

NORTH

2015 - 2016





north journal

2015-2016

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letter from the editors

My, how we've all grown. It's difficult to look back over the course of our education in the College and to pinpoint who we were at each step along the way. Considering that our program seems to have been designed to give its students an existential crisis at least once a year, it becomes increasingly onerous to look back at all of HUMS and remember who we were and how we thought once upon a time.

Who were you when you first opened the big red Plato? What was your soul like when you closed *The Epic of Gilgamesh* and ran your fingers over the tearstains on the page that you didn't remember crying? (Anyone else? Just us?) Did reading Benjamin Franklin's *The Autobiography* inspire you to try and be a better worker, or did it make you wonder whether or not Benny Franks was *really* telling the truth? How did it feel to pick up Foucault for the first time, and realize that you were coming to the end of your four-year (five-year, six-year...) Odyssey in Paterson Hall?

We are thankful for the people you have become, for the love we have for our community, and for the wonderfully procrastinatory atmosphere of the lounge. We are grateful for the art you have shared with us, as little snapshots of who you have been and who you are becoming. We hope that North can serve as an *aide-memoire* to bring you back to the happy golden times you have spent here, and that it helps overshadow the late-night paper-writing scramble. Thank you for growing with us, dear friends, and thank you for letting us share your beautiful work with the world.

With love,
North

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in place of a trigger warning

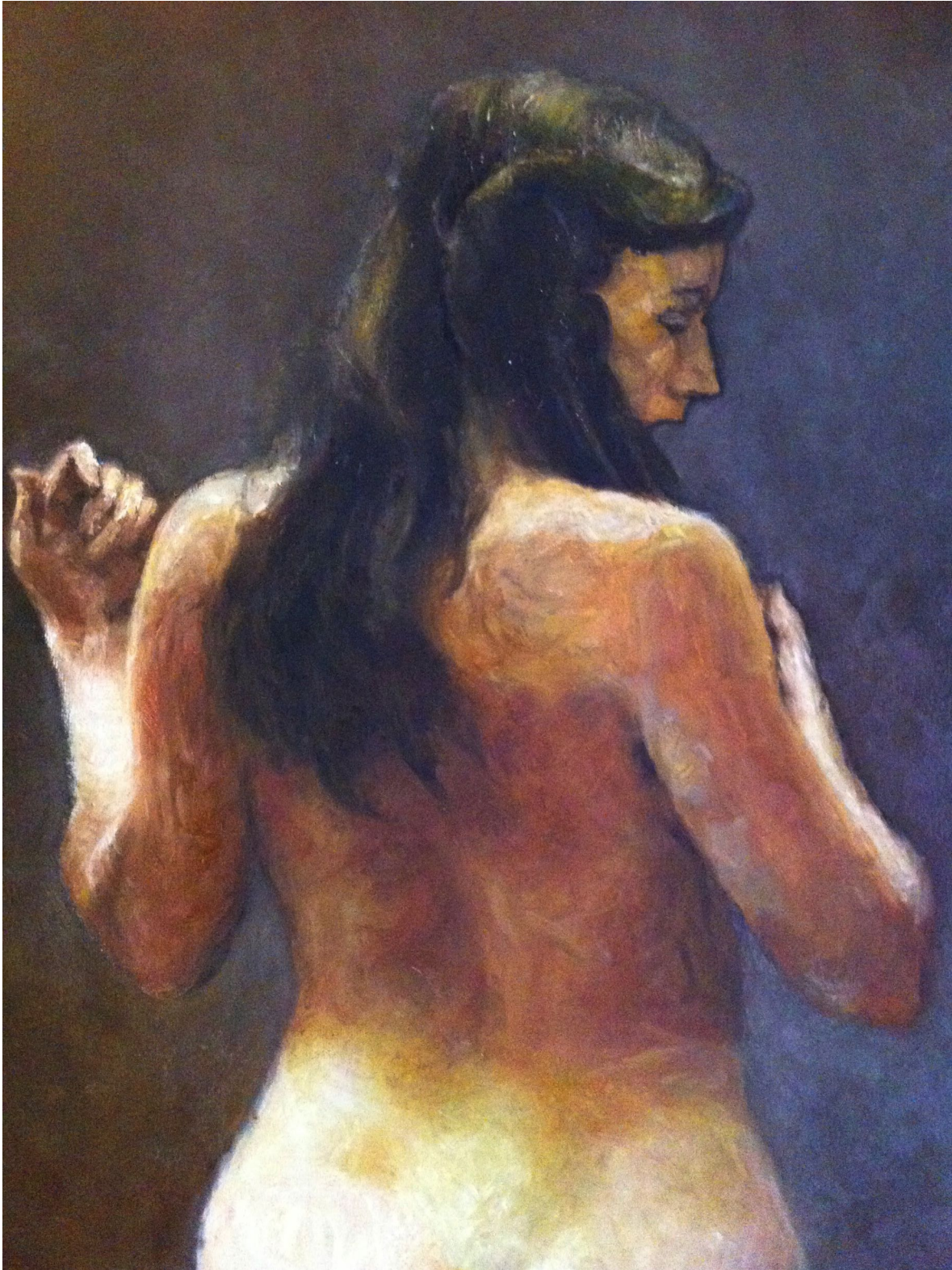
When people send their work in to North, people often attach a small note saying something along the lines of “I made this, it’s not very good, it’s okay if you don’t include it” – but we know that it’s not really okay. It’s safer to distance yourself from your creative work, to build a shield that says you’re not too attached to this poem, it didn’t mean anything to dig down deep into your soul and find the words or the brush strokes to express the inner workings of your being. But we know that’s not true.

We know how difficult it is to muster up the courage to share the private works that you may not have ever shared with anyone else before. Creativity comes from a very intimate place inside of you, and it’s terrifying to think of opening up your soul and displaying it to your peers. What will they think? What will they say?

It is for this reason that North strives to be a safe space. We work hard to make the pages of this journal a safe, encouraging, and loving place for students of the College to share their creative work. However, this means that some of what we publish may be difficult to read or look at, for some. Creativity is a very personal and cathartic act that helps us reconcile ourselves to what we have encountered in the real world – the good and the bad, the painful and the pleasant.

So, we feel as though we must leave you this, to take into the pages ahead. Take care, dear reader.

noble savage
Peter Berg



Gods

Shanna Markee

Who were we when we were gods?
People loved and exalted us;
they hung wreaths of flowers around our necks
and sung songs on our virtues.

Who are we now?
We sit in the museum,
bodies stiff as stone,
and lament our ill-fortune.
Who will sing our praises now that we are dead?

We are history in the museum,
the tales of something fanciful,
decrepit beliefs from an ancient people.
Who will praise us?

Who will praise us?
People watch us with awe-filled eyes
and learn our names in textbooks.
They flock to see us standing once more,
with faded power, yet they still stare with awe.
They will sing our praises forevermore,
for in the museum we still rule.

In the museum we are still gods.

Why I Didn't Submit to North

Lindsay Tannahill

I've been trying to write a poem. It's been sitting inside of me, and trying to get out. But it isn't a caterpillar, and it's not going to wrap itself in a cocoon. I don't feel it bursting inside of me. It's not gently unfolding itself into two shimmering wings, and it's not going to fly out of my mouth at some magical moment. No.

I've been trying to write a poem. It's not flying out, but it is scratching away at me. Every so often I feel a delicate little itch. And by delicate little itch, I mean a completely debilitating ache that is screaming and yelling and pulsing and then gone. I feel the words echoing in my rib cage and tingling in my stomach. It's there. The poem. But I can't get it.

I've been trying to write a poem. How can a poem I haven't written stop me from breathing? But it can. It can because I cannot put into words what I'm trying to say, and my body doesn't know how I feel, and I'm not sure I even feel anything but the beginning of feeling something. It's there when I'm walking home from Staples, under the dull streetlights and in the twice frozen snow that I stomp on.

I've been trying to write a poem. I could make a deep remark about this poem being linked to my Highest Good, and perhaps it is. But I won't, because maybe it's the thought of finding this happiness outside of me, yet inside of me, yet nowhere to be found, yet in something greater than me, yet all at once deep within, that's got me feeling like I even need to write a poem in the first place.

I've been trying to write a poem. It only attacks me in the worst places where I don't have a pen to protect myself. I feel it, and I think the first few words,
Itching, aching, moving, pacing
Knocking at the door
 And then they are gone and I can think them no more. An unfinished thought that never began.

I've been trying to write a poem. And maybe one day I will. Maybe one day I'll figure out what my body is asking me to say, and to think. Perhaps I'll find it on a sandy beach, with thousands of specks of rocks between my toes, or in the dull, grey beginnings of spring. Maybe it'll be in the last period of my next paper, or in a midnight conversation over a bottle of cheap wine and under salted popcorn, and I'll have to get up mid-sentence just to get the first words onto a piece of paper and hope that the rest flows out of me like a waterfall.

I've been trying to write a poem. I've been trying to write something that explains what it's like to feel happy and so horribly, terribly alone, and surrounded by friends all at once. I've been trying to write something that explains what it's like to have someone love you through light beams coming out of their eyes and have to look away, run away. I've been trying to write something that explains how much I want to get on the next plane out of this city, but be at home, in bed, with plans to have tacos down the road with dear friends all at once. I've been trying to write something that explains what it's like to be alive, and confused, and sure-footed, yet not. Not at all.

I've been trying to write a poem. But, maybe that feeling isn't a feeling to write a poem at all. Maybe it's the feeling of being terribly and wonderfully alive. Maybe it's a moment of clarity that can't be understood through words at all.

Or maybe not.

October Thirteenth, 2015
12" x 18"
Acrylic on Canvas
Ryan Dubney



Dancing Tongues

Shannon Lee

Their old tongues danced
As they spoke the most beautiful language
I have ever heard.
Tongues clicked, and clacked, and clucked,
Mouths moved,
And throats hummed,
Mixing wonderfully with the harsh, guttural sounds.
But, the music began to fade
When their dancing was abolished.
Tongues forced to bend unnaturally;
Dancing to a different song.
One not as magnificent as their own.
But, the old, beautiful music still echoed in their throats,
And their tongues still knew the steps to the old, beautiful dance.
So they danced in secret,
Under wisps of musical breath.
But their dancers began to dwindle.
Their tongues, torn out.
Some forced,
And some chose,
To have it replaced.
A new tongue, sewn in.
A new tongue that did not know the old, beautiful steps.
But rather, these new steps.
New steps that were less ancient,
Less sacred.
And the movements that had felt unnatural,
Became natural.
As if this new dance had always been their own.
The last few dancers
Tried to teach it to their children.
They wanted to preserve what little they had left.
But their children's tongues could not dance
The way their parents' had danced.
Their throats rejected the foreign sounds.
Their tongues, orphans,
Never to be graced with the old, beautiful sound
Of their old, beautiful dance.

Sonnet #2

Jon Brownlee

Well there was something in her look that caught
me, held me close and holds me still. The light
of sensitivity was there; love's bite
has pricked me now. There was a time, I thought,

that I had found true love. I really ought
to've seen what I ignored; she wasn't right,
though willing, yes; well, it was just the sight
of her that pleased me. Florence, though, has taught

me love anew. I trust those eyes with all
my wayward madness, hoping they might see
the beauty that, together, we can make.

Together, Florence, maybe we can call
across the chasm of this world, and free
ourselves from loneliness, that old, dull ache.

ΕΙΣ ΦΑΟΣ

Troy Curtis

I feel the wrath of an angel who couldn't fly,
She blamed it on the devil who made her cry
And turn against the hand that gave her wings,
The harp He made had broken strings.

She ran across meadows, tainted black
By the ink of a pen that never wrote back.
She looked up at the star whose light grew dim,
Her shadow reflecting the sorrow within.

Her satin dress ripped and faded from white,
Her soul; a disdain for innocence, His might.
Left forgotten by the one who gave her salvation,
She yearned in the meadows for help, in starvation.

None would appear from the clouds that never passed,
But they covered the sun and sent rain to the grass.
It washed away the stain that ruined her dress,
And disguised the tears with the water on her flesh.

She laid down and whispered to the wind, who grew deaf,
"I'll cry no longer," she said before her rest.

She extended her arm to grab His open hand,
Said goodbye to the sea and blew away with the sand.

Quiet Time, 2015
3' x 4'
Acrylic on Canvas
Ryan Dubney



Circles

Maggie Dewar

“I think we’re lost,” I says.

“I think we’ve been here before,” I replies.

“What conclusion did we come to last time?” I asks.

“That we’d been here still *before* then,” I replies.

