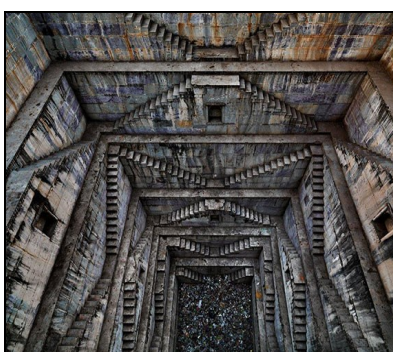


CRESTWOOD



A MARK MORE THAN WATER

BY: JAKE PASCOE

Everything begins with a drop.

Erupting with the force of a volcano, a torrent of water and silt break through a wall of concrete and steel, baring down on the riverbed with devastating force. The fog of the silt, floating behind the tidal wave of what looks more like hellfire than water, wafts into the grey chinese sky. Standing and moving in a mesmerizing slow motion, a man watches the roaring explosion in front of him, spinning his blue umbrella in his hands while tourists and

civilians scatter around him taking pictures and smile with the punishing collision of nature and human nature thundering behind them.

“We have to learn to think more long-term about the consequences of what we are doing while we are doing it,” Ed Burtynsky, the mastermind behind the dizzying masterful documentation of water, says on the life giving liquid. “My hope that these pictures will stimulate a process of thinking about something essential to our survival, something we often take for granted-until it’s gone.” His stunning capture of winding mirrors of rice paddies around Chinese hills and the waving blocks of concrete in the Indian step wells certainly stimulated the minds of some Crestwood students. Several of the world issues and art students travelled along with Mr. Jull to a hall filled with vast images of the enigmatic substance known as water and later to *Watermark*, epic documentary that catches the essence and emotion that Burtynsky was fueled with in his determined attempt to uncover “how does water shape us and how do we shape water? Throughout the gallery, Burtynsky’s photos towered. Stand-

ing small before a mighty and vivid Icelandic glacial river, it was hard to escape a roaring thunderous growl buzzing through back of my head.

The haunting beauty of it was incredibly resonant. As a young Canadian who’s introduction to water comes about with a simple flip of a tap, Burtynsky’s introduction of it as a “victim, a partner, a protagonist, a lure, a source, an end, a threat and a pleasure” (Russel Lord - Curator of Photographs- NOMA) is staggering. I had never gotten a chance to fly through the barren Colorado riverbed and look at the stains of a once powerful river before. Now that I did, I know that each sip we can take is precious.

Watermark takes us around the world in an attempt to grasp the meaning of water. The meaning behind the heavy elephantine footprint man lays on nature, and nature lays on man. Soaring through the thirsty soil in the Colorado riverbed we can hear the pained voice of an elderly woman speak simply in Spanish “It dried up, and we had to go.”

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LIGHTS, CAMERA, ACTION!

BY: MEGHAN KATES

"We've had it in the past and we're bringing it back," said Mr. Masters. By this, he was referring to the Documentary Film Club here at Crestwood. This club is both a new and old addition to the Crestwood community; although it did exist in the past, it hasn't run in a few years. Mr. Masters and Mr. Hawkins took it upon themselves to see this club reinstated for the 2013-2014 school year.

Some people may wonder what two history teachers have to do with a club focusing upon documentaries. However, these teachers have broadened their horizons from the field of history and undertaken the starting of this club. There are many students who have incredible skills and a passionate interest in computers and editing films. Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Masters realized that these students do not have many opportunities to apply their skills in a classroom environment, so this club provides an opportunity to apply computer expertise and have fun while doing it. Their goal is to give students who have an interest in this sort of thing, "a community of like-minded people" with whom they can connect. The new "Mac culture" has optioned in students an interest in technology which can be enhanced and polished through the Documentary Film Club.

Mr. Masters and Mr. Hawkins have many interesting plans for this club and the students who join it. There will be many opportunities to practice editing films and participate in a variety of programs, one of which includes editing Oral History Projects. This can be a powerful, moving experience that allows the viewer to connect to the Holocaust (and other important aspects of history) on a personal level.

Another way to get involved with survivor footage is through the Shaoh Foundation's IWitness program, with which the club will be affiliated. The opportunity to get involved with video contests including one hosted by the federal government are just a few of the amazing experiences offered by this incredible club.

