

# THE WRITE PLACE

A newspaper dedicated to the Greater Montreal area writing community



## DRAWING POLITICS WITH TERRY MOSHER

by Rosalie Avigdor and Joseph Richard Mannella

On Wednesday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 2015, Terry “Aislin” Mosher gave an outstanding presentation, “Drawing Politics”, at the Eleanor London Cote-St-Luc Public Library, in collaboration with our Canadian Writers Society.

The evening lasted for about an hour and a half, and the full house was held spellbound for the entire time. From local and municipal snafues, to provincial boondoggles, to national and international affairs, Aislin covered them all, and drew them all with deadly sarcastic wit and an always-ready pen. He brought back memories of the students’ red square strike, Queen Mother fashion statements, “Pastagate”, and the “Charlie Hebdo” shootings in Paris, to name but a few.

The audience laughed and reminisced and listened in wonder as he poked fun at just about everything. And, in the end, his work was rewarded with a standing ovation for a remarkably insightful gentleman.

A number of his published books, full of political cartoons he’s drawn over the years, were available for sale at the entrance to the hall, and members of the audience were only too happy to purchase personally signed copies of his works. Thank you, Mr. Mosher, for giving us an entertaining evening of insight into your creative process.

A special thanks goes out to Michael Owston for all his help.



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### A FEW CHOICE WORDS by Andreas Kessararis

Although the local residents called him “Doc,” he was not a physician by trade, but rather a PhD who moved to their rustic community after his retirement a dozen or so years earlier. The locals were immediately impressed with his calm, dignified demeanour and the smooth, eloquent manner with which he spoke, (although not originally from the U.K., he did study as a Rhodes Scholar and came home with a not quite British but nonetheless high-class accent). No one could agree if it was what he said, or how he said it, but they all respected him and his opinions.

Every day the octogenarian former educator took a stroll from his home to the town centre to pick up a copy of his favourite newspaper from the general store, often stopping by the market for some fresh produce and chit chat. The townspeople regularly took that opportunity to allow their sage to impart to them, the simple country folk, the pearls of his wisdom and knowledge. Doling out advice on an infinite range of subjects, from agriculture to ethics, from religion to astronomy, he was never unwilling to oblige them.

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**TAKING IT ALL IN** by Joseph Richard Mannella

Each year, during the last week of June, beginning of July, I find myself downtown on Sainte-Catherine street during the Montreal International Jazz Festival, wandering aimlessly.

I enjoy music. I even found myself, one evening during this year's fest, dancing and swaying to the energetic sounds of The Mavericks, bewitched right alongside the enormous crowd that completely filled the huge plaza in front of the Scène TD stage. Yet, despite the festival's name, it's not only about the music.

Sitting down on a staircase ledge, leading up to the Salle Wilfrid Pelletier, I close my eyes, singling out the different smells that assail my nostrils. The obligatory hotdog is there, ever-present overlays of mustard, relish and ketchup filling in my mental picture like background noise. Other foods intrude, of course ... pizza, french fries and poutine, smoked meat, pulled pork sandwiches, even waffles courtesy of a waffle truck parked on Jeanne Mance. Yet there are other smells which make up the

experience. Cigarette smoke wafts by. Occasionally, the distinctive smell of a marijuana joint wanders in. Cocktails provide their own unique smells, with fruit juices and aromatic alcohols joining the mix. Colognes, perfumes, mouthwash, chewing gum, mints, deodorants, some of which actually work ... each smell is individual, yet each has its place in the overall experience.

My eyes still shut, I listen to the sounds that embrace me. Conversations buzz from all directions, some intelligible, some less so. Laughter wells up often, occasionally driven by an alcoholic beverage. Less intrusive sounds fill in the blanks ... a cough, a sneeze, a whistle, the click shuffle click shuffle of someone using a walker. Footsteps. Clapping.

Music drifts over it all. Harmonies from distant stages are muted by the surrounding buildings. Small musical groups play haunting songs and jazzy melodies to select groups of passing fans. The closest of the open air shows rock and roll the crowd into a dancing frenzy, trying to

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## Submission Guidelines

An eight- to twelve-page B&W news magazine, dedicated to the English-language community of the Greater Montreal Area, will be published every three months. Submissions for entry into the paper will be accepted from any writer, with preference given to those resident in the Greater Montreal Area.

