

WRITE ON!

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In This Edition:



Fiction



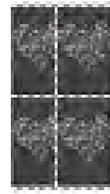
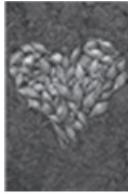
Poetry

&



Biography





I Believe

by Erin

Sometimes I feel confused
and don't understand why
things happen the way they do.

Yet, I believe you love me
deeply, and absolutely
nothing is beyond your control.

Help me to live each day
with confidence, trusting in the
great promises of your word.

Thank you for making me
an "I Believe" person.

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Love

by Erin

My love is like the wind.
It flows,
but you can't see it
and it's there,
you can feel it
moving through your body.
It's a warm feeling
like the warm waters
in the spring
flowing through your soul.
The things we did together
and the love you gave me
will always be there
and when you're not around
I picture you with a smile
and it lights up my life.
I guess some things are meant to be . . .
You make my dreams come true . . .

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Everything is Love

by Mohammad

Life is all about love and
honour.
Love is everything in life.
With love you live a good life.
Life teaches you how to love
and how to be loved.
If you love everything in life,
Life will get easier for you.
To have life love you,
You have to love everything
about it.
When you are in love,
Life loves you.
Love, love everything.
Everywhere there is love.
I sleep with love.
I breathe love.
Everything is love

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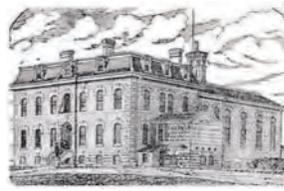


I Am

by Maybelle

I am a quick learner
 I wonder what I can learn next
 I hear the teacher explaining
 I see the computer screen
 I want to graduate
 I am a quick learner
 I am a quick learner
 I pretend to be a school teacher with my son
 I feel anxious and proud at the same time
 I touch my keyboard
 I worry about tests
 I cry when I am frustrated
 I am a quick learner
 I am a quick learner
 I understand punctuality is important
 I say, "Thanks for helping me understand"
 I dream of having my own car
 I try very hard at all times
 I hope to graduate soon
 I am a quick learner
 I *am* a quick learner.

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Climbing Mountains

by "Big Punn"

Climbing mountains is something people enjoy,
 but I know of one mountain that will only make them feel
 annoyed
 There's a lot of cold, high and dark mountains out there,
 but the one I talk about, is one that on one can bare,
 it's one mountain that on one should have to climb, so
 don't even dare,
 because on this mountain, death is on every slope,
 and it will find you, and take you, if you're not aware.
 On most mountains you can snowboard and ski,
 but on this mountain there's nowhere to flee.
 On most mountains you can play and have fun,
 But on this mountain there's nowhere to run.
 On most mountains you can go for a walk or ski-doo ride,
 but on this mountain, there's nowhere to hide.
 I've seen paintings of mountains that are really beautiful,
 but the mountain I talk about is really pitiful.
 Most of the mountains that I've seen painted,
 are with midnight skies, full of stars.
 But the mountain I see, is really tainted,
 for it's full of nothing but convicts behind bars.
 Most mountains have beautiful names like,
 fun mountain, splash mountain, and snowy mountain,
 but the mountain I talk about, there's nothing beautiful
 about it,
 for it's called Stony Mountain.

Illustration courtesy of the Manitoba Historical Society

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The Giant

by Dale

≥ When I was five there was a flood. I really didn't know what a flood was. Everyone in my grandma's house was rushing around the house gathering their belongings and things that they could fit into their boxes. There was so much commotion that I didn't know what to think!

This is all I remember about that. I sometimes wonder if it was just a dream or if it was real. I must have fallen asleep during all of this moving when I woke up we were moved into hut like houses in the middle of nowhere. I knew we were far from our reserve or our tiny little village that I knew as home at least that's what I thought of it. A lot of times I never really understood what the grownups were talking about because I didn't understand the language were talking.

After the flood was over we were able to move back to our houses, but everything was destroyed like my grandma's garden and the chicken

coop. All that was left was the chicken feathers scattered around where the chicken coop used to be. A few days had gone by and everyone had pitched in to clean up. I heard the grown ups talking again! I didn't know what was going on this really started making me frustrated that I couldn't understand.

