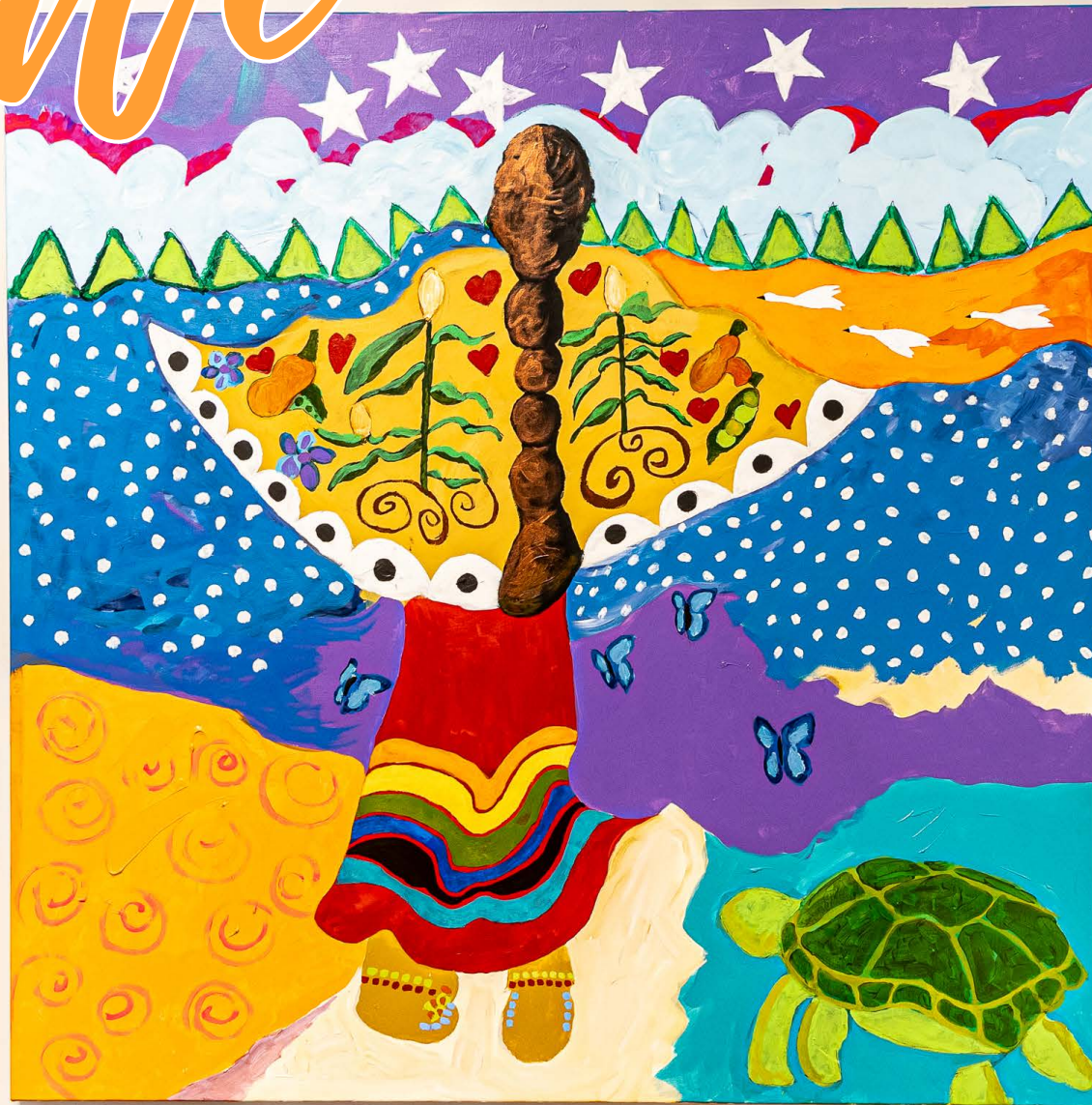


# TOGETHER *We* LEARN



Central Okanagan  
Public Schools  
Together We Learn

www.sd23.bc.ca  
CAPITAL news



## THIS PAINTING WAS CREATED TO HONOUR INDIGENOUS CULTURE.

It was a collaborative artistic event led by Mo-hawk artist Lee Claremont and assisted by Jim Elwood's Indigenous Visual Art Class.

The base of the learning and the image is the traditional Mo-hawk story of Sky Woman. The story of Sky Woman happens when she falls from the Sky World, is saved by water animals, and lands on the back of a Giant Turtle to create North America (Turtle Island). In this image Sky Woman has the story of the Three Sisters embroidered on her shawl, there are swans that save her fall, and the stars represent the Elders who guide us.

## TELLING OUR STORIES *The Literacy Issue*



The piece was presented to the Board by Jim Elwood and Lee Claremont at the May 20, 2026 Public Board Meeting and will brighten the Learning Centre for years to come.

### In this issue:

**Page 5:** *Can I Have a Hamster?*

**Page 9:** *The Taco Champ*

**Page 19:** *The Contrast of Perception*

**Page 23:** *Wired to Belong*

**Throughout:** *Art in Action!*

# SUPERINTENDENT'S MESSAGE



**Jon Rever**  
*Superintendent of Schools*

At the Public Board Meeting in June, we had the privilege of hearing from students and teachers who developed community-based, action-oriented science projects in partnership with CARE, the Climate Action Ripple Effect. The students' deep care for our environment and community was evident in every thoughtfully designed project, and so was the care they brought to communicating the impact of their learning. With the support of teachers and community mentors, students were empowered to see themselves as capable change-makers. They demonstrated agency by identifying issues that mattered to them, taking meaningful action, and using their voices to influence others.

From writing persuasive letters to potential mentors to presenting their projects to the

Board, students used strong literacy competencies to explain their thinking, describe their actions, and communicate why their work mattered. This is a powerful example of how literacy gives students the confidence and skill to pursue their interests, tell their stories, and contribute to their communities. In the pages ahead, you will see many examples from our students' literacy journey, including brave phonetic spelling in kindergarten, personal reflections on social studies learning in middle school, and thoughtful poetry and stories from secondary students who are using language to share culture, identity, insight, and big ideas. I hope you will take time to read, explore the links, and enjoy the abundant student voice reflected throughout this edition.

# BOARD CHAIRPERSON'S MESSAGE



**Valene Johnson**  
*Chair, Board of Education*

One of the greatest privileges of serving as a trustee is hearing directly from students. Whether through conversations, questions during presentations, or performances, I'm always struck by the depth of their thinking, creativity, and perspective.

During school community learning visits, students proudly share their work, reminding us that literacy is about far more than learning to read and write. It's how students make sense of their experiences, share their ideas, preserve stories, and connect with others. Through literacy, they learn not only how to communicate, but also how to better understand themselves and the world around them.

As you explore this edition of Together We Learn, I encourage you to pause and appreciate the many stu-

dent voices represented here. From our youngest learners to our graduating students, each piece reflects curiosity, creativity, and a personal perspective. Together, they tell the story of a learning community where students are finding their voice and realizing that it matters.

Every student has a story worth telling. When students are given meaningful opportunities to read, write, create, and share, they build the confidence to participate fully in their learning and in their communities.



# THE OKANAGAN IS YOUR COLLEGE

## WHATEVER COMES NEXT STARTS HERE.

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# KALEIDOSCOPE

## ART IN ACTION

### WARPED



Rita  
Warped, 2026  
Photography  
Grade 12, RSS, J. Rempel



BY RIYA

PHOTOGRAPHY GRADE 12 RSS



☺ U BEEZ LAY AGZ AND  
 THA GIV NEEDZ AND  
 THA GIV PEPL FOD.  
 BEZ MAK HUNE.  
 BEEZ LIVIN U BEE HHIV.



