

Our Side Of The Mountain

Collected Writings of Adult Learners



Cape Breton Literacy Network

2002-2003

This is the fourth edition of *Our Side of the Mountain*.

Our Side of the Mountain had its beginnings in the winter of 2000, when Cape Breton Literacy Network Staff realized that no CBLN students had submitted writing to *Over the Mountain* – the provincial collection of student writing that is published each year. Recognizing a good idea when we saw one, we decided to produce our own version of the provincial book- *Our Side of the Mountain*.

We were very proud of that first book and, for good reason, were also proud of the 2001 and 2002 editions. Each year, the book has had more submissions than the year before and the writing has been of better quality. The book itself gets more impressive looking with each passing year. To me, the changes *Our Side of the Mountain* has undergone over the years, can be viewed as demonstrating the changes that have gradually occurred in the Cape Breton Literacy Network and the learning that has been done by our students and staff. The four editions of *Our Side of the Mountain* are like selections in a student's learning portfolio – each succeeding selection is more complicated than the one before it, the work is of higher quality and demonstrates the achievement of new and different outcomes.

Documents like *Our Side of the Mountain* don't just miraculously occur. They are the result of a lot of hard work by a lot of people. The 2003 edition started with the work of a staff committee, who prepared guidelines to be used by students and instructors as students, in class groups and individually, wrote, revised and edited their submissions. After the writing process had been completed, the staff committee then devoted many long hours to formatting the book's individual pages. The, other staff copied and bound the copied pages into the book you are reading now. This whole process speaks volumes to the shared vision, dedication and teamwork of our organization.

It is my sincere hope that each *Our Side of the Mountain* reader enjoys the time spent with this book and recognizes its many levels: the stories told, the quality of the writing and the achievements of the writers.

Kathryn MacCuish
CBLN Administrator

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A Nightmare in Englishtown

This is a story about a group of classmates who go camping for a weekend. One of the students owns a campground in Englishtown and invited his classmates for a weekend getaway. John the owner of the Giant MacAskill's campground invited his fellow classmates up there for the weekend of relaxation and fun before the tourists arrive.

It was a Thursday afternoon that the group headed out to Giant MacAskill's campground. Along the way the students stopped for food and beverages. They arrived around 6p.m. John, Brian, and Martin unloaded the supplies. Mary and Carmel started the BBQ. The steak and baked potatoes were very filling and were washed down with some beer.

After supper they set up their bunkhouses; John, Brian, and Martin were in one bunkhouse Carmel, Mary, Maggie, Cindy, and Joann were in the other bunkhouse. It was around 8:30 in the evening and the girls suggested a campfire with marshmallows and ghost stories. Cindy went and invited the guys to the campfire because some wood needed to be chopped. Brian, John, and Martin were happy to be invited to the campfire.

After a few beer Brian told the story of Giant MacAskill. He told us that even though The Giant was dead people still see him walking by the woods carrying a hatchet and swinging a noose. Everyone laughed at Brian's vivid imagination knowing that his story of giant MacAskill was not true.

As the fire started to die Martin, John, and Brian went looking for more wood only John returned with wood. Every one assumed that Martin and Brian tuned in for the night having there full of beer. All of a sudden there were strange noises and the sound of branches breaking. Everyone thought it was just Martin and Brian trying to scare everyone.

Maggie, Carmel and Cindy headed to the outhouse as the beer they were drinking was starting to kick in. Cindy, all of a sudden, ran into the woods hoping this would scare Maggie and Carmel. Ten minutes later they hear branches breaking and Cindy screaming. Carmel and Maggie decided that they have had enough of this foolishness for the night and decide to go to the bunkhouse. John, Mary and Joanne were still sitting by the campfire awaiting the return of everyone. As the

fire started to burn out they too decided to call it a night. Maggie and Carmel were already sleeping when Joanne and Mary arrived at the bunkhouse.

The next morning Mary awakes and realizes that Cindy's bed had not been slept in and her bags were still packed at the foot of the bed. Mary screams and wakes everyone, telling them that Cindy is missing. Carmel and Maggie decide to go and wake up John, Brian, and Martin. Joanne and Mary decided to go look for Cindy near the outhouse since this was the last place anyone saw Cindy.

Carmel and Maggie soon realize that the men were missing as well for their beds were still made and their bags still packed. They ran screaming for Joanne and Mary. Everyone met down where the campfire was and decided to search the entire campground together. During the search Carmel found a sandal belonging to Cindy everyone looked worried. Soon Mary found a piece of Brian's shirt, which was covered with blood. Joanne tried to call 911 on her cell phone but the battery was dead.

Joanne said "everyone go to the mini van." Everyone raced to the mini van, along the way Maggie fell and twisted her ankle. Finally, everyone reached the van and quickly locked the doors behind them. Joanne just sat there with her head on the steering wheel realizing that the keys to the van were back at the bunkhouse. Joanne instructed everyone to stay put and keep the doors locked that the keys were back at the bunkhouse and she was going to get them.

Joanne returned with the keys and started the van. The van sputtered and only made it to the gate then died. Someone had siphoned the gas. Joanne and Mary decided to go look for the can of gas that was used to start the fire last night. Carmel would stay with Maggie in the van with the doors locked.

After awhile Joanne and Mary returned with the can of gas and noticed that the windows in the van were smashed and there was blood on the door. Carmel and Maggie were missing. As Joanne was putting the gas in the van she noticed that the tires were flat. Joanne and Mary decided that the safest place to be would be the bunkhouse.

On the way to the bunkhouse Martin stumbles out of the woods, he had blood on his clothes and a noose around his neck. He was mumbling that someone tried to hang him last night but lucky for him that the branch broke.

At the bunkhouse Mary questioned Martin about the others that are missing and had a feeling that Martin might have killed them. Suddenly there were footsteps on the porch and Brian burst through the door saying that someone tried to kill him last night. Brian's clothes were ripped and full of blood and he had a surprised look on his face when he saw Martin.

Mary afraid for her life takes off running leaving Brian, Martin, and Joanne in the bunkhouse. As darkness was fast approaching Joanne decided to go looking for Mary as Brian and Martin had fallen asleep, exhausted after a night of running around the woods.

Joanne finds Mary hiding on the floor of the van. She convinces Mary to go back to the bunkhouse with her. When they arrive they find Martin dead on the floor; he had been hacked up with a hatchet. Brian was nowhere to be found. Joanne and Mary quickly barricade the windows and doors and hope to make it through the night.

The next morning Carmel arrives with RCMP saying that Brian went mad and tried to kill everyone. She said she was only able to run away while Brian dragged Maggie off into the woods. The RCMP then take Carmel, Mary and Joanne back to Glace Bay and say that they will be in touch when they catch Brian.

Years have passed since that horrible weekend and Brian had never been found. Some say that you can still see Giant MacAskill walking along the woods carrying a hatchet and swinging a noose. Over the years there have been many disappearances in that area. Some say it is the ghost of Giant MacAskill and some say it is Brian.

Glace Bay Day Class
Mary, Maggie, John, and Cindy

Cat Lover

It was on December 15/2002 when my cat tiger had 4 kittens & one of them died. I can remember she had a hard time having them I love cats very much. Tiger has a brother, his name is teddy.

I can really remember when I had gotten them, about two and a half years ago. They were really pretty. I had called some people who were in the Maritime Merchant. A woman answered the phone and I asked about getting a cat. She came to my apartment and brought two cats. They were still kittens at the time, and I just couldn't say no. One of them was a tiger color & the other was a cream and beige color. They were really beautiful. My boyfriend Robert was home too and he told me that we should only take the one cat. I couldn't let them be separated, because they were brother and sister. So I took the two of them into our home. They were getting really big fast and they were really active and playful.

I'll never part with my cats because I love them so much. Their names are Teddy and Tiger. They are really nice to have. When you have pets you have to look after them. They can do really funny things. But if you love cats as much as I do, they'll love you back in return.

Nature

Nature with it's simplicity.

The path to serenity and tranquility.

An inner world with greenery and beauty.

Memories of the Rouge River.

The stream to accompany the solo adventurer.

With its endless path of creatures of raccoons, squirrels, and deer.

Greg MacNeil

Biography of my Father

My father was Daniel Lloyd Ginter. He went by the name of Lloyd. He was born in Sydney Mines, Cape Breton. Sydney Mines was a little coal town. He was born in 1934 in an old company house by a midwife. His mother's name was Mary Jackson and his father's name was Daniel Ginter. His mother was a midwife and a housewife. His father was a coal miner and served in the Second World War. He had eight sisters and twelve brothers. He met Pauline Grove in 1952. My father and mother got married in 1954. They had four boys and two girls. Their names are Paul, Lloyd, Troy and Billy. The girls are Linda and Christina.

