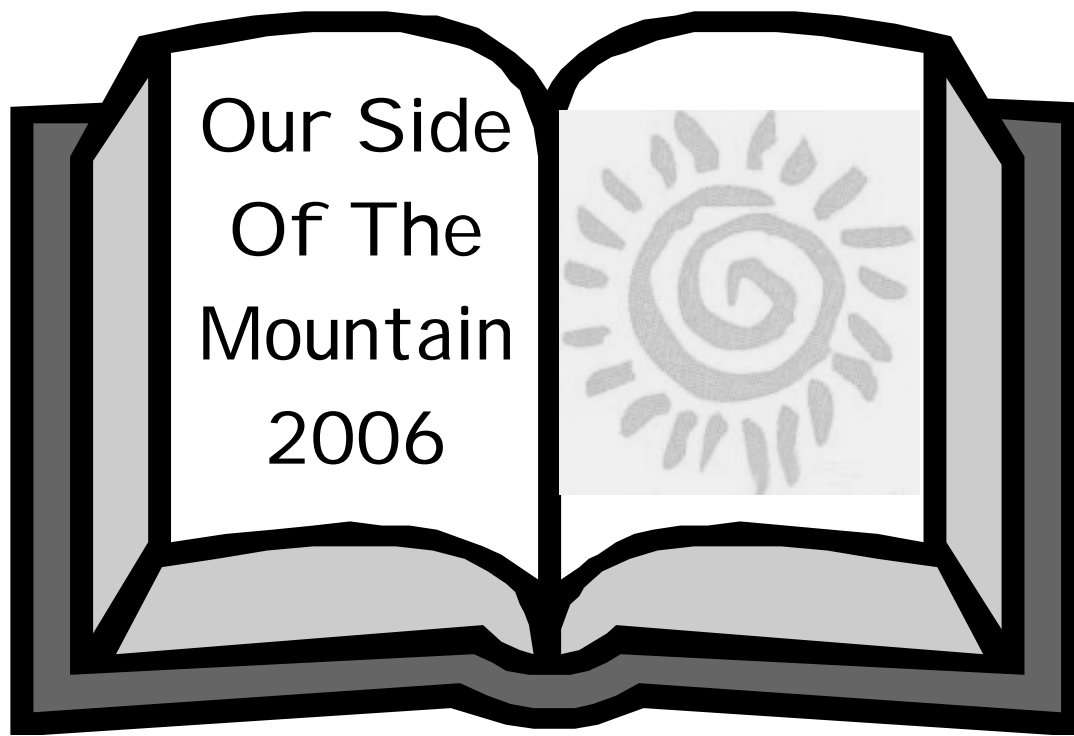


Brian Thurbide - David Driscoll - Omar Asseff -
NonaLee Lawrence - Bobby Ingraham - Garfield Rice -
Yvette MacCormick - Bobby Jean Dodd - Bobby Young -
Annie Stewart - Laura Lee Gilmet - Aileen Hall - Darren
Hillier - Audrey Corbett - Mary Nearing - Gary Brogan -
Justin Tanner - Gail Vickers - Cathy Head - Joan
McDonald - Sydney Day Class - Geneva Boutilier - Rose
Marie Stoodley - Vivian Pasher - Jan Eddy



Mary MacDonald - Peter Byrne - Harriet Meade - Jamie
Lundrigan - Susan Weldon - Carole Bennett - Sandra
DeYoung - Mark Williams - Mary Simon - Erin Peters -
Annie Stewart - Lee MacDonald - Cory Harte - Kathy
Doucette - Patricia Thomas - Robert Burke - Gary
Brogan - Amanda MacVicar - Mary Hutchison - Wayne
LeDrew - Danielle Curry - Jean Stewart - Frances
Hibbert

Welcome to the seventh edition of *Our Side Of The Mountain*. Read on and you will find writings that amuse, inspire, entertain and inform. All these works have been written by adult students of the Adult Learning Association of Cape Breton County.

Each year our community of writers looks forward to seeing their own published works and those of their writing colleagues. They can take great pride in sharing their published writing with family, friends and community.

Writing, especially good writing, can require great effort. Finding just the right words to tell a story, express a feeling or communicate an idea is definitely not easy. Is it really worth the hard work?

Well, as I read these compositions, I can feel shivers down my spine and goose bumps on my arms. I know the writer has made a connection with me. Read on, and you too will feel these connections that can help us feel more fully human.

Is it worth the hard work? You bet!

Karen Blair
Coordinator

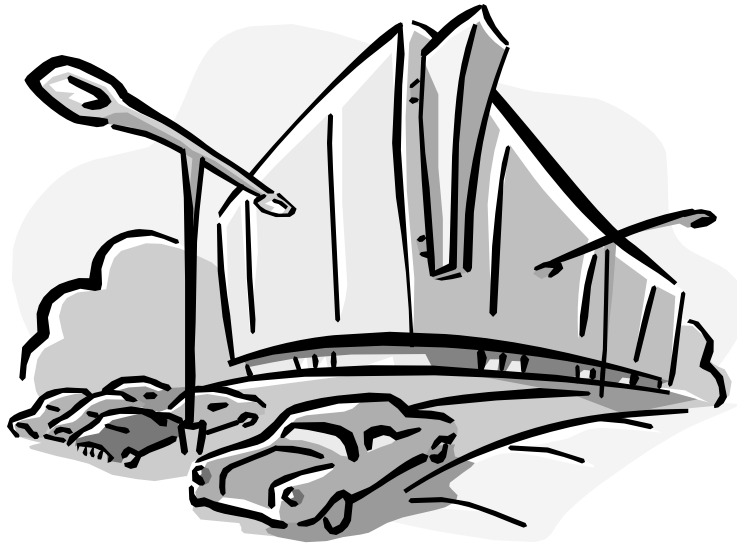
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My Perfect Day

My perfect day would be to go to the Bargain Shop and do some shopping and look around the stores to see what they have to look at. Then I would go visiting my friends in New Waterford for a while. I would see how they are doing. I would drive around and look in the store windows. I want to look at the clothes. I would go and get my husband and go to a restaurant in Sydney and have some supper. My husband and I would go see a show or go to a tavern and see if there is some music to listen to. That is how I spent my perfect day.

By Cathy Head
New Waterford Class

You're Never Too Old



I would like to say that going back to school for me has been great. I look forward to going every day. I learned so much since I went back. My reading and my writing, math and spelling have improved so much. It is so much better than being home in the

house with nothing to do. I would say to anyone who would like to go back to school, just go! You will like it. Give it some time and when you see that you're learning, you will want to be there. So do it today. Do not let time slip away, for all you have is today. When that job comes up, you may have earned your GED or your grade twelve. I was fifty-three when I went back. I have found that you're never too old to learn. All my life I wanted to go back to school and one day I was walking through North Sydney and I saw a sign in a window about upgrading. So I phoned and went to see them and then I started and I feel good now that I have.

Brian Thurbide
Northside Day Class

Our Side of the Mountain 2006

Listen.....
Endless are His Countless Ways to Say it.....

Listen.....as the song of the birds sing out in welcome of this New day given, as the blanket of night is rolled away and both nature and man begin to stir, rested and refurbished for what new adventures and encounters lay ahead for both today.

Today.....A gift.....God given to all.....that's why we call it the PRESENT.
Endless are His countless ways to say it.....

Listen.....to the sound of the New day's beginning. The flow of traffic, the mill of people, the market place displays its wares, the workers take to their desks, the labourers to their tools and vessels, the farmers to their plows, the children assemble in schoolyards, a mother relinquishes life of her new born...a baby cries...life...new life..

God has given freely to all.....LIFE.
Endless are His countless ways to say it.....

Listen.....to the wind, the babbling brook that flows to great rivers, waters and seas.