Later on that night the dogs started barking towards the bushes like as if there was something there but we couldn't see anything. My grandma started burning her sweet grass and saying a prayer. I was such a nosy kid

I always wanted to know what was happening. So when I was told to go to sleep, I pretended to sleep. I tiptoed to the window to see what was happening outside. I could hear my uncles talking about going into the bushes. I could also hear the wood crackling while they were standing around the fire probably uncertain as to what they should do about the

echoes they are hearing coming from the bush. I had seen them set off into the dark bushes carrying sticks of course. Then my grandma's loyal scraggly looking dogs were walking along side of my grandma's brave sons. The sun started to come up; they weren't back yet. Where are they? I thought to myself.

All of a sudden my uncles were running back towards the house with no sticks and no dogs! They looked

very scared like they had seen a ghost. They talked to my grandma in English explaining to her what they had seen. It was like a giant one of my uncles had said and very hairy like. The giant is hungry she told them. She went to the kitchen and started cooking a very humungous bannock with a very large pot of soup. The giant wants to eat.. "Go and take this food out towards the garden near the bushes" she told them he will go away when he is full my grandma said. Later on that night, the echoes stopped. It was actually very peaceful; all I could hear were the frogs by the pond and the crickets by the outside steps, and the dogs gnawing on the left over bones from supper. I think the giant ate the chickens.

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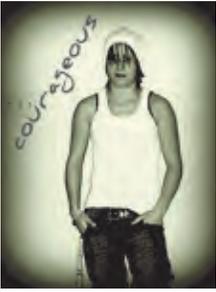


Photo: Microsoft Clip Art



My one and only Love

Love

by Tia

Just to say I love you
 Never seems enough
 I've said it so many times
 I am afraid you won't understand
 What I really mean when I say it
 How can so much feeling
 So much adoration possibly fit into
 Those three little words
 But until I find some other
 Way of saying what I feel then
 I love you will have to do
 So no matter how many times I say it
 Never take it lightly for you are my life
 And my only love
 I love you now more
 Then ever before
 For ever you and I will be the ones
 Who find out what forever means.

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Green Wood

by Kathy

Beneath the waterfalls
 Towering, shimmering, sparkles of
 blue
 With banks high like a castle wall
 Underneath a lantern of light
 And birds passing by in flight.
 The night air so clear, but wet
 Rich with a golden sunset
 Orange, purple and red
 Clouds drifting across the blue sea sky
 As a deer passes by.

Glistening rose petals floating play-
 fully by
 As a cricket creaks
 And small creatures play
 A wolf howls off in the distance
 As daffodils wave in the breeze.

And a puff of hazy smoke
 Drifts slowly by from a farm house
 Across the mountain high
 Night sneaks up so fast
 Like bees buzzing off to work.

And the sun soon floats gently astray
 Like a stick floats, gently on the waves
 Certain noises drift slowly into silence
 Whispering with only the slightest of
 breeze.

Roses close up tight
 As they say goodnight
 Night owls come out to play
 As they sleep all day.

A bird perches in a neighboring tree
 Golden rings, sparkling with dew
 A chilly wind picks up in the west
 As it breaks a branch, laying it to rest
 Along the river banks so high
 Wheeling and twisting in the sky.

You may see islands of different
 shades
 Like looking in mirrors of an icy cave
 With levels, descending from near to
 Far
 With the emptiness of green and blue
 Echoing, dark dreams come true.

As now the light fades
 And the songs of birds have gone
 Knocking is the break of day
 Blazing, as it stretches into sight
 And now gone is the night.

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Kokomaster

by Oluwakemi

≥ I am here to tell a true story of a popular musician named Kokomaster. One day he went shopping at a shopping mall in the town and saw a beautiful young girl called Esther. The girl fell in love with him the moment she set her eyes on him and could hardly control herself because of the love she felt for him. Later, Esther asked him for a ride. Kokomaster took her home. When she got to the house, she told her three friends about what happened at the mall and lied to them, saying that Koko-master has proposed to her and promised to marry her. All her friends were so happy for her and one of them called Halimate said, "What a good story! This calls for a celebration!" The girls all stood up to celebrate with her. She asked them to hold on for a second and brought out an invitation card for the Christmas party Koko-master organized for his fans. All her friends shouted and said,

"We all are going there!"

At the party, the girls where all dressed up in a nice house where Kokomaster came out to see them. His eyes went straight to Halimate, Esther's friend and he proposed to her. Then she accepted without thinking of Esther her friend. Esther was so angry and did not wait for her friend before she went home. When they all got home she had a fight with her friend Halimate and tried to kill her.

