



*Express your artistic freedom!*



Smurgle



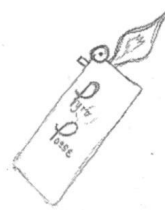
by: L. Major  
Gr. 9 Girl



BLAZE DA ROOF LIA!!!

# PYRO PONSSE

A LIFE



STUPID-S ALIIDI-S CHILLY-K ACIIID-O KRAZY-D KOOKY-K COOLEY-T RED-Y POOKY-P DOUBBLE-M PSYCHO-S S

## Down I Go

March Three/eighty-two,  
 Momma gave birth to a boy,  
 A life with granted dreams.  
 Instead of dreams,  
 He led a life filled up with candy,  
 With lots of evil schemes.

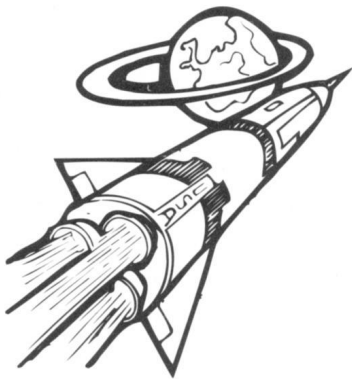
Jingle bells, jingle bells, evil all the way!  
 So much fun to eat red meat, with old neighbourhood stray.

An evil,  
 Hard to maintain with some Windex,  
 So use a toilet brush.  
 Scrub really hard,  
 Rinse your mouth with lubrication,  
 Lather, rinse, repeat.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, dip your head in hay,  
 Go home and eat some red meat and let go of the lame.

When the end comes,  
 Make sure you've paid your insurance,  
 And evil premiums.  
 I'll lead the way,  
 Make sure follow close behind me,  
 I'll lead ya through the slums,  
 SO FOLLOW ME DOWN!

By: Fender Jazz Man

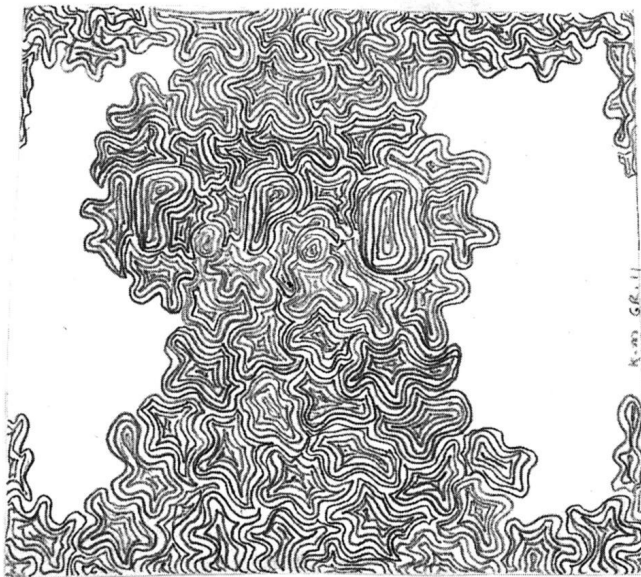


## The Puppet Master

She smiles and stares, with her venomous eyes  
The dumbfounded expression on her face is replaced by sheer joy.  
Another of my kind has fallen victim to the beast.  
She picks him up, an expression is felt, wanderlust and curiosity.  
Hmm, a bright new toy to add to an ongoing pile.  
The searing, rushing, erotic sensation is felt  
As she immerses herself in delight.  
She plays with him for but a moment.  
He feels security and love.  
Suddenly without a care, her eyes turn crimson  
The flames are seen singed on her angel wings  
She shreds off the red button that gave him a glow.  
Forever able to manipulate and control.  
He's banished into his wooden prison.

Suddenly, she sees me motionless, pitying him.  
She relishes the moment, she can taste my fear.  
Catlike grace, she floats to me as an apparition  
She is poised to strike, her hands greedy  
Her teeth gleam as silver daggers.  
She weaves her silk like magic and sings her siren song.  
My head swims and is brought to the heavens,  
Only to spiral downwards into a dark cesspool of desire.  
The smell is intoxicating as it arouses my every sense.  
I am hers and she is mine, what ignorance.  
Am I loved, dance with me puppet master.  
My body is being pulled by invisible chains.  
I leap and dance for her fancy and yet....  
The curtains close, her hazel eyes get averted  
She smiles once more as another complies to her will.  
And I'm thrown into my box to wait.  
Who says we can hold what is never ours.