Whither they come or whither they go, what stories, what sight do they hold? For ancient are they both. If you listen to the wind, the babbling brook, one could almost discern their words. If they could would they carry a wish or prayer to the heavens with them or did? For I feel the wind's gentle embrace and caresses, the silky satiny soft flow of the waters upon my wayward step.....Yet at times can be so strong. Perhaps not a wish or a prayer or either, but their VERY MAKER'S way of saying, "I LOVE YOU."

Endless are His countless ways to say it.....

Listen.....with stifled thought and straining ear, and the God-given love of a silent spouse, friend, or vessel, giving space and no ear, and God place and a chance to hear, so very longed for and needed, in all its pleasantness to find it so. THE SOUND OF SILENCE ALSO BEAUTIFUL. One way you can show it too, one day in need shown back to you.

Endless are His countless ways to say it.....

Listen.....

Susan Weldon

David's Description

Devoted to my family

Addicted to Tim Horton's coffee

Visually impaired

I visit my mother every day

Delivers the Cape Breton Post

Drive my bike almost every day

Read stories to my sons

I got an addition to my family, a new baby boy

Student

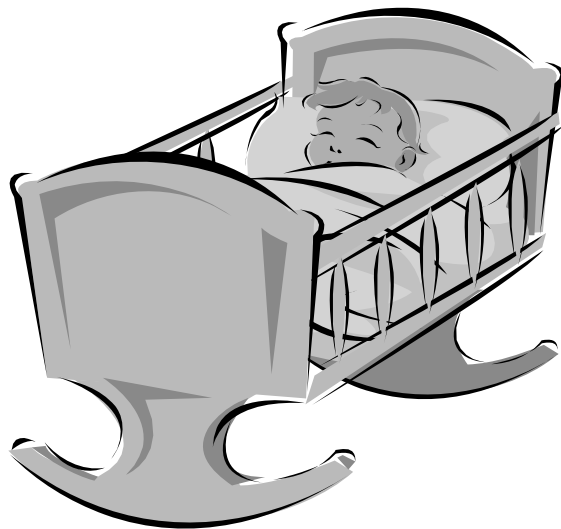
Collects lapel pins

Obeys school rules

Love my wife and children

Love to eat pizza

.....David Driscoll



If I Won Millions of Dollars



If I won millions of dollars I would go to Hollywood and get a new home. I would get a job and learn how to work. I would meet people and have friends. I could leave Hollywood and go to Florida. I would and go on rides in Disneyland. I would see Mickey Mouse and Minnie Mouse. I would learn to speak French and go to French restaurants and eat fancy food. I would go to movies and meet new friends. I would shopping with my friends. I would travel back to Hollywood and spend some time in my new house. I would buy a small plane so that I could travel. I would learn to fly it myself; I'd take lessons. I'd have a driver for the times I just wanted to sit back and relax. I'd also buy a new car, a big shiny red one, a sports car. I'd learn to drive that too. I'd have a driver for the car as well.

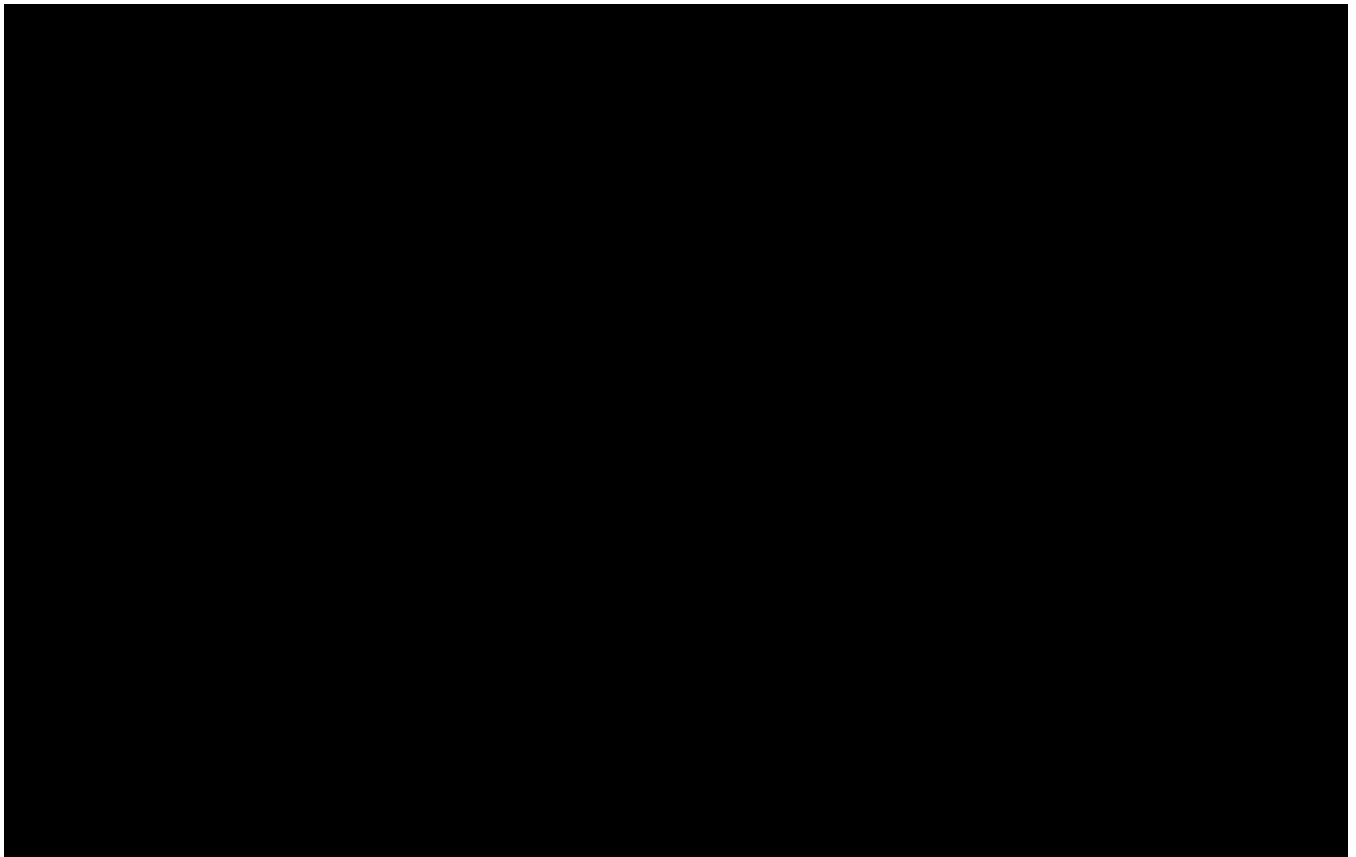
I'd give my parents, my sisters and their families money. I would take them all to Disneyland with me. Wouldn't that be great? I'd take my family to those fancy restaurants with me. We'd all be very happy.

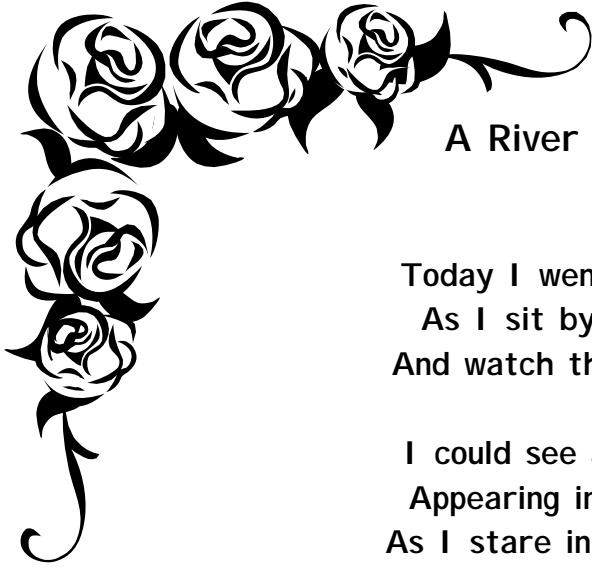
Carole Bennett

Before the Ice Age

Before I came into this world – a long time ago – there was an Ice Age. Millions of years ago there were all kinds of dinosaurs and wing bat flyers that soared through the skies. Many animals had legs and fins. These pictures I have drawn look like something I would have seen before the Ice Age began. There were fish with legs that were amphibian and roamed the land. It would have been neat to see. Lizards with fins! Who could ever believe that lizards may have had fins and still roamed the land as they do today.