There will be no compensation to the writer for any work that we might publish. All submissions will be reviewed by our team of editors. There is no guarantee that any submission will be accepted for publication, nor that any accepted submission will be published. Submissions can be made a number of ways:

by e-mail :           the.write.place@hotmail.com (subject line: Submission)  
 by fax :               (514) 383-6683 (with a cover page)  
 by snail mail :      The Write Place, C/O 9770, boulevard Saint-Laurent, Montreal, Quebec H3L 2N3

Please include, with your submission, your name, an e-mail address where we can contact you, and a short bio that we might include with your story, if it is accepted. If you have a picture, please feel free to include it. If you want your snail mail submission returned, please enclose a SASE with sufficient postage. Any submission you provide should try to stay within a reasonable limit of these word count guidelines:

Short story :	500-2000 words	Postcard story :	250-500 words
Poetry :	3-50 lines	Book reviews :	500-525 words
Articles (by experts in the field) :	500-1000 words	Letters to the Editor	50-250 words
Advertisements:	increments of 1/8 page (contact us for rates)		

## THE WRITE PLACE

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Send submissions to our e-mail with "Submission" in the subject line. Snail mail will be accepted as well. Please include your name and address in all correspondence. There is no compensation to the writer for any work that may be published. All submissions will be reviewed by our team of editors and we reserve the right to edit all material received. There is no guarantee that any submission will be accepted, nor that any accepted submission will be published in the next issue.

Before publishing an Author's Work, a publishing agreement will be signed by both parties, specifying that the Author grants to the Publisher, and the Publisher accepts from the Author, Primary first serial, one-time rights and license to print and publish the Work in the English language in Canada. In no event shall the Publisher be obligated to publish or cause publication of the Work if, in the Publisher's opinion, the Work violates the common law or statutory copyright, or the rights of privacy, publicity, or any other right of any third party or contains libelous or obscene matter.

*(TAKING IT ALL IN, Continued from page 2)*

drown all other sounds out.

Finally, I open my eyes and look around.

An aged, oriental gentleman, sitting on a bench, two bags of miscellany at his feet, watches the world pass by, an almost imperceptible smile creasing his face.

A young girl, probably not yet in school, bounces with joy, a grin cracking her face open wide enough to accommodate a mouthful of cotton candy her father has just given her.

Bands of teen males, each a mixture of varying ethnicities, troll the streets, holding assorted drinks and an eclectic mix of food items in their hands, all forgotten as their attention is drawn from one wandering hottie to the next.

A hotdog vendor hawks his wares to a line of hungry patrons.

An ice cream trafficker fulfills the cravings of sweltering clients.

Security guards direct traffic in and out of the venue, checking bags for contraband ... glass bottles or aluminum containers, mostly, but the occasional puppy, happily ensconced in a large purse, is turned away from entry, leaving its owner to try again later at a different access point, hopeful that the guard there will be less observant or, at least, more lenient.

Men and women, boys and girls, from every nationality, religious belief and tier of society, mingle freely. Complete strangers, waiting in line for food, ask you where you're from (you wait in line for everything here, from food and drink, to souvenirs, positioning in front of a

stage, photo booths, but no one cares ... no one is in a hurry.) You dance during a concert and, invariably, someone joins you. There is no language barrier, no religious partition, no political agenda.

The women make fashion statements, whether they want to or not. Some dress in ripped jeans, T-shirts and running shoes, some in haute couture and high heels. Mini-skirts, shorts, saris, camisoles, blouses, tube tops (yes, they're still around) ... if you can imagine it, you can probably see it here.

As for the men ... well the men are a species all to themselves. You won't see a man dressed in anything other than jeans and a T or a muscle shirt, no matter what their partner is wearing.

Most people wear their clothes well. A delicate few can use some pointers. Not from me, of course. I'm male, remember?

It's not only about the music. It's about the friendships we make, talking to, and dancing with, total strangers. It's about the happiness we feel seeing young children pulling their parents along by the arms, urging them to hurry or they'll miss the clown making balloon animals. It's about the joy we feel watching a young couple, surrounded by dozens of onlookers, dancing to a jazz piece being played by a ragtime quintet. It's about the warm pleasure we feel discovering an elderly couple casually walking hand-in-hand, their heads bent together for a brief kiss.

It's about the serenity we experience ... no ... that we live, for that ephemeral period of time, when we can relax and enjoy the atmosphere created by thousands of people bound by an unquenchable thirst for great music.

