

# CREATIVITY





### PEACE

Try with all your might  
To forget those who fight  
Just think of a tree,  
Imagine how it's free.

Let the bombers in the sky  
All turn to butterflies,  
For the love in our hearts  
Is too grand to let die.

Can't the tanks on the ground  
Become ants and roam around,  
Then never again will  
Attack sirens make a sound.

Bring peace to the world!  
Just don't let it hide,  
Then we can live again  
And put wars aside.

Walter Raschkowan



### THE RICH AND THE POOR

There are those who have everything,  
There are those who have not a cent.  
There are those whose clothes are tailor-made,  
There are those whose clothes are lent.  
There are those who live in mansions,  
There are those who live in holes.  
There are those who are served on platters,  
There are those who are served with bowls.  
There are those who are brought up to order,  
There are those who are brought up to slave.  
There are those who are taught to destroy,  
There are those who are taught to save.  
There are those who are always laughing,  
There are those who are always crying.  
There are those who will always be living,  
There are those who will always be dying.

Betty-Sue Albert



## THE THIRD EYE

Night creeps upon the sky,  
The stars shimmer bright;  
The wind howls fiercely,  
Cold beams cast by the silver moon,  
Bathing the sleeping world.

Yet, I alone do not rest,  
I cannot;  
In the silence, I search and seek with fervour,  
Unresting and never ending,  
In the darkness, I see all.

Delving into the hearts of men,  
Probing into their minds;  
Through thick, black facades do I pierce,  
From the deep pools of memory,  
I salvage hidden wrecks.

Much bitterness and anger do I see,  
Stored in crevices in the hearts of men;  
Vivid jealousy and burning hatred,  
Masked by kind smiling faces,  
The hypocrisy and shallowness of men.

Deep lacerations that never healed,  
The hearts keep bleeding, bleeding,  
Bleeding in the dark;  
Scars of disappointment and hurt, I do see,  
Remains branded in the heart, forever.

In the remote corners of the mind, I pry,  
No stones do I leave unturned,  
The past and its dark secrets, buried with the dead,  
Lives of men,  
Built upon layers of lies and blood.

Diane Lam

## A LIVE

To be able to hear is a wonderful thing,  
Whether it is the sound of someone's voice calling your name,  
Or the music on the radio which makes you want to sing.

To be able to see is something to think about,  
You can see everything and everybody around you; but  
Only a few individuals are really aware of what they are seeing.

To be able to feel can be warm and sweet like love,  
Or it can be cold and sour like hate.

To be able to sense, is like breathing fresh air,  
Be it pain or joy, it is a sign of being alive.

Patricia Goldstein

## FRIENDS

## MEMORIES

A memory has no shape  
or size  
or hue;  
A memory isn't even present,  
unless we remember  
(unless we remember);  
But we'll remember,  
we always do,  
we have to,  
we can't discard our treasure.  
Norma Borenstein

What you can possess  
Giving great happiness  
Are the powers of a friend  
Someone with you in hard times  
From the beginning to the end.

Friends are there  
When you need them,  
Just as a flower  
Need its stem.

With a garden of different moods  
All needing their own special foods,  
Friends need a special someone  
So they can blossom in the sun.

So whenever you're feeling blue  
Remember there's support for you  
Just around the bend  
In your closest friend.

Walter Raschkowan



The grace, the flow,  
She moves like air;

The soft step  
the perfect step,  
True personification, the music  
lives;  
For a time her life is  
projected through it.

A prelude to absolute dependence,  
sound and soul  
in unison.

The artiste and music exist  
simultaneous as one;  
for those moments  
a perfect merge,  
to symbolize all;  
the significance - priceless  
the effect - irreplaceable.

The resolution - unique: the dance is done,  
the sounds are gone,  
yet the harmony,  
of the music in motion  
of motion in music

is  
immortal . . .

By  
Norma Borenstein



# WAGAR HIGH

A BIASED MASCULINE VIEW



We'll always remember Wagar  
As long as we do live  
Because before we came here  
Our brains were like a sieve.

Not that we grew smarter  
In the four years we were there  
It's just that we remember things  
We learnt to pass the year.

We skipped a lot of classes  
We came in late a lot  
We were all very grateful  
That we never did get caught.

