

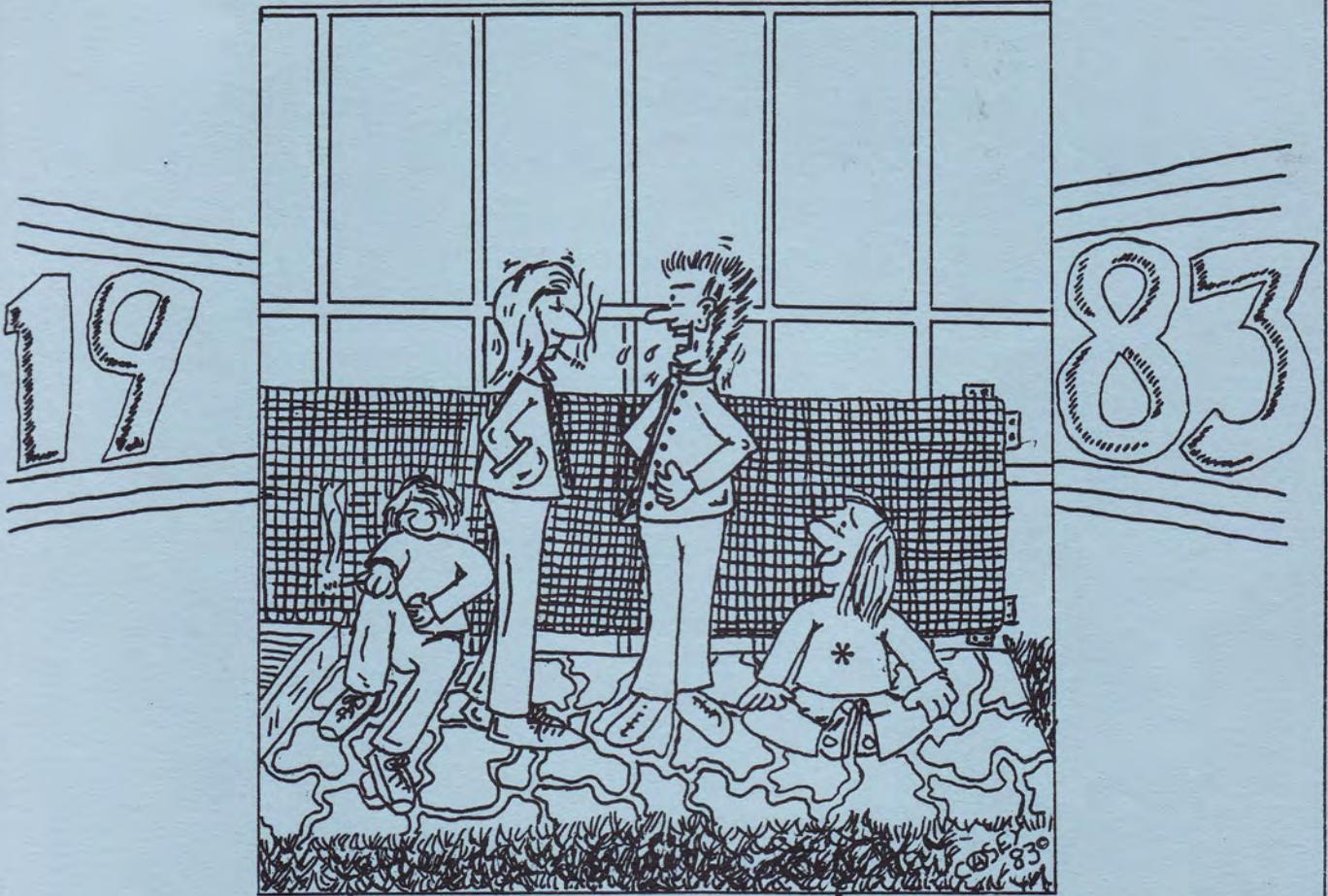
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WEST END.

ALTERNATIVE.



FLASHBACKS.

OF FRIENDS.

CASEY®

COSEY.

Thomas Casey O'Gorman PRODUCTIONS INC

MAY 30 '83.

MADE IN CANADA



FABRIQUÉ AU CANADA

PATENT PENDING

PRINTED IN CANADA

IMPRIMÉ AU CANADA

INTRODUCTION TO W.E.A. YEARBOOK

This is the second Yearbook published by West End under the kind auspices of Xerox Corporation. We thank Xerox for making it possible for us to have our own Yearbook again.

This year we have had many new staff - Henry, Sid, Peter Durham, Sandy and Carol. Sad to say, we are losing Henry, Sandy, Peter and probably Sid. They have all contributed so much that it is hard to believe they have only been here for one year. We have survived one whole year without Harry " the whirling dervish." Don Heaton and Harry will be back in the fall.

We remain stuck with our portables for another year, but it appears that we may have a good facility the year after next.

This year Storefront has obtained its own premises and has proved it can stand on its own feet. Scadding Court has continued as an Outreach program of West End.

There have been some changes of rules at West End, but the school has still remained as a special place where students have a combination of structure and freedom. We are a community. This Yearbook is a celebration of that. This Yearbook is dedicated to every member of our community. Thanks especially to Kathy Day, Editor, and to Casey T. O'Gorman Productions Ltd! A special thanks goes to Beverley Cote, a paerent, for her contribution.

Lydia Burton
Yearbook Staff

THE WEST-ENDER'S GUIDE TO THE COFFEE "HOT SPOTS"

The purpose of this guide is to give you a good idea of what the coffee shop situation is around West End. So here is a short run down of what I feel are worthy coffee shops in the area. But be warned: THE COFFEE SHOP CAN KILL YOUR CHANCES AT WEST END! If you aren't careful, you may become a school-time COFFEE-ADDICT! You may ask how I know. Well, I've become a victim of this dreaded illness twice. Both times I was booted out of West End. So consider yourselves duly warned.

CITY BURGER (OR "THE PIT")

The pit is surprisingly one of the most popular of the West End hot spots. This is surprising because it is probably one of the most greasy, grungy, pot holes of the entire city. But, I must admit that it does have some sort of strange personality to it. Why, where else can you sit peacefully sipping on an often lukewarm coffee, listen to an outdated song on the outdated jukebox and watch a grease fire in progress?

The only ounce of real life it contained was lost when Suzy (You remember Suzy, don't you) left to further her studies at our arch-enemy Central Tech (You can't trust anyone these days, can you?)

More often than not you can observe some pretty bizarre semi-humans while peering out the window. So keep your eyes peeled because if the grease fire dies down, there really isn't much else to do.

THE MUG

The Mug is my personal favourite, although it has a definite lack of personality, it makes up for this lack in cleanliness and service. This is definitely a place for people to just "yap" cause there aren't any grease fires to be seen, nor semi-humans. So, if you're not into talking then you better " Stick with the pit" (no pun intended)

The waitresses at The Mug are not only fun but are easily befriended (and I don't mean sexually). As a matter of fact, one has become such a good friend that she sometimes slugs me when I walk in (Do you think she's trying to tell me something?) One last good point: They let you take as many jelly beans from the pot as you want.

