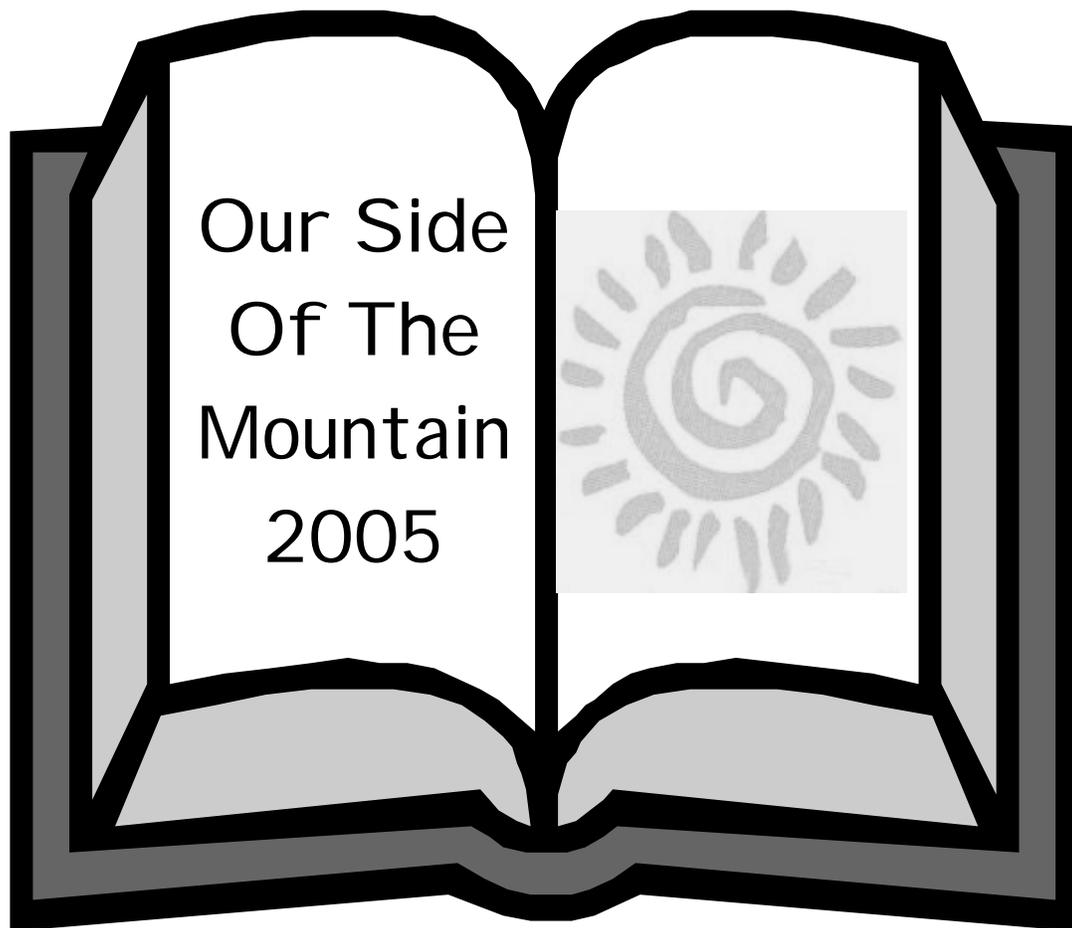


Barsley Bonnar - Anne Marie Power - Bobby Young - Kim MacNeil - Liz Warner - Harriet Meade - Robert Burke - Gary Brogan - Cory Harte - Candace Hanrahan-Poirier - Crystal Hann - Susanne Jessome - Adele Fraser - Cathy Head - Carole Bennett - LiLi Li - Patricia Thomas - Neil Fougere -



Amanda MacVicar - Jacqueline MacGillivray - Frances Hibbert - Sandy Harte - Youn Sook Kim - Howard Oakley - Mary Simon - Daniel Paul - Maureen Nichol - Patricia Dort - Sandra DeYoung - Patricia MacAskill - Debbie Hodder - New Waterford Day Classes - Brian Thurbide



Within this book you will find a collection of prose, both fiction and non-fiction, and poetry, all of which are compositions of Cape Breton Literacy Network adult students.

Adults attend Cape Breton Literacy Network classes for a wide variety of reasons and work hard to learn a lot of different things. But no matter which class a student attends, (s)he can be sure that a lot of time will be spent in working to become a more confident writer. Much class time is devoted to working through the writing process. The hardest part of doing any writing is to come up with the ideas to write about. Once this has been accomplished, the rest of the process falls into place: composition of a first draft and then revision and more revision until the author is satisfied that the words are indeed telling their story. Next comes the work of editing or making sure that spelling, grammar and punctuation are all correct. Then and only then, does the author labour at the computer to produce a "good" copy.

In many ways, this book is like an iceberg. More than 90% of an iceberg is hidden below the water's surface. So, like the part of the iceberg we never see, we also never see most of the work that has been necessary to produce these words. But, like the glittering tenth of the iceberg that we do see and admire, this book is an impressive testimony to the hard work of our students and staff. It demonstrates their dedication to learning and that is a truly wonderful thing.

Welcome, then, to the sixth edition of *Our Side of the Mountain*. Little did we know what we were starting back in the winter of 2000. I am very proud and honoured to have been a part of this great tradition.

Now, read on!

