

Barsley Bonnar - Raymond Clemens - Bobby Young - Susan MacDonald
- Elizabeth Clemens - Debbie Donovan - Ernest MacDonald - Susan
McGuigan - Liz Warner - John Timmons - Linda Forget - Harriet
Meade - Robert Burke - Jeff Boulter - Melvin Johnston - Brian
Lawrence - Gloria Lundrigan - Gary MacLellan - Helen MacLeod - Eddie
White - North Sydney Evening Class - Terrence Floyd - Duncan
MacMillan - Mark Williams - Gary Brogan - Angel Hurley - Anne Marie
Power - Ashley MacKinnon - Cindy Fraser - Lawrence MacDonald



Shara Chambers - Reece Donovan - Angie Doucette - Michelle Roach -
Linda MacPherson - Margie Hall - Phillip LeMoine - Russell Morris -
Kevin Coones - David Bona - Amanda MacVicar - Dale Howell - Jan Eddy
- Nelda Dominix - Brian Thurbide - Shawna MacDonald - Tammy Sibley -
Garfield Rice - Linda MacKinnon - Rob - Jacqueline MacGillivray - Janie-
Lynn Weatherbee - Frances Hibbert - Cory Harte - Sandy Harte - Yves
Demers - Linda MacIntrye - Cathy Head - Patsy Boutilier - Vivian
Pasher - Rose Murphy - Laura Gilmet - Debbie Milley

It Is Never Too Late to Learn to Read

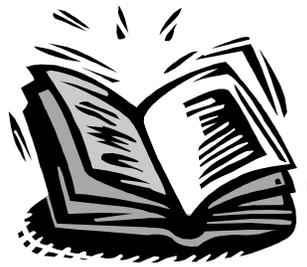
For 32 years, I worked at the National Sea Processing Plant where I did just about everything including fish cutting, forklift and truck driving, as well as sharpening equipment and general maintenance. As times began to change within the plant, I was told that I would have to write reports on everything I did. This would be impossible for me because I could not read or write. I tried to get into many of the programs that were offered to former fish plant employees but because I didn't have any education, I was not accepted. I gave up trying to find employment because so many people told me it was useless to even try because I could not read or write.

One day, I visited the Entrepreneurial Center in North Sydney and was speaking with the manager there about how impossible it is to find work without education. He encouraged me to visit the Cape Breton Literacy Network and arranged for me to meet with staff there. Although I was scared and unsure about what to expect, I joined a class and began to work towards learning how to read and write.

I am the type of person who give 100% to something I start. My teachers are very supportive, patient and help me each day. I am realizing that I can do things I never thought I could do. Most of all, I enjoy learning to read and I look forward to reading all the things that I never could. In the past two years I have gained self-esteem and realized that it is never too late to learn.

Looking back, if someone had told me when I finished working at the plant that today I would be in school learning to read and write, I would have laughed at them. I am thankful for the opportunity that I have been given, even though it is sometimes frustrating, I will not give up.

by Barsley Bonnar



Bogart

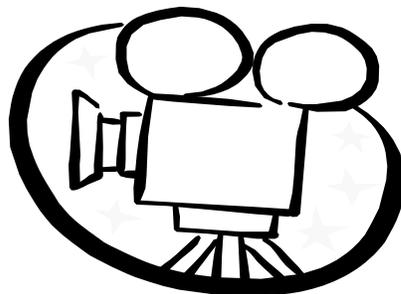
Humphrey Bogart was one of the all time great movie stars of the forties and fifties. He acted in a total of forty-five movies during his career. One of them was The Maltese Falcon, based on a novel by Dashiell Hammett.

The best movie he starred in was Casablanca, winner of three Oscars including Best Picture, Best Director and Best Screenplay. The movie was based on a play which had not been produced called Everybody Comes to Rick's. The movie takes place in the year of 1940 in a fictitious nightclub called "Rick's Café American" in Casablanca, French Morocco. Bogart co-starred with Ingrid Bergman and Paul Henreid, and played a world-weary nightclub owner, who claims, "I stick my neck out for nobody."

In another scene in the movie Bogart said to Ingrid Bergman the famous line, "Here's looking at you kid." That line has been used in other movies that Bogart acted in.

The song, As Time Goes By, also made famous by the movie Casablanca was written by Herman Hupfeld. It became a popular song of the time.

By Raymond Clemens



The Quick Pick-Up

There was a man who had a Porsche
And he ate some soup and it was called borsht.

The girl name Sue
Has lost her shoe.

The man picked her
up and took her to the zoo.

She stepped in a pile of lion pooh.

So the man picked her up

Because that's all he could do.

Poor little Sue never found her shoe

But she found a man with a Porsche.

by Bobby Young



Margot Frank: A Character Sketch

Margot Frank is Anne's older sister. Margot was supposed to be taken to be a slave for the Nazis. The whole family had to go into hiding because the Nazis used Jews for slaves, so Margot and her family and friends of the family went into hiding. They had to take only things that were important to them and necessary for them to live on.

Margot was her mother's favorite child. She thought that she was the smartest in the family. When she went into hiding she showed sometimes that she was scared when she heard bombs and guns firing off.

Margot was a goody, goody and tried to be so perfect. She would fight or say mean things to her sister Anne. In Margot's mind she was always right. A total of seven people were in hiding in one place, so Margot and others had to take turns to wash themselves, of course Margot had first chance of all the children. Margot knew that her mother favored her more so then her other daughter {Anne Frank}, so if there was a way to get ahead of anything Margot would do it because she knew she could get away with it.

Margot and her family were in hiding for two years. At the end of the two years Margot started to get along with her sister Anne. Margot, her mom, dad and sister Anne finally got along in case something bad happened to them. They were a happy family after all.

Susan MacDonald



School/Teacher: Then and Now

We found going to school when we were young was different because there was not as much help as we receive now. The Sisters were harder on the children, and were very strict. If you told the Sisters that the rich children were fighting with you, they would not do anything. We noticed that they supported and favoured the upper class children more than the poor children. We found that the rich kids were chosen more often for Christmas concerts and plays. They were the teacher's pets.

We had a dress code for both the girls and boys. The girls were not allowed to wear pants. They had to wear dresses or skirts. The boys were required to wear dress pants, proper dress shoes and a shirt and tie.

There were truant officers that would go to your home to check to see if you were really sick when you were absent from school. We could not ask other students for help or we would be sent to the office. If you were caught chewing gum you were sent to the corner with the gum on your nose. This would make us feel degraded.

Other students both on and off school property often bullied us and the teacher or principal would not do anything unless it was on school grounds. Even back then parents or teachers would not phone the police about this bullying. But today that can be taken care of.

