

# ANOTHER STORY

RED DEER PUBLIC LIBRARY'S YOUNG ADULT MAGAZINE

FALL 2021

HIGHLIGHTING AB AUTHORS & ARTISTS  
ISSUE NO. 02







# WELCOME

to our FALL 2021 issue!

Here we are again with another amazing edition showcasing Central Alberta's young adult talent. The creativity and depth in the pieces selected shine the light on current events, the beauty in our world, and the deep dark secrets that live in our souls.

Enjoy the journey with us as we present the Fall edition of Another Story,

*Shannon*

## CONTACT US

### ANOTHER STORY

4818 49th Street, T4N 1T9  
Red Deer, Alberta

### SUBMISSIONS:

[anotherstory@rdpl.org](mailto:anotherstory@rdpl.org)  
or visit:  
[rdpl.org/anotherstory](http://rdpl.org/anotherstory)

## EDITORIAL

### CLAIRE BROWN

Editor-In-Chief

### SHANNON LIRONDELLE

Operations Editor

## FEAUTRED CONTRIBUTORS

angela werner  
mylaine rivera  
gillian corisatto  
kodie lee pederson  
mckenna camac  
lindsay wiebe  
bethany cole  
azriel handa  
river pyper  
barbara pelletier  
cole brown  
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## Night Spirit

Night Spirit

Elation I can't explain

Bringing determination and joy

That you can do anything.

Bringing faith,

That you can handle whatever comes next

And do it well –

Taking care of yourself,

Of your family,

Of your home,

Of your profession.

The daily feeling of burden dissolves into simple

step-by-step instruction

And you can do anything.

When life is difficult,

You cry out for your night spirit.

Come back, ability to walk for hours in a sense of joy  
and wonder.

Come back, feelings of freedom with glittering  
black water running in the street beside you,

Come back, the music you hear of a student  
practicing, a drifted melody coloring the night

Perturbing everyone but you.

Come back, confidence and ease,

You whisper,

As the morning brings weariness

And the day stretches on with little relief.

Come back, you say,

As you wait for life's next joy to sustain you.

**Angela Werner**,<sup>28</sup>



## Mylaine Rivera<sub>,28</sub>









# Gillian Corsiatto, <sup>23</sup>

An excerpt from **SUNDAY MORNING CLASSICS** the play  
Scene 3

Similarly to the beginning of Scene 2, the radio hosts of Classical Hour fill the time as the set incorporates LYNN purchasing tickets for the concert. At The Ticket Booth, FELIX is waiting to make a sale.

BETHANY and LIAM are still in the scene but they are silent and unnoticeable and the lighting emphasizes what LYNN is doing and keeps the Learning Centre in the dark.

MALE RADIO HOST: Welcome back to another day of one of our listeners' favourite radio shows – Classical Hour!

FEMALE RADIO HOST: Hey, hold on, didn't we do Classical Hour already today?

MALE RADIO HOST: We sure did!

FEMALE RADIO HOST: That's right, folks! As we inch closer to Aurora Symphony Orchestra's big concert at Sara Bojjess High Hall, we're doing Classical Hour multiple times a day!

MALE RADIO HOST: Multiple, hey?

FEMALE RADIO HOST: Absolutely! Could be twice, could be thrice, could be ten times a day!

MALE RADIO HOST: Folks, listen up to this, because as we lead up to the show, we're taking requests from YOU! Call in to our station and request one of your favourite classical pieces!

FEMALE RADIO HOST: Whatever our listeners want to hear, we'll play! What'll it be? Mozart? Schubert? Mendelssohn?

A telephone rings.



MALE RADIO HOST: Why, it must be our first caller! I'll get it! Hello, thank you for calling in to Classical Hour at Zoom Can Station 98.6! Now, what piece can we put on specially for you? (His voice grows gradually quieter as he says this line.)

LYNN enters. She approaches The Ticket Booth where FELIX is working.

LYNN: Afternoon. I'd like to purchase two tickets for the Aurora Symphony Orchestra's concert at Sara Bojjess High Hall. And, I'm supposed to mention the name Felix.

FELIX: Right, sure, no problem. Where would you like to sit?

LYNN: I'm not sure. Can you contact Felix? He works at the hall as an usher and he can give some sort of discount as far as I'm aware.

FELIX: Felix, right, that guy. Well how about I give you these seats in the balcony?

LYNN: Well, can we check with Felix?

FELIX: I think Felix would want you to sit in the first section of the balcony.