THE KORONA

This place has got everything going for it, personality and originality. Upon entering, the first thing you will think is " Oh, God. Another Grease Pit." Well, wrong you are, moog. The coffee is actually O.K. When you go in, please take the time to gander at the short and thin waitress's shoes. They are priceless.

The only real downfall of this place is the music that is pumped in through tiny " Realistic" car speakers. It usually ranges from six different versions of " The Saints Go Marching In" to Bobby Vinton's Greatest Hits, and as we all know, the accordion kills. But other than that, it's a really neat place. Go just ot experience it.

BYE THE WAY

Bye The Way is an extremely high-priced, pseudo-artsy "in" place to go. It is definitely a very trendy place to go. (That's why you won't find many West-Enders there.) I won't include DOONIES or the RENAISSANCE in this review because they are basically the same. This place is very nice and mainly deals in health junkies' food. But the coffee is truly a dream come true and you do pay the price for this dream. So enjoy before you money runs out.

Each of these places has its own individual feeling (and sometimes odour). But, to truly feel what I'm saying, you must try and experience each one.
BUT ONLY AT LUNCH OR AFTER SCHOOL.

Truly Yours,

Casey T. O'Gorman.
Copyright 1983.

SPRINGTIME

At Springtime things blossom
all around us.

The happiness in our hearts
moves the world around us.

Time seems slow, yet passes
in a flash - leaving behind its
everflowing sense of meaning.

Unknown at times, our minds drift
along in a peaceful way.

Leaving its marks of uncertainty
more often than not.

Life seems to take a sort of
different meaning now, because
life is growing and developing
around us.

Flowers are blooming, trees blossoming,
and grasses growing.

It makes us glad to be alive
and we feel strong about ourselves.

Springtime is a time of changes
for plants, trees, and, most of all,
for you and me.

Lucy Smith

SILENT FEAR

Her hair is blonde, her skin is pure,
But her soul is black, her mind is cruel.
She awaits for him to come, to her world of burning fire.
Only I could see through her eyes.

Everyone is fooled by her appearance,
But only I could save him.
By day they are together constantly
Which breaks my heart.
To see him laughing at something unreal

My love for him so strong, even though he doesn't remember me.
The Judgement Day has come to take his soul away.
I keep trying to pull him away. He resists so strongly.
For he has fallen in love with her.

I turn my head to cry, to only find him on the ground.
There is no heart beat; there is no sign of life.
She has won the fight.
He is hers for eternal burning life.

ANONYMOUSE

NO COMMUNICATION

We can't communicate,
We can't talk.
If I get too close,
You turn and walk.

You lie and cheat,
I hope and pray.
We are hanging on,
For another day.

Keep the love,
Forget the pain.
If we don't speak,
There's nothing to gain.

You're the winner,
I'm the freak.
Right now our future
Looks pretty bleak.

I'm always wrong,
You're always right.
Why can't you lose
Just one fight?

Helga Sonier

FOND FAREWELLS

Well, it's hard to say goodbye to something good. This year we might be saying goodbye to four of our most popular teachers, Sid, Sandy, Henry and Peter Durham. These teachers will be missed dearly. Who will replace Sid and his famous set of half glasses, or the morning bear hugs? Come on Sid, you're the only one with a warm sleeping bag for winter camping! If you don't stay, we'll have to buy new sleeping bags!

And Sandy (the Rock), what can we say? You brought a new meaning to the word phys ed. My chest still hurts from your shoulder checks in early morning gym. I know it wasn't a check. You were just standing there. (It was a good hit anyway.) Who's going to serve the volleyball like a cannon when you're gone? We'll miss your smiling face in the morning with your "wake 'em " phrases.

Henry, the prince of pun and an all round great photographer. Don't let this go to your head Henry. We all know you're trying to start a trend by wearing your pants tucked in your socks. I think we'll give you and Sandy a comb as a going away present! Hint-hint.

Don't worry, Mr. Durham. We didn't forget you. They'll probably fill in the path you made from Portable B to the teachers' lounge for coffee. Also, I'll probably have to buy a book on insults instead of stealing yours. You're the only one I can hit with a sarcastic comeback and not get a warning. I hear they're bringing in some woman teacher to take your place. Come on Peter, a woman take your place! At least stay until they find a man teacher to replace you! We all hope you're back next year. If you're not, well, as Carol Burnett says, I'm glad we've had this time together.

Anonymous

It was the day before Christmas holidays. I was in the Christmas Play at the school which was to start at 11:30 a.m. I looked at the clock. It was 6:05 a.m. I got up, took a shower and then kissed my cat goodbye and started up the street to the restaurant for breakfast. When I got there, it was 6:40 a.m. and the restaurant wasn't open.

The next chain of events happened so quickly it was unbelievable. A police cruiser passed by and checked out both me and another guy who was also waiting for the place to open. All of a sudden, the door opened and a black guy stuck his head out, then went back in. I thought it was a guy who lived upstairs so I thought nothing of it. The door opened again and the black guy stepped out and started walking down the street. The door opened again and the manager fell out onto the sidewalk.

" That black guy just robbed me!"

Then, I don't know what made me say it, but I blurted it out. I yelled to the guy beside me to untie the manager and that I was going after the robber.

" Don't Scotty! He's got a gun!", were the manager's words.

Who cares? I could see him only about fifty yards away. I started running after him. He turned around and saw me coming. He started running when he saw that I was chasing him. I tripped on the curb and went sprawling on the sidewalk face first. I picked myself up and continued the chase. I was gaining on him as we raced along Bloor Street. He was only about twenty yards in front of me as he turned onto Dundas Street and headed for the subway station. He went over the turnstile with me close behind. I went down the stairs three or four at a time.

When we got to the platform the train was there. I saw him jump into the last car. The whistle blew. I had him. There was nowhere for him to go.

Just then I felt a tug at my coat sleeve that turned me right around. The doors closed and the train started down

the tunnel.

" You didn't pay your fare. You'll have to come back up or I'll call the cops."

" You stupid #@#%*%! That guy robbed the store down the street!"

" I don't care. You still have to pay your fare, or I'll call the police."

As we got to the top of the stairs a police cruiser was pulling up. " Did anyone see a black guy with a trenchcoat come in here?"

" He just got on the Eastbound train," I told him. " That's how I would have had him if this guy hadn't grabbed me."

" Don't worry. We'll give you a lift back to the store," the policeman replied.

When we got there, the other officers had arrived and were questioning Jerry. " Did you get him?" Jerry asked.

" I had him, but the ticket collector grabbed me."

" You know he had a gun, " the officer said.

" Yea," I replied.

" Well, it's better to be a live chicken instead of a dead hero. Have a seat and we'll talk to you after we're finished with Jerry and this other gentleman."

To make a long story short, we went downtown to look at mug shots and by the time we were finished it was 10:20. I had ten minutes to get to school. With the siren on and the rooflights on, they got me to school with two minutes to spare, all the way from Jarvis and Bloor. The play was a success and I saved Lydia from heart failure by showing up. They never did catch the robber.

