

PRO TEM TRAVEL AGENCY PRESENTS

VISITEZ

GLENDON



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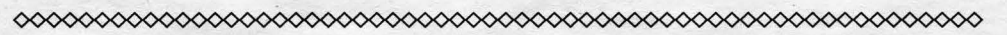
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Happy end of year Lionhearts!

As this school year winds to a close, on behalf of all of us here at *Pro Tem*, I would like to take the time to thank you for your submissions and support! This year has been one of the most enjoyable years for the paper and it's thanks to the wonderful editors, staff writers, contributors and readers of our awesome campus. This month's theme is "Adventure" and this year has been indeed. I'm sure any of you can say the same. No matter what year you're in, whether it's first or fifth, Glendon always has something new to surprise you with. As a fourth year, I'm both sad and excited to be leaving but change is definitely good. This summer, I hope you try something new: go abroad, volunteer, take a class, meet new friends or even just switch up your order at Starbucks. You might be surprised at what you discover. That being said, good luck on the last month of classes and nail those exams!

It has truly been a pleasure working for *Pro Tem*!



Bonne fin d'année Cœur de Lions!

L'année est presque finie. De la part de tout le monde à *Pro Tem*, je voudrais prendre le temps de vous remercier pour vos contributions et votre support! Cette année a été une des années les plus agréables du journal et c'est grâce aux rédacteurs, journalistes, contributeurs et lecteurs formidables de notre campus merveilleux. Le thème pour ce mois est l'aventure. Je suis certaine que vous pouvez tous comprendre. Peu importe votre année, première ou cinquième, Glendon a toujours quelque chose de nouvelle à offrir. Comme une étudiante de quatrième année, je suis à la fois triste et heureuse de quitter, mais le changement est nécessaire. Cet été, j'espère que vous allez essayer de nouvelles choses : voyager, faire du bénévolat, suivre un cours, rencontrer de nouveaux amis ou même commander un nouveau breuvage chez Starbucks. Vous allez découvrir quelque chose de surprenante. Ceci étant dit, bonne chance pour le dernier mois d'école et pour vos examens!

Ca été un vrai plaisir d'avoir travaillé pour *Pro Tem*!

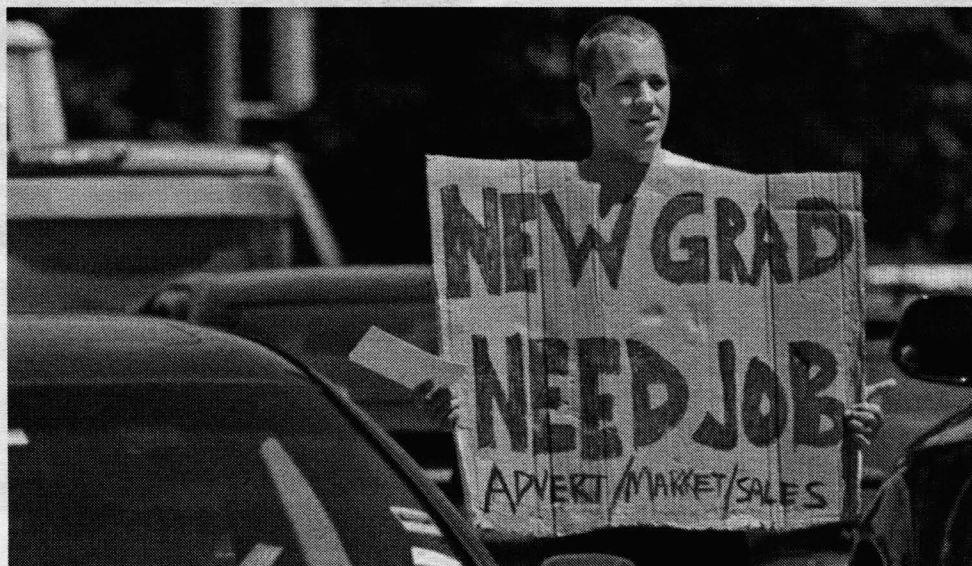
GENERATION LOST: STUDENTS STRUGGLE TO FIND WORK

LE PARCOURS DIFFICILE DE LA REMISE DES DIPLÔMES À L'EMPLOI

BY VENDREDI MOUNSEY EDITOR OF ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

As I walk down the new wing of the school, I see these floor to ceiling banners of glamour shots of prospective graduates featuring quotes with their aspirations and what they want to do with their degree because "this is their time." For those students who are on the brink of completing their four-year or three-year degree this is a very important time as you say goodbye to Glendon and the classroom and hello to a new chapter in your life.

Il n'y a pas très longtemps, un diplôme universitaire vous assurait un bon emploi, un bon salaire et une vie confortable. Malheureusement, ce n'est plus le cas. Malgré que vous avez bien lu Maclean's afin de choisir la meilleure université et que vous avez accumulé environ 27,000 \$ de dettes en plus des frais des manuels scolaires, du transport, des frais de logement, le diplôme universitaire ne vous assure pas grand-chose. Vous finissez maintenant votre carrière universitaire qu'avec un diplôme et une fausse certitude que vous allez décrocher l'emploi idéal. Les jours où les étudiants pouvaient compléter leur degré universitaire et trouver un emploi dans leur domaine (ou n'importe quel emploi) n'existent plus. Selon des rapports récemment publiés par la Société Radio-Canada, le taux de chômage des nouveaux diplômés est presque le double de celui du public général qui est à peu près 15%. Non seulement les diplômés ne trouvent pas d'emplois, mais quand ils



COURTESY CBC NEWS

réussissent à être embauchés, ce n'est souvent pas dans leur domaine, c'est pour de bas salaires et c'est souvent des emplois à temps partiel qui ne nécessitent même pas un diplôme universitaire.

According to Maclean's magazine, one of the problems with graduates is that there is a gross mismatch between people's skills and the jobs employers wish to fill. In plain terms, what you're learning at school is not making you employable. It's a harsh reality. The statistics may be grim, but this is life and society as we know it. So fellow Glendonites, I ask you, is this really your time? Don't be discouraged.

Je suis une étudiante adulte et ce

n'est pas mon premier rodéo avec l'éducation post secondaire. Je suis diplômée il y a longtemps et je travaille actuellement à temps partiel dans mon domaine, mais ceci ne me donne pas les droits de vantardise. Cela prouve simplement que vous pouvez y arriver aussi. Les statistiques n'étaient pas trop encourageantes lorsque j'ai complété mon premier degré. Je suis arrivée sur le marché du travail au moment où le domaine était saturé d'employés, où tout le monde se lançait en relations publiques. Chers Glendonites, je vous offre alors quelques conseils:

1. Lorsque vous aurez choisi votre domaine d'étude, commencez dès

le début votre recherche d'emploi. Commencer à faire des recherches concernant des stages, des postes de bénévolat et toutes les possibilités que votre domaine vous réserve.

2. Rather than spending your summers wasting away, spend this time looking for meaningful work, good internships or volunteer positions. If you couldn't land that perfect summer job, keep your job at the retail store and volunteer with an organization. You have four months off, use it wisely. This can help you get ahead in the long run.

3. L'université vous offre aussi de nombreuses possibilités pour vous impliquer. Il y a beaucoup de clubs, de comités et de groupes que vous pouvez joindre. Ces opportunités vous donnent l'occasion d'épanouir votre sens de leadership.

4. Be a product of nepotism when you're in school and see if you can get hook-ups for jobs. It will give you experience, a better idea of what you want to do and make you some serious cash. For example, when I was a Summer student at the government thanks to my mom, I knew after two weeks that this was where I didn't want to be. However I stuck it out, got solid references, acquired practical work experience and knew I would never do a job like that ever again.

Il reste qu'un mois de cours. Le destin, les étoiles et la magie ne vont pas créer votre avenir. Vous détenez les clés de votre destin. Make it happen!

GROWING POST-GLENDON LIFE AFTER A LIBERAL ARTS DEGREE

BY ALEXA POSLIFF CAMPUS LIFE SECTION EDITOR

There is one adventure that every Glendon student must go through at one point, whether they are ready for it or not – graduation. Glendon being the kind of campus that it is – a friendly, safe, and fun environment – makes leaving it all the more difficult. Add in that life in the 'real world' is often times so uncertain that it's terrifying, and leaving the place you've called home for the past four years (or more) becomes an unappealing, though necessary, prospect.

One of the most troubling parts of graduating Glendon seems to be that many believe that having a liberal arts degree is basically useless. This, however, is not as true as many Glendonites may think it is. In November 2012, Forbes ran a piece titled "A Liberal Arts Degree Is More Valuable Than Learning Any Trade" and stresses the importance of the many skills that are learned in a post-secondary institution like Glendon that would be difficult to obtain elsewhere. This piece makes it clear that technology is everywhere; this does not mean that everyone should begin to get their degrees in technology related industries, but rather that since technology is so prevalent in our everyday lives, it will

replace any jobs of humans that it can. Therefore, one ought to get a degree in a field that focuses on skills that cannot be replaced by technology – thinking, both critically and creatively.

In February 2013, Forbes published yet another article about the importance of a liberal arts education in response to United States Governor Pat McCrory's remarks about the lack of preparedness a liberal arts degree gives its graduates. Elizabeth Anthony's piece, "McCrory Off the Mark About the Liberal Arts," argues that the skills students gain from a liberal arts education are more than helpful for finding a job, and also help you for the rest of your life.

Though it's often difficult to foresee just how a liberal arts degree could possibly be used, the Glendon website lists many past Glendonites who have gone on to have very successful careers in a variety of fields. For instance, Chantal Hébert went on to become a journalist at The Toronto Star, while Vincent Del Buono became the Deputy Secretary General of Amnesty International.

Glendon's website also describes the ways in which a liberal arts degree can help prepare you for the work-

force: better problem-solving skills, better time management skills, better researching skills, and of course, Glendon's specialty – better language skills. Being able to communicate fluently in both English and French allows Glendonites to gain an edge on many other university graduates, perhaps even in fields that are not your area of expertise. Being bilingual, or even trilingual, not only extends the scope of your future job search, but also allows for easier communication with people from other countries. Glendon is the only Canadian university with a Centre of Excellence specializing in the French language, which allows Glendonites the opportunity to rigorously study two languages simultaneously unlike anywhere else in the country. Glendon's website explains the French advantage in numerical terms as well: those who are bilingual can earn up to 12% more at their starting-level income than those who only speak one language.

Although many people may look down upon those with liberal arts degrees, the evidence really speaks for itself – and at Glendon, this language speaks to such naysayers not only in English, but also in French.

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Vie de Campus

ADVENTURES NEAR CAMPUS PLACES TO EXPLORE ON FOOT

BY STEPHANIE SETTLE ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF CAMPUS LIFE

As warmer weather approaches, some Glendon students might be spending more time outside. With this in mind, I recently went on a mission to scout out interesting places to which one can easily explore on foot near campus. While Glendon's location is relatively far from busier parts of Toronto, a twenty-minute walk will take you to the intersection of Lawrence and Yonge, where you can find an assortment of restaurants and cafés with various themes and price ranges.

My mission began slightly north of Lawrence Station, at the Starbucks I already knew well. It might not be the most unique location, but I highly recommend their new vanilla spice latte and cheesecake brownie. If you're looking for somewhere fancier, you can continue north past Starbucks to Steak Frites Bistro, a Parisian-themed restaurant which advertises a "warm, elegant but unpretentious setting". Their website steakfritesbistro.com displays their menu, as well as a number to call for reservations. Or if you prefer Mexican food to French, you could try Milagro Cantina Mexicana, which is right next door. Just across the street from Steak Frites and Milagro is the Italian restaurant Parmigiano, which I hear has excellent minestrone.

