

VISIONS is dedicated to the students and staff of  
Basic Education 10 and Adult 12,  
SIAST Kelsey Campus

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

Edited by Joe Hilbig  
Cover courtesy The StarPhoenix, Saskatoon, SK

VISIONS VIII is published by:

Basic Education 10  
Student and Academic Services Division  
SIAST Kelsey Campus, Saskatoon, Saskatchewan S7K 3R5  
December 1997  
All rights reserved

VISIONS VIII can be accessed on the internet at <http://www.nald.ca/clr/visions8/cover.htm>

# CONTENTS

That Attractive Cigarette

Proud

The Rose

Eyes

Forgotten

Hello Grandpa

Graduation Speech

Sounds

My Experience With Adoption

Jasmin/Ericka

Jessica

Haiku

Haiku

Summer

Cinquain

Cats

My School Days

The Label "Nice Guy"

Lost Love

Smiling

Love

Reality

Donna

Stars

Ten to Fifteen Minutes

My Most Happy Life Experiences

Home

Tears

Untitled  
Time  
New Beginnings  
Untitled  
The Fatal Accident  
Craftsman  
Untitled  
Untitled  
Dismantler  
Working  
Sweet Sadness  
Sacred Eagle  
Africa  
Savage  
Virgin Soil  
Untitled  
Popsicles  
Trick or Treat  
Baby  
Understanding Me  
Growing Up In Cadets  
Snowman  
Racism  
Hop  
Riding a Bike  
My Hobby  
  
About the Authors

## That Attractive Cigarette

There are always a lot of students in front of Kelsey's door. They are smoking and talking to each other even if it is very cold out. Some of them aren't wearing enough clothing, but they must stand outside. Usually, I look outside for Troy and find him there. Sometimes I pass the "smoking lounge" and stop to say, "Hi" to my classmates. It is easy to notice them because there is a big crowd. The other smokers and my friends are shaking with cold and smoking. Those people and my friends all use the same gesture. They hold their cigarettes and put them into and out of their mouths frequently. Sometimes I am amazed at them that they can love this one thing so much. Even in this bad situation of freezing outside, they never give up. I think if they focussed on school the way they focus on cigarettes, they would get straight A's.

**Allison Fu**

Proud  
Arrogantly  
Stood tall;  
Bombarded by greed,  
He overcame them all.  
Protrusively

The Rose  
She gave me a rose  
It had a thorn;  
I held it up, I held it near,  
I held it to my nose,  
I held it to my ear  
OUCH!

Eyes  
Eyes brown and gentle  
Always deeply drenched in joy.  
Never surrendered.

Forgotten  
Forgotten are visions of you  
My friend;  
Return for just one moment  
Memories;  
We  
Shall  
Mend.

**Arnoldo Rey**

## Hello Grandpa

(Hola abuelito)

It has been a long time since  
I have seen your face,  
I have held a place  
In my heart for you,  
I've been feeling blue.

Since that very day  
When you passed away  
And you came to me  
To set our spirits free.

And now you are here again  
To make me strong,  
And take away my pain;  
Grandpa, I love you.

**Arnoldo Rey**

## Graduation Speech

I would like to start off by saying I can't believe I've finally completed my 10 program. I struggled through most of my classes, but I did it. This is my third time here. The first time I came here was in January 1995. I thought I had it made, but three months into the program I started drinking. I would miss classes because I was too hung over to come to school. When I did come to school, I really couldn't focus on my school work. My second time here was in October 1995. I stayed again for a very short time; I thought maybe if I tried school again I'd slow down on my booze. But, my booze still had the best of me; the relationship I was in at the time wasn't helping either. The guy I was seeing would put me down about this and that, and he, too, was an alcoholic. I finally had enough of drinking in early December 1995, and I've been sober ever since. When I was sober for a while, I wanted to come back to school. I came back in August 1996. And here I am; I've finally accomplished something I've always wanted to do.

Without the help of all the instructors in the ABE 10 program, I wouldn't be where I am today. I am grateful for their patience and assistance in my achievement. I would like to thank Bob, Jan, and Ron for their help and the patience they have shown me in Math; Ian and Donna for all their help and patience in Communications; Joe for his help in Physics and the help he has given me on computers; and finally Karen and Cathy for their help. Also, I have to thank my family for their support and understanding. I would like to thank the students I've met here in the last little while. You are all wonderful people; thanks for the time we have shared. After all the things I've gone through in my life, I've finally accomplished something that I feel is one of the best things that has ever happened to me. The feeling I have right now is very hard to describe. But I can tell you all that it's a very good feeling.

Lastly, I also have to thank Donna Phillips for her time and effort in helping me to achieve what I have just achieved. With her help and the help of my instructors I plan to go on to my grade 12 program. I feel I have gone too far to give up now. I am undecided about what I want to do after my 12 program. Only time will tell.

**Blanche Gerard**

## Sounds

Listen  
Winding sound  
Oceans against rocks  
That smashes the waves  
Down

**Brent Morgan**

## My Experience With Adoption

My experience with adoption is a very serious and depressing topic to talk about. First, making a choice to put a baby up for adoption is a very difficult choice to make. For me it was a choice I made as soon as I found out I was pregnant. My sister had a baby at fourteen and kept it. I had a lot of time to think about what I would do if I got pregnant at a young age. Since I was only eighteen years old, I knew I wasn't ready to be a mom and that I still wanted to go to parties and hang out with my friends. I wasn't sure how I would go about putting a baby up for adoption, so I asked a friend of mine who is a lawyer. He knew of a couple who wanted to adopt a baby, so he contacted them, and for six months this couple said that they wanted my baby. When it came time for me to meet the couple, they had changed their mind because they were too old to become parents. After I found out they had changed their mind, I thought nobody would want my baby and wasn't sure if I was going to find another couple to adopt my baby.

