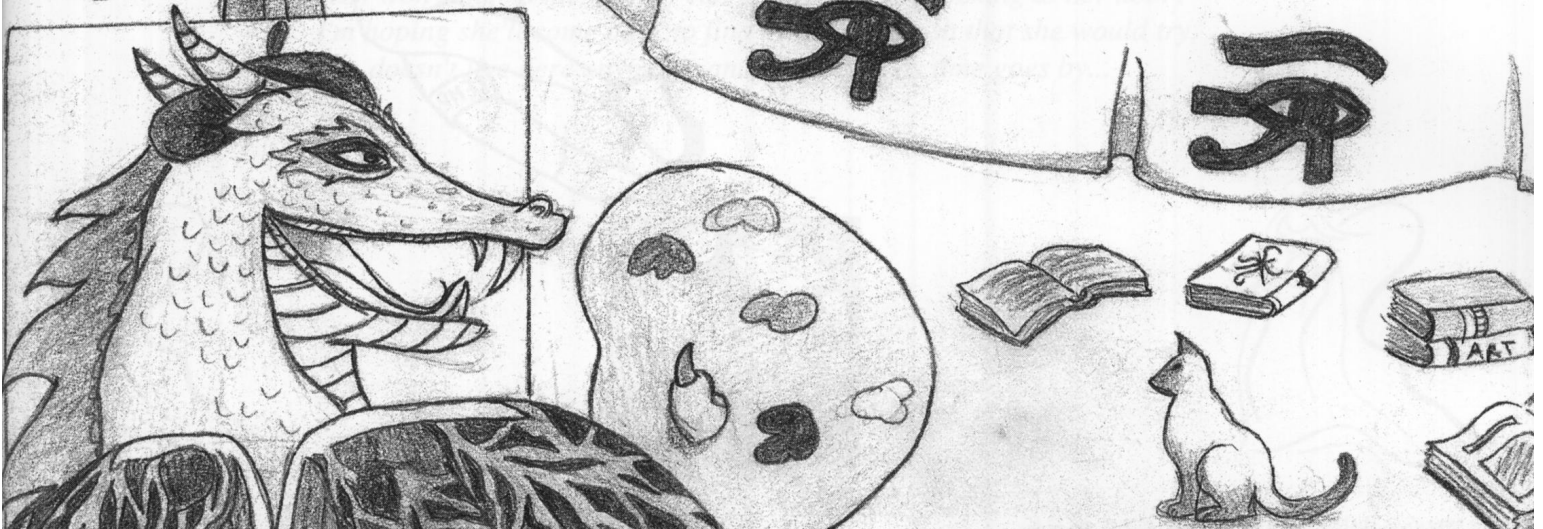


ART

AND

LIT



by Roxana Trinitas

Shawn Kemp

(Reminiscing on the days of Seattle)

*He was in a trance as sweat dripped from his face,
And in his ears he could hear his heart race.
To actually let the Bulls get to game 7 was Seattle's little
deed, And play against Michael Jordan, who the Bulls didn't
need.*

*In his mind he knew he had to represent,
To ever live up to his name, Shawn Kemp
"I just have to remember coach George Karl's plans"
As he turned he met the faces of his many fans.*

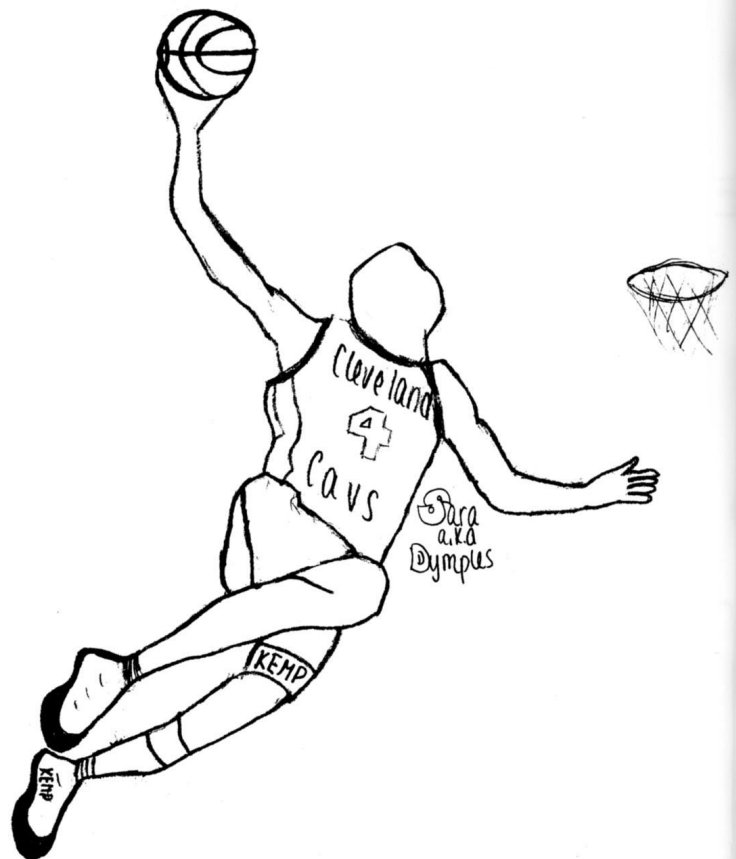
*I saw him on the court he looked as if he saw a spirit,
"Have faith" I yelled and he turned as if he could hear it.
Then everything went into slow motion as in a dream,
The 10 seconds on the clock is the only thing to intervene.*