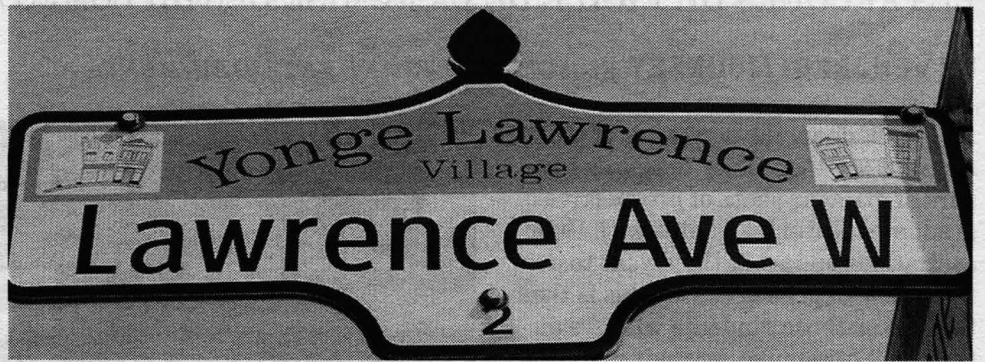
If you prefer coffee to dinner, but aren't a fan of Starbucks, a Second Cup is also nearby. They were advertising two new latte flavours — honey vanilla tea and vanilla bean — as well as a lower price for lattes on Tuesdays. For colder options, self-serve frozen yogurt is available at both

Menchie's and Yogurty's.

One location at which I was especially impressed with the service was David's Tea. The friendly people working there served us a free sample without even being asked, and were happy to give me a menu displaying their many different tea flavours when I explained that I was writing an article. Their winter teas are alpine punch, banana dream pie, chocolate chili chai, cocomint cream, and cookie dough, and there's an entire wall covered in containers of tea leaves of different flavours as well.

Another restaurant worth mentioning near Yonge and Lawrence is Stack, which won urbanspoon.com's award for Toronto's most popular restaurant in 2012. Their menu shows several different varieties of hamburgers and other meat dishes, as well as what appears to be at least one vegetarian burger. I also had a delicious vegetarian burger at Gabby's Roadhouse, which, while perhaps not the most romantic location for those who are taking someone out to dinner, did have good prices and excellent service.

Finally, Lawrence and Yonge isn't the only intersection near Glendon where you can find good food. At Bayview and Eglinton is The Uptown, which was known as Sunnybrook Restaurant before it was renovated by the TV show *Restaurant Takeover*. They have different lunch and dinner specials every day, including the "Uptown Fish and Chips" on Fridays. I hope my restaurant research will motivate some Glendon students to venture outside as spring approaches!



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LEADERSHIP CONFERENCE COMING SOON!

BY AYELEN BARRIOS RUIZ PAGANO
EDITOR OF METROPOLIS

What is Leadership? It's a tough question. Lion's Den went on a mission to try to get that question answered, and everyone seemed to have a different answer. It means different things to different people and it embodies different characteristics, and different activities. On March 24th students will come together for a conference regarding this topic.

Glendon will welcome guest speaker Drew Dudley. Dudley has become a well known speaker specializing on the topic of leadership. Not only is he no stranger to York university, but he has also spoken at the TedX Toronto event. The TedX website recounts, "[Dudley] Now the Founder and Chief Catalyst of Nuance Leadership Inc., works with dozens of universities, colleges, high schools, charities and other organizations around the world to empower young people to increase their leadership capacity."

This is an opportunity to discuss leadership and portray it in our everyday lives. Students are encouraged and welcome to come and participate in the event. Students are asked to please RSVP to the conference. For more information on the event check out the Lion's Den website (Twitter and facebook work too), the booth itself, or check out the new YouTube channel. See you there!

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STATISM, LEADERISM AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

NORTH KOREAN DILEMMA IN A CHANGING ENVIRONMENT BY ARTEM ZAYTSEV ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF ISSUES AND IDEAS

A prolonged discussion regarding the possibility of North Korea creating its own nuclear weapons created a rather ordinary debate with a strong emphasis on the importance of arms reduction. This, of course, is absolutely adequate with respect to a necessity of promoting worldwide peace and assuring nuclear weapons control. Nevertheless, such response of the UN was predictable and straightforward. What further piques interest is the reason for this move by North Korea's party officials and the main intent behind it.

For many years now, the Democratic People's Republic of North Korea has been regarded as a blood-thirsty little monster with a rather anachronistic governing structure. This is partly true. What some straightforward observers refer to as a communistic state, de facto resembles a statist monarchy with a very unclear economic policy. It is about time that Juche ideology should be included in political science textbooks as something separate from traditional right/left wing, fascism/libertarianism political spectrums. It stands beyond it.

But let us return to the previous question of North Korea's blood-thirstiness. Despite the obvious military appearance of the republic, the actual aims of their militarization are differ-

ent from a desire to march on Seoul. The condition of conventional arms in comparison to their Southern neighbor is definitely not in favor of North Korea's. Evidently, keeping military equipment modernized requires a sufficient chunk of GDP to be devoted on such measures (with at least 30% of the military budget allocated on capital spending) and a constant dependence on deliveries from outside of the country from a trader partner or an ally. North Korea has none of these.

On the other hand, success of a nuclear weapon program might solve this puzzle, by creating a kind of hand gun that can be used as an object of threat if required, but that will most likely be kept away. The importance of conventional arms will instantly be watered down, because North Korea will join the club of nuclear powerhouses.

The success of North Korea in this field is not at all surprising. Even if there are problems with electricity in Pyongyang and reoccurring incidents of hunger, the command economy of North Korean type has a particular power in redirecting and concentrating resources on a certain goal. Thus, a satellite launch as well as recent success in rocket development should not be considered to come out of noth-



COURTESY WIKIPEDIA

ing. What is truly surprising is that the people of North Korea are still disadvantaged because of the ambitions of their leaders. In a sense, they face this trade-off every day. Instead of placing more emphasis on social policy and general well being, North Koreans are forced to focus their efforts on making the nuclear weapon program come true.

In a changing geopolitical environment, Pyongyang hopes to sustain its ambitions and create a universal response to worldwide criticisms as well as defend its government from possible influences imposed by the West. With respect to the current tendencies and changes in the Middle East, it is quite difficult to expect something different.

A METEORITE HITS CENTRAL RUSSIA

AN INCREDIBLE EVENT DRAWS PANIC AND LAUGHTER FROM ACROSS THE GLOBE

BY ARTEM ZAYTSEV ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF ISSUES AND IDEAS

Waking up on a typical Friday morning, I never would have expected to see such unimaginable headlines in newspapers. A huge meteor flew over my hometown Chelyabinsk. The asteroid entered the atmosphere at a speed of 54,000 km/h, roughly 44 times faster than the speed of sound. The explosion in the sky was equivalent to roughly 500 kilotons of TNT, which is at least 20-30 times more than the atomic bombs detonated in Hiroshima and Nagasaki back in 1945. For a city with more than 1 million inhabitants, the result of such an explosion could have been devastating, but luckily the meteor flew over and fell just on the outskirts. The location of the remaining pieces is still largely unknown. Some of them are located near the lake just outside of the city, while other pieces are supposed to be in Northern Kazakhstan.

Videos of the explosion and the meteor's traces have since flooded YouTube and have now reached millions of views. Judging by this documen-

tation, it is possible to estimate the chain of events behind all this. First, an enormous fireball appeared in the sky and the flare was visible enough to cast a shadow on a bright day. Many people instantly thought that it was a falling aircraft, either civil or military. Nevertheless, a huge burst of sound was heard approximately one minute later, this signaled that it was something bigger than an ordinary plane. Some even suggested that it was a rocket explosion or the beginning of World War III. Lack of information in the first few hours of the event led to thoughts that this was a local bombing, since many were in closed buildings and assumed that it was an inner explosion. The mobile networks went down shortly after the explosion due to the enormous number of calls.

The sound wave was so powerful that most of the old windows and doors were destroyed at the moment of impact. My mother, a doctor at a local hospital, said that the window frame fell on top of her and that people were

stunned. One nurse yelled: "Something unbelievable is happening!" Fortunately, despite this colossal explosion, there are no reported deaths, but there are plenty of wounded people, some estimate that the number is more than 1,000, with most of the injuries being caused by falling window frames and glass. The city itself suffered a total loss of at least \$30 million in property damage. The state university, the drama theatre and Chelyabinsk Zinc Factory were severely damaged by the sound wave. Most of the houses had their windows smashed with occasional damage to the walls.

Since the Tunguska meteorite fall, this is by far the biggest event of this kind clearly seen by numerous witnesses. Most importantly, the investigation of meteorite parts will be invaluable for scientists. Many claim that the future exploration of meteorites could contribute to the development of new fuel materials. Overall, the outcome of such an extraordinary event promises to be just as terrific as

the burning trace of the meteorite.

The meteorite crash instantly resulted in numerous jokes and there is a sense of social connection among citizens at the moment, since everyone is discussing the same thing.

Moreover, everyone is sharing the same problems, such as broken windows and postponed classes in both universities and in schools. It is funny to observe how an extraordinary event can momentarily unite people of different social classes and backgrounds. In a sense, the upcoming problems of window replacements and street cleaning created a somewhat common issue for citizens that united everyone in a surprising way. On a cold winter day, the city made the headlines of all the world's major newspapers and its people instantly became an integral part of an epic historical event. This proves that a lucky coincidence might drastically change the disposition of thousands of people and create an invisible, yet strong connection among them.



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Enjeux et Idées

SECESSION FROM THE BRITISH MONARCHY

A SOLUTION TO THE FRENCH-ENGLISH DIVIDE?

BY CONNER MARVIN CONTRIBUTOR

Perhaps I'm becoming a one trick pony, but secession from the British monarchy is an issue I wish to expand on. It has quickly become a passion project of mine, so please do forgive any sensationalist comments I may make in my endeavour. These are the results of how necessary I see my idea to be, not only for myself but for what I see as necessary for my beloved country. I want to give you an idea of how I arrived at the concept of the need for a Canadian head of state, and why I see it as important. I draw very much from personal and family history. I am an Anglo Canadian raised in the absence of French and surrounded by many cultures for whom I have a deep and profound pride in having experienced. But in growing up and learning about my heritage, I have realized that part of that heritage has effectively been removed and forgotten— that of Franco-Ontarian descent. The tale of my grandfather explains this. He was born and raised in Welland, Ontario, which has a small Francophone community that immigrated there to build the Welland canal in the 1820s. Our lineage goes back to seigneuries on the South shore of the St. Lawrence river, across from Québec city. Opposition to the First World War in Québec set deep divisions between English and French Canada that were far from being rectified at the time of my grandfather's youth, which added to the isolation that Québec and Franco-Canadians as a whole experienced.

Growing up in the 1930s, my grandfather was subject to racism, discrimination and exclusion. He finished high school just before the Government of Ontario declared the province unilingually English and subsequently shut down French-language education. In order to get a job he had to not only learn English but speak it without an accent. Not only did he have to be English, he had to not be French. The result being that even though he afterwards lived in Québec, none of his children speak French and none of his grandchildren speak French. Such is the death of a language, a culture, a home and a horizon. This strife is difficult for others to imagine. Your very essence faces an existential threat.

While we have come a long way, and many things have changed, we can no longer deny the fact that French-Canadian language and culture is indeed unique and occupies an important place in the Canadian context. Hostilities towards Québec and pro-French policies have roots in the reluctance to realize the needs of Francophones—who see the province and legislation as the tools used to ensure their place in the world is sustained. That is not to say that some of these policies can't be over-bearing or infringing on minorities, but those policies are the results of the recognition of the collective need for action. Our reality is truly shared, but we cannot deny the significant differences that exist. Jean Lesage, the

Québec Premier who took power after the ultra-conservative Maurice Duplessis died in 1959 (which in turn kicked off la révolution tranquille) has one of the most pertinent quotations on this idea:

"In Canada, French and English are our first names, but our surname is 'Canadian.' We must be true to our heritage, but we must also be true to our first name, as it is our individuality, our soul, and we must not have an inferiority or superiority complex."