After two months she did as she promised, but God helped Halimate to overcome death by her two other friends. They took her to the general hospital near their community. There she was revived. When Esther heard of it she was not happy, and she asked another set of people to go and kill her at the hospital. When the person got there, she went to the room where Halimate was sleeping. When she was doing this a nurse entered and the assassin left Halimate and killed the nurse. Koko-master then discovered that all the evil work was done by Esther. This helped the police in their investigation. Esther was caught and was sentenced to death.

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Bernice

by Annie

≥ Bernice is a mother, auntie, foster mother and granny. Bernice is my auntie but she is more than an aunt, she is more like my mother. She has three children, three foster kids and has one grandchild and two step-children. She has just lost her beloved fiancé, whom she had been with for many years. He was a very nice and caring person who will be sadly missed.

My aunty/mother Bernice is a loving, caring person with a big heart. Bernice is also a full-time worker. Her job involves travel which takes her to many places and when she is home, she is still on the go with her family.

That is why I choose to write about my auntie/mother, because she is beautiful, exciting, respectable, nice, interesting, caring, and enjoyable to be around with.

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A not so Simple Life

by Laurie

≥ 1982, I was born in Dauphin, Manitoba, on November 6th. My mother was a drunk that left me with my grandmother all the time in a small reserve called Skownan. While she went out partying somewhere in the reserve and Dauphin, I was just getting older. I eventually, along with my younger sister and two younger brothers, was picked up by Child and Family Services. She got us all back about 6 months later. That didn't last long because it all started over again. We all got picked up again by CFS. This time for good. I was 5 years old at the time.

Every year I got moved foster home to foster home in different areas of Manitoba. By the time I reached 13 years old, I began to run away trying to look for my mother. I did find her; she was in Winnipeg and still a drunk. I got into a lot of trouble. At that age, I also became involved with the legal system. I slapped my CFS worker and

got charged.

From 13-16 I was always breaching by running away. So I spent a lot of time in the Manitoba Youth Center. I drank a lot and tried pot twice. Honestly, I had no interest in drugs, so I never did do them, even now. What I really liked was alcohol.

I went back to the reserve at 16 to finish my probation. I was tired of being in jail. I found out I was pregnant with my first child when I was 16. Soon after I met a guy and moved to his reserve, which was Sandy Bay. My first child wasn't his but he took her as his. I had 3 more children with him. I stayed with him for 6 years (17-22). I left him at 22 years of age.

I moved to Winnipeg with my 4 children in 2005. I made a decision in June 2005 to go out and drink. I lost my children to CFS. I requested for them to move in with their grandparents and they agreed. Knowing they were with their grandparents and safe, I just kept drinking for a couple more years. I got pregnant again and got the chance to keep my son.

What do you know? I followed my mother's footsteps. I ended up losing my son as well to the CFS system

because of alcohol. A year and a half later I got pregnant again. I went to jail and this time I had a decision to stay in jail or get help for my alcohol problems.

I got released to a treatment center to deal with my problems. I got to keep my baby, I've been here for over a year with my child, and in the process of getting my children back, and moving into my own home.

This was one of the best decisions I did make. I am proud of myself for breaking the pattern that my mother started. I'm proud that I have no desire for alcohol, and that I'm making the effort to finish school.

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An Unforgettable Afternoon

by Berta

≥ It was a Thursday afternoon, in July last year. My daughters, Anna 3, Beate 4, and I were at home. My husband was still at work. I was working in my kitchen making supper, and the girls were playing in the backyard. After a while I went outside to look for them, to see how they were doing. I looked all over the place, but I couldn't find them. I couldn't believe they weren't there because I always told them, "Don't go far away from our house." I thought that they were lost, but I didn't want to think about it. I was running all over the place and around the buildings, looking for them, but they were nowhere.

Near our house is a park. I ran to the park and called, "Anna, where are you? Beate, where are you?" Lots of things were going through my head: What could have happened to them? Where were they going? Did

somebody kidnap them and take them away from me? I didn't want to think about it. At the same time I prayed to God to help me find my daughters again. I ran all over the park looking and calling for them. After 10 to 15 minutes, I finally found them. They were walking slowly in the park and talking to each other, not worried that I was very scared about what had happened to them. They were wondering why I was so scared and running to them. I said, "I didn't know where you were, or what you guys were doing here!"

They said, "We were going to play in the park. Why did you worry, Mom?"

