the last 27 years. A self taught artist, Jewel has been drawing and painting her whole life. She is inspired by the landscape and the sights she has photographed in her travels across Canada. Jewel paints in watercolour and acrylic, producing portraits, landscapes and more recently abstracts. Jewel has shown at the Fine Arts Exhibit at the Saskatoon Ex, the Boys and Girls Club Art Show, The Mooreguard Gallery in the Centre Mall in Saskatoon, and at Gardenscape Saskatoon.

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Editor's Note

A thick envelope arrived in my mailbox one wintry day, the many manuscripts submitted for Volume #27 of *Windscript*. Over the next several days, I had a chance to curl up with a pot of tea, while the snow swirled outside my window and begin the task of winnowing down the pile of poems and stories to those I felt were the very best.

I was looking for fresh, original work, writing that surprised or moved or delighted me, for work that was honest and brave and real. I think I found that in the writing you will read in the following pages. So much good writing there is here – there is Ringo Gelsinger's creative non-fiction piece about life lessons learned in the midst of a high school football game, Melissa Bereti's heartfelt poems, Navin Wanusundra's chilling fantasy, Lexi Blouin's rhythmic *A Dance to Heal*. All these and many more fine pieces written by young writers who you are sure to see more of in the years to come.

I am very pleased to award the Jerrett Enns Award for Poetry to Regina poet, Alyssa Prudat for her lovely poem, *A Child's Story*. The ending to this poem gets me every time. The Jerrett Enns Award for Prose goes to Kenton De Jong for his wonderfully imaginative fiction piece titled *Strolling*. It is also my great pleasure to award the Currie-Hyland Prize for Poetry to Zane Adam of Swift Current who has three fine poems in this volume of *Windscript*.

I want to say a big thank you to the teachers and librarians who encouraged their students to submit their writing for this issue. Thanks to Beth McLean and the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild and thanks, especially, to the contributors.

I have so much appreciated working with these talented young writers. I know you will enjoy reading their work as much as I have.

Lynda Monahan
Editor
Windscript Volume #27

Awards Recipients

The **Jerrett Enns Awards** are awards of excellence named in honour of Victor Jerrett Enns, Executive Director of the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild from 1982 to 1988. It was Victor who first presented the idea of *Windscrip* to the Board of the Guild in 1983. His enthusiasm and determination kept the magazine alive in its first two years until permanent funding could be found.

The **Currie-Hyland Prize** was established as a tribute to Robert Currie and Gary Hyland in recognition of their literary excellence, commitment, and generosity to students and fellow writers. The prize is awarded for excellence in poetry to a high school writer living outside Regina or Saskatoon.



Zane Adam



Robert Currie • Gary Hyland



Victor Jerrett Enns



Alyssa Prudat



Kenton DeJong



Windsript History

Windsript has been publishing the best of Saskatchewan high school students' literature since 1983. Windsript was created by Victor Jerrett Enns, Executive Director of the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild from 1982 to 1988. It was Victor who first presented the idea of Windsript to the Board of the Guild in 1983. His enthusiasm and determination kept the magazine alive in its first two years until permanent funding could be found. As of 2004, *Windsript* has been published on-line through the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild's website www.saskwriter.com (publications).

This year, at the request of teachers and students, *Windsript* is returning to its original printed format. We hope to continue the printed version, funding permitting.

Hockey

Like lions in a lions' den
The crowd roared
All you can taste is victory

Sweat rests on your brow
You wear it like a medal

Your body aches
But that doesn't matter
All that's on your mind is the sweet supremacy
You and your teammates achieved

You slowly step away from the high five-ing and hugging
And stop

Your eyes glistening like a sheet of ice
Sheer beauty

You look around
Absorbing it all
Trying hard not to blink

For you know that this moment is like a storm
It's a sudden rush of energy raining down on you
The wind sweeping you off your feet
A disturbance in the atmosphere
But like lightning

In a flash it's gone

Morganna Senyk

Observations From the Bus Stop

it's cold
a sharp icy cold
and The City is dark
I shiver and pull my coat closer
but I'm chilled down to my bones
and they ache.
cars rush by
leaving behind a cloud of exhaust
that lingers in the air long after they're gone
a faint memory of their existence.
I hear coughing
and it's The Man With Dreads
he's shivering too
but his shaking is violent
he looks young
but his eyes tell me otherwise
I bet he's a drug addict
who has no future
just look at him
his jacket is too small
and he has holes in his jeans.
I'm impatient
so I light a cigarette
hoping the smoke will
curl around my neck like a scarf
keeping me warm
but I hear the low rumble of the bus
so I throw it away.
as I get on the bus
I look back at The Man
as he shakes
I see the pain in his face
suddenly

I feel shame.

Sofia Salsi

Feeling Fine

Why do I do this? I think for about the zillionth time today. It's a Saturday morning, it's eight o'clock and I'm awake. I must be mental. I am mental. I'm going to go riding in the city. I've been riding for seven years now...for the last four or five I've been riding on Saturdays, as well as at least once during the week. Recently I've been wondering why the heck I'm still doing this.

My horse went lame years ago, and since January of last year I've been riding Lee. Lee is a seven-year-old thoroughbred. We've been through quite a lot. Before I rode Lee, I'd fallen off three times in my entire riding career. Since then I can't even remember how many times I've fallen off! Lee is a little jumpy; if I'm not doing something to his liking he'll let me know. Usually by bucking or rearing or protesting in some similar manner. I fell off a few weeks ago. He was freaking out like mad. I was so tired by the end of it. People don't realize how hard it is to ride a horse. It's not as easy as it looks.

On Saturday morning I'm on the road by ten o'clock and I don't get home until three at the earliest. In the last little while I've been battered and thrown around more than I care to think of. Right about now quitting looks pretty good. But I'm still here, over an hour from home, outside in freezing weather, trying to catch a horse. I bring him into the barn and start grooming. I get ready to ride quickly. I carefully put on his tack, because sometimes he spazzs when I do up his girth. I finally finish and walk into the ring.

I do ground work before I get on. It's supposed to help get him awake and listening to me. Personally I don't think having him awake is that great of an idea. So I get on and start warming up for the rest of my lesson. There are seven of us today. It's a big lesson. We're trotting and he feels really good. In control, not building, which is great. By the time we line up to start jumping, I'm feeling pretty good.

Elaine, my coach, tells us our first course. It's simple, cavelletti to another cavelletti and then canter up the long side. The girls before me do it well, very few hitches. Then it's me. I go to the first jump and it feels good, controlled. And the first course goes great for us.

By the end of the lesson we've moved on to way bigger stuff: cavelletti, outside line, vertical, oxer. When it's my turn I feel good, confident. We do the course line and we're coming to the last jump, the oxer, a wider jump. I put my leg on and he bounds over it like nobody's business. We canter around the ring, a huge grin on my face.