Scott Johnston

ONE CHRISTMAS EVE

Late one cold winter night in December, people were heading to places in preparation for Christmas Eve. They were not as cheerful as usual, because so far this winter it had not snowed, so no one was in the mood for Christmas as much as usual.

By five p.m. most of the people were on the highway heading for the Christmas Eve dinner and thinking what they would get from Santa Claus if they were children, or how the relatives were, if they were older.

Then, while one family was driving home, it started to snow. The children screamed for joy and started singing "Merry Christmas", trying to get their mom and dad to sing with them. They were reluctant at first. Dad started with his usual "hamming it up" fun, which made his family laugh, as it usually does. Then Mom started up, which made it sound like a perfect choir - almost!

A little bit later, Mom leaned over and pulled out four candy canes and chocolate bars. She turned around and asked if the children wanted a treat. Of course, the children jumped for joy, as they bounced up and down in the back seat. So Mom asked the children, "What do you say?"

The children said, "Please," but their mom was thinking about something else. The kids then thought for a second and exclaimed, "Merry Christmas to all and to all a good night!" Together, the family began the poem called "On the Night Before Christmas" as their mom handed out the treats.

By this time, it was dark outside, and you could see, it seemed, every star in the universe, each one having the brilliance of a searchlight directing your way. All of a sudden, Dad remembered that he had heard

on the news that there were going to be a lot of falling stars that night.

Once it became quiet in the car, Dad told the children to look up into the sky to look for Santa Claus. The children were just about too old to believe in him, but they looked up anyway. All of a sudden, the youngest child screamed out that he had seen him, but that he had disappeared again. His sister started to laugh in disbelief, but looked into the dark shining sky to pass the time.

All of a sudden, she saw something in the sky too, so she looked at her brother and asked him had he seen a white light that flew across the sky and did he get a warm feeling inside?

Her brother looked deep into her eyes, with a smile growing until it almost broke his face and screamed, "You saw him too!"

She answered, " Yes, I think so, but I thought it was not true. I thought it was an old wives' tale."

Her brother looked disapprovingly at her and said, " Yes, there is too a Santa Claus, because if there wasn't such a thing as Santa Claus, how could I get presents from him and how could my stocking be full and also, how come he drinks his milk and cookies every Christmas?"

At that, Mom interrupted and said, " We're almost there," hoping it would stop her daughter from getting different ideas into the boy's head. The daughter looked at her. Her daughter smiled and got comfortable in the back seat again.

Next morning, the kids woke up at 5:30 a.m. and ran to Mom and Dad to wake them up, so they could open their stockings. It turned out to be the best and most wonderful Christmas the whole family ever had.

on the news that the...

talking about that night.

Once it became quiet in the car, Dad told me

alongside me, looking into the dark for signs

of anything that might be out there.

on the highway, they looked up ahead, as if

at the end of the road, waiting for the

to see what was out there.

weight was on their faces as they looked

into the darkness, waiting for the

to see what was out there.

of the road, they looked up ahead, as if

at the end of the road, waiting for the

to see what was out there.

and the car looked into the dark with a smile

to see what was out there.

on the road, they looked up ahead, as if

at the end of the road, waiting for the

to see what was out there.

of the road, they looked up ahead, as if

at the end of the road, waiting for the

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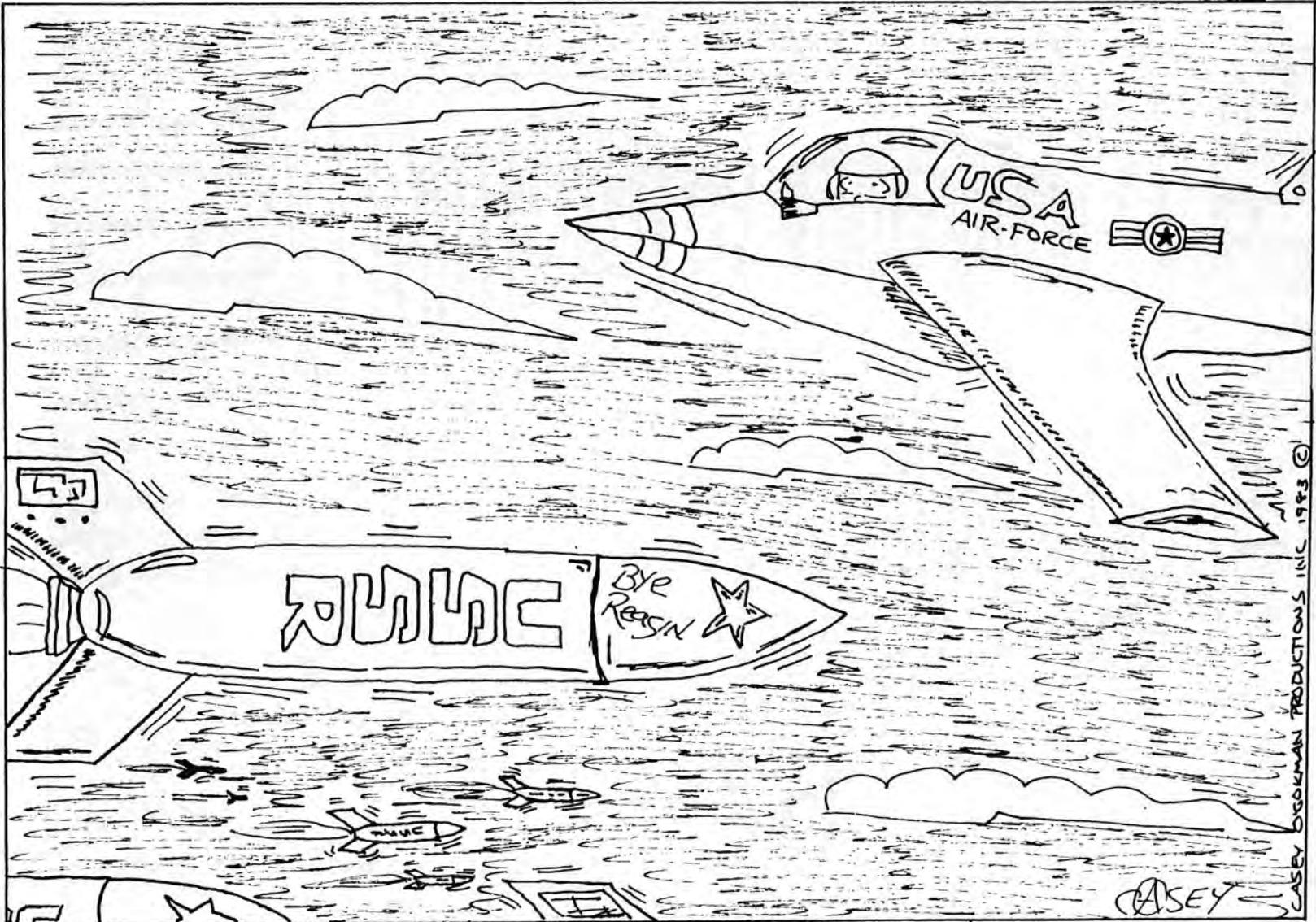
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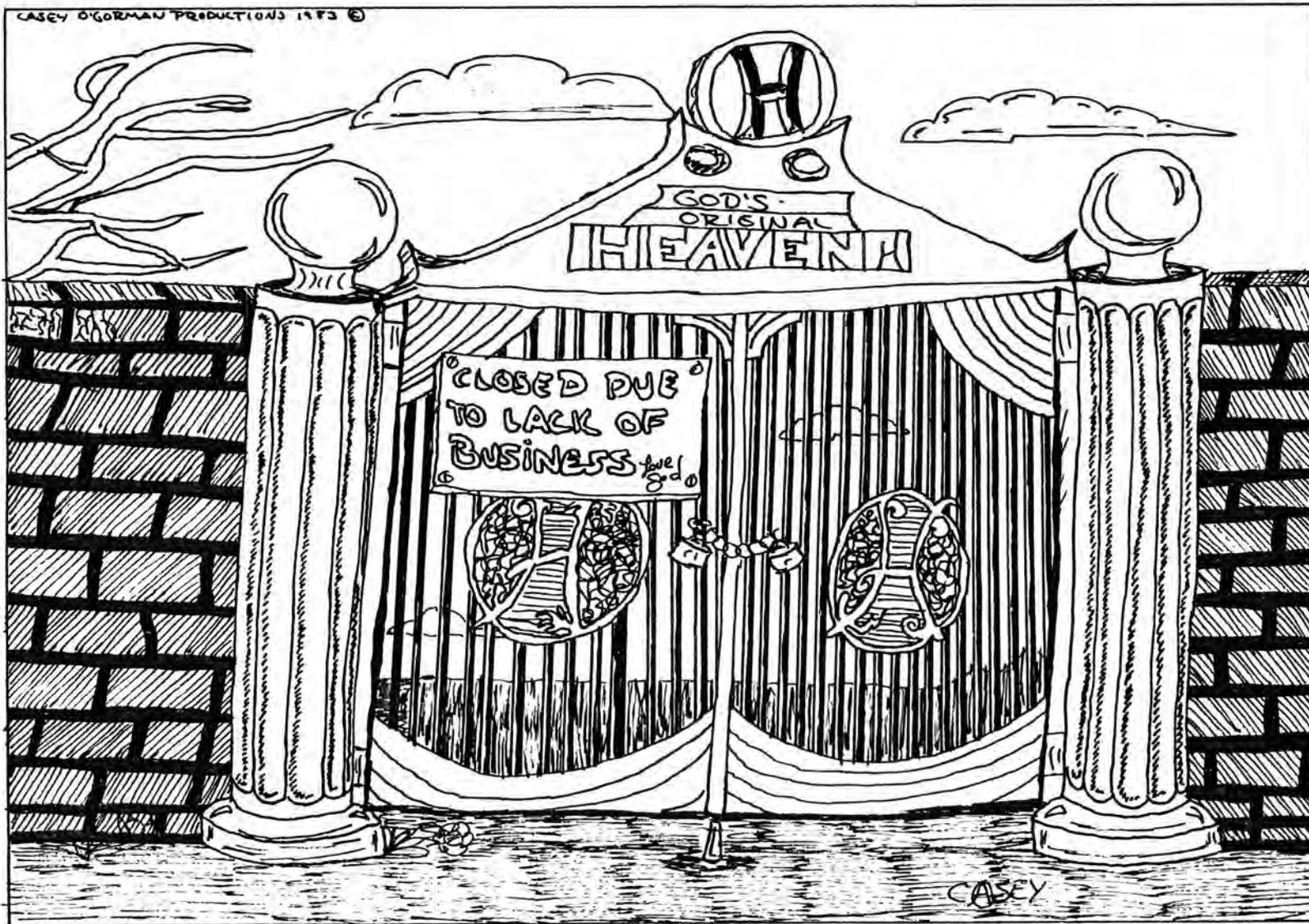
at the end of the road, waiting for the