*Detlef takes the ball from the ref and focuses on the sport,
Then makes a quick pass to Payton at half court.
8 seconds left on the clock, no time to waste,
Kemp is at free throw. Payton passes to him with haste.*

*Knowing he's the best and is the bomb, He takes 2 steps
reinventing the name Shawn.
To think God gives this talent to only this man wasn't fair.
Shawn lifted up and up and up into the air.*

*He did like the song "I believe I can fly",
To say this was written for Jordan is a lie.
To him and me this was everything, this effortless stunt,
As he did a many times, over Jordan he dunked.*

**By: Sara "Dymplez" Samuel
#1 Shawn Kemp fan**

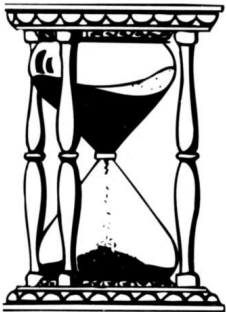




As Time Goes By

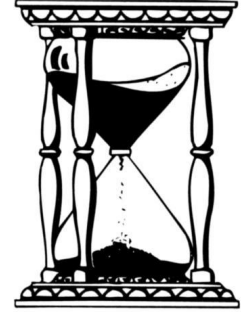
My air gets cooler everyday, my wind is blowing with more force,
My eyes are dewy from the rain, my mind is leaking from the source,
My arms are missing what is warm, my nerves are shivering and tense,
My heart is beating way too fast, my words aren't making any sense.

*This disconnection from my angel, bidden on the bottom floor,
I miss the joy I felt to see her standing by that open door,
I'm doubting she belongs straight down that ball, I often wonder why,
She doesn't live there anymore, and so I write, as time goes by...*



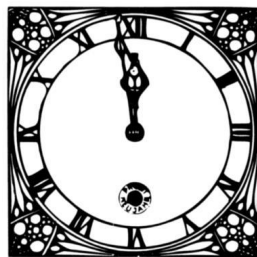
My thunder scares the clouds away, my lightning strikes without a song,
My lids are drooping from fatigue, my face is feeling mighty long,
My hands are grasping what is wet, my veins are sticking to my skin,
My love is fading and unsure, my rhymes are churning from within.

*Such deprivation of my angel, bidden on the bottom floor,
I fear she plans to shut me out, to take the key and lock her door,
I'm doubting she belongs straight down that ball, she's lucky she can fly,
She doesn't live there anymore, and so I write, as time goes by...*



My darkness threatens to control, my shadows linger in the night,
My pupils focus on the sky, my spirit needs to see the light,
My nails are screeching on the board, my bones are tired from the ride,
My voice is hollow and severe, my moods are flowing with the tide.

*Whatever happened to my angel, bidden on the bottom floor,
Why won't she let me in, why can't she bear me knocking at her door?
I'm hoping she'll come back to find that ball, I wish that she would try,
She doesn't live here anymore, and so I write, as time goes by...*





Memories of 1997-1998

This book is in dedication to Diana, Princess Of Wales, Gianni Versace, Mother Teresa, Sonny Bono, Notorius B.I.G. and Michael Kennedy.

Things that have occurred in the year of 1997-1998:



- Ice Storm 1998
- War in Iraq
- Clinton Scandal



- Titanic the Biggest movie of the year
- Resignation of Daniel Johnson...Jean Charest moves up???



- Lilith Fair
- Edge Fest
- Microsoft War
- El Nino



Microsoft

\$ GST

- % -Federal Budget Balanced
- + Tax: GST increases



- The Canadian Dollar: an all time low
- Puff Daddy: Missin' You (Dedication to B.I.G)

Helene B. Roth K.