Second, I was not sure what to do next, so I went and talked with my family doctor, and he told me about Christian Counselling Services. I phoned there the next day and spoke with a lady named Glennis. I made an appointment to see her. When I first saw Glennis, she told me about the different choices I could make. There is private and closed adoption. I picked private adoption because with private adoption I got to pick the parents out myself. I then would get to meet with them before making any kind of decision. By this time I was very happy about going to Christian Counselling Services. I got so much help and support that it made my decision a bit easier to deal with. I also had the support of my family and friends, but to have help from someone with experience helped that much more. In the meantime, I was reading home studies trying to find the right couple to adopt my baby. After reading about fifty home studies, I found a couple I wanted to meet. After a short time, I met with the couple and fell in love with them almost immediately. I knew they were the right couple to be the proud parents of a new baby. I had to wait and see if they wanted to adopt my baby. About an hour later, Glennis came and told me that the couple wanted to adopt my baby. At that instant, I knew God was watching out for me, and He would be there for me through all of this.

Now we just had to wait for me to go into labour which seemed to take forever, but I was having some complications. On September ninth, I had to get an ultrasound done so we could find out what was going on with the baby. It turned out that I had ripped the placenta, and the baby had not grown in two months. That night I was put into the hospital so my doctor could induce me the next morning. I was very scared because this was my first baby, and I had no idea what was going to happen. On the morning of September tenth, I was taken to labour and delivery where the nurses got things ready. By one in the afternoon, I was holding a sweet little girl. She was so perfect I cried when I held her in my arms. In the afternoon, my emotional roller coaster ride started. Feelings of guilt, emptiness and depression set in. I held this tiny baby girl in my arms and cried. I told her how much I loved her and tried to explain why I could not keep her and how sorry I was. At the same time, I was letting her know that she was going to get all the love she would need with her parents. During our stay at the hospital, I took care of my baby at night, and her adoptive parents cared for her during the day. Finally, I am very happy with the choice I made almost five years ago. My little girl is so very loved, that I can see the love in her eyes when I get photographs of her. This was the best choice I could have made for both of us.

**Christa Wolfe**

Jasmin/Ericka

You were once mine.  
Now you belong to two others.  
Five years have gone by since I had you.  
I let you go so you would know  
The love I felt for you.  
The love I feel is deep and strong.  
And it hurt me bad to give you up.  
I know it was the best choice for us both.  
And five years later it still shows.  
How loved you are by the ones who have you.  
I am doing better now.  
But I still get pains in my heart.  
Be happy little one.  
You are very loved.

**Christa Wolfe**

Jessica

You are so full of life.  
You make it hard for me to keep up.  
I love you to death and don't mind trying.  
If you ever leave me, I will break down and cry.  
You mean the world to me.  
I try to show it every day.  
You are so beautiful and loved.  
I want you to stay with me always.  
So I can have meaning in my life.  
Without you there is nothing.  
I would fall apart and die.  
If you ever left me  
I would have no sunshine.

**Christa Wolfe**

### Haiku

Clouds are real fluffy  
There are shapes and sizes seen  
When people walk by

### Haiku

Furry cats are cute  
Purring when very happy  
Hissing when upset

### Summer

Swimming in the pool or in the lake  
Going on picnics on very hot and dry days  
Sun is very bright and nice to sun tan in  
Trees are leafy and shady  
Shady trees are sometimes very hot with a  
warm breeze  
Summer is to die for

**Colleen Rosset**

Cinquain  
Trees  
shaggy, shady  
cooling, growing, breaking  
birds live in  
tallness

Cats  
Fuzzy, cute  
meowing, purring, running  
very clever  
warm

**Colleen Rosset**

## My School Days

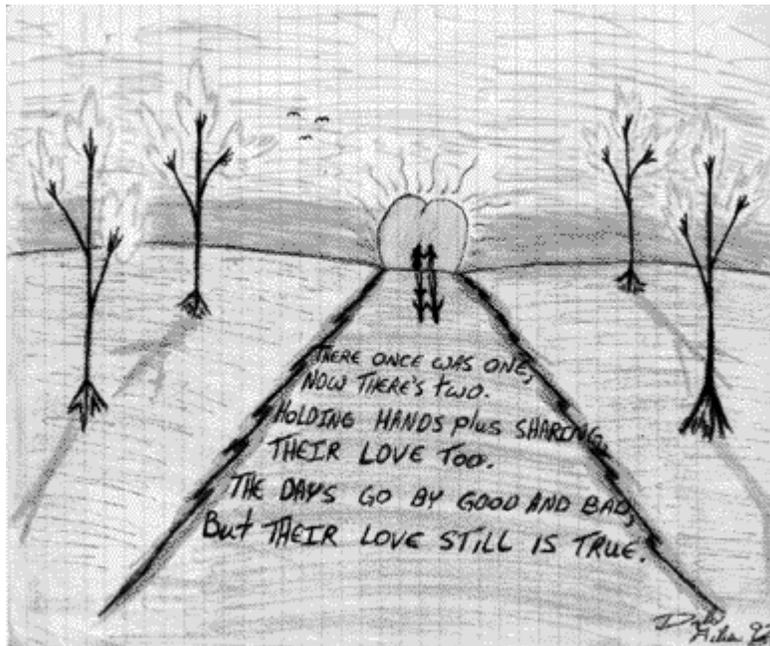
My school days started when I was five years old. First, I went to kindergarten at Victoria School. Then I went to St. Francis from grades 1-6. Next, I went to Father Vachon School to take grade six again because St. Francis passed me because of my age group. When we moved from the East side to the West side I had to do grade six again, just because I was having math problems. Then, I went to Holy Family School for grade seven. Then I went to Sion High School from grades 8-11. Later, for my grade twelve (first semester) I went to E. D. Feehan High School. At last I went back to Sion High School for the second semester of grade 12. I never graduated from High School because I got kicked out for not being able to make it to talk to the principal. Also, it took me four years to come back to school. What brings me here to Kelsey Campus is that I want to finish my High School, find a career and get the education I need, then start working. In conclusion, the reason why I have transferred to all different schools is because when I was younger I had epilepsy, and the doctors mixed up my medication; that's what led me to doing some things slowly now. Thank God I stopped having seizures when I was seven years old. That's all about my school days and some details of my life.