CASEY BOSKMAN PRODUCTIONS INC 1993 ©

"LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THOSE DAYS"
BY CASEY.

CASEY'S "HEAVEN'S GATE"



HEAVENS GATE BY CASEY.

CASEY

A WEST END SCHOOL DAY *

Lights wake my brain
and outside it's going to rain.
Today, like every day, I will dread
so I think as I crawl out of bed.

I get myself dressed
then eat my breakfast.
I walk out the door.
God, do I feel sore!

From Dufferin to Bathurst I arrive
and with all the people I'm glad to be alive.
I get to the school
and jump over a puddle the size of a pool.

First class and second class
These I will not pass.
Decide third and fourth I take...
No, instead I will take a break!

The barn I think is fine
Sit and talk over a bottle of wine.
With this one done,
it's time to get another one.

With the morning wasted
and my head quite basted
and lunch looking like gore
Time for coffee at the pit...I have four.

It's now afternoon classes
This makes me bring up gases.
Steadily I work
I think I'm going berserk.

It's time for a smoke
but I prefer a toke
Again to class I sigh
Shit, am I high!

" School is finished," the teacher said.
Outside now, the rain beats on my head.
Home the direction I creep.
Now on the bed, I sleep.

RUSSELL TREVURZA

* The opinions expressed are not those of the
management!

To The Sun Flower *

Clouds high in the sunny air,
Perhaps with added silver linings
May very well be;
Blessings for the Jesus people
From their God,
Or signs of good days
Of positive lights,
To the Grandfather's People!

But dreams of Sun Days!
And someday of flashing energies!
Melting with fiery thoughts
Of ancient pomp and Tradition!
May very well mean;
To the Sun Flower!
And Chief Talking Man!

That to reap the wild flowers
And delights of life,
One must tend the tame bowers
Of iridescent power!

And with joyful sensitivity build
The fanciful castles of smoke & thought!

To find that hidden, golden trail
That leads the way
To a world filled with fellow spirits
Of pensive, abstract Christian hosts!

To find that Mother Earth
Will guide her son and daughter
Along that golden path
As she has done in eons, long ago!

For here on our doorstep
The blessed Four Winds have brought
The throngs of the world
To find that golden dream, too!

Beverley Cote
April 1983

REFLECTIONS

Years pass and seasons change
While the sun, wind and rain rule forever.
Colours flash and emotions pain
While happiness becomes never.

An image appears upon a mirror
What has happened to the sweetness once borne?
And the innocence that once flowed through her spirit
Which has now become ripples sailing away- alone.

A castle upon the mountain
And the mountain borne into the earth
Sweet mother nature and the miracle of birth.

An image appears upon the water
As sorrow lives upon her soul.
And at once the image is broken,
By tears which she cries - unknown.
Sail away, away.
Ripples never come back.

ANONYMOUS

THOUGHTS

I sit silently here in a new place
The air outside is cold tonight
Streetlights glitter
and ponds begin to turn to ice.

Thoughts fill my mind
And though we're cities away - I feel your touch-
I hear what you say.

The country roads are calm and passive
And the river runs long and deep.
But one sunny day, you and I will be walking
along together again,
talking, smiling, sharing something sweet.

There's a scent in the air that smells so familiar
Running through the paths in the forests
And the wind cries my name.

Winter birds are singing, enchanted by nature's magic.
Then a little one whispers my prince's name.
A tear comes down slowly and turns into crystal.
Why am I crying? 'Cause I miss you babe.