LYNN: Okay, but maybe if we just ask him—

FELIX: Trust me! He'd want you to sit right here, in the Dress Circle.

LYNN: I would really like if we could just call him to—

FELIX: Felix doesn't work there anymore because he got fired for getting caught selling illegal substances in the level one public bathroom!

LYNN: Oh my god.

FELIX: Look, do you want these damn seats or not?

LYNN: I guess.

FELIX: They're the best damn seats you can get anyways.

LYNN: But how much am I looking at spending for these two seats?

FELIX: Felix's employee coupon doesn't expire until the first of July.

LYNN: But if he doesn't work there anymore isn't it a bit unethical to use his employee code?

FELIX: Fine. That'll be \$400.

LYNN: Oh. Hypothetically if we did use his code, how much—

FELIX: If I type FELIX50 in here it will give you 50% off of your entire purchase.

LYNN: That's a sale.

FELIX: It sure is, but don't tell anyone because technically the lowest Felix is supposed to discount is 20% off. But quite frankly, Felix doesn't give a damn anymore because he doesn't work there anymore so he could give 100% off if he really wanted to. In fact, he wants to. Here, I'll just type in FELIX100 and then you'll be—

LYNN: Jeez, no. I don't want to go to jail. Just give me 50% off.

FELIX: Do you want your physical copy of your tickets now or do you want me to email them so you can print them off at home?

LYNN: I'll take the physical copy. *(She takes them from Felix.)* Thanks. I'll be going now. *(She begins to exit but is quickly interrupted.)*

FELIX: Wait, before you go, could you rate my service today? On this little card we have a rating scale beside each employee's name. If the service was great, please give a ten out of ten rating. *(He hands the card to LYNN.)*

LYNN: Okay, and what is your name?

FELIX: Felix.

Beat.

LYNN: Oh.

Lighting fades from The Ticket Booth and again highlights what BETHANY and LIAM are doing.

LIAM: See, math isn't so bad! You just have to relate it to music!

BETHANY (*unenthused*): Great. What about every other subject?

LIAM: Well, we were talking a bit about reading comprehension earlier. How about I write up a story I think you'd be interested in and we see how well you can comprehend it?

BETHANY: I guess.

LIAM: Bethany, I really don't think your intelligence is below average as your grades suggest. Truthfully, I think it's your motivation.

BETHANY: My motivation is below average?

LIAM: Yeah. See, for some kids, seeing an A+ written on top of their work might motivate them. For others, the fact that once they're done their homework they get to go play outside might motivate them. For you, your motivation is very specific.

BETHANY: I don't really care about seeing an A+ on my work. Like, so what?

LIAM: And this is how you're different from other kids.

BETHANY: Why does reading comprehension or multiplication or whatever even matter in my case? I'm sitting here, a complete musical genius in the making, and instead of practicing my 6/8 conducting I'm having to do stuff that I don't care about.

LIAM: Some kids are really good at basketball. Some kids can name every lizard species in the desert. It doesn't mean they don't still have to go to school.

BETHANY: I just don't see why I should have to work so hard if all I get as a reward is seeing a good grade on my report card.

LIAM: But remember, you get ice cream tonight.

BETHANY: But only this once. And ice cream is. . . such a small thing. Like, it might motivate me to work hard today so I can eat it later, but it's not big enough to make me want to work hard for a long time.

LIAM: What would motivate you to work hard for a long time?

BETHANY: The promise of getting a new instrument or going to a big concert or something like that.

LIAM: You would work hard for that?

BETHANY: Yes.

LIAM: One day at a time. Tonight you get ice cream. Who knows what you might get later!

BETHANY: Whatever it is, it better be really good.

LIAM: Just hold on a little while longer. But your mom might be here to pick you up soon, so let's get some more work done! You've gotta' earn your way to that ice cream! We can do some more math to finish the day out, and then next time you come back I'll have written up a reading comprehension story for you to do.

BETHANY (sighs loudly): If we have to.

*Sunday Morning Classics* is eventually going to be a play in Three Acts written by Gillian Corsiatto. The work is being supervised by the creators of Typecast Anonymous Productions with the goal of getting it produced and putting it on a stage for people to see. A coming of age play, *Sunday Morning Classics* shows the musical growth of Bethany Jacobs as she navigates the world around her being solely motivated by her passion for music. As the play switches acts, Bethany's age increases by several years. As seen in Scene 3 of Act 1, shown here, Bethany is eight years old. After barely scraping by in grade three, she is sent to summer school with the promise of attending a prestigious concert if she works hard. Life has other plans and although Bethany does everything she can to earn her spot in the audience at this concert, the concert hall is sabotaged the night before the overly-advertised performance is due to be shown.





