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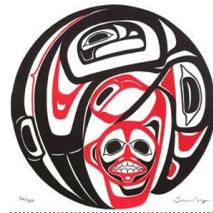
Tim Zoster

10th Anniversary 'Ut'loo Noye Khunni ~ Weaving Words Celebration

UNBC UNIVERSITY OF
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School District No.57
Indigenous Elders

*And our many wonderfully
dedicated Festival volunteers!*



Tim Zoster

Story Medicine September 30 - October 3, 2015

**Edited and Published By:
Aboriginal Education Department
School District No. 57**



in conjunction with the
'Ut'loo Noye Khunni ~ Weaving Words Celebration
September 30th - October 3rd 2015

FESTIVAL MEMORIES

Beautiful

For Soo Yinka

By Trina Johnson

This Warrior Woman
Soft Streaming hair
Warm brown skin hides her strong beating drum.
— Lucious lips set in line,
Ready to speak,
She lives her truth

Tradition—The Key
Hopes, Fears, tied to tradition
Fighting sexism, racism,
Tearing down ignorance, letting go, remembering

Elders lead the way,
In this heart, education sings a song,
The steps to freedom form in her mind

Her woman power, deeply instilled,
From mother, grandmothers,
Past and present intertwined,
The steps past from mother to daughter.
Sacrifice,
To stay with the ones who are weakest.

This daughter, fighting to forgive,
To not forgive, Forgive the sins of the past,
To move her nation forward,
Away from the cliffs of hatred & loss.

Ignite the fire, That fire of life, that strength of people.

Beautiful is this woman,
This brown beautiful woman,
This woman with the heart of a drum,
—Beating for hope & her people.
Tradition—The Key to her heart,
The key to re-indigenize,
The key to hope

Is a Warrior Woman called Beautiful

10th Anniversary Ut'loo Noye Khunni ~ Weaving Words Celebration



Contents

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Featured Festival Guests for the 2015 Weaving Words Celebration

Joanne Arnott	4
Chris Bose	5
Janet Marie Rogers	6
Waub Rice	8
Richard Van Camp	9

Festival Event Schedule 10

Winners from the 2015 Hear Our Words Storytelling Competition

Courage and Strength of a Lion ~ <i>Avee Boyle</i>	12
The Journey ~ <i>Philip and Elise Balliet</i>	14
Imagine ~ <i>Angelina Cole-Blais</i>	18
Topher and Torngasoak ~ <i>Ethan Hofstede</i>	26
Where I Stand in Furzes ~ <i>Kesha McKenzie</i>	29
Laughter is the Best Medicine ~ <i>Kyra Arrowsmith</i>	32
The Curiosity ~ <i>Kristin Peter</i>	34
A Quest in the Sky ~ <i>Louise Framst</i>	38

Festival Memories 46

Joanne Arnott is a Métis/mixed-blood writer & arts activist, originally from Manitoba, at home on the west coast. Her first book *Wiles of Girlhood* (Press Gang 1991) won the League of Canadian Poets' Gerald Lampert Award (1992). Her most recent title, *Halfling spring: an internet romance* (Kegedonce 2014), was shortlisted for the League's Pat Lowther Memorial Award (2015). Joanne has published essays and poetry in 28 anthologies, 30 journals, and eight further books, including *A Night for the Lady* (Ronsdale 2013), *Mother Time* (Ronsdale 2007), *Steepy mountain love poetry* (Kegedonce 2004), and *Breasting the Waves: On Writing & Healing* (Press Gang 1995). As editor, she has helped produce several books by other writers, and co-edited *Salish Seas: an anthology of text + image* (AWCWC 2011). Active with the Aboriginal Writers Collective West Coast, past volunteer with The Writers Union of Canada and The Writers' Trust, Joanne is a grand multipara (6 children), a mentor, and a blogger. She lives in Richmond with her children. She is currently the Poetry Editor for Event Magazine (Douglas College, New Westminster). A frequent performer and workshop facilitator, some of Joanne's best memories have been formed via the literary activism of UNBC, beginning with the Poetry Train 2 (2005).



FESTIVAL MEMORIES



The Aboriginal Education Department has been a part of this Festival's planning committee for 4 years now. The Festival is like nothing else in our city, it creates a one of a kind experience to get up close and personal with some of Canada's best Aboriginal authors. An opportunity to come together to celebrate literacy in its many forms. We have met many amazing authors over the years, most of which we are proud to call friends. We have had the privilege to work along side Marianne Sprague, the Festival's coordinator, Kathy Shaw and many other community agencies, without whom this Festival would not happen.

Thank You

Jennifer Parisian

Aboriginal Education Department
School District No.57



FESTIVAL MEMORIES



And that's a wrap!

[#WWC2014](#) was a amazing success. Thank you to our guest authors, festival-attendees, volunteers and committee members!

[#WWC2015](#) is set for Sept 30 to Oct 3, 2015. The theme is set: Story Medicine. Mark it in your calendars!!

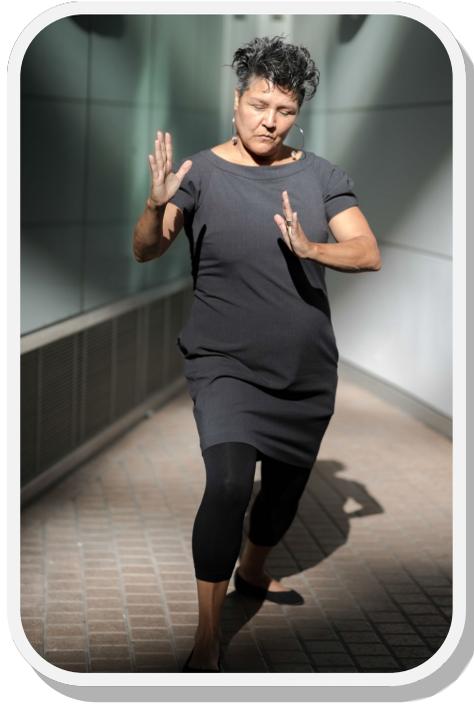
In the picture: Garry Gottfriedson, Janet Rogers, Richard Van Camp, and Marie Clements



Chris Bose is a writer, multi-disciplinary artist, musician, curator and filmmaker.

He is a founding member of the Arbour Collective, an Aboriginal arts collective based in Kamloops, with a national membership. He is also a workshop facilitator of community arts events, digital storytelling, art workshops with people of all ages and backgrounds, curatorial work for First Nations art shows and projects, research and writing for periodicals across Canada, project management and coordination, music festival producer, mixed-media productions, film, audio and video recording and editing, and more.

He is of the Nlaka'pamux Nation in BC, and currently spends his time in Kamloops BC.



FESTIVAL MEMORIES

I've needed Weaving Words all these years to write the books of my dreams and live in a good way because Ut'loo Noye Khunni is renewal for me. This is the ultimate festival of soul inspiration for all who attend. As a storyteller, I share only my most spiritual and sensual stories at this festival, and the audiences over the years have become family. The feasts, laughter, readings, sharings and visits are so much fun, and I am grateful to the organizers, volunteers, fellow performers and UNBC for hosting us. I am grateful to everyone who's ever come out to listen and take the stage with us. Mahsi cho, Prince George. Mahsi cho, Friendship Centre. Mahsi cho, Bookstore and the floor up above where we share our stories. Mahsi cho to Marianne, Kathy, Paul, and Toni. Mahsi cho to everyone. This festival RULES! :)

Respectfully,

Richard Van Camp

Janet Rogers is a Mohawk/Tuscarora writer who was born in Vancouver, British Columbia and has been living on the traditional lands of the Coast Salish people (Victoria, British Columbia) since 1994. Janet is an award-winning author who completed a 3-year term as Poet Laureate of the City of Victoria in the fall of 2014. Her work spans the genres of poetry, spoken word performance poetry, video poetry and recorded poetry with music and script writing, and includes four collections of poetry, three poetry CDs (which received nominations for Best Spoken Word Recording at the Canadian Aboriginal Music Awards, the Aboriginal Peoples Choice Music Awards and the Native American Music Awards), and two award-winning radio documentaries. She is also the host of **Native Waves Radio** on CFUV fm and **Tribal Clefs** on CBC radio one fm in Victoria, BC.