But I'll turn around to the tune of a whisper
And tell you how good it feels to be in your arms again.
Then maybe someday, if nature is willing,
I'll take you, my prince, through my very own magical
wonderland.

ANONYMOUS

UNTITLED #1

If you find that someday your summer quickly turns cold
And the chilled winds cut right through your heart,
Turn around and walk awhile
and realize the role you're playing in this part.

So you get on with your search
but you're not sure exactly what you're trying to find.
But how do you start it over again,
When you've gone so far down the line?

But babe, we all stand somewhere.
Please don't walk away, don't turn your back on me.
If only you could understand that love will come and go,
Dawn will rise and eve will fall.

I know that someday pain will fade
But for awhile it lingers on.
No one will know how well you love
Someday someone will love you back and make up for all
those tear-filled moments in your life.

Hey babe, look around
Life has been blurred by all the tears in your eyes
You can't believe what's happened and you're all alone.
I know - you're alone in the crowd with a song.

You're dying inside
but understand that there's a reason for you to walk on.
It's all right, I think you're gonna make it after all.

UNTITLED #2

ANONYMOUS

Just looking through the window
Watching the sky turn grey
I'm just wondering where I'm heading
Hoping to get someone someday.

I'm thinking about illusions
And surrounded by confusion that I'd like to clear up someday.
Worrying about the seasons
Hoping the sun'll stay away for a couple of days.
'Cause that's how I'm feeling, I'm just dreaming this way.

There's this lunatic who keeps turning the moon to blood.
He's a fine man, speaks more wisdom than love.
He holds a bright light candle in his hand,
Keeps talking to me about the promised land.

He tells me I don't belong in this place and neither do you.
As he sings us his song, he fades away.
'Cause life's an illusion, it isn't for real.
It's a dream that lasts forever.- never wanting to be devalued.

And I can hear him saying
Hold that head up, don't you dare let it fall.
'Cause I'll be back in an instant, expecting you all.

And as far as me, I'm just waiting
There's no way I'll let him down.
And meanwhile I'll be thinking of his wisdom
Just hanging around.

It's an illusion
It's a game
It's full of confusion
It's all the same.

ANONYMOUS



BOYNE RIVER FIELD TRIP

It all started on the bus ride to camp. We West Enders piled onto the bus with mixed feelings about the trip, not knowing what to expect once we arrived.

On the bus at the back, some people started a sing song, some played cards and the rest either snoozed or conversed with each other. And before we knew it, one hour later, we were there.

Once we got off the bus a teacher from Boyne gave us a mini-tour of the two dorms from outside, then we split up into boys-girls groups to go on to the dorms. Inside the boy's dorm was unbelievably cushy and modern. It seemed to take all the fun out of camping because of the "luxury" accommodations. Usually the dorms are log or wood cabins heated by a stove, not a concrete building with electric heat!

On the first day after we unpacked, our group headed out on a hike for about two hours. As we went alone, the discoveries made by the group were phenomenal; we found out such things as the base of a fern plant called a "fiddlehead" is edible after it is cooked for 20-30 minutes in boiling water.

After we got back, we went to the "sugar-shack" on the property and found out how maple syrup is made. The process of making the maple syrup is a patient one. First, a watery liquid is poured into a big vat that is scorching hot. Then, the liquid eventually boils off and maple syrup is produced.

The next day, our group went on a half day hike into the woods. During the morning we crossed the Boyne about five or six times via fallen trees etc. Only three people made it across without getting a soaker. One of them was me, of course. At lunchtime we stopped and got a fire going and cooked the only good meal we had up there. It consisted of hamburgers, juice, hot chocolate, Fig Newtons and Granola bars.

Throughout the trip we had to identify different types of wildlife such as plants and animals, as part of the course. If, for some reason, someone didn't listen during the day, they would probably fail the quiz during night class. The quizzes just dealt with easy questions such as, "What and how does a beaver build his lodge? Or, "How many different species of birds did you notice"? Just basic stuff. Unfortunately, the next day, the only sunny day we had, our school had to leave for Toronto. The two days we spent there were two of the best days I've had in a long time.

Mike Rowe

THE MEANING OF SUCCESS

The meaning of this topic to me means that success is whatever you want it to be. If you planned in life that you wanted to be a cop and you achieved it, that's success for you. Sometimes the people you went to high school with see you on the streets and say, " So what are you doing now? You must have a good job or something."

You might say, " Well, I'm working in a factory right now." The other person might say, " You're working in a factory! All those years of schooling and this is what you're doing!" You know, like the person is putting you down.

But like I said, success can be anything; even if you're working in a factory, that's success for you, as long as you're happy. That's what counts.

Some people think that being successful means to have lots of money and to own big luxury cars. I think if you have that attitude towards success, then I guarantee you won't make it.

Others say later in life, " I'm a failure because I have this kind of job." I think that nobody is a failure in life, even if you have got the worst job in the world. Nobody is a failure in life. I think the way it works is that if you want to turn out a failure in life you will, because you have that negative feeling. But, on the other hand, if you don't want to turn out as a failure, you won't, because you have that positive feeling. Even if you work in a factory for the rest of your life, that's success to you, but to others it might not be. I always say, who cares what other people think? It's up to you if you're happy - not to others.

Some people who have made it big in life, like who have a lot of money and the whole works, I know some people like that. All they talk about is their money and that other stuff. I know one thing and that is they have no friends and no love. If that was me, I would rather have friends and life, because you never know. Sometimes people just live with memories and that's the only thing that keeps them alive.

The meaning of success that I found in the dictionary says: " a favourable termination of some enterprise, as in the gaining of fame, prosperity, etc. One that is successful."

MARS PAPASSO

A TRIBUTE

Yes it's true. Our favourite clubhouse has shut its doors for the last time. On the last weekend of February, a room which had been full of spirit and happiness met a tragic end. Someone somehow caused the burning of the barn.

I remember the times of last summer, the mickeys, the 26rs and 40's, plus herbal remedies. Some of us who are reading this may not feel much of a loss, because they never really participated in the barn activities. But for those of us who did, I feel that you will understand when I say there is a small hole in my heart from the loss.

But in the shadow of sorrow, there shines a new light on the horizon. The new West End generation along with the old, will rise to a new triumphant peak as we confiscate a new garage for our breaks, lunchtime martini's, and after-school activities.

So, as a final farewell to the barn we say,
" In our mind, your memories and burning
We will sorrow always over your burning."

RUSS TREVURZA

SUNSETS

Something red and something orange
Something white and full of might.

A sunset is peaceful and quiet
Something unheard of, yet always seen.

A place for lovers, friends
or to be alone.

A place to talk and cry
of things to come and of the past.

Where dreams are sought
problems fought
or just to sit and watch.

Sunsets are to forget pain
to be free to live again.

A place to let go
to be me again.

" Sunsets are the greatest"...