Kathryn MacCuish
Adult Learning Coordinator

Our Side of the Mountain

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Our Side of the Mountain 2005

AUTOBIOPOEM

Of

Anne Marie

Loving, caring, pretty, curious

Sister of Brian

Lover of work, music, animals, children

Who feels sad, depressed, worried, angry

Who needs help

Who gives love

Who fears everything

Who would like to see myself living in another place

Resident of New Waterford

Power



Our Side of the Mountain 2005

A Halloween Murder



It was Halloween night and old man Johnson was giving out the last of the candy he bought to a couple of trick-or-treaters. As he was about to close the door he saw a strange looking man wearing all black and a gray odd-looking mask standing at the bottom of his driveway. Old man Johnson called out to the man to see what he wanted, but the man didn't say a word. He just kept on staring at him and never took his eyes off of him. Old man Johnson was becoming quite creeped out by this strange man so he immediately closed the door and locked it. A few seconds later old man Johnson looked out the window to see if the man was still there. The strange man was gone so he decided to forget about it and go to bed.

A few hours later as Mr. Johnson was sleeping he was abruptly awakened to see the strange man standing over his bed. Mr. Johnson quickly sat up and jumped off the bed and ran for the door. Before he could reach the door the strange man grabbed him by the neck of his shirt and pulled him down to the floor. He felt that his life was about to end. Then the strange man started to drag him across the floor and towards the door.

As he drags him out of the room Mr. Johnson grabs onto the doorway with both hands and holds on for his life. As he holds on tightly, his shirt was being pulled tightly across his neck making it hard for him to breathe. Mr. Johnson couldn't hold on any longer and his fingers slipped away from the doorway. He started screaming blood-curdling screams as the man quickly dragged him down the hallway and out the back door towards the woods.

As they reach the woods the strange man picks the old man up with one-hand, ties a rope around his neck with the other, and hangs him from a tree. As the old man dangles from the tree he slowly feels his life slipping away from him. The strange man begins to pull a knife from his pocket and repeatedly stabs the old man in the chest and blood is flying everywhere. After a few minutes the old man's body hangs lifeless. Even though the old man is dead the stranger continues to slash away at the lifeless body. As the stranger chops up the remains of the old man's body he starts to laugh in a sick twisted uncontrollable laugh. He then turns walking away through the woods and was never to be seen again.

Now every Halloween as you pass by the woods you can hear the eerie screams and cries of Old man Johnson. Happy Halloween!

Amanda MacVicar

Our Side of the Mountain 2005

The weekend in the country

Well, one summer my two girls and I went up to my parents' cabin for the weekend. Their cabin is by the water near Iona.

It is very nice up there in the summer time. Both my daughters love it up there because there is lots to do. Well, I enjoy being up to the cabin with my family in the summer time. I enjoy being up there because there are lots of animals up around the cabin. We have deer, rabbits and bald eagles.

Sometimes we sit under the stars at night and we watch the sunset. We also have fires with the kids. When it starts getting dark I will ask my father to put his granddaughters to bed. Then Mom and I will stay up together and talk and watch the boats go by that are lit up at night.

When it comes morning, both my daughters go swimming and then they play games on the beach together.

When they are done swimming they get ready to go for a walk into the woods with their grandfather, while my Mother and I clean up the cabin. Then when they came back from the woods I ask them how was their walk in the woods.

Well, our family weekend is now over. We are getting the truck ready to go home and it is going to be a very long ride home. We fall asleep on the way home to my mother's singing.

The End.

Kim Mac Neil



We Remember

We remember on this day when our fathers and grandfathers went to war so long ago

We remember on this November day on this cold, cloudy and wet day

We remember those men and women who went to war and did not come back so long ago

We remember our peace keepers in the world who live their lives in the name of peace

We remember the rows and rows of crosses in foreign lands

We remember so long ago and so far away

We remember on this November day, the time stops

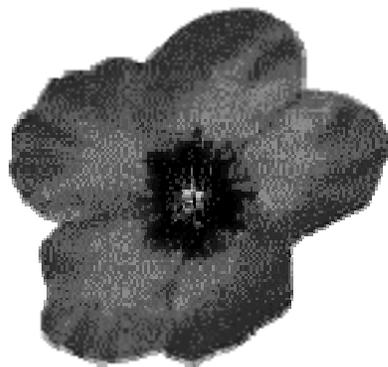
We remember on this Remembrance Day

We remember poppies in fields so long ago

We remember so long ago and so far away, when they were so young, so long ago

Gary Brogan

North Sydney Day



Our Side of the Mountain 2005

AUTOBIOPOEM

of

Candace

Nice, friendly, caring mother

Sister of Lindsey, Bria, Sarah

Lover of Madison, food, t.v.

Who feels happy when I'm with Madison

Who needs to be with Madison every day

Who gives love to Madison, friendship

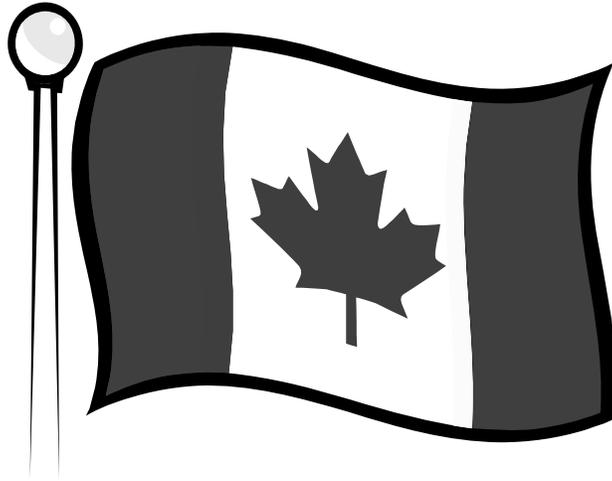
Who fears bugs, snakes

Who would love to see Madison to grow up having everything she needs

Resident of New Waterford

Hanrahan-Poirier





What the Canadian Flag Means to Me

The Canada flag is well known because it is respected across the world. People do take pride in our country because of its citizenship and sense of belonging. I feel protected by our flag because what people have done for our country. Men have fought in wars all across the world for us to remain free. Every time I see the Canadian flag I salute to the people who have done so much for Canada. I do feel that I have freedom and peace and most of all safety. The Canadian flag is 40 years old today. I'm glad to be Canadian and live in a really nice country. That's what the Canadian flag means to me.