I told them again, never to go far away from our home without my permission, because I didn't know where they were and had lots of worries about them. I told them that I had thought that someone had taken them away from me and I didn't have my girls anymore, or that the police had found them and taken them with them. My older daughter said that if somebody would take her away, she would call 911 and the police would come and save her from the bad man and bring her home again. She always has lots of ideas and excuses for each problem.

"Well," I said, "I don't want it to

happen again!"

They were ok with that. We were going home together. It was almost evening. At home we took showers and ate supper. A few hours later, my husband came home from work. The kids were going to bed already because they were tired from all the walking. I told my husband what had happened that afternoon. He was also very worried about that and told me I'd better look after the girls more carefully. "Don't let them play for a long time alone outside." I told him, I would do that in the future, because I didn't want it to happen again.. All of us learned something from this afternoon and we were all glad that nothing bad had happened to our girls, so it was a happy ending.

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Job Readiness Training

by Donna

≥ I recently had the opportunity to take a three week workshop in job readiness training. This was facilitated by Dorothy Harvey from Job Readiness at the Employment and Training classroom.

This course gave me a wonderful positive boost. Dorothy has a wonderful sense of humor and was always smiling. She taught us many different problem solving techniques and strategies. We learned the importance of clearing the mind, trusting a solution will come, speaking to trusted others and stepping back and looking at the problem at a different angle.

≥ We did many fun things such as online personality tests. We did a fun activity on how fruits resemble human organs. The reader can check this out by going to www.powershow.com. While we were in this course, we participated in Healthy Living Workshops which were part of Addictions Awareness Week. The speakers were professionals

from the community, and issues addressed were: positive self-esteem, healthy eating, anger management and the importance of physical activity. We had a fun afternoon when a professional pedicurist and manicurist came to the class. They gave an excellent presentation on the proper care of hand and foot care. We received a pedicure (our first ever!) and while we were getting our manicure, one of the people in our class did a wonderful interview with the pedicurist. We each got a bag of foot care products.

We had a great time practicing for a mock job interview. After much preparation, we were videotaped as we went through the mock interview. Then we had a chance to preview the videos, critique ourselves, and make positive suggestions for improvement. We also learned how to do professional resumes.

Swan River Adult Education is so fortunate to have great partners in learning. We learned so much, and this opportunity and certainly gave us many topics to "Write On" for our English Assignments.

Donna studies in the Swan River Adult Education Program

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A Monkey

by Jaylene

≥ A monkey has a long tail and big loveable eyes. He also has big floppy ears and is very hairy. He has a very cute face. His natural habitat is in the jungle. He lives with wild and fierce animals. The jungle weather is hot and sometimes rainy. There are also lots of trees for him to climb. He is very fast when climbing and swinging from trees. His behaviour can be mischievous as well as clever. He can act very funny and silly at times when he's playing around and being active. All these characteristics can make a monkey be a person's favourite type of animal.

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The Devil's Kiss

by Colette

≥ “Oh God! Not again!” Deidra curled up into a ball on her bed clutching her head. Searing pain pierced through her brain suddenly as clear as day she saw Mariah with a tall, dark skinned boy. He was bald good looking well built but his eyes...Deidra tried to look away, but it was pointless his eyes looked right through her, of course he can't see me, she sighed with surprised relief. No soul, cold, evil eyes those were the words that came to mind when Deidra tried to describe him. She felt her skin crawl. Looking back to Mariah, Deidra wondered what her best friend was doing with this creep.

Mariah was so beautiful at 19 she stood 5'9" with creamy brown skin, hazel eyes, and long curly hair. Mariah's only fault was that she always chose the wrong man! Deidra followed them to Harvey's a fast food joint. As she followed them through the door she walked out into the subway station 'Lionel-Groux' Deidra realized she was now downtown and

it was now daytime. She looked up at the sun. Judging from its position in the sky, it was early in the morning. For some reason Deidra felt herself being pulled towards the back of the shelter that led to the subway at first Deidra couldn't see anything. The bushes were very dense.