**Colleen Rosset**

## The Label “Nice Guy”

What the hell is “Nice Guy”  
for they always seem to lose.  
Every time they find someone,  
that bloody name comes too.  
For it’s almost a sin,  
to be called that name,  
and Lord I know, I am one.  
I ask if there is some mistake,  
for I’m full of love but can not find,  
someone who enjoys “Nice Guys”  
For a friend I will always be.

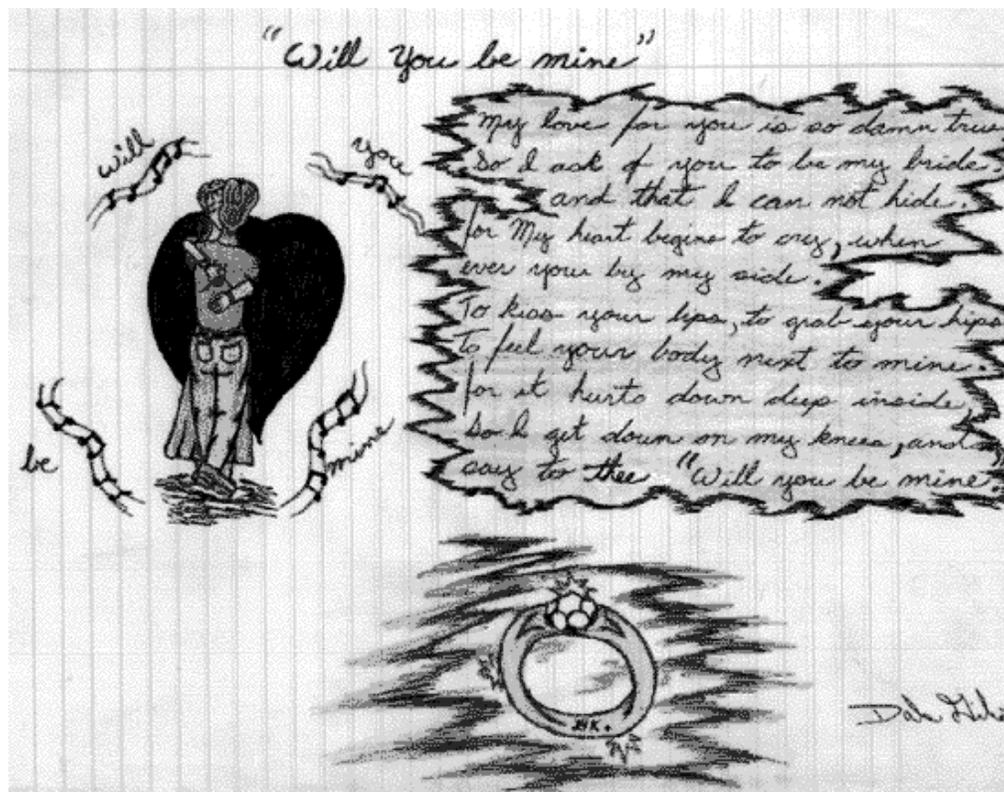
**Nice Guy Dale Giles**



**Nice Guy Dale Giles**



Nice Guy Dale Giles



Nice Guy Dale Giles

Lost Love  
happiness once, long ago,  
fresh new discoveries,  
between two mates,  
one day past, the unison turned,  
to such sorrow,  
the duet died and so did we,  
and now I'm solo and so, so, blue.

Smiling  
forgiving always  
sincere, loving, funny  
gently caring never scolding  
Mother

Love  
tall sexy  
caring, knowing, touching  
wonderful caresses from afar  
affection

**Donna Neufeldt**

## Reality

I have been haunted  
By memories  
Of wasted years  
And childish fantasies  
What if . . .  
Two little words  
That echoed  
Through my youth  
What if I was rich  
What if I had . . .  
What if I did . . .  
The fantasies are gone  
And reality sets in

**Edward Frenchman**

Donna

Donna's a teacher at school

Calm, collected, and cool

With a firm grip

A chair and a whip

She teaches the golden rule

Stars

Stars

Up above

Twinkly, sparkly

bright

Wane slowly in light

Celestial

**Edward Frenchman**

## Ten to Fifteen Minutes

As it began, the memories are very faint, but I know enough to remember the story. I knew enough to save my baby brother.

The lake was green like emeralds in an open field. It seemed the sun was piercing my very skin. Still, this summer heat did not stop my brother and me, with a friend at our side. It didn't keep us from the emerald lakeside.

Like the childish children we were, we skipped down the yellow grassy hill to this lake that we could not get enough of. If only I had known better than that, but hey, I was only a four-year-old child. But still, if only!

We all stood on the dock mocking the water with a hockey stick and shoes, enjoying the gentle flow of the water with our now wrinkled little toes resting in the glittering liquid. Looking deep into the water we watched little creatures pass us by. So much fun it was, to be a child with no worries; to be young forever.

Willie, getting a little restless now, stood up wanting to enter the water, but he knew better, thank God. We got a little closer to the edge and decided that it would be best if our shoes took the swim, so off they went. The three of us stood as we watched our soaking shoes slowly float away. When they floated far enough, I grasped the wooden hockey stick in my pudgy hands to get them back. Too late, they ventured far enough that I could not get them back. Damn! Well, the shoes drifted too far, but we did not care. Hell, our parents had the money to buy us another pair of cheap plastic shoes. Completely too cheap they were, I tell you, but our parents tried their best.

We now stood on the rocky bottom of the lake, hoping to get the shoes that we longer cared for. If we did get the shoes back, we would not get a spanking. God I hated getting those. God! Slowly, as we waited, one of the pair came our way. Woops, they got away again. To come up with a good idea in my little mind didn't happen very often. I managed to think one up this day. I took little steps away from the lake to find rocks to throw at the shoes thinking maybe if I threw the rocks right beside the shoes, they would drift back our way. What a wonderful idea. Well, of course it had to be, coming from me. I was just so happy. We would get our shoes back and no spanking for us today. Now all I had to do was tell Trevor and William my brilliant master plan. Things weren't so great now. William was standing alone. Trevor was gone.