You have me walking in Circles in
my head, twisting in cold memory
oh! my empty, encompassing bed.

You have me listening on repeat to
melodies, fingers itching to Mozart
but no inclination to press the keys.

“I’ve seen this rock before,” I says.

“I’ve thought this thought before,” I replies.

“What direction did we go last time?” I asks.

“The same direction we’d gone still *before* then,” I replies.

First Year Superlatives

Most likely to go on pilgrimage: *Kathryn Boechler*

Most sarcastic: *Quinton Peralta*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Molly McGuire*

Fleekest eyebrows: *Jenna Anderson*

Best beard: *Devon Shulist*

Gilgamesh and Enkidu of your year: *Quinton Peralta and Molly McGuire*

Best at impersonations/accents: *Colin Mylrea*

Best dancer: *Charlotte Frank*

Most likely to have an existential crisis: *Quinton Peralta (honourable mention: everyone)*

Punniest: *Victoria Hawco*

Best laugh: *Anita Sengupta and Andrea Pitre-Desrochers*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Colin Mylrea*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Jarid Pretty*

Most likely to found a cult: *Colin Mylrea*

Biggest coffee/tea addiction: *Jen Anderson*

Best at getting the prof off-topic: *David Ariza*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Shannon Lee*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *David Claxon*

Most cardigans: *Colin Mylrea*

Most likely to have a horrible catchphrase: *Victoria Hawco*

Most likely to wear glasses but not need them: *Quinton Peralta*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Raven Desroches*

Most disliked book from this year of HUMS: *Kings I and II*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Professor MacIsaac*

My Dreams

Anita Sengupta

So I say to you, my friends, that although it seems impossible right now, I still have a dream. It is a dream deeply rooted in the hearts of all adventurers, since the days of early explorers, that one day this world will be known to man. I hold this same dream that one day I will be able to travel to foreign lands and begin to understand the wonders of this world.

I have a dream that one day I can finally amongst the throngs of people on the busy Akihabara Street in Tokyo, I will be able to stand shoulder to shoulder to a culture much different from my own, but in many ways very similar as well.

I have a dream that one day, even the far away land of India, the land of my ancestors and a land that I can't possibly understand all the way from here in Canada, will finally be known to me as I stand in front of my ancestral home.

I have a dream that my soul and understanding of myself will be utterly transformed and that the people I meet and the places I visit will help me understand what living is all about. As I gaze up at the Giza Pyramid, I would like to remind myself that the people of the past were not really so different from myself.

I have a dream that one day, I will be able to explore the Amazon Rainforest and all the animals that call it home. From the birds of the high tree-tops to the monkeys swinging from the branches, I hope that they will be able to teach me something.

I have a dream that one day, I will be able to break out of my comfort zone and venture to places I would never have known before. I hope that every mountain, every valley, every being will be known to me, and that the glory of the world will be revealed.

Inspired by I Have A Dream by Martin Luther King Jr.

Untitled
Caroline Williams



Strange Fish

Hannah Fleming

A strange fish looms behind me
 Mouth gaping
 Eyes shaping wide orbs
 I wrap myself in ribbons of kelp
 And, holding still
 Wait until I am no longer sought.
 I consider independence
 From the refuse of the sea floor
 And swim up, ever upwards
 Toward salty air
 That dissolves in my hair
 And then plunge back down
 To my seaweed gown
 Like the tide, oscillating.

There is no place here for you to light your fires
 Too damp, too raw
 Your voice does not carry underwater
 And your lungs become brittle.
 For you I peaked my head above the waves
 But I saw nothing for me there
 And so, inevitably
 I slipped back into the deep.

(Untitled)

Hannah Fleming

Oh my limbs
 And hollow shell
 Cracked right open
 At the bell

Pouring forth
 With palms pressed
 Blue light wavers
 Then I rest

The folded crease
 Of my cocoon
 Lets day in
 But I'm immune

To Be Profound

Zachary Smart

Sometimes I look out the window into the night
Across the city facing the deep nothingness
And feel it.

Do I dare even try
To give it voice?
Maybe this time

I'm sure of it all,
Not of myself
But of the world

For what is this world
To a person who has seen so little?
To capture it in a flicker
Is the only way I know how.

What is a person,
Any person,
But an incomplete part of a whole
Irrefutably a part
And yet undeniably apart.

I choke up
Trying as I always have to swallow the whole
world in one gulp
Only to find that its now sunk its teeth into me

Meaningless music
Anger without target
Surely this is not how things were meant to be,
Surely this is not how I was meant to be.

And then I spy another in the window across
from mine
Staring off into the darkness
Are they a friend? A comrade?
Surely they might be
Surely they are
For in that moment we see the same things
Experience the same world
And know the same vice around our heads

But the moment exhales into the cold air
like an insect squashed underfoot
Collapsing in on itself with a whimper

What a horrible way to live
This becoming and reshaping
Constantly in limbo like a paper bag blowing
down the street.

We fell into it

Like a daydream, or a fever
Waking up each morning to fall a little further
down
Hoping to shoot back out all at once,
To fly higher and farther than anybody ever had
before
Beyond it all and into the graces of the world
To inspire awe like it had been inspired within
us.
To make that one meaningful moment out of a
lifetime of nothing
And to be understood

Were I a wordsmith I would craft a masterpiece
More radiant and more divine than the touch of
god
Like a diamond shot into the forehead
I would speak to such profound meaning
That there would finally be truth
To this smothering fog
I could finally sing
And dance
And scream

Lay yourself open to it.
To the world
And take in its divine indifference
See how it is so brotherly?
So much like yourself?

Breathe in and breathe out
Find the tears unwept bottled up in your anger
Your fury
Your undying rage
And release

Rage
Rage against the smothering cloak which falls
upon us all
Seek to be something more
Seek to be better than you are
To be known
To be Profound.

This is it
That feeling I get when I look out into the
nothing
And yet this means nothing
Another failed attempt to capture what it is;
Scribbles on a bathroom wall
Maybe next time.

A Movement from Positive to Negative

Margaret Russell

When we met I was a proton.

And because one can't go from positive to negative without an in-between,
the closer we got the more neutral I became.

I lost myself to negativity: your negativity.

I am now an electron.

You are toxic.

An isotope poisoning all around it, and I am just one of many casualties.

My own personal Chernobyl.

But of course you don't notice because why would a nucleus, the center of its own existence,
notice something one two-thousandths of its size?

You are decaying.

Not that it matters.

You don't believe in atoms anyway.

Untitled
Julia Craig



the lookout

Peter Berg

I'm at the lookout - watching for lions again.

I'm afraid I can't stop.

I've started to believe they only come this close to the town when people spend time at the lookout.

But then I find myself here anyways.

Out of habit.

Watching for lions again.

Pain

Peter Berg

the pain draws me back inside, again.

I've painted these walls a thousand times.

Paperclips

Molly McGuire

Everybody loves paperclips, and I don't know why.

When we were little, everyone thought they were weird. We knew they existed, but to talk about them was to commit social suicide; no one wanted to be *that* kid who admitted to thinking about them on their own. But that didn't last very long.

We'd always taken classes about them, but as we got older I started to notice that no one snickered at the mention of the bendy, metal loops. Somewhere between elementary and high school, the stigma surrounding paperclips had faded and they had become everyone's favourite topic of conversation. Books carried undertones of paperclips while music was dominated by themes of holding papers together. Turn your phone on and an ad showed beautiful men and women clipping. Turn the corner and there were more pictures of the shiny metal glinting in the sun.

The jokes are my biggest pet peeve. It seems as though people find paperclips endlessly entertaining, but me, I just don't get it.

I don't, no, I can't understand why everyone loves paperclips so much.

When did they stop being gross and boring and start being everyone's innermost desire? Am I the only one who doesn't understand?

Once I was in a relationship with this guy who I really liked. Things were going well and we got along great but when the time came to discuss the inevitable, I explained that I didn't like paperclips and it all fell apart.

That's when I realized how fundamentally different I am from everyone I know.

Paperclips are no longer something trivial that elude me on a philosophical level, but are instead my greatest social hindrance. Who would ever want to be with someone who doesn't want to talk about paperclips? Someone who doesn't understand paperclip-related punchlines and who never fantasizes about them at night?

Everybody loves paperclips and I don't know why; I guess I just have to hope that someone out there'll love me more.

Untitled
Alex Bozinoff



This work is really personal to me. My ideas spurred from my personal experience with gender roles. Gender roles are the idea or expectation that gender identity can be captured in certain attributes, for women these include domestic skills and passivity. As a person who usually identifies as female but doesn't always I don't conform to these standards. I wanted my piece to tell a story about the repression of women. As an LGBT youth this piece was intensely important to my development in understanding my gender identity and sexuality. While I'm still confused I think art is an immensely powerful way of discovering yourself.

An Open Letter to Addiction and Mental Illness

Anonymous

I'm writing this to tell you why I hate you
 Hate that for all that you 'give', something precious we lose
 And that for all that we fight we can never 'hurt' you
 We can study you, we can recognize you, we can work to make you leave
 But you don't fight fair, and I'm sacred they will never be free
 I wish I could touch you, could see you like an infection
 Cause then I could cut you out, a surgical correction
 But we can't cause you move like mist
 There but untouchable, unharmed by knife or fist
 You wear their face, and it makes it so much harder to fight
 Cause sometimes I forget that you're hidden from sight
 And it makes me hate the ones I love, who you hurt without shame
 Who you hold like a noose, keeping them locked in the pain.

And I know I'm guilty, I deserve some blame
 No matter what anyone tells me I am ashamed
 Because I held my tongue until it was too late
 I argued with denial, I decided to wait
 Though I saw the signs, saw the burden you took
 I thought, "That doesn't happen to us" let myself off the hook

I hate you for what you stole, not from me but from them
 What did we do to deserve this? When does it end?
 You stole moments from me, moments that cannot be saved
 All cause what you gave him was all that he craved
 From her you stole peace, relaxed smiles and fries
 Whispered nonsense in her ears, made her tell lies
 And more then once you tried to take what I'll never forgive
 You almost took his life, one he needs to live.
 Do you know how that felt? How much you made us cry?
 He's my brother, understand? I can't move if he dies
 You've taken enough how are you not done? He picked you over us, you did it, you won

Now let him go, I don't want to keep living with no moments
 I'll forgive him for everything, I'll consider it atonement
 Give her the peace back, the self-love, the fight
 Let my parents finally sleep without fear in the night
 Do you see this? Why the hell am I begging you?
 You have no ears no eyes, no mouth to speak through
 You're not a person, you can't be reasoned with
 But how do we win a fight when we can't hit the opponent?
 I know only they can beat you, 'help' is all I can do
 And I know what I feel is miniscule to what they go through
 I hate you so much, but it's the fear that makes me its prey
 Because every time I turn my back, I'm sacred you'll take them away