Quit? Never in a million years! You don't get this kind of high from sleeping in Saturday morning. I feel fantastic. It feels so right. I can't believe that I even considered, even for a millisecond, walking away. Why the heck would I do that? I love riding!

Lexi Busse

You don't get
this kind of high
from sleeping in
Saturday morning.

Boy

A single touch
causes a rush
and you hold back a smile.
He asks about you
and what do you do?
You stumble and blush and trip.
Then she waltzes in
you no longer exist
and him? He turns away.

Nikki Poncsak

The Good Life

A beam and a laugh
Once in a while a frown
A beautiful girl.

Nikki Poncsak

The Love Garden

I'm left to grow flawlessly on my own
Though these years I feel more like withering
Dreaming and hoping for a prince so bold
That I can hold close to my heart forever
But this is just high school
And the love garden has only weeds
I'm rooted here in hard soil
Waiting for the right seed I guess

Lana Eistetter

Precise Continuum

Let me take
your 'hey how are
you' and
melt it down to
a thick syrup
then
I'll grab a
needle and inject
the luscious
liquid into my waiting
veins and forget
about today
tomorrow
but most importantly
yesterday.

Watch me as I
seize your 'you look
good today'
and crush it
into tiny bits then
snort the
angel dust,
leaving no
need to feel like a
waste of space
because you
make me feel
like I'm good enough.

See what I can
do to myself when I
want to get a bit
from the love
drug?
I'm an addict of my
emotions.

I wonder
when
you'll give me
my next
fix.

Robyn Tocker

Strolling



Marcy Pady strolled down Main Street without a care in the world and his pockets full of nothing. Pady had been strolling his whole life, or as long as he could remember, which wasn't much actually. He remembers home, the place he grew up – not that it was really worth remembering. He didn't stroll back home; he just shook a tail feather and booked it. Life was different then.

"Hey, Homie", called the garbage can.

"Hey, Garbage Can,", he greeted the overloaded, fly covered garbage can. "What seems to be the problem?"

"There ain't no problem, big guy. Just thank everybody and have a good day."

"Thanks everybody and you, too," replied Pady. But there wasn't anything there to reply to. That was okay, though. There usually wasn't.

He'd been strolling since high school. High school, now there's a big topic. There were some big things that seemed important then and little things that seem important now. Lessons ignored and others learned. He had to dodge knowledge in high school. It slowed the stroll.

The one thing worth remembering was Saturday nights. Although remembering, for Marcy Pady, was an understatement. He doesn't remember much of anything. He just thinks he does, but that's worked so far, so that's how it's going to stay. Nature versus nurture, baby, nature versus nurture.

But, ah, those Saturday nights! The nights where things went wild but stayed clean. No bad, disgusting, regretful things happened on their Saturday night hook-ups like today. The stuff that goes on today is horrible, sex, booze, drugs. Horrible! Pady's Saturday nights involved him and his buddies in the basement just groovin.' Their best song, The Beatles, or something that sounded like The Beatles, played on the Victor radio, filling the sweet air around them. The four of them were just joking around, taking small sips of weed. Not enough to fry someone or send them sitting on the roof naked, but enough to keep conversations funny and easy going. Their topics varied as much as the colours on the tube if you fiddled with the contrast dial. Sometimes they talked about cars or girls or the government or the war or school or ol' flat-chested Mrs. Harcroft and her constant nattering in Bio class about those "damn kids" and their "sneaky ways" and how they could get away with anything while back in her day it was "the whip and the stick and the throw down." Then someone would always ask her what she liked most and there'd be more than a harrumph of laughter. Those were the golden years, the best of days.

Those days, from what Pady could remember, were a lot more colourful than people believe. It was before micro-processors and colour-screen TVs, but the grass was greener, lips redder and the sky much bluer. That might've had something to do with the weed, but Pady believed that maybe it was just a brighter world. Back then, the sun seemed more yellow and the night was darker. It was easy to see God around you and boy did He ever look good! But once the 60s hit, the 70s and then the 80s came and went. All those pretty colours faded and were replaced with the dimly gray of synthetic fabrics and industrial smoke. To Pady, that's how the world always was, dimly gray with a smudge of colour. Nothing like his teenage years. Nothing like the good old days.

Those days...
were a lot more
colourful than
people believe.

But all old days fade into new mornings, and here's Pady, all of these many years later, strolling down Main Street singing, "How well do you know my song?"

Kenton De Jong

Never Over

Quiet
An unhealthy quiet.
Too calm,
I shift,
Pulling myself from under the bed.
Wait,
It's not over.
I inch back beneath
The upstairs moans with the wind.
Darkness folds around me.
The downstairs curses like a hurricane.
Its freighting screeches
Push their way into my ears.
A glass shatters as it hits the wall.
Silence.
A hushed wave falls over the house.
I don't move this time.
It's not over.
It will never be over.

Jessy Lee Saas

tempest

this storm -
throbs,
shoves,
controls me.
you tell me that i
have the one oar and can
steer my way through this storm, but i
- i know the truth.
my paddle was
 torn from my grip
months ago.
my screams drown in the gale
so you stand on the shore,
silently observing
as i'm thrown from
side to side, on my pathetic
sinking raft, hands
 slipping from
edge to edge.
this storm denies my hands
and mind of a real grip on anything
 solid
by which to steady
 myself

Melissa Bereti

Packed Sand in a Brittle Plastic Bucket

do you miss me as i was Mother?

soft, wet sand

That you could s
i
f
t

through your finger tips

forming me,

molding me,

however you see fit?

do you now fear

that I have lost

what water you once

gave me, so long ago,

leaving me a

dry,

loose lump

in your palm

to b l o w

away wherever i desire?

you should know I do not miss being

your play toy. build a sandcastle with

yourself.

Melissa Bereti

Just waiting to be burned

I'm drenched in you
And you're drowning me,
 my Gasoline.
i'm running off you,
and you're breaking me down,
you're Gasoline -
there is nothing i can do
to mask this
scent,
you're Gasoline.
 sickening,
you're my silent killer,
and the least you could do
is throw
a Match
 my way.

Melissa Bereti

I Don't Want To

I do not want to do this,
It isn't a good idea.
Why do you want it to happen?
I don't think I am ready yet.

I do not want to do this,
There is no way it is going to happen!
I don't want to regret tonight,
It has to be perfect.

I do not want to do this,
I don't want to be like the other guys.
They all think they are so much better
Because they've all done it.
I can't take the pressure.

I didn't want to do it,
This is my biggest regret.
I feel like my world is falling apart.
I didn't want to do it.