In my experience, I have never witnessed Anglo superiority complexes. No one has suggested one culture is superior to the other, or that one culture does not deserve to exist. Anglos, generally speaking, have been supportive in promoting French on all levels and have come to embrace the idea of a shared existence. It is when French policies and claims do not conform with English-Canadian concepts that problems arise. The divergence lies in the idea of language, its purpose, and uses. This is because, as Chantal Hébert points out, that English-Canadians see their language differently than French-Canadians see theirs. French Canadians define their culture and identity through their language. It is a way to see the world, to express the world, whereas English-Canadians generally do not see it as such, and if they do, it is certainly to a lesser collective degree.

On the idea of inferiority/superiority complex however, directly related is the idea of a victimization complex. Québec

Nationalists have reason to point to historical grievances and discrepancies, many of which date back before Confederation. This is a very dangerous element to national unity, perhaps the most dangerous. The idea is not to reduce their legitimacy, but rather talk about how to take this country into the future, so that these grievances have as little bearing on French-English relations as possible. The important note is that grievances exist, and that a number of the paths we've taken to rectify them has in turn left us more divided than ever. The burden of change lies in English-Canada's hands, and the first step to reconciliation is to recognize that those grievances do, in fact, exist to this day.

These are the foundations with which I make my argument – that a change in our shared perception must take place. We must continue to build this relationship, not shy away from it. We must discuss what it is we see, what it is that we are, not what the other side wants or thinks. We must decide whether or not symbolism is important in this country, or through our complacency, deem it not to be so. We have become the meeting place for the world, but have forgotten why we have become just that. Indeed, we must decide what Canada is in the 21st century, for we have shied away from this for too long. Our time has come to understand ourselves. Let us leave no stone- or crown- unturned.

SCAREDY CAT

FINDING COURAGE IN OUR GREATEST FEARS BY OLIVIA BLACKMORE EDITOR OF IDEAS AND ISSUES

We gain strength, and courage, and confidence by each experience in which we really stop to look fear in the face... we must do that which we think we cannot.
- Eleanor Roosevelt

It is often in times of great darkness and sadness, that that which we thought we needed the least, we actually need the most. What I'm referring to is our fears. Too often do we let our fears control what we do, what we say, or whether we get out of bed on some days. Too easy is it to let these things prevent us from doing the things we really want to do. All great quotes about conquering fear talk about defeating fear, as if it were a battle. We must slay our fears with a giant sword of courage. And somehow in doing this, we master our fears and they will be gone forever. Truth is, our fears never leave us, they will always creep up every now and then. My question is: What good is there in trying to conquer fear? Perhaps fear should be tamed instead. The way you

perceive fear is the difference between letting it stop you from doing something you want to do, and letting it help you realize how much you want to do something, and because of your fear, doing that thing will probably make it that much more satisfying once you've done it. My father is a very accomplished and great jazz musician. So naturally, he has a lot of musician friends. Whenever I meet one of his fellow musicians, I always get asked the same question "So, what do you play?" It's always assumed that I too am a musician, because of who my father is. I've always answered truthfully, "Nothing, my dad is the musician in our family, not me." They always give me the same look of disappointment. Truth is, I never saw myself as a musician of any kind. Not that I haven't ever tried to play anything, I've taken piano, guitar, bass, drum and vocal lessons. The only thing I ever stuck to was singing. Throughout my primary school days I was part of the school choir, and I

took singing lessons for about two years. I've always loved singing, even though I never thought I was very good. But over the years, singing in the shower, and singing along to my favourite songs whenever I could, I built up my vocal abilities. The only thing is that I never dared to sing in front of other people, because I was too scared of what they would think. As the end of 2012 approached, I began to reflect on what I wanted to do as a resolution for the new year. I decided that I would do things that scare me. First on my list, was singing in front of an audience. I immediately messaged a friend who I knew played piano and guitar and who could accompany me. She informed me that there would be an open mic at school in a week, and it was decided right then and there that I would perform. I was terrified at the idea of singing in front of people, but the fear also made it exciting. There was no turning back, I no longer wanted to do this- I needed to do

it. As I practiced the songs I was to sing, something was happening. I no longer really cared what other people thought. I sang as loud as I could, and I didn't care who could hear me. And to my surprise, I was pretty good. I say that not with arrogance, but with the realization of my own potential. As the date of the open mic grew nearer, I became more and more excited, still kind of scared, but the fear was fueling my desire to accomplish this goal I had set out for myself. When the piano began to play, I looked out at the audience. There it was, my fear was staring at me. It was just fear and I, looking at each other in the eye. I closed my eyes for a moment, and then I sang. I sang as loud as I could, as if it would scare my fear away. When I finished my set, I could hear the audience applauding. I opened my eyes, and fear was not looking back at me. It was now standing beside me, but in the form of courage. And courage took my hand, and together we took a bow.

SUBMIT AN ARTICLE: PROTEM@GLEDON.YORKU.CA

TRAVELING & YOUR TWENTIES

WHY YOU SHOULD TAKE THE TIME TO TRAVEL YOUNG BY VICTORIA RAMSAY HEALTH AND WELLNESS EDITOR

I know the typical excuses: money, time, significant others, commitments. I've even used them myself from time to time. Unfortunate as it is, all of these excuses are valid but should they continue to hold you back? Taking the time to travel is an important experience. Getting out of our norm, our personal comfort and the daily routine can benefit us in many ways. Time away on our own personal adventures allow us to observe others, and grow and change as individuals. From our later teen years and into our twenties is a great time to start this. This time in our lives is a time of empowerment, where we feel as though the entire world is at our fingertips. We have the zeal of a newfound independence and excitement to make the most of life and a genuine love for fun experiences. So I'd like to ask, why wait?

Squashing some of the excuses that run through our minds when contemplating traveling is difficult. If your personality is logical and indecisive, like mine, then you might have a hard time being spontaneous or committing to such an important, life impacting and expensive decision. Traveling demands time, planning and the funds to do so but the pay off of venturing out into the world is ultimately priceless. Here are some reasons that you should take the time and travel young.

1. *There aren't as many commitments:*

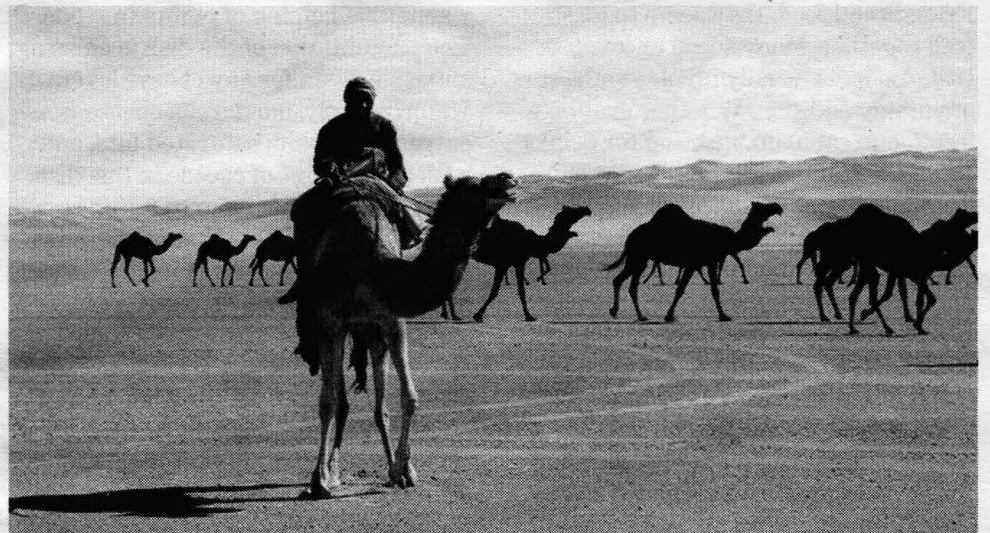
Major life altering commitments such as children, marriage or a house aren't usually the case at this point in your life. One day those things will come about but for now you do have more freedom to pick up for a couple months and take an internship abroad, study for a semester or two in Paris or go on a missions trip to help build houses. Of course your education is important as well as your boyfriend or girlfriend and family commitments but at this time there are fewer major commitments holding you back.

2. *You won't always be young:*

Life isn't always going to be about you. Circumstances will arise that will involve other people in your life and will force you to stay put. Also, some travel destinations and dreams that you might want to pursue could benefit from experiencing them at a younger age such as more physically demanding trips. Take advantage of being young.

3. *Travelling will change you:*

Travelling will allow you to feel connected to the many other human beings across the world in a meaningful and forever lasting way. You will become cultured as you see the beautiful works of art and majestic places that other countries have to offer. Travelling will change you in ways that other situations cannot compare to. This experience will force you to begin to care for issues that are much bigger than you. You will begin



COURTESY WIKIPEDIA

to realize how extremely large the world is while also realizing how small it is at the same time. Seeing how other people live in a variety of circumstances will help you realize the positive and negative aspects of the society and country you've been accustomed to.

4. *Habits start young:*

If you choose to make travel a part of your young adult life it will most likely carry into your later adult life as well. This is a great time to create yourself and see the world around you. If you take the time to travel now you will have more of a desire to continue to do so through different seasons of your life

whether that is during long-term relationships, marriage, with kids or as part of your career. Many crucial habits are formed and molded during your early young adult years so choose them wisely.

Once you catch the travel bug it will be hard to shake. You will be dreaming of your next destination. Taking this time in your twenties might be the best thing you could ever do. Personally I have plans and dreams of seeing places like India, Greece and Thailand. I refuse to let my age and the mundane routine of my day-to-day squander my desire to follow through. Take the time in your twenties to travel young.

TRAVELLING SMART

HEALTH PRECAUTIONS TO TAKE BEFORE AND DURING YOUR VACATION

BY ALEXIA LAWSON CONTRIBUTOR

Sunglasses? Check! Sunhat? Check! Gifts for Uncle Sam? Check! Gifts for Uncle Sam's kids? Check! Hold on! Before you're ready to hop on that plane and say "hasta la vista" to the stresses of school life, have you considered preparing for your health? Does one cannon ball into a murky body of water? Does a soldier step onto a battlefield without physical and mental training? The answer is no and you shouldn't take chances with your health either. The last thing you want is for sickness to take away from your long-awaited vacation experience.

Here are a few traveling precautions to consider *before* travel:

- *See your doctor* at least six weeks before leaving for immunization and for professional advice concerning your personal health. If you have any health conditions, have your doctor write a letter that describes your conditions, has a list of your routine medications (in their generic names) and prescriptions for refill.

- *Boost your fitness.* You might not be fighting lions or chasing squirrels to survive a shipwreck on a deserted island, but physical fitness is essential. Whether it be enduring guided tours or walking in more humid weather than you are used to. Consider an exercise program in advance such as home videos with Tai Bo or Zumba classes at the GAC!



COURTESY WIKIPEDIA

- *Pack a travel health kit.* Here are a few items that it should include: bandages (multiple sizes), hand sanitizer, gauze, disposable latex gloves, thermometer, tweezers, anti-diarrheal medication and sunscreen.

- *Knowledge!* Research potential health risks that could be in your destination. Be aware of diseases, food and water precautions as well as necessary immunizations to receive beforehand. Get the addresses and phone numbers of embassies in the area of your visit; they can help find medical care for you.

- *Health insurance.* You may want to find out how your insurance works outside of Canada. If your insurance company does not provide coverage abroad, you might want to consider purchasing travel health insurance.

Now that you're ready to travel here are some precautions to take while you're away:

- *Flying?* If you're prone to motion sickness, sit near the wings of the plane if possible. This is the most stable part of the plane. Also, avoid reading on the plane. Take steps to prevent jet lag

such as drinking liquids and readjusting your sleep schedule to the new time zone.

- *Water and food* are the most common causes of illness amongst travelers. Avoid water if you are unsure of its condition. Safe beverages include those made with boiled water such as tea, coffee, and canned or bottled carbonated drinks. As tempting as roadside fruit may seem, avoid raw fruits and vegetables (unless washed and peeled by yourself) and lean towards choosing hot, well-cooked food.