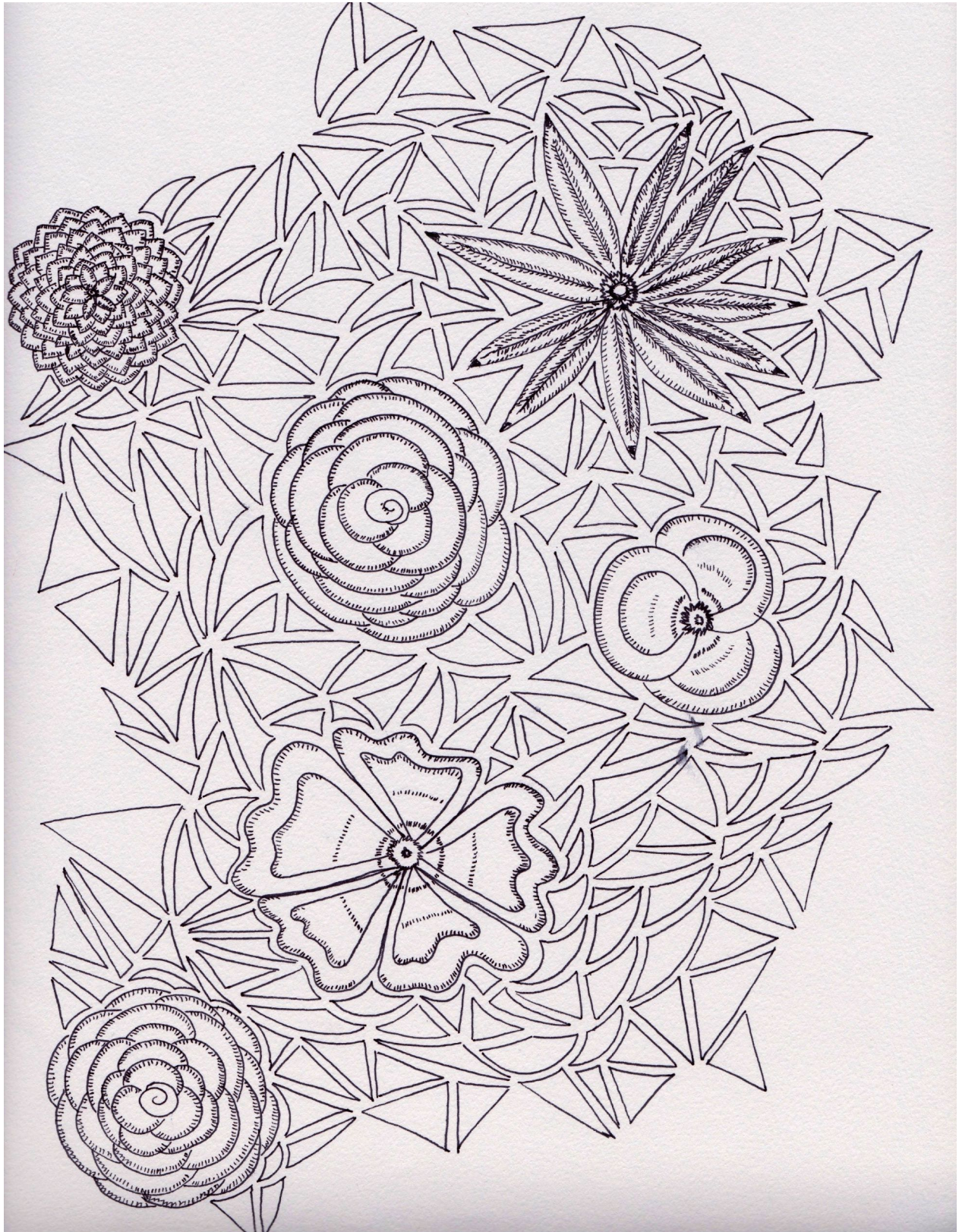
grace

Mason Krawczyk

There is no love that loves like our love
patient and ever-small filling every crack
forever with some delicate posture or another
slipping all ways softly some smoothed
edges ran down once rough yet politely
folded beautifully into one another or else
anything like tomorrow's forever promise of
fragile floating bliss. when i am with you
everything is much more of a mystery and it
pretends to sleep like children under sheets with
the innocent laugh of their lives dreaming
big hearts and smiles when i am with you
the world is wonderful
and calm.

There is one love that loves like our love
it is the gentle gesture of quietly closing
the door through which the cold gets in.

Untitled
Caroline Williams



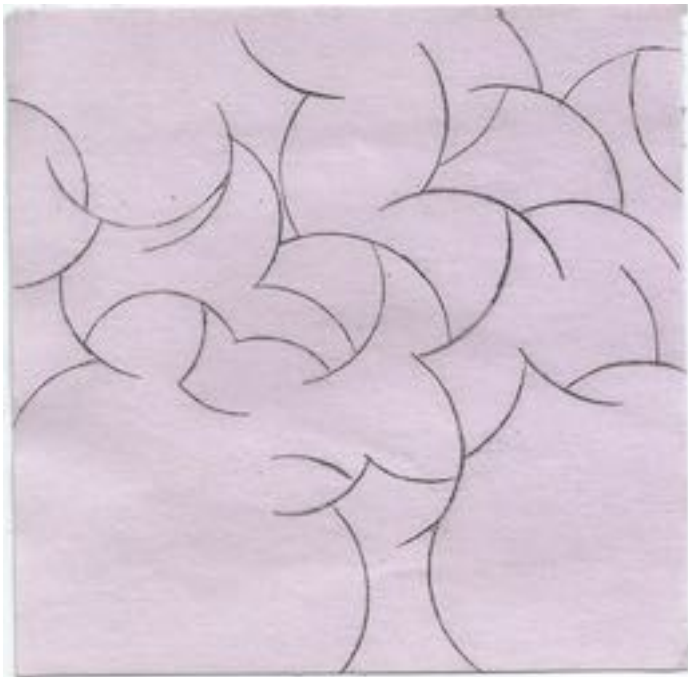
180 Degrees

Lindsay Tannahill

She's asleep on her book of quadratic equations
He's watching the soccer match as he matches x to y and 0 to 30
My best friend just got rejected from law school
I woke up wondering why we do it all
The sun streaks stain my white walls
My laundry decorates the floor
It's all horrible and beautiful
I wonder what would happen if instead of drinking my coffee
I hailed a cab and got out in Sri Lanka

Savings

Colin Penny



Second Year Superlatives

Most likely to go on pilgrimage: *Barâa Arar*

Most sarcastic: *Amelia Brownridge*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Kathryn Hrycusko*

Fleekest eyebrows: *Paige Davis*

Best beard: *Bryton J. Swan*

Gilgamesh and Enkidu of your year: *Rachelle Leclerc and Naomi Scholten*

Best at impersonations/accents: *Bryton J. Swann*

Best dancer: *Kayla Dold*

Best drunk dancer: *Rachelle Leclerc*

Most likely to have an existential crisis: *Lindsay Tannahill*

Punniest: *Ryan Dubney*

Best laugh: *Kayla Dold*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Matt Edwards*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Bryton J. Swan*

Most likely to found a cult: *Bennett Candy*

Biggest coffee/tea addiction: *Holly O'Neill*

Best at getting the prof off-topic: *Barâa Arar*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Naomi Scholten*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Colin Penny*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Barâa Arar*

Most cardigans: *Lindsay Tannahill*

Most likely to have a horrible catchphrase: *Ryan Dubney*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Naomi Scholten*

Most disliked book from this year of HUMS: Aristotle's *Metaphysics*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Professor Pettipiece and Professor Stephenson*

An Autumn Breeze

Troy Curtis

Locks bend at the touch of the wind that moved west,
Chills move down her spine, she's "dressed like a mess."
An autumn breeze strokes her hand as he grabs with his own,
And moves them much closer than their shadows had shown.
Still, for a while, they watch the sun set,
They stand quite apart; he can't help but fret.
Then he mustered a melody and sang with a kiss,
He let go of worry when she countered with bliss.

sunshine, daisies, butter mellow

Rachel Johnson



This piece is an ink contour drawing with watercolour and acrylic paint. I like to call it ***“sunshine, daisies, butter mellow”***, but that may be the Harry Potter nerd in me.

Promise

Olivia Sykes

The yelling that reverberated throughout the Taylors' small, ranch style never ceased. In spite of eighteen year-old Lily Taylor's countless requests to her parents that they discontinue engaging in such loud and lengthy disputes, her words never seemed to have any effect.

When the arguments finally ended with Lily in tears, her father would assure her that he would never called her mother an unkind name again. Likewise, her mother would promise that she would not fight with her father over something so miniscule as whose turn it was to make their bed.

Although these words fulfilled their duty of soothing young Lily, they were nothing more than pretty lies. Her parents' hostile arguments would recommence the following day with neither individual recollecting the words they had spoken the previous night.

"Are you finished with that mug?" Michelle Taylor asked her husband. In any other household, such a question would be entirely innocent. "Because it has been sitting here all day." However, no question posed in the Taylor household was ever truly innocent.

"I'm sorry that I didn't have time to wash the stupid cup before going off to work and making money to pay the bills," Daniel Taylor responded sarcastically.

Lily escaped to her bedroom before the remarks that instigated the yelling part of the argument were spoken. She flopped onto her bed and screamed into her pillow, so that the release of her frustration would go unheard by the other occupants of the house.

Her stomach twisted painfully whenever one of her parents hurled an expletive at the other, aching more and more as their fight carried on. Lily loved each of them dearly—more than she loved any other person or thing in the entire world.

Lily viewed her parents as an extension of herself. Whenever any person outside of her family said a negative word about Daniel or Michelle Taylor, Lily felt the insult as keenly as though it were directed at her. Whenever one of her parents belittled the other, it felt as though they had taken the gift of trust Lily had given them, turned it into a blade, and stabbed it deeply, aching into her heart.

She got up from her bed, peeked out her door—her parents had moved their argument from the living room to the kitchen. Melanie's utterances of "asshole," her swear word of choice, echoed in Lily's ears. Daniel's biting retorts of "you moron" and "lazy idiot" etched themselves in Lily's memory as words she would not forget for a long time. Their fight showed no sign of stopping anytime soon.

Lily spotted the car keys on the coffee table. She slipped her feet into her favourite pair of flip flops sitting conveniently by her bedroom door, grabbed the keys, and headed out to the family's Toyota sitting in the driveway. Neither one of her parents noticed the slam of the door as Lily exited the home.

She had to get away from that house, from her parents. The pain was becoming too much for her to handle.

Lily backed out of the driveway, driving anywhere and nowhere, eager to escape and purge her mind of the negativity that was threatening to overcome any happy thought that dared to occupy her thoughts.

To Lily, it was beginning to seem as though life was nothing more than a series of broken promises and disappointments. Even the two individuals she loved the most were incapable of maintaining her trust and allowing her to experience a full day of peace and optimism.

Time and time again, her parents had told her that they would discontinue engaging in such bitter and malicious disputes. Time and time again, their words proved to be nothing more than words.

Lily had always viewed her parents as the epitome of humanity--the type of people she should strive to emulate in her actions. The ideal picture she had painted of her parents in her mind was beginning to fade. It was starting to be replaced with an uglier sketch of two characters, who were so eager to come out the winner in a petty spat that they could not put their differences aside for their daughter's peace of mind. She was beginning to see her parents as people, rather than as the imagined figures she had created in her mind.

The disappointment Lily felt with the shattering of the illusion was tangible. Fortunately for her, she was accustomed to such keen disappointment. Lily knew exactly what to tell herself to keep tears from obscuring her vision as she drove away from the little house on Birch Street. The reminder of her swiftly approaching freshman year at a university two hours away held the promise of a positive and happy future, and was her favoured remedy for the pain caused by her parents' negativity.

Better Soon
Margaret Russell

Things are better now.
(I hope.)

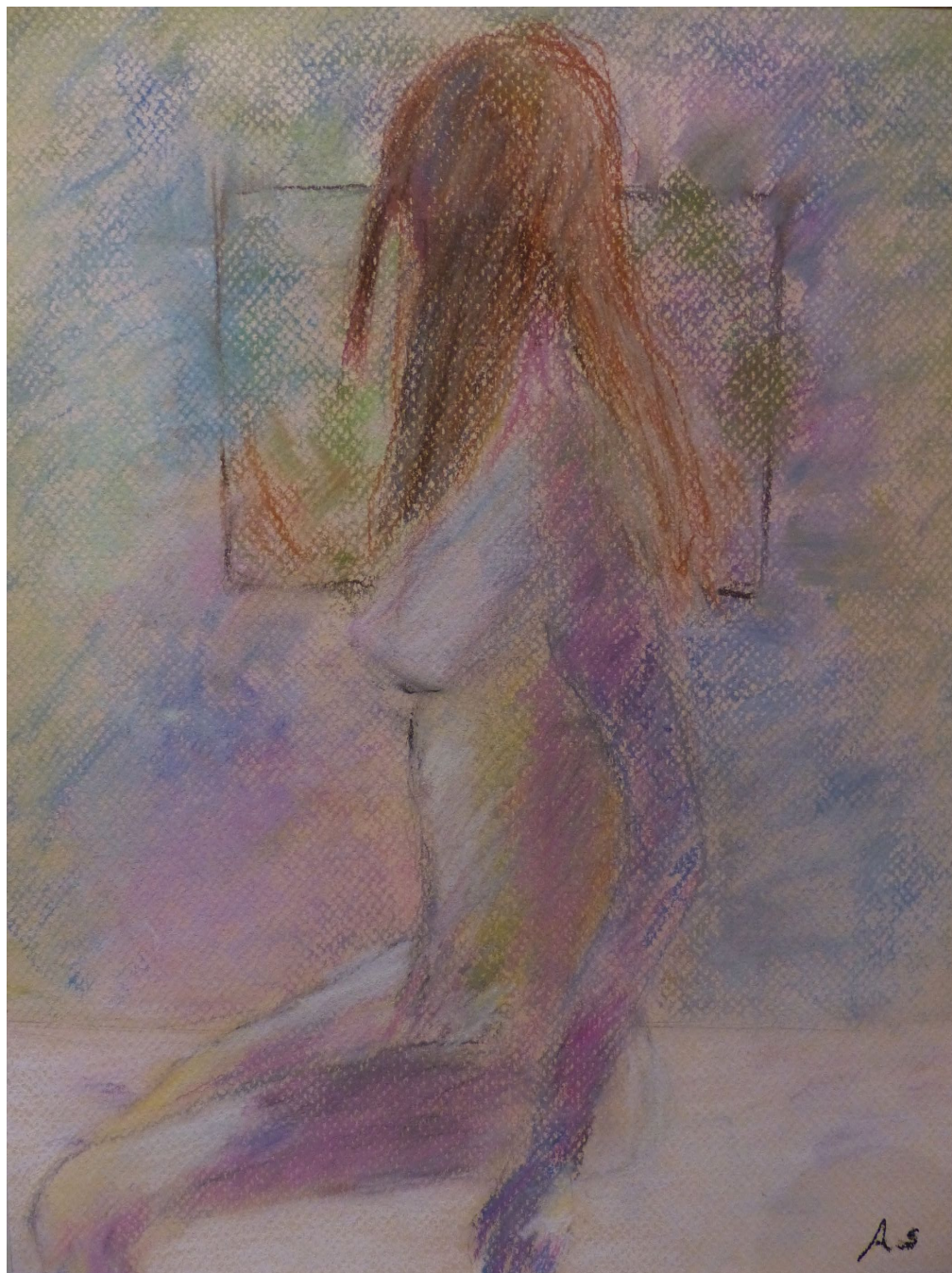
The air is clear and new like the year.
I want to move past this,
and I pray to the gods I learn about that you do too.