Trying to work with the Sisters was very difficult. When they gave you something to do and you couldn't do it, you were given a good strapping. If you didn't cry they would strap you harder. The good thing about going to catholic school was that you knew the day was going to end. We remember stories like this; a girl didn't hear the Sister when she called her name and so the Sister hit her over the head with the register. Another student aimed a slingshot with a glass alley and hit the teacher in the temple with it. School reminded us of jail.

In different provinces they had a better Physical Education program with Gymnastics and Track and Field for all grades, but here in Nova Scotia organized sports started later, in Junior or Senior High school.

Classes today at the Cape Breton Literacy Network are for adults that are 18 or have been out of school for 1 year or more. We do many things differently to increase our grades. We are able to work freely in groups and talk amongst ourselves if we are stuck. We can ask the teacher for help whenever we need it and extra practice work is available for anyone who wants to do it. We have a great teacher.

The class has a lot of great people in it. We work independently and at our own level, which makes learning a lot easier. The people in the classes are all there for the same reasons and we do not look down on you when you ask for extra help on things. We have a comfortable environment where we do not feel pressured to compete with each other. We are all given the right to "pass" or "skip" in class if we do not feel comfortable answering a question in front of the group.

The classes are free here. It's for people young and old that need a bit more education or would like to do some more reading or writing. People are not judged for being here. Classes here are more convenient for working people as they offer classes throughout the day as well as in the evening. This is good for those who have jobs during the day or have families to care for.

Elizabeth Clemens
Susan MacDonald
Linda Forget

Raymond Clemens
Susan McGuigan
Debbie Donovan

Ernest MacDonald
Liz Warner
John Timmons

Our New Friend

A few weeks ago in school
We met a man named Bobby
He always makes us laugh in class
I guess you can say he's naughty
He loves the sport called hockey
He also loves his Pepsi pop
If he doesn't soon be careful,
His old stomach, it will rot

by Harriet Meade



The Biography Of Arnold Schwarzenegger

Arnold Schwarzenegger was born on July 30, 1947. He grew up in a small isolated village in Austria.

His parent's names were Gustav and Aurelia; they lived in Austria. His mother looked after her two sons. Arnold and Meinhard lived on a second floor of a cold damp three hundred year old house. They had no telephone, indoor plumbing, not even a refrigerator. Arnold described his father to be a very strict parent because he was a police chief.

Arnold's father got him into sports. He played soccer and track and field to keep out of trouble.

Arnold began bodybuilding at the age of fifteen. Just a few years later he won his first competition at the age of twenty. He won eight Mr. Universe titles from 1962 to 1969. From 1970 to 75 he won six Mr. Olympia titles. That is the biggest title to win in pro-bodybuilding.

He retired from bodybuilding to make movies in the United States. When Arnold arrived in the US in 1968 he could barely speak English. He had many obstacles to overcome.

He returned to bodybuilding five years later to prove to people that he could still win. He won his seventh Mr. Olympia title that year (1980). He is the greatest bodybuilder that has ever competed.

His wife is Maria Shriver and they have three children, Katherine, Christina and Patrick.

Arnold is well known for helping with Special Olympics. Fitness and children are important to him.

Arnold got his star on Hollywood's Walk of Fame. He's one of the highest paid performers in the world. He starred in many movies. His first movie was "Hercules in New York" filmed in 1970. The movie that got Arnold well known was the 1977 movie, "Pumping Iron". He then went on to star in many action movies and even filmed a few comedies. His last movie was "Terminator 3 Rise of the Machines" which was released this year (2003).

Arnold is now the governor of California. He was elected just this year. He has achieved many things over the years. He has come a long way from the young boy who lived on the second floor of an apartment building with hardly anything.

I admire Arnold Schwarzenegger because I have always enjoyed bodybuilding and I saw Arnold as a role model. I enjoyed most of Arnold's action movies. I will continue to follow his career and see where he ends up. I wonder if he'll someday be the President of the United States.

Robert Burke



My Favorite Colour

My favorite colour is blue. I like the colour blue more than any other colour because it catches my eye more than the others. I'm not really sure why. I like navy blue more than all other shades of blue, that's something I'm sure about. Another colour I admire is the colour green. The reason I think highly of this particular colour is mostly because it is the symbol of my birthstone the emerald. But that is not the only reason I like the colour green. I put this colour on my list of favourites because it also draws my attention and catches my eye. Personally I think a colour needs that special trait to make a good impression on me.

Jeff Boulter

My Victorian Tree

I would like to tell you about one of the fabulous ways I decorate my Christmas tree. My tree is a six-foot Scotch pine, artificial tree. It has such a wonderful shape you would think it was a real one. I start with stringing the soft glowing clear lights on it. My ornaments are made out of very fine ecru crochet cotton. They are decorated with thin deep burgundy and shiny gold ribbon. They also have sparkling gold beads on them.

Some of the ornaments I put on my tree are angels with fancy delicate wings; snowflakes with various patterns; baskets stuffed with small burgundy flowers and baby's breath; burgundy striped candy canes tied together with gold or burgundy satin ribbon with some sparkling gold flowers on them. I add some little tinkling bells and soft elegant mitts with fancy ribbons and flowers. I make bows with soft burgundy velvet ribbon. I tie them with a thin shiny gold wire. I cut gold and burgundy beads in 10-inch lengths. I tie one gold and one burgundy string together with bright shiny gold rope. I place them so they dangle on the branches. I also put gold candleholders with small burgundy candles in them on the tree.

When I'm finished decorating the tree I put my crocheted tree skirt under it. Then I place my elegant crocheted angel on top. Now my tree is finished. When I sit back and look at the tree it reminds me of an old Victorian tree. When I put the lights on, everything seems to jump out at you in a dazzling, sparkling kind of way. Everyone that sees it says it is definitely a Victorian tree.

Elizabeth Clemens



The Forgetful Reminder

Here I am sitt'in down in class
chillin with my crew.
Pieces of paper of MATH stacked to the roof,
Got only 3 leaded No. 2 stick pencils stuck in my shoe.

Quite a situation I've got myself in
"What do I do, where do I start?"
It's time to begin.

When will this mathematical madness
Finally see its end?
It seems like math is forever, my new little digit friend.

Time to start.
Time to begin.

Running on my last breath of No. 2 lead
I can't stop now! I'm so far ahead!
I wish I did my homework before I went to bed.

There is a valuable lesson that needs to be known.
Always complete your homework assignments
When at home.

This is my lesson, my very true story.
I hope you hear this poem
I will always do my homework.
I'm very, very sorry!

by Melvin Johnston



Christmas

Christmas is a wonderful time of year when all of the shopping malls are full of people buying things. There are decorations everywhere you look and people are in the Christmas Spirit.