My father worked in the coal mine and ran a little corner store. In 1965 he was buried for three days in a mining accident. The third day the minister came to the house and said to us, "It doesn't look good for your dad." The miners said to my mother that they would look for him one more day. We waited and waited. Four hours later a strange man walked into the house and asked for a drink. We all looked at him. He was all covered in coal dust. We didn't know it was him until he spoke. My mother started to cry. She ran over to him and gave him a big hug. When she hugged him it hurt. He got very weak and passed out from the pain. My sister ran to the phone and called for the ambulance. My mother and grandmother went to the hospital with him. The doctor said to my mother that he was a lucky man to be alive. He had a broken leg and ankle and a broken pelvis bone. The battery he wore was busted. The acid burnt a hole in his back the size of a grapefruit. When he got home from the hospital he started to have nightmares. He told my mother that he was going to quit the pit. My mother said to him, "What are we going to do?" My father said to her, "Everything will be all right." He went to the mine office and said to his boss, "I quit!" His boss said to him, "Don't be foolish! Take two weeks off and come back to work." His friends heard that he was going to quit his job. His friends said to him, "What are you going to do? You have six kids and a wife to feed." He said to them, "I don't know what I will do!"

Two weeks later he got a job with a pop factory in Glace Bay. His friends said to him, "You will not be able to do that job. You can't read or write." My father told them, "I will try to do it." He worked for the pop factory for thirty-five years. Then he got sick and had to quit his job. He died on April 7, 1996. He is missed by all of his family.

Paul Ginter

A Path To Go Hunting

I see a path, and then I go hunting. I walk in the woods for a deer to hunt. It's a long path. The tree is so green. The weather is so nice. When I went hunting, I didn't find a deer in the woods. I never see a hunter walking down the path. Maybe tomorrow it will be a good day for the deer. Maybe I will see three or four deer tomorrow. Maybe I will see three hunters walk down the path.

The picture reminded me of walking to the woods from North River Bridge to the end of the path, down home. The tree is so green and the path is good.

In my picture, there is a happy ending!

Written by: Angus MacAskill

My Special Hobby

One of my favorite things is to spend time working with horses, aside from going to school, of course. When school is over I won't have to wait too long for summer, then I'll be back at it again. I'm pretty good at helping to train horses because I'm not afraid of them. Horses can sense when someone is scared and they get nervous. They are comfortable around me; when I go into the stalls some of them will come up and put their head on my shoulder, especially when I bring them apples and carrots. Another good thing is being able to see all my friends from Amherst, Antigonish, and New Brunswick at the North Sydney Exhibition in August. I have a lot of fun socializing there and partying with my friends. I also enjoy watching the horses compete. Even if they don't win, I do the best I can and the horses are still beautiful. One little trick to make them feel good before they go out is to rub behind their ears. This helps them loosen up before putting on the bridle. Once they are ready I walk them out and wish for the best. Helping out makes me feel like a job well done.

By: Bobby Young

My Three Wishes from a Genie

Once upon a time, I was walking down the beach and found a genie in a bottle. When I opened the bottle, the genie came out and said, "I give you three wishes now."

My first wish was for a million dollars. I would take a trip around the world with my husband and my son.

My second wish was for a house in North Sydney. I would want it to be convenient to the banks and the stores. I'd want a big mansion with maids and servants. It would have extra rooms for watching television and playing the Play Station.

My third wish was for a new car. I would want a new red sports car, so I could drive all over the place.

I got my wishes from the genie and she went back in the bottle. Somebody else could have three wishes if they found the bottle. After all, its only three wishes. Good luck!

Lisa Bond

The Halifax Explosion

On December 6, 1917 a munitions ship would be the cause of one of the most devastating tragedies in the history of Canada. The French ship, SS Mont Blanc was loaded with explosives in all her holds with some stacked on her deck. The Mont Blanc was coming into Halifax so that she could join a convoy that would escort her safely across the Atlantic as they were in war times.

A Norwegian Relief ship, the Imo was leaving the Bedford Basin, the inner harbour, traveling at a faster speed than normal. The Mont Blanc entered the harbour as the other was leaving, the two ships collided in the Narrows. The Mont Blanc caught fire and Captain Medec ordered the crew to abandon ship to drift into Halifax harbour where it rested against pier 6. At 9:05 a.m. the munitions ship blew up and was disintegrated.

The pressure blast flattened 2 square kilometers and devastated an area 325 acres, most of the windows in Halifax were blown out. About 1,600 people were killed by the blast and 8 crew of the HMS Highflyer were splattered against the ship's superstructure. A mushroom cloud rose high into the sky and 3000 tons of ship rained down on the area. The ship's gun was found 2 kilometers away near Algora Lake and the stock of the anchor was found 5 kilometers away. The narrows seemed to be boiling from the falling shrapnel and rocks believed to be sucked up from the harbour bottom.

A gigantic wave was next to come. It rocked some of the larger ships but the smaller ones were swamped and sank. The wave made its way up to Tufts cove and washed away an entire Micmac encampment. In a heavily populated area on the opposite side of the Narrows, there was a hill, where people could watch the burning ship. The results were that there were a high number of spectators who received eye injuries or lost their sight from broken glass when the windows shattered.

The explosion flattened houses turning them into kindling, with the wood and coal stoves that were overturned, came the fires. The rescue workers had to pull back when a rumor went around saying that there was going to be another explosion. The rumor was untrue and the relief workers continued their grim task.

Help came from all around the world but most of the rescue relief came from Boston, Massachusetts and that is why every year Halifax presents them with a giant Christmas tree so that all the help they gave will not be forgotten. The people of Nova Scotia will never forget the men, women, and children who were injured or died in The Halifax Explosion.

Kathleen Bruce

My Fishing Experience

One day I went out to go fishing to Frenchvale, in the woods. I had not caught any fish yet. At that time I had the dog with me. It seemed that I could not catch any fish at all. At that time I went to another stream, which was a better place to fish. By the time I had caught one fish it seemed that it took forever. When I slowly walked up to the bridge at that time I stopped to play with the dog. Then I had started up to the bridge to cast my fishing rod out. At that time while I was waiting for the fish to bite, a beaver quickly came out of nowhere. At that time I jumped and I stopped to see what it really was. It was a beaver. At that time, I quickly ran up the hill with the dog and I had stopped for a minute and walked down to see what the beaver was doing. He was looking up at me and he swam away. Then we started for home.

Written by:
Eddie White

The Campers

I saw a magazine picture of nine boys and two girls who were on a jungle adventure in Indonesia with their Canadian team leader. This picture reminds me of when my Cousin Jo Ann and her husband, Jack, were in Indonesia on a work assignment.

One day, when Jack and JO Ann were out sight seeing, a group of adventurers with their team leader came up the road and asked Jack if he would mind taking their picture. The group of Indonesian kids along with their team leader gathered in front of their jeep for the picture. The group of kids was so excited about their outing and especially about having their picture taken.

Jack and Jo Ann asked the adventurers to join them for a picnic. They had sandwiches, hotdogs, pop and sweets. After everybody finished, the kids invited Jack and Jo Ann to join them on their adventure. As they were driving along, the kids and their team leader pointed out some interesting things to Jack and Jo Ann. In their travels, they explored the back lands of Indonesia and they saw all kinds of wild life and vegetation.

As they were driving through the jungle, they were talking and telling stories. Jack was telling the children about the life styles of Canada. The kids were very interested.

It was getting late and everyone had to get home. They dropped Jack and Jo Ann off at their campsite and the group of adventurers went on their way. Jack and Jo Ann stayed at their campsite for about an hour before they decided to leave.

Murray M. Morris
Sydney Day Class

Cape Breton – My Paradise

Lots of people complain but I think it is a beautiful place to live. We have four seasons. My favorite ones are spring and summer. In the spring flowers start blooming, grass gets greener, and love is in the air. In the summer you can go camping in Catalone. We make camp-fires and tell stories at them, it is fun to sit around with your family at the camp-fire. We also go to the beaches and sit under the trees. The people you meet at the parks and on the streets are very friendly. So if you take a vacation this is the place you should be.

Rose Murphy
Glace Bay Day

Christopher Reeves' Accident and How I Felt About It

When the accident happened while Christopher Reeve was horseback riding on May of 1995 it was very tragic because to me he is a wonderful actor and director. His accident bothered me a lot when I read up on it especially when I read up on how it happened. When he fell on his head and fractured his upper vertebrae it really got me interested even more. Especially the fact that he may never walk again hurt me enough to want to know more on what happened.

He inspired a lot of people especially his fans and especially me. I felt upset, hurt and it bothered me a lot. I would like to be there to help him out as much as I can but of course that would be impossible where I live on Cape Breton Island and he lives in New York City. So of course it would be kind of hard to be there. He will never forget about what happened and neither will I because he taught me how great life can be and if you can jump at the chance to do something that you are interested in do it don't think just do.

If I had the money for the Christopher Reeves Foundation I sure would send him the money just to help out. I want to try and help but it is sometimes impossible because some people just don't want the help. If I was in his position I would certainly like the help if I needed it. But I am happy to hear that he is starting to get feeling in his whole body because if he can push himself to be able to walk again so can a whole lot of other disabled people. Although they were told that they might never walk again than just maybe if they were to really try they can accomplish anything when they put their mind to it. But thank God it wasn't me because I sure wouldn't like to depend on other people to take care of me because I am too independent on myself to do the things that I love to do best.

By: Jan Christene Eddy

My Pet Cat

I have a pet cat by the name of Taffy.
She is a good little cat.
She eats and sleeps all the time.
She wasn't outside of the house since we had the snowstorms.
She gets crazy when there is a storm coming.