- *Sun and heat exposure.* To avoid sunburn or heatstroke, stay out of the sun during the middle part of the day when the UV index is at its peak. In most places, this is between 10 am and 4 pm. Use sunscreen for both UVA and UVB rays with a sun protection factor (SPF) of at least 15. Reapply frequently when sweating and after swimming. Drink PLENTY of fluids, and have rehydrating drinks that replenish lost fluids and electrolytes.

- *Driving.* Learn local driving customs, unfamiliar road signs and patterns, such as the side of the road to drive on. Drive more when there is daylight, make sure you are well rested, take breaks and remember to always buckle your seatbelt!

NOW you are ready for your well needed and deserved vacation! Have fun and *be safe!* Hasta la vista, au revoir!

Bien-Être et Santé

FRIENDS & FOOD SOCIALIZING THE HEALTHY WAY

BY MARIA ZUPPARDI CONTRIBUTOR AND VICTORIA RAMSAY HEALTH AND WELLNESS EDITOR

Friends and food, they seem to go so well together. Many social encounters that you have usually involve some sort of yummy addition. Whether grabbing a coffee to catch up, meeting for drinks and appetizers on a Friday night or grabbing a snack at a frozen yogurt shop, food brings people together. Conversing, connecting and laughing during a meal are meaningful moments. A daily routine is made special by sharing it with close friends. However, this social interaction can prove to be costly at times and not always the healthiest decision. When we spend our meal times with friends we actually tend to eat more because we are so preoccupied with enjoying their company. It's easy to lose track of the food choices we make in these circumstances. This can be avoided by being aware of the healthier food options available at restaurants that go beyond a typical salad.

A great place to go to lunch with your friends is at the Mexican family-owned restaurant Cocina Lucero. It is located at 523 Yonge Street. There is a wide selection of different Mexican dishes. Restaurants such as this one, however, can make it easy to lose track of your fat intake. A lot of people assume that by ordering just an appetizer you are automatically eating healthier. This is usually not the case. At Cocina Lucero, they serve a great looking appetizer, the Queso Fundido, which contains poblano peppers, queso fresco, melted mozzarella cheese, topped with

a generous helping of pumpkin seeds. The presentation of the dish is amazing, and it's heaven for any cheese lover. Unfortunately, mozzarella cheese is extremely high in saturated fats, and with the amount of cheese in this dish, it's definitely a poor choice for an appetizer. A better choice that is offered is the Fajitas de Carnes. It includes flour tortillas on the side, onions, toppings, and bell peppers, as well as a choice between chicken breast, shrimp, or steak. Choosing chicken breast while eating out can make your meal a healthier choice. This option is a bit higher in cholesterol but is still much better than the Queso Fundido. I recommend this location for a great Mexican cuisine experience.

Another interesting spot is Chako, a Korean barbecue restaurant. It is located in Richmond Hill and Scarborough. The great thing about this restaurant experience is you get the opportunity to cook your own food. This is a healthy option because you are in control of exactly what you are adding to your food. It is set up in a buffet style, so you can eat as much as you want. Staying away from too much red meat would also make your meal better for you. Chako offers lamb, beef, chicken, and pork as well as a variety of vegetables. There is also a selection of sushi. This restaurant is a great place to go with a bunch of friends; you can cook together and have fun. It's a place to become adventurous and step outside of the regular chain.



L. GLASSMAN

restaurant options and have healthy options as well.

Sometimes meeting friends for a full meal is not possible. Coffee or frozen yogurt are popular options for a quick get together. Venues such as Menchie's and Yogurty's offer many flavours of frozen yogurt and a ton of toppings. A fun, tasty experience that is much better for you than ice cream. When creating your frozen yogurt cup you have healthy options such as fruit, nuts and coconut shavings. You can make your yogurt as healthy or unhealthy as you want. Meeting one or two friends at a coffee shop such as Starbucks can also be an often occurrence. Once again, the health factor in your food and beverage choices is within your

control. Opting for the "skinny" version of your favourite latte cuts the calories but maintains the taste you love. The addition of whipped cream also adds extra unnecessary calories. Saying "No thank you" when the barista asks if you want whip will cut the fat content and overall calories. Customizing your drink order is simple.

Who says that socializing over food can't be adventurous and healthy? There are many fun, different and healthy options out there. Eating out while maintaining a healthy lifestyle is just a choice away. Don't be afraid to ask about the customizable options offered by the restaurant, frozen yogurt spot or coffee shop you visit. Try something new and healthy with your friends!

LES NOUVELLES DU CLUB DE L'ÉDUCATION DE LA SANTÉ

UN MOIS DE FÉVRIER TRÈS OCCUPÉ

PAR A.K. RUSSELL RÉDACTRICE ASSOCIÉE

Le mois dernier était très occupé pour les mentors du club de l'éducation de la santé. Tout d'abord, nous avons célébré la semaine des non-fumeurs du 27 janvier au 2 février avec l'équipe de « Leave The Pack Behind » (LTPB). Au début de la semaine, nous avons tenu des sessions d'informations sur les stratégies qui peuvent aider un fumeur à arrêter de fumer ou qui peuvent l'aider à réduire le nombre de paquets de cigarettes qu'il fume par jour.

Nous avons également assuré la promotion du concours « Would You Rather » à travers lequel vous auriez pu gagner de l'argent pour arrêter ou réduire la consommation des cigarettes du 28 janvier au 11 mars. Le concours est maintenant terminé, mais jetez un coup d'œil au site web de l'équipe pour voir comment vous pouvez participer

au prochain concours : "http://www.leavethepackbehind.org/contest_dates.php"

Pendant la semaine du 3 au 9 février, nous avons célébré la semaine de « Every Body is Beautiful », une période pendant laquelle nous encourageons les gens de ressentir des sentiments positifs et de créer des pensées positives envers leur esprit et leur corps, pour les femmes aussi bien que les hommes. Nous avons de même présenté des sessions d'informations lors de « Wellness Wednesday » et nous avons organisé des petites promenades autour des résidences. D'ailleurs, le jeudi était le point culminant de cette semaine importante. Parmi de nombreuses activités, il y avait une soirée d'art et un défilé de mode au café Lunik.

Les activités se sont même poursui-

vis tout au long du week-end. L'équipe a organisé une session de conversation pour discuter du corps, des perceptions du corps des femmes et des hommes dans les médias et des stratégies pour ignorer ces images. Puis le dimanche, il y avait une soirée de bonbons sains et délicieux. Pendant toute la semaine, on a aussi écrit des messages d'inspiration et d'encouragement sur nos sites de médias sociaux : facebook.com/health_ed, twitter.com/GLhealthd.

Comme vous voyez, le club de l'éducation de la santé est toujours occupé et organise une variété d'activités juste pour vous. Donc, restez à l'affût des événements du club de l'éducation de la santé ce mois-ci car on se prépare pour la fin de cette merveilleuse année scolaire. En attendant, prenez soin de vous!

Le club de l'éducation de la santé est toujours occupé et organise une variété d'activités juste pour vous.



SEE YOUR WORK IN PRINT
EMAIL: PROTEM@GLENDON.YORKU.CA

THE NOT-SO WALKING DEAD

ET AUTRES ACTIVITÉS NON-CONVENTIONNELLES

BY AYLEEN BARRIOS RUIZ PAGANO

EDITOR FOR METROPOLIS

You are going shopping in the wonder of Queen Street, strolling by Nathan Philips Square looking to go into the Eaton Centre when you see something odd from the corner of your eye. You turn around, hear groans and are shocked by what is before your eyes. Blood, body parts, moans and groans, and they're coming towards you. It's happening, the thing you've feared for so long; the thing you thought was only possible in T.V. shows and apparently Teen Romcoms. Yet here it is in front of you: zombies and lots of them.

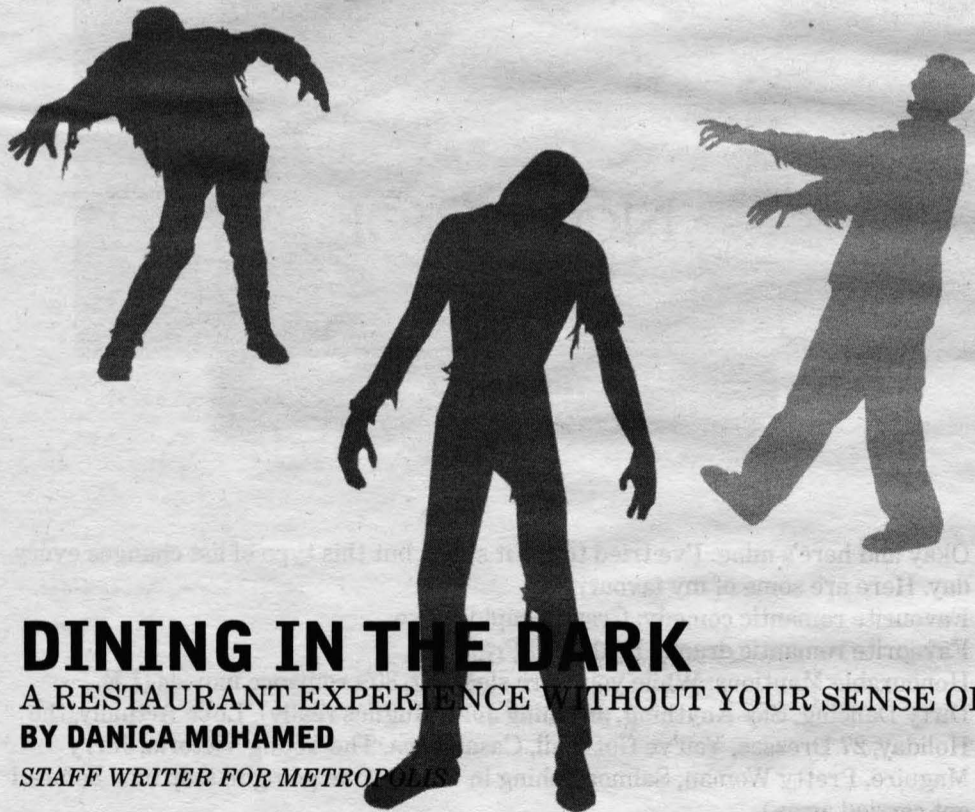
Wait a minute. As they storm by you, you realize they aren't chasing after you, in fact you quickly realize they aren't dead at all. They're smiling and winking at you. They're laughing and having fun. This isn't the walking dead but instead the faking dead. You've heard of this. This is the annual Zombie Walk.

La marche des zombies a été introduite en 2003. Celle-ci semble être contagieuse puisqu'elle s'est rapidement répandue jusqu'à New York, à Ottawa et dans d'autres grandes villes à travers le monde. En 2006, le *Toronto After Dark Film Festival* s'est jumelé à cet événement de sorte que les zombies peuvent visionner des films après leur parade.

Chaque année, les adolescents et les adultes qui aimeraient participer à cet événement sont invités à joindre les zombies dans les rues de Toronto. Toutefois, ce n'est pas la seule activité étrange que Toronto peut vous offrir. Le grand froid canadien est un événement de charité organisé par Sears pour aider les enfants qui sont affectés par le cancer. Simplement suggérer de courir dans l'eau glacée au milieu de février vous donne probablement les frissons. Mais, si vous êtes assez courageux pour le faire, vous pouvez bien le faire pour une bonne cause. Pour plus d'informations, consultez: thesearsgreatcanadianchill.ca.

Une autre activité amusante et non conventionnelle est le plaisir que vous réservent plusieurs parcs intérieurs de trampolines. Skyzone à Mississauga est l'un de ces parcs où vous pouvez pratiquer des sauts techniques innombrables sur des trampolines ou tout simplement sauter partout. Pour plus d'informations, consultez : www.skyzonesports.com.