I'm sorry I'm bitter and jaded but it's not me.
Of all people you should know what it's like.

I hope we can get better soon.

Waiting for Love

Anita Sengupta



The Bird and the Airplane

Erik Pervin

Nectar and ambrosia
are fine stuff for the Gods.

We, mortals, can only dream
of what is gone.
But the Gods know eternity.
We want a glimpse through their eyes,
and search in vain time after time
for that sweet, sweet, thing which will put
us all at ease.

That feeling of power, that feeling of being free.
It always escapes me.

She passes by with velvety smooth caresses
comforting and divine.
I think that today, maybe this time,
I will get *it*.
I'll finally understand.

But no. I was never meant to be such a thing.
I am often told that people want what they can't have.

I think this is true.
But I ask myself: "who are you?"
Someone's answer:
"Who it is that wants to know cannot be shown."

Lost and out of place.
With no end in sight,
I will continue to fight
With a smile on my face.

Fox Skull

Andrea Pitre-Desrochers



A Series of Theses Regarding a House

Colin Mylrea

- 1 There is a House in Cumbria that was built during the Georgian period
- 2 To the left of the House there is a marsh; to the right of the house there is a forest
- 3 The House is made of red, clay bricks and its roof is comprised of precisely one hundred and eight tiles
- 4 Three workers died during the construction of the House.
- 5 The House is named Geestwyck after its first owner
- 6 Lord Geest owned the House over a period of thirty years.
- 7 The House was also the residence of Mrs Geest and the five Geest children during twenty nine of those years.
- 8 The House was both the place of birth and the place of death of all five Geest children.
- 9 While searching for kindling, Edward Geest was devoured by wolves
- 10 Lucina Geest drowned while exploring the moors.
- 11 John Geest was done in by a vagabond at the property's edge.
- 12 Katherine Geest succumbed to smallpox in a secluded apartment on the top floor.
- 13 Michael Geest never took a single breath
- 14 The pond in front of the house was where Lady Geest drowned herself.
- 15 The bathtub located on the third floor of the House was where Lord Geest slit his wrists.
- 16 The House knew no other resident for fifty years after.
- 17 An aesthete, a demimondaine, and a taxidermist occupied the House in turn after Lord Geest.
- 18 The aesthete wasted away
- 19 The demimondaine was ravaged and murdered by a client.
- 20 The taxidermist was shot by his gamekeeper.
- 21 The House counts me as its current resident.
- 22 I have been told these stories by the House itself.
- 23 It is old and wise and will exact payment for these stories.
- 24 I am trapped in the clutches of the House.
- 25 The House will never let me leave.

Third Year Superlatives

Most likely to go on pilgrimage: *Erik Pervin*

Most sarcastic: *Lauren M.*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Erik Pervin*

Fleekest eyebrows: *Katherine Clifton*

Best beard: *Simon Coll (honourable mention to Peter Berg)*

Gilgamesh and Enkidu of your year: *Lauren M. and Sam Lehman*

Best at impersonations/accents: *Keri Charlton and Cody Pelletier*

Best dancer: *Janna van de Sande*

Best drunk dancer: *Emily Doerksen and Ally Dunn*

Most likely to have an existential crisis: *Atanas Dimitrov IV*

Punniest: *Kathleen Simms-Elliott*

Best laugh: *Morgan Drawson and Atanas Dimitrov IV*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *Erik Pervin and Sam Lehman*

Most likely to become an ascetic: *Simon Coll*

Most likely to found a cult: *Emma Rae*

Biggest coffee/tea addiction: *Shannon Helm*

Best at getting the prof off-topic: *Erik Pervin*

Slept through the most classes/discussion groups: *Ally Dunn*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Cody Pelletier*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Sam Lehman, Kathleen Simms-Elliott*

Most cardigans: *Doug Dumais and Jennifer Kempster*

Most likely to have a horrible catchphrase: *Kathleen Simms-Elliott*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Shannon Helm*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Professor Kellow*

Wanderlust

Olivia Sykes

I have feet
that will never cease to wander

and a spirit
that will never rest

and a mind
that is insatiable in its thirst for knowledge

and a need
for continuous change that burns in my chest

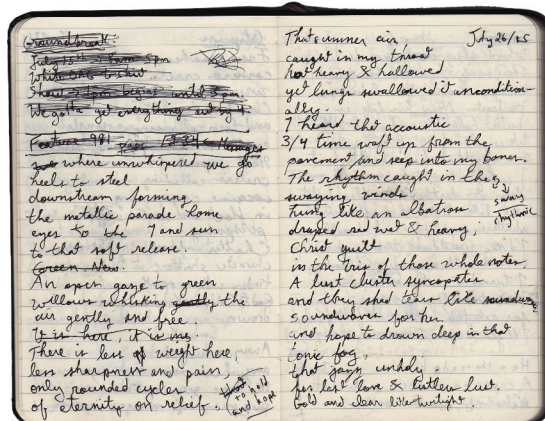
and places
that I cannot die before I see

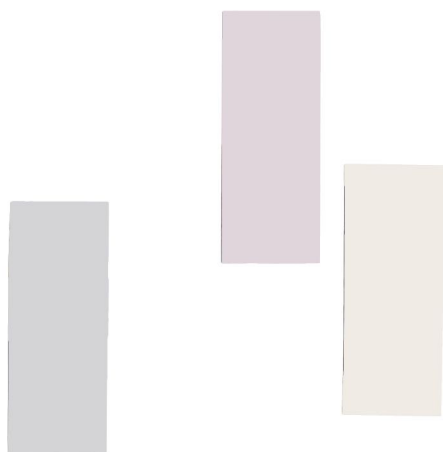
and a heart
that seeks to be filled

and a desire
to think more openly
to be the best version of me
through my movement over lands and across seas

Two Memories

Doug Dumais





San Marco

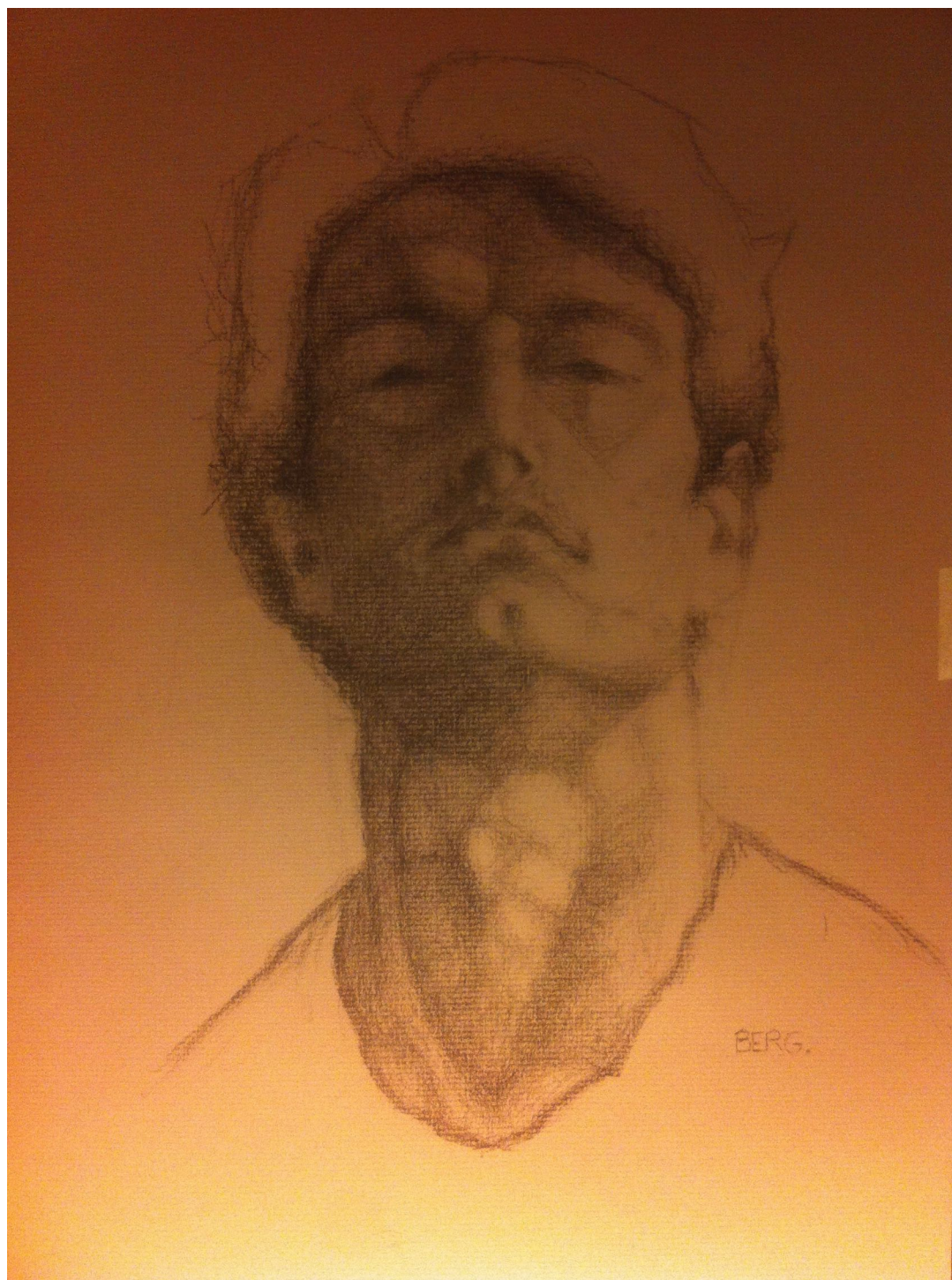
The Plaza;

Quiet Stillness

Quiet Solitude

Selfie

Peter Berg



Kindling Sticks

Ellen Dobbs

My mother told me not to play with fire,
My father taught me how to strike a match,
My sister burnt her fingers black,
And I never learnt a thing.

I set alight my own burial pyre,
With forget-me-nots pinned to my breast,
Kindling sticks snapping bright,
And I never learnt a thing.

Body
Jarid Pretty



This Again

Peter Berg

I don't even need you to listen,
 I just need to talk
 for a while, probably.
 - That's right - to practice for learning what not to say.
 Look
 See
 The thing
 is I know I've done this many times before but
 I get stuck on a pattern.
 Start over.

But all the things I can't say.
 They're why I say these other things.

Lamentations of a New Vegan

Peter Berg

Rage!
 I don't know where to put it anymore.
 I just can't take it out on tofu the way I could on a burger, you know -
 meat proper.
 Sometimes it's all I can do not to punch a baby in the face.
 Oh impotent health!
 As again this week I walk the aisles of the organic produce section of my local grocer I think,
 "What have I become?
 I've spent all my booze money on cucumber and kale.
 I barely have cash for cover.
 What self respecting woman is going to want me now?"