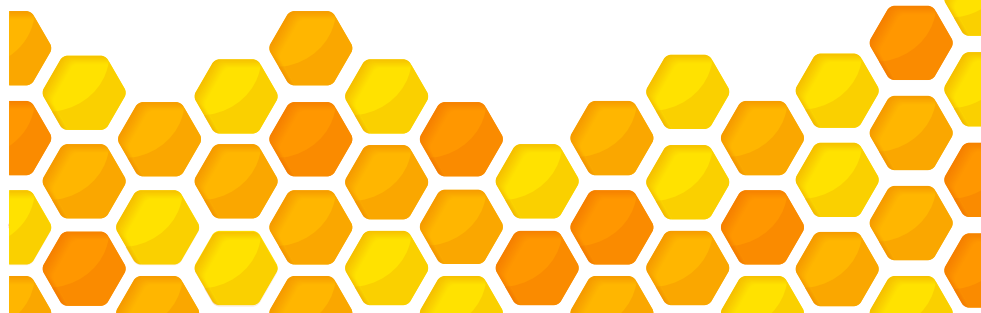
# Kindergarten



## FACT POCKET WRITING

### An Oviparous Animal - the Bee!

BY MILES PRICE  
 RAYMER ELEMENTARY



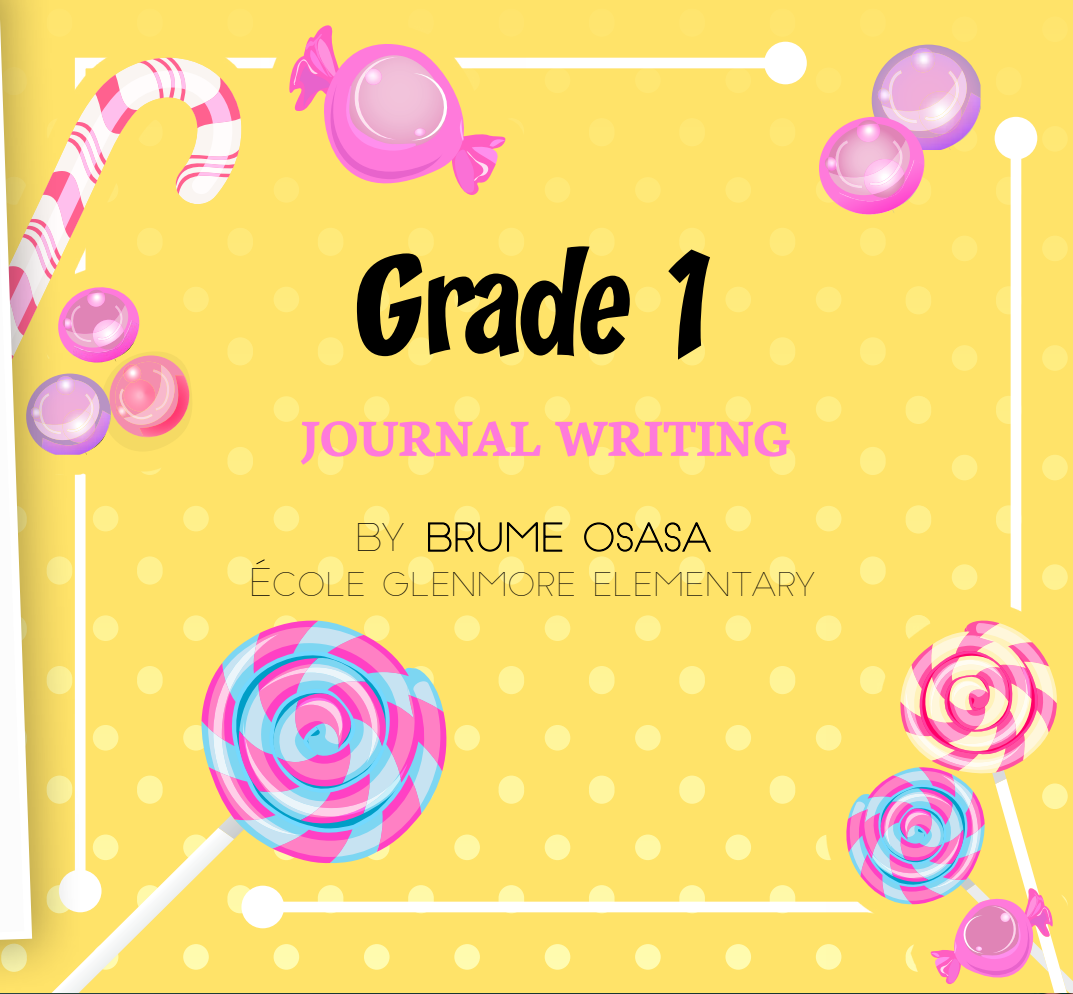
Kelowna Art Gallery invited young artists in grades 9-12 from across Central Okanagan Public Schools to participate in the 40th annual Art in Action student exhibition. This year the exhibition was inspired by the theme Kaleidoscope. The word "kaleidoscope" can symbolize change, transformation, and perspective, representing how life's experiences—both good and bad—can be reframed to create new patterns and meanings. A kaleidoscope represents creativity, diversity, beauty, inner complexity, and the interconnectedness of individual parts creating a whole. A small shift in one's viewpoint can completely alter the overall picture.

**The exhibition runs until June 21, 2026, if you'd like to check it out in person!**

Name: Brume Date: 11 MAY 2026



On the weekend I went to Sarkow K. and got some gumi and candé. I got the Push Pop. It was so good. I went with my sistar and bether. They got smubi and gumi and the Push Pop.



# Grade 1

## JOURNAL WRITING

BY BRUME OSASA  
ÉCOLE GLENMORE ELEMENTARY

# summer camps

Choir Camp is more than just choir, each camp will incorporate games, stunting, jumps, choreography, dance, & tumbling! Open to ages 5-13

8:30AM-2:30PM

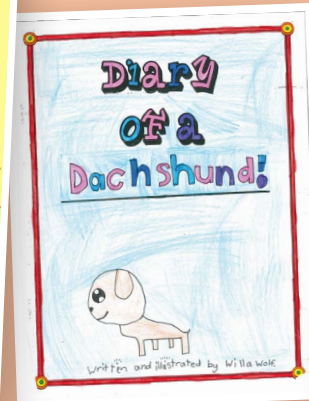
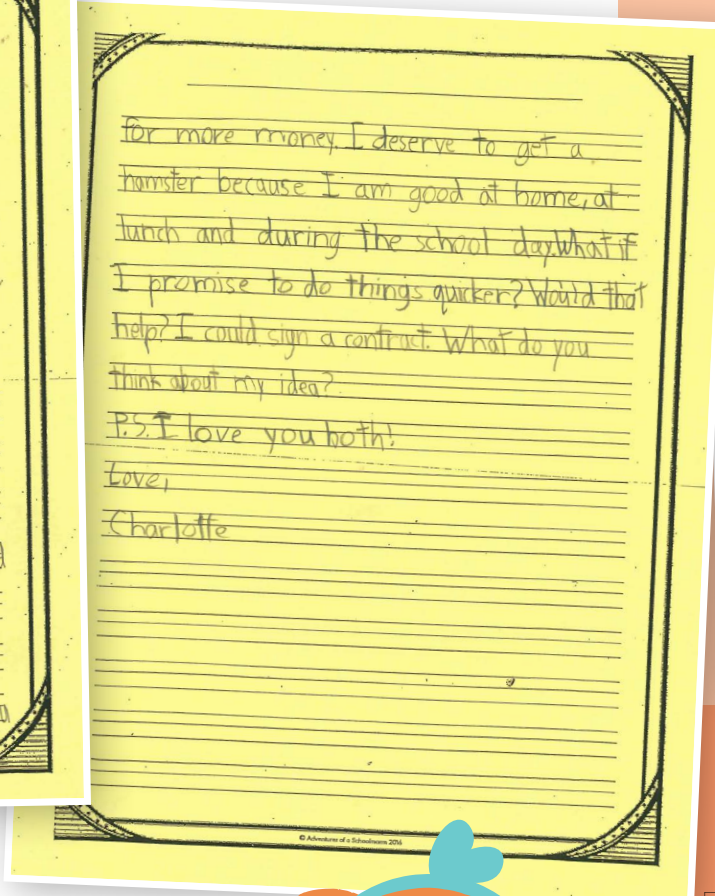
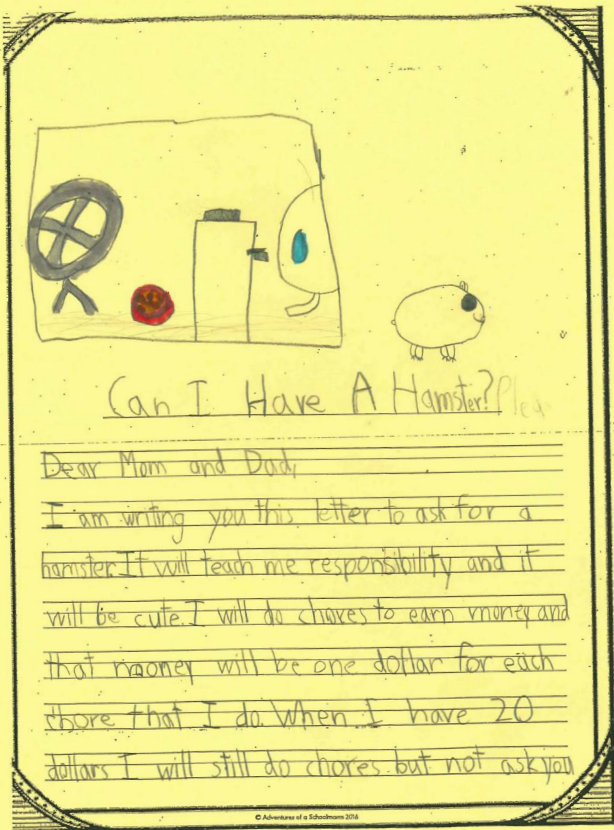
- Week 1: July 6-10
- Week 2: July 13-17
- Week 3: July 20-24
- Week 4: July 27-31
- Week 5: August 4-7 (4 Days, No Monday)
- Week 6: August 10-14