Written by: Crystal Hann

Suddenly, I heard a loud crash...

It was my sister's 1997 black Monte Carlo. It crashed into the back of a green one ton truck. We both got jerked back into the seat but everyone was fine. It happened on Victoria Road in the Pier in the front of Tim Horton's. There was lots of traffic at the time from people trying to get their morning coffee.

The man who was driving the truck in front of us slammed on his brakes for a woman who darted across the street. That's when my sister crashed into the back of him. Her car was in a mess and his truck just had a bent bumper. I hope this is my first and last accident.

By Susanne Jessome



Our Side of the Mountain 2005

Thoughtful and Friendly

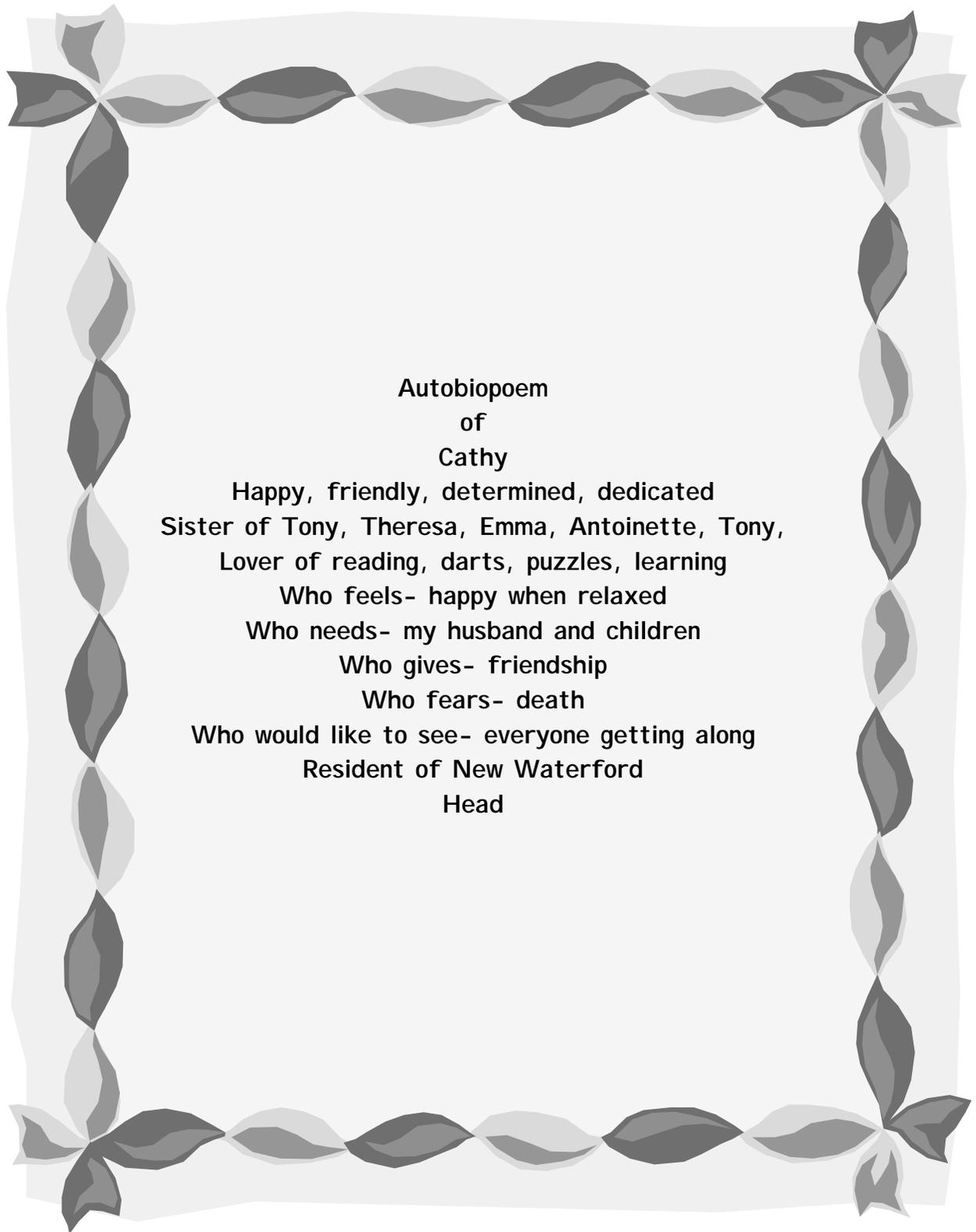
I go to my AA meetings and listen to people tell their stories.
I sit and think, oh God they are talking about me.
I understand where they are coming from.
I was in their shoes for ten years of hell.
I turned things over to God to make me well.
I am thoughtful and friendly.
I think of other people and how hard they struggle.
One time I was living their heartaches and troubles.
I thought God hated me but soon found out he only wanted what was best for me.
God gave me twelve steps to climb one day at a time.
I am thoughtful and friendly.
I wake every morning and thank God for a new day.

My Life Today

This truly is a fact in my life today and a real miracle. I always believed in God but could never put that belief meaningfully into my life. Today, because of all that has been given to me, I have beautiful grandchildren who I love dearly. I now rely on God and I understand him. I am learning and I rely on God. This is something I could never have done alone. I now believe in miracles because I am one.