Anonymous



CYCLOPS TURTLE



CYCLOPS PIGGY



CYCLOPS SHEEP



CYCLOPS COW



CYCLOPS MOUSE



CYCLOPS REAPER OF DEATH

## I AM AN URBAN TEACHER

**I Believe that SOMEDAY THE RINGING in my ears will DISAPPEAR.**  
**I will never accept bribes when giving report card grades; though, I will take all threats into consideration.**  
**I will always honour the memory of the vice principal for disciplinary affairs.**  
**I will never carry cash during school hours.**  
**I will not permit students to throw food in the cafeteria while the food is still in a can.**  
**I am an urban teacher, hear my song:  
"Help" by the Beatles.**

**Susan Keonig**

## Reignman 4 Life

*The whole game's his to reinvent  
No doubt his skillz represent  
Dunking over disbelievers leaving rims with dents  
Then asking what you meant  
When you tried to disrespect the name Shawn Kemp  
This is his house, you late with the rent  
Your games like Penny, you ain't worth but a cent  
Y'all amateurs have the tendency  
To envy the acquired symmetry  
Of your worst enemy  
With dunks as dangerous as a felony  
Bring such sweet melody  
Shawn takes the game to a level that's higher  
With the skillz he acquired  
While yours are much dryer  
That punk MJ's lucky he retired  
Cause Kemp was 'bout to set his \*\*\* on fire*

**Lyrics By Sara a.k.a. Dymplz  
#1 Shawn Kemp Fan**



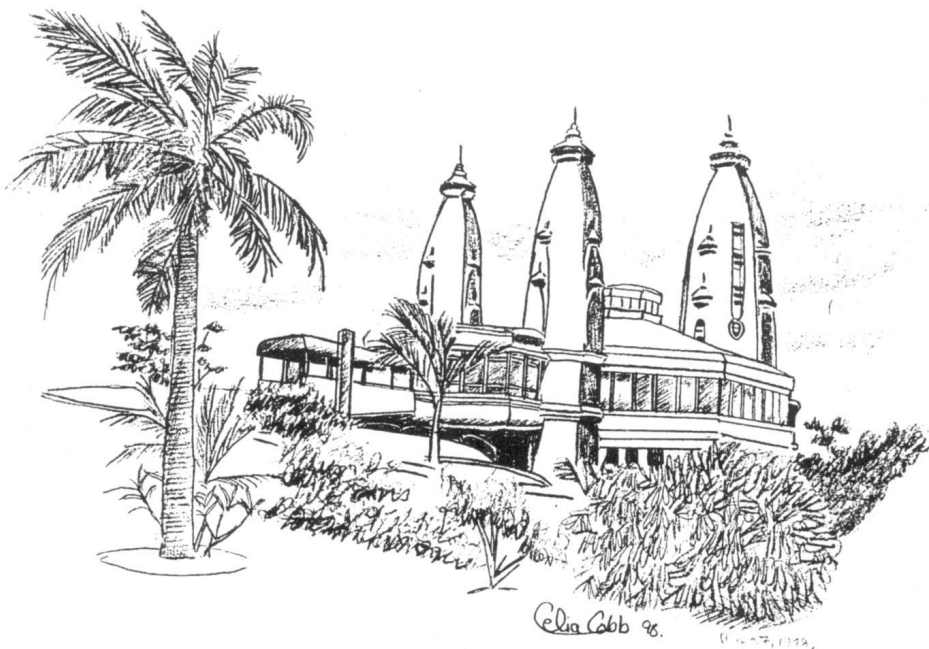
WHAT?!



WAGAR ATTITUDE 98-99!!!

RE-KON-I-Z!!