There has only been one meeting so far; however, the plan is to meet monthly. New members from grades 9-12 are always welcomed and encouraged. The only prior qualification necessary is an interest in technology or films. Mr. Masters and Mr. Hawkins are looking forward to an amazing year of editing, film-making and more. Their advice to anyone considering joining is as simple as two words, "Do it." Now is a great time to get involved and try new things. Have fun and get out there!

GET TO KNOW YOUR CO-PRESIDENTS!

Seven years ago, Jonathan Krupski joined the Crestwood community as a fifth grader, eager to be a part of a school and a family, demonstrated through his title as a House Head in grade 6. Now, years later, Jonathan Krupski is co-president at Crestwood, still eager to create a community that allows kids to have the best high school experience.

Duncan Gilfillan made a huge shift five years ago. Coming from a small Catholic school in Thornhill, the transfer to Crestwood allowed him to display his charismatic and energy-filled attitude; all of this is now well-used as he is also co-president at Crestwood.

Since becoming close friends over the years, both of these students use their love of Crestwood to inspire and create a community that students enjoy and feel comfortable in. Jonathan explains his desire for community: "I feel that a sense of community is extremely important in the scholastic world. It's this feeling of unity that gets students involved and keeps the spirits of students' motivation throughout the course of the year." Duncan and Jonathan are energized through the idea that this is their last year of high school, and because of this, they want to leave a



footprint of their time at Crestwood. "As a grade 7, I remember looking up to the presidential cabinet, seeing students who were extremely involved and had the respect of everyone in the school. I wanted to be like that since day one" says Duncan. Their goal is simple for the 2013-2014 school year: to leave Crestwood feeling that their mark has been left both on the community of the school, and on students who look up to them.

WHEN IS A WOMAN PAST HER “SELL-BY” DATE IN POLITICS?

BY: SHELBY FEIGEN

Although there are women in the Cabinet, Supreme Court, Congress, and nearly all levels of government, female candidates in the United States running for public office continue to face sexism.

I do not know why I am continuously surprised when I see the media portraying women in a different light than men. Our society denies having a gender bias, claiming that we live in a post-feminist society, when in reality, women are still held to a different standard than men.

Hillary Clinton is one of many major political victims to sexism. From newspaper to televised media, Clinton faces great sums of foul sexist slurs, all for the reason that she is a woman.

At this point in Clinton's life, she has already headed the Task Force on National Health Care Reform, pushed through the State Children's Health Insurance Program, held a successful legal career, won her Senate seat, and most recently, was Secretary of State; it appears that the media's obsession with her performance, as well as appearance, are unmatched.

Upon the influx of a rumor that Clinton is to run for President in 2016, Wesley Pruden proceeded to write an article in The Washington Times claiming that she is past her "sell by" date. Pruden is suggesting that women are unable to live a successful political, public life past a certain age.

Hillary Clinton has plenty of capabilities and qualifications, and has a solid mind. But instead of judging her asset to politics on those prerequisites, let us simply judge her based on her age! Age should be an issue of health and proficiencies, not used as sexist language towards women.

Let us take a look back to 1981 when Ronald Reagan, a male politician, was inaugurated as president three weeks before his 70th birthday: not once did Conservatives mention his age or bring up a "sell by" date when he took office.

Hillary Clinton has also faced several other sexist attacks on her travel schedule and the toll it has supposedly taken on her outer appearance. Michael Kinsley released a piece on her amount of travel, claiming that it has weakened her facial image.

Moreover, The New York Post released an edition with a tremendously sexist cover titled "No Wonder Bill's Afraid," based on her rage-filled speech at the Benghazi hearing. The photo shows a profile of Clinton in extreme anger, shouting with her fists clenched tightly. The New York Post misrepresented this image and in turn used it against her, portraying her in a destructive manner.

They exposed her as an angry woman, yet I am sure if the image was of a male figure, he would be thought of as having strength.

It is difficult as a young woman brought up in a society that says that men and women should be equal to see that, as stated earlier, very few women in the world hold positions of power. And if they do hold a position of power, they receive extreme criticism, as Hillary Clinton has experienced, and are under great scrutiny.

It appears that our words of preaching equality do not match our actions. There are very few women of power in the world; Canada has only had one female Prime Minister, who only held the position for a mere few months.

