

ISSUES

A BETTER WORLD

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Plenty

Poem by **Jean Little**

I have plenty of everything
but want.

I try to imagine hunger,
Try to imagine that I have not eaten today,
That I must stand in line for a bowl of soup.
That my cheekbones angle out of my hollowed face;
But I smell the roast in the oven.
I hear the laden refrigerator hum.

I think of people whose walls are made of wind.
I stand outside in the cold.
I tell myself I am homeless and dressed in rags;
But my shiver lacks conviction.
I stand in fleece-lined boots and winter coat.
Home is a block away.

I leave my wallet at home.
Pretending I have no money,
I walk past stores and wish.
"I have no money, no money at all, no money—"
I turn my head in shame as I pass the bank.

I pay for a parcel of food. I gather clothes.
I adopt a child under a foster parent plan.
I do what I can. I am generous. I am kind—

I still have plenty of everything
but want.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Explore social issues through discussion.
- Express opinions in a personal essay.



1. RESPONDING TO THE POEM

- a. Explain the meaning of the word “want” in the first and last lines of the poem.
- b. Why do you think the speaker in the poem is trying so hard to imagine what it’s like to be poor and hungry? What obstacles does the speaker encounter?
- c. Do you think it is important for people to make the effort to understand what life is like for those who are less fortunate? Why or why not?

2. ORAL COMMUNICATION EXPLORE SOCIAL ISSUES

In small groups, discuss the following questions:

- What are some of the reasons why people in Canada and in other countries live in poverty?
- In a truly just world, would there be homelessness and poverty? Why?
- Do you think something should be done to get rid of poverty in the world?
- What would you do to make changes happen?

Choose one person to take notes, and another to present your group’s ideas to the class.

3. WRITING PERSONAL ESSAY

Write a short essay (3–5 paragraphs) in which you express your personal opinion about the issue of poverty. You could begin your personal essay with a sentence such as, “In a truly just world...” Support your opinions with reasons and examples. Make sure your personal essay has both an introduction and a conclusion.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Reread your completed personal essay. Did you explain the reasons behind your opinions? What could you do to make your argument more persuasive?

*It was the middle of winter, and the woman had no shoes.
Frank looked down at his sneakers and made a decision.*

Reaching Out to a Stranger

Article by Barbara Lewis



Frank Daily stared down at the frozen ground. He kicked chunks of snow, blackened with car exhaust, to the side. He only pretended to listen to the chatter of his friends, Norm and Ed, as they all clambered aboard the Number 10 bus after school. He spouted out automatic answers to their questions: "Yeah, I aced the Milton test...No, I can't tonight. I've got to hit the books."

Frank and his friends flopped down in the back of the Milwaukee city bus, along with several other high school boys, some from other schools. The bus belched a grey cloud out the back and headed west on Blue Mound Road.

Frank slouched into his seat. His hands hung from his two thumbs stuffed in the centre of his belt. It had been another cold, grey day just a month ago in November when his world had come crashing down around him. He knew that his basketball skills were as good as the other boys'. His mom used to call him "the athlete of

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Define non-standard English.
- Develop action plans.

the season." When he was smaller, she nicknamed him "Search and Destroy." He smiled at the memory.

The bus lurched away from a curb, and Frank instinctively braced his basketball shoes against the floor. "It must have been my size," he thought. "That had to be it. One hundred and sixty centimetres. Since I'm new at Marquette High and only a freshman, the coach must have taken one look at me and decided I was too small to make the basketball team."

It wasn't easy starting a new school, especially an all-boys' Catholic school. The older boys tended to be a bit clannish. It was especially hard for Frank, because he had been a star athlete in all the sports in elementary school. Now, it seemed, he was a nothing.

Not only had he excelled in athletics before arriving at Marquette; he had also come alive to politics and history in Grades Five and Six. He recalled the advice his teacher, Don Anderson, had given him: "Look, Frank, if you'd put as much time into books as you do into basketball, you can do great in both."

"Well," Frank thought, "Anderson was right about the books, at least. My grades have been A's and B's ever since. Basketball is another story."

A loud horn and a screech of brakes somewhere behind the bus startled Frank. He looked at Norm and Ed. Norm was leaning his head against the window with half-shut eyes, his warm breath creating a circle of fog on the glass.

Frank rubbed his own eyes. He still remembered his stomach chilling into a frozen knot as he approached the locker room door, hoping, searching frantically for his name. It hadn't been there. It was missing. No name. He had felt suddenly as if he had ceased to exist. Become invisible.

The bus jerked to a stop at the County Institutions grounds. The bus driver called to some noisy boys at the back to settle down. Frank glanced up at the driver, who had been dubbed "Kojak" by some of the guys on the bus because of his bald head.

A very pregnant woman hung onto the silver handrail and slowly pulled herself onto the bus. As she fell backward into the seat behind the bus driver, her feet kicked up, and Frank saw that she was in stocking feet.

As Kojak steered the bus back into traffic, he yelled over his shoulder, "Where are your shoes? It ain't more than ten below zero out there."

"I can't afford shoes," the woman answered. She pulled her fraying coat collar around her neck. Some of the boys at the back exchanged glances and smirked.

"I got on the bus just to get my feet warm," the woman continued. "If you don't mind, I'll just ride around with you for a bit."

Kojak scratched his bald head and shouted, "Now, just tell me how come you can't afford shoes?"

"I got eight kids. They all got shoes. There's not enough left for me. But it's OK, the Lord'll take care of me."

Frank looked down at his new basketball shoes. His feet were warm and snug, always had been. And then he looked back at the woman. Her socks were ripped. Her coat, missing buttons, hung open around her stomach, as swollen as a basketball and covered by a smudgy dress.

Frank didn't hear anything around him after that. He wasn't aware of Norm or Ed. He just felt a warm thawing in his gut. The word "invisible" popped into his mind again. "An invisible person, marginal, forgotten by society, but for a different reason," he thought.



Bus driver John Williams ("Kojak") and Frank Daily stand before the Number 10 bus.

He would probably always be able to afford shoes. She probably never would. Under his seat, he pried the toe of one shoe into the heel of the other and slipped it off. Then the other shoe. He looked around. Nobody had noticed. He would have to walk three blocks in the snow. But the cold had never bothered him much.

When the bus stopped at the end of the line, Frank waited until everyone else had emptied off. Then he reached under his seat and picked up his basketball shoes. He walked quickly up to the woman and handed them to her, looking down and saying, "Here, you need these more than I do."

And then Frank hurried to the door and stepped down. He managed to land in a puddle. It didn't matter. He wasn't at all cold. He heard the woman exclaim, "See, they fit just perfect."

Then he heard Kojak call, "Hey, come back here, kid! What's your name?"

Frank turned around to face Kojak. At the same time, Norm and Ed asked where his shoes were.

Frank's cheeks burned. He looked in confusion at Kojak, his friends, and the woman. "Frank Daily," he said quietly. "My name is Frank Daily."

"Well, Frank," Kojak said, "I've never seen anything like that in the twenty years I've been driving this bus."

The woman was crying. "Thank you, young man," she said. She turned to Kojak. "See, I told you the Lord would take care of me."

Frank mumbled, "You're welcome." He smiled at the woman. "It's no big deal. Besides, it's Christmas."

He hurried off after Norm and Ed. It seemed to him that the grey-ness had lifted. On the way home, he hardly felt the cold beneath his feet at all.



Frank Daily was fourteen when this story took place. He never saw the woman again. Frank is modest about what he did, and he doesn't consider it anything special. In his words: "We all have the potential to be heroic in some way."

1. RESPONDING TO THE ARTICLE

- a. Why did Frank feel that both he and the woman on the bus were “invisible” people?
- b. What motivated Frank to give the woman his shoes? Have you, or has someone you know, ever done something like this? Explain.
- c. Do you agree with Frank’s statement that, “We all have the potential to be heroic in some way?” Give reasons for your opinion.
- d. Compare this story with the poem “Plenty.” What did Frank do that was different from what the speaker of the poem did? In the end, who felt better, Frank, or the speaker of the poem? Why?

2. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS NON-STANDARD ENGLISH

With a partner, look at the following sentences, spoken by the shoeless woman in “Reaching Out to a Stranger.” How would you change the sentences to make them grammatically correct?

“I got eight kids. They all got shoes.”

The sentences above are examples of *non-standard English*. *Standard English* is defined as “the kind of English widely accepted as the spoken and written language used by educated speakers.” What do you think the definition of non-standard English might be? With the class, discuss how people who use non-standard English might be judged by others. Are these judgments fair? Why or why not?

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION ACTION PLANS

Working with a small group, find out whether there are organizations in your community that help the poor or homeless. What are they, and what assistance do they provide? What could your group, class, and/or school do to offer more help? Come up with a list of possibilities. Choose one or two of your ideas and see if you can put them into action. Plan carefully so that your ideas will be successful.

GROUP ASSESSMENT: Did you make a list of good possibilities? Did everyone in the group contribute ideas? Were you able to carry out one or more of the ideas?

*What if you found
out somebody had
cheated?
Would you
do anything
about it?*

The Winner

Monologue by Peg Kehret



There was a competition at our school last year. A poetry competition. Anyone who wanted to could write a poem and enter it in the contest. The best ten were printed in a booklet and the first-prize winner received twenty-five dollars and a framed certificate.

I wanted to win that contest more than I ever wanted anything in my life. Not for the twenty-five dollars, although I could have used the money. I wanted to win because deep down inside me I wanted to be a writer and I wasn't sure if I had any talent. I thought if I won first prize in a poetry competition, it would mean I do have some ability.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Design a questionnaire.
- Identify adverbial phrases of time.

I'm not real good at most other things. Especially sports. Everyone else jogs and works out. They lift weights and play tennis or volleyball. I hate exercising. I'm always the last one to be chosen when we pick teams for baseball or basketball. And the only reason I passed Physical Education last year was because my gym partner lied for me and said I'd done the required three push-ups when I could barely manage one.

Maybe that's why the poetry contest was so important to me. When you're really rotten at most things, you want to be extra-good at the few things you care about.

I worked on my contest entry every day for two weeks. I wrote seven different poems and threw all of them away. I wrote about butterflies and kittens and the way I feel when I hear certain kinds of music. None of my poems was any good. I wanted them to be beautiful, and instead, they were awkward and crude.

