

*Visions is dedicated to
The students and staff of Basic Education*

*Thank you to those students who contributed stories,
stories, poetry and art to this anthology.*

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Amanda Semmler

The Hug

How do you give a hug?
Do you give it just as it is?
Or do you give it from the soul?
Or maybe give it from your arms?
Or just maybe from your heart?

What does a hug do?
It can give you strength.
It gives you warmth.

It's your Love

Amanda Semmler, 1999



Andrea Wright



Andrea Wright



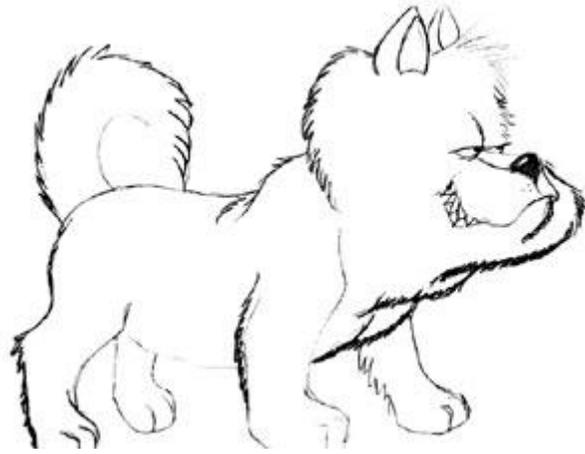
Andrea Wright



Andrea Wright



Andrea Wright



Andrea Wright

Rip Out That Appendix

I was born in Prince Albert Saskatchewan, 1970 and I was two pounds thirteen ounces; then I went down to two pounds two ounces. I was two and a half months premature. When I was born my dad said that I had no hair, no eyelashes, half finger nails, and that I fit into the palm of his hand.

Then when I was six years old, I had spinal meningitis I spent a month and a half in the hospital, and I had an intravenous injection tube in my arm for one month. My mom would lay beside my bed in a chair that would fold into a bed. She stayed with me until she knew I was out of the woods. I had a older brother and a younger sister at home.

My stepdad (Keith) was a trucker driver; he hauled posts. My mom called him on the road, and said I was very sick, so he came home right away. My stepdad put greens on and came into my room. I could smell him because he smelled of fence posts. You knew there was something wrong when the nurses and your parents put greens on before entering the room.

Then when I was sixteen I had pain in my right side for a few days and when my real dad (Milton) came to pick me up to go to Prince Albert, I told him that I wasn't feeling well. He stopped in Rosthern and the doctor said my appendix had to come out. My dad said, "Not in this hick town!" So he drove to Prince Albert speeding with the hazard lights flashing. The doctors in Prince Albert were waiting for me and they prepared me for an emergency operation to take out my appendix. When the doctor opened my side and took out my appendix, my appendix exploded in his hands. He said I was very lucky that I didn't die. I stayed in the hospital for three more days. After a week of being at home with my dad and my older brother Trevor, my dad sent us to Expo '86 on two tour buses with eighty-six other Indian kids plus six chaperons. We were gone for ten days.

When I was eighteen, I met my daughters's father, Dennis. We lived in Saskatoon, for two years before moving to Grande Prairie, Alberta. We lived there for two years and had a daughter named Krystal. We were still together for two more years before Dennis moved out.

After three months Krystal and I moved back to Saskatoon. We lived in Saskatoon, for a year and a half. I was a bartender at Rak's Bowling Pin House. Then we moved to Prince Albert for two years where I worked at the Northern Lights Casino which is controlled by SIGA (Saskatchewan Indian Gaming Authority). I became a dealer after three months of training and I could deal every game in the house including Blackjack, Roulette, Big Six, Poker, Let It Ride, Red Dog and Caribbean Stud. It was a good job.

After doing that I moved back to Saskatoon where my daughter and I were homeless for two months. We finally found a home. Then I started school December 7, 1998 at Kelsey Campus doing my adult ten. I've been out of school for eleven years before I started at Kelsey. I wasn't sure how it would be to go back to school after all this time. But I'm glad I did. I discovered a first cousin, Laveena who I didn't know very well. We came to know each other a little more because she came back to school, and I'm very glad we have had this opportunity to know each other and our families better. I've met a lot of interesting people here at Kelsey, and I have a lot of new friends. The instructors at Kelsey are excellent.

Sitting at home doing nothing doesn't teach my daughter anything. If it wasn't for my daughter, Krystal, I probably wouldn't be here today doing my up-grading. Now Krystal doesn't have an excuse to stay home and pretend to be sick because I'm in school too.

Well I'm short about twenty words, so here they are: dog, cat, house, mouse, car, me, you, who, what, when, why, where, money, money, holiday.

Anonymous

Corner of My Mind

I try to block your memory

To protect me from the pain

Forget I ever knew you

Or ever heard your name

But the walls I built aren't strong enough

And though I fight in vain

The pain still comes creeping through

And the hurt is still the same

But the tears will pass me by

And hurt will fade behind

There will always be a place for you

In the corner of my mind.

Bobbi-Jo Bauer-Bear

Our Friendship is Real

I'm sitting here thinking about the past,
Hoping in the future, our friendship will last.
We have been friends for a short period of time;
And been through a lot, even so, we're just fine.

I've seen lots of people come and go,
Saying and doing whatever-careless, you know?
That's why your friendship means so much to me,
When I'm with you, I feel so secure, whole and so free.

Free from those who won't be around,
When times get tough, and I am down,
You'll be there for me and understand how I feel,
Because we both know our friendship is real.

Bonnie Gibson

My Most Exciting Day

My dream is that I will get married in a couple of years. I dream about what the day will be like. I am dreaming about a western style wedding.

My dream is that I will be wearing a full length western type gown with cowgirl dance boots and my husband will be wearing western wear including boots and hat. I dream that my wedding will be held outside at a park on a nice semi-warm summer day with everyone around us. My dream has been in my head for quite a long time. I am a western-style person.