Mitchell Risling

Trouble

“Number three,” I said, my mouth dry. “It was number three.” I peered in, yet again, through the dark one-way glass of the Vancouver police station interrogation room, and it seemed as if “Number Three” stared back at me, pretending to see me, even though I knew he couldn’t. I felt scared, unable to move. Detective Leroy thanked me for my time and let me go. I felt like running but I was unable to move, entangled in the fear of what would happen if Number Three broke out. I was driven home by the police, even though I had gotten my own license a few years previously. I opened the door, only to find my parents had just arrived home to the empty house from their vacation in Hawaii. They didn’t take me with them because I convinced them I would be okay alone for a while, as long as I had my Pop Tarts. They had still been worried about me and seeing me come home in a police car didn’t help. I took my time explaining what had happened while they were gone, but soon retired to my bed, not wanting their sympathy. I fell asleep shortly after.

I felt like running
but I was unable
to move...

.....

I’ll explain: it had been a hot day, plus twenty, in the pinnacle of summer. Not inside, though. Inside was cool, as the Rec Centre had recently installed new air conditioner units. Drying my hair with a towel, I headed towards my locker and almost let out a would-be embarrassing high pitched yell as I found the remains of my things on the floor. My locker door had been ripped

from the hinges. It was lying on the brown and white tile floor a few feet away from where I was standing. I turned my head left, away from what used to be 227, and let out a low groan as I saw one of my shoes. I slipped it on and took another quick glance around. My shirt was gone, but I hated it anyway and it just had four dollars in the front pocket. My pants were gone, too – my best pair of pants! They also had my house key in them, as well as my wallet and my driver’s license, which was my only ID. I made a beeline for the lobby, my swimming trunks slowly drying against my legs, and asked the cashier if she had seen anything. She said that one man had come in and she asked if he had been my brother! Why would she ask that? I guess he looked like me. I don’t have any siblings and my parents say that one is too many anyway.

The lady at the desk also pointed down the hall and mentioned he had gone out the emergency exit by the far door. I assessed myself, remembering that since my parents were gone and my house key was missing, I was locked out of my own house. Panic took over.

“Can you call the police?” I asked, hurriedly.

“No shoes, no shirt, no service!” she exclaimed. Of all the people the Rec Centre could hire, why her? A few minutes later I gave up explaining that I was wearing a shoe and headed for the emergency exit.

Since I live in Vancouver and it rains more than necessary, everyone leaves tracks when it is muddy. Today it was muddy. I followed the single set of tracks away from the building, stumbling and trying to make my way. It was hard with just one shoe. If the man who stole my ID looks like me, he could do whatever he wanted, pretending he was me. I knew that was crazy. But what if I wasn’t overreacting? I pushed the thought out of my mind when I reached the dumpster. Beside it I found my shirt, which smelled terrible and my four dollars, still untouched in the pocket. I put the shirt on and hailed the nearest taxi, which took me as close to the police station as I could get with four dollars. I sprinted the rest of the way, until I found myself standing at the front desk, breathing heavily.

"I'm in trouble!" I exclaimed.

"Aren't we all?" said the receptionist in a surprisingly calm voice. I hated her already, but my heart softened when I thought of all the angry people coming in here and yelling at her. I pushed those thoughts out of my mind and asked her where I could get in touch with a detective. She smiled and motioned me over to a chair. A few minutes later, a man named Detective Leroy came out to meet me. It was in this way that we met and he said he'd call me if anything came up. That was reassuring, so instead of complaining that something had already come up, I followed him outside, dismissing my paranoid thoughts of a criminal pretending to be me. Detective Leroy drove me home and picked open the lock to my house with a little wire, about the length of a toothpick. He seemed like a nice guy, so I decided to be friendly, after all, he was helping. He drove away before I could thank him, so I locked the door and sat down, recapping the day in my mind.

A movement outside the window caught my eye. I saw a man outside. In the shade I couldn't get a good look, but I thought he looked just like me, only taller. I put two and two together, wondering if locker thefts could lead to murder. I felt suddenly cold and alone, worse yet, afraid.

I watched as he strode up the steps and put a key in the door, unlocking it! He had my house key! I made a sudden run for the back door with newfound courage and escaped just as the front door swished open. I ran to the police station. I live close. Today was the first time since eighth grade I'd gone there – that had to do with a faulty science experiment, but I won't go into detail now.

I slowed my pace as I reached the dark steel door. I went straight up to the receptionist and asked for Detective Leroy. It was in this way that I found myself in front of the one-way glass. Three hours later the police drove me home again, but that's when it got really weird. We stopped outside my house, but I didn't get out. I saw a man outside...taking out the trash? I didn't think convicts were that nice! The man went back inside and with a police escort, I followed him.

I sneaked carefully in through the back door, which was still unlocked, not wanting to be heard, only to see my parents in the kitchen. Seeing the police officers, my mother gave me a very stern look.

"You have some explaining to do," she said, head cocked and eyes wide.

"We got here earlier today," my father said, trying to spare me from my mother. I looked around cautiously, because my parents didn't yet know about the theft or the man behind it. I first checked the mirror behind my father, to make sure no-one was behind me. My father, who has the same colour hair as mine. In the mirror I noticed all the other similarities between my dad and me. He looked just like me! I looked just like him! It was then I pieced the puzzle together and realized it had not been "Number Three" at my house. It had been my father who got back earlier than I had expected. I explained my story to them, after the police officers left and I went to bed, feeling stupid. I guess my parents were right. Well, that's a first.

Connor Brenna

The Nevermind

My existence is defined by a series of ups and downs.
Much like everyone else's lives.

I'm not unique.
I'm not exceptional.

I'm a mechanical mixture of emotions and actions.
An unstirrabable potion of dead and alive.

Some say 'change.'
If only I could.

My output is cancerous.
My output is addictive.

The facets of my mind are dry.
Tainted and tarnished.

I'm a know-it-all.
I'm a nevermind.



Zane Adam

Fast Movements

There's a dog
A pothole
And an extreme case of tachophobia
Standing in the way of me having you.

There's a puddle
a stump
and a few hundred miles
between us.

There's my broken frying pan
an inaccurate ruler
and a bottle of wine
in my backseat.

Just waiting for you to wait for me.



Zane Adam

Things That Fly

It soars, you know?
It just keeps on going once it's up there.
I can't remember its name and I can't remember what it looks like.
What I do know is when I saw it, I felt broken.
Immaculate.
Like quantum physics. Yeah.
I don't know what it is.
And I can't really ever grasp it,
But it bewilders the hell out of me.
Just makes me feel small.
Reminds me that nothing is real.
No matter how hard you try,
No matter how badly you want it to be.
It never is.
That feeling of knowing.
Knowing nothing matters.
Who you fight.
Who you follow.
Compared to everything else, it doesn't matter.
It's the sense of knowing.
It soars, you know?