Suddenly a Quick flash of pain pierced through Deidra's whole body, when she opened her eyes she found herself curled up in her bed. Deidra lied there for a minute, then two, taking deep breaths as she did so she tried to make sense of what she'd seen. She finally got up and felt the sweat on her brow. Deidra she didn't want to stay in her small room. She quietly opened her door and gently, walked towards the bathroom. She closed the door before turning on the light she wasn't in the mood for her aunt Elsie and her crap, not tonight. Deidra turned on the cold water and leaned over the sink, gently patting her face and neck until her heart stopped trying to escape through her chest. She stared down at the sink and saw light pink water slowly making its way to the drain. Deidra quickly looked up at her reflection and saw her nose bleeding, and she reached for toilette paper and rolled it between her fingers jamming it up her nose.

Turning off the light and opening the

door she made her way to her room.

As she got to her door Deidra jumped at the sound of her aunt Elsi's shrill voice, " Why are you up so late?" Deidra turned towards her aunt to reply but was quickly cut off from doing so, "Oh! Your nose is bleeding again is it?! The Devil I say!!! The Devil! I don't know what to think! First your mother then you. You'll end up just like her...Dead!!! Cursed with the Devil's Kiss you are! Get in that room and stay there." With that Deidra's aunt Elsi slammed her own door shut firmly behind her.

Deidra rolled her eyes as she entered her room, crawling back into bed she stretched over to reach her lamp and turn it off. Deidra lay there thinking of her aunt, what a bitter woman she thought to herself. Nine years ago when Deidra had ended up on the old woman's door step with a fat life insurance check in tow Aunt Elsi had been more than willing to take her in. Deidra had been 10 years old when she lost both mother and father. Her mother had been driving when suddenly she lost control of the car and it crashed into a concrete storage building. Deidra had been in the backseat and survived, but her parents the doctor had told her, had died on impact. Deidra shook off the past and rolled over as if to elude her own

thoughts.

The sunlight awoke Deidra. She got out of bed and made her way to the bathroom. Getting into the shower, she thought of the day ahead of her, "I have to meet Mariah at the coffee shop, go to the library, then come home and study for my exam." Deidra stood by her own personal mental check list. An hour later she found herself still waiting for Mariah at the coffee shop. Suddenly a tall man entered and gave her a once over, turning slightly she barely glanced his way.

"Hey girl!" Mariah pushed her way through the crowd and sat wearily onto the chair. Mariah unwrapped her scarf from around her neck and smiled wickedly over Deidra's head. "Deidra did you see that hot guy over there?"

Deidra exhaled deeply and asked "Are you coming to the library with me or not? 'Cause I'm going now."

Mariah was completely distracted "Um.... Well how about I meet you there?"

Already pulling on her own jacket Deidra said "Yeah whatever. See ya later!" As she walked out she glanced over her shoulder and that guy was already up and heading straight

towards Mariah's table. *Hmmm...*

Deidra thought to herself he looks awfully familiar then shrugged then headed out.

By the time Deidra got home she was exhausted, carrying her books up to her room she kicked her door shut behind her. As Deidra removed her jacket she picked up the phone to call Mariah "I can't believe she stood me up," she thought. Deidra dialed Mariah's cell and it rang and rang.

Weird thought Deidra Mariah always answered her cell. Deidra checked her watch it read 5:42 pm. "I'll try later," Deidra thought, and with that she rolled over and spread her books out in front of her and began to study.

Sometime later Deidra looked up and realized she was awfully hungry, looking back at her clock it read 10:15 pm. As she went down to the kitchen to hunt up some grub, she walked by her aunt's room. She remembered her aunt was at bible study and would be gone for a while yet. In the kitchen Deidra opened the fridge and opted for a sandwich and glass of milk. Back in her room she placed her food on her night stand and dialed Mariah's cell once again. Still no answer, Deidra decided to go for a shower before knocking out for the night. As she stepped under the spray a sharp a

sharp pain sliced through the inside of her head, she crouched down in the tub bracing both sides with trembling fingers, the skin behind her nails were white she was holding on so tightly then just as quickly as it started it was over. Shaken up she turned off the water, wrapped her towel around her, and plugged her nose with toilet paper and stared at herself through the misty mirror.

... Read the rest of "The Devil's Kiss" at mb.literacy.ca

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Book Review:

Love Within Limits

by Lewis. B. Smedes.

Reviewed by Angela B.

≥ I read a wonderful book called Love within Limits. I learned that love is an uncommon power to cope with common suffering.

Some synonyms for suffering are pain, tribulation, sorrow, and anger. The author talks about *agapic* love that is liberating power that moves us toward our neighbor with no demands for rewards. Love moves us toward the weak, the ugly and the hurt. This book that I am so fond of made me summarize my thoughts about learning how to love even the people that I hated and who led me through hell. I turned to love them and to help them when I could. Love is not resentful. For me, this book is real. I see, in a realistic way, how the power of love can reshape our lives.