**The CANADIAN WRITERS SOCIETY is a group of writers, both aspiring and published, who believe in sharing their works and ideas with other like-minded individuals. Society activities include:**

**"Reading and Feedback" evenings, where members are asked to bring in a short piece they have written, to be read in front of the members present, who will then constructively comment on the piece;**

**"Imagination" evenings, where members are only asked to bring their imagination and quick wit. They will be asked to write short pieces on the spot, either given a single line to embellish, or a topic to expound upon. Once finished, each member will read their piece for the other members present;**

**"Match Game", where members get to fill in the blanks of phrases and compete to match other members;**

**Workshop evenings, where selected authors or publishers animate a hands-on workshop of techniques and tricks intended to help and enable members in their craft;**

**Round Table Discussion evenings, where selected authors, publishers and other members of the industry come together to discuss topics of interest to members;**

**Lecture evenings, where members can benefit from the wisdom and knowledge that selected speakers are able to impart on topics of member interest.**

**At present, we hold one meeting a month at the Cote-St-Luc Aquatic Centre on Parkhaven. Our year starts in January and ends in December, with a break in July for vacationers' pleasures.**

**We usually request a small donation of \$2.00 per meeting to cover the cost of coffee and cookies we supply.**

**So, take a minute and see what we're all about. Come and join us at one of our meetings and find out what you've been missing. You can find out a bit more about us on our website:**

**[www.canadianwriterssociety.com](http://www.canadianwriterssociety.com)**

*(A FEW CHOICE WORDS, Continued from page 1)*

One summer day, Doc was on his way home from just such a trip with his usual friendly smile on his aged, grandfatherly face, when he came across two young boys engaged in a scuffle on the rural road in front of their apple-pie home, surrounded by a charming, white picket fence. He immediately recognized them as Mike and Alex, the eight and ten year-old sons of a local business owner. They were struggling for possession of an old, wooden baseball bat. Alex, the older and the larger of the two, had just yanked the bat away from Mike, causing him to fall to the ground.

"Now boys," said Doc as he approached them, "what is all the fuss about?"

Always respectful of adults (as they were brought up to be), they immediately ceased hostilities and addressed their elder politely.

"Well sir, last week Alex said I could have his bat, and now he says he wants it back," said Mike.

"I just need to borrow it for a little league game I have today," said Alex, "I said I would give it back to him. The only reason I gave it to him is that our Dad is buying me a new one for my birthday, but that isn't 'til next week. I just need it for one lousy game. What's your problem? You're so totally an annoying little baby, y'know!"

"Borrow? When you borrow you're supposed to ask! He just took it without askin' or even tellin' me!" said Mike, "What if I needed it?"

"Your game is not 'til tomorrow. I'll give it back to you by then. I have a game today. I just need it for the afternoon! C'mon!"

"It's my property now and you can't have it! I know my rights! You can't touch something that doesn't belong to you without askin'!"

"But I need it for my game!"

"Borrow one from someone else then, you lousy, rotten thief!"

"What! Why you little... I oughta..." said Alex, gesturing as though about to strike his little brother with the bat.

"Boys, boys, please," Doc interjected, "I am sure there is a better way to resolve this issue. Remember, you are brothers, after all."

"Well, what do you think I should do, Doc?" said Alex as he lowered the bat.

After musing for a moment, Doc replied: "I believe you should allow him to have it, young man. Now if you will excuse me, I must be on my way. Good day to you both."

And with that Doc briskly continued on his constitutional.

∞

The two boys stood there for a moment, trying to digest what he said.