The exciting part of that day is going to be doing all the preparations. Like, for example, organizing the dance and the ceremony and the other things that go along with the preparing part of a wedding day. The dance will be by a band from Macrorie, my hometown, or a DJ. I am getting excited for that day but a little nervous besides. But all people usually get nervous when it gets close to the day, but right now it is exciting dreaming about that day. In some cases it does not affect some people. I am one who it usually affects a while before.

The other exciting part of the day is the dance part where you can go around and visit the people you haven't seen in a while as well as those you see all the time.

I hope my dream will eventually come true someday. I will be a happy person if it comes true.

Clarissa Shetterly

Love

Love is the thing I have always dreamt about finding, but now I have found the person who loves me in return. My partner and I live in two different places. But even when you are separate the feeling of love is still fantastic. Some people say love is tough to find, but once you have it in your heart you will never want to let it go under any circumstances. But sometimes it does leave and it is hard on a person, but eventually you get over and go on with life like nothing happened. You can always find some other partner who loves you for what is inside.

The most exciting day of life, even with its ups and downs, is when you love someone who loves you in return. If a person takes you just for your appearance, they don't actually love you, they only love what they see. Love is the hardest thing to find. Once you find it, it is the greatest thing you could find. Once you find it you wish you would have found love a long time ago, and you wonder why you waited this long for it to find you.

Clarissa Shetterly

Flame

As you look at me, and I unto you,
I see the love that shines in both our Eyes.
Not even a blink can put out the flame.
You are the one that shines bright in my heart.
So as long we are still alive, we have each other to keep us warm.
Forever.

Cory Knutsvik

Father

Though not here forever,
But forever I may roam.
Though I shall not cry for thee.
For it is I that shall live on.
Come to me, my child. warm.
Lay on God's Green Earth.
Pray for your freedom.
I shall rise again.

Cory Knutsvik

Love

Love is one thing that
One cares about the most.
But most of all, it's one who shares their life's ambitions
And their feelings. Not only in their Body, but also their Soul.
That's what gives them everlasting love as well as life,
So let's grow old together.

Cory Knutsvik

Dreams

Dreams come from afar.
They seem to Beckon me slowly.
Filling my mind.
Not wasting a thought.
I try to hold on.
Slowly, I sort it all out.

Cory Knutsvik

Earth

Is a place where we shall live.
It gives us life. It also takes life
Like an hour glass.
It sometimes foretells our future,
So when time ends,
Who turns it over and over?
To give us back
Our Time on this Earth.

Cory Knutsvik

Winter

The days are gone.
The nights are long.
But my thoughts of winter are as strong.
As they are in summer and in the fall.
But there's something about it, that has it all.
Snow.

Cory Knutsvik

My Thoughts Are Strong

When you think of something special, do you think of something that own?
Or do you think of something you cherish; something that's close to you?

In your Heart is their room.
For me and my heart, I know that I don't own you,
But I do love, honour and cherish the feelings
You do share with me.

Cory Knutsvik

Darkness

Darkness covers me.
Show me the way
To the light.
Help me pray.

Cory Knutsvik

My Friend

I reached out to you
When I was in need.
The friend that you are,
You happily agreed
To help out another;
Who was hurt and in pain.

Even though my spirits
Really brought me down.
You were truly unique,
and still stayed around.
I tell you my thoughts, my hopes
and my dreams.
You stayed and listened,
Forever it seems.

Your smiles and your laughter
really cheer me up
And for being there for me.
I can't thank you enough

Our friendship is special
To me, cause you see.
When you are around
I can be like me.

Deanna Dionne

Where are you?

We were the best of friends,
and for a long long time.
like the moon and sun,we took our turns
we shared the sky

We had everything in common.
We went to the same places.
We were next door neighbors
and we rarely fought.

We borrowed each others clothes
and makeup and shoes.
Our mothers got along,
so did our fathers.

Now you are not here.
Where you are I can not go.
I write you letters
even though you can't answer

I miss you a lot,
I always will.
Have you made a friend
up there where you are?

Maybe one day,
I'll see you up there
and you will see me;
Then all bad things will be forgotten.

Debbie Senger

The Gift

The power of a touch, is such an amazing sense. Where sight can stir ideas, swirl thoughts, and make one evolve, sound can provoke emotions and bring to mind long forgotten images from a life lived long ago. Taste can repel or it can bring forth pleasure, the bland, flat taste of disdain and emptiness or the distinctive of flavour of life and adventure. Scent can remind one of a destined lover's cologne, or the sweet aroma of freshness from a gentle rain on an August summer day or the subtle fragrance of a medley of flowers in a majestic, if not mystical garden, created by one's own idea of paradise. Where limits and boundaries are not present. Where everything is open to even the most extreme possibilities. Where anything can be achieved if only someone were to believe.

But the profound sensation of one touch can evoke one with a conscious revelation of just how powerful one's eternal energy can be and one's joy can be passed on to others through a single touch. This is more powerful than the false promises of a politician, the uncertain faith of any religion or the trivial, almost elusive quest to find one's happiness. It is something that is with us from before we are born and remains long after we die. It is US, now and forever.

Happiness is not something you can find around the corner nor far past the reaches of our universe. Happiness is what one contributes to the world and how many people one can touch throughout the course of their lifetime.

If one can realize that happiness cannot be bought, sought, sold or stolen, then one knows that happiness is a gift we all have been given. Something that connects us all, makes us all one and lets us know we are not alone in this uncertain and unpredictable lifetime.

Denise M Wills

Creature of the Night

Creature of the night
Living in darkness
Cringes at light
Monster, Fiend
Quench the blood thirst
Lick your bloodstained lips
Shriek at the innocent
Laugh at their screams
Horror in death's eyes
Lie there and fester
Taste the heartbeat
That pounds thunderously
Sip the danger
Sigh as it goes down your throat
Take life into your veins
Death pulses like lightning
Undead, Immortal
Eyes shine; no life
Drink the sweet wine
That drips from your chin
Preying on unknowing victims
You hide in the shadows
A thief in the night
Taking lives that are not yours to take
Your heart ceases to beat
Crave the thick nectar
That haunts your dreams
Waiting for sun's hours to pass
You awaken, ready to hunt
Predator, Demon
You hunger to survive
Forever in the moonlight
For I am: a creature of the night

Denise M. Wills

Observations

Life is like a violin that eventually stops playing.