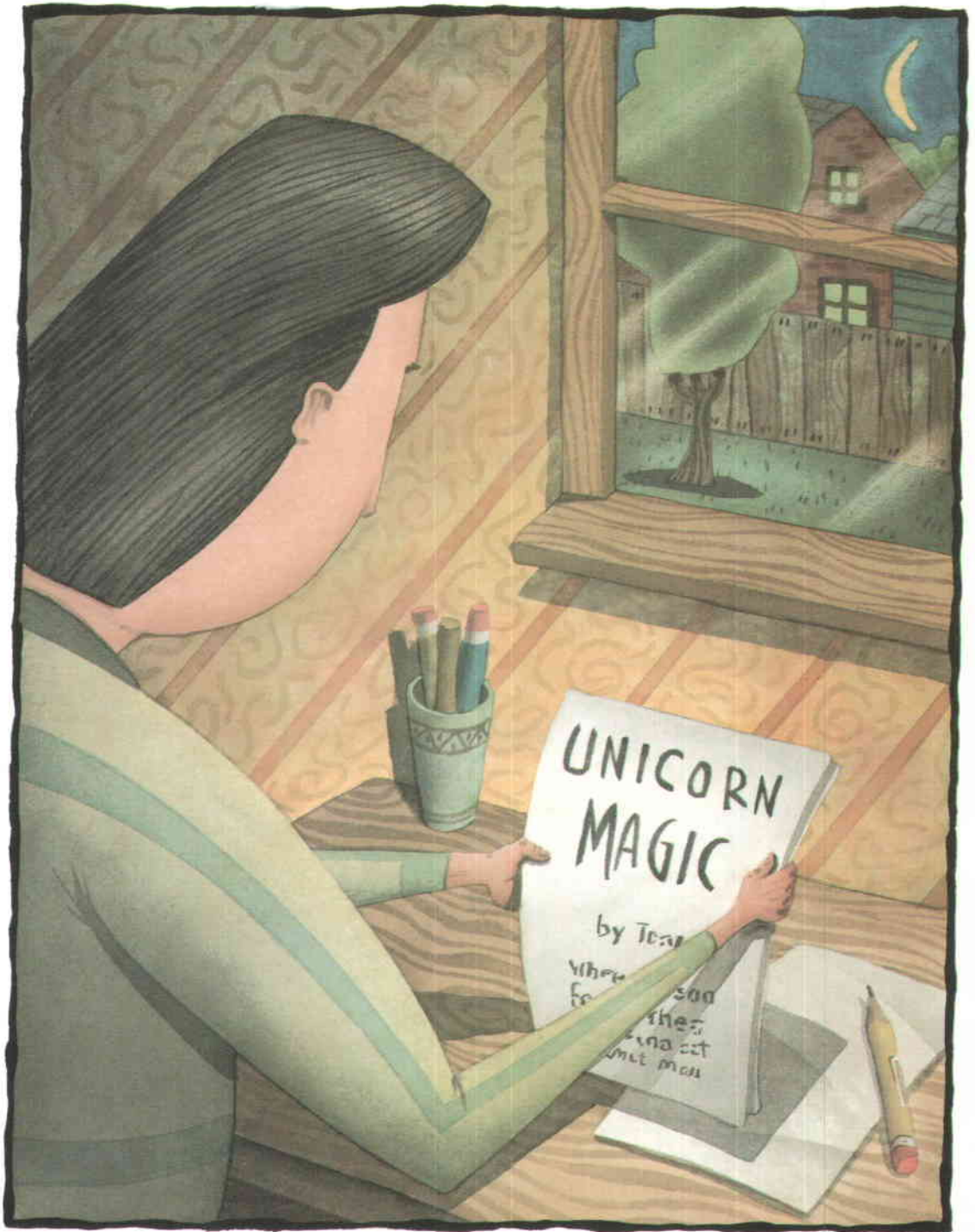
But I didn't give up. I kept writing. I revised and changed the words around, and thought up new ideas for poems.

And then, on the last night before the contest deadline, I wrote a poem that I knew was good. It was a simple poem, but every time I read it, I got goose bumps on my arms. I knew it was the best writing I'd ever done. I called it "Unicorn Magic," and entered it in the contest the next morning.

The winner was not announced until two weeks later. During those two weeks, I floated in a special dream, imagining how it would be to sit at the awards program in the school auditorium and hear my name announced as the first-prize winner in the poetry competition.

On the day of the awards, I couldn't eat breakfast. I wore my new grey pants, the ones that make me look thinner than I am. I got up half an hour early so I'd have time to wash my hair.

Before the winner was announced, the principal read the names of the authors of the ten best poems. Mine was one of them. My heart began to pound and my mouth got all dry. Then he announced the winner: first prize to Kathy Enderson for her poem titled "Goldfish Jubilee."



When Kathy's name was called, she shrieked and jumped up and all her friends screamed and cheered. I just sat there, stunned. I couldn't believe "Unicorn Magic" had lost when it made me get goose bumps every time I read it. Maybe I wasn't going to be a writer after all. Maybe I had no talent. If Kathy Enderson, who laughs at dirty jokes and flirts with all the guys and thinks being a cheerleader is the most important thing in the world, if Kathy Enderson can write better poetry than I can, then I might as well give it up forever.

Except I couldn't. I went home that day and wrote a poem about how much it hurt to lose the competition. When I read the poem again the next morning, I got goose bumps on my arms and I knew I would keep on writing, even if I never won any awards.

I studied Kathy's poem in the booklet. I had to admit it was good.

That summer, long after the poetry competition was over and school was out, I was looking through some magazines in the public library and I came across a poem titled "Goldfish Jubilee." For one awful moment, I thought Kathy had not only won the contest, she'd actually had her poem published. Then I saw the author's name. Andrew Billings. "Goldfish Jubilee" by Andrew Billings. The poem was the same; the author was not.

I looked at the date on the magazine. It was published a month before our poetry competition.

Should I show it to the principal and demand that the poems be judged again? Should I call Kathy Enderson and tell her I knew she'd cheated? What good would it do?

That special moment in the school auditorium, when the winner's name was announced, was over. It was too late.

I hate Kathy Enderson for what she did, but I feel sorry for her too. She has a certificate that says First Prize, Poetry Competition, and she has the twenty-five dollars, but she doesn't know how it feels to read her very own poem and get goose bumps on her arms.

And she'll never know. ♦

1. RESPONDING TO THE MONOLOGUE

- a. Do you think the person speaking the monologue is a boy or a girl? Why?
- b. Why was the poetry contest so important to the speaker?
- c. Do you think “Unicorn Magic” really was a good poem? Explain your opinion.
- d. Read the monologue aloud. Do you think the author has captured the way a teenager would actually tell this story? Explain.
- e. What moral dilemma does the speaker of the monologue face at the end? What decision does the speaker make? Would you have made the same decision? Why?

2. RESEARCHING DESIGN A QUESTIONNAIRE



Do you think cheating is a big problem in your school? Hold a class discussion about this topic. As a class, create a questionnaire to investigate different aspects of the topic. In a questionnaire, each question should be easy to understand and should give people a simple way to record their opinion, for example:

The statement is: “Cheating is a big problem in our school.” Do you...
Strongly Disagree Disagree Don’t Know Agree Strongly Agree

Ask students who are not in your class to complete the questionnaire. As a class, tabulate the results. What has your questionnaire revealed about attitudes toward cheating?

3. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS TIME PHRASES

“The Winner” tells a story that happened in the past and covered several months. Author Peg Kehret uses many phrases that tell when or for how long something happened, for example: “last year,” “for two weeks,” “On the day of the awards.” These adverbial phrases are known as *time phrases*.

Find three more examples of time phrases in the monologue. How do they help the reader?

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Examine a piece of your own writing. Did you include time phrases? If not, could you help readers by adding some? Revise your writing appropriately.

calvin and hobbes

by WATTERSON

BOY, IS THIS HILL BIG!
WE'LL HAVE A GOOD
LONG RIDE DOWN!



PROVIDED WE
IMPROVE OUR
STEERING.



HOBBS, DO YOU THINK HUMAN NATURE
IS GOOD OR EVIL?

WATCH OUT FOR
THOSE TREES.



I MEAN, DO YOU THINK PEOPLE
ARE BASICALLY GOOD, WITH A
FEW BAD TENDENCIES, OR
BASICALLY BAD,
WITH A FEW
GOOD TENDENCIES?

THERE'S A ROCK UP
AHEAD! LOOK OUT!



OR, AS A THIRD POSSIBILITY, DO
YOU THINK PEOPLE ARE JUST CRAZY,
AND WHO KNOWS WHY
THEY DO ANYTHING?

NOT SO
CLOSE TO
THE LEDGE!



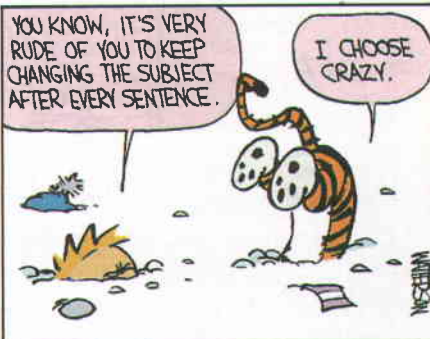
WELL? WHAT DO YOU
THINK? ARE PEOPLE
GOOD, BAD OR CRAZY?

AUGH!!
I CAN'T LOOK!



YOU KNOW, IT'S VERY
RUDE OF YOU TO KEEP
CHANGING THE SUBJECT
AFTER EVERY SENTENCE.

I CHOOSE
CRAZY.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse the drawings in a comic strip.
- Conduct an informal debate.

1. RESPONDING TO THE COMIC STRIP

- a. In your opinion, what makes this comic strip funny?
- b. Why do you think the cartoonist deliberately chose to discuss human nature while his characters were speeding downhill?
- c. Is there a final answer to Calvin's question? What are some other examples of hard-to-answer questions? Share your ideas with the class.

2. VISUAL COMMUNICATION ANALYSE DRAWINGS

In comic strips, the words and the drawings work together. In this particular comic strip, how do the drawings help to hold the reader's interest?

Consider such things as

- layout of the panels
- point of view used in each panel
- use of line, colour, and composition

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Compare your ideas with those of a classmate. Did both of you notice the same aspects of the drawings? What have you learned that could increase your appreciation of comic strips in future?

STRATEGIES

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION DEBATE

As a class, conduct an informal debate on the following resolution: "People are basically good."

For your debate, you will need

- two debating teams, one to argue in support of the resolution, the other to argue against it
- a moderator to introduce and time the speakers and to keep order
- a panel of judges
- a plan that shows the order of speakers and the times allowed for arguments and rebuttals
- rules regarding interruptions

Each team should be given time to plan its arguments and gather supporting evidence. Conduct the debate. The audience can help the judges come to a fair conclusion about which team's arguments were most persuasive.

Some people say there's nothing one person can do to change things. Fortunately, Craig Kielburger had a different opinion.

Free the Children

Memoir by Craig Kielburger

with Kevin Major

My mind goes back to April 19, 1995. I woke to sun streaming through my window, a welcome sign that summer was on its way. It was Wednesday, another school day, one I was looking forward to, in fact. Today were the tryouts for the cross-country running team.

As I stretched my way from under the blankets, I watched my dog go through her own waking-up ritual at the foot of my bed. I hauled on a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt.

"Hey, Muffin. Let's go, girl." I gave her a playful rub about her neck and off she went, racing ahead of me and down the stairs.

My mother, up for an hour or more already, was in the kitchen making lunches. The Kielburger household would soon be heading off to school. Both my parents are teachers. There were just the three of us; my older brother, Marc, had gone away to a junior college in January.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Prepare and deliver a speech.
- Prepare a press release.

"Hi, Mom. The paper arrived yet?" I said, pouring cereal into a bowl.

"It's on the chair."

Every morning I read the comics before heading off to school. *Doonesbury*. *Calvin and Hobbes*. *Wizard of Id*. These are my favourites. If I find one particularly funny, sometimes I'll cut it out and post it on my bulletin board, or tape it to one of my school books. We all can use a good laugh every day.