\$285 (plus GST) for a 5-day camp  
\$230 (plus GST) for the 4-day camp

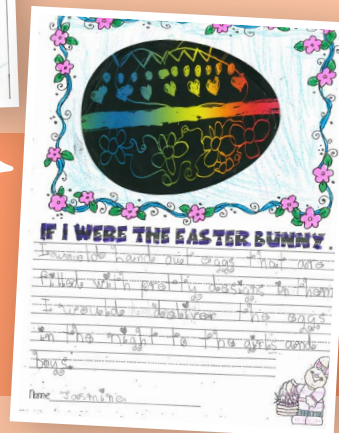


# Grade 2

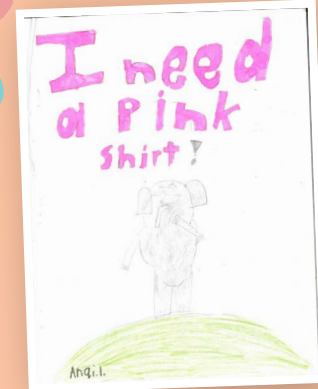
We didn't have room to include these amazing examples of Grade 2 creativity in these pages, but please take a moment to read a few more by clicking the links below!



**Diary of a Dachshund**  
BY WILLA WOLF



**If I Were the Easter Bunny**  
BY JASMINE HOLMES



**I Need a Pink Shirt!**  
BY ANQI LEE

# Grade 2

## PERSUASIVE WRITING

### Can I Have a Hamster?

BY CHARLOTTE SCARF  
ANNE MCCLYMONT ELEMENTARY



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### GROUP LESSONS

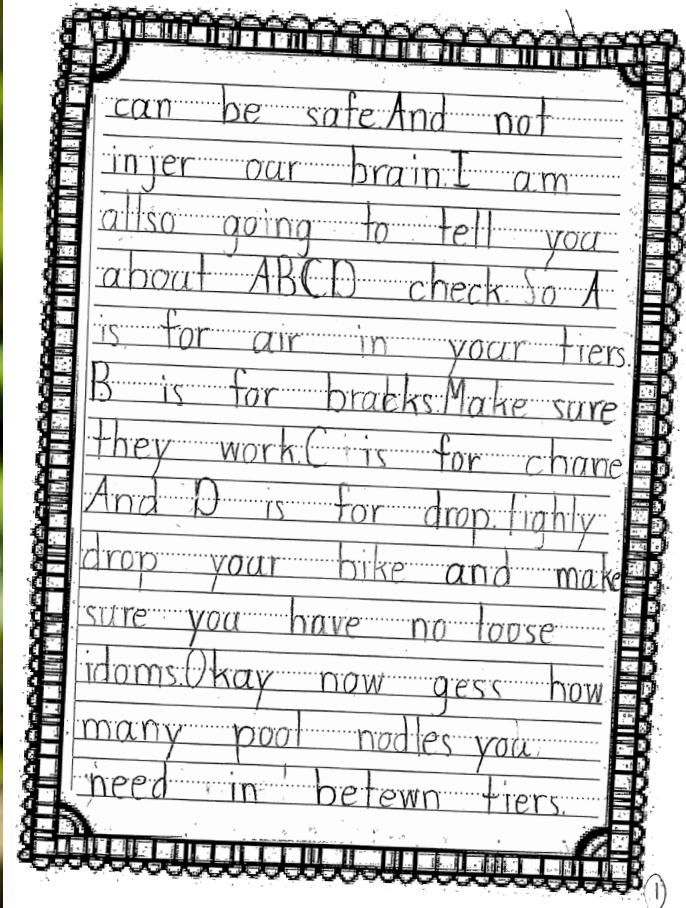
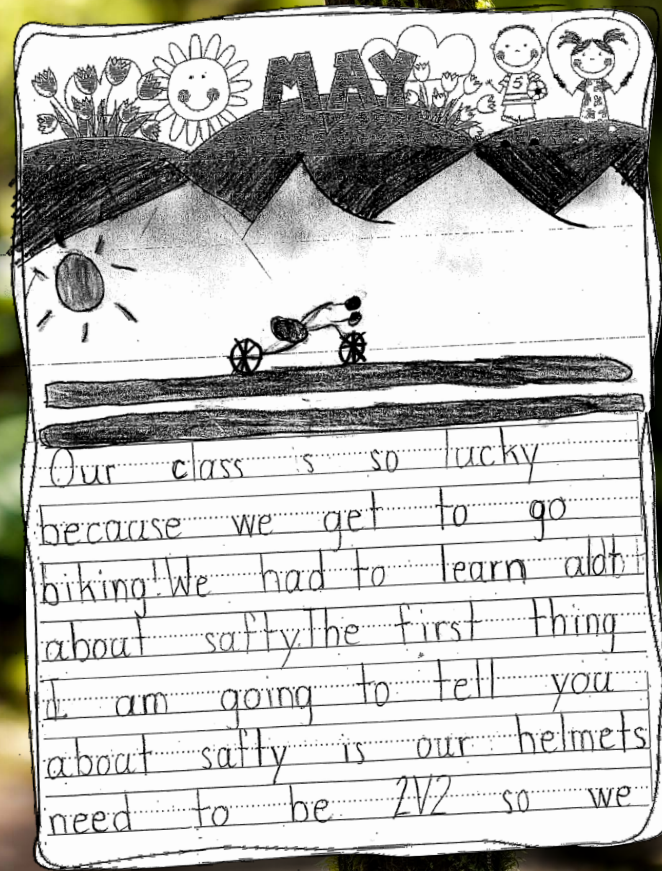
Beginner Intro Groups  
String Ensembles | Music Theory  
Musical Theatre | Adult Orchestra  
& More!



# Grade 3

## THE ABCD CHECK

Beautiful printing and excellent use of language from this Grade 3 learner at Oyama Traditional School!