I like to decorate my house with all kinds of stuff like lights, bows, bells, candles, Santas, snowmen, stockings and any other kind of ornaments. I bought some new decorations this year, just like every year. The best thing I bought was a 32 inch fibre optic tree that came with 20 snowflakes. I didn't have one, but now I do. I saw them light up and they were beautiful (and only \$20.00).

The first week of December I start to decorate my house. I like to do it when the kids are at school so I have no one to bug me. The first thing I do is take all of the boxes up from the basement and look at what I have. The next task is to make sure that all of the lights work, even the star. I do this just in case I have to buy extra sets of lights. I first decorate the windows, then I put up the streamers and pictures of my snowmen and Santas. I put the kid's stockings at the bottom of the stairs.

On the second week of December I put up the Christmas tree that I have just bought. I bought one for \$25.00 and I couldn't get it home. It was an additional \$5.00 to get it delivered which means that's \$30.00 for a tree. So, I went to Wal-Mart and bought a 6 foot artificial one for \$34.99. Now I won't have to worry about getting a tree because I will always have one.

The best part of Christmas besides the food is decorating the Christmas tree. I hang lights, bells, candy canes, garland, bows, chocolate Santas and chocolate ball ornaments on the tree. It shines brightly at night with all the decorations and the children are happy so that's great because I'm happy too.

This year we will make gingerbread men and decorate them with candy, and shortbread cookies too. The children are sure to like that.

I have to wrap the gifts and put bows and tags on them all. But, first of all I have to finish my shopping because I don't have anything yet. The time will come and it will be here and gone and it will be 2004.

Christmas Eve will come and I will not be able to get the kids to bed. If and when I do, they will not be able to sleep. There were many years that I can remember, I thought they were asleep, but they were not. They would listen to what I was doing downstairs. So, by the time the kids are asleep it's 3:00 am. I put out the presents and I'm ready for bed. When Christmas morning comes, I am so tired that I don't even want to get out of bed, but I love Christmas and my kids do too. After all the presents are opened the kids play with their things. I make breakfast for the family; bacon, eggs, toast, coffee, tea and juice. By dinner time I am ready for a nap. We all go to my sister's house for dinner which is lovely because I don't have to cook.

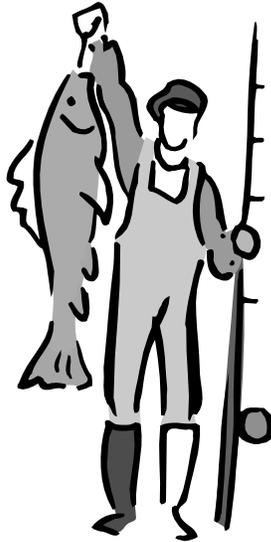
I hope this year we have snow for Christmas.

By Susan McGuigan

Sport Fishing

My favourite sport is fishing. Why I like fishing is because it's relaxing and peaceful and I like the battle of the fight from the fish. It's my time to get away from the girlfriend and the kids. When you go fishing some days the fish will bite and some days they don't bite.

Brian Lawrence



Sadness of Mining

It was a foggy day over the little town of Will's Bay. All the large white houses stand in a row that leads to the dirty old coal mine where most of the men in town worked.

As Mr. Jones goes off to a dirty dark day in the coal mine, Mrs. Green with her two children is standing alone, looking sad. Mrs. Green is very dismayed and depressed. Mrs. Green knows that as Mr. Jones goes off to the coal mine, her husband will never work again for he was killed last month when a shaft in the coal mine fell in on him. It left Mrs. Green to find a way to feed herself and her children and to keep them warm. But as they all are losing weight, the hunger is setting in.

The days are getting shorter and cold weather is in. What is she going to do to keep them fed and warm through the winter with no money? Will they make it? Winters are long and very cold in Will's Bay.

She is too proud to ask for help. She is just going to wait and see. To make it they need food and wood. Will the church help or will the mine owner help this widow and her children? The town may help if they know that she is not doing so well. Mrs. Green needs to stuff her pride and ask for help or her children could well get sick and may die from hunger.

Well finally after days of hunger she went to the church. They were glad to help her. The church went to the owner of the mine and told him about Mrs. Green and her two children. The owner said he would help. The next day a horse and wagon came with the wood that was needed. The priest came with the food to help Mrs. Green and her two children to get through the long winter.

Mrs. Green was so thankful that she told the priest to just let her know if she could help anyone. She knows that even with the help the bad days are not over for them. She and her children will need to find away to make it on they own.

The next day the priest came back to ask a favor of Mrs. Green. He told her of another woman with a child who needed help. The priest told Mrs. Green that he thinks that if both women lived together they could help each other. Mrs. Green agrees to this and the other woman and her child move in. They both live together and raise their children together. What a happy ending to a sad story.

Gloria Lundrigan

Satan's Revenge

I'm a banshee lost in time

Once loved by women a plenty

Stimulation has all but left me

Now I see the devil approaching

With fire in his eyes

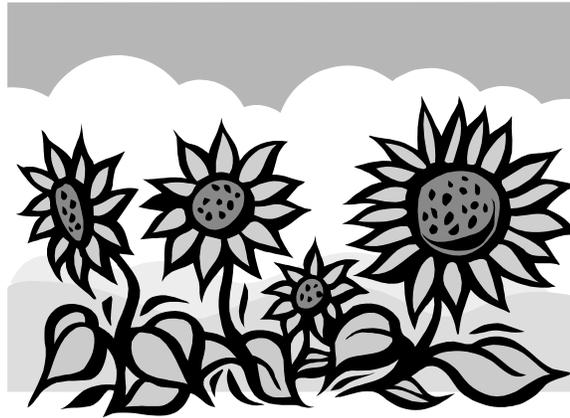
He shall drag me screaming

To his never be ending torture

Where my soul shall burn for eternity

In Satan's inferno which I have created

Gary Mac Lellan



Summer at Last

My favourite time of the year is in the summer because everything is so green and clean. The thing that I like best is that we get to associate with other people on the boardwalk. The best things that I like there are concerts and activities to enjoy on the boardwalk. We also have Action Week for one week. We also have the buskers doing magical tricks for entertainment and enjoyment.

Eddie White

The Silent Rage

One summer evening, beyond the forest in a quiet rural countryside, the teenagers from the surrounding area planned a party at a private beach nearby. It was open to whoever wanted to come. Later that evening the crowd became larger with young people from all over. Some were friends, some were strangers but as with most teenagers, they all mixed in well with each other and enjoyed the atmosphere of the party. The fire was bright, the music was loud, and the teens brought their own booze. The summer breeze and the light of the full moon made this a perfect night.

Shelly and her friends Tanya, Amber, and Susan came to the party. Shelly was very quiet and didn't have much of a social life: you could say she was more of a book worm. Since her parents were strict with her, Shelly's friends had to convince her and her parents to allow her to go. Shelly thought it was great she mixed in well, considering this was her first time at a party so huge. She laughed, danced and met new people.