I picked up the *Toronto Star* and put it on the table. But I didn't make it past the front page. Staring back at me was the headline "BATTLED CHILD LABOUR, BOY, 12, MURDERED." It was a jolt. Twelve, the same age as I was. My eyes fixed on the picture of a boy in a bright-red vest. He had a broad smile, his arm raised straight in the air, a fist clenched.

I read on. "Defied members of 'carpet mafia.'" Scenes from old movies came to my mind. But this wasn't any such mafia; the date line was Pakistan. The boy was someone named Iqbal Masih.

I read quickly through the article, hardly believing the words before me.

Battled Child Labour, Boy, 12, Murdered

ISLAMABAD, Pakistan (AP)—When Iqbal Masih was four years old, his parents sold him into slavery for less than sixteen dollars.

For the next six years, he remained shackled to a carpet-weaving loom most of the time, tying tiny knots hour after hour.

By the age of twelve, he was free and travelling the world in his crusade against

the horrors of child labour.

On Sunday, Iqbal was shot dead while he and two friends were riding their bikes in their village of Muridke, thirty-five kilometres outside the eastern city of Lahore. Some believe his murder was carried out by angry members of the carpet industry who had made repeated threats to silence the young activist.

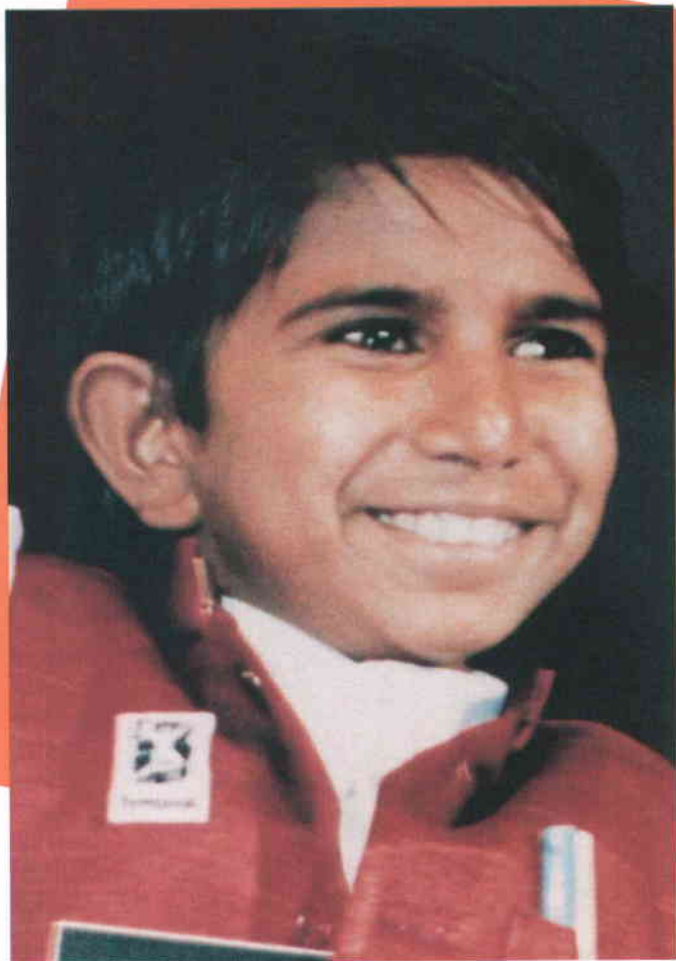
I turned to my mother. "Have you read this? What exactly is child labour? Do you think he was really killed for standing up to this 'carpet mafia,' whatever that is?"

She was as lost for answers as I was. "Try the library at school," she suggested. "Maybe you'll find some information there."

Riding the bus to school later that morning, I could think of nothing but the article I read on the front page. What kind of parents would sell their child into slavery at four years of age? And who would ever chain a child to a carpet loom?

Throughout the day I was consumed by Iqbal's story. In my grade seven class we had studied the American Civil War, and Abraham Lincoln, and how some of the slaves in the United States had escaped into Canada. But that was history from centuries ago. Surely slavery had been abolished throughout the world by now. If it wasn't, why had I never heard about it?

The school library was no help. After a thorough search I still hadn't found a scrap of information. After school, I decided to make the trek to the public library.



Iqbal Masih travelled to Boston to accept the Reebok Human Rights Award. He called upon everyone in the audience to celebrate his freedom by chanting with him, "We are free! We are free!"

The librarian knew me from my previous visits. Luckily, she had read the same article that morning and was just as intrigued.



Children working in the carpet industry often suffer many health problems, including breathing difficulties, arthritis in their fingers, and growth deformities.

That evening I had great difficulty concentrating on my homework. I pulled out the articles I had brought from the library and read them over, again and again. I had often seen the faces of poverty and malnutrition on TV. At school we had discussed the famines whole nations have been forced to endure. But this was different. For some reason these descriptions of child labour had moved me like no other story of injustice.

Perhaps it was because the stories were of people my own age, and many even younger. Perhaps it was because these few words had

Together, we searched out more information on child labour. We found a few newspaper and magazine articles, and made copies.

By the time I returned home, images of child labour had embedded themselves in my mind: children younger than me forced to make carpets for endless hours in dimly lit rooms; others toiling in underground pits, struggling to get coal to the surface; others maimed or killed by explosions raging through fireworks factories. I was angry at the world for letting these things happen to children. Why was nothing being done to stop such cruelty?

As I walked through my middle-class neighbourhood, my thoughts were on the other side of the world. And my own world seemed a shade darker.

shattered my ideas of what childhood was all about—carrying out the garbage, cleaning up the backyard—but it all seemed so trivial compared to what these children had to do.

I thought of how I would react if I found myself in their place. I felt sure I would rebel, gather everyone together, and stand up to the cruelty. But I wasn't in their place; I could only imagine what I would do.

I opened our world atlas on the kitchen table and searched the index until it led me to a map of Pakistan. I discovered it wedged between Iran, Afghanistan, and India, with the Arabian Sea along its southern edge. My eyes ran over a maze of names I had never heard before, and some I could barely pronounce. I searched for the places mentioned in the story on Iqbal. I couldn't locate Muridke; it was too small to be on the map. I did find Lahore, and repeated the word several times out loud. It seemed so far away, a world I didn't know at all.

I had to find out more.

"I have a friend who worked overseas, in Africa," my mother told me. "Why don't you give her a call? If she can't answer your questions, I'm sure she'll know of someone who can."



Getting twenty thousand names on a petition to stop child labour was the first taste of activism for the group who founded Free the Children.

That first telephone conversation led to calls to several human-rights organizations. Little did I think, in the months to come, it would lead to hundreds of other calls and faxes around the world, all in a quest to get to the heart of the issue of child labour.

Two things struck me right away. First of all, none of the organizations I talked to seemed to know much about child labour. But equally amazing—every person who tried to answer my questions was an adult. Without a single exception. Even though the issue was all about children, there were no young people involved in these organizations. I could hardly believe it. Shouldn't other children be speaking out in defence of children?

I'm always fascinated by coincidences, how one random event can come on the heels of another and together alter the whole direction of a person's life. Early the following week, in the Life section of the *Toronto Star*, there was a full-page article in celebration of Youth Week. As part of the activities, an organization called Youth Action Network was sponsoring an event at a downtown convention centre that coming Friday. Youth organizations were invited to set up displays and distribute information.

I'm not sure why, in the end, I decided to call the number in the article. I guess it was because I was tired of being able to speak only to organizations run by adults.

By a stroke of good fortune, my call was directed to Alam Rahman. Alam, whose parents were from Bangladesh, was a recent university graduate. I had no way of knowing it at the time, but Alam would become a very central figure in my life. I spoke to him for more than an hour about Iqbal and child labour. I tested the idea of getting some friends together and starting a children's group to fight such cruelty.

Alam didn't hesitate. "It's a great idea, Craig. You should try it!"

That was all I needed. The following day I asked my grade seven teacher, Mr. Fedrigoni, if I could have a few minutes to speak to the students before class began. I'm sure he must have thought it was about some social function or a football game I was organizing during lunch break.

As usual, we stood by our desks while the morning announcements came over the public-address system, followed faithfully by the national anthem. Then we sat down and quietly listened to

“Mankind
owes the
child the
best it has
to give...”

U.N. Declaration
of the Rights of
the Child, 1959



Free^{the} children

Free the Children International, 16 Thornbank Road, Thornhill, Ontario, Canada L4J 2A2

Tel: (905) 881-0863 Fax: (905) 881-1849 E-mail: freechild@clo.com

Web site: <http://www.freethechildren.org>

Free The Children USA, 12 East 48th Street, New York, NY 10017

Mr. Fedrigoni say how there had been a few problems with discipline the day before, but that he hoped this would be a better day. When he had finished, he simply said, "Craig has a few comments he would like to make to you." He looked at me and nodded.

I walked to the front and turned to face the thirty students in my class. The room was silent except for a couple of boys whispering in a back row. When I began they, too, were quiet. But I was still nervous; I always found speaking in front of my peers a tough thing to do, and I still had no idea how they would react to what I would say.

"I was wondering if anyone saw this article on the front page of last Wednesday's *Toronto Star*," I began.

I had made photocopies of it, which I passed around the classroom. As I did so, I started to tell Iqbal's story. I described his struggles and his dream, and how that dream had been cut short by an assassin's bullet. I presented the alarming statistics on child labour. As I spoke, I could see that many of my classmates were just as shocked as I was by the story. Anger, sympathy, disbelief filled the room.

"So this is the issue," I said. "I don't know a lot about it, but I want to learn more. Maybe some of us could start a group to look at it together." And then came the fateful question, "Who wants to join?"

About eighteen hands shot up, and I very quickly jotted down their names. I thanked Mr. Fedrigoni and the class for the half-hour of their time I had taken.

And through that simple action, it began.

At lunchtime that day, some of us got together and talked about what we could do. I was amazed at how enthusiastic they all were. I told them about the youth fair on Friday.

"Do you think we could put together a display?" I asked. "We haven't got much time."

"Sure. Let's do it."

"We can all meet at my house," I said.

That night, twelve of us got together. It was a very tight deadline, with just two days to prepare. We found an old science-fair board, and we covered it with coloured paper, pasting on all the information I had found on child labour in the library, then drawing pictures to illustrate it.

We had determined that our first objective should be to inform people of the plight of child labourers. Armed with such knowledge, they might be willing to help. We decided to draw up a petition to present to the government, and called on the expertise of a couple of human-rights groups to refine the wording for us.

But we were still without a name for our group. For more than an hour we struggled to come up with something suitable. We flipped through the newspaper clippings for inspiration. One of them reported on a demonstration in Delhi, India, where 250 children had marched through the streets with placards, chanting, "We want an education," "We want freedom," "Free the children!"

"That's it!" someone shouted. "Free the Children!"

"Perfect," I said. "We're using their words. Children speaking for children."

"Exactly."

We had found a name. Marilyn Davis, the best artist among us, had earlier drawn a picture of children chained to a carpet loom. Before pasting the picture onto our information board, across the top she had written slogans, including "Break the Chains" and "Save the Children." Now we pasted a piece of paper over the word "SAVE" and wrote "FREE" in big letters.