We never did our work  
We were always much too lazy  
But we somehow found the energy  
To drive our teachers crazy.

In 8 and 9 we were all just brats  
In 10 we were second best  
But when we were the biggest  
We pushed around the rest.

And when the time came for  
We were feeling very awesome  
Because we knew our future lay  
In the hands of Vanier or Dawson.

Wagar, when we finally left you  
You didn't take it hard  
You never will forget us  
Because you're permanently scarred.

Remember the bathrooms at Wagar  
We made them all co-ed  
If we really had to go  
We would use the girls' instead.

All the Jewish holidays  
Really gave us a break  
They relieved us of those 5 days  
weeks.  
That we found so hard to take.

How about the old doorway  
Where everyone would smoke  
You couldn't go within 40 feet  
If you didn't want to choke.

Then there was the cafeteria  
With the best food around  
There'd always be a very long line  
When the garbage cans were found.

Good-bye to all you teachers  
Who taught us to no avail  
To say we'll be scholars  
Would be a fairy tale.

Another word to teachers  
This we had to mention  
We got tired of saying "I just  
can't play".  
Because of a lousy detention.

To all the vice-principals  
And to you de Groot, the doc  
It hasn't been a total loss  
We learnt to pick a lock.

We did a lot of work  
We had a lot of fun  
And we came to the conclusion  
That Wagar's second to none.

By Garner Bornstein  
Nathan Frank  
Allan Smith



MY THOUGHTS

From me to you;  
I know we did not get along,  
But there's nothing I can see went wrong.  
The times we spent together were fun;  
Now look at us, we're all done.

I'll always miss the things you gave  
And the nice times we laughed and played.

My thoughts will grow old for you and me  
But most of all the things we see just won't be  
So they will sink by and so will I  
By just remembering; our thoughts will never die.

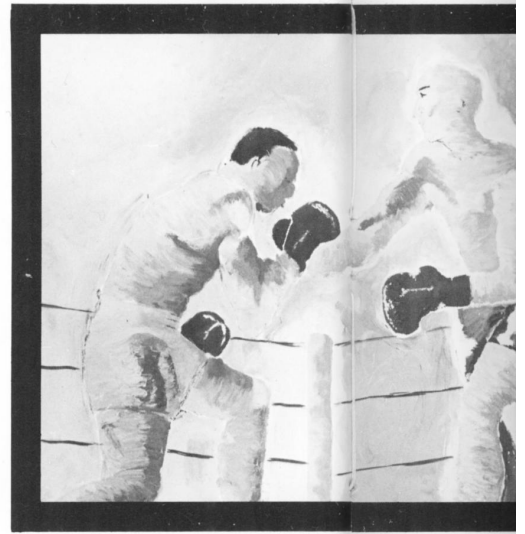


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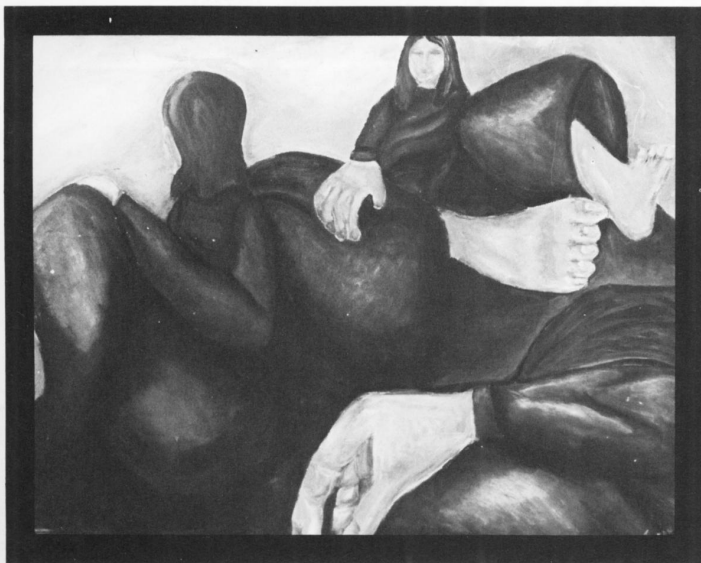
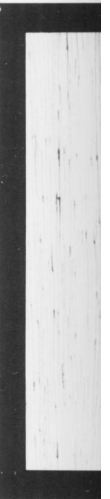
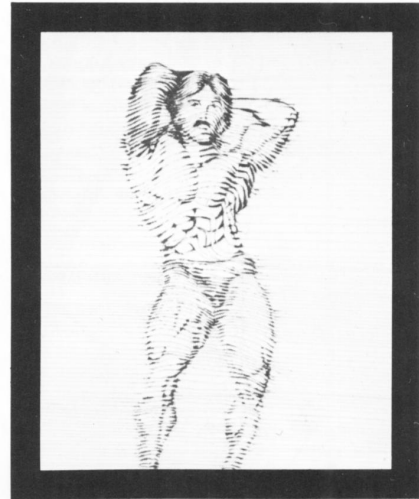