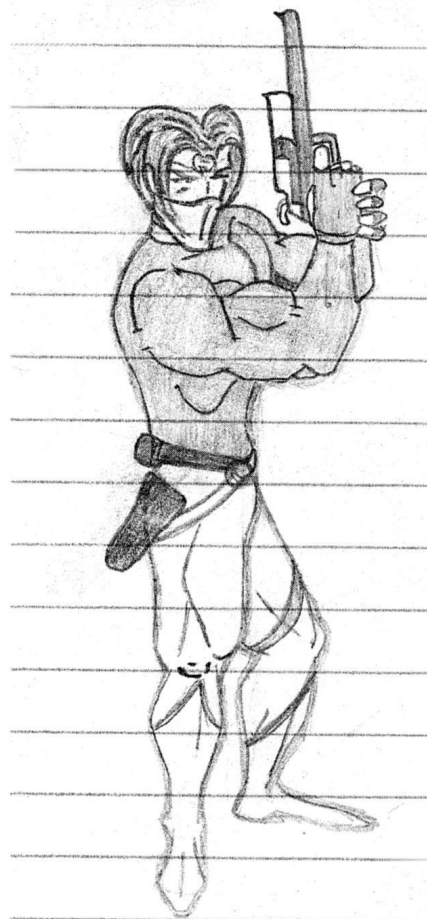
FROM FRONOBULAX HE DID DESCEND
OUR NEW-FOUND GREENISH ALIEN FRIEND
HE CAME EARLY IN THE MORNING
TO TRY THE SPORT THEY CALL "SKATEBOARDING"
HE'D SEEN THE CHAMPS OF GARKON 5
AND THOUGHT, "IF THEY CAN, SO CAN I."
HE GOT ON THE BOARD AND STARTED TO ROLL
AND BEFORE HE KNEW IT, HE WAS OUT OF CONTROL
HE FELL FACE-FIRST IN THE PARKING LOT
AND SAID "@#%?!!" ("DAMN, THIS IS HARDER THAN I
THOUGHT!")

By: Anonymous & Anonymous Gr. 7 Galaxy



after being in
school that
long i could
finally get a job
i mean look at
my head i mean
Doh!

by: Rian D'Alesio





My Life

Day one I came to ice land took my father's hand.
 Never even, look back this territory is wack.
 I never understand why my pops gave the verbal abuse.
 Sometimes I felt a ten story drop from the roof.
 I was a living proof that abuse gives you the most suicidal boozy.
 I try hard to please this man but it seems like hard ain't good enough.
 So I might as well give up.
 I tried to turn rough, smoke stuff, drink beer, hoping this old truck would bust.
 But just my luck, all he did was lose my trust.
 Before that, I was the hardest athlete always willing to defeat.
 Now all I do is eat and sleep, love the streets.
 Kept the positive mind but now and then smoked a dime to let my inner self unwind.
 I was two-faced Gemini, 1980 June eight (8th), love that ace of spades.
 always took a chance with the good ones,
 but all they do is let me tap they buns and drop me like a hundred tons,
 everyday was like a rerun.
 My heart laid in my hand broken down in fractions.
 I came to the conclusion about what I'm representing.
 If things get crazy and I still have my lady maybe
 I'll just make new connections remove unwanted sections.
 If people want to make the assumption about my way of living,
 they could just get a stepping cause Stiche ain't listening.

By: Adrian Williams
AKA Stiche

Untitled

If humans use
 The art of communication,
 Why do we not speak
 Of our true feelings.

Are they just mine
 I do not know
 But my intuition,
 Is making me
 Not think so.

Or maybe its the longing to have someone of my own.

I get so weak
 Everytime that you walk by,
 I want you half-heartedly,
 Yet I'm still nervous to say hi.

I fantasize to,
 Hold you,
 Kiss you,
 Friend you,
 Love you,
 Yet I don't know where to start,
 Time's ticking, a dreadful tick
 Soon you will depart.

Will this be an empty crush...
 ... Or something more full
 Like my first love?

By: Anonymiss

A broken heart

My heart is broken
 and my soul is dying.
 My love is gone
 and I can't stop crying.
 The pain is too hard to take
 I can't help how I feel.
 My love was always real.

I thought I could hide my pain.
 But I had to let go.
 My tears keep falling down.
 The pain hurts me so.

I didn't know my love
 until his last word.
 I tried not to cry
 But my heart felt to die
 So now am alone
 with no more love of mine

By: Adriana Yannaco

*Background ambient noise
fills his mind
Emptiness, solitude, still.
Distant voices to the left
Defiant voices to the left
Messages of future encounters
with vague, sinuous shadows
sombre in their hollowness*

By: Andr ea Racine Gr. 10



“My Sweetheart”

*Since you are my sweetheart
you must be kind and true
For I have no other sweetheart
in the world but you.*

*Love searched the world all over
and found not one like you
So treat me as the sweetheart
That you’ll be honest to*

*You have no idea Sweetheart
of how I think of you
My love can’t be more true
Knowing I have a Sweetheart like you.*