Free the Children was born. We hoisted our board like a giant placard, in solidarity with the children who had marched through the streets of Delhi.

I remember lying awake that Thursday night, thinking about what we had gotten ourselves into. Here we were, just a group of friends, a ragtag lot compared to all the other organizations sure to be taking part in the youth fair. Yet we had worked hard, read all the information I had collected, and felt confident we could get our point across to anyone who was willing to listen.

As I slowly drifted off to sleep, I could only think, Ready or not, here we go. And the next morning, that's exactly what happened—off we went, the start of something that would take over my life and catch the world's attention to an extent that none of us could ever have imagined. ♦

1. RESPONDING TO THE MEMOIR

- a. How did you respond to the story of Iqbal Masih? Were you surprised that some children are exploited and mistreated in this way?
- b. Why do you suppose this story moved Craig Kielburger “like no other story of injustice”?
- c. Craig tells us he would rebel if he were forced to be a child labourer. What might discourage children in that situation from being rebellious?
- d. Do you agree with Craig that children should speak out in defence of children? Explain.
- e. Would you join an organization such as Free the Children that is trying to make a better world? Why or why not? What issue is most important to you?

2. ORAL COMMUNICATION SPEECH

Craig got things started by delivering an informal speech to his classmates. Do some research about a cause or person that interests you. Your goal is to prepare a brief speech that will grab your classmates’ attention. Borrow Craig’s idea of telling an important or moving story. Prepare your speech and deliver it to the class. (For advice on delivering a speech, see page 320.)

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did your speech focus on a particular cause or issue? Were you able to use a powerful story to generate interest in your issue? What aspects of your speech do you think you could improve?

3. MEDIA PREPARE A PRESS RELEASE

A *press release* gives key information about an event or story, and is sent to the media to encourage their interest. You can use a press release to get free publicity for an event such as a fund-raiser or peace rally. Here's how.

- At the top of your press release, give the name of the main contact person, a telephone number a reporter can call, and the date of the release.
- The body of the release should answer the five Ws (*who, what, when where, and why*). Try to come up with a "hook" that will catch a reporter's attention.
- Send the release to local newspapers and radio and TV stations.

Here is a sample:

PRESS RELEASE

For immediate release

Contact: Kirsten Novak, Teacher
Lower Heights Junior High School
Tel. 000-000-0000

April 8, 200_

What: Lower Heights Jr. High students will plant 50 maple trees on the school playground.

Who: Grade Seven students are spearheading the project.

When: April 25, 200-. The opening ceremony commences at 10:00 a.m. Students will explain the purpose of the tree-planting. Mayor Jassie Singh is planning to deliver a short speech. The planting will continue until 3:00 p.m.

Where: The south side of the school playground, entrance on Seventh Street.

Details: The students raised \$1500 to finance the project through several car washes, a bake sale, a grant from the town, and the donation of 15 trees by the Greenshade Nursery. The students have given the maples unique names such as Dog's Favourite and Spring Re-Leaf.

Write a press release for an event you are organizing—or would like to organize. Make it one page in length, and use a computer to produce it.



HOW TO DELIVER A SPEECH



Goals at a Glance

- Plan and deliver a speech.
- Use visuals to convey information.

People deliver speeches for different reasons. You may have heard a speech by a visiting speaker during a school assembly. Its purpose was probably to inform you about an important subject. Politicians regularly give speeches, especially during election campaigns, to convince people to vote a certain way. After-dinner speeches at weddings are designed to entertain the guests. Speeches generally have three purposes: to inform, to persuade, or to entertain.

Prepare Your Speech

Preparing a speech is a two-stage process:

- Stage 1: developing the content (what you will say)
- Stage 2: planning the delivery of the speech (how you say it)

In school, most of the speeches you'll give will be meant to inform or persuade. Developing the content is similar to other work you've done—writing a personal narrative or a report, for example. You'll have to choose a topic, gather your information, organize the informa-

tion, write a draft, and revise it. Other process pages in this book can help you with these tasks—see “How to Conduct Research” on page 86 or “How to Write a Personal Narrative” on page 54.

Connect with your Audience

When you deliver a speech, look at your audience as much as possible. If you read every word of your speech, your eyes will be looking down at the page. Two methods will help you use your eyes for communicating, not just reading.

1. Write your speech out in full, but learn it so well that you can look up frequently without losing your place.
2. Make notes instead of writing out every word. Your notes can be on cue cards that you hold in your hand.

The first method may be better if you're nervous. Experienced speakers prefer the second method because the speech sounds spontaneous and natural. Whatever method you choose, use big lettering to make reading easier.

PROCESS

Provide an Outline

Making a brief outline of your speech can be very helpful. Write it out ahead of time on the chalkboard. As you are speaking, refer to your outline. Set it up as follows:

- **Title of your speech**
- **Topic** (if the title doesn't express your topic)
- **Point-form notes giving your key facts, in order**
- **Summing-up statement**

Use Visuals

Your audience will be more attentive if they have something to look at while listening to your speech. Maps, charts, illustrations, posters, and models are typical visuals. Other visuals are more complicated, and involve the use of overhead projectors, slide projectors, audio and video equipment, or computers.

A good visual presents important information in a way that is easy to read and understand. Visuals need to be large enough to be seen from the back of the room. It's also important that your visuals are prepared in advance and well-organized, and that you know how to operate any technology you are using.

Polish Your Delivery

These hints can help you deliver your speech smoothly and with confidence:

- Practise your speech in front of a mirror to reduce anxiety. You'll see yourself as others see you, plus you'll get used to looking at your audience as well as your notes.

- If possible, practise delivering your speech in the room where you'll be speaking. Practise with your visuals so you are comfortable referring to them.
- Learn your speech very well. You'll feel and sound more confident.
- Stand straight and keep your head up as much as possible. Avoid fidgeting.
- Smile at your audience and sound enthusiastic about your topic.
- Make eye contact with specific individuals in the audience. Focus on different parts of the audience throughout your speech.
- Speak slowly, clearly, and loudly enough so that your message is heard at the back of the room.
- Speak expressively, varying your tone of voice.
- Use gestures and movements to emphasize key points.
- Display visuals so that everyone can see them.

Self-Assessment

Use this checklist to analyse how successfully you prepared and delivered your speech.

- I wrote my speech in full or as a set of notes.
- I used an outline and/or other visuals to help communicate my message.
- I practised delivering my speech.
- I spoke enthusiastically in a loud voice so that everyone could hear.
- I looked at my audience and not just at my speech.

*When you're a student
in a new country—and
you have to learn a new language—
it can be hard to look
on the bright side.*

Laughter and Tears: ADJUSTING TO CANADA

Reflections
by Students

People come to live in Canada for many different reasons. Some families want better opportunities for their children. Others are escaping danger or injustice in their home countries. But wherever they come from and why, new students are often dismayed by the difficulties they face in Canada—especially if they speak English as a second language.

If you have recently arrived in Canada, you may recognize many of the situations these students describe. If you are not a recent immigrant but have classmates who are, the following stories will help you to understand their feelings.

PRONUNCIATION PROBLEM

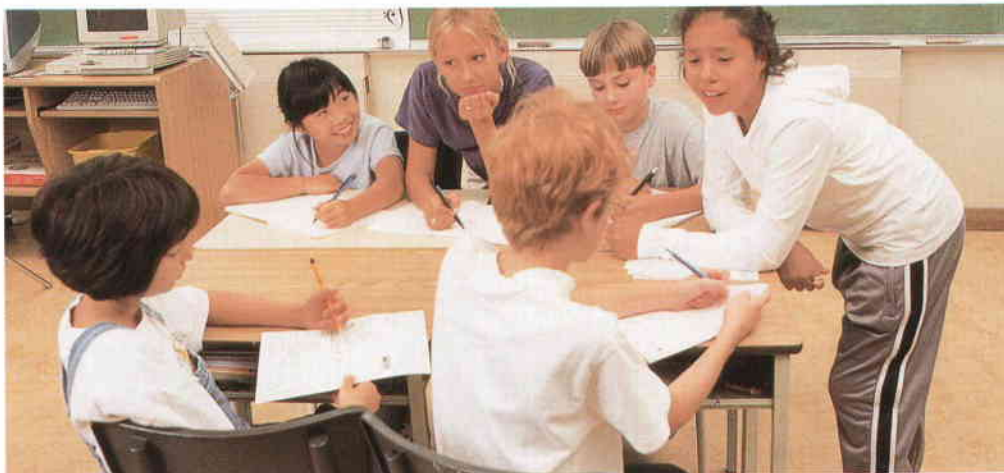
Whenever I make a mistake in English, I am anxious that my English will improve quickly. A couple of months ago, maybe my second day in Canada, I went to Niagara Falls with my family.

After we had finished our sightseeing, we were waiting for my father to open the door of our car. When I stood beside the car, someone in a car approached me and asked, “Are you leaving?”

I was confused. I thought he said, “Are you living here?” So I confidently said, “No!”

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Reflect on a personal experience.
- Explore diversity through discussion.



But once we left there, the stranger looked at me strangely. I didn't know why he did, but my sister explained the reasons to me.

I didn't know the man wanted to park in our spot. I was very embarrassed. It was the first time that I had tried to speak English with a Canadian.

Sung Ja Hong

AFRAID OF EVERYTHING

When I registered at school, I felt like an alien. I was afraid of everything. I was afraid the principal wouldn't let me study in Grade Nine, afraid that my terrible speaking of English would make the teachers laugh, afraid of possible racial tension in the school.

Fortunately, I was put in a special class for new immigrants learning English. There I met many Chinese friends, and if I had problems in homework, I could ask them. At first I felt embarrassed to see the different colour of people around me, but later I got used to it.

Now my English is better, but sometimes I still don't understand what the teachers say. I always ask the teachers for extra help after school. I am glad that my teachers are very kind, and they don't look down on me or laugh at me. Now I like my teachers, my classmates, and my school.

Amy Tam

A Letter Home

Dear Xin:

In Canada everything seems all right, but I still miss you and my other classmates. Do you remember that night when we finished the last math test and we played cards in my home through the whole night? When we were tired playing, we even went out to play soccer in the street. What a happy night we spent! I'll never forget that.

Don't think I am enjoying a rich life. In your mind, Canada must have lots of gold in the streets. So when I reached Canada, I would not need to work and study at all. Even I indulged in that fantasy before I arrived here. I imagined that my parents would have a furnished room for me. In my own room, I used to fantasize a few times, there would be a TV and a video machine. I had seen how developed the Western countries are and how rich these foreigners are on TV in China. Since my parents wanted to stay in Canada, and even take me there, I thought life would be much better than in China.

When I got to Canada and saw my home, I was very disappointed. I could not find my own TV or video machine or record player. I did not even have my own room. I began to wonder why I had come here, why I had left my classmates, my teachers, my friends. I felt I had lost myself.

However, as soon as I knew some special Chinese friends, I changed. They are the same age as I. They have come to Canada by themselves. Some of them didn't even know where they would live when they got off the airplane with only \$400 to \$500 in their pockets. In Canada, they have to work long hours each day to support themselves while they are in school. They only can sleep four to five hours and cannot find a good job. They, in fact, could live

well in China; however, they saved up everything in China to come here because they want experience and knowledge.

