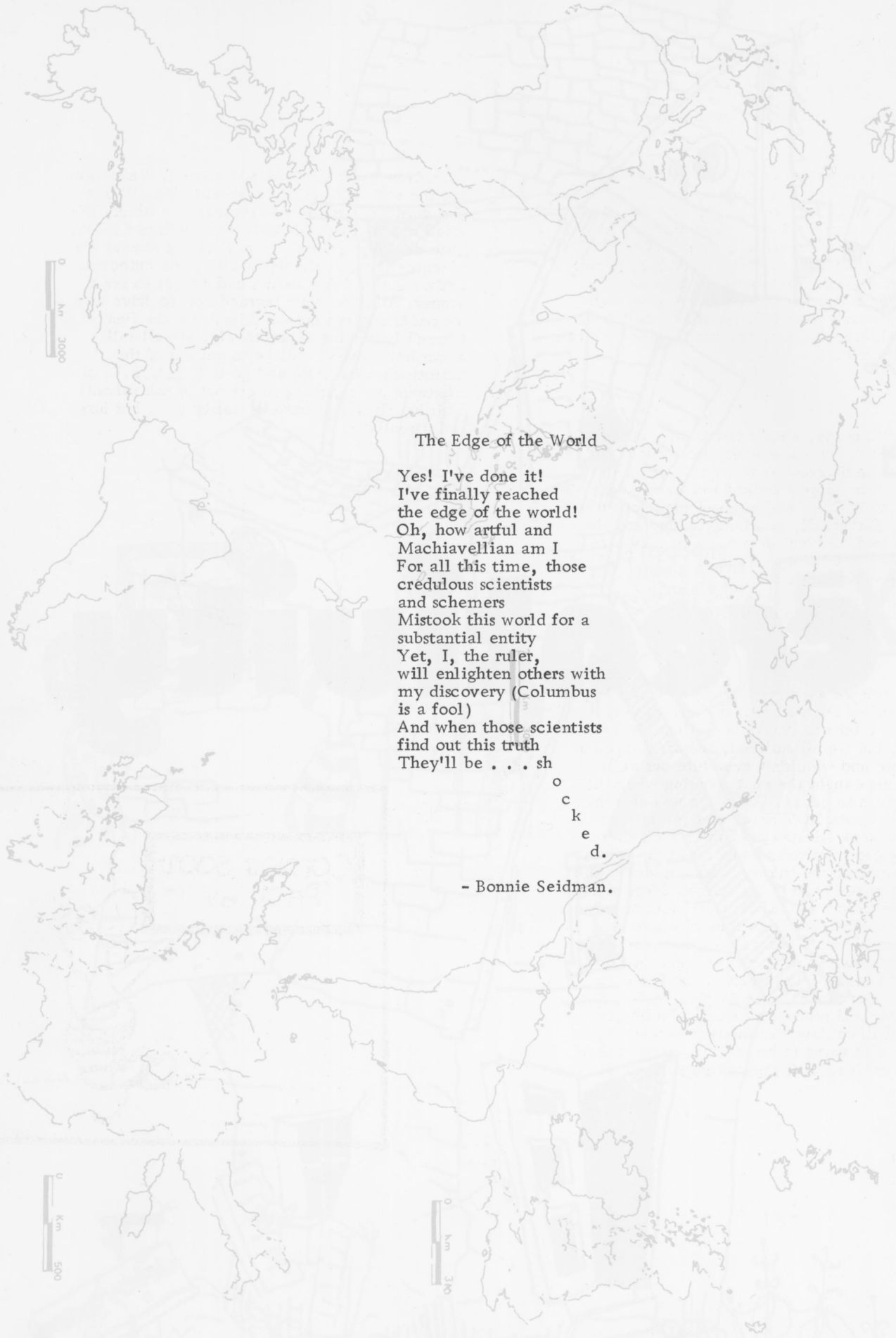




creativity



0
km
3000

The Edge of the World

Yes! I've done it!
I've finally reached
the edge of the world!
Oh, how artful and
Machiavellian am I
For all this time, those
credulous scientists
and schemers
Mistook this world for a
substantial entity
Yet, I, the ruler,
will enlighten others with
my discovery (Columbus
is a fool)
And when those scientists
find out this truth
They'll be . . . sh

o
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- Bonnie Seidman.

0
km
500

0
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Remember . . .

by Ronna Mogelonsky.