My strongest and best memory of 'Ut'loo Noye Khunni was witnessing Richard Wagamese's craft of storytelling at Artspace about three years ago. He had asked four attendees to say one word that he would use in a story. He acknowledged that everyone presenting at the event that night had read from their published works, and as a published author that was a safer place to be in. He said he would take a risk and tell a story instead. Richard shared that when he first returned to his home community as an adult, freshly sober, still very broken, an elder had looked at him and told him he was a storyteller. His reaction at the time was shock and fear. He didn't say much that night about his journey from that place of brokenness to being the accomplished, empowered man that he is now. He simply called on the four people he had chosen that night to say out loud their one word. I can't remember the four words now, except one was "broccoli" and the crowd laughed when that word was offered up. Richard began weaving a story, and for me time ceased, the other attendees disappeared, and I existed solely in Richard's presence and words. I still remember his story, of a young boy who was bullied, scared, how he went to the forests and was taught by the trees and animals there. And yes Richard wove in broccoli into his story! He used each of the four words effortlessly, seamlessly. But most important he had us in his spell of words, in which we walked alongside this vulnerable, terrorized boy who grew into his strength through the teachings of the land that was his home.

As a settler, one not brought up in the tradition of storytelling, this was my first experience of the power of the teachings of stories. I carry it with me today, and I have had hopes ever since of being able to hear Richard's stories some more. I have made a point to read every word he has published!

Susan Armstrong

FESTIVAL MEMORIES



Inspector Sprague-It for Marianne Sprague by Janet Rogers

In transition
She creates a place
Where serene memories
Of lake shores
Reside, while she recalibrates,
Recalibrates, recalculates
The plan

Movement, alludes her, here
But not forever, unnatural failure
Is only a matter of
Patience with purpose
Nothing is permanent
Not even inertia
Self-sufficient
Interrupted by health healing
Now 9 years later
She's gathered the strength
Needed
To go

Home

Where mountains become her lungs
Comfort found inside valleys
Protects her from flat landscapes
Celebrates sound and vision
From on high

The goal is still in play
One more day, practiced independence
Leads to family friends and rest
Uprooted but never un nourished
She craves education
And knows this is where
She rocks like a freedom fish
Flashing in pools of truth
Dancing in her lakes of ability
Swimming in schools of knowledge
Taught and so much more discovered

She is territory
Living on the edge of Hope
Leaning into the sunset, yelling

This photo captures the end of a long afternoon of laughing, storytelling, and the sharing of words and hearts over tea and coffee at the UNBC campus coffee shop. These three strong Indigenous male authors; who were friends before I ever joined their circle, are a part of my life because of my involvement in the Weaving Words festival as a presenter, an organizer, and as a supporter. I am grateful for the connection and attachment through UNBC and the First Nations Centre. It has been my experience that this conference provides a wonderful place to share, learn, and grow as a student, a writer, and as an Indigenous person which builds connections through stories, teachings, art, and culture at an Indigenous centred literary festival. Happy anniversary!

Rhonda Lee McIsaac, MEd MDL Candidate (2016)

Waubgeshig Rice is an author and broadcast journalist based in Ottawa. He works as a video journalist for CBC Ottawa and is a contributor to CBC Aboriginal. He's the author of the short story collection *Midnight Sweatlodge* and the novel *Legacy*, both published by Theytus Books. In 2014, he received the Anishinabek Nation's Debwewin Citation for excellence in First Nation Storytelling. He's a proud Anishinaabe from Wasauksing First Nation in Ontario.



Congratulations to the winners of the 2015 Hear Our Words Storytelling Contest



*Hear Our Words
A Storytelling Competition*

Will be back in 2016!

Watch for the contest guidelines, prizes, and deadline in the New Year!

Like us on Facebook
'Ut'loo Noye Khunni ~ Weaving Words Celebration

Or email us at storyteller@unbc.ca

Bal-loonatics. More cheering and clapping.

Back at the hotel, I say a prayer: giving thanks and offering tobacco.

Did that ride clear my energy-blockage? Hmm. Sometimes a great change in life comes in on a whisper. I believe that this is one of those times.

I had expected to feel a dramatic lightening of my spirits, or some other obvious signs, but—nothing. Over time, though, I’m noticing very gradual changes, changes inside. For example, I now readily accept the fact that my intuition is getting stronger. Before the balloon ride, I would have taken that topic out and examined it under a microscope. Now, it’s just the way it is. Celebrate it!

Another slow but steady change is that I feel light shining inside me. It’s strongest when I awake; then a bright light fills me, warms me. I wonder if anyone else can see the light? Maybe Morgan can because he told me that my name is Star.

As I write, I’m struck by a thought: I’ve stopped searching for adventures that are fun with a hint of danger, and high in the sky. (Not that I won’t go on another hot air balloon ride in a heartbeat, being a confirmed bal-loonatic.)

I do believe that my energy is freed!

Pardon me? Oh, the leg cramps? Gone.

A-mazing!

The End



Richard Van Camp is a proud member of the Dogrib (Tlicho) Nation from Fort Smith, Northwest Territories. He is the author of two children’s books with the Cree artist George Littlechild: *A Man Called Raven* and *What’s the Most Beautiful Thing You Know About Horses?* He has published a novel, *The Lesser Blessed*, which is now a feature film with First Generation Films; his collections of short fiction include *Angel Wing Splash Pattern*, *The Moon of Letting Go* and *Other Stories*, *Godless but Loyal to Heaven* and *Night Moves* (October, 2015: *Enfield&Wizenty*). He is the author of three baby books: *Welcome Song for Baby: A Lullaby for Newborns*; *Nighty Night: A Bedtime Song for Babies* and *Little You* (now translated into Cree, Dene and South Slavey!), and he has two comic books out with the Healthy Aboriginal Network: *Kiss Me Deadly* and *Path of the Warrior*. His graphic novel, *Three Feathers*, is about restorative justice; his new novel, *Whistle*, is about mental health and asking for forgiveness and his graphic novel, *The Blue Raven*, is about mental health, as well. The latest cinematic adaptation of his work is “Mohawk Midnight Runners”, which is a short movie by Zoe Hopkins based on Richard’s short story, “Dogrib Midnight Runners” from *The Moon of Letting Go*.

Wednesday, September 30

10 - 11:30 Festival Kick Off
UNBC Canfor Winter Garden

1 - 2:30 Allies & Activists
UNBC Geoffrey R. Weller Library

2:30 - 4:30 Re-Generation featuring members of the UNBC Wellness Centre
UNBC Gathering Place

7 - 9 Welcome Reception
UNBC Rotunda Gallery

Event Schedule

Thursday, October 1

9-10:30 Poetry Workshop with Joanne Arnott UNBC Gathering Place

10:30-12 Creative Expression as Medicine UNBC Art Room
Limited Seating - Sign-up Suggested

1-4 Elders' Storytelling Showcase UNBC Gathering Place

4-5:30 Love Medicine UNBC Gathering Place
Janet Rogers, Waub Rice, & Joanne Arnott
Adult Content Warning

6:30-8:30 Actorvism: Performing Stories of UNBC Gathering Place
Hope and Healing

The morning of the ride was clear and absolutely calm. Perfect ballooning weather. The trip to the launch site was scenic and the other riders were good company. Couldn't ask for better.

But it did get better because our balloon was a rainbow of colours. Better and better!

Have you ever been on a balloon ride? Clear, crisp morning air. Seeing the balloon crew walking through their duties like dancers, each one knowing the next move, and, performing it perfectly. The satisfaction of watching the fabric grow into a promise—the promise of floating in the sky under a rainbow of colours.

Almost ready for liftoff: The captain assigning each of us to our place in the basket—we had been weighed as we arrived so that the basket could be balanced properly. Saying hello to our fellow basket-ers. Awaiting the thrill of being airborne without wings.

If I hadn't been looking down, watching the ground, I wouldn't have known that we were, indeed, floating. Our lift-off was that smooth. The captain put the propane heater on full, heating the air in the balloon, carrying us higher and higher. Then, he turned off the noisome burner.

Imagine yourself adrift in the air. No sound. No wind on your face. No motion underfoot. No sense of moving at all. The only way to tell that you are in the air is that buildings and other things on the ground mysteriously became smaller and smaller, as they glide backwards out of sight. An eagle's-eye view....

That morning, the air was so clear that we could see forever. Two mountain ranges, a lake that lay half hidden between two peaks, tiny boats heading up the lake below...

"Face any fears," Morgan instructed. Okay. Look deep inside. Any fears surfacing? Hmm. Think harder. Nope. Consider them faced!

Peace.

A warm glow of happiness.

After a timeless ride, it's back to Mother Earth.

"The only normally dangerous part of the trip," says the captain, "is the landing. Sit with your back to the basket, brace yourself."

A bump, a bounce or two, and we stop. More graceful dancing by the crew, with us joining in to squeeze the air out of the balloon and fold it into the basket.

Then, the celebration: Champagne. Tea. Coffee. Muffins and more. Cheering.

The captain touches our foreheads with a cork dipped in champagne to welcome us to the world of

And, I forgave myself for being human.