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Relocation of the Dena

People

by Lena

≥ Hi my name is Lena. My hometown is Lac Brochet, Manitoba. I grew up in Brochet, with Dene People and spoke Dene.

I was young when my dad was chief of Brochet. We had hard times with the non-treaties, so the community got the Elders together on how they wanted to bring up the younger generations without alcohol and drugs involved.

The Elders came together to relocate the people that wanted to make a fresh start. They decided to relocate 75 km north of Brochet; the move was 1970 to 1975. My family was last to move in 1975. When we first arrived in Lac Brochet, I was anxious to see trees, sandy beaches a few tents and cabins. When people shopped, they had to fly to Lynn Lake or Brochet to stock up for winter. We had no schools, telephones, airport or nursing stations. It was difficult for me and my siblings. We

wanted to go back to Brochet, but my dad said, “We have to get used to living here because I was selected chief to help the Dene people.” We then got used to living in Lac Brochet. The young generation today is abusing the community again with drugs and alcohol. Since I left, it has been 14 years. I now live in Thompson. One day I will visit Lac Brochet, and hope to see the young generation working with their community elders of Lac Brochet.

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My Hunting Experience

by Alfred

≥ My grandparents took me to the camping grounds far up north, close to the tree line border. Grandpa set up a tent near the lake and set the nets for fish. The next morning, my grandpa went out to set traps along the shoreline by the lakes and rivers, for beaver, otter, martin, fox, muskrat, and wolf. While my grandpa was setting traps, he came across a moose and he shot the moose and we had a lot of meat, so my grandma made some dry meat. Meanwhile, grandpa and I went back out into the bush to get some wood to keep the house warm. This is my hunting experience with my grandparents.

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My life

by Melissa

≥ Hi! My name is Melissa Monias; I am a single mother with one child. I am from Cross Lake Manitoba. I have lived there most of my life, but me and my daughter moved to Thompson, because there was no housing in the community. When I was growing up, I lived with my grandparents. They took care of me and my brothers. I went to school for a while and had to quit school because it was my turn to take care of my grandparents. I was doing the cooking, cleaning and washing clothes. Now I am back in school doing my upgrading at the Adult Basic Education Program, at the Ma-Mow-We-Tak Friendship Centre. It will help me in educating myself and finding a good job.

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What Would Make My Life Easier

by Beverly

≥ The one thing that would make my life easier would be to own a van. My name is Beverly and I would like to buy a 2009 Ford Caravan. I would like it to be burgundy in colour with sliding doors and child-proof locks, also a DVD player for music and movies. I would purchase my van in Winnipeg. The reason I would like to have a van would be so I could take my kids Samantha and Preston out riding and anywhere I want to go. It would also get me to school and work when the weather is bad. that is why it would make my life easier and better.

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Lost and Found

by John

≥ A happy family was living in a beautiful house with everything they needed. Helen, the daughter was only seven when her mother died. She was very, very sad. Helen lived with her dad in Boston. Her dad was very rich; she could have everything she wanted. In 2000 a war broke out and Helen's dad had to go to war. Helen had to stay in Boston with her auntie who didn't like her. Helen had to work very hard in the kitchen. She had to cook the meals and wash the dishes. Sometimes her auntie didn't let her eat. Helen missed her dad very, very much. She got a letter from him every month telling her he missed her and that one day they would see each other again. One day Helen's dad had an accident and was hurt very badly. Helen got no more letters and was afraid of what might have happened to her dad. She tried to figure out what happened but nobody told her. Helen's auntie told her that her dad was dead, but she

couldn't believe it.

One morning Helen ran away. Her auntie tried to catch her but Helen could run faster. Helen tried to find a hospital and saw a sign that said 'War Heroes' Hospital'. She wanted to go in but somebody stopped her at the door and said, "Kids can't go in." She was so little, she snuck in and ran from room to room trying to find her dad. She couldn't find him, but she found a few of her dad's friends and asked them if they knew where her dad was, but they didn't know either.

Helen felt very dejected. She was on her way back out when she heard her auntie come in. She ran into a room, closed the door and was very quiet, because she didn't want to go back with her auntie.