Kodie Lee Pederson<sup>18</sup>

# Life Lessons

I never agreed with everything you told me. Even when you said it with conviction, with words too powerful for me to understand. But when you told me you saw yourself in me, I was convinced you must be seeing me in the wrong light. You carried a glow within yourself, and I only dragged myself back into the dark. I realized soon you weren't referring to the flame, or lack thereof in our eyes. You saw the bigger picture instead of a small detail.

Even when I disagreed with what you said, I always listened to your words. Despite only being six years older than me, you crammed a lifetime into them. One with adventure and starvation for knowledge- something I'd only dreamed about. You were a lover of books, peculiar ones I don't remember the names of. You were everyone's big sister, even if you were younger than them. Your advice was elegant, your soul must have lived many lives before. You loved to listen to the thoughts in everyone's head, you brought it out like poetry. Any conversation you joined in was an interesting one, politics, religion, or how the flowers grew.

You once told me with the force of a train crash, words I'll never forget- "Where there is power, there is a gross misjustice." And you were right. Because despite being born "equal", some are more equal than others. You had no trouble admitting you were selfish at times; you were still learning, and you were still human. And I knew it was okay to make mistakes. I knew it was okay to be like you.

You didn't stop there. You inspired me to cook, reminded me to read. And when it was quiet, and it was just you and me. You said you missed doing something "with a purpose". Switching from nurse to selling plants could be considered a fall from grace. But I watched you talk with the lonely about their flowers, I saw the way their faces grew bright. I heard the laughter you created. I knew you still touched hearts and healed others. Even if it was indirect.

And I know I'm only one person, but if you wanted confirmation that you have changed the life of someone... it did. I'm a better person because I met you.

**McKenna Camac, 20**



## Lindsay Wiebe,<sup>27</sup>

What inspires me: I am inspired by mental health more in recent years to find beauty in the things most people don't necessarily see from seeing things from a different point of view. With mental illnesses, it often is usually a black and white outlook dealing with unfortunate outcomes. Now I can see a contrast of both in creating a shade of grey when mixing black and white. Perhaps that might be the reason I enjoy black and white photography more than I do colour.

About Lindsay: Lindsay has lived in Red Deer for close to thirty years. She enjoys road trips to various locations around Alberta. Recently, Lindsay created a new Instagram account that features photographs she has taken on her iPhone post-pandemic. If you would like to see some of Lindsay's work, follow her @thegeophotosphere.

## A Thick Unpigmented Downpour

As the heavy rainfall torrents fall deep within the woods,  
a gratifying aroma of wet lumber and pine fills the forest.  
A mother Loon embraces her nestlings as she feeds them wild goods,  
while hazel-colored Larks warble in a chorus

In the depth of the trees, there lingers a swarthy cabin,  
with lamented lilacs surrounding the front porch.  
Inside the tattered hut, sizzles a citrus-infused Salmon,  
along with a viscous Ukranian soup. fondly known as borscht

With an urgent gale rush coming from the norht, the rain begins to pour,  
leaving Evergreen trunks with their branches, to plummet.  
Clusters of hot strikes come from the clouds with a blaring roar,  
as they harshly attempt to smack the hilltop's summit.

The simple configuration of rain tends to take various forms,  
it may be the comforting tranquility which brings peace and eases one's mind,  
or the dark and silhouetted nightmare that travels through storms,  
In spite of the rain's true purpose, it always elicits new perspectives from mankind.





# Bethany Cole<sub>,15</sub>



# From the Cover... Azriel Handa, 20

**Another Story:** What do you love about your medium, digital art? Do you delve into other mediums?

**Azriel Handa:** I love digital art because it's very versatile and there are a lot of ways you can experiment with texture and colour. For example, with the program I use, there are different brushes you can use to create different lines with different weights and textures, as well as brushes to create a watercolour or paintbrush effect. I can also erase mistakes very easily, as well as move things around and change the sizing if I don't like it. I didn't start off with digital art thought. Actually I only began really doing digital art about 2 or 3 years ago. Before I did digital, I mainly worked on paper with pencil crayons, acrylic paints and markers.

**AS:** It seems that some of your submissions have feminine attributes, or female inspiration. What does this mean to you?