Then I look back at myself. I used to be proud of reaching Canada by myself. Since I am luckier than they, I think I must study harder. I'll never complain about what kind of living condition I am in. After all, my situation is much better than that of lots of others. In some ways in Canada there is more chance for people to have a good future. There is more freedom of choice, but for me, there is only one choice—science. In China we are forced to study science because in the eyes of our parents, only people who specialize in science or math are considered clever. Since I did not want to be thought of as stupid, and since I was good at math and science, I studied science. But my greatest interest was history. In Canada I must study science because it is impossible to learn English as well as Canadians in a short time; therefore, even here I cannot study history, the subject I love best.

When I first arrived, some Canadians said sympathetically, "Oh, you come from China. How lucky you are. There must be lots of teenagers the same age as you who are suffering."

I could not say anything. People believe that China is a hell, and I had just escaped from hell. How could I explain to them? China is a poor country, and it is not a democratic country, but they are not cruel people. Although there is great suffering in this country, the Chinese also know how to laugh and joke. The Chinese are poor. That does not mean we are homeless and always hungry. China is not democratic. That does not mean the Chinese are in prison.

At present I have no time to experience society. What I am supposed to do and must do is study, study, study in order that I can go to university. It's supposed to be the most important goal for me. What I have learned so far almost all comes from school. It is very limited. Although I know most new ideas should be absorbed from society, I don't have time to participate in society.

Sincerely,
Su Wang

SHOULD I CHANGE MY NAME?

My parents tell me that when I was born, my father looked at me for about half an hour. My mother asked my father, "What's the matter with you? Why are you looking so puzzled?"

My father did not hear what she was saying because he was thinking about what to call me. My father said, "My son. No, no, our son! He is very beautiful—like a moon! And very bright—like a sun!" So my parents decided to give me the name Matheyalagan—*Mathey* means "moon," "beauty," "sun," and "stars." Another meaning is "good," "intelligent," and "brave. *Alagan* means "beauty."

When I was old enough to learn the meaning of my name, I asked my parents, "Why did you choose this name? It embarrasses me. Could you please change it?"

My mom was angry with me. She said, "Don't ever be ashamed of your name. It will bring you good luck in your life." I remember my mother's advice now. When Canadians get impatient with my name because it is hard to say and it is too long, I remember what my name means, and I never consider changing it.

Matheyalagan Nagaranthu

VALENTINE'S DAY

There was a Canadian girl who played an important role in my life. She was the one who raised my confidence. It was a wonderful feeling to have a Canadian friend. After many months of depression I was able to think positively that life was not that bad. She was friendly, but whenever she tried to communicate with me, I would tremble with fear. Because I couldn't reply to her, I felt angry with myself. During school recesses, we would play games together and she would always make an effort to explain the rules to me carefully and slowly. I liked her, but I didn't think she liked me. Then on Valentine's Day she gave me a card which said, "I love you."

Tong Ang

DO YOU WANT TO DANCE?

After a while Joe became my best friend, and he asked me why I never went to the school dances. I told him that I didn't even know there were any. As soon as I got to the gymnasium, I recognized the same songs they had played in Hungary.

I asked Joe, "What do you say to a girl to ask her to dance?"

He replied, "Do you want to dance?"

It took me one hour to get up my courage and ask a girl to dance. Hey, it was not bad, not bad at all!

Joseph Csermak ♦



1. RESPONDING TO THE REFLECTIONS

- a. Which of the students' stories made the biggest impression on you? Why?
- b. Why do you think language is such an important factor for students newly arrived in Canada?
- c. Would most of the students who wrote these reflections say that Canada is "a better world" than the home countries they left behind? Give reasons for your opinion.
- d. What do you think is the single best thing Canadians can do to help newcomers adjust to life in Canada?

2. WRITING REFLECTION

In a piece of reflective writing, such as a journal entry or a letter to a friend, describe a time when you found yourself in an unfamiliar environment. Your reflection should describe the situation vividly to help your reader imagine it. It should also tell what you were feeling at the time, and what you feel now as you look back on the experience. What advice would have helped you deal with the situation?

3. ORAL COMMUNICATION EXPLORE DIVERSITY

How many languages do you and your classmates use or understand? In a class discussion, find out

- the first language of each student
- the second language, for those who know one (English or another language)
- other languages students can speak, read, or understand

Those who speak English as a second language might talk about which language they speak at home, whether or not their families speak English, and what language-related challenges they have faced.

As a class, create a bulletin board display that shows written examples of the different languages you mentioned in your discussion.

*During World War II,
Canada was at war with Japan.
Did that justify treating
Japanese Canadians as
the enemy?*

Remember, Chrysanthemum

Short Story by Kathryn Hatashita-Lee

In the school hallways, the kids call her “Speedbump” Woodley due to a rollerblading accident that summer when she had broken her arm, but her real name is Allison Kiku Woodley, an identity that hints at her dual heritage. Her father is of English descent and reads about samurai* swords; her mother of Japanese descent and studies Victorian literature. *Kiku* is Japanese for chrysanthemum, a flower that blooms for many days and graces pottery and kimono** fabrics.

When Allison leaves her home near Vancouver’s English Bay and skates across town to visit her Grandmother Tanaka, she is met by a white ceramic cat with one raised paw. The cat is a *maneki neko*, or a beckoning cat, bringing good fortune to homes and businesses.



* **samurai**: Japanese warrior class from eleventh to nineteenth century.

** **kimono**: a loose outer garment held by a sash.

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Analyse use of opposites.
- Create a photo essay.

On bookshelves, and on the television stand, are many albums of family photos. Every photo on their pages is held in place with silver corners. Allison liked leafing through their pages: her grandmother as a girl and a young woman, the giant trees of Lynn Valley, where the family often picnicked on a sushi* lunch...



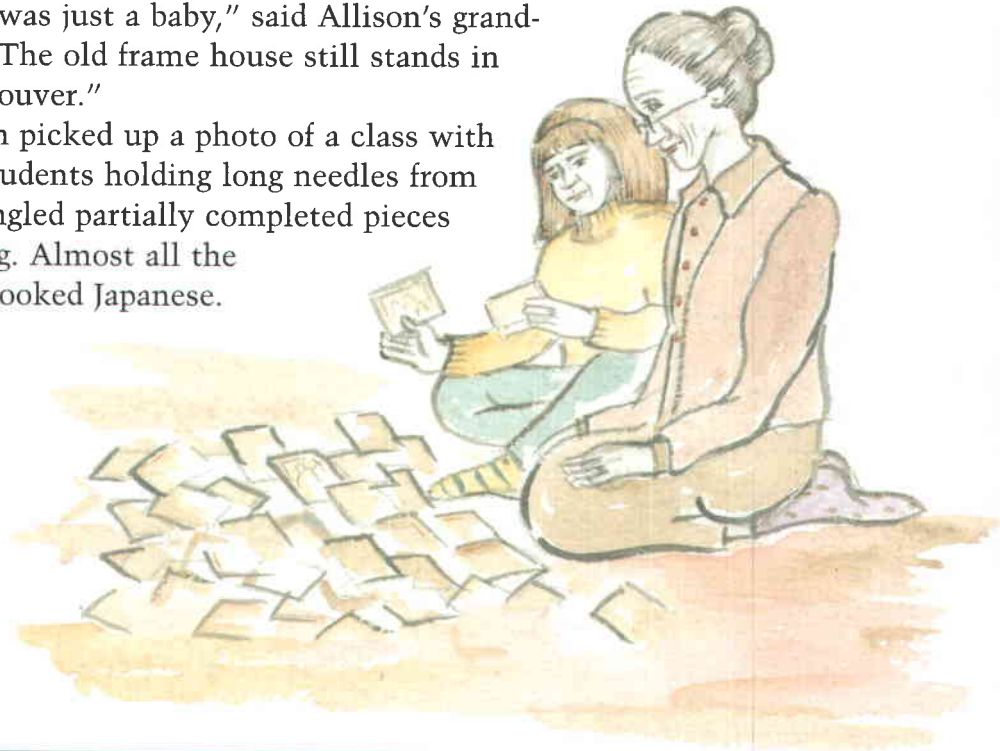
Allison thought she had seen every album in the collection, but one day Grandma Tanaka pulled out a black case tucked under some old hat boxes. Allison quietly opened the latches and pulled back the top. Inside were piled more black-and-white photos waiting for her fingers to sift through their filmy images.

"Take your time, Allison Kiku," said her grandmother.

Allison spread the photos on the floor and let the blue carpet disappear beneath the white borders of the prints. "Is that you and Great-Grandma and Great-Grandpa?" she asked.

"Yes. You can see my seven brothers and sisters all lined up. Your great-grandmother is holding my brother, Tosh. He was just a baby," said Allison's grandmother. "The old frame house still stands in East Vancouver."

Allison picked up a photo of a class with rows of students holding long needles from which dangled partially completed pieces of knitting. Almost all the students looked Japanese.



* **sushi:** Japanese dish made from cold, cooked rice, and raw fish or vegetables.

"My grade six teacher at Lord Strathcona Elementary took that photo in January 1942," Mrs. Tanaka began. "During the war, World War II I mean, our whole class knitted sweaters to clothe the British schoolchildren. The girl beside me knitted one sleeve, and I knitted the other one. My sleeve came out a few centimetres shorter. I still feel sorry for the British schoolgirl who received our lopsided gift."

"Mom says your whole family left Vancouver by train that spring," said Allison. "You lost your home and all your things and went to a sort of prison."

"Yes. That was during the evacuation. Japan had bombed Pearl Harbor in Hawaii in December 1941. William Lyon Mackenzie King was Prime Minister of Canada at that time, and he decided we were a threat, so he ordered us out. Our Uncle Kenji's fishing boat was impounded, taken away from him and sold to strangers, at Annieville Dyke on the Fraser River. We were Vancouver-born children of a landscape gardener; we were Canadians, but to the government, we were 'enemies.' I still have your great-grandmother's picture ID labelled *enemy alien*."

"That's no thanks for all those sweaters you knit for the war effort!" said Allison. Her grandmother's face clouded over and her jaw tightened slightly.

Allison looked over the collection and pointed to another yellowed photo of a family wearing overalls and sitting on a wagon. "We were sent to a sugar beet farm in southern Alberta. Harvesting was back-breaking work, but no Caucasians wanted that kind of work. We had no electricity or running water. We did our homework by the light of a coal-oil lamp. My sisters used a bucket to draw water out of a cistern. When we cooked rice, the water turned the rice yellowish-green," Allison's grandmother continued.

Allison pointed to a photo of a woman with a cow and a bucket. "Your Great-Aunt Miyoko always milked Bossy the cow. After the war, our family moved to a big city in Ontario and never lived in the country again," said Mrs. Tanaka.

The last photo in the pile was a parade float with a row of Japanese Canadian girls, all clad in kimonos, aboard its long platform.

"I took that photo in 1956, during the Dominion Day parade in Toronto. Do you see my friend, Keiko, second to the left? The

Japanese Canadian Citizens' Association organized that float. Everyone in the crowd applauded," she said nostalgically.