Love is like a thorn that pricks your finger when it's passionate.

Humanity is like a plant that dies, and yet comes back to life without being noticed.

Problems are difficult to understand, but can be resolved.

Loneliness is like a wild flower that has not yet been discovered but eventually will be.

Denise M. Wills

First Love

I walk along the deserted beach.
The cool, crisp night air awakens my playful soul.
The beaming, bright stars ignite the fire in my eyes
that has almost been forgotten.
The moon reflects off the warm water and enchants
my foolish heart to sing.
I walk a little farther to find a secret garden.
I push the moss and ivy out of my way, I enter into a
place beyond earth.
The garden is lit up by the moon, I lie beside the violets
and carnations, wondering where I'll be in ten years.
I hope for the best and accept the worst.
I know what I want but I wonder how to get it.
Staring at the cloudless sky, remembering the past, I
think of you.
Wishing I was happy like that again, and realizing that
you left my life for good.
Here I'm wondering where you are, what you're up to,
and who you are with, hoping that she's treating you good.
I wonder if you think of me.
At that time, you were the most important part of my life.
I tried to hold on but you fell through my grasp like sand
sliding through my fingers.
I regret some things I did and wished I could have done
them differently.
You were and always will be my first love.

Denise M. Wills

Truth

You will never let go without Fire and Snow.
Let the truth be known, the secrets have been shown.
Not all the glitter and gold will let you forget what you hold.
Turn and face the light, let it shine so bright.
Let it illuminate your soul; then you will be truly whole.

Denise M. Wills

* I wrote this poem after waking from a dream In my dream, I visited a little girl while she was sleeping. I sensed she had great pain and sorrow in her life. I sat by her bed and told her everything would be OK. Then I would disappear and reappear as she was growing up and each time I left her I would recite this poem.

The last time I visited her, she was a grown woman, and this time she woke up. She said to me. "It's you!" and she began reciting my poem

Then I said to her, "You understand now, so I'm not needed here anymore. She began to cry. I told her it would be OK. We would meet again. She went back to sleep. As I was floating up away from her, I realized that this woman was Madonna.



Denise M. Wills

Together

We grew up
We laughed and cried
We bore 3 beautiful boys
We were weak and strong
We shared a lot in years
We fought and forgave
We strive for strength and happiness
We have hopes and dreams
We love each other
We vowed for eternity

Doreen Williamson

When I Found Money

Walking down a city street
My head down
Three twenty-dollar bills all rolled up!
Picking them up and going to a store,
Bought myself some clothes
Some shoes, some makeup
Also put a little in the bank
For a rainy day.

Gloria Koch

Should Whales Be Held Captive for Entertainment

Captivity's not so bad in some people's points of view, and these are some of their arguments about the captivity of whales. In the first place, the whales in captivity are very popular. This means, the whales are under constant surveillance and are attended to often. In the second place, the whales provide spectacular entertainment for their crowds; the whales provide enjoyment for all ages. The whale shows, every year in zoos around the continent, make a lot of profits. That gives the manager of the park motivation to keep the show going. Whales that are in captivity are well tended to and provide enjoyment for others as well as seeming to enjoy themselves. Therefore, some people believe that it's alright to keep whales in captivity.

Although there are people who agree with captivity, there are also people who think this is wrong and these are some of their reasons. In the past, the whales were tracked down and captured and taken away from their pack. A more recent dilemma that made people think was a ten-year-old killer or orca whale that was taken away from his family and put into captivity. Soon after, the zoo vet realized that the orca, named Makah, was homesick, and that maybe it wasn't right to keep him in captivity. Later on in the week, Makah died. This sad story should be a lesson about the risks involved in putting wild animals in captivity. In conclusion, Makah should be a reminder to all people that these animals are meant to live in their natural habitat, and are not meant to be used for entertainment purposes.

I believe that captivity is wrong, and here are some of my reasons for thinking they should ban captivity of whales for entertainment purposes. For instance, I think putting whales into captivity is morally wrong. In other words, I think that God's intent is that animals and humans were put together to live in their natural habitat and that it's wrong to take the whales from their natural surroundings. In addition, by taking whales and transferring them into captivity we're not only taking them from their natural habitat, but we're also decreasing the population because 70% to 80% of whales put in captivity will not survive. Also, it is cruel to take them from their natural habitat and transport them into a tank that's a thousand times smaller. I read of a case in Texas where two whales were put in a tank together while usually they have the whole ocean to swim in instead of a small tank in a zoo. One of the females charged the other so hard that she broke her own jaw. I think this is evidence that they need their natural habitat. I think the only time I could agree with captivity is if the whales were abandoned and had no where else to go. Then I would agree totally. In fact, I read an article about a whale that was abandoned when she was young. She was put into captivity, and now she has a calf of her own named Lolita. Lolita is five years old and lives with her mother in the Washington zoo. Lolita is doing very well. Lolita and her mother were two of the lucky ones. My wish is that the public be aware of what life is really like for these animals. Unfortunately, killer whales are often "dying" to entertain them. In conclusion, I think that captivity is more wrong than right, but in some cases it can be successful.

Jayson Maurice

A Wedding Invitation

Being together shows the true potential for going to the altar.

As life goes on, the discovery of wanting to be together should never be left to falter.

Good and hard times come as often as they may.

Going through them together we'll make it day by day.

Being together; committing forever is wonderfully deep and becomes the most fulfilling reward that any love can keep.

Requirements for being together as follows is a must:

In order to truly love, we must honour, cherish and trust.