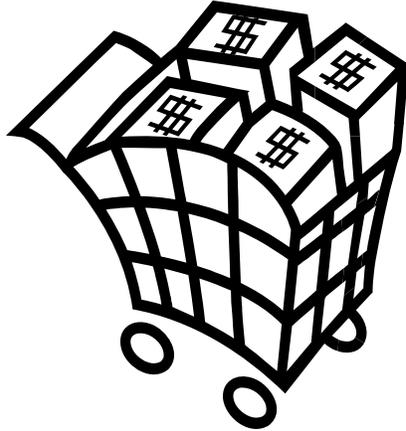
Adele Fraser
North Sydney Day





**Autobiopoeim
of
Cathy**

**Happy, friendly, determined, dedicated
Sister of Tony, Theresa, Emma, Antoinette, Tony,
Lover of reading, darts, puzzles, learning
Who feels- happy when relaxed
Who needs- my husband and children
Who gives- friendship
Who fears- death
Who would like to see- everyone getting along
Resident of New Waterford
Head**



The Shopping Cart

I went to Super Value in Glace Bay. My parents were with me. We got a cart and then the cart started talking to me. It told me to get food like potatoes, pop, cereal, oatmeal and eggs. It told me buy toothpaste, deodorant, and sanitary pads. We bought meat and dog food and cat food. We got diet pop and regular pop, ice cream and a bag of ice. The cart told me not to forget to get some of the things that I really like: cereal, a frozen pizza and frozen yogurt. The cart helped to sell the products at the store. We sure spent money that day!

Carole Bennett

Why do you think so many woman and girls want to be thin ?

Now, so many woman and girls want to be thin. I think some movie stars are very thin. They are very fashionable so many woman and girls want to look like them.

I f someone's body is tall or short or what their face looks like depends on their genes, which they can't choose. However, they can control how thin or fat they are.

I n fact, if a woman, girl or man isn't too fat that is good for their health. They can't get sick easily. However, if someone doesn't eat enough food, water, fruit, and vegetables they can't get protein, energy and nutrition for their body to work or learn. I f this happens for a long time it is very bad. That is why nutritionists are against dieting too much.

Let's pay attention to our body first. I f you are too thin but you are weak and can't walk, work or learn, you just stay home. Nobody knows who you are. How can you enjoy your life?

Li Li Li



Learning More Everyday

I went back to school because I did not know how to read. I was in school for three years and it was hard. There were times when I wanted to quit.

One of my teachers named Giulia took me aside and told me that I could do it and not to quit. I am still in the program. Now I can read a lot better and I feel better about myself. I never thought I would see the day that I could read.

My teachers Jackie and Shauna think I am doing great and learning more everyday. I would really miss the program if it was not there.

Barsley Bonnar



Our Side of the Mountain 2005

AUTOBIOPOEM

Of

Cory

Shy, kind, loving, considerate

Brother of Hilda, Sandy, Arlene, Martin, Sharon, Norma

Who feels sad about losing my brother

Who needs encouragement

Who gives of his time

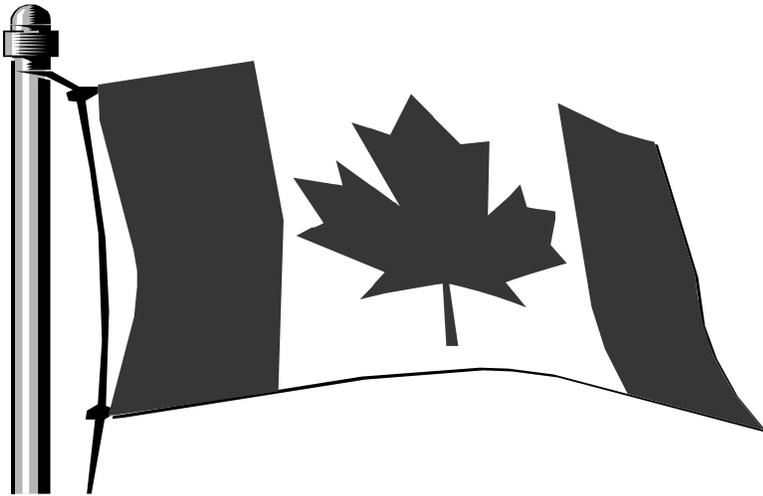
Who fears snakes

Who would like to see food for all the hungry people of the world

Resident of Scotchtown

Harte





What The Canadian Flag Means To Me

The Canadian flag means a lot to me. If we didn't have freedom Canada would not be a very nice place to live. We would all have to answer to a higher person, and do what they told us to do. That is why Canadians went to war for us, so we could have the freedom to do what we want. We can learn and have peace, and the freedom to make our own decisions. I salute the soldiers for what they did for our country. If it wasn't for them we wouldn't have Canadian citizenship. It makes me so happy to honor them for what they did for us. I raise the flag to honor them. The new flag was born on February 15, 1965. I'm so proud of the new flag. It represents our colors, red and white, and our famous maple leaf. It shows the world that we are our own country. We are well known and respected around the world for what we have done for others.

Written by: Patricia Thomas

What My Best Gifts Are

The best gifts for me are my wife and kids. They make every day in my life happy even when I am feeling down or things just aren't going the way I would like them to.

Then there are times that we play games or just sit and watch some T.V. All those things are gifts to me.

But one of the most important things, that is the best gift of all, is the fact that I get to wake up with my family every day, knowing that I am still alive and that I get to spend another day with them all over again.