I also was on the lookout for situations that were both fun and dangerous, and, also included heights of some kind. Nothing. Maybe I needed to create an event of that kind.

Finally, one day while my friends and I were looking through travel magazines, I saw an advertisement that caught my full attention: A hot air balloon ride.

“This looks like fun!” I exclaimed.

“No way! Don’t do it!” warned the husband. “It’s too dangerous!”

Yes!!

He thinks it’s dangerous, and he’s not one to shirk from a bit of danger. A hot air balloon ride is exactly what I choose. Fun for me with a hint of danger, and, it’s high up in the air. Perfect.

The ride was advertised in Las Vegas. So, I booked a flight, off I flew to Vegas.

All Protocol was followed when I contacted the local tribe. They generously introduced me to two Elders who performed the proper ceremony. Payment was made.

On the morning of the ride, a call came in to say that the flight was cancelled due to wind conditions. What could I do instead? Another advertisement caught my eye: Ride the Roller Coaster in the Sky. Opening my mind to this possibility, I saw that it could meet the requirements.

So, I went with determination in my stride to the Roller Coaster in the Sky.

Did that clear the energy blockage? Wouldn’t know! Certainly not immediately! I was too busy dealing with being shaken n’ stirred by the abrupt movements of the coaster. I was bounced up and down, jiggled from side to side, and shaken so hard that I felt as if my head would fall off.

Did I feel the conditions were met to clear the blockage? Listen to my inner voice, Morgan had said. While it certainly held danger, and I was high in the air, something seemed to be missing. Ah. Yes. Fun. I didn’t enjoy it at all. Too much noise, too much jiggling...

Maybe I buried fears that still had to surface.

It was a few months after that unfortunate ride that I went on a guided tour. Included was the offer of a hot air balloon ride. Back to my first choice for an activity-to-remove-energy-blockage, I thought.

I said a prayer, booked the balloon ride, and paid for it.

Friday, October 2

9:30-11 Creative Writing Panel UNBC Gathering Place
Chris Bose, Waub Rice, & Joanne Arnott

12-2:30 Narrative Medicine UHNBC Learning & Development Centre

1-2:30 Stories in Motion UNBC Gathering Place
Waub Rice & Chris Bose

2:30-4 Hidden Poetry Art UNBC Gathering Place

7-10 Stories in Song Black Donkey Café

chedule

Saturday, October 3

10:30 - 12 Graphic Novels with Richard Van Camp & Louise Framst
PG Public Library

2 - 3 Book Launch for Richard Van Camp
PG Public Library

3 - 4:30 Storytelling Workshop with Chris Bose
PG Public Library

7 - 10 Anniversary Celebration
PG Native Friendship Centre

Courage and Strength of a Lion

Avee Boyle

Winner of the Youth Aged 5 - 9 Aboriginal Category



Three: I was climbing high. Mind you, high to a very small child may not have been that high.

Four: I fell.

Five: I cut my leg on a buzz saw blade.

Know what a buzz saw is? Think of a huge saw, with a round blade that's the size of a large truck tire. A blade with wickedly sharp teeth—that's what sliced my calf open.

I recall sliding along a truck tire, the one the saw blade that had been resting against. The teeth of the blade stuck out past the protective tire. The next thing that I remember is running along side of the house crying as loudly as I could. A thick trail of blood followed me as I raced toward safety, my mother.

The next hectic scene was like watching something happening to someone else. My mother's look of concern as I ran into the house, bleeding all over the kitchen floor...her immediately leaping to grab the sides of the cut to close it as much as she could...her telling my brother to go to get the neighbour who had first aid training...a sister untying my new high-top runners, now red with blood.

That's all I remember about the accident.

My recovery? Bandages on my leg. Sleeping on the couch. Hopping around on one leg. Not much else.

But, what caused the fall? Did I get scared about how high I had climbed and let go? Think. Feel. No, that wasn't it. Did something startle me? Think. Feel. No, not this, either. Did I slip and fall? Maybe. This is vaguely familiar. I don't remember fear. I must have been afraid when I was cut, but can't remember.

So, what happened? Who knows? No one remembers. Not even me.

Well, no use worrying about it. Maybe the main thing is to be willing to look at the whole incident without flinching. That's what I had done, and, to me, that seemed to be the important thing.

Over the next few months, I continued to think about my fears, any fears. I cleared them as they arose. Might as well take advantage of this opportunity to face anything I was afraid of.

Each time I became aware of something that I feared, I looked at it. Asked myself, "Why am I afraid? What is it about this that caused me to feel afraid? Is this fear real, or imagined? Who am I afraid for? Myself? Others?"

Sometimes the same fear kept surfacing, and I would look at why that fear kept coming back. It became clear that some fears might always be with me. I resolved to be aware of these—without letting another energy blockage develop. I can be afraid, that's natural, but the secret is to not let the fear consume me.

Morgan studied the scar for a moment, then nodded. He went on to tell me that this accident had caused an energy blockage in me. That energy blockage had affected my Life Path. Because of that blockage, in one moment, Morgan explained, I had changed from a child to an adult, had taken on the outlook of an adult.

“Before the accident,” he added, “You were fearless. Afterwards, you were like an adult who considers all risks—like a little old lady.”

He went on, “If you want to clear the blockage, you can.

“You must find out what happened to cause the accident. Look at the truth. Look at it squarely and face all your fears about what happened. Only when you look honestly at your fears will you be able to clear the blockage.

“Understand, completely, what happened and why. Then you must do something similar to what you were doing when the accident happened.”

We spent a few more days together after this incident. I learned more about the medicine of Red Willow. And, through discussion and prayer, we discovered why Morgan was sent to me. But that’s another story.

We spoke of the accident to my leg more than once. Morgan taught me that when I begin the quest to clear the blockage, I must have an open mind. Accept the truth; be open to any guidance that might come my way, and above all, become fearless again. Only then would I be able to clear the blockage.

When I was ready to do the clearing, there was Protocol to follow. A blessing-ceremony must be performed by Elders who are knowledge-holders, and payment made to them for their help. After I had done what I must to clear the blockage, payment needs to be given as a show of gratitude. Tobacco is the sacred plant most often offered as the thank you gift.

After Morgan left, I took his advice to heart. First, find out what happened. So, I asked five of my brothers and sisters, and received five different stories. Now, with mine, that made six—six different stories.

Six different stories!?! Which was the true story? Was there a true story?

I could see is that all the stories had a few points in common:

One: Several of my brothers and sisters and I were playing in our dad’s garage. Of course, we shouldn’t be playing there. But maybe that was part of the attraction.

Two: We were having a lot of fun. At least, I was.

In August of 2013 I was 7 years old. I had a love and passion for dance. When music played, my body moved. I couldn’t help it, it just happened. For this reason, when my dance teacher asked me to do a demi character solo in

the dance festival I couldn’t resist saying yes. This was my first dance solo. Demi character is ballet from the waist down and character from the waist up.

As a dancer, I always worked extremely hard, but I knew the months ahead would be even more work than I was used to. My schedule would include regular ballet lessons, highland, jazz, and choreography sessions for my solo.

It was decided that I would be a lion and dance to the song, "The Lion Sleeps Tonight." This was not my first choice, but I went with the idea. The idea came from my dance teacher. She danced to the same song when she was my age.

I learned and practiced my solo from October to February. There were times I missed out on things, but I was committed to doing my very best. I didn’t want to let my dance teacher down and I didn’t want to let myself down. After tons of polishing sessions, dress rehearsal, and dance-outs, the big moment had come. The moment I would step on stage, alone, for the first time to compete. I remember being taken backstage. I remember my racing heart, my trembling knees, and the butterflies in my stomach. I remember people talking to me, but I don’t remember what they said. I think they were encouraging me. I remember fighting back tears and not being able to respond. I was terrified. I remember thinking, "What if I forget my dance," "What if I fall," and "What if the judge doesn’t like me."

The bell rang letting me know it was my turn to perform. DING. I walking on stage and the music started. Owwww owwww owwww. I danced my best. I pointed my toes, I galloped, I turned, and I roared. ROAR. When the music ended I twirled my long lion tail and left the stage. My first solo experience was over. I won first place in my category.

What I didn’t know back then was that in some Aboriginal cultures a lion represents courage and strength. Having the courage and strength to do my first solo has made me the dancer I am today. Today I have the courage and strength of a lion. I take risks, try new things, and have grown as a dancer and person.

ROOOAAAAAAR!

The Journey

Philip and Elise Balliet

Winner of the Youth Aged 5 - 9 Ally Category



Where does a story begin? Where does this story begin?

Was it when a Medicine Man picked up a piece of jewelry that I had made—then told my daughter that he needed to speak to me—as soon as possible?