Finally, Improv in Toronto is a group with the vision of organizing fun activities within Toronto. They too participated in the annual Zombie Walk. However, they also orchestrated an umbrella taxi service on a random rainy day where they walked alongside someone without an umbrella and shared their own umbrella with random Torontonians. They have also created flash mobs, Subway dance parties, City-wide scavenger hunts, and even a Toronto-wide pillow fight! Whoever said Toronto was a boring place to live clearly has never come across some of these "unusual" activities. For more information on Improv in Toronto check out their website, improvintoronto.com or their youtube channel by searching Improv in Toronto. Also, for more information on the zombie walk check out, torontozombiewalk.ca.



DINING IN THE DARK

A RESTAURANT EXPERIENCE WITHOUT YOUR SENSE OF SIGHT

BY DANICA MOHAMED

STAFF WRITER FOR METROPOLIS

Located at 620 Church Street in downtown Toronto, O. Noir is a unique restaurant in which guests dine in a pitch black dining room. It is one of the only dining establishments with such an interesting and unique concept in Canada. Moe Alameddine first established O. Noir in Montréal in 2007. Later in 2009, a second location was introduced to Toronto by the same founder, with more occupancy than its Montréal counterpart.

The restaurant encourages guests to turn off their cell phones and refrain from using lighters or flashlights so that it does not take away from the ambiance. Although the kitchen chefs are able to see while they cook, the rest of the staff is actually blind. O. Noir's website describes the experience, "After an hour or two in complete darkness...customers gain a better understanding of what it's like to be blind - just like the restaurant's entire wait staff."

The idea of eating in the dark originated from a blind pastor in Zurich named Jorge Spielmann. When he had dinner guests over at his place, he would blindfold them so that they could get the chance to feel what it was like to eat without being able to see anything. Later on in 1999, Spielmann opened a restaurant, which let customers experience their meal without their sense of sight and provided jobs for blind people. He named his establishment Blindekuh (Blind Cow).

O. Noir offers a three course meal for \$39 or a two course meal for \$32, as well as a fully licensed bar. Marinated shrimp with herbs and sundried tomatoes or filet mignon seasoned with five spices and served with potatoes and vegetables are just some of the dishes you can expect. Or if you are feeling adventurous, you can order the surprise starter, main course, and dessert. Reservations are recommended in advance. For more information about O. Noir, please visit their website at www.onoir.com.



SOARING HEIGHTS AND ROOFTOP ADVENTURES

THE ART OF FREE-RUNNING

BY CAITLIN BATTAGLIA

ASSOCIATE EDITOR OF METROPOLIS

Parkour, sometimes abbreviated to PK, also called free-running, l'art du déplacement, and more, is a non-competitive, equipment-free sport that takes place completely in the city streets. The goal of the sport is to get over and around obstacles through jumping, climbing, and much more. From the French "parcours," and specifically tied to the concept of the obstacle course, the word itself encapsulates the spirit of the activity. Imagine leaping from ledges onto other rooftops, swinging from a fence to turn a corner faster, climbing up walls to go over buildings instead of around them. That is the essence of parkour: constant movement and turning urban development into your very own jungle gym.

The concept of modern parkour is most strongly attributed to being of 1980's French militaristic origin, emphasizing the natural instincts of the body. Yet some say that it's more than just a sport: it is an art, a discipline, even a philosophy. Dan Iaboni, of Toronto's Parkour Training Centre: The Monkey's Vault, alludes to his own involvement. His involvement resulted from a desire to achieve dreams and share a passion for movement and expand the realm of possibility. The goal of the centre itself is described as inspiring others to reach new heights (which must be, with parkour, frequently literal) and pushing their boundaries.

In Toronto, there is the Downtown Toronto Parkour Club. The club welcomes all skill levels (so long as the "traceurs," as they are frequently called in free-running, are nineteen years of age or older), and focuses on sharing skills and approaches. All they ask you to bring is comfortable clothes and good shoes.

For something a little more formalized, there's the aforementioned Training Centre, which offers an array of classes for all ages and skill levels. It boasts a foam pit, rock climbing walls, and platforms meant for practising leaps. Drop-in training is available, as well as introductory classes, group training and private lessons.

The important thing to remember about l'art du déplacement is safety and precision. While the idea is to push yourself and your limits alike, it is obviously an activity where you can easily fall and injure yourself. Ultimately, it's about experience. It's about moving and living and getting outdoors and making it from one place to the other in a way that amazes and exceeds expectations. It's about exceeding your own expectations for yourself, and re-discovering the thrill of playgrounds in a city setting. It's an experience you have to experience for yourself. In the end, whether you're returning to the childhood joy of swinging from bar to bar or learning something totally new about yourself it's a fun way to live on the border of an adventure.

As The Monkey's Vault website tells us, "as we grow older... [our] passion for movement dies away. It shouldn't." I can't think of a more perfect way to see and experience Toronto in a whole new light: it's not just our home, and where we go to school. It's a breathing entity, full of life and movement ready for us to take advantage of. So let's see where it takes us.

Arts and Entertainment

FAVOURITE ROM-COMS

BY AYELEN BARRIOS RUIZ

EDITOR OF METROPOLIS

If you're anything like me, you've been watching romantic comedies ever since you can remember. Sure they're cheesy, they aren't the most realistic, and let's face it, not everyone can get Richard Gere or Ryan Gosling to fall in love with them (no matter how much we wish for it). But truth be told, no matter how many people may judge me, or laugh at me or not laugh at the so-called comedy in romantic comedy, I love them to death. Hell, I love romantic movies period. Any movie with a flick of romance, I'm there.

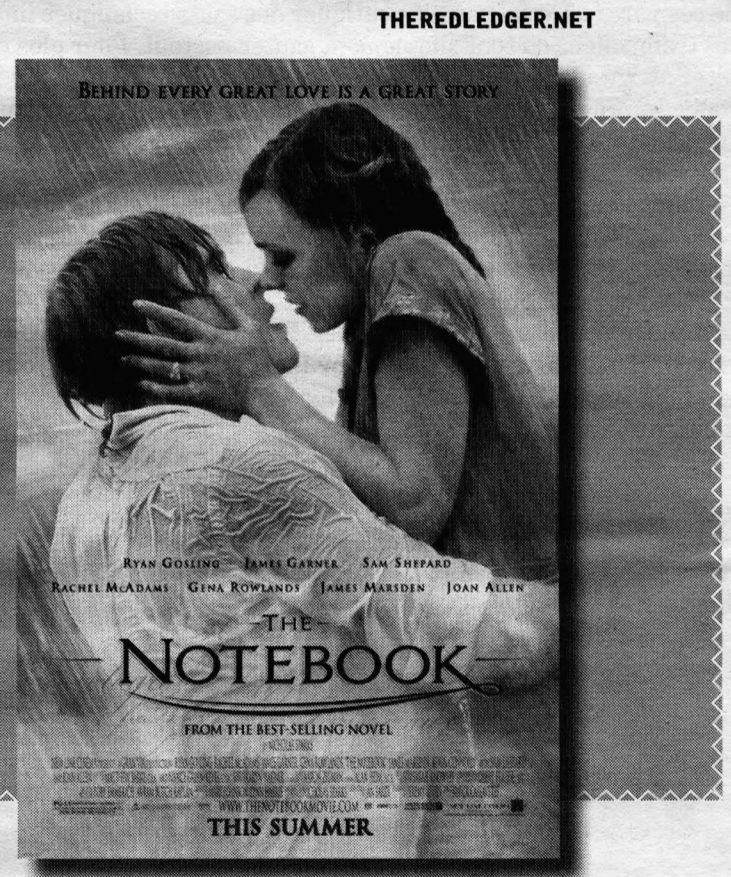
Not only do I have a bit of a collection (okay it's a large collection), but all year long every T.V. station plays these sorts of movies. Now I have my own personal favourites, but I'd be a little conceited if I thought that my picks were the best and only picks, so I thought how could I compile a list of awesome and must-see romantic movies to watch? Well I passed the torch along to some other Glendon students so that they could share some of their personal favourites so that you can make a wise choice when surfing through channels.

KAITLIN THORNBUR – 3rd Year History and English Double Major
 Favourite romantic comedy: Ten things I Hate About You
 Favourite romantic drama (or just more serious movie): The Notebook or A Walk to Remember
 Honourable mentions: Serendipity, P.S I Love You, Love Actually, Stardust and Letters to Juliet
 Guilty pleasures: A Cinderella Story

CORISSA MCKEE- 1st Year Psychology BeD
 Favourite romantic comedy: It's Complicated (also honourable mention)
 Favourite romantic drama: P.S. I Love You
 Honourable mentions: Dirty Dancing
 Guilty pleasure: Last Song

MIKHAELA GRAY- 3rd Year English major
 Favourite romantic comedy: Mr. and Mrs. Smith and You've Got Mail
 Favourite romantic drama: Ever After
 Honourable mentions: Seven Pounds, The Book of Eli, Pursuit of Happiness
 Guilty pleasure: Pirates of the Caribbean, High School Musical, Billy Madison, and the Bourne movies.

MARTINE FEUER – 2nd Year Sociology major
 Favourite romantic comedy: The Proposal
 Favourite romantic drama: The Notebook
 Honourable mentions: Ryan Gosling
 Guilty pleasure: Despicable Me



IKSHAA PAI- 3rd Year English Major
 Favourite romantic comedy: The Holiday
 Favourite romantic drama: Ghost
 Honourable Mentions: Love Actually

WILL RUSSELL CATANGUI
 Favourite Romantic comedy: Just friends
 Favourite Romantic drama: Juno
 Honorable mentions: You are the Apple of My Eye
 Guilty pleasure: A Walk to Remember
 P.S. I totally hate everything "500 Days of Summer" stands for

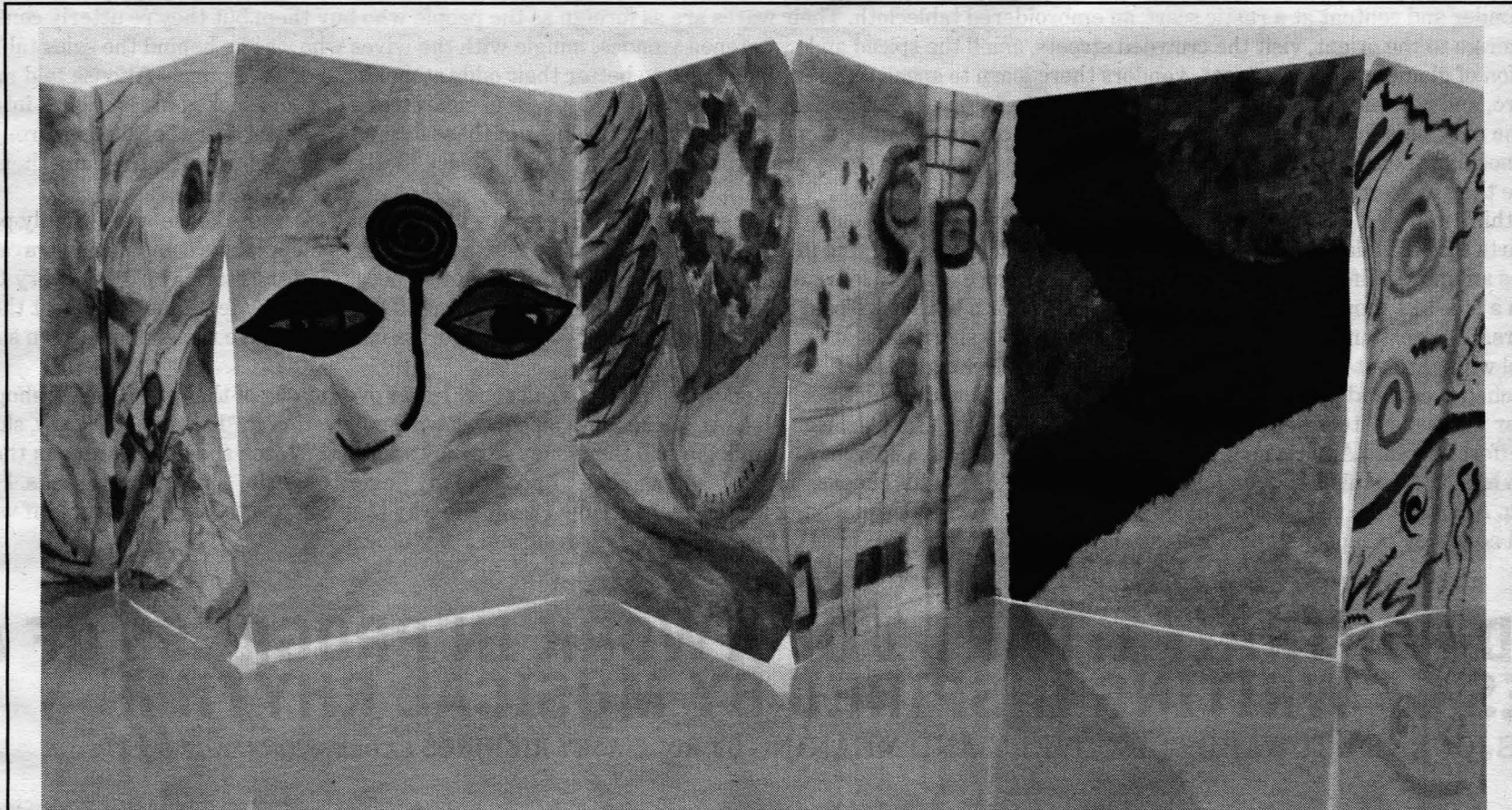
Okay and here's mine. I've tried to cut it short, but this type of list changes every day. Here are some of my favourites:
 Favourite romantic comedy: Crazy, Stupid, Love
 Favourite romantic drama: Pride and Prejudice
 Honourable Mentions: While you were sleeping, 80's romance movies (I.E. Dirty Dancing, Say Anything, anything John Hughes really), Love Actually, the Holiday, 27 Dresses, You've Got Mail, Casablanca, The Young Victoria, Jerry Maguire, Pretty Woman, Salmon fishing in Yemen (I'm going to stop now before I get carried away)
 Guilty pleasures: Anything Nicholas Sparks (even the not so great ones), Twilight (I know...I know), and The Little Mermaid!