I remember my fear inside as I ran toward William. He stood alone, crying. Then, when I reached the now endless lake that had swallowed up a little body, I had to see if Trevor was still in sight. At that moment I knew he was in the lake, I got a horrible feeling in my heart. Horrible! There he was, his small body floating away among the small ripples in the water. I did not know how to swim. He went further. Benetta, she would help.

I made my way to the hill that led right to Benetta's house, leaving William crying at the lake. This hill, had never before been so long to get up. But now I felt like I would never reach the top. I had to go faster before it was too late. Too late for everything.

When I finally did reach the top, my face was soaking in tears. Soaking, just like the shoes, just like Trevor. I was screaming Benetta's name, screaming for help. She and my mother came running out. By the looks on their faces, it was like they already knew what had happened. I told them about Trevor drowning down at the lake and they were gone just as fast as they had rushed out. My throat hurt. My eyes were aching.

My mom did get Trevor out of the water. Somebody had already phoned the ambulance. The worst was now over, but there was still more to come. Trevor was not saved yet.

Mom. Dad. Trevor. Where did they go? To help Trevor not be dead? If not that, why did they go? Sonny, my oldest brother, and I were staying at the grateful Benetta's. I did not want to stay there. I wanted to go home and sleep on my bed, with my blanket. Now I was in a different home. Eating on other people's plates and taking a bath in other people's tub. I thought this was going to be my new home. I did not like this new change. Not at all!

I woke from my bed, but it was not my bed. It was somebody else's. I remember when we first got to this new place. William and his sister Olivia were moved into their parent's room. Why? I thought, why could they not sleep in the same bedroom as us two? I went to the kitchen where Benetta was cooking something in a pot, a silver pot. Being curious and stupid, I grabbed a chair and pulled in beside the ancient stove that cooked our food. Wow! I thought. Round white things were at the bottom of this silver pot. They didn't smell so great, but I had to find out what these round white things were. I just had to.

The pain demanded my hand. I had scorched my poor little brown hand. Mistake! A stupid mistake! I had made another one. As I screamed on the floor, wanting the pain to go away, Benetta grabbed me from the floor to help my crying little body. Benetta to the rescue again. My hero. I slept most of the day with a bandage all over my red hand. It still hurt inside. I wanted to scratch my hand so badly, but every time that I tried the pain attacked my hand harder. All I could do was try to cry the pain away. The tears started to roll down my face. I was wanting my mother to make the horrid pain go away. My mother, where was she?

The stove, I knew, was not a very fun place to explore anymore. So I stayed away from it. As like yesterday, the sun was beaming with indescribable heat. I was climbing the crab apple tree with ease. A little hang out for me and only me. Climbing was my thing. Maybe because I was as small as a monkey, but did not look like one. I sure hoped not. The crab apples were already starting to get shriveled and dry. But I had to find that out the hard way, by nearly choking to death on one. What a dunce I was!

The nights which followed each ending day were what I despised the most. The wind blowing against the windows sounded like little screams from a far off distance. Those were the nights and days that sent shivers down my body. One night, as Sonny and I were nestled in the beds that were ours for now, the wind blew.

My eyes fluttered open in the empty dark. The wind was screaming. I was scared. Not knowing what to do, I slipped out of my bed, my little feet making little sticky noises as I woke up my brother from his deep sleep. I was crying now. Sonny, not quite awake, yawned then gave his

attention to me. He wanted to know what was wrong, but I was much too afraid to speak above a whisper.

We both went to the next room where the rest of the people slept. The Minks as I knew them. We entered the room, looked around for the adults. They were gone. I again started to cry. I looked at Sonny, who also was starting to get scared, hoping he would have the answer. But the answer to what? Sonny told me to get dressed because we were going to look for them. But where? I remember asking myself, did they also leave us? If so, who was going to take care of us now? We now had our shoes on, not sure if I had mine on right, we headed out the door.

The night was mysterious to a little child like me. It could also be very dangerous as I was told by my father. My father. . . was he thinking of me wherever he was? Did he miss me at all? Maybe if I cried loud enough, the wind would send it to him. Then maybe he would know I was running in the night. Needing comfort, wanting comfort.

We both were running through a field of grass. Our small legs were taking us wherever we were going as fast as they could, the grass being trampled as we ran. Soon I could see the Bible school we were closing in on. Yes, that is where they had to be. They must be praying for Trevor to not be dead anymore. That had to be it. We arrived at the front doors and as we did, William and Benetta Mink came out the doors. I don't know if I hugged them or not. All I know was that I was so happy to see them. Damn happy!

Things started to calm down for me after that night. I knew now not to panic when William and Benetta were not at home some nights. I knew to stay away from the stove that hurt my hand. But I still did not know what I was to do about not having a mother and father. Did they not like or love me any longer? They probably didn't know I was smart enough to think so. To think that they forgot all about poor little me and also about Sonny who was about two years older than me. Sonny was, at the moment, all that I had for a family. He was, to me, a very brave brother.

The memory of my father coming back to get us two is a complete blank. Was I happy? Mad? Or maybe both. I just don't remember! I only wish I did, so today I would know what I had said to him the day he decided to save our miserable souls. Maybe I cried in his arms or maybe I resented him for leaving us behind to cry. Was it his fault that I burned my hand? That I was afraid of the midnight wind? No, it was my fault! For going down to the lake. . . the lake that started this catastrophe for us in the first place. For all eternity I would feel so sorry for it all. Maybe too sorry!

\* \* \*

We drove through the city where Trevor and my mom awaited our arrival. Buildings were so tall that it looked like they would hit the sun. They were beautiful to me. There were so many people walking, riding and driving in all different directions. Everything was going to be alright. Everything.

The entrance to the hospital greeted all the people who went in and out. At least this time if I got hurt there would be professionals at my aid. I felt safe in the big hospital that I walked through. There were big corridors everywhere I looked, but we only went down one, to this big metal door that would take us up and down as we wished. Me, that is what I wished. To have childish fun once more.