"I don't think I could stand being in a kimono or having my hair pulled up like that," said Allison.

Her grandmother chuckled and said gently, "You shouldn't feel embarrassed about the way you look, especially if you're wearing our ancestors' clothing. Try a kimono sometime. You might like it."

"Maybe," said Allison doubtfully. "Thank you for telling your stories, Grandma." As Allison Kiku headed for the door, she winked at the white cat.



"Think of a museum as a gathering place where yesterday meets today," said Mrs. Epstein to her class. Allison and her classmates stood near the giant stainless steel crab outside the Vancouver Museum and Pacific Space Centre. Inside the gift shop, Allison saw a tourist pull out a crisp fifty-dollar bill with the reddish-orange image of Mackenzie King on one side, and a snowy owl on the other. She remembered her grandmother's story and felt haunted by the late Prime Minister's gaze as the class walked to the exhibit.

Under the red and white banners hanging from the ceiling, the class wandered around the display of Japanese samurai sword guards in the Soul of the Samurai exhibit. Allison peered closely at the small, round guards she thought looked like large iron coins with holes. When attached to a sword, the sword guard or *tsuba*, prevented the warrior's hand from slipping onto the sharp blade.

Most of the sword guards showed flowers, birds, and insects carved in low relief. Allison saw dark dragons lurking in clouds or waves. Although dragons are popular in the supernatural world, Allison felt uneasy when the display's description said seeing an entire dragon's body meant death.

Another display case showed the work of eighteenth-century artisan, Nagatsune, who applied an inlay of brass, as well as silver and gold, or an overlay of high-relief carvings to create a colourful picture. Allison really liked the scene of three graceful silver herons and golden plants highlighted against the dark ironwork background of the sword guard.

Mrs. Epstein turned to her and said, "I know you were born here,

Allison, but have you been to Japan?"

"No," replied Allison. She remembered her Aunt Grace saying at the family reunion in Ontario last year, "Japan's the last place I'd want to visit."

Allison pulled herself out of her recollections and focussed on what was in front of her. The large mural of a fierce samurai warrior looked very foreign to Allison.

"Do you speak Japanese at home, Allison" asked Mrs. Epstein.

"No," Allison replied again. She remembered her Great-Uncle Tosh and his memories of the Japanese Language School on Alexander Street: "Every day after school I took the streetcar to Japanese School. That made for a really long day. When the Japanese School closed after Pearl Harbor, I was so glad. No more lessons in Japanese!"

"Do you eat Japanese food at home, Allison?" asked her classmate, Tasha.

"No," replied Allison. She was getting tired of all these questions. She remembered sitting on her bed, unwrapping a small parcel of fruitcake Grandma Tanaka sent, not from Japan, but from Marks & Spencer!

"Hey, Allison," whispered her classmate, Vladimir. "Did you know you're part Japanese?"

"Stop bugging her," said Yvonne. "Allison is just like us. She always gets the top marks in English."

I wonder what was really on exhibit, the samurai sword guards or me? Allison wondered as they headed for the exit.

Later that spring Grandma Tanaka died. Allison returned to her house for the last time.

"I'm surprised Grandma told you as much as she did about those photos," said Allison's mother.

"Maybe she knew she had to tell somebody," said Allison.

"Your grandparents and great-grandparents didn't like to talk about the evacuation. I remember your Great-Uncle Tosh shrugging and saying, 'It can't be helped.'"

Allison looked sadly around the living room full of old albums.

Her mother was looking through Grandma Tanaka's papers when she found a heavy, cream-coloured paper with Canada's coat of arms.

In both English and French, the words of the then Prime Minister Brian Mulroney acknowledged:

...the Government of Canada, on behalf of all Canadians, does hereby:

1) acknowledge that the treatment of Japanese Canadians during and after World War II was unjust and violated principles of human rights as they are understood today; 2) pledge to ensure, to the full extent that its powers allow, that such events will not happen again; and 3) recognize, with great respect, the fortitude and determination of Japanese Canadians who, despite great stress and hardship, retain their commitment and loyalty to Canada and contribute so richly to the development of the Canadian nation."

Allison's father arranged for Grandma Tanaka's furniture to be donated to a senior citizens' lodge. Allison was told to choose a small memento of her grandmother for herself.

Allison pulled out the handle of the black case with latches. She filed through the aged photographs looking for the five photos she knew. She looked up, half expecting to see her grandmother sitting at her side.

Allison carefully placed the photos in an old envelope she found postmarked 1942. She took off her square neck scarf and wrapped the envelope in a neat bundle inside her knapsack. Allison also packed away the white ceramic cat.

As she turned her back to leave for the last time you could just see two eyes peeking out under the canvas flap, and one slender paw beckoning good luck.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. How did Allison find out about the evacuation of Japanese Canadians during World War II? Have you ever learned interesting or important historical information in a similar way? If so, share the information with a partner.
- b. What motives do you think lay behind the evacuation and internment of Japanese Canadians?
- c. Why do you think Allison dislikes being questioned about her knowledge and experience of Japanese culture?
- d. How does Allison feel about her Japanese heritage by the end of the story? Support your opinion.

2. LANGUAGE CONVENTIONS APPOSITIVES

Commas are often used to set off words or phrases that provide additional information about a noun or pronoun. The word or phrase that has been set off is called an *appositive*. Here's an example from "Remember, Chrysanthemum":

"During the war, World War II I mean, our whole class knitted sweaters..."

APPOSITIVE

In the example, Mrs. Tanaka uses an appositive to specify which war she is talking about. Notice that there is a comma before and after the appositive. If you read the sentence aloud without the appositive, the sentence still makes sense.

Reread "Remember, Chrysanthemum" to find one other sentence that contains an appositive. Write it in your notebook and then check with a partner to see whether you found the same example. Together, write two new sentences with appositives.

3. VISUAL COMMUNICATION PHOTO ESSAY

Perhaps you, like Allison, have access to family photos. If so, you can use them to create a photo essay about your heritage. First, select about five photos that show what life was like for your parents, guardians, grandparents, or other family members. Look especially for old photos that convey what life was like at a particular place or time. For each photo, write a caption that fills in the story behind the picture. Draft an introduction to your photo essay that briefly states what you know about your family history. Form small groups and share your photo essays. What else would you like to learn about your heritage?

Grandmother

Poem by Douglas Nepinak
Painting by Frank Howell

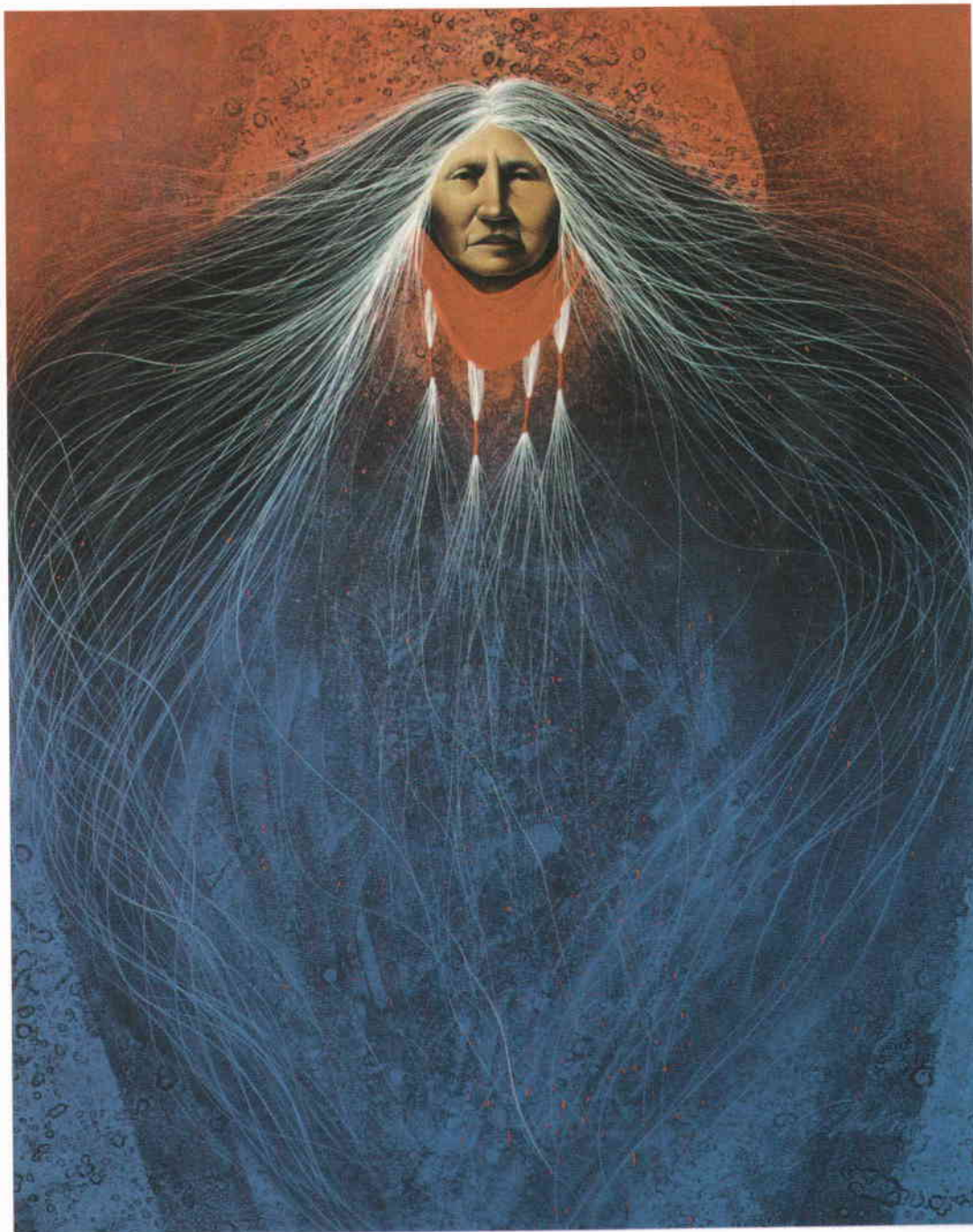
in her dreams there is no television
speaking incessantly in a foreign language
of grand magnificent things
beyond her means

in her dreams everyone speaks Anishinabe
there is no confusion
no lapses into english
her grandchildren are not silent to her

the world is whole to her again
she walks through the bush collecting berries roots
and stories off the great tree with a firm shake
the wind smells of seasons to come
they are good full

GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Write a poem.
- Interpret the significance of a painting's title.



Grandmother's Gift of Fire by Frank Howell (1937-1997). Frank Howell was an American artist and writer. Though he painted both landscapes and people, he is best known for works that portray Native Americans in a dramatic, mythical style.

1. RESPONDING TO THE POEM AND PAINTING

- a. In the poem, what is the grandmother's idea of a better world? What aspects of life seem to be most important to her?
- b. What kinds of changes might have happened during her lifetime to make her feel alienated?
- c. What words would you use to describe the grandmother in the painting? What features of the painting prompted you to choose those words?