Ron Mac Pherson

The Fire

The morning of December 18th, we got a phone call. Shauna called us to tell us about the big fire! We were surprised to hear our school had burned. Along with the Co-Operators Insurance Company on Commercial Street, our class, the Northside Day Class, burned. Someone set our classroom on fire. The police told us that it was arson.

We had many reactions about the fire. We were very shocked! The fire chief had given a speech about fire safety the week before, and we were worried the Christmas tree had started it. We worried about many things, especially that our belongings had burned. Some of us had projects that we worked on for a long time that perished in the fire. We wondered if we would have school and where it would be. We didn't want to have an early vacation.

We are now temporarily set up in the North Sydney Fire Hall. We don't like the smaller classroom, but we're thankful for having a place for our class. We miss many things about our old site, especially the computers and the space. We don't have the convenience of going to the stores and banks at lunchtime; it's too long a walk. Having to walk further leaves less time for lunch. Also, there was less noise at the other site. We had two bathrooms, a radio and a small kitchen area. Now, we've been doing without them. It was more convenient because it was on the bus stop for a couple of the students. We're looking forward to going back to our old classroom, but we very much appreciate everything the fire department has done for us. Many thanks to the North Sydney Fire Department from the students and staff of the Northside Day Class for letting us use their space as a temporary site.

The Northside Day Class

Happiness

When I think of happiness, I think of it as being a basic need in a person's life. The reason I think this is because if you are happy, you are content with yourself. The feeling of happiness over comes all doubts and all odds and it enables you to cope better with some of the stresses that you have in your life. Happiness has a big impact on the people around you. I feel that if you are happy, you tend to influence happiness onto others and help them feel content also. I feel that you're a better person when you are happy because you feel good about yourself and you are more pleasant around others. When you make others feel good about themselves, it gives you some sort of comfort and you also feel happy with yourself.

Absence of happiness, I think results in depression. People who can't find happiness are sad, they feel down. Without happiness you would feel very tired, sick, and lonely most of the time. If you don't have happiness in your life, you pretty well don't have anything. You would feel like you were hiding in the dark. You could be haunted with coldness, sadness and misery. You would have little sense of security. You'd be overwhelmed with feelings of isolation and you would probably have a nervous breakdown. I strongly believe in what I am writing because I often feel this way. I know what being unhappy can do to a person. I don't know why I feel this way. I would love to find the courage to overcome this so I can feel differently.

Happiness is a big part of life, in my opinion. Without happiness, it's almost as though you don't have a soul, happiness is warmth and it's love. Without it everything just goes down the drain. You feel like no one cares because all you have is a lot of negativity and even when you try to be happy, it feels like no one ever notices. All they care about is their problems and it brings you down. This is what I said before happiness influences the people around you. If exploited to negativity, you can't help but to feel unhappy. I've gone for help different times for this. Sometimes it helped me but then I'd go back to my old ways. I've realized that in order to be happy, you need people who have positive attitudes around you. You have to have people who care about you and also whom you care about.

Happiness is found within. I find happiness every time that I help people. I feel good about myself just by knowing that I did a good deed. You can find happiness in a lot of things, big or small. Talking with family and friends who love and care about you, brings happiness. Having a pet and children to take care of brings happiness. Happiness is also found in prayer. You have to have God in your life and mostly in your heart, if you are a believer of Him. Without Him in my life I would lose my way. God makes me happy because I know that I can always count on Him for guidance and for courage.

Written By: Margaret Hall

Mother

M is for the million things she gave me

O means she is growing old

T is for the tears she shed

H is for her heart of purest gold

E is for her eyes with love light shining

R means right and right she'll always be

Put them all together thy spell MOTHER, a word that means the world to me.

Lucy Gouthro

Poverty

The definition of poverty is the condition of being poor or needy. It is the condition of not having enough income to maintain a standard of living regarded as normal in a community. When people are living in poverty people do not have enough money to buy the necessities, for example, being able to pay rent, phone bills, hydro and food. Therefore, those in need can become depressed and can end up committing suicide. These things lead up to being homeless. Homelessness can lead to pre-mature death due to lack of health care and starvation due to not having enough money.

Poverty can be caused by loss of a job or income, and could lead into lack of education to get a better job. This may cause anger. Then many people could end up stealing or gambling, thinking that they are going to win some money, which will probably put them further into debt.

They could lose a member of their family due to illness or disease. This could cause feelings of anger and turn them to drugs and alcohol. This could put them more in debt than when they first started which could lead them to their death.

Poverty can affect people in many different ways, some of which can be very cruel. It can bring on a worry that leads to anger; anger and stress leads to high blood pressure and other illnesses. They may turn to crime so they can buy drugs and alcohol and they can forget their problems. This will only continue the pattern.

There is no escape and you begin to feel that you are trapped. This can have a very harmful effect on children. It is hard to tell a child there is no food. The stress of that feeling can lead to suicide or death.

There are many ways to improve the situation of those who live in poverty. If our government would lower the cost of tuition fees many people would be able to further their education, therefore resulting in ways for people to get jobs.

Our government should work with the people and then maybe less people would suffer from poverty. If there were more jobs and a higher minimum wage, it would benefit more people. Government agencies and local businesses need to take an interest in employing people who need the work most. When you accept it for what it is, maybe then you can go ahead and help people who are in need. Some things

that may help are old buildings that are about to be torn down. These buildings can be converted into shelters for the less fortunate. This is not to say that the government does nothing, they do more than we may understand, but we only seem to see and hear about the things that they do not do.

Things cannot be accomplished overnight. We need to work with the government to find a solution. Everyone needs to have a voice and a place where we can say what we feel. We also need someone who will listen to our concerns.

Some incentive programs for people could be job training, workshops to prepare people to enter the workforce, or even computer training to further education and so on. The solutions that we talked about here are only a few options for people. Even though they are good ideas, unfortunately there may always be people who live in poverty.

A solution is long overdue.

By the Sydney Evening Class
Cape Breton Literacy Network

Nightmare on Christmas Eve

It was Christmas Eve when Rudolf wanted to go for a walk on the beach. When Rudolf got to the beach, he saw a small child. He walked up to the child and said, "Hello!"

The child said, "Hello!" back.

Rudolf realized that they were both stuck in the sand. How will they ever make it home for Christmas morning? Rudolf was trying to calm the child down, but the small child was crying. Then things got a little worse when Rudolf saw the tide was rising.

Santa was at the North Pole worried about Rudolf. Santa was already a couple of hours behind schedule. Santa and the other eight reindeer went out looking for Rudolf.

Back at the beach, crabs were attacking Rudolf and the small child. From a distance, Santa saw Rudolf's nose shining bright red. Santa pulled them both out of the sand.

Rudolf found a new friend. The small child went with Rudolf and Santa to deliver all the presents to the kids.

Written by: Sheryl MacLeod

Happy and Full of Fun

I am happy and full of fun.
I wonder if I will ever get to fly around the world.
I hear the sound of the plane taking off.
I see all different places flying around the world.
I want to live in New York.
I am happy and full of fun.

I pretend to sing at karaoke.
I feel the wind rush by me.
I touch the CN Tower.
I worry about my children.
I cry when something is bothering me
I am happy and full of fun.

I understand that the Health Care is poor.
I say I did fly around the world.
I dream about having every thing I want.
I try to learn what I can in school.
I hope to get a job.
I am happy and full of fun.

Maggie Hall
Glace Bay Day

The Cross Dog

One day I had walked down the sidewalk. I came across a mean dog. I walked by an old abandoned house where I think the dog lives. He came out of nowhere chasing me down the street. I screamed out loud for someone to help me because I was scared of the mean dog. The dog had grabbed me by my pants and bit me. I kicked him off of my leg and he left running down the street. I started to cry. I was scared of the mean dog.

I could not find the people who owned the dog. I went door to door to see if anyone knew the dog and they all said no because the dog runs from house to house. No one knows who owns him. I had called the S.P.C.A. and told them that I had come across a mean dog. So I had no other choice but to call the S.P.C.A. to come and get the mean dog from the neighbor before he gets someone else and hurts them.

I think if the S.P.C.A. could find the dog a nice home, the dog would be nice to other people.

By
Wanda Coles

The Old Days

Life was much simpler in the old days. There was more cooking in the old days, because there was no power. I liked to cook over the hot fire at the beach. There are more people hunting today, but there are too many people in the woods. My father went fishing in the evening. People did more gardening and growing their own food. We wore cheaper but better clothes. People seemed to get along with each other and shared more of their things. After a full day's work, there was still enough time to read briefly before retiring for the night.

Karen James, Rose Murphy, Gail Simmons, Debbie Milley
Glance Bay Day Class

Collecting Stuff

I collect CD's and porcelain dolls. I don't know how many CD's I have. I have 10 porcelain dolls now and still get them. I think that they are so neat. I also collect pens and pencils I have a lot of pens and pencils. I would like to collect movies but they are so much money and I can't afford it.

By Pamela Fortune
New Waterford Day Class

MY CATS

I have two cats. One named Smokey, and a kitten named Bacon. They are both gray and white. One is short-haired and one is Angora. They are beautiful cats. Bacon likes to fight and play with Smokey, but Smokey doesn't like it because hi is getting too old.