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Debbie Lechter

Perry Marovitch

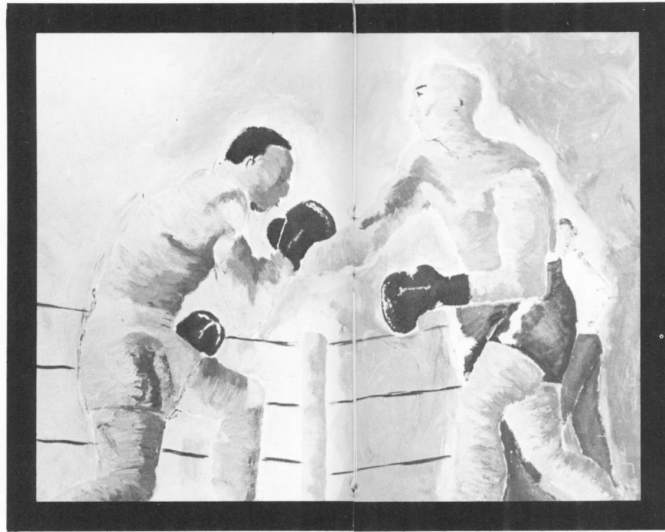


Tammy Shulman

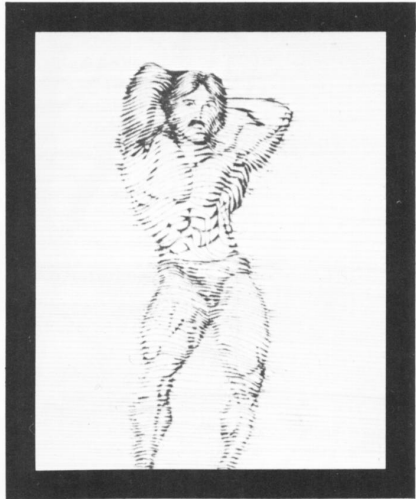




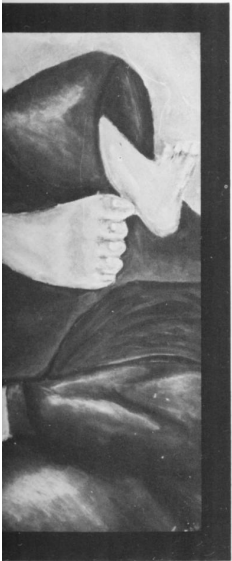
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Gaytri Kachroo



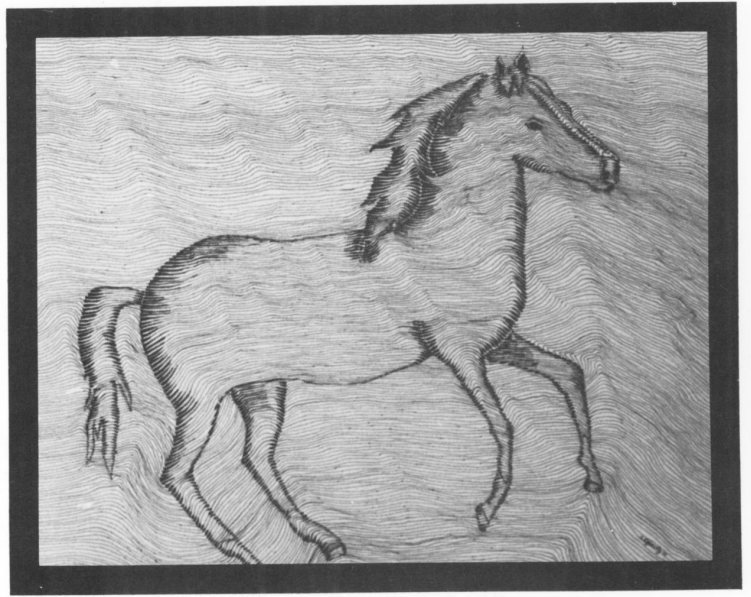
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Arlene Fellner