2. WRITING POETRY

Write a poem about the world you dream about. Begin by brainstorming, perhaps with a partner, about your dreams, daydreams, and wishes. What words and phrases could help you describe the world you've imagined? Now use a few sentences, as Douglas Nepinak has done, to create a poem that communicates your dream.

SELF-ASSESSMENT: Did you choose your words carefully? Do they help the reader to "see" your meaning? Did you learn something about yourself by writing this poem?

3. VISUAL COMMUNICATION PAINTING'S TITLES

Does the title *Grandmother's Gift of Fire* help you to understand the painting? Why or why not? List some ideas the word *fire* suggests to you. Are any of those meanings appropriate to the painting? Explain.

With a partner, look through one or two books of paintings. You could find other examples of Native art by checking the internet. Choose one painting that has either a title that helps to explain a confusing painting, or a title that is mysterious. Present your painting to the class and discuss it together.



*The Inuit sculptor knew
what his carving was worth.
Now he had to find the strength
to stand up for what was right.*

Nipikti the Old Man Carver

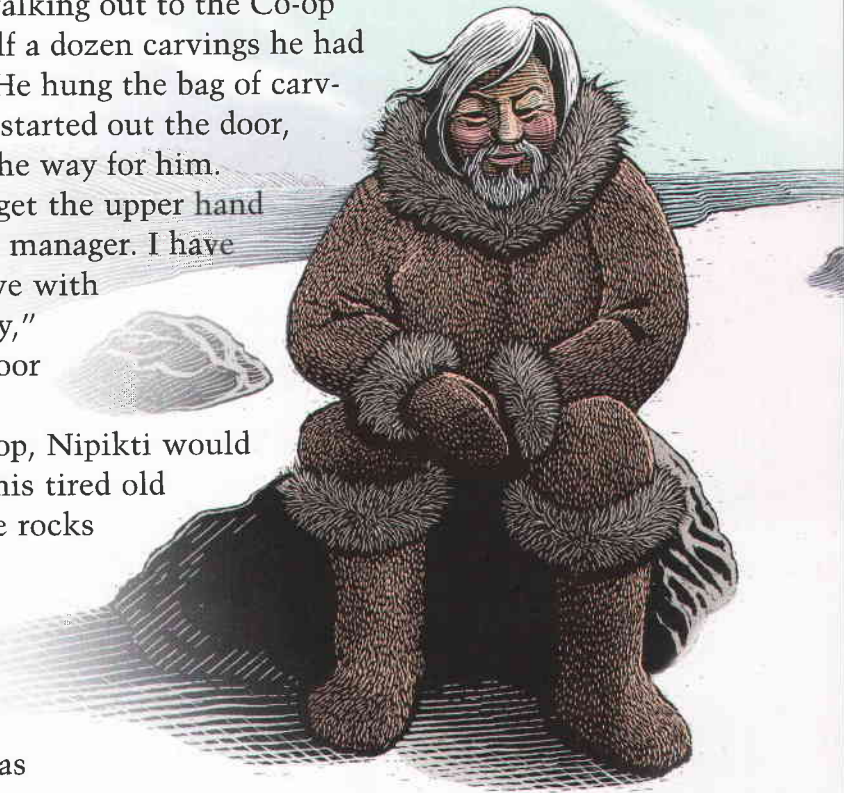
SHORT STORY BY ALOOTOOK IPELLIE

Nipikti was now an old man and took three times as long as any young Inuk to get from one point to another. Almost every week, he would get up from his small carving studio at home and start walking out to the Co-op where he sold at least a half a dozen carvings he had finished during the week. He hung the bag of carvings over his shoulder and started out the door, his walking stick leading the way for him.

"This is the day I will get the upper hand of the deal with the Co-op manager. I have no doubt he will fall in love with the carving I finished today," he said, as he closed the door behind himself.

On the way to the Co-op, Nipikti would stop several times to rest his tired old legs by sitting on the same rocks he had sat on for the last twenty years or so.

"Ahhh! Hi, Ojagajaak, it feels good to rest on you," he would say to the first rock, as if the rock was an old friend of his.



GOALS AT A GLANCE

- Review a Web site.
- Investigate Inuit sculpture.

"These legs of mine are a little weaker than last week, so I will have to sit on you for an extra five minutes if you do not mind."

There he sat to rest on Ojagajaak and looked across the land where he had lived as a young man. That is the place where he had hunted the good animals of the land. That is where he had taken care of his wife and family when they were growing up. "Those were good times of the past," he thought, "times when carvings like these were toys and tokens to us Inuit."

He got up slowly and continued on to the Co-op where he would get the money to support his family. The Co-op was still quite far away.

"If I had my way, I would prefer to carve the stones and ivory to make toys for my children, and hunt the animals like I used to. I wasn't such a bad hunter in those days," Nipikti said to himself.

"I never thought I would be living off the very carvings I used to make only to keep my children happy."

Nipikti finally came to the rock where he sat to rest the second time along the way to the Co-op and said, "How are you today Ojagakaluk? I have come again to rest on you. I am an old man now, you know."

He sat on Ojagakaluk and took enough rest there to make it to the next rock. "I shall see you again on my way back. Just make sure the bulldozer doesn't push you under before then," Nipikti shouted back to the second rock as he slowly started walking on.

When he came to the third rock, he sat down and said, "You know, Ojagakutaaq, you are probably the most comfortable rock I have ever sat on in my life. I must say I will certainly miss you the day they remove you from this spot to make room for the new road. You have been a good rock to me and I must thank you in case they start building the road while I am at the Co-op."

He then got up to walk the last leg of the trip to the local Co-op and said to himself that it was time to think about how much he would persuade the Co-op manager to pay him for his carvings. Especially for the good one he finished earlier that day.

"I should be able to sell the good carving for \$150 easily," he said. "I'm sure there isn't any other carving this week that was done any better than this one."

When he got to the Co-op, Nipikti took the six carvings out of the bag and laid them on the desk for the manager to look at.

The manager picked up the carvings one by one and looked them over carefully. When he came to the carving Nipikti had done that day, he immediately offered Nipikti \$120 for it.

Nipikti stood leaning on his walking stick and counted on \$150 as planned. Nipikti knew by experience that the carving was worth that much or even more. "\$150," he said.

The manager looked up at Nipikti's face, then picked up the carving in question and mused over the fine detail of the work Nipikti had done. "OK," he finally said. "I'll give you \$130 for it."

Nipikti looked at the manager's face and thought about the last offer for \$130. "If you think you are going to play games with me, you might as well be prepared to do it for the rest of the day. I am not going to play that long," he said in Inuktitut.

The manager clearly understood that Nipikti was not about to change his original asking price of \$150. He knew that the price was right for the carving. But he decided to try once more to buy the carving for less than that. "140," he said.

Nipikti just stood there and cleared his throat, then said for the last time, "150." And with that, he tapped the top of the desk with his right hand. It was a sign that he meant business.

At that moment, the manager decided to give up trying to persuade the old carver to say yes to what he wanted and agreed to pay the \$150 he was asking for.

Nipikti had won the battle this time around. He took the money for the carvings he'd brought in, and went out the door to begin his journey back home with his walking stick in hand and money in his pocket to support the family for the next few weeks. He looked across the land and saw that the three rocks where he sat to rest each week were still there. No one had started to build the road yet. And he just smiled and said to himself that it was good.

"I had better make sure that they do not bulldoze my rock away. The way I see it, I am sure to win my case over that too," he said for the last time, and he slowly moved on toward home where he would start the next carving.

Nipikti the old man carver lives on.

1. RESPONDING TO THE STORY

- a. All the way to the Co-op store, Nipikti talks to himself and the rocks. In what way are these conversations helpful to the reader?
- b. Over the years, how has Nipikti's life changed? Which way of life does he prefer?
- c. Why do you think the manager finally agreed to Nipikti's price?
- d. What upcoming change to his community worries Nipikti the most? Do you think Nipikti will be successful in opposing that change? Why or why not?

2. RESEARCHING REVIEW A WEB SITE



In a small group, locate and visit five Web sites relating to Inuit culture in Canada's North. Record the address of each home page, then quickly browse through each of the five sites. Select the one your group likes the best and explore it more thoroughly, taking notes about the information and different features you encounter. Organize your notes to create a review of the site that your group can present to the class. Your review should summarize the information you found and evaluate its quality. You should also comment on how easy it was to navigate the site, how good the graphics are, and whether the links are useful. You might print out some of the Web pages to accompany your presentation.

3. VISUAL COMMUNICATION INUIT CARVINGS

The photo on page 343 shows one example of an Inuit carving. If you can, bring in books with photos of other Inuit sculptures. What materials do the artists use for their carvings? What are some typical subjects? As a class, discuss why Inuit sculpture appeals to so many people.



An Inuit sculpture.



Anywhere

Poem by Janet Wong

If you could live anywhere
in the world,
where would you live?

Know what I heard?

I heard there's a place
in the mountains
somewhere
where fun is free
and people play fair.
If you feel bad,
neighbours care.

The air smells green,
crisp and clean.
Water's fresh
from the spring.
You can pick berries
to picnic on
near waterfalls
and streams.

When school's out
I'm going there.
Want to come?

Come.

There's plenty
to share.

REFLECTING ON THE UNIT

SELF-ASSESSMENT: ORAL COMMUNICATION

As you worked on this unit, what did you learn about

- voicing your ideas in a group?
- exploring issues and solving problems through discussion?
- presenting information to your classmates?
- conducting a debate?
- delivering a speech?

Select and reread one draft piece of writing you worked on during this unit.

Write notes on your draft, showing how you could improve it by using stronger verbs. You might wish to produce a good copy of your revised draft, asking a partner to compare it with the original and comment on the changes.

ORAL COMMUNICATION PROBLEM SOLVING

In a group of four or five, discuss the question “What changes are most needed to make the world a better place?” Make sure that everyone has a chance to speak, and that all ideas are considered. One group member should take notes on what everyone says. As a group, select the two or three ideas that you think are most realistic. Another group member will be the spokesperson who presents your ideas to the class.

MEDIA DESIGN POSTERS

Plan a poster campaign to fight discrimination in your school and/or community. Your posters might contain anti-discrimination messages or encourage respect toward others. Remember that a poster blends strong visuals with text that is punchy and easy to understand. Display the posters in your classroom or school.

WRITING CREATE A PROFILE

Do you have a class newsletter or school newspaper? If so, write a profile of someone who has made a positive contribution to your school or community. Ask your peers, teachers, family members, or community volunteers for names of people who deserve recognition for their efforts. Your profile should give background information about one person, and explain his or her contribution. Interview the person, if possible, so you can incorporate quotations into your profile. Include a photo of the person as well.

GLOSSARY

Adjective An adjective is a word that describes a noun or pronoun: *Her icy green eyes stared at the stars.* Adjectives, as well as describing, can also limit a noun: *I saw two movies on the weekend.*

Adverb An adverb is a word that modifies a verb, an adjective, or another adverb. *The rain fell steadily.*

Alliteration Alliteration involves the repetition of the same first sounds in a group of words or line of poetry: *The sun sank slowly.*

Appositive An appositive is a word or phrase that provides additional information about the noun or pronoun it follows. There is a comma before and after the appositive. *This book, a novel set in Newfoundland, is one of the best I've read.*

Ballad A ballad is a narrative poem that tells an exciting story in a series of vivid pictures. The stanzas are usually four lines each with a regular pattern of rhythm and rhyme.

