The Pluralist

Twentieth Anniversary Edition
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In one of the earliest issues of The Pluralist, Michael Dunwoody, the visionary of this contest, wrote: "Public Education, like Art, holds a mirror up to life, reflecting truths we know, those we suspect, those we avoid. This almost magical property helps design lives which reconcile the complex relationship between self and other, between internal landscapes and the world." He continues by asking the reader to see this writing as a mirror and to accept these generous gifts that students offer.

As the new Director of Education, I am proud to see these gifts inherent in our students and our teachers. The world is no less complex than it was twenty years ago. The Pluralist is testament of our collective goal to challenge and inspire students to achieve their full potential to find their most richly imagined future. This twentieth anniversary issue is cause for celebration, as we reflect on a tradition of excellence in student writing and visual art.

This would not be possible without the generous support of a league of visionaries: our community sponsors, The Rotary Clubs of Windsor and Essex County who make it possible to include the CD of writers' voices, which is a valuable resource and inspiration in classrooms; the distinguished judges, Lenore Langs and Paul Vasey; the co-editors, Darina Sleziak and Dorothy Mahoney; the co-ordinator, Sharon Seslija; and the many who support this valuable tradition.

Happy twentieth anniversary! Congratulations.

Warren Kennedy
Director of Education
It is always a challenge to have to pick just three poems from each category. Those poets whose work wasn’t chosen shouldn’t be discouraged. In making the selections, I looked for all the things that are so nicely satirized in “Why We Hate Poetry.” I looked for (and found) images, figures of speech, interesting language, levels of meaning, depth of feeling. And that “ohhh” moment. Excellent work, poets. These are good poems!

Lenore Langs
Judge

This year’s theme was “Twenty” and it’s not a stretch to say I could have selected twenty winners, rather than twelve. The quality of the writing, again this year, was superb and the writers rose to the challenge of creating stories with no more than 55 words. Not an easy thing to do.

My criteria in judging the prose entries? Pretty simple, really: I wanted to get a sense of where you live, what you notice, how you feel about the things which happen to, and around, you. I was looking for an insight into the workings of your mind and your heart. I found what I was looking for. My thanks to all the writers. Keep exploring; keep writing.

Paul Vasey
Judge

Continuing with the idea of a theme for recent issues of The Pluralist, we were very delighted when a teacher, Paul Loncke, suggested that we use the number “twenty” to celebrate The Pluralist’s twentieth anniversary. The poetic form, a villanelle, which uses nineteen lines, plus the title, seemed a perfect match. We were excited to see student writers rise to this challenge, considered to be a particularly difficult form. Our recent change in the prose category, the fifty-five word story, has kept writers counting and recounting! From twenty weeks to twenty minutes, from twenty stories to a single word in a crossword, from twenty lies to twenty truths, the risk and rush of writing continues in the much anticipated annual contest that is The Pluralist. Thank you writers and artists!

Dorothy Mahoney, Darina Sleziak
Editors
LYRIC POEMS

First Place Junior Winner: “On the Twentieth Day” by Cody Virag, Essex DHS  
Second Place Junior Winner: “They Whisper” by Maria Weigt-Brenzle, Kingsville DHS  
Third Place Junior Winner: “20 Li(n)es” by Anthony DeSilver, Belle River DHS  
Honourable Mention: “Modern-Day ‘Perfection'” by Kayla-Marie Burns, Walkerville CI

First Place Senior Winner: “Why We Hate Poetry” by Roni Hetzel, Essex DHS  
Second Place Senior Winner: “Twenty Minutes of Peace” by Alexandra Lucier, Walkerville CI  
Third Place Senior Winner: “Backseat Revolutionary” by Sara Howie, Walkerville CI  
Honourable Mention: “Twenty Pieces of Advice” by Alyssa Marentette, Kingsville DHS

VILLANELLE POEMS

First Place Junior Winner: “In Twenty Days” by Sammy Madineh, Sandwich SS  
Second Place Junior Winner: “The Year 2020” by Sylvia Motruk, Harrow DHS  
Third Place Junior Winner: “He’s Twenty” by Felicia Riggi, General Amherst HS  
Honourable Mention: “20 Things (Kids)” by Jhordin Riebeth, Century SS