Jennie Yobb



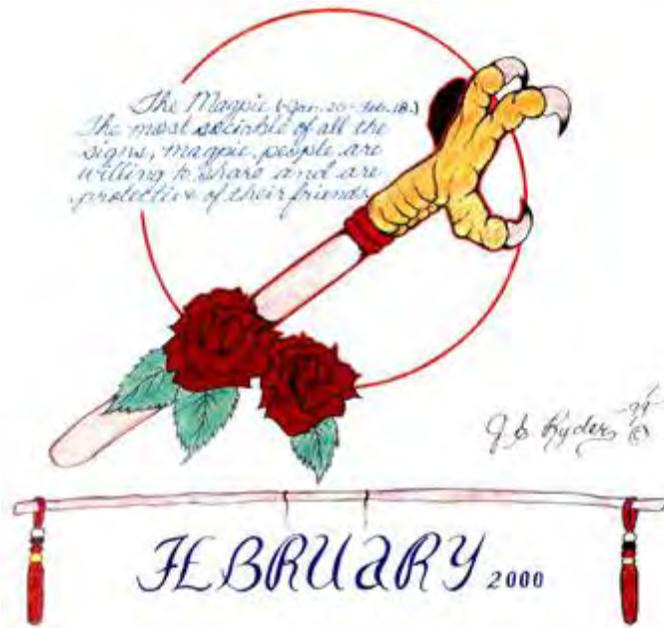
Andrea Wright



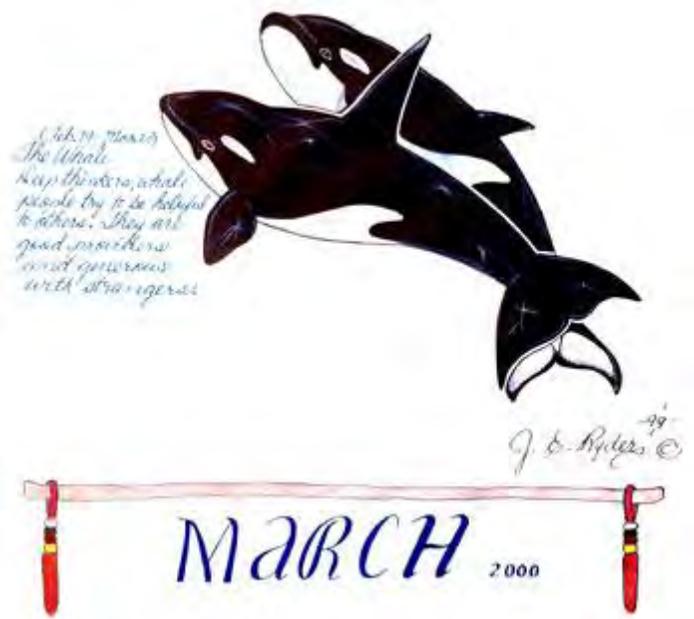
Jeremy Ryder



Jeremy Ryder



Jeremy Ryder



Jeremy Ryder



Willie Bignell



Willie Bignell



Rachael Jeffrey

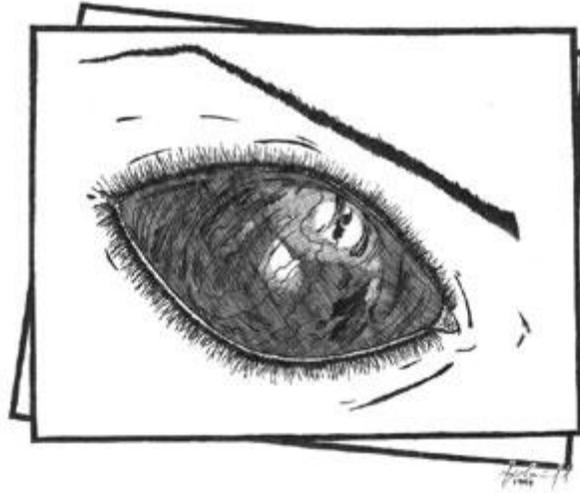
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Rachael Jeffrey



Max Okemaysim



Katherina Aguilera

The Unicorn

I saw you standing at the edge of the forest
So beautiful
So graceful
I could hear them coming for you
And even though your time was running out
You still managed to help those who are in need.

Katherina Aguilera

What I Remember Of My Grandfather

he was a fairly big man
hands of leather
worked hard his entire life
provided for his family
heart of gold
knew how to make kids listen
with the hot hand
church every Sunday
for 66 years
died of cancer
just last year

Joey Ross

My Favourite Season

I like winter as my personal favourite season for various reasons. For instance, I go to my reservation and make a bonfire while I visit with some old friends. Another reason that I like winter is so that I participate in snowball fights. While I run to tackle someone, I may be hit on the side of the head unexpectedly. I, plus my friends, like playing in this way and find it very amusing. Because of the activity, I don't have to drink warm beer if partying outdoors, and I don't have to have any feeling of numbness from the cold. Lastly, I like to watch the northern lights while I am enjoying a cigarette outside. I particularly like to watch the northern lights dance in the night sky. As you can see, I enjoy this time of year because of bonfires, friends, snowball fights, northern lights, and the crisp winter air.

Max Okemaysim Jr.

Midnight Comes

I run through the night,
Primal screams echo in my ears, and I hunt.

Garbed in midnight's fur, blessed by Luna and Baast, I skulk through the night on silent paws. Gifted with eyes that cut the night, and lay it bare to my senses, I am nearly omniscient. Carefully I prowl, darting from shadow to shadow. Unnoticed by the dull humans surrounding me. They are blinder than newborn kits, and weaker than the sickest cub. Yet, they somehow see themselves as invulnerable. Stealthily I strike the first one down. He never knew I was there, until my teeth took out his throat. Hot blood sprays my muzzle, washes over my tongue, as I swallow my prize. It is tender, soft, and delicious. Quickly I groom myself, smoothing fur ruffled by groping, dying hands. Washing away blood before it can crust across my jaws. Perfect, I slink onto my next victim, them never guessing. I know their human names, those harsh, croaking words, so far from beauty of our melodic, rumbling tongue. Never would they guess that by day I walk amongst them wearing a human skin. I have smelled them a hundred times. I know them as well as I know my own den. Not one of them more than what he appear to be. I know that one of them knows what I am, but I do not yet know which one. I also know that one of them is of my own kind, but they do not know it yet. So I travel across town like a black bullet. A trick a Swara friend had taught me. Seeking the next would be hunter.