## Warning Labels

1. On a hair dryer: Do not use while sleeping.
2. On a bar of soap: Use like regular soap.
3. On a frozen dinner: Serving suggestion - defrost.
4. On a hotel-provided shower cap: Fits one head.
5. On a tiramisu dessert: Do not turn upside down (This was printed on the bottom of the box).
6. On a package of bread pudding: Product will be hot after heating.
7. On a children's cough medicine: Do not drive car or operate machinery.
8. On a sleep aid: Warning - may cause drowsiness.
9. On a Korean kitchen knife: Warning - keep out of children.
10. On a string of Chinese-made X-mas lights: For indoor or outdoor use only.
11. On a bag of peanuts: Warning - contains nuts.
12. On an airline packet of nuts: Open packet, eat nuts.
13. In a Japanese car manual: Do not shift into reverse while driving forward.



## Slipping

*Have you ever woken up to find  
That nothing seems the same.  
The world keeps going 'round as planned  
Just like the day before  
But somehow you are different  
Than how you've always been,  
What once was done with painless ease  
Now seems the highest mountain,  
What once was harty diamond  
Is now quicksand 'neath your feet.*  
C.C. gd.11





**I REMEMBER BEING TAUGHT  
THAT WHAT MATTERS,  
COMES FROM WITHIN**

**“IF YOU’RE BLACK OR WHITE,  
IF YOU’RE FAT OR BLIND  
IT WON’T MATTER,” THEY SAID,  
“IT’S WHAT’S WITHIN THAT  
COUNTS.”**

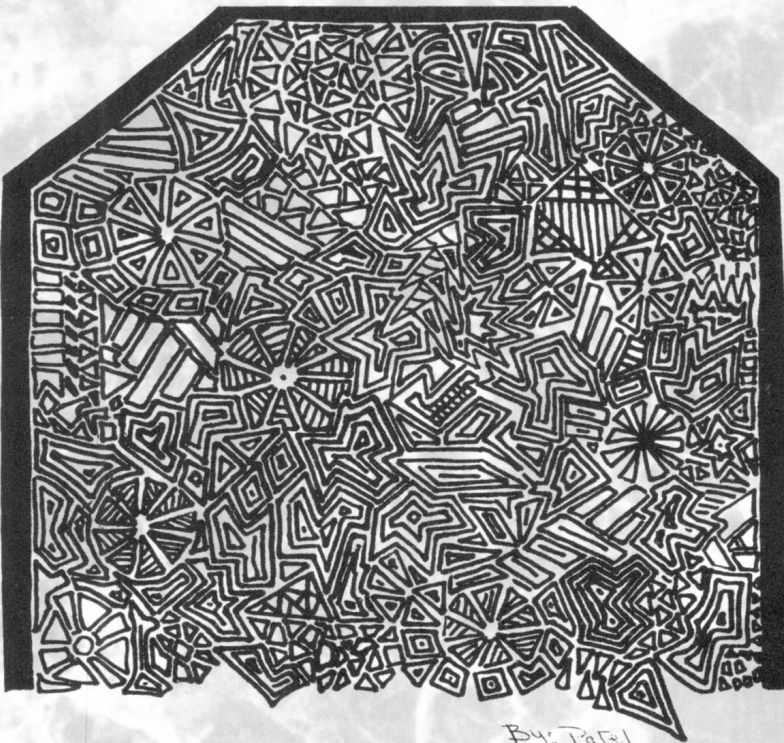
**BUT WHEN I PUT THIS SUIT ON  
I REALIZE,  
IT’S ON FOR ONE REASON ONLY  
WHICH IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT  
FROM THE ONE THEY CLAIM.**



MARK MANIFOLD IN TWENTY LINES

O! What foul he atudes will he sought tomorrow  
Of brazen words, in action floundered?  
Whose silence unsundered will wring hallow  
Out that infinite Orpheus undone,  
In such a gaze, a breath, unsung?  
What premature thought, indiscreet as a whim,  
Cleaves that one sorrow, that without  
Is within? It yet lingers,  
That sublime ache’s apprehension  
That make a double birth,  
For the shame that cries mirth.  
And it, inked by some sublime hand,  
Not of soothing earth, but native recognition  
Makes us wax under the moon. Linked,  
To fall withering, weary of this land  
Whose thinness in grain, is hence  
Unconquered by grand lotus, strained.  
If only to sever and flow that burning hue,  
Drift to view hallowed indifference  
Until subtle freedoms.

Andrew Li-Pook-Tham Gr.11



By: Patel