Or, did the story begin before I was born, when my Spirit Path through life was being laid out? Hmm. I wonder...

Perhaps, the best place to start would be one winter morning. When a visiting Medicine Man named Morgan and I were gathering winter medicine in the early light. We weren't sure why he was sent to me, but gathering this medicine was something that he knew we had to do.

A soft, warm winter wind blew through the trees as we crunched through calf-high snow. After a long, refreshing walk, we saw the Red Willow we were looking for.

As I knelt in the snow to cut the willow, I learned how to harvest plants with respect: Ask that Willow be blessed to bring healing in a good way; pay the Creator with tobacco for the sacrifice of Willow; be of good heart.

It was a cheerful outing until we neared my home. Suddenly, I felt the all too-familiar jolt of pain as both my calves cramped fiercely. Then, just as quickly, both of my feet turned to boards as the cramping spread downward. Ever since I can remember, I've had cramping in my calves, but never in my feet. Do you know that it's possible to drive with board-like feet, while suffering excruciating pain?

I stood, motionless, in the hallway with zippered boots off, taking deep breaths to allow the pain to wash away. Didn't work. More pain. I couldn't even bend my toes. More deep breathing. No relief.

Through the haze of pain, I heard Morgan say, "Maybe it will help if I rub your calves."

"Please. Anything to stop the hurting!"

Within a few seconds of Morgan rubbing my calves, the cramping disappeared. Totally. It was as if it had never happened. Only the memory of the pain lingered.

Later, over a cup of tea, Morgan told me that the moment he touched my calf, he'd had a vision. He saw my leg being seriously injured when I was a very small child.

Astounding! How could he know about my leg? He'd only met me the day before.

I rolled up my pant leg to reveal a scar. The scar on my calf was as long as my hand and two-fingers wide. A thin, barely visible scar trailed toward my anklebone. The accident had happened when I was about five years old.

A Quest in the Sky

Louise Framst

Winner of the Elder/Senior Category



One day a long time ago there was a young girl named Shaina who lived with her aunt Liana and uncle Shan. She lived on a small farm near a dark forest with her younger brother George. Their uncle and aunt told them to never go into the dark forest. They never did go into the forest until one day all of their crops died from a horrible drought and their aunt and uncle told them to go into the forest. Shaina asked why and her aunt said to reclaim the sword of jewels. The next day, Shaina and George set out on this perilous quest. They realised that the forest was millions of acres in size, so how could they walk all the way around the dark forest and still return in time to save the farm? So they decided that they would journey through the forest to the nearest town and ask about the sword of jewels at the local jewelry shop. They gathered the necessary supplies to track down this legendary blade and return to the farm victorious. So then they set off to get to the town. Then they journeyed through hills and then after many hours of exhausting walking they saw the town. Then they went trying to find information about the sword of jewels! They asked the baker first when the baker could give them no information they decided to spend the night. The next day they still had not found anything about the sword until around lunch time they saw an old man telling a story to a farmer. When he was done they asked the farmer and he said that the sword of jewels was guarded by a mythical beast called a chimaera. The old man also said that the chimaera lived in a desert mountain cave around three hundred kilometers away due south and that the beast was very old and had not been seen for ten thousand years. Then the man wished them luck on their quest. As it was nearly nightfall, they went to a sheltered place to spend the night. In the morning they went on their way towards the humungous mountains that stood in their way. They went to a shop to get rope and supplies and when they were done, they set off on their journey once more. At the end of the town they began to climb up the mountain range towards the desert mountain but on the second cliff, their rope broke and they ended up in the very place they wished to avoid, the dark forest! Shaina stood up and looked around and saw George pick up the bow of jewels. Shaina immediately took it from him and said that she would keep the bow of jewels and George could have the sword of jewels when they found it. After a very long time Shaina and George reached the highest mountain and saw a part of the desert. George said that they should not go directly through the mountain range, but they saw an ocean on the other side. Then George spotted a goblin tunnel that led into a tomb of tunnels that went through the mountains and they thought that it would eventually end up in the desert and set them back on track. Shaina said that those tunnels would be infested with goblins and George mentioned that they could play a giant game

of hide and seek without the goblins knowing about it. So they decided on their course of action and they headed into the tunnels but then they realised that they wouldn't be hiding from a few goblins but a couple of thousand of them. Also they thought they could be lost in there for years as they would not be able to tell which way to go. But then Shaina had a brilliant idea, why not use the light of the sun to reflect off of the bow of jewels onto the ground to see where they were going? George thought it was a really good idea, but they would not have any sunlight so why not use one of the torches from the side of the wall to see their way through the tunnels and out onto the desert? Now that they had a way through, George said that they could light Shaina's arrows on fire so that they would do extra damage to their enemies. Shaina said that the arrows were made out of metal so they would not burn for a long time. George suddenly ducked behind a rock and said that there was a goblin so Shaina got under cover and then she shot the goblin. Then three more goblins came out of the tunnels and Shaina said she could not shoot three of them, so George went and took a turn and they continued taking turns and running in the caverns and they accidentally ran into the center of the mountains, to the goblin town of Agnon. The goblins were shouting and making noise and from the sounds of it, Shaina and George could hear they had found out that there were intruders in the mountain range. The goblins were getting ready to hunt them down. Having heard this, Shaina and George decided that they would have to push on with no rests until they were out of this place and in the desert. The goblins had a known custom of getting ready for a week before they would head out to look for their intended victims. Shaina and George leaped up and headed off onto the other side of the cavern and slipped into the tunnel on the other side. Now that they were across the cavern and past the town they could settle down into a steady jog. At a junction in between the tunnels, they heard the goblins coming from another direction. Taking things into his own hands, George changed his direction and headed off into another side tunnel. Shaina knew that the goblins were coming so she set off after George and after two kilometers they found another even smaller side tunnel that would only fit someone their size. Still fearing a goblin attack, they headed off into the darkness of the side tunnel. After going two kilometers they reached a point in the trail that had a little spot where they could rest for a few minutes. They could no longer hear the goblin parties as they headed past them. Then they saw a way out that led into the desert, so they took the path and when they got out they could see a mountain made of sandstone. George said that they were almost at this journey's end. George got so excited that he practically jumped ten feet in the air. Shaina realised that when George came back down, he would break his leg. Miraculously, when George came down he didn't break his leg in the fall. When he was down, he was ready to go again and after two hundred days, they had finally

living artifact- something captured and conquered by him. The whole ride, Llewellyn was holding me either by my hand or a half embrace. One of the more meaty men muttered, "Why are you even bothering Llewellyn? She's not like us. "I was so stunned that it took me a little to respond, "Don't I have a heart? Don't we breathe the same air? The very thing that gives us life?" To which he had no response. That's what I thought. Why do these people have to put so much emphasis on colour? The Woyenne people - aside from my mother - welcomed newcomers. You would think we would get the same treatment even in this New World.

I just don't get it. Why would he bring me over here fully knowing that I would be a living artifact, a beautifully savage Indian woman, both the prosecutor and the victim. Llewellyn my heart aches; it's still trying to recover from the mentally scaring image of my Llewellyn. "Your Llewellyn," my inner voice mocks - "embracing his wife and kids after his exciting exploration she snarls" - even my inner self is angry with me. What can I do? I wish my parents were here; we just finished loading up all of their newly acquired gear and treasures to bring back over the huge body of water - we were close enough to see but far enough away that they couldn't take me back. They were being nice and at least let me see them one last time before forcing me to the bottom of the boat. I waved and told them I loved them. Once we were out of sight, I was in an iron cage that was very difficult for the men to open - they thought that not feeding me was a better option than to open the cage door.

"Oh Aya!" I heard vaguely. I was still caught up in my own thoughts, "What did you DO to her?!" I heard again. Wait ... What? She says confusedly. I blink slowly to see the decorative wooden walls that had "The Curiosity" scrawled across it. I turn around and see the pained face of Llewellyn as he absorbs my distraught appearance. Instantly, my body starts to reject the rope again, my upper limbs are trying desperately to embrace him. He just shakes his head and wipes his eyes as he turns away from me,

"Goodbye Aya ... "Llewellyn says.

My hemi shatters; I am frozen into place, and all of a sudden two beefy guys come up to untie the rope. I instantly try to run in the direction Lewin went but these "men" were a lot stronger than me. I start to cry, accepting defeat; I want to hurl. I try to let the men know but it was too late, the little food that my body contained was spewed out in front of us.