Nausicaa

Travis Poland

My love, my love
The mystery man I met at the water
I long for another moment
With you and no one else
The heart and hands of me
Can belong to you
Why did you depart?
That glimmering body and smooth rolling tongue
What does Phaeacia lack?
Halls, garden, ships,
The love of the gods
Surely a man must be content
But, not the great Odysseus;
The husband of my dreams.
Idleness to him is the world's greatest vice
He prayed for my happiness but, that never will be
When the hero left, happiness left me
If you are out there and listening
Father's offer still stands
You can have me, my glory, this isle and its sceptre.
The divine blood within my veins
Please return
Become my king
I ache for husband, home, and harmony

A ball in a mountain stream

Erik Pervin

As the orange moon's light softly dims

On

clear

water

The birds show me how to sing

Awake No longer

Frowning at their call,

I analyze and opine:

"Today I won't waste time."

[Self-assured] I go and sit,

But still worry about a Fall.

This is always how it starts:

The sun performs its pilgrimage,

And I'm trapped by this image

of a great tragedy,

in which I play all the parts.

But,

The day being blest

The *magna mater* lays down to rest

As the orange moon's light dances once again

On

clear

water

Two Poems

Angela Weiser

Abandonment, a bed of thorns,
All things return, repeat, subside.
We waited far too long.

A weathered writing-desk,
Moss at the end of the garden,
Droplets wrung from wet hair.

One searches for a simple phrase –
A beam of clarity.
This is not the reverie at dusk
In tawny gloom and autumn-scent.
This is the momentary silence,
The quaking weight of the world
For one who sits apart in the crowd.

*

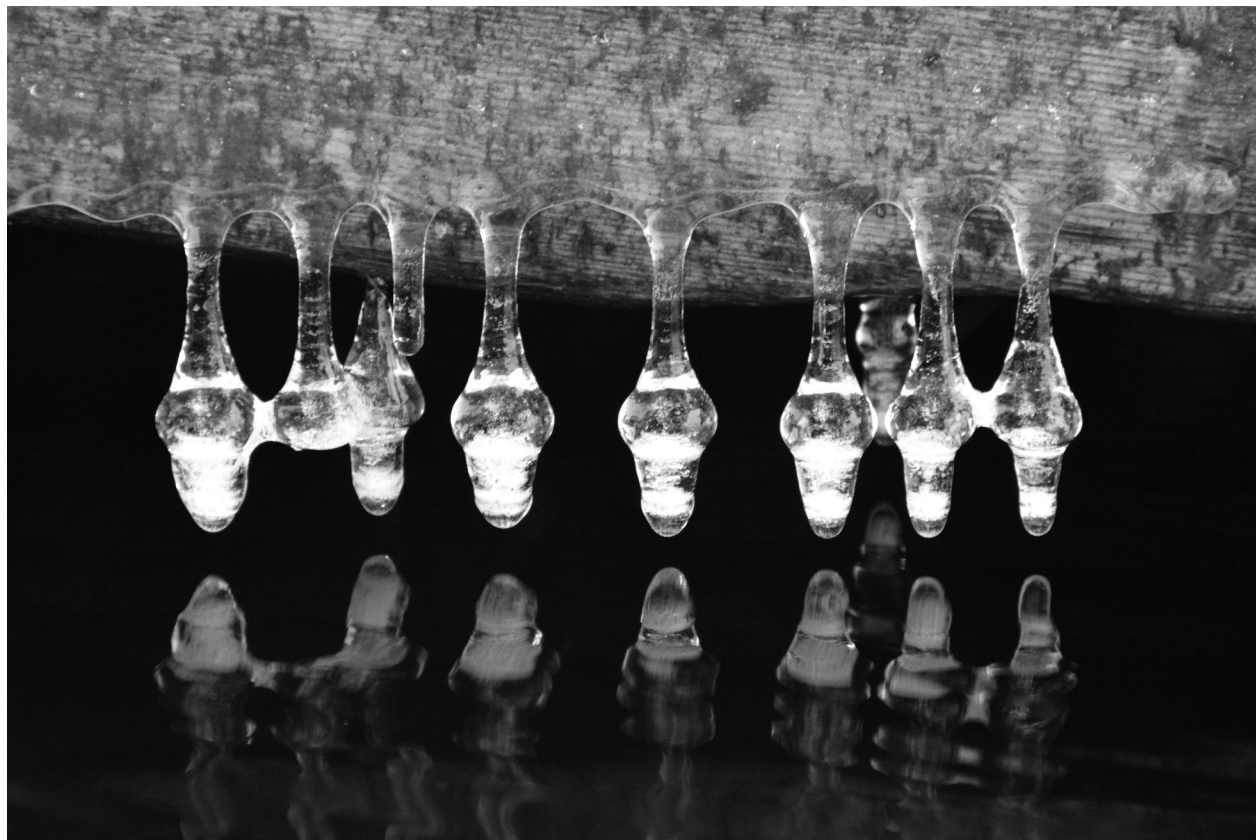
On these mornings, all it takes
Is the dust of sunlight
For all the world to be contained,
Set down on each blade of grass
And on the warm tiles,
Like something almost weightless.

This is the light that lets existence
Be played with, tossed about by the breeze.
Even the shadows murmur,
Tremble in anticipation of the sun,
And soon they too will dissolve
In the golden sheen
That is our world.

Untitled
Jarid Pretty



Untitled
Kathryn Hrycusko



On 'Family Planning'

Bethany Pehora

Now this is going to be very rant-y and maybe my ideas and thoughts are not terribly relevant or important but hey, here goes.

I'm 18 but I like to consider myself what some may call, 'a grown-ass woman'. I pay tuition and my phone bill and rent. I buy boring cereal like generic Corn Flakes, because they're on sale and sugar cereal is horrible for me. I also buy condoms. Cue gasps. Though I'd like to think most of my peers don't give a shit whether I'm sexually active or not because they know that being so doesn't define me. I think I'm surrounded by people who are able to recognize that. I am defined by my love of puns, books, dancing, schoolwork, my family and friends. Not sex.

So I have had occasion to buy condoms because I have no interest in having a kid way too young, or even at all, or letting a STI kill me or decrease my quality of life. The first couple of times I did it, I felt insanely awkward about it. I felt weird carrying this box with me to the cash register, afraid of some harsh judgement that would be laid down on me by the person checking me out. I prayed silently for a young cashier because I hoped they'd be less likely to judge me. But, in the end I realized that they don't give a shit about it and neither should I.

Along with that realization, something began to bother me. When you walk into the pharmacy aisle of a grocery store or into a Shoppers Drug Mart, the way you find condoms is to look for a sign marked "Family Planning".

That small little sign says a lot about our society as a whole. About the way we think and talk about sex.

First of all, the sign isn't upfront. So much of the way we talk about sex in our society is done in euphemisms and whispers. Even in my own sex education classes I had a teacher who managed to speak in only euphemisms. It is so rare to be able to find someone who is willing to candidly speak about sex. I'm even uncomfortable with it. I am also guilty of wanting to talk about sex indirectly, stepping around the meat of the matter because I'm uncomfortable. But is that because I'm an awkward duck, or is it because no one ever talked openly about sex to me until very recently in my life. The likely answer is 'both', as it so often is in this world, but I think that's beside the point.

I believe we should talk more openly about sex in our society, first and foremost because sex can be, very literally, risky business. As there are risks in any situation. But learning how you can avoid those risks makes the experience a lot less anxiety-inducing and a lot more enjoyable. And all this starts with open and clear communication. Whispering about sex and avoiding talking about it because it can be uncomfortable doesn't help.

On another point, signs such as these assert the purpose of sex to be, primarily, reproduction. They make the assumption that I, as a young woman, do not want to have a family right now, but I will want to eventually. I am planning my family for the future, but I do not want that family at this moment. That's bullshit. That makes me feel the same way my mother buying a hand-knitted baby sweater "for the grand-babies" makes me feel. Pressured. I don't want to have kids. I don't think I will ever want to have kids.

Not only does the expression "family planning" ignore people like me who will likely never have sex for reproductive purposes, it also negates that sex can be purely for pleasure. And that negation has been surrounding sex for generations. Centuries even. People should never have

to be ashamed of their sexuality because it manifests itself in ways that are not for the continuation of our species. Sex feels good. There should never be any shame in that.

Maybe it's silly to make so many assumptions about society from one simple sign. Maybe I'm being an entitled millennial liberalist, picking at every little thing in society. If so, oh well. I realized it bothered me and I wanted to say something about it. Maybe I'm the only person who's ever thought about this particular, tiny, phenomenon in so much detail. Maybe it has bothered someone else before. But think about it.

Sunshine

Shannon Lee

The rain falls gently.
Behind the clouds, the sun waits,
'Till she can return.

A Window in a Classroom

Travis Poland

Convoluting days
Empty stares across the room
Dead leaves falling...Doomed

Oh What a Noble Mind

Colin Mylrea

A crown of lilies,
Bound in ultramarine silk,
Kept close by Hades.

Daydream
Jackie Bradbury-Jost



The Bridge

Caitlin Bouwma

I paused. The familiar scent of moss, rotting logs and damp dirt surrounded me like a thick blanket. Although I had once become accustomed to the dense aroma of the woods, it never failed to draw me near. However lovely the fragrance of the forest was, there was another element which had a far greater pull.

Glancing into the lively woodland glades, I continued down the small path that guided my way. A final turn; and there it stood. Its sturdy frame arched gracefully over the sparkling brook that trickled underneath. The timeless wood that bound it together acted as a road keeping me safe from the dangers below. Finely crafted railings on either side permitted me to lean far over, staring deep into the young river –yet never falling.

It had been a long time since I had traversed to this place, this childhood haven. And as floodgates release torrents of water, so my memories came flooding back. To the countless hours spent watching tiny fish gather like a brigade fighting the mild current. To the peaceful moments here, soaking in the warm sun, getting lost in the soothing sound of pacing water.

I traced my fingers along the ancient grooves etched into the wood, silently praising the masters who artfully crafted such a structure. Did they know the importance it could have to me? Years before I found this small sanctuary, could they have fashioned it with me in mind? Surely they couldn't have known how much it could affect the young child I once was.

Captivated again, like I so often used to be, I sat upon the weathered frame. A soft wind whispered to the trees and caressed the skin on my face. It may have been hours that I remained there, or mere minutes, yet those precious moments I spent on the arch above the stream felt like a lifetime. From my first encounter with the raised walkway, I had instantly fallen in love. The place had become my shelter, my refuge. I had retreated there in days of pain, excitement or during the days of melancholy.

I smiled at the joys of my past, and wept for the regrets. All the while clinging to my haven, my childhood friend –never stirring, never disappointing. But now as I reminisced the years of old, I knew I had come here for a final farewell.

My weakened estate has deteriorated to the point where the end is in full view. The battle within my body is coming to a rapid close. My breaths are shaky, not from the tears I've shed, but from the pain in my chest. I've realized that the victory can only be mine as it draws me forward, beyond into a paradise outside all comprehension. And though my wooden, blessed utopia has shone such light into my life; I am being released into a greater bliss.

As the smiling sun began to call me forward, I stood. Looking over my shoulder I snuck one long last glance at my precious spot. Finally at peace with what comes hereafter, I held back tears as I left my bridge.

Summer Dance

Caitlin Bouwma

There is a dance of summer time
That lasts all season long,
The pace could be lively, exhilarating,
While times it may be calm.

The music is played by none but the birds,
While the leaves applaud as they sing.
Partners wait as they stand by,
But the Dancer is the Wind.

The Dancer is swift be full of grace
As it carries its partners around.
It gently glides through every tune
Until a new partner is found.

Its first dance belongs to the grass;
Together they laugh as they spin.
But the rippling grass must bid farewell,
For the Wind, a new dance begins.

And now the Dancer gathers speed
As it lifts the wings of the bird.
The more they dance, the higher they soar
'Till their song no longer is heard.

With perfect poise the Dancer dips,
And begins to waltz with the sea.
Side by side they peacefully drift,
Swirling so elegantly.

The birds chirp a lively song
As the Dancer slips through the trees.
They whisper, giggle and sway with the Wind
As it prances through their leaves.

Finally, finally it's my turn to dance,
I spin softly inside its embrace.
The Dancers fresh, tender touch
Caress my arms, skin, my face.

But, like before the wind has left,
And I'm left within a trance.
I watch the Wind continue along,
In this joyful, summer dance.

First Winter, 2014
35" x 14"
Oil on Wood Panel
Ryan Dubney



December

Hannah Fleming

Something luminous brought such darkness
such darkness that morning became midnight
and a home became a black hole.

Darkness reached out its arms to smother us
licking, gnashing to feed itself
belching thick streams of grey
like fallen storm clouds that brought no rain.

We left darkness to claim new ground,
and dawn opened the sky to let us breathe
but when I close my eyes
I can still see the door to hell.