**AH:** My drawings do often include women or feminine presenting people. I think it's partly because a lot of the characters I looked up to in the video games and cartoons that I loved were women, and therefore they were the first things I began to draw.

**AS:** Do you have a favourite subject matter you explore? Nature seems to be prevalent.

**AH:** Nature is a prevalent theme in my work, mainly because I love imagery of gardens and forests, especially fantasy themed forests where the leaves are different colours than normal. Alongside nature I also like to draw things with magic and space themes, and I have recently been experimenting with horror as it is one of my favourite game genres. I also want to try animation and making pixel art.

**AS:** Where did you learn your craft?

**AH:** I began drawing when I was in grade seven I believe, about 7 years ago. I began just drawing for fun since I had a lot of ideas that I wanted to get out on paper (part of the reason why I also took up writing). As I continued to draw over the years, I really wanted to take some art classes to learn more of the technical stuff and make full pieces. I went to Lindsay Thurber for high school and when I began going there in grade 10, I found out they had an art IB program. My friend convinced me to go into the class with her, and I actually ended up really enjoying it. My art teachers were really great and they helped me a lot.

AS: Who supports your creative endeavours in your life?

AH: My family has always been very supportive of me and my hobbies. My mom is an artist and has a diploma in visual communications, so she's always been willing to offer me advice and help me out. It also helps that over the years she has acquired a lot of art supplies, so if I want to experiment with something, chances are she either has it or she's worked with it.

AS: Do you share your art publicly? Do you have an art community you belong to? How can people find more of your work?

AH: I do like to share my art publicly. I actually had a piece in the agora conference last year at RDP and, if they do another conference this year, I'm hoping to submit more work for it! Aside from that though, I also have an Instagram and a Twitter account where I post my work. The account is @thestarshaveeyes for Instagram and @quasareyes for Twitter. I don't really have a specific community though, mostly just other friends who are artists as well.

AS: How much time do you spend creating your art? Where do you create?

AH: Art is the hobby I probably spend the most time on and is one of my go-to ways to relax besides video games, so I spend quite a bit of time on it. Usually with small pieces where I'm not so worried about perspective, anatomy or backgrounds it might take me an hour or two to finish. But for big pieces I'll often end up splitting it into several sessions over a few days. That's for digital art though. Painting with acrylics takes a significantly longer time depending on the size of the canvas. As for where I create, I do most of my work at home, unless I have some free time at the college in which case I'll bring my iPad to school to draw there.

Azriel is 20 years old and in the BSc psychology program at RDP. Her hobbies (aside from art) include writing and video games, and is also really interested in space, physics and plants!



# River Pyper<sup>14</sup>

## Cold Blooded Monster

### Summary:

In the world, there are an uncountable number of bad guys. And London always seems to be the hot spot.

Ever since her parents died in a car crash, twelve-year-old Kristen Lunk has been running for her life. Her feet were always moving, her heart was always thumping, and her brain never stopped thinking. Kristen knew that if she ever stopped running she was doomed. And she also knew that she was destined to die, as every peculiar being that she meets throughout her journey warns her. A giant serpent, a blood-thirsty maniac, a disgruntled nurse and a mysterious appearance of a long lost relative are just some of the obstacles she comes across. Fortunately, she has someone to tackle these with.

He was one year older than her, tall, not very brave, and his name was Grayson. His parents didn't die in a car crash, but they were away enough for him to be running unnoticed twenty-four-seven. Kristen was even more queer than Grayson; she was missing a finger, for one, and she always seemed to have a reason to hate you.

In the world, there is also an uncountable number of good guys. Some are shifty, some are mean, some aren't completely honest, but not evil (and that's always a good thing). The good guy in this story is a freedom fighter, and his job is to keep Kristen and Grayson alive. Even though it sounds simple enough, it's the toughest job a man could ask for.

A freedom fighter, a loner, and a savage girl may not quite seem prepared to stick together. But despite their differences, the three have to rely on each other to get to the end of this nightmare alive.



## Excerpt:

### CHAPTER THREE: HUNTED BY A MONSTER

Kristen tossed the hood of her sweatshirt up over her head: It was six o'clock pm, and was steadily getting colder and darker. The ghastly clouds hung low in the London sky, casting ominous shadows creeping up and down alleyways. Kristen's sneakers crunched the ground underneath her as she hurried onward, feeling anger that her grandfather had not helped with Grayson. She shook the thought out and moved on.

"Oi! Lunkhead!"