"Fucking savage, you don't profit us anymore, we spend more money feeding and housing you, and it isn't worth it anymore. "

As we sidestep the puddle of my vomit; I can finally see the sun. The group is waiting. Two have removed their trousers. I am forced to my back.

the complicated sounds of my language. I smile and laugh at this memory; he knew me and I knew him: the real him. His intense water-coloured eyes told me everything; they told me what kind of mood he was in and if he was feeling lonely. I tried my best to tend to his needs, and, oh god, I missed running my fingers through his fine, sand-coloured hair. We spent just over one year together- it felt like a lifetime. It was simple and easy. Then, when more of his kind of men started to appear, I started to pick up the distress our relationship was going through. He slowly started to distance himself (involuntarily of course) and the way he looked at me was still the same on occasion -this is what gave me hope.

"My Aya" he breathes in my ear. I have my hair in two tight braids and I was wearing my best dress- the fancy one with a beaded eagle on it. I let myself melt as he says my name; my stomach flutters as I recall a memory.

". . . come with me," he whispers.

"What?" I exclaim, can I?

I smile and bite my lip, "yes!"-

The syllable escapes from my lips before I even have time to think it through. I play with the idea in my head, he has described his home before ... it would be an exciting adventure all in its own. Aya NO! My inner self shouts a little too late - she's still trying to grasp the situation. His eyes had a tint of uncertainty in them which should have raised a red flag but then he embraced me and we spent our last night together. During that time, it was almost like he was trying to say good bye to me. I admonish myself for not seeing. Our last night together was spent in our favorite spot - an open meadow with pine trees in the surrounding area lit up by the bright moon light. "Oh Aya ... I wish that you would have listened to your mother, but then I wouldn't have experienced what real love felt like." I was so happy that he said 'love' that I didn't pick up on "I wish you would have listened to your mother." I internally struggle with this concept. I

willingly came overseas to literally be on display as the "Indian: The Curiosity." Now, just stare and judge: they think I'm savage and beautiful. I walk a distinct line with these people. I am a walking contradiction and in order to survive I must tread lightly. ALL BECAUSE OF HIM!! My inner self is finally letting herself fully feel this situation too. Thinking back to that night I often question if he's ever felt anything for me. Nothing, nothing at all ...

The sun was just starting to emerge above the tree line. I absorbed it all for one last time. Llewellyn waited for a while, soaking it all in. Then it was time to leave; my mother and father caught wind of the departure three hours later, I told them I was going to go out and collect some medicine early that morning. This gave us at least a three-hour window to put as much distance between us and my home as possible. I chose their ways of living over mine - I sacrificed becoming the next big leader so that I could become a

reached their goal. After a long time, they reached the mountain and they went to sleep. In the morning, they began to climb up the mountain. At about midday they reached the cave, but they didn't see a chimaera, so George ran forward and got the sword of jewels. They were about to leave the cave when they heard a screeching sound, but before the chimaera could attack them, Shaina shot an arrow into the chimaera's heart. They decided to take part of the treasure home with them. George took the jewels and Shaina took the gold coins in their rapidly depleting packs. They left the chimeras cave and headed back towards the farm house. When they reached the village, they had to use a gold coin to buy some more supplies and used another to pay for their stay at the inn for the night. The next day they started at dawn. After a quick breakfast, they began to walk in the direction of their aunt and uncle's farm, but by dusk they had not reached the farm so they curled up. In the morning, they walked to the farm, but found that it was empty. Then they discovered that their aunt and uncle had not taken anything with them. There were also signs of a struggle. Shaina said to George that they would go into the forest so that they could start learning how to use their new weapons and get into the fitness of a warrior. As she said this, she added that they would not be staying there after all as whatever had taken their aunt and uncle, probably lived near and would be able to take them as well if they gave signs that they were there. So they would have to move out and make their own shelter and training area. But then Shaina saw that George's blood was a deep green colour and that could only mean one thing, blood poisoning. So Shaina went into the forest to find a phoenix to use its healing abilities to save George. But then Shaina realised that she had phoenix tears in her backpack so she got them out and healed George. So they decided to start heading home and then when they got there, their uncle and aunt were standing there with humungous smiles on their faces. Then George realised that he had hallucinated when they came here the first time.

Imagine

Angelina Cole-Blais

Winner of the Youth Aged 10 - 12 Aboriginal Category



I'm going to have to give my limbs some time to recover; all of the time spent endlessly trying to rip the chains right out from underneath my foreign body has left me tired and sore. I am happy that I am no longer in that awful boat - all of the constant motion for countless days. I tried to count how many suns have come and gone since I last saw my home: the image of my family 's attempt to save me is forever burnt into my brain ... I reel as I remember my mother and father crying and screaming. I choke as my heart muscles start to contract- more tears flow. My head hurts and I feel defeated- there's just no point. When I think of him I get so angry and frustrated that the feeling of betrayal is too overpowering; the tears flow freely while my chest is finds it hard to retain oxygen. My skin aches for compassion- for someone to hold me, protect me. I am completely powerless- a new feeling for someone who grew up where being a woman gave you power.

Thinking about how much I resemble my mother, I hold my stomach and let myself finally feel. Her high cheek bones, round eyes, full lips, and nearly black eyes that were complimented by her long black hair. I scream my injustices out- not to anyone in particular. "What are you doing to me?!" As if the many eyes on me would do anything - I wish they would. I wish they would tie me up and beat me until I was no longer breathing - anything to let me feel again. Why would anyone be so cruel? How could the creator stand by and watch my people fall ... all we did was help them. 'You did more than help him, Ayawamat,' my inner self reminds me gently, she's only being so kind because of my current fragile state.

How could I not help him? He had no knowledge about surviving in the North, especially during the winter season. He had clothing that would not leave him alive when Spring came - I managed to sneak some fur away so he could be warm. My mother was furious; she told me to stay away from him. She always said that she named me Ayawamat because even when I was baby she knew that I would be the one to look for trouble. My name in Carrier meant 'one who follows orders,' a prophetic name, I muse laughingly. It's been so long since I laughed that I didn't even register the sound I made - it felt nice, it reminded me of my time at my village. I sit there, tied down by the rope, while the new people are inches away, fully capable of helping me escape. Yet I knew if I did, I had nowhere to go ... nowhere to run. It's impossible to get back to my home soil without the help of these new people, and why would they bring me back? They get some kind of benefit from the boatloads of people who come to see me with their own eyes - all of these people just staring at me, like I'm some kind of animal to be hunted or studied? I ask them to help me in their own language but no one ever does anything. All they ever do is stare and whisper amongst themselves about "The Curiosity." "I wonder if he would help us" ... my inner self inquires. My heart is now clenching even tighter and I start sobbing again. This is hopeless. I bury my head deep into my hands and turn away from the unwanted eyes. There, stare at that! I think to myself. .. I slowly take one deep breath and close my eyes, my mind takes me to the memories of him.

Llewellyn Baker. My heart does an involuntary leap and starts to flutter - I am brought back to the mischievous nights we spent together. It wasn't all physical; he spent the majority of the time trying to communicate with me - he taught me some of his language and I taught him Carrier. This is what gave us away- the use of one another's language. I think about the way we used to look at one another's lips in order to mimic the required sound. My favorite was when I was trying to teach his tongue how to make

The Curiosity

Kristin Peter

Winner of the UNBC / CNC Category



Imagine

When Jacob was four, he made me up. And ever since that day, I have always been there for him. He'd always tell me what happened today at school, or why he was crying. I always cheered him up though, by telling him "It's going to be alright" or say something funny, or hug him if there's no need for words. But now he's 12, in middle school, but he hasn't yet let me go. But one day, he came back and the first thing he did was lay across his bed, which was blue. "What's wrong?" I asked, sensing that something went wrong today at Middle school. "I told one of my friend's about you, and he said I was a child, a kid. That I'm in middle school now and that I shouldn't have imaginary friend's." he said, staring up at the ceiling. I sighed and sat down on the bed's edge, like I always do when he talks about someone telling him to let me go. I look at him and he looks at me, "Jacob, its ok to let me go, you know that, right?" I asked, some of my red hair falling across my face. "Clara, I've already told you that I'm not going to let you go! You've done so much for me, and what have I done for you? Huh? Nothing." Jacob said, getting up and pacing. Just then Jacob's mother, Mrs. Johnson, came in and saw him pacing. "What's wrong Jacob?" her eyes scanned the room but they didn't seem to see me. Jacob looked at me briefly and looked back to his mom. "Nothing's wrong, Mom. Just trying to find the answer to a question on a quiz." Jacob replied, and I got up and walked to his desk, and saw he didn't have any quizzes this week. I looked at him and rolled my eyes and he grinned slightly. "Who you grinning at, Jacob?" Mrs. Johnson asked, noticing Jacob grinning. Jacob, looking at his mom again, didn't have the answer. "Tell her you're just grinning because you were remembering last night when your friend was on T.V and he didn't know what to say" I suggested, and Jacob nodded. He said what I said and Mrs. Johnson looked satisfied and left the room, leaving Jacob and me alone again. Jacob saw his chance and took it. "How are you so ok with fading? Doesn't that mean you would die?" he asked, pain and anger in his blue eyes. I shrugged and looked up at him. "I'm ok with fading because I know I've helped you." I said, having a flashback to when he first called me Clara, the day I got my name. I shook my head and looked up at him, smiling. "You better get ready, I think dinner's going to be ready soon." And as I finished saying that, we heard his mom call from downstairs, "dinner's almost ready!" Jacob looked at me and smiled. "You always did that didn't you?" he asked, pulling off his jacket and hanging it in the closet. I shrugged and