"Okay," said Alex as he shrugged his shoulders. "If Doc says so," he continued as he aimed and swung the bat as hard as he could at Mike's head.

~~~~~

Doc's brisk walk eventually brought him past the home of a young couple named Maggie and Phil just as they bolted out of their house, making a dash for their minivan carrying Betsy, their toddler daughter.

"I say, what is going on here now?" Doc asked.

"It's Betsy! She got into our medicine cabinet and drank a whole bottle of antihistamine!" said Maggie in a panic.

"Wait, let's ask Doc," said Phil, "he should know what to do! What do you think? Is it harmful? Should we take her to a doctor?"

"In a situation like this, one shouldn't waste any time getting to the hospital. Good day to you now," was his reply, and he continued on his way.

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Maggie and Phil stopped for a moment.

"Well, I guess it's harmless, let's take her back in. If Doc says she'll be okay then I'm sure she'll be okay," said Phil as they headed back to their home.

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Still further down the road, Doc happened upon Red and Skeeter, two local contractors leaning on their rusted old pickup truck and having a beer each,

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*(A FEW CHOICE WORDS, Continued from page 4)*

getting ready to botch the roofing job on old Mrs. McConnell's place. They were staring across the road at the house recently purchased and occupied by a mysterious new resident.

"Good morning, Doc," said Red.

"And a good morning to you," Doc replied, "how are you today?"

"We're okay," said Red, "tell me, you know that guy who moved into the old Henderson place there," he continued, gesturing towards the residence in question.

"Yeah," said Skeeter, "he went and hired someone else to do the renovations, and look at that place. It's all funny and all. Doesn't look like when the Hendersons were there. Painted it that weird colour...that house had always been white! He took away the lawn jockey, and put up them there fancy wind chimes 'n' stuff. Do you know anything about this guy? What's the deal with him and all?"

"Well," answered Doc, "I did have the good fortune of meeting him at the general store the other day. It seems he purchased the property as a weekend retreat and summer home. He is a renowned musician who plays for the city's symphony orchestra; a fagottist, in fact."

"Oh, is that so?" said Red, "well I guess that explains it."

"Well, it was as always a pleasure talking with you gentlemen, but alas, I must be on my way. Good day to you both," said Doc and a tip of his hat he was off.

∞

"Well, do we want his kind livin' in our town?" said Red.

"No we don't. What do ya think we should do, Red?" asked Skeeter.

"Look, here he comes now," said Red, noticing the musician coming up the road on his bicycle, "let's have a little talk with him, let him know we don't take too kindly to people like him 'round here."

"Aw-right," said Skeeter, reaching in his tool chest for a crowbar and another beer.

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As always, Doc's beloved cat greeted him warmly upon his return home.

"How did this town ever get along without me?" Doc said as he picked up the purring tabby, gently stroking his furry head. "I wonder what good I can do for them tomorrow."

### **ROSALIE** by *Mary Jennifer Brauner*

The lure of roses does not lie  
Among the web of weeds nearby  
The soft scent carried to the Firefly  
Whose fingerprint points to her cry  
That Perfume dare lure my eye  
Yet I must not succumb to buy

Her subtle soft song may try  
To sing a tune to say hi  
Yet hide behind a fruit fly  
Because she is so shy

Do not be fooled and fry  
By looking in the centre of her eye  
No fake love may you try  
Or else suffer her thick thorns, oh my!  
And witness weeds trickle tears, no, not I  
As Far as mercy dares to dry  
A lie

Yet, there she is, ravishing Rosalie  
Her red richness captured by  
The flutter of a butterfly  
A kiss across a mountain so high  
My heart must comply

Who dares to defy?  
Queen of Roses, Rosalie  
The sweet scent of her sigh  
Since a true rose cannot die  
When we do not see eye to eye  
The luscious lure of her lullaby  
Is what together can only tie  
The love between you and I

## OH, YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL!!!!

by Lynn Ruth Miller

*People are obsessed with...  
Hairless, fatless Barbie Dolls.  
Gaby Hoffman*

A U.S. study has concluded that the dolls you play with influence your career choices. When American children play with sexy Barbie dolls, they want to grow up to do girlie things, like go to Hollywood and get humped by the stars but, when they play with dolls made out of potatoes, they think there is no limit to what they can do with their lives. It all goes to show that image is everything.