Writing and drawings by Omar Asseff





A River of Why

Today I went to a river
As I sit by this river
And watch the water run

I could see a reflection
Appearing in the water
As I stare into the water
The reflection came closer

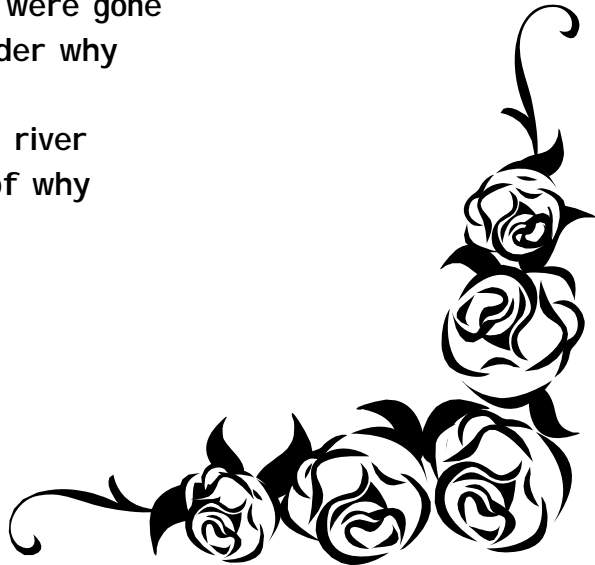
The closer it got
The harder I stare
As soon as I got close enough
The reflection I saw was you

Your reflection in the river
You were looking at me
With tears in your eyes

Then as I moved closer
Suddenly you were gone
And I wonder why

This is a river
A river of why

Done By: NonaLee Lawrence
2005

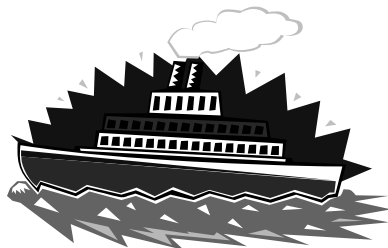




A Trip I Want to Take

This summer I am hoping to go to Newfoundland. I'll have to take the ferry to get there. I hope to go for a few days. I would stay with my friend, Art Pyke. We would go to Gallant's Day. It's like a flea market. There are tables set up all around the village, and each one has stuff to sell. There is even a table in the little church. During the day, there is a baseball game. There are darts during the evening. Finally, at the end of the day, everyone goes to a party at Camp Seven.

By Bobby Ingraham
North Sydney Day





My Freedom

I value my freedom because the veterans fought the war for me and all for all the people. I think a poppy is to remember the veterans who died for our country. We have to thank the veterans. It was them who fought for our freedom.

When I look at a poppy I think of courage. The young men were so brave. The color of the poppy reminds me of the color of the blood on the grounds of the battlefields. When I pin a poppy on my chest I feel pride. I am so proud of all the young men who died for us. May we never forget or allow it to happen again.

Sandra DeYoung



“I Can’t Write A Poem” Poem

I have no patience
I can’t remember
I’m too tired
I can’t think of a title
I hate poetry
My hands are sore
It’s too cold in the house
I have a headache
I can’t make words rhyme
I have other things to do
Times up uh oh
You like it? Really? No kidding
Thanks a lot
This poem isn’t as bad as I thought.

.....Cathy Head
New Waterford Class

The Holocaust Through Children's Eyes

The children in the war paid the biggest price.

Innocent people who didn't do anything to hurt anyone in life got hurt the most in the war.

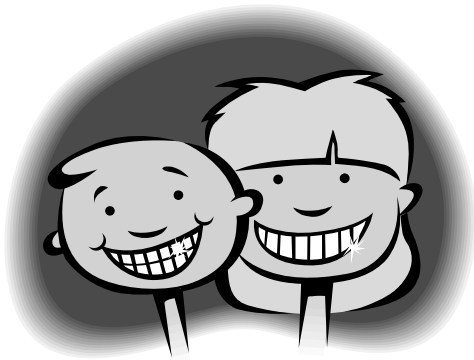
Hana and George Brady paid a price by losing their mother and father when they were very young in life.

The Jewish people paid a huge price in the war because of one man's beliefs.

Everyone should read the non-fiction book, *Hana's Suitcase*, written by Karen Levine

By: Garfield Rice
North Sydney





My Special Friend

Our friendship is strong and special. We went on a trip before with our old class to the Wildlife Park. We saw all the animals in the park together and we had lots of fun there.

Her friendship means the world to me and I love her like family. I will miss her when she goes to a new school next fall. I wish that she wouldn't go because I will miss her companionship. I know that it will be great for her. I wish her luck.

She always makes me smile and laugh. We always have a great time together. I will always be very thankful that she's in my life.

Mark Williams

Description of Yvette

Yearn to be rich

Visit with friends

Education is important to me

Take issue with rude people

Teach my children to be good people

Enthusiastic about learning

My children are the best

Always care about what other people feel

Caring about other people is important

Children love me to read stories to them

Offer help to others

Riding a bike

My mother is the best

Interesting person

Conceive a child

Keep the peace

By Yvette MacCormick

A Conversation With a Veteran

This is a story about a veteran in World War II. His name is Douglas Roy LeBlanc. I would like to let you know about the pain that many veterans went through during the war.

Douglas was twenty years old at the time he joined the Royal Canadian Naval Reserve in 1940 in Halifax. As Hitler declared war, many people were devastated. Douglas volunteered to join the navy because he wanted to fight for his country. Many young people do not realize what the veterans went through in the war. I could not tell you in words how painful it must have been for these veterans.

Douglas was not married at the time when he joined the war, but he had thirteen brothers and sisters, and a mother and father who he left behind. Douglas told me in his own words how heartbreaking it was to see his friends get shot and die. Most of all, he had to watch his very best friend die right in front of him. There was nothing else to do but keep on fighting. He also told me that when you had a friend in the war, you did not know how long your friendship would last, or if it would even last.

Doug's father, Solomon LeBlanc, also fought for his country in World War I. He was shot at Vimy Ridge. A soldier found him and he was taken to the hospital in England. They thought that he was dead, but he was still alive. They couldn't do anything for him. For nine months he rolled on the floor trying to breathe. He lost so much weight that he went down to ninety pounds. They then sent for a doctor from Halifax to come to England to help Solomon. When the doctor arrived, he said "Solomon, what you need is air." That is what the doctor did - he gave him air by punching a hole into his throat and putting in a tube. When Solomon began to breathe better, he grabbed the doctor's hand as tears were rolling down his face. He then started to rub the doctor's hand to thank him. Solomon was the first man to ever live with a tube in his throat. He was told that he would only live a year, but he ended up living until he was seventy-one years old. Solomon was also given a king's discharge from the army.

The following song is by my grandfather, Solomon LeBlanc, from Alder Point. He wrote it when he returned from World War I. My father now continues the tradition and still sings this song today.

Daddy's Medals

Picture was seen of a child in a home, gazing up in surprise
when a man came in with a mask over both of his eyes.

The little girl cried, "Please, Sir, don't steal Daddy's medals, the medals he's won overseas.
They were found by his side before he died and sent to my mother and me.

You can take the doll Santa Claus sent me, but please don't steal Daddy's medals, the
medals he won overseas.

Submitted by Bobby Jean Dodd
North Sydney Day



Going Away

Every year, in March, I get ready for my trip to the town of Stellarton, which is close to New Glasgow.