Some of these movies have bad-reps. I don't think that it matters however. Whether you love it because you like laughing at it, or you love it because it makes you cry the fact that you love it is all that matters. Movies are made to entertain and if they have they've done their jobs. Romantic movies know what they are, and more times out of not they embrace it. Everyone likes a happy ending and sure it doesn't always work with the characters or the stories but when it does, you hope you wish that maybe someday it'll be your turn as cheesy as that is.

ANNUAL STUDENT EXHIBITION GALERIE GLENDON BY ENINNA LULI CONTRIBUTRICE ET ASSISTANTE DE LA GALERIE GLENDON

From March 19th to 30th, the Glendon Gallery presents the *ANNUAL STUDENT EXHIBITION OF GLENDON ART CLASSES*. The public is invited to the Tuesday, March 19th opening reception at 5:30 pm to support the Glendon students and their professor, Marc Audette.

Venez voir ce qui anime nos étudiants et apprécier le résultat de leurs efforts en expression artistique via différents médias et matières tels que : la photographie, la peinture, le dessin, le mix media et l'installation. On vous y attend le mardi 19 mars à 17 h 30!



Glendon Gallery

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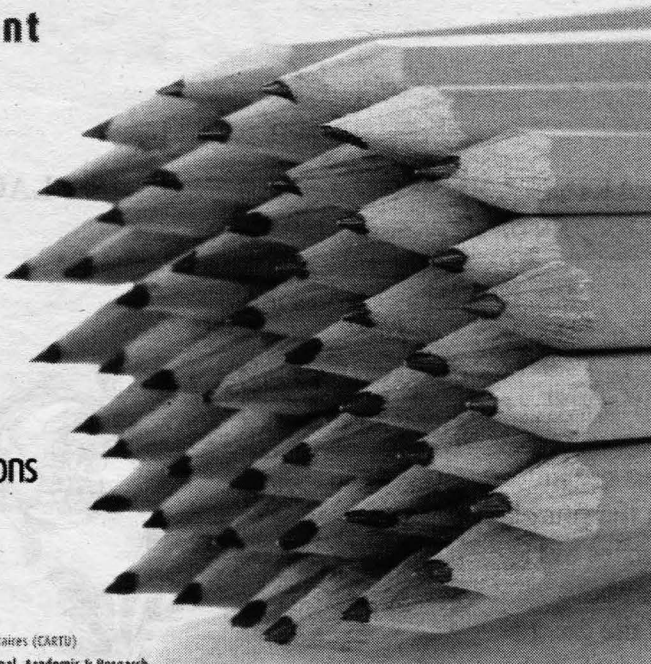
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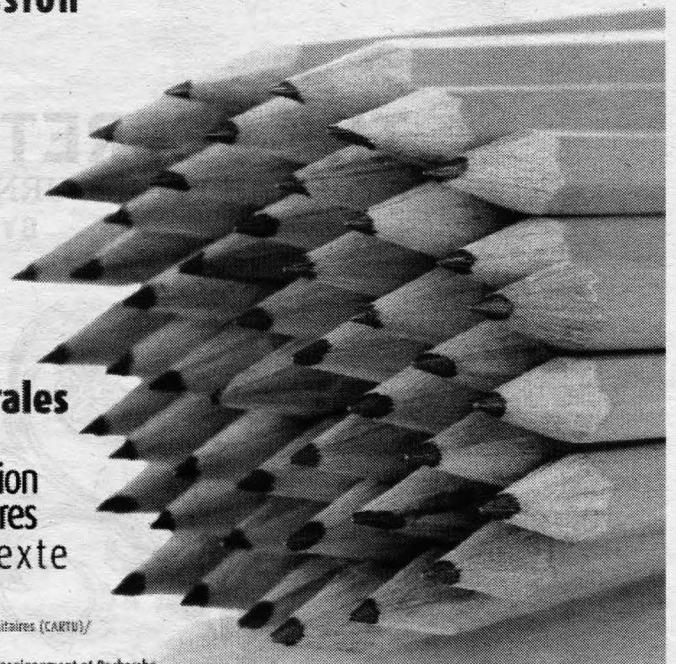
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Expressions

PROVENCE IN THE HEAT

A SHORT STORY ABOUT AN EXPLORATION OF A PLACE CALLED PROVENCE

BY PARDIS ALIAKBARKHANI CONTRIBUTOR

Provence is such an odd place this time of year with its warm air and a shy breeze. Wildflowers perfume the backstreets and I spend hours looking out the window watching black-feathered birds inch their way across the horizon. Hoards of couples, young and old float through the towns now, attracted by the wineries, the humble tapestries and textiles plastered for sale along the streets.

Most of the merchants are from the North and the tiny cities around Paris and their goods are from China. I watch early in the morning before the sun dips over the haze of hills and rooftops as they snip off price tags and discard boxes chalk-full of replicate merchandise. I always sneer at them and their beady eyes as they glaze over in sheer wonder and content at a rustic scarf, an embroidered tablecloth. Their wares are as foreign as the people who buy them but they're utterly content.

I'd much rather go to the orient, visit the crowded streets, smell the spiced and sweetened viandes, mingle with the wives who sit idle behind the sales tables. There's no illusion of glamour, and the street-vendors there learn to speak different languages to better their odds at making a deal. My uncle Alfonse told me about his last trip there, and how his seller, a Chinese man in his late forties, spoke perfect Farsi, smoked two packs of cigarettes a day and slicked his hair back into a ponytail. That was the only time I could feel a semblance of that sweet, beady-eyed wonder that'd mark the faces of these foreigners every time they'd pass through. Everyone here is mocking them with their fake goods; even the buildings are: every arch frowns at them; even the black-feathered frail birds are, they aim their shit on them every time they fly overhead.

Sometimes I think maybe it isn't us mocking them but our envy that permeates every second of the day, every layered smile. Uncle Alfonse was the only person around these parts that traveled much at all and he died last fall of an aneurysm in his sleep. Everyone else has their packages shipped here and no one travels to get the packages anymore. Alfonse only travelled so he'd have an excuse to leave on his own little adventure. I knew it because of the stories he'd tell every time he came back, with a face like those strangers who paid 50 euros for a tea set we paid 5 for. I lift myself from the windowsill and press my feet quietly against the bleeding wooden floors. I undress and let my spotted chemise and jean shorts pool at my feet and slide on a black flower dress instead. I leave the windows open so that the house keeps cool while I'm out and step into the street without locking my door.

Our tiny detached is covered by a wealthy shrub of forestry, the white paint peeling on the sides like a sad song. I peer over at one of the tables, a new shopkeeper still so unfamiliar with where to order good fakes. I tap my finger on a turquoise and brown satchel with a poorly sewn sunflower on it. "How much?" I say, slurring my words in quiet effort to sound American. "Pour vous?" *For you?* He says. "Twenty." I smile, unfold the money from my wallet, the black sheen glistening in the light. I hand it over to him, and he takes it, a smile pinching at either side of his cheeks. "Merci bien, madame." I nod, run my fingers over the tiny yellow threads. I bet he's not even French. A flock of the tiny-headed black birds shuttle overhead, squawking along the way. How I envy the way they can just fly away, venture off wherever they please, and now they're mocking me. Provence is such an odd place this time of year, with the warm air and a shy breeze.

SOUND PORTRAIT 1: PART 1 OF A WORK IN PROGRESS OF A SERIES OF WRITING INSPIRED BY MUSICAL RHYTHM

THE MIND'S JOURNEY TOWARDS DISCOVERY AND MEANING BY ROSEMARY RICHINGS EXPRESSIONS SECTION EDITOR

Some things come to mind
of a time once past
of motivation,
all clear thought.
Remembering:
things that terrify and amaze
determined to heal misconception
before it begins.
Theories were spoken,
thoughts made clear:
those who debate
were reiterated thoughts.
Life's mission caused by difference
has never stopped.
No longer silent
and they want to hear
the end of silence
is a powerful thing.
Digging deep
into territory/ meaning,
territory /intention,
territory / dream
but not yet being.

THE SECRET GARDEN

A POEM ABOUT A JOURNEY TO A MYTHICAL, ALICE AND WONDERLAND LIKE PLACE

BY CHLOE DUMASAL STAFF WRITER OF EXPRESSIONS



Follow me into my secret
garden
where all mysteries are hidden.
Throw a penny in the fountain
and wish your worries away.
Need not to worry about
the world beyond the greens
for within the wonders of the
garden
you may find peace.



THE WONDERFUL THING THAT IS GIGGLE JUICE

A STORY ABOUT TONSIL REMOVAL SURGERY BY ERIKA DESJARDINS ASSOCIATE EXPRESSIONS EDITOR

In 2008 I got my tonsils removed. The problem was that my tonsils would swell up at night and would make it difficult for me to breath. My mom can still remember that horrendous choking sound I'd make in the middle of the night when it happened. My Otolaryngologist decided that the only solution was to put me through the tonsil removal procedures. You know what they say: the older you are when they are removed, the more it hurts which I really believe because it hurt so much.

Since I have a huge phobia of needles, they gave me Giggle Juice beforehand to calm me down. Boy, did it work: I was so calm I was loopy! I've never been high off of drugs or anything before so I guess I can't compare accurately but I honestly think I was high. I remember nothing of it except after they made me drink it they gave me an I Spy book and my head was spinning trying to read it. My mom told me that when they were wheeling me into the operating room I was looking at the painting on the walls and calling it vandalism and complaining about "those damn teenagers". After that the only thing I can remember was being in a metal room with masked people hovering over me followed by a woman putting a mask on my face and asking me to count to 10...I didn't even make it to 2.

Apparently the combination of Giggle Juice and Laughing Gas make me 'bitchy'. When I woke up in the recovery room (a super creepy room where everything is made of metal) I yelled at the nurses asking where my doctor was and why I didn't have a room to myself. I had to share a room with a really young baby, but I wasn't cranky anymore when I finally got to my room. They made me stay the night after my surgery to make sure that I could breathe properly that night and that they'd solved the problem by removing my tonsils. I stayed up all night holding my Calgary Flames Build-A-Bear my dad had brought me that day and eating little cups of ice cream while watching the Family Channel. Good times, I love Giggle Juice!