You have to admit that, when you see curvaceous women in movies and on television, they are always doing very feminine things, like flirting with policemen or dancing provocatively in revealing undies. You KNOW instinctively that women like that never pay for a meal or have to take a bus home. It is the thick-ankled ladies in print dresses, with no visible cleavage, who end up locked to a stove and a Hoover in their prime. And what fun is that?

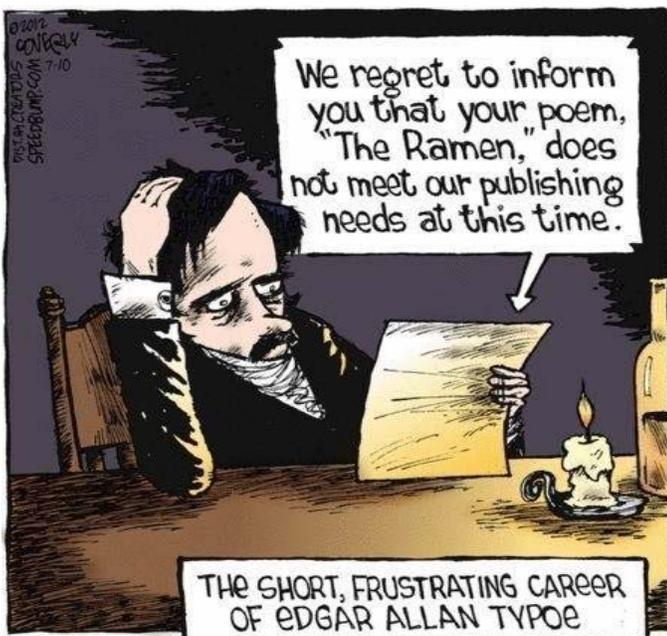
Every med student who specializes in plastic surgery instead of healing the poor knows what a money-maker that pre-conceived notion is. Ordinarily, clever women will blow their grocery money on a shot of silicone to puff up their lips, just to be like the toys we played with as a child. If we change our playthings, our self-image will change as well. We

won't give a toss about Barbie's or Ken's silhouette. We will thirst for the bumps and curves of a root vegetable.

Indeed, we can restructure our children's ambitions by giving them potatoes to play with instead of human-shaped dolls. They can dress their little tubers in frilly dresses or put them in macho uniforms with matching caps and carry them around to cuddle and talk to when Mummy and Daddy won't listen. If you start a child early enough, his goals in life will become far more realistic. Young women will ache to become thick-wasted, faceless entities, with little protrusions on their skin, like the playthings that comforted them when they took a nap; boys will no longer gobble up porn with its images of hairless, busty women and muscular, well-hung men. Instead, they will go crazy with desire when they see a local farmer yanking a yam out of the earth.

I envision a new world where the elderly with their aging bodies and shapeless silhouettes will suddenly become the most sought-after centerfolds in magazines and on the screen. Estrogen-deprived women with moustaches will turn on men with potbellies and bowing legs and anyone who dares to eat chips will be accused of cannibalism.

So take heart all you people with bad measurements and loose body parts. Your time will soon be here. If you wait long enough, your image will be "in."



Sometimes I spell  
a word so wrong  
that even  
auto-correct is like,  
"I've got nothing  
man."

## INTERVIEW WITH TONY RICCIO

by Rosalie Avigdor



*I met Tony Riccio, a stand-up comedian, on Facebook, and what struck me most was his determination to overcome all obstacles and, of course, always with a great sense of humour.*

### 1) How and when did your interest in comedy begin?

I was always funny as a child. Always entertaining family and friends. 25 years ago I went with my brother to see Joey Elias and my brother put my name in for the Open Mike without telling me. I was "on" non stop for eight minutes, and Joey suggested I go into comedy as a career. I had stage fright for 20 years after that!

### 2) Who encouraged you when you made the decision to be a full time comedian?

In the beginning, mostly my mother and brother and other family members. My girlfriend has been an exceptional source of encouragement over the last few years and I appreciate having all the support of friends as well.

### 3) Do you write your own material?

Fifty/Fifty. I find it easy to make people laugh and many times I just go with the flow and improvise. Comedy is a natural for me and it is like sitting and talking in the park and not like work at all. The professionals that I admired most were the late Robin Williams, Rodney Dangerfield, Jonathan Winters.

### 4) Montreal hosts the Just For Laughs festival and attracts visitors from all over the world, yet individual comedy clubs seem to struggle to remain open from month to month. What do you think of the current Montreal comedy scene?

New comedy Clubs are opening in Montreal. Yuk Yuks and others. The Comedy Works closed and has recently re-opened. The comedy scene in downtown Montreal is just okay and there is always room for improvement.

### 5) If you had not picked comedy, which profession do you think you would have pursued?

I would have loved to be a truck driver.

### 6) Where would you, as a comedian, like to see yourself in the future?

I would like to be entertaining on a bigger scale. Such as The Casino de Montreal. Larger venues, larger audiences!

### 7) What advice would you give to anyone thinking of going into comedy as a career?

I would encourage them to always keep their spirits up. If this is your dream go for it! It is a fun scene! Never criticize another comedian, owners or bookers. Just do your set, be respectful and pleasant always. I would always encourage others to follow their dreams.

*We wish him good health and happiness, and every success in his career. As a side note, interviewing a comedian wasn't hard at all! Tony made it easy and a lot of fun! Please "Friend" him at :*

<https://www.facebook.com/tony.riccio.9>



## STORY IDEAS BEGIN AT HOME

by *Anne J. Fotheringham*

(www.bookeditorplus.com)

Looking for a writing project? Not sure where to start or what to write about? Look no further than your own family.