Finding his home, I see this one is ready. There will be some fight in this one. I lick my lips in anticipation. I creep about the house seeking entry. All the doors and windows are, shut and locked. In one powerful leap I land on his roof. I enter through a second story window. A quick prayer to Baast, and the window latch pops open. I pour through the newly opened window and shift. I stand in all my glory, half-man, half-cat. Nine and one-half feet of pure perfection. Strength of cat, mind of man, cunning of both. Gaia's purest weapon, and she shall not be denied. I take a step, and the floor groans under my weight. Nine hundred pounds of fury rest heavy on old floors. I ask my ancestors for the lightness of feet held by my smaller cousins. It is granted and I glide like the wind across the floor, no sound, no trace. Carefully I take the stairs, ears alert, eyes searching, whiskers feeling. In moments I know exactly where my prey is and what he is doing. He hides in the kitchen, clutching a gun. I can smell the bluing and the sick stench of his fear. I sneak towards the kitchen, there is only one way in, one way out. He starts, I can feel it in the air, whiskers telling me his every move. His sweat comes again, thick and acrid, his terror mounting. I feel a rumbling deep in my chest and try to suppress it, the smile I don't try to hide. That he can't hear, but my purr would give me away. I leap around the corner intent on rushing him. I should have counted on jacked up reflexes. The smell of his adrenaline hits me like a wave. The gun he cradles comes to life, screaming, and the weapon fires a rapid staccato. Like a demon laughing. I only have time to think, "Where did he get an automatic weapon?" before the walls around me explode, ripped to pieces by howling fragments.

In terror he sprays down the entranceway. barely controlling the weapon that writhes in his hands like an angry serpent. White heat rips through my shoulder as bullets begin their dance across my chest. Fragments of wall lance across my face, my ears. I dive into the living room, howling my rage. By the time I have landed my ear is healed. I roll onto my feet and the pain in my chest subsides to an aggravating itch. "Fool," I think, "He hasn't even used silver rounds." My ears still ring from the hammering shouts of the gun. I prepare to leap. Crouching low, I propel myself toward the wall. Hitting the wall high, I launch myself downward towards the floor. Landing on the floor in a roll, I come in under the line of fire and rise up beside him. This is my would-be hunter, he who sought to kill me. I grab the barrel of the gun, muscles ripple across my shoulders as I pluck the weapon from his grasp. The pin striking at an empty chamber is the only sound. Lightning quick, I bring a paw down, metal shrieks and I drop the useless weapon. Its barrel pointing back at itself, the gun hits the floor at the same moment as his scream hits my ears. In a flicker of movement, my tail lashes out behind him and taps his shoulder. He jerks around, spinning, to face this new threat. My foot snaps out and down, toe-claws extended. Muscle and ligaments part easily as my claws rend his hamstring. He drops like a deer, screaming in agony. I turn as if to leave, waiting for that scent. The soft, sweet smell of relief as my prey starts to believe that I will leave him, and he has a chance to live. The scent strikes my nostrils and I smile, fierce and bloodthirsty.

I whirl about, striking like all of my kind, in a flash. His throat is gone before his brain can register this new assault. He collapses to the ground, gurgling. I leave him there, and leave the house. I walk out into the night and find a well-shadowed place, far from the house. I sit and start to clean myself, tasting blood, his and mine. Then I return home shifting back to the awkward, graceless guise of a human. My roommates have grown accustomed to my nightly wanderings, and all that know about them have long since gotten used to the idea of not being able to find me, during them. So when morning comes, the town is astir with gossip. Murders in the night, they whisper. I act as surprised and shocked as every one else.

But none of them can hear the purr, and none know what it means.

Makhail Kracher

Riding my Bike

My favourite thing to do is ride my bike. I like to ride in the summer time because I get good exercise and my legs get strong. I ride in Martinsville; that's where I live.

It feels awesome to ride on a summer day when the birds are singing and the sun is shining.

Neil Forsyth

One Individual

Alone
sadly depressed
old, scared, sad
no hope for her
now

Friends

Friends
old and new
laughing, crying, fighting
never ending love
sisters

Horses

Walking peacefully
spooked by a mouse, bucking and scared
running fast and free.

Pamela Thomas

Relationships

So many problems
love, lust, sharing feelings
arguments solved now.

Cat

That silly cat
wrecked my hat
clothes torn
claws worn
enough! Now scat!

Pamela Thomas

Emily-Rose

I'd like to tell you a special story about my niece Emily-Rose. She was born on June 9, 1998, in Winnipeg, Manitoba at the Women's Hospital. She was born premature, 5 months early. My family resided in Saskatoon at the time. We got a phone call on June 10; my brother told us what had happened. A few days later my boyfriend Trevor and I, my mom and dad and 2 sisters went to Winnipeg by bus.

As soon as we got there, we went to the hospital. Emily-Rose was in a unit where all the premature babies were kept. There were only 2 people allowed in the unit plus the babies parents. My mother and father went first, then Trevor and I. When I saw her, I couldn't believe my eyes. Her head was just a little smaller than a pool ball. My eyes filled with tears, and my body went numb. I asked if we were allowed to touch her, the doctor said "no" that her skin was too sensitive.

It was such a hard time for the parents and family. The doctor told us she had no chance of surviving, so we asked a lot of people to pray for her. In the first 2 weeks, Emily would go from critical to stable, critical to stable. She had so many IVs and blood transfusions; she got pneumonia in the 3rd week. The doctor then told us that she was suffering and asked the parents if they would let her go. The parents said she was hanging on, and they believe she would make it. As weeks went on, she was becoming more stable. The doctor told us babies born that small would have died already, and that Emily has a really good chance of making it.

When she was 2 months the parents and grandparents were allowed to touch and hold her. At 3 months she was out of the incubator. The doctors told us she would be allowed to go home in 2 months. As time went on Emily was gaining weight, but really slowly.

Finally she was 5 months and was ready to go home. She was a content baby at home. Right now she is 18 lbs. She is 18 months. They call her the miracle baby because she is special. Emily-Rose, her parents and 6 month old brother just moved to Saskatoon. They arrived here on November 20, 1999. It was my first time seeing her since she was in the hospital. My son Frederick is 2 times the size of her right now. In conclusion I'd like to say miracles can happen because I have a niece for one.