Ben Philosophe





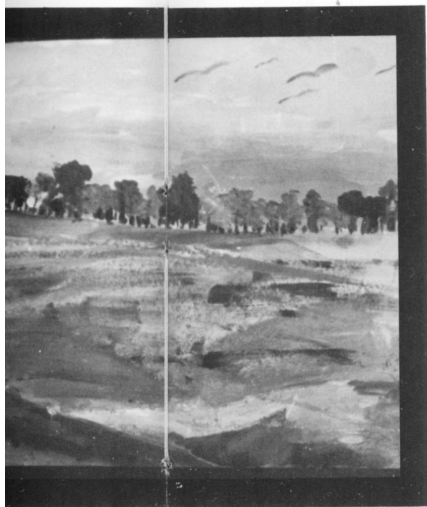
Selina Itzkowitz



Gaytri Kachroo



Selina Itzkowitz



Arlene Fellner

Ben Philosophe



# YOU'RE SIXTEEN

Grade 10 is when the sweets begin  
We all start to prepare,  
Many things must be done  
Excitement fills the air.

Invitations are received  
The date is coming near,  
What to wear and who to ask  
The girls are filled with fear.

Gold or silver? Big or small?  
And what gift should I buy?  
Who's invited? Who is not?  
I soon must ask a guy.

Some sweet 16's are held at home  
This one's at the Ritz,  
Two of them are on one night  
That really is the pits.

Today's the day, it's finally here  
He'll pick me up at eight,  
I must prepare to look my best  
Oy Vay! It's getting late.

It's 4 o'clock but I must rush  
I know just what I'll wear,  
But I will spend the time that's left  
Fixing up my hair.

At last we're at the sweet 16  
And much to our despair,  
Not until nine o'clock  
Is anybody there.

An hour late is what is seen  
As fashionably on time,  
Being early now-a-days  
Almost is a crime.



*P.H.*

By nine fifteen the room is filled  
We start to criticize,  
This one's dress and that one's suit  
Her boots, his shoes, her fries.

Soon the people start to talk  
The gossip really flies,  
Then the dance floor is filled up  
With all the girls and guys.

The main event is now to come  
And everyone is tense,  
A few more minutes til midnight  
She's with her best of friends.

"Tra-la-la" soon greets our ears  
It's twelve o'clock no less,  
Many songs must be played  
The D. J. 's under stress.