Lloyd Boal

SPORTS ROUND-UP

During the past year, a number of West End students have leaped over the big sidewalk to join Central Tech sports teams. Most coaches at C.T.S. welcome West End students to participate. To name a few students who competed on Central teams we have Chris Boroneic, ice hockey; Uriel Harmon, football, wrestling; Maureen Hope, track and field and Scott Johnston, football. All of these students represented West End while playing for Central Tech. We're hoping in the future more West End students will participate in representing our school while playing for C.T.S., or by helping form our own teams.

Scott Johnston



NO HOPE

It was the year 2000 in Goergetown, Washington, D.C. In a big grey house with a red roof and a big window overlooking a neighbourhood smoke shop there lived a young girl named Cathy. She hated school, music and almost anything else that lived - except birds.

Cathy lived day by day dreaming of being a bird. There would be no more responsibilities such as taking out the garbage, babysitting and going to church. Soaring high in the heavens with no one to tell her what to do, that would be the life, she thought.

It was Sunday, May 18, and this morning her family had to go to church especially early because all the relatives were going to gather up for her sister's wedding.

Bang, bang. "Wake up, Cathy, it's time to go. We're going to be late," her mother said.

Cathy didn't budge out of her bed. She remained in bed until they left.

There was some kind of clattering at her window. Jumping out of her bed to see what startled her, she saw a big beautiful bird pecking at her window, trying to get in. Opening the window, the bird flew in and made itself at home at the end of Cathy's bed. It was the loveliest bird Cathy had ever seen; not even in any books had she seen such a beautiful bird.

She was amazed by the marvellous colours on the bird. Green, blue, red, yellow, purple and gold, all blending in together. Cathy became red with envy. She regretted her life on earth as a low degraded creature. She became so jealous that out of anger she cursed and screamed. Helter skelter went her Christmas presents, books and little antique lamp.

The bird let out a chirp and began to speak. "My dear little child, you don't have to be so angry, for I can fulfill your dreams. I am more powerful than any creature alive, even God."

"You mean you will transform me into a bird who can fly up into the heavens and stuff?"

"Yes," replied the bird. "But you must give me an approval in your blood, a written statement that this agreement was mutual."

Cathy hesitated. Chills ran up and down her spine. "How would I give a signature in my blood?"

The bird pointed out a needle in her thread and said, "Prick your finger. You won't even feel it."

After you finish, sign the paper with an X."

Cathy was a little bit hesitant, but her anxiety took over her body and she did exactly what the bird told her to do. All of a sudden, a crack of thunder was heard and the atmosphere changed.

She wasn't at home anymore. She felt the chills through her body once more, as she remembered how the bird's eyes were so coldlooking, as if he had no feelings. But at that moment she thought the bird hadn't been all that bad for granting her wish.

She flew down to the pond, looking at herself. Cathy was impressed. She was even nicer than the bird in her room. The multi-colours on her features were outstanding. She was flying all over, not missing a place in the jungle.

It was getting dark and she was very tired. Cathy laid in the nest that she had made. She slept until she was awakened by a sharp horrid sound. She could not believe her eyesight. It was a prehistoric eagle coming straight for her. In a state of shock she was still. The gigantic eagle grabbed her and swept her to the depths of hell.

Moral:

Never trust a bird with a pretty face.

MONIKA TAR

A STORY

Quietly I staggered through the rain-soaked streets. People looked disgusted at me and moved quickly out of my way. Tears filled my eyes as I continued to stumble along the streets. The tears felt like acid burning into my flesh and filling me with great pain and agony.

Every moment from the past flooded into my mind, causing me to yell out from the pain. The memories burned deeply into my mind, leaving scars that only I could tell were there. Her features appeared in my mind as each vision finished. My face slowly turned red from crying and all of my strength felt as if it had been flushed out from my body.

I fell to the ground; then, everything began to close in on me. Then darkness overcame me and I could not move my body. Voices slowly faded until I could no longer hear anything. Finally, I became unconscious and slipped away from the world.

Darkness- cold, clammy and thick - surrounded my body. I tried to move but there was no response from any part of my body. My legs, arms and my head had no feeling. I could sense that somebody was watching me. I tried to speak, but no sound would come out of my mouth. I started to go crazy and tried to fight whatever kept me from moving, but nothing happened and I began to cry. The tears seared into my flesh, burning, and causing my skin to bleed.

She appeared before me, but did not speak. She just walked slowly towards me and looked down at my still body. Raising her hand, she gently combed my hair with her fingers and sat beside me. Her face was flushed and she began to cry. Trying to hide her face, she placed her head on my chest and laid her arm across my stomach.

I wanted to take her into my arms and comfort her, to calm her down so she could talk to me. But then she began to fade slowly away. I tried to call her; my throat stung with an unbearable pain. Blood seaped out of the corner of my mouth and rolled down the side of my cheek. I gasped for air while a puddle of blood formed. My life continued on, even though the gasps for air became more frequent.

It slowly started to get cold and I could feel my body become numb. All of my senses left me as I faded into unconsciousness once again.

Moments later, light slowly broke through the darkness and I could hear voices, but my body still could not move. Figures slowly formed in my eyes and my limbs tingled as their feelings gradually returned.

The brightness of the lights stung my eyes and I lifted my arms to cover them. Quickly two women rushed to my sides and forced my arms to the bed. A large stainless steel pole stood sturdily beside my bed. It glistened in the light while two plastic bags hung motionlessly from its two extended arms high above the bed.

A STORY (CONT.)

Long tubes emanated from the bottom of the bags. One bag had an icy coldness in its crystal-clear appearance; the other had a frightening, eerie appearance in the dark redness of the bag. The tubes ran down the pole and were taped to my arms, with two needles piercing into my veins. Wires extended from the top of my head to a machine that had a light which danced across the tiny screen. Over my nose and mouth was a mask attached to an oxygen cannister.

Not knowing where I was, I began to panic and tried to get up so I could leave. But when I sat myself upright, some people approached me and calmly talked me into lying back down. Their bright suits forced me to close my eyes.

For a long time, I lay in the bed with my eyes closed. Then I could hear a faint voice talking to me, a voice so sweet and soft that I felt like I was in heaven. The voice had to belong to an angel, for such a tender soothing voice could only be in heaven.

When I opened my eyes, the room was dimly lit and a well formed figure stood before me. The lady walked quietly towards me, but I did not move or utter a sound. Silently she sat beside me. With trembling hands she picked up my hand and whispered lightly into my ear.

It was her. It had to be my angel who spoke with such a melancholy voice to me in my sleep. I laid still and listened to her sweet voice. But there was something strange about her, something that I could not figure out. I somehow felt deep within me that I knew her and loved her.

When she stopped talking to me, she gently placed her head upon my chest and extended her arm across my stomach. I tried desperately to speak out to her, but not a word could be heard. My throat began to hurt and blood poured into the plastic oxygen mask. Horrified, she ran from the room, screaming for a doctor.

Slowly I started to slip into unconsciousness, as people rushed all about the room following commands which the doctors screamed out. Before I passed out, I could see the beautiful woman looking at me through a distant window. Her face was red from crying and hair messy from her constant combing it with her hands. Then I remembered that she was the woman I had been in love with until she decided to leave me. With one desperate effort to call her, I finally screamed, " I love you!" Then everything went dark and the voice suddenly vanished. I died.