Sara Marie Sinclair

A Love Starved Reunion

Wuthering Heights was a building hewn out of a colossal crag of rock. It was a mellow grey in colour which was almost beautiful, and portrayed power. Narrow windows were carved deeply into the wall. Quaint creatures were carved over the front of the building. Phillip Fell bought Wuthering Heights, and gave it to Rosemary as a divorce gift. Then Phillip grabbed the Milliner's Gazette, and ran off with Miss Smith. Miss Smith was the last protegee Rosemary brought home for tea. Phillip thought Miss Smith was astonishingly pretty, absolutely lovely, so he ran off with her.

Rosemary Fell was not beautiful, pretty, or lovely, but she was young, smart, and well educated in the newest books. Rosemary was known for having unique dinner parties because of the wide variety of really important people, artists, and quaint creatures she managed to invite. Some of these creatures were terrifying, but others were quite amusingly presentable. On October 25, 1999 Rosemary invited all of the quaint love starved creatures that appreciated her not for her looks, but for her personality.

The atmosphere outside corresponded with the atmosphere inside. It was a sweltering hot day. When a person looked off into the distance, the heat sent waves that rippled like water over the land. The sky was as clear as crystal. A sweet fragrance of wild flowers mingled with the aroma of food cooking in the air. The air was so still outside that the sound of the crickets chirping, and the frogs croaking, resembled the sweet melody of a love song.

Inside, a huge fireplace reflected both light and heat. Expensive pewter dishes, silver trays, and jugs were arranged in perfect rows in the kitchen cabinet. Above the chimney were three exotic canisters. The floor consisted of smooth white stone. An old white lace tablecloth was draped over the table with red satin napkins beside each plate. At both ends of the table an exotic flower vase was sitting with a naked pink cherub on the side. The vases were filled with stumpy little red tulips, white tulips, and red roses. Beside each floral arrangement was a matching cherub candle holder with a flickering candle that had white creamy beads of wax mingled with fresh hot wax ejaculating down the entire shaft of the candle. Rose petals were strewn randomly over the table top that gave it a romantic quality. The table was set with fine China, a matching tea pot, sugar dish, and creamer. The flickering flames of the candles reflected onto the polished antique silverware, and shone through the exquisite crystal wine glasses. In the background romantic music was floating through the air.

On the table the delectable food was filtering an aroma to tantalize the taste buds. Placed on both sides of the table was a leg of lamb with the pinkish juices oozing onto the shining silver serving tray. A beautiful pewter bowl was filled with baby potatoes fresh from the garden smothered in a creamy dill sauce. Next to the potatoes was a crystal bowl of carrots covered with onions sauteed in virgin oil. Salad made with fresh young green spinach leaves, tiny red cherry tomatoes, and fresh onion greens, tossed with olive oil and vinegar was displayed in a carved wooden bowl. A platter of small round fresh buns, and fresh creamed butter was placed in the centre of the table. For desert Rosemary had a delectable cherry cheesecake surrounded by passion fruit, and freshly picked red strawberries dipped in chocolate. Finally, to wash down this delectable meal,

Rosemary served a sparkling red wine of the best vintage, and tea with honey, sugar, and thick cream.

The guests started arriving. First, Daemon came lurking in the shadows scared to let his monstrous features frighten away his prospects. Daemon was in search of acceptance by society, and a woman to love. Second, Mary Maloney waddled in six months pregnant: she lost her husband Patrick to a leg of lamb. Mary wanted a father for her baby, someone to shower with her wifely duties, but she didn't take kindly to rejection. Third, Duke Orsino walked in with a mood of rejected melancholy. Orsino needed a woman to give him an heir, and someone to enjoy his rich golden shaft. After, the introductions were made, the guests were seated.

"It was so delightful that everyone could make it out tonight," ejaculated Rosemary.

Orsino replied dreamily, "If music be the food of love, play on; give me excess of it."

Mary squealed, "lamb!"

Daemon brokenly announced, "My creator abandoned me after my rebirth, so much food these eyes have never seen."

Duke Orsino gazed into Mary's beautiful eyes, speaking softly, "Women are as roses, whose fair flow'r being once displayed, doth fall that very hour." Panting outwardly Duke Orsino continued, "O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou, that notwithstanding thy capacity to love, receiveth as the sea."

"Please come home with me tonight; I cook a mean leg of lamb," Mary whispered, wanting Orsino as a husband and father with wealth and position.

Daemon outwardly showed his passion for Rosemary. "All I . . . I . . . I have ever wanted was t...t...to be loved by a woman," Daemon stammered brokenly. "The ugliness of my countenance scares women away."

Rosemary sobbed, "O Daemon darling, the depth of love runs deeper than fear. Daemon, Love, please tell me I'm pretty, and lovely?" Holding up the teapot, Rosemary asked, "A cup of tea anyone?"

Sarah Sawkey

Reference of Literary Characters

"Wuthering Heights" is a novel written by Emily Bronte, and is the name of the estate of Heathcliff, and the Earnshaw's.

Phillip Fell is Rosemary Fell's husband who looks at other women as beautiful and lovely, and buys Rosemary anything she wants. Phillip also reads the Milliner's Gazette.

Rosemary Fell brings quaint and less fortunate people home for "A Cup of Tea" by Katherine Mansfield.

Miss Smith was Rosemary Fell's latest protegee she brought home for tea.

Daemon is the monster created by Victor Frankenstein in the novel "Frankenstein" by Mary Shelley.

Mary Maloney killed her husband Patrick with a leg of lamb in the story, "A Lamb to the Slaughter."

Orsino is the Duke of Illyria in the play, "The Twelfth Night" by William Shakespeare.

The Runner

As I run down the dark alley, my heart is beating so rapidly it feels as though it will burst from my chest. I start to slow down and I wonder: Why am I running so blindly? What happened? Who am I running from? I can't seem to remember.

The sun is starting to rise. I wonder how long I've been running. I hear someone call my name, but when I look around, all I see is my shadow. I hear it again. Again, all I see is my shadow. That's when I realize, I've only been running from myself.

Sheila Quintaine

A Hot Sunny Day

It was a hot sunny day in the summer time.
I sat there on a blanket on the lawn.
I stared at the clouds.
I listen to the sounds of Nature around me.
I fell asleep.