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IN PARTNERSHIP WITH CENTRAL OKANAGAN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

**KALEIDOSCOPE** ART IN ACTION

Central Ok



**HARMONY**

BY MARIA

MIXED MEDIA GRADE 12 KSS



you gessed it! you need 2  
pool noodles. Now im going  
to tell you about passing  
and stopping. So passing you  
yell passing passing passing  
on your left and then you  
say something kind. So  
stopping is quite similar its  
just you yell stopping  
stopping stopping and then  
you stop. Before going on our  
first ride I felt excited and  
nerves. During our first ride I

was having lots of fun! After  
the ride I was feeling  
a bit tired. Did you know  
we went to a beach? The  
beach had a chair and a  
fire swing but we were  
not allowed to go on it  
because its OTS rules. But  
I went on the chair it was  
a bit wobbly. At one point  
I almost fell off. Next  
bike ride I would like  
to go farther. I going to

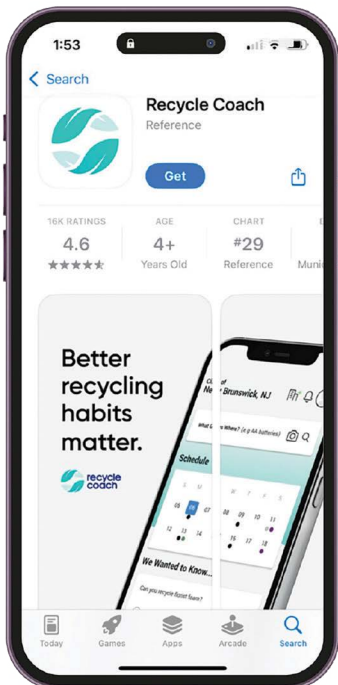
tell you why I missed the  
second and the third ride.  
I missed the second ride  
because I had a dance  
compition. I missed the third  
ride because I got a tube  
in my ear the day before.  
Are you asking what is a  
tube well I have flaed  
in my ear so a tube  
helps drain the flaed. I am  
so excited for our next  
bike ride.

# Never miss a collection again with Recycle Coach!

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- Missed pick-up report tool
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[rdco.com/recyclecoach](https://rdco.com/recyclecoach)



# TACO CHAMP



made by Ryder O'Brien



Click to read online  
**Taco Champ!**  
BY RYDER O'BRIEN

1

# BANG! Grade 4

## TACO CHAMP!

In a recent writing unit in Mr. Irving's class at South Rutland Elementary, students focused on how images can tell a story.

BY RYDER O'BRIEN  
SOUTH RUTLAND ELEMENTARY



## KALEIDOSCOPE ART IN ACTION



### WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND

BY SARA

MIXED MEDIA GRADE 10 OKM



LITTLE KICKS  
1.5-2.5 YRS



JUNIOR KICKERS  
2.5-3.5 YRS



MIGHTY KICKERS  
3.5-5 YRS



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**BLACK EYE** BY ELLIS

WATERCOLOUR/GOUACHE/PENCIL CRAYON  
GRADE 10 OKM



**PRISM**

BY TAYLOR MIXED MEDIA GRADE 10 OKM



2

3

COOL!

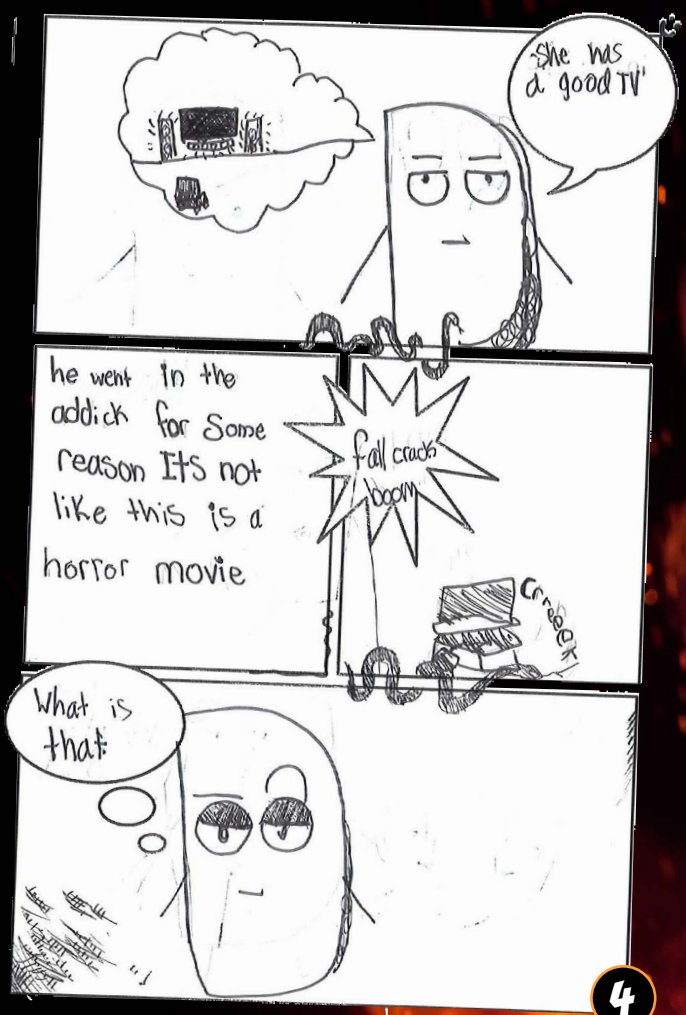


POW!

OH!

BOOM!

BANG!