While women have come a long way, hopefully my generation will put women in power and help break some of these sexist stereotypes. It seems to me that with all the preaching of equality in the world, we should hope there are more female Presidents and Prime Ministers in the not-so-distant future.



A QUESTION OF RIGHTS

BY: SYDNEY SWARTZ

The Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, created in 1982, is a federal level document that protects the rights and freedoms of citizens from the actions of all three levels of government. A section of this charter states that an individual has the protection from discrimination based on race or religion and the freedom of religious expression. The proposed Charter of Values from the Parti Quebecois potentially violates the rights of Canadian citizens.

On September 10th of this year the Parti Quebecois proposed a charter banning religious headgear from being worn by public workers. This includes kippas, burkas, turbans, hijabs, and "large" crosses. This would affect a variety of professions including but not limited to the police, teachers, hospital workers and judges. The proposed charter would also make it compulsory for those receiving a provincial service to have their face uncovered. The Parti Quebecois has also proposed to modify the Quebec Charter of Human Rights and Freedoms to include these limitations.

This has become a very controversial subject in Canada due to Canada's multicultural nature and its reputation for embracing different cultures. In my opinion, this charter goes against the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms and should not be passed. If this Charter is

passed, it allows for other provinces to form their own charters and further restrict the job opportunities of Canadian citizens. Once it has been made possible for provinces to violate the Canadian Charter of Rights and Freedoms, further restrictions could be made, potentially breaching the rights of Canadian citizens.

Imagine the outcry if the Quebec Charter of Values was changed to state that the primary language of public workers in Quebec was to mandatorily be English. The backlash from a charter such as this would affect the whole nation. This is what those who would be affected by the current Charter of Values are feeling. Quebec is their home and if the charter goes through they will be restricted from expressing themselves.

Quebec has had a long history of separating themselves from the rest of Canada, dating back to the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Quebecois are unique in their cultural heritage and their language, but so are all Canadians. Citizens have different ways in showing who they are and what they believe in or value. It could be through clothing, hairstyle or even language. For a culture who prides themselves on being different from the rest of Canada, they are taking away this same right from other Canadians – a right that they have fought for over centuries to obtain.

A MARK MORE THAN WATER, CONTINUED

Canada has the third greatest source of renewable water, we are home to twenty-five percent of the globe's wetland, we have more access to fresh water than almost anywhere on the planet.

It's hard to go a day thirsty in this country when provided with heaps of blue gold each an every day. It's also hard to imagine a place like Owens Lake in California, a once great pool of water that surrendered it's substance to Los Angeles and lays today as a smoky parched expanse of desert. It's hard to imagine dry

throats of the villagers who once depended on the life of the Salton sea, who now populate the cracked region in small red homes atop the dry dirt.

Burzynsky puts in perspective every drop each day that Canadians take for granted. He explores the power that water creates in it's presence and in its echoes. It's no longer the fluid that fizzes out of a tap. Every drop, every wave, every river cutting through a green, brown or white landscape is precious. Everything water touches is changed forever.