Written By
Neil Fougere
Jan.5, 2005



SWEETIE SWEETIE

HE WAS MY PRIDE AND JOY
THE MORE I THINK OF HIM THE MORE I CRY
HE WAS VERY CUDDLY AND VERY SHY
HE LOVED HIS BLANKET BY THE DOOR
I MOVED HIS FOOD FROM THE TABLE TO THE FLOOR
HE ATE THAT AND CRIED FOR MORE
HE LOVED TO WALK BUT NOT TOO FAR
HE WORE A COAT OF MANY COLOURS
THAT I BOUGHT AT THE SECOND HAND STORE
HE LOVED HIS BATH BUT NOT SO MUCH
HE WOULD REST UP THEN GET READY FOR LUNCH
HIS TEETH GOT BAD AND THEN HE GOT SICK
THE DOCTOR SAID THAT HE COULDN'T BE FIXED
SO HE RAN AWAY AND NEVER CAME BACK
I LOVE MY DOG BUT NOW HE'S GONE
I HOPE THAT HE WILL FIND THE PATH
WHERE ALL THE GOOD DOGS ARE GONE
SWEETIE WAS MY BEST FRIEND
I WISH HE COULD COME BACK AGAIN

Harriet Meade



Our Side of the Mountain 2005

AUTOBIOPOEM

Of

Frances

Kind, tolerant, pleasant, giving

Sister to Margaret, Simone, Angela, Carmel, Florence, Paula, Elizabeth

Lover of darts, bingo, children

Who feels upset, mad, happy

Who needs a hug

Who gives love, gifts, support

Who fears snakes, death

Who would like to see help for the tsunami survivors

Resident of New Waterford

Hibbert



Oh How I Love Christmas



I try to prepare for the holidays months before the event. Preparing for the holidays is fairly new for me. This is the second year being single. I got through the first year all right. Last year I had all Jeffery's gifts bought before Christmas. I had all my groceries bought before the holidays. I bake about six pans of lasagna and freeze them. I bake short bread cookies and cinnamon before the season.

My favorite part of the holidays would be Christmas morning. I like going tobogganing with Jeffery and Amanda. We also go to the Boardwalk on New Year's Eve to watch the fire works together. The holidays are different being a single parent. I have very little time for myself. I try to enjoy the holiday as much as I can.

The least favorite part of the season is knowing that they are coming. I find Christmas hard. The hardest thing is buying clothes for Jeffery. I can't do it yet. I find the holidays hard as a single parent. It is long and lonely. It is the hardest part of the year for me. I got through it lasted year. I will get through this year one day at time.

My traditions include filling the stockings on the fire place on Christmas Eve. Baking sweets is a tradition that I do. I will also cook a turkey for Christmas dinner this year for Jeffery and Amanda. We also visit family on Christmas Day. Family is very important to me.

Howard Oakley

What do you want to throw out from your Past?

"Nothing," I say.

I had had a lot of dissatisfaction in my life before I became a Christian. I didn't like everything. For example: Why am I woman? Why was I born in a small country? Why am I not smart? Why am I not pretty? Why am I not tall? Why am I not rich in the world? Why? Why? Why? . . .

But I changed my mind after I became a Christian. I saw myself through Jesus Christ and I recognized that my present and my future are made by my past. So I had to accept all of my situations whether they were good or bad because these things make me.

Therefore I don't want to throw out anything.

Youn Sook Kim





Scotland

Scotland is an island across the North Atlantic Ocean. It is east of us. Scotland is a part of the UK, which is Europe. The capital city is called Edinburgh. There is no war in Scotland. Some say there is a monster in the Loch Ness in Scotland. The North Sea is all around Scotland. Some of the industries are making beer and selling fish. The main resources are fishing, agriculture and oil in the North Sea and also whiskey, the Gaelic word for life. The traditional language is Gaelic and is still spoken in some part Scotland as well, as English. The people are called Scots. Scots invented the game of golf in the twelfth century. I would like to visit and look up my people. Scotland scientists are studying the first ever-breathing animals found recently. It is a millipede. It was discovered at Stonehaven. It is the oldest air-breathing creature ever to have existed. My grandfather is from there. His name is Smith.