Zane Adam

Into Thin Air

The sweat dribbles down my forehead. The sun bores into my back. It is a boiling summer day and my mom forced me to mow my neighbour's yard. My neighbour is an arrogant old man named Borkins. He hates kids and his ancient gray eyes are always glued to a newspaper. A tapioca fanatic and a bingo champion, he fits the exact stereotype of an old coon. He despised the neighbourhood. It was full of adolescents, like myself, who he liked to call "good-for-nothing vandals." Other than the fact that he hated us, we were like slaves to him. You see, our parents all felt sorry for the old geezer, living in a big house all by himself. We were forced to mow his lawn as a good deed and the worst part was he only paid us two bucks. Two bucks for mowing his lawn, which was about the size of a football field! What a cheapskate! He probably spent all the rest of his money on tapioca.

I finally finish. I switch off the lawnmower and its annoying drone groans to a halt. I swerve the mower around and walk towards the porch. I wanted to get out of there. A few weeks ago something weird happened. A boy I knew was cutting Borkins' grass and right after he finished he disappeared. Just like that, vanished into thin air. His parents called the police, they searched for him everywhere, but he was never found. I shake the thought off, telling myself the same thing would never happen to me. I park the mower in front of the stairs and ring the bell. Its chime is so loud I can hear it from outside, despite the thick chestnut door.

I wait. No answer. I ring again. No answer. Borkins is not the kind of guy to sleep in. I knock on the door, it swings open. My curiosity grabs hold of me and before I know it I am in the house. It's a nice place, marble floors, a long spiral staircase with polished mahogany steps.

"Mr. Borkins?" I call out, no answer. I climb the spiral staircase. A tap is dripping somewhere in the house. I hear the murmur of a television coming from a room at the top of the stairs.

"Mr. Borkins?" I say weakly. I place my hand on the knob and pull it back in surprise. The knob is ice cold. The door creaks as it swings open and I step inside. A rocking chair is turned away from me. I can see the tip of Borkins' bald head over the back of the chair. The television blares some reality program. The room is freezing. Where the rest of his house looks like a palace, this room has dusty floorboards and the blue paint on the walls is peeling.

"Mr. Borkins?" I walk toward the rocking chair, sweat dripping down my forehead and into my eyes, despite the chilly room. I turn the chair around....

Blood soaks his plaid pyjamas, his mouth agape, his throat raggedly slit open. I fall back in terror, feeling a warmth spread through the front of my pants. Mr. Borkins is dead!

"Why, hello there," a hoarse voice says from behind me. I slowly turn around. I scream.

A man, or he was once a man, about six feet tall with immense bat-like wings. Hairless, he has pitch black eyes and on his chest deep cuts ooze blood and pus.

...they searched for him everywhere, but he was never found.

Crimson skin and long black nails. Bat-like ears, each about a foot in length, protrude from the sides of his head. From his gnarled feet jut elongated black toenails. A sulfurous smell hangs in the air. Beneath the creature's feet is a burned and blackened mound with glowing embers. A demon! I am unable to move a muscle, paralyzed with fear. The demon stares at me.

“No hello?” He grins wickedly. “A simple greeting would suffice.”
I bring up the strength to speak. “Wh-why-why-a-a-re y-you here?” I stammer.
The demon chuckles. “Your old friend had a debt to pay, young Vincent.”
I gasp. “H-how do you know my name?”

The demon flashes his teeth. They’re as sharp as knives, a dirty yellow.
“I know a lot of things. Your friend, Edgar, made a deal with me a long time ago.”
“What deal?” I ask.

The demon’s laughter shakes the room. ‘We would give him eternal life in exchange for his service.’

I frown. “What service?”

The creature sighs, a thick gray fume billows from his nostrils.

“You remember the boy who disappeared? Edgar gave him to me. I brought him into my world. Then you came along, but Edgar refused to let me have you. So, I killed him.”

I sucked in a breath sharply.

“Oh, but I have you in my clutches now, Vincent. Now Edgar is gone there is no one here to save you!” The demon screeched. Then he opened his immense wings and cloaked me in darkness.

Navin Wanusundra

Don’t Even Look

Don’t even look at the water
For I fear you may see
A stark white swimmer
Who might just be me.
It’s summer,
So I took
This one stupid chance
Now I’m stuck in this water
Without any pants
Or a shirt for that matter
I’ve nowhere to hide
So I pray please just stay there
Don’t come outside
So don’t glance out the window
Keep your nose in our book
Stay away from the water
Don’t even look.

Carter Catherine Yont

Framing You

I would prefer if you talked to me all night
So you could be my inspiration;
So you could let me be your dream.
Because you know you're mine.

You are my muse.
By that, I mean you
Set my imagination loose.
I hate to plead with you
To make this fantasy so obtuse,
A truth.

Your eyes are the kind of eyes that
Bring on a work of art so beautiful
That starving people would pay hundreds
Just to get a glimpse of what
They see in their dreams, made into reality.

You're the kind of pretty that
When you walk down the street
Kids and adults alike turn and watch
As far as they can see, just to
Make sure they never forget you.

You're the kind of amazing that
When I think about you
I just want to frame you
Put you in my room.

Chase Caldwell

Cardboard Box

When I feel alone, exposed,
I sit in my cardboard box
And I pull the lid closed.
Suddenly I'm a big man:
Lots of money in lots of stocks.

Dreaming in my hardboard haven;
No need to be shaven.
I drive to my very important job.
Few minutes later, I'm chilling with my lynch mob.

Crying in my crumbling bundle.
I'm starting to realize
I'm eating regret by the mouthful.
Everyone disappeared while I was being spoon fed
my own handmade device.

Chase Caldwell

A Dance to Heal

I hear the drum
The music
The beat

My knee jumps
And soon do my feet

I'm called to dance
To help souls heal

All around me, formations I feel.
An eagle, a dove, a tree, a flower,
Held together with movement and power

My dress dances along with me
Look around
My troupe, I see

Mirror each other like a shadow
In the light

Don't lose the culture
Use all our might

Gripping my hoops
Feeling the beat
Pride runs through me
Head to feet.

Lexi Blouin

And I'm a Perfectionist

The words seemed to stare me down the page. All around me I could hear kids writing. Probably about their siblings, their dogs and their favourite things – all of which, in my opinion, were shallow and cursory answers. The question Who am I? had become so clichéd in schools that students now responded with equally clichéd words – empty words.

My name is Kelsey I began to write. I thought of adding some deep thought about what's in a name, but decided against it. After some frustrated and rather unsuccessful thinking, I just decided to write the first thing that came to mind. My friends call me... As soon as it showed up on the paper, it disappeared. Your friends call you Kelsey, you idiot, I thought to myself.

Cross it out.

My name is Kelsey. In my spare time I enjoy reading and playing the piano. I sighed. My words had become just as clichéd as all the other students'.

Cross it out.