My friends and I are driving there by car instead of the bus. We spend the weekend there to play darts.

It's a good thing it's on the weekend, so I don't miss school and my teachers won't miss me.

We stay in the motel and party.

It's fun to see my friends at the tournament.

Usually Sydney Mines wins.

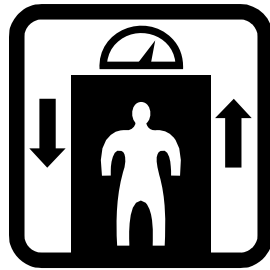
Win, lose, or draw, we just have fun and shoot our darts and the Stellarton dart league will be down in May for a rematch.

No matter where we are they can't beat us.

SYDNEY MINES ARE THE CHAMPS!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

By: Bobby Young

Northside Reading Circle



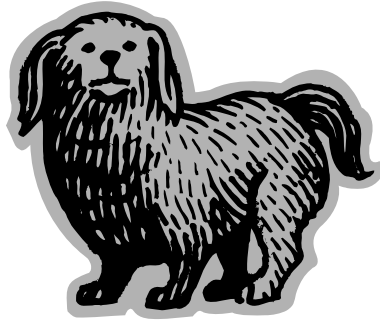
Trapped in an Elevator in Toronto

When I first arrived in Toronto, I saw tall buildings. Well anyway, I decided to live there with the family. One day I went to this tall building to see a friend. She was living on the 20th floor of this building. I was very scared just to look up and see how small I was. I was alone. It was nighttime.

I went into the elevator by myself. When I pushed the button to go up, the lights of the elevator went off and on. I started to panic, and scream my head off. I noticed there was an emergency phone, so I called out hoping that someone could hear me. There were firemen to help me.

I was trapped for a long time. There was a trap door in the ceiling. But I couldn't reach that, I was too afraid. So I stood in one spot and I hoped I'd be out of there soon. When the firemen came I was so happy and relieved. My friend was waiting for me. I told her about what happened to me. That's why I don't like elevators that much.

Mary Simon



Boogie Baby

I got my dog in Glace Bay. My mother and brother-in-law went to get the dog at a woman's house. When they got the dog home I was glad to get her. I took her upstairs and showed her to my father. She was all black and she was small and cute. I have a name for her. Her name is Jessie. I have a hole in my pants. She liked to chew on them. She squeaks the ball for my father. My parents both love her. I have a nickname for her. It is Boogie Baby. She gets sad when I go out and gets very excited when I come home. She is in the car when my mother or father pick me up. I love my Jessie.

Erin Peters

Remembering Mom.

A year ago we lost you.
To an illness you fought so well.
Oh, how much we miss you.
Our love for you did swell.

The happiness you brought us.
We never will forget.
Your spirit and your talents,
Kindness to everyone you met.

Christmas was a lonely time.
Without you to bring us love.
We know that you were with us.
From your new home up above.

This big old house is lonely.
Without you to warm it up.
You left us way too early.
You were really just a pup.

Mom I really miss you,
More than words could ever say.
I'll love you now and always.
And never forget this special day.

The cooking and the quilting.
How much you knit and sew.
Oh! How much it hurt us,
To have to let you go.

I hope Heaven has birds and horses,
Which you have always loved.
You fought cancer like a trouper.
And now you are a dove.

Remembering Mom 2

I t's been a long two years now
Since that awful day.
When you said goodbye to us
And God took you away.

The past two Christmases without you,
Were surely not the same.
Good things always follow
Whenever we hear your name.

We still miss you Dearly
And we still love you so.
You graced us with your presence
More than you'll ever Know.

I'm doing so much better
Than when you saw me last.
I t's hard to believe that it's been so long
The time goes by so fast.

By: Annie Stewart



IF I WON THE LOTTERY

If I ever won the lottery the first thing I would do is give my parents some of my winnings so that they won't have to worry about anything. Then I would give some to my family and friends. Then the second thing I would do is find a nice piece of land and build a great big house with a swimming pool in the backyard and a big fence all around the house. Inside of my house I would have a big entertainment room in the basement so that I can have friend's over for parties. Then when winter comes I would go on long trips to see all different countries, and explore all of the different languages. But the one place that I really want to go is Disneyland because ever since I was little it's the place I always wanted to go. After I'm done all of my travelling I would come back home and find myself a wife and live happily ever after until I'm old and grey with grandchildren all around me.

By Lee MacDonald

New Waterford Class

Cory's Poem

Comes to school on time everyday

Often seen walking

Respectful of others

Yearns to learn to drive a car

Honest and kind

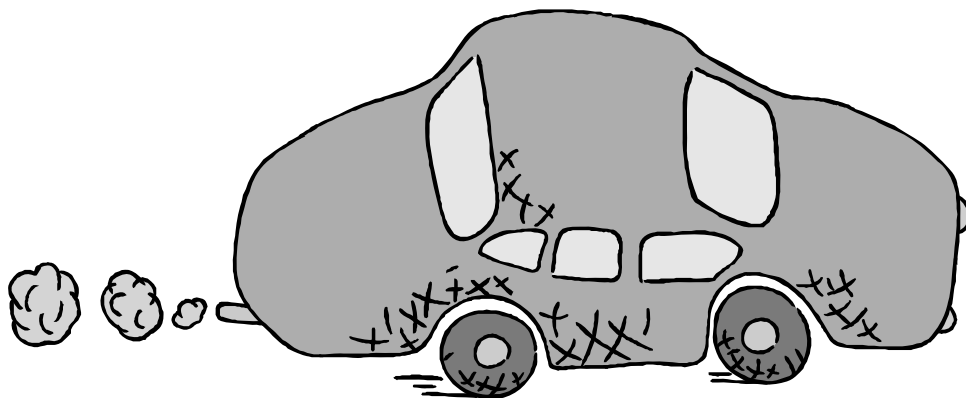
Always in a good mood

Realises that school is important

Timid

Even-tempered

.....Cory Harte



Our Side of the Mountain 2006

I Am

*I am soft hearted and honest
I wonder why there is so much hate
I hear babies cry, waves crash and birds chirping
I see Angels
I want to be contented
I am soft hearted and honest*

*I pretend to be happy at times
I feel like I am taken for granted at times
I touch Angels
I worry about my life
I cry about unfortunate kids and animals
I am soft hearted and honest*

*I understand that life is difficult
I say children are innocent
I dream of riding horses bare back in open fields
I try to show who I am
I hope to be successful
I am soft hearted and honest*

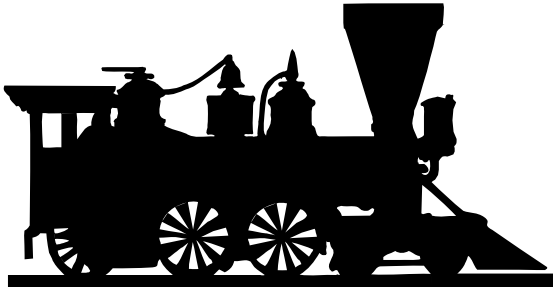
Aileen Hall



Darren's Journey

The best trip I ever took was to visit my sister. I went on a train. They had good food on the train and a place to sleep. I have also been on an airplane. There was a little TV on the airplane. I like the plane the best.

By Darren Hillier
North Sydney Day



WHAT AM I ?

I started my life off as an invention that was designed by one man. I am now bought and sold in bulk every day. I come in every color of the rainbow. I love to travel with one or more persons. You will never hear me complain about being dirty or wet. I love the great outdoors.

I am found everywhere you go. My size and colour may change. If you have the right kind of skills you can build me yourself. One thing I do have in common with my owner is a license.