walked out the room. I went downstairs to see his mom, setting the two plates at the table, then putting the food on it. I sat down on the couch, and watched her with my head in my hands and wondered what real food would taste like. I shook my head trying to dismiss the thought. I glanced up as I heard Jacob coming down. I gestured my hand to his chair, and he sat down and looked at his mom. "What's this dinner going to be?" he asked, to which his mother replied, "steak and salad." Jacob looked down at his plate, with half of a steak and half of some salad. He looked at me and shook his head ever so slightly and I smiled. We both knew how much he hated salad. I got up from the couch and said "I'm just going to have a walk outside", knowing that Mrs. Johnson couldn't hear me. Jacob nodded, for he could hear me. I walked out the door and noticed it was getting dark out. I shrugged and walked down an old trail beside the house. I walked down it for a while, listening to the sounds, noticing things that I didn't all these years I've walked this path. And like always, sat down on a boulder in a small clearing at the end of the trail. I traced small markings on the boulder with my finger and sat there which seemed like ages until Jacob came. I smiled and looked at him. "Dinner good?" I teased, knowing what he would say. "Nah. The salad was too much for me." He said, smiling back. He walked and sat down beside me, and he looked out into the forest. I glanced up, noticing that rain might come. Then Jacob says something that even surprised me. "What were you, before I made you up?" Jacob said, not looking me in the eye. But I was looking at him, in shock. "I-uh..." I swallowed. Could I really tell him? I glanced down. Jacob slowly turned to look at me. "I used to live in the shadows, I was the small moving shadow, and no one ever saw me, I didn't know why I was there, but I only knew that soon I would be seen by one person. I don't know how, I just did. And I knew that I didn't need a name, for that one person would give it to me..." I trailed off, looking into the forest, and seeing something inside the forest, consumed by shadows. I looked at Jacob, and saw he was looking at me with mixed emotions. "What?" I asked. "Oh...it's nothing." He said, and I saw it again, in the woods. But this time, it jumped out. But instead of screaming, I took a step closer. It wasn't a monster, instead it was just a stray cat. I took another step closer and reached out my hand towards it. The cat sniffed it, it could sense my presence, but it seemed confused because she couldn't see me. I smiled and slid my hand from its head to its tail. I stepped back, letting Jacob try to pet him. I giggled when the cat's fur rose and it dashed off. I looked at Jacob and shrugged. We walked back to

Arika was watching her grandchildren on a boiling, summer afternoon. She watched as they sat on a large, fallen tree, sulking and arguing. Leura, being the oldest, was bossing her younger brothers, Coen and Nerang, around. Nerang was smaller than Leura but his stubbornness and him being very loud had him winning their feud. Coen was the middle child and he was very quiet, unlike his siblings.

The elder watched as they bickered back and forth. Slowly wobbling up to them with her wooden cane she began to speak. "Children, listen up. I am going to tell you a story." Leura and Nerang began to whine. "Noooo." "Hush now I am going to tell you anyways. You two are not doing anything other than fighting so you can listen." Arika slowly lowered herself onto the old log the kids were sitting on and leaned her cane onto a soft, mossy part. The oldest and the youngest began arguing once again about who got to sit closest to their grandmother. "Enough!" Arika spoke. "You all can form a circle around me on the ground." Coen quickly and quietly sat facing her on a small mat on the ground. The other two moaned and groaned about it but they did as they were told. Nerang asked, "What is this story about, Grandmother?" "It is about having fun and laughter." replied the elder, "Now hush and let me tell it." Leura leaned on a stump and both boys laid on their bellies. All three began to listen. Arika then began to tell them the story about the frog and the crocodile and how they learned how to have fun.

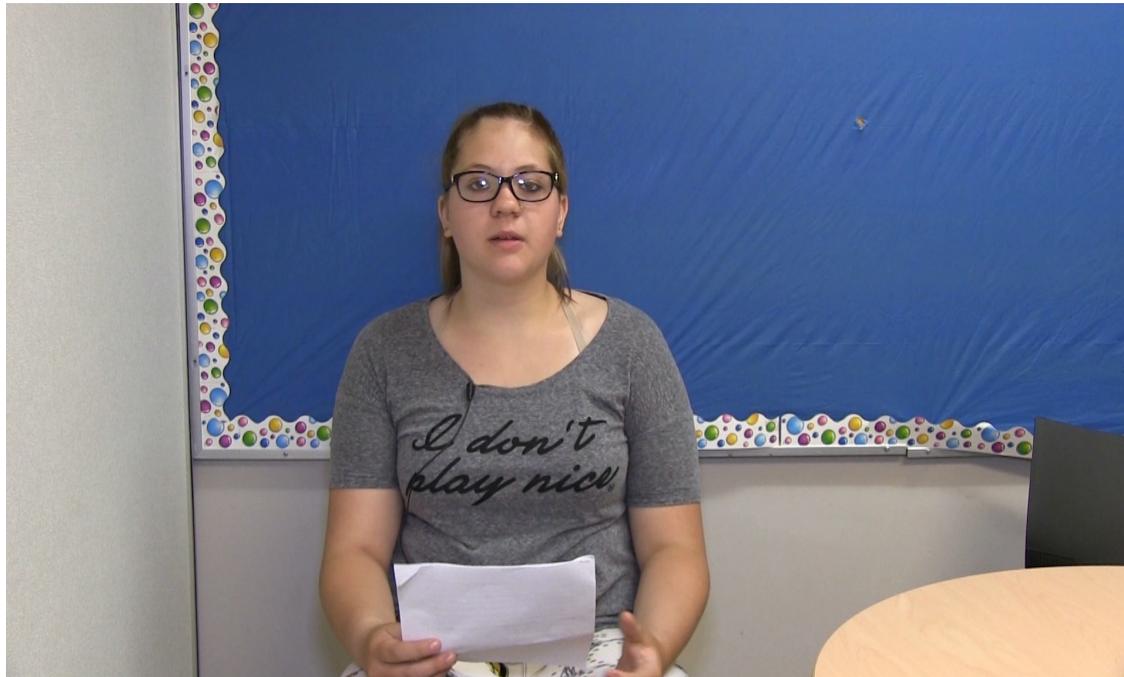
Frog was sitting on a lily pad and laughing by herself. Crocodile saw this and slowly inched up to her. "What are you so happy about and why are you laughing?" questioned Crocodile. Frog turned and told him, "Well nothing, really." she croaked, "Just having fun." She hopped off the lily pad and swam through the warm, blue pond and hopped onto the dusty dirt next to Crocodile who said, "I don't know about you but I don't think you can have fun around here. There's nothing to do." "Well sure you can." replied Frog, "There's tons to do if you have an imagination." Frog jumped over to a fallen tree and hopped onto it. "Like here. Look, I'm on a giant canoe! Come here, you'll see." Crocodile was slightly amused and was giggling at Frog's silliness. "Ok but I don't know about this." Crocodile climbed onto the log and began to play with Frog. They lost track of time and played for hours. "You see," Frog said when they were walking back to their houses, "all you have to do is find your own fun and laugh a little."

Arika finished up the story and the children seemed to love it. "That was an awesome story, Grandma!" Leura said. Coen jumped on the log and began to act like he was on a canoe. Leura and Nerang jumped up and joined their brother. They all were laughing and having fun, even Arika was playing.

Laughter is the Best Medicine

Kyra Arrowsmith

Winner of the Youth Aged 13-19 Ally Category



the house, not saying a word. Then it started to pound rain. We ran back the rest of the way, and Jacob said he was tired and was going to head off to bed. I glanced at Jacob once we were in his bedroom. "Tired already? But its only eight." I said, tilting my head slightly. Jacob shrugged and I left his room. When I came back Jacob was in his P.J's, a plain blue shirt and brown pants. I looked at him. He looked back. I sighed and clicked off the light. "Goodnight Jacob see you in the morning" Jacob muttered a good night and fell asleep.