4



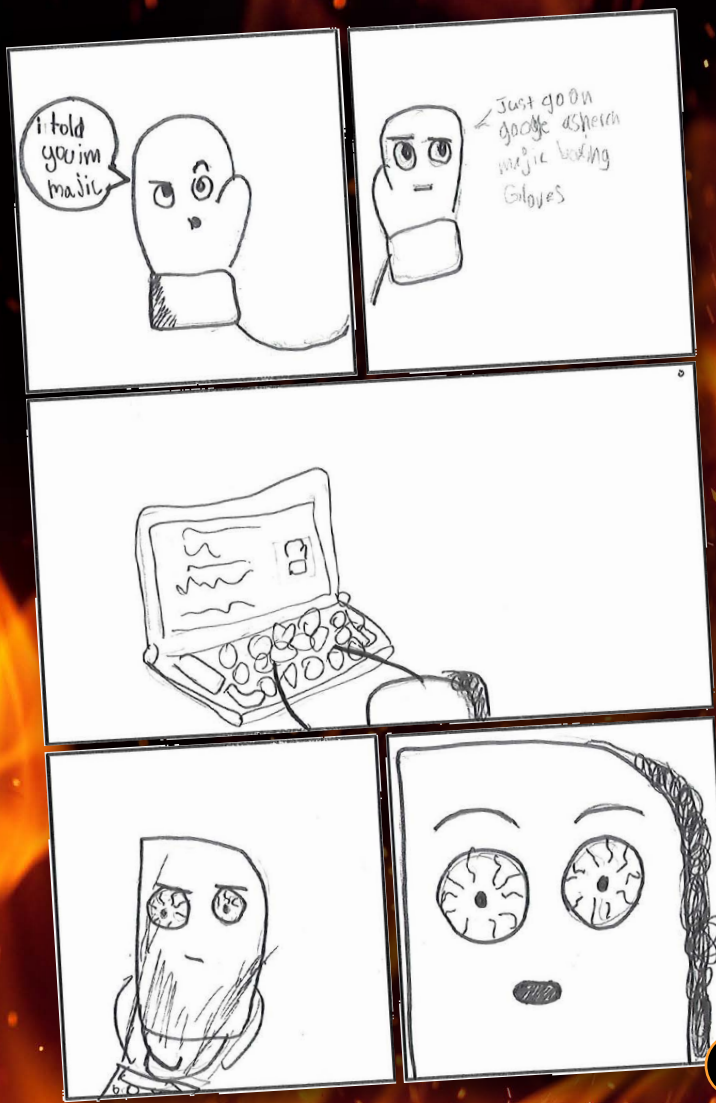
5

### Kelowna Minor Basketball Association

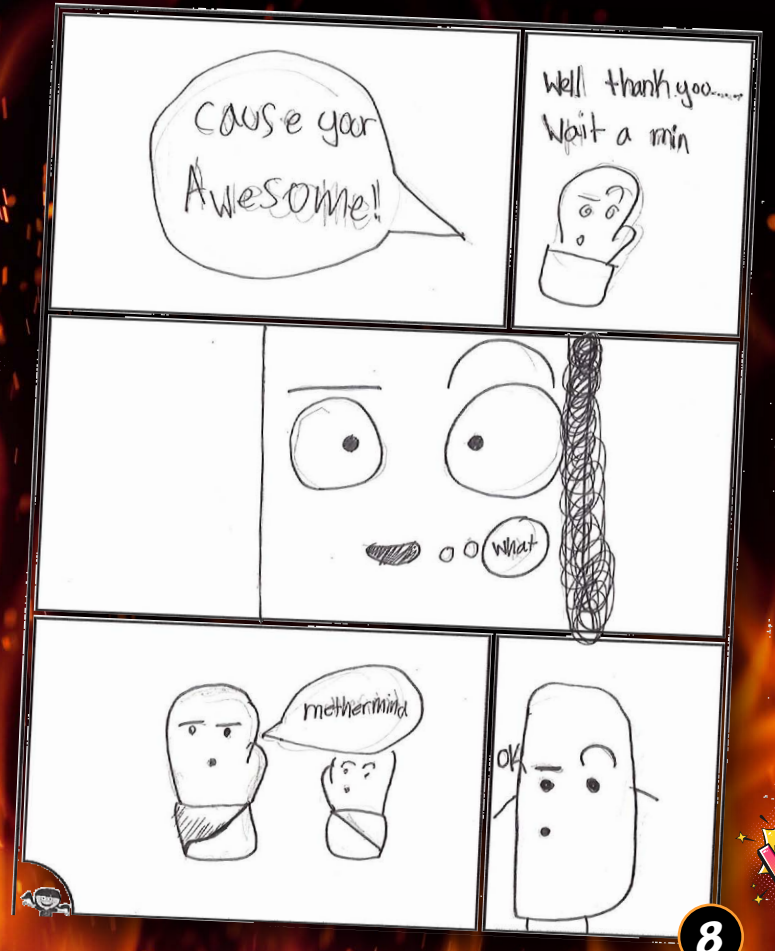
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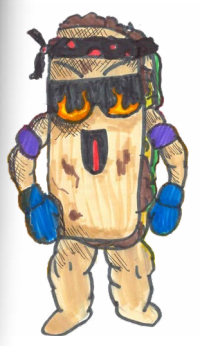
**BANG!**



**WOW!**

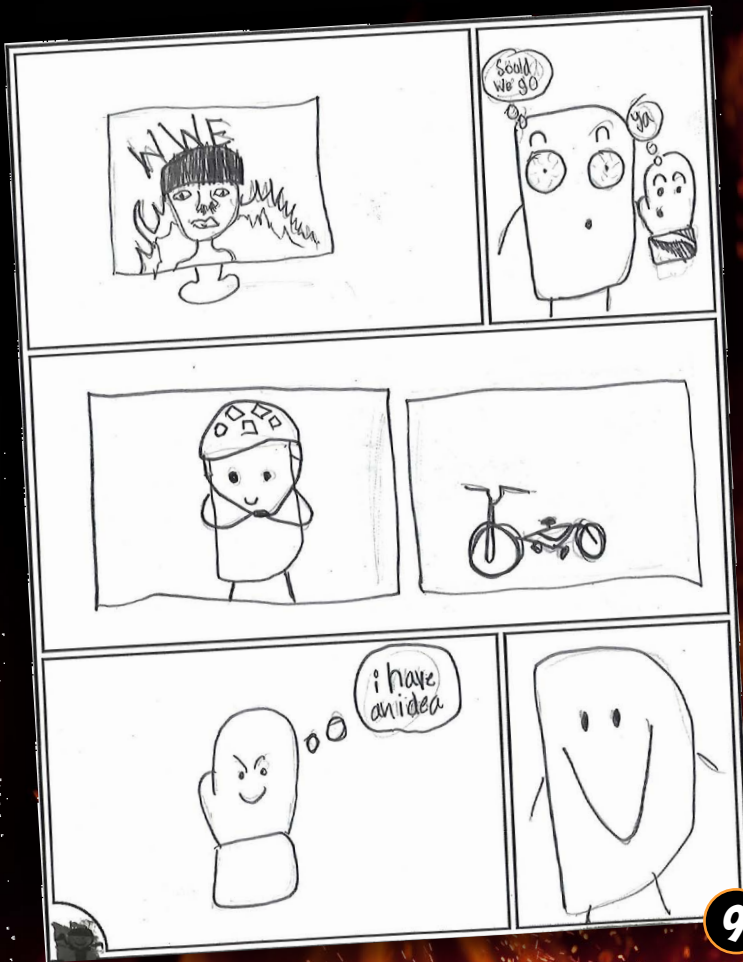


**ZAP!**



**KALEIDOSCOPE** ART IN ACTION

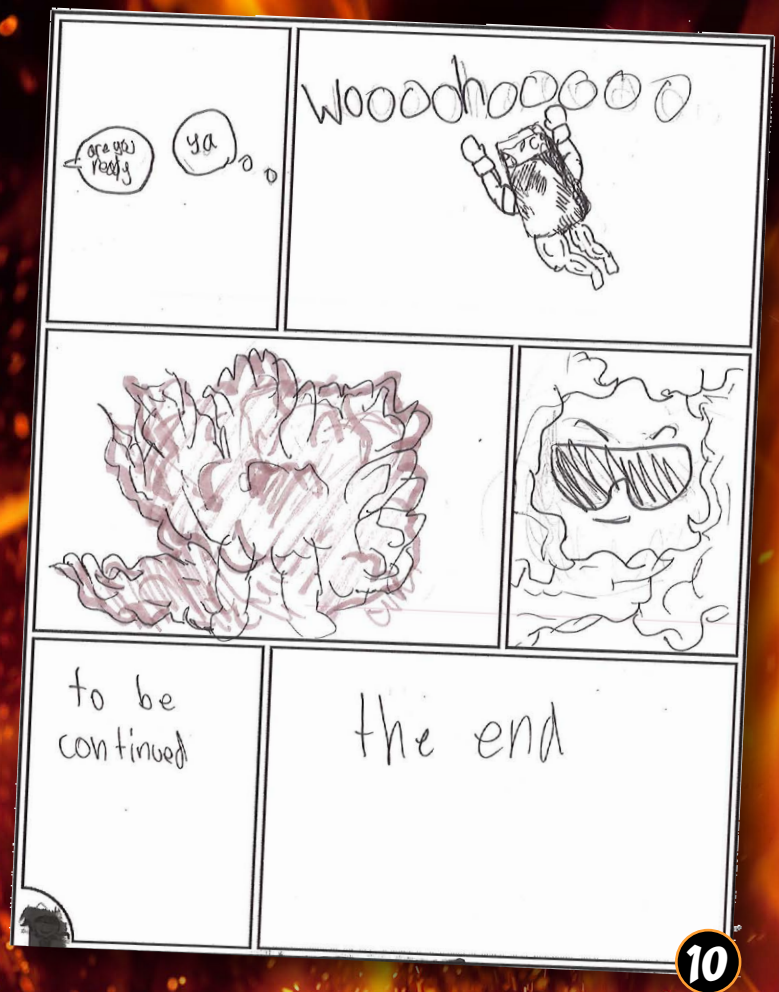
**POLYCHROMATIC INTROSPECTION**  
 BY MAYUKO MIXED MEDIA GRADE 9 DKM



**POW!**

**BOOM!**

**ZAP!**



# JBMAC Summer Camps



Weekly Camps from  
June 29 - August 28

## Educational Preschool Summer Camps

Fun-filled educational half day summer camps with outdoor play, creativity, discovery, and daily swimming for curious preschoolers. Including themes like Little Green Thumbs, Mini Chefs and more... 4 - 6 years old.