My name is Kelsey and I hate clichés. At least a little satisfied, I picked up my pencil again and was about to write when my teacher walked by my desk. She smiled as she read and whispered, "Have you ever thought the word clichéd is fairly clichéd itself?"

Cross it out.

Over the next half hour I crossed out a total of a hundred and thirty-six words. My name is Kelsey and I have three sisters. Cross it out. I have a dog named Mulligan. Cross it out. I love the colour purple. I hate beets. I want to be a teacher. Cross it out. Cross it out. Cross it out.

"One minute left," my teacher announced.

Great. I panicked. In a time span of forty-five minutes I had created a crossed out mess of uncreative nothing. In a desperate attempt to put something down on the page, I wrote one of the most genius things I have ever written in my life. The only words that weren't scribbled or scratched out formed the sentence My name is Kelsey at the top of the paper. Below that twenty-five lines of crossed-out clichéd ideas filled the page. With a smile, I finished off my answer to the Who am I? question. At the bottom of the paper I wrote the following:

and I'm a perfectionist.

I got full marks.

Kelsey Esterby

Lies the Scale Told Me

What started as a school assignment has turned into a deeper revelation about myself and how I view the issues of losing weight. As I am just one person in this narcissistic world, I cannot speak for everybody dealing with their weight. I can, however, explain things according to me. I think far too many of us measure our happiness by what the scale says, when happiness should be based on so much more.

To me, it's common knowledge that most everybody has had an issue with their bodies. In fact, I'm willing to wager that almost every single person in Canada and the US has worried about their weight at some point, regardless of age or race or gender. There are people who think only about losing a few pounds. There are people who are unhealthy because of their weight. To focus on the people like me, teenagers, females, people with low self-esteem, human beings, this amount of worry over image seems ridiculous. We should be worried about school, work, families, friends, even our favourite TV shows. I've listened to too many people express real contempt about the way their body is. Even boys throw around the word "fat", laughing, secretly worrying about how overweight they appear to others. It shouldn't be a crime to be a size large, just as no-one should be proud to be a size 0.... But I know how hard it is not to be caught up in all the hype.

I've had my own share of issues with my body. The concern about my weight nearly drove me insane. It started years ago, when I moved away from everything that I loved – my home, friends, family, pets, even my mother. I moved in with my aunt, who might as well have been a stranger, for how little we talked. I remember it made me feel very alone and stripped. One day, while I was staring out the window, holding my stomach, I began to consider myself fat. I remember thinking "if I always worry about my weight, I'll never get fat," a thought that kick started endless years of worry. It was the beginning of those second disgusted glances in the mirror, going hungry for hours to days, fearing meal times when everybody could see me eat and judge me. To say I didn't get along with my body would be an understatement. I considered food my enemy. A new voice was born in my head.

I'm sure anyone can recognize the voice I'm talking about. The one that used to be called our conscience, before it turned on us and started to whisper degrading things in our ears. Whispers that are, ironically, louder than our growling stomachs. The voice is loudest before and after eating, or any time you happen to catch your reflection. It says things like "Gross! Look at those thunder thighs!" and "How could you let yourself go like this?" And for some unknown reason, we listen to it. No matter how thin or fat or smart we are, we listen to it. We don't even consider how unhealthy it is to hate your body. It's agonizing. I used to think that the voice would never just shut up and go away, but I have watched others eat without guilt and admired them for it. I wanted to be free from that voice, not knowing it was a lifelong struggle.

Perhaps the media is partially to blame for influencing us this way. After all, all the celebrities lately are anorexic or too fat, and the magazine covers are plastered with their pictures. It's become almost taboo to be overweight. Eating disorders are the latest fad. Even cosmetic companies advertise how great it is to be thin, and, oh, if you buy this miracle diet pill you'll be happy. But I have come to realize that there is a very distinct difference between being skinny and being healthy. I was tricked by those clever marketing schemes into hating the way I looked, just as so many others like me.

To say I didn't get along with my body would be an understatement.

I know how painful it is to be your own worst enemy. After all these years I realize the madness needs to stop. If I could accomplish one thing in life it would be to teach others how to defeat that mean voice once and for all. Truth is, I'm still not sure how to do that completely, so it would be very hypocritical of me to start preaching. Instead, I implore anyone who might feel like I do, to be conscious of what you are seeing on TV, because the truth is always cleverly hidden. Don't feel guilty for eating. Notice the difference between getting thin and getting fit. Remember that beauty is not happiness. Happiness is based on more than what the scale says.

Danielle Johnman

Child's Story

Before when I stood half my size,
I dreamed that I possessed a world
with a struggle between good and evil.

But when I put it on paper
It couldn't match my mind's eye;
Epic battles with flaming blades,
Japanese weapons
And passionate songs.

Only words couldn't match up to my fairytales,
but I still held onto that dream;
Felt it in my palm,
ever present at the back of my mind.

So maybe I'll still hold onto that dream,
and put it down on paper when I'm old –
when I live alone with an animal of some sort,
with a child's story thick in my mind.



Alyssa Prudat

Sensations

Sitting in this hollow cold room
I stare out the crystal windows
Frost clinging to the shattered glass
That is my heart.
Winter midnights dominate the open sky
Pushing out the beams of hope.
My body cold and lifeless
Programmed like a robot
Empty like space.

* * * *

A burst of light and warmth
The sun climbing up the broken ladder
Spilling out all that's inside
Each splash tainting the black.
The sudden change cracks my heart
Too much for it to handle
Gasping, my eyes large and unclear.
Pain-stricken yet sitting in soft blankets
Comfort trickling down my body like water.
Stinging like a bee's needle
Soft as a lullaby.

* * * *

Colours from the palette of life
Brush against my paleness,
From scarlet on my cheek
To blood on my lips,
Peach staining my body.
Melting with the warm Chinook
Removing the ice daggers
Entwined within me.

* * * *

Secrets of the past
And the unknown of the future
Mend my broken consciousness.
Each stitch contains a new leaf
Of the ever-blooming flower
That is my soul.
Each petal drenched with tears
Which remain forever hidden,
Bleeding from the inside.
The words I long to reach for
Always a little higher than my grasp,
They fall like snow
Into my cupped hands.

* * * *

Floating shards of my shattered memories
Pulled into my empty mind,
Pieces of a puzzle
Fitting themselves into the picture.
Each piece brings darkness
The dark I cannot handle;
I've lived within it too long
Living in the unseen,
Shadows masquerading as light.

* * * *

Blinding light flashes in my eyes
My pupils dilate
Too small to see,
I cannot adjust.
Arms flailing
Gravity pulling me down
Reaching out for something
Anything
From my throat silent cries
Repeating the same syllables
"Help me."