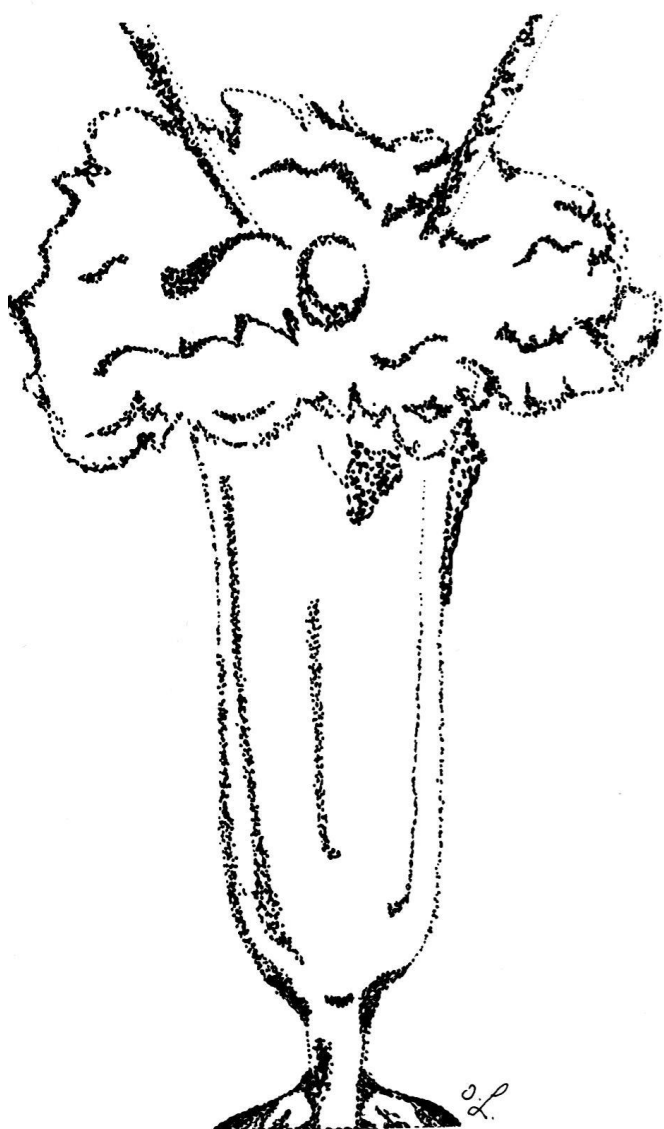
You're 16 and Butter Cup  
Next the Birthday Song,  
"Clouds and Rain and Evie" too  
With these you can't go wrong.

By three A. M. we all are pooped  
She opens all her gifts,  
Then the people start to leave  
Each one has their lifts.

Now the joy is all gone  
A selected few still stay,  
They will laugh the whole night through  
And stay there till the next day.

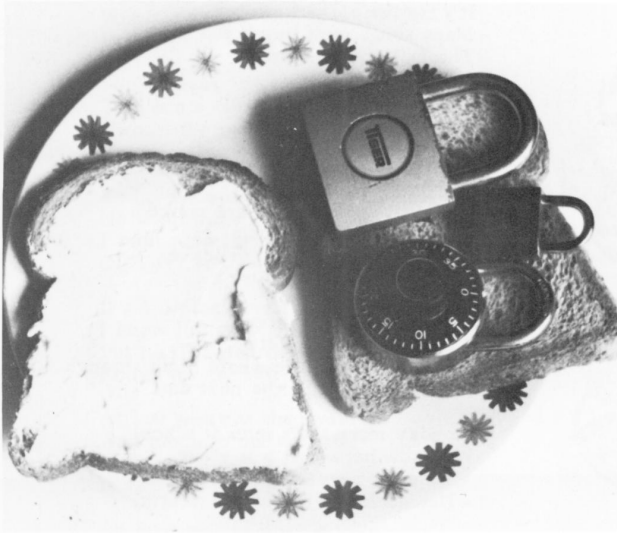
Monday morn she's seen at school  
We know her sweet was great,  
'Cause she's wearing all her gifts  
- Her neck can't hold the weight.