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778-797-POOL info@jbmac.ca  
[www.westkelownacity.ca/pool](http://www.westkelownacity.ca/pool)



# Grade 5



## Why we should make bird houses?

Hi! I'm Saral and this is my opinion writing on why we should make BIRD HOUSES, and why we should spend our money and time for our beautiful fluffy friends!

Bird houses are not just a home for the birds, they are biodiversity! Biodiversity is another word for nature, but way more complex. More biodiversity, more nature! Picture this - two different planets, one is covered with buildings and factories, the other is covered with nature and grass. The one with biodiversity is the one with the nature!

Now let me give you reasons and examples! Firstly, bird houses help fertilize the soil. For example, birds will scan the ground for food. Once they find the food they will peck, scratch, and hop on the ground and it will fertilize the soil when they move! Cool right?

Secondly, when it comes to doing their job in nature, they will never disappoint you! For example, the bird will eat some of the weeds and some seeds and leave the rest for

the other animals so they have food too, and so the weeds won't take over.

Thirdly, there is a beautiful world out there because of birds! This might be surprising, but yes the title is true, birds do make our land magnificent. For example, this part is disgusting so don't be too shocked, the birds can't chew so they will swallow the seed whole, then later poop the seed out, and over time it will go into the ground and plant itself. So it's not that likely, but it's still possible that a couple of plants that you see today were in bird poop.

Fourthly, the poor birds do all of this and they still have to sleep in a pile of twigs, like come on really? That's so not fair, so a bird house is the least we can do!

That's why I think we should spend some money and time on bird houses for those four reasons and examples. Have a great rest of your day!

BY SARAL YARAHMADI  
CHIEF TOMAT ELEMENTARY

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# Grade 6

## JOURNAL WRITING PROMPT: You discover a magic portal in your neighborhood park and decide to go through it. Where does it lead to?

BY JONAS HASLETT

It was an ordinary day, nothing too special. I was walking through the new park that was finished just a few days ago. "I love this park," I say to my inner thoughts. Everyone just relaxed, and so was I, until my eye caught a small glowing light, like how a fish caught my line. Out of curiosity, I walk to it, just to see what I can find.

It was a small storage container, with its entrance just poking out. I continue until I hit the crunchy gravel leading to it. Finally, I arrive at the mysterious purple light. But then my confidence fades as I see the lock on the two connecting doors. Still, I push and shove to get in, and "click." The lock clicks open. I slowly open the door, as I was kinda scared, but I kept going. I stop for a second, look behind me to see if any-

one is looking, and push the doors wide open for the whole world to see.

In the blink of an eye, a bright purple portal is staring into my soul with anger in its eyes. "It's outlined with obsidian," I whispered slowly. I can't believe my eyes, and a thousand questions start to pop into my head about how this big purple portal came here.

Suddenly, an invisible force starts to slowly pull me into the rectangular jail! I scream and yell, but it seems that I am the only person living on the earth right now. I now lift off in the air, and my feet begin to enter the glowing portal. It kinda stings, but it doesn't bother me. Now it is up to my waist and as soon as I see someone notice me, everything goes black!

Feels like this forever, but then I wake up on some really hard, perfect grass. I look around, but everything is blurry. Finally, my sight is cleared, and I stand up, but something doesn't feel right. I do a 360 look around and whisper, "Where am I?"

Suddenly a big squared white bunch of something approaches me and I quickly move away in fear but not too long after I realize it is a sheep—but not a normal sheep, a pixelated sheep. I stare at it in shock but then remember that the sheep in Minecraft look exactly like this. And if you don't know what Minecraft is, it is a survival-based game that can only have squares and rectangles. No circles!

I am in disbelief at this sheep and quickly look around to really see if I was in this

Minecraft video game. To my surprise everything was a square or a rectangle. I stand up with a shock and push the sheep away with a little nudge. I spring backwards to see if the portal is still there and to my surprise it was.

I dash right back to it to go through it again to get back to my world, the real world! I leap right into it but suddenly fall right on my face. "Did it work?" I say. But when I look up I am still in the same place and even worse, the portal is gone.

I shatter in panic of what I am going to do to get out of here, but then an idea popped into my head.

**I'M GOING TO HAVE TO BEAT THE GAME AND THE ENDER-DRAGON!!**

# SUMMER CAMPS!

 **BCSPCA**  
Humane Education

Jul. 7 to 9: Mini-camp - ages 8 to 10

Jul. 13 to 17: Camp - ages 8 to 10

Jul. 20 to 24: Camp - ages 8 to 10

Jul. 27 to 29: Teen Camp - ages 11 to 14

Jul. 30 to 31: Art Camp - ages 8 to 10

Aug. 4 to 7: JR Camp - ages 6 to 7

Aug. 10 to 14: Camp - ages 8 to 10

Aug. 17 to 20: Teen Camp - ages 11 to 14

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# MEET THE PARENTS!

Why hosting an international student is a great experience

**The Besse's from Lake Country** have been hosting international students for 20 years, so they know exactly how the experience enriches their lives. Whether you're wondering about the compensation, the commitment, or how it can help your own children, you'll want to watch this brief Q&A to hear from a family that's been there.



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# Grade 7

## RED DRESS DAY Letter to a victim



BY ELISE CHERRINGTON  
ÉCOLE KLO MIDDLE



My name is Elise Cherrington, and I am a female Canadian grade seven student. I never got to know you personally, as you know, but based on what I have heard about you, I get the slight feeling that, if you and I had the chance, you and I could have maybe even been... friends?

This world is cruel and unfair. It has always been that way, even if it might have seemed like it wasn't at some point in your life. That doesn't mean that there aren't things that give you joy- but it just means that there are some things that... aren't so great. It is true that the world is unfair and downright horrible, but it's not like us as individuals can really do much about it. It's all the higher-ups and some of the other people who have more power than we do that get to make all the bigger decisions in our lives. There is one thing that we do have control over... and that is ourselves. Humans are interesting creatures. All of us are vastly different from everyone else... some want to help others, while some want only to cause hurt.

If you think about it, the only good things that have ever come out of the world for us as a species were, of course, the things that were

made by other humans around us. The things that we make for each other to try and make life better for people (those can both be physical and sometimes just statements made by the higher-ups to address some of the issues that can arise in our world). The stories that we make and share with each other... making things using our different passions... things like that.

On that same note though, and something that you of all people would know all too well, is that people aren't always... nice. Some want to cause hurt, and... Well, you got to see this yourself. In person. It was the last thing that you saw in person.

...we are all human. I am human... YOU are human. Yes, YOU. No matter how the world might have treated you while you were still here with the rest of us, I want you to know that you mattered, and you still do matter. You are still human like the rest of us, you matter just as much as everyone else, and there are still people in the world missing you. No matter how out of place you may have felt throughout your life because of your roots, I know that to some-

one out there... even if you didn't know it, you were most likely one of the only things that was making this horrible world at least a little bit more bearable for them.

The only thing that I can say is .... I'm sorry. I'm so sorry that your life had to end so short. It is one of the most unfair things in the world. The fact that you had to die because you needed to get something essential for your survival-food.

You didn't do anything wrong, you didn't do anything to deserve it, but you were at the wrong place at the wrong time, and you ended up dead because of it. It's unfair.

Your life ended far too soon, and there was indeed a lot more for you to have done if it hadn't been cut short. I am so so sorry that you have to go through something so terrible. If you ever even had the idea that it was somehow your fault... I want you to get that idea OUT of your head. Say it out loud with me;

**"It was NOT my fault."**

I would like you to know that since the time that you have been gone, things have been getting better with the situation involving cases

like yours. We have a day of the year where we acknowledge and learn about people like you, whose lives were ended too quickly and unfairly. We are trying to make things better with people who have gone missing and/or murdered and are making the day, and with that, the problem is, at least, more well-known. It's working for the most part, and though things aren't perfect, it is still an improvement on how it was back when it was more common for cases like yours to happen.