We found Bacon on the streets and decided to take her home because Smokey was lonely. We had another cat named Mittens but she ran away and ever since then Smokey was sad. When Bacon came home, Smokey was surprised to see another cat that wasn't Mittens. They didn't get along very well at first, but now they are really close.

We got Smokey a couple years ago from my nephew, and Smokey was really scared. Sometimes they groom each other, and Smokey acts like a father figure for Bacon. They sleep all day, but they are up playing all night. They wrestle and chase each other up and down the stairs until they get tired out. I really love my cats and they will always keep me company.

Alana Boutilier

Sydney Day

Coaching: helping Kids Have Fun Playing Hockey

One thing that I am very proud of was something I did for a group of kids. At the time, I was coaching hockey, which I have done for fifteen years. Sometimes kids need more help than others in their personal lives which comes through out on the ice. I noticed these kids and I gave them the extra care and respect that I felt they needed. They weren't treated any better than the next kid, I was just there to understand them and listen. I never yelled at them if they made a mistake, I would just ask them if they learned from it. I don't feel that laying into a kid in front of everyone will help them at all, it just makes them feel awful. It's only a game, win or lose, so I tried to get them to enjoy it. I could see they were playing with all their hearts as a team. It felt great to see kids that wouldn't normally get some ice time, getting a chance. Some people thought I was crazy but in the end everyone congratulated us and I have a beautiful plaque to remember it by.

By: Barsley Bonnar

A Police Officer on Christmas Eve

I am a female police officer on duty on Christmas Eve. It is one of the hardest shifts that I have put in. There are a few good things that happen like finding a lost child and giving it back to its mother or helping a little old lady with her bags of food.

All of our calls are not always good. It is dangerous going out on family domestic dispute calls. A man gets drunk and beats his wife and child. I was one of the officers called to a domestic dispute in the early part of Christmas Eve. When I got there I saw a lady with blood on her face. She was holding a baby in her arms. The baby was crying, there was blood on his head and face. They were taken to the hospital where they were treated and sent home. It broke my heart to see her and the baby go back to him. But things happen that you cannot control.

The next call was even worse. There was a bad fire and there were two kids inside. You could hear the kids crying for help. The house was engulfed, no one could get to them. It made me sick to know that I could not do anything to help. It will stay with me for a long time.

As if the night was not bad enough, I got called to a bad car crash. A mother and her three children were badly hurt. One of the children was trapped inside of the car in a car seat; one was thrown out of the car and broke both of his legs. The mother died at the scene. Only one of the children got away without any cuts or bruises. I had the job to go and tell her husband that she had died and that two of his children were badly hurt. He was lucky that one of the kids was not hurt.

This is the longest shift I ever have had to put in. There is only one hour left. Please let it be a quiet one. All of the things that I have seen tonight I see all year long. It's harder on Christmas Eve.

My shift is now over and I have to go home and pretend to my own kids that things are all right so I don't ruin their Christmas. I hope I am not working next Christmas Eve.

Written by: Helen MacLeod

Collecting

I like to collect stickers and CD's. I have been collecting for years. I like country and pop CD's and tapes. My favorite singers are Nellie and Patsy Cline. I have been listening to music and singing along since I was a little girl. I would like to sing for other people on stage someday. I think that would be interesting and exciting.

Anne Marie Power
New Waterford Day Class

I am Good with Dogs and Cars

I am good with dogs and cars.
I wonder if I will ever see my mother again.
I hear my mother talking to me.
I see my mother all the time.
I want to be with my mother.
I am good with dogs and cars.

I pretend to talk to my mother.
I feel upset over my mom's passing away.
I touch her picture.
I worry about never seeing her again.
I cry when I look at her picture.
I am good with dogs and cars.

I understand that my mother is no longer suffering.
I say I wish I were there with her.
I dream that I am with her.
I try to forget about it.
I hope to see her soon.
I am good with dogs and cars.

Brian W. Spinney
Glance Bay Day Class

An Unusual School Day

It was obviously going to be an unusual day when the teacher came into the room and said, "Well hello class, I hope that you all had a good Christmas and a Happy New Year. We are going to start the school year off differently. What do you all think about going bowling this morning and then we will all go for a nice dinner at the Casino?"

We all looked at each other and asked who was paying for this? The teacher said, "The school!"

Someone asked, "Is it for the whole school?" She said no that it was just for our class and the reason that they were doing this was because our class was the top class for best attendance so far. We all agreed to go.

Dianne, our teacher said that they had a mini van to pick us up at ten o'clock. The van came and we were off. We went to the bowling allies. We had a great time at bowling. Then after we were finished bowling we went to the Casino. We had a beautiful dinner we could order what we wanted to. We all ate and enjoyed our time together. When everyone was through we thought that we were going back to the school. But, the teacher came and said, "This way with me, please." We followed her.

She went to the cashier booth. She got change there and she said to us, "Here is twenty-five dollars each to play the quarter machines. If by chance anyone of us wins we will split it among us. "Agreed?" she asked. We all said yes that would be good. So off we went to play.

There were eight of us. We all stayed close to each other while we played. We were having a good time playing the machines, talking and laughing when all of a sudden a machine started to ring. It was Dianne's machine. She won a thousand dollars. We were all happy for her. She was shocked.

Paul and Robert were playing just across from us and what do you think happened? Their machines started to ring! They both won tow hundred and fifty dollars each. Then we heard Sheryl scream, "I won, I won!" It was the ten thousand dollar jackpot she had won.

Dianne said, "let's cash in and go and sit for awhile and have a drink of something before one of you passes out." So we all went and sat down and had a drink and we all calmed down. When we finished our drink Dianne said, "We better leave and go back to the school."

We started to leave when Helen said, "Please let us finish playing our money we have left. I have five dollars left to play with." Then I said, "I have some left to, so do John and Liz."

Dianne said, "Okay." So we went and started to play again. We were playing for a little while when I was finished and I just started to watch Helen play.

She said, "I will soon be finished too, I only have ten quarters left." She was playing when the bells started to ring. "Oh my God!" I said. "You won the big one Helen!"

"What?" she screamed.

"You won the big one! The fifty thousand dollar jackpot, Helen!"

"Oh my! Oh my!" she said. She started to get weak.

I said "Sit down." She was so shaky. We all sat down by her. I think that we were all in shock for a minute.

Dianne said "Helen are you okay?"

"Yes I am. How about the rest of you?" Helen answered.

"Okay!" we all said.

Dianne said, "Stay right here and I will go and get the money for us." When she came back she said, "Let's go!"

We left and went back to school. We went back into our classroom and just flopped down in our seats. We just couldn't believe what had happened. Dianne said, "There are eight of us and we won a total of sixty-one thousand, five hundred and twenty-five dollars each."

This was a very big day. It would have been really a great day if it would have been true. Ha! Ha!

Written By: Margaret Hall

RUM RUNNING

In the 1920's prohibition was put into place. Prohibition is when it is forbidden to sell or make alcohol. This is when rum running became the most popular. A rumrunner was a person or ship that engaged in bringing prohibited liquor ashore or across a border. During this time rum was the most common liquor that was smuggled, this is where rum running received its name.

Since the southwest corner of Nova Scotia is so close to the United States, this became a favorite shipment point for rum running. Due to all the rum running in this area several struggling fishermen would become rumrunners to feed their families.

In 1926, the boat builders in Nova Scotia had gone as far as to design new boats for rum running. The new rumrunners were made long and low in the water. When a boat was low in the water it meant that it was loaded with cargo. They were usually painted gray, so it would be harder for the U. S. authorities to see them. The boats were wooden and had low deckhouses. The average length of a rumrunner was around 31.5 meters long.

Rum running was a very dangerous line of work. Many people lost their lives over it but they had no other way of feeding their families. In one night's run to the offshore wholesalers could put more money in a fisherman's pocket than a month of long lining.

By Liz Warner

What is the definition of "Love?"

The definition of love to me is...

- Someone you can't live without.
- The feeling you have when you meet someone for the first time.
- The love of your life, your "soul mate."
- Love is when the doctor passes your baby into your arms and you see yourself and your husband in the baby's face.
- It's a warm and wonderful feeling of peace that everything is right in the world.

By a loving and caring mother and wife.

Hilda Demers

New Waterford Day Class

I AM

I am a man looking for answers.
I wonder why people do what they do.
I hear fear in the world.
I see people changing.
I want peace in the world.
I am a man looking for answers.

I pretend things are okay.
I feel the weight of the world on me
I touch fear.
I worry where the world is going.
I cry when people cry.
I am a man looking for answers.

I understand who I am.
I say what I believe.
I dream of peace.
I try to make a difference.
I hope we can make a difference.
I am a man looking for answers.

John Lawrence

Someone Special

I think my father, Gervaise Fortune, deserves an award. We are a family of nine children. My father worked very hard to support his family. In 1969 my father was injured in an accident at work in Port Hawkesbury. He fell from a tower and broke many bones. Later he had to have one leg amputated below the knee. Before that he lost two fingers on one hand and three on the other in a mining accident. In spite of all his problems, my father still helps his friends and family. He helps people with filling out applications and other papers for Canada Pension & seniors' housing. He has been a coach for little league baseball and boxing. He is a member of the Fish and Game Association. He is a member of the Army, Navy, Air Force Unit 217. He has always done things for other people and is involved in his community. My father is now 74 and still takes time to help other people. He did not let a disability stop him from living a full life. I am very proud of him and that is why I think he deserves a medal.