GRADE 8 DESCRIPTIVE PARAGRAPHS

CRYSTAL WATERS

BY: ALEX SANDERS

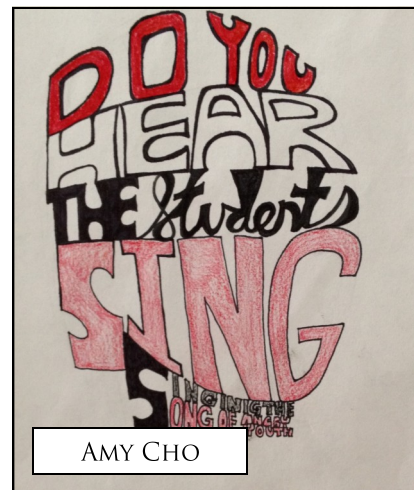
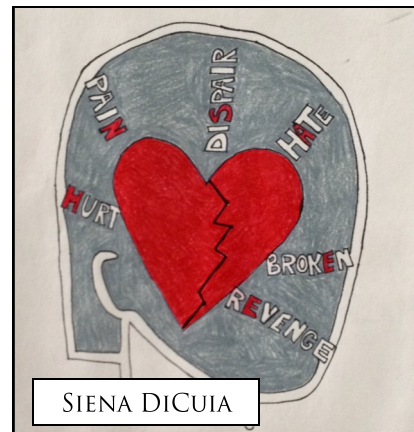
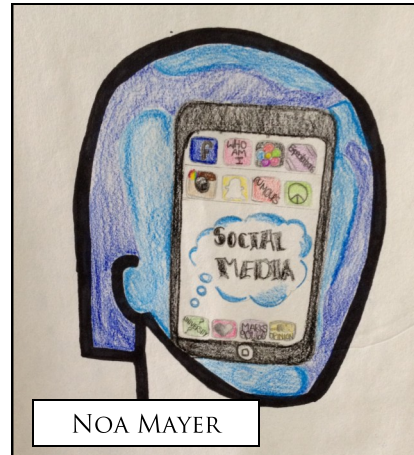
The water on the lake glistened as the moon shone over it like a thousand diamonds glittering in the light. It was dark. Faintly in the distance though, a fire was burning. My feet melted into the grains of sand, as I stood there fixated on the breath taking waters. It was quiet and peaceful except for the howling sound of a coyote. The sound wave echoed above the water. You could taste the dewy air, it was refreshing. A dog splashed around in the moonlight cheerfully and ran off towards the opposite direction. Suddenly, loud strike went off nosily, not to far away. Fireworks. You could see the vibrant colours exploding into different colours and shapes of animals and stars. They went on for a long time until it started to rain. The rain was hot. You could see the smoke rising of the dark waters. I sprinted like a cheetah, in hopes I would not be soaking wet when I arrived home. I wiped my feet off on the scratchy carpet and went inside to the aroma of fresh lavender. I peered out the window, waiting for the rain to go away but it did not. Soon it was pitch black and the moon was nowhere to be found.

THE PLAZA HOTEL

BY: HANNAH GRAY

The hotel whispers to all the New Yorkers skipping by, "Enter. Enter my chamber." Boom! As soon as the taxi pulls up to the enchanting entrance, the welcoming Plaza doorman is like a puppy, making visitors feel special and rich. The "puppy" opens the backseat door; visitors step onto the red carpet, which guides them up into the Queen's castle. As soon as they enter the chamber, a scent of fresh lilies kisses the tourists' faces and noses. The tall blooming flowers that is as white as the clouds fall off the table, making the table's surroundings take in its sweet splendor. Visitors then discover the astonishing worlds of the castle as they look around in all directions. They look to the left, and see the lobby with the extravagant chandelier hanging vibrantly from the tall ceiling, and then they notice a wooden bar offering expensive martinis to visitors with pint-sized bright umbrellas resting inside the elegant glasses. Walking straight, they then realize the concierge, who waits patiently anticipating questions from guests right across from the elevator. Getting back to North East from the bar, there is the discovery of a staircase. Up the stairs, hotel guests notice a purple light, which adds a hint of violet to the dark room ahead where varieties of tables and chairs are found beneath the darkness. Going straight, visitors hit the castle's bathroom. With the marble tile floors, brass handles, and the customized paper towel softer than a baby's bottom. Arriving back to the starting point, the large restaurant doors invites hungry eaters to an Italian feast. The tables are set up with an assortment of chairs; some of the seats are velvet-like to the touch. Tourists pick up the detailed menus full of expensive choices, and an accompanying waiter dressed in a midnight-sky black suit. Waiters then take orders. When meals are later presented, the food is a symphony for the senses. In the background, there is an instrumental band playing heavenly strains. As guests enjoy all of these wonders, they are sadly reminded of their departure by the beckoning heavy exit door.

ARTWORKS: "THE TEENAGE BRAIN"



GRADE 11 MEMOIRS: EXCERPTS

FAWN AND THE STAG

BY: DAVID HAGON

I arose before the birds and before the raccoons went to sleep again. It was at the moment when I peeked out from behind my blind and saw the fawn. It was a light cinnamon colour with a smattering of white dots that was reminiscent of icing sugar. It had soft black eyes that looked up at me for a split second. Our eyes locked, but I was the first to look away. I stayed looking at that spot for a minute or two, hoping that it would come bounding back into sight.