*How comely are your virtues
How sacred how divine
no other love can fill my heart
Except your love Sweetheart*

*I’ve promised to you
To play a faithful part
Never to break your heart
And always to be true*

*Now so long my dear Sweetheart
But bear this in mind
Your heart belongs to no one else
Because I’ve made it mine*



**By: Kerry-Ann
Gardner Gr. 11**

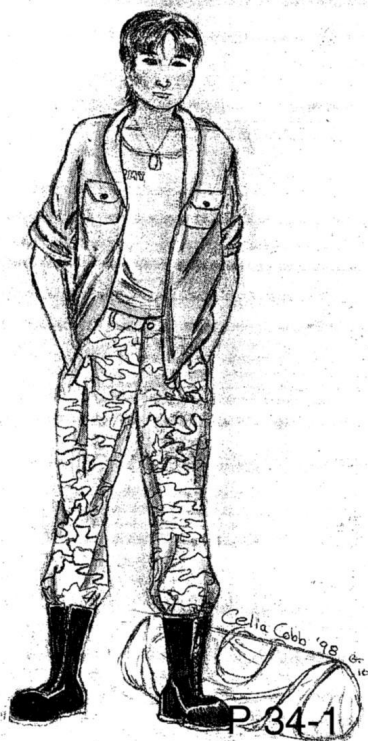
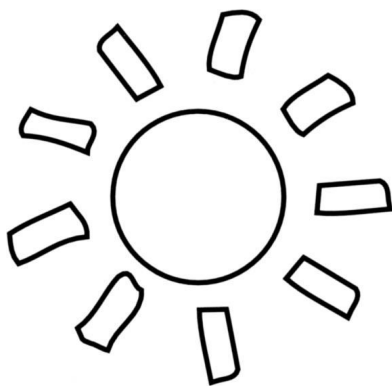


DEAD CONSCIENCE
 AWAKEN SENSES.
 A WORLD DESERTED
 BY OLD ABANDONED SOULS.
 I THOUGHT MYSELF LUCKY
 TO WALK THIS LAND
 BUT I AM ALONE,
 VENTURING TOWARDS MY OWN END.
 PERHAPS TODAY,
 PERHAPS TOMORROW,
 ONLY CELESTIAL ONES KNOW.
 WHAT FATE HOLDS FOR ME.
 HOVERING,
 FOREVER DUSK
 ON EDGE OF MY LONELY TOWN.
 MY MIND CLOUDS OVER,
 AND I MUST NOW DRIFT
 TO THE INFINITE NIGHT.

By: Andrea Racine. Grade 10

WORDS
 SONGS OD DESPAIR
 CRYING OUT FOR AN EAR
 CHASING THE COLD, DRY RAIN.
 HOORAY FOR ME!
 HE SINGS IN VAIN,
 I'VE MADE THE GRADE!
 I'VE STUNG THE WASP
 AND BIT THE DOG.
 NOW LET ME TASTE BLOOD
 FOR ONE LAST TIME
 WHILE I STUTTER AWAY
 INTO THE FLOWING HILLS ABOVE.

By: Semolina Pilchird Grade 10



DYING OF HER OWN DISEASE,
 SHE DROWNS IN HER TEARS
 AND PRAYS TO HER GOD
 TO TAKE HER AWAY.
 IT IS WINTER FOREVER
 IN HER MIND AND HER SOUL
 EACH STEP SHE TAKES IS SLOW
 AND SINKING.



The dark sky flashed brightly. As the rain poured, the children ran. They ran to their parents, fearful of the dreaded storm outside. The black clouds grew and grew until the sky, that was once blue, became a blanket of darkness. The rain continued to come down, harder and harder. For hours, days, weeks, it pounded on the roofs of the houses they called home. The children cried as the water level rose to terrible heights. Families had to take sanctuary on the upper floors of their houses, taking whatever food they had with them. This food quickly ran out as the storm continued.

I laughed. I laughed a maniacal laughter as I watched them run. "Pawns", I thought. "They are simply pawns in the game I call life." I sat in my house on the hill, far above these pawns. I was their ruler, I owned their houses, stores, cars. I owned their souls.

They cursed me, they hated me from the depths of their souls that belonged to me. But they respected me nonetheless.

I had power that they could only dream of. I controlled the sun, the moon and the stars. I controlled the weather. Yes, it was I who was the cause of the dreaded downpour and they knew it. I heard them yell to me. I heard them pray to their "God". Peasants. Poor little peasants. As they prayed, I laughed even more. I thought, "I am more powerful than this "God", I am more powerful than anything known to mankind."

They gave me many names, the peasants. Some people called me Damien, some Lucifer, some Satan. I prefer to go by The DEVIL...

lediS haoN97