Wellington Street

Troy Curtis



I was at on the corner of Wellington and Elgin trying to find a good angle to see the Peace Tower when a couple, who had just crossed the road to the median I was on, stopped and stood a few feet from me for a few seconds, waiting for the next light to change. I felt kind of awkward with a tripod in my hand-just realizing then that I was wearing my mom's Hot Paws since I couldn't find another pair of gloves in the house. I thought the guy would comment on them to get the girl to laugh. But just as the light turned yellow, I noticed the guy turn to his other half and softly say "I love you" before starting their next journey together across the street.

An image for a frantic eye

Joey Baker

The mind is like a great sphere
one with all, whose spinning
'here' is being.

When a sphere rolls –
picture it slowly –
as dimly through a fog that climbs
to just shy of its top,
its infinite points each of a turn
emerge, touch the light
for a moment to become the driving
weight that, dropping forwards,
pulls it all down, throws
another to surface.

Movement gives shape to bulk.

The crowning appearance becomes momentum,
and momentum becomes speed until
the once full, weighty sphere
loses definition
in a whirling blur,
dirty air in crosswinds
blowing, heavy-hanging
stillness burst with
frenzy.

This being is for the eye,
gathered to its every shift
self-standing whole-becoming
over and again, until
each sight borders on
blinking and the straining
eye must close.

Moonbeam

Kayla Dold

After the crepuscular hour, she danced along a moonbeam.

The ingénue pranced amongst the
plethora of kumquat phloem.

Along the phloem each plant grew a crusty leaf.

Though retch she did, the lass
opened her quintessential sac.

Her dalliance in the field was cut short
by her vital need for kumquat pus.

The pus would go into a great
elixir that would cure her grandmother.

Her mother's mother had a well-worn sock,
which chafe the inside of her leg.

There grew a great pimple of
astounding pimply size-
that caused the poor old woman to cuss the day away.

The elixir would soon cause the
evanescence of the red pustule.

The felicity of the old woman would
be a gift to the young maiden's soul.

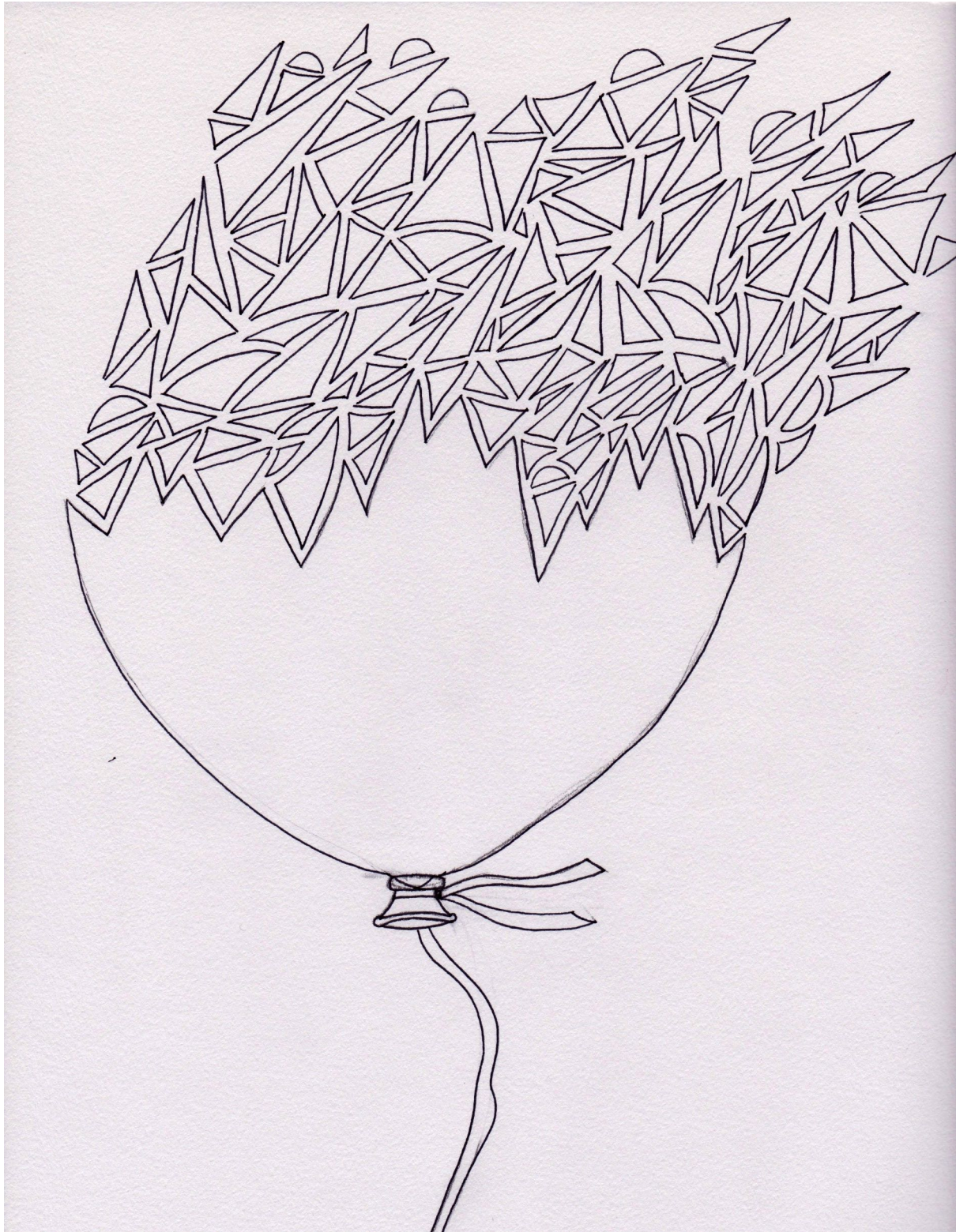
The serendipity of the leg's cure
would save the village from her grandmother's curse.

Your Death

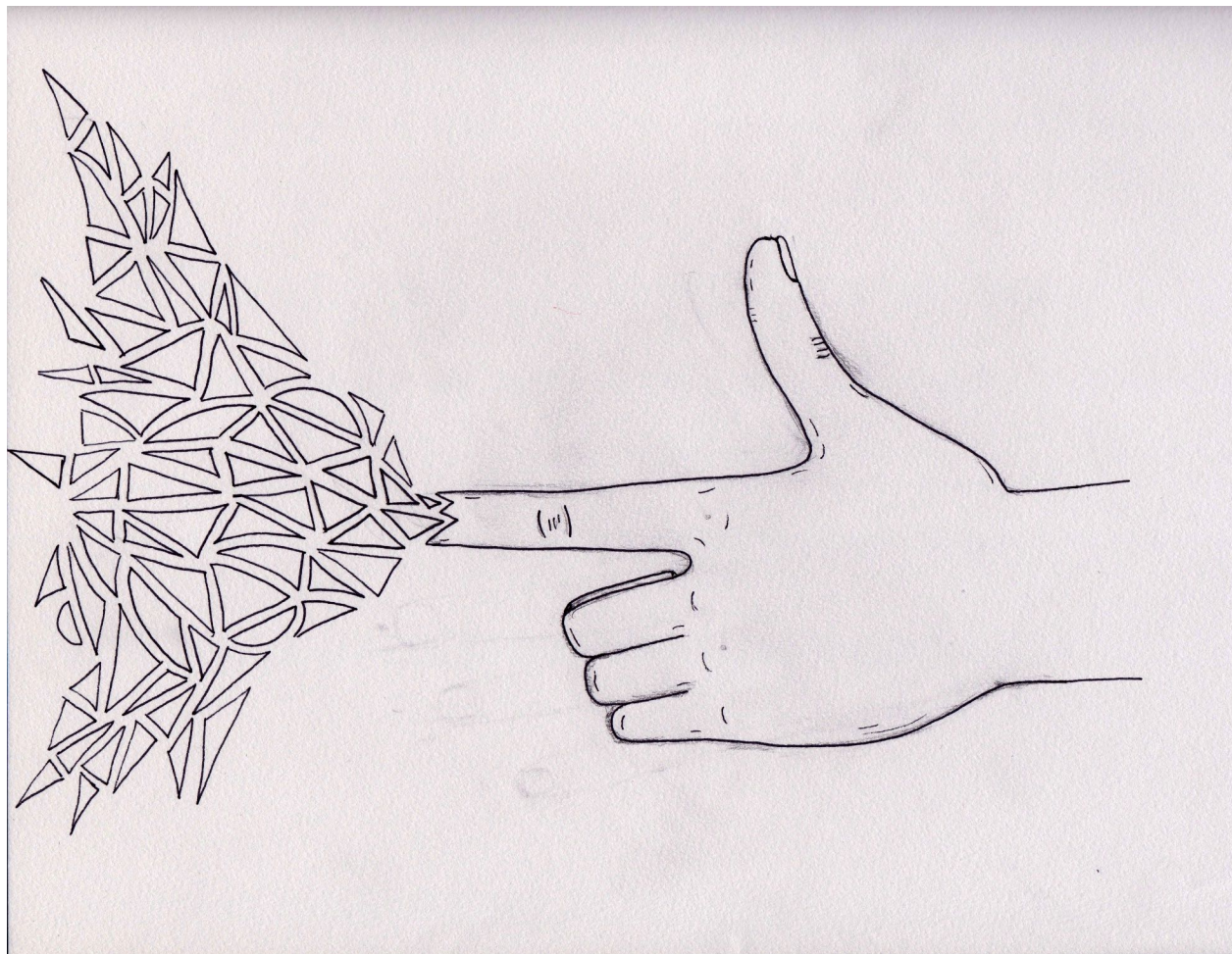
Lisette Donald

Your death left me forever changed.
I miss you everyday.
But I can't allow myself to cry, because letting the pain in hurts.
It's too much work to dry my eyes on my shirt,
My mascara running —
As fast as you'd see me running, like lighting.
If only to get one chance to hold your hand,
Wrap myself in your embrace and kiss your face.
Tell you "I love you" over again and again.
Little did you know, but you were my very best friend.
Without you, I'm only what can be left...
A person filled with sadness and distress.
I'm trying my hardest not to get depressed,
For the sake of everyone, who wants me to have the best.
But Lord knows how easy it is to digress,
He can shake his head at me all he wants,
I'm still going to sin all I want,
Smoking threes and filling up my cup
Because those are the necessities that take the pain away,
And numb me the way I like.
Until the day my spirit finds her, and I walk into the light.

Untitled
Caroline Williams



Untitled
Caroline Williams



Boys

Ellen Dobbs

Me and Jesse had a great hide-out spot. In the forest behind our house there was a muddy little island in the middle of a huge swampy part. It was surrounded by water except for a narrow path of mud leading to it. The island was relatively dry, and we had a log all smoothed out to sit on. It was only a few meters from the house, but the trees shielded us from view. The only people who could see us back there were the ones on the trains that screamed past up on the hill, but they didn't count because they couldn't tattle on us anyways.

We used to go out there on Saturday mornings while we waited for Mom to make breakfast. She used to say that from Friday night to Sunday afternoon she wasn't responsible for anyone's wake-ups, mealtimes or bed times. She'd sleep in on Saturdays, but she'd always end up making breakfast despite herself. It was always pancakes with fruit, or French toast, or something good. Mom was the best at breakfasts.

Jesse and I used to play all kinds of games. We made swords out of sticks, and once we tried to make a tree fort, but there wasn't enough branches low enough for us to reach. Sometimes we'd bring our lunches back there, and sometimes in the summer we would bring our friends back, too. We lived pretty far outside of town, though, so that wasn't too often. Mostly it was a place just for us two. Our place to be brothers.

As we got older, though, the games got less fun. Jesse was a grade ahead of me, so he was always acting so smart. He'd tell me off if I replayed a battle wrong.

"No, they didn't attack like that. Why would they bother going around the sides?"

I got fed up one Saturday while we were waiting for Mom to finish making waffles inside. I threw down my stick sword in frustration, it stuck straight up, right in the mud.

"Why do you have to keep acting like you're smarter than me?" I yelled, Jesse was standing up on a little ridge of dry land, he was supposed to be a king today.

Jesse laughed his scornful big-brother laugh.

"Because I am smarter, pipsqueak." His blond hair was shining in the sunlight, his ripped jeans didn't look right on him anymore.

"Don't you call me that! Mom said you can't call me that anymore!" I screamed at him, my voice sounded shrill in my ears. I was small for my age, I hated it.

"Well moms not here, is she?" Jesse countered, he crossed his arms and leaned all his weight to one side. He had a smug grin on his face, and I wanted to make it go away.

“Just shut up!” I yelled again, my fingers were tingly at the ends, like my molecules were coming all apart. It felt dangerous to be screaming like that. Like I didn’t have a proper handle on my own body.