Nabeela Khan

Turning Point

I remember standing in the huddle, looking at the scoreboard, which read Campbell 9, Balfour 2 and just over a minute left in the fourth quarter. I looked around at the other faces in the huddle. I didn't see a lot of hope left in their eyes and I was glad to be wearing my darkly tinted visor, because I didn't want them to see my face. I was replaying the same scenario over and over in my head – we're going to lose. There is no way we can drive 90 yards in less than two minutes when we haven't been able to do anything all game. Most of this blame I chose to put on myself, thinking back to my four dropped passes and it made me believe that I had cost not only our team, but also our school, a win.

This frame of mind is nothing new to me. I always have been and always will be my worst enemy. I can get down on myself faster than a fireman down a pole. The second these negative thoughts come into my head I become a different person. I need to be having the best game of my life not to let these negative thoughts affect me, otherwise they will plague me 'til the end of the game. These thoughts have been coming up in my head ever since I can remember, regardless of the sport, be it hockey, basketball, soccer or football. Once I do something that I feel isn't up to standard I beat myself up, making comments to myself like: How did you miss that shot? That's probably the easiest shot you could have gotten. There have been times that I have been struggling with this mental dialogue and walking off the field and at the same time my coach will say "Great work to get that shot off. That's just what we need." But I pay no attention to these words of praise, nor do I commend myself for doing what the coach said. Only thing I'm thinking about is How do you hit the post? Who hits the post? You have to be the worst shooter to hit the post! Once these thoughts enter my mind it takes just one more "mistake" to push me over the edge mentally. It doesn't have to be a huge mistake, anything that is viewed as a bad play in my mind will do the trick. I will be constantly beating myself up like I've got Mike Tyson training in my head. These thoughts have always held me back in sports.

This is exactly what happened on that rainy night in September. The game started off fine. We ran the ball a couple of times for 10 yards and then the next play came in, 3-60 Hitch. This play was designed to be thrown to me, citing a weakness in the defense they played. I knew it was coming my way. Zach told me. I had no nerves as I ran out to the sideline and then the ball was snapped. I got up to yardage and then started the comeback part of my route. Right as I whipped my head around, the ball was coming. Still, no nerves. This was something I had been working on for a week, in preparation for this game. I got this exact route at least a hundred times and that was just in the one week. I've run this pattern and caught this pass more times than I can count. I started to bring my hands up to grab this ball that was flying through the rain like a bullet. I felt it hit my hands and then that's when I made a crucial mistake. Once it hit my hands I immediately took my eyes off the ball and started looking up field and then that's when I realized I forgot something, the ball. I look back and it's lying there, lifeless, like a rock. And the next thing I know, I'm laying beside the ball, like a rock. One of my best friends from elementary school had put me right on the turf. We weren't friends right now and he was the enemy. He had no remorse for me dropping that ball. Negative thoughts were beginning to drown out my positive thoughts of 'everybody gets one.' Before I knew it the next play was called and it was the same exact play, once again aimed to me. Wouldn't you know it, I dropped that one, too, and it was almost an instant replay of what had just happened. Once again ending with me on the turf. Hits never hurt when you are catching the ball, but once you start dropping passes and getting popped, it starts to feel like you're a Mini Cooper getting hit by a monster truck. I got up and all I could hear was

the coaches. “We catch with our hands! Why would that change now?! and the head coach, Clay, yelling “That’s nowhere near good enough!” The comment by Clay wasn’t directed just at me, but my mind twisted it to make myself believe it was geared at me. I wasn’t about to put the blame on the rain or the fact that my visor was fogging up. Those weren’t excuses, they were crutches. I could have chosen to take off my visor, but being the prima donna I am, I left it on in fear it wouldn’t look good. I walked off the field and headed straight to an empty bench. I didn’t want to talk to anybody. I felt like I had let my team down when they counted on me and trusted me.

...more importantly,
the team needed
me and he trusted
that I could do it, so
I trusted myself.

The stupid part is it was only the second quarter. But these feelings I had running around in my mind lead me to believe that the game was completely finished. I didn’t have enough preparation for when times got tough in football. I had only been playing for a year and I didn’t start or really play in a single game all last season, so this was all very new to me. In other sports I had ways of calming myself down, because I had been around those other sports for more than ten years. Whereas, football I had only been playing for a couple of months. All these emotions were bottling up inside me and I was getting increasingly more sad and frustrated. It felt like we couldn’t do anything against their defense and inside the huddle I could feel immense feelings of animosity towards one another. I knew these feelings were just frustration boiling over at the wrong time. We didn’t need to resent each other right now. We needed each other.

We went into the halftime locker room. Clay immediately kicked a garbage can and yelled, “That’s nowhere near good enough, hey!” We all knew this. I didn’t have to look around to know what expression everyone had on their face. I knew exactly what was there, it was the same as my face, shocked, anxious, disappointed and mad. Coach Orban sat down beside me first and said, “What’s going on man? Where’s the funny, easygoing kid who just loved to play football and had fun doing it?” And I quietly mumbled into my shoulder pads, in hopes that he wouldn’t hear. “I’m not having fun any more.” Sadly, he heard me saying this and replied, “Why? Because you dropped a few passes? In spring camp you would drop two balls a day and catch a hundred other ones. And you dropped how many this half?” Once again I mumbled into my shoulder pads and said, “four.” Then right away he said, “Okay, so you won’t drop another pass until you catch a hundred more balls. Simple as that.” From this confidence he had in me I seemed to develop a contact confidence in myself. Coach Orban got up and went to talk to Zach. Then, immediately, Coach Kristoff sat down beside me. “I believe every word Teale said to be the truth and I hope you can trust the two of us and every other coach and player on this team to believe in you to make a big play. You didn’t screw us over. WE are shooting ourselves in the foot, okay?” I nodded in approval. Then he quickly changed the subject. “Now that we’re done with that gushy stuff, we can talk business. I need you to play three special teams for me.” I hadn’t played any special teams since I got my concussion against Sheldon returning a punt. But I said okay, without hesitation, because I knew he needed me, and, more importantly, the team needed me and he trusted that I could do it, so I trusted myself. This was a turning point for me in this football game and in my life, because I would be able to get involved in the game and instill more confidence in myself. So I did my best mentally to block out everything that had happened in the first half and I ran out of the tunnel like it was a new game.