Face it, families are not perfect. The old 1950s “Leave it to Beaver” images flickering on the television were fiction and we all know it. Every family has something different about it. Even in families that call themselves “normal” – and someone please define that for me – if you scratch the surface, you’ll find a story.

Family members can be the inspiration for some interesting characters. Change the names and the setting “to protect the innocent” and voilà. Family memories about Uncle Martin and his three wives and two mistresses can become the basis for a romantic sexy romp or a torrid, dark twisted tale of intrigue and romance.

War memoirs are currently popular. Today’s seniors are living longer and there are many around who may be delighted to share their memories. My own mother is known for her stories about her family’s escape during the war and life during the Blitz in London. Veterans tell us about the realities of war, stuff they didn’t teach us in school.

When a person passes or has to go into care, family members need to clean out the person’s residence and dispose of family heirlooms, photos and papers. Don’t wait that long to mine your grandmother’s treasure trove of memories. Visit now and take a walk down memory lane with her. You may discover such things as old love letters from the front line, postcards detailing a madcap tour of Europe, immigration details, family photos and clues to missing branches of the family tree. It’s all potential story material.

Remember, nothing is stranger than real life. We can make up fantastical tales about aliens and dragons, but some of what our ancestors lived through is totally off the wall. I’ve been given a file about a relative whose wife spent years trying to commit him to a lunatic asylum so she could run off with her boyfriend – she was Catholic and divorce wasn’t an option for her.

People like to read about families and their adventures. If the family in question is wild and crazy or desperate or catastrophe-prone, the readers feel better about their own nutty relations. Conversely, they may think their family stories are even better and start their own story projects.

So if you are looking for a good plot or some interesting characters to write about, start talking to your family members – you may be very surprised at what you discover.



### **GIVING** by *Marina Costenidis*

Giving is a way of helping.

Helping is a way of giving.

What a wonderful and fulfilling thing it is

To give to someone without expecting anything back.

That experience is truly a blessing

That each and every one of us should allow ourselves to feel.

### **CORRUPTION** by *Joseph Richard Mannella*

A single word,

Written on an empty page.

A burning branch,

Fallen on a frozen field.

Black on endless white.

No matter how hard you try to

Erase the word,

The page has changed.

## THE GOLDEN-EYED HUNTER

by Timothy Martin

I was born in 1960, a time when things were still done in the old way. Children were safe playing out until the street lights came on, and no one looked down on the parents for spanking or taking the belt to misbehaving children. Heaven help you if you had to be brought home by the police, as they were always right regardless and you had to pay the penalty for embarrassing mom and dad.

Being raised in a military family, we moved every four or five years. I kept a low profile and avoided anything that would bring me into contact with the police at all cost. As such, I became a self-proclaimed Nerd, keeping to myself and maintaining a decent B+ average during my formative years. The only downside of this way of life was that it made me a beautiful target for the bullies. The only way they could impress anyone was to be able to beat up a nobody (by their standards).

I graduated and tried to go to university, finding out that maybe I was not as much of a Nerd as I should have been. After three months of trying to grasp the subjects, I left and applied for what I really wanted to do, to become a member of the prestigious Royal Canadian Mounted Police. Upon my first posting, I found that bullies are still out there as adults and come in all shapes and forms.

Without boring you with the point-by-point description, I will just say that a move was in order and I ended up working in a large city in the Greater Vancouver area. After several years, I moved to a more rural area, working on the highway, learning to investigate serious and fatal motor vehicle incidents. After years of doing technical examinations of very gory scenes, I felt that I was accomplishing something, stopping drivers who were driving dangerously down the roads.

I was able to be the angel that gave someone grace by warning them not to do what they were doing again and drive safely. Or I could be the devil and levy sufficient penalties to ensure that they would think twice before doing it again. During these years, my boss left me alone to work where, and how much,

I saw fit.

Then the phone call came one day while I was at home sick in bed. Someone that I had levied some harsh penalties against, about to lose their ability to drive a commercial vehicle down the road, called me at my residence. This person made some threats against my life, also calling a couple of other agencies, stating the same thing.