Every time the train passed I could feel all the people looking down at us: two little boys, one leering down from his ridge of dry dirt, the other screaming in the mud. It just made me even madder, the rushing of the train, the judgment of all those strangers.

“I hate you! I wish you weren’t my brother anymore!” I screamed, my voice was all ripped up. Jesse’s face froze. For the first time since we’d started fighting, I’d said something that got to him.

“You don’t mean that, Davey.”

“Yes I do! You used to be so fun, now you’re just mean!”

“Aw you big baby, go take your *nap* Davey.” He shot back, tightening his arms across his chest. “You know what? I’m leaving. I don’t want to fight with you anymore, anyways.” He turned away from me and stated picking his way through the mud and leaves.

The anger that had been bubbling in my chest just about boiled over, it wasn’t fair. He was so mean to me and he didn’t even see it. I wasn’t done yelling. I grabbed my sword stick out of the mud and threw it at Jesse’s back, hard.

It almost didn’t make sense when he yelled in pain. The rip in his shirt was quickly edged in red, a long cut opened along his shoulder and a little way down his spine.

“David, what the Hell?” Jesse screamed at me. Finally, finally his smirk was gone. His face quickly went blotchy red and he clutched at his shoulder, half turning back to me. Tears began running from his eyes.

I stood frozen in one spot, all the anger had drained out my feet and into the mud. My mouth hung open, but all the pressure was gone from my chest, and I couldn’t push any words out.

Jesse turned and stumbled quickly through the underbrush, I heard his breathing go ragged with sobs. Mom was going to be so mad. Maybe I wouldn’t even get breakfast today.

I couldn’t stop thinking about how long the cut had been, how the blood was such a bright red. The water was seeping into my shoes, I wished the swamp would swallow me up.

Another train went by, and this time all they would see was me, a small boy in the middle of a mess of trees and mud, alone.

Fourth Year Superlatives

Most likely to go on pilgrimage: *Henry Bertoia and Joey Baker*

Most sarcastic: *Mason Krawczyk*

Most likely to brighten your day: *Hannah Fleming*

Fleekest eyebrows: *Keri Charlton (honourable mention to Andi Finlay)*

Best beard: *Matt Zammit*

Gilgamesh and Enkidu of your year: *Hannah Fleming and Tatiana Armengol*

Best at impersonations/accents: *Keri Charlton (honourable mention to Henry Bertoia)*

Best dancer: *Tatiana Armengol*

Best drunk dancer: *Doug Dumais*

Most likely to have an existential crisis: *Alex Pilon*

Punniest: *Maggie Dewar*

Best laugh: *Hannah Fleming*

Most likely to become a professor at the college: *John Ryan*

Biggest coffee/tea addiction: *Henry Bertoia*

Best at getting the prof off-topic: *Alex Pilon*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Henry Bertoia*

Most likely to leave everything they own in the lounge: *Isabel McMurray*

Most cardigans: *Doug Dumais*

Most likely to not get Plato but pretend they do: *Augustine*

Most likely to wear glasses but not need them: *Heidegger*

Most likely to own more than 3 cats: *Isabel McMurray and Hannah Fleming*

Most disliked book from this year of HUMS: tie between *Hegel's "Phenomenology of Spirit"* & *Hedley Bull "Anarchical Society"*

Prof you'd most like to be BFF's with: *Professor Cameron and Professor Rajae*

Night-Music Odyssey

Maggie Dewar

There, I met a man named
Cola who had to ask
why the church was still
lit at 2am, but could tell
me why I was still lit then.
“Can you feel it, always,
the night pressing?” Yes,
I just push it back. Even if
we were able to escape it
you wouldn’t, nor I.
I put my lips to the ear
of this Strange Man in this
Stranger Town and told him
I was ashamed that I was
going home with him,
but he said “Shut up and
fall in love with me while
hoping tomorrow’s sunrise
is the colour of Please Stay.”

Pilirani -A True Story

Caitlin Bouwma

Asiyileni was awakened just before midnight by the ominous sensation that something was wrong. The rain continued to thunder against the thatched roof; a ceaseless volley of arrows plummeting from the sky. But Asiyileni had grown accustomed to the sound -it was not the rain that woke her. Sitting up, she placed a hand on her nine-month pregnant belly –but baby inside was not the cause either. She glanced at the frame of her husband beside her, drawing comfort from his undisturbed sleep. Perhaps she had only imagined the foreboding feeling.

As if on cue, distant shouts followed by a deep rumble permeated through the rain, shattering the consolation she had experienced just moments before. The ground began to tremble as what seemed like a rolling tremor drew closer to the mud hut. Asiyileni had experienced an earthquake some three or four years earlier, but she did not recognise the muffled sound that seemed to be coming from the earth. Cries became louder and more urgent; the rumble growing into an echoing roar. Just as Asiyileni shook her husband awake, panicking in the confusion of the moment, the wall adjacent to them exploded. Water along with fragments of house came pouring into their home, abruptly announcing what disaster they were experiencing; flood!

Asiyileni had spent the entirety of her twenty-one years living under the unpredictable skies of Malawi, Africa; while she had experienced her fair share of disaster, nothing could have prepared her for the devastation this flood would bring. The heavens had been pouring down upon them without faltering for nearly a week. Periods of heavy rain are typical to the Malawi rainy season, but this year was much different. This year, it was not only the water falling from the sky, but the waters of the river bordering the village that would be their downfall.

The men had done their best to restrain the rising river using sandbags and boulders. They built up the sides forming a blockade of sorts, preventing water from overflowing and seeping into the village. As the rushing waters continued to rise, their man-made barricade followed suit. The rains kept descending, and the river kept surging upward. At midnight on the seventh day of continuous rain the angry river refused to be imprisoned any longer. As an army breaches the walls of the enemy fortress, so the river forced through the dikes, surging into the village, plundering everything in its path.

As Asiyileni stood in the rising waters, frozen with panic and fear, it was her husband who was the first to react. Running from the village, he reasoned, was out of the question; Asiyileni could barely walk with the weight of their unborn child resting heavy in her. The only option was to reach higher ground, and to get there quickly. The water was already waist-deep as they rushed from their house toward the only place they anticipated to be safe –a small stable that housed several untidy goats. Asiyileni was swept into the arms of her husband, who carried her through the rising waters, fighting against the raging current.

Outside their tattered home, the situation was much worse than Asiyileni had imagined it could be. The darkness of the night concealed the extent of the havoc the flood was wreaking, but frantic cries of men, women and children could be heard over the thunder of the condemning river. Children were being pushed up the highest trees; those who could swim were boldly helping those who could not. As much as Asiyileni wished to rush to the aid of the village, her only thoughts were of the child that was just days away from delivery. Would she be able to make it through this disaster? What would become of her, of her child? *Hold on*, she told herself, *Just keep holding on*.

Morning came, and with it, light. Asiyileni was able to see that the waters had not subsided through the night, but it was clear how much the flood had swallowed. Like a thief in the night, the indiscriminate river had come and stolen nearly all of what little they had. Where there was once houses, only water. Entire fields of maize, the staple food in Malawi, were completely swept away. Banana orchards had been uprooted, the trees carried with the current from the flood. Blankets and clothing -all of their belongings had been pillaged by the river. Asiyileni wept for the losses that not just she, but the whole village had suffered. She wept for her inability to help, for the hopelessness she felt. She wept for the first sights that her baby would see –utter devastation. *You must stay strong*, her husband would tell her. *Just hold on*.

Asiyileni stayed in her safe-haven, the goats' barn, for seven days until the waters receded. During that time, family members would come and bring her food and other provisions, keeping her as comfortable and healthy as possible. As the days pressed on, Asiyileni knew that she was running out of time until her baby's arrival. If the flooding didn't stop soon, she would have to deliver in the barn. Beyond the four walls of Asiyileni's stable, children were finally able to climb down from the trees, scavenging for food, or any other valuable that might have survived the disaster. The sun had finally broke through the clouds, allowing for a much-needed respite in the storm. While the circumstance did not seem to be looking up for the village, the shining sun allowed for hope, and *holding on* became a more plausible concept to Asiyileni.

Three months have passed since the day of disaster. The waters had receded after a week, the river's rage abated, flowing back in its bed; its wake of destruction leaving a permanent mark on the village. With their maize crops still in ruin, the people are running out of things to eat. Many of them still reside in the tents provided to them by relief workers –the rainy season still preventing them from rebuilding and replanting. While Asiyileni has managed to get by, she is still uncertain of what tomorrow may hold.

Asiyileni smiled at the midday sun, reflecting on all that had happened. "Even though this has happened, we still thank God," Asiyileni commented as she sat amongst her friends, "I cannot stay mad towards God, because I know that at the end of the day, he gave us life." Sleeping peacefully against her chest is her healthy, three-month-old daughter. Asiyileni held her close, swaying gently as a soft breeze caressed her skin. In the years to come, people will ask about the significance of her daughter's name, and she will offer them a bittersweet smile, "Pilirani? It means *hold on*."

catnap

Isabel McMurray



Who am I?

Kayla Dold

I applaud you, my son, for your accomplishments. I see your supporters are many and your reign steady. You have accomplished what I had never done. In this, even if a slight insult, I take pride. You are a son of Scotland, and I see that Buchanan has instructed you to hold steadfast to your beliefs. It is with dismay, however, that these beliefs are so divergent from those I would have hoped to remain as my legacy. In reflection, how could I have expected such from the men who capsized my throne? You were just a child, my child, but the crimes against my legacy and the True Religion are great. You- perhaps Buchanan- are responsible.

My son, fate has played to your side. Two monarchies, which have eluded me all my life, are under your control. Your head rests under a dual crown, while mine lies on a on a isolated block. My crimes are none; I was faithful and devote unto my last words. Now, I stand here hoping you will be blessed in the eyes of God.

God is forgiving. Heretics are not. But what use do you have with the Papacy? You have united two kingdoms through the kinship of Protestants, such as those faithful to Rome could never accomplish.

I beseech you, my son, to open your eyes. Who were your family? Were you not washed in baptismal waters once, long ago? Did you sell the pearls of your rosary? Where are the tapestries? What have you done to my chapel?

Forgive me, I have forgotten myself. Your majesty, please give me leave, I am not well. The still, sour, sullen air of that tower was my death, not the block. Please, give me leave. But wait... you already have.

I will pray for you. A martyr's prayers will be heard.

Hail Mary, full of Grace, the Lord is with thee.

Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.

Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now, and at the hour of death.

Ave Maria, gratia plena,

Dominus tecum,

benedicta tu in mulieribus...

Pray for us sinners now... Pray for us sinners now... Pray...

At the hour of our death.

Death.

Amen.



Declaration of Intent

Caitlin Bouwma

What is to write? What is to imagine, to create? What is to express your deepest thoughts, your wildest fantasies? What is to inform, to share, to deliver?

What is to write? How can one explain the smell of a wizened fir tree? Or convey the soft caress of the wind? How can one re-create a feeling of sentiment, of remorse, of childish love? How does one spark a memory by a mention of the sun's glow, or ignite a flame of unquenchable passion by a pen stroke?

To write, to write. To fall into the enchantment, under its cunning spell. A thousand words to tell a story, yet none to satisfy a pen. The ink runs dry, but the hand remains in motion.

What is to write? More than display a new set of stars, but to live under them. To walk new pastures, inhale its fresher air. To live and die in a land beyond our own, only to return to relay the tales.

To write; to express each emotion as it were your own. To capture the feelings, thoughts, senses of one person, and deliver it upon another. Not simply give account of your speculations, but invite all others to experience with equal perceptions.

What is to write?

Not merely allow a page to fill with marks, but to satisfy a mind with countless thoughts. To write; it is not a physical act, but a motion to which you lose yourself. It is to become what you are writing. To become the tale, the passion. To write is to become.

Contributor Biographies

Alex Bozinoff

Andrea Pitre-Desrochers

For as long as **Angela Weiser** can remember, she has simply enjoyed fiddling with words. If you're curious, her favourite poets are probably Fernando Pessoa and Pär Lagerkvist.

Anita Sengupta is passionate about music, fine art and writing. She holds a Grade 10 Royal Conservatory of Music certificate in piano and a Grade 6 certificate in voice. She studied fine art for four years and holds a Visual Arts Certificate from Lisgar Collegiate Institute and enjoys writing poems, prose and short stories.

Bethany Pehora is a first year hums student who loves puns and talking about herself in the third person. Semi-professional awkward duck. Professional panicker. Amateur adult.