I was feeling better about myself as the half went on, although every time we were on offence I couldn’t help the voices inside of my head saying I hope he doesn’t throw it to me on this play. I would get nervous before every play came into Zach, praying that

it would be a run or a throw that was away from my side. I had only played in three full football games in my career and never once did I get nervous when a play came in. If anything, I would get upset because I wasn't about to get the ball. I wanted to make plays and I felt like I could make plays, if they would give me the ball. But not any more. I just thought, Well, I'll drop it, so it's for the best that I don't get it. I didn't want to have to catch another pass or attempt to catch another pass. I was still very scared of dropping it. My wish was about to come true. There was just over a minute and forty-five seconds left and we had just got the ball back on the twenty yard line. I ran out to the huddle with the same mindset. I don't want the ball. We completed a couple of shorter passes to Chance and Riley. We were up to about the fifty yard line and there was only a minute and change left. I was walking back to the huddle and Teale yelled, "Ringo! Go to slot!" My heart stopped. You would have thought I had a heart attack. I knew Teale wanted to throw to me. I didn't say anything, just nodded. The play came in, 3-60 home. My favourite play of all time, hated it that night, though. I ran out to the slot, waited for the cadence. Once I heard blue 42 I started my run up the line. I looked and saw the five yard buffer zone I had between me and the defensive back. They weren't playing press coverage. Right away I had him exactly where I wanted him. I remember blowing by and thinking I was wide open. I looked back to try and locate Zach through the rain that seemed to be falling even harder than it was earlier. I saw Zach getting flushed out of the pocket, a guy wrapped around his legs, but not giving up. I remembered some plays from earlier in the game where Zach had gotten rocked and just got up and didn't bat an eyelash. When one of our leaders, Nick Fox, pointed this out to the team, I knew I couldn't give up because Zach hadn't and he wasn't about to. I could tell everyone on the team wasn't going to either. Even the fans weren't going to quit on us. I can still hear that faint chant of "This is Redman Territory!" I noticed that Zach was rolling to his left. Right away I remembered my scramble rules. I started running toward the sideline, but Zach had already thrown the ball. I looked up and I could faintly see it. My visor was so fogged and covered in rain. I did my best to decipher where the ball was coming down. I was running blindly to where I thought the ball was. At the last second, I saw something coming down that didn't look entirely like a raindrop. I stuck my hands out and prayed.

Next thing I knew, the ball was in my hands and I could hear the roar of the maybe one hundred people that were at the game. At that moment in time, it felt like the stadium was at capacity. I remember that all I could see was the end zone and then I started thinking people behind! So I got the ball up as high as I could in fear of being stripped by a defender. I felt someone behind me and I was so close, but I was too tired to get my legs up. I knew he would only be able to tackle me around the legs, but I just couldn't muster up the strength to high step. And before I knew it I was tackled on the two yard line. I got up and I didn't want to release the grip I had on that ball. The only way the refs were getting this ball was to pry it from my cold dead hands. I looked down field and saw the other eleven players from offense come charging down the field cheering. I looked at the sidelines and it seemed like it was all people could do not to come screaming onto that field. The next play was a hand off to Drake and without a doubt, he got the touchdown. We were only down by one now and just needed the extra point. I ran off to the sideline where I was greeted by one of my best friends, Chance. All he said was, "I could kiss you right now!"

Ringo Gelsinger

They Say

They say I am the weak
I am the broken
They say I am the small
With no value or token.

They tell me stay silent,
And not say a word
While they be the shotgun,
And I be the bird

I am forbidden from freedom
Or any thought,
As if from the slave market
I was shamefully bought

But above the horizon
I see a new dawn
Where I am free,
And the oppressor is gone

I am not a slave for them
Nor am I a dog
I am God's light
That shines through the fog

I stand for what's right
And against what is wrong
It is Islam I follow
I will never feel
Pain doubt or sorrow

Labiba Aboggudah

Contributors' Bios

Labiba Aboguddah

Labiba is a Muslim Syrian-Canadian student. She attends Regina Huda School where she is in grade 10.

Zane Adam

is a poet from Swift Current. He attends Swift Current Comprehensive High.

Melissa Bereti

loves telling stories to anyone who will listen and has always written. She also enjoys warm sunny days, rainstorms, music and being barefoot. Above all, she loves showing her true self to others through her words and hopes that her work will be enjoyed.

Lexi Blouin

Lexi is the middle child of three girls. She turned eighteen in May and was born and raised in Creighton, Saskatchewan. She loves the small town environment. Her passions are singing, drawing and writing. She grabs her notebook every time she gets an inspiration for a song, drawing or poem. She has been in the Nemihitowok Hoop Troupe for about eight years and she dances with thirty hoops, which is the most advanced group in their troupe. Hoop dancing is another way she expresses her artistic ability.

Lexi Busse

spends most of her time either at the barn or driving the hour and fifteen minutes back and forth from the barn. In the summer she competes in horse shows on the weekends. She is an active volunteer in her community and is treasurer on her school's SRC. When not busy at school or at the barn she writes and aspires one day to publish a novel.

Connor Brenna

says he is 'the writer of 89 novels, 396 short stories and 3 epic poems of such note that to mention every award he has ever won would take more than the space allotted.'

Chase Caldwell

is a teenager from Saskatoon and started to write poetry when he started high school. He really enjoys the subtlety that goes into poetry, and enjoys reading it as much as writing it.

Kenton De Jong

Kenton graduated Michael A. Riffel in 2010 while receiving the Computer Science 30, Law 30 and Knights of Columbus Council #1247 at his graduation. He became a member of the Saskatchewan Writers Guild in 2009, after winning the Creative Writing 20 Award. This is his first publication.

Lana Eistetter

Lana Eistetter is a grade twelve student attending Miller Comprehensive High School. Writing, along with the Fine Arts, has always been a way to express herself. Her hobbies include reading, writing short free verse poems, singing, dancing, acting and creating music.

Kelsey Esterby

Kelsey is a grade eleven student in Meadow Lake. She enjoys reading, writing, and playing the piano in her spare time. She hopes to continue to get her writing published later on in life.

Ringo Gelsing

Ringo is an easy-going person who loves people, sport, competing and, more importantly, writing. He loves having another way to express his love of sport to not only other people, but himself.

Danielle Johnman

Danielle graduated from Avery in 2010. She lives in Lloydminster, Saskatchewan. Her interests extend throughout the field of arts. She has dabbled in photography, drawing and music, but says her heart will always stay with writing.

Nabeela Khan

Ever since she was a child, Nabeela has always been fond of writing. At the age of 7, she began writing short stories and would share them with her friends and family. She is currently working on her debut novel *Darkstar P.I.*

Nikki Poncsak

Nikki Poncsak is in her final year of high school. She enjoys singing, dancing, writing, sports, creating and being happy. Nikki will be attending the University of Regina this upcoming fall, majoring in theatre design.

Alyssa Prudat

Alyssa is a thirteen year old poet who usually specializes in writing fanfiction. She lives with her mother, father, older brother and their dog. Willpower and family support keep her focused on her goal of becoming a writer.

Jessy Lee Saas

Jessy loves to read and write. Her dream is to become an author and editor. In between coaching and basketball, you can find her playing for the gold medal U14 girls soccer team. If all else fails, look up a tree. Being outdoors, she says, is the only way to really breathe in life.