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Two days passed and Jacob's been busy with homework. I noticed that we barely talked during these days, and nothing really happened, we talked, but only short chat's before he had to go to a friend's or do his homework.

Two days turned to three days, three to four. Four to five, then a whole week passed. I thought that maybe he was letting me go, but I didn't feel like I was fading.

Chapter Two

We talked, we walked together, but he wasn't 12 anymore. He's in high school, 16 now. Jacob's voice was slightly deeper, and he was now taller than me, which I didn't like one bit. One day after school, we walked together back home. Jacob and I turned when we saw one of Jacob's classmates running after him. "Hey! Jacob!" He said, His dirty blond hair shining, blue eyes burning. "I heard rumors going round that you had an imaginary friend, is that true?" he asked, and I shook my head at Jacob. "tell him no, you don't. I don't want to cause you embarrassment, Jacob." I said, but Jacob didn't seem to notice. Instead, he made his face and eyes show no emotion, and said plainly, "it is very true Will." He said, and turned back to walking across the side walk, leaving Will's mouth wide open. I hurried to catch up to Jacob, but he ignored my questions about why he did that. "Idiot! I didn't want to embarrass you!" I yelled at him when we were in his room, and I sat down on his now-green bed. And as I said it, Jacob spun around and looked at me, and yelled back, "you don't embarrass me, Clara! If anyones the idiot you are!" I felt so small then, having Jacob angry and yelling at me. I narrowed my eyes and looked away, instead and looked at his computer.

I got up and went to the door, and without looking at him, I said, "I'm going for a walk" and then left, hearing him shout after me, "hey Clara!" but I was too mad and confused and sad to turn back. All I knew was to get away. Get away from all the anger. So I started to run. I ran out of the house and went to Jacob's high school. I ran and collapsed on the field, and I rolled onto my back. I stared at the stars. For about how long, I don't know. But what I do know is, that when Jacob found me, he didn't have any use of words. He just stared at me, not smiling, but not frowning either. Instead of yelling at me, he got down on the field too and went onto his back and stared up at the stars too. We lay in silence. Then, when I got up, I saw he had fallen asleep. I tried to wake him up. "Jacob, wake up!" I yelled, and for the third time I did, he woke up. We walked home in silence. But then he talked to me once we got into his room. "I'm sorry, for what happened, but why do you think of yourself of an embarrassment?" he asked me, what a good question, I thought. I shook my head and looked down. "You wouldn't understand." I said. Jacob seemed to accept that, and I left the room for a couple minutes and came back to see him in a white shirt and gray pants this time for his P.J's. "goodnight Jacob" I said. "Sweet dream's Clara" said Jacob, but we both knew that I couldn't sleep.

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The next morning, Jacob's mom was finally home from her business trip. So Mrs. Johnson cooked eggs and toast for breakfast. Jacob went to school, I walked and did boring stuff, we talked at the end of the day, the normal stuff. But one day, everything came crashing down. It was a couple hours after Jacob left for school. That's when I felt it. I knew what was happening. Jacob must have been with a friend, forgetting all about me, just focusing on his 'friend'. I know that I must feel happy, that he's finally letting go, but for some reason, I felt sad, I don't know why. So when Jacob came home, I smiled at him, trying to hide my sadness. But of course Jacob said "Hey, What's wrong?" I looked down and flopped onto his bed. I said slowly so it can sink in. "I felt it...today, when you were at school. It felt like you were forgetting about me." I said, but stopped before I could say anymore, because Jacob wasn't listening. Instead, he was on the phone talking to his 'friend'. At that moment, for some reason, I could feel my heart hurt, like really hurt, like someone squeezing it, and I couldn't stay in the same room as Jacob. I walked out and sat beside Jacob's mother. We watched a sad romantic movie together, even though Mrs. Johnson

On the other hand, people grow in faith in the wide open camel sand. People rejoice for their family members who beat the raging needs for alcohol and drugs. The unplanned teen pregnancies bring families back together and inspire the young parents to continue their education. Celebrations of life

bring the whole community together. There is always someone to lean on in this small community. It is bitter sweet like getting annoying furzes stuck to you, but then it is enjoyable when you get to spend time with family throwing furzes of love back at each other.

People need to experience heartbreak. If we didn't know what heartache felt like, we wouldn't know what happiness looked like.

I have places where all my stories begin. One is a cramped town called Hazelton. The wind loved to dance to the beating drums and children chuckled often. Sadly, fists also flew to the beating drums and children screamed in dark ghastly corners. Its peculiar how something can be so alluring, but be filled with resentment. Here I feel absent from the luminous sun.

My earliest childhood memory was when I was five years old. I was standing in the scorching sun while the breeze whipped my black hair towards my face, leaving red streak marks. I was playing with my friends, who gathered around a towering tree in the forest. We were about to play tag when I felt a small tickle on my left ankle. I looked down to see small brown balls that had spikes protruded from it. I remembered my aunt telling me they were called furzes. They are distributed throughout the whole town, every turn in the forest you will see bushes of these small little balls of frustration. I reach down to pluck them off my unkempt white shoe laces and it became stuck to my tiny fingers. In a groan of acrimony, I began to flick my wrist like a barbarian. My friends turned to me with lively smiles and began to burst with laughter. The rest of the afternoon turned into running around throwing furzes at each other, laughing until we couldn't stand. It was one of the best days ever.

This experience reminds me a lot of Hazelton. It is an exquisite town, but has an abundance of secrets. Drunken fathers and grandfathers constantly break the peace in quiet families. Teenagers drink in boredom, resulting in countless deaths and pregnancies. Women are trapped cleaning, cooking, and attending regular bingo games. The children are left to defend themselves. Desperately, they cling to the outlines to avoid the grief of death, the shouting of intoxicated people, and outraged parents of teens.

never knew. Mrs. Johnson cried and I did to. Mrs. Johnson and I both cried in the movie, but maybe our reasons for crying different. Mrs. Johnson fell asleep on the couch after the movie, so I went back up to find Jacob asleep with his phone to his ear on his chair. I glared at him, and blurted everything out. How I felt, why I felt this way, how I don't even know what this emotion is. And how big of a jerk he was. But Jacob took no notice. He just kept on sleeping.

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Next day, Jacob and I talked very little in the morning, and he left for school. Once he left, water droplets fell from my eyes and down my cheeks, and they fell onto the floor, but they didn't splatter or touch the ground. They just disappeared. Like I will one day soon, I thought. And that's when the flood came. It crashed down my walls I tried hard to build, and I couldn't stop the droplets of water. I cried, and cried, and I blinked rapidly to get rid of the rest of tears. I wiped the water from my cheeks and eyes and sniffed. I went to sit on the couch, staring at air, nothing, lost in thought and over thinking every little thing. Before I knew it, Jacob came back from school. He saw me and asked, "hey, why are your eyes puffy and you look pale?" he asked. I turned to look at him. "I..er..." I couldn't even speak to him, he would just ignore me. "Personal stuff happened" I lied, and Jacob shrugged and went upstairs. I grabbed Jacob's old phone, and went onto YouTube. I punched letters into the search bar, and clicked 'go'. And pressed the video. I sang a little to the song.

I sang out all my feelings into it, I felt all my troubles leave me, and all my emotions flood out, and before I know it, I look to the stairs and see Jacob staring at me wide eyed. I looked down. Jacob smiled weakly, and quoted a line from the song, "may I have this dance?" and I nodded, heart pounding from the shock. Jacob came towards me and put his hands around my waist, and put his hand into mine. We danced like we were still small kids, playing. But this felt too real. But soon, his phone rang and he left me faster than usual. He put his phone to his ear and talked to his 'friend' again, and I felt it again, me fading, fading...and I felt the distance between us just got more distant. I felt it again. The squeezing heart. I pushed past Jacob, but my shoulder almost went through him. And I ran to the top of the stairs.