Mimi

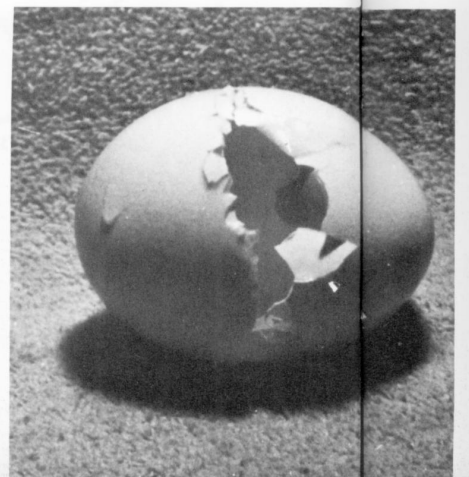
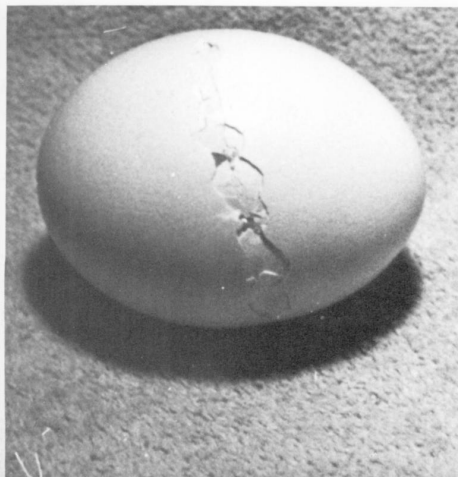
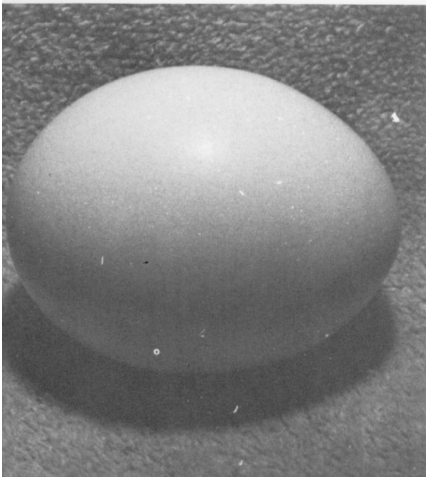
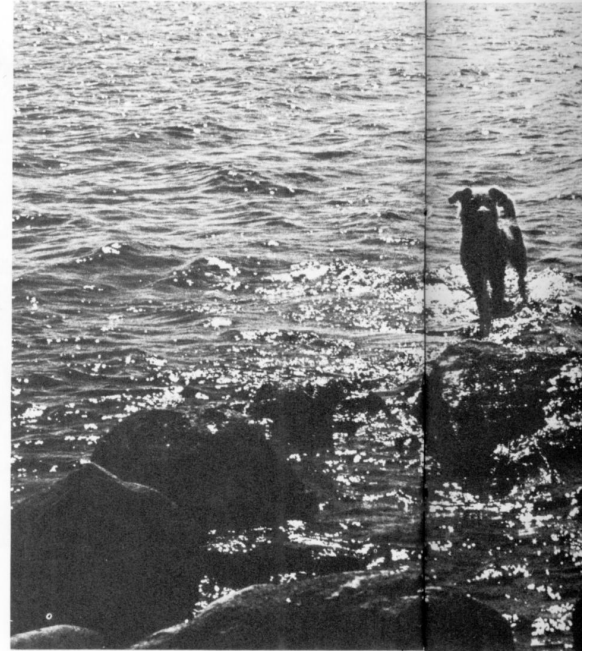