First Place Senior Winner: “Threads of Glass” by Lotus Pupulin, Riverside SS  
Second Place Senior Winner: “Solitary Girl” by Caitlyn Gray, General Amherst HS  
Third Place Senior Winner: “The Playground” by Rebecca Laplante, Essex DHS  
Honourable Mention: “The Unforgiven” by Samantha Crouchman, W.F. Herman SS
On The Twentieth Day

On the first day
I would spend my wealth
Wasting my savings on the most
Unsatisfying things
Everything I saw would be mine
This would be the first day
As well as the fourth

On the fifth day
I would refuse to sit still
The world would now be
Merely a globe
One that I would travel
This would be the fifth day
As well as the ninth

On the tenth day
I would do only evil
Nothing could barricade my demons
They would gnaw at the wall of righteousness
Until it crumbled
Hatred would spread
Sin would be commonplace
This would be the tenth day
As well as the fourteenth

On the fifteenth day
I shall be divine
Or at least aspire
Divine wisdom, life everlasting – I would search for these things
I would speak to God
About world issues, over a cup of tea

I will know the meaning of life
This will be the fifteenth day
As well as the nineteenth
On my final day
I do not know what I will do
Should I regain my wealth? I am so very poor now

Should I remember the world? I have seen it all...
Should I repent for my sins? I have done such wrong
Should I stay close to God?
I do not know where that will bring me...

On my final day I will sing
One my final day I will be with the ones I love

On my final day I will rule the world
On my final day I will rest...
This will be the twentieth day
As well as my last.
Get out of this town, get out of this town,
You’ll surely drown, get of this town,
They whisper.

Twenty and still in high school
You say you’ll manage somehow
Your grades are nowhere near average
Your future hangs by a string
And all you hear is whispering
Twenty and still in high school.

No dinner awaits you on the table
No homework help before bed
No kiss on the cheek after breakfast
No friends your own age, only stares
Harsh and cold like the wind that greets you
That rips and bites at your skin
It hisses and whispers, twenty and still in high school
As though that’s all you’ve ever been.

So you cut the cord and fall, fall, fall
You hit rock bottom and there’s no hand to pull you up
Unnoticed potential leaks from your body
Red like the warning signs you so often ignored
And all you hear are whispers.
Twenty and still in high school
And don’t you wish you would have listened?

Get out of this town, get out of this town,
You’ll surely drown, get of this town,
They whisper.
So many times you hurt me
So many times I’ve cried
But every time I wore a grin
To hide the pain inside.

You’ve often made apologies
Not meaning a single one
And every time I’ve forgiven you
Forgiving the tales you’ve spun.

I’ve looked back through this gallery
And now I see something new
You’ve tried to change but failed
And blamed everyone but you.

So now I look to the future
And I will try to stay strong
You will always remain the same
And I will say, “It was you all along.”

And I won’t take the blame
For all of your selfish acts
I won’t play your game
And I will never be coming back.
20 beautiful girls ruined by
20 makeup products,
20 Myspace photos,
20 Facebook projects.
20 ways to ruin a young woman’s pride,
20 ways for her to run and hide.
20 that we like,
20 that we hate.
20 different magazines that say “you have to be this way”
20 false smiles coated in lip gloss love.
20 interesting drinks to try,
20 ways for them to get high
20 eating disorders,
20 emotional states
20 colourful digital cameras
20 pictures they will take.
20 perfect models.
20 surgeries to succeed.
20 different girls, the norm.
20 girls we would kill to be.
We hate poetry
because poetry is weird and confusing.
Why can a poet separate his thoughts
continuing on to the next line
as if it were grammatically correct.
Why do that at all?
What is so wrong with writing a sentence
beginning to end
without stopping to go to the next line?
Isn’t that how the poetry loving English teachers have taught us to write
since school began?

Why do the poems contain words that no average human being has ever
heard, or will ever hear again, in their lifetime.
Do poets not realize that we have lives,
better things to do,
than spend an hour looking up the definition for capricious
and trying desperately to extract some meaning from a poem
that the poet obviously made up in five minutes, inspired by the lint in his
belly button
a poem with no hidden meaning
symbols, motifs,
subjects or themes.