DON WHITLOCK

"BUT THE ONE ON THE RIGHT"

" And then we can drink more wine...Yes, I would like to spend the night together...I will tell you of my summer on the Riviera... Oh! You would like to hear about it. Yes, this night is turning out fine after all. Yes, I would like to leave now -

Wait a minute. Where am I? I opened my eyes. Oh no, I'm still here. The one on the left is still talking about salads. He stops, asks me what is wrong. " Nothing, just dreaming a bit."

Dream, huh! More like fantasizing about the one on the right. Oh God, I wish I would have never come here. This is a bad night and this thing on the right never stops talking. Do I like this, do I like that, what's with this guy? If he says anything more about food, I'm going to slap him in his yapper. But hold on, what will they think? They would think that I had too much to drink, which is true, and that I got carried away.

I just wish this guy on the right would turn around and say something. I can only see those nice shoulders. Oh, why don't you shut up? You are getting me sick of food. That's it, enough is enough. I have had all I can take from this thing. I am going to leave. I'll tell my hostess that I have had too much to drink and that I wish to go home. Well, I'm glad she agreed. At least something went my way tonight! I hope I never get invited to one of these boring dinner parties and if I do, I'm gonna make sure that I don't meet someone who is going to ask me if I like this or that. Well, I'm off to my home until the next time.

Mars Papasso

THE NIGHTMARE

The time ticks away, but the time won't stop.
It won't slow down; it won't let me talk.
There's school, there's friends; there's activities that don't e
It's moving so fast, it's making my mind bend.

It's screwing my head, it's screwing my mind.
It makes me feel sick; a gun I must find.
A pistol, a rifle, anything will do
As long as it's loaded, as long as it shoots.

A trembling hand, a broken heart
The thought of them carrying me away in a cart.
I'll wait until everyone is away and gone.
By the time they return, I'll be less one.

No more problems, no more cares
No more hassles, no more dares.
I won't have to do what they tell me to
I'll have done what I want, die I shall do.

Sweat pours down from every part of my body
Control is hard, for I'm not thinking logically.
The gun is pointed, the trigger is pulled.
There's a piercing scream, but the air is stilled.

A sickening sound, a thump on the ground
Tears in my eyes, there's something I've found.
My eyes have just opened, everything is dark
But a comforting stuffed animal has held my mark.

Nothing is different, nothing has changed.
But this dream I've had, does cause me some pain.
The thought of death, forget it, I'll sleep.
My head on the pillow, some control I must keep...

ROACH

SCHOOL AGAIN

West End Alternative has to be one of the best schools I've been to. It is there for people who wish to obtain a Grade 12 or whatever. The school is there for people who wish to change their lives, like me.

The rules are pretty straightforward and are fairly easy to follow. If you don't follow them, why even bother to show up for classes? The teachers leave the work up to how much the students want to do.

During my first couple of weeks at the school, all I did was screw around and make fun of one teacher. He kept asking me to leave and finally told me to leave and not come back. I had to make an appointment to see him and see if I could come back and attend classes. I was asked why should I even bother after all the skips I had made. I explained I was ready to come to classes and participate the way I should. I then had to write down what I was going to do for the rest of the week and sign it.

This was an agreement of sorts between him and I. Then I was given a late slip and allowed back in class. I was given a chance I shouldn't have had. In a normal high school, they wouldn't have let me back in under any circumstances.

Any students who need help for anything can get it at any time because there are usually only five or six students compared to thirty or so in a regular school. If you need a lot of help in something, the teachers can help you then and there. They are also pretty understanding when you have a problem.

Sometimes they help students who are having financial needs by arranging an interview with a person who works with the Social Services Department. This person can help you get that financial help that you need to attend school.

The last high school I was in, I did a couple of things that ended up getting me kicked out of that school for good. In the first incident, I went to class one day higher than forty hippies and proceeded to get into an argument with a teacher. I ended up telling him where to go and then punched him out. The second time, a buddy and I blew up half of the washroom with some dynamite and blasting caps. (I am still trying to figure out why they won't let me back in the school.)

W.E.A. is a normal school as far as you can go. You can do a few courses that I don't think you can get in a regular school. The rules are pretty well the same, with one exception - the teachers and their attitudes toward the students. There is also easy access to the subway station and bus for students. They also do something no other schools do. They supply a lunch for us.

I think that W.E.A. is a fairly good thing to have for people who want to change everything about them. The school will be around for a long time yet and I hope they can do the same for everybody that they have done for me. This is just to say thanks to all the teachers for everything they have done for me.

ANGER

Anger, anger
Full of ire,
Don't do me wrong
My heart's on fire.

Full of rage
A little hate,
Don't let them think
That they're so great.

Don't hit me hard,
Don't piss me off,
Stab my back
And I'll just scoff.

Don't stop my friend,
Don't hurt my kin.
Don't fight with me,
Or you'll never win.

I'm the maddest girl
This side of hell.
If you stay away,
You'll be doing well.

HELGA SONIER

LONELY PEOPLE

Lonely people
Are all around.
Have a drink
Or smoke a pound.

Dirty habits
Bring you down.
Be a loner
Be a clown.

We all have an image
We must protect.
Be outgoing,
Watch the effect.

Go on out
Find a mate.
How would you look
Without a date?

People aren't happy,
Emotions are fake.
Love isn't given,
You have to take.

Take what you want
Hold on tight,
For something that's yours
You have to fight.

Helga Sonier

" THE EFFECTS OF NUCLEAR RADIATION ON WALLY AND THE BEAVER "

Wally and the Beaver were squirming uncomfortably at the dinner table. Mr. Cleaver was smoking his pipe and reading the evening paper. Mrs. Cleaver was in the kitchen, preparing supper.

" Now remember, Beav!" Wally hissed fiercely. " Don't tell Mom and Dad that you've become radioactive, or we'll get yelled at and stuff!"

" Aw, gee, Wally!" the Beaver snivelled. " I'm startin' to feel really weird!"

" Don't talk at the dinner table, boys, " Mr. Cleaver said. " Be quiet and behave, like good little Americans."

" Yes, sir," Wally said, and he glared at the Beaver to give added emphasis to his warning. The Beaver continued to snivel.

Mr. Cleaver looked up from his newspaper. " Why, Beaver!" he exclaimed. " Your skin has become a somewhat putrid green colour!"

Seeing that his brother was at a loss for words, Wally piped up, " He's got the Russian flu, dad!"

"Russian flu, eh?" Mr. Cleaver snorted. " Communist flu, you mean! It's enough to make an honest American sick!"

Wally gulped nervously. The Beaver continued to quietly snivel.

Just then, Mrs. Cleaver emerged from the kitchen, carrying a steaming tray. " Here it is, boys!" she joked good-naturedly. " My world famous casserole!" Mrs. Cleaver stopped abruptly. " Why Beaver!" she exclaimed. " You look terrible!"

Patches of the Beaver's hair had begun to fall off. " It is nothing to worry about, dear, " Mr. Cleaver explained. " He has just got a touch of some filthy communist illness."

" What is that?" Mrs. Cleaver snapped. She suddenly became quite rigid. " Some commie illness? And how did he get that?"