Trudy Joachim

The Silent Story

I stayed with my grandmother a lot when I was a little girl. She would tell me stories with her hands. My grandmother was quite talented with making shadow on the wall. It was always fun to watch. She wouldn't say a word with these stories. She would even tell me to be very quiet or the animals wouldn't come out. I would keep very quiet and wait. Then all of a sudden the shadow animals would come out dancing or jumping on the wall. She would make them move very fast. Down went her hands and up again. Shadows moved on the wall.

It always made me fall asleep. I would try to keep my eyes open, but it didn't work. To think about it, my grandmother was a wise lady. She knew how to keep a rambunctious child quiet and she also knew how to tell a silent bedtime story.

Zoe Bunnie

Orange

I am sitting down
relaxing and peeling my orange.
Feeling the juice drip
down through my fingers.
My mouth is watering.
I can't wait to eat it.
Then my children enter the room.
"Mom can we have some?"
Wondering eyes,
Grabbing little fingers attack my orange.
Sitting now with just the peels.
Looking down at my hands
a sticker for a trade.
"Oh well!"
It was good while it lasted.

Zoe Bunnie

Meet the Authors and Artists

Amanda Semmler: (Adult 12 SIAST Kelsey Campus) She likes to draw in her spare time. She is pursuing a career in law enforcement after grade 12. She has 2 children, 11 and 9. She has lived in Saskatchewan all her life. She is not married but has a wonderful boyfriend.

Andrea Wright: I am from the small town of Outlook. I was accepted into Kelsey in July so I moved to Saskatoon. When I'm at home, I help around the farm and in my spare time I like to go horseback riding with my friends. I also like to draw in my spare time. I started drawing when I was one. My mom would have trouble keeping paper in the house. She would also have to keep the checks out of my reach. I have a drawing for sale at a craft store in Outlook, and after Christmas I will have three more.

Bobbi-Jo Bauer-Bear: I am 22 years old. I was born on March 29, 1977 in Medicine Hat, Alberta. I have lived in Saskatoon since I was two years old. I am currently a student at Kelsey. I want to take a Special Care Aide course in the future at Kelsey.

Bonnie Gibson: I am from a town called Outlook. I moved to Saskatoon this year because of Kelsey. I am taking the Way To Work Program. I completed my Grade Twelve at Outlook High School.

There are seven members in my family; I have three brothers, one sister and two parents. They are very boring. But that's what makes them so interesting.

Clarissa Shetterly: I was born on January 20, 1980 in Macrorie Sask. I spent seventeen years of my life in Macrorie then moved to Outlook with my mother, for grade 11 and 12 after my parents had split. On July 24, 1999, I moved to Saskatoon to attend the Way to Work program at SIAST Kelsey Campus. I enjoy spending time with my boyfriend and watching movies. I am going to be married in the next few years to a man that I met in Outlook, but who grew up in Saskatoon. I am working at UNICEF and at the Western Development Museum and used to work at the YMCA daycare. I have been enjoying my life and trying to live it to the fullest.

Cory Knutsvik: I am a BE 10 student at SIAST. I was born the 6th of April, 1970. I wrote these poems while I was in class writing in my journal. These are something that just jumped out of the ink of my pen. Later on, I would like to pursue a career in law enforcement. P.S. I would also like to hear some responses to my poems.

Deanna Dionne: I am a BE 10 a student at SIAST. I was born on September 16, 1975. I am originally from a small town called Cumberland House. I am a mother of two beautiful children, Vanessa and Gabrielle Dionne, eight and two.

Debbie Senger: I was born in Saskatoon Sask, and lived all over Saskatchewan. I had seven brothers and three sisters. I was the second youngest child, so I knew what was ok and what was not ok. My favourite things to do are roller skating, dancing, aerobics, poetry, and singing karioke. I hope to get into cooking when I graduate from here.

Denise M. Wills:(BE 10 SIAST Kelsey Campus) I am 21 years old. I was born in Salmon Arm, BC, but I have lived in Saskatoon for most of my life. I came from a troubled home where I felt very lost, alone and painfully shy. When I was young, I sensed I was destined for something great. Everything came to me easily. I wanted to learn everything I could. I wasn't exactly sure what I wanted to do, but I knew it would have something to do with expressing myself. In fact, expressing myself surrounds everything in my life. I've always loved to draw even when I was young. When I was twelve, I started dancing to Madonna and Prince. I took a modelling class to get over my shyness. In 1998, I auditioned for the Youth Talent Search. I didn't get in but I loved the experience of being in front of a hundred people.

I took an art class with Al Nelson-Weitzel (a local artist). He helped me perfect my craft. My mother had been writing since she was a teenager but put it on hold to have children. Now she has no kids left at home, so she put together a book of short stories, so that's where I get my writing ability from. When I was eleven, I stumbled upon an introductory book on Shakespeare, I had an epiphany. Even at a young age, these profound words struck me and I knew they had great meaning. Afterwards, I started reading everything of Shakespeare, Keats, Whitman, Poe, Hawthorne, Miller, Bronte, Frost, etc. I read all of the great literary geniuses, but it was Shakespeare that "directed" me to my career goal, "Acting." I got the "acting bug" as they call it, when I was nineteen. I saw a movie with Kevin Spacey called, "The Usual Suspects." Again, I had an epiphany. I knew I could do that. When I went to England and France, the world didn't seem so small, and I felt closer to my dream of being an actress. You know when you want to do something so bad, when you feel like you're going to die if you don't. After I'm finished Grade 12, I want to go the U of S and study English Literature and Drama. I hope you all enjoy my poems. I believe they speak with truth which is something that too often gets distorted, but it is always present, lingering, waiting to be discovered.

Art:

*Tiger: Done on scratch board (black ink over top white clay). I did it in my art class.

*Jungle Woman: Done out of my imagination. Pastels and pencil crayons.

Poetry:

***The Gift:** I wrote it just before I went to England. My thought was, "What if I died? What thought would I like to leave here?"