Literary devices are the worst.
We hate hyperboles more than anything else in life
Imagery is worse than being dragged by your second largest toe tied to
twenty wild mustangs running through a rocky, uncharted forest full of
hardy orange thorn bushes at sundown
And don’t even attempt to anger or agitate us with the annoyance of
alliteration or assonance.

Continued...
But in all honesty, it’s similes and metaphors that are the last thing we can take, like the straw that broke the camel’s back. Why do poets compare things to the dew in the morning grass the sounds of birds taking flight or the balding spot on an old man’s head. How could things like this make us care?

Compare sadness to the way we felt when Jeremy called to say we would be better off as friends.

Compare joy to the way we felt when we scored the winning goal in penalty shoot-outs and the whole team crushed us under a dog pile of sweaty bodies.

Compare love to the way we felt when we got lost at the age of six, and our parents stayed out all night until they found us.

Then maybe we could care. Maybe we could like poetry.

But then again, maybe not. Teenagers are so capricious.
Twenty Minutes of Peace

Twenty minutes of peace…
Is like the quiet memory of a grandmother’s breath, gentle perfume, released at her butterfly kiss,
like catching the fragrance of roses on a floral wind
so long dormant the bouquet is little more than the ghost of a memory,
like losing myself in a dream,
and finally having all the secrets of the universe at my fingertips.

Twenty minutes of peace…
is like twenty thousand leagues of cool, quiet ocean depths, beneath the surface,
blissful oblivion,
like all the sweet melodies of every whale’s song, wonderful and enigmatic,
a secret beneath the bright brim of the world,
and the cool, rushing kiss of ocean froth as it breaks over the tips of my toes, raw and thirsty.

Twenty minutes of peace…
is like the crisp, vivid break of dawn flushing the cold blackness of the night sky,
a mosaic of dignified golds, sea-shell purples, and tender, baby-girl pinks,
like the warmth of a once-upon-a-time haunt against a soul long-cold with absence,
and the wet lavishing of a puppy’s sweet affections after the death of an old friend.

Twenty minutes of peace…
is like the fabled, resolute silence of all the guns in all the lands so ravaged by war, hate,
death, darkness,
like every child in every cheerless corner of the third world going to bed with a plump belly,
warm milk, soft bread, and sweet honey,
like the blissful end of a life stretched to reach its purpose.

It is like the hushed tenderness in a mother’s voice, crooning her baby to sleep,
or the steady, serene music of a child’s breath
releasing into the clouded, fairy-dusted world of dreams.

Twenty minutes of peace…
is all I’m going to get while you are asleep, my darling.
Backseat Revolutionary

He’s a backseat revolutionary.
A fly-by-night
Fly-by-the-seat-of-your-pants type of guy.
He’s a radical, he
Talks about change
Writes things to come
Reads scriptures from contemporary magazines,
Because he’s a cafeteria Catholic,
Buddhist with Taoist tendencies
He tells me.
He’s a political figure, who
Argues aggressively but
Fights passively.
Remembers the good old days when things were different,
While he’s barely twenty.
His issues make my head spin.
And of course,
He rejects my ordinary front seat ways.
But he hides behind computer screens and
Catchy nicknames.
And I don’t.
I’d rather take my plain-old front seat methods.
Twenty Pieces of Advice to Teens

Overcome your fear of failure.
Be bold, believe, stay strong.
Expect the best,
Accept the worst,
Allow yourself to be wrong.

Be nostalgic about the future,
Change the facts that don't fit the theory.
Rather than wasting time,
Become the change you want to see.

Never settle for second best;
there is no success but your own.
Respect truth,
Deny dishonesty,
Exceed the limits you've known.

Reflect on your greatest weakness,
Realize how it's your greatest strength.
Eliminate the impossible,
However improbable,
And focus on going great lengths.