We were all together again. Mom, Dad, Sonny, and me, but what about Trevor? Did he still want to stay away? To be alone! My brother, that day at the lake, with his pale blue lips. His stubby body that was so dead. Damn that Trevor, wanting to be so stubborn and not join my happiness that I thought I would never have again, or was something keeping him being with his family? Yes, that is what it had to be!

The doctor and nurses told my parents that Trevor managed to get out of his room and just vanish. My mother, that day, looked like she was about to have a nervous breakdown. Was Trevor mad at me for allowing him to drown? Or was he just looking for us? I didn't know. We did manage to find him; well, I managed to find him. I was so proud of myself.

While my parents were busy fighting with the doctor I had decided I had enough of this total nonsense and made my own decision to find him myself. Minutes later I found him wandering around the stairway. They were happy again. Mom, Dad, Sonny, and Trevor

Epilogue: 1997. I never would have thought that this tragedy would have affected my whole life. After this ordeal I always felt like an outcast. I am now nineteen years old and living by myself in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. This was my brother's new beginning at life; this was my end.

**Henry Easter**

## My Most Happy Life Experiences

I have spent most of my happy, loving years living with Eva Sinclair in The Pas, Manitoba. She was a popular sweet old lady from Moose Lake, Manitoba. Eva adopted me when I was a few weeks old. Although she had no family relation to me, she treated me as the baby of the family.

When I was young I experienced many joyful times. For instance, when I was in elementary school, we made Christmas ornaments out of cornstarch. The cornstarch was mixed with water and other compounds to make the mix turn to clay when it dried. When we were given the blob of mixture to mould, we put a paperclip in it to serve as a hook. This would stay in the ornament when it dried so that the ornament would hang on a Christmas tree. After the ornament was dry, we painted them. As you can see, this was a loving memory for me because I loved the Christmas holidays.

In the same way I felt happy making those ornaments, I felt happy decorating the Christmas tree at home. At night the house would be spotless, and I would stare at the reflection on the floor from the Christmas lights on the tree. This was a very tranquil moment for me. Another thing I used to do was wrap up ornaments in my home pretending that I was giving them away.

As I got older, I still had plenty of fun because I met my best friend Rachel Ballantyne in the fourth grade. We had fun together after school in front of her house. The skies would be clear, and we could see the stars, snow on the ground, and ice on the road. We took turns singing Christmas songs on the road because we pretended that the road was a stage. When we got tired, we would lay on the road staring at the stars. Rachel's mom came outside and yelled at us to get off the road because a car was coming. When the weather got too cold, I had fun indoors playing with Lego. I would play with Rachel at her house; we built buildings, streets, and cars.

At home, I had a white kitten that I named Snowball. My kitten always ran away from me behind the couch because I tried to put it in a small box. The kitten was frightened when it saw me cutting the box with a huge bread knife. I was cutting the box to make it look like a house, but the kitten didn't want to stay in it. A couple of months later it died. It was my favourite kitten.

When I was in my early teens, I entered a contest in the winter. The contest was an event that happened every year in the second week of February. This occasion event is called, "Trapper's Festival." This event happened in the downtown of The Pas. The contest would be separated into two categories: King Trapper (for men only), and Queen Trapper (for women only). The contest cost about \$ 3.00 to enter each competition. Some of the competitions included nail pounding, log sawing, trap setting, bannock baking, flour packing, hatchet throwing, and tea boiling. Prizes included money along with points sequencing first place, second place, and third place. Whoever collected the most points would win a King or Queen Trapper trophy. I was the youngest competitor in the women's category. The next oldest was my cousin Crystal Sinclair who was four years older than me. The rest of the competitors were mature adults. The advantage for them was the flour packing which required women to carry a hundred pounds of flour on their back. They had to carry this from one truck to another which was about three metres away. I was too young to enter this competition. I managed to win second place in almost every other competition. Therefore, I won second place for Queen Trapper that year.

The radio announced the winners for King and Queen Trapper. They also mentioned my name, "And in second place. . . Jody Nabess." My mom's side of the family heard it on the radio, and they were proud of me. They didn't even know I was in the contest. This happy event in my life gave me self-esteem.

In junior high, I received an award at school for Social Studies. The school scheduled an assembly to hand out awards to students. I was very nervous going up on stage to receive that award. As a result, I felt like a winner.

Today, I am married to Willie Bignell. When I remember the times when I've done well in school in the past, it strengthens me to want to finish my education. To sum up, remembering those good feelings I got doing good in school, made me want to feel that way again.

I am presently attending the Basic Education program at Kelsey School. I plan to finish my grade ten, and continue until I graduate. My goal is to make my life happy again like I remember it.

**Jody Bignell**

## Home

After years of being away, I've come home. In the front of the house the grass is yellow and knee-high. Tall green weeds grow between the jagged cracks of the old cement walkway. Paint is starting to peel in places, and the house no longer shines white. The front door still looks solid, but when I push on it, the paint flakes, and it opens easily. Inside the front room the walls are not covered by beautiful art as I remembered, but a dull gray from the years of neglect. To my right the drapes are faded, tattered, and sinking to the worn, stained floor. The windows behind them are filthy and distort the world outside. Down the hall on my left at the back of the house, is the bathroom. The fixtures are stained from rust and the mirror is shattered. I can see my reflection a thousand times, from when I was young and innocent to a grown woman marred from memories. I move back to the front room. The floorboards creak beneath my feet, deafening in my ears. To the left is the kitchen; I walk in the doorway expecting to smell the freshly baked bread cooling on the wire rack, but only find a cold empty room with the cupboards bare. On my right is the wall where we marked our heights as the years passed by. The markings stopped the day I left.

**Lisa Mooney**

Tears  
Silent, loud  
Wet, painful, relentless  
They come during nighttime  
Peace

Untitled  
The storm raged wildly  
causing massive destruction  
Then new life begins.

Time  
I sit and watch the minutes go by  
And I sometimes wonder why  
Why do I cry  
Then I see your smiling face  
And I know I'm in the right place  
For there is nothing that will change my mind  
Not even the time.