Frances Fortune

Male Bonding

"Hey little man, what are you thinking about?" the father asked his 3-month-old son. The little baby gazes lovingly at his father, "What is he saying?" the father tells his young son what they plan to do in the future. "Do you like to learn to fish?" the baby gurgles, "WHAT!" the dad goes on, "As soon as you are able to walk and hold a fishing rod, I'll take you out fishing."

Five years have passed, every Sunday they go out fishing, talking about whatever may pop up. The little boy who is 5 years old pipes up and says dad, "I think we caught GOOGOL."

Fifteen years has passed and the little boy has grown up to be a dad at 20. His first son is born, and he is lovingly holding his son. His grandfather walks in and sees the bond between son and grandson. He smiles and he tells his son, "While you were little I used to tell you about what we would do in the future, especially our fishing trips."

The young father smiles and gives a kiss to his brand new son. Then he tells his dad, lovingly, "I was just reminiscing about our trips to the lake. When my boy gets older do you want to continue the fishing trips?"

Michelle Roach

The Mysterious Haunted House

It was a dark and stormy night when my friends, Kevin, Sara, Karen, and Mike got lost. They wanted to take a short cut to get home faster. Their car suddenly broke down in the middle of nowhere. They got out of the car and started walking. They saw a great big house that they thought might have a phone. They went up to the house and the door crept open. They went in and yelled, "HELLO" "HELLO" no one answered. They could hear people walking upstairs but they thought it was the wind. They started to walk upstairs. They could hear kids crying. They went back downstairs. They saw a knife on the table in the kitchen that had blood on it. They all freaked out but they couldn't leave because they had no car. They were a long way from home. They decided they had no choice but to sleep there till morning. Sara had a strange feeling that somebody was watching her she turned around and she saw the bloody knife in mid air. Then she heard a voice say "LEAVE MY HOUSE!!! LEAVE MY HOUSE!!!" Morning was a couple of hours away. They all waited together till morning came. Well morning finally came. They went to the car. The car mysteriously started to work. They went back to town. They found everything that happened was strange. Mike looked on the Internet to see if he could find anything about the house. He found out the whole family was killed. It said the house was torn down 20 years ago right after the murders happened. They will never take a short cut again.

Written by
Sheryl MacLeod

Lost in Toronto

The time when I was really scared was my first time in Toronto. I went to go to see about a job and got on the subway train. I got off at the wrong stop and walked around to find the way to my job. I found out I was going in the wrong direction. I was to go East but I was going West. What a feeling I had. I was going around in circles. I had no money and didn't know anybody, so I started walking East until I found my way back home. It took me four hours to get home. I lived on Dundas East and I was in High Park, in the West end of Toronto. I was so happy to find my way home. The next time I went to work I counted the stops on the subway and found my job and never got lost again.

Chesley Clarke

Did someone say cat!

Well, I have a cat that I love to death. His name is Baby. He is a pure white, fluffy cat that is very soiled, and if you mention the word cat, I can go on and on...about my cat and I won't shut up!

But since someone did I will describe his daily routine. He comes home meowing about 6 or 7 am in the morning, after being out all night and getting his butt kicked. Poor cat, I don't think he's a fighter. And then he goes to sleep all day for his next adventure out again. Then between 8 and 10pm, my cat wakes up all refreshed and purring for attention so I call him over. He jumps on my lap, but between you and me, I think he only uses me for my shirt, cause he's always trying to nurse on my shirt, cause when I cover myself up right to the neck with a blanket he gets upset and snubs me. Then he starts meowing like he's dying. I run to see what the problem is. It's just him screaming by the bathroom to get the water tap turned on so he can drink. Then he starts up again so I can rush to the kitchen to make sure he's got food or sometimes he just wants me to turn the lights on so he can eat. Then when I'm all-comfortable in bed he starts meowing again he doesn't like to be ignored so he'll screech with everything he's got just to get me up! Just so I can open the door for him so he can go out all night again.

Tracey Poulette
Sydney Day

My Opinion on the War

My topic is going to be on the war. If the U.S. goes to war on Iraq there is a lot of people going to be hurt. They should try to resolve their differences by talking and not going to war. They should look at their options first and think what they can do. The United Nations should step in and say something and do something instead of doing nothing before Iraq fires its missiles at the U.S. or the U.S. fires its missiles at Iraq. Like Great Britain wants to go to war with Iraq, but they should consider all their options before they do anything.

Wayne LeDrew

The Merchant of Venice

The story is about money lending and the price you pay when you borrow money. The name of the book was "The Merchant of Venice" written by William Shakespeare.

The story took place in Venice, Italy. Antonio borrowed money from Shylock, the greedy moneylender, for his friend Bassanio so he could get some clothes to marry a rich woman. Antonio's ships got lost at sea and Antonio didn't have the money to pay debt with Shylock. Shylock wanted to take one pound of Antonio's flesh for the payment. Bassanio went to Venice and offered Shylock three times the amount that was needed for the debt but Shylock wouldn't accept this. He wanted one pound of Antonio's flesh. Portia went to Venice to try to save her husband's friend by being Antonio's lawyer. She was able to stop Shylock with two loopholes in the bond, which were that he could take one pound of flesh but he couldn't shed one drop of blood and it had to be exactly one pound of flesh. Antonio was freed and Shylock lost his money because he tried to kill Antonio. Shylock's lands and possessions went half to the court and half went to his daughter.

I liked this book a lot because it was intriguing and kept me wanting to read more.

Written by: Ronald MacKenzie

Shoppers Out to Munch

My friend Susan had quite an experience last week. She learned a lesson that she hopes others would benefit from. She had taken her daughter Wanda to the grocery store to do a bit of shopping. Wanda sat in the grocery cart while Susan pushed it around. Wanda started fussing. She peeled a banana and gave it to her daughter. Susan was also feeling a bit hungry and grabbed a few grapes for herself.

Susan needed some bulk food items so she headed to that section. Wanda wanted Gummi Bears, so Susan filled a bag and put them in the cart. But Wanda wanted them "NOW"! Susan opened the bag thinking it was all right to give her a few. They continued to shop both helping themselves to Gummi Bears as they went. By the time they hit the coffee section, Susan realized the bag was empty. She hid the empty bag behind a coffee can on the shelf.

At the end of the aisle, there was a display of Beanie Babies. Wanda demanded to have one. Susan knew she did not have enough money to buy it but felt there was no harm in letting Wanda play with one until they finished shopping.

In the snack aisle where the goodies are, Wanda wanted something to drink. Susan opened a juice box for her daughter and a can of pop for herself. As Wanda was going to take a drink, she accidentally dumped her juice box on the floor. Susan kicked it to the side of the aisle knowing that a store employee would eventually clean it up.

When they finished shopping they lined up at the checkout counter. Susan paid for her groceries as well as the can of pop she had drank. They headed out to the parking lot towards their car. Suddenly, Susan felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned to see a uniformed security officer who informed her to come with him. She was confused and embarrassed. She didn't know what he wanted and she noticed people staring. She nervously went with him.

In the office, the store manager and the guard explained to her that she had been watched while she shopped. They had seen her give her daughter a stuffed toy along with several food items that were not paid for. She was stunned when she remembered the toy. She explained that she had forgotten

to return it to the display and that she had not intention of stealing it. She had only wanted to keep her daughter occupied until they finished shopping. The manager and security guard believed she was telling the truth.

They gave her a warning about the other food items which Wanda and her had eaten. They explained how it is stealing to take or eat what you have not paid for. She sincerely apologized and promised never to do it again. That was a day she would never forget. She would make sure she paid for everything in the future.

Class of Big Bras d'Or

MOTHERS

I think an award should be given to mothers. A mother gives birth to you. She never leaves you no matter what you do. She is always there for you. She is always there when you need her. She does more than she can handle for you. She even does without to please you. Mothers are special and should be appreciated in a special way so she will realize that she is loved as much as she love you.

Yves Demers

New Waterford Day Class

What Is An Adult Learner

An adult learner is someone who realizes that he or she must return to school to make a better life for themselves. We are adult learners of the Cape Breton Literacy network. We are people that are trying to strengthen our survival tactics. We are parents, partners, brothers, and sisters, grandparents and friends. We have many roles to play. We all have outside pressure and influences. Some of us have learning disabilities. We all gather together because of one common goal, to improve our education.

We are becoming more confident individuals. We have better attitudes towards our lives, others, and ourselves. We are making our lives more comfortable. We are learning to overcome obstacles in our paths. We have become role models for our children and our families. We are more aware of our strengths and our abilities. We now realize that it is not necessary to be good at everything and to ask for help when it is needed.

We recommend anyone who has problems with reading, writing or math to come to the Cape Breton Literacy Network and give upgrading a try. You will rediscover skills that you forgot that you had. Sometimes each of us is a follower; sometimes each of us is a learner. Remember the importance of exploring your goals. Live them!