Listen intently,
Communicate effectively,
Conquer your curiosities.
Last but not least,
Smile and breathe,
And say so long to conformity.
In Twenty Days

In twenty days the immortal bombs will fall
God’s good men know only how to fight,
And the darkness will rise to consume us all

Our foolish “leaders” proud, all standing tall
So blind, they see no evil end tonight
In twenty days the immortal bombs will fall

Inside their feeble hearts, they are so small
but soon our time will come to be the light
And the darkness will rise to consume us all

It’s us, our time, to make a mighty wall
or the end will surely come, it’s close, in sight
In twenty days the immortal bombs will fall

There will be hope if only we recall,
the way we once would know, and do what’s right
Or the darkness will rise to consume us all

The chance for change has gone, they chose to brawl
The end, the time is up to show our might
In twenty days the immortal bombs will fall
And the darkness will rise to consume us all
The Year 2020

When I listen and close my eyes,
I don’t taste smog on the tip of my tongue,
I see a dark blue sky, dotted with fireflies.

The world stops spinning – lies to cover lies,
I can drown out the ceaseless, seething hum,
When I listen and close my eyes.

Instead of the howling wind over lakes run dry,
Or battalions of power plants incinerating human excrements to uranium,
I see a dark blue sky, dotted with fireflies.

I remember a time filled with laughter and smiles,
Days we’d spend outside, not in a constant fear of the sun,
When I listen and close my eyes.

Not many people remember finding their own personal highs,
Now they just stand outside, growing dizzy to a quickening internal drum…
While I see a dark blue sky, dotted with fireflies.

I hope for days that no longer end with our final goodbyes,
Reassurance we’ll wake to our own hearts steady thrum,
When I listen and close my eyes,
I see a dark blue sky dotted with fireflies.
He's Twenty

It's because he's twenty
He thinks he knows it all
Man, twenty is so young

He doesn't care for our opinions
He's an adult after all
It's because he's twenty

20 minutes ago he laughed
Yet now he's gasping for breath
Man, twenty is so young

He can hold his liquor
He tells himself he can drive home safely
It's because he's twenty

He's lying on the pavement
Now he wonders if he has 20 minutes left
Man, twenty is so young

To bad he didn't listen
It's sad that he's gone
It's because he's twenty
Man, twenty is so young
20 Things (Kids)

It started when she said she was late  
She said she loved me and called me dear  
Too bad it happened on the first date

Started to cry and started to plea  
Confusion, shock, panic and fear  
It started when she said she was late

I love you, Babe, please don’t leave me  
I felt scared when I heard those words in my ear  
Too bad it happened on the first date

Please get rid of these thoughts and set me free  
Baby, please don’t leave I need you here  
It started when she said she was late

Don’t ever leave me and love is what you will see  
My mother said, “Don’t worry, we’re in the clear”  
Too bad it happened on the first date

Babe, I need you to know our love will never be  
What she told me hurt because I felt a tear  
It started when she said she was late  
Too bad it happened on the first date
It was promises that held them together,
Honey-coated words,
Threads of glass that danced around their world.

When they first met, she introduced herself with secrets,
Truths he stowed away in a box, sealed with his love.
It was promises that held them together.

Her pain and laughter brought him to his knees.
Warm whispers suffused the air,
Threads of glass that danced around their world.

He said he would give her his sun and stars,
Tie them to her wrists, where she would keep them forever.
It was promises that held them together.

She placed her fingers in his palm.
He told her he would never forget this image with
Threads of glass that danced around their world.

Young, and naïve they never looked back.
Twenty years aging,
It was promises that held them together,
Threads of glass that danced around their world.
Solitary Girl

Just twenty minutes alone
That's all I really need
To sit and just be in my own private zone

Some time for cuts to be sewn
When the heart begins to bleed
Just twenty minutes alone

No nagging parents or friends on the phone
Maybe kill time with a book to read
To sit and just be in my own private zone

Silent as death and still as stone
But I think I'd feel as if I'd been freed
Just twenty minutes alone

Think some inner thoughts of my own
And let them grow from seed
As I sit and just be in my own private zone

Must I fall ill or break a bone
Or commit some evil deed
For just twenty minutes alone
To sit and just be in my own private zone
The Playground

Twenty children playing, twenty mouths talking
Twenty fingers pointing…all of them at me
Twenty eyes watching, and only two teachers walking

Twenty branches swaying, twenty geese balking
Twenty students laughing, and I’m all alone, you see
Twenty children playing, twenty mouths talking