Sofia Salsi

Sofia is 19 and a first year science student at the University of Regina but has always had a soft spot for writing. She somehow finds time to write in between copious amounts of studying, which she feels keeps her sane. She is very excited to have her poem published and hopes you enjoy it!

Morganna Senyk

Morganna is currently a grade twelve student at Creighton Community School. She enjoys the outdoors and doing activities such as hunting, fishing and playing hockey.

Robyn Tocker

Robyn is an avid writer and reader who is interested in Greek mythology. She plans on going to the University of Regina after completing high school where she will major in English.

Navin Wanusundra

was born in St. Johns, Newfoundland. He loved to read for as long as he can remember and also picked up a hobby in writing. He loves to read and write horror, fantasy and sci-fi.

Carter Catherine Yont

is a grade eleven student from Langenburg High School. She has always loved reading and writing. She is involved on yearbook and SRC at her school and also enjoys skiing.

Windscript Submission Guidelines

We welcome students to submit creative writing in any and all forms - poetry, prose, and creative non-fiction - for Volume 28 of *Windscript*.

Please note that as in all writing competitions, these guidelines are very important and must be followed in order for submissions to be accepted.

1. Type or print neatly on 8 1/2 by 11" single-sided, unlined white paper.
2. Proofread your manuscript.
3. In a covering letter, provide the following information:
 - your name, your home phone number and address
 - your email address
 - the genre of writing you are submitting
 - the title(s) of your poems or stories
 - the name, address and phone number of your school and teacher
 - a fifty-word biography (if we publish your work, we will use this information, so be creative)
4. Always keep a copy of your submitted work. Submissions will not be returned.
5. Submit a maximum of six poems. Do not put more than one poem on a page. Each poem must be on a separate page. Prose works should not exceed 1500 words.
6. All work must be original from start to finish. Writers submitting plagiarized work will be banned from *Windscript*.
7. Do NOT put your name on the poems or stories themselves.
8. To fasten submissions, use paper clips (including fold-back clips) - avoid staples.
9. Deadline for submissions: March 16, 2012.
10. Mail or email submissions to:
Windscript, Box 3986, Regina SK S4P 3R9
communications@skwriter.com

Saskatchewan Writers' Guild Readings

Information for Teachers and Librarians:

Saskatchewan's finest writers of every genre share the distinctiveness of their own stories when they visit schools, libraries, and other public venues. The SWG makes it possible for these writers to reach students, teachers, librarians, parents, and readers around the province. People of all ages are given the opportunity to meet and listen to their favourite authors and storytellers.

Readings

All schools, libraries, writing groups and community organizations may apply for up to 3 readings per program year (August 1, 2011 to July 31, 2012) by Saskatchewan writers. The writer reads from his or her work for 45 to 60 minutes and may be available for discussion afterwards.

How to Choose an Author

To assist you in selecting a writer for your event, *Find Saskatchewan Writers* a searchable on-line database is available which is a comprehensive directory of Saskatchewan writers and their works. Please visit www.skwriter.com

How Much Does It Cost?

Each group pays a host fee* of \$110 per reading. (This fee is reduced to \$35 per reading for any school or community with a population under 100. The host group is also responsible for other costs, including meals, accommodation, phone calls, facility rental, and publicity.

**The host fee is a portion of the total program cost. Each writer is paid a total of \$175 plus mileage costs. The balance including mileage costs will be paid by the SWG.)*

For more information and application forms, please visit the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild web site: www.skwriter.com

Orders

PLEASE PRINT

Single copies: \$6. each Bulk Orders: 5 copies (\$5.50 each), 10 copies (\$5. each), 20 or more copies (\$3. each). GST included in all prices.

Name: _____

Address: _____

Postal Code: _____

Make your cheque or money order payable to the Saskatchewan Writers`Guild and mail to: *Windscrip* Box 3986, Regina SK S4P 3R9

To order and pay on-line, visit www.skwriter.com, click "Payments & Donations"

Membership Benefits

If you are a Saskatchewan writer, or are interested in Saskatchewan writers and writing, membership in the Saskatchewan Writers' Guild is more than just a good idea... it's a must.

The benefits of membership include the following:

- a subscription to *Freelance*, the newsmagazine of the SWG
- free inclusion in "Books by Members" section of *Freelance*, if you have recently published a book.
- Your book will also be added to the SWG Library.
- a subscription to *Ebriefs*, the weekly e-newsletter of the SWG
- Members can send us information about upcoming events
- reduced rates on a wide range of workshops and events
- connection to a wide-ranging community of Saskatchewan writers who are at all levels of development and who work in all genres

For further information, e-mail us at info@skwriter.com

Reason(s) for joining the SWG

- To keep up with what's happening in the Saskatchewan writing community
- To be part of the writing community
- To learn more about writing
- To expand my influence on public policy and other issues of concern to writers
- To qualify for writers group funding
- To qualify for the member rate when participating in SWG programs
- To express my personal commitment to writing
- To get information on writing opportunities and markets

Box 3986
Regina SK S4P 3R9
T: (306) 757-6310
F: (306) 565-8554
W: www.skwriter.com
E: info@skwriter.com



CONTACT INFORMATION:

Check one:

- New Member
 Renewal

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION FORM

Please Print

Name: _____ Address: _____

City/Town: _____ Province: _____ Postal Code: _____

Phone (Home): _____ (Work): _____ E-mail: _____

- Check one: Cheque previously submitted Cheque enclosed
 Cheque to follow (online applications only) PayPal Cash

MEMBER PROFILE: Gender: male female

Age Group: up to 19 20 - 29 30 - 39 40 - 49
 50 - 59 60 - 69 70 -79 80+

- Beginning: just starting to write; may have attended a workshop, or read books on the craft of writing
 Developing: may have some publications/broadcasts/performances or done further studies on the craft
 Emerging: up to one book published (or equivalent in other forms)
 Established professional: two or more books published (or the equivalent)

VOLUNTARY SELF IDENTIFICATION: Aboriginal Other _____

MEMBERSHIP TYPE (Please check off the appropriate box):

- Regular member (\$75 per year) Senior member (60 years and older) (\$55 per year)
 Institution (\$75 per year) Student member (full-time only) (\$55 per year)

Note: those in financial difficulties may apply by letter to have fees waived; all requests will be kept confidential.

- I HAVE JOINED THE SWG TO:** keep up with what's happening in the Saskatchewan writing community
 be part of the writing community learn more about writing, writing opportunities and markets
 expand my influence on public policy and other issues of concern to writers
 qualify for writers group funding qualify for the member rate when participating in SWG programs
 other (please specify) _____

VOLUNTEERING: Volunteering is a great way to meet other members of the SWG and to make new friends. If you can spare some time, we'd love to have your help. If you would like to volunteer, what sort of help would you be interested in giving?

- office work errands telephoning driving helping at events
 sitting on committees other (please specify) _____

Thank you!

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