Sydney Day Class

Room 3

In The Trench

I run through the fields,
And hide in the trenches below.
Bodies are dying all around me,
With the look of terror on their face.
Burned into my eyes for all my days,
Everything is in slow motion,
While waiting for the enemy.
Oh God, you will never know,
How desperate and alone we really were.

The images photographed my brain,
While the memories never fade.
Darkness comes quickly,
As the angels come to see me.
My soul is getting tighter,
And my body gets lighter.
When I look from the trenches above,
Oh God, what have we done.

Written By: Sherri Fougere

Biography of John Griffith London

Jack London's full name was John Griffith London. He was born in San Francisco on January 12th 1876. His parents were not married. His mother's name was Flora Wellman. His father, William Change, was a journalist and lawyer. His mother was ill. An ex-slave, Virginia Prentiss, raised Jake through childhood. In 1876 Flora married John London. The family moved around the bay area before settling in Oakland.

He worked at various hard labor jobs. He pirated for oysters on the San Francisco Bay. Jack also worked on a fish patrol to catch poachers. He sailed the pacific on a sealing ship and joined Kelly's Army of unemployed workingmen. He hoboed around the country, and returned to become a writer to escape from life as a factory worker. Jack began submitting stories, jokes, and poems mostly without success. During the winter of 1897 Jack was in the Yukon during the gold rush. This experience provided for his first stories which he began publishing in 1899.

Jack London was a highly disciplined writer. He produced over fifty volumes of stories, novels and political essays. The 'Call of the Wild' in 1903 brought him lasting fame. London's long voyage (1907-09) across the pacific in a small boat provided material for books and stories about Polynesian and Melanesian cultures. He was instrumental in breaking the taboo over leprosy and popularizing Hawaii as a tourist spot. He was one of the first writers to work with the movie industry, and saw a number of his novels turned into American movies.

Jack London was one of the first celebrities to use his name for commercial product in advertising, including dress suits and grape juice. London had a great passion for farming. He introduced to California things he saw in Japan, such as terracing. He was accomplished in animal husbandry. He was far ahead of his time by making the ranch self-sufficient and self-regenerating.

London's first marriage was in 1900 to Bess Maddern. They had two daughters, Joan and Bess. He believed that mates should be selected for good breeding, not love. Bess, His wife agreed. He was married for the second time in 1905 to Charmin Kittredge. He called her his "Mate Woman". He encouraged her writing career. She wrote three books about their life.

During his thirties London developed Kidney disease. He died of renal failure on November 22, 1916 on the ranch. After Jack's death many people believed that he had committed suicide. This is a myth. He was an alcoholic who died of natural causes.

He left over fifty books of novels, stories, journalism, and essays, many of which have been translated and continue to be read around the world today.

Written by: John Lawrence

I AM

I am a father of one boy.
I wonder why people do the things they do.
I hear somebody calling my name.
I see lots of people around me.
I want to stop worrying.
I am a father of one boy.

I pretend that life is good.
I feel that life is great.
I touch the wind.
I worry about other people sometimes.
I cry when I am hurt all the time.
I am a father of one boy.

I understand that we will all go to a better place sometime in the world.
I say I am a good father.
I dream of having a career sometime in my life.
I try to do my best every time.
I hope things will be better some day.
I am a father of one boy.

John Spencer
Glace Bay Day Class

Mike Bossy

My favorite hockey player is Mike Bossy. He played for the New York Islanders. He wore number 22 on his jersey. Mike was born on January 22, 1957 in Montreal Quebec. He is married and has two children. In the year of 1972-73 season at the age of 13 he played for the QMJHL hockey team. He continued to play until 1977-78 season. He then played for the Islanders and he was the rookie of the year with 53 goals, 38 assists for a total of 91 points. He was the first Islander to score 500 goals and 1000 points. He was awarded the Conn Smythe Trophy in 1982. In international competition Bossy represented Team Canada at the 1981 and 1984 tournaments. Enshrinement in Hockey's Hall of Fame in 1991 immortalizes him. He shoots right wing. He scored 573 goals, 553 assists and 1,126 points only in 10 seasons. He is six feet tall and weighs 186 pounds. He retired in the year of 1990 with a back injury with the Islanders. They won four Stanley Cups during the 1980, 1981, 1982, and 1983 seasons.

Mike Bossy is my favorite hockey player because he is a Canadian player. I looked up to him when I was younger. He was a very able hockey player and performed well on the ice.

Robert Burke

Opposites Attract

Sometimes you find love in the strangest places. Like the time I took my vacation in Barbados. I had 10 days in that warm and sunny climate. I never expected that it would change my life.

I arrived at the dock at 4:45 p.m. I was early, excited, free, and on vacation. I was headed to a remote island resort where I would forget about my hectic life as a lawyer back home, and enjoy being relaxed and moving at a slower pace. But at 5:15 p.m. there was still no sign of my boat and driver. I was becoming hot, sticky and irritated at the delay. Finally, a boat pulled up to the dock. It was 5:45 p.m.

"Eh, how are you?" the darkly tanned boat driver asked me.

"Eh, sorry I am a little behind. I ran into a friend," he added as if it should be no big deal.

"Eh, by the way, my name is Nate, and I am at your service!" he extended, his hand to shake.

"Eh, I made a booking for 5:00 p.m., not 6:00 p.m., and I expected you to be here!" I snapped at him and avoided his hand.

He was tall, muscular and had a rugged look. Not at all what I was used to at the courthouse. He apologized and helped me lift my bags onto the boat.

"Eh, hurry up! Lets go! I am already late!" I snapped at him again.

He quickly untied the boat and off we went. I stripped down to my bathing suit, making myself comfortable and hoping to catch a few rays on the ride out. As I turned my back to Nate in order to avoid further conversation, I noticed a dark sky closing in.

"Eh, hey Nate, is that normal?" I asked, pointing at the horizon.

"Eh, Yikes!" he responded.

"Eh, I guess I should have taken the time to look at the weather forecast before leaving the dock."

The sky was getting darker, the wind stronger and the waves larger. He said that we should try to get to the closest island and he increased the speed of the boat. The waves were huge and hitting the boat from every direction. The storm was upon us. I was starting to feel frantic. I glanced over and there was Nate lying on the floor of the boat with blood coming from his head.

Before I could do anything, a huge wave capsized the boat. I struggled to the surface and saw Nate face down floating in the water nearby. Everything came back to me from my days of lifeguarding. I instinctively grabbed him in a rescue hold and started to swim. The storm began to clear and I could see a small island close by. When I reached the island, I dragged him up on shore. I noticed he was

not breathing and immediately started to give him mouth to mouth. As I checked for a response, I noticed just how handsome he was.

Meanwhile, he regained consciousness, put his arms around me and gave me a kiss. I tried to push him away, but I was distracted by his passionate blue eyes and decided to keep kissing him.

The sun was starting to go down. He suggested we make ourselves comfortable for the night and that most likely we would be rescued by morning. We spent that night talking, getting to know each other, and sharing our hopes, dreams and desires. As we lay embraced in each other's arms, we drifted off to sleep. The next morning we were awakened by the sound of the boat coming to rescue us.

I didn't ever get to my resort destination but I quite happily spent the remainder of my vacation with Nate, sharing his life for a week. At the end of that week, we made the decision that he would return home with me to Canada. We are still living happily ever after.

Written by: North Sydney Evening Class

Natural Disasters
14 lives perished Feb. 1, 2003
Adults in the shuttle,
Young adults in an instant,
All lives in their prime.

Seven entering the atmosphere,
Seven on a snowy peak.
They took risks for grand adventure.

Our hearts mourned at the fatal
Devastation of lost lives.
They were all loved.
Some will never forget.

Sydney Day Class Room One

Wanda Coles, Michael Currie, Kim Dawson,
Jan Eddy, Sherri Fougere, Crystal Hann,
Greg MacNeil, Murray Morris, Michelle Roach

The Dark and Stormy Night

It was a rainy and foggy night. We couldn't see ten feet ahead of us. We were on the Louisbourg Highway. We were driving slowly. There was no traffic just us on the road. There were no houses, or streetlights in sight.

There was someone on the road. The man was wearing a red suit. He looked like a man dressed in a costume. We stopped to pick him up. There was no one there! We sat on the side of the road confused about what we thought we had seen. Was the man we saw real?

We believed that he was a ghost from the fortress. We thought he was a French soldier trying to find his way home. He may have been lost in the storm. We are now scared to drive the Louisbourg Highway on dark and stormy nights.

Written by: Elizabeth Dunphy

Believe in Yourself

Growing up life was very tough for me. I did not have a normal childhood. I was unable to go to school because the work was too hard for me to do. I stayed at home and helped my mother around the house. In 1999, I thought to myself, why don't I do something with my life? Why don't I get out and go back to school? So I did. Now I feel so good about myself. I have more confidence in myself. I am doing something with my life and I know that taking a chance can have its advantages. Now I know I can do the things I want to do with a bit of confidence. I am like the little engine that could, he said "I think I can." I know I can and that makes me feel so much better. I am happy with my life now and like the person that I have become.

Hilda Young

Respect

I'm writing this topic on a lovely person that I respect. The person that I respect very much is our instructor, Shauna Macmillan. I respect Shauna because she is a lovely person, and she is very caring. Shauna always has a positive attitude and when you think you can't do something, Shauna always points out the good things in you. So, I think that Shauna deserves nothing but the best, and with a kind, caring and gentle person like Shauna, how could you not respect her?