I moved again to avoid this person and spent the rest of my years as a police officer looking over my shoulder. After retiring, unable to keep a job more than a couple of years at a time, I sat at home in a slump. I was diagnosed as suffering from Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder and Major Depressive Disorder.

A young energetic dog was found, having either escaped from his owners, or having been abandoned on the side of the highway for no apparent reason, and was given a clean bill of health by the veterinarian that looked after him.

He was enthusiastic and was adopted fairly quickly, but the couple who brought him home did not have as much time as he needed from them. He was chained up in the back yard during the day as his owners both worked and were unable to meet his needs.

He barked while his people were away, wondering where they had gone and when they would return. He carried on with this behaviour until his people came home to play with him. He did this every day, to the point where someone was called and he was rescued once again.

I had been asking, for a few months, about getting a dog to help me with my depression and post-traumatic stress disorder. When this young male arrived at the shelter, I was advised that they had found a dog that would fit my needs perfectly.

I drove two and a half hours to the rescue centre to meet "Hunter", a chocolate lab about one year old. I arrived early and went to the centre to spend some time with him until the organizer came to complete the paperwork. Helpers brought out Hunter from his kennel and he was in my face in a heartbeat, kissing and staring at me with golden eyes. There was

*(Continued on page 10)*

**BLUSHING** by Lynn Ruth Miller

*Blushing is the color of virtue.  
Diogenes*

Blushing has gone out of style and I think that is a terrible loss. There is no better way of reading between the lines than to check the degree of rosiness on another's face. My mother could tell in an instant if I had eaten that chocolate bar, stolen the car keys or missed a period. All she had to do is say "What are you doing?" and look at me when I answered "Worrying about the state of the world." or "Trying to figure out what to get you for your birthday."

I would always get a retort like "No dessert tonight," or "I am calling your probation officer." My mother was one smart cookie. She always knew better.

Blushing was one of the best communicators we had in the old days. For example, if you looked in your wallet and several bills were missing, you could look your partner in the eye and say, "Funny, I can't seem to find the cash for that holistic medical procedure we discussed." One look told you that he spent it all on fish and chips. (It is always a he...women use less obvious tactics).

When I taught primary school, blushing was the key to figuring out which kid stole my purse and which one was smoking something in the halls. I do

not know how teachers cope today when nothing embarrasses anyone and everyone has the Internet for retaliation. Nowadays, our children do not color up when they are naughty. They either post their remarks on face book with a filthy picture or tweet their fury with a lot of hash tags.

People are no longer shocked. We used to blush if our skirts blew over our heads in a strong wind. Now, we remember to wear lacey underwear, in case someone sitting on the floor looks up. That is why wax jobs have become primary grooming tools. Cleavage has become an advertising tool for the ladies, to say nothing of very tight underwear for the male population. Women no long have to wonder what seven inches looks like. All they have to do is look.

I am all for accepting who we are and what we do, but I think it is sad that we have lost our sense of shame. It is actually very sweet to kiss someone unexpectedly and have him blush with surprise. It has become a lost technique to take someone's hand, look into his eyes and say I KNOW what you are thinking." If that person turned red you knew he had the same thing on his mind that you did.

That kind of subtlety has gone out of style. Now, you take a selfie of your private parts, post it on Tinder and hope for the best.

*(THE GOLDEN-EYED HUNTER, Continued from page 9)*

an instant connection between he and I.

When I am down, he gets my attention away from my problems and refocuses it on him. Sleeping beside my bed, he is there to wake with me and push the nightmares away. He protects me in crowds, acting as a buffer between the crowd and me.

If I step outside without him, he barks and reminds me that I am not supposed to go anywhere without him at my side.

Hunter is my trusted companion, never angry, always happy to be with me. He does not judge, and keeps those secrets that are locked up in my mind. He bravely guards my bed so that the boogeyman cannot crawl out from under it to scare me. He asks little from me, love and food, and is content to sit by my side, or at my feet, until time stops for him.