Bias Bias is an opinion that may interfere with a fair judgment on an event or situation.

Caption A caption is an explanation or title accompanying a picture. Captions are most often used in newspaper and magazine articles.

Clause A clause is a group of words that has a subject (a noun) and a predicate (a verb and sometimes adjectives, adverbs, and phrases).

An **independent** or **main clause** is complete thought and stands alone as a sentence: *I shut the door. The cat ran into the street.*

A **dependent** or **subordinate clause** is not a complete sentence and doesn't stand alone as a sentence: *Although she missed*

the bus. Whenever Jack got the chance.

Comedy Sketch A comedy sketch is a short scene or routine performed by stand-up comics.

Conflict Conflict is a problem or struggle in a story that the main character has to solve or face. Conflict is created in four classic ways: human against self, human against human, human against nature, human against society. Writers may choose to use more than one conflict in a story, which can create an exciting plot.

Conjunction A conjunction is a word that connects other words, phrases, clauses, or sentences, such as *and, or, nor, because, since, for, yet, so.*

Dash [—] The dash is a mark of punctuation used to set off words that interrupt the main thought of a sentence, or to show a sudden change of thought.

Dialogue Dialogue is a conversation between characters. In narrative, every time a new character speaks a new paragraph is used. Quotation marks are used to indicate that dialogue is beginning and ending.

Ellipsis Points [...] Ellipsis points are a series of dots used to show that something has been left out. Use ellipsis points as follows.

- to show that one or more words have been left out of a quotation.
- to indicate that a sentence or thought has been left unfinished.

Five Ws The five Ws of journalism are the five questions that every newspaper or magazine article should answer: *who, what, where, when, why* (and sometimes *how*). By the end of the article, the reader should know who was involved in the story or event, what happened, where it

happened, when it happened, why it happened, and how it happened.

Flashback A flashback is an event or scene that took place at an earlier point in a story. Writers use flashbacks to explain something that is presently occurring in the story. Flashbacks can also explain a character's motivation and help to clear up any unanswered questions in the plot.

Folk Tale A folk tale is a story or legend that originated a long time and has been handed down from generation to generation. A folk tale often contains one-dimensional characters and exaggerated events.

Foreshadowing Foreshadowing is a writing device used to give a hint about what is to come in a story. The hint, however, should not be too obvious to the reader because it will give the plot away and affect the suspense. Foreshadowing is used mainly in mysteries and suspense stories, but can be used in other genres as well.

Imagery Imagery is a technique poets and writers use to describe and appeal to the senses. There are many types of imagery including simile, metaphor, alliteration, and personification.

Informal Language Informal language is the kind of language most people use in a casual conversation with a friend. It is characterized by slang expressions, sentence fragments, and exclamations.

Lead A lead is the opening paragraph of a newspaper or magazine article. The lead should contain as many of the answers as possible to the five Ws of journalism: *who, what, when, where, and why.*

Legend A legend is a story from the past that has been widely accepted as true. For example, the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table is a legend. Such stories are not necessarily based on historical fact. Sometimes legends explain natural facts such as how mountains were formed.

Memoir A memoir is the recording of a person's own experiences, and involves the retelling of memorable experiences from that person's life. Each experience is told like a story, and is written from the first person point of view (*I, me, we, us*).

Metaphor A metaphor is a writing device in which a word or phrase that ordinarily means one thing is used to describe something else, suggesting that some common quality is shared by the two: *a heart of stone, copper sky*. As well as painting vivid pictures for the reader, metaphors help to make abstract ideas more concrete, add emotion, and show the writer's feelings.

Monologue A monologue is a long speech or a part of a play in which one person speaks alone. "The Winner" is an example of a story written as a monologue.

Mood The mood or atmosphere is the feeling that pervades a piece of writing or work of art. *The mood of Frankenstein is sombre and dark*. Mood is created through description and through the plot and the setting.

Myth A myth is a traditional story about superhuman beings, such as gods, goddesses, heroes, and monsters, usually explaining the origin of natural events and forces, and cultural practices. Some myths teach values, such as humility.

Narration Narration is the telling of an event or series of events. Narration is used in all types of writing including narrative, plays, and poetry.

Narrator The narrator is the person or character telling a story. See point of view.

Noun A noun is a word that names a person, place, thing, or quality. *An avalanche buried the skier*. A **proper noun** identifies one particular person, place, organization, or period of time, and begins with a capital letter. *Sandy was skiing in the Rockies*.

Paragraph A paragraph is a group of sentences that develop one aspect of a topic, or one phase of a narrative. The sentences in a paragraph should be clearly related to each other. Sometimes, especially in essays, the aspect or point being developed is expressed in a topic sentence, and the other sentences in the paragraph expand on this statement.

Parentheses () Parentheses are used to set off comments or asides in a sentence. They are also used within scripts to frame stage directions.

Parody Parody is a humorous imitation of serious writing. It follows the form of the original, but changes its sense. "Every Day Is Earth Day" is a parody of *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens.

Personal Essay A personal essay is a non-fiction format that offers a personal point of view on a subject.

Personification Personification is a literary device that gives human traits to non-humans: *The stream gurgled*. Personification is used most often in poetry and narrative writing but can be used as a technique in print ads.

Phrase A phrase is a group of words, used together in a sentence, that does not have a subject and a verb: Marcella spoke *for the first time*.

Plot The plot is the events in a story that make up the action. The plot in a story usually has four elements: the introduction, rising action, climax, and resolution.

- The **introduction** sets up the story by describing the main characters, the setting, and the problem to be solved.
- The **rising action** is the main part of the story where the full problem develops. A number of events is involved that will lead to the climax.
- The **climax** is the highest point of the story where the most exciting events occur.

- The **resolution** is the end of the story when all the problems are solved.

Point of View Point of view refers to the position from which the events of a story are presented to us. There are two main points of view: first person and third person narrative.

- **First person** means the story is told through one character's eyes and the events are coloured through that character's experience.
- The **third person** point of view means the story is told by an onlooker or narrator.

Profile A profile is a concise description of a person's abilities, character, or career.

Pronoun A pronoun takes the place of one or more nouns or a group of words in a sentence. Some common pronouns include *I, it, me, he, she, we, and them*.

Reflections Reflections are personal observations or thoughts on a subject or situation. In "Laughter and Tears," for example, students reflect on the experience of being in a new country.

Rhyme Rhyme is the repetition of sound in different words, especially at the ends of words. For example, *see* rhymes with *bee*. Rhyme is one of the main techniques used in poetry.

Rhyme Scheme A rhyme scheme is the pattern of end rhymes used in a poem. The rhyme scheme is usually indicated by letters, for example, *abba abba cde cde* and *abab cdcd efef gg* are both rhyme schemes for a type of poetry called a sonnet.

Rhythm Rhythm is the arrangement of beats in a line of poetry. The beat is created by the accented and unaccented syllables in the words used in the line.

Run-on Sentence A run-on sentence is formed when two sentences run into one another. To fix a run-on sentence, add the proper punctuation, or change the wording to make it a single sentence.

Run-on: *The sky is clear it is spring at last.*

Better: *The sky is clear; it is spring at last.*
OR
The sky is clear, and it is spring at last.
OR
The sky is clear because it is spring at last.
You call two sentences separated by a comma a comma splice. Fix the comma splice the same way you would fix a run-on sentence.

Science Fiction A science fiction story takes readers to other worlds or to other times. Science fiction writers sometimes base their stories on scientific facts or scientific possibilities that haven't been proven yet. Plots often deal with the impact of science and technology on humans and the world. Popular science fiction themes include space travel, time travel, advanced technology, and life in the future.

Script A script is a story written to be performed as a play or developed into a movie or TV show. The script tells a story with setting, plot, and characters. The story is told through dialogue between characters and through narration as well. Characters are usually listed on the left side of a script and their "lines" are included beside the character name. Scripts also contain stage directions that give instructions for setting up the stage and for the actors.

Semicolon [;] Use a semicolon to separate two related sentences: *I love watching television after school; it relaxes me.*

Sentence A sentence is a group of words that expresses a complete thought. Every sentence needs a subject and an action.

A **simple sentence** has one subject and one verb: *Yukio's house has five bedrooms.*

A **compound sentence** has two or more main clauses (that is smaller sentences that can stand alone). The sentences are usually joined together by a semicolon, or by a comma or semicolon followed by *and*, *or*, *nor*, *for*, *but*, *so*, or *yet*: *Yukio's house has five bedrooms, and the yard is huge.*

A **complex sentence** has a main clause that can stand alone as a sentence, and one or more subordinate clauses that cannot stand on their own as sentences. In the following example of a complex sentence, the main clause is underlined, and the subordinate clause is in italics:

Yukio's house, *which he built himself*, has five bedrooms.

Sentence Fragment A sentence fragment is a group of words that is set off like a sentence, but lacks either a verb or a subject. Sentence fragments are acceptable in informal writing, dialogue, and spoken English, but are not appropriate in formal writing: Fragment: *We went to the game. Josh and I.* (lacks a verb)

Revised: *Josh and I went to the game.*

Sentence Types There are four basic types of sentences.

- A statement makes an assertion and ends with a period: *He ordered a hockey sweater.*
- A question asks for information and ends with a question mark: *When are we leaving?*
- A command gives an order or makes a request and ends with a period: *Please let me come in.*
- An exclamation expresses surprise a strong feeling and ends with an exclamation mark to show emphasis: *Look at that accident!*

Setting The setting is the place and time where a story takes place. Setting plays an important role in many types of stories: science fiction, historical fiction, fantasy, and adventure stories.

Simile A simile is a comparison of two different things using the words *like* or *as*: *My ears buzzed like a mosquito.* Similes are used in both prose and poetry.

Stanza A stanza is a group of lines of poetry arranged according to a fixed plan. Stanzas usually contain the same number of lines, metre, and rhyme scheme.

Stereotype A stereotype is an oversimplified picture, usually of a group of people, giving them all a set of characteristics, without consideration for individual differences. Avoid stereotypes in your writing. Try to create fresh, real characters.

Suspense Suspense is a feeling of tension, anxiety, or excitement resulting from uncertainty. An author creates suspense to keep the reader interested

Symbol/Symbolism A symbol is a person, place, thing or event that is used to represent something else. For example, a rainbow is often used as a symbol of hope.

Tone Tone is the atmosphere or mood of a piece. It can also refer to the author's

attitude or feeling about the reader (formal, casual, intimate) and his subject (light, ironic, solemn, sarcastic, sentimental).

Transcript A transcript is a written copy of an oral format such as radio or TV. "Springhill Miner," for example, is a transcript of a Heritage Minute broadcast.

Verb A verb is a word that expresses an action or a state of being. Verbs that express a state of being are sometimes called linking verbs, because they link the subject to another word that describes the subject. Action verb: *Sunil ran to school.* Linking verb: *Mariko seemed tired.* The verb *be* is the most common linking verb, but verbs like *seem, appear, feel, smell,* and *look* can act as linking verbs.

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