I think that is all I have to say. You are missed by many every day, and I promise that you left a mark in someone's life, even if it didn't seem like it. The world may be cruel, but sometimes you just need others around to help you make it bearable. It's easier to suffer with others than alone. I hope that you are doing well wherever you are now, and just remember;

"You are loved, you are remembered, and you matter just as much as the rest of us." ...we're all human.

Yours truly,  
Elise Cherrington.



# SUMMER IS MEANT FOR ADVENTURE

## SUMMER REC DAYZ

Summer recreation for kids ages 7 to 13



### Explore

Local outings and summer adventures



### Move

Outdoor games, group challenges and active play



### Connect

New friends, teamwork and confidence-building fun



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Spaces are limited

# Grade 7



## THEORY EXPLANATION

BY MIA YONG  
ÉCOLE DR. KNOX MIDDLE

*Assignment: Explain YOUR theory about how YOU think Otzi might have died. Your theory will need to be supported by using credible evidence that you find from the information you have already read here, or by researching further to support your ideas.*

Otzi is one of the most well preserved wet mummies in history. For millennia, his body was encased within the ice of the Alps, until two hikers in 1991 found him unexpectedly while mountain climbing. Researchers brought him to a lab, examined him, and estimated that he was likely a 5'5" man who lived during the Copper Age (about 5300) years ago, and died when he was forty-five years old. However, the main concept still unknown to this day was his cause of death. What they did have, though, was evidence. Lots and lots of it. Now, I'm not a scientist, but I am going to make my best educated claim on how he died based on evidence.

For example, Otzi was found naked at the scene, with his clothes stripped off and strewn to the side around him. That means whoever (or whatever) killed him wasn't interested in his belongings. Even his copper axe, which

is an item of value in his time, was left at the scene untouched. Also, Otzi had eaten some meat and grains, so he was not killed by famine. His upper body joints didn't have much deterioration, so he probably wasn't a hunter or fighter. Eventually, over time, as more evidence got dug up, more people believed he was killed... by another human.

There were deep gashes on his hand, which meant he was probably hurt hours before his death. Blood from one human was found on his dagger, blood from two humans found from his arrows that he carried with him, and blood from yet another human was soaked into the fibers of his animal hide coat. Otzi has an arrowhead lodged deep inside his left shoulder, notably busting a major artery. This is likely the main cause of his death, as he very likely could have bled to death soon after he was shot.

In conclusion, I think Otzi died because of assassination in battle. Maybe he severely injured someone, but hurt his hands in the process? Then, he couldn't move as fast anymore, and his enemy came back to shoot him with an arrow, killing him.

# Grade 8

## IMAGE ANALYSIS

**PROMPT: How are women and/or men represented in this image? What does this representation tell us about the discourse surrounding women's suffrage at the time?**

BY PALUCK BRAR  
ÉCOLE DR. KNOX MIDDLE



In this image men are represented as the caretaker of the household, as well as having a more feminine and miserable look portraying the "role" of a woman. This image shows a man who is acting like the mother and wife of a family by doing household chores, as well as taking care of the baby and cat. The poster expresses insecurity as it says, "Everybody works but mother. she's a suffragette." This insecurity men have established expresses how their thoughts seem to be related to losing themselves and their identity as a man. Men feared

If women unite and get the right to vote, men would lose their masculinity and would have to fulfill the duties of a woman. Men believed women would gain tremendous power and gain authority over the household, if this were to happen they would be threatened as men and would be at risk of women replacing them. While the man is fulfilling the role of a wife the man in this poster appears to have a more feminine look to him as the corners of his eyes are a bit longer, his lips are a bit fuller and his hair was given a fair amount of attention as it looks more put together, almost how women pay more attention towards their hair. By giving the man these details he looks more befitting the role of a woman, again indicating men would lose their masculinity and identity. Again the poster introduces an unrealistic fear that men were having at the time as it says, "I want to vote but my wife won't let me." This statement connects to the miserable look the man has while doing chores and looks as if he is almost forced to fill this role because the woman has authority to choose whether he votes or stays back and takes care of the house-

hold. Giving him a more feminine look only supports my reasoning and proves the fear of men taking on the role of women. Therefore with his feminine look, statements, expressions lead to the man playing the wife in this poster as it would have been thought to be the result if women were able to vote.

This image shows how past conversations about women's suffrage were about the grating fear of men losing their identity as a man and instead would be enforced to fulfill the role of a woman. As established in my first paragraph, the image represents men as more feminine, more miserable and portraying the "wife" showing the fear hiding deep within men at the time. They were terrified of losing their pride and sense of self respect. This sense of self respect comes from the perspective of how men view women, men have always stomped on women and look past them. Women are oppressed in society because men have created this factor, so if men were to play the role of a woman they would have to face their own disgusting opinions and results. The overall meaning behind the poster was that men were at risk of losing the role of being predators of society, and women staying at the bottom of the food chain. These representations reveal the suffocating anxiety men have of losing their spot on top of the pyramid and losing themselves as men, resulting in men having to fill the role of a woman. Men haven't viewed women as if they were on the same level as men for hundreds of years which is the powerful reason men have this fear of women gaining the right to vote, they would face the result of their actions.

# FRENCH NO LONGER

THE BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM  
SEPTEMBER 13 1759 BY WILFRED TARDUM

On this day, our troops held brilliant succession over the French, henceforth conquering New France in a hastily glorified battle. Under British commander James Wolfe, our men held strong as French Commander Montcalm misled his unit to fire shots from a great distance, across the field, the British noiseless and unflinching, until they reached such a distance that our fired bullets hit. Within 900 ticks of the clock, the French waved their white flag and withdrew thereafter, yet not ere brave Commander James Wolfe fell upon the field to the woe of a fatal gunshot. Such tragedy we inflicted spitefully back onto them, lest Commander Wolfe die dishonoured, beseeching their own military Commander Montcalm in wounds ere the volleys could cease. Considering the accumulation of such deadly injuries, we are yet unaware whether he shall live, or die, as he retreated by horseback, with cowardly



THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE by Edward Penny

humour, fleeing to Quebec City. Interviewed below, Lieutenant Henry Browne, a 22<sup>nd</sup> regiment officer who attended wounded Commander Wolfe: WILFRED: "How shall we recall on a conquering so grandly won?" LIEUTENANT BROWNE: "The Plains of Abraham stand alone among the world's immortal battlefields, where an empire was lost and won in the first clash of arms." WILFRED: "Can you recount the death of beloved Commander Wolfe?" LIEUTENANT BROWNE: "To my death, yes. Never so has a troop shed a tear at such a death, amidst volleys of fire rained woe at his loss, as he found God, dead in my sodden arms." WILFRED: "Was his death in vain?" LIEUTENANT BROWNE: "By faith in his word, I think not. Upon word that the French were retreating, he muttered words of solitude: 'Now, God be praised, I will die in peace.' Those were his last."

### ABOUT WILFRED TARDUM

I, with a family of a wife and 7 children in London, sailed along the St. Lawrence River with 8000 soldiers to record the coming battle, however upon receiving the news that only a few soldiers would be able to climb over the cliffs that protected Quebec, I remained below as the fight thoroughly commenced.

## Grade 9

### BATTLE OF THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM NEWSPAPER ARTICLE

BY  
ASHLEY KLEIN  
ÉCOLE  
OKANAGAN  
MISSION  
SECONDARY

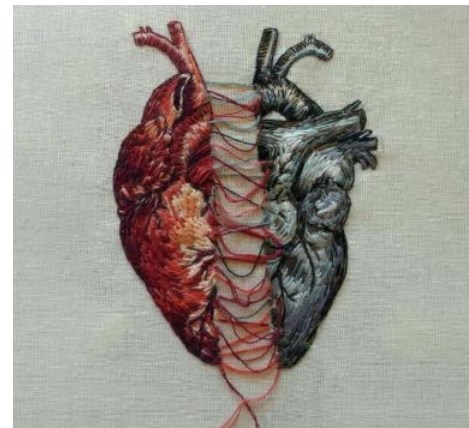
# Grade 9

## THE CONTRAST OF PERCEPTION

BY EVA SOKOLOWSKI  
ÉCOLE DR. KNOX MIDDLE

An artist named Florence drew herself in her perspective, she pictured herself as ugly and untamed, almost troll-like. Whereas when a stranger described her likeness, she was polished and elegant, like a swan. Much of our lives, even in my short fourteen years, is spent thinking about the image that we cast upon others. Even looking backwards we perceive ourselves differently. Hence the way you see yourself versus how others see you can be a deep contrast. We, in a perfect world, should put all our inward misery to something beautiful, something achievable, something loved. Wasting time aspiring for something intangible is a waste of passion and genius. Accepting one's self worth is vital for happiness, or at the least, contentment. Rather than comparison, which often leads to low self esteem, stemming from jealousy due to the online's constant stream of greatness, we can recognize beauty in admiration and aspiration. Finding things we can admire and mirroring these into our dai-

ly can inspire self development. Self development in itself is a wonderful and healthy thing we experience through growth. Some days it feels laborious to be satisfied with who we are and when we sink into this state I think we all should collectively take a step back. Breathe, do something you love, fuel your passions with feeling.