Julie Devoe

Missing

The most frightening experience in my life took place on an unforgettable night in August 1997. I had friends I frequently visited, who live in the woods off a highway. One weekend my son, Justin asked to stay over with my friends because they were all going to a parade the next day. Their daughter was runner up in a pageant and she was going to ride on one of the floats in the parade.

My friends all slept in late on the morning of the parade. When they finally met up for the parade, they realized in all the hustle and bustle of getting ready for the parade, they had forgotten to take my son with them. They also left their 14 year old son home. When they returned home that night around 9:30, the mother realized that Justin was not there. She called me and asked if I had come by and picked Justin up. I said "No, what's going on?" She replied, "Justin is missing!"

I was in shock and panic stricken at what I had just heard. I hung up the phone and ran out of my bedroom saying that Justin is missing. My boyfriend, brother, mother, and I , all got together and went to my friend's house where Justin was missing. When we arrived it was about 10:15 p.m. All of the family was just standing around in the driveway. I got out of the car and as loud as I could I screamed, "Did you find him."

They said, "No."

I screamed, "What are you waiting for?, help me find my son, call the police!"

With that, my brother went next door to a house where two young guys lived. They were about 20 or so. They said that they knew the woods and that they would help us.

Many things were running through my mind: Justin is allergic to bee stings, or did someone kidnap him, is he dead or hurt? My body was on the ground but my mind was only on finding my son. I asked my friend's son to take me to the old mine shaft that was located way back in the woods. Just a couple of days before, my friend's son had taken Justin and I there. I don't know where the thought came from, maybe it was a message from God! As we proceeded to run to the old mine shaft I saw something in front of me on a small pathway. It was my son! He was lying motionless with his T-shirt over his head. His face was turned away from me. I screamed with fear. My whole body was shaking. It seemed the faster I ran, the slower I went. I felt like I was in slow motion. I could hear my heart beating so

loud in my ears. It sounded like a huge bass drum. When I finally reached Justin, I thought he was dead. I grabbed him. He looked up at me and said "Mommy, I knew that you would find me."

He only had minor scratches from the tree branches and several fly bites. I picked him up and held him ever so tight and hugged and kissed him repeatedly. I was so glad he was alive. He was only a couple of feet away from the mine shaft.

On the way back we met my brother and the two young guys from next door. They asked me if Justin was all right. I said that he was so glad that his mommy had found him and that he was safe. We started back to the house and I could hear sirens from the police and the ambulance coming down the highway. The police had called in the search dogs and the search helicopter.

I asked Justin was he OK? He said, "Yes mommy, I'm OK, but why are you crying so much?"

I said, "Justin, mommy is so glad that you are all right."

Justin told me that he remembered me telling him if he was ever lost in the woods to stay in one spot and sit there until someone comes to find him and that is what he did. He further explained that the son that had stayed home went into the woods and Justin followed him but the son did not know that Justin had followed him. Justin said that he was wandering through the woods and had gotten lost and just laid there on the path because he knew I would come for him because God had told him so.

I knew deep inside that Justin was all right and that no one was ever taking him away from me again. Years later, Justin and I still have nightmares about that horrific night and to this day, I blame myself for what happened. When Justin brings up that night and wants to talk about it I tell him, in a nice way, that it upsets mommy too much and I tell him that I love him and that the nightmares will go away someday.

Angel Hurley
New Waterford Day Class

Should Marijuana Be Made Legal?

We had a discussion on whether or not marijuana should be made legal to buy and use. These are some of the reasons why we think it should be legal and why it should not be legal.

Yes

- For people who are sick or have cancer to control the pain and symptoms
- It is no worse than drinking alcohol (beer, wine or rum)
- It might lower the crime rate. People may commit less crimes to get drugs or money for drugs
- Doctors and researchers can use it in laboratories for experiments

No

- It can be an addictive drug
- Children may have more access or an easier time buying it
- Smoking it will set a bad example for your children
- It can slow your reaction time and have an effect on driving
- It can have a bad affect on your brain and behavior
- You may be able to get a similar drug in pill form from your doctor
- It may have second hand smoke like cigarettes

Even though there are many reasons why this drug should not be made legal, the majority of the class thought that it should be legal to use marijuana under a doctor's care.

New Waterford Day Class

My Parents

My mother was only thirty-seven years old when she passed away. She had breast cancer. My Mom was a very kind and loving person who would go out of her way to help others or to give things that someone else might need more than she did. She loved to work. To relax, she liked to play cards and darts, but with eight children, there was not much time to relax. I wish that Mom could have been with us a full lifetime. There were so many things she wanted to do and she had so much love to share with her children, her grandchildren and others.

My Mother and father were married at a young age. My father was a steel plant worker most of his life. He was well liked by his fellow workers, especially when he would cook them big meals. He loved to cook and always had great dishes ready for my boyfriend and me. He always looked forward to seeing the grandchildren and us. He would always have treats on hand for his grandkids.

Most of his friends called him Tab or Jim. He loved to travel around and talk to others. He really liked to go around the Cabot Trail to take in the scenery and to try a good meal along the way. He really enjoyed being at his granddaughter's wedding. He did not make it to any more weddings or things involving his grandchildren.

He looked forward to going on a fishing trip and he really prepared for it, but he left us before the season opened. Maybe he and Mom went fishing together!

In loving memory of James and Dorothy Mugridge

Whom we all love and miss.

Helen MacLeod

The Biography on Anne Murray

Anne Murray was born on June 20 in 1945 in Spring Hill Nova Scotia. She grew up with five brothers; she was the only daughter. Her parent's names were James Carson Murray And Marion Margaret Murray. Anne Murray enjoyed pop and folk music while she was in High School. In 1964, when she was in her second year at the University Of New Brunswick she received a degree in physical education. Before she became famous she was a physical education teacher for a short period of time. Shortly after her brief occupation she got married in the year of 1975 and then moved to Toronto. Anne Murray released her first album in 1968. In her hometown of Springhill there is an Anne Murray Center. The center is filled with her series of award winning displays. And it also features the high lights of her exciting career. Anne Murray contributes a lot to the life in Nova Scotia with her talent; she has come a long way with her life. Many people from around the world adore her especially Nova Scotians. The people from Nova Scotia that are well known with her are proud that she comes from Nova Scotia.

By Katherine Dominique

My Pet

My pet is Noodles.
She is a girl.
She is a dog.
She looks like a fox.
She is reddish brown.
She likes to play ball.
She likes to play with other dogs.
She likes to play with people too.
She is a playful dog.
She is spoiled by me.
She sleeps with me.
I like to be with her.

Valerie MacLennan

Friend

You are funny, reliable, intelligent, exciting, nice, dependable.

You are free-spirited, respectable, interesting, enjoyable, no boundaries, devoted.

Thank you for my Godchildren.

Thank you for the good advice.

Thank you for the meat you sent over.

Thank you for giving me the money to fly home.

Thank you for feeding my cats while I was away.

Thank you for babysitting and taking care of my girls.

Thank you for being there no matter what the circumstances.

Thank you for coming up right away when you heard I had to go to the hospital.

Thank you for being born and introduced into my life and for always being on call for me.

Thank you for being a true friend, through good times and bad, through all these years.

Submitted by the Sydney Day Class, Room Two

The Intelligence of Man

Early man was intelligent in his own way. The early man learned a lot by doing. I believe that early man was physically stronger. He worked harder than modern man to look after his family.

He had to make his own tools to hunt to feed and to cloth his family. He walked and ran miles to get around. Sometimes he did not get any food to eat that day but he would not give up because he needed food for his family to survive. He had to be determined to live.

Early man died at a young age because he had no medications. He also did not have any health care to help him when he got sick. He died from simple things like an infection from a scratch. Today modern man has health care and medication so they live longer.

Early man was stronger physically than modern man. He had to do everything by hand and had to fight just to survive. Everything that he did was a hard task and involved hard labour.

I think it would be hard to survive today without what we have learned from early man. Early man had no one to show him what to do or to give him any help. Early man was very intelligent because he survived a long time without things that modern man has today.

Paul Ginter

Feelings About Valentine's Day

There are some people who dislike Valentine's Day because they don't have anyone to be there for them. They feel like they are not special because they are not important enough to be a Valentine for someone. Some people don't have the things like we do from loved ones or someone to give things to them. Some people don't know what Valentine's Day is all about. They ask some questions about Valentine's Day.

Some people say it's love that God had for all of His people. God left love behind for people to share. People find special love. Those asking questions about love will find it someday. When they do find love they hope to be together for a very long time. They want to marry someday and have beautiful children together.

Love is a special feeling inside. Your heart tells you that this is the person for you. You should be able to trust the person that you love. This person could be your best friend and share everything that you have together. You should treat everyday like it is Valentine's and not just February 14th.

Written by: Elizabeth Dunphy

The Getaway

Every year there is a brothers' trip in Ontario. The trip is in August. My friends of 34 years, their sons meet on a Thursday and drive 2 hours to the lake.