During the party, Shelly met this young man. They sat around the fire and became very friendly with each other. Shelly's friends saw that she was enjoying herself so they left her knowing they didn't have to keep her company. Shelly thought she had met her prince charming. They sat around the fire arm in arm. They roasted marshmallows, hot dogs and sipped on their beer as they enjoyed each other's company. As the hours passed the party began to quiet down. People were leaving so Shelly's friends headed out to find her. Other friends said they had seen her and her man walking across the beach sometime ago. They laughed it off and decided Shelly would be alright. They assumed he had a car. The fire went out and silence fell upon the deserted beach once again.

The next morning, a local farmer was going for his daily walk with his dog. His dog was ahead of him a short distance when he stopped and began barking continuously. When the farmer got to his dog, he saw the most horrific thing he had ever witnessed in his life. Lying there in the high grass was a young girl who had been badly beaten. She was naked and bloody. She had what seemed to be belt marks on her and it looked like she had been strangled. The farmer thought she was dead but he quickly took her pulse. He shouted out at her to see if she was alive. He found a pulse but she did not respond to his outbursts. Quickly, he took his jacket off and covered her naked body, then headed back to his farm house. Authorities were called and the ambulance was dispatched. The shaken farmer showed the police what he had come upon in the field near by. No one knew the girl but they assumed she was from the area. The ambulance left

with the girl and news of the sinister crime was spread by word of mouth.

Shelly's parents were shocked to find out that the victim was their daughter. They had assumed Shelly had gone home with one of her friends. Shelly's friends were shocked also. The police questioned people from the area. They talked about the party at a private beach down the road. The farmer told the police he had heard music and laughter about a quarter of a mile away and that there had been quite a bit of traffic that night, which was unusual.

Shelly was left for dead that night but by some miracle she survived. She was in and out of consciousness and the recovery from that night was long and painful. Shelly's family and friends were with her each day. Finally, Shelly woke up. She asked what had happened to her and why was she in the hospital. The police questioned her about the crime but Shelly said she didn't remember anything about that night. Shelly was a very intelligent girl. She finally remembered what had happened but she was not going to break her silence. This was something she had to deal with by herself.

Months passed and Shelly and her friends continued on as they did before. No one spoke of what happened that night anymore.

The next summer came and so did the excitement of the circus coming to town. This was something everyone enjoyed and Shelly and her friends never missed it. Plans were made to go that night.

At the circus, they enjoyed every game and ride. They laughed and carried on like little children. They ran from one ride to another to get their place. At the round up things changed for Shelly. The man who was operating the ride came around to get their tickets. As he approached, Shelly couldn't believe her own eyes. Here was the man! The same one who had beaten and raped her, then left her for dead. He didn't recognize her but Shelly couldn't forget his face. The ride stopped and Shelly went the opposite way to get off. She was shaking like a leaf inside, but knew she couldn't show any mood change to her friends. She told her friends she was feeling ill and wanted to leave. They wanted her to stay but Shelly wouldn't change her mind. Shelly's friends wanted to go with her but she convinced them to stay and have a good time. She told them she would get a taxi home and she would see them the next day. They waited with her until the taxi arrived. They hugged her and went their separate ways.

Shelly really didn't have any intentions of going home. A short distance down the road Shelly asked the driver to stop. She paid him and returned to the circus. She walked a short distance behind the circus grounds where the circus crowd had their trailers. She made herself as comfortable as she could lying in the dark woods watching for the man who had made her life a nightmare. There had been a silent rage inside of her for a long time. The longer she waited the more hate for him built up inside of her. She kept thinking about that night and flashbacks of his face were coming at her continuously.

Finally opportunity knocked; he strolled to his trailer and a short time later the lights went out. Shelly continued to wait until she couldn't stand it anymore. One way or another she was going to do this regardless of the outcome.

Slowly she crept up toward his trailer, turned the knob on the door, and silently made her way through his trailer. She took a knife from the wood block that was on the counter and then made her way towards the snoring sounds coming from the room down at the end of the hall.

She stood hovering over him at his bedside. She was trembling with fear but she knew in her heart this man was a monster and had to be stopped "dead" before he could do such a gruesome crime again. For all she knew he might have already done this to some other innocent girl who had fallen for his lines like she had.

She held the knife with a tight grip and with one swipe, she ran the edge of the knife across his throat. She then turned and left quickly knowing that she had a long walk home ahead of her.

The next day, Shelly's friends called to see if she was feeling well enough to go to the circus one more time before it left town. Of course, Shelly had to play her cards right so she said she would. As they approached the circus, they noticed the gates were closed and a huge crowd was standing looking on. They were told that there had been a murder the night before. One of the circus workers had been killed and that was the end of the circus. The police cleared the way for the ambulance by pushing the crowd to the side. Shelly and her friends started to walk away and back to their car. They were mesmerized to hear what happened. Shelly acted as stunned as her friends. As the police and ambulance were leaving the gates of the circus Shelly looked back at them and, with a smile, said to herself: "Now I can get on with my life."

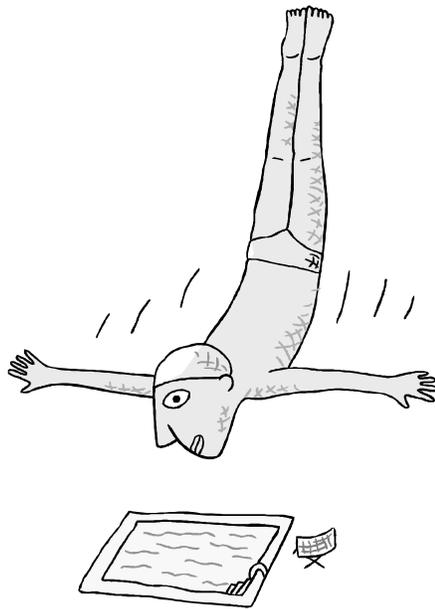
So the crime of the girl who was left for dead and the murder at the circus were never solved.

by North Sydney Evening Class

The Boardwalk

My favourite season is summer because I like to walk to the boardwalk in downtown Sydney. It is on the Esplanade. I also like to ride my bike to town and to swim at the beach and to sit under a shady tree.

Terrence Floyd



A Trip to the Doc

Once upon a time in a land far away, there was this minister and his wife. Ed and Mary Jones lived in an Adobe hut in Mexico. They were only married for two years, at that late date they had decided not to have any kids. After all they were forty years of age and climbing.

One week Mary started barfing in the morning and feeling kind of funny. They decided to visit the doctor at the hospital. The doctor performed a test on Mary. It was a simple test only taking about five minutes. He got the results and was in the middle of telling the Jones the good news when the power went out.