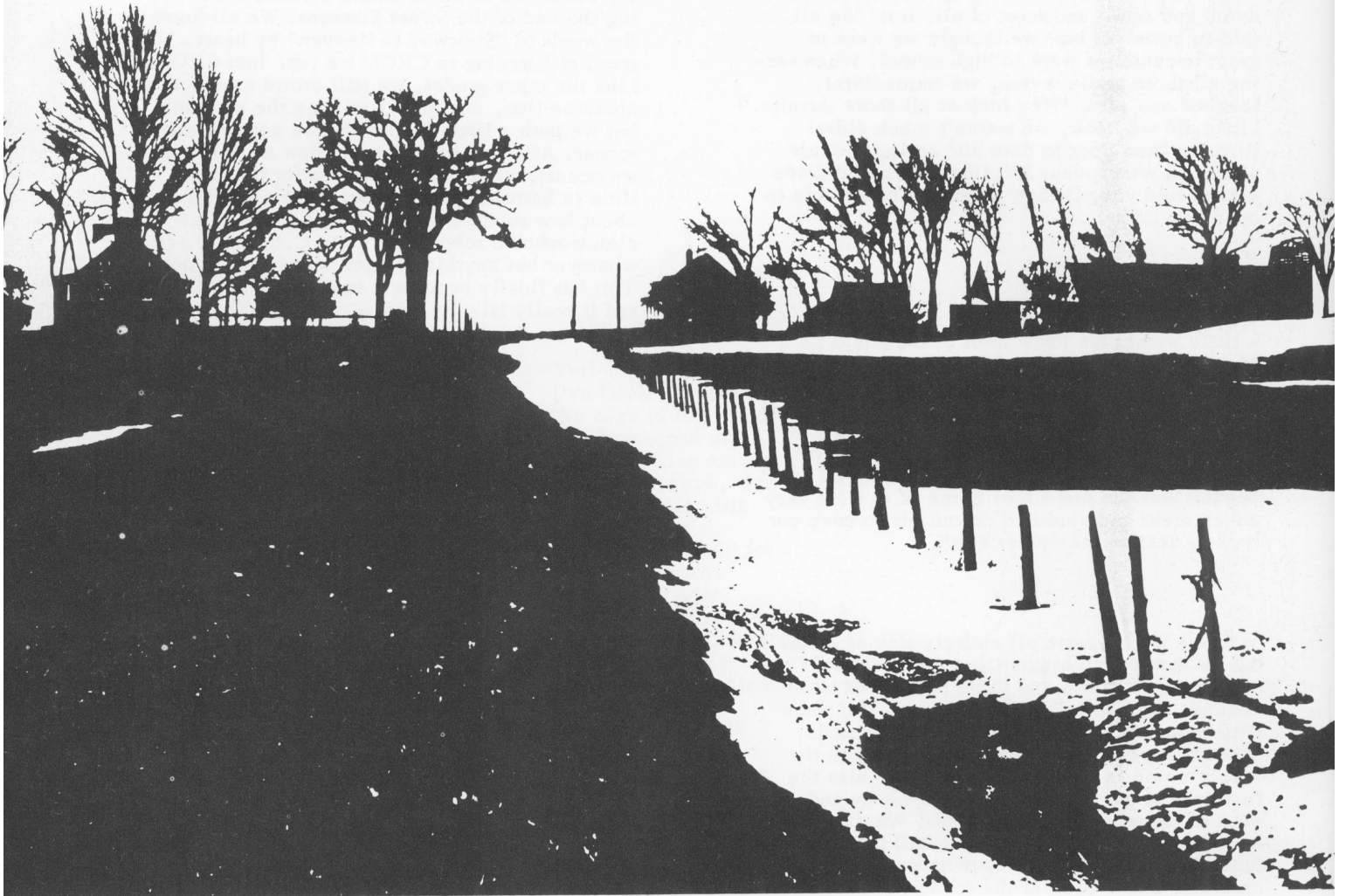
When you were in Grade eight, didn't you feel dumb and small and most of all, lost? We all said to ourselves how we thought we were so great because we were in high school. When seeing all those grade sevens, we immediately laughed and said, "Hey look at all those shrimps." Little did we know, we weren't much older! Running from door to door and crying because room 314 wasn't near 330 like the "nice" grade eleven told you. Or how about not being able to open you lock . . .

. . . In 9th grade, we all felt a little older and a little wiser. We knew most of the tricks for hiding in the bathroom when a teacher of the class you just skipped walked by. Every Wednesday we had E.C.A. and enjoyed such activities as chess, basketball, gourmet cooking etc. In April we had "Oliver" as our school play. We all listened to CKGM and abhorred "History Fair" but this was the last time! Some of us were very adventurous and ventured downstairs to keep our lockers next to the "older kids".