Kristen whirled around: Across the street there was a group of boys pointing their fingers at her. She ignored them and ran even farther away from the hospital.

Kristen panted as she ran. Sweat bounced off of her forehead and the thought of Grayson kept squeezing into her brain. She would shake her head in frustration, because she knew, even though she hated to admit it, that deep down, some part of her liked him. Not the like between a brother and sister, not the like between friends, but the kind of like that made one's stomach burn and ears turn pink. Realizing what she had just admitted, Kristen roared out in annoyance, causing the boys running after her to snicker.

"SHUT UP!" She yelled.

At that moment, a large, long shadow, bigger than any human or animal shadow, slithered up behind her. And a faint, off-distance hiss entered her eardrums. It was as though the serpent had a Kristen-Tracking Device. The light-purple monster rose from the ground and stared down at her, licking its lips gleefully. The boys behind Kristen stopped snickering and went silent. All the cars skidded to a halt and turned around, not wanting to interfere. Mothers pushing baby strollers gasped and dashed into stores. All the doors of buildings locked and all the cars evaporated the streets. Everyone had a place to go, all except Kristen.

"Go away." She said steadily.

The serpent paid no heed to her words but continued to hiss and slither. It slithered closer and closer and then it rose high into the air, hovering over her, casting a dark and cold shadow emerging from nothingness. Kristen shivered and her teeth chattered. She backed up slowly; surprising the serpent was not what she hoped for. She backed up against a lamppost and turned around— *WHAM!* Just like Grayson, the serpent tossed her across the road with its tail. But instead of being thrown under a car, Kristen was thrown onto the boys across the street.

"OUCH!" They barked.

Kristen moaned.

They scurried away from her. Unexpectedly, one of them helped her to her feet.

"Are you OK?" He whispered.

She looked up: It was Max Donovan, the meanest guy in the group. "I'm fine," Kristen said.

"Look, I'm sorry—"

"Shut up." Snapped Kristen. She brushed the dirt off her hoodie and stared across the street at the serpent. It glared at her and started in her direction. "Go home, now." Kristen ordered firmly.

They did as they were told and hurriedly jogged toward their homes. Max looked back as if he wanted to say something, but then frowned and kept going. Kristen didn't care, though: This was a matter of life and death. The serpent was slowly making its way across the street, staring intently at Kristen. Some cars were driving in its direction, but when they saw the serpent they screeched to a stop and turned around. Kristen was the only one out in London now, alone with the serpent. The girl watched the beast approach her. She could've sworn she'd seen it grin, but even if it had, it wasn't grinning anymore.

Kristen pushed herself into the hedge behind her, not daring to look away from the serpent; the fear of it lunging at her haunting her mind. Cautiously she disappeared into the bushes. The serpent looked up, but Kristen was gone.

It had been more than twenty minutes since Kristen had left, and Grayson was starting to get anxious.

"Er—Madam Hoostnooche?" He said.

"What, dear?" The nurse called from her office.

"Has Kristen checked in yet?" Grayson asked as casually as he could. "Um, no."

Madam Hoostnooche replied. "Why?"

Grayson could hear the clicks of her keyboard. "Well, she did say that she would get me some money," He explained.

"And you think she ran away?" Madam Hoostnooche queried lazily. "Kristen wouldn't run away," Snapped Grayson.

"How do you know?" Madam Hoostnooche retorted, typing growing more rapid.

"That girl is unintelligible."

"She's not unintelligible." Said Grayson.

"Hm?"

"She's not unintelligible." Grayson repeated firmly.

“Whatever.” The nurse yawned.

“You didn’t answer my question,” Said Grayson.

“What question?” Madam Hoostnooche questioned.

“Has Kristen checked in yet?” Repeated Grayson, slower this time. Madam Hoostnooche was irritated by the tone of his voice. “No. It’s been nearly half an hour.” I knew that already. Grayson thought impatiently. He exhaled and his chest expanded, then contracted.

It was making him uneasy, Kristen being gone so long. Even though she was frustrating, Grayson had a sliver of feelings for her. He cared for her safety, nothing more, he told himself stiffly.

He felt a great lump in his throat and tried to gulp it down, but it stayed put. He shifted over to his side and tried to calm himself, but the thought of Kristen not coming back shot through him harder than a bullet from a gun. He checked his wristwatch: 7:09 p.m.