*What Am I ? **

Kathy Doucette



** a car*

My Afternoon With Grampy

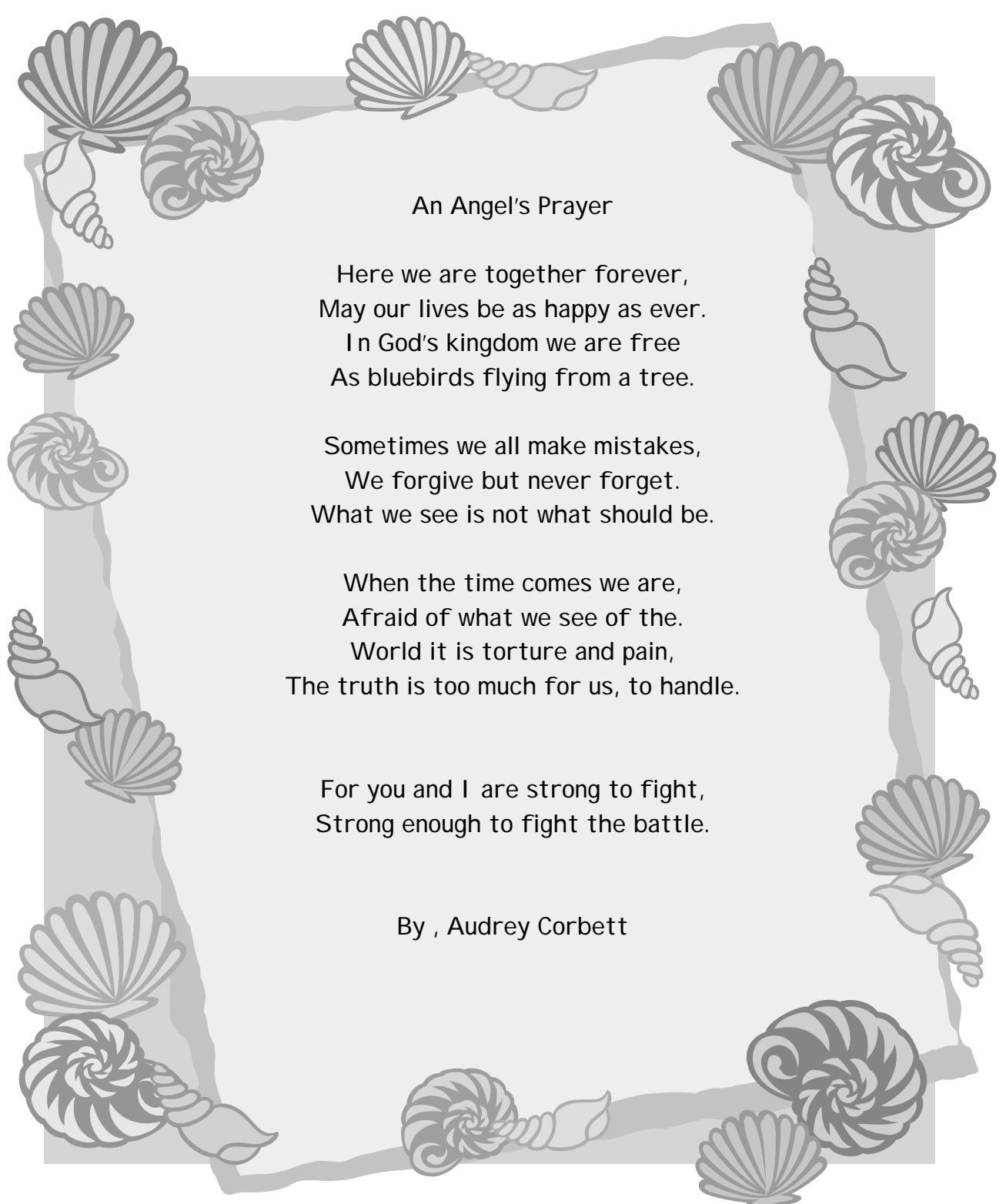
If I could spend the day with anyone it would be my grampy Williams. The reason why I would like to spend the afternoon with him is because he died almost nine years ago, I miss hanging out with him. He was a really sweet and loving man and that's what I miss about him the most.

The things that I would talk to him about would be what I want to do with my life. I would also talk to him about how much I miss him playing his guitar and singing for me. I would talk to him about his great- granddaughter Brooklynn, and how much she looks like Johnathon my older brother. I would tell him about his little Gatiorbate (Desiraia) my younger sister and how big she has gotten. I would also talk to him about how much I miss going down Ingonish in the summer to visit him and my nanny. The last thing we would talk about is his old horse and his life Seira.

This afternoon would make feel happy, because I never got to say good-bye and how much I loved him. I know he would be proud of me for trying to achieve my goals and I know he is looking down from heaven with a big smile on his face.

By: Geneva Boutilier
Glace Bay Day
2006





An Angel's Prayer

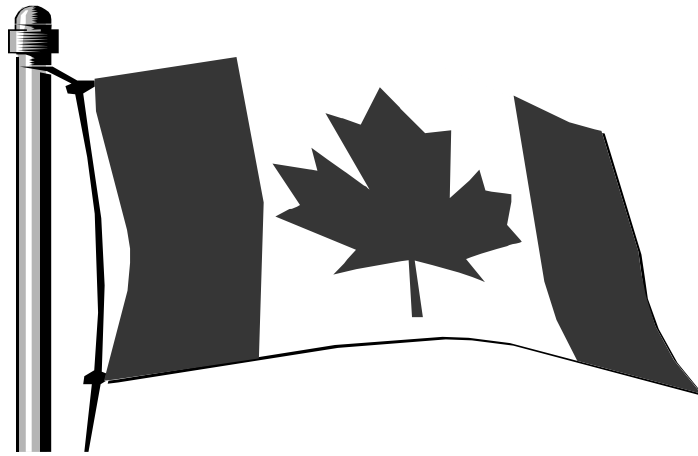
Here we are together forever,
May our lives be as happy as ever.
In God's kingdom we are free
As bluebirds flying from a tree.

Sometimes we all make mistakes,
We forgive but never forget.
What we see is not what should be.

When the time comes we are,
Afraid of what we see of the
World it is torture and pain,
The truth is too much for us, to handle.

For you and I are strong to fight,
Strong enough to fight the battle.

By , Audrey Corbett



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

Mary's Life

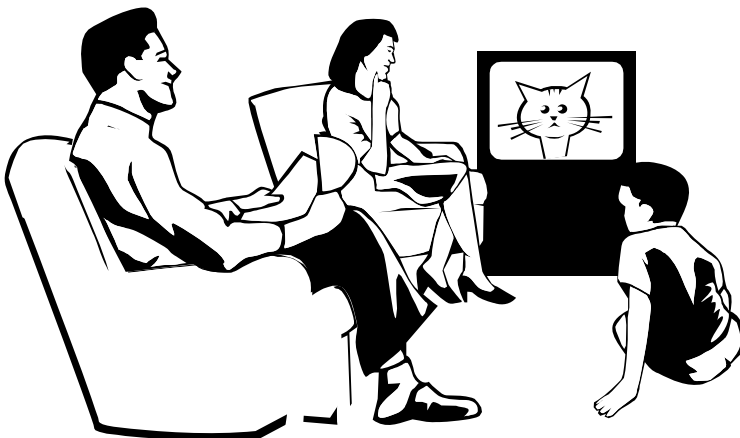
I would like to tell you about my life. My name is Mary. My family includes two sisters and I have two brothers. Both my parents live in Glace Bay. My husband, Jim, is a very good man. We have one son, his name is Milan. He is eight years old.

In the winter we go out to make snowmen, have snowball fights and go walking. Every weekend we watch family TV and movies.

In the summer we enjoy the warm weather. My son Milan likes to pick blueberries and wild flowers for me.

I am going to the Adult Learning School to get my education. This makes me feel better about myself. Jim helps me with homework and this gives me the support and encouragement to continue. Some day I would like to work with children. I want to be able to help my son with his homework. The other day Milan told us, "You are the best mommy and daddy ever! The best day of my life was meeting my husband and having our son. I am a very happy woman!