Submitted by Bobby Young
North Sydney Day

AUTOBIOPOEM

Of

Jacqueline

Hard working, friendly, caring, kind

Sister of Marline

Lover of the outdoors, walking, bowling, fishing

Who feels happy when I am with friends

Who needs to write and spell better

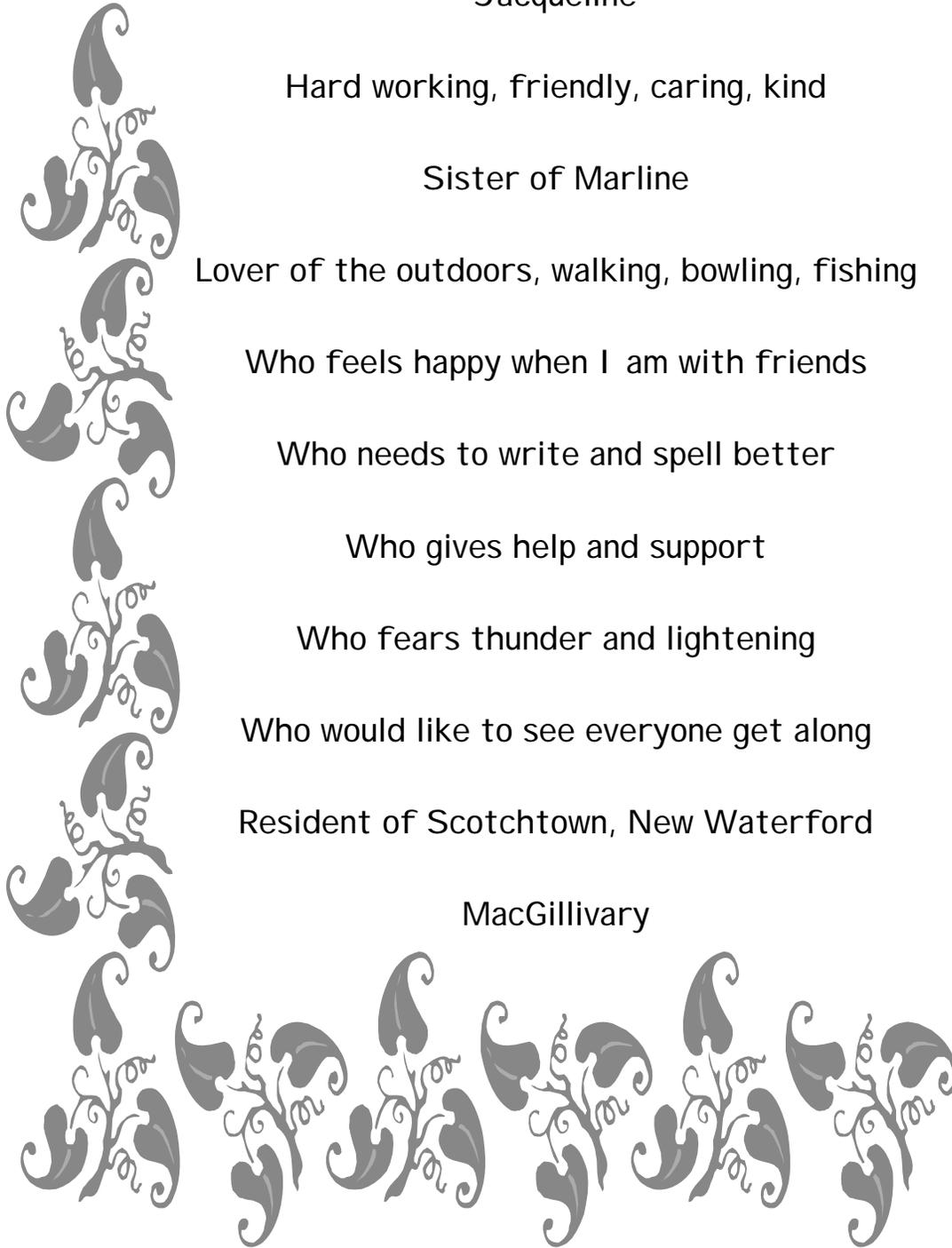
Who gives help and support

Who fears thunder and lightening

Who would like to see everyone get along

Resident of Scotchtown, New Waterford

MacGillivray





The Cart that Suckered ME

Oh, look! There's another sucker coming through the open doors, and she is going to pick me. Oh well! I'll show her some lessons or two about grocery shopping. Oh, now she is going to pick some 2 dozens eggs and milk. Oh look, and butter! I'll know what to do with her. I'm pretending that I'm happy and cheerful. I'm going to fake my wheels won't work. Look at her! She is so happy buying stuff. Here are a few people; they are in my way. Oops! She dropped her eggs all over the people's clothes. It was so funny. But she was really mad at me. She knew that I hit into her on purpose. She paid for a couple of things. And after she was done with me she threw me in the cart aisle. I mean she THREW me! I think I have a busted wheel. I don't blame her. Who's the sucker now?

Mary Simon
February 22, 2005

Mr Miller's Vacation

The silver dust of moonlight settled coldly on the night of September 2, 1997 when Bob Miller was driving from the country. It was about a three hour drive from his house to the middle of nowhere. He couldn't wait to get home so he could sleep. He was exhausted from two days of hunting and very hungry.

That night as he was driving it started to rain and the roads were too dangerous to be on. While driving on a hill, the car hydroplaned off the road and into a tree.

A few minutes later he woke up on the ground, cold and wet from the rain. It had stopped raining but the car was all smashed from the crash. Bob didn't know where he was, but he knew he was lost somewhere in the woods.

Scared and hungry, he packed his gun and knife up and he left the car. He started to walk to the road to find some help. He walked and walked until he found a cave that he could start a fire in to dry off.

When he woke up the next day, he went hunting and tried to find his way home. It was a nice day and it wasn't cold out so he walked down the hill from where the cave was.

Police found his car on the side of the road and called for a search and rescue team to find the lost hunter. While the search and rescue team were looking for him, he went swimming in a lake. The search and rescue team spotted smoke from the campfire and went there to look. When they got to the cave, they saw Mr Miller swimming in the lake. They went down and got him and took him home.