S. Suissa



B. Laurie

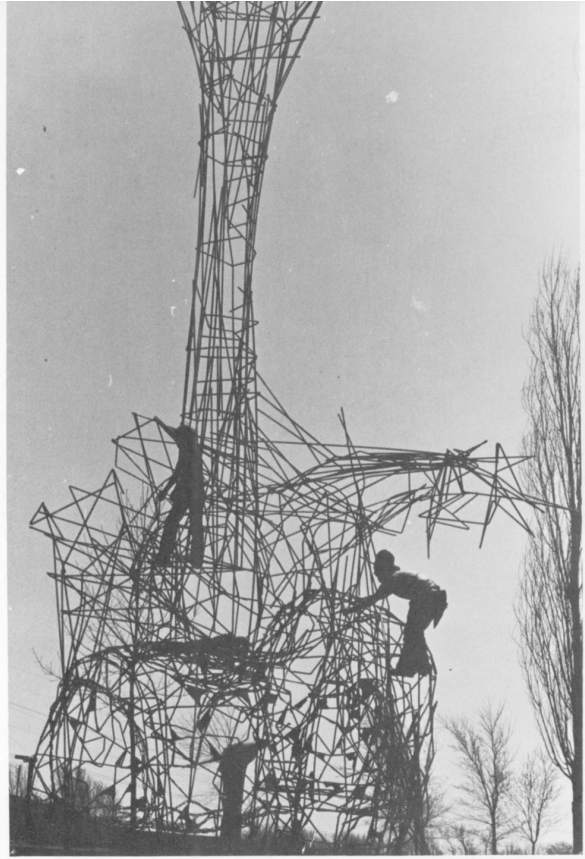




J. Friedman



J. Friedman

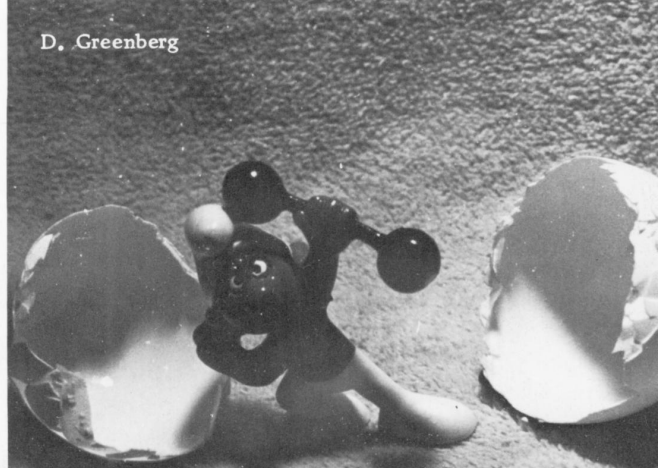
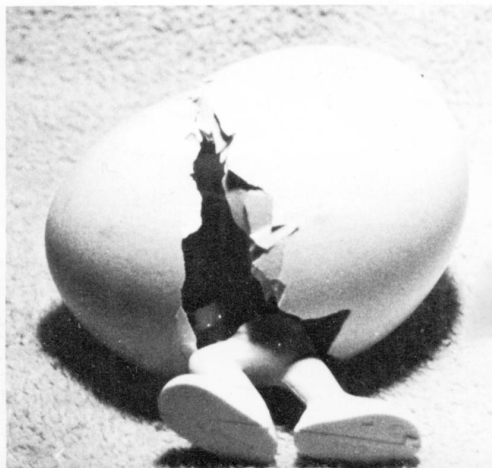
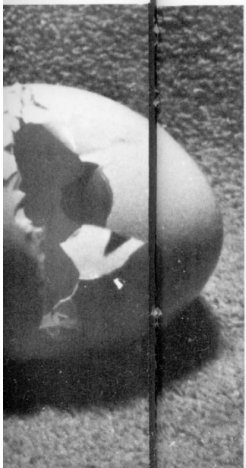


J. Friedman

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D. Samuel



D. Greenberg

# LITERATURE

## FRANÇAIS

### VAGUE A L'AME

On commence  
Une nouvelle ère,  
Le soleil brille  
Réchauffe la terre,  
Les enfants sortent  
Sans leurs mères,  
On voit sortir

Même les vers,  
Des nuages  
On n'en voit guère,  
Les oiseaux  
Ne veulent pas se taire,  
Dans un lac  
On jette des pierres . . .  
Mais c'est un rêve  
Le ciel est vraiment gris,  
Et tout le monde  
Est endormi.

Linda Bonder

### UN OISEAU

L'oiseau vole,  
plus haut que le toucher,  
plus loin que nos pensées,  
Haut,  
ciel.  
dans le

Fabienne Michot

### LA NATURE

C'est l'image de la vie qui nous entoure,  
C'est le soleil qui brûle la terre,  
C'est une abeille qui danse autour d'une fleur,  
C'est le vent qui souffle et qui siffle dans nos oreilles,  
C'est l'eau pure qui tombe des cascades,  
C'est la vie!

Gloria Smagaren and Elisabeth Chemouny

### L'ECOLE

Ma définition: un endroit où les parents envoient  
leurs enfants pour ne plus les  
voir pendant la journée.

Fabienne Michot



The extreme calmness,  
That comes with peace of mind,  
The everlasting beauty,  
Of nature,  
Human.

Strolling through the winding trails,  
Of Mount Royal . . .  
The quiet snow . . .  
The blossoming flower . . .  
The summer's warmth . . .  
The falling leaves . . .

To get away,  
To be oneself,  
In a world full of no ones.  
It is at best the least,  
But we must sacrifice our wantings,  
For the ease of living.

There is a time,  
Between dusk and dawn,  
When the mind is liberated,  
From the ambitions and desires,  
And floats through a universe  
Of feelings and emotions.

These are always kept,  
Separate from our routines,  
And at this time,  
We have reached,  
the apex,  
Serenity.

Mark Chaimberg