In Grade ten we were all entirely sick of school but we assured each other that there was only one more year after this and to be patient. It was difficult, but we all suffered. We all skipped a little more and we didn't even bite our nails about being caught the next morning when the "vice" came to get us. Grade ten was also the first year of gym NOT being compulsory and most of us took advantage of this. We didn't have to go to substitutes and we had the privilege of going to the library (who would?) or the cafeteria or the back of the school. Most of us took those ridiculous "Kuder tests" and hoped that they would give us an idea of where our future would lead. This was also the year for Sweet Sixteens. Every Saturday night, we'd all "groove" to such entertainers as the Bee Gees, Chicago, The Stones, The Beatles, K.C., Stevie Wonder and other favourites. The biggest worries of those days (for the females) were who your host was going to be or who you wanted to ask here or there or if they were going to ask you . . .

. . . Now we're all in Grade eleven. We're seeing the end of the Sweet Sixteens. We all know the words to "Stairway to Heaven" by heart. Instead of listening to CKGM we tune into CHOM. Like the other grades, we still crowd around the absentee lists, anxiously awaiting the outcome, but we push a little harder and we get to see it sooner. All of us have learned how to drive and we occasionally take our friends for the first time (a harrowing experience!). We all talk about how super it will be to get out of this claustrophobic school and go to C.E.G.E.P. or whatever but anything to get out of this school! This has finally become a reality . . . but how sad it really is!





Contrast leads confusion;
The mind's eye blurs
For all fuses as it parts -
A division of the planes
Produces twin horizons,
And the senses are befuddled
In the face of dual reality.