.....Mary Nearing





A Lesson to Live By

Sally Miller is a young teenage girl who has lived with her grandmother, Sandra, for the last five years to make a better life for her self.

One day she met this older boy at Bobby's Meat Shop. He works there cleaning up part time. He asked Sally out for a date on Saturday night to the movies. "Give me your number and I will call you," asked Keith.

She said, "I will ask my grandmother can I go."

She asked her grandmother if she could go. Her grandmother said, "No! He's too old for you!"

Sally went up to her room and slammed her door and cried. She thought to herself, "I am going if she likes it or not." That night Keith called Sally at 9 o'clock. He asked her, "Are you allowed to go?"

"Yes, I am allowed to go. Pick me up at Bobby's Meat Shop at 6 o'clock ok? Bye."

It's Saturday. Sally went down to the meat shop to wait for Keith. He picked her up and off they went to the movies. He said, "I know somewhere we can go instead of the movies. Let's go up to Blueberry Hill. My friends are going to be up there and we can drink some rum.

Sally said, "I told my grandmother we were going to the movies." Sally got very scared and told Keith, "I want to go home right now!"

He said, "No, you are going up there like it or not!" Sally tried to jump out of a speeding car. He lost control of the wheel and the car crashed into a tree. Sally was very hurt but she managed to get away from him. She got to the top of the road and a nice woman picked her up and took her to the hospital.

She called her grandmother from the hospital and told her what had happened to her and said, "I'm scared and I'm sorry for what I have done. Will you ever forgive me? Sally started to cry.

Her grandmother came to see her and said, "I will always love you because you are all I have. Thank God you are all right."

Robert Burke

Joe Perry



Joe Perry was one of the greatest and biggest influences that the history of rock and roll guitar has ever had. He is the person that influenced me to pick up a guitar.

Joe Perry is a blues influences, rock and roll guitarist. He is one half of the guitar/song-writing duo of Aerosmith. Joe's guitar playing is a cross between Keith Richards of the Rolling Stones (gritty, heavily distorted blues) and the flash and stage presence of Jimmy Page of Led Zepplin. Along with the style of those guitarists, Joe has been inspiring a new breed of guitarists since the 1970s, most notably 80s rock and roll band Guns N Roses' lead guitarist, Slash.

Joe has the amazing ability to create gritty, bluesy guitar riffs and sizzling solos that are nothing short of brilliant. He proved this with Aerosmith's "Walk This Way", a song whose opening guitar riff and blazing solo have been voted two of the best in music history. Joe Perry has been branded "the king of cool", a title that was originally given to Keith Richards in the 1960s.

Joe Perry has the look, style and musical knowledge that has kept him on top as one of the best guitarist and song writers in music, despite being a self-taught guitarist. Joe and his band mates – Steven Tyler, Brad Whitford, Tom Hamilton and Joey Kramer – were cast off as a "Rolling Stones copy", but they soon broke from that to dominate the rock scene through the 1970s.

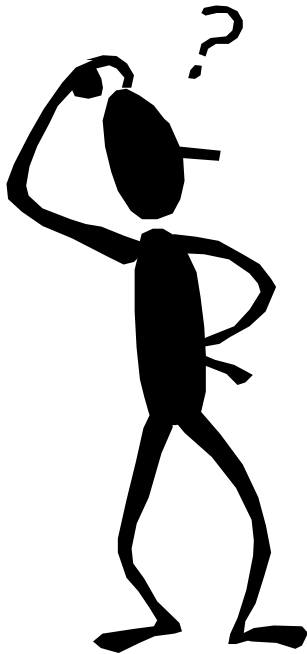
While battling personal demons with drugs and alcohol throughout the 1970s, Joe departed from Aerosmith to form the short lived band *The Joe Perry Project*. Throughout the early 1980s, Joe stayed in the music business. While still battling drugs and alcohol, Joe Perry and Brad Whitford rejoined Aerosmith after a backstage reunion with their old band mates in 1974. They managed to kick their habits and take the rock scene by full force once again in the 1980s. They made an amazing comeback, something that seemed impossible, and haven't stopped touring or making new music since.

With the rise, fall and comeback of five "Rolling Stones wannabes", Aerosmith went on to become "America's greatest rock and roll band", just ahead of Kiss. Joe Perry and company have done everything the music business has to offer. They have won countless music awards, starred in films and T.V., played at the Super Bowl and were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

As each of the five members of Aerosmith head well into their fifties, their touring days of Aerosmith seem to be drawing closer to and end with each sold-out show they play. I can only hope that someday that I can be half as good a guitarist that a true rock and roll legend like Joe Perry has become.

Submitted by Justin Tanner
North Sydney Day

"I Can't Write a Poem" Poem



I can't think
I have no one to help me
I have a headache
I'm too tired
I have no patience
I have no paper
I have other things to do
I have no time
People are disturbing me
I hate poetry
Thanks a lot for your pot of rot

.....Lee

New Waterford Class

You Don't Know What You've Got Until It's Gone

As I remember back when I was a little girl, I was such a happy little girl. I always had a smile that would light up anybody's world. But one day my life dramatically changed. I became daddy's little girl with no daddy.

My parents were very loving people. My mother was a very sick woman with a big heart. My father was a workaholic. But as I remember back to the family outings that our family shared, it brings tears to my eyes to see how happy our family was. It was taken away so suddenly. It just wasn't fair that my world came crumbling down around me.

My dad got up for work one morning and came into my bedroom. He leaned over me and give me a kiss and told me how much he loved me. He said, "Look after your mother for me." Those were the last words he ever got to say to me. He went to work that morning and took a massive heart attack and died instantly. He left a wife and three kids behind.

While my father was alive, my mother was the one who kept us in line and she looked after al the punishments and the school work. After my dad died, my mom gave up on life. She wouldn't get out of bed. She would lock herself in her bedroom without eating. This was until my brother, at the age of eighteen, would kick down her bedroom door and make her eat and take her medication. All she did was cry all day long in grieving over my father. My eighteen year old brother, George, was then raising my little sister (Kim) and me. My poor brother had such a terrible childhood. He went to school, worked, cooked, did homework with my little sister and me, and looked after my sick mother. If it wasn't for my big brother, George, we wouldn't have grown up as well as we did. My brother took the role of father figure.

My mother died three years after my father. I couldn't understand why God took away the two most important people in my life, or what I did to deserve this. But they always say that life isn't always fair. After my mom passed on, my brother, my sister and I had to move into my grandparents' house.

At the age of eighteen, I started to date my soul mate, Ron. I ran away to Ontario with him. By the age of nineteen, I was pregnant with my first child, Michael. By the age of twenty-three, I had my second child, Damien. Then by the time I was twenty-eight, I had my precious little girl, Emily.

I believe that all my experiences that I experienced in my life have made me the person that I am today.

Just remember to live life each day to the fullest!

Submitted by Mary MacDonald
North Sydney Day Class



A SOLDIER

A soldier is courageous and fearless.

A soldier wonders if he will make it through

A soldier hears guns and bombs going off.

A soldier sees his friends dying before his eyes.

A soldier wants to spend time with his family and friends

A soldier is courageous and fearless

A soldier pretends to be home with his wife and children

A soldier feels scared, sad, and thinks that he won't make it home

A soldier touches a gun and other things like dead bodies.