***First Love:** Self explanatory

***Creature of the Night:** I went through a vampire stage but don't worry I'm not actually like that.

***Observations:** The first poem I ever wrote.

Doreen Williamson: I was born on September 27, 1973 in Good Soil, Saskatchewan. I am married and have three beautiful boys. I have lived in Saskatoon most of my life. Before attending Kelsey, I mostly stayed at home and raised my three boys. My goals are to finish BE 10 at Kelsey. I would like to find a career and maybe do my grade 12. I do not have many hobbies, but what I like best is to be at home with my husband and sons.

Gloria Koch: SIAST Kelsey Campus, BE 10. I was born on May 30, 1976. I wrote this poem when I found some money on the ground. I'm raising a 7-year-old boy and a 2-year-old boy. I'm going to finish my grade 10 and graduate by June 2000.

Jayson Maurice: I'm attending SIAST Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon, SK. I plan to finish my grade 12, and shortly after completing the courses I need, I will further my education at the Lethbridge College in Alberta. The course that I'll be taking is Integrated Resource Management which will be a four-year degree program. It's dealing with the wildlife laws and observations of our land. My hobbies are travelling, sports, and especially the great outdoors.

Jennie Yobb: I was born on May 15, 1973 in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I'm currently taking BE 10 at SIAST Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon. I'm 26 years old and recently married, with two wonderful step-children; Auston is 5 and Ashley is 3. I hope you enjoy my poem!

Jeremy Ryder: (BE 10) I like to draw in my spare time. I was born September 8, 1975 in a small town names Montmart Saskatchewan. I am from the Carry The Kettle First Nation. I returned to school for a better education. I would like to become a carpenter after I finish my schooling. I have been living in Saskatoon for about two years after moving from Prince Albert. I have one sister, Tanya and one brother, Shawn. I am the oldest of my family. My parents live in Prince Albert.

Joey Ross: I was born in Lloydminster, Alberta on April 10, 1980. I have one brother named John, and one sister named Karla. My mother still lives in Lloydminster with my brother and sister. I have a step-father named Mike, who is a retired math teacher. I also have a step-brother name Jory, who sells computers for a living. My real father lives in Lloydminster as well, and is currently working for Kam's General Oilfield Hauling. I first started the BE 10 program December 7, 1998. I will be graduating into the Adult program November 1, 1999.

Katherina Aguilera: I was born in Chile in the city of Santiago. My family moved to Canada in 1979, when I was only three years old. I have two older brothers and two younger brothers but no sister. I'm currently in the literacy program and I am hoping to get my grade twelve.

Max Okemaysim Jr: I'm attending the BE 10 Program at SIAST Kelsey Campus. I am twenty-one years old and like the fact that I don't look like it. I enjoy listening to music, drinking Kokanee, and conversation. I'm an eccentric, easy going, and open-minded person.

Makhail Kracher: I've got a flair for the dramatic and a penchant for the mystical. I believe there is still lots of magic left in the world, it's just that people have forgotten how to look for it. We can always find magic in stories, but that's not the only place. I'm a first year electronics student, and I'm learning magic. Now just hear me out and you'll understand. Electronics is magic, just that we've blinded ourselves. Blinded by that one word that kills magic everywhere, science. By saying that word you forget all the amazing things we can do, and reduce it to a few formulae. But look at the effects; it's all magic. This is why I write stories; so I can share the magic that is everywhere. Thanks a lot for reading.

Neil Forsyth: Neil grew up in Martensville Saskatchewan. He likes riding his bike. He is a member of the Way to Work program at SIAST Kelsey Campus in Saskatoon.

Pam Thomas: (BE 10 SIAST Kelsey Campus) I was born in Saskatoon, SK on February 25, 1979. Before I got accepted into Kelsey, I was attending Nutana Collegiate. I decided that Kelsey would be a better place to get my education than a last resort high school. I am 20 years of age, with a 2-year-old boy. He was born on June 23, 1997.

Rachael Jeffrey: Rachael is a student in the Way to Work program. She enjoys computer games, music and drawing. Rachael hopes to find employment in a nursing home.

Sara Marie Sinclair: I'm 19 years old. I have a son named Frederick Douglas Sinclair. He is a 1 year old healthy boy. I have a boyfriend named Trevor Dreaver who I love with all my heart. My hobbies are listening to music, taking walks and playing bingo. After I'm finished my grade 10, I'd like to go on to the grade 12 program.

Sarah Sawkey: I am a grade-12 student at SIAST Kelsey Campus. I am planning to go into the CST program. I have three children, and 2 grandchildren. In my spare time I enjoy writing poetry and short stories. The short story that I am submitting for this issue of Visions was an English assignment. We were told to write about a dinner party using at least three characters from previous assignments in English and as many devices as possible. I do volunteer work at the Saskatoon Jazz society on weekends as barmaid. During the summer I am the head cook at Camp Kadesh which is situated at Christopher Lake, Saskatchewan. When I leave, I will really miss the teachers and staff at Kelsey.

Sheila Quintaine: I was born on January 8, 1969 in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I'm currently attending the Basic Education Program at SIAST Kelsey Campus. My main goal is to become a health inspector.

Trudy Joachim: I was born in Beaverlodge AB. I'm now 26 years old. I came from a family of five. I have one older brother and two younger sisters. My home reserve is Horse Lake First Nations, which is located in northwestern Alberta, near Grande Prairie. I enjoy making dream catchers, playing baseball, and camping with my family. I also enjoy dancing at Pow-wows during the summer. I moved to Saskatoon three years ago to further my education. My goal is to be a professional cook.

Willie Bignell: I'm from The Pas, Manitoba. I lived there most my life until four years ago when I moved to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan with my wife Jody. We have two beautiful little girls, Marley who is five years old, and Jody who is nine months old. I love to draw. I started when I was eight and I've been drawing ever since. My goal is to learn how to paint, so I can let all these ideas out of my head and onto paper.

Zoe Bunnie: I was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan on March 1, 1975. I am a single mother of five beautiful children. I lived in Rosthern, Saskatchewan for about 10 years. I decided to move to Saskatoon, so I can attend school and complete my grade 12. My goal is to become a paramedic. I think it would be very exciting to work as a paramedic in a community.

Autographs