The next morning, I awoke just as early, with the hopes that the fawn had returned. I ran to my window and looked out. As I scanned the front lawn, I thought I saw a little shape moving. But when I turned my head towards the movements, it turned out to be nothing more than the eddies of mist rising from the grass. Every time I looked towards each eddy of mist, my heart rose and then fell when it turned out to be nothing. Even though I had only seen the fawn once, when it did not show up, I felt like someone, or something had stolen something from me.

HEARING AND SEEING

BY: ANNA WALLACE

After the hearing aids were put into my ear, it was a whole different world. All of a sudden I could hear things, but it was extremely strange for me. On the way home from the appointment I remember being a couple meters behind my aunt, just staring at everything I could hear. Every time a person talked, I freaked out and stared at them. It was weird hearing someone talk and not just seeing his or her lips moving. It was extremely strange and scary, I could barely understand why I could all of a sudden hear, but it was also pretty cool. Imagine being given a new iPod and discovering the new features. This was the feeling I got when I got my new hearing aids; they were like a new electronic device and I was still discovering how it worked and how I could suddenly hear the everyday things in life. It was not just people I heard, but it was everything around me. All of a sudden I could hear cars honking, high heels hitting the cement, birds chirping, people talking, music playing, wind blowing and cell phones ringing. I could hear just about everything! It was a scary feeling. I mean, imagine hearing everything for the first time!

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN

BY: AKIB SHAHJAHAN

The orange bubble, bigger than usual, was placed right above my head. I couldn't help but feel sorry for my hair, which was roasting up, yet doing its job of protecting my scalp from the demon above. I looked around, while wiping my forehead. My hands were contaminated by the soggy wetness of my forehead. Everybody around me was feeling the same way. Human noise was completely muted. Nobody was smiling, yet nobody was frowning. We were all just working. It was our third day in the small town of Siem Reap, Cambodia.

We were a small group of twenty ninth-graders on our school study project to this town. By now we were well accustomed to this place, with its small red cart-like vehicles called "tuk-tuks" swarming in the streets, while children were running and chasing each other on either sides. The outdoors is where the city lived, despite the naggingly excruciating heat, and we were getting used to that. Nevertheless, the dampness was something we would never get used to. The sun of Cambodia was something completely different; so was its friend, humidity. Yet we were still working hard and were extremely focused. We were on a mission after all. The mission of building a hospital using recycled water bottles.



MLK'S WORDS TO HIS CHILDREN

My dear children, the fruit of my loins, come and do your homework. Put down your devices of temptation and your choice distractions. Gain the power of knowledge and break through the shell of ignorance. You are young and your glass is filled with promise. Partake of the sweet satisfaction of work. Realize your true potential, plant the seed of work, and soon you will reap the crops of dedication. Turn on the light of opportunity and create your dreams. Take the clay of education and mold your portfolio of skill and intangibles. Aspire for more, find the courage to hike the mountain of personal progress and discover what lies at the peak. There is no better time than the present to get going. Persevere the storms of adversity and traverse the valley of failure with newfound resolve and drive. Row your boat through the treacherous waters of adolescence and arrive at the newfound world you have created through your hard work.