A soldier worries about tomorrow

A soldier cries because he is lonely

A soldier is courageous and fearless

A soldier understands that he could die when battling the foe

A soldier says that he will make it

A soldier dreams about having peace in the world and for the war to be over

A soldier tries to write as often as he could

A soldier hopes for the people to be safe again

A soldier is courageous and fearless

By Geneva Boutilier

Glacé Bay Day

2006

MY COUNTRY



My country is a peaceful nation in the world

My country has all kinds of different races in it

My country is beautiful in the summer time

My country is very cold in the winter time

My country has lots of small towns and large cities in it

My country has more respect in the world than other
countries have

My country's flag stands proud in the world

My country helps others countries in the world when disasters
happen

My country is friendly with our neighbors

My country is called Canada



By: Gary Brogan
Northside Day Class

The Elevator

It was like a nightmare, being stuck on the elevator. I went to the government building in Halifax to get my passport. It was a 20 story building in downtown Halifax. The office that I wanted to get to was on the 15th floor. I arrived there at 1pm and was going to get that done and then meet my daughter after she finished work at the hotel. I knew my way down, since I have been there many times, so I knew I had at least an hour to get things done. I was prepared for a line up, so I gave myself lots of time. I browsed around the little stores and then at 1:20 I decided to take the elevator to the 15th floor. There were three other people who got on at the same time that I did. Two of them got off on the 8th floor and the other one got off on the 10th. The elevator went smoothly until suddenly, I felt a bump and a jolt forward. I held onto the rail and waited. Then the lights flickered and the elevator slowed to a stop. I thought I was on my floor, and was so scared and ready to jump out when the door opened. But the door didn't open. I banged on the door. I HEARD NO ONE. I BANGED AGAIN, and then I started yelling, "help, help". I listened for someone to answer. No one was answering. Then I realized that I was stuck. Oh my god my heart was racing and I thought I was going to faint. I started looking for lights or something, I saw that I was on the 12th floor and the light was flashing. Now I started to panic. What if I can't get out? What if no one's around? Anne will never know what happened to me. Oh, please somebody help me. I sat on the floor and started to cry. Then I looked and saw a black box that said emergency telephone. I opened the box and lifted the receiver. I dialed 0 like it said to do. Someone answered the phone and I said "Thank god, somebody help me please, I'm stuck in the elevator." The lady was very nice and said, "O.K. Ma'am, don't panic. Are you alone?" I told her I was, she said "Just stay calm." I told her my name and she said someone was on their way. She said it was just a small thing that won't take long to fix. I was praying silently as she was talking to me. I didn't feel like throwing up anymore. I told her I was supposed to meet my daughter and that I was late and she would be worried. The lady asked for her phone number but said she wouldn't call yet because I'd probably be out in no time.

Then, all of a sudden, the elevator made a beeping sound and started to move and the lights came on so at least I could see. The door slid open on the 14th floor and I got out as fast as I could and took the stairs to the 15th floor. The security men were waiting for me at the top. They were very good to me and helped me get my passport immediately. They escorted me in the elevator back to the ground floor. I was the 1st to jump out.

What a day. And it was still only 1:45pm but seemed much later than that. Twenty minutes in that elevator felt like 2 hours!

What a story I had to tell Anne when I saw her. I ran to her crying like a child, I was so glad to see her! I said never again am I going in an elevator alone.

By: Harriet Meade North
Sydney

Holocaust War

They were a family of four
Sometimes happy sometimes poor
They had taken their mother and their dad
And each other is all they had
Their uncle came and took them away to far away land
They missed their friends when they were gone
They found a new friend but it was only a dog
One sad day the soldiers came and took them away
All Hanna wanted was for them to let her stay
But they made her and George go their separate ways
They hugged each other and said good bye
Hanna had to try very hard not to cry
With the girls she had to go
When they'll meet again we will never know

Harriet Meade
North Sydney

Friendship Recipe

Ingredients

- 3 cups of bff
- 1 cup of always there for you
- $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup of telling secrets
- $\frac{1}{3}$ of a cup of sleepovers
- $\frac{1}{4}$ of a cup of hanging out

Mixing the Ingredients

1. Mix in a large bowl bff and always there for you
2. In a small bowl mix telling secrets and sleepovers
3. Bake with hanging out

By Geneva Boutilier
Glacé Bay Day
2006





2005 Year of the Veteran

On Remembrance Day we all wear a poppy to remember the young men who fought in the wars for our freedom. Every year on November 11th we take time out to remember the reason why these brave men risked their lives for us. If it weren't for them we probably wouldn't be speaking the language that we are speaking now. Those courageous men are heroes they saved us from pain and suffering, from being killed and from living in fear everyday.

When I see a veteran it makes me sad to think about what they went through. It was torture being shot at all the time, watching their friends die right in front of them, having to be away from their family and friends for so long, wondering if they would ever get to see them again

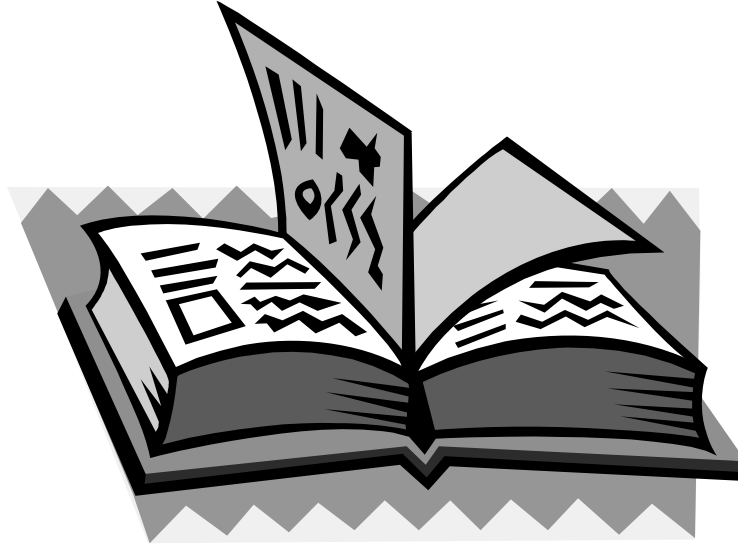
Those men also had to live in dirty holes with no food or water, and disgusting rats crawling all around them and the stench of decaying bodies everywhere is not a pleasant thing to go through. The soldiers who fought and survived the wars have to live their lives everyday with the horrifying memories of what happened to them in the wars. Also knowing that they will never get the chance to see their friends who fought and died beside them again is too sad to even think about. What those men had to go through just to save our country from pain and misery is too horrifying to think about. I'm hope that they also have some fond memories as well.

I like many other Canadians had family who served in the Great War to end all wars. My great-grandfather, Issac Patrick Eden served in the Royal Canadian Navy from 1943-45 until the end of the war. He served on a corvette. He was a Petty Officer and he looked after the engines on the ship. The corvette was a smaller ship that guided the bigger ships and offered protection. My great-grandfather served in England and France. He was part of the Invasion of France. Their ship was torpedoed not once but twice. I also lost a great, great uncle in the war. His name was Lawrence Chatfield. I do not have much information about this gentleman.

It is only because of the veterans here today that I became interested in finding out about my family's involvement. My grandmother has promised me more information to come and some pictures of these fine men.

Thank you for coming today and for reminding us of the importance of never forgetting.

Amanda MacVicar



About Me

Hi my name is Vivian Pasher I am 40 years old and I have 3 wonderful children. Two girls Jessica 19 Chantell 16 and one boy Tommie 21. My hopes and dreams are to finish school and I would like to become a dog groomer.

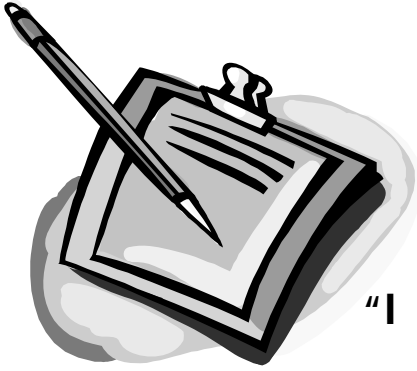
I went back to school this year after turning 40 to get my upgrading so that I could go to the adult school to get my grad 12. Eventually I will be able to do what I love doing with dogs and that is grooming them.