Hunter has a short life span, but is willing to share what time he has with me. I should not look that far ahead, but knowing it will some day comes to pass makes every moment I spend with him all the more special. My golden-eyed Hunter is a part of me, lifting my spirits up, allowing me to function a little more normally in this hectic world. We have a symbiotic relationship, needing each other to survive. He helps me deal with things that would otherwise force me to be a recluse. I help him by providing companionship and love, quelling his fear of being abandoned.

I was in need and found Hunter. He has a little bit of training and continues to learn more each day to help me cope with my disorder. I keep my part of the bargain, not letting him out of my sight, and giving him as much love as he gives me.

**THE WIND IS THE SIGN THAT HOPE IS ALIVE***by Christina Strigas*

She was in love with an ideal  
 way before he came into her life and ate her whole  
 he wanted to cut her up and save a piece everyday  
 but she refused the sharp touch of his blade  
 she fell deep into a well  
 and no one heard her CRIES  
 except the  
 W I N D  
 that never showed her the way out  
 years she suffered in anguish  
 (while he came and went as he pleased taking every-  
 thing with him as he slept and ate under the same roof)  
 till finally she saw the

S I G N

it was a dull August morning  
 no clouds in the Montreal sky (for once)  
 and he came home early with a book  
 just for her  
*some writer was selling her books at the corner of Peel  
 and Ste. Catherine. Can you believe it?*

she took the book like a drug addict takes his fix  
 and read it in one day  
 she did not get out of bed  
 it was an awful book  
 filled with spelling mistakes  
 and run-on sentences  
 but

also full of

H O P E

she knew she could do it  
 she bought  
 some journals from Dollarama  
 with black lines and purple lines  
 and wrote a story  
 he watched her  
 and he went out and bought her more books  
 he went to book launches and met writers  
 and finally he saw her

A L I V E

and he read every word she wrote.

**THE UNWELCOMED GUEST***by Sbai Yassin*

The shade of a willow tree  
 It was midday; a day  
 In the month of May  
 The heat of summer  
 In its first walk  
 In the atmosphere  
 Windless,

On a patch of green grass;  
 The verge of the lake  
 The eye gaze  
 The grey substance  
 Slowed its machines

Grey with white rims;  
 Thick Patches of clouds  
 Hang aloft  
 Are they the extension of the  
 grey  
 That dwells inside?  
 It seems it is a permanent  
 Unwelcomed guest

Pulls with its mouth  
 A wet dried weed  
 A brick for its house  
 A coot

Seems happy;  
 It is the wedding season  
 Poplars stand lofty  
 With the new dress  
 Sprouting heart like leaves  
 Shiny glistening green  
 Lake's night and day sentinels  
 On the mirror of nature  
 The bushy mountain is there  
 Its shade is a picture  
 Of what it is  
 Not like a face that may show  
 What it is not  
 And that's the secret of nature

The summer sun moved  
 The veil out  
 And the unwelcomed guest  
 Seems to hide away:  
 Maybe evaporated  
 Maybe exiled

Will it come back for  
 an unwelcomed visit ?

don't know

For the moment:  
 It is just not there

**IN THE STILL OF THE NIGHT** *by Sbai Yassin*

In the still of the night  
 A forest's silence  
 The wolves sunk in the dark  
 They want to devour  
 The grey substance away  
 The fire slowly lowers its flames  
 The doors opening to cold airs  
 And dawn rescues what remains

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## CINQ REPRÉSENTATIONS

Jeudi 3 sept. 2015 - Vendredi 4 sept. 2015 - Samedi 5 sept. 2015 (à 19h30)

Dimanche 6 sept. 2015 (à 14h30 et 19h30)

## RÉDEMPTION

KARINE DÉRY

FAYSAL BOUTAYEB

TEXTE ET MISE EN SCÈNE : RAPHAËL A. LÉVY



Karine Déry \* Faysal Boutayeb \* Raymonde Abenaim \* Jean Drolet \* Benjamin Segal  
 Christiane Paillé \* Patrick Dorval \* Najat El Wafy \* Yoane Oziel \* Richard Letendre \* Suzy Sitbon

Musique de scène : Ben Kepes \* récitant : Patrick Dorval  
 assistante production et à la mise en scène : Najat El Wafy  
 Texte, production et réalisation : Raphaël A. Lévy

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# Canadian Writers Society

For the Love of Writing

Rosalie, Joseph, and the members of the Canadian Writers Society, would like to take this opportunity to thank the Cote Saint Luc Recreation Department for their continued support, and to thank our numerous contributors to this issue, writers from Montreal and other areas of Canada, as well as contributors from the United States and the UK.

**NEXT ISSUE** — Deadline for submissions for our next issue: **September 15th, 2015.**

We look forward to receiving your SUBMISSIONS . . . short stories, poems, articles, book or movie reviews, letters to the editor. We know you can do it. Let's get your name, and your work, out there for the public to enjoy! Be a part of our new and exciting plans!