**Michelle E. D. Beckett**

## New Beginnings

I sit and watch two turtle doves  
It is like my heart filling with love  
Fluttering wildly and passionately  
I sit and think of you and me  
It all reminds me of spring  
And the beginning of new things  
There is nothing more I like to see  
Than you next to me.

## Untitled

The small stream trickles  
like tiny round shiny beads  
on my bloody skinned right knee.

**Michelle E. D. Beckett**

## The Fatal Accident

I heard the screeching of the tires, then the sickening thud. In that instant, I knew someone had been hit. First, I picked up the phone and called 911. I grabbed a blanket and went to see if there was anything I could do. I could smell burnt rubber from the tires. I looked around; then I saw him laying there not moving, just moaning. He was maybe ten years old.

Suddenly, I heard a woman yelling to me, "I never saw him, oh my god, oh my god!" I told her to go sit and calm down.

Then I heard some man come and say, "Maybe we should move him on his back?"

I said, "No, he probably has head injuries." During this time I could hear the boy moaning, and his mother had shown up. She looked into my eyes, and I could say nothing. The horror in that woman's eyes will always haunt me. Finally, the ambulance showed up, but the boy had already stopped moaning. I watched as they put him on the stretcher in the ambulance, and they were gone. Afterwards, I was left with feelings of rage, helplessness, and great sorrow.

**Michelle E. D. Beckett**

Craftsman  
Dreamer, Dutiful  
Caring, Creative, Listening  
The dance of skill  
Master

Untitled  
Animals are loved  
They assess humanity  
Man's best friend

Untitled  
There once was a girl  
named Heidi  
Who kept her small  
house very tidy  
She looked under the  
quilt  
Saw ten years of filth  
And saw that her life  
was quite grimy

**Michael Lalonde**

## Dismantler

The dismantler's way is still in my heart  
To dismantle my mind and examine its parts

And repair parts that had wear like my morals and patience  
Careful to reinstall them with care and true graces

I am still in the process of assembly, I know

For I am still growing so now a man's road I stroll

## Working

I remember when work days were long and hard  
Especially at night when I did not rest  
Over this time my work ethic was learned  
But to go back to school I have always yearned  
Now I am here  
I have come so far

**Michael Lalonde**

## Sweet Sadness

When I was seven years old, we lived in a small one room cabin on the Valley River Indian Reservation approximately three hundred miles northwest of Winnipeg, Manitoba. I can still see our house, sturdily built with solid oak trees which had been skilfully cut then masterfully put together with lime straw and brown mud. To the east I remember the view clearly, miles and miles of bright golden wheat magnificently blowing in the cool wind in spite of the hot sun. Beyond this loomed the forbidden graveyard atop a huge hill with its solitary spruce tree, towering and desolate. South of the graveyard stood the massively built train bridge where each evening the train with its mournful whistle seemed to acknowledge the people who had died. There are fond memories of the river, Valley River, long and winding, moving like a snake. It offered refreshment from the hot blistering sun, and cool gentle breezes. At last I remember the joyful evenings when we would cheerfully gather outside in the freshly painted blue and white fenced yard to listen to my father singing with his drum, his single lonely voice echoing in the nearby fields and hills. Those childhood days I will always remember with sweet sadness, for they are gone and will never be again.

**Peter Razor**

Sacred Eagle  
Spiritual messenger  
Soaring high over mother earth  
Echoing screaming sounds  
Powerful piercing eyes  
Visions of strength  
Sacred

Africa  
Panting heat  
Dark rapid heartbeat  
Blood thirsty tearing flesh  
Predators

Savage  
Wild predators  
Ferocious grizzly bears  
Lingering around mother earth  
Hunting!

**Sandra Laplante**

Virgin Soil  
Unborn baby  
Somersaults go whoosh  
Voices echo, pounding heartbeats  
Warming, unknown  
Life

Untitled  
The old ancient trees  
Resting roots in mother earth  
Peacefully living

**Sandra Laplante**

Popsicles  
running, melting,  
tastes yum, yum,  
in the hot heat  
69¢

**Sheryn McKay**

Trick or Treat  
Halloween  
Ghosts, goblins  
Monsters roaming around  
Howling wind, full moon  
Excitement

Baby  
Daughter  
Innocent, gentle  
Dancing, laughing, playing  
Always full of love  
Kelsey

Understanding Me  
In some growing world  
I am reaching, and touching, and stretching, and testing  
Finding new wonderful things  
I'm just not tall, I'm not strong  
I'm just right  
I'm just a person  
let me test, let me try, let me reach  
Let me fly . . .  
In some growing world  
Watch me with the wisdom of my tears!

**Tanya Rintoul**

## Growing Up in Cadets

When I was thirteen years old, I had no choice but to join cadets. My brother was already in it, so my parents wanted me to follow his steps. At the beginning, I really hated the uniforms because we had to wear black dress pants with flared bell bottoms, with blue dress shirts. The hats were white and circular with a flat top; it went halfway down on the forehead. The black print on the forehead said, "Navy League Cadets." Also, part of the uniform that I had to wear was military boots. The only thing that I liked about my boots was that I was able to spit on them when I had to polish them; they had to be so shiny that we could see ourselves in them. At the same time, it was hard for me to make friends especially since I was shy and not very outgoing. Cadets made me more assertive.

Every Thursday night everyone put on their uniform. We would go down to the HMCS (Her Majesty's Canadian Services) Unicorn building. We would learn drills, and how to march, how to do proper turns while marching. In the middle of evening training (from 7:00 p.m. to 8:00 p.m.), the cadets would go up to classrooms to learn information from the manual. For example, the officers would teach us military time, military alphabets, knots and bows to use when on a ship or sailboat. The officers would also teach us how to send messages in semaphore. For example, if a ship is going east and another ship is coming ahead during a practice when there is radio silence, we could grab the flags and sign in semaphore.