Some of us didn't see each other for a year, so we stop and have a beer before loading the boats. When that is done, we load up and go across the lake. When we get there we unload, setup camp, put things in coolers or dry goods in boxes. Once that is done the games begin. We fish, drink, party, play volleyball, eat, and sleep. It is a very good 4 days being with your best friends. The sad part is you don't see them for another year.

BY GEORGE COLES

Sydney Day

My Life After

Sometimes I wonder where I would be if my Mother had not died two years ago. When my mother died I was going to college. I can even remember my first day. I was so scared that I would get lost or not fit in. She talked me through it, like always. She gave me the strength to stick it out. To this day, I still remember what she said to me when I called her from school. She told me that she was very proud of me and that she loved me. That is one of my best memories of my mother. It reminds me of how much she loved me and cared for me.

Just before my mother died, I found out that I was failing the course I was taking. It involved too much reading and writing for someone like me, who really struggles with reading and writing.

I spoke with my mother and decided to take a more hands on course that was somewhat in the same field that I wanted. The same day she died, I received my acceptance letter for the new program; but, needless to say I dropped out. I felt that I could not cope without my main source of support, my mother.

I started to hang out with a bad group of kids. I started getting into drugs and alcohol. For one year I lived in the basement doing absolutely nothing, but the odd babysitting job. The only problem I really had was that I felt sorry for myself, and all I could think about was that night when my mother died.

On Dec. 23 2000, Mom had just finished her Christmas shopping. My mother, father and myself went out for supper. Ironically, she had her favorite meal, which consisted of a piece of prime rib, that you might say was still mooing. Then we went to her good friend's pub for a Christmas Party where she had a really good time. She pounded back a few Singapore Slings, which was her favorite drink as well as mine.

I never ever in my life saw her as happy as she was that night. She was singing and laughing the night away, having drink after drink. I still remember telling her to slow down on the drinks. My exact words were, "Mom take it easy, you are not used to drinking. When you stand up it is going to hit you hard." Little did I know that I was right.

A little after three in the morning she got up and walked to the van with no problem. She didn't even use her cane. She got into the van. The last thing that I asked her was, "Which way is faster?" She told me to take Division Street home and to go slow because the roads were bad. Then within three or four blocks she was dead. I can remember that night like it was yesterday, the way her dead body looked next to me. She was so peaceful like she had no cares in the world, yet at the same time she looked like she had nowhere to go. It was the same look a puppy

without a home has, almost like she was scared but not for herself but for us. She used to always tell me that she was worried about what we would do without her, because she was the glue that held the family together. She was right. For the first year, all we did was fight. All I heard was, "what would your mother think of that!"

Well it's taken another year and now I can safely answer that question. I think she would have been upset to see me drop out of college especially if she thought it was because of her death, but I feel that she would be tickled pink to see me today, with a full time job then going to night school and then on top of that trying to get the TREE support group started up. If I can keep it up, she will even be that much more happy for me.

One thing that I will always have trouble with is the question of where would I be if she didn't die. Or what would I be doing?

By Liz Warner

A LONELY BOY

David is 17 years old and he has blondish hair and he wears glasses. I shall say he is extremely addicted to video games. He should get away from it and go out and meet new friends. That would be better for him and he could get a job or volunteer to take his mind off video games. And yes, he can still play video games but he should cut down. He could go to the library to get on the Internet to meet someone. They could go to dances, bowling, play darts etc. and maybe find each other a job. And they could get married.

Written by: Kevin Coones
Reading Circle

Africville

Africville, the devastating story of a Black Settlement in Halifax.

When we think of Nova Scotia and the Maritimes, we think of the salt sea air and the fisherman. When we think of Canadian Black History we think of the Underground Railroad and the people like Harriet Tubman who assisted slaves escaping from the United States.

The textbooks that teach us about slavery and the history of Blacks in Canada during elementary school rarely, if ever, mention one of the most important stories in Canadian Black History: Africville.

It was a small settlement in the north end of what is now Halifax. It was officially founded in the 1840s. The residents of Africville had no say in what happened with their community. The city built around the community borders: a prison, night soil disposal pits, an Infectious Disease Hospital, and a dump and an incinerator. Because of this Africville lacked sewage, water, and lights. They were heart bound citizens, striving to survive.

In the 1960s Halifax began post-war renewal projects to clean up the city and wanted to clear out the area where Africville stood. The government officials offered the residents of Africville better homes, jobs, and economic opportunities in turn for tearing down their homes; the residents resisted, but having no rights, the city went through with it anyway. Many of the citizens were shipped off to slum housing. And they were given less than \$500.00 compensation.

Bulldozers were sent in to level the community; not only the houses, stores, businesses but also even the church. But they also took their livelihoods. The site where Africville used to stand is now an underused park. It was a strong little city that survived hundreds of years of neglect and turmoil.

The surviving citizens now put forth all their efforts to recover the history of the community and its amazing spirit.

Debbie Donovan

My best friends

I have two very close best friends, Patricia is like a sister to me, and we talk about everything and anything. When my mother got really sick three years ago, she was there for my daughter and me. She seen me cry, be mad, and really argue at anything, but she stuck to me like glue on a stick. She lived in Cheticamp and she said she wouldn't leave Cheticamp and move to Sydney, Well guess what? She has been living for a year in the same building as me. We are the best of friends. I don't think I will ever find anyone like her.

My other best friend is my boyfriend Real. We've known each other since I was 23, and now I'm 28. We've been through a lot of things, but we talk, cry, and fight a lot. But he was also there when my daughter almost died at three years of age, and when my mother got very sick. He doesn't like that I live in Sydney, but we are working on it.

I won't be able to find friends like Patricia, and Real again in my lifetime!

Melinda Roach
Sydney Day

My Ski Trip to the Rocky Mountains

The mountains in Jasper, Alberta are very beautiful. You can do different things on the mountains. You can go hiking, skiing, or just sight seeing. I went skiing on the mountain in Jasper, Alberta when I lived in Grande Prairie. When high up on the mountain you can see the whole place of Jasper and miles around.

When I first went in to Jasper we got out of the car and looked around. You could only see Rockies. I was amazed because I had never seen the Rockies before. The mountains were very high and all different shapes. We went to see ice sculptures that read Jasper, Rocky Mountains. They were very beautiful. When we were at the mountains we saw a lot of people from around the world.

I can remember when we went up on the hill to go skiing. When we got at the top I took pictures of all the different sights. Every stop on the hill I took pictures. There were mountains everywhere. The mountains were very different shaped in all angles. I could not believe that the mountains were that beautiful.

When we were on the mountain Tina and I almost hit a mountain goat when we were skiing down the hill. When we came upon him I fell down on my but and Tina kept going. The goat just stay where he was and look around then when we were going home the mountain goat came up to the window of the car.

I could not wait to get back to Grande Prairie to tell everyone about the mountains. When I got home I called Sydney to tell my mother and family back there about my ski trip to in the mountains. I loved the ski trip and I would tell anyone that wanted to see the mountains to go to Jasper.

By: Kim Dawson

A Biography

This is a story about me (Karen). My mother was six months pregnant when I was born. I only weighed 1 lb and 3oz. I was in the hospital for 2 months. The doctor told my parents that I wouldn't talk or walk at all, I wouldn't hit my 21st birthday, and I wouldn't have kids. But when I was six years old, I began to talk and walk. The doctor still believed that I wouldn't hit my 21st birthday, but now I am 31 years old and I have 3 kids. Their names are Matthew, Kevin and Jessica. Now I went back to school for myself to get my GED, get a job, and hopefully get my kids back to live with me.

By Karen James
Glance Bay Day Class

What Our Class Thinks About Sports

There are many different sports activities. Sports are great exercise. Exercise is good for your health. Many people are involved in sports, which creates team spirit. Working together to reach a goal. Winning is not always the most important thing. Having fun with your friends and doing your best makes a good team player.

Our student's favorite sports are:

Raymond: Bowling is his favorite sport. It gives him great exercise and a chance to meet new people.

Keith: Curling the ice surface is enjoyable and sliding on the ice.

Lisa: Dancing because it is fun to socialize and meet new friends.

Joan: Dancing for the exercise.

Ruth: Bowling because it is fun to social with friends.

James: Swimming because it is fun to meet new people and swimming is also fun.

Ann: To watch baseball brings enjoyment.

Helen: Hockey because it is fun to watch the CB Screaming Eagles play.

Eddie: Speed skating because he has won lots of gold medals at the Special Olympics and everyone enjoys skating.

Michelle: Horseback riding because it is good exercise.

Leonard: Hockey, because he like to watch it.

Lorraine: Bowling because it is fun to be the president of the bowling league. It's fun to be the boss.

Pat: Swimming because it is fun and you get to meet new people.

Paolo: Hockey, because it is very interesting.

Patricia: Track and Field because she enjoys winning medals.

Sports are fun, healthy and enjoyable. Some of our sports heroes are: Wayne Gretzky, Bobby Orr, Michael Jordan, Tiger Woods, Mark-Andre Fluery, Magic Johnson, Sandy Morrison, Elvis Stojko, Kurt Browning, Katrina LeMay-Doan.

We'll leave you with a sports trivia question. What year did the Toronto Maple Leafs last win the Stanley Cup? 1967

Sydney Evening Special Needs