Daniel Paul
Sydney Evening 3



Now and Then

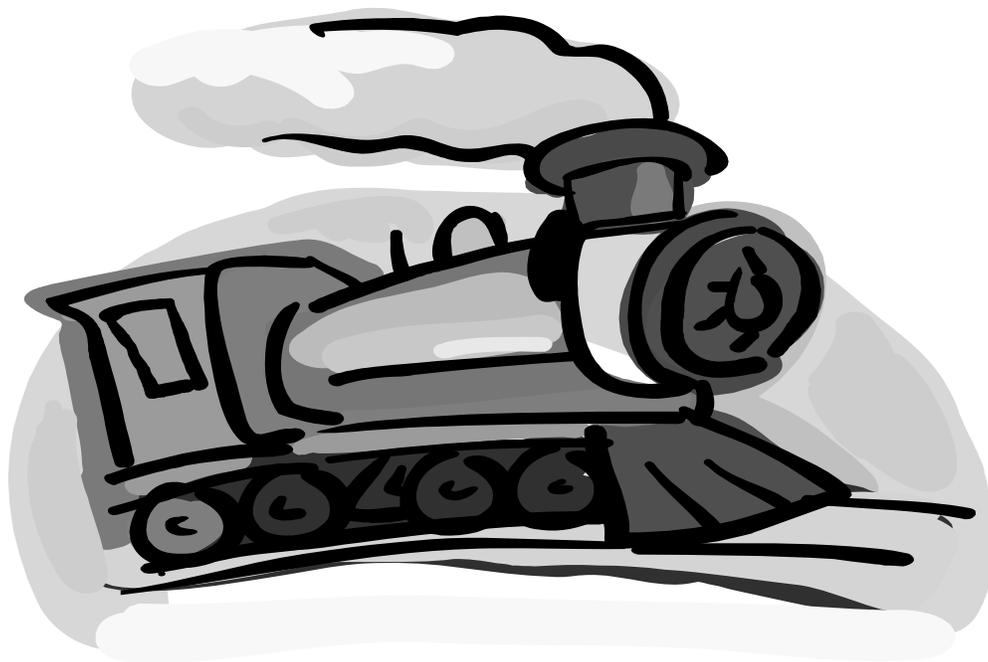
As I sat in traffic with lights flashing and horns blowing, I caught a glimpse of this old black train climbing up towards the town. For a moment it brought me back to happier times when I was growing up in a little coal mining town along with my two brothers and five sisters.

People were more laid back and relaxed then. Everyone had jobs getting that black gold from the coal mines. Education was put on the back burner. As soon as the boys were old enough, they would rush to get jobs in the mines, and the girls were soon married off to raise families of their own. If a problem came up, everyone would pull together as one, and they would conquer anything that laid in their path.

I was suddenly brought back to reality with a couple of loud toots from this old black train that raced across the tracks in front of me. I knew I was back to the hustle and bustle of today - everyone rushing and darting past each other getting through their everyday way of living.

It made me wonder, "What happened to making time for a friend" and "Where is that shoulder to lean on today?" No one takes time to smell the roses. Everything is rush, rush, rush.

Submitted by Maureen Nichol
North Sydney Day Class





AUTOBIOPOEM

of

Patricia

Caring friend, generous, friendly, shy

Sister of Connie, Michelle and
Robert

Who loves to spend time with my nephews and nieces, to have time to myself
for yoga and the outdoors, going out with friends and going to Newfoundland to
visit friends and my sister

Who feels good about myself

Who needs to lean to trust others more

Who gives support & help to others

Who fears being alone

Who would like to finally get out on my own & get off of disability

Resident of New Waterford

Dort



"If you love your freedom, thank a veteran."

We have freedom of choice. We don't have to worry of being invaded. We should appreciate the veterans. We can chose where we live and travel. We have the right to vote, the right to marry, to have children, the right to have a fair trail, the right to attend school, the right to apply for social programs, and the right to speak our mind. We have a good health care system and the right to choose our own career. We thank the wonderful veterans for fighting in the wars for us.

I am proud to be a Canadian because of all of the things that we are able to do. I am so proud of the young men and women who fought in wartime for me and for others. Thank you.

Sandra DeYoung

A Cottage by the Lake
(descriptive writing)

In the fall of the year my favorite place to be is at my cottage by the lake. I enjoy relaxing in my favorite lounging chair, admiring the extraordinary colors of the leaves. The smell of fresh flowers and pine trees are in perfect harmony with birds singing and the unmistakable cry of a loon.



As the sun goes down and the moon comes out, I feel happy and content to be in my favorite place, listening to all the sounds that Nature brings.

My Dream Home
(descriptive writing)

In a country setting with an old country church nearby sits my dream home. It is shaped like the gingerbread house in the story of Hansel and Gretel, excluding the basement and the upstairs.

On the outside it has a pitched roof which is red. The windows are shaped like hearts, with shutters that resemble white icing that you could put on a cake. There are window boxes filled with lots of different flowers like sprinkles on a cake.

Inside of the house there are three bedrooms, each with its own theme. My daughter's room is a relaxing blue. An energetic and helpful Spiderman is Thomas's hero.

With conservation, laughter and whispering imagination, the singing birds, and ocean waves surround my dream home.

Patricia MacAskill
Sydney Evening 3



What Returning to School Means to Me

I was a very sick woman five years ago with a neurological disorder of the legs. This condition left me in a wheel chair for two years. The specialists in Sydney said that I would never walk again.

Well, I fooled them. I have been walking for the past two years. This made me want to go back to school to get my grade twelve. I hope to complete this course and go to the Nova Scotia Community College, Marconi Campus in September.

I am a bookkeeper by trade, but I have no computer skills and would like to have them. The teacher, Shauna, is very good. She helps us with our work and makes sure that we know what she is teaching, and that we know our work.

I have been out of school for twenty-seven years and I am now enjoying school very much. I am learning new math and English which I forgot in twenty-seven years. I hope to finish this course and continue on because education is now more important in life.

I hope this story about me helps people. Never give up because you are disabled. Try until you succeed in life. Life is too short. You should live life to the fullest. You can be like me. I didn't listen to the doctor and I didn't give up. I now walk to school every day. I have love going back to school and meeting new people. Go back to school until you succeed.

I hope to continue until I get my education and my be able tell others my story. I hope that this story about myself helps others to see that education is important and so is your life. I also wish to thank my very special friend, Harriet Meade, who is there when you need her and is someone to talk to.

Submitted by Debbie Hodder
North Sydney Day Class



AUTOBIOPOEM

of

Sandy

Good, friendly, happy, funny

Brother of Cory

Lover of learning, darts, reading

Who feels happy when I am with my son and daughter

Who needs a peaceful life

Who gives love to my children

Who fears failure

Who would like to see this world a better place

Resident of New Waterford

Harte



Late One Night

Late one night the neighbor knocked on my front door and asked me if I could help him lift a big trunk. It was down in his basement and it was too heavy to lift. "I need some help to take it up the stairs and out to the car."