By this time, I had joined the Navy League Band. The instrument that I played was a glockenspiel. Now that I was involved in cadets I never had any spare time to be with my friends on the weekends. However, I liked cadets as it kept me out of trouble. Within the next couple of months, I was first an Able Cadet then a Leading Cadet and next a Petty Officer Second Class. I then skipped Petty Officer First Class and went right to a Chief Petty Officer First Class. That means I was the only one with the rank; I was Chief of the Corps! I was in charge of all the other cadets and their actions. If someone was misbehaving in uniform, I would get in trouble from the Superior Naval Officers. Therefore, I had to give the cadets strict discipline. That meant I would have to give them duties before they were able to go home. I would assign them to wash the head (floors) with a toothbrush. If not that, there was a silver bell on the ship that I would take down, and the cadets would have to shine in a circular motion. It had to be so shiny they could see themselves.

Later on that year I went to the Navy League camp at Buffalo Pound, Saskatchewan for two weeks. Every morning we would get up around 5:30 a.m. We would hop out of bed, get dressed and run on the deck into our division. We would do twenty sit-ups and twenty pushups. If we started doing them in a lackadaisical manner, they would give us double. After that we ran for two miles. If we didn't pick up our feet, they would make us run four. We would then eat breakfast and have our usual cold showers for the day. The classes were interesting because we learned how to canoe on overnight canoe trips, how to sail, how to use a bow and arrow, and how to shoot with rifles at the gun range.

The second year when I went to cadet camp, my division (The Mic Macs) was going on an overnight canoe trip. We got our gear together and started canoeing. When we had gotten not even half a mile downstream, we found a dead body floating near the shore on the river. The body looked really blue and bloated. I never saw anything like that before; I still to this day remember it. In spite of this incident, the overnight canoe trip was really fun. We sang songs and ate marshmallows in front of an open fire. On the last night we had a dance that was like an early farewell. There were cadets from Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, Regina, Prince Albert, Swift Current and Yorkton. The cadets dated secretly, for that was considered fraternization, and was not allowed at all. The last day we packed up all of our things and cleaned our barracks for another year had ended. It was really sad to say our good-byes; it was like we grew so close that we didn't want to part.

All in all, my life in Navy League was quite the experience for me. Later, when I turned fourteen I moved up to the Royal Canadian Sea Cadets at Jarvis Bay. Although I was an Able Cadet my life turned around for the worse, or you could say I was too busy partying, so I decided to quit; to this day I regret doing that. If I had stuck through cadets, I could've had a scholarship and travelled all around the world. Maybe I would've moved on to being a real Navy officer. I would be helping children today, like the officers were trying to help me. As you can see, I really enjoyed my four years in cadets. I was really devoted to cadets in my teenage years. Now that I am older, I miss that part of my life.

**Tanya Rintoul**

## Snowmann

Snowmann was the most handsome cat I ever had. His baby blue eyes were as pure as the ocean. Depending on the mood he was in, his eyes would turn grey. His soft fluffy white fur was so nice to touch. It was like touching an Angora sweater. Another thing I liked about him was his small, pointy, light pink ears. They were so pink, almost like a new born's skin. Also, his meow was gentle like a soft wind; it was like a new born baby crying so softly. In addition, when I would leave my house to go out for a while, he would look out the window. He looked so sad. When I would come back home and unlock the door, Snowmann would have a smile on his face that would lighten up the world on a bright summer day. I will never forget his baby blue eyes, his soft fluffy white fur, his small pointy ears, his gentle meow. He will always be inside my heart and soul.

**Tanya Rintoul**

## Racism

Why is there racism? I ask myself that question often. First, aren't we all the same in that we all have a different colour of skin, or we're from a different culture, or we talk differently from each other? Second, our Creator made us unique from each other and He gave us different backgrounds. Can't we just talk to each other, enjoy each other's differences instead of arguing and cutting each other down? Why can't we just get along? Finally, we should try to be more friendly and try to be nicer because we all have to live on this earth together. We should help each other out, so we could enjoy our earth that He has given to us.

We should be proud of who we are and not be ashamed of our culture. I have some native blood, and I consider myself a native because I'm proud of my heritage. At the same time, I have heard of some who do not take pride in their heritage because of what others have seen or heard about natives. This is called generalization: this is when someone sees a small number of natives drinking or being on welfare and expects all natives to be the same. This image of the lazy drunken welfare bum is a false one because most natives are not like that. Most of us are trying to get good jobs and are trying to improve ourselves, and it is obvious that not all natives are the same. However, because of existing prejudice in our society, you won't see many natives working in the work force, and this leads to poverty. It is really hard to find jobs if you are a native because of this kind of racism.

Yes, I know some of us natives are prejudiced toward others, but it is hard not to be because of the prejudice that we face daily. Often when racist things are said about us, we retaliate and say racist things back. It hurts when we hear racist-based comments about how we are or what we are doing because we are trying to change how others think about us. On the other hand, it is hard to change others because they believe what they have heard or seen. If only they could try to see that we really are trying to improve ourselves.

I wonder why they call us Indians. Aren't Indians from India? First, I prefer to be called Native. Secondly, sometimes I hear on the news or hear people talking about Indians, then after I realize they are talking about East Indians from India. Now when I hear the word Indian, I wonder who they are talking about: natives, or Indians from India. Finally, I don't like being called an Indian because it sounds so prejudiced. It is okay being called a Native because it doesn't sound so insulting.

What about our children? What do they think when they hear other people putting down natives? First, we have to think about how racism is affecting the children. We teach them at home not to put others down, but when they leave home to school or wherever they go, the children hear racist things said about natives. Then they come home confused and upset because they know it is not true what they have heard. Then our children start putting others down, so they become racists to others. At last, we try to correct them, but they won't listen because of their hurt and anger. We have to teach our children the correct way because they are the next generation.

We have to learn how to live with each other, so our world could be a better place to live. Besides, it shouldn't matter if we are purple, green, or blue because we are all human beings living on this earth. We should forgive each other no matter how angry or hurt we are to each other. In fact, we should forget about being prejudiced toward others. Therefore, we must stop this prejudice among us and be happy with each other.

**Theresa Peeteetuce**

## Hop

There once a lady called Hop  
Who liked to dance the bebop  
Then she hurt her leg  
It broke like an egg  
Oh now she can't do the bebop!