Helen heard a voice in the room, "Helen, Helen." She looked back and saw a man in a wheelchair. His head was bandaged. She went to him, took a good look at his face and realized that it was her dad. She put her arms around him and they cried together.

Helen was so happy she found her dad, she wanted to stay with him. But she couldn't because Dad was still too ill to care for her. A good nurse took her home and brought her back every day until her dad was better.

My Granny

by Helen

≥ Back when I was a little girl, my granny Helen would come and visit us. I have a lot of memories of her. One time she had come to visit us for Christmas, at that time she was about 90 years old.

On Christmas Eve she got up to use the washroom. I was in bed with my sister waiting for Santa to arrive, all of a sudden we both heard "Ernest! Help!" Then we heard a big crash and then BOOM!

Me and my sister jumped out of bed to go see what was going on, just to find my mom and Granny both laying under the tree, my Granny was at the bottom and my mom was on top of her, and the tree was on top of both of them.

As we were trying to help them both up, Granny said, "Well at least Santa Claus came to this house!" She made a big joke about the fall. Christmas morning we didn't open our gifts because they were already open from the fall.

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Holiday Foods and Me

by Lorraine

≥ A friend asked me if I remembered my famous pumpkin pie and if I could teach her how to make it. This is how I explained it to her

“First you have to get a few pumpkins, clean the inside out, and pick out the seeds. Then put the guts into a bowl, add the ingredients, and put this mixture into a pie plate and bake.” Well, my friend just stared at me as if I was crazy; she broke into such laughter, and she almost peed her pants. She had to take five minutes to calm herself down. Then she asked me if I was serious, and I told her I only buy pumpkin pies from the store. I was just guessing, but it’s a good laugh anyways. She was giving me funny looks but still laughing. I can now tell her the right way to make pumpkin pie. You clean the pumpkin out, cut the meat out, and cook it. Then mash it up, add your ingredients to it, and bake it.

So now I feel wiser with my newly

found information and will always remember this funny story every time I look at a pumpkin; therefore, a pumpkin pie will always make me smile. My first Christmas dinner with my husband was one of my fondest memories. I sent him out to buy our first turkey, and what he brought home was funny. He proudly walked in the door with a huge smile on his face, and he presented me with a 30 pound turkey. Unfortunately, the turkey wouldn’t fit in our oven and what would two people do with a 30 pound turkey? Well, I had to send him back to get a smaller one, and we had a great Christmas dinner, with pumpkin pie cooked the right way this time!

≤

The New Neighbour

by Angela K.

≥ Have you heard about the new neighbour who just moved here? He is a funny and silly person. He wears fancy, colourful clothes and is always cheerful. His hat is floppy, old and black. His nose is as red as a stop sign. The foolish grin on his face can make anyone laugh. Now you know that our new neighbour is a flashy looking clown.

≤

The Season I like the Best

by Dora

≥ The season I like the best has always been fall. The season is not hot or cold it’s cool. I like the changing of leaves, the orange, yellow, and brown colors give me a comfortable feeling.

Fall also goes along with Thanksgiving and Halloween. On Thanksgiving we get to have a turkey and enjoy family and friends. On Halloween we watch the trick or treaters get their treats.

The season is also perfect for walking. You can see the wildlife getting ready for winter. It’s nice to walk in the fall.

Fall is also the time of the year when students go back to school. It’s also the time of the year when you trim your garden, put garden stuff away, and harvest vegetables.

I’ve liked fall for as long as I can remember, probably because it is the season I like the best.

≤

Editor's Note:

Hi, I'm Lindsey, the Communications Coordinator at Literacy Partners of Manitoba. I do lots of stuff at Literacy Partners, but my favorite is making this magazine.

What I love about designing, editing, and publishing **WRITE ON!** is getting to know some of the many literacy learners and teachers in Manitoba.

The second best part is putting your writing in print. If you are a literacy learner or practitioner and you are passionate about learning and/or helping people learn: send your articles, stories, poems, and/or artwork to me.

The best way to get in touch is by e-mail:

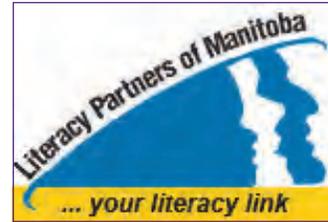
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Sincerely Yours,
Lindsey Walsh

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Hope and Possibility Quote:

Clouds drifting across the blue sea sky
As a deer passes by.

From "Green Wood" by Kathy