Twenty eyes glaring, twenty birds squawking
Twenty children gabbing, none of them are me
Twenty eyes watching, and only two teachers walking

Only two teachers glaring, twenty voices stalking
Twenty leaves swaying, and I’m out to sea
Twenty children playing, twenty mouths talking

Twenty boys running, twenty girls gawking
Twenty kids swinging, and I’m trying to break free
Twenty eyes watching, and only two teachers walking

Twenty balls bouncing, one kid hawking
I’m just me, sitting under the strong pine tree
Twenty children playing, twenty mouths talking
Twenty eyes watching, and only two teachers walking
The Unforgiven

We’ve come to an end
Twenty times I’ve forgiven
We’re done my friend

Behind our smile hide deceitful ways
Your eyes just as cold as ice
We’ve come to an end

You broke everlasting promises, I never thought you could
Revealed damaging secrets, I never thought you would
We’re done my friend

I put so much trust in you, trust I didn’t have
I was naïve, you took advantage of that
We’ve come to an end

Twenty times we’ve tried
Twenty times we’ve died
We’re done my friend

Twenty times too many, you’ve taken us down
Turn your back now, and don’t look around
We’ve come to an end
We’re done my friend.
Postcards

NON-FICTION POSTCARDS

First Place Junior Winner: “Fiction” by Carly Charron, Walkerville CI 30
Second Place Junior Winner: “Show Time” by Brianna Krolicki, General Amherst HS 30
Third Place Junior Winner: “20 Days in Bosnia” by Besim Kalajdzic, Sandwich SS 31
Honourable Mention: “Twenty Minutes in My Head” by Kevin Day, Forster SS 31

First Place Senior Winner: “81 Go By” by Miranda Kummel-Hart, Riverside SS 32
Second Place Senior Winner: “My Little Sister” by Marissa Lunardi, Riverside SS 32
Third Place Senior Winner: “You’re Perfect” by Krista Filipowitz, Kennedy CI 33
Honourable Mention: “20 Feet Away” by Jeffery Papp-Petahtegoose, Western SS 33

FICTION POSTCARDS

First Place Junior Winner: “Her Garden” by Hannah Fulmer, Walkerville CI 34
Second Place Junior Winner: “Tease” by Nicki Pilon, Walkerville CI 34
Third Place Junior Winner: “The Moment of Truth” by Filip Zekic, Riverside SS 35
Honourable Mention: “Best for Last” by Maggie Chan, Riverside SS 35

First Place Senior Winner: “Last Stop” by Urosh Opacic, W.F. Herman SS 36
Second Place Senior Winner: “Clueless” by Nick Falk, Riverside SS 36
Third Place Senior Winner: “When Life Gives You Lemons” by Tabitha Adam, Leamington DHS 37
Honourable Mention: “The Talk” by Mike Paszkowiak, W.F. Herman SS 37
Fiction

In 2020, life will change. You will be a caring person; I won’t be weird and distant anymore. I will talk; you will listen. You’ll hold my hand when I cry. We will spend our days together, and you will feel about me, just as I feel about you. No more longing, no more despair.

Show Time

I’ve practiced for so long now. I knew this day would come. I lace up my well worn shoes. In twenty minutes, I will go out. All eyes are on me, as I begin to twirl and jump. This is what I love to do, is what I tell myself. I am here to dance.
20 Days in Bosnia

It was the twenty days of vacation in Bosnia that I often remember. Memories of twenty days of fun fill my heart with joy. Walking down the streets that witnessed many wars, many love and hate stories and many historic events. It was just twenty days but they will stay with me all my life.

Twenty Minutes In My Head

All alone in my room
I can feel the walls closing on me
Trapped in a labyrinth with no way out
These handcuffs in my mind keep me in here,
scared to find out what life is outside
Who knows what lies beyond my thoughts?
A world of evil and terrorism
I’m safe in here.
81 Go By

20 faces go by, whispering “Where are her shoes?”
20 people go by, thinking “Is she poor?”
20 boys go by, shouting “Freak! Put on shoes.”
20 girls go by, pointing “Eww. Her feet are dirty.”
80 humans go by, none asking why.
1 girl goes by and stops.
She smiles and wiggles her toes.