## Riding a Bike

jill wanted to LEARN how to ride a bike  
she was SCARED  
she KEPT falling DOWN  
she FELT hopeless  
jill KEPT on trying  
she was unhappy  
she had scrapes AND bruises  
she FELT useless  
ONE day Jill tried  
She WAS determined  
She STARTED and she DID it  
SHE FELT PROUD!

**Theresa Peeteetuce**

## My Hobby

My hobby has taken me all over the world, from Washington to New York, from Paris to Rome, from the barest deserts to the highest mountains, from the ghettos of the Bronx to Beverly Hills. I have met many different people from Presidents to pimps, miracle workers to hookers, from rock stars to beggars. I have been through marches for peace, terrorist bombings and attended coming out balls for debutantes. I've sat at the dinner tables of people such as Doctor and Mrs. King, Al Capone and Hitler. It is something that has brought me tears, laughter, anger and pride. By now you should have an idea what my hobby is; if you guessed crocodile hunting you'd be wrong, because my hobby is none other than "Reading."

**Verna Michel**

## About the Authors

**Arnoldo David Rey:** (BE-10 SIAST, Kelsey Campus) Before returning to school I was a self-employed jack-of-all-trades, doing things like painting and decorating, refinishing hardwood floors, and painting murals. From age 15 to 24, I have seen most of Canada. I have worked at cooking, construction, demolition, glass/aluminum and painting/decorating. I was born in Rancagua Chile, a small city south of Santiago.

**Blanche Gerard:** (Kelsey Student and single parent) I want to complete my grade 12 so that I can be a successful role model for my children.

**Brent Morgan:** ( Adult 12) I was laid off after 17 years working as a trackman for Canadian Nation Railways. I have an eight-year-old boy who lives with his mother. I am back in school, after being out for twenty-five years, to get my grade twelve. I am hoping to get into computer accounting as my future employment.

**Christa Wolfe:** (Adult 12) I was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan and have lived here my whole life. I am 23 years old and now have one child with me. I am currently taking my upgrading through the ABE course at Kelsey.

**Dale Giles:** (Adult 12) I am 28 years old and have been drawing since I was a kid. When I was a kid I liked to use a ruler to draw. Now I like shading and real life art. I would like to make my own comics and have only written five poems; here are four.

**Colleen Rosset:** I have taken adult grade ten in 1996 and am now taking grade 12 in 1997 at SIAST Kelsey Campus. I have lived in Saskatoon most of my life. I am a mother of one and have been married for over two years. I have two sisters and one brother. I am the oldest in my family.

**Donna Neufeldt** (Kelsey Campus, ABE 10, Program ) I'm thirty-three years old. These poems are the first I've ever written. I'm quite happy with them. I have one child named Alexander. I have recently moved back home from Toronto after eleven long years. I enjoy cards, bingo, and people of all races and ages.

**Edward Frenchman:** I am 39 years old. I'm a native adult student at Kelsey. The limerick poem is dedicated to a caring teacher whose name is Donna Smithson. She has always given me some of her time to help me through problems I had in communication.

**Henry Easter:** I was born January 28, 1978 in The Pas, Manitoba. I am a person that is in love with the arts. Some of my passions are writing short stories, drawing, reading, acting, writing poems, and watching movies. Some of my favourite novelists are Anne Rice, John Grisham, John Soul, and V. C. Andrews. The Witching Hour is one of my favourite books. My plan for my future is to go to University and study literature and try to write a novel that everyone will enjoy. I hope you enjoyed my story.

**Jody Bignell:** (BE 10 Program at Kelsey) Was born and raised in The Pas, Manitoba. She enjoys designing houses for her own enjoyment, and working hard to maintain good grades at school.

**Lisa Mooney:** (Adult 12 program) I was born and raised in rural Saskatchewan. I have two daughters under the age of five. I like to read, exercise, and spend time with my children. I plan to continue my education at the University of Saskatchewan, majoring in English.

**Michelle E. D. Beckett:** I live in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. I am currently taking the ABE program at Kelsey Campus. I'm taking this course because I didn't want to be a bartender all my life. Also, I wanted a better life for my daughter and myself.

**Michael Lalonde:** (Adult 12) I was born and raised in Regina and moved to Saskatoon 14 years ago. This was a very wise move on my part. I have always worked for a living, but decided to go back to school after injuring my knees. After going through the BE 10, I gained the confidence to move on and succeed.

**Peter Razor:** (Adult 12) Was raised in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Moving to Saskatoon, Saskatchewan is a part of his journey to healing, finding himself and success. He attends and participates in healing circles and native ceremonies. He is also a traditional drummer, singer and dancer. He also plays guitar and is very proud of a song that he himself composed. Peter loves travelling and meeting new people. Upon completion of Adult 12, he will attend SIIT for training as a counsellor in the Human Services Field.

**Sandra Laplante:** (BE 10) Was born in Saskatoon, Saskatchewan. She is a happy mother of a three-year-old son. She would like to complete her Adult 12 and graduate.

**Sheryn McKay:** ( Kelsey Institute, ABE 10 program ) I was born on the Seacombe reserve, just west of Regina. I lived in Regina for nineteen years before I moved to Saskatoon three years ago. I started ABE 10 in May of 1997. I will be taking my twelve and a business administration course afterward to achieve a computer clerk certificate. I like to play pool and cards, travel and enjoy all that life has to offer me.

**Tanya Rintoul:** ( SIAST, Kelsey Campus BE 10) I am a single mother with a two and a half year-old daughter. I am presently finishing my grade 10 and going on to my grade 12. When I do graduate, I would like to pursue a career as a home care /special care aide or rehabilitation worker. My stories are based upon my experiences.

**Theresa Peeteetuce:** I'm in the ABE 10 program at SIAST and I'm going into the 12 program. I graduated with my 12 but, I am upgrading to get better marks. My goal is to try to finish my education and plan my future goals.

**Verna Michel:** (BE-10 SIAST) I was born March 21, 1968 in The Pas, MB. I have lived in Saskatoon, SK for 12 years. I am a mother of three beautiful children. I hope to graduate in June of 1998.