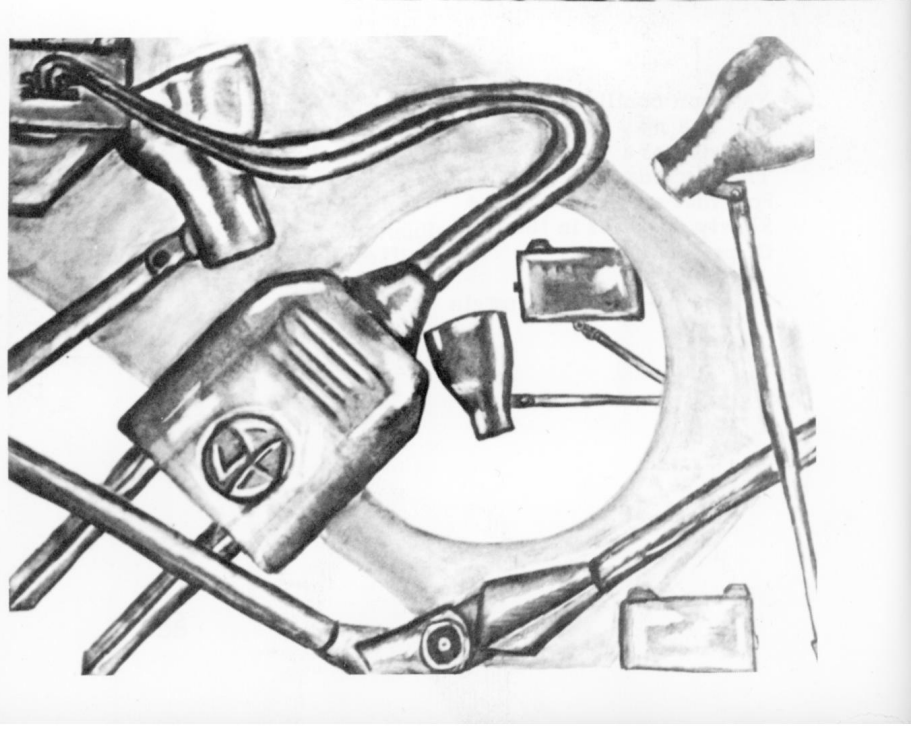


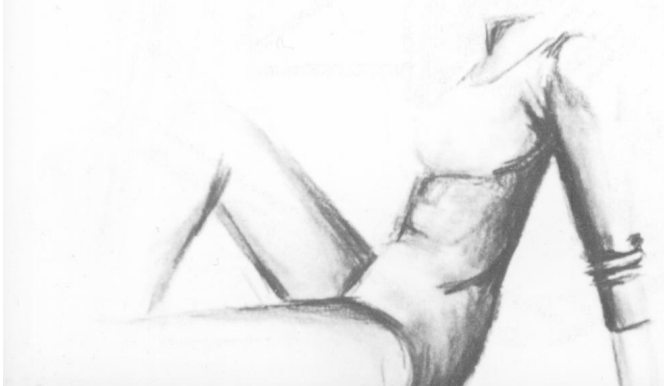
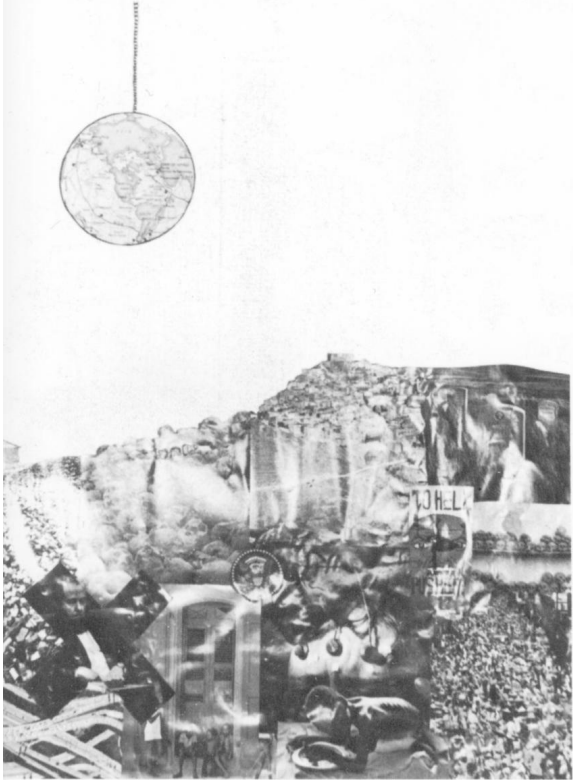
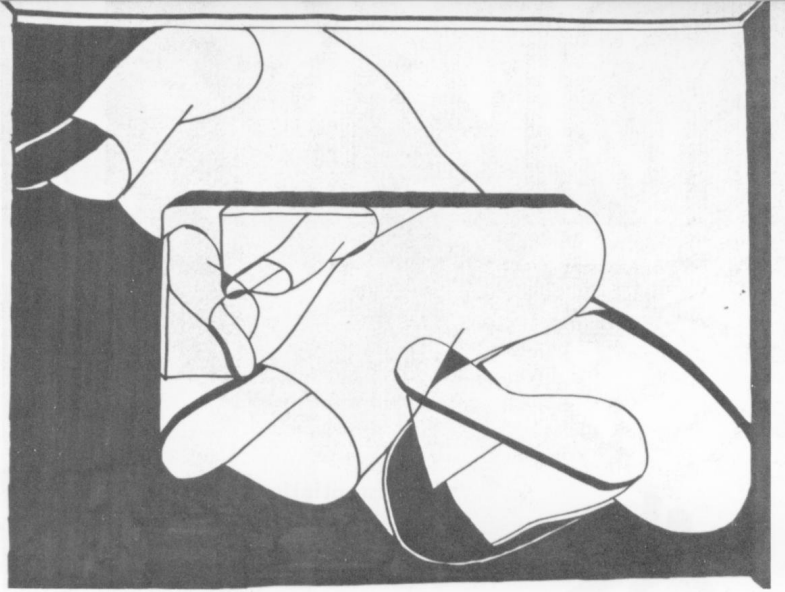
Yet soon conflicting forces yield
And one may once again
Perceive as a whole
The discordant blend -
For what surges to the fore
Slowly dwindles in the light
Of perspective.

- Anna Borenstein



Clockwise: Ronna Moglonsky,
Lorne Shapiro, Jill Helfield,
Tami Shulman, Terry Kaspi,
Esther Shainblum.





Clockwise: Terry Kaspi, Debbie Dolowitz, Ben Philosophe, Lorne Shapiro, Debby Rosen, Cynthia Davis.