My Little Sister

It’s twenty.
I just don’t know how to make her see that.
“I love you,” I insist.
She’s hysterical. And a little drunk. “No you don’t”
“How can I Prove it?”
“Tell me on a scale from one to ten.” She’s being sarcastic.
But there’s a lump in my throat.
Doesn’t she know?
It’s twenty.
You’re Perfect

“You’re perfect just the way you are.”
Her smiling words were of course a lie.
I glanced at my hands folded upon the table and saw only my imperfection.
Memories of three-feathered hand turkeys and awkwardly-fitting gloves came back.
Cursed since birth, I should’ve accepted this by now –
But nineteen digits aren’t twenty.

20 Feet Away

He comes from the clearing near the pond. I take the safety off and stare him down. Wearing hunter orange bright as the sun, he sees me. I get scared, do not move a muscle. The mukwa still walks towards me. I am a Native hunter, believing the bear is the old man guarding us.
The Pluralist: An Anthology of Creative Writing

First Place Junior Fiction Postcard

Hannah Fulmer
Walkerville Collegiate Institute

Her Garden

The twentieth house on our street was Miss Karen’s, the only house in sight whose garden was full of beautiful blossoms. She spent all day digging with that orange shovel she called Edwin. Her daisies were the brightest and her geraniums were the biggest. We would watch her, her shovel, her flowers – her garden growing.

Second Place Junior Fiction Postcard

Nicki Pilon
Walkerville Collegiate Institute

Tease

A twenty dollar bill sailed through the dismal sky. Two sets of eyes peered at the flimsy paper from afar. Somehow they had an unspoken agreement. Each boy darted after it. It dipped and dangled in the breeze and as one filthy hand reached out to grab it – it dove mockingly into the frigid water.
The Moment of Truth

For 20 weeks I’ve delayed this moment. It was my first time. Though I was gasping with nervousness, her beautiful face made me confident. I carefully unzipped her tightly lined jeans, revealing her short, powerful legs. I then proceeded to pull her underwear off, revealing her pale, shimmering body. Ew! Changing baby diapers really stinks!

Best For Last

Victory is so close I can almost taste it. I breathe in and out, in and out, as I struggle to keep my pace. I hobble on my mechanic leg, thinking optimism and letting it shine, despite the cancer. I limp past the finish line, my arms up in triumph. I beamed – last at 20th!
Last Stop

ZERO, all my friends

1, the percentage I’ll ever have a boyfriend
24, the number of times my dad touched me
19, the amount of times I’ve attempted to take my life
20, my final parting note
Hopefully, courage flies on swift wings with me tonight.
Mother, I love you
Father, see you in hell.

Clueless

20 down: clear, evident. Seven unfilled squares taunt me as the clue collects cobwebs. Clear? Evident? I rack my brain for synonyms but only draw blanks. I stare down at the jumble of intersecting words and phrases until it comes to me. I relish the irony of the moment and scribble in the answer. Obvious.
When Life Gives You Lemons...

On a quiet street, in a quiet town, a child sits in his front yard. A sign sitting beside him reads “Lemonade: 20 ¢”. As you drop two dimes in a Styrofoam cup, he hands you a glass of pure lemon bliss. On a hot day, that colour of sunshine, brings a smile to your face.

The Talk

The elderly man shares his twenty favourite stories to the young boy poised on the bench who is unbearably annoyed. A voice calls as “it is time to go”, the sound of running footsteps show a sign of the child’s freedom. To see what might happen next, he stops, and returns to the old man.
Contributors’ List

**BELLE RIVER DHS**
- James De Santis, “Twenty Faces”
- Anthony De Silver, “20 Li(n)es”
- Patrick Demers, “Plenty/Not Enough”
- Jessica Girard, “Twenty Cents”
- Brandon Le Boeuf, “20 Minutes to Showtime”

**CENTURY SS**
- Sara Carder, “Rawr! 20 Seconds of Horror”
- Lindsay June, “Music My Life”
- Jhordin Riebeth, “20 Things (Kids)”
- Carly Smith, “20 Days Left to Live”