The anxiety squeezed into his comfort zone, way past the limits. Kristen had left a long time ago. She was the only friend that he had—well, Kristen was sort of his friend. She wasn’t really nice to him, but she did try to warn him about the serpent, Grayson reminded himself. This thought made him even more uncomfortable.

“Madam Hoostnooche?” He croaked.

“What?” She said rather harshly.

“May I have a glass of water?”

“Fine.”

The acknowledgement of alone time soothed him and soon he found himself drifting off to sleep...

Kristen needed a place to rest. She couldn’t sleep in the hospital and she couldn’t lay down on the hard sidewalks of London. Perhaps, she thought, she could lay on a soft, grassy clearing. She walked on and reached a park. The whole section was thick, windblown, swaying grass. Just then she realized it was raining.

So much for luck. Kristen thought bitterly.

Displeased by this situation, she stormed into the park. A short time later she found a spot beside a tall church building. A little bit of the roof stuck out to the sides, sheltering her from the rain. Seeing this as the only option, she sat down. She twisted and turned, trying to get into a proper position, but it never came.

Tranquility never comforted her, and maybe that was because she decided to be a loner after her parents died.

*What does this planet need me for?* Kristen wondered. The world would be better off without her, she always told herself. Yes, Grayson was relying on her right now, but there must be someone else out there who could help him. An unbearable feeling seized Kristen, and that was what, eventually, soothed her off to sleep... She awoke the next morning with a fever.

Whenever Kristen had slept outside in the past, she was never accompanied by delirium. But this time, oddly, she was.

She arose from the concrete.

Kristen brushed her hoodie off and stretched her arms and legs. Grayson was probably feeling even worse than her, but she did not want to go back to the hospital. So she left the park and sat down on a cold bench, which was even colder than the pavement.

Just then an off-distance hiss entered her ears. She looked around, but all she could see were cars driving along streets and people walking up and down sidewalks. A quiver swept down her spine.

She leaned against the telephone booth she had reached, trying to forget about the loud ringing in her ears.

Suddenly a scaled body embraced her, which was numbing, and empty. Before Kristen could open her eyes to see what it was, the thing bit her—and she blacked out.



## Barbara Pelletier,<sup>17</sup>





# COLE BROWN







## Surrender

Forest air is calm and still, breathing below me in its depth of willowy magic, stealing my breath and my mind vanishing into the stillness of night.

Canopy beneath me in moss surrounding, effervescent light, pour into my heart the hope of this day. If I was a bird I would surely fly far and never return. A place above the clouds where I was not seen, but landscape below so vast and radiant, I wish I could glide far away from the clock that ticks slowly, taking my memories with it, as I keep gliding, beating against the current that is slowly swallowing me.

# Airamana Firu , 24

## Loneliness

Solitude so sweet and pure, never asking for acceptance just being.

Soft sun glows fading into the horizon, dipping gently behind the great oak, trailing down its moss covered trunk, into the forest canopy below, gentle breeze misting through my cloud of thoughts. Comfortable in my swing, state of mind calmly reflecting on the scene. Stale in place like a cracker that has been out on the table. Mind floating inconspicuously through space and time, time to take a nap now.

# City Kids

Second hand gear and food that costs more than my shoes  
Stylish sunglasses and cumbersome packs  
Footwear poor, but just good enough to get us by  
We were your goofy crew  
Always greeted by your grin  
Flip your hat backwards and make a face at us  
Laughter is our call by which you know us  
And used to help us forget  
About the blisters forming on our feet  
Clad in socks meant for sneakers  
We were city kids  
Lead by a man of nature  
But one weekend together  
We became wild children  
Your wild child  
Drank your fireweed tea  
Listened to your inner speaker  
Listened to your plight  
Not just your wild child  
But I drank your damn fireweed tea  
Only because you told me to  
And I trusted you  
Fond mentions of rainbow tongues  
Bruises proudly on display just for you  
Your words enough to captivate and calm  
Even the most rambunctious souls  
We were your wild children  
I was your wild child  
I trusted you  
And that should have been enough  
But still  
We were only just city kids

Starla FiField<sub>,21</sub>





## Jennifer McIver ,29

From Jennifer: "I had originally gone out this day to try and find a fox to photograph. After searching and waiting for a couple hours, I walked back to the pond quite disappointed. There were 2 geese sitting on the bank, and as the sun went down, one decided to go for a float. I just watched for a bit as it stayed close to the shore, but the way the sun hit the water I realized it would be a beautiful picture. Not much inspiration, so to speak, but just being at the right place at the right time and seeing an opportunity arise in the moment."







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