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**INTERNALIZED**

BY HUDSON MIXED MEDIA GRADE 11 OKM



**INTERNAL ME**

BY LYDIA MIXED MEDIA GRADE 9 DKM



# Grade 10

## WHERE I'M FROM

BY MONA AMANO  
MOUNT BOUCHERIE SECONDARY

*I am from a sketchbook,  
From Northshore paper.  
I am from the brown wooden porch  
Dark, brown, made of maple trees.  
Covered with lavender carpet.*

*I'm from weekend dinner and my sketchbook.  
From the gentle kindness of my mom and  
My grandma's strict ways.*

*I'm from the kind mom  
And grandma, who makes sure we follow the 'rules'.  
From "if you lie, people will always figure out at the  
end" and "if you're kind, it will come back in the future".  
I'm from lessons learned the hard way,  
Simple truths of the way we live.*

*I'm from Tokyo,  
Steak, and french roast coffee.  
From the stories that my mom tells us  
And the morning coffee she likes,  
The strength in her hands that never seems to rest.*

*The little shield in the bedroom,  
Where full of memories from the past are stacked in the box.*

*I am from those moment--  
the quiet laughter at weekend dinners,  
the smell of coffee in the kitchen,  
The way small things hold the memories.*



# Grade 10



## Climate Change Propaganda

BY GABBIE BURGE  
MOUNT BOUCHERIE SECONDARY



This video is the summative piece for an English 10 course that focuses on the pervasiveness of propaganda in a digital age. The course uses the following definition of propaganda—any type of communication designed to influence people’s thoughts, beliefs, or behaviours. Students explore the persuasive nature of texts in social media, advertising, politics,

education, activism, and more. Students walk away with an understanding that most digital texts these days are attempting to influence us one way or another, that there are many techniques used to influence us, and that propaganda can be either beneficial or harmful, true or misleading.

# KALEIDOSCOPE

ART IN ACTION

## LOVE FOR NATURE



Janelle  
Love For Nature, 2020  
Photography  
Grade 12, RSS, 2 Rempel



BY JANELLE PHOTOGRAPHY GRADE 12 RSS

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# Grade 11

## The Tale of the Friend Turned Wendigo



BY B FORSTER CENTRAL PROGRAMS & SERVICES

I woke up to the sound of leaves crunching and moving. It was still raining outside so I thought it was just the rain or wind. I rubbed my eyes and looked over at John who was still sleeping. I sighed and looked out the opening. It took my eyes a bit to adjust to how dark it was out there but when they finally adjusted I saw a tall figure standing in the middle of the hole. I couldn't see it in full but it was standing right where the camp fire remains were. I flinched back and held my breath in fear. I didn't know what it was and I didn't want it to know I was here. I knew I needed to figure out what it was so I looked back out the opening and tried to make out what it looked like. It had long arms that were too long for even that tall of a body. And legs with knees on

the wrong side, making their legs bent slightly backwards. I could make out horns that looked like they belonged to an elk. Its whole body had a slight grey glow to it but it wasn't bright enough to really see it. It looked part human in a way. I could tell that it had little body hair other than long matted head hair, like a human. But I couldn't see its face because it was facing away from me. I kept trying to see more of it but then I heard it speak.

"Aaniishpish giin odàpin kakina". That's when I realized. The wind wasn't sounding like a man, it was. This whole time it was somewhere near us but I thought it was the wind. I went backwards and looked over at John again.

**We didn't have room for the full text of this incredible feat of student writing, but you can read the full choose-your-own-adventure story by clicking here.**



## KALEIDOSCOPE ART IN ACTION



## I CAN STOP WHENEVER I WANT

BY ELLIOT PHOTOGRAPHY GRADE 12 RSS



# Grade 11

## POETRY

### I remember/The Rock

BY JULIAN CUCINSCHI  
ÉCOLE KELOWNA SECONDARY

#### I remember

I remember a time  
So distant and serene  
When I gazed down  
Down upon the world below  
Like a flag flying in the breeze  
The sun beat down on me, filling me with life  
Filling me with spirit  
With the spirit to keep soaring  
Above the world

I am a rock  
I am a rock at the bottom of a stream  
I feel the rush of the crowd  
Never ending motion  
Desperate for change  
Trying to steal you  
To change you  
To smooth you over  
To steal who you are

Nothing can last forever  
That phrase filled my head  
Nothing can last forever  
That phrase filled it as I went limp and let go  
Nothing can last forever  
That phrase filled it as I fell  
As I plummeted to my fate  
It even filled my mind as I lay there  
Forgotten  
Crushed

For I am a rock  
And just like a rock  
I am free

Julian

#### The Rock

I am a rock  
Alone and still  
I am a rock  
Taking what the world throws at me  
I am a rock  
Tough and solid

But slowly  
Slowly that spirit left  
And my grip grew weaker  
And my flag flew less proudly  
I was hanging on with only a weak finger  
Flapping weakly  
Flapping to keep all that I had  
My life  
My peace  
But nothing can last forever

Yet I am a rock  
True to what I am  
True to who I am  
True to myself  
The striving of the masses  
Can't take away my truth  
Can't take away my soul  
Can't take away who I am

More fell on top of me  
They had fallen just as I had fallen  
Just as I had fallen  
Nothing can last forever, we sighed  
We sighed whenever the wind came to shake us  
Bringing memories of a summer time.



# Grade 12

## POETRY

### Wired to Belong

BY JAYDA ROSS  
ÉCOLE GEORGE ELLIOT SECONDARY

#### Wired to Belong

We are born reaching for connection,  
Tiny hands Searching for warmth,  
Learning love before language,  
Trust before understanding.

Some bonds are soft like sunlight,  
Easy laughter filling the air,  
While others leave invisible scars,  
We carry without knowing they are there.

The brain remembers every moment  
Every comfort, every goodbye,  
Building pathways out of emotion,  
Teaching hearts how to survive.

We hide behind glowing screens,  
Afraid to let ourselves be known,  
Yet even in crowded rooms  
People can still feel alone.

Connections is not a weakness.  
It is the courage to be seen,  
To speak honestly, to listen deeply,  
To stand beside another human being.

A voice saying "I understand"  
A hand reaching through the dark  
Can change the shape of someone's world  
More than we often realize.

Because humans are weird for belonging  
for empathy, trust, and care  
and no matter how distant life may feel  
we were never meant to face it alone.

## KALEIDOSCOPE ART IN ACTION



### HOUSE OF CARDS

BY KAYDEN MIXED MEDIA GRADE 12 MBSS



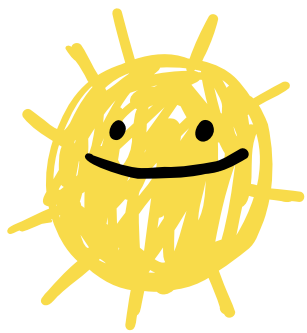
## KALEIDOSCOPE ART IN ACTION



### BETWEEN SKY AND SALZBURG

BY ANGELA MIXED MEDIA GRADE 9 DKM





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