PROFESSIONAL COMMUNICATION AND PERSONAL NARRATIVE

BY JENNIFER SIPOS-SMITH COURSE DIRECTOR, PROFESSIONAL COMMUNICATION AND DIRECTOR, CENTRE FOR ACADEMIC WRITING SUPPORT

When students perceive a safe, supportive place for their authentic selves, their learning accelerates. These personal narratives were produced by students in SOSC 4505 6.0 Professional Communication and Field Experience/ Communication professionnelle et expérience pratique. In this course, students study a diverse range of professional communication theory and skill, and in the first term, learn to assess the effectiveness of written prose and apply the editorial changes necessary to improve it by producing five personal narratives: three in their first language and two in their second language.

Students draw their content from their own direct experience and observation and use informal language and style that is appropriate to their subjects. They receive only incident-based instruction from me for example: write about something you observed or experienced in a family relationship. They collaborate in small editing groups and master editing techniques that value writing economy, detail, directness and voice. Students learn to value expression, to give shape and meaning to their own words and to experience language as possibility. These students report positive changes not just in their writing, but in changes that extend beyond the material presented in the course such as increased self-knowledge and confidence.

The pedagogy comes in part from Guy Allen and from Roger Garrison before him: I see students making connections- between inner world and outer world, between self and other, between past and present- without interpretive direction; the teacher creates an environment where the student can make meaning or discover for themselves (Allen). I use Garrison's theory to reshape the traditional professor/student relationship: serving as expert/editor instead of authority/judge. I recommend edits during one-on-one appointments alongside the student's own editing work and the work of the editing groups, and each narrative undergoes several revisions throughout the term.

In the second term, students generate content for business and professional communication that is purposeful and results-oriented. They engage in audience analysis and consider the medium or channel for message transmission. Their knowledge of expressive writing theory and mastery of practice-based editorial techniques learned through personal narrative writing make them more skilled and confident professional communicators.

PIG FEED

BY ALEXIA POLITO

July 17th 1996; the Zuccharo family farm. I heave on hot air.

"Be careful, huh! The grass is long!! Don't fall in the holes!" my uncle Joseph hollers.

"Why don't you ever cut your own grass?!" Dad calls out.

"Just.. Just follow me Sal!!" my uncle hollers.

We stalk towards the barn house. My father sways and stumbles. He carries me. I jostle in his arms. I smell manure and hay. I cling to his shoulders and peer through my fingers. The sun sets behind his head.

"You know, your uncle Mario used to feed the pigs from time to time... I was just a bit older than you when I started working on my father's farm back home... You know what we picked once? Olives!! We thought they were almonds, but we weren't smart enough to know that they weren't fuzzy... Did you know that Alexia? Almonds are related to peaches..." Dad drones.

I squint my eyes. I lift my eyelids. My arms unravel and straighten. The sun spills and seeps between my chubby fingers. I put them together and spread them apart. They warm. My father clumps into the dark barn. My arms tighten around his neck.

Dad croons, "Are you ready to see the little pigs, Alexia? It's just like the story you read at school!"

My father's features spread into a freakish grin. He holds his face close to mine.

"No." I pout.

My arms lock around his neck. I clasp his shirt collar.

"Oh come on. Let go of my shirt, you'll stretch it..." he grumbles.

My arms tense. My eyes squeeze shut. We stalk into the pig stalls. I bury my face in his shoulder.

"Here's your bottle. Do you want your bottle?" Dad coos.

My dad shakes the bottle. I hear the splash of juice inside.

"Juice!" I snatch the baby bottle from his rough, stubby fist.

I crinkle my nose. Pigs shuffle against one another on the barn floor. Clouds of dust bellow above them. I look beneath my feet. I see a hog sniffing my father's leg.

"Eeeeeeep!!" I yelp.

My fingers loosen around the baby bottle. It slips out my hand and plunks onto the giant pig's head. The pig raises its crinkled, muddy face. I whimper. Pigs swarm around my baby bottle. They nudge, they squeal, and they stomp on one another. One of the pigs inhales my precious bottle. I wail.

"Oh! God damnit. These pigs'll eat anything, won't they?" my father chortles.

He pats me on the back. I wipe my tears on his shirt.

"Hehe, sorry hun, I think its lost forever," my uncle Joseph giggles.

I stick out my tongue at the swarm of pigs. My uncle stumbles to the barn exit. We stalk outside. Uncle Joseph turns on his flashlight. My father clumps back up the grassy hill. I scowl at the barn behind his back.

THE STADIUM BY KRITHIGA SATKUNARAJAH

I bend down and undo my left shoe laces. I tug on the laces and tighten each criss-cross. I grab the loose ends in both hands and tie them together. The lace surface feels rough in my hands. I tuck my left foot back and bring out my right foot. I repeat the task.

I stand up and survey the pavement playground. To my left are lines of grade ones to grade fours. I peer at the grade ones.

"Why are we outside?" questions one child.

"It's too early for recess," observes another child. I look to the grade twos. I hear their laughter. I notice one child run to the fields.

"Get back here Jack! We don't start yet," hollers his teacher. I peek at the grade threes. I spot their grins and smirks. Boys point to each others shoes. Girls ogle each others outfits. I glimpse at the grade fours. One girl helps her friend stretch. Another jumps un and down.

"They're determined to win," notes my best friend, Sharmin.

"It's cause they're seniors. They know if they win, they get to move onto the next part." I advise.

"Hmmm." She agrees. She looks behind me.

"But those guys are more fired up," she notes. I glance back. I spot the limbs of the grade fives. Their bodies hide behind the trees.

"Yeah," I reply.

"Probably because they've seen the stadium." I finish. I remember the stadium. A large open space. Benches stretch up. The tracks sit centre. Rubber lines pop and under sun. White parallel lines restrain the path. The track surrounds the dark green grass.

"I'm definitely going to the Stadium," I murmur.

"Yeah, well, it's going to be tough this year," observes Sharmin. I look to my left.

"It's our last year. Your competitors are all hyped up." Notes Sharmin. I peak at the new girl. She is tall. Taller than me. Her legs stride long. I look around again. The juniors walk towards the field.

"Why aren't our teacher's here yet?" I question.

"Dunno, but we're stuck here till they arrive," responds Sharmin. I stare up at the sky and sigh.

"You're going to lose in those," shrills the voice behind me. I glare at its owner. "Alah." I state. She points to my new light blue track pants.

"You're going to lose in those," she repeats.

"Shut up Alah. I didn't ask for your opinion. Go away." I counter.

"And go fall into a ditch," I murmur under my breath.

"I'm just saying. Those pants will hold you back. You WILL lose. When you do I'll tell you I told you so." She claims.

"You don't know that. You don't know anything. Because you're stupid." I snap. I smile. Sharmin stifles a giggle.

Pain runs through my arm. I clench my arm. I glare at Alah.

"You PUNCHED me!?" I growl.

"What? It's a free country I can do anything I want," she states.

"WH-," I begin.

"WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU ALAH?" interrupts Sharmin.

"MYOB Sharmin. I wasn't even talking to you," answers Alah.

"This is my business. You punched my best friend!," exclaims Sharmin.

"DON'T FIGHT! You're going to get us in trouble! Our class won't be able to do track & field if you fight," hollers David. I look at David. A popular kid. The athletic type. I remember the stadium. I glower at Alah.

"This isn't over. But I won't deal with you now," I swear. I turn my back at her.

"What's that supposed mean? I'm not afraid of you," starts Alah. "If you

"Holy Crap Alah! Shut up!," yells some kid from the back of the line.

"YEAH!," cries another. "We won't be able to participate!" They hiss. I hear a chorus of put-downs. She shuts up. The line quiets down.

"Are you okay?," mouths Sharmin, pointing to my arm. The pain subsides. I nod at her.

"Don't mind her," she whispers.

"You'll win." She confirms. I grin at her.

"OKAY!" bellows someone.

I look to the front. The teachers stand in the front.

"You all know the rules we discussed in class so how about we get started? Ms. Young," offers Mr. O'Brian. He looks at Ms. Young.

"Alright! Girls follow me," replies Ms. Young.

"We're starting at the field." She states. I shudder. My pulse quickens.

My hands sweat. I feel a slight push from behind. I glance back and see Sharmin.

"You'll be fine," she smiles. I smile back at her. We climb over the small hill and arrive at the field. I survey the field. The start line is a meter away from the goal post. The finish line is two meters in front of the other goal post. 75 meters.

MARTINE'S INHERITANCE

BY LÉA BERTRAND

Fall of November 18, morning. The departure to Martine's grand-mother house in the countryside starts at 5 a.m., in the rain.

"Ok, let's go now! We have a good four hours drives ahead of us. We need get to town by the middle of this afternoon," Martine shouts.

I dash into the stairs of Martine's third floor apartment building in the city.

Martine walks at the front and I follow her outside. She opens the door to the garage, hops into her new BMW SUV car and starts the engine. Martine's new BMW SUV car squeals. I feel the vibration through my seat.

"What's it called?" I ask.

"Oak Park Hill," Martine replies.

"I've never heard of such town's name!" I exclaim.

"Have you been there before?" I ponder.

"How far is your grand-mother's house from the town?" I frazzle.

"Well...It's about two to three miles from the little town....May be half an hour" Martine pauses.

"What kind of house is it?" I wonder.

"I'm not too sure how to describe it. It is a wooden cottage, Tudor style," Martine dims.

"What don't you like in it?" I ask.

"I do not like the colour of the main entrance, it's too dark, I need to remove and to add a few other things" Martine grimes.

"You should try to get some sleeps. In two hours you take the wheel," she glances at me.

I wake up a couple of hours later. I shiver and look through the windows. Martine pumps gas into the car. She taps the passenger's side window.

"It's your turn now" Martine waves her hand at me.

I open the door and move to the other side of the car. I press on the accelerator. I hear a noise. I twist my head and see Martine sleeps. She snores. Two hours passes she wakes up and we switch places again. Martine turns the car into a narrow street and pulls in front a large iron gate. She steps out of the car and rushes toward the gate of steel. She comes back into the car and approaches the driveway in front a green colour house cover of leaves from the top to the bottom.

She opens the doors. We drop all our belongings in the main entrance. After a complete tour of the house, we relax on one of the gigantic armchairs of the sitting room.

"We have to get ready to go out this evening. We have been invited by a good friend. It's my neighbour Cathy. She runs a restaurant in the little town," Martine announces.

"And you are telling me now! I don't think I have anything appropriate to wear" I frown.

"Don't worry we'll find something sexy for you to wear," Martine cheers.

"This house is so beautiful, how long has your grand-mother lived here?" I dazzle.

"This house has been in the family for a century now," Martine beams.

The sun set down behind the trees, it changes the colour of the trees into a light orange colour.

"Let's hurry! I am going to have a shower and you start getting ready," Martine advises.

"Which bathroom should I use?" I ask.

"We can share this one for now," Martine suggests.

Martine comes out a few minutes later with a sponge towel wrap around her waist.

"I have no idea what to do with my hair!" Martine puzzles.

"You can pull them back and braid them," "It will look nice," I suggest.

Martine picks out a black wool turtle-neck sweater. She tucks into her slim jeans, and puts on a thick black belt and boots. She puts on her silver earrings.

Martine glances a last time at the mirror, she takes a deep breath.

"let's go, if you are ready," she yields again.

I grab my purse and shadow her. My short black dress so tight that I unable to walk faster.

We arrive at Cathy's. Light from the chandeliers pours out through the windows, and spills onto the drive way. We exit the car. A warm wind blows in my hair and makes me feel comfortable.

"I am so excited to see you. It's been a long time" Cathy thrills.

"Me too, I'd like to introduce my friend, Lea" Martine replies.

"Lea, came to help with the house" she adds.

"Nice to meet you Lea, I think you're going like it over here"

Cathy welcomes.