Brendan Davey is a first year Humanities student and scatter-brained creator. His main inspirations currently are Jello Biafra, Jason Williamson and Stefan Burnett. When he grows up he would like to be an astronaut.

Beyond **Caitlin Bouwma**'s love for writing comes a passion for adventure, sunshine, friends, and her Christian faith. Opportunity tends to present itself in mysterious ways, and she has been blessed with the discovery of many experiences. She is most anticipating the sunny days of summer and life as it develops over the coming years.

Caroline Williams is a 3rd year student with a deep appreciation for President's Choice White Cheddar Mac & Cheese. She wants to move to Vermont and ski amongst the hippies and the trees. She also likes lying in bed for many hours whilst watching bad Rom-Coms.

Colin Mylrea is a first year student of the BHums program and a literary dilettante par excellence. While he said he would be the next Jean Cocteau when he was younger, he would settle for being either the next Colette or the next Dorothy Parker at this point. When not writing, Colin can be found consuming unhealthy amount of coffee or wasting time on Tumblr.

Doug Dumais comes in three convenient sizes. For best results, please consult the instructions (sold separately).

Ellen Dobbs has three things she really loves in life: writing, flying, and bread.

Emma Rae wants to read a little less and create a lot more. In her third year, she is starting to see the world in another new way for the umpteenth time, and desires to explore, design, and think more abstractly. She is also starting to choose coffee over tea. The horror!

Erik Pervin might just be the jack-of-all-trades, master of none. He loves conversation and learning about what gets other people excited, as well as going out into the world and trying his hand at whatever seems new and challenging. Studying a mash of sciences and arts, he is unsure (but oh so excited about) his future. He has no plans, but to spread smiles wherever they are needed most.

Graeme O'Farrell is presumably a human being who does things, as well as a Humanities and Philosophy major at Carleton University, a musician, writer, and general shit-disturber who continues to hatch new creative schemes to make short but daring escape attempts from his hometown, mostly by writing poems, songs and stories that can magically translate into bus tickets and airfare.

Hannah Fleming enjoys shooting her garbage into bins from afar #lebron

Isabel McMurray thinks that Hannah Arendt might have gotten her philosophy of art wrong.

Jackie Bradbury-Jost is a first year BioHums student with an interest in visual arts. She is still trying to figure out how she will finish all of her assigned readings within her lifetime.

Jarid Pretty is partial to NDP's, doodling during class. Might be your dad. ketel. Sprite. 90's hockey cards.

Joey Baker is in his final year in the Bachelor of the Humanities. He is a philosopher and sometimes a poet, but is not sure how he'll continue to be these things after graduation.

Jon Brownlee

Julia Craig is in first year of Bio Hums, and likes to cycle, paint, draw, and of course read. (Like seriously she read way too much, she's kept a list since mid 2011 and she's breaching the 400 book mark). And she's from the remarkably unremarkable city of Mississauga.

Kathryn Hrycusko is a second year Hums student who is still trying to figure out why taking photos of rocks, ice and the simple things of nature can be so darn amusing. She also has a lovely collection of rocks and shells, though unfortunately the ice collection did not keep so well.

Kayla Dold's... unique... laugh can be heard anywhere on third floor Paterson- #représente! An avid collector of anything printed and bound, she is forever reevaluating which books she'd save in a house fire (Harry Potter and the Order of the Phoenix if nothing else... or The Magician's Nephew... or The Secret Garden... or... help!). Very studious, just as ridiculous, and always up for a Pirates of the Caribbean Marathon (mmmmm Orlando Bloom).

Lindsay Tannahill – “Isabel, I’m in class.”

Lisette Donald is from Mississauga, Ontario. She studying Journalism and Humanities. She likes to read and write poems and short stories, usually at 3 in the morning.

Maggie Dewar is a reluctant returnee from Scotland who spends most of her time staring melodramatically out the window of a café pretending to be important as she knits absent-mindedly. #2deep4u and #2legit2quit

Margaret Russell promises she does know how to science despite her poetry not reflecting how it works. She also does not like Ottawa but has decided Hums is worth it.

Mason Krawczyk “306”

Molly McGuire is a first year who would sooner write a bio about herself than finish the Hebrew Bible readings for her next class. Furthermore, she believes that one is never fully dressed without a smile.

Olivia Sykes is a proud HUMSCHUM, bibliophile, poutine connoisseur, tea enthusiast, and aspiring crazy dog lady, who enjoys spending her days building her future library by buying as many books as she can.

Peter Berg - "I'll let you know when I know."

Rachel Johnson has always loved art in all forms, but painting and photography have a special place in her heart. She took art all through high school and managed to pick up a few things along the way.

Ryan Dubney "Make it up for me. If possible include a plug to facebook.com/ryandubneyart for anybody who wants to see more."

Shanna Markee describes herself as a writer and loves words. Some of her favourites are eldritch, octopi, cadence, miscellaneous, mellifluous and hippopotomonstrosesquipedaliophobia. She lives in a magical world filled with books, gnomes and cats.

Shannon Lee smells like old popcorn and sadness.

Travis Poland is still thinking about what to put for his North Bio.

Troy Curtis: It's been over a year and a half since we studied the Iliad and, to my disappointment, I still haven't been subject to a joke about my name. The thought that it may never happen has really put me in a bit of Chryseis. Just trying to get the ball rolling...

Zachary Smart is a first year student in the BJHum program at Carleton. He's only started writing recently but he always like hearing what people think of his stuff. If his work speaks to even one person out there he'd love to hear it.

Floating
Colin Penny



Professor Quotations

"I will die. Justin Trudeau will die. Geoff Kellow will die!" – Professor Rajae

"My grandma loved existentialism. When I was seven she invited me to parties where they were only wearing chaps... She was in fashion." – Professor Stephenson

"I like TVs and cake and bourbon and sex – preferably all at the same time." – Professor MacIsaac

"I like the reference to the reading. It pleases me greatly." – Professor Pettipiece

"What's a decadent lens? And can I have one?" – Professor MacIssac

[Phone ringing] "Why do people call me? I don't even like it." – Professor Pettipiece

"I was traumatized by Beyoncé." – Professor MacIssac

"Con-SAUL-idate." – Professor Stratton

"I mean what do you go onto the Internet for, Sex and Food? Not that I do, I just know people who do." – Professor Dolansky

"Wow, piss my pants! They've just been destroyed by the Assyrians." – Professor Stratton

"I am a sucker for soft saxophone." – Professor Rajae

"Oh no, human contact!" Professor Kellow, upon being hugged by Professor Rajae

[about the Buddha] "He's gone. He's a deadbeat dad." – Professor Salmond

"We've solved your religious problem for you, here's a refrigerator." – Professor Stratton

"The technical term for anomaly is weird shit." – Professor Pettipiece

North Superlatives

Most likely to derail a North meeting and talk about pop culture: *Colin*

Most likely to get a North tattoo: *Isabel*

Spent the most \$\$\$ at Mike's Place this year: *Lindsay*

Most likely to jump you in a lounge and give you a huge hug: *Jade*

Most likely to go and live on a farm: *Lindsay*

Most likely to get arrested for stalking a celebrity: *Shannon and Colin*

Most likely to actually take a real shower: *Emma*

Most likely to pull a Kanye West for not winning this superlative: *Colin*

Most likely to pull a Matt Damon and need rescuing: *Emma*

Most likely to start singing in the middle of a North meeting: *Lindsay*

Most likely to use slang that no one else understands: *Shannon and Colin*

Most hummus: *Isabel*

misperception

Isabel McMurray

snowy parking-lot.
teabag looks like a dead mouse.
that would have been gross.

Predrink

Colin Penny



Eulogy to the Napkin

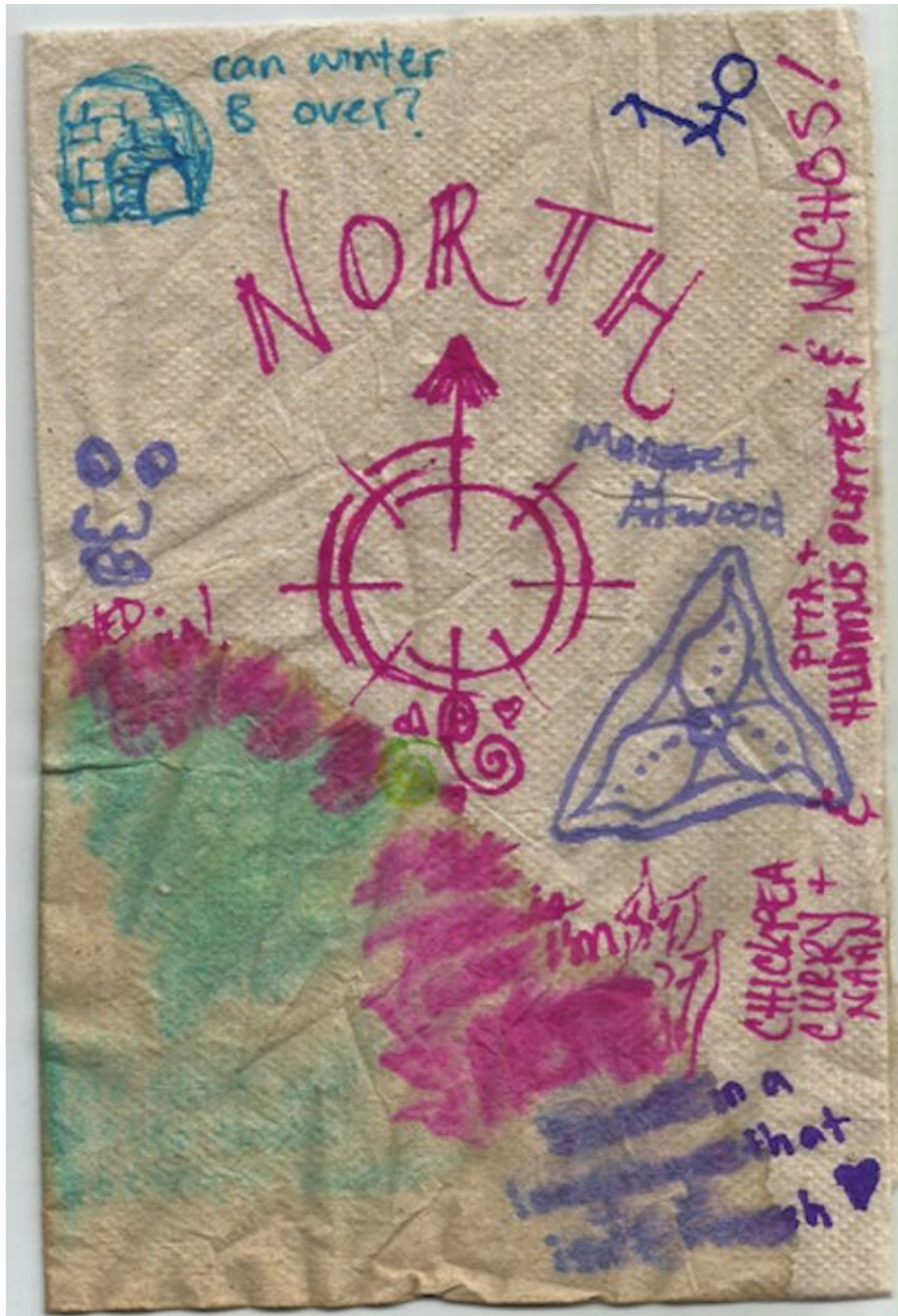
Dearly beloved, we are gathered here today to remember a napkin. It came to us from Mike's Place on March 9th, the evening that this journal slowly began to take shape under the watchful eyes of your North representatives.

It was a good napkin. It was a napkin from a long line of North editing night napkins, and it did its ancestors proud. It withstood the bright colours of our fine-tipped Paper-Mate markers as we doodled absentmindedly, while we deliberately sketched small snapshots of sweet jokes and silly memories that we have since forgotten. It stood by us while we failed miserably at the weekly trivia night at Mike's Place, and didn't judge anyone for getting that question about prose wrong. It faithfully bore the weight of the papers we lost it under for a while, and greeted us brightly when we found it again.

But it was too good for this world. At the end of the night, when we were heavy with sleep and with too many nachos, when our hearts and minds were filled with the beautiful submissions we had read over, the napkin passed from our lives. It fell victim to a sudden flood of tepid Guinness across the table, colours bleeding and mixing as our sketches and doodles seeped into each other and were lost. We did our best to resuscitate it, to dab away that delicious stout and bring our napkin back to its original glory. But we were too late. The napkin was gone.

It was a good napkin, and we have preserved its memory here for you to see our labour of love. Long may we remember it.

The Napkin





KEEP
IT
REAL