**ESSEX DHS**
- Claire Allsop, “In Twenty Years”
- Brodie Baker, “The Devil In The Hollister Sweater”
- Aveline Barkhouse, “Nov. 20, 2008”
- Jonathan Beeby, “The Bank Robbery”
- Kathy Clarkson, “Lyra’s Twenty Minutes of Frozen Time”
- Jillian Farough, “Willy”
- Jillian Farough, “Milestones”
- Tabitha Gill-Carew, “Fate”
- Lindsey Goodman, “Unrequited Love”
- Stephanie Hernandez, “The Hidden Portal”
- Roni Hetzel, “Why We Hate Poetry”
- Key Howe, “Steel Moonlight”
- Rebecca Laplante, “The Playground”
- Haley Minshall, “How Many Times?”
- Kyle Myers, “The Thermostat Is Set”
- Brittanie Ouellette, “20 Days Left”
- Alyssa Pittao, “It’s Raining Cats and Whales”
- Jordyn Robinson, “Sight Unseen”
- Samantha Smith, “Survive Twenty Days Without Technology, I Dare You!”
- Tashlyn Teskey, “March 20th, 1999”
- Jordy Tytgat, “20 Places”
- Cody Virag, “On The Twentieth Day”
- Samantha Wauthier, “Raspberry Chocolate”

**FORSTER SS**
- Nuria Chavarria, “The Dream That Killed”
- Kevin Day, “Twenty Minutes In My Head”
- Cayla Desbien, “Welfare”
- Ashley Gough, “Prisoner”
- Roshanda Joseph, “Beads of Sweat”
- Zala Khesro, “He is …”
- Justin Laforge, “Dealer Says”
- Paul Laliberte, “My Eclipse”
- Chelsea Lebert, “Iihola, Off the Cliff”
- Brett Maheu, “A Game To Remember”
- Kandyce Middleton, “Twenty Seconds Till Death”
- Jazmyn Woods, “She Used To …”
- Nivin Yoshya, “Twenty Soldiers”

**GENERAL AMHERST DHS**
- Kate Di Pier Domenico, “Restless Anticipation”
- Caitlyn Gray, “Holiday Season”
- Caitlyn Gray, “Solitary Girl”
- Amelia Herceg, “I Haven’t Heard”
- Kelsey Herceg, “Sonata”
- Brianna Krollicki, “Twenty Soon”
- Brianna Krollicki, “Show Time”
- Diane Krug, “Colour Coded”
- Joel MacLellan, “Unum Pluribuse”
- Joel MacLellan, “Take My Hand”
- Adam Martin, “20 Forever”
- Rachelle Peltier, “Broken Bride”
- Julia Ries, “Twenty Tears”
- Julia Ries, “Dark Hours”
- Felicia Riggi, “He's Twenty”
- Dora Rosati, “A Daughter's Apology”
- Dora Rosati, “Shoulder”
- Ben Slade, “Never”
- Ben Slade, “Missing You”
- Mariah Thomas, “Missing You”
### Harrow DHS

- Danielle Amlin, “Scared”
- Sarah Golden, “Tiles In The Ceiling”
- Natasha Graf, “A Beautiful Twenty”
- Daniel Lauzon, “Happy Birthday”
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- Molly Monk, “Starry Night”
- Sylvia Motruk, “The Year 2020”
- Sylvia Motruk, “Zebra Muscles”
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- Kyle Reaume, “Protest”
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- Jenna Wright, “Headlines”
- Jocelyn Young, “Twenty Dreams and Four Walls”

### Kingsville DHS

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- Daryan Branch, “Death is Too Close to Life”
- Olivia Butts, “Escaping With Seagulls”
- Megan Fox, “Hindsight”
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- Alexandra Haggart, “Worthless”
- Tomi Haxhi, “The Roaring Twenties”
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- Andrew Magner, “25404”
- Silvi Qemo, “Much To Spare”
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Maggie Chan, "Best for Last"
Natasha Day, "If I Only Had 20 Minutes to Live"
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Nick Falk, "Clueless"
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Chelsie Lefaive, "The Game"
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Amy Miao, "Twenty to Twenty One"
Amy Miao, "Twenty to Twenty One"
Isabela Palasanu, "Dim the Lights"
Lotus Pupulin, "Threads of Glass"
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Brittany Collard, "One Last Time"
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