I look up to my 2 daughters, my oldest daughter graduated last year and my youngest daughter will graduate next year in 2007. If they can do it I can do it as well.

My girls are very proud of me for going back to school and the progress that I am making. Their encouragement makes me want to do better not only for them but also for myself. They make me feel good about myself and what I have accomplished.

I don't think I would still be in school if they didn't tell me about how proud they are of me all the time and remind me that I can do it even when I think that I couldn't do it myself.

Done By: Vivian Pasher
Glacé Bay Day
2006



"I Can't Write A Poem" Poem

I am too tired
I can't read
I have no pen or pencil
It is too cold in the house
I can't find my glasses
The children are crying
I do not have any help
I can't think of a title
I can't spell
I can't remember
Time's up? UH OH!
Thanks a lot.

I think a learned a lot ! But guess what ! NOT !

.....Mary Hutchison
New Waterford Class



"I would like to know what studies have shown that thankful, happy people are more successful than people who aren't."

Unknown Author

"I would like to know what studies have shown that thankful, happy people are more successful than people who aren't." If this is true where is the proof? People who are happy have a good home life. They also have good health. They may have a wonderful marriage and good kids and have enough money to pay the bills. If you have a wonderful marriage, good kids, have good health and you are very thankful maybe then you can concentrate on doing your job better. That's why thankful happy people are more successful than people who aren't. People who have a good outlook on life are going to be more successful than people who aren't. If you are always sad and don't have a positive attitude towards people, your work, home life, and just things in every day life you aren't going to be very successful. In anything you do in life cheer up and have a positive outlook on life and you might be successful in some things you do in life.

Wayne LeDrew

BIRTHDAYS

A BIRTHDAY is a day that is very SPECIAL in your life. It can be a SAD or a happy day or just a day to be by yourself. It should be a day you will not forget. BIRTHDAYS can mean a lot of different things to you. It depends on how you feel about BIRTHDAYS.

[JAMIE LUNDRIGAN]



A Student

A student is an observer and a good listener

A student wonders and hopes a miracle can happen

A student wants to be needed by her classmates in her classroom

A student is an observer and a good listener

A student goes through the motions of getting up early to go to school

A student feels and explores the possibilities of a future

A student worries about making good grades in class

A student is an observer and a good listener

A student understands and believes there is always tomorrow

A student expresses herself when reading a story out loud in class

A student dreams about being a doctor or a nurse one day

A student hopes for a bright and better future

A student is an observer and a good listener

Jean Stewart
Glacé Bay Day
2006






The Ghosts In My House

I lived in Sydney for 13 years at the time and both my grandparents died in the 1980's. I was alone in the house when suddenly I felt that there was something or someone watching me. I then saw 2 shadows on the wall, which was very scary at first until I realized whom it was. It was my grandparents and I guess that they were all right and to make sure that I was all right also. When I saw them I was in the front room I looked into my parents room and saw the shadows on the wall of my grandparents. They both died 2 years apart in the 1980's. It was late that night and my parents weren't at home at the time. I wasn't scared that night because I knew who they were. They were there to check and make sure that I was ok and to let me know that they are finally together and for me not to be worried. Now that I'm 32 years of age I am in a group called Home League where everyone gets together and prays to god for our sins and to praise him. I do believe that there are ghosts, spirits and other things like that. But for my grandparents being there that night I know that I will always be safe and they are all right. Never be alone at night because you never know who will appear and who it is.


By: Jan Eddy




An Abused Woman



An abused woman is scared and frightened
An abused woman wonders about her children
An abused woman hears loud sounds
An abused woman sees a light
An abused woman wants the abuse to stop
An abused woman is scare and frighten







An abused woman pretends she will get drunk
An abused woman feels sick
An abused woman touches an imaginary ghost
An abused woman worries that she might be killed
An abused woman cries because she is tired of the abuse
An abused woman is scare and frighten



An abused woman understands what it is like to be abused
An abused woman says that she is tired
An abused woman dreams that it will stop
An abused woman tries to work things out
An abused woman hopes that life will get better
An abused woman is scare and frighten

Rose Marie Stoodley
Glace Bay Day
2006



A Special Man



Next week it will be two years since my husband, Donnie, died. We were together seventeen years. He was a very good husband and very good to my children. He was kind to everyone and would help anyone who needed it.

He would drive his bicycle everywhere he went. He even drove it in the winter. After he died, his bike was stolen and that made me

very sad. I enjoyed our time together. We loved to watch movies. He loved wrestling.

Sometimes I forget that he is dead and I set a place at the table for him. I wish that I could have him back for just one day. I know that can't happen. I have to make a new life for myself. I have two children and I do volunteer work and go to school. That keeps me busy. Everyone tells me life must go on and I know it will.

Frances Hibbert

Literacy and Health

Sometimes people forget or just are not aware of the connection between literacy skills and health. A person with lower literacy skills face many problems each and every day. If you are employed you are probably working at a low paying job that offers little or no benefits. The job may be unsafe and unhealthy for you. The working poor earn less money. They cannot afford to buy medication or join a medical insurance plan. Sometimes we are asked to travel to other places like Halifax to see a specialist or to go for a test or surgery. It is not affordable to the working poor. Not everyone can afford to eat healthy, to go to a gym to exercise, to go for a massage, or therapy. How can our children be healthy when we cannot afford proper food, clothing, housing or recreation for them?

For those of us who have health issues we have trouble reading prescriptions of when and how to take them. What if you take 8 different pills a day and they are all white in color? It can get very confusing. What about the side effects and the possible interactions with other drugs and foods? What happens if you can't read the information pamphlet that comes with the medication? Would you know that if you take a certain cholesterol pill that you cannot drink or eat grapefruit? What if you are diabetic, or have high blood pressure and you have a head cold? Do you just walk into a drug store and buy the first over the counter bottle of medicine that looks familiar? It can make you seriously sick. Have you ever bought a bottle of cough medicine and tried to read the leaflet folded up inside of the box? The print is so small that it is almost impossible to read, and the wording of it makes us wonder who it was written for. Is this printed material for scholars only? Have you ever been placed on a special diet? What if you can't read food labels? What if you have high blood pressure and you are trying to reduce your salt intake? What if you buy cans of soup and you don't know what sodium means? You have just increased your blood pressure.

New mothers can have problems mixing baby formulas. It may be difficult to read the instructions so they buy the ready to pour formula that is much more expensive. That takes a big chunk out of their monthly food budget for the rest of the family.

Have you ever gone to a specialist or a dentist and been passed forms to fill out asking all sorts of questions about your family's history? Have you had to use the excuse that you have left your glasses home and got the receptionist to help you? When the doctor speaks to you, have you ever wondered what planet he was from? He may have years of university but maybe you can't read a nursery book to

Our Side of the Mountain 2006

your child. People with lower literacy skills are afraid to ask questions and are embarrassed and ashamed.

Have you ever taken a job that you knew wasn't safe, but you knew it was the best you could get to support your family? What if you can't read hazard signs? What if you are afraid to say no to your employer and you risk your life or sacrifice a body part?

Have you ever lived in a home that wasn't really safe for you and your loved ones to live in? There could be many health risks such as mold, lack of heat and a lack of ventilation. What if the windows are all nailed shut, there are no smoke detectors, no fire escape, and leaking fixtures and creatures that like to run at night. Some people with low literacy skills do live in these conditions with their families. It fits the monthly budget.

What would be your state of mental health? What would your emotional health be like? How could you cope? It's easy to see how quickly depression and anxiety fits in the picture.

We have asked you a lot of questions today and we have done so for a reason. We wanted you to think, to really think. We hope that you have made the connection between literacy and health. We need to talk about it more and we certainly need to have our health care professionals aware of the connection. There is a lot of work that needs to be done to make things work better for the health of all of us.

Thank you.
Sydney Day Class
ALACBC