I asked him, "What's in the trunk?"

He said, "Some old things that I'm getting rid off. I'm taking it to the Salvation Army." We dragged it up the stairs and out to the car. We put the heavy thing in the back seat of his car. It sure was heavy. He said, "Thanks for helping me, I can take it from here."

Three days later the police were at his house asking him questions. When the cops left I went over. I wanted to know if everything was all right. He said that everything was fine but that his wife has disappeared three days ago and that her mother was worried enough to call the police. I went home not suspecting anything wrong. It was later in the day when I thought of the heavy trunk. What was in that?

The next day I got a visit from the police. They started asking me questions about my neighbor; I guess I'm a nosey guy. I told them about the trunk and dragging it up the stairs and out to the car. I told them how it hurt my back, and he didn't even offer me a beer. After the police left my place they went over my neighbor's house and they took him to the police station.

They found his wife. I couldn't believe it. I had helped him to drag that heavy trunk upstairs and inside of it was it wife. I didn't think she weighed that much!

Robert Burke

THE BANK ROBBERY

It was a night that no one will forget. It was windy and rainy. All of a sudden the power went out. Everyone was scared. We lit candles. The bank alarm was ringing. Someone screamed. There was a face in the window. A large, angry looking man burst through the back door. He had a gun in his hand. He made us all go into one room. He made Sandy tie the rest of us up. Someone had turned on the battery- operated radio. We heard that the bank had been robbed. Was this the bank robber? The man panicked when he heard a noise and he took Sandy hostage. Sandy tackled the robber. They fell to the floor. We didn't realize that Jackie had managed to get free. While the robber was trying to get up, Jackie hit him with a candlestick. Sandy grabbed the gun and got Jackie to tie up the robber. When the robber was tied up, Sandy and Jackie untied the rest of us and called the police. The next day the story was in the newspapers. It was the big story of the day. Best of all we collected the \$2000.00 reward.



.....New Waterford Day Classes

It's only Sunday not Easter!!

(persuasive writing)

I think that in the province of Nova Scotia Sunday shipping should be optional. I just don't get the big deal the world is not going to come to an end because we open Wal-Mart Sunday afternoon.

We open Shoppers, corner stores, Blockbuster, Mc Donald's and all the other fast food industries and restaurants every Sunday, as well as the hospitals. Police and firemen are still expected to work. We even make the priests get themselves out of bed early Sunday mornings, to preach about God. You would think that if God was really into this day of rest thing that the government is trying to feed us, His own people could get Sunday off too.

I just don't understand why we are the only province that still has the Sunday shopping ban in effect. Look at Ontario and New Brunswick, they have Sunday shopping and God has not cursed them with plagues and locusts. No, God has blessed them with Sunday shopping.



The Things They Left Out!

The silver dust of moon light settled coldly on the night. As the big fluff snow flakes fall steadily on Cape Breton. With just enough snow down to welcome people into the spirit of Christmas. It's just enough to make people like me rip their hair out at the thought of the first snow fall, of a long and cold winter on the island. The thoughts of

shoveling, cold cars, scraping car windows, getting stuck everywhere, and last but not least the bruise that I will have until April on my butt.

The part I like even better than all that fun and exciting stuff are all the people in the mall and stores searching for just the right gift, for God knows who and God only cares. These people are insane; running, pushing, running people down with their carts, and then you still have that one person in every aisle so it seems that just stop dead right in front of you for what? Half the time I don't even think they know themselves.

I know guys, I can hear you saying what on earth are you doing in the mall, if you hate it that much? How come you didn't get your shopping done sooner? Why did you leave it to the last minute? You're just like them. Well I have just one thing to say to you. I have been standing in this same line and I have not moved once in at least twenty minutes. I might add for what? Not for some toy my kid will play with for ten minutes and then start screaming because the kid's toys down got something better from Santa. No, I'm here for toilet paper. So Merry Christmas lady!

Liz Warner
Sydney Evening 3



MY ISLAND

MY ISLAND IS BEAUTIFUL IN THE SUMMER

MY ISLAND IS BEAUTIFUL IN THE FALL

MY ISLAND STANDS ALONE IN THE WORLD

MY ISLAND HAS PROUD AND FRIENDLY PEOPLE

MY ISLAND CRIES ALONE IN THE WORLD

MY ISLAND SOMETIMES GETS MAD AT THE WORLD

MY ISLAND WITH HER STORMY SEAS AND WIND

MY ISLAND SMILES TO HER PEOPLE

MY ISLAND IS STRONG AND FREE IN THE WORLD

MY ISLAND WITH HER BLUE SKY AND WARM SUN

MY ISLAND STANDS FREE AND PROUD TO CALL HERSELF AN ISLAND



WE ARE AN ISLAND

By Gary Brogan

MY CHRISTMAS

I get in the mood to write songs
about Christmas, family and friends.

Snow falling on the ground,
people decorating all around and
waiting for Santa Clause who is coming to town.
Children so happy all around
they even light up the town.
Sleigh dashing through the snow
everyone hollering "HO, HO, HO - giddy up go"
dashing through the snow.
Sleigh bells ringing as they go on their way.
They think about Santa in his sleigh.
So much to do in one night,
he is hoping he'll get it right.
Everyone will be happy and joyful the next day
and get what they want for Christmas.
It is the night Jesus was born in a manger far away.
Songs of joy filled the air.
Mary knelt in prayer,
giving thanks to the Lord above
for her son and his love.

Ro dee o' doe - got to go!

Merry Christmas one and all!



Brian Thurbide

Notes