
Behind the Mask

Everybody has a story that will break your heart.
All you need to do is open your eyes
and see into their hearts.
Watch the memories of others
See the fear, hate, regret, and pain hidden within.
Look away from the acts and the lies
and look to the truth hidden behind the mask...
Find who they truly are underneath it all.
We all have a story to hide.

By: *Trucker*

Cottage Life

As I sit on the edge of the dock, I gaze out onto the still lake. My eyes follow the tiny water striders dancing up and down, as if to avoid being submerged by raindrops; however, the constant buzz of a June Bug indicates there will be no rain today. Other than the small ripples created by the minute insects, the water lies serene. The atmosphere, as well as the lake, has an unique warmth to it. One I've been aching for, for so long. Even though the impression this year lingers so different from those in the past, the memories do lie on the surface. However this isn't a time for dwelling, nor reconciliation; it is simply time. I hear my mother's laugh echo across the lake as dad follows close by with the camera. He's determined to capture every moment through the lens. To my left I find my sister attempting to coax my unsure dog into the water. However, as I watch him splash on and off the shoreline, I doubt he'll venture far into the sopping unknown. The water, now stirred from the bustle of those around me, isn't exactly tranquil like before. Even so the calmness of the water makes no difference; in fact, though I pay close attention I could really care less. My focus now lies on my family and *our* transition from 'caring less' to so much more. When I see them happy I can't help but smile. I take note of their blissful expressions and feel a sense of pride that I can now, for the first time in a long time, share that with them. Before taking a step forward I gaze back in hope of absorbing a last glimpse of contentment. When it hits me, I grin, realizing that I now know how much they mean to me. I remain still for mere seconds before jumping, disturbing the peace of the once still lake.

By: Jill Sanderson

Regrets and Longing

People spend so many moments
regretting yesterday.

People spend so many moments
longing for tomorrow.

People spend so little time
living for today.

- India Robertson

Fluffy Bunny Attacks, Students Petrified!

Students at a local high school (Norwood District High School) were traumatized last Tuesday, April 12th as a small bunny by the name of Cutie-Pie ran rampant through the halls attacking anybody it could get to. The school quickly initiated its lock down procedure but not until the bunny had gotten 11 students, 6 of whom are in critical condition. Cutie-Pie was a bunny being raised by a grade ten science class in the school, and it was reported that the bunny has not been experimented on in any way. Cutie-Pie is a chubby, 6 month old bunny, with pure white fur, and red eyes. An Albino.

A doctor described the students' injuries as, "They will eventually heal" and he never knew a bunny could do such horrors. A teacher on scene said, "I knew the bunny, it was sweet, and I never thought it could cause all this damage." A student on scene also commented, "That bunny was evil, pure evil I knew it from the moment I laid eyes on it, it was only a matter of time before it showed it's true colours." Another student on scene at the time of the attack reported, "Its eyes, you could see the hatred in its red eyes, I don't think this will be forgotten any time soon".

Cutie-Pie eventually calmed down after attacking one last student and retreated back to its cage. The student was a grade 11 student who it was later determined was part of the cause of the bunny's rampage after he tripped over it. Students who witnessed this tragic event will be recalling memories of this event for a long time.

Through The Clouds, It Drifts

My mind, it drifts
from here to there,
From near to far.

I open my mind
the thoughts, they flow
they spin and twirl;
a dance.

My drifting mind
it conjures up images
that are only found
in fairy tales.

From far to near,
from there to here
my mind, it drifts.

- India Robertson



With This Pen

With this pen,

I make magic; intricately casting a spell.

Immersing the reader in an ocean of words,

there are so many stories to tell.

With this pen,

you can all come along; experience everything with me.

You can go where I go; feel the ebb and the flow,

as the waves roll in gently.

With this pen,

I can break your heart; make your eyes wet with my pain.

I can weave a web of lies and loss;

make you feel like you're going insane.

With this pen,

I create an escape; a nice little world for myself.

A small, quiet place where my thoughts go to space,

and my worries are put on a shelf.

With this pen,

I can let others in; show them the world through my eyes.

I can pull them away from all of their thoughts,

and temporarily fill them with mine.

And nothing compares with the feeling that comes from knowing that I can do anything

with this pen.

Tori Craggs