"Come in! Make yourself at home. You both will have to introduce yourselves,

or better yet, come with me and I shall give you each a tray to pass around, it will give you an excuse to approach these people" Cathy orders.

Martine and I follow Cathy into the kitchen. Martine walks in front of me. She smiles at many of the guests.

"This house is so beautiful!" I exclaim.

"It belongs to my grand-father. It is a classic Normandy style. It was built just a few years after your grand-parents moved here," Cathy comments.

"It's very homey," Martine observes.

"Just the way I like it. Here. Pass these around and say hello to everyone," Cathy prods Martine. I walk toward two blond women and a man wears a smoking suit, a strange moustache below his nose.

"Would like another glass of wine?" the man says to one of the blond.
"Thank you I have enough," the blond answers.
Martine walks to the opposite side of the room. I return with an empty tray in my hands. I go to the kitchen and see Martine. She gazes at the ceiling. She picks up the tray of fruits, cheese, and crackers and serves the visitors. I follow her again. She begins to serve in the living room. In the corner of the room close to the fireplace she stands and she waves at a blond hair gentleman. She approaches a blond hair man. Next to him a blond hair boy. I come closer to Martine and I stop.

"Can I get you something, Dad?" the blond hair boy asks.
"No, I am fine" the man replies.
The boy goes to get a drink from the kitchen.
"Have you just moved to the house?" The man interrogates Martine. He smiles.

"We have heard all about you. I'm Denzel Callenger and this is my son, Jason," he adds.
Jason returns and shakes Martine's hands. He introduces again himself.
"It was nice to meet you both. I guess in a town this small it does not take long for words of newcomers to get around." Martine murmurs.
"You are right. You have been the only interesting thing to hit Oak Park Hill this year," he affirms.

"So, Denzel, what do you do here?" Martine asks.
"I am a fisherman," Denzel shrugs.
"Ah, I'd like to hear more about this sometime. I need someone to help me with the renovation of the house. Do you happen to know anyone?" she inquires.

"Seems like Jason is just the man you need. He is the handyman of the town," Denzel explains.
"Yes, but...Ok..I will think about it..." Martine stammers.

COLD COFFEE BY CHARISSE SERVANEZ

"Surprise! Happy ninth birthday, Chi!" Dad and Christa, my older sister, surprise me with a gift at dinner.

"Happy bur-day, Jiji!" Bea, my three-year-old sister, chants with them. I open the gift. We hear the growl of a thunder, all of us are surprised, but we just laugh.

"A pair of pink Hello Kitty slippers!" I beam.
"Thank you so much!" I receive the gift with overflowing excitement.

"I wish Mom was here," I mutter.
"But she happens to be on a business trip," Christa finishes my sentence. We finish our dinner. Christa and I clean the table and wash the dishes.

"Cleaning after eating sucks," I whine.
"Yeah, getting from the dining room to the kitchen feels like a chore itself," Christa agrees.

We walk back and forth from the kitchen to the dining room, making three steps up each time we enter the kitchen.

"I am tired of cleaning," I complain.
I can hear the storm outside growing louder. I fall asleep on the old leather couch in our living room...

... I wake up at 8:50 pm, eat some mango slices and brush my teeth. I change into my pyjamas and wear my brand new, pink Hello Kitty slippers.

"These slippers are so cute and comfortable; I can sleep with them on," I smirk. Although it is bedtime, I don't sleep yet and decide instead to borrow Christa's cool, thin crayons to colour.

"Be careful not to break them," she warns, watching her favourite cartoon, Bugs Bunny.

Just as she hands me the box of crayons, the house goes black. The lights, the TV, the electric fan all shut down at the same time.

Dad lights a candle.
"We'll sleep in the living room tonight," he commands.

I watch him remove two single mattresses from our beds in the family bedroom and place them on the floor in our living room. I see Bea sleeping in her crib, and Dad sitting on the couch. Christa and I lie on the mattresses on the floor. Since there is a blackout and I can't colour, I decide to sleep instead. I sleep with my new slippers on...

... The electricity comes back with buzzing and humming, and I wake up. I feel my left arm on the floor, cold and wet. I open my eyes and see brown liquid that looks like coffee. I wonder who spilled it, look up at the clock, and realize that it is only 1:53 am. I wonder why there's cold coffee on the floor at this early hour.

I watch Dad pick Bea up. I realize that Christa is awake too.
"The lights are back on. Get up you two." He commands in a calm voice.

I sit up and see more cold coffee on the floor. Where did all this coffee come from? I guess Dad spilled it so he should clean it up.

"Hurry, follow me to the kitchen," Dad orders.
Christa and I obey. We arrive in the kitchen where the floor is dry. I watch Dad open the kitchen door that leads outside. I only see darkness out that door. But I hear the deafening sound of the pouring rain, howling wind, splashing water and car honks. I do not doubt that the storm is worse.

I hear a scream not far from here.
"We need to go to the house across the street because they have a second floor and we don't," Dad explains.
"I can only take one of you at a time because the current is strong. I'm taking Bea first. Stay calm and wait for me right here."

I watch him close the kitchen door. Oh, it's not cold coffee. It's flood water. I know it rises fast, but my heart beats faster. I watch the brown flood water cover the kitchen floor and touch my ankles. I grasp onto Christa's left arm, tight.

I can feel the water crawling up to my calves and up to my knees. I can tell that Christa's knees shake.

The kitchen door opens and I see Dad, soaked.

"Can both of you swim?" he asks.

"Yes," Christa answers. "I can."

"No, I can't!" I scream. "I can't swim!"

I don't want to drown. Do I have to know how to swim to get to the other house? I'm scared. I don't want to die. I just turned nine. My heart pounds inside my chest and hold back tears in my eyes. My vision is blurry and I feel like I'm spinning.

"Chi, I'll take Christa first so we can move faster. I'll be right back, okay?" Dad tells me.

"I won't take more than three minutes," he promises.

I watch the kitchen door close in front of me again.

I feel terrified. I may not survive those few minutes. I feel the cold water creeping up to my thighs. Oh! I see a dead rat floating beside me. I won't cry. My tears will just add more water to this flood, I won't cry.

"Has it been three minutes yet?" I wonder.

I feel like I've been waiting for hours. My legs itch.

The kitchen door opens, but it's only the wind.

I see Dad. I wait for him to hurry back, step in the kitchen and lift me up. He does and he holds me tight and I hold on to him tighter. We plunge into the flood.

I keep my arms locked around his neck and on his shoulders. We lurch in the cold water. We sway from left to right because of the strong current. I feel the cold dirty water slap my face and my Hello Kitty slippers slip off.

"We're almost there," Dad says.

I look for my slippers, but it is still too dark outside to see colour.

"My slippers!" I cry.

"Let them go. I'll get you a new pair, I promise" Dad assures me.

We get to the other house, safe. But I still cry.

PUBCRAWL

BY CARA GORDON

J'avachis dans mon siège sur le bus. Je regarde mon cellulaire, l'écran brille.

« Viens maintenant, on va arriver à ton arrêt d'autobus dans une minute !! » Je tape sur mon cellulaire.

« Vroom » le bus dévale sur la rue.

« Squeak » les freins crient.

Je pivote ma tête, les lumières des voitures brillent dans mes yeux. Je fixe mes yeux sur mes pieds, mes chaussures d'or miroitent.

« Clomp, clomp » Je lève ma tête.

Robbie et Prince s'appuient le jaune bâton à côté du conducteur. Robbie respire.

Il expire. Il respire. Il expire. Il dévoile sa passe de métro jaune.

« Hehehe » Je lance un regard à Hannah et Cassidy.

Mes joues rouges réchauffent. J'arrange mes cheveux bruns.

« Salut Prince et Robbie » Hannah apostrophe.

« Salut les filles » sourit Prince.

Il plastronne vers nous.

« Salut, ça va ? » Robbie jette un coup d'œil dans ma direction.

« Ça va, as-tu hâte pour pub crawl ce soir ? » Je tournoie mes cheveux.

« Oui, je pense que ça va être amusant ! Merci pour l'invitation ! » Il se place à côté de moi. Je croise mes bras.

« 306 Lawrence Avenue East, York University » L'interphone annonce.

« Clomp . Clomp. Clomp. » J'erre à Glendon.

Les arbres verts lignent le sentier à Glendon. Je frissonne. Un autobus jaune vrombit.

Une ligne d'étudiants, tous habillés en t-shirt noir avec la couleur d'or attend pour le bus. Une mince fille trébuche et crie. Les jeunes filles rient. Je pivote ma tête, Hannah, Cassidy et Prince courent au bus. Cassidy pivote sa tête et elle me contemple. Elle relève ses lèvres. J'étoile mes yeux, et je me tasse mon nez. Elle rit et elle se joint la ligne.

« Pat, pat, pat, » Je tournaille ma tête, Robbie me suit.

Je regarde par terre. Mon cœur bat.

« Je pense que je voudrais une boisson » je murmure.

« Ah, oui, je voudrais une boisson aussi, je vais venir avec toi » Robbie se balade.

Le vent souffle. Mes dents claquent.

« Veut-tu marche à l'extérieur de l'école, où est-ce que tu as trop froid ? » Il penche sa tête à la droite.

« Non, je n'ai pas trop froid, on peut marcher à l'extérieur, je pense que le bus va partir en dix minutes » je frictionne mes mains ensemble.

« Tu allaires froid » sa main réchauffe le mienne.

On fâine, les arbres oscillent. Je sens des fleurs. La lune brille, mon ombre grandit. J'incline ma tête en arrière, je regarde le ciel noir, il n'y a pas d'étoiles.

« C'est dommage qu'on ne voit pas les étoiles à Toronto » je soupire.

« Oui, moi aussi, il y a trop de lumière à Toronto pour les voir. » Il saisit mon autre main.

Je regarde au ciel. Robbie sent comme la menthe. Je frôle mes cheveux sur son menton. Il serre ma main avec ses doigts. Il penche a tête, nos nez se touchent. Ses lèvres touchent les miennes. Mon cœur pulse, j'arrête à frissonner. Je mords mes lèvres. Mes lèvres augmentent, mes yeux rencontrent les siennes, je vois ses yeux noisette. Robbie bidonne.

« Veux tu encore un boisson ? » je taquine.

« Oui, à propos de ça... » Il marre.



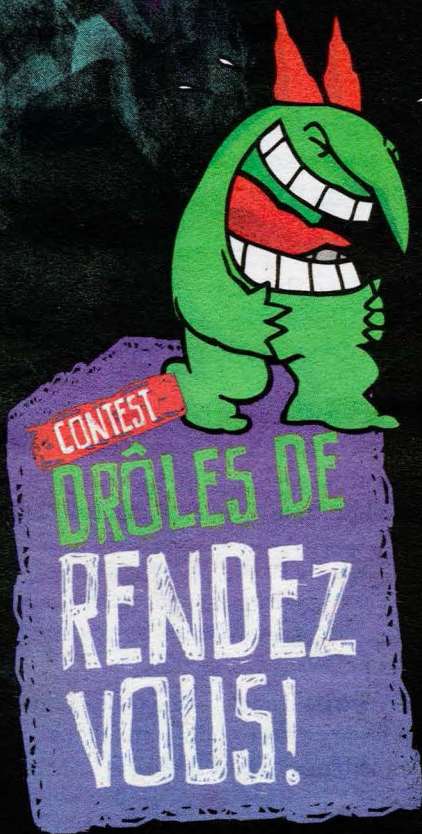
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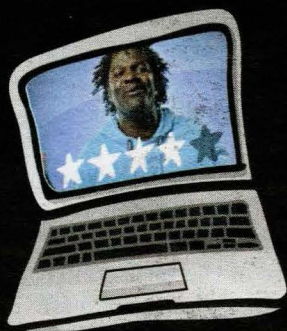
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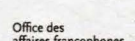


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- 1 Visit the Contest section of our Web site at rvf.ca.
- 2 Check out the comedy skits on Francophone expressions in Canada.
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