" Don't worry dear, " Mr. Cleaver said confidently. " He'll recover soon enough! He is a good fighting American boy!"

Mrs. Cleaver snorted and walked, robot-like, over to the dinner table. She dropped the casserole dish unceremoniously and sat down. The Cleavers began to dig in.

" Who do you suppose you got the flu from, son?" asked Mr. Cleaver.

" uh, I don't know, Dad! Maybe from Lumpy?" the Beaver stammered. His flesh had begun to reek and it had taken on a soft, pudgy look. Mrs. Cleaver stared at him suspiciously.

Presently, Mr. Cleaver looked up from his dinner. " Well, Beaver!" he said. " Your left eye has extended out of its socket and has taken on the shape of an insect's stalk!"

" Oh God!" the Beaver whined. " Jeepers!" His newly-lengthened eyeball wobbled about in an undignified manner. Bits and pieces of his skin had begun to peel off. Mrs. Cleaver stared at him, her face betraying a look of pure animal hatred.

" It's really bad flu, " Wally explained feebly.

" Nonsense!" Mr. Cleaver said. " There hasn't been a communist disease yet that could stand up to the clean living habits of good wholesome Americans."

" All commies deserve to burn!" Mrs. Cleaver suddenly screamed. " Burn, burn, burn!"

" Now dear, " Mr. Cleaver chuckled. " Don't overexert yourself."

" Uh...we think he might have caught the flu from Whitey," Wally remarked, in a rather pathetic attempt to change the subject.

" Hmmm. Whitey, eh?" Mrs. Cleaver mused. " It wouldn't surprise me. One can never trust an albino. Perhaps I should phone our Congressman and report the little pinko. What do you think, dear?"

" Persecute! Destroy! Kill the commies! Kill the commies!" shrieked Mrs. Cleaver. The excited female began to bang her head on the mahogany table. Then, she rose from her seat and stared, wild-eyed, at her two children.

" Oh, you dirty little commies, " she whispered, as she picked up a nearby meat cleaver and began to advance upon her sons. " You dirty, dirty, dirty little commies. You dirty dirty, dirty..."

" Now dear!" Mr. Cleaver scolded. " Don't you think you're becoming a trifle over-zealous?"

However, before Mrs. Cleaver could slice into her kids, the Beaver's condition worsened. His left arm disintegrated and fell off. His right leg fell off. His stomach burst open, spewing forth his intestines.

The Beav (cont.)

Mrs. Cleaver stopped short in her tracks and fainted dead away. So did Wally.

Mr. Cleaver glanced up from his dinner. "Come on, son!" he called in encouragement. "Pull yourself together!"

John Dorrian

BLACK AND WHITE WORLD

- Been watching a lot of "Leave It To Beaver " lately. I'd resisted the fad for a long time, figuring it was just another retrograde fake nostalgia number, goofing on a past that never existed, and have been surprised that there's a lot more to it than that.

Ward and June Cleaver may seem in their goodness, kindness, fairness and middle class serenity to be the American ideal; however, the fact remains that the sons are total indictments of the parents' way of life, being incredible dullards, not so much repressed as unsparked. Assumint that it isn't some genetic defect, how did they get that way? Could it have something to do with the fact that the only signs of culture, high or low, in the Cleaver household are a few short rows of uncracked books, a TV set that is never on, and a floral design on the gravy dish?

Wally is a cheerful, well-adjusted cynic (in a typical insight he explains to Beav that a youth centre is " a place where the grown-ups get all the kids together so they can keep an eye on 'em) while Beaver's only sign of life is his anxiousness to please everyone.

The show's neat little lessons are always undermined by the fact that the Beaver never understands them. By the end of each show, he comes to the murky recognition that if he tries to please his friends, he won't please his parents and vice-versa, but he always forgets it by the next episode.

Despite this thickness, the little fellow seems likable, partly because he's as dumb and anxious to please as a puppy and partly because all the other kids in Mayfield are so comparatively grotesque.

Eddie Haskell is Wally's mirror image, a maladjusted unhappy cynic, with an incipient psychosis eating at his gut. Eddie's a cool guy when he's shoveling it to the old folks or razzing the Beav, but episodes centering around him always end with his humiliation, thus emphasizing his basic patheticness.

Lumpy Rutherford is a glandular baby, terrorized by Richard Deacon, whom he still calls "Daddy", feeling blue but being unable to work up a decent depression as he shrugs and tells Wally that the reason that the neat club " The Barons" won't ask him to become a member is because " I'm a mess."

Add to this Larry Mondello, an orally fixated mama's boy who wants to be a bully but can't quite cut it, and a half dozen or so supporting kiddies, each of which represents one aspect of childhood awfulness.

Watching this show one begins to see the roots of the great 60's upheaval. When and if these kids ever bust out of Mayfield, they're gonna go insane.

Of course none of this sub-text is intentional. Back in those days "the good life" wasn't on the defensive and people were so secure in their banality that they could tolerate little jokes about how weirded-out their kids were. Wally's crack about the youth centre was supposed to be cute, but not accurate. It is this unintentionalness that makes the show so funny and this is why a modern version, currently under consideration wouldn't work. Best to leave it alone - better to just enjoy the old 50's artifact that sends a message which says this is a way of life that doesn't work. The kids are growing up bizarre!

ADAM PITUCH



To Philip
On His 23rd Birthday

To my spring child
Of the gentle thoughts and countenance
Who has the flashing smile
And laughing eyes
Of the continental man
Oui! Oui!

Who is also
Of the tough, thoughtful school
Of the worldly man
In control
Mai Oui!

I must say
Congratulations to you
Cool man
For Life's gift to you
Was your acceptance
Of your worldly control

For, as the song of survival says
Swim calmly as a fish in water
Fly swiftly like a hawk in air
Sing merrily like a bird in spring

Think worldly cool thoughts
From an international land
For Mother Earth
Of America Has changed the times
Of the earthbound man

For as the worldly global being
Of emancipated light
Who must do everything he can
To consort
With the Grandfathers' of America
So you are doing
As the God from Europe did
When he arrived

In the name of freedom
Did this God bring
His oppressed people
To learn
The name
Worldly Love!
And Happiness.

Happy Birthday
To a happy citizen of the world

Love
Mom

To Phillip
On his 13th birthday

Watching this show you can see the roots of
the great 60's upheaval. These kids ever
burst out of their shells and became
men.

Of course none of this was intentional.
Back in those days the good old days on the
defensive and people were so secure in their sanity
that they could tolerate little jokes and weirded-
out their kids were. Well, a school - the youth
centre was supposed to be quite strict. It
is this unintentionalness that makes the scene so funny
and this is why a modern version of your
consideration would be to leave it alone -
better to just enjoy the old days. It's a
message which says this is a very good
work. The kids are growing up.

For life's sake to you
Was your acceptance
Of your worldly control
For as the song of survival says
Swim calmly as a fish in water
Fly swiftly like a hawk in air
Sing sweetly like a bird in spring

Think worldly cool thoughts
From an international land
For Mother Earth
Of America has changed the times
Of the earthbound man