Chapter three

Weeks and months passed since the mini dance. Since then, I felt myself getting farther and farther away from Jacob, felt myself fade. And then, I told myself that tonight, I will tell him. So when Jacob came home, I grabbed his hand, and my hand almost went through, I tugged him to his room, and forced him to sit. I paced like he did when he was 12. It all spilled out, like a flood. I told him about what happened, I collapsed onto his bed beside him. I drew my arms up to cover my face and said "I know I must be happy that you're letting me go, that you're moving on to adulthood, but why do I feel this? Why do I feel sad? Why is my heart feel like it's being squeezed? It hurts, Jacob..." my voice trailed off, and I peeked from under my hands to see that Jacob was staring at me, probably in shock. He seemed to snap out of it, and then he laid beside me. "Maybe it wasn't me who wasn't ready to let you go, maybe you're the one who isn't ready, Clara." He said gently. And I closed my eyes and bit the inside of my lip to keep the tears from flooding out again. But I didn't hold all the tears back. One slipped, and it rolled down my chin. Jacob sighed and got up and I got up to leave and said, looking down, "I'm going to go out." I said. And out I went, walking without no place to go. That's when I saw it. It all happened in slow motion, first came the pounding of my heart echo in my ears, then the feeling of the distance go even more distant. I felt tears stream down my face and I looked up at the night sky, and I realized what I wanted. I turned back around and ran to Jacob's room. When I got there, I saw Jacob sitting on the bed, staring into space. "hey" I said, and walked and sat beside him. I noticed right away, that he was sad about something. Without thinking I hugged him, and he hugged back. When I pulled back, I saw his eyes were red and saw he was crying. "Shhh... No need for tears, Jacob." I said gently, and gently wiped away his tears with my hand. I smiled. "I am so very happy that I got to know you, Jacob Dela Johnson" I said, using his full name. Jacob shook his head violently. "N-no! You can't leave me! Clara I forbid you to leave me!" Jacob said, his voice raising. "Hey, I won't fully leave you, Jacob, I will always be in your Heart, and in Your memories Jacob." I said, my voice finally cracking.

Chapter Four

"Goodbye..." Jacob said, voice cracking and eyes full of pain and sadness. I shook my head. "No don't say that, it's too depressing," I said, smiling weakly, "Let's just say See you later, ok?" I said, feeling myself fade, Jacob nodded and then, as I faded he said, "Later, Clara." He said, and with one last smile, I

Where I Stand in Furzes

Keisha McKenzie

Winner of the Youth Aged 13-19 Aboriginal Category



god, would have mercy on my father, but no. Torngasoak continues punishing my father for something that I've done. Torngasoak then take my father's body and puts him in a fancy jar. I kneel there crying for hours, then realize that people from the village are probably starting a search party. I gasp. They will just have the same fate as my father. I run back to the village but it's too late. Only the elders remain in the village. I tell them the story of what happened. It killed me to tell them about what happened to my father. Telling them was worse than eating a heard of moose. They tell me about how much Torngasoak hates disrespect. I then ask them "what did I do to disrespect him." "It's what you didn't do that disrespected him. We dunk our heads in the river to honor the god of the sky for giving us rain to fuel the Fraser River, to give the animals and plants water so that we can eat, and to give us water for drinking so that we can live". "All of the village folk are on the Fraser right now! Topher, you must now go to Torngasoak to settle a deal to free the village folk and your father Kris." I wipe the tears of my face and respond "I do anything to free my father and my people".

I get to a canoe and the elders wish me luck because I'm going to need it to settle a truce with an angry god. 10 minutes later, I get to the area where my father was "stolen" I yell "Torngasoak! Let my people free!" "NO! You pesky folk dishonored me!" He responds.

I dip my head in the river repeatedly. "NEVER" he screeches. I then look past him and see a big jar, the same jar that my father was capered in. I then think what my father would do. Then I think of what my father did do for me. A tear runs down my face as I take a big breath. I jump. Torngasoak, who was watching my every move saw what I have done. He then knew that I truly loved my father so much that I sacrificed my life to save him. Torngasoak then let my father go as well as my people. He then revived me and said, "You truly have learned the lesson of respect, Topher. And to celebrate, we will feast." At the feast, there was so many delicious things. We sat down and Torngasoak personally gave me a big slab of moose meat and I was about to flinch with disgust but then I nicely said "Thank you!"

THE END!

faded, completely. But that was six years ago now. He was a young adult, 22 years old, and is working on writing books. I sometimes see him, but most of the time I just walk around town, being a shadow and all, I can't go into sunlight. So this is how my story ends, happy, not sad, because I do not feel sad, instead I feel happy, that I was successfully Jacob's friend for four years. And knowing that I've helped him, Helped me move on too.

So Jacob's mom makes time for Jacob, even though he says he's too old to have meals made by his mom still;

And Jacob is working on his very first novel, and he has some good real friends,

And as for me, Well I'm just happy I can still Use my

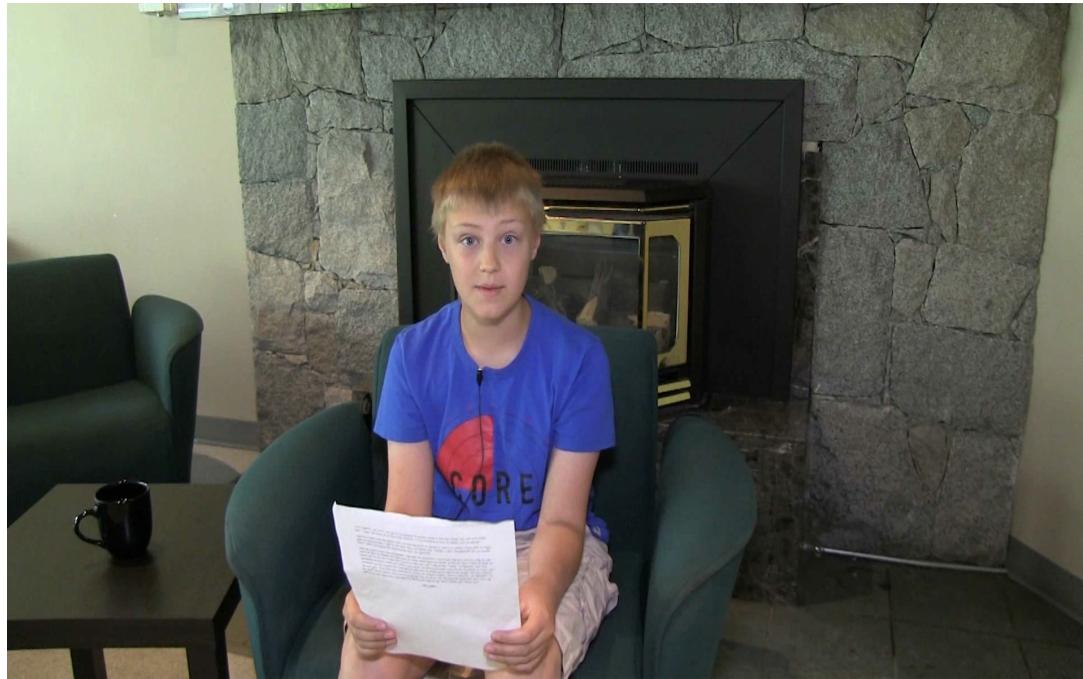
Imagination

The End

Topher and Torngasoak

Ethan Hofstede

Winner of the Youth Aged 10 - 12 Ally Category



1769 March 13

It was a wonderful day, it was chili outside but it stayed warm in our little hut. As usually I wake up and go to have some breakfast at the great hall. All though the great hall is small, it's also cozy plus it has a great view of the Fraser River. I eat moose with my father, Kris. He loves to eat moose but I hate it. He would always say to me to "Respect what the others give and do for you" but why should I respect them when I don't like what there offering".

We finish breakfast. As we walked out of the hall, one of the villagers elders come to us and said "Food is running low Kris, Topher, there is a big heard of moose down the Fraser." I'm not content by the fact that we're hunting moose. I go back to the hunt to get our bows and arrows. "Kris, make sure that your son dips his head." Kris nods. I am so existed for hunting. I like to hunt because I feel wild and one with nature. I don't like the actual hunting part but a guy's got to do what a guy's got to do.

Me and my father walked down by the river. I jumped into the canoe as my father unties the rope. The Fraser is so fast that the canoe zips down, but my father is faster... and braver. He leaps high and far. I think to myself "he sure can be an idiot sometimes". After all, I'm 13 years old, I can fend for myself. Plus, the Fraser takes no prisoners. My father makes it.

Ten minutes later, I look up and see the clouds forming in a strange way. I look towards my father to ask him about it the clouds and I'm surprised to see him dipping his head in the water. What the heck could he be up to? A few seconds later, his head pops out of the water and then he lets out a little scream because it's so cold. He stares at me like he like a dog stares at a big juicy steak. I think that he wants me to do the same. He looks at the clouds, then at me. "What are you waiting for Topher?" He says. "Dunk your head in". "No way. It's cold and wet in there. "Of course it cold and wet son, it's a RIVER . Just dunk your head in" He look at the clouds again. He shouts "Quickly" in a low and unforgiving voice.

That was the last words that I heard his father say. Because Torngasoak, the god of the sky came down from the sky and said "You have disrespected me". I look in his direction and stare as he swoops down with a fist. My father pushes me to the river bank. Torngasoak punches my father. He's out cold. I think to myself that Torngasoak being a