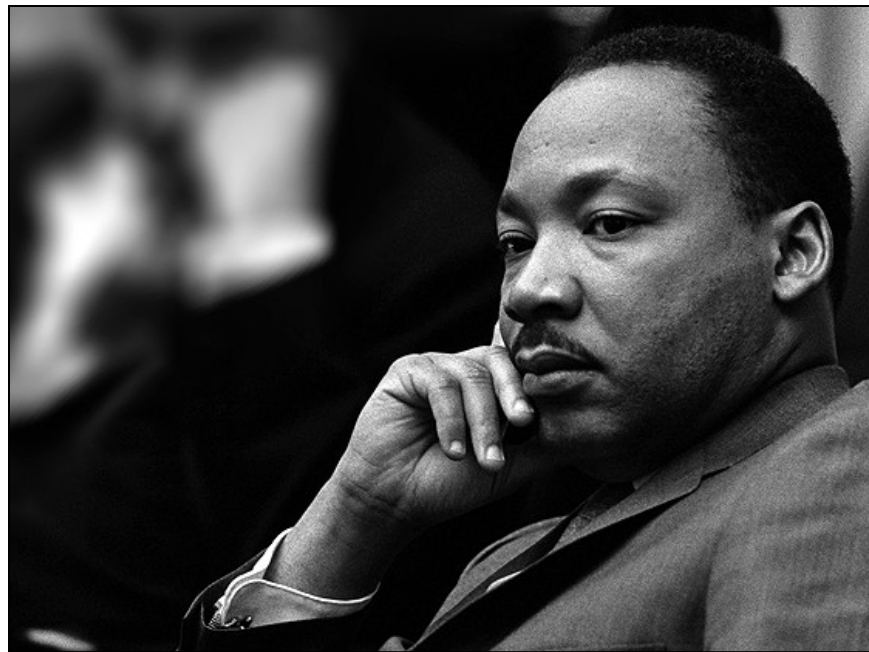
BY: JACOB
HAMBLIN

Sixteen years ago, your mother and I, whose shadow you stand under today, brought you into this world. This was a joyous day, my son. To have held you, to have kissed you after waiting so long to hold you in our arms. It ended the long lonesome nights, it ended the empty days. Yet, you have not cleaned your room.

Clean your room so you can leap and dance around this space carefree like the spring's chirping robins. Clean your room, so that the many toes of your feet and the long flats of your shin can remain unharmed, healthy and free. Clean your room, so that one day when you leave this place with a jolt in your spirit and the promise of freedom, you may take care of yourself like your mother and I have entrusted you to do.

Now is the time then, to take arms against this calamity. *Now* is the time to take action against this sea of sweaters and pants sweltering with the heat of your odour. *Now* is the time to rise up and truly live the creed that you have been taught: "Your parents are not your servants."

BY: JAKE PASCOE



One score year ago, the great man who I am today would wake up and fix his own bunk. Now, my own offspring have failed to do the same. My descendant, I call upon you to run up the wooden steps and up to your chambers, to throw back your pillows that feel so heavenly while you sleep, and to tug the fine linens and to smooth out the wrinkles. So call up your friends, call up your family, sweet Lord, call up your neighbours and ask them if they too fail to complete such a simple task. And you tell these juniors that "I will never leave my bed in the poor state it is in now. I refuse for my bed to be in such disarray," you tell them loud and clear, my children! I have a dream that one day, my offspring and all other offspring across this nation will make their beds without their parents' command. This will be when I am truly satisfied; when my family attends to their household duties without my reminder.

BY: KRISTEN STRIBOPOULOS

FOLLOWING IN TERRY'S FOOTSTEPS

BY: HAILEY FRIEDRICHSEN

Every year at the end of September, Crestwood recognizes Terry Fox and his run across Canada by walking and running through the ravine across from our school. This year we celebrated Terry's life in the same way, but we have also added another component to the Terry Fox Run. Crestwood is walking across Canada and I took the time to speak with Ms. Newton, the head of athletics at Crestwood for her to explain this new program.

As an active individual, Ms. Newton tries to motivate her students, the staff, and the overall Crestwood community to get active, using Terry fox as a role model: "Terry Fox is a national hero and what he accomplished in his short life should be a motivating influence in all Canadian's lives."

The challenge is very simple and easy to do: pick up a pedometer and start moving! Once a week the gym teachers collect the kilometers everyone participating has walked and put them onto a score sheet. Currently the staff is walking through Nunavut and are almost in the North West Territories. The goal for the teachers is to walk the 7520 kilometers across Canada. Anyone can join the challenge and it would be great for students to get involved along with the teachers.

The purpose of the challenge is the help Crestwood become healthier, and provide the motivation to stay active. Most of the participants have set a goal to try and take 10,000 steps everyday and even though you may think this sounds easy, this goal takes some effort to reach, but is definitely attainable. There are a variety of easy ways to get those 10,000 steps: get 30 min-



utes of physical activity per day, go for a walk after dinner, or walk to a friends house.

Although the goal of Crestwood's Walk Across Canada is the internal reward of becoming more healthy, Mr. Pagano has offered a prize to the student who has the most kilometers at the end of the year.

It is great to hear that Crestwood is getting so involved with Terry Fox. It is a great way to motivate yourself to be active through competition with your friends and even your teachers. Personally, I have chosen to be involved in this challenge because it is an easy excuse to get out and get some exercise. The challenge is also a lot of fun because it is a fun chance to compete with your peers for a good cause. Go and pick up a pedometer and join the challenge today!

**Want to write for
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Talk to your Editors and send
your articles to Ms. Bryant

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