The hospital has a back up generator so it wasn't long before the power was back on, but in the confusion Ed had disappeared.

Mary had to run home because the burro in the parking lot was gone. When she got there she noticed some of Ed's clothes were gone, plus his favorite boots and the burro.

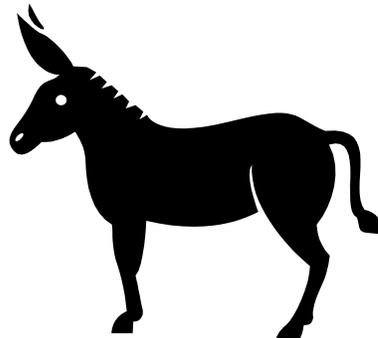
Ed was gone.

After a few days Ed had returned looking pretty scruffy, hungry and tired. Mary had welcomed Ed back with opened arms (she had no choice).

After a few months went by they went to see the doctor for another check up. Things went well, they were in the office discussing their progress when the power went out again.

It had taken about five minutes before the lights came on. Ed was still there, looking a little blue, but quickly regained consciousness, after Mary released her grip from around Ed's throat. They went home together and lived happily ever after.

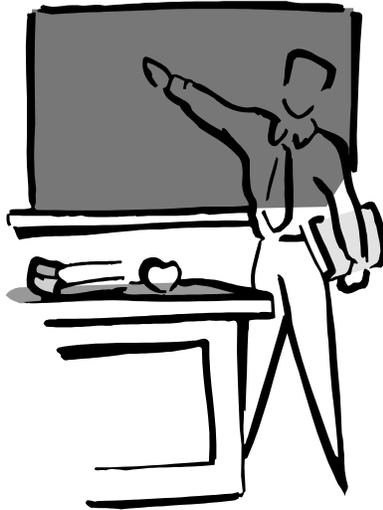
Duncan MacMillan



My Favorite Teacher

My favorite teacher is Mr Bushell because he was a great teacher. He always listens to me when I have a problem. He a great friend to have and it was fun and great working with him. He is very smart and kind, and he is medium sized with short hair. He teaches at Sydney Academy.

Mark Williams



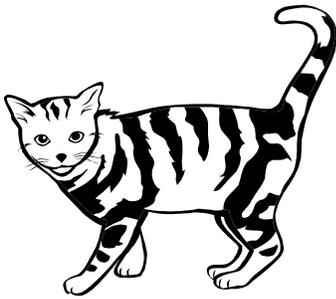
MY FAMILY TRADITION AT CHRISTMAS

My family tradition at Christmas in my house was putting the lights inside of the windows. One Christmas my father and I were putting the lights around the house outside. My sisters were talking about what they were getting for Christmas and talking about the house looking pretty inside. Mother was busy cooking and baking for us. My father and I went to the woods for a tree. We saw one and it was not too bad to us. We took the tree out of the woods and put the tree on the top of the car and took it home. We got home with the tree and took it in the house and my mother started to laugh and said "Where did you find that tree?" On Christmas Eve my sisters and I were looking at the gifts around the tree and my father said "Open one!" with a loud voice. On Christmas day we all went to church and came home and opened the gifts. My uncle came down with his family for the Christmas dinner. For traditions we did the same thing. That was the Christmas my brother was away in Europe with the army. After Christmas dinner was over my father and uncle were talking about Christmas when they were children. I wish those Christmases could come back because my sisters moved away. Once while my sisters were back home we started talking about that Christmas years ago. Every time Christmas comes around I remember that Christmas years ago when I was a boy. I still have some of the ornaments from that Christmas and my sisters do have some also.

by Gary Brogan



My Favourite Animal!



My favourite animal is a cat. Not just any cat but my cat Taffy. I am not sure what kind of cat Taffy is but I know that his colours are something called nutmeg; he is a caramel and white. I have another Cat Gizmo. Gizmo is Taffy's mother. She is more of a cranky cat. She does not like to be touched but Taffy loves to be played with and petted all the time. He likes to put his tail in your face and he always wants you to pull on it. I have no idea why he likes to try to run away, and then when you let it go, he comes back and wants you to do it again. He also likes when you rub his stomach then he puts his nails in your leg. He is the coolest cat of all. He is very lazy and loves to annoy everyone by sleeping in the middle of the kitchen floor all day. The only time he gets up is when he is hungry and needs food. When it gets dark he looks to go outside. Every night when I come home I see him and his three small dog friends out playing in the snow, running around chasing each other. They get too rough some times so he tries to scratch them. When I come home I call him to come in and he ignores me and will not come in until they leave.

By Shara Chambers

MY HERO/ MY MOM

I have a hero, and I would have to say she was my mom. All her life she helped people. She raised eight children, and raised us well. She taught us manners, how to be responsible and how to have courage.



Mom was a Homecare worker and she loved this job. The only thing that bothered her about this occupation, was when one of her patients would pass away. She would take this very hard. But she had the courage to continue on.



Then my courageous mom became ill. This is when I went to look after her. She showed me how to care for the ill. The thing I admired the most, is she never complained. She tried everything to be herself and she was. I love and miss my mom. She had a lot of courage. In everyday life, I think of her. When things get tough, I have the courage to go on. Because of my mom, I am a better and more courageous person.

DEBBI E DONOVAN

In The Crisp AM

In the woods one nice crisp cold morning waiting at a deer blind, I'm shaking a bit from the overnight October frost. Everything around me is quiet and peaceful. The only sound is a chipmunk rustling through the frozen leaves on the ground below a big clump of hardwood trees. The leaves are all different kinds of shapes, colors and sizes.

As I wait for the sun to rise you can almost hear the trees and every natural living thing getting ready to spring to life. The sounds start to echo. First tree branches fly up as the ice breaks and falls off to the ground in such a loud crash it spooked me. Grass starts to pop up from underneath the overcoat of frost that had blanketed it down the night before.

Birds start to chirp first, one alone then it seems like thousands. A huge orange beam of sun breaks over the thick clump of trees. The warmth feels so tremendous against my cold half frozen face. Looking at the dew on everything from high to low, completely drenched, so that it drips of water like after a light rain has fallen; slow long drops.

Out of the corner of my eye I catch a bobcat chasing a rabbit, first one way then another. With those big spring like legs the rabbit manages to keep ahead, though the bobcat is nothing to laugh at either. It also has massive power and speed. It is now up to the smartest animal. Running, leaping the rabbit seems to be toying with its enemy but I know this is not the case. Running for its life the rabbit sees a huge rock with a tunnel underneath. With two or three more leaps he is under the rock. The bobcat is tearing up the ground at the base of the rock in desperation for his soon to be prey. The rabbit darts out from the other side of the rock and drifts into the woods as to seem like it was just my imagination. Finally the cat gives up in defeat and heads back in the direction from which it came; stopping for the once look over its shoulder.

About a half hour later I hear what I've been waiting for, the scraping of a white tail buck's horns marking his territory as he approaches my direction. I have a nice mixture of corn niblets and apples with a salt lick hanging not far away, one of the best foods for attracting deer.

Not more than fifteen minutes go by when I see a big beautiful doe walk out into my view. Deer, they are so beautiful; their coats just shine as if they were washed and shined by hand. Nice golden brown velvet. Watching as she makes her way towards the goodies I've put out, the steam comes from her nostrils with every breath that is exhaled from deep within her body.

Every movement fascinates me. It's such a sight to see. Not too many people will ever get this opportunity in their lives to watch nature at its best. Then her ears and tail stand at attention as to give the signal. Here comes the sergeant, the leader of the pack. With my heart starting to race, out of the hardwood, standing there a huge massive frame, a sight that I can hardly describe.

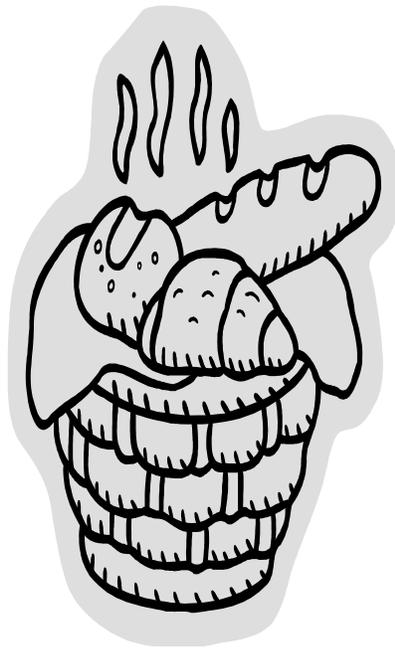
There is a buck that would blow any other deer competition record away in lines of size and rack. The only thing I can say is live on and be free as I uncock my rifle and watch the deer for the time they allowed me but not before counting the points. There's 18, and really wide with big round main beams. Then off they went, never knowing they were ever in harms way.

By Reece Donovan

My Favorite Pastime

My Favorite Pastime is cooking. It is my favorite thing to do. I love chopping and grating. I love to make homemade marinara sauce with roasted garlic and roasted red peppers. It is fun to roll out handmade puff pastry or hand mix chocolate chip cookies. I love taking them out of the oven because I love the smell. Pounding out chilled butter for croissants. Putting together the layers of homemade lasagna. Kneading bread, making it from scratch. Having it come hot out of the oven.

Angie Doucette



Newsflash!! Santa's a Leaf Fan

It was the middle of the night, and everyone in the house was asleep. Old Kris Cringle was scooping the north end neighborhood. He was looking for a certain little gray house at 63 Dolbin St.

He kept on thinking of those chocolate chip cookies and chocolate milk, that a little girl named Sydney promised him in a letter.

Finally he noticed the house and the reindeer and Santa landed the sleigh behind the house. Since it was the end of his long journey, he and the reindeer had time to relax.

Santa entered through the back door, and took his boots off like the sign indicated. He went through the kitchen, into the living room. He found the chocolate chip cookies and the chocolate milk, sat on the couch, and put his feet up. He took the remote control. It was just his luck he switched to channel 51 and he caught the last 20 minutes of the Leaf's versus the Canadians.

Just as Sundin scored the final score against the Canadians, he heard this little squeak.

"Santa you like Sundin also!" He looked and he saw little Sydney in her Toronto pj's, holding her blankie.

They sat together on the couch cuddling, eating and drinking the remainder of the goodies, and talking endlessly.

And suddenly Santa said, "Oh my, I have to go home to Mrs. Claus." Sydney said in her little voice, "Not before you give me a good morning hug and kiss". After the hug and kiss you could hear Santa saying as he left the north end. "On Dasher, on Dancer!"

Michelle Roach



Remembering When

Going to school with my best friend
Hoping the weekends wouldn't end
Not a care or worry in the world
Just enjoying being a little girl
I'm all grown up now and those times are gone
But we know we still have each other's shoulder to lean on
We were there for each other through laughter and tears
I hope our friendship will last another thirty years.

Written By Linda (Lynn) Mac Pherson



Our Very Scary Vacation



It was last year 2002 my friends and I thought that it would be nice to take a vacation together in the country. We went to Inverness County. The summer home that we rented for two weeks was set in a beautiful surrounding of trees, flowers, and a little brook that ran down beside the home. We thought that this was the perfect place for our vacation and that there was no one living very close.

We started to take our things out of the car and went into the house. The house was amazing. The home had a beautiful living room with a fireplace, a nice clean kitchen and everything in it. There were three bedrooms and everyone had their own bathrooms. There also was a den too. It was a room to relax in, to sit and read, to be alone or to think by yourself if you wanted. There was a nice big patio on the back of the house facing a brook. There was even a little bridge to cross the brook.

After being there for three days we started to hear strange noises coming from the attic, and from outside the house. We thought that we were just imaging it. Then on the fourth evening we had a barbeque and were sitting out on the patio having a few drinks, looking at the stars and listening to the crickets in the grass. All of a sudden we heard blood-gurgling sounds coming from the house. We started to become very terrified. We agreed to all go in and check it out. I said, "Let's get something to protect ourselves before we go in." We then got sticks, a shovel, and a rake.

We went into the kitchen and we saw hair and drops of blood on the floor going towards the den. We started to get very nervous. One friend said, "Let's call the police. I'll call, come with me." So I went with her. The phone was in the living room. When we tried to use the phone the line was dead. We then got very frightened.

We went back into the den and there we saw our friend, Judy, her body was covered in blood, and her hair was all cut off. We then started to cry and we hollered for our three other friends, but they were not there. We did not know what to do. Jane, my friend that was with me said, "Let's go back to the car and go for help."

As we were running to get to the car, we tripped over something and fell. When I got up I could see that it was a body. It was all cut up in pieces. I screamed, "Oh, my God!" Jane started to scream that we are going to be all killed.

When we to our car the windows were all smashed out. The glass was all over the place. We thought that it would be better if we started to walk for help, but we didn't know where we were going. We stayed together and prayed that someone would come along and help us. When all of a sudden we saw lights coming down the road. We both stood in the middle of the highway when we heard our friends. It was Gail; she had made it to town for help. She had found a bike and went for assistance.

When the cops arrived I fainted. The next thing I remember was that I was in the hospital. A nurse and a doctor were standing by my bed. I asked, "What happened?"

The doctor said, "Just relax, dear, you had a very bad experience. I will go get the detective and he can tell you all about it."

The detective came in and said, "I am very sorry that you had to go through this. That house should never have been rented to anyone. We finally got the man who did the killings. He was a married man with a wife and three children. He had a break down; they could never find him until now. They have him locked up now and he will never get a chance to hurt anyone ever again."

Margie Hall

“On the road of life it is not the destination that matters as much as the journey.”

After I left my mother’s womb I started on my journey through life so I could make something of myself. My travels took me down that long and winding road. There were many hills that I had to climb, not knowing what was on the other side, but I forged on, even though the burden I was carrying was getting heavy as I got older. I went on in order to reach my goal because I knew that I had no other choice.

I know in my heart that I have to leave something for my loved ones, something more than just my name. I knew that I would have to endure whatever came my way in order to be able to accomplish my goal.

Now that I have done so, my journey has come to an end and I am ready to go home.



Ernest MacDonald



What She Wants

She wants the Canadian dream. She wants a new home. She wants a new car. She wants a man that will love and respect her. She wants stability in her life. She wants what any woman wants, a good life and a good man. She wants her daughter to graduate from high school and make something out of her life. She wants me to marry her and pursue my dreams. My goal is to stay in school. She wants me to give her a massage then have a candlelit dinner, then take her in my arms and carry her to the bed and make her feel like the most special woman in the world. She is one of the most special people in my life and I hope she will someday be my wife.

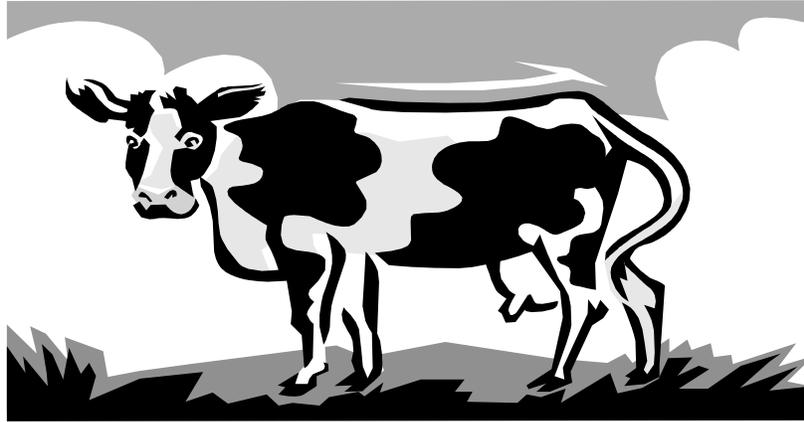
Philip LeMoine



Diamonds and Dreams

Every girl dreams to be rich and famous! I have dreams about having everything in my life, but things don't go that way for a lot of people like us being poor. So we have to dream about it in our sleep and these are the things we want: diamonds, jewels and gold. But my life is to please the woman I'm with. I would give her the best time of her life and this is how I would do it! I would make a candle light dinner with wine and have rose petals scattered on the floor going into the living room. We will relax and I will massage her feet. Then after a while we will go up stairs to the bedroom and I will give her a massage and give her a pair of diamond earrings and hopefully we will make love all night.

By David Bona



The Miracle

It was Sunday morning and John; the farmer's son was outside waiting for the baby calf to arrive. The farmer was already in the barn helping the mother cow to deliver her baby. After the calf was delivered the farmer looked at the calf and realized that there was something wrong with it, it wasn't moving. The farmer tried to get the calf to move but nothing seemed to work, so he told his son to go and call the doctor.

Ten minutes later the doctor arrived and he rushed in to check on the calf. The calf still wasn't moving so the doctor did C.P.R on it. The C.P.R at first didn't seem to be working, but the doctor kept on trying because he didn't want to see the calf die. Finally the calf started to breath and move; the doctor had saved the it's life. The farmer was so glad to see the calf alive and well that he picked the calf up and carried her outside to show everybody.

John had decided to name the calf "Miracle" because it was a miracle that the calf was alive and everyone had agreed to that. The farmer was so happy that everything was fine again that he decided to have a party to celebrate the arrival of the new calf.

Amanda MacVicar



The Nerds

It happened in a store for nerds in the country of Itak on October 31 Halloween Night. It was very windy and raining cats and dogs when a customer went into the store. He was a man named Billy Bob. He saw lots of blood on the floor and he found a woman's body. It was the clerk. He starts to shake. He sees broken glass behind the woman. The window was smashed. He cut his hand trying to help her. The clerk grabs him by his hair. He was wearing a toupee! She was playing a trick on him. The country of Itak is famous for its nerd attacks on tourists. The moral of this story is to never visit Itak on Halloween. They will trick you every time. You'll lose your mind or your hair. Keep a tight grip on both.

Dale Howell

**My feelings and a
Little poem**

What I would like in my life is a man who is nice and sincere. He would have to have a good heart and a good sense of humor. I love a guy when he is intelligent and witty. I don't expect much but the one thing I love is communication.

You smile.

I smile.

I cry,

You cry.

We laugh together,

Now and forever

Until the end of time.

By: Jan Eddy
Jan. 21, 2004



Our Accomplishments 2003/2004
North Sydney Day Class

Garfield - "This year I'm doing better at something that I found very hard to do which is studying at home. This has helped me in class, too. The switch from evening classes to day classes has been better all around."

Bobby - "I am reading better. I've learned a lot about Scotland from my project work. I've learned a lot more about computers."

Rob - "Getting over my fears of coming back to school after twenty years and being able to do the work have been great accomplishments for me. I am proud to be moving on to Marconi in February."

Shawna "I am studying to successfully pass the G.E.D. exam. I think I'll pass it for sure; I'm definitely more confident."

Barsley "I feel I am picking out words I couldn't before and reading better too."

Linda "I am happy I made the first step of walking in the door, I'm just new, and kinda nervous but excited to learn, and happy to meet different types of people."

Harriet "I always wanted to go back to school and I enjoy every minute. I feel good about myself and what I am learning."

Melvin "I feel I have more of an attention span than I did in high school, and there is less pressure and cool teachers. Overall I am more positive than when I last attended; this has been one of the better choices I made."

Nelda "School this time around is much more important to me. I enjoy being here and hate when I have to miss time, unlike the last time I was in school. I am very devoted and happy to be doing something for myself."

Tammy "I'm proud of the way I'm balancing schoolwork with family life. Now I am able to do homework with my kids which sets a good example for them."

Giulia "This year I've learned more about and from each student which helps me to be a better instructor. My students' devotion has inspired me to go back to school at U.C.C.B. one night a week which is keeping me on my toes."

Shauna "I have been more organized and better prepared for class."

Des'ree

Hair of gold, eyes so blue
everyday you learn something new
How to do your ABC's
Learn your numbers, 1, 2, 3...

Sing a song or learn a rhyme
Something new all the time
Colour a picture, or make a card
Build a snowman in the backyard.

Only four and making your own eggs
Use a chair to reach the microwave.
'Cause you have short legs...
Put your dishes in the sink
Looking so beautiful dressed all in pink.

Every day a new adventure, something to learn
and teach something new
Des'ree it will be and you
For a child who just turned four
Well this proud Nanny couldn't ask for more.

by Nelda Dominix



My Family

I was born on January 28, 1971 to Richard and Paula MacDonald in New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. I was born with Spina Bifida and not expected to survive, but I did. I was the third child born to my parents. There were two boys born before me, and a boy and girl born after me. Times were hard for my parents when I was a child because I needed to be cared for by them more than my siblings.

My dad taught me how to walk even though doctors said I'd never be able to do anything for myself. I proved them wrong! Thanks to my dad for never giving up on me.

My mom taught me many things over the years. She taught me how to respect myself and to ignore people who would say things that were hurtful.

My oldest brother Shawn, whom I'm named after said when he was a child that when he grew up he was going to be a doctor so he could operate on me so I could use my legs like everyone else. It never happened, but that's ok. I know he meant well. Shawn has three children right now.

My older brother Paul, he does protect me when I need to be protected. We love each other even though we don't show it often. Paul has three children.

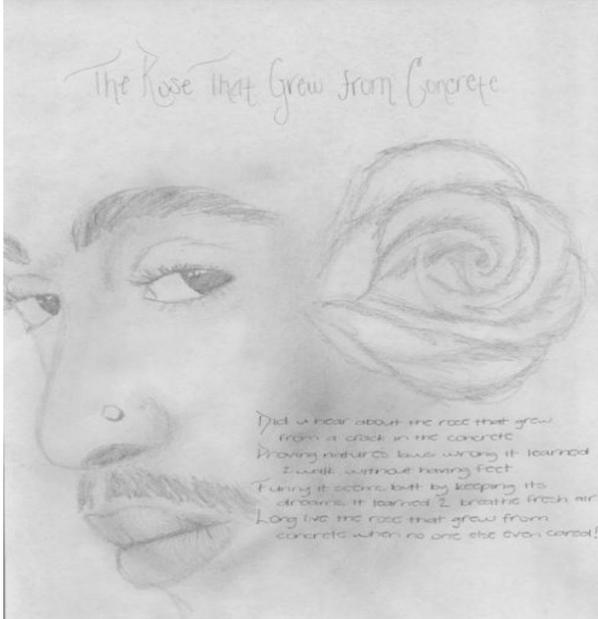
Then there's my youngest brother Shane, he thinks of me as his baby sister even though I'm older than him. That's because we get along really well, even better than most siblings. He doesn't live here, but when I get to see him we always go for drives in his car and talk about things we've done since the last time we've seen each other. Shane has 2 children.

Then lastly there's my sister Shannan, she lives next door we also fight at times, but when we see each other after not seeing each other for awhile we do tell each other that we love one another. Shannan has 2 children.

By Shawna MacDonald



The Response To "The Rose That Grew From Concrete"



The poem "the rose that grew from concrete" is a great poem.

This poem is about a rose that grew from nothing and proved even in the worst conditions one rose can make it and bet all odds even though there was so much pushing against it.

The rose symbolizes endurance in that through a little crack in the concrete it grew there was no sun or soil it bet the odds and proved itself. The rose here symbolizes Tu-pac's endurance. The concrete symbolizes his critics and people that said

he had no chance. By growing from the concrete he strived to keep proving to all that thought negative about him, that they where wrong.

The poem helped me believe that I could do things that people said I couldn't. The rose symbolizes freedom and a touch of wildness the concrete symbolizes all the people that try to stop what I wanted to do. Against all odds the rose grew and lived even with people saying it couldn't. People had said that I can't grow, but I am

Cindy Fraser

The Wildlife Park

The Wildlife Park is an amusing and interesting place. Its animals are furry and funny. The atmosphere is one of laughter and entertainment. This is never a boring place.

On the bench sat the frail, gray-haired old lady. She tossed popcorn to the raccoons behind the fence, even though the sign read, "Do not feed the animals." She laughed as the raccoons scooped up the popcorn, looking at her for more.

A short, curly-haired boy watched the old lady from behind the trees. He thought he'd have a little fun by tossing pebbles into the raccoon cage. As he threw the first pebble, a tall, smiling policeman appeared next to him. The little boy promptly dropped his handful of pebbles.

Down the lane was the bearded balloonman. He too watched the old lady, and also the little boy. He walked over to the little boy and passed him a brightly coloured balloon. He told him, "It's better not to throw rocks at the raccoons."

The policeman patted the little boy on the head and walked away. Then the little boy sat on the bench with the old lady. She smiled at him and passed him some popcorn.

Linda McIntyre



I Am

I am kind and caring.
I wonder if there's an afterlife.
I hear a cricket.
I see my son at play.
I want to be happy forever.
I am kind and caring.

I pretend that life is perfect.
I feel I'm able to fly.
I touch a tiger's fur.
I worry about my son.
I cry when I think of my pet.
I am kind and caring.

I understand bad things happen to good people.
I say life goes on.
I dream of being loved.
I try to do my best.
I hope for world peace.
I am kind and caring.

Linda McIntyre



School

It's early Monday morning
And I crawl out of bed,
I have to go to school
Something that I dread.
I have a cup of coffee to help wake me up
Doesn't do the trick,
So I have a second cup.

Now it's time to leave
I'm really moving slow,
But I jump in my car
And it GO GO GO.

Now I'm in school and the subject for today
Is adding FRACTIONS "Oh, I wish they'd go away"
We learn them from our teacher
She tries to make them FUN,
Just when we think we're finished
She comes up with another one.

The people that we've met
They have a little CLASS,
And each and every day
They make the school year pass.

Now the weekend coming
We put away our books,
It's time to go home
The teacher gives us looks
And says, "Don't forget your books"

Linda McIntyre
-Lawrence MacDonald

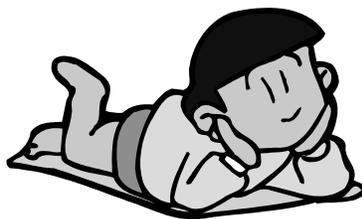


I have two children. Their names are Andrew and Trina.
They mean the world to me. I wrote these poems for them.

Andrew
Nice
Dependable
Respectful
Easygoing
Witty

Truthful
Reliable
Intelligent
Neat
Adorable

Sandy Harte



My Wish



I wish I could win a million dollars. I am sick of the cold and snow. I would use the money to go some place warm. I would go to Hawaii and lay on the beach and soak up the sun. I would see some of the sights and I would spend money and have fun. I would not come back to Cape Breton until the weather was hot.

Cory Harte