"On Existentialism" or "Boredom Runs Rampant in Ste-Marguerite"



Wagar oh Wagar
High school of my dreams
I attended you for four long years
On centuries it seems

I came here as a sweet young thing
Innocent in every way
I walked the halls with awe and fright
Yet look at me today

Five gold chains hang 'round my neck
Puka shells so white
8 rings agleam across my hands
And earrings large (yet light)

Cossacks, Fries adorn my feet
Clogs and Earth Shoes too
Howick Stars and Wrangler Jeans
Liberte BIG BLUE

The hair upon my blessed head
Has undergone a change
It started brown and now it's blond
It really is quite strange

My flops are flipped
My eyebrows plucked
My mustache bleached away
My nose is fixed, my teeth are straight
(My make-up A-OK)

My boyfriend is a gorgeous hunk
He stands about five-seven
But when he wears his steel toe grebs
He grows to five-eleven

His hair is long and so well groomed
(It's parted down the middle)
How he keeps the layers layered
Is really quite a riddle

The pendant worn around his neck
Is chosen with great care
It reflects his personality
Although there's not much there

Wrangler



LIBERTE



His 3-piece suit is stunning
From Le Chateau no less
It's painful to go out with him
He's always better dressed

He takes me to McDonald's
Every Friday night at nine
On Saturdays it's Pumperniks
The check is always mine

He drives a blue Camaro
His friends all drive Corvettes
One guy drives a red Trans-Am
With C.B. and cassettes

Sweet 16's are special treats
The D-J's know their stuff
They keep us going through the night
(Our ears are getting tough)

"Tra la la" and "You're 16"
"If" "The Birthday Song"
"Stairway to Heaven" "Clouds and Rain"
With these you can't go wrong

Peter Frampton gives me chills
And then there's B.T.O.
Bay City Rollers, Kiss and Sweet
We all love E.L.O.

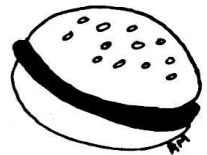
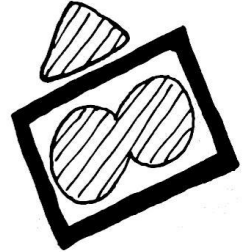
My parents really make me mad
I never get enough
My allowance only fifteen bucks
Life is really rough

I always get the car at night
But never in the day
I don't really mind that much
It's my car anyway

However . . .

I'm not a JAP, I cannot be
That word makes me see red
There ARE no JAPS in Cote-St-Luc
They all live in Hampstead

By Elayne, Jill, Joan.



Let's Make a Date

Boy: Going?

Girl: Depends

Boy: On what?

Girl: If I have to go by myself.

Boy: Go with a friend.

Girl: My friends were invited.

Boy: By who?

Girl: Their boyfriends.

Boy: Oh.

Girl: Going?

Boy: Dunno.

Girl: How come?

Boy: Haven't decided yet.

Girl: Oh.

Boy: Listen . . .

Girl: What! ?

Boy: How was the math test?

Girl: Okay.

Boy: Um . . .

Girl: Say something?

Boy: Well . . .

Girl: What!

Boy: I was thinking . . .

Girl: I'll go.

Boy: I haven't asked you yet.

Girl: Were you going to?

Boy: Yeah but . . .

Girl: Then it's settled.

Boy: Yeah okay see you tomorrow.

Girl: Yeah. See you.

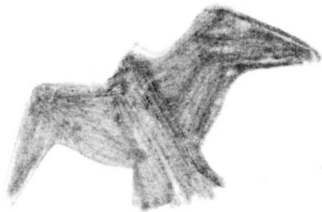
- Dennie Theodore.

freedom
is to fly
above the
clouds, be-
yond the wind
and rain, with-
out a care
in sight.

freedom is to be
as light as a bird
not feeling hate
and pain, and to live
for love, love alone

freedom is to
have a reason
to live . . . to
learn, to dis-
cover, to
be free
- as a
bird un-
der the
warm
gold-
en
sun.

- Debby Rosen.



PAGE

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sucked in .

- So . . . time has finally brought us
Surely, if not always so swiftly,
To that final plateau
Before THE departure.
Have we really come such a long way
From the days
When the teacher yelled "Shut-up" -
And we did?
- Well . . . we've finally achieved
That long-sought security,
The nose-lifting privilege
Of being the ones who can say,
"Only seven more months, six, five, . . .
And then we're free!"
- Free . . .
To all those we've become accustomed to
Through the years
We'll say, "I can't believe it's over . . .
I'll miss you . . . OF COURSE . . . we'll write . . .
Maybe I'll see you in twenty-five years . . ."
- And the dear friends,
the true friends,
Those we can't imagine ever forgetting
Makes us feel ashamed -
And ungrateful -
Over those friends we'll cry,
The pain of leaving almost too great to bear,
But it WILL be borne,
And we WILL leave,
Taking their love,
And our memories,
Until